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The contents of this magazine are copyright 1963 by the VooDoo Senior Board, but nobody pays any attention to it. If you're going to steal, though, how about credit—hey, Old Peel? Forgive us our trespasses. Published almost monthly by the Board during the academic year at 303 Walker Memorial, Cambridge, Mass. (That's eight issues a year.) Price is the same whether you subscribe or not ($2.80 a year, $69.00 in Pago Pago), but if you subscribe, you get, absolutely free, a two-week delay with every issue. Entered as second-class mail at grubby Cambridge, Mass. This issue published October 25, 1963. Supposedly represented for national advertising by College Magazines, Inc., New York, N.Y. Hi, Mom. Office hours vary, but you'll probably find a few drunks around on Wednesday nights. Phone ahead for reservations: KI 7-6339 or MIT x-4888. Hi, Garterbite the bag. We welcome with open arms, but are not responsible for, unsolicited material. Send self-addressed envelope to radically increase probability of acknowledgement or return. Nathan Walpole is a fink.
Another year begins and the call of the alcoholic cat is again heard in the VooDoo office—"When are you guys going to get your rears in gear and publish the blinkin' magazine??" So, here we are, back again, with a new supply of talent from the Class of '67, a lot of the old faces, a lot of the old jokes. . . . After you've read the jokes and ogled the Doll of the Month, we suggest you read the stories—We have more than usual this month and, we think, they're better than usual. If you don't agree, let us hear from you; our "Letters" column and "Dr. Phos Advises . . ." will probably reappear next month. Until then, damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead!

In case you're wondering why so many of our jokes are original this month, we were forced by circumstances. It seems that our Joke Editor gave most of the sheets of jokes from other magazines to one of our neophyte frosh recruits to winnow. Unfortunately (or fortunately) the N.F.R.'s roommate saw the pile, assumed it was garbage, and treated it accordingly. Who knows, he may have been right!

Last year's Editor writes from Houston that the psychology seminar room at Rice University is furnished with ashtrays bearing the legend "People Are No Damn Good!"

Seen on a dorm room door: "Trespassers will be violated." Some Right-Thinker added: "Violators will be prostituted."

Our Correspondent at John Hopkins heard a lecturer who happened to be talking about salamanders: Boy are they confused. You put them on a table and they walk right off. It has something to do with their urinogenital tract; they don't know if they're coming or going.

We heard that they're building a new monument in Washington - the Martha Washington Monument. It's a 550 foot hole in the ground.

We suspect that those BU girls going trick-or-treating for pennies at MIT fraternity houses will be greeted with some very bad puns.

The following bit is reproduced without comment for those of you who missed this year's Social Beaver:

Carmen's—85 Charles St. (foot of Beacon Hill), Boston—9 PM.
Small and intimate, Carmen's is noted for its candlelight atmosphere and fine Italian kitchen. Carmen herself presides, her fee being in the $2 to $4 bracket. A reasonable choice on special occasions.

Sign of the times: at Fenway Liquor Company: "Have a drink instead of a smoke." Well, let's see. 20 cigarettes a day, that's 20 shots equals 30 ounces. . . .
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Radcliffe girl as she rode on her bicycle down a bumpy pavement: “This is the last time I’ll come this way.”

The waste involved in investment without research is illustrated by the man who spent two hundred dollars on a cure for halitosis and then found out that no one liked him anyway.

Save your Confederate money, boys—Massachusetts politicians can be bought with anything.

Last summer at one of the ROTC summer camps one of the cadets was sent down to a stream to get some water for the platoon to drink, but had not been gone long when he came running back to the camp empty-handed and panting. “Sir,” he exclaimed, “there’s a big alligator in the stream and I’m afraid to get the water.”

“Don’t worry, son,” said the sympathetic officer, “that alligator is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him.”

“Well, sir,” replied the cadet, “if that alligator’s only half as scared as I am, that water ain’t fit to drink.”

Well, this sets the war effort back several months.
A certain animal trainer became bored with his act, and decided to search for something new. He pondered upon numerous ideas, and finally came up with a brilliant new act.

Going down to the river with a net, he caught about a half-dozen large carp, which he transported back to the circus. After the carp had become accustomed to their surroundings, he began to train them for his new act.

Three months later, the trainer had taught the carp an amazing trick. He would throw a rubber ball into the tank, and the first carp would catch it on his nose and throw it to the second carp, who would, in turn, throw it to the third carp and so on down the line to the last carp.

The trainer dashed to the circus manager's tent and summoned him to see the new act. The manager peered into the tank. Seeing nothing, he leaned over the edge for a better look. As he did, his wallet fell out of his pocket and into the tank.

The first carp picked up the wallet on his nose and threw it to the second carp. The second threw it to the third and so on down to the last carp, who flipped it back to the manager. And that, fans, was history's first carp-to-carp wallet.

Save your Confederate money, boys—
And buy a bottle of Black and White.
Until recently it was believed that Lemoyne marked the northernmost advance of the Confederate Army. However, a document recently brought to light indicates that one company of Confederate marines, headed for Gettysburg, strayed and encountered Union Forces at Schytz Creek, Pennsylvania, three miles northwest of the major engagement.

The document, yet to be authenticated, is the diary of one Lieutenant "Stonewall" Mason, CSMC, of the 21st Alabama Hussars. This company, commanded by General R. L. C. Stuart (believed to be a distant cousin of the better-known J.E.B.), was travelling north aboard the C.S.S. Robert E. Lee, under the command of Commodore Beauregard Schultz, another little-known Confederate officer. Mason's fiancée and the heroine of the battle, known to us only as "Decibelle," may have been the daughter of either Schultz or Stuart—there is some confusion on the issue. At any event, her presence on the side-wheeler is unaccounted for.

Mason's diary is quite vivid in its account of this epochal battle, which, if verified, will require revision of all extant history texts. The following account of the battle has been reconstructed from this remarkable document.

On April 31, 1863, General Stuart turned to Commodore Schultz, and said: "Are you sure Fremont said LEFT at the Allegheny?" For they were lost. Hopelessly, unremittingly lost. The big steamship plowed through the muddy northern waters, its red paddlewheel digging up clods of Schytz Creek. Stuart and his entire company were smack in the middle of enemy territory, and lost.

Lovely Decibelle appeared on deck. "Whyah ah we?" she drawled.

"Shut up!" answered her father.

At this historic moment, Stonewall Mason appeared near his beloved Decibelle. "Where ah we?" he inquired, wiping steam from his brow. Suddenly, they saw the enemy.

