



YOUNG SAM

THE DAILY SHIRKER

Official news organ of the Pogo-ist Party. Our Party Platform: "Everything for nobody, Nothing for everybody, Everything for nothing, Nobody for everything, and a good five cent cigar."



SAM

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The Land of Milk and Honey, April 1, 1951

No. 20

Rubb Announces Plan for Campus Parking Facilities

Shocks Reporters With Radical New Policy
By OMAR

University of Delaware students who are forced to commute due to a lack of dormitory facilities received an agreeable surprise today when Mr. Harles Rubb, business administrator, announced his plans to construct a parking lot on the campus.

With visible emotion Mr. Rubb said: "After long deliberation, debate, and consultation with noted authorities, we have decided to sacrifice a part of our beautiful campus in the interest of the students. (Here the reporters gripped the arms of their chairs which had been thoughtfully provided by Mr. Rubb). We know that, because of insufficient dormitories, many of our students have to either commute long distances every day or forego an education at their state university.

Reporter Faints

"We realize that this is a hardship (here one reporter, a weak-hearted fellow, fainted and had to be carried out by assistants specially provided) and seriously interferes with a complete college education. We, of the university administration, sense the handicap imposed upon these unfortunate people and want to try to the best of our ability, to relieve this situation. (Here the men in the little white coats assisted two reporters, gone raving mad, into an ambulance waiting outside, thoughtfully provided by the ever-attentive business administrator). I certainly commend their determination that, in spite of this handicap, they obtain the education so necessary to cope with problems of living and being good citizens.

Rubb Apologizes

"On behalf of the university and my office, I wish to apologize to these students for the entirely inadequate effort that has been made to remedy this situation. (Here the rest of the scribes screamed and jumped out the window). I want to assure them that I realize at last that a few pieces of scraggly shrubbery are not as important than the welfare of the student body. I am happy to announce that next Monday morning a contractor will move his equipment onto our campus to construct a parking place for everyone of the 600 odd cars that commuters have to race to Newark in order to find a place to park their cars within a half mile of their classrooms. This operation naturally will take a few weeks. Please be assured, however, that we will rush it as much as possible and before the end of the term will provide convenient and safe parking for all commuters."

The DAILY SHIRKER wishes to commend Mr. Rubb for his prompt decision and hopes that all university personnel will take note of our business administrator's speedy and forceful action in solving problems that concern the student body.

DuPont Awards New Job Openings Few Requirements

The Scholarship Committee of the University announced today that four new scholarships will be awarded by the DuPont Company. These scholarships are available to students majoring in Chemistry 101, who wish to further the development of the amazing pogo-stick.

A mild complaint concerning splinters received while riding wooden sticks has reached the authorities. An improved plastic stick will be designed to alleviate this problem.

All students who wish to benefit themselves and their fellow-Pogo-ists in this field are urged to apply to the Scholarship Committee on April 31.

PERKINS DRAFTED

Campus Pub Wages Price War; Livisos Damned; Pop Broke

The Daily Shirker is conducting an investigation into the management of the Student Union as a result of a flood of complaints from members of the student body that Manager Lucky Livisos is conducting an uninhibited price war to destroy competition in Newark.

Complaints have been lodged against Livisos by the owners of the local Whistleberry Parlors who are up in arms over Livisos sub-ceiling prices. The owner of the DeLug Bar and Grille, Hermes Poopolopolis, had this to say, "us demm griks aughta stik tagetter!" while James O'Maffaretty, proprietor of the Steight Slumgool Shop, retorted, "By golly, this Livisos . . . I'd horsewhip him, if I had a horse!" Nearer the Campus, Pop Roberts, noted Entrepreneur and Disc Jockey, complained that the Student Union's ridiculous price policy had dwindled his quarterly net income to less than \$2,000,000.

Thus, with righteous indignation, a reporter from The Daily Shirker recently went into the Slop Shop to examine the various prices on the goo. Here is a partially compiled Price List:

Boned Pheasant under glass	\$.69
(stuffed with ground glass)	.47
Filet of Booton	.54
Baloney and Whipped Cream	.23 1/2
Coffee (black)	.07
Coffee (with cream)	.99
Submarine Sandwich	.10
(with periscopope)	.69
Banana Split (ouch)	.14
(intact)	.44
Chef's Surprise — he got fresh with the waitress	.69

We were cautioned by the management that this price list is subject to revision . . . and it should be. We demand that action be taken by the students to see that these prices conform to the Consumer's Index.

Skin-Man Refused Red Light Permit

The Newark council today denied the application for license by Parke Perine, noted campus dermatologist, for the operation of a combination eating establishment and bordello to have been located on the site of the now defunct Harter Hall. No further comment was made by either party, but it is assumed Mr. Perine will continue to operate his French post-card concession in the Memorial Library.



Pogo-ism's enthusiastic Women's Auxiliary, is shown above celebrating the birthdays of Commissar Seaburgvich, Errol Walter Flynn and the social member known only as Sam. Spontaneous displays of their type are everyday occurrences on the streets of Newark, under the Pogo-istic regime.

Ex-Prexy at Boot



John A. Perkins, formerly president of the U. of D. is now basking in the southern sun of Ft. Mead, Md. His recent induction into the Pogo-ist Army surprised the local campus.

No Further Light On Harter Affair

Dean K. Fenwick Fogarty, in a statement to the campus press today admitted that no headway was being made in the investigation of the causes of recent explosions in the vicinity of Harter Hall.

Dr. Karl Cammelschryze, a graduate short-course student in Nuclear Physics, discounted the mounting rumor that H-bombs were being tested on campus, with his terse statement to the Newark Police in which he said, without reservation, "Ha."

Army Launches Enlistment Drive; Pres. Perkins Made Example

Special to the Daily Shirker
By S. WILSON

Late last night a startling announcement came from the University Public Relations Office. President John A. Perkins, only recently appointed head of the University of Delaware—has been drafted.

Perkins received his official notice about four weeks ago, and was inducted into the service last Friday. He is now beginning a 21-month period of service, and is stationed at Ft. Meade, Md. He originally applied for a deferment until the end of the current school year, but this was rejected by the local draft board on the grounds that in order to give the new enlistment campaign a boost, he must be made an example.

The photograph of Perkins accompanying this story was taken shortly after the ex-prexy reached camp. He was issued his fatigue clothes and was solemnly contemplating his future when an alert photog from the Baltimore Sun snapped the picture. Said Perkins sadly, "It is a far, far better thing that I do now than I have ever done. It is a far better life to which I go than I have ever known. I am proud to be a member of the Pogo-ist Army. At last I can fully serve the people. Sniff, Sniff."

