

STANFORD  
*Chaparral*

MAY

1946

35c



**THREE-IN-ONE ISSUE**

AL LARSON

# Juniors

... your springboard from college to a career

## VOGUE'S 12<sup>th</sup>

### PRIX de PARIS

Vogue's PRIX DE PARIS contest for college seniors is tailor-made for you who want to try your talents for fashion, writing, merchandising, art or photography, advertising. It's Vogue's way of culling the best editorial talent from the college classes of 1947. It's your way to step straight from college into a career.

First prize is a year's job with Vogue... six months in the Paris office and six months in New York. Second prize is six months with Vogue in New York. Ten honorable mention winners are considered for jobs with other Condé Nast publications: Glamour, House & Garden, Vogue Pattern Book. The next top one hundred contestants are introduced to stores, advertising agencies and other magazines, to whom successful participation in the PRIX is an entering-wedge.

Plan now to make Vogue's PRIX DE PARIS an important part of your senior year. Save time to take it in your stride...there are four quizzes to answer, and if you're among the finalists, a 1500-word thesis to write. The art and photography division of the contest has special questions, special prizes. PRIX DE PARIS contest rules and first quiz will appear in the August 15th issue of Vogue. For additional information write to Miss Mary E. Campbell, Director Vogue's PRIX DE PARIS, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



# Rickey's Studio Club

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Volume 47, No. 6, 1945-46  
 Stanford University founded 1891  
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899  
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**The Chappies**

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Art Lites, '32	Gertrude Owlter
Jim Nute, '31	

ESTABLISHED 1899  
 ORGANIZED 1906  
 THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
 REFLECTIONS  
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

**NOW THAT** you've shelled our your thirty-five cents perhaps you are wondering "How come?" Those of you who are returning to Stanford for the first time since the days still referred to as Peacetime have probably said "How come?" in reference to many of the other changes that have taken place on the campus.

This three-in-one, specially priced super-CHAPPIE came into being because our request that CHAPPIE return to a thrice-a-quarter publication schedule was denied. It actually is what it claims to be: three issues in one.

The publication schedule of a magazine is the cornerstone of its production. On this schedule depend advertising contracts, liter-

ary and art deadlines, and publishing arrangements. When this schedule is out of the hands of the magazine staff, brother, that's the end. And CHAPPIE's schedule is not only out of the hands of the staff, but out of the hands of any student group.

It was startling enough for our phalanx of Old Boys to return and find the once free and independent CHAPARRAL tied up in a tangled skein of A.S.S.U. red tape. However, we could adjust ourselves to the annoyance of filling out forms in triplicate to buy a postage stamp; but when we found that we had to ask permission to come out on our traditional three-a-quarter basis, when that request was passed by Excom,

and when higher sources stepped in to veto Excom, then we started asking "How come?" ourselves.

No student possessed of the slightest logic has ever advocated that the students be given free rein. However, neither has any student accepted a bit so tight that it curtailed all freedom of action. When the Administration says, "Two issues is the limit" it is saying in effect, "We don't trust you to handle your student affairs. We are determined to put ourselves in a posi-

tion where we can effectively and actively manage every action that has gone under the name of student affairs. We recognize the students' rights to as little freedom of action as we can get away with giving."

A university is, or should be, founded on freedom of thought, and freedom of thought is brother to freedom of action. There is considerable difference between iron-handed rule, freedom of action, and license. We think we know that difference.

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**OPEN A SPECIAL CHECKING ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK TODAY**

She—Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?  
 He—No, I hate hospitals.

the husband who knows where the maid's quarters are.

Helen—Gosh! That sounds like a gun, and I've been afraid of firearms since birth.

—Showme

I tried to kiss her by the mill  
 One starry summer night,

John—Was your mother scared by a gun?

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickels has nothing on

She shook her head and sweetly said,  
 "No, not by a dam site." —Pelican

Helen—No, but I think my father was.  
 —Rebel

Announcing . . . the NEW *Nicholas Johnston*

**GIRL-OF-THE-MONTH contest . . .**

A complete sports outfit by KORET OF CALIFORNIA will be awarded to each winner.

