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More facts on page 5.

Brassieres’ Fall Likely
As Ticklers Run Plays

See story on page 21.

Codd’s Smelly Record Cited for Second Term
See story on page 2.

Von Sleer and Nomore Crap Out in Competition
See story on page 7.

True Lowdown Given About the U. of Gawja
See story on page 7.

Intermarriage Among The Sexes Questioned
See story on page 4.

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See story on page 21.
Codd Wants Re-election Despite Protest Of Southerners and Damyankees Alike

By YON GUSHIER

"Crack" Codd, illustrious fishmonger now serving his current tenure of office as President of the Student Council of Von Sneer's School for Boys, has been reluctantly pulled out of the flying fish squadron of potential Student Council presidential candidates and has announced, as was expected, his intention of seeking a second term.

Codd's stupendous record smells for itself. Lifted from potential fish last year and elevated to the high office he now holds, he found himself only a junior and immediately began casting about to secure votes for next year's election. Though nothing of real note has come out of his present term of office, he has attended several of the scheduled meetings of the council and once was known to arrive on time. President Codd's outstanding features are not at once recognizable, but if one is intimately associated with him, they soon become quite apparent. One of the many outstanding bills he has tried to railroad thru council concern an increase in salary for the Student Council president. President Codd explained that

prices on white sidewalls, Elyt, and other minor accessories necessary to keep up the prestige of his office had increased drastically since his incumbency had begun.

President Codd states that—if elected—he will carry thru to completion his current platform with certain revisions added. Still high on his platform are the following:

(1) Revision of the current schedule so that the maximum number of hours allowable will be reduced to fourteen hours per quarter.

(2) Addition of fifteen minutes before and after each class so that students will be able to get from the Modern Languages building to other classes without straining themselves.

(3) Elimination of classes before ten o'clock and after two o'clock.

(This is necessary so that men on A. A. scholarships won't be too pressed for time.)

(4) Erac.

In order to assure his election, President Codd's henchmen will be stationed at all ballot boxes with printed instructions as to what will happen to voters if they don't go Codd's way. With this well-outlined program, President Codd's future seems, as usual, odoriferous and secure.

Personals

Walter, Please come back. Ma done decided that you and me don't hafta' get hitched after all. She's done decided she'd let me work at Gawja Tech what the men don't care if I am in a family way.

Ann.

You silly little trollop! Give me back my fraternity pin; I was only fooling.

Jelly.

Somebody took my blanket from my car the other night. Please return it soon cause I got a date with a telephone operator Saturday.

George B.

Miss Virginia Bet who recently arrived in this country from Lower Manobvia has been appointed mistress-in-charge of the newly formed department of extra-marital relations here. Miss Virgin as she is known to her friends (she has no enemies) has just graduated from the State Harlo Institute of Technique where she has spent her entire life in preparation for her present position.

Ten hours credit will be given for the lab courses included in the course in an attempt to boost the expected low enrolment.

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More Crop—

(Continued from page 5)

more he rolls and to his mortal eyes come "snakeeyes" and the number nine iron goes into the pot. That ended his run and now we are all invited to purchase the Ladies Home Journal from his fashionable new stand at Five Points.

The game still goes on, however, and now let's take a look at some of the interested spectators. There's M. E. Prof Bleedin vainly trying to watch the elusive cubicals with his eyes playing all kinds of tricks on him. From the edge of the crowd we see gangling Knowles Fenley of the Mech department peering into the center to observe the hostilities as C. E.'s Kenny Frash bulks his way through the crowd to try his skill. The contest has reached such a magnitude now that a house man has been chosen and it's none other than that scholarly wizard of electricity, Prof H. B. Failing who has always held an interest for this type of sporting competition. Tension now

(Continued on page 6)
BIG EXPOSE STORY HAS HEAD ON PGE 1

From undisclosed but authoritative sources came the announcement this week of an exposé that matches any in the history of ancient Bohemian journalism.

That announcement said in short that Gawk Juch is not a State-owned enterprise as it has always pretended, but a private company, and operated by a corporation of three shareholders. As a list of desirable characters are what is shedding the wool over the unsuspecting eyes of the public, these three people are Burp von Sleer, president, and Hummon, who speaks for himself.

Their manner of holding this information from an alert press has not been disclosed. The only information that has been received on this matter is a rumor that Herd tried to poison the inmates’ stomachs, Hummon tried to poison their minds, and von Sleer tried to remove the government by taking possession of the TV. These rumors are unfounded, but probably damned true.

