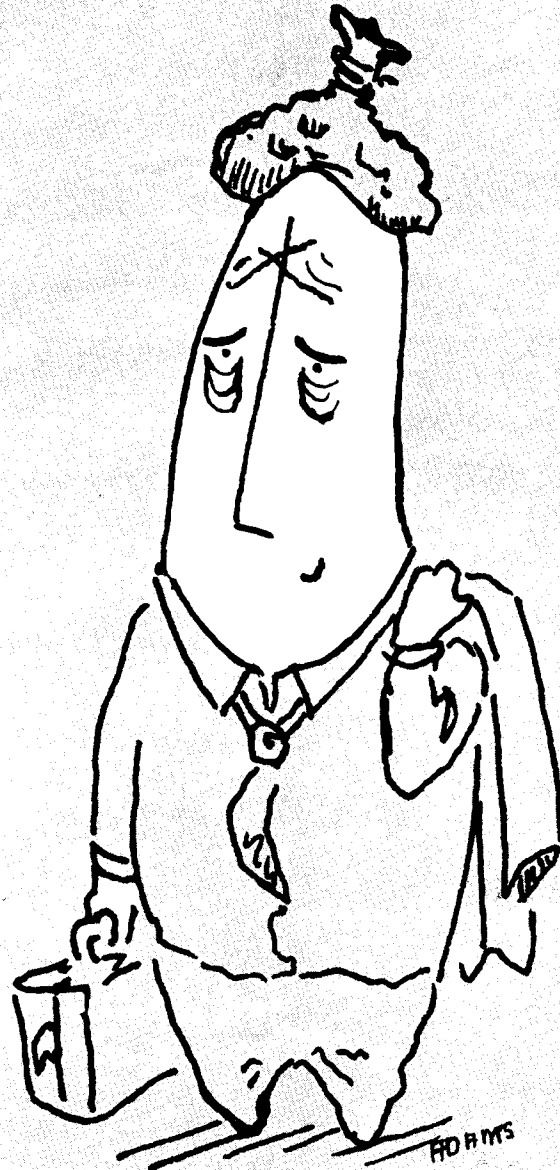


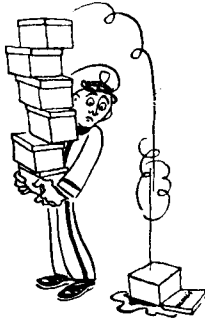
# Kadets

By ADAMS



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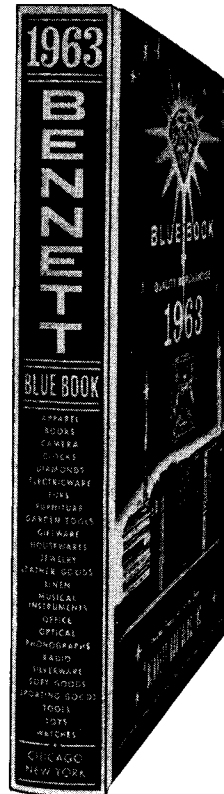
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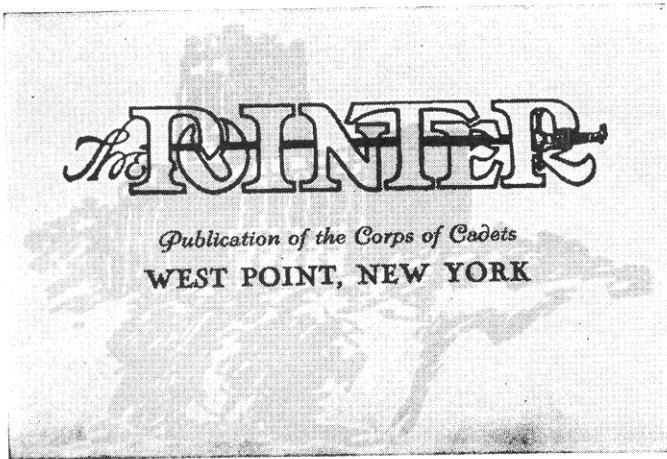


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PUBLICATION STATEMENT. \$3.00 per year; single copy 50c. Published monthly, September to June inclusive at 50 Third Street, Newburgh, New York, by the Corps of Cadets of the United States Military Academy, West Point, New York. Entered as second class matter September 15, 1923, at the Post Office at Newburgh, New York, under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for under Sec. 1103, Act of October 3rd, 1917, authorized September 15, 1932. Publication Office, 50 Third Street, Newburgh, New York. Editorial and General Offices: West Point, New York.

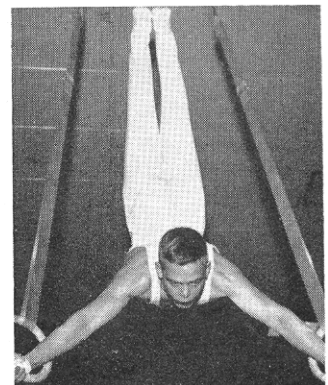
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WITH ITS NEXT ISSUE (JUNE WEEK) **THE POINTER** WILL INITIATE A "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR" COLUMN.

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\* \* \* \*



Pointer Profile—Page 4 . . .



Drag-Net—Pages 14-15 . . .



Pointer Pic—Page 20 . . .

# P O I N T E R P R O F I L E

Our personality for this issue is Mike Gray known affectionately as Mike Gray Hog by his classmates in H-2. Mike hails from Roslyn, Pennsylvania, right outside of Philadelphia. His home, thanks to his parents, is much appreciated by many fellows as a home away from home on Navy weekend and other weekends throughout the year.

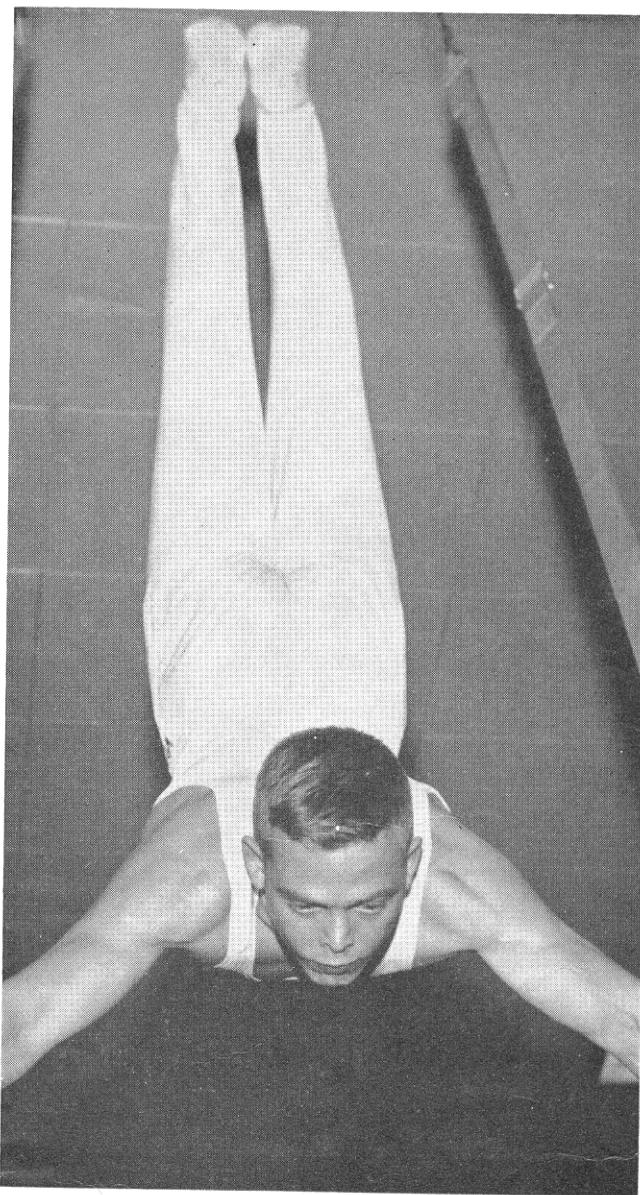
Mike was an honor student at Abington High where he was also captain of the gymnastics team, a position he now holds with the '64 Army team.

From high school to West Point Mike's main interests have not been changed. He still pursues his studies and his gymnastics with vigor. A near star-man for his first two years here, Mike looks as if he will finish among the top ten academically this year. An Eastern and National Gym competitor, Mike constantly strives for perfection in his routine. Mike has worked hard to get where he is

# M I K E G R A Y

now, in both gym and school, and he deserves the recognition he is now receiving.

Mike, as any member of the first section would guess, spends some of his leisure time as a member of the math forum. He is also a member of the Spanish club. For pure relaxation Mike has never found anything he likes better than to listen to the entire record collection of Elvis Presley. One other interest which takes a large part of Mike's time,



is his letter writing to a cute little 4' 11" girl who attends West Chester State Teacher's College.

Right now Mike is looking forward to AOT with an Engineer unit, the branch he hopes to enter upon graduation. We wish Mike and the gym team all the luck in the future and we are sure he will continue to be a credit to his fine folks and West Point.

by RAY JONES

# INNOVATOR

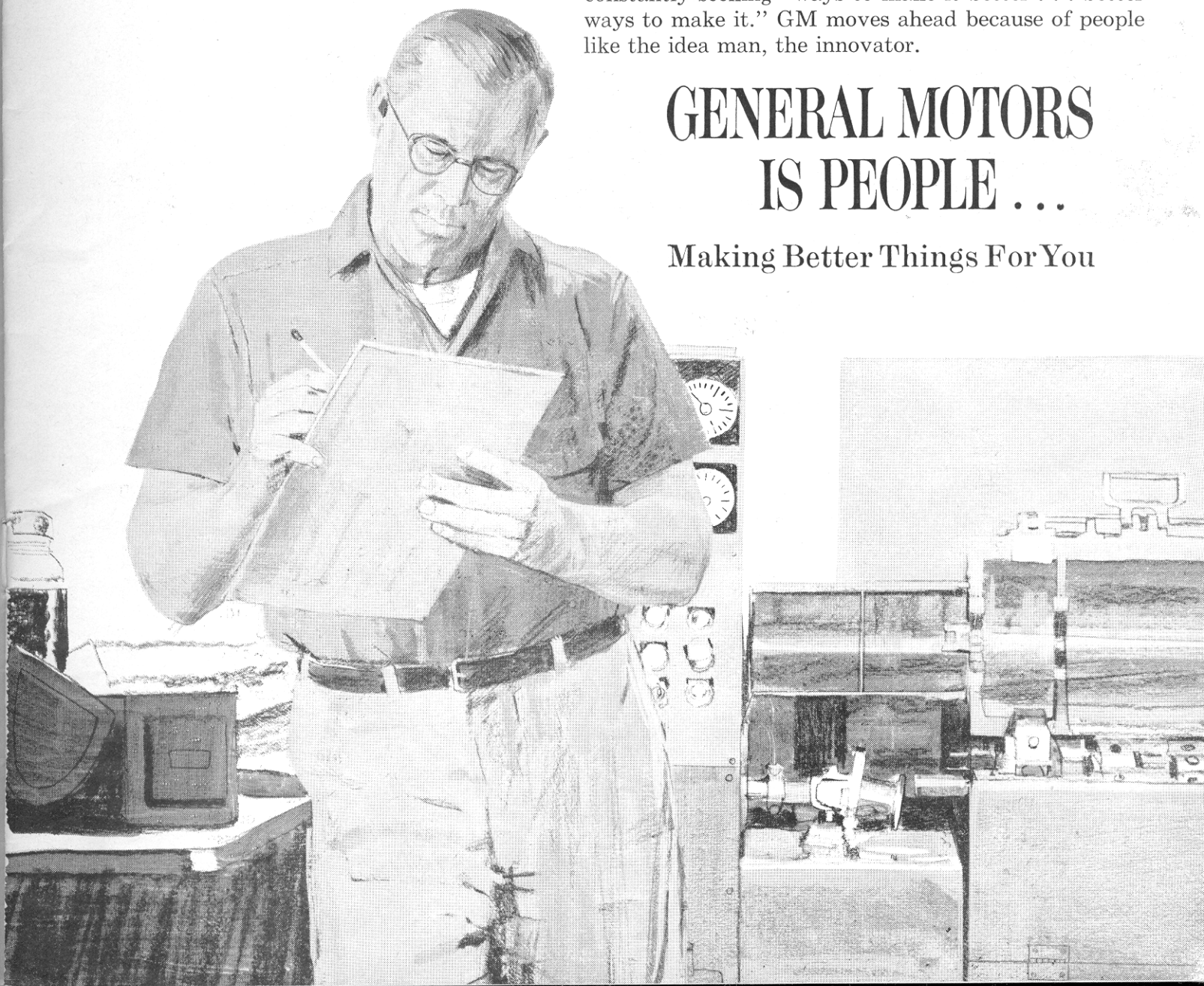
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## The Ginger Ale

by J. C. ZENGERLE, III

When I was a child, I can remember that in my imagination's wild ruminations, the most exciting thing next to my latest heart-throb (and they were many and varied, though none paid me more than nominal courtesy) was the sight of an airplane in the silver night. Having flown, with no purpose in mind other than enjoyment, on numerous occasions, I was inordinately fascinated by the melting-pot of people one finds on a plane. I used to imagine that each non-uniformed passenger was someone exceptional—an extraordinarily sensitive artist, or a devil-may-care, dashing young business executive, each having a more than common, and less than significant, affair with life. And so, with these thoughts in mind, each time I heard the droning of a far-off plane, my eyes would scan the sky until I caught a glimpse of the flickering tail and wing lights of the almost living craft, and my mind would immediately turn to thoughts of the

people on it. At this point, I normally lost all coherent thought for as long as those enigmatic personalities remained interestingly mysterious—sometimes for five minutes, sometimes for a long while after the catalytic flight had captured my creative soul, and disappeared into the dark womb of night.

