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AMERICA NEEDS A WAR!

by Purity Blood, Grand Dragoness
of the Idar, Illegitimate Daughters of the
African Revolution

The United States has not been engaged in a full scale international war since 1945. The anti-war policy of our government during the past sixteen years has caused America to grow soft and indolent, to decay at the very roots which hold our democracy fast to the land we love. Today such phrases as America First, My Country May She Always Be Right, But My Country Right Or Wrong fail to arouse the deep emotions they did only a few decades ago. Today it is not considered Un-American to voice criticisms or objections to America's right to World leadership or her motives in bringing the American Way to peoples all over the Globe. The very fact that Americans can be so critical of their government's stand during the U-2 crisis and the Cuban disaster shows that America needs a war.

What can a War do for America? To begin with, past Wars have always brought about an era of unprecedented economic development in the United States. The Civil War, the Spanish-American War, World Wars One and Two have encouraged a growth in the national wealth and per capita income unparalleled during times of peace. Wars have aroused in men the passions, loyalties and artistic expressions that mark man's greatest achievements in this world. During a time of peace few men have an opportunity to die for the ideals of America, to fight for the American Way, and so we grow lax in our appreciation of America's blessings. During a War the entire country is given a national purpose, victory demands that splinter groups cease haggling and work for "Der Tag;" highways are built, railroads, airlines, housing, industry, utilities and government are all streamlined and remodeled to a degree entirely unachievable during a time of relative peace. Artists and writers achieve their greatest moments as they toil to express the whirl of earth-shaking events occurring around them, striving to show the tears of defeat, personal loss, grief that must accompany any war. During a time of war, more research is carried on in the sciences and humanities than during any period of peace. In an attempt to develop new weapons of destruction, demoralization and remotivation for the defeat of the enemy the country forges ahead with a gusto unheard of during halcyon days. Who honestly believes the atomic bomb would have been developed during an era of peace?

"All right, we need a war! But what if we lose?" This foolish question is asked by many people today. The answer is of course that America cannot lose the next war. It is inconceivable America has never lost a war. Today the United States, contrary to the opinions of the "pinks," "fellow travelers," and "Commies" who thrive during an

(continued on page 20)
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SPECIAL OFFER: SEND NAME, ADDRESS, AND FIVE DOLLARS TO: DON HATFIELD, BOX 117 - 3 AMES ST., CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS.
A shovel operator sitting at the bar was surprised to see a kangaroo enter the establishment and approach the bar. Taking his place next to the shovel operator, the kangaroo ordered a bourbon.

“How much?” the kangaroo asked the bartender as the drink was set before him.

“Two bucks,” answered the bartender.

The kangaroo reached in his pouch, withdrew his wallet and laid two bills on the bar. Then, downing the drink, the kangaroo turned to leave.

The shovel operator, watching bug-eyed, turned and said, “Pardon me, but I’m around here quite a bit and I never saw any kangaroos in here before.”

“I’m not surprised,” answered the kangaroo, “when they charge two bucks a drink.”

She: My roommate says that there are some things that a girl should not do before twenty.

He: Well, personally, I don’t like a large audience either.

A college professor who was trying to teach one of his students to use correct grammar found that the student wasn’t too eager to learn.

“What difference does it make if I say ‘bad’ or ‘badly’?” he asked. “They both mean the same thing.”

The professor pointed to a shapely girl who had just passed and said:

“Son, look at that girl and tell me, are you looking at her stern or sternly?”

“Did anyone ever tell you that you have beautiful blue eyes?”

“Yes, but not when they were looking where you are.”

It was at the races. The dainty young thing was enjoying herself immensely, but she noticed to her chagrin that in the midst of the excitement, her undergarments were slipping.

As she was trying to stop this source of embarrassment, the starting gates opened and the horses surged through. The crowd roared: “They’re off.”

The poor girl fainted.

She: “I feel as though I’ve known you for years.”

He: “You certainly do.”
PHOS, WE PROUDLY PRESENT

TECH COED

You budding young architects will enjoy being seen in our lively new Frank Lloyd Wright “functional” outfit. Stressing a blending of purpose with design with the Tech coed in mind, the outfit is gently padded in the right places, while the canelever effect is used to support a more lovelier you. A special set of concealed zippers makes it possible to turn the skirt into an attractive outfit for nude sunbathing in the Great Court. Note that the lovely blouse is really a set of contoured venetian blinds which can be opened or closed at will.