Now the question is, "How much have these people cleared in the past few years?"

The answer is simple. This here institution has made a profit of nearly a million a year for the last few years, and according to secret letters written from Hummon to some character named Ray Harris, the kitty has been divided. For example, in 1947, Tech cleared 9,803,492.8. Each of the three got a third.

In exclusive interviews with these three birds, comments were obtained.

In speaking of his part in the haul, Hummon said, "I’m for it."

Von Sleer said in a prepared statement, "Cheese, what a killin’!"

Herd only hung his head in shame and muttered briefly, "Incomprehensible, maliciousness resulting from prevarications had inexcusable by elite and more exalted members of the denarian have been the transcendent derivation of policy and putridity illusory, but one can see with certitude that a publicty of the elite have pangs of compunction.

"In all my years in the sophomore class, and I’ve overslept to become mendacious in delineation of the medicum of disquisition, I have found the antipodal sex (Ed note: He would have to bring sex into it more to mortician than others."

"Feeling of heterogeneity has been profound at times discommodious by those in ethnography, but the sanctity of their overture has been spurious of retroactivity."

Several fast moving facts took place after the news got out that von Sleer was "hot." A three person fact finding board was appointed by the justice department of Washington. The board consists of Mrs. Sleer, Mrs. Herd, and Mrs. Hummon.

Second event was the announcement by Error Flynn that he had also looked into it. I kid you not, Jim would take care of her.

Third development came when Dean Noname, inside man at the shoe works here at Tech, announced that, "According to one number 105 page 26 of my little book, no student of Telk may have the metropolitan areas of Atlanta without written permission of his or her parents."

Modern Distillery of Fine Liquors May Be Closed

Atlanta Police authorities revealed today that they had seized a network of illegal whiskey sales. The City Desk stated that the house had been manufactured in a still operated in the basement of Hyman Hall as the campus of the Gawkj Tek.

Although the still had been tucked away in the very bowels of the building behind tons of old quick papers, it was discovered by a quirk of nature. One of the pipes flowing out of the settling vat underneath the sidewalk was punctured by the workmen installing the new gas mains.

Naturally the fluid which seeped out had a very characteristic odor, and wasn’t that of burning rubber or Toumby hand lotion; so very shortly the two old geezers putting the main were comfortably passed. In fact, word of the "leak" spread faster than the time the Dean jammed his pants zipper while in the AD building wash room. It even spread to the police, who immediately came roaring out to sample the brew.

Not satisfied with all outright gift of ten gallons of the stuff, the authorities demanded to be shown the still itself. According to a prorogued plan, however, they were taken by a member of the department to the room housing the distillery. There it was explained that the still was run on a co-operative, non-profit basis by the campus’ chemical fraternity, Halpha Sky Sigma, as an experiment in carbon compounds. The police probably could have been talked into giving the operation a thorough trial with the chemical fraternity, Halpha Sky Sigma, as an experiment in carbon compounds. The police probably could have been talked into being the fabrication of the truth with a slight liquid persuasion had not a slight mishap occurred. One of the officers, in his haste to sample the swamp water, failed to strain out the contents of the bucket out of which he was sipping, and he choked on an old shoe lace which hadn’t quite dissolved.

With his dignity thus offended there could be no satisfaction but to call in the prof and the officers of Halpha Sky Sigma to court. The charges: operating a still, state property, and attempting to do deadly harm to an officer of the law.

The issue now hangs in the balance. Are we students going to raise enough money to get these patrons of science off the campus, or are we going to refuse this moral obligation to ourselves and continue drinking gin from the co-op store, and the beer of atomic engines? The issue is squarely up to us, and we must examine it with all the thoroughness of the imbibed engineer.

A message to you from the Chief of Staff

April 6 is Army Day. It is a day which will have a special meaning for college men. More than half of you are veterans of the last war. Many of you are members of the Organized Reserve. Many others belong to the R.O.T.C. or National Guard.

"All of you are making a vital contribution toward World Peace and the security of this nation."

"The U. S. Army is the finest army in the world and the only one of its kind among the major powers. It is 100% volunteer. It is composed entirely of civilian soldiers ... men like yourselves who realize that a strong America is a peaceful America, and that the responsibility of making America strong rests in the hands of every American citizen."

"The U. S. Army is not a large army, as armies go. It isshouldering tasks far greater than any other army of like size has ever attempted.