Good Results

The Enlistment campaign which the draft board mentioned appears to be getting tremendous results. When the call was issued, thousands of eager young college students flocked to recruiting stations set up on every street corner to accommodate the throngs. Gustav Seaburgvich, Commissar of the Royal Mounted Police, reported that over the weekend almost 75,000 men volunteered their services to the Pogo-ist Army. Said Seaburgvich, "The war for peace is progressing dandily. Our youth are answering the call. They realize the tremendous destiny of Pogo-ism and world peace. Together we will conquer the opponents of peace. Students Unite!"

Women Added

As an added inducement to volunteers, the Party promised a woman in every tent (see picture elsewhere), and a pogo stick in every knapsack. The masses are shouting, "Down with the capitalistic automobile. Hurrah for the Pogo stick. Stick it!"

Lt. Col. W. W. Kegler, PMS & DP of the Department of Military Science and Tactics, commented that the enrollment of students in ROTC had already dropped sharply off. Said Kegler, "It seems that everybody was taking military to avoid the draft, and now everyone wants to enlist, and everybody is quitting military, and everybody is dropping out of school, and nobody is interested in the department, and that's bad, and if the department folds up then I'll get shipped overseas to fight, and I like it a lot better here, and I wish they would stop urging boys to enlist. Hall to Pogo-ism."

And ex-prexy Perkins in his cold, sagging hammock at Ft. Mead kept a stiff upper lip. "Hall to Pogo-ism," said he, "Stick it."

Students Go Dirty To Save Rhubarb

The severe shortage of rain in Delaware this year again threatens the state's renown rhubarb crop.

Director Cecil Orifice, of the national rhubarb fraternity, Abra Ca Dabra, today pleaded with the student body to cut back on their taking of baths and showers. Wholehearted support was pledged during a monstrous demonstration of unity on the ruins of Harter Hall. Refreshments were served to the delight of over 1000 stumbling, reeling, retching students in what all agreed was the 'greatest' since the explosion in 1946. Of the Chemistry Department's distilling plant at mid-campus, at which time it rained 100 proof for 19 days, and all South Philadelphia was plastered.

NEW PRESIDENT



Emile Schlemiel, recently appointed President of the university, is shown above being installed into office. He and his lovely wife, Lucille, arrived in Newark Tuesday afternoon, and after a brief visit at the Dear Park Hotel and Pub, met with student representatives and discussed the return of sex to campus extracurricular life.

Contract Awarded To C. C. C. C. To Clear Harter Mess Quality Work Assured By Lowest Bidders

The Business Office announced today the awarding of the contract for the clearing of the Harter Hall debris to the Chuck Cantara Contracting Co. According to the statement, the C. C. C. C. was given the contract because "it is a company of long reliable standing, made up of straight-forward, honest men who have as their main concern the complete satisfaction of their customers." Said Business Office administrator Harles Rubb in his off the record statement, "The C.C.C.C. will undoubtedly give us the best quality work, and besides they were low bidders."

A C.C.C.C. spokesman announced that work will not begin on the Harter wreckage until sometime shortly after the close of the current social season. Taking advantage of the opportunity for bigger and better campus activities the S. G. A., in coordination with student co-ordinator Milt "Jungle Jim" Roberts, have announced that they are working in co-ordination with the class co-ordinators of the co-ordinating office and in complete co-ordination with the directors of the C.C.C.C. to conduct co-ordinated daily scavenger hunts through the Harter debris.

The Daily Shirker

Official News Organ of the Pogo-ist Party

Founded 1010 B.C., by the Great God Damn, whose name has been associated with it ever since.

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wear, Underthere, George M. Cohan, Mickey Cohn, Icecream Cohn, I
Scream, U. Scream, We all Scream for Omar.

EDITORIAL STICK IT----

The age of automobiles, airplanes, and parking problems is gone. The Pogo-ist party and "sticking it" has solved everything. With Pogo-ism happy days are here again.

According to the recent survey conducted by the Trot Poll (a branch of The Daily Shirker) the men and women of the U. of D. are 100% in favor of "sticking it." Actually, Pogoism needs no sales talk. No one has to be convinced the party constitution is clear, open, and honest. Certainly, the Students of Delaware are a representative body of the world. Why not accept our word and forget it, yes siree Bob, go Pogo and you'll have a smile on your face.

Think of it . . . with a pogo stick you'll be traveling the clean, economical way. And most important of all . . . your parking problems will be solved. No more wasting time and money looking for a parking space. A recent example of this is the way the critical parking situation/around our own campus reached its logical solution through Pogo-ism. A delegation of students and faculty members representing the Parking Committee visited a meeting of the Newark Town Council. The group discussed the problem at great length and finally the Council, in no uncertain terms, told the Committee to "stick it." The Officials, being a broad minded lot, agreed immediately . . . with this official sanction the students have taken up the cry and Pogoism has caught on . . . enthusiastic demonstrations are held daily . . . literally everybody is "sticking it."

Z. Z.

Our New Wheel EMILE SCHLEMIEL

His picture is on the front page. Yeah, we mean the bum that crusty crew of trustees named the new prexy of our fair institution. Are you gonna stand for that bull? We coulda had Frank Costello, Leo Durocher or Lana Banana or any number of people. Look, this Schlemiel might pass in a pinch, but get on the stick, gang. Pogo-ists unite!!! We can get anybody we want . . . anybody.

Well? What do you say? To hell you say . . . go ahead be apathetic, lazy, sluggish, fenestella, efficacious, sanguine, metameric, obligato, pandemic, rutaceous, gastric, impossible, myopic, fat-headed, wallydrag, droll or log-rollish. See if we care. But when this bum takes over the presidency and starts making suggestions like, "We want more emphasis on sex," or "Sex will replace spring football," or "Sex, sex, the gang's all here," or "To disrobe or not disrobe," (that is the challenge), just don't say we didn't warn you.

Don't bother writing no letters to the Editor. That crap about the pen being better than the sword went out with button shoes. (Speaking of swords . . . how about the fencing team doing something about this situation. Here's your chance to show them this touche business is the sport of kings.)

We wasted a lot of words already. Can't you read between the lines? Let's rub this joker OUT, first thing in the morning. It would go over big with Costello, and if you're really serious about the sex angle . . . we'll make Lana Banana VEEP. Get on the stick! Schlemiel is a gazookie. RUN HIM OUT!!! RUB HIM OUT!!! Andrei Gromyko

STICK IT!



Comrade Vodka — Pogo-ism's
Uncle Sam
Here is the symbol of the Pogo-
ist peoples. The ideal, the hero,
the epitome of the Party.

Theatre Drivel

By GIL T. BYSTANDER

When *The Sex Life of a Teddy Bear* opened at the Playhouse last week, thousands of sensation-seekers flocked to the box office. For weeks excitement had been at fever pitch, due to such advertising as: "See the Kinsey Report of the Animal Kingdom" and "What Was the Teddy Bear's Sin?"