$17.06 in your choice of steel gray or reinforced concrete white.

You girls in food technology need not feel left out as we offer you a stylish, yet practical outfit in red, blue and white which will tell everybody that you’re proud to be a “Food Tech.” Those apparently harmless cuffs hold thousands of deadly microbes for ruining the experiments of those with higher grades. The buttons on the chic red union suit are actually oversize M&M’s which can be pulled off individually to provide nourishment during classes and arouse an interest in yourself.

For sale at better food stores everywhere for $12.56.

For you naval architects we present this little daring outfit. If anyone asks you what type of architecture you are taking, you can just point, while the whole set is Sanforized for quick drying after launchings or sudden rain storms. If this were not enough, there is the exciting little secret that only you will know, those are slip knots which are keeping the outfit together. This outfit is guaranteed to cause men to take notice or you get to keep the bottle of Man Tan that comes with it.

In the United States and Nevada $32.07.
For you girls who are mechanically minded we have this little number smuggled out of the Volkswagen Pits at Sebring by an hypnotized elf. The complete set of nuts and bolts allows you to carry on a conversation about current Institute topics without uttering a word, in case your beau is the strong silent type. The helmet contains a secret compartment in which you can store a sewing kit for replacing buttons after class.

Order by part no. only: No. 5456 - C $23.11

A more traditional style is our 1961 offering for you humanities majors. Daring new features include a concealed inside pocket on both right and left sides. The right hand pocket contains a folding shovel for use after a lengthy explanation by your instructor, while the left pocket contains the famous B.S. kit composed of a miniature Bartlett's Quotations and a series of mimeographed questions such as "Is it possible that Plato was really a Neo-classic existentialist attempting to subvert his I'd in order to hide a paralyzed libido from his own conception of the superman as was suggested by Milking?" Beside providing many hours of discomfort for your instructor this, latter kit will distract him from giving any surprise quizzes. The handbag, by the way, contains a mathematical model for demonstrating that both Socrates and the slave boy were wrong!

At finer food stores everywhere for only $16.21, slightly higher at the Coop and in Loas.
Our model caused a sensation in this daring futuristic summer outfit. No wild pipe dream this, but a prediction soundly based on current fashion trends - although it may be a few more years before it gains widespread popularity.
A few years ago when my husband returned from the Korean War he found it impossible to get a job (he had no trade), and we were $18,000 in debt for the house, furniture, car, appliances, and color T.V. sets we had bought on various "Buy Now, Pay Later" plans. It seemed we were on a one-way trip to the poorhouse. Today we have a 2000-acre farm in Illinois, own one-half of a race track in Kentucky, have our own villa in Spain and a penthouse apartment in New York. All our debts are paid, and we each have a $50,000 retirement fund. How were we able to make this startling financial change? The secret is in raising children for fun and profit.

You see, there are many people today who for one reason or another are unable to have children of their own. These people have flocked to adoption agencies, but these organizations take such great care in finding good homes for their children that most parents are forced to wait years before they can adopt a child, and sometimes some flaw in their backgrounds (such as a record of high treason), prevents them from being able to adopt a child at all. This whole situation provides a wonderful market for the materialistic-minded capitalist who has a way with children and wants to get ahead.

My husband and I started our business with our firstborn, little Tommy. Since Tommy was born in a state hospital, the cost for medical bills was nil. We made an initial investment in baby clothes and the usual equipment for about $200. Next, by means of the food reward system, we trained him to say "I love you extremely much!" to any adult in the room at age three months. The rest was easy. We lined up a couple down the street who had been refused adoption because the wife was a habitual drunkard, and brought them over to see little Tommy. After hearing his little speech the husband declared him a genius and plunked down a down payment of $10,000. Since that time we have been able to get another $13,000 through extortion. With this initial capital we opened the Kennedy Home for Unwed Mothers, so as to keep a constant supply coming in to meet customer demand.