Our occupation force in Japan is the smallest per capita of any modern occupation army. Our force in Europe is the smallest of the three major powers.

"But behind this Army stand you men of the Organized Reserve and the R.O.T.C. I have known many of you personally. I have been with many of you in action. I know the fine type of men you are and the realism that leads you to equip yourselves with military training."

"Further, I know the valuable service you can render the nation in time of emergency. A great deal of the success of fast mobilization and the actual winning of the war was due to the 106,000 trained Reserve Officers and the top-notch National Guard units which were available for quick action."

"To you, on Army Day, I believe I speak for millions of Americans in offering commendation for the fine job you are doing."
To The Leditor

Editor, The Rat Race Rag:

Ah am a student in industrial mismanagement at this here Institution of Technology which is the pride of Gawja. For three years as have bin a student in industrial mismanagement at this here Institution of Technology which is the pride of Gawja. Next y'ah hope to become a statistic in industrial mismanagement at this here Institution of Technology which is the pride of Gawja.

Ah am very lappy to be a student in industrial mismanagement at this here Institution of Technology which is the pride of Gawja. Appling to get in college when and only this here Institution of Technology which is the pride of Gawja had the foresight to recognize my qualifications.

Sincerely,

"Crusher" Van Snord

P.S. Ah go'nu stuff enjoy my afternoon football company which ah am taking besides industrial mismanagement.

RAT RACE RAG

"The South's Sexiest College Rag"

Subscription Rate $.25 per quarter

See Editor: Col. Nat J. Bane

Bust Manager: Soleda Yaff

Manag'ry: Lon Kostly

Beauties: Coward Zahn

Point Ass. Editor: Jasspray

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Tall Dr. Anne

Spurs Editor: Smoe Fricanese

Spur. Editor: Ahk Gay

Half Ass. Editor: Benay Breeden

Sports Editor: Benay Breeden

Shakespearean Editor: Dr. Alfred C. Kissup

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Ass. Con. Manager: Martin Woodman

Sociation Manager: Gynmen Taltit

Ass. Manager: Raymon Beltom

Schlitz Manager: Con Giggins

Rat Race Rag Platform:

1. Condemnation of any post office box one morning (two in the editor's hand)

2. Publication of more influential relation with Agony Spout

3. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

4. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

5. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

6. Distribution of poetry and music publications

7. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

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18. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

19. Distribution of poetry and music publications

20. Installation of a beehive with Agony Spout

With apologies to:

Technique

Published semi-weekly by the students of the College School of Technology as an expression of student news and sentiment. The Editor-in-Chief is the official organ of the editors of the student council. The Rat Race Rag is published by a large factory that produces point averages.

The South's Sexiest College Rag

Rat Race Rag, published by a large factory that produces point averages.

The staff is composed of all sorts—beer drinkers, bourbon guzzlers, ramblers, and one non-fraternity man. They all gather in downtown Atlanta every Friday night and Thursday afternoon, to make up the staff. Each one of these students is a token of his affection, Ben I. Brown.

The editor in chief being a big dog—without which the world would surely be in a terrible fix—why, without yours truly, how would anyone ever know each week that was such an interesting issue?

Your Noy reporter recently uncovered several exciting items (in addition to a blind on the fourth floor of the Waldorf) of nation-wide interest, and especially of interest to the readers of The Rat Race Rag, new addition so the list of papers carrying your reporter's column. The most traveled road in the continental U. S. is the Okefenoke Swamp Lane, leading to the interior resevoir of the famed Gawja vacation spot (rivaling Jekyjl's and the Everglades), to the swamps. If the number per stump may even exceed that of the Everglades. Various groups of people, from the mass movement of human—to theeverglades. Various groups of people, from the mass movement of human—to the various mountainous areas of the nation have been led by the people of this region, the number per stump may even exceed that of the Everglades. Various groups of people, from the mass movement of human—to the various mountainous areas of the nation.

To The Leditor

Writer Condemns Intermarriage of Sexes

This question is so controversial that even I believe to bring it up. I realize that many strong feelings are depicted in the discussion. More and more mismanagement may be aroused on this issue, but I will cling caustion to the wind. It is very difficult! Never let it be said that this publication supresses anything, no matter how earthshaking it may be! This matter has been hushed up long enough for it to bring it out into the open!