(1) marks the first anchorage of the Confederate ship, Robert E. Lee, from where Decibelle swam to shore (2), met Pepitone, and advanced with him to the cave (3). (4) indicates the position of the Union camp, the area to which the Confederate troops advanced after landing at (5). Meanwhile, Decibelle had swum back to the R. E. Lee (6), back to shore again (8), and visited the ass' grave at (7). She was not permitted to pass "Go" nor to collect her $200. The ensuing Confederate victory was climaxed by the sinking of the Robert E. Lee at (9).
In the Yankee camp, Sgt. Joe Pepitone was patrolling the shore, when the big side-wheeler hove into view. He ran to tell his commander, Colonel Dick N. Jane. The alarm was sounded and the entire detachment gathered by the creek to wait for the Robert E. Lee.

On the REL, the scene was mass confusion. R.L.C. Stuart, oscillating from the bar to the head, conferred with the girl. “Bellie, you’ll have to get into the Yankee camp and find out how they plan to attack. You’re the logical choice for the job: 45-22-38, blonde, 18, and the only one who can swim that far.”

When Decibelle arrived on the shore, she was faced by 1700 Union soldiers. Pretending to be a mermaid who had wandered up a wrong branch of the Rhine, she soon won the heart of the well-meaning Joe Pepitone.

“If you’re a mermaid, why can’t I see your tail?” he asked lovingly.

But suddenly, the Union struck! The USS Monitor, an ironclad, going places and doing things, fired at the Robert E. Lee. The Robert E., having a reciprocating engine, struck back, and began one of the fiercest battles ever seen on the creek. The Monitor employed a tactic of ram and reram; the REL kept firing. Round and round went the big red wheel, the steam power giving every ounce of entropy to the cause. The encounter ran far into the night.

Meanwhile, “Db” had lured Joe away from the shore, and the Confederates landed a compact fighting force. The surprised Unionists (Local 714) under Pvt. Wm. Barton Rogers, USAROTC, organized for the battle that would soon come.

Then, in a cave overlooking the death-lock battle on the creek, “Stonewall” Mason saw his beloved Decibelle locked in a naval encounter with Sgt. Pepitone. He was suddenly overcome with a wave of rage and jealousy; he snatched her from Joe’s arms. He lost control of his normally kind demeanor; there was a fight, and a body fell screaming over the cliff. The two in the cave embraced while Decibelle swam back to the ship.

When Db reached the REL, it was in bad shape. It had lost the big red wheel on the port side; the boat could only go in circles. Needless to say, the Monitor was making full use of this disadvantage, waiting in one place for the paddlewheeler to ram itself once per revolution.

Things were going better for the Rebels on shore. The Yankees, caught unawares, had fallen back to form a ragged semi-circle around their camp. Colonel Dick N. Jane shouted orders from his tent to Pvt. W. B. Rogers who relayed them to the men. In this fashion they withstood Confederate thrusts for almost an hour until General Stuart massed his forces, feinted as if for a frontal attack, then threw all available men and metal at Jane’s left, assaulting his flank and breaking through.

“Run, run, run,” said Dick N. Jane. “Charge!” said Pvt. W. B. Rogers, whereupon the Yankee forces turned and fled into the woods. Balls flew thick and fast and many did not reach the forest’s protective shelter.

The Confederate troops moved in and occupied the ruins of the encampment. Surveying the spoils, two soldiers fell to arguing over whether a certain fallen animal was a donkey or a mule. Gen. Stuart, an expert on such matters, said, “It’s an ass. Now bury the damn thing.”

Meanwhile, Decibelle reconsidered, and swam ashore again. She stumbled across the two men digging. “What ah you’all doin’?” she asked with a fake Northern accent. “Diggin’ a foxhole?”
Schytz Creek, Pennsylvania.

West Point Class of 1847 at 10th reunion. Officer at left is Colonel (then Captain) Dick N. Jane.
"No..." they answered slyly.

As day turned to night, and night turned to day, the poor, battered C.S.S. Robert E. Lee, outclassed by the Monitor, gave up the ghost. As the big red wheel sank in the west, the Confederates on land bowed their heads and sounded "Taps." Mason and Pepitone emerged from the cave—Pepitone realized his error and fled. Decibelle shook the water from her ears. The victorious Confederate force looked over the gory scene, and watched the unscathed Monitor sail away.

Almost simultaneously the Rebels realized their plight: God knows how far behind enemy lines—somewhere in Pennsylvania Dutch country—with half the company dead and half the remainder wounded, their sole means of transportation, the trusty paddle-wheeled Robert E. at the bottom of the creek. Their chances of escaping alive were next to nothing.

The last poignant entry in Mason's diary reads: "We are up Schytz Creek without a paddle."

--Mike Levine
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Frank and Marion Lawless
The English Room
In the First Block on Newbury St.
The Civil War was a fascinating time. Hey! (I'm enthused.) It was a time when brothers were killing brothers. Which isomorphically corresponds to primitive Thebes, where Oedipus (rhymes with platypus--Tom Lehrer) was killing his father. Therefore, I assert, the soldiers were gratifying the same psychological urges as was Oedipus. Remembering our one-to-one isomorphism, we ask: Into what element of the set of the Civil War do Oedipus' incestuous intimacies map? Obviously: murdering $\in$ Civil War $\rightarrow$ orgasming $\in$ Thebes. (Both words are present participles ending in "-ing" (rhymes with sling--it). This means that not only are our two sets fields (well, at least quasi-fields), but they are also partially grammatically ordered. The fields will later be shown to be complete--(complete bull.)

Hah! All this time you felt sorry for those murdering soldiers away from their girls back home. And there those indulging guys were, mapping each rifle explosion into--well, you see what I mean.

Now you can imagine how young medical student Sigmund Freud (from the movie of the same name), studying in Vienna, reacted to the War. (You've got a dirty imagination.) Soon after the war was over, Freud finished his doctoral dissertation. Yea, he had made a research breakthrough, a discovery! He had also found something. He had found the recondite testes of the eel. (Testes backward is set set; which indicates the mathematical instinct in animals. We know also that $1$ (male) $\rightarrow$ $1$ (female) $\rightarrow$ $1$ (kid), which admittedly is a rather trivial additive Abelian group, but decidedly mathematical in nature nonetheless. "Nonetheless" may be logically equivalent to "somethemore.") Anyway, he'd found these things--no, he hadn't just misplaced them and accidentally discovered them in his back pocket when he sat down. The eel then begat a bunch of babies. It took Freud longer to find himself than the eel. It wasn't until ten years later that he begat his own babies. That is why we have eels today.

But you can carry Freud too far. (Freud: Don't drop me!) He is often misconstrued. (Repeat "misconstrued" several times to yourself--better not repeat it to anyone else--and revel in the Aesthetic, Poetic--

joy of the iambic diameter of the line:

mis/ con strued.)