selected from the GIRL-OF-THE-WEEK winners

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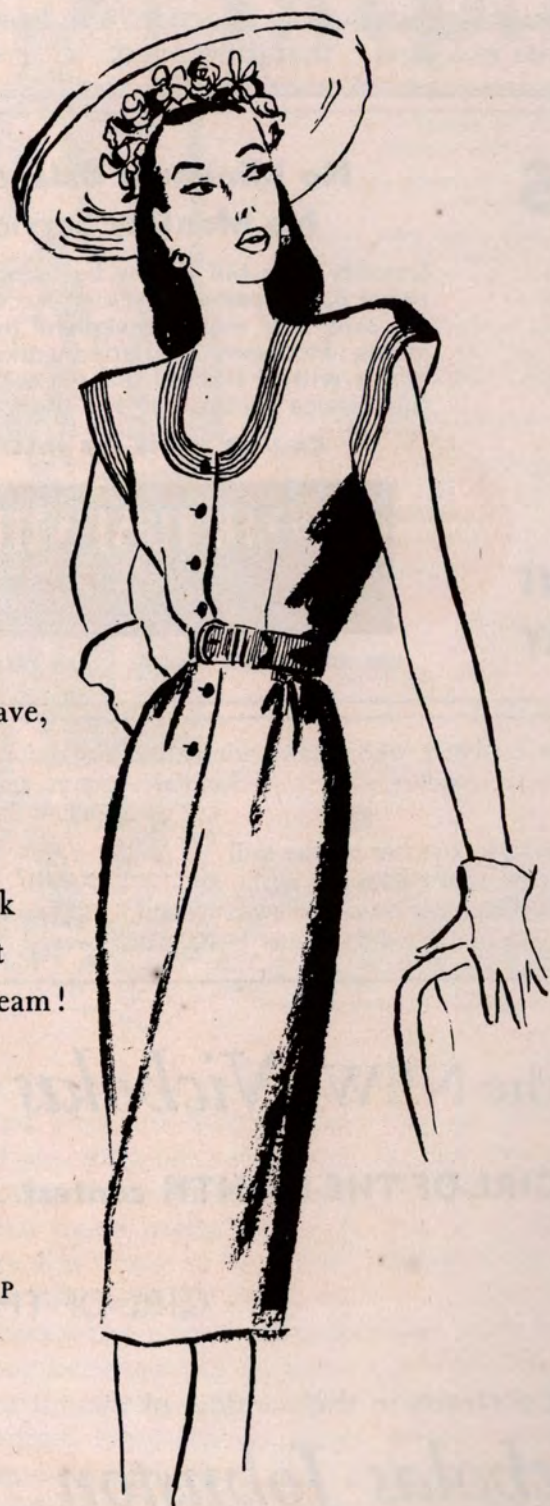
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Mark Antony made two famous speeches. One was at Caesar's grave when he said, "I came here to bury Caesar, not to praise him." The other was at Cleopatra's tent at midnight. "I didn't come here to talk," he said. —Pelican

There was an old rooster named Brewster, A vehement birth-control booster, His wives would object For they knew in effect, Brewster couldn't give like he Use-ter. —Jester

The three-year-old boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was fixing his face as he had seen her do—"You mustn't do that, dear," she said. "Only ladies use powder; gentlemen wash themselves." —Pelican

Little dog, looking up at a parking meter: "Hell! Ya gotta pay now." —Exchange

Glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning: both doing well."

On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union." —Exchange

"Some Burgundy, 1917, waiter, and some Chase and Sanborn, November 15." —Exchange

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THE OLD BOY PRESENTS THREE-IN-ONE ISSUE (from the oil of the same name) REGULAR ISSUE

Cover On the front. Queen Miss B. J. Wallace, late of the ski country, proves that life can be beautiful.

The Necklace A quaint fantasy by a newcomer to CHAPARRAL ranks. Myron Orlofsky's grandmother will never chug-a-lug again.

Dear Sam No flicks this issue. CHAPPIE offers its own scenario by Wally Thompson, also a newcomer. It is complete with moonlight, South Sea Islands, and takes place in "The Land of the Twin Volcanoes," where Carole Landis puts up a good front.

Cartoons Lots by the usual hangers-on as well as Jim Conner, another newcomer. Also, F. Q. Hewitt is back.

WURST ISSUE In tribute to a prominent Cal graduate, Billions Scandolph Wurst.

EXCHANGE ISSUE Lots funny stuff fom oll kinds odder megazins. Nemly, Woo Doo, Col-umnnnns, Veedow, Hoctapussy, Green Gender, etc. Also dat whose beak can hold more dan its belly can.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST GAG A sneel is a guy that reads the first letters of each line of a poem vertically. to see if they spell out dirty words. Sent in by Sherman Johnstone, 3064 Richmond Blvd., Oakland, California.

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"Darling, I could sit here and do nothing but look at you forever."

"That is what I'm beginning to think!"