It was on such a night, then, when my imagination was titillated nearly beyond control (since I was in the Philadelphia airport) that I struck up an acquaintance with an individual who was destined to destroy this most beautiful, poetic penchant for my make-believe world of air traveling personalities. Perhaps destroy is the wrong word to use—modify would probably be better. At any rate, my outlook was changed considerably by the brief experience. Up to this point in time, I had considered myself unique in my position as the only truly understanding individual in the whole, damn world (except, of course for those giants of melancholy philosophy such as Khayyam and Gibran, and those who had progressed further in the realm of the vivisection of human constants, such as Hemingway and Faulkner), so this event has,

obviously, particular importance to me, because at that time things struck me so deeply that I was even hesitant to speak to people, for fear that my indignance and lack of tolerance for their (stupidity) would warp my charming mystic viewpoint. Well, I'll leave the actual importance of the evening to the final analysis, but suffice it to say that I consider it noteworthy enough to relate—that in itself lends a distinction and even, almost, a permanence, to the occurrence.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was sitting in the airport lounge, like a Hamlet on the verge of a soliloquy, gazing concentratedly out of the immense window confronting me, when I felt, intuitively, I suppose, someone staring very hard at the mole on the back of my neck. So as not to appear too concerned over someone's interest in me, I nonchalantly shifted my position to more easily take hold of my Scotch and Soda (Cutty-Sark, naturally), then casually and observingly began inspecting my surroundings. After passing over numerous nondescript characters to my immediate front, I felt, again intuitively, the presence of someone nearly touching me. What to my wondering eyes should appear, when I did a gauche about-face in my chair, ending uncomfortably twisted like some circus contortionist, but a little girl facing me eye to eye. I felt so ludicrous that I was on the verge of saying something like "Doctor Livingston, I presume," but I refrained after an intense period of moral exertion.

Trying my best to be debonair about the whole improbable affair, I said in my best deep voice, loud enough so that any bystanders who could, would hear and appreciate my mature grasp of the situation, "Hello there, young lady."

No response, merely a discomfoting, inquisitive stare from wide, green eyes.

"Would you care for a coke?" I asked, in an attempt to promote communication and re-establish my quickly waning self-confidence.

She shook her head, barely disturbing her mouse brown hair, shoulder-length. Imperceptibly her lips moved, but I think I imagined it.

"What's your name?" I asked, becoming increasingly agitated, because by now two or three people at the bar were beginning to stare amusedly at our one-sided tete-a-tete.

After a moment's hesitation, she replied "Kathy" in the most lovely voice I had heard in weeks.

"Well, my name's Steve, Kathy," and stuck out my hand gregariously, hoping she were a tomboy of sorts.

"Can I sit with you?" she asked, avoiding my proffered hand.

"Certainly," I said, and motioned for the waitress to come to our table. I stood, pulled out the chair across from me, and she sat, demurely and with surprising propriety.

Kathy, dressed in a light blue, which I thought a bit odd, continued to stare at me, but the frown she carried so heavily before had mellowed. I had made contact. Or so I thought.

"Well now, young lady," I said, "what are you doing here at such a late hour?" (It was 10:30 or thereabouts.)

"I wish you wouldn't call me young lady," she

said. "After all, I am a little girl," of course all the while avoiding the real issue.

The obvious logic of her statement startled me, since I always thought that little girls wanted to be called "young lady." However, I managed to adjust calmly to her demand.

"All right, Kathy, no more 'young lady' for you."

The waitress arrived just then, and I requested another Scotch and Soda for myself, and a coke for the "young—er—little girl." The waitress seemed to admonish me with her glance for using such immature terminology for such a lovely "young lady," and was about to say something when Kathy interrupted, to my great relief.

"I'd rather have a ginger-ale, Steve, if it would be all right."

"Why, of course it would," I said, a trifle too fawningly. I nodded at the waitress, and she left, somewhat mollified.

There was a pregnant silence for about two minutes, after which Kathy said, suspecting and avoiding the inevitable, "That's my mother over there," and she gestured toward the far end of the lounge.

I turned, with that same affected nonchalance, to my left rear, and noticed in the murky corner two people engrossed in what must have been a discussion of great concern for them both. I say this because of the way they were hunched toward one another, as though both were afflicted with curvature of the spine, or something. The woman, Kathy's mother, was blond, as far as I could tell, and very attractive. Any older woman who was thinnish, with dark eyes and a poignant expression of pensive introspection on her face, was very attractive to me. One may wonder how I could see her face so clearly in the darkened lounge, but, as I have said, it was one of those (for me) enchanting evenings of ruminations at an airport, and I suppose I imagined more than I saw.

The man was heavily built, with dark hair and heavy, blunt features—obviously one of those crass, insensitive people who just don't realize the beautiful infinite variety of the female species that I was so imbued by.

"The man with her is my uncle Joe, who comes to see us once in a while," Kathy said, with a bit of impatience, as though it were evident to everyone but me.

"Oh," I said. "Your mother is very good-looking. You're lucky you look like her."

"Everyone says that. And they also say I look more like my uncle Joe than my father. But I don't like my Uncle Joe! He's always looking at me, and talking to me and asking Mommy how I'm doing in school. He always wants to take me to the movies, or a carnival, or something."

"It sounds like your Uncle Joe loves you very much," I said, trying not to be too fatherly, but at the same time feeling somewhat sorry for anyone who incurred Kathy's dislike, and hence for Uncle Joe, who couldn't have been such a bad sort, after all.

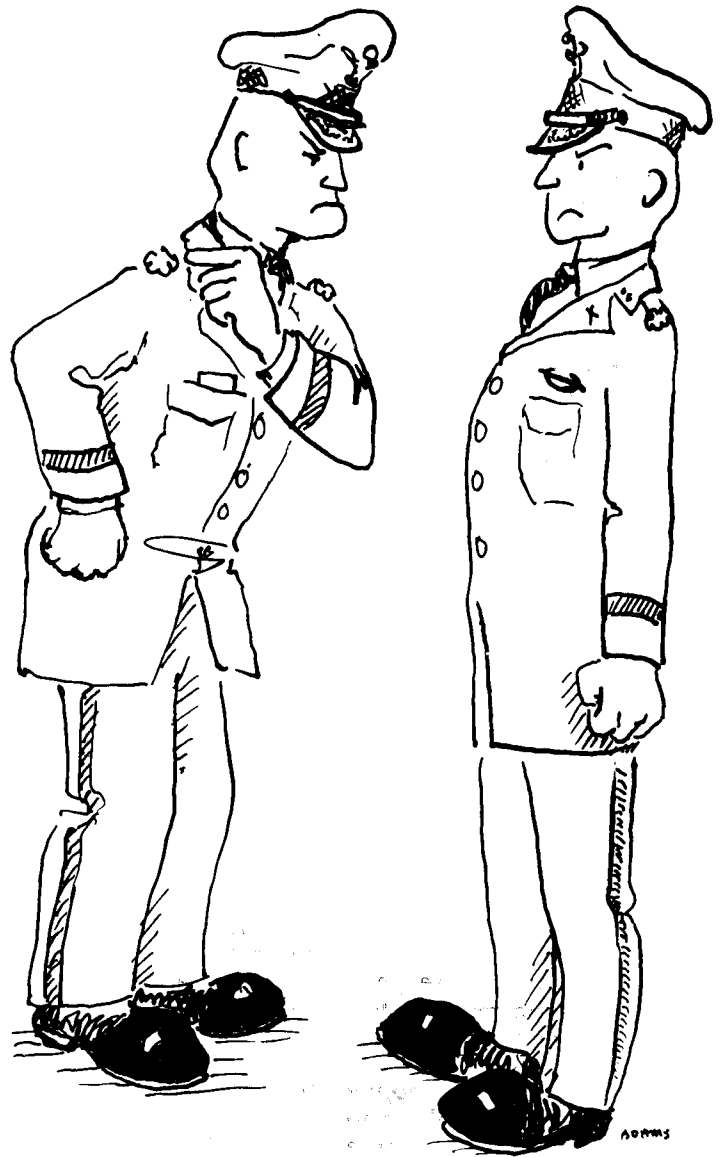
"I guess so. But Mommy always makes me kiss Uncle Joe hello, like when he met us at the plane tonight. And she made me wear this dress he gave me. I don't like this dress, either."

(Continued on page 28)

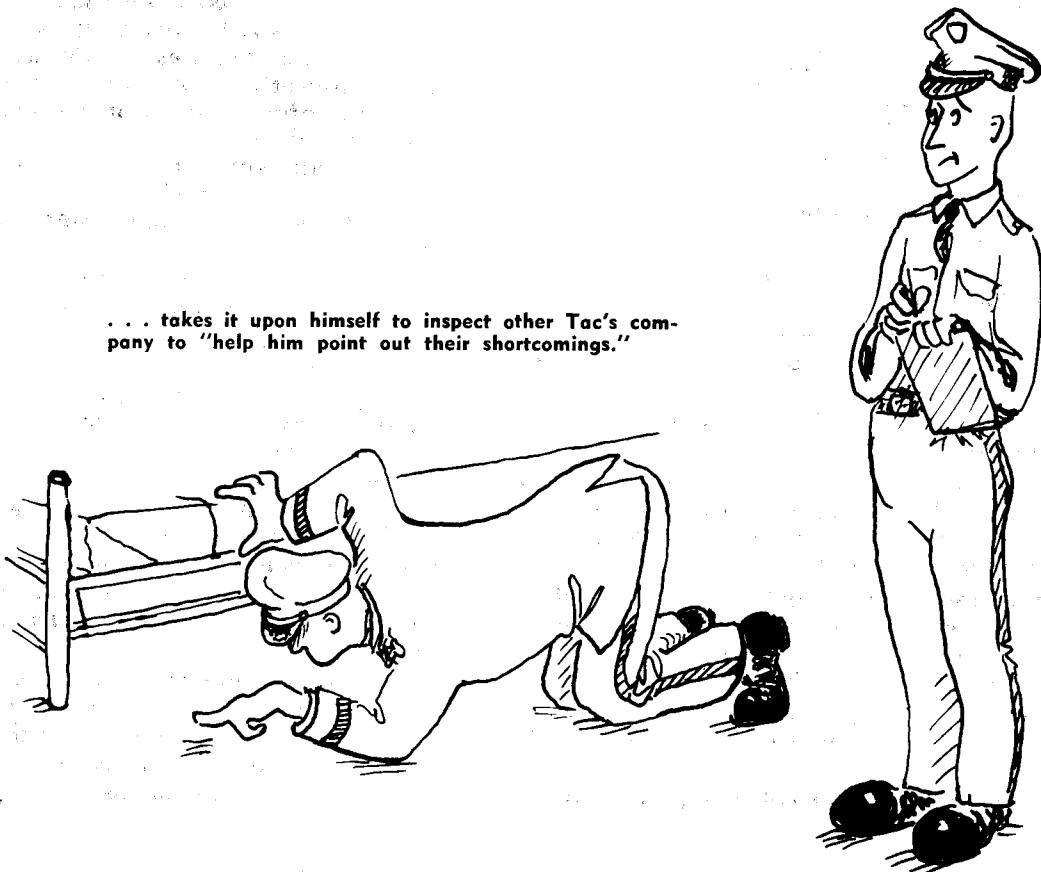
We have all seen the "GREY HOG." The Pointer now proudly introduces . . .

# THE GREEN ONE

. . . he is the one who demands a salute of fellow majors whose dates of rank are junior to his own.



. . . takes it upon himself to inspect other Tac's company to "help him point out their shortcomings."

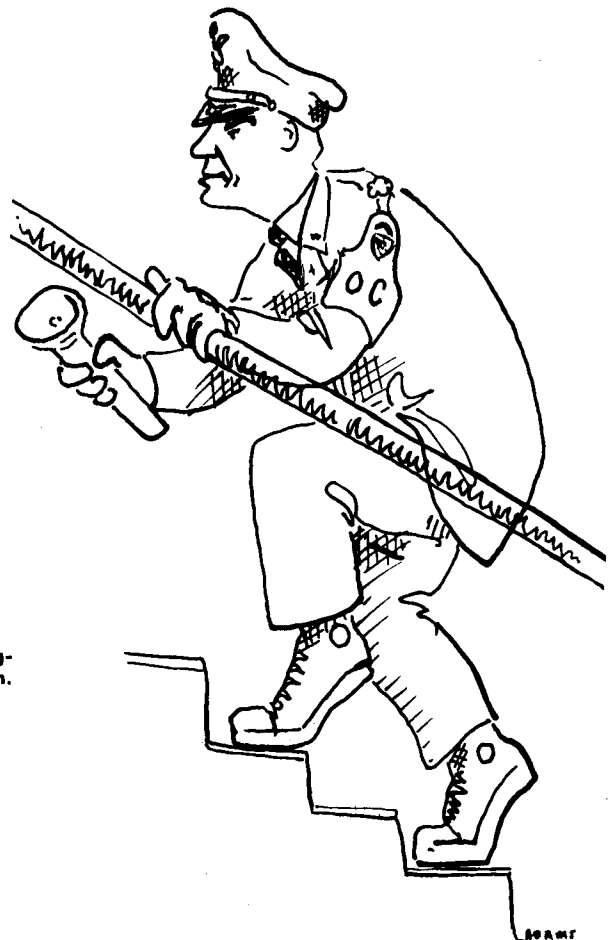




The "Grey Hog" matures in time to a full-fledged "Green One." He remains unmarried because . . . "The Army doesn't issue a wife."