I am referring to the question of intermarriage—between the sexes of different set! The problem is, intermarriage between the sexes feasible? I think not! I like to think of myself as a progressive, but when it comes to intermarriage, that's going entirely too far! Members of different sexes are brought up in entirely different social and cultural backgrounds. It is useless to think that the two can be married, no man and woman can ever be reconciled and that a marriage has been thoroughly and ever-grows successful. Not only are males and females brought up in a different kind of environment, but they have different habits, and no one could ever be quite like a woman, or vice versa, due to different physical characteristics.

Therefore, we must discourage any attempt at intermarriage between the sexes so as to eliminate possible unhappiness and strife in these mixed marriages!

Hunk Kaynliniks:

Snoop Sipschlit, SAP's Stagger

A recent poll taken by your Rat Race Rag, conducted by many surprising facts which we now print for the benefit of society and mankind. Reading the list of important questions answered by Tek students upon being queried while making graceful exits from department of public education known as Duffy's Fog platform.

The next two questions also received amazing results:

2. Are you married?

Yes 55.613% 60.378% 1.009%

3. Do you have any children?

Yes 75.22% 17.22%

At this time your snoop editor was hired into How in the hell do cracked heads sound?—Duffy's Dee was the snoop editor soon after, how in the hell do cracked heads sound?—Ed.), but after a few weeks he was fired. Upon realizing he was attending SAP fraternity initiation and started to leave. He was offered three dimes, plus one almoned badge on the to the door, but politely refused, returning each drunken brother's grip and singing Violas.

Water Witchell:

He's Back In A Flash—With A Flush

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And we Don't Give A Damn What They Say! 2 a m c i

Recently while visiting schools in the South, citizens upon the semi-weekly (bi-weekly?) Rat Race Rag, publishing in the factory that produces point averages.

It was my interesting observation that the Rag had a staff. To the uninitiated, this would not be apparent.

The staff is composed of all sorts—beer drinkers, bourbon guzzlers, ramblers, and one non-fraternity man. They all gather in downtown Atlanta every Friday night and Thursday afternoon, to make up the staff. Each one of these students is a token of his affection, Ben I. Brown.

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Disgusted Notwen Joins Flashlighters

Plans Perpetual Study In Feverish Try
To Retrieve His Long Lost Point Average

After a valiant fight which has extended over the past three and one-half years, night school has claimed another victim, Cal Notwen, editor of The Rat Race Rag, ODK, Anak, and Bromo Seltzer. Although he had shown signs of promise in bygone quarters, of late Notwen has slipped terribly. The Registrar’s Office states that his overall point average dropped from 4.5571 in the Summer Quarter to 4.5578 in the Fall term. For the Spring Quarter, however, should see a definite rise in Notwen’s grades since he has cut his study list down to 25 credit hours, given away his address book, and has taken a room over in the Ch.E. Building so as to be near his work.

Cal Notwen, erstwhile Rat Race Reg protege, poses for a last picture before going into hibernation to raise his P.A.

Signs of the Times:
Ramey and Yellow Jockey Publish Jokes

In accordance with custom and regulations we must print these jokes selected from the YELLOW JOCKEY by Prof. Gen Ramey as the best of the season. It is our advice that you laugh.

Mike: OK, that’s a good idea.
Sue: Why, one letter is an instrument of war and the other is a human being.

Shredded —
Actually this is Lana Turner, presently co-starring with Clark Gable in M-G-M’s "Betty Boop!"

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BASIC MECH CONCEPT
ream (rem), v.t. To enlarge (a hole or remove by the action of a reamer, an instrument, esp. a rotating tool; subject to remove by the) a tool for reaming.

THE RAT RACE RAG, ATHENS, GA.
Von Sloer Tosses All; Snake Eyes Turn Up
As Crap Saga Ends

(Continued from page 2)

runs high as the eager men of learning continue to strive for success.
Right now the dice are held by old Puss Maniels of the Chemistry de-
partment. With a book of tables before him, he ponders momentarily,
then tosses a four and a three and walks in his shoes. Once again he
checks his notebook and flips a six and a five and again rakes in the cash.
Hmmm, maybe there's something to these calculations after all. Well, ole
Puss damn near loses his shirt, and almost his "unmentionables"!

What's this now? The head school officials are working their way up
to the bird bath, and instead of censoring this activities, they join in the
game. Jovial George Piffen gives the dice and after a while he comes close
to losing his shirt, pants, and almost his "unmentionables"!

Then old Nil Nomore steps up and craftily substitutes a pair of
loaded dice for the real ones. After about twelve consecutive sevenes, the
group's luck runs high as the eager men of learning continue to strive for success.