After birth, we group all babies into four categories: National Merit Winners, Movie Stars, Athletes, and Great Lovers. Each child receives electronic stimulus training so as to more aptly fit the personality selected for him (Viz...Athletes are taught to punch male adults in the face with their fists). This makes it possible for us to always give a prospective client a child that seems to fit his fondest desires. Tactics such as these keep an inventory from rising up.

As far as profit goes, the demand in the baby market has been rising steadily in the past few years. A good unblemished Caucasian male will bring as high as $15,000 if the client is seriously desirous of having a child, while a female in similar circumstances sells for about $10,000. Since supply has not been able to keep up with demand, the future holds promises of even better prices.

As far as the fun angle goes, what is more amusing and entertaining than a well-trained child? They can be taught to perform various services such as fetching the evening paper; they are able to do tricks far beyond the capacity of lower animals and they are so lovable.

In conclusion then, there is a great expanding baby market in the United States just begging for people who want to make a fast buck. If you wish to raise children, enjoy doing it, and still make money instead of losing it, I suggest you investigate the possibility of setting up a business similar to ours in your home town. And the best of luck to you!
THE GOOD HOUSECREEPER
SCRUTINIZES YOUR PROBLEMS

We love our readers. They (and their money) are our dearest friends. And, being women, we are eager to get the juicy details of their most intimate problems. Being women, we are also eager to give them our advice (worthless though it is) and to gossip to all our readers about these intimate problems. Our staff includes many types: married women, engaged women, divorcees, old maids, and unwed mothers; middle-aged women, senile hags, teenage girls, and babies. But we all have one thing in common: we're all nosey. So please place your trust in us; send us your problems.

DEAR G.H.: My son has just told me that since he will be graduated from prep school next year, he is going to apply for admission to Harvard. I am worried. Should he consult a psychiatrist? Mrs. A.N.K.

DEAR A.N.K.: We would not be too worried, if we were you. This is a stage all small children pass through. As soon as your son achieves greater maturity he will forget this desire to go to Harvard.

DEAR G.H.: My forty-year-old son is planning to leave me. He says he's got a job in the next town, five miles away, and since I won't let him drive a car (it's not safe) and he gets tired of walking ten miles a day, he wants to move near his place of work. Moreover, yesterday I caught him in the garage, smoking! I'm so worried! I've locked him in his room, to keep him here. Did I do the right thing? Miss J.S.R.

DEAR J.S.R.: We feel that children should not be separated from their parents too early (for what would happen to Togetherness?) but perhaps you should gradually give your son more freedom (though smoking should be absolutely forbidden!). We suggest you either find him a job closer to home, or perhaps buy him a bicycle and accompany him for a while to be sure he is safe.

(continued on Page 28)
Melody Wisp sat staring across the room. She was a slim girl of medium height with the kind of figure that attracted wolf whistles and second glances wherever she went. As she stared at the wallpaper, which was tastefully done in South African bush grass dyed green and crisscrossed with purple lines and orange and mauve polka-dots, she noticed that the red, white and blue teakwood chair in the shape of a Phillippean drinking cup would not come into focus. This jarred her memory into a track of unpleasant thoughts. Darn! She needed glasses, she had known that she needed glasses since the first headaches had started last spring. But to be fitted for glasses meant that she would have to admit that she was getting old, twenty-three and she still wasn't married, and glasses would remove her from the running entirely.

The fact was that, as her senile Aunt Beth put it, 'Melody is too smart for her own good.' Melody had always been what the educators now called a gifted child. She had graduated valedictorian of her high school class at the age of sixteen, finished college when she was twenty-one, and come in first on the all state Certified Public Accounting Examination when she was twenty-two. All these events had been accompanied by the usual national, local, and civic awards for scholarship which eventually had the singular effect of driving away eligible young men, all of them terrified with the thought of competition with an I.Q. of 176, no matter how attractive its container.

Melody rose from the flat rhino-horn couch where she had been sitting and gracefully went sprawling on her face as she tripped over senile Aunt Beth's roller skates. Hopping on one foot and rubbing the injured calf of the other, she managed to reach the radio, which was tastefully finished in a case made from old cigarette butts, and turned it on. Above the noise of rain, which had been falling for the last ten hours, came the announcer's voice: "Residents of Merrigold Slums are fleeing their homes before the rising rain-swelled waters of the Sewage River. The director of the Civil Defense unit for our town, White Dragon George Karothers, strongly urges all residents to spend the night in the auditorium of Public School Number Six, which has been fitted to accommodate the public, for their own safety."