An example of misconstruction is the Freudian slip. You are thinking: like three plus three equals sex. No, the Freudian slip was a piece of underwear worn by Freud. Freud, I claim, was perverse (or, if he wasn't, I am). So, be careful of the Freudian School (for the Depraved Young). And for that matter, better be careful of me, too--you never can tell. . .

It is safe to conclude, though, that Southern segregation was responsible for the gross ("great" (Ger.)), promiscuous, incestuous relationships on the battlefields of the Civil War (battlefields Civil War beds Thebes). But that's enough about incest. (But, if you want incest, you can never get enough. But we'll save that for another time--say 10 PM next Thursday?)

The Civil War also reminds one (not two, just one--me) of the story of the Flood of the Bible, because it (the War) lasted four years. Liberal (i.e., alcoholic) theologians equate $1/10$th. of a year to one day--reasonable enough, since ten is the base of our number system--and solve to find that the War actually lasted forty days. (And don't forget the forty nights. Who can forget the nights?) By indirect reasoning, we can show that at least two animals also made it through the War. Noah sent out three doves that never returned. Robert E. Lee sent out three parakeets that never learned how to talk and were too skimpy to eat. (Read the last few lines out loud. Over and over.) The analogy between the War and the Flood is airtight with but one exception--Abe Lincoln was assassinated. But such must the case be, for if the analogy were airtight, it would get awfully stuffy and start to smell. Then you could say to me: (That's a colon, not a covalent bond) Your analogy smells.

Which is a good place to stop because now I could get pretty insulting about some of you guys around here--(leave me out of this!)

--Rich Cutler
Chinese fortune cookies fortune read: You will live to a ripe old age—then rot.

5.02 Professor: “Young man, why aren’t you taking notes?”
Student: “I don’t have to sir, I’ve got my grandfather’s.”

How about a story about King Solomon’s mine called “The Royal Shaft?”

The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Angrily, he grabbed the man’s umbrella and raised it high over his head. With all the force at his command, he struck down, breaking it neatly over his knee.

“There,” he cried triumphantly, “I hope to hell it rains!”

Save your Confederate money, boys—It’s softer than Springfield Oval.
FOOL'S PARADISE OF THE SOUTHERN WHITE
by Gerald Walker

Some of my best friends are White Southerners. Personally, I feel only the greatest affection and respect for the White Southerner—in his place. The trouble is, however, that lately the White Southerner has sensibly had too little awareness of what and where his proper place is. I refer, of course, to his precipitous turning away from his traditional agrarian way of life and his rather pushy efforts in recent years to attract new industry below the Mason-Dixon Line.

Moreover, it seems to me the real point is that perhaps it is time for the rest of the country to ask: Is the White Southerner really ready for progress? Is he trying to come too far too fast? After all, the White Southerner, transplanted for the hundred years since the Civil War to an adversary battle—proved to be his superior, has he not earned the right of full participation in the industrialized mainstream of contemporary American life? Wouldn't it be better for all concerned for the White Northerner to continue his stewardship of the South until such a time as there was not a shred of a doubt of the White Southerner's capacity to fend for himself?

For the plain fact of the matter is that there are vast areas of difference between the White Southerner and the White Northerner. These differences—in morality, in criminality, in temperament, in mentality, in ambition and, generally, in the ability to adapt to the ways of Western civilization—first became apparent to me when I was a carpetbagging freshman at the University of Georgia in 1945.

Since then, as a result of a number of return trips to the South, I have gotten to know the White Southerner well. I have lived close to them for long periods, observed their customs, visited in their homes, broken bread with them and gone to their social functions. Making due allowance for the fact that even the simple New England student could not realize him. Mr. Putnam, whose extensive background as an airline executive led him directly into becoming a noted amateur in the fields of anthropology, biology, psychology and anatomy, is primarily concerned with demonstrating the innate, hereditary factors which account for the observable inferiority of the average Negro to the average White. (Some indication of the brilliance with which he succeeded may be gathered from the wide circulation—over 100,000 copies sold—and enthusiastic reception that his book has enjoyed in Southern States, as a whole, are poor. They work little, and that little, badly; they earn little, they sell little; they buy little, and they have little—very little—of the common comforts and consolations of civilized life. Their destination is not material only; it is intellectual and it is moral.

Said Henry Adams of Rooney Lee, son of Robert E. Lee, and other Southern Bourbons he knew at Harvard from 1854 to 1858: “The habit of command was not enough, and the Virginian had little else. He was simple beyond analysis; so simple that even the simple New England student could not realize him. No one knew enough to know how ignorant he was, how childlike; how helpless before the relative complexity of a school. . . . Strictly, the Southerner had no mind; he had temperament. He was not a scholar; he had no intellectual training; he could not analyze an idea, and he could not even conceive of admitting two . . ."

So much for the Old South, what of the New—the industrialized South prematurely announced in 1886 by Atlanta newspaper editor Henry W. Grady? Industrialization never fully “took,” but it went far enough for the incisive WS historian, W. J. Cash, to include a memorable word-picture in _The Mind of the South_.

According to Cash, “By 1900 the cotton-mill worker was a pretty distinct physical type in the South; a type in some respects perhaps inferior to even that of the old poor white, which in general had been his to begin with. A dead-white skin, a sunken chest, and stooping shoulders were the earmarks of the breed. Cheekless faces, with their habit of gawking, dead-fish eyes, rickety limbs, and stunted bodies abounded—over and beyond the limit of their prevalence in the countryside. The women were characteristically string-hairied and limp of breast at twenty, and shrunken hags at thirty or forty. And the inci

(Continued on page 27)
Our October doll is one of the most well-traveled girls we've met. Karen Shardt has been educated in France and Germany and is presently continuing in Pakistan. When in the United States (and we did meet her in the States) she enhances Boston College. Karen's father travels throughout the world salvaging for the State Department (our's, of course). Perky nineteen year old Karen's ambition (Phos was amazed) is to be a child psychologist.

—photos Howell
Why did Sherman march through Georgia?"

His colored troops were looking for a restroom.

I just threw the above in to give this month's column some relation to the theme of the issue. Actually, what I intended to discuss this month is a new and potentially terrifying concept in entertainment. I refer to the Billiard Club.

Now I'm sure you are all familiar with the archetypal Pool Hall--that friendly, disreputable establishment down town with spittoon in corner, five or six green-topped pool tables, maybe a snooker table or two, and benches along the walls, the whole scene lit by bare 75-watt bulbs; sawdust on the floor, fly-paper, and dawdling ceiling fan optional. In this murky, evil-smelling lair were generally found the proprietor, immobile and thoroughly bored behind the cash register; his simple-minded assistant, who racked the balls and stood around, staring vacantly; a cluster of derelicts who wandered in and out, sometimes buying punches on the punchboard the proprietor kept hidden under the register; the players, about whom the less said the better; a few pimply high-school boys who'd managed to pass for eighteen and were practicing big-talking and spitting, to the total indifference of everyone else; and, occasionally, a cop who chatted with the proprietor and pretended not to notice the money changing hands in the back of the room. That's the pool hall we have grown up with and, faced with a need for roots in an ever-changing world, I'm sure we have all grown to know and love it.