—Pennant

From la France jair vuz vunce ze young man

Zat got fresh on ze beach at ze Cannes.

Said ze Mademoiselle,

"Eh! Monsieur, Vot ze hell!

Stay away from vair eet ees not sun-tan!"

—Masquerader

Two English gentlemen were standing waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said: "Oh, I say, what do you know about that, here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said: "By Jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

—Pelican

An old lady who was about to die told her niece to bury her in her black dress but to cut the back out and make herself a dress.

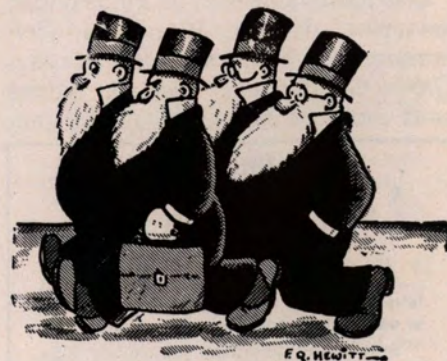
"Oh, Aunt Mary," said the niece, "I don't want to do that. When you and Uncle Charley walk up the golden stairs, I don't want people to see you without any back in your dress." To which the old lady replied, "They won't be looking at me. I buried your Uncle Charley without his pants."

—Lyre

WAVE—I'm telling you for the last time, you can kiss me.

Bluejacket—Fine, I knew you'd weaken sooner or later.

—Log



"Have you seen *The Outlaw* yet?"

Three freshmen upon entering Rickey's to sit at their usual table found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first frosh proceeded, "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why, that's nothing," said the next one. "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from her table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastids please pass the salt?"

—Frivol

Visitor—Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?

Landlady—Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman.

—Pelican

Lady—I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.

Polite Clerk—Yes, ma'am, white kid?

Lady—Sir!

—Old Maid

Nice Old Lady—How are you children getting along?

Small Boy—Fine. Tony wants to be a gangster and Jane wants to be a chorus girl.

Nice Old Lady—What about Joe?

Small Boy—Oh, we had to kill him; he wanted to go to Cal.

—Rebel

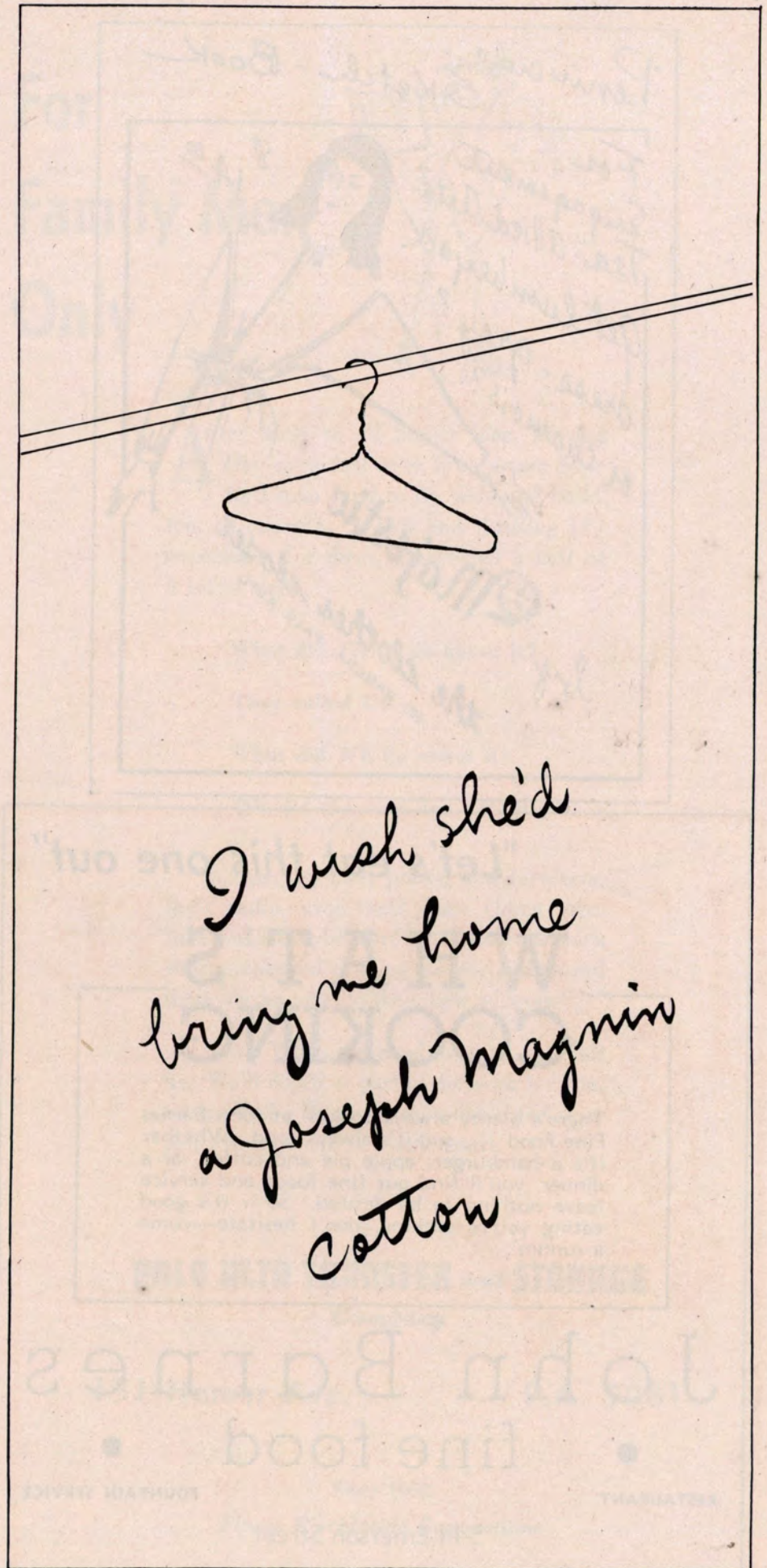
"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who cannot bear children."