. . . takes an avid interest in cadet reading matter.

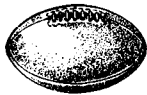


. . . wears his U.S. Keds on OC to augment his innate slippery stealth.

# SPRING FOOTBALL

by JOHN D. BERGEN

On Saturday, March 30th the Army team began the rough, all-important session that is called Spring Football. For twenty days the team will be out getting into shape and perfecting the attack which must carry them through a heavy 1963 schedule.



Many of the basic concepts of the 1962 season must be completely changed and it will be during this Spring practice that these changes must take form. **No longer will there be a three unit system**, for the NCAA football rules committee has, in effect, outlawed the three team system by their new limited substitution rules. Coach Dietzel now has the task of forming two units which will be able to go both on offense and defense. Although the Coach's tactics may change, his enthusiasm and optimism still sparks the team and pushes them to do that which should be impossible. The Coach is happy as Spring practice progresses. He feels that the team is farther along, than it was at this time last year. He is encouraged by the fine attitude of the team and sees it to be much faster than last year.



Facing the Coach as he began practice was a squad with 27 returning lettermen. The team lost 14 lettermen to graduation, but still finds itself with **two lettermen at each position except quarterback**. Our three experienced quarterbacks graduated, leaving some holes to be filled in that all-important keystone spot.

Coach Dietzel moved Carl Stichweh from the left-halfback position to quarterback and so far he



has proven himself outstanding in that position. Curt Cook, a Plebe standout will be adding to the team's hopes at the quarterback spot. A lot is expected from Jim Beierschmitt in the chucking department.



The middle of the line is rock solid with Nowak and Cunningham at guard and Grasfoeder standing firm in the center position. The Coach places much of his hope for success in these three men. The backs are all living up to the optimistic wishes of the Coach and he particularly cites the work of Paske, Johnson, Parcels, and last year's big scorer, John Seymour. The latter has looked especially good on defense.

Keep watching as other men on the team make themselves known. The team is working hard and each day brings a new standout. They realize they are now in the most grueling stage of the long road which leads to Philadelphia on Nov. 30. What lies along this road still hides in the crystal ball, but the Coach's optimism and the team's spirit makes things look pretty good.

# SPRING CLUBS

## JUDO AND KARATE CLUB

This is only the second year that the Cadet Judo club has been recognized as a competitive club, but the club has a full schedule of meets this year. The club was originally organized by Major Dean who holds a black belt in karate, to give cadets an opportunity to learn and practice judo. But since many colleges now have judo teams and since judo is fast becoming a nationally recognized sport, the club was able to gain a competitive club status. During the week days, Ted Yamashita, the club president and team captain, who holds a black belt in judo, teaches judo to the competitive team while Major Dean teaches Karate to another portion of the club. The competitive team had its first match last week when it defeated the New York Maritime college in New York city, and there are other meets planned this spring with such schools as Columbia University, NYU, and Cornell. The club hopes to send a team to the NCAA meet at Cornell. After a full season this year the club will end its season with a promotional contest in the later part of May.

—DICK COLEMAN

## THE RUGBY CLUB

In Springs gone by, many bruised and battered bodies were seen returning from the lacrosse and football fields. Last year and again this year the Rugby team has added to the number. For speed, aggressiveness and endurance, you will have to look a long way before you can top this English game. Due to the rugged play cadets have responded to the game and last year's record is proof of this—one loss.

Coached by Steve Popularski and captained by Denny Prutow, Rugby has come into its own at West Point. Army's schedule this year is again a rough one consisting of Fordham, New York A.C. (boasting some of the finest international players), Yale, Notre Dame, Manhattan, West Chester, Columbia and Princeton.

Due to the lack of football players on the squad (Spring Ball), which many of the teams we play recruit, the Army team has to make up for its size with speed and hard-hitting. The team practices five days a week for about two hours. Ask any member of the team and he will tell you that these work-outs are as pressing as any you will see.

The team receives its equipment from both the O.P.E. and the AAA. They also receive funds which enable them to make two or three trips each year. The team, on the whole, is cadet-run. Cadets Popularski and Prutow run the practices, schedule the games and take care of all the equipment. This is one of the few activities that is so run on Post.

The team invites any interested people who are interested in seeing a fine old English game played in a bruising American way to come out and witness a game any Saturday during the Spring.

## THE SAILING CLUB

The West Point Sailing Team, although allowed

only twenty-four members, competes with other teams of nearly double that number. The team plays a rugged and quite lengthy schedule. The team competes annually with approximately thirty-five colleges, including several appearances against the boys from Crabtown.

The Club now owns fifteen new fibreglass sailboats. These were purchased last season for the sum of over ten thousand dollars. They are not only the newest of the boats in competition in the East, but they are also the most complicated to sail of all the racing boats.

The team practices everyday barring some foul, uncontrollable weather conditions. The North Dock is the site of the practice sessions and continuous races are held here every evening. All the members are taught the skills of racing along with the tactics of sailing. Contrary to popular opinion, small boat racing is quite a difficult sport to master, because of the coordination, timing, tactics, strength, and knowledge of weather and current conditions required.

Our team has come into its own in the past few years as evidenced by its winning the semi-finals for the Eastern Championships last year. They also won several other places in the fields ranging from eight to thirteen schools. Last weekend we placed third in a field of ten after being thrown out of three races for rules violations. The Plebe Eastern semis and finals are scheduled for West Point this year along with the Intra-Service Academy Regatta which is scheduled for 10-12 April.

TOM BORKOWSKI

## TRIATHALON

Triathlon above all others is a sport for the military. It combines endurance with speed and precision. As its name implies, the sport consists of three events; cross country, swimming, and pistol. Being good in two events is not good enough, the triathlon athlete must excel in all three. He must have great stamina, a steady hand, and most of all, well developed lungs.

For a maximum score the competitor must run our hilly two-mile+ cross country course in 12 minutes, swim 200 yards in 2:30, and score 180 points out of a possible 200 with the pistol. Army will run four teams of four men each. Any team can win, however, the four best men will comprise the first team, the next four the second, and so on. Good bets for those first slots are four old veterans; team captain Dave Little, yearling John Higley, two cows—Tom Lowe and Mike Amerine—and a fine plebe prospect, Mike Wynne. The team has four coaches; Captains O'Hare, Hayes, Schults, and Poteat. All are fine instructors in their respective events. The club also has several trips, their biggest meet being with Air Force at Colorado Springs. Other away meets include La Salle and Cornell. It is to this persevering crew that I would like to wish the best of luck in the coming season.

—RALPH HALLENBECK

# THE SPORT OF THE

Have you ever seen the longest half mile in the world? You haven't until you've poked your head out of the U-1-A Otter and looked down, ready to make your first jump! You won't see it for long because the prop blast is so strong it blurs your eyes. All of a sudden you feel that tap and you're off. As you fall through the air for the first time, you try to stiffen your body into the hard arch that the long hours of ground training and discipline have taught you, remaining stable until the chute finally opens. It's so quiet! You scan the terrain below for the orange "X." You find it but it looks so far away. In a few minutes you're back on earth—a mere hundred yards from the target. You'll improve!

This feeling has gone through cadets for five years now. In 1957 a group of airborne qualified cadets began the rudiments of the Cadet Skydiving Club. For three years the club was a small nest of cords and cloth under the waiters' quarters. In the fall of 1961 it was integrated with the Airborne Detachment of the First Battle Group with headquarters in the loft of the old stables on the west side of the Cavalry Plain.

Under the competent guidance of Capt. William R. Bell, OIC and S/Sgt. J. J. Dawes, NCOIC, both ardent parachutists, the club has progressed to where it presently has about forty members that support a twenty man team which hopes to compete against the Fort Campbell, Fort Bragg, and Citadel Parachute Clubs and enter the National Parachute Meet at Orange, Mass., this spring.



Sp5 Jansen of the Battle Group Club in exit position.

A jumper pushes off for a free-fall from an Army L-20 . . .



April 20, 1963

# CONTROLLED FALL

by JOE COREY

But it's not all fun for the cadets who belong to this hard working organization. Cadets who can meet the strict physical requirements must spend many hours practicing for that first jump and the ones to follow. More hours are also spent learning to maintain and pack their chutes.

After the student has made five static line jumps, he begins delayed free falls starting from five seconds and working up. There are presently two jumpers, Rog Smith, Pres., and Hal Kaufman, who have worked their way to a Class B license from the Parachute Club of America. To qualify for this license the person must make twenty-five delayed free falls and land within fifty yards of the target after a twenty second delay five times.

Last year two well disciplined cadet skydivers placed eighth and ninth in a field of twenty-four free-fallers at the Intercollegiate Parachute Meet at Orange, Mass. The top West Point jumper had only forty-three delays prior to the meet compared to the 453 and 202 delays of the Boston College and Harvard top jumpers. This year with the more intense training the club hopes to jump into the top ranks.

Capt. Bell who is leaving this summer has been replaced by Lt. Col. Paul Braim also an ardent sport parachutist who has just returned from Viet Nam. Col. Braim, who holds a Class C Jumpmaster license, has big ideas and says he'll materialize them with a few trophies in the club case.



The pilot chute begins to deploy the main chute.

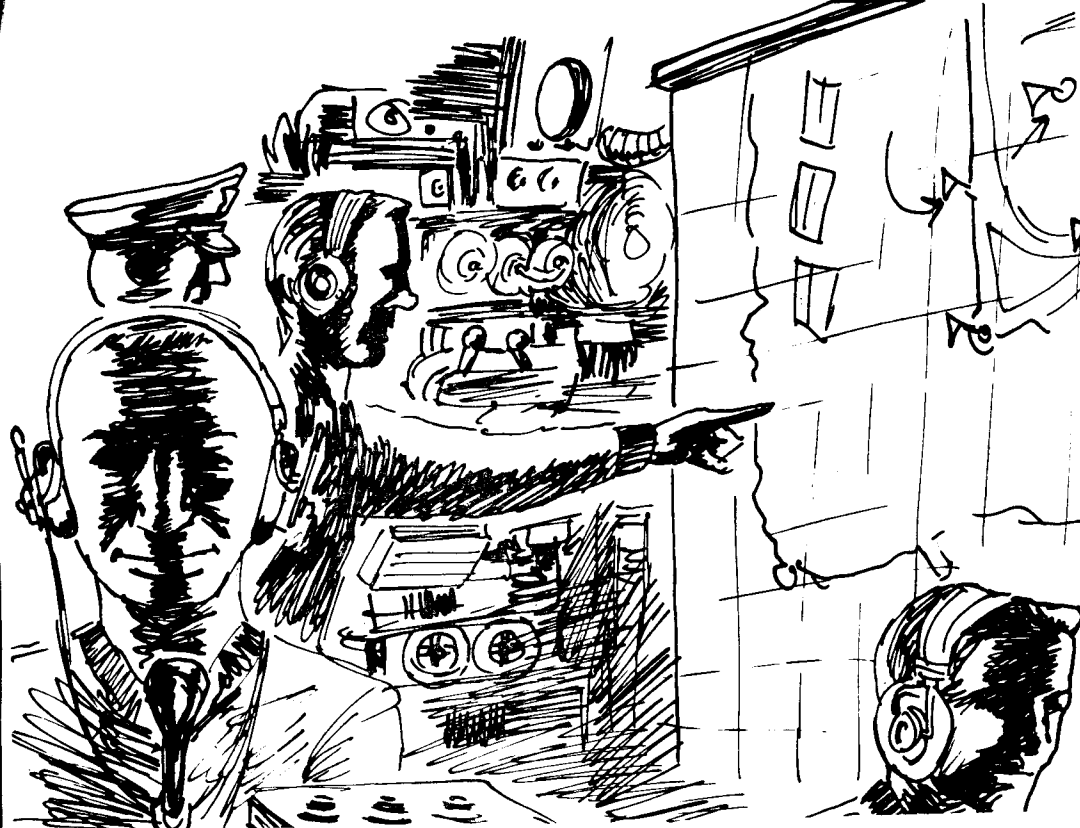
PHOTOS BY JOHN OI

Cadets line up for equipment check and a static-line jump.