Thus it was with mixed feelings that I received an invitation to the press preview of The Cue and Cushion, "America's first limited-membership billiard club for business, professional and university men and women." It was the last word in that phrase that set me back. As a matter of fact, it did more than set me back--it floored me. No! I thought. No! I won't let them! They can't emasculate my pool hall! Gnashing my teeth, I went on to read about the wall-to-wall carpeting, walnut panelling, and the "attractively furnished powder room for the ladies."

"You have never seen anything quite like the Cue and Cushion," the letter concluded, and I was ready to agree, sight unseen.

I went to the press preview to sample their hors d'oeuvres and try "Club Billiards (ne pool)." I was loaded for bear.

We were greeted by Dick Trant, a Harvard B-School grad and Executive Vice President, who directed us to the bar and buffet table. While threading our way through the reporters--men and women--clustered around the club's 17 gold-felt-topped tables, I grudgingly allowed as how the bar was a definite improvement--the traditional pool hall is a strictly B.Y.O. operation. I settled back in a Danish Modern chair with a glass of Jack Daniel's and a plateful of sandwiches and glared darkly at the walnut panelling. My companion returned from a junket to the ladies' room.

"Well, how was it?" I asked.
"How was what?"
"The ladies' room, stupid."
"Oh! It was very attractively furnished."

I choked on my chicken sandwich and headed back for another drink.

En route, I encountered Voo Doo's Business Manager with a young lady whom he introduced as the Editor of the Wellesley News. We made small talk for awhile and they both confessed a liking for the club. I kept my opinions to myself and went back to my corner vantage-point.

Well, the place is very tastefully decorated, I decided. That's what's wrong. How can you enjoy shooting pool (or playing billiards, if you want it that way) in a place this cool? Walnut, beige, and gold, indeed! I wondered what would happen if I spit in one of their teak wastebaskets.

Of course, the obvious objection is that everyone there was having a good time--a wonderful time, to all appearances--and, in fact, as the evening wore on I did, too.

I sheepishly recommend The Cue and Cushion (876 Lexington St., Waltham). It's a good place to take a date from Wellesley, Brandeis, Pine Manor--like that. But, as you step through the solid core walnut door into the air-conditioned club, select your cue from the handcrafted walnut cue rack and chalk it with gold chalk, pause a moment in silence for the old-time pool hall, where you wouldn't find the Editor of the Wellesley News on a bet.

--Reed
“Some men, Mr. Wethers, are born great; others achieve greatness; and others have greatness thrust upon them.”

Announcing The Exclusive Billiard Club
THE CUE AND CUSHION A new club for Members only

Newest Social Sport
Long popular with the most affluent, billiards and pocket billiards have been enjoyed by Royalty and Society for many years. Now West Suburban families are enjoying the fascination of Club Billiards at The Cue And Cushion, the Nation’s first private, limited-membership billiard club for business, professional and university men and women.

Luxurious Private Club
The club is completely new with burnished gold carpeting, gold and white billiard equipment, walnut paneled walls and soft background music. The Cue And Cushion facilities include an art exhibit, a library–lounge with the latest business, sports and fashion magazines, a refreshment area and an attractively furnished powder room for the ladies.

The Members
You’ll find women enjoying Club Billiards during special ladies lessons and coffee parties or during informal competition among ladies’ teams. You’ll find your friends and their guests at the club. Instruction is provided for new players or to help you brush up your game.

Membership Information
MIT Students may register at the club and present Bursar’s Cards in lieu of club membership cards. Drop in for a game. Club rates: $1.00 per hour. Bring your wife or date at no charge. The address is 876 Lexington Street, Waltham, Mass., only 18 minutes from the Great Court. From MIT take Memorial Drive to Route 2 and head west to the Waltham-Lexington exit. Go south toward Waltham. The Cue And Cushion is just across from the Colonial Manor Apartments. All rights reserved.
Sometimes truth is funnier than fiction. Take the story of Jon Harrolson... 

HE ADVERTISED FOR CHAMBER LYE

by Roy I. Mumme

To date, as might have been expected, the Civil War Centennial celebrations have produced three inevitable concomitants: (1) Southern preoccupation with ante bellum cultural values has assumed even more pathological proportions and has resulted in increased personal disorganization; (2) the recrudescence of residual nationalism (usually identified as "the Dixie effluvia") has led to various extremes of deviant behavior; and (3), in their search for objects for patriotic and commercial exploitation, Southerners have elevated a host of what might be called "local-folk-heroes"—men who have heretofore been neglected by the chroniclers of Civil War myth. It is this last which concerns us here.

This term "local-folk-hero" is used to describe these newer heroic figures for two reasons. First, for the most part these new heroes are identified with (a) a single, relatively small geographic region of the South; and/or (b) a relatively narrow segment of the war effort of the Confederacy; and/or (c) some single heroic exploit performed under the most fortuitous, accidental, or unavoidable circumstances. Second, the term suggests that the residual fame of these figures has rested with the oral traditions of "the folk"—that stable base of the Southern way of life encompassing such groups as yeoman farmers, backwoodsmen, and hillbillies; sharecroppers, crossroads storekeepers, and itinerate tradesmen; common laborers, Selective Service rejects, granny-midwives, moonshiners, and part-time prostitutes. In other words—rednecks, or if you prefer, pork-choppers and po' white trash. These heroes are men who lived in, fought in, died in and are remembered in the tepid backwaters of the South.

Such a man was Jon Harrolson.

With respect to verifiable historical evidence, little is known of this man Harrolson. In actuality there are only two facts on which there is scholarly agreement: (1) Jon Harrolson was the Nitre Mining Bureau Agent of the C.S.A. in Selma, Alabama; and (2) his success and, ultimately, his fame were based on a most unusual advertisement that he placed in a local newspaper. The legends, however, which surround him are legion, and from them it is clear why I have designated him as a "local-folk-hero."

But in order to comprehend these legends and their appeal it is necessary to understand something of the ordnance problems faced by the Confederate military during the "Late Unpleasantness." Their gunpowder was notoriously poor, as the attack on Ft. Sumter clearly demonstrated. For hours Confederate shot fell short of its target, and in the round-the-clock shelling nary a drop of Yankee blood was spilled. Finally, a few hits were scored and, when Sumter at last succumbed, the officers of both sides sipped clear whiskey to soothe the snake bites received while "digging in" on the field of valor.