Fearing a corruption of the University's morals, a volunteer committee of upright students was formed to censor the anticipated lewd production. This committee consisted of Jim (is it clean enough for Mother?) Maxwell, Nick (I caught my tail in the screen door) Vitale, and Archie (there must be absolutely no sex involved) Rappapochie. On opening night these three watchdogs of virtue were seated in the first row with binoculars, intent on spotting any hint of moral corruption.

When the curtain went up, a row of scantily-clad chorus girls were dancing the can-can to the tune of "Delaware Forever." Our three guardians of morality rose in a body and headed for the stage, but were stopped dead in their tracks by a shrewd orchestra conductor, who rapidly switched the tune to the "Alma Mater." Meanwhile the theatre manager bought off the three censors with the promise of a chorus girl for each one. This infuriated Nick Vitale, who had only one usable hand, and split the group into two factions—Nick, who wanted to close the show, and Jim and Archie, who had each picked out a chorus girl and wanted to go back stage. While the group was deliberating, Archie wandered off and was found a few minutes later purring into a chorus girl's ear the old standby, "If I tell you you have a nice shape, will you hold it against me?"

At this point a naked Teddy Bear entered the stage, and the efficient Wilmington Vice Squad threw a sheet around him and rang down the curtain, much to everyone's disappointment.

"I was just learning the facts of life," said Jim Maxwell afterwards. The immoral Teddy Bear was jailed and fined, and the audience went dejectedly home, carefully secret- ing its copies of "What Every Young Bear Should Know."

Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir:

I have lost all faith in human nature and in the male of the species. I came to college thinking boys were gentlemen. I found that they were, usually. They treated me nice. I had lots of good times. Many parties. Many friends. Then it happened. My friends left me. No more good times. No more parties. The boys I knew would have nothing to do with me. I'm going home. What has happened to honor and chivalry?

Oh sad state of disillusion!
Pregnant Coed.

POGO-ISM, THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE

A brief history and explanation of the organization and doctrine that control Delaware.

By OLAF PORTNIKOFF

Official Historian and Propaganda Minister of the Pogo-ist Party

Although it is never mentioned in the *Delaware History* course, there existed on campus a small band of men at the turn of the century known as the Kru Kut Klan. At that time the Klan was a secret organization, shrouded in mystery; it held closed meetings under the steps of Old College Hall (then New College Hall). It has but six charter members: Vladimir Nikolay Linen, Snarl Marks, Igor Tallucivich, Andre Seaburgivich, Ivan Q. Schuppsky, III, and a social member known only as Sam.

As the Klan became stronger, it withdrew its secrecy and was established as a permanent campus organization, appealing especially to dissatisfied independents. It flourished with recognition and by 1910 rivaled E-52 as the oddest lot of characters on campus. But its reputation was pink. YES PINK! During World War I, the Klanners went underground and served as a research organization for Lucky Pierre, who was collecting data for several books later published.

During these years of infancy, the charter members were each separately making names for themselves out in the big world. Linen was a political rabble-rouser who ran for every seat in the United States Senate, and never won a single election. Marks, a quiet, scholastic soul, was writing a book entitled, *You Go, I Go, We Go, Pogo*, which advocated a new form of political organization — POGO-ISM. Tallucivich and Seaburgivich both married and proceeded to raise the largest families in America: each had seventeen children. To Igor was born a young son named after the social member known only as Sam-Sam. To Andre was born a young son named Gustav, who was to achieve fame in the Pogo-ist Party as Commissar of the Royal Mounted Police. Schuppsky never married, but through some unexplained faux pas acquired an heir whom he named Orion, after the constellation of the same name. And so these six went their several ways, and all achieved fame.

Then, after the recent war, Snarl Marks returned to the Delaware campus and reorganized the Kru Kut Klan, but changed its name to the Pogo-ist Party. And Pogo-ism was born. Marks' ideas became realities. The Party skyrocketed to fame and power. Young Sam Tallucivich came to Delaware and established himself as The Great Dictator. He appointed young Gustav Seaburgivich Commissar of the Royal Mounted Police. He seized control of the campus newspaper, *The Review*, and renamed it *The Daily Shirker*. He acquired a petite moll named Lana Banana, who later became a ruling force in the Party. Under Tallucivich, Pogo-ism prospered.

Now the ideas that were originally set forth by Linen were not entirely new. Man had known for a long time that the pogo stick was the ideal form of transportation for the common man. But for a long time, the capitalistic automobile had stolen the market as the popular mode of transportation. But all could not afford an automobile. EVERY-ONE COULD AFFORD A POGO STICK. Here was transportation for the common man.

The modern Party also retained the original Party Platform, as written by Linen.

"Everything for nobody. Nobody for everybody.
Everything for nothing. Nobody for everything, and a
good five cent cigar."

Here was the watchword for Pogo-ism. A slogan that everyone could understand, and believe in. Its propaganda value was tremendous. Also the Party stressed the value of the pogo stick to the common man. Here was a solution to the parking problem. "Don't drive, don't ride the train or the bus, STICK IT!" And the crowds cheered for Pogo-ism. Spontaneous celebrations were daily occurrences. Everyone was happy.

And now we are up to date. But now there is fire in the eyes of Tallucivich and Seaburgivich. They are setting out to conquer the foes of peace. They want a war for peace. President Perkins has been drafted. Thousands are enlisting in the Army daily. A great circling whirlpool is sucking the Party into the depths of uncertainty. Who knows?

CESS LA POOL

By NORM POINTER

Due to the unfortunate demise of our former joke (Ugh) writer, C'est La Vie will no longer appear in this paper. It seems that he had occasion to disagree with Chief Pogoist Stan Tallucivich (blast of trumpets) on a matter of party policy, and suffered a fall from popularity and at the same time from the fourth floor of the now destroyed Harter Hall. Your reporter was with Chief Tallucivich (blast of trumpets) when the news of Setter's death was brought to him. Obviously deeply moved, he growled:

"It is sad, so sad; like Russian Music. He was a true comrade of 'Stickism,' but he did have a stinking sense of humor."

Instead, this week I will attempt to answer your questions on Pogo-ism.

Question: "Can I become a first class pogo-ist?"

—Liverpool Larkin

Answer: Dear Liverpool:

I am afraid I can not answer your question since you do not make clear whether you are male or female or somewhere in between. However, if you will provide this information, I will be glad to send you our 788,996 page, illustrated brochure entitled: "A Fuller Stick Life" which I am sure will be able to answer your question.

Question: Will the Pogoist rebuild Harter Hall?

—Looie the Blast

Answer: Dear Looie:

We are glad to hear from you again. Commissar Seaburgivich wants me to tell you that he has a place for you with the demolition and rat extermination squad of the Pogoist Royal Mounted Police. Whenever you feel that it is safe, get in touch with him through our National Pogo Wire Service. In answer to your question about Harter Hall, I can only say at this time that there are some tentative plans to reconstruct it as a fittingly repulsive reminder of the decadent Capitalism which Pogoism has so effectively replaced.