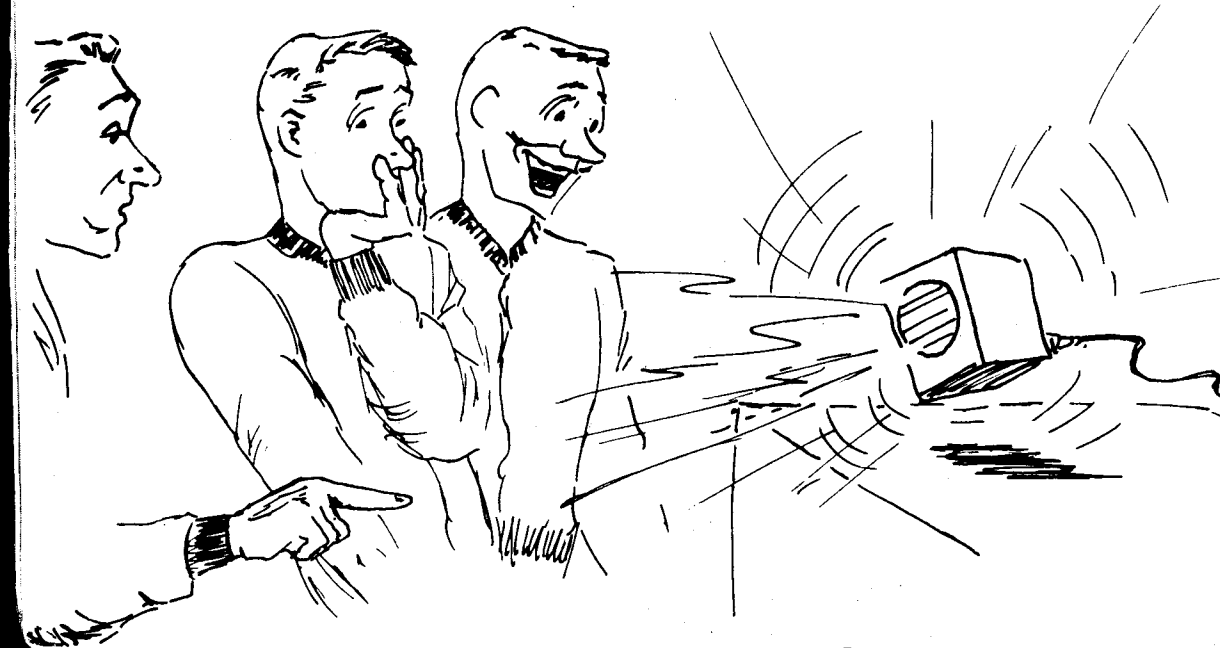
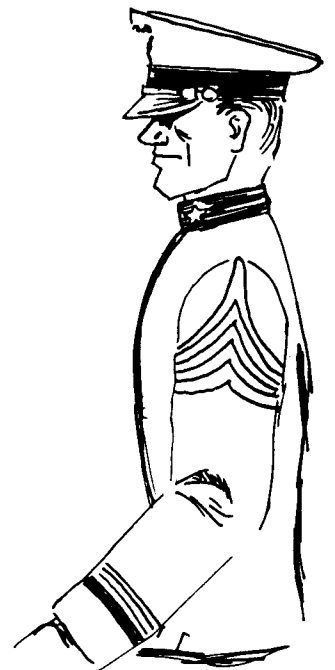
Each spring K-dets in dress gray fill the Plain, pursuing their favorite subject. This year we have a plan to organize this sport. Here are a few suggestions to get this thing off on the right foot. This is known as . . .

# DRAG- NET



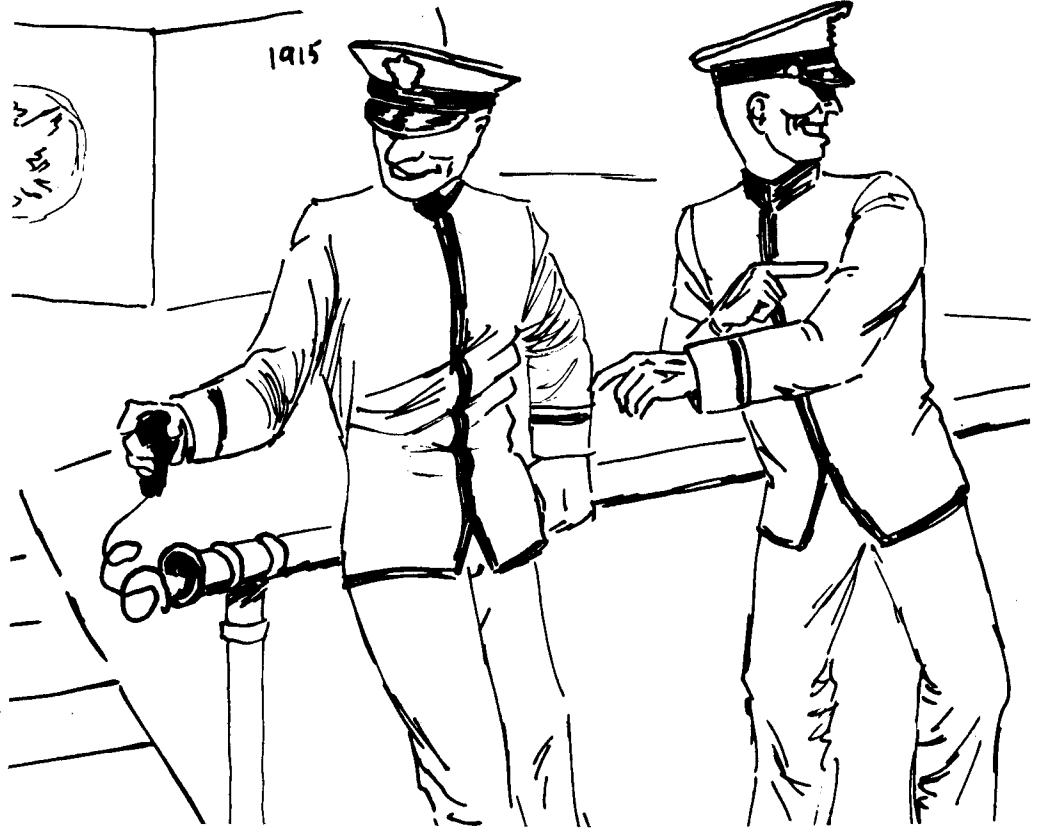
First we need a CIC where targets can be tracked and plotted. Any spare room near the Plain will do.

Patrols will be sent out in accordance with the size of the enemy forces . . . lightly armed for some . . . heavily armed for others . . .



Of course the latest in radar equipment will be used to spot "targets."

April 20, 1963

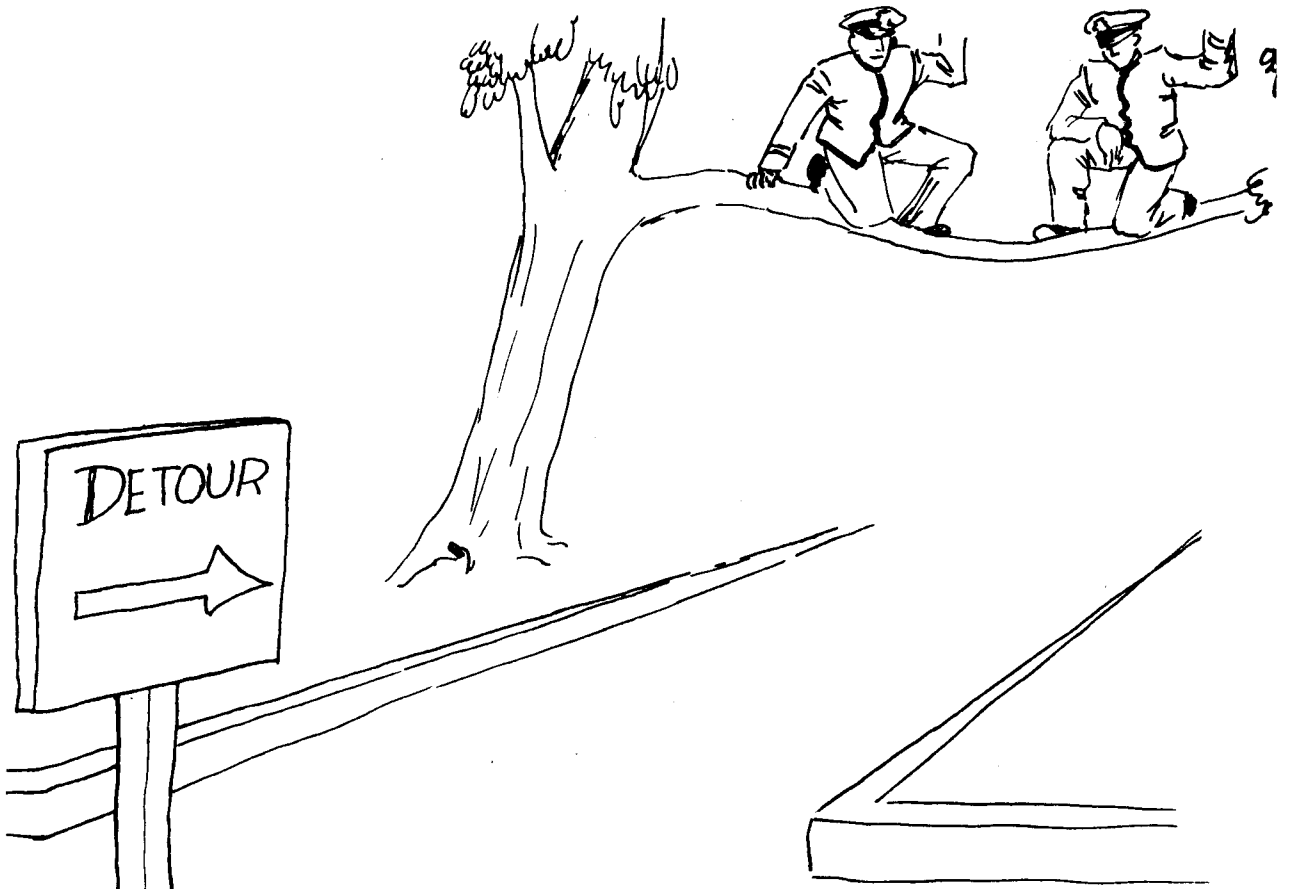


Microphones will be placed in strategic locations for on the spot reporting . . .

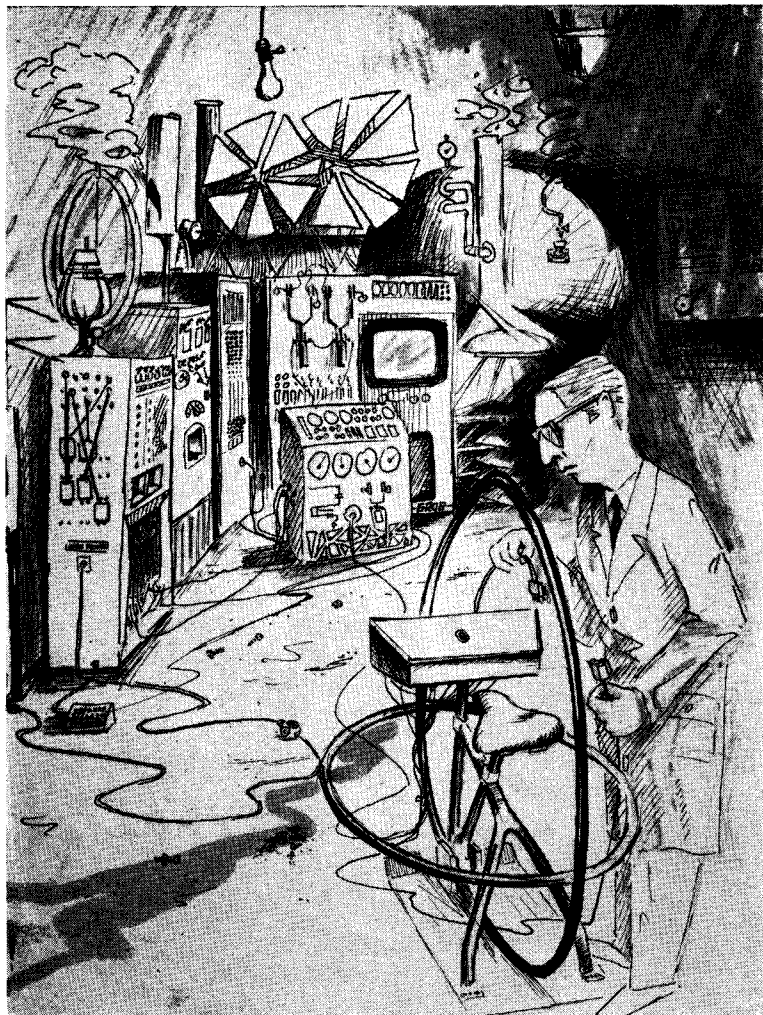


Various means of communication will have to be employed.

Special tactics will be employed for convertibles . . .  
Any more suggestions? Send to Larry Strickland, B-2, Room 731.



by TOM JOHNSON



The last time I saw Oliver Harris he was standing proudly beside his newly completed time machine, looking very much the part of the daring scientist. In fact, his new white smock and dirty old bifocals made the appearance so convincing that for a moment I was actually proud I knew him.

That was my big mistake.

I was living in an apartment on New York's West Side, an old brick building that dated from about 1920 and looked like it dated from 1820. The landlady was a middle-aged widow, the type you only meet twice, when you move in and when you leave, because she insists the rent be mailed to her, though she only lives across the hall. Her elementary rule was: "No kids, no pets, and no parties. Outside of that you can do anything you want, as long as I approve of it." She never did. The neighbors weren't the choicest either, but I figured that as long as I stayed out of the house as much as possible I had nothing to worry about.