As the gentlemen in the field met musket-to-musket it soon became clear that nobody could hit the broadside of anything—particularly the Confederates with their inferior powder. "Billy Yank" repeatedly taunted the Confederate sharpshooters whose "minnie balls" sailed erratically from their smooth bores. New Orleans fell to Farragut because the cannon could not reach his ships, and likewise Mobile fell to him because of defective mines and torpedoes. (The famous quote, "Damn the torpedoes..." so frequently attributed to Farragut may actually have been uttered by a drowning Confederate seaman.) And so it went.

Hardpressed by the Union blockade of Southern ports which prevented the importation of British arms, it was Josiah Gorgas, chief of Confederate ordnance, who urged the establishment of the Nitre Mining Bureau. It was the responsibility of this agency to develop what natural resources existed in the South and to see that the munitions factories were supplied with phosphate, ammonia, sulphur, and other chemicals and compounds necessary for the production of high grade explosives. When it became apparent that the mineral deposits would not be adequate, it was necessary for the Nitre Mining Bureau to obtain salt-petre by leeching the earth from barnyards, caves, and compost piles; from specially developed beds of nitrogenous refuse; and even from the outhouses of fashionable plantations.
Success in this dubious enterprise was limited, however, until Harrolson conceived a bold plan to exploit a virtually unlimited supply of these uretic compounds. Taking the bull by the horns, Harrolson placed the following advertisement in the Selma, Alabama newspaper:

The ladies of Selma are respectfully requested to preserve the chamber lye collected about the premises for the purpose of making nitre. A barrel will be sent around daily to collect it.

Jon Harrolson
Agent Nitre Mining Bureau

Here it was!—an insight worthy of an Archimedes, a Galileo, or a Newton—a “pragmatic abduction” worthy of a Peirce or a James! Here it was—another of thousands of examples of Southern ersatz out-Yankee-ing damnyankee ingenuity.

At first, people sat stoned in amazement at such an audacious and, to say the least, indecent proposal. The good ladies, however, willing to do anything for their beloved Confederacy, responded with a campaign of Sitzkrieg the like of which will probably never be known again by man. Immediately there developed around Harrolson and his “barrel-men” such a corpus of legend, myth, tradition, and folklore that today the facts can be only hoped for.

Legend has it that when “Harrolson powder” first reached the field Yankee losses were better than ten-to-one. In fact, the total casualty losses of the war attest to the superior firepower of Confederate muskets. Flush with the successes made possible by “Harrolson powder,” Confederate morale soared.

When apprised of Harrolson’s contribution President Jefferson Davis reputedly ordered a special medal struck in his honor—the “Chamberpot Medallion” which portrayed the ladies of Selma in various stages of patriotic activity, and, on its obverse, the likeness of Harrolson smiling broadly (The Smithsonian denies that they are now attempting to locate it for their “Confederate Washroom.”)

Harrolson, as tradition has it, was called upon to make good-will-morale-building-grass-roots-support-your-war-effort-tours throughout the South. At the munitions factories production soared, and at the front the fighting men were assured that the ladies back home were “behind them all the way.” But with the soldiers in the field there was some ambivalence toward Harrolson and the secret weapon he had provided. The men wondered—Who was this immodest, unchivalrous man? Was not all this some dastardly plot to provide draft-dodgers with privy assignations with ladies whose menfolk had been too long away at war? Were the ladies being coerced into untoward relationships with some perverted kind of nuts?

These misgivings were allayed, however, when a wag named Wetmore—feigning disgust and mock repugnance penned the following immortal lines:

HE ADVERTISED FOR CHAMBER LYE.
Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! You are a wretched creature.
You’ve added to this bloody war a new and awful feature.
You’d have us think while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The ladies, bless the dears, should save their P for nitre.

Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! Where did you get the notion
To send your barrel ’round to gather up the lotion?
We thought the girls had work enough making shirts and kissing,
But you have put the pretty dears to patriotic pissing.

Jon Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! Do pray invent a neater
And somewhat more modest mode of making your salt-petre;
For ‘tis an awful idea, John, gun-powdery and cranky,
That when a lady lifts her shift she’s killing off a Yankee.

This poetic achievement was immediately printed on an appropriate type of paper and circulated throughout the Confederacy. His name became a household word—mothers enjoined their not-yet-housebroken children to good behavior by saying, “Jon Harrolson is watching you.” His exploits became the topic of every mint julep conversation. The words, “Jon Harrolson sent me,” became the open sesame to houses of both good and ill repute from Natchez to Mobile—from Memphis to St. Joe. Moreover, the inscription, “J. H. WAS HERE,” was carved on every fence, wall, tall oak tree, and outhouse in Dixie. Compared with Harrolson, the latter-day “Kilroy” rates no better than a bush league “pea-picker.”

At the front, innumerable Johnny Rebs wrote tunes for “He Advertised for Chamber Lye,” the popularity of which rivaled that of “Dixie.” Ordnance units carved the words on the tail-gates of their wagons. Jubilant artillerists gave their field pieces such endearing names as “Selma Sally,” “Backhouse Belle,” “Alapoosa Wallapaloosa,” and “Harrolson Long-Arm.” Corpsmen even found healing powers in the Harrolson compounds.

Needless to say, the rapidly developing “Harrolson myth” struck terror to the heart of Billy Yank. The whiff of Harrolson powder in the battlefield led
scores to desert. A Yankee poet wrote a parody of “He Advertised For Chamber Lye,” perhaps in hopes that the myth could be destroyed by ridicule. It was a noble effort, but it is doubtful that the following words did much to destroy the image:

A YANKEE VIEW OF IT
John Harrolson! Jon Harrolson! We’ve read in song and story
How women’s tears through all the years have moistened fields of glory,
But never was it told before amid such scenes of slaughter
Your Southern beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

No wonder that your boys are brave; who couldn’t be a fighter
If everytime he fired his gun, he used his sweetheart’s nitre;
And vice-versa, what would make a Yankee soldier sadder
Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman’s bladder?

They say there was a subtle smell that lingered in that powder,
And as the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound one serious objection,
No soldier boy could sniff it without having an erection.

Alas, in war as in love, the history of men and of nations is the failure of “too little too late.” In a few short months Confederate dreams were dashed along with Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia. Many historians have maintained that if Harrolson had had more time the outcome of the Great Rebellion might have been different. The boast, “Give us enough ladies, and the Confederacy will rule the world,” might well have been a consummation to be devoutly wished for.

On the other hand, it is possible that Harrolson’s innovation might have been self-defeating. The allegation of the Yankee poet—about “the subtle smell that lingered in the powder” seems substantiated in part by the fact that hundreds of Mathew Brady photographs portray the Civil War dead looking for all the world as if they were enjoying the sweet sleep of enervation. At least “the stillness at Appomatox” was a pleasant one.