THE RAT RACE RAG, MOSCOW

Thursday, April 1, 2048

Von Sloer, Nomore Okay Reporter's
Keyhole Story on A. A. Intersanctum

Tony's great detriment to the field of journalism, the Rat Race Rag, takes
pleasure in presenting this weeks soap opera entitled, "How to lose friends and
love relatives through an A.A. keyhole."

Characters: For the defense—Stoogents Leroy, Tode and Broadsidhe;
For the prosecution—Feurer, Robertson, 4 yes men.

Scene: The million dollar graft structure housing the down-trodden
Athletic Ass. As we enter this campus we are greeted by Galento's massive shadow, 250 lbs. of bone and flesh
which sit a bevy of blondes, brunettes and redheads who act as a wives
telephone relay service for the coaching staff. Our objective is to get at the
key-hole leading to the enclosure holding the 10 man meeting whose purpose
is to settle its 45-stongoot football meeting plans. The last obstacle
sering us is to get by Galento's massive shadow, 250 lbs. of bone and flesh
Pillard, without awakening this athlete of 3 score and ten. These fears were
unfounded however as the mighty roar emanation from his mighty frame could
easily put the A.A.饱满 to shame. And thus we find ourselves at the
hole in the door marked "forbidden" ready to play a play account
of this crucial session of the 79th A.A.

Scene, 1 Act, 1 Canto

Feurer: We will open this meeting with the stogents' report.
Pinch Penny: Last year $1,129,679.23 entered my office while $1,540,777.31
left it. As any red blooded Pootchie American can see this leaves us in the
red. We would have been worse off if it had not been for the grafting
I have been able to do on the side with football tickets. Savings were
also earned by limiting the sports equipment for the peasants to second
hand junk. The one bad break came from the distorted publicity on
which I have previously okayed. This proposal is placed for the ob-
jective of purchasing a '40 Deusenburg for each member of the staff
backers will suffer when Hummen gets in. Incidentally, another mis-
understanding of the A.A. Intersanctum.

Tode: After undue deliberation the stoogent council has decided on the follow-
ig equitable solution to the seating problem. A two hour harangue
impressions.

Feurer: Ho hum—You have heard the motion. We will now vote. Those in
favor say aye. Needed to say, the motion passed. Our next explosive at the
key-hole takes place a year hence when we will again attempt to relate the inner
workings of the A.A. graft ring.

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Vas Ist Dis Crappt?—
Alles Fleisch, Kein Katofel

Der camp visit der ge-noted off
and der flankus was outcome from
der factory mit der up-jumpen und
out-shooten mit joy.

Der basketballers was out-onmen on
der floor mit der shoes on und ge-
dribbled all over der place. Der big
gam was about to get underway.

Der flankus mit der pastebinboards
was in-comen und out-gin mit der
stuhl and der hole mess vas in-comen.

The Teksters vas out-lead on der
Vikile vas vorn der referee out-grownen
mit der accane! Up-jump is von
funkle mit der pintel und out-shooten
at der bum! Herr MacArthur—Heil!
—vas out-shooten und look-soeken
der hoodulum vas der garlibsh is cut-
flaying on der harden wooden!

In der tussle all hall in losse-
breaken! Der home-runs is out-rum-
sen by der hot-shotters from der od-
der side und der score vinds up mit
der Jackets at der short end (99-2).

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Pig 'n Whistle
Across From
The Rat Race Rag

The Rat Race Rag, Moscow, Thursday, April 1, 2048.
School Shocked As Profs Lose Shirts; Top Profs Crap Out in Dice Tussle

Puss Maniel Dissolves Earnings in Cemetery Lab Acid's As Nil Nomore Loses All Senses Because of Illegal Loaded Dice

By BENNY BREEDEN

As the sun began to rise to the Eastern sky and the air of calm hovering over the rolling hills and dales of Tek's picturesque campus began to rise, Papa Robin opened his eyes greeting the morning. As he had done in past mornings, the happy harbinger of spring made ready to take his usual morning bath in the fashionable Tek bird bath adjacent to the administration building.

Imagine his surprise and picture his dismay when Papa Robin approached his bathing site. Crowded around the bird bath was a mass of Tek professors moaning, gasping, and shouting over the different positions of a pair of white ivory cubes with black spots upon them.