But the real character on the block was impossible to avoid; he lived directly below me. Were he ever involved in a bank robbery, every witness would swear he was "just average." He looked like the boy you might have known casually in high school, but never really talked to. Some distant relative at one time must have been Jewish, because it showed through; not really pronounced though, just enough to be recognizable. He had

brown hair and deep set eyes, and arms about four inches too long for the rest of him. So, you ask, what's unusual about Harris? What does he do that nobody else does?

He builds time machines.

Not the quiet ones that just whirr a little and never do anything; no, not Oliver Harris. When he built a machine, it **did** something!

I guess the first inkling I had of what he was doing was last May when he got a job at the plant and took to having lunch with me. He'd found out I was interested in ancient Greece, and he was always asking me ridiculous questions like what did they wear then and what did they drink and what was their money like. Then one day he asked me if I'd like to go. So I told him.

A few days afterward I received an urgent message requesting that I drop everything and hurry down to Ollie's apartment. Instead, I set the barbells carefully on the floor and walked leisurely down.

Ollie was waiting for me on the far side of his living room, making electrical connections on some kind of mechanical monster. Thousands of small wiring parts and nuts and bolts were strewn about the room.

It looked like a do-it-yourself motorcycle kit, and I told him so. "Nonsense," he replied, inserting a printed wiring circuit. "Any idiot can see that this is a time machine."

"Oh," I said, not wanting to venture any further on uncertain ground, and beginning to have serious doubts as to Oliver's sanity.

I took a seat and waited for ten minutes while he finished his work. Finally he looked up, taking off his spectacles and wiping them on his smock.

"There," he announced. "All finished. Are you ready to go?"

"Go?"

"To ancient Greece. Isn't that where you wanted to go?"

At this point I took a good long look at Oliver and then at his machine. Apparently, Oliver was taking a good long look at me also. His little deep-set eyes peered out questioningly over his Jewish nose. It wasn't hard to tell what he was thinking.

But the machine was different. There was no telling what atrocities it was planning. It just sat there, an apparent combination of motorcycle body, hula hoops, and extraneous wiring, slightly puzzling and slightly more ridiculous.

"Now look, Ollie, I never said . . ."

"You distinctly told me you wanted to go to Greece, George. Now, if you want to back out now, it's all right with me, but you should have told me sooner." He looked like a father who had just given his son a spanking.

## The Last Time I Saw Harris

"Oh, come on now, Ollie. Do you actually expect to go back in time with **that?**" I'm afraid it sounded a little too much like "Just how crazy are you?", because Oliver immediately launched into an explanation of the machine's workings.

"You've heard time compared to a river, haven't you?" he cried in a high pitched voice. "Well, we're floating on a raft in that river, and the past is floating along at the same speed a little behind us, and the future a little ahead. Unfortunately, we can't slow down our raft so that the past can catch up, nor make it go faster and overtake the future. We're floating along at the normal rate with everybody else in the river, yet they're just as much alive as we are, and wherever they are is "present" too, to them, anyhow."

I nodded cautious agreement.

"Well," he continued, "my little machine here (he gave it a loving pat) is the solution to the problem. Travel into the past, at least; travel into the future is really an entirely different problem. When I turn it on it generates a field, and with the same general shape, if you consider it as a bar magnet, which stops dead right in the middle of the flow and lets the past catch up. The longer I leave it on, the farther back we go."

"We go? Oh, no you don't, Ollie. I'm perfectly happy where I am. Besides, that thing is dangerous; it might blow up."

"Stop being childish, George. It's perfectly safe. In fact, I've got all our provisions ready—everything we'll need during the trip and for the return. It's foolproof. But I can see—you don't really think it'll work, do you?"

"Well . . ."

"Then just get on to humor me. You'll see."

I wasn't about to get on the thing. For one thing, I might be killed in an explosion; and, I reasoned, getting on at all would be the same as admitting that I thought it could work, something which I was far from doing. Suppose it did work. Where would I end up?

"No," I said, "You go ahead. I'll just stand over here and watch. Maybe I'll come along next time." With this I headed toward the far corner of the room, just to make sure.

"All right, but you're missing out on history. I guess I'll get all the glory." This last was not nearly so large an inducement as he imagined. I expected that most of his glory would always be shared between us two.

"Well, here we go," he said, swinging his leg over and sitting on the motorcycle seat. He put his glasses back on, grasped the handlebars firmly, and flicked the switch. A low hum proceeded from the machine, and gradually rose in pitch, I moved closer to the door.

"Warming up," shouted Ollie over the din. "This is it!" He pressed a small, ominous button directly in front of him.

There was a momentary roar, and the machine began to vibrate fiercely. Suddenly it was quiet. The machine was gone. But still there, sprawled out on his back in the middle of the floor, was Ollie. He looked as if he had slipped on a banana peel. I burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Ollie, quite peeved.

"Well . . . I . . . . But you . . . you . . ." (I lost myself in laughter again.)

"Well, I don't think it's one darn bit funny. Besides, it worked, didn't it?"

This thought had not occurred to me, and I immediately stopped laughing.

"Well, then, what are you doing here?"

"The vibrations must have shaken me off. But it worked. It worked! Now I can build another one and know I'm right." Immutable courage. And without saying another word, Ollie got up and began assembling the remaining parts into orderly little piles around the room and bolting small pieces together.

After an hour or two, I left.

I didn't see much of Ollie during the next month, except for an occasional passing in the halls. Despite my having been somewhat impressed with his machine, complications at the plant had made it very easy to forget about him in two weeks, and had I talked with Ollie I probably would not have even mentioned it. But I had had my lunch shift changed.

One day that month I came very close to getting fired in an argument with the boss' son, and almost got hit by a streetcar on the way home. By the time I got there I just plopped on my bed and fell asleep. Ollie woke me up.

He was standing over me and speaking in a near whisper.

"Come on down to my apartment," he said, putting his finger to his lips.

"Go 'way, Ollie," I replied. "I'm not in the mood."

"All right, if you want to miss out on the greatest thing since Edison."

Then it all came back to me. And despite how tired and discouraged I was, something told me that it would be a good idea to go down and see what he was up to.

The second machine looked quite a bit different from its forerunner. Most of it was in a large, square metal box off in the right hand corner of the room. Exactly in the center of the room stood another large box with one side that opened like a door and wires leading to the other, smaller box. It was wooden and looked just like a telephone booth minus the telephone and glass door. Ollie told me that that was what it was.

"How does it work?" I inquired, a little dubiously.

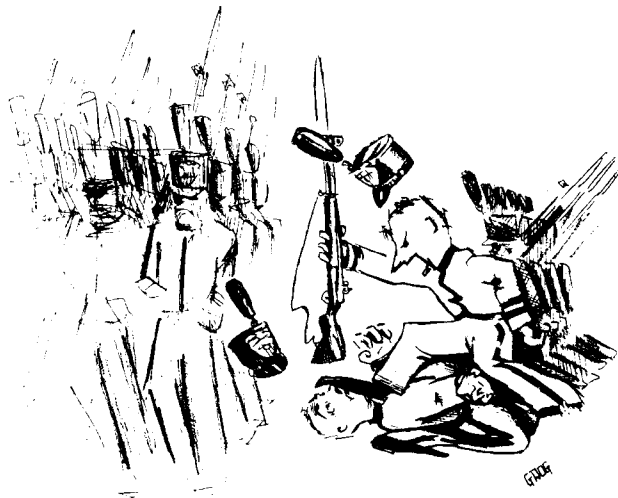
"Just like the other one," he replied nonchalantly, "Only with a different set-up. The parts are in there," he indicated the steel box, "And you stand in this cabinet. That way, no matter how badly it vibrates, it can't shake you off. Naturally, the cabinet goes back with you. Well, do you want to come this time?"

"I don't think so, Ollie."

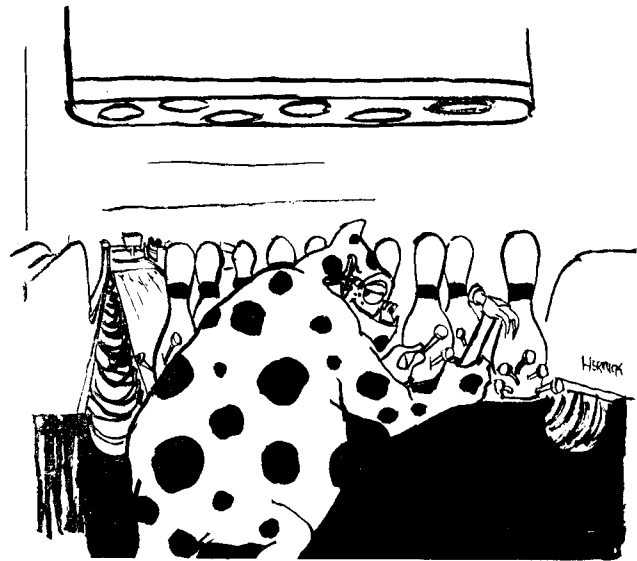
"Still afraid, eh?" he chuckled. "Well, nothing is going to go wrong this time. Nothing. So long, George."

I shook hands with him and headed for the other side of the room again. Radiating confidence, Ollie flipped a switch on the steel box and stepped

(Continued on page 21)



Squads LEFT, Wackhead, LEFT!



Joe King's  
**"GERMAN AMERICAN"**  
**RATHSKELLER**

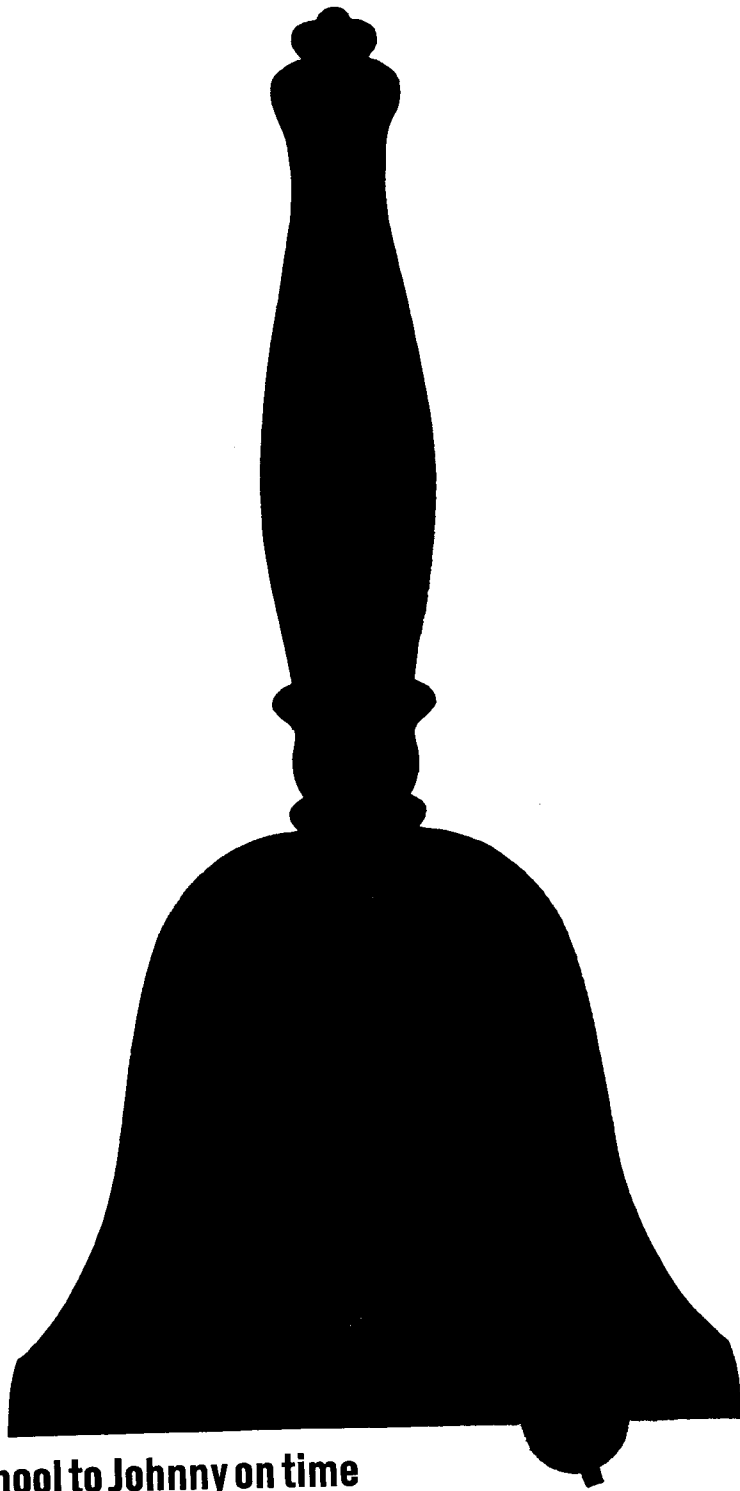
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## How to get the school to Johnny on time

America will have to build about eleven school buildings and additions a day over the next three years to keep up with our growing educational demands. That means they'll have to go up fast, but they'll also have to be solidly built and economical. Here's how the city of Elmira, New York, did it.

The contractor broke ground for the 55-room Elmira School on Dec. 2, 1960, and raised the first steel columns on March 27, 1961. 500 elementary students moved in on Sept. 9, 1961; followed by 1000 junior high students the next semester. That's less than a year from start to finish, about half the time usually required to build a school this size. And it cost 13% to 17% less than the New York State average. The secret: pre-engineered steel components were factory-fabri-

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Like the Elmira School, many of the new school buildings we'll need by 1966 will be built with functional, pre-engineered steel components.