Next door Ronald Clog heard the same announcement on his ten-speaker hi-fi set. He looked up from his work-bench in the den where he had been designing a special apparatus to give a constant measure of the rainfall on his roof. Ronald had also been a gifted child: in fact he had been so absorbed in his ability to make electronics devices that he always managed to avoid most of the rest of the world. When he had graduated from Merrigold Slums, two years before Melody, it was only the prodding of his mother and his senile Aunt Zelda that had made him ask a girl to the Senior Prom. The girl had been Melody, whose main attribute at the time was that, being next door, he knew her better than other girls, and he had an awful time trying to match her warm charm and quick wit. In fact, when the Prom was over he had the feeling that his shallow personality had been drained to the last drop.
1961 FASHIONS -
FOR THE

For you mathematics majors we offer this conservative yet different ensemble set off by the classical lines of the sheath and topped with a daring new cap based on those worn by scientists of old. An exclusive klein bottle construction in the rear shows off your daring while still keeping you enclosed according to the Massachusetts Decent Clothing Law of 1643. Other special features include a microfilmed copy of the CRC tables which is etched into the charming spectacles that come with the outfit. And don’t look now, but that sash buckle is really a highly accurate circular slide rule complete with LL, L&M and BS scales. Selling right now for $13.99 at fine stores all over Boston; $19.99 at the Coop with special 10% discount. Comes in blackboard black, green or blue with complete instructions.

For you girls in Chemistry, an exciting print dress in brown, green and phenol pink. The side pocket holds from thirty to forty personalized unknown slips. If you are doubtful about the pH of the vending machine coffee in Building 14, just use the handy litmus disposable belt which comes with each outfit. And if that young lab instructor starts getting fresh, just spill some 6N NH₄OH on the skirt; and insoluble precipitate in bright green will form, while giving off a distinct ammonia odor. A quick rinse with HCl forms a curdly white blob which can be wiped off with a camel’s hair brush. Notice the chic pillbox hat (the kind that Jackie wears), which is especially tailored to double as a crucible when desired. The complete outfit F.O.B. $21.04 throughout MIT and the United States.
Ronald knew that Melody's senile Aunt Beth could not get down the slag heap, even with her roller skates, without his help, and yet it was necessary for her safety that the house be evacuated. He put on his narrow-lapelled black felt trimmed raincoat, fastened the two golden cords which held the sash and went out into the wet, rainy night to climb the Heap. As he climbed, the rain biting his face like a thousand sewing machine needles all at once, he realized that he would have to face Melody, whom he had not talked to since the Prom. He wanted to turn back, but his Christian Morality kept him from turning, besides the rain had just washed out most of the path below him. Arriving at the front door, which had a gilded shrunken Moose head for a knocker, he rapped strongly with the Moose's front tooth, thereby

(continued below)

NEW ENGLAND SPRING
How doth the little fleecy cloud
Make water all the day,
Draining onto the heads below
And wetting down our May.

by Wilhelmina Shoat

making a dent in the chromium-plated door.

The porchlight flicked on and the door opened cautiously until Melody stood there, her lovely figure emphasized by the saran wrap slacks she wore below her paint-on blouse. The lighting of the storm reflected the sheen of her orange and green hair (which had fortunately just come back from the cleaners), sparkled equally well across her myopic eyes, which had sort of cattish slant, and deepened the blue of her trembling lips. Ronald felt his knees begin to tremble him, he recognized that same weakness, that same urgent need, beginning to overcome him. In a weak voice he asked, "May I use your washroom?"

Shortly he stood in the main living room of the house, gazing upwards at the huge ceiling mosaic, which was made entirely of pop bottle caps. Besides him Melody was helping senile Aunt Beth search under the sofa for her skate key. All three of them knew that since the path down the slag heap was washed out they would have to weather the storm in the house as best they could. Melody went to slip into a more comfortable (and more revealing) outfit consisting of pink tinted tennis shoes. Senile Aunt Beth was entertaining Ronald with her stories of how she had passed for a White Russian on a recent trip to the candy store. Suddenly the roar of the storm grew louder and all the lights failed.