Regardless, the “Harrolson myth” remains—and grows. Today it stands as the secret inspiration for a close-knit group of Civil War Centennial celebrants.

Rumor has it that the enthusiasts of the cult plan to start production again of the “Harrolson powder” and that it will be used in the battlefield reenactments at Appomatox, Virginia in April, 1965.

Remember that date—April 9, 1965—see you there.

Save your Confederate money, boys—We’re trying to fill up space.

WIN
IN THE MARLBORO BRAND ROUND-UP CONTEST

PRIZES: 1st Admiral Portable T.V.
2nd Underwood typewriter
WHO WINS: The living group which turns in the most ballots wins.
RULES: 1. Contest runs from OCT. 14-NOV. 22.
2. Ballots will be bottom flaps of Marlboro, Philip Morris, Parliament, Alpine, and Paxton Cigarettes.
3. Ballots will be turned in at the basement of Walker Memorial at 2:00 P.M. Nov. 22.

MARLBORO ★ PARLIAMENT ★ ALPINE
PHILIP MORRIS ★ PAXTON
One day last month a black box fell from the sky, and landed in the Great Court. Seizing it as a valuable discovery, the Physics Department began analysis. Its density was unlike any known substance. They couldn’t melt it, nor could they penetrate it with x-rays. A number of other tests proved inconclusive, so the box was turned over to the Chemistry Dept. The chemists managed to chip off a piece, but found that it was insoluble in any reagent. Spectrophotometry gave meaningless results, and the chemists, too, had to admit defeat.

The Electrical Engineering Dept. decided to find its input-output terminal characteristics, unsuccessfully. Amar Bose said, “This is the biggest node I’ve ever seen.” After a futile attempt to get rid of the ornery device by mapping it into the complex plane, the E.E. dept. gave up.

The Materials Engineers tried to determine its Young’s Modulus, but couldn’t deform it.

All the Institute was in a furor over the little box. At that point, a psychologist asked if he might try. The various departments, somewhat condescendingly, stepped aside. The psychologist drew up a chair next to the box, sat down, and whipped out his notebook and pencil.

“Well now,” he said, “what’s your name?”

“Bruce,” replied the box.

--E. L. Pragla

The funeral director was tired of having to stop his funeral processions for traffic lights and such, so he put a flashing light on his hearse and painted it red. The next day a cop stopped him and said, “Hey mister, why is your hearse red?”

Save your Confederate money, boys—The price of slaves is going up.
"Now he tells us about the "No Camping" sign."

"We'll have to get married, Dad."

"You forgot to take your pill?!"

"Good evening and welcome to I've Got A Secret. Our first guest tonight..."
"You and your damn bargains!"

"I got my start selling cough drops."

"Please, Mother, I'd rather do it myself."
"Let's talk about sects."

NEWLY OPENED
BOSTON SANDWICH SHOP
134 Mass. Ave.
Corner of Vassar (just across from Bldg. 33)
Complete Line of Sandwiches
Sub—Roll—Rye—White
Take Out Service
7 AM to 11 PM

M.I.T. MEN!
JOIN YOUR LEAGUE
At
Sammy White's
BRIGHTON BOWL
1600 Soldiers Field Rd.
Brighton,
Across the river from Watertown Arsenal.
Telephone
AL 4-0710, 0711

(THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND SPECIALS)
FENWAY LIQUOR COMPANY
213 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston
Next to Donnelley Memorial Theatre
CO 6-2103
NATURALLY — TECH MEN PREFER THE FENWAY LIQUOR CO.
FOR THE MOST COMPLETE LIQUOR, WINE & BEER STOCK IN BOSTON
Special Attention to M.I.T.
Students — Whether A
Bottle or A Case
FREE DELIVERY
Always Plenty of Ice Cubes
Party Planning
dence of tuberculosis, of insanity and epilepsy, and, above all, of pellagra, the curious vitamin-deficiency disease which is nearly peculiar to the South, was increasing.

This is not the ghost-haunted fiction of a Faulkner pursued by a vision of rapacious, termite-like sub-humans taking over the South. These are the words of a WS historian, a man who deals in facts, not horrific fables.

Thomas Wolfe, another literary WS, has testified to his fellows' "hostile and murderous intrenchment against all new life.... their cheap mythology, their legend of the charm of their manners, the aristocratic culture of their lives, the quaint sweetness of their drawl." Perhaps most disturbing to Wolfe was "the familiar rationalizing and self-defense of Southern fear and Southern failure.... its inability to meet or to adjust itself to the conditions, strictures, and arders of a modern life; its old, sick, Appomattoxlike retreat into the shades of folly and delusion.... of florid legend and defensive casuistry...." And finally Wolfe remarks of his autobiographical character, George Webber, "He was a Southerner, and he knew that there was something wounded in the South. He knew that there was something twisted, dark, and full of pain which Southerners have known all their lives—something rooted in their souls beyond all contradiction."

Of course, it may be objected that what we have just presented are but isolated impressions, albeit perceptive ones based on careful observation and investigation. What is needed, it might be said, is largescale, objective, up-to-date evidence concerning the physical and mental makeup of the WS. For precisely this sort of data, let us now examine some Selective Service statistics from World Wars I and II.

In 1917, Army psychologists devised what they called the Beta intelligence test for inductees. A leading segregationist intellectual spokesman, Richmond News Leader editor James Jackson Kilpatrick cited a sampling of the Beta test results in his recent book, The Southern Case for School Segregation. Even the figures selected by him show the WS running a poor second to the WN, as can be seen from the following:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Median Score</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Median Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi</td>
<td>41.25</td>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>64.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentucky</td>
<td>41.50</td>
<td>New York</td>
<td>64.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arkansas</td>
<td>41.55</td>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>63.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgia</td>
<td>42.12</td>
<td>Ohio</td>
<td>66.7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Oddly enough, although Mr. Kilpatrick used a similar differential between White Southerners and Negro Southerners as the basis for arguing the latter's inferiority and for justifying segregation, he did not feel it logically impelled to draw the same conclusions about the WS in relation to the WN. This is a contemporary example of the WS's inability to conceive of admitting two ideas at once, first pointed out by Henry Adams a century ago.

In the two decades between World Wars I and II, the WS—thanks to prodigious efforts by the federal government and private foundations—experienced notable increases in health and educational, cultural, economic and social opportunities. Surely, it might be supposed, these gains would have been reflected in his showing when tested for military service. No such improvement can be discerned.

During World War II, the Selective Service System divided the country into four regions: Region I, North; Region II, Midwest; Region III, Far West, and Region IV, South. For present purposes, let us limit our comparisons to Region I (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York) and Region IV (Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Florida, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana).

General service acceptance rates and disqualification rates per 100 white registrants from November 1940 to December 1943 were:

REGION I (North)—59.4 accepted for general service; 25.8 disqualified.
REGION IV (South)—57.3 accepted for general service; 31.9 disqualified.