America grows with steel.



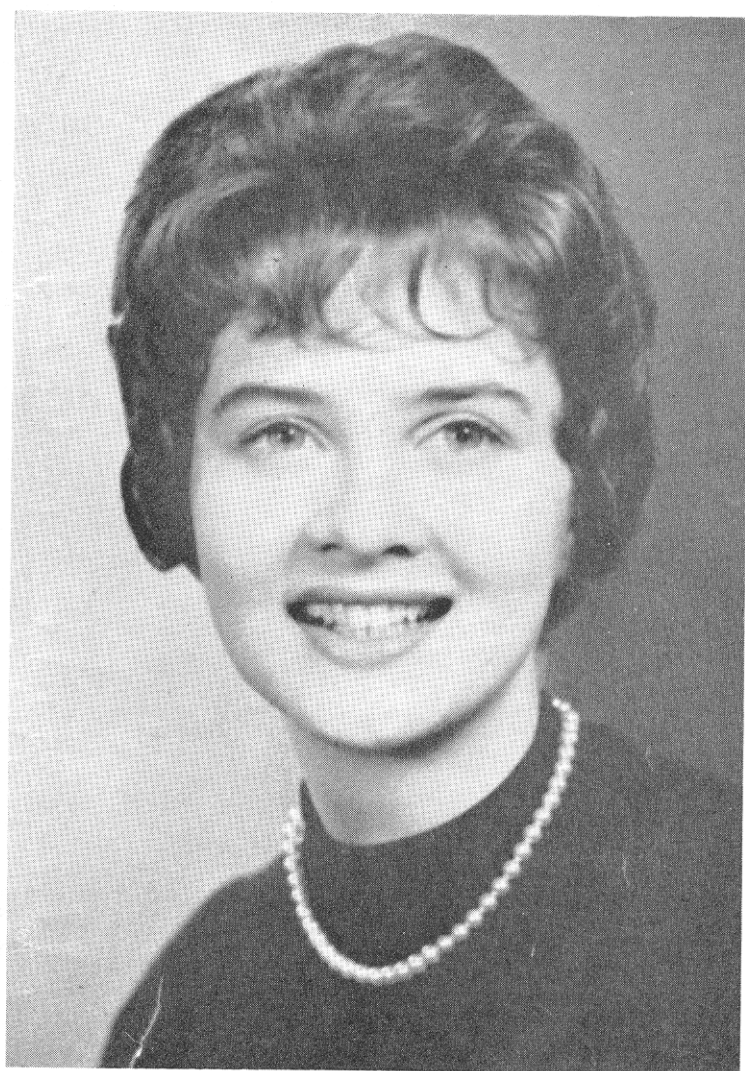
**United States Steel**

# POINTER PIC...



## *Nancy McCain . . .*

In the Pointer "Pic" section this time, we have chosen a young miss from the South, Nancy McCain, a 20-year old student at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida. She loves teaching, water skiing, dancing, and a certain Yearling in H-2. She just received an "A" pin, however you will still be able to see her when she moves up here in 1964.



April 20, 1963

## The Last Time . . .

(Continued from page 17)

inside the cabinet, closing the door behind him. The low hum came again and started rising in pitch after about ten seconds. Within another ten seconds it was deafening, then suddenly it was gone.

Standing right there in the middle of Ollie's apartment, I felt a breeze.

The steel box was gone, but the cabinet was lying on its side about a foot from where it had started. I could tell Ollie was still in it because he was raising a hell of a racket.

I righted the box and got the door open. Ollie was squatting in a little ball on the floor looking very disgusted and swearing a little. His glasses were broken and he had several minor bruises. I helped him over to a chair and started to look for some iodine and bandages. Then I noticed that a large section of the wall near where the box had been sitting was missing, allowing a clear view of the bedroom on the other side. Just beyond the

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half of that chair. They were in the field; so back they went," I ventured.

"That's probably it."

"I shudder to think what would have happened to me if I got caught half in that field."

Ollie managed a faint smile at this prospect. "But what knocked the cabinet over?"

"I felt a breeze where I was standing. Maybe it blew over."

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "Naturally, there was plenty of air in the field, and it took that too. Then the air rushing in to fill the vacuum created the breeze that you felt and knocked my cabinet over."

"With this knowledge I can build one that will really work!" he concluded in a wave of enthusiasm. Having heard this somewhere before, I decided it was time for a quick exit. I knew it wouldn't be long before he was too busy to notice my leaving.

"I'll have a new one built in a week," he was saying proudly as I left.

And he did.

This time I kept in close touch with Ollie, occasionally dropping in to see how things were coming along and to lend my moral support while leafing through some more of his magazines. He was putting the innards of the thing in another steel box, longer and thinner than the other ("Parts shortage," he said. Time machine parts are hard to come by). But I didn't notice the booth around anywhere, so I asked him about it.

"Oh, I got rid of that," he replied. "This one just generates a set wave and I stand in it. I'm not going to take a chance on the booth's going back and leaving me here. I've built in an automatic cut-off, too, so I'm sure where I'll end up. All in all, this one's quite an improvement, eh?"

And I had to admit that it was. Ollie said that it was almost finished, and why didn't we go out and have dinner so we could try it out on full stomachs. It sounded like a good suggestion and I agreed, not noticing his plural forms.

He kept using those plurals all through dinner, and by the time we got back to his apartment I had got pretty well used to them. But the minute I saw that box sitting on his living room floor I knew what the inventor of the time bomb felt like, and tried to beg off.

Ollie almost convinced me the thing was safe, but he just couldn't get me to the point of going back with him. I kept getting clear pictures of myself materializing in a dunking stool in old New England or in front of a hungry Tyrannosaurus, five minutes before dinner time. So I decided to play spectator again.

Ollie made the final adjustments and put on his brand new white smock. Then for a moment he stood there beaming at me, as if he expected me to take his picture for posterity. As he reached down to turn the thing on, a small revolution took place inside me.

"George, you idiot," came a thought, "here you sit, nothing but a witness while that moron Oliver puts his name permanently in all the history books. What has he got that you haven't got? All it takes is a little guts and you'll have your name there beside his, like Bell and Watson or Wilbur and Orville. Go on, George; don't get left behind."

■ **How to Order.** Price of shield as described—\$72.00. Send \$36.00 with order, balance when notified order is ready. Shipped parcel post-insured, prepaid. Allow 4 to 5 weeks for delivery.

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Note: On separate sheet, please print clearly engraving desired.

Ollie flicked the switch, and the machine started to hum.

I gave in. "Ollie ..... Here, let me help ....." I started running like a fool.

"Hold it Ollie ....." The hum got louder.

"Ollie!"

And then it happened. It wasn't over anything, or trying to avoid anything; I tripped just because of my big, clumsy feet. The hum became a roar.

Then it was very quiet.

So here I am.

Greece isn't exciting or romantic; not even very different. It's just full of people, a lot of people who vaguely remind me of the other tenants in that apartment house on West 38th Street. It's just that there are no cars or skyscrapers or advertisements, and the cities are a little dirtier and the

country a little cleaner. It doesn't seem very different at all.

And it's terribly dull. As long, that is, as I keep away from the plagues and wars and such that I know are coming.

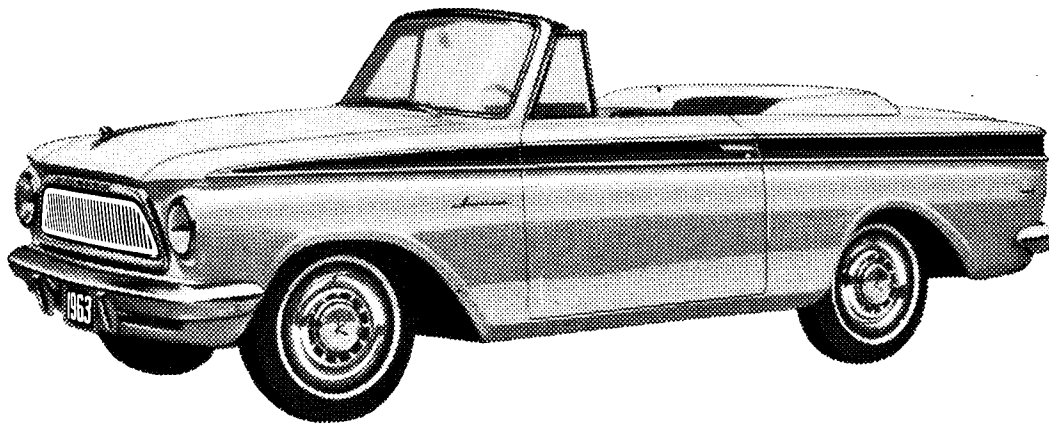
In short, I want out.

But I can't.

"Everything we'll need during the trip and for the return," said Ollie. "It's foolproof."

I just wish I could get my hands on that Harris now. But I suppose he'll come looking for me, and that'll be time enough. Oh, the machine came through fine, and I've got enough food and purified water to last a year or more. But there's just one question I'd like to ask Harris before I wring his neck:

Where do I plug it in?



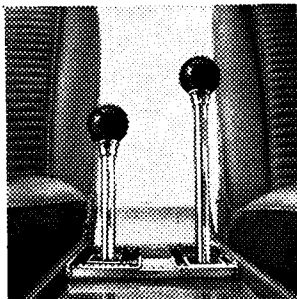
# BEETLE-FATIGUE?

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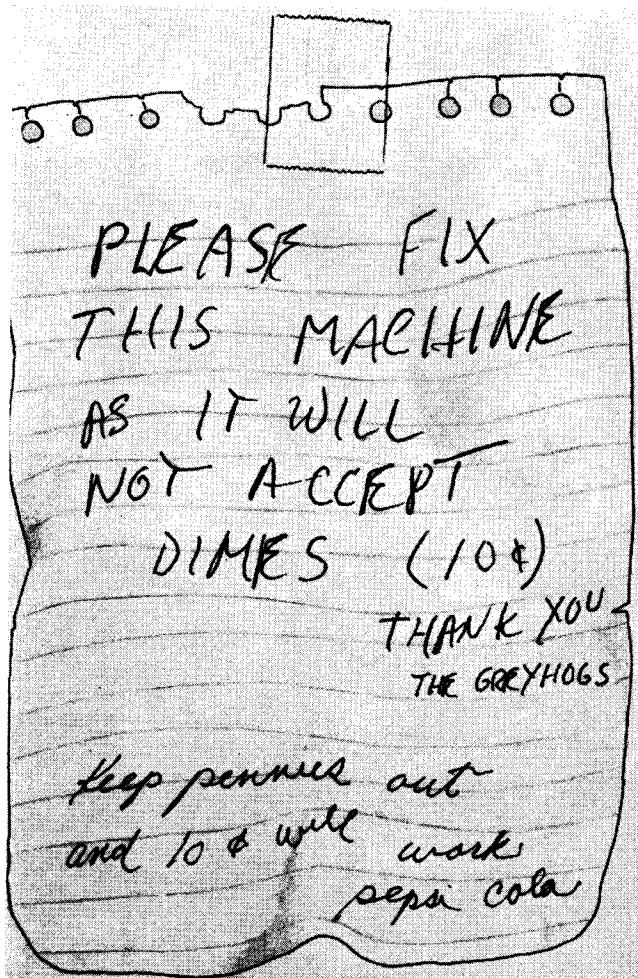