"Well," remarked a kindly old lady, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband."

—Rebel

By Everett B. Morris  
Ohio State, palladin of the Big Ten, subdued impuissant Harvard, 46 to 38.

—N.Y. Herald-Tribune  
Keerist! what a sensation!



*I wish she'd  
bring me home  
a Joseph Magnin  
cotton*

Peninsula Sketch-Book

For Engagement Tea: Allied Arts  
Get lumberjack dress-grey?  
or chamois?



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"I'm going to quit going with engineers, they leave blueprints on my neck."

"Yeah—but lawyers are always contesting your will."

—Gargoyle

Teacher to frosh—Conjugate the verb "to drink."

Frosh—Drink, drink, drink, drink, fried to the gills.

—Rebel

Give a chorus girl an inch and she's got a costume.

—Log

Never trust a girl who says she loves you more than anyone else in the world. It proves she has been experimenting.

—Rebel

Customer—I'd like some rat poison, please.

Clerk—Will you take it with you?

Customer—No, I'll send the rats over after it!

—Draper Inmate

"Oh," said Maizie gushingly, "I had the most gorgeous time last night. I met a new man and he invited me to a wonderful dinner at his apartment. After dinner, he showed me a dozen mink coats and asked me to choose one for myself."

"How perfectly adorable," gurgled Myrtle, "and what did you have to do?"

"Just shorten the sleeves," said Maizie.

—Scarlet Fever



"Axe, Shmax! What are you going to do with an axe out here?"

"Let's eat this one out"

# WHAT'S COOKING

There's plenty always cookin' at John Barnes Fine Food . . . and it's always good. Whether it's a hamburger, apple pie and coffee, or a dinner, you'll find our fine foods and service leave nothing to be desired. So if it's good eating you're seeking, don't hesitate—come a-runnin'.

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## For Family Men Only



As IT MUST to all family men, Moving Day came last week to a certain Stanford man (and to his wife and child, too, of course). A new and thrilling (?) experience for them, it involved a hell of a lot of work.

What did THEY do about it?

They called US.

What did WE do about it?

WE did the work for THEM.

We packed their books, and furniture, their radio, even their coats (hung them in a wardrobe box brought along for such short, unpacked clothing moves) and moved them across town to their new address.

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It was the first time she had been to dinner with them, and they smiled indulgently as she refused a Scotch and soda.

"I never touched it in my life," she explained.

"Why not try it?" urged her host. "See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented, and he poured her out a mixture which she delicately put to her lips.

After the first swallow she frowned and placed the glass on the table. "This isn't Scotch, it's bourbon!"

—Exchange

They stood beneath the mistletoe,  
He knew not what to do—  
For he was only five feet tall,  
And she was six feet two.

—Gargoyle

Girls, when they went out to swim,  
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard.  
Now they have a bolder whim,  
And dress more like her cupboard.

—Pelican

"Do you think I'm fast?"

"No, I think you're half fast."

—Exchange

## GROUP PICTURES?

Call us if you want a fine picture made of the "gang" before graduation.