(The difference between the sum of acceptances and rejections and the total of 100 per cent is accounted for by men admitted for limited service.)

During the entire period, the acceptance rate of WS males was not only lower than that of WN males of Region I, but was lower than that of WN males in the other two regions as well: Region II, Midwest—60.9 accepted, 26.4 disqualified; Region III, Far West—58.6 accepted, 27.1 disqualified.

If we did the relatively simple calculation of acceptance and rejection rates for WNs and WSes change later in the war. From January 1944 to December 1944 the figures were:

REGION I (North)—54.9 accepted; 42.6 disqualified.
REGION IV (South)—48.6 accepted; 49.8 disqualified.

Infant mortality rates are another index of living conditions and a population's hardiness. Expresssed as a rate per 1,000 live white births, latest government figures show:

New England, 22.1 (WN); Middle Atlantic, 22.2 (WN).
South Atlantic, 24.6 (WS); East South Central, 25.4 (WS):
West South Central, 24.4 (WS).

The WS's poor showing physically and mentally is matched only by his moral deficiencies and criminal inclinations. Reported John Gunther in Inside U. S. A., "The kind of piquant sociological detail known to readers of William Faulkner still crops up in the news from day to day. While I was in Atlanta the papers printed a handsome little story about nine sisters, all of whom were prostitutes in the same room. Lillian Smith, the author of Strange Fruit, told me in Clayton, Georgia, of a recent case in which a baby died. The parents left it on the bed to rot. They were not rendered helpless by grief. They made no effort to bury the body they simply didn't want to care for it any better."

Promiscuity and illegitimacy run 20 per cent higher among WSes than among WNs. The U. S. National Vital Statistics Division report for 1960 says that 27.35 out of every 1,000 live WS births took place out of wedlock; the comparable figure for WNs was 22.00. Another way of putting this is to state the White illegitimacy rate as a percentage of total White births. In 1956, Mississippi Representative John Bell Williams introduced on the House floor figures showing WS illegitimate births averaging 1.95 per cent of total WS births, and 1.45 per cent for WNs.

In the same speech, Representative Williams let slip another set of figures which pointed up the higher rate of crime among WSes compared with WNs. The figures revealed that in the thirteen Northern states he cited the rate of WN felony prisoners then in jail came to 21 per 100,000 WN population, but in the ten Southern states he selected, the WS rate was 29 per 100,000. In particular, crimes of violence are an old Southern custom. Charlotte, North Carolina, was once known as "The Murder Capital of America." Writing in 1941, WS historian W. J. Cash said, "... long before hatred for the black man had begun to play any direct part in the pattern (of more than three hundred persons said to have been hanged or burned by mobs in the South between 1840 and 1860, less than ten per cent were Negroes) the South had become peculiarly the home of lynching." Cash then goes on to record that "... of the grand total of 3,397 Negroes lynched in the nation from the beginning of 1882 until the close of 1938, only 366 were lynched outside the former Confederate States, and of these 185 were lynched in the border states of Maryland, Kentucky, West Virginia and Missouri, themselves more than half Southern."

Although the WS constitutes 27 per cent of the country's white population, he is responsible for an alarmingly disproportionate share of American crime. Thus, the Justice Department's latest edition of National Prisoner Statistics indicates that of all prisoners executed under civil authority in the United States, 1930-1961, for murder, rape, armed robbery and kidnaping, 36.5 per cent were WSes.

Illiteracy is a longstanding WS tradition going back to Colonial days, but the WS has shown a remarkable ability to transmit this drawback from generation to generation. According to recent figures of the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, here is a breakdown of the percentage of the white population, 25 years or older, considered to be functionally illiterate:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Region</th>
<th>Illiteracy Rate</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Region I</td>
<td>5.0 per cent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Region II</td>
<td>4.5 per cent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Region III</td>
<td>5.2 per cent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Region IV</td>
<td>4.8 per cent</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Continued on page 28)
In an attempt to escape the crime, violence and primitive living standards which pervade their native region, over 4,000,000 Southerners—White and Negro—left Dixie during the 1950s, somewhat more than the number of persons who fled East Germany during a comparable period. Unfortunately, the WS—not to mention his new neighbors—found that he carried these conditions right along with him.

Albert N. Votaw, in the February 1958 Harper's, described the prickly integration problem the WS presented to a typical Northern city. At that time there were 70,000 WS recent arrivals in Chicago. Settling in one South Side neighborhood, they presented the authorities with a number of difficulties. A police captain was quoted as saying, "They are vicious and knife-happy. They are involved in 75 per cent of our arrests in this district." Observed a municipal court judge, "...you'll never improve the neighborhood until you get rid of them."

Other comments on the transplanted WS during the course of the article: "...disorderly, untamed to urban ways...antisocial to the point of delinquency in the eyes of their neighbors...the poor domestic habits they bring from small backwoods communities...They look in the point of disorder...children play freely anywhere, without any supervision...when it comes to sex training, their habits—with respect to such matters as incest and statutory rape—are clearly at variance with urban legal requirements, and parents fail to appreciate the interest authorities take in their sex life...On the job they are said to lack ambition...considered poor tenants..."White Southern school children are handicapped...They are too old for their grades and too mature physically for their classmates...Prone to disease...They are a disgrace to their race."

A South Side school principal has said that the average IQ of his 1,400 pupils, most of whom are WS, is only 87; moreover, only 16 of them had a rating of above 120.

A Chicago Sunday Tribune summed things up this way: "The Southern hillbilly migrants, who have descended like a plague of locusts in the last few years, have the lowest standard of living and moral code (if any), the biggest capacity for liquor, and the most savage tactics when drunk, which is most of the time."

Obviously, the WS isn't the same kind of person as the WN. He just isn't accustomed to, or perhaps capable of, living the same way the rest of us do, and we should make allowances for that fact. However, at the same time, we should put some sensible limit on the extent of the WS's participation in national affairs and inter-regional social contact. After all, as essayist Harry Golden, editor of the Carolina Israelite, has said, "...you'll never improve the neighborhood until you get rid of them." Obviously, the WS isn't the same kind of person as the WN. He just isn't accustomed to, or perhaps capable of, living the same way the rest of us do, and we should make allowances for that fact. However, at the same time, we should put some sensible limit on the extent of the WS's participation in national affairs and inter-regional social contact. After all, as essayist Harry Golden, editor of the Carolina Israelite, has said, "...you'll never improve the neighborhood until you get rid of them."

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The boy with fair hair lowered himself down the last few feet of rock and began to pick his nose. Why not pick it?, he reasoned. There were no grownups around to tell him. . . .