(Continued on Page 24)
era of peace and complacency, is still the strongest, most highly industrialized nation in the world. Our army is the most loyal, most modernly equipped fighting force in the world today. It stands ready to lead us to war anywhere in the world. The gross national product is easily the greatest in the history of the human race, and Americans, unlike the materialistic Russians, have a real cause to fight for: the "American Way of Life."

But then what is holding us back? The answer is that during the past sixteen years of Lethargy, American government has become glutted with a bunch of politicians known as the "peacemongers." They thrive by sapping the United States of the vital forces which manifest themselves during times of war and by turning this Nation down the doomed primrose path of "World Peace." America could have achieved war countless times during the past sixteen years, but each time these "peacemongers" sold her down the drain to the slavery of peace in order to advance their own personal interests. President Kennedy is one of those who would like to see this country enter into an era of peaceful coexistence with the Communist World. He would like to keep America out of World War Three. What can you do about this? Fight him! Write your Senator, your Representative, your mayor, your State government, your Governor, and even the President himself. Be firm! Tell them that you speak for all red-blooded Americans when you demand that they lead this country into the moral and political victory which will be the inevitable outcome of the United States' entry into World War Three. Demand that he make the most of the trouble spots around the world -- Laos, Cuba, Africa, Korea, Viet Nam, South America, Formosa, Quemoy and Matsu -- to bring the Communists out in the open where the United States can defeat them with its superior military forces and hydrogen bombs. Remember, Communism thrives during a time of peace; only a true hot war fought by red-blooded Americans can save the world for the American Way.

(continued from page 4)
Once again the time has come to enlist your aid in the fight against man's oldest disease, virginity. Virginity is by far the most vicious of diseases since it strikes all young children without exception, without regard to race, color, creed, or economic standing. Also, there is no known method of prevention which is at all effective.

It is paradoxical that this dread affliction is inherited only from a parent who has previously been cured. Thus the incidence of virginity in children born of non-virgin mothers is 100%. Other relevant data is not statistically significant nor open to discussion in Massachusetts.

Even more paradoxical is the fact that virginity is the simplest fatal disease to cure. Its cure has been known for centuries and is easily administered by untrained persons, without expensive medications or apparatus. For this reason if for no other, the present incidence of virginity is appalling, especially among the college population.

There is no question that virginity is fatal. The correlation between people dying and people known to have been virgins is 100% and no reputable physician has reported a virgin living longer than 0.15 kiloyears. However, of far greater importance is the suffering of the many people now living as victims of this dread scourge.

Richard S. Lazarus of Clark University summarizes the situation like this: "The strength of the sexual drive naturally varies from one person to another, but most people have enough drive to require frequent satisfaction. Yet many children learn early in life that sex is a subject about which there is much emotion and prohibition. They reach sexual maturity at about twelve years of age, and have well-developed sexual drives in adolescence, yet modern society has made no provision for satisfying them at that age.

Among many people, sexual desires are considered to be immoral and indecent, and almost all sexual outlets are frowned upon before marriage. THE MORAL CODE CONCERNING SEX BECOMES INTERNALIZED AND PRODUCES A MOTIVATIONAL CONFLICT." (From, the text for introductory Psychology at MIT).

There is little need to elaborate further on the conflicts, frustrations, and mental disturbances virginity has caused. The problem was recognized long before Freud's famous study was made. No doubt each of you has personally suffered or known someone who has suffered from his or her virginity. It is regrettable that our hospital beds are not filled with virgins being cured of their disease under medical supervision and direction.

Most astonishing is the extremely high incidence of virginity among college students. Kinsey estimates that some 55% of college males are sufferers, while the corresponding figure for non-collegiate males is about 20%. Similar figures hold also for coeds. The main reason is obvious; college student haven't been doing their part. Did you make a real effort last year to help stamp out virginity in your community or college? If not, we ask you to do so this year! We ask you to join with all other college students throughout the country in their fight against virginity. If you are sincerely interested, write for one of our free booklets entitled "What College Students Can Do To Help Stamp Out Virginity." (Book No. 1 for normal males, Book No. 2 for normal females, and Book No. 3 for Harvard students and Tech coeds.) Address requests to Good Housekeeping, HSOV Dept., 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge 39, Mass.
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Looks good, doesn't it... it's only one of several stunning dishes now that...