SPECIAL:

Dear Ava:

Yes, there is a place for women

in the Pogoist Army. (See the picture and story in this paper). Thank you for volunteering. I am sure you will be satisfactory.

SPECIAL:

Dear Frank:

Ava has joined the Pogoist Army. Military secrecy forbids me giving you any further information as to her whereabouts. Tough luck, old man!

Gemutlich

(Special from our correspondent in Leipzig) March 30, 1951

Heute ist eine schrecklich Tage. Ich habe meine Blutwurst verloren, und die Katz von mein Frau war am Kopf geschlagt. Ach du lieber! Verstehe, ich bin nicht griping, aber es ist ein vericht Weld. Bleiben sie wohl. Meine freund, Herr Liederkrantz hast gesagt: "du must zweimal der Jahre der Zahnarzt besuchen." Ach, was ein Mann! Ich habe keine zahne, blos Gums und ein frau. Wieder ich sage zu ihr, sollen wir gehen? Waram nicht? Du kannst ihre kleine in cellar verlörer, nein? So geht's. Ich must aufge-sigen jetzt. Mein kleine Knabe willst am Wasser-bin-gehen. Auf Wiederse- hen, menschen.

Gallagher

Gold Found, Livisos Clams, Cops Pump

Local Police Farce, Mosher Excavators Finding Cache

Special to the Daily Shirker
By COL. C. McCORMICK

Flash! Early today a startling discovery was made beneath the Student Union. A massive gold cache, comparing favorably to Ft. Knox, was unearthed as a searching party was exploring the tunnel from the Harter ruins to Sussex Hall.

This announcement took most of the campus by surprise, but the Special Investigating Committee of the S. G. A., which had been looking into the prices of the Student Union for some time, was not startled. Since last December, the committee has been looking for the resting place of the huge profits that have been accumulating from the celebrated "Scrounge lounge."

Lucky Pierre, newly appointed special investigator of the Newark Police Force, was leading a small band of local traffic specialists through the newly-found tunnel from the Harter ruins to Sussex Hall, when a spur off the main shaft lead into the cavernous vault. A single narrow passage was found leading from the room under the Union to a similar cache located under the bookstore. This second room was completely empty, but the appearance of the place indicated that someone had hastily moved the contents to some other vault.

Excavators Set Out

As soon as the news reached Mosher Hall, a prospecting party was hastily organized to remove the valuable loot. The five pictured, all experienced gold excavators, grabbed all available equipment and made a dash for the newly discovered cache.

A Geiger Counter, which is kept at Mosher for investigating the financial possibilities of gentlemen callers, was rushed down a few minutes later. An alert photographer from *The Daily Shirker* snapped the accompanying picture as the girls left their dorm, hell bent for GOLD!

Soon after reaching the Union, full scale operations were in progress. In the first two hours, no less than 760 pounds of the precious yellow mineral had been removed. After six hours in labor, the five brought forth a total of 2000 pounds of GOLD.

Livisos Refuses to Comment

Trifont Livisos, Manager of the Union, when brought before the Sophomore Court to explain the presence of gold beneath his plant, refused to comment, explain, or answer any questions.

Shyster Young, prosecutor for the Court, demanded of Livisos:

How old are you?

Livisos: "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me."

Young: "Where were you born?"
Livisos: "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me."

Young: "How long have you been Manager of the Union?"

Livisos: "I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that my answer might tend to incriminate me."

And so it went far into the night.

POGOISTS UNITE



Above is pictured a spontaneous student celebration which was held in front of Hanover Hall when President Perkins' sudden draft was announced. The Pogoist enthusiasts climaxed the display by proceeding in a long chanting line to the ruins of Harter Hall, where an exotic snake dance was performed by a trio of the fair damsels from Hanover.

FIVE EAGER DIGGERS



When the news reached Mosher Hall about the gold cache discovered beneath the Student Union, this prospecting party set out to initiate removal operations. Pictured in the lead is Miss Hester Geiger, inventor of the famed Geiger Counter, which the party uses to locate mineral deposits.

White Clay Scene Of Winter Olympic

Arrangements were completed today to bring the 1952 Olympic Games to Fraser Field in Newark. Dr. Thurrs Finnineinglimmer of the Swiss Legation in Newark, officially withdrew Switzerland's option on holding the games in that country. America was next on the host list and readily accepted its opportunity. Naturally, "growing" Newark came to the mind of all the officials assembled at the Inebriate Room of the Dear Park Hotel.

Advance ticket sales will be opened Sunday evening in the locker room of the Women's Gym. Men buyers are requested to keep in a single line and look straight ahead during the sale.

RALLY LEADER



Isidore McCarthivich, a leader in the STUDENTS FOR POGO-ISM movement is here leading a spontaneous youth celebration.

Jr. League Bans Sex C'est La Vie? Ugh! Such a Waste of Talent

The Junior Anti-Sex League of the Pogoist Party has issued an official proclamation outlawing sex in any form in the land of the Pogoes. Such a statement, bearing the official seal of the Pogoist Party, is binding on every citizen.

Bearing the heading: "Why Wait Until 1984?", the order went on to say that from now on all babies will be purchased from the Sears and Roebuck Catalog, so that sex will have no further place in the life of the Pogoist. Furthermore, all sexy sayings are likewise prohibited, and such courses as Family Life are to be removed from the curriculum of all universities. There will also be no further need for courses in Psychology or Biology. It is hoped that such a move will not only improve the morals of the students but make their lives simpler and less complicated. Mae West, head of the Anti-Sex League, made the following statement, "Who needs sex when there's money?" She also took time to give advice to those who find it difficult to purge themselves of all sexual ideas: "The next time you feel sexy take a long walk in the cool night air. It will clear your mind."

To enforce this edict, the eye of Big Brother will constantly watch your every move. At no time will you be alone! Remember, any slip will be your last! It's not worth it!

The Varsity Club Chorus Moves To Local Clink

A raid on the recent showings of the Varsity Club Revue netted local constabulary at least seven known wanted criminals, with a possibility of many more, pending further investigation. Caught in the surprise grab were Fingers Moose, Shly Kappeltwit, Greasy Kartmann, Loose Change Harry, No-nose Karzo, Punchy Caveman, and Courtney Comstock, wanted for arson, kidnapping, morals, graft, nepotism, malfeasance, and grand larceny, respectively, in Omaha, Hoboken, Spokane, San Juan, Natchidoches, Erie, and Toledo, respectively. Each denied the respective charges, but were nevertheless hauled off to the local pokey, to await the arrival of FBI agents and US marshals. Oddly enough the entire seven constituted the chorus in the Revue, and it was necessary to go on with the show the second night sans chorus. Thus the hit number of the show, "Please Give Me Something To Dismember You By," was deleted to the disapproval of the fun-loving audience.

