

Italy and Czechoslovakia Meet at a Union Rail



Imbibing sodas and making goo-goo eyes became their main summer occupation

## ORIAL UNION

CHARITY

FAILETH

NOT



## WANTED

Nudie, Newtie or Nunday, you name him. He's worth \$508,000. Turn him in. Big money.

Feminine Charms and Firearms



## GradGirl

KING BABY ON HIS THRONE



This is Bob Bennett. In 1949 he matriculated from WU, big man on campus. He took a vacation in the 18th century at WU. You can too.

Shoot your heart in the WU rifle club. Bullets free. Kill orders good, as always, until January. Join up.

# Vacation in the 18th Century.



Neither Questions Nor Answers

## WUNTEX

Wuntex University, founded in a chicken shack on the floodplain of the Kaw in 1908, later moved up the hill on a flat-bed truck and now fully flowering and fruiting there, invites the senior citizen to the clasp of its ivyied embrace.

In the histories of Wuntex, the early years of the red cross girls handing out hot dogs and beer in cups is seen as a school shame. Dr. Wunty, the founder, a wealthy automatic sox manufacturer of Detroit, requested a deletion of these years from the school yearbooks, which left no yearbook at all. He came to the records office one day where the office supervisor informed him that the yearbooks did exist. His heart lept up. He wanted to be rid of the nasty things, and soon he was asking, demanding, the books be given to him. He had remembered ordering the yearbook staff disbanded then.

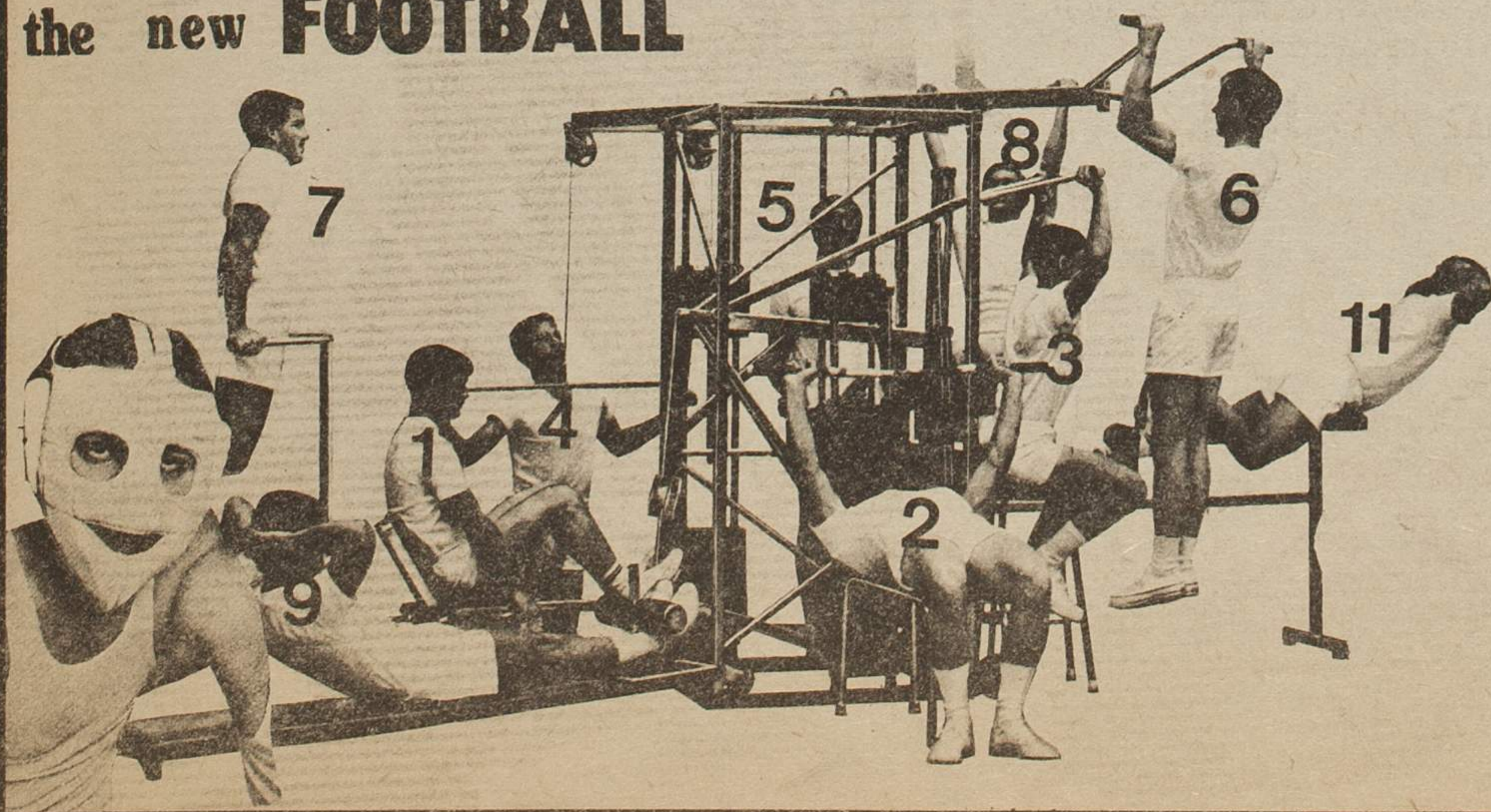
Only ten years before that, on the verge of a decade, Wunty found a Crosley station wagon in a vacant lot. He fitted it with automatic gadgets including a hot water shower working off the crankcase and an electric weenie roaster. He drove it across America, spilling his racial ideas. He was written bad checks by university heads.

Wunty's first metal structures were visible to Cheyenne. Suddenly the Students struggled out their houses and into the buses that lept and bucked like broncs across the plain to the new university. They arrived to the mere frames of dormitories, no roof, no sides, and so many died of the bad weather in semester I. Required: art typing, fecal baking, non-ferrous metals and falling.

For the brothers and sisters of the bigger City: Hi ya dwan. Yee hee, hey now. Climb in yo struggle buggy an git on ow here mans. No times to waste, the ole peoples comin now. Yow, Yow, Yow.



## the new FOOTBALL



Smack your face into a cushion or work out on a unit in the football club. 1. QB Monty drives the machine. 2. Wesker, the takle, runs the bar-bender. 3. Pozo Lamaca on the torque. 4. Hershell watches. 5. Omox standing. 6. Stan Musial, the leader. 7. Pulliver. 8. Junior D. 9. Ankle rolls demonstrated. Stomach stretching 10. The prince of the pacific coast 11. An ex-pro bowler. Football club is open to all, costs almost nothing, and drags you out of the stands and onto the field, where it is hit or be hit, like the real world

*Thrill of the year*



### SENIOR PLAY

On Friday, Mar. 21, the seniors of SHS presented "So This is Bliss." This play was a delightful comedy about the big choice many seniors are now facing, whether to continue their college, until he was left alone one weekend to run the family gas station-motel and take care of his infant nephew. Deck had customers and visitors of all types, including his finacee Marcella Payne.