IT'S LEECH TIME!

Now you can surprise your family with these exotic, delicious, easy to prepare recipes from the exciting and romantic Belgian Congo. You might think that some of these ingredients would be hard to find, but you will find that most supermarkets carry them. Every spring when the leeches are spawning beside the Congo River, the happy tribesmen leave their idyllic pursuits and race, laughing and leaping, down to the banks, to spear leeches for export through Kasavudu Ltd. We recommend, however, Mother Lumumba's Fresh-Frozen Leeches, which are netted by Big K Fisheries Inc. and shipped straight to you with the tangy, half-digested blood still swelling out their plump little bodies. And our Good Housecreeping Gourmets' Coadunate has found that of the several flavors offered, the most tasty are Elephant and Captured Tribesman.

FRENCH FRIED LEECHES

Several leeches
3 qts. animal fat
salt

Leach and bleach each leech. In a large iron kettle or a deep fryer heat about 3 quarts of animal fat. (Elephant is recommended, although with the more delicate Amazon leeches guaracho oil gives best results.) When hot enough (400°) drop a few leeches in, cook until dark brown, and drain on paper toweling. The leeches can be cooked continuously, but never put more than five in the fat at once, or the fat will be in the fire. Salt lightly before serving. For a special treat stuff each leach mashed banana or papaya before frying, and replace the salt with sugar.

BAKED LEECHES IN CRABSHELL

12 leeches
2 cups cockroaches
½ cup powdered guano
cheese
3 crocodile egg whites
1 shell of horseshoe crab
6 spiders

Sauce: Combine in a saucepan the red ants and 2 cups boiling water. Simmer for 10 minutes and add the egg yolks, the snuff, and the buffalo extract. Simmer for 5 minutes more and let cool.

In the shell of a large horseshoe crab from which the body of the crab has been removed, place a single layer of leeches. On top of this place a half-inch layer of cockroaches and pour over it half a cup of the red ant sauce. Continue to add layers in this manner until the shell is almost filled, and top with cheese and egg whites. Decorate the surface with tastefully arranged spiders. Bake in a very hot oven (550°) for 35 to 40 minutes, and serve with DDT.

Continued on page 99
Good Housecreeping presents

SLICK TRICK with GLUM SLUM

Sordid Springfield oval storehouse
turned into palatial playboy playhouse

Good Housecreeping’s “House of the Month” award goes this month to the prim and neat little establishment owned by Mr. and Miss Phil DeJoie, of Boston, Massachusetts. Located in the picturesque Scollay Square area, the DeJoie’s house is designed for the utmost in efficiency in addition to providing a most pleasing and subtle exterior, even to the typically calloused and insensitive Boston Eye. The DeJoies are understandably proud of this feature.

The charming exterior of the DeJoies’ house is shown in the picture above. Notice the neo-Grotesque architecture, so popular around the turn of the century. In addition to providing aesthetically pleasing ornament, the attractive fire escapes are also put into service by the efficiency-minded DeJoies on particularly hot evenings. The house contains forty bedrooms, of which all but the top eight garret bedrooms are for the use of the DeJoies’ frequent guests.

The bedroom photograph and floor plan give Good Housecreeping’s readers an even better idea of the careful thought and planning that went into our House of the Month. In a matter of minutes the room can be converted into a nursery.

Unlike Polly Adler, the DeJoies believe that a house can be a home, a place to live and work in an atmosphere of wholesome “togetherness”. The interior
reflects this view. The thirty-two guest bedrooms are easily accessible from the spacious den, located just inside the entry. The bedrooms are large (8' x 8'), functional, and present an air of cozy cordiality. The decor is French Provencal au Louis LXIX.