Digger Cassidy Caught Digging From Harter Ruins to Sussex Hall

Miss Renfrew Questions Females

By H. GREELEY

In a daring raid early this morning, a special squad of detectives led by Nero Wolfe arrested Clarence (Digger) Cassidy. The arrest, in front of Sussex Hall, put an end to the mystery of the strange subterranean noises heard nightly on South Campus recently and also explained the mound of earth which in the past two weeks has accumulated among the ruins of Harter Hall.

Inspector Lucky Pierre of the Newark police, who acted as special aide to Wolfe, related an astounding story to the huge crowd of collegiate sophisticates that soon gathered. He revealed that the yam-shaped, mole-nosed Sophomore had succeeded, in less than two weeks time, in burrowing from the blast-shattered basement of Harter Hall to within three yards of Sussex Hall, a girl's dormitory. It was at this point in his heroic effort that he was apprehended.

Later, though bound and chained to Inspector Pierre's desk, Cassidy refused to answer any questions, saying over and over, "I am not able to answer that question." Checking his college record, police found few relevant facts. He is a sophomore majoring in Agronomy. Questioning of his friends revealed Cassidy as an abnormal personality given to brooding of late. It was reported that Dick Burton, noted columnist, remarked in a recent issue of the now defunct Review that Digger was the only one at a recent fraternity party who wasn't "really living".

Investigation of the tunnel, which almost immediately became known around the Student Union as Cassidy's Folly, produced many interesting and intimate sidelights. Aside from the good shovel and pick taken from Digger on his seizure, there were also found two broken shovels and a broken pick. Police were also holding as evidence a coal-miner's hat (complete with batteries), a wagon, several sticks of "Live Looie" dynamite, a chewed half of liverwurst and onion sandwich (on rye), a slide rule, a tired horse, a worn and dog-eared copy of "Lucky Pierre in Grand Canyon", and, most important, a faulty compass, which no doubt led to Cassidy's surfacing three yards short of his coveted goal.

Late this morning, an interesting angle developed when a Sussex Hall maid reported to Dean of Women Ava Renfrew the discovery of a pick, a shovel and two sticks of L.L. dynamite in a room on the first floor. Dean Renfrew announced immediately that a thorough interrogation of the Sussex Hall girls would follow.

NOTICE: YO YO

Smoker films are now available for rent or sale at the sophomore bookstore. Know what I mean?

UP FOR AIR



Pictured above is an unidentified student peering from an air hole along the tunnel from the ruins of Harter Hall to Sussex Hall. This photograph was snapped by an alert staff member of THE DAILY SHIRKER. The tunnel, still unaware that he was being observed, immediately ducked back into the burrow.

Brawl Aids Brawn In Bisexual Clash

All hell broke loose last Saturday at Frazier Field as the Crotch Hockeymen staged a stirring rally in the waning moments of the contest to defeat the Brynmawr Joy Girls by a score of 69 to 0. The issue was always in doubt till the final gun went off that sealed the verdict. A fist fight broke out after the game between "Muscles" Barrell and the Joy Girls goalie, Tootles Bongsnook. Muscles landed several blows before Milt Roberts interceded and stopped the brawl. Coach Roberts, aside from mentoring the Crotch Hockeymen, goes under the alias of "Pop" and runs a local chiclet machine which fronts for a bookie establishment.

THE COMMISAR'S GUARD



Pictured above are the guards to Commissar Seaburgivich's secret headquarters. Behind these great iron gates hundreds of men have disappeared. Pictured in the background is Fraser Drill Field, where Seaburgivich's crack shock troops practice daily. The guard, from left to right, Pecker Purplepasture, Errol Walter Flynn, captain of the guard, and Donsense Barrell.

FACULTY HOUSING UNITS



The University of Delaware, always eager to assist its loyal faculty, is in the process of building a new group of faculty housing units. These are being built on the college farm, south of Newark. The type pictured above are the family type units, designed for 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, or 17 persons.

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Whispering Bob

Personal

Walt: Dr. Audubon called. He inquired as to the health of your bird.

Pete

Lost:

One 5-lb can of lard, in the vicinity of Warner Hall. Finder please contact Tom Livisos, Student Union. Reward.

Notice:

All those interested in attending the opening game of the A's at Shibe Park, contact Mock Davis, president of the Athletic Supporters Association. Box 2121.

Eddy: Just one more blast and H. Hall will look like Hiroshima. This is fun!

Loole

Chuck: Tell the goons to disperse. Kefauver will surprise tomorrow. Clam up or the faculty is doomed.

Costello

Tryouts for the proposed all-girl Glockenspiel Orchestra will be held in the mop room of Evans Hall tomorrow at 3:30 p. m. All those interested are advised to contact L. Pierre, in the basement of Harter Hall, before that time. YOU NEED NOT OWN AN INSTRUMENT!!

Placement

Colonel Ronald M. Cinderspan, Director of the University Placement Bureau, announced today that 340 positions were available with the Eastern Union Telegram Company.

Owners of bicycles and scooters in good condition will receive preference.

Those interested in the Singing Telegraph Division will report to Mr. Queen of the University Music Department. Mr. Queen, incidentally, is currently writing the score for the forthcoming movie "Lucky Pierre Goes West."

Campus Rocked by Basketball Fix
Ten Players Involved, Pres. Says

Duenner Is on Case; Brett Acted As Contact Man

By SAL WHEELWRIGHT

The seventy-eight odd Wilmington newsmen who assembled for a press conference in the office of the president last week were not prepared for the bomb shell that President John A. Perkins dropped in their laps. Most of them had visions of more Communists in the Chemistry Department or the announcement of a new plan to bleed the legislature for funds for a maternity ward on campus.

When Perkins revealed that the entire University basketball team had been involved in a major "fix", eight of the newsmen fainted and two members of Buttons Button's journalism class had miscarriages.

It was revealed by the President that all ten of the varsity players had accepted various bundles of currency and merchandise to "dump" the championship game with Swarthmore on March 7th. It wasn't until a day later that full details of the fix were forthcoming, and the pattern followed closely the recent scandal exposed in connection with college games in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Perkins revealed that the campus had been invaded by "the Wilmington gamblers", and that the players had been corrupted while playing in the "borsht" circuit this summer on the "Cabana" team in the Rehoboth Beach League. Gus Seaburg, roly-poly President of the Cabana along with Piggy Greer, and reputed king of the shore gamblers who sponsored the "Sand Hens" this summer, blamed the whole deal on Fingers Brunansky, coach of a rival summer team sponsored by the Bottle and Cork, a health establishment at Dewey Beach.

