

How to Shine Your ROTC Shoes

O. M.

Our extensive and hush-hush scientific project on an urgent and timely question—how to achieve that he-man shine on your ROTC shoes—has at last been brought to a successful conclusion. This startling fact has been uncovered: they don't take no shine nohow.

We can close this expository report right here and now, but that would be too merciful. So a step-by-scientific-step explanation of our shining process follows, and we hope it will help some hopeless and desperate Rotcie, even now slaving over his shoes with an old-fashioned, obsolete can of Esquire boot black.

Now, the main thing is to keep sight of your objective and to go towards achieving it in a logical and orderly manner. That is why we started out with rubbing alcohol. Everyone knows how important the stimulation of muscles and blood vessels is, how it promotes growth and vitality. Anyway, we use rubbing alcohol. You may by now have guessed that we rubbed it on. The effect achieved was unbelievable: A complete change in the texture of the shoe! So we put on lighter fluid. The logical reasoning here is obvious: lite and brite! What could be clearer(?) not the shoes, that's certain. Well, our eye fell on a can of floor wax, and it is now an established scientific fact that floor wax has absolutely no beneficial effects on an ordinary shoe. In fact, it did not exactly resemble a shoe after the last treatment, and one disgusted member of our research team spat on them in derision. Lo and behold; saliva proved to be just the thing! Scientifically applied, of course, from a distance of three feet, with wagers placed on the participants.

Incidentally, this method is also suggested for shining visors. However, we advise that the hat be removed from the head first.

If Sputnik II Landed at Highacres

Stanley Zdep

I've been cruising around space for quite a few days lately, and it's going to be satisfying to get back on solid ground again. It's quite cold up here, you know.

Perhaps you don't know who I am, but that's silly. I'm the most famous creature since the Black Lagoon. My name is Laika, "Curly" to you privileged few. No, I wasn't poisoned! After being trained all my life for this flight, you didn't think I'd be dumb enough to fall for a stupid gag like that, did you?

Right now my capsule is hurling earthward at a great velocity. But Wait! I'm slowing down! Yes, I'm going to make it, after all. I can see the ground clearly--- I'll probably set down on top of that mountain....

I made it! It looks as if I missed Russia, but wherever I am, it's sure to be better than the old Union. This place looks rather good. A lot of young people --- must be a university of some sort. Oh well, I'd better find someone in charge in order to get a physical examination. Must watch my health, you know.

What's this! Men in blue military uniforms. They're after me already! It would be better for me to go into hiding for a while....

They're not searching for me. All they seem to be interested in is riding up and down the hill in motor vehicles, in which they transport females. This can't be Russia! And, being that it's safe now, I can find a lab.

Ah! There goes a man who looks like a scientist. He's heading for a small building on the other side of this mountain. IT IS A LAB AND HE MUST BE IN CHARGE!