The night table is Mercenaire. The bed is Domaine Publique. The molding is Terre d'Ecole de l'Est. (Well, how would you say “East Campus”?!) The bottle is Eau des Pommes de Terre. The socks are F'eeathy. The clean and simple lines of the interior readily show the reason for our judges' decision.

**PLAN OF TYPICAL FLOOR**

At the head of the stairs is the friendly cashier's office, from which a discreetly lighted corridor give access to the rest of the establishment. Each bedroom contains three to four beds for increased efficiency. The bath is designed with the same thought in mind.
But soon after graduation both his mother and his senile Aunt Zelda had died while trying to hold up a grocery store, and Ronald being without their more mature guidance, enrolled at M.I.T., a school which had the effect of evaporating rather than expanding his personality. In short, Ronald had gone through college getting above average marks in science subjects, barely passing in humanities, and managing to live quietly in his one room apartment on a fifth floor, making but the briefest of social contacts. He had then spent two years in graduate school, where he specialized on the problems of vending machine lighting and relay maintenance. After college he had taken an offered job as research scientist at the Foosley Garter Works, Merrigold Slums' main industry. During all this time he had (continued below)

NATURE

by Clarence Aleyard, Jr.

The grass grew closer on the hills of my childhood
Than ever my hair fit on me;
The wind blew harder on the leaves of the wildwood
Than ever it hit on me:
High in those trees the birds so mild stood
Dropping their

managed to avoid associating socially with women; in fact, he lived in mortal dread of once again being exposed as he had been during the Senior Prom.

Ronald was looking through the den window at Melody's house next door. Because of the rain he could not see it clearly, but he knew all the details of its construction so well he could picture it in his mind with almost no effort. It had been built during prohibition by Stick Wisp, Melody's Father in the style of Early Rocco. The brilliant white thirty-foot supporting pillars blended gracefully into the stucco and glass brick front where they met the thatched roof at each of its seventeen gables. The whole house was built on the site of the Norden Slag Heap, which gave it an attractive view of all the nearby homes. The circular windows placed randomly along wood and cardboard sides of the house gave the pleasant effect of a sinking ship. Ronald could see two lights coming through the gold encrusted portholes of the upper balcony.

(continued on next page)
SCOLLAY SQUARE MIXED BEAN CASSEROLE

2 lb string beans  ¼ lb Italian black beans  
1 lb yellow-eye beans  1 lb lima beans  
20 lb pinto beans  2 lb Indian beans  
½ lb haricot beans  1 soy bean

Soak separately overnight the yellow-eye, pinto, Italian, Indian and soy beans. Shell the lima beans. Wash the string and haricot beans and break them into one-inch lengths.

In three saucepans, place the string and haricot beans, the yellow-eye, pinto, Italian and Indian beans, and the lima and soy beans. Cook all for two to three hours or until the string beans become soft. Drain and combine all the beans. Place the mixture in a large baking dish, interspersing the layers of beans with thinner layers of diced salt pork in cubic closest packing. Pour in a pint of scalded and scolded milk, then seal top of dish tightly with a layer of sharp cheddar cheese to prevent escape of undesirable odors while cooking. Bake for three hours in a medium oven. Serves six professors or other enemies.

BUSTARD FRIED IN VARNISHED MUSTARD CUSTARD SAUCE

1 36 inch bustard  1 pt. good quality spar
3 eggs (bustard)(busted)  varnish
1 quart llama milk  ½ tsp. thyme
½ cup dry mustard  ¼ tsp. anise-
1 cup vinegar  Dash red herring sauce

Combine in a large skillet the eggs, sauce, spices, mustard, and 1 cup milk. Simmer, stirring constantly until frothing ceases and mixture becomes stiff. In a separate container mix remainder of milk, vinegar, and varnish. Place bustard in skillet, baste with varnish mixture, and singe with blowtorch or Bunsen burner until varnish burns away. Baste and burn until bustard is well done. Then remove it from heat and serve in custard sauce, garnished with green tea leaves. Serves any number, as no one can eat it. Recommended for commons.
"How Long Since You Called Long-Distance?"

With tuition costs what they are today, one can hardly afford to call home to ask for more money. But this ingenious fellow refuses to let telephone costs get him down. How about you? Isn't there someone who would like to hear from you today?