"My boys never came into no contact with no gamblers at the Cabana", said Seaburg, as he stood before a battery of cameras with one arm around his sweetheart, Virginia Hill Elliot who had come from Wilmington in a mink coat. Details of the fix revealed that "Blinky" Brett had been the contact man for the Hen squad. Brett was contacted a week before the game after a previous assurance by gamblers in Rehoboth that he could pick up "a few meal tickets" at the proper time this winter if he went along.

Brett was to receive a cornea transplant for his efforts, Frank Albera an operation on his nose, Bill Utt an operation on his brain and a convertible, Dick Harris another watch for his girl, Jim Kruzinski a new face, Dick Evans a year's supply of Richard Hudnut hair wave, Dick Goldberg \$5,000, and Moose Adams a new plastic chin. Adams, however, was too dumb to go along and still suffers from an enlarged chin.

On the night of the game, the leader of the gambling ring who went by the phony name of G. Graef, appeared in the Hen locker room and mumbled to Albera that the "boys" were in the stands and would not be adverse to switching off the lights again if things went bad. "This time", he added, "we won't hesitate to use these little Hopalong Cassidy toys we have in our pockets".

Albera passed the word along and also instructed the rest of the team as to the rendezvous where they were to pick up the swag. The game was duly lost, although the gamblers had their anxious moments. Kruzinski, who cannot see, tried hard to miss the basket and found himself hitting instead. Utt was rumored to have been overcome by remorse in the third quarter and it wasn't until Brett got into the game that he settled down to the actual business of "dumping". Harris, as usual, didn't get in at all and Duenner's case against him is considered weak by Seaburg, an old hand with the Grand Jury system after ten hung juries involving cases against him on the Mann Act.

Fred "Seed" Emmerson, the pigeon-toed Kansan who "coaches" the Hen team, was still overcome at his home today. "I never thought the boys would do that to the old Seed", he cried, as he shuffled off to the built-in bar with his peculiar gait. "I was building character among that club on instructions from Rylander, and I never thought this would happen, especially down here in the sticks." Emmerson was given a clean bill of health by Duenner, except for his arches.

Rumors that Bob Siemen's freshmen quintet had been in on the

(Continued on Page 6)

Book Store Features
Risqué French Book
In Spring Book Sale

The book store today announced the acquisition and coming sale of what is described as a rare collection of risqué French novellettes. (illustrated)

These unabridged texts are said to be those which were denied Dr. Kinsey recently in his research.

Even though the sale of these literary gems is now being violently contested in court by U. S. Postal authorities, several Boston and New Orleans groups, and a token faction from South campus, the sale will proceed as scheduled.

The first 100 copies of "The Lucky Pierre" set, tales of uninhibited amour in the Parisian sewers, will be autographed by the author Jacques le Stroppe, formerly a corporal in The Undercover Service of Free France.

Monsieur Le Stroppe has been tragically bedridden since the completion in 1946 of his last epic "Lucky Pierre Goes to Eton."

For those who wish autographs, M. Le Stroppe will be the spent old gentleman in the wheel-chair at the cash register.

Come early in order to avoid the rush.

Dingbat Drive On
After Spring Recess

The Biology Department today announced the beginning, directly upon the return of students from the Spring Recess, of Butterfly Hunt Week. Nets and spiked shoes will, as last year, be issued on Monday morning at the Student Union. All other clothing must be supplied by the individual, if desired. It is hoped that warm weather will make any other garments unnecessary. Prizes will be awarded those fortunate students that bring back the extremely rare "Lambdinibos Xtrelatera," a one-winged brindle-colored dingbat. Ordinarily, the Dingbat is not found in this area, being a native of Borneo; however, one such insect was sighted only last week, dive-bombing a riveter on the tower of the Delaware Memorial Bridge. The riveter, wiping his forehead, immediately reported his findings to Dr. Rocco Carzo, head of the Student Biology Forum. So, the hunt is on, and to assure a profitable field trip, men will be paired with women during the great bug chase. The department feels that in this way a better understanding will be had between the factions of upper and lower campus.

D. D. Nelson Given
The Golden Pickle

At recent ceremony Dippy Dave Nelson, the new head football mentor, was honored by the Dover Agriculture and Moosemilk Society by being bestowed with the order of The Golden Pickle. This unique award is given to the one man each year, who in the opinion of the Society, has advanced the cultivation of pickles to the utmost.



Billy Utt, Hen cage star, after his arrest for throwing Swarthmore game.

Sex vs. Brawn Fray
Shows Sex Tops

One of the most startling upsets of the current Mat Season occurred when the Hanover Bear Huggers outlasted the Training House Pole Vaulters to win a decisive victory at the victors' arena. A sparse crowd was on hand to witness the titanic struggle between Brawn and Sex. In the preliminary events, (one slip), Crutty Autten got the best of Husker Dalton with a Boston Crab; Mary Ann DuMont pinned Bumphry Parker with a body press; and Charity Orloff forced Punchy Craver to his knees with a Cobra Hold. In the main event Patty-Cake Phillips, of laxitive renown, subdued Lefty Gunther with a Crotch Hold.

Switch Party Debut
Tonight with Duke

The varsity switch team, fourteenth letter sport on campus, will make its debut tonight in the Field House against a powerful and experienced Duke five. The starting lineup will consist of Brodhug and De Mire at the forward grab positions, Kartmann and Zenoit, lateral grab, and Schmelligg at anchor. A record turnout of spectators is anticipated, and interested fans are advised to come early.

Dismembered Torso
Decorates Campus

An unidentified body was discovered late last night hanging by a partially severed knee-cap on the main campus flagpole between Brown Hall and the Harter ruins. Identification was made virtually impossible with the discovery that each of the victim's fingers had apparently been run into a pencil sharpener. The swarthy complexioned victim, a male, was about two feet, 3 1/2 inches tall, weighed 334 1/2 pounds, and had two gray eyes, one blue. He was dressed solely in a cardboard cardigan, a beret, and snowshoes; just the average man type of victim that so often confounds local police. Inspector Pierre Fortunado of the Elkton police has been assigned to the case to supplement the crack Newark traffic squad.

THE SHIRKER GOES TO A HOUSE PARTY



The scenes shown above were taken at the recent "Bowery Brawl," held by Grabba Thigh. In an effort to simulate LIFE Magazine's "Life Goes to a Party," The Daily Shirker sent its star photog, Casey "Keep your eye on the bird" Popperupper to the affair. Above are the results.

Geek Column

Sig Ep BIG DRIP

Dressed in our usual tuxedos, we threw another hoe-down in the famous rabbit closet. Everyone remained speechless until Shocking Stringer crashed into the closet with Flaggie Pole, and announced his secret marriage to the torchy deb. Other geeks were Glum Gessel, and Junk Gester, Glum and Junk had a couple of scrags from the Flower Hospital.

Down in our crumbly kitchen, we were happy to have two meals today. Although no meat nor vegetables were served, all the geeks were happy to live, as before, from their flasks.