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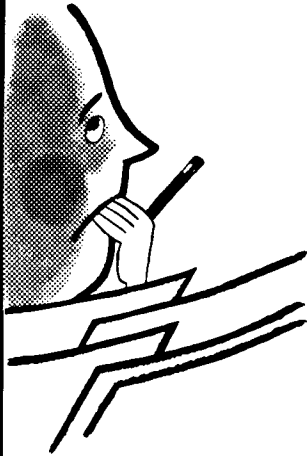
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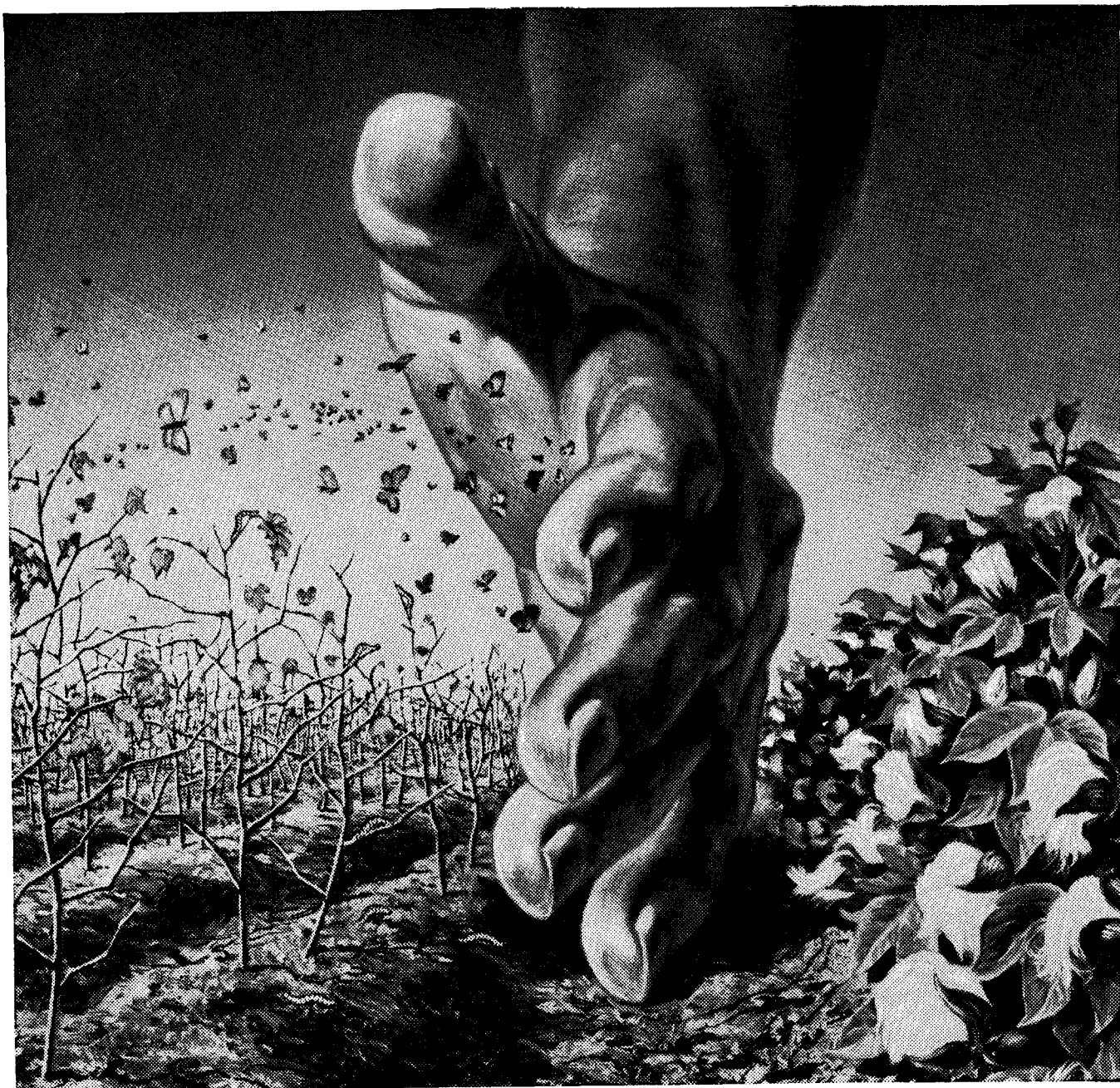
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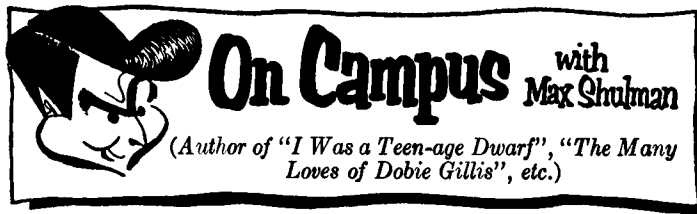
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Boll weevil, codling moth, leaf rollers, thrips and beetles . . . these are only a few of the thousands of insects that chew up millions of dollars worth of farm crops each year. Fortunately, however, they are no match for a new Union Carbide product called SEVIN insecticide. In the United States and many other countries, the use of SEVIN has already saved such staple crops as cotton, corn, fruits and vegetables from destruction by ravaging insects. ► You can now get SEVIN insecticide for your own garden as part of the complete line of handy EVEREADY garden products that help you grow healthy vegetables and flowers. SEVIN comes from years of research in Union Carbide laboratories and at an experimental farm in North Carolina where scientists prove out their latest agricultural chemicals. ► This is only one area in which chemicals from Union Carbide help improve everyday living. The people of Union Carbide are constantly at work searching for better products that will meet the needs of the future.

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## HOW TO SEE EUROPE FOR ONLY \$300 A DAY: NO. 1

Summer vacation is just around the corner, and naturally all of you are going to Europe. Perhaps I can offer a handy tip or two. (I must confess that I myself have never been to Europe, but I do have a French poodle and a German shepherd, so I am not entirely unqualified.)

First let me say that no trip to Europe is complete without a visit to England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Liechtenstein, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania, Crete, Sardinia, Sicily, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Lapland, and Andorra.

Let us take up these countries in order. First, England.

The capital of England is London—or Liverpool, as it is sometimes called. There are many interesting things to see in London—chiefly the changing of the guards. The guards are changed daily. The old ones are thrown away.

Another “must” while in London is a visit to the palace of the Duke of Marlborough. *Marlborough* is spelled *Marlborough*, but pronounced *Marlboro*. English spelling is very quaint, but terribly disorganized. The late George Bernard Shaw, author of *Little Women*, fought all his life to simplify English spelling. They tell a story about Shaw once asking a friend, “What does g-h-o-t-i spell?”

The friend pondered a bit and replied, “Goatee.”

Shaw sniggered. “Pshaw,” said Shaw. “G-h-o-t-i does not spell goatee. It spells *fish*.”

“How is that?” said the friend.

Shaw answered, “*Gh* as in *enough*, *o* as in *women*, *ti* as in *motion*. Put them all together, you get *fish*.”

This was very clever of Shaw when

you consider that he was a vegetarian. And a good thing he was. As Disraeli once remarked to Guy Fawkes, “If Shaw were not a vegetarian, no lamb chop in London would be safe.”

But I digress. We were speaking of the palace of the Duke of Marlborough—or Marlboro, as it is called in the United States. It is called Marlboro by every smoker who enjoys a fine, rich breed of tobaccos, who appreciates a pure white filter, who likes a soft pack that is really soft, a Flip-Top box that really flips. Be sure that you are well supplied with Marlboros when you make your trip abroad. After a long, tiring day of sight-seeing there is nothing so welcome as a good flavorful Marlboro and a foot-bath with hot Epsom salts.

Epsom salts can be obtained in England



*The old ones are thrown away*

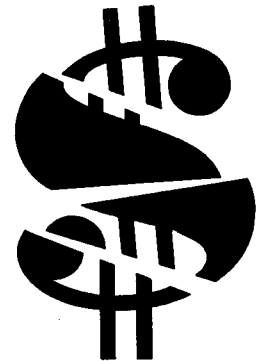
at Epsom Downs. Kensington salts can be obtained at Kensington Gardens, Albert salts can be obtained at Albert Hall, Hyde salts can be obtained at Hyde Park, and the crown jewels can be obtained at the Tower of London.

The guards at the Tower of London are called Beefeaters because they are always beefing about what they get to eat. This is also known as “cricket” or “petrol.”

Well, I guess that about covers England. In next week’s column we will visit the Land of the Midnight Sun—France.

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# SHERATON HOTELS

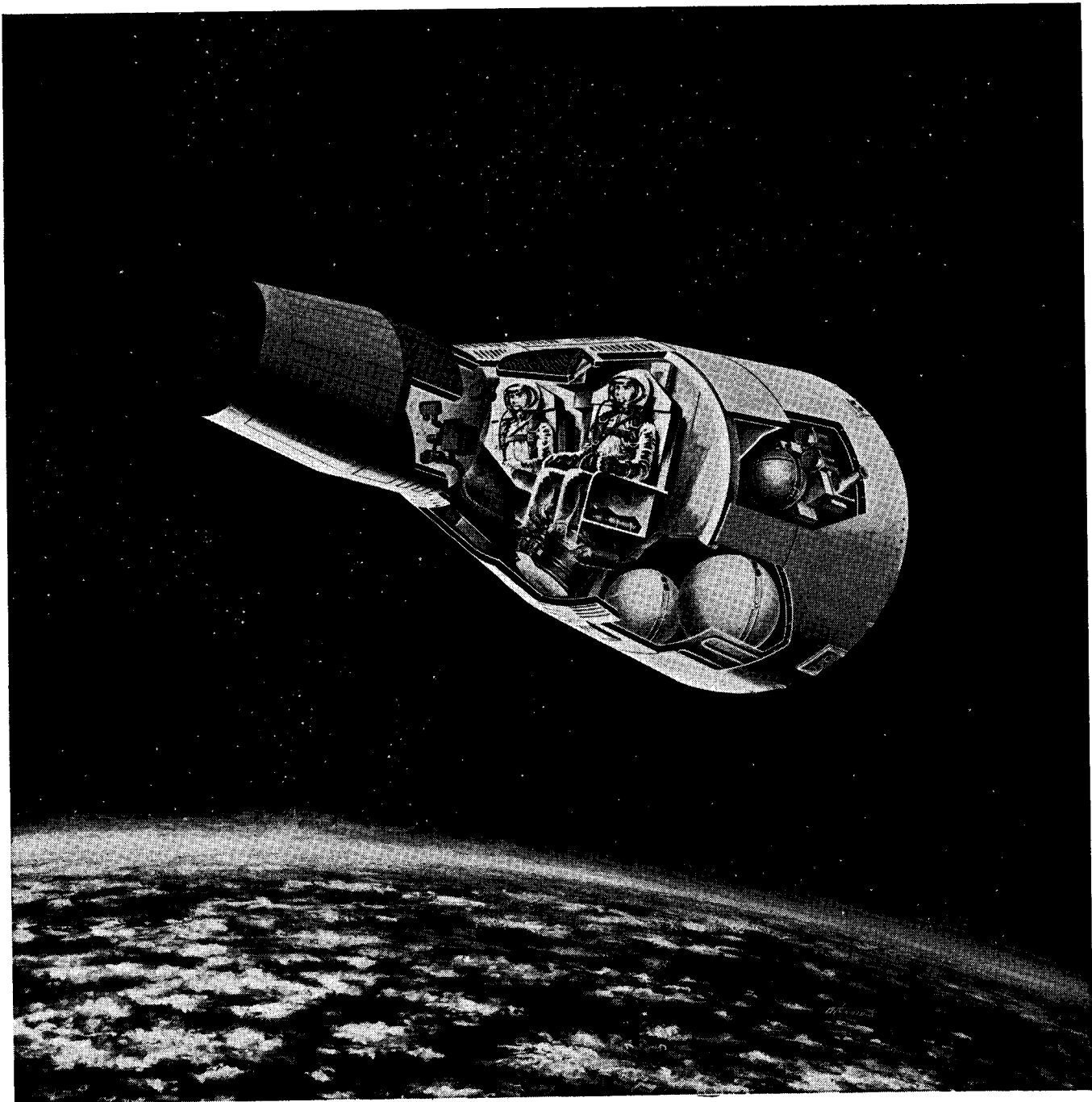


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zation, temperature control, ventilation and atmosphere purification in the two-man spacecraft and in both astronauts' suits for the entire flight. AiResearch also supplies the supercritical cryogenic oxygen and hydrogen tankage system for the fuel cell power supply.

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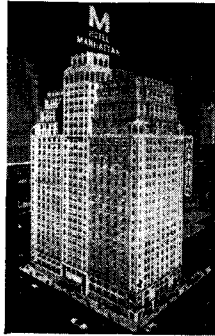


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*The Ginger Ale . . .*

(Continued from page 7)

"How often do you get to see your uncle," I inquired out of increasing interest.

"Once or twice a year, I guess. Everytime he comes, Mommy gets upset. She isn't happy like she is with Daddy."

"Does your father like your Uncle Joe?" I asked, beginning to feel more like Dr. Spock, or some other child psychologist, ready to solve all the problems of the recalcitrant youth with objective, rather than subjective, understanding.

"Oh, Daddy doesn't know Uncle Joe. Everytime we see Uncle Joe, Daddy is away on a business trip. Mommy tells him when he gets home that Uncle Joe came, and then Daddy gets upset, too, and it always ends in a fight."

Suddenly I felt as though I were entering sacred grounds, that I was profaning a private relationship, and that none of this was any of my business. I started to think of Uncle Joe as an irresistible, animalistic, suave traveler-of-the-world type. You know, a woman in every port, that sort of person. The guy every woman falls for at least once in her life, and she never quite gets him out of her blood. For a few seconds, I nourished a mad impulse to run over to the table in the murky corner, and punch good old Uncle Joe right in his blunt nose, for taking advantage of a woman's inherent weakness. I got so infuriated that my eyes started to shake, so I bolted three quick swallows of my Cutty-Sark, and sucked some of it into my windpipe, at which time I began a fit of uncontrollable coughing. When I stopped coughing, I felt too emotionally exhausted to bother with Uncle Joe, and even physically incapable, because he was a pretty big fellow, and I could just imagine myself getting belted right in the stomach, and parting with my three drinks all over the floor. All the while Uncle Joe looking upon my suffering very tolerantly and a bit sadly. Then I got mad all over again at his power to make me look like such a foolish dolt, so I just sat there across from my new friend stewing impotently.

"Are you all right now?" Kathy asked.

"What do you mean, 'Am I all right now?'" I almost shouted.

"I thought you were sick, or something, with all that coughing you were doing," she said, semi-defensively.

"Oh," I muttered, and suddenly felt so completely sorry for this poor little girl at having to bear the brunt of my righteous wrath that I could have cried all over the white table cloth.

The waitress picked this opportune moment to appear with our order. She still looked a bit piqued at my apparent inability to deal maturely with a small girl, and so, when I said she could mix the drink, she spilled half the scotch on the paper doily with practiced carelessness.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she apologized. "Shall I get you another?" she asked, daring me with her manner to worry about such a small thing as a drink.