The light had been streaming into the living room all morning. Outside, the rain had stopped and the water level, which had risen almost to the front door, was falling. Seated on the floor leaning against the couch were Melody and Ronald. Ronald, who had grown a scraggly beard during the past five days, was trying gallantly to express himself to Melody. "Melody, during these past five hellish nights a whole new world has been opened up for me. Through live I found that life is not all just a batch of tunnel diodes, that in a word sex is fun." Melody smoothed her slipper: "Yes, Ronald, sex is fun, but a woman want security as well. She wants to know that there will be someone to care for her in her old age."

"Oh, I know!" replied Ronald. As soon as this flood recedes I am going to accept that responsibility, and being a good Christian (with Morality) I shall have this responsibility sanctioned and sanctified by the church."

"You mean"... replied Melody with a shiver of job. "Yes! replied Ronald. "I am going to marry senile Aunt Beth!"

(continued next month)
How to Keep a Husband Happy
by A. Wife
Feed him. Do the same thing you did to get (nail) him.

"We'll have to let him play . . . It's his bat"

What to do with Unexpected Children
by U. N. Wedmother
When children who have not been invited come to your child's birthday party—throw them out!

VOODOO SONNET
by Perion Macra

Even among the worst there is a best,
Even among the best there is a worst;
And though our mag by deans and tools be curst,
Upon our laurels we intend to rest.
We'll let the RANGER rampage in the west,
We'll let the LAMPOON rant until it burst;
Let anyone malign VOODOO who durst,
The fact remains, we stand above the rest.
The nation's college mags, our Cat
Announces proudly, VOODOO is the third;
Next year, of course, we're going to beat that:
We must be first, all else would be absurd.
And if the deans come round to bellow "Scat!",
We'll have for each of them a smelly continued on p. 79
What I Wear
by Lily Sincere

G strings.

"Whadaya mean, Tech men are stereotypes."

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Write: Success
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JOIN THE NAVY

RIDE THE WAVES
DEAR G.H.: I have a health problem. I am breast-feeding my two-month old baby, but he bites. What shall I do? My husband has bought a dog muzzle, but it doesn’t fit the baby so I am turning to you for advice. Mrs. Z.E.N.

DEAR Z.E.N.: My, he’s teething early, isn’t he? We suggest you see a veterinarian immediately. Your baby may have rabies, in which case he will have to be destroyed painlessly. As for protecting yourself, the only thing we can suggest is to bite back. (By the way, there’s no need to throw away the dog muzzle. If your husband ever becomes too aggressive you can always use the muzzle on him.)

DEAR G.H.: My husband is an absolute beast! He constantly drools over pictures of women in sex magazines like LIFE, the Sunday NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, and VOO DOO. He won’t let me buy a new dress every week to keep up with current fashions. He plays poker every Saturday night and watches the fights every week on T.V. He refuses to feed the baby, wash the dishes, cook supper, or hold my skein of yarn when I’m knitting. Worst of all, he’s taken my pictures of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Rudy Vallee off the wall to make room for his pin-up collection. I’ve begun divorce proceedings. Was I right?

Mrs. M.K.S.

DEAR M.K.S.: You were definitely wrong to institute divorce proceedings. Remember, marriage is sacred! An effective way to fight back and keep your marriage intact is to cut off his allowance. You can also simply refuse to cook, sew, or wash dishes. He will be helpless. However, the most effective device is separate bedrooms. As for his pin-ups take them down and put up fashion photographs from Good Housekeeping. Finally he will recognize woman’s superiority and become the meek, well-behaved dog he should be. But we strongly advise against divorce. You may not get much alimony, and your husband will leave you out of his will.

YOU STUPID B-----DS! Last year, when my daughter got pregnant, I followed your advice and told her that I still loved her. Now she’s having another baby, and she’s just told me that since I won’t mind, she’s going to open a brothel in the garage. People are starting to call me "procuress.” My lawyer is preparing a lawsuit! Mrs. C.G.S.

DEAR C.G.S.: Let’s not get hasty. You’ve always wanted your daughter to be rich, haven’t you? We suggest you convince her to return your love and support her on her new-found income. And we strongly advise against a lawsuit. We strongly advise against a lawsuit. We strongly advise....
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