Although Mr. Redbrest was somewhat shocked, he nevertheless regained his composure long enough to realize, with a piercing the stillness of the air, it was quite evident that this game of chance was almost too much for his poor baby needs a new pair of shoes. But fate seemed to smile differently for when the smoke had lifted, the piercing the stillness of the air, it was quite evident that this game of chance was almost too much for his poor "baby needs a new pair of shoes. But fate seemed to smile differently for when the smoke had lifted, the cubical torturers added up to two!

"And a little bit lower down here is the entrance to the driveshaft!"

Rat Race Rag Reveals Lowdown—Effie Says

By Jeremiah B. Fertilbust

The Rat Race Rag special correspondent in Athens—her name is Effie, phone 12345678910—reports that the University of Orga coiffed beard has reached new low's of destitutions.

In spite of the exceptionally high scholastic standards of football players, officials of the school have this mistreatment and rank discrimination has not gone unnoticed by the players. They planned to write a petition of complaint but were foiled when it was learned that no one could. So nothing has been done and conditions have become worse. Johnny Raunch has been unable to operate his locomotive convertable for several days because he is a weak from hunger. And last week insult was heaped upon injury when the Gwaj AA refused to give him $200 dollars to buy a saddle for his Charley horse.

That great champion of the football layers, Bally Watt, has heroically fought for an improvement in conditions. It will be remembered that it was this same Watiss Bally who secured sleeping privileges for football players on the Coordinate Campus. "That Horse Butt" as he is affectionately called has given up his entire salary in order to better conditions for the football layers, isn't that a sacrifice! A good latrine cleaner like sacrifice! A good latrine cleaner like Bally Watt working for nothing to improve the lot of the football players. Such nobility! Let's all the entire student body of Georgem Tech give these cheers for Pullark Pott. All together but too loud...

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"The rain is over, the sun is shining, and the voice of the turtle—ah, yes, the monsoon season had just finished monsooning, and, with the sun slowly dehydrating the doughnut shaped mudhole, the track season officially began.

"OK, all you PT girls come over here. What's your name?—What PT you takin'?—You comin' out for the track team just to get out of PT?—What's your name,—You just tryin' to get out of PT?—How many of you are just tryin' to get out of PT?"

"Everybody line up over here. The first exercise is done in three counts. At the first count, touch the ground with your head, at the same time touching your right toe with your left hand and your left ear with your right hand and kicking your left foot as far back as you can. At the count of two, place your face flat on the ground, with your left leg crossed over your neck, your left hand touching your right cheek, your right hand touching your left toe, and your right leg held vertical to the ground. At the count of three, resume your original position. Ready. Exercise! One—Two—Three—One—no, your left ear! Three—One—Two—Three—One—Two—Three—One, Two, Three, One, Two, Three, Half, One, Two. Now, do five hundred push-ups and swim two laps around the track."

"Say, coach, you don't want me to run the track, do you?"

"But I'm a high jumper."

"Ten laps."

"You remember me, coach. I'm the fella you told to drop around when track season started and try out for high jumping."

"But, coach, why does a jumper need to run around track?"

"Ten laps."

"But, coach, there's a telephone call for you."

"Two laps."

"You see, coach, I'm the world's greatest ball carrier, won first place last year by default when someone accidentally dropped the dice in his beer and swallowed them.

Anyone interested in this manly sport is invited to apply. Coach Joe Stalinismamahoe suggests that you begin getting into shape by regularly not going to bed, drinking plenty of beer, and..."

Georgia Tech's first annual intramural crap tournament will be held October 39 at 27 o'clock in the ladies lounge of Jenning's Rose Room starting promptly at one o'clock.

Any Tech student with a 4.99 point average who can stand on his head while untying his shoes with his ears, work math problems with his elbows, and roll the bones with his toes is qualified.

Standard rules of the game will apply, Crap Coach Freddy Lyle Joe Norris Ed Oshimakok states. With one exception; only men under four feet tall with three legs of equal length are eligible. In the qualifying round ten straight passes are required. The qualifying round will be held in the lecture room of the Physics building and will be used as a demonstration of rolling bodies.

Crap Coach Tooommy Whack Frank Fie Slapshanne Hopstruaghagtag ta­ted that last year's match was a dis­mal flop and equal success is ex­pected for this year's tourney. Only two men entered last year's tourna­ment and eight of the finalists es­caped injury. Jacques la Strappe, the world's greatest ball carrier, won first place last year by default when someone accidentally dropped the dice in his beer and swallowed them.