Suddenly, sounds of rustling leaves and cracking branches came off to the right. A large round pink figure wearing horn-rimmed spectacles emerged. "Hey," he called to the fair-haired one, "maybe ya got a Kleenex or a hankie or something? I gotta wipe my glasses."

"Use yer shirt, four-eyes" said the other.

"What's your name?" said the round pink boy.

"Ralph."

"Well, I don't care what you call me, as long as it isn't what they used to call me at school."

"What was that?" said Ralph, munching what must have been a mango, or perhaps a cantaloupe that had died.

"Horny" said the round pink boy, motioning with his fingers toward the rims of his glasses.

After 15 minutes of uncontrollable laughter, fair-haired Ralph motioned to Horny, "C'mon!" and began trotting toward a nearby lagoon.

"Puff puff, pant pant," whined Horny, "my auntie told me not to run on account of my ass-mar."

"Asthma?"

That's right. I had a bad fall on my backside last week, and I had to have stitches taken in it, and they might come out if I run.

Ralph wondered what stitches had to do with asthma, but his thought was interrupted by a strange object lying on the ground by the bank of the lagoon. It was red and black, sort of cylindrical, about six inches long; it had two holes in the top, it was kind of dented in, and the letters "CARLIN" and "ABEL BEE" were visible around the sides. "What's this?" asked Ralph inquisitively.

"Wizard!" shrieked Horny, "I seen six of those once before. My auntie used to grab 'em away from my uncle. I think she called it a 'canch'. If you blow into it, it makes a loud sound..."

Ralph blew into it, and indeed, the canch made a sound unlike anything he had ever heard before. To describe it was difficult, but perhaps it was something like a long, loud, shrill, "BURPPPPPPP!

As the canch rang out, boys of all sizes and shapes began to appear from behind the nearby trees—BUURRRRRRRPPP—until about two dozen had gathered about Horny and Ralph. The latter boy gripped the canch tightly, and sensing that all eyes were on him, felt he had to speak. "Let me tell you why I called this meeting today" announced Ralph.

"We gotta find out where we are, whether there are any grownups around, and we gotta figure out what to do to get ourselves rescued as soon as..."

"Oh, phooey" said a voice. It was a handsome, black-haired boy named Joke. His pants were tappered, and had no cuffs; his tie was pink, and he had two eyebrows, one above each eye. "Phooey," repeated Joke, "what we wanna do is hunt the pigs, and have a blast. Sucks to gettin' rescued. We can have a wizard time with all the pigs here."

"No, no, I—I got the canch," retorted Ralph, "that's it, the guy that's got the canch, got the floor, and only he can talk." Ralph paused for a long moment and fondled the lovely red and black object.

"Now we gotta have one guy in charge of buildin' shelters..."

"We don't needa build no more shelters. There's a large orange- and turquoise house with a pointy roof over down the other side of the island. It's sort of dilapidated; while I was exploring it, a large sign that said "28 Flavors" collapsed and almost hit me in the..."

"Backside!" yelled the twins. They looked exactly alike. One was named Samneric, the other Ericnsam; often they were both called by one nickname, a shortened combination of their names: Samnericnericnsam.

"I'm glad that sign didn't fall on me," chimed in Horny. "My auntie told me to be careful of my ass-mar."

"Sucks to your asthma," grumbled Ralph; then he blew into the canch for attention—BBBBBUUURRP.
"Now listen. Another thing we gotta do is keep a big fire goin’ all the time, so passin’ ships’ll see us, and we’ll be resc. . . ." 

"But how we gonna start the fire?" said Horny hesitatingly. Just then, a glint of a sunbeam flashed off of Horny’s glasses and right into Ralph’s eye. "I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We’ll use matches. Anybody got any?" 

But nobody had none. Now the sun was coming in from over Horny’s pink round shoulder, and a ray of sunlight passed through his strong glasses, and the patch of grass on the ground where the intense ray hit, burst into flame! "I know!" exclaimed Ralph. "We’ll rub two stones together." 

But alas, nobody had two stones. Thus the boys could not conceive of a way to start a fire. "NEVER MIND the fire," insisted Joke, loosening his tie. "Let’s chase the pigs.

"Are you sure they’re only pigs? I saw a big two-legged beastie," said Samnericnericnsam, who always spoke together in the first person. 

"One more thing," shouted Ralph above roars of "Yeah Pigs Pigs" and "Goodness Gracious Beasties!" "I want to appoint Sighman as official first-aid man, mender of ripped shirts, etc. Remember, guys, if the zipper on your trousers gets stuck, take it to Sighman. He’s Lord of the flies." Many of the littluns were too young to appreciate the significance of Ralph’s terrible pun. 

"Well, now we gotta eat, so let’s get the pigs," said Ralph, tossing the beautiful canch away, sadly, because nobody was paying one bit of attention to it. How unesthetic they are, thought Ralph; their failure to respect the canch, and to see beauty in it, shocked the fair-haired lad. Greatly. 

Silvery fish flicked this way and that in the hairy lagoon. Bushy trees and grungy bushes rocked and rustled in the mushy breeze. Frogs hopped from lillypad to lillypad, their little round black eyes popping out of their heads. All in all, it was a nauseating sight. "Here are fresh pig tracks," said Joke. "But there are only two of them. And those aren’t pig hoofs. They’re bigger—and there are five toes. In fact those are human. . . ." Horny was interrupted by some strange, high-pitched giggling. The hunters whirled in unison and saw. . . . a group of young, barefoot teenage girls staring, giggling at them. "There they are," yelled Joke, "the pigs! Let’s get ’em!"

Suddenly it was all clear to Ralph. Pigs, indeed. All Joke wanted to do was spend his time flirting with the girls. The fool! Didn’t he realize that the boys needed meat. . . . not girls? Boys can’t eat girls. Surely Joke realized that.

Here was the turning point. The boys split into two factions. Ralph, Horny, Sighman, and Samnericnericnsam in one faction; Joke and the rest of the boys in the other. Ralph and his crew of four built shelters, tried to think of a way to build a fire, and hunted young elephants and whatever other small game they could find on the island. On the other side of the island, Joke and his boys danced with the girls—even though most of them were pigs—all day, and played other games with the girls at night. It even turned out that the two-legged huge Beastie which the twins had seen, was the mutilated body of the girls’ chaperone. 

Savages, thought Ralph, that’s all they are. Letting everything else go, allowing themselves to deteriorate, to become lewd and lascivious all because of. . . . a bunch of pigs. Who could have imagined it would come to this?

Suddenly, Joke was standing before Ralph, holding a spear which had been sharpened at both ends. "The others have deserted you. This is your last chance, Ralph. Either you join our orgies, or I shall have to use this spear on you. Which shall it be?"

"Never!" cried Ralph, indignantly. "Never shall I allow you to use that spear on me. Take me to those pigs. . . ."

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