Peachy Buechele was dribbling down campus when he made the shocking discovery that he was a proud papal. Not having heard any further news, many young coeds have fled home with devastated hearts. Peachy and our geek club members extend sorrow for their wilted memories.

Fly Ball

Flashy Speed Workman is becoming the greatest Inter Geek Greek Club man on Campus. His spirited writings and expressive minutes of our meetings should place him on a pedestal above any other insane Greek.

On the brighter side Giddy Lent has been seen most every day in his sweatsuit with his newly found girl friend Jane Good. More power to you, folks! Sure hope that we can serenade you soon.

We are happy to announce that only three pledges lost their lives during our hell month, a period of heightened campus and sexual activity. The latter proved to be the only fatal duty.

Al Ate a Pie

The local apes showed great skill and reserve talent in upsetting Mosher Hall in a furious boxing tournament. The Mosher Mules incited a great amount of Spartan barbarianism in our boxing kings, and this seems to be the reason that most of the Mules were left prostrate after the affair.

On the more serious side — we just installed a new slop-bucket menu for our ape brothers. Instead of divided vegetables and meat platters, these edibles will be fed to our herd of wild kangaroos which we use for cobbler training. We now eat from the slop buckets, which is much easier, and serves the individual purposes of each brother much better.

Hope to see all the Intergreek Geek Brothers up for the fourth annual attempt to dynamite the Deluxe, so we can set up our cobbler shop.

Gig Me, Too

Last week we put on our flippers and went swimming again. After a few thrilling contests, we all paddled back to our little red barn to watch Howdy Doody. We all think he's swell!

Yesterday, Wild Eye Salamone and Kiss Me Quick Kinter had a girl-getting contest in front of U. Hall. A throbbing crowd was watching the ground crew spray the trees, which cramped Wild Eye's style. However, after three hours Kiss Me Quick had to work out, so the contest was called a default until the formal dance.

In our sporting activities, Strong Schultz and Pole Turner have been seen around the Slop Shute in their new sweat suits. Strong and Pole have been running around with two lovely women as part of their training schedule. Ears Steers has recommended this for a complete athletic odor of their newly acquired gym equipment.

They Outa Die

Geek brother Punk Perine was seen last week with large Miss Faulkner in the Ivy of U. Hall. The two were having great fun playing ukas and eating cream puffs. Punk seemed baffled at the whole affair.

Yesterday we all took our barbells out, and Slimy Carzo showed us new dynamic tension tricks. Feeling very muscular, we picked up our steady girls from the Dear Park, and rolled them down grimy cave, where Dung De Muro and Saave Swan sang songs, and the remaining geeks got looped.

Large Mouth Greenfield showed undue excitement as he and his noisy buddies pogo-sticked through the memorial library. It seems that Large Mouth caught a stray bird

in his halitosis-filled crevice. Large Mouth remarks, "Not bad!"

Campus Souses

The local Greek brothers spent a windy winter night at their shack. The Shaky Gleep Gloppers gave us all the music we could stand — later we sat down. Other forms of entertainment included Dodo at the organ, Greek brother Jester standing on his head, and Hallelujah Egert remaining sober for a day. Pledge McNeil should become a bonafide Greek club member in another 18 months.

Crazy Sheek — something, and Liver Boyce had a ferocious fist fight last week in which Mighty Mug McWhorter received all of the punishment for stepping between them. Mighty Mug will be in the deserted infirmary all vacation. Liver Lips disappeared completely, and Crazy will spend the next few months at Seven Stacks.

Our newly opened recreation area on the third floor is proving to be the greatest innovation since the grass mat.

"D.T.'s, Fellas?"

Dig Deep O'Donnell, our bravest of all Geek brothers, was awarded the first daffodil on the front yard for bravery. He shoosed the neighboring cat from the lavatory when all of the other brothers were crocked on the floor after a two week alcoholic orgy. Dig Deep had the D. T.'s and it seems that his abnormal actions sent the cat howling through the bloody window.

Twelve pledges were found stuffing a ballot box for the election of Willis "I am a Rhapsody" Hock as Head Geek of the Club, and were immediately black-balled by twelve of the actives who would rather have Glug Glug Burton "cause he's so peachy." Glug Glug now has twelve votes.

Our pledge class left a dead horse in the living room last night, on their way to bail Smart Art Diver from jail for condemning the Ladies' Home Journal article "Chastity Is Dead." Smart Art probably won't burn, and we got a great price from Commons on the horse.

All Tired Out

Last weekend was a busy one for most of the other Greek shacks. But we couldn't get any dates, so Geek "Rollin' Along" Mills showed us some wild movies about girls and their desires. All of us went to bed early, except Fullhouse Chance who reeled through the movies again, because he couldn't find the plot.

Each of us extends deep thanks to all the intergeek geeks who contributed the nice stones for our walk. We'll try to find some use for all the broken window glass too. Thanks again, guys.

Pledge Edge showed up with a date at the intergeek turtle race. Chances are that she'll become our next sweetheart when she graduates from Warner Junior High.

Try Crapping Out

Stone-Face Lewis, our proud street cleaner, has just attained a new record by collecting 94 old boxes from White Clay Creek in one day. Quoting Stone-Face's diary: "It was my greatest feat; I'm glad that I took up the challenge."

All of the Greeks from Piker's Hill are overjoyed that Sparkling Water Cantera has recognized the ending of Lent and has decided to keep on not drinking beer all night only. He will now drink day and night. Gloop Adams had something to do with this.

We had our greatest party last week. It was really swell fun. After our usual contests of wink, truth or consequences, and a scavenger hunt, we decided this wasn't enough — so we all went out in some field and got crocked. Our dates were swell about it, because they all said that we didn't have to see them the next day.

Personal

Louise: Either pull the shades all the way up or run the damn thing all the way down. This is tantalizing. Knock it off.

The Midnite Gazers To Whom It May Concern:

You had better pass me in Tech English unless you'd like to wake up in the Delaware River some morning with a couple of Concrete Bootles on. Know what I mean??

You Know Who

'Neath the Armpits

By SLICK MERTON



Another fantastic weekend has come to a close, and believe me, it was fabulous. Moose milk flowed, once again, in torrential abundance. It was Real! Your joy-boy had to caper quickly to cover the wild and wide assortment of orgies in the frat belt. The old pogo got a workout. The first assignment was the stupendous brawl which enveloped a half a hundred squirming, screeching SMELTS. Swimming upstream in a cascade of fire-water that poured from the front door of the elegant Main street establishment, I was greeted by two scantily-clad coeds, who were under the impression that it was to have been a masquerade ball, and had come representing Godiva and Eve, respectively. The three of us and my right hand man, Dad Horrors, quickly made for the Dear Park, which was featuring Enrico Mamamia and his fourteen spavined Peruvians. Unfortunately, we missed the SMELT party, but heard it was its usual bawdy, good time rumpus. Ambling over to the other end of town, we dropped in on the GATES, the west end rioters, where the two girls felt overdressed at the annual GATES' nudist fracas. Most everyone was there, including our companions' escorts who were conducting a search. Would liked to have stayed, but a bird in the hand is still worth two in the bush.