"No," I said magnanimously, furious with myself at not standing up to her brash audacity. "That's quite all right. I like my drink a bit weak,

anyway, heh, heh, heh." Chuckle, chuckle, you obsequious fool. I was losing all sorts of inner composure!

She left, quite abruptly, and with her departure returned my acute compassion for young Kathy, whom, at this moment, I thought was being inordinately persecuted by all the forces of evil stalking young, susceptible little girls.

"How do you like your ginger ale?" I asked somewhat anxiously, in order to appear innocently objective about her whole affair.

"I haven't tasted it yet. I just ate the cherry, though, and it was very good." She tittered a bit with this last statement, and wrinkled her nose so naturally, without any sort of affectation, and so much like grown little girls try to do, without much success, that I thought I was in love with this little girl, and would like to live with and protect her for the rest of my life.

"Where do you live, Kathy?" I asked.

"In Wenonah, New Jersey," she replied, absently, as though places meant very little to her.

I knew of the town—mostly upper middle-class, sober, intelligent people. The D.A.R., the Methodist church, and the Kiwanis club thrived with fervor there. But underneath, like all such small towns, it was a potential Peyton Place, and for a moment I harbored the idea to expose the town and its people, destroy their flaccid complacency, let them know that at least I knew it for what it really was.

I was looking out the window at the planes again, when I heard a shuffle of footsteps by our table. I looked at Kathy, and on her shoulder, like a grotesque yet attractive ornament, lay a thin, phthisic, blue-veined hand with a simple jade ring, probably a Wenonah family heirloom that had seen many similar discreet meetings, but would remain forever mute except to me. I followed the path of the hand to the wrist to the arm slowly, feeling rather than seeing the severe tweed suit, the white blouse, the blood-red lipstick. I felt rather than smelled the Chanel! and the wonderfully warm, sweet scent of freshly shampooed hair. But I saw the eyes, the deep, cautious, dark, and

sorrowful eyes. I was pinioned to my chair, and I felt like a Court Jester who suddenly realized how useless, and what an obtuse pawn, he really was.

I somehow managed to close my mouth and stumble awkwardly to my feet, forgetting for the moment to promote myself as the smooth young gentleman of depth and insight, who preferred sitting alone talking to little girls who hadn't been awakened and subsequently drowned by human voices.

"I hope you don't, uh, mind my inviting your daughter to sit with me?" I asked, as forthrightly as I could.

"Not at all. I hope you enjoyed my daughter's company," she smiled. That smile, at that particular heraldic moment of space and time, stolen, as it were, from reality, was more precious to me than all the china from the Ming dynasty.

"Yes," I stammered, "very much, thank you."

"She does have that ability to make you love her, doesn't she?" said a deep, friendly voice fettered with too much wisdom. It wasn't really said to me.

I turned and looked at the new voice, and saw the blunt features. But I saw something else, something new, that I hadn't seen before in anyone. A quiet acceptance, I guess you would say. Not resignation, though. More like a resiliency.

"You certainly do look a lot like your Uncle Joe, Kathy," I said, and I knew she would now dislike me, too. But she had a lot of learning to do, and time would soften the little, temporary hurt.

"Say good-bye to your friend, Kathy," her mother said.

"Good-bye, Steve. Thank you for the ginger ale," Kathy said, now with little affection, but still with surprising propriety.

"Good-bye, Kathy," I said. I resisted a very strong impulse to hug and kiss her.

Out they walked, the three of them, Kathy in the middle. She did resemble Uncle Joe. Strikingly so.

I sat down slowly. "Why, the little goof," I

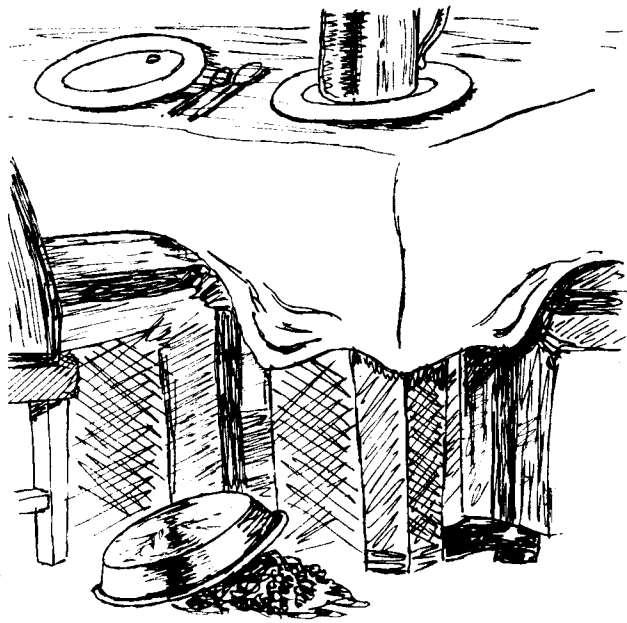
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"Sir, may I make a statement?"

thought, affectionately. She hadn't even touched her ginger ale. She just ate the cherry.

Over the public address system came the announcement, "Flight 206, Eastern Airlines, for Washington, Charlotte, and Atlanta now boarding, Pier 8." Spoken with a metallic quality, like a machine would speak. Only this voice was a bit nasal, as though one of the machine's vacuum tubes had burned out.

So I looked out at Pier #8, and saw Flight #206, and it was raining, and I thought of Kathy, and her mother and father—Uncle Joe, and of all those people boarding the plane. And I noticed the crew working in the hangars, and the waitress, and the swarthy, semi-arrogant maitre d' of the lounge, all having more than significant affairs with life. All having an intense love affair with life.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so I remember that night. I remember it didn't destroy, but changed something. I remember drinking Kathy's ginger ale, and thinking of Kathy, and Wenonah, and the jade ring, and resiliency. It was a good ginger ale, too.

Even without the cherry.

Wherever you go you look better in  
**-ARROW-**

**Here's where a button-down should button down**

# GONE ON A TRIP WITH JOHN MY SON

by DAVE DEWS

(my what a beautiful day. oh look at the children how they have grown this past year; the country air must be good for them. where is your husband and your son john? gone away on a trip? that is too bad my dear and on your birthday too, well, i must go now. no! no! go ahead and feed the little dears; they must be frightfully hungry. i can find the door myself. bye now. oh darling, say hello to your husband when he returns.)

Yes, say hello to your husband, my dear.  
Go on down by his grave.  
Watch the bushes swishing idly . . . rave,  
if you like, at the wave  
of stringy weeds, mounting  
to the eaves of the barn  
in sickly row . . .  
(but we know!  
hidden beneath them, in escrow . . .  
your husband.)  
Deadened carcass.

Twinkling laughter glibs  
from inkish mouths behind starched bibs  
of white-clothed, rosy children . . . knowing  
not their Father lies a-growing  
jungle weed.  
Behind the barn.

Mother stands and sternly  
tells her children "Greens!  
Eat your greens, my dears!"  
While her head . . .  
Peaceful to the front,  
churning turmoil, bears the brunt  
of awful knowledge in the back.

She'll tell them not,  
because her son has done it,  
and then fled.  
(Her darling John.)  
And, while inside she bled,  
this woman found a spade  
and buried him, behind the barn.  
In the night.  
Better than the blight  
that would result were anyone to know.

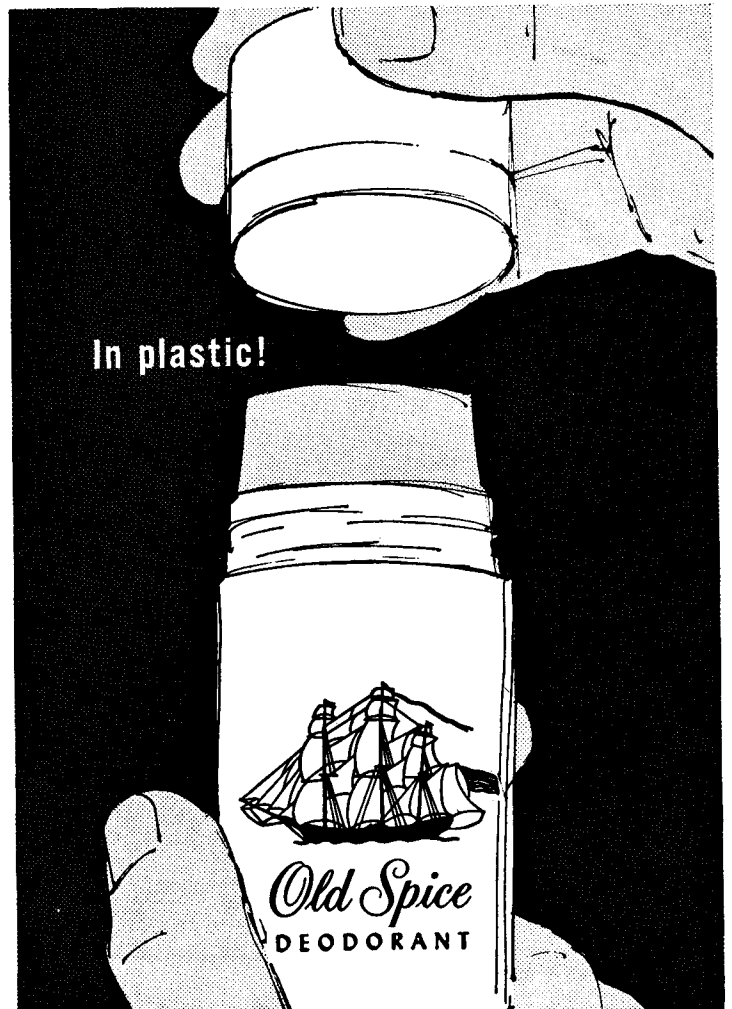
So now she feeds the children.

"Where's Daddy, Mummy?"  
"Gone on a trip with John, my love,  
gone on a trip with John my son."

"And when will they return, Mummy?  
And when will they return?"

"Not for many years,  
I fear,  
no, not for many years.  
Now eat your greens."

# MEN!



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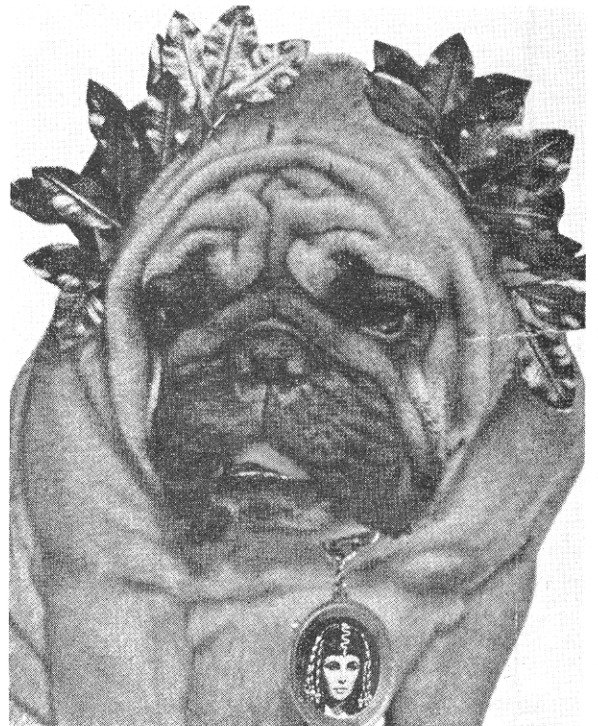
# What They Really Said...

Collected from current newspapers, magazine ads, etc.

by TOM MILLACCI

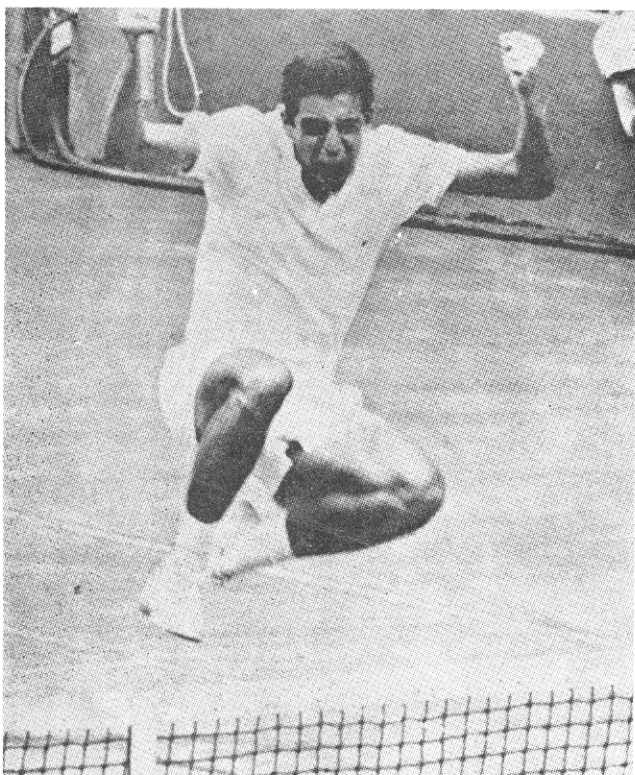


"That one has cracked uppers!"



And then I said to the Colonel, "It should be worth 10 and 14". . .

The runner-up for the 1st Regt. is . . .



Two miles to O.P. Charlie.