Cutting south to avoid being followed we found haven at a colossal donnybrook at the CRAW house, where Lefty Vittles and his Mashed Five were holding forth. Two or three hours of chugalug sent us sprawling on our way to the APES where a reefer party was in session. Smoke? It looked like a bomb had gone off. Couldn't see who was there, but a number of voices were recognized. Four cartons of Happy Strokes later, I had to leave this tremendous set-to and drag myself to the linen. Had to be in shape for my swimming test on Monday at 8 a.m. Don't know what became of Daddio or the broads, don't really care. Personally, can't remember a greater, real-er, time ever. And to think this weekend is considered to have been a mere warm-up for the Big one starting tomorrow. Whee, I wish I could walk. Let's hope this paralysis wears off in time.



A shot of the recently constructed bachelor apartments which are located directly behind the Dear Park Hotel.



Above: Propaganda photo from the Military Department depicting entertainment at summer camp.

The Foul Book Club Presents "PASSION ON THE RAMPAGE"

By Lucky Pierre

A magnificent new novel about Lana Banana, queen of The Pogo-ist Party, her meteoric rise to power, her conquest of Gustav Seaburgavich, Commissar of the Royal Mounted Police, her life and loves make for the best reading of the century. Never before has The Foul Book Club brought you such an exotic tale of uninhibited romance. And this book can be yours

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BANNED IN BOSTON

Behind her cool, collected eyes lies fiery passion. Beneath her calm, innocent appearance is the woman, who rules the men, who rule the Pogo-ist Party. She's daring, she's delightful, every inch a vixen. Lana, born in poverty, began her career at the age of eight, flagging down engineers along the B & O Railroad. At twelve, she was entertaining on the bar of the Dear Park Hotel, two shows a night. At sixteen she set out with a Gypsy troop and met Gustav, the roaring, raging Party boss. Then came the green years — and power. She lived for love. She loved to live.

"Risqué . . . keen . . . racy . . . spicy . . . sharp . . . stimulating . . . vigorous . . . spirited . . . forceful . . . lusty . . . robust . . . vulgar."

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"At last Lucky Pierre presents his masterpiece. Passion on the Rampage is everything that Forever Amber was not — but more so — especially in the torrid final chapters."

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I am over eight years of age. Yes— No—
I am not a sex maniac. Yes— No—
Check one:
☐ Never ☐ Once ☐ Seldom ☐ Occasionally ☐ Often
☐ Daily ☐ Constantly
Age if under eight—

Seaburg to Open Health Emporium

'Mr. Big' Picks Wilm. Site For Health Den

One of the most colorful characters in the history of higher education in Delaware last week announced his retirement from the academic scene. Hans A. "Gus" Seaburg, the elephantine Swede who has trained University athletic squads since 1946, will leave the University this June to open a ladies health parlor in Wilmington.

The big Swede has long been a landmark on the Delaware campus, and especially in the Athletic Department. Considered one of the top muscle mechanics in the nation, he has been responsible for the physical conditioning of all Delaware athletes, and in addition has been known as "Mr. Morale" on the athletic end of the campus. The three hundred pound cracker-barrel philosopher came to Delaware by way of the Green Bay Packers, Kansas City Blues, and Henry's Hospitality Bar and Grill (Tables for Ladies) in Webb City, Missouri. He was also trainer for the Fort Knox Stockade Team while a prisoner there during the war, and has also seen action with the Rose Hill Rockets.

King Gustav Medal

Seaburg, who received the King Gustav medal last year as the fattest trainer in the business, expects to have Wilmington's finest among the clientele at his establishment. "This joint will cater strictly to the chi-chi element, and I mean that from the heart." (Seaburg means everything from the heart). "We will have only the finest of gillies, especially the Left-over Hills crowd. You won't hear no rumors about this place. We'll call it Gussie's Wrinkle Reducing Salon, and brother, when old Gus gets busy you can bet the wrinkles will fly. I plan to have steam cabinets, lamps, pine baths, saltpeter rubs, and coconut oil massages.

No Ralse

When asked why he had chosen to leave the University to branch out on his own, the fat Swede advanced this theory. "First of all, no ralsesoo. Second, they don't operate first class. Third, it ain't nothin like the gang in '46. And fourth, the tricks they play are getting on my nerves. I'm on the mailing list of every lonely hearts club and corset shop in the country. I get more stuff collect in the mail than all the Ozark farmers put together. Last week I got a miner's lamp that some wise guy had sent to me. I'm the butt of every practical joke that's played in Newark. I've had a ton of manure dumped on my lawn, Ex-Lax put in my chielets, a hearse sent to my home to pick up a body which was not there, a dead fish put over the door where I keep my key, every object in the world put in my bed, my car tied to the rail of the ferry boat which caused the boat to be held up for an hour, a man comes up from Washington with a hearing aid which I did not order, a scarf stuck in my sleeve in the Chicago Airport Terminal Building made out of sanitary napkins which I put around my neck before I realized what it was, and many other various dirty tricks which are too numerous to recall and all of which have kept me on edge. They have never made me a member of the faculty, and, as a result, I do not command the respect a man of my position should. I get my meals on this job and I have to eat with the faculty at the Commons, another spot where I get nothing but abuse. One guy's talk-

SHTREETS DRUG STORE

Opium Heavy Water
Benzedrine Fire Crackers
Tourniquets Brass Knucks
Hot Books — Reefers

(R. Waldo Emerson, Prop.)



Seaburg and his man Friday, Victor Hugo Dougherty, who is shown drinking a toast to the induction of President John A. Perkins into the Pogoist Army. Dougherty emphatically agrees.

ing about Chaucer and I pass a saucer, and they're still laughing. They think I'm the court jester." "It'll be different in the Salon. I'll be high man on the totem pole instead of the lowest, and I'll get the respect due a man of my position. I mean that from the heart. This place will be strictly first class. We'll be double-A all the way."

Gus means this from the heart.

Basketball Fix

(Continued from Page 4)

"dump" were quickly scotched by the DA. Siemen has "already made a couple of million in his job", said Duenner, "and I imagine his boys are pretty well taken care of". Siemen is Business Manager of Athletics and handles all of the athletic coinage. He recently purchased a new Pontiac deLuxe.

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"Too Capitalistic"—The Daily Worker

"Too Communist"—The Chicago Tribune

"Too Pogo-istic"—The Review

"Too much like a movie"—The Daily Shinker

"Wow."—Gustav Seaburgavich

"I like it"—Liverpool Larkin (noted sex book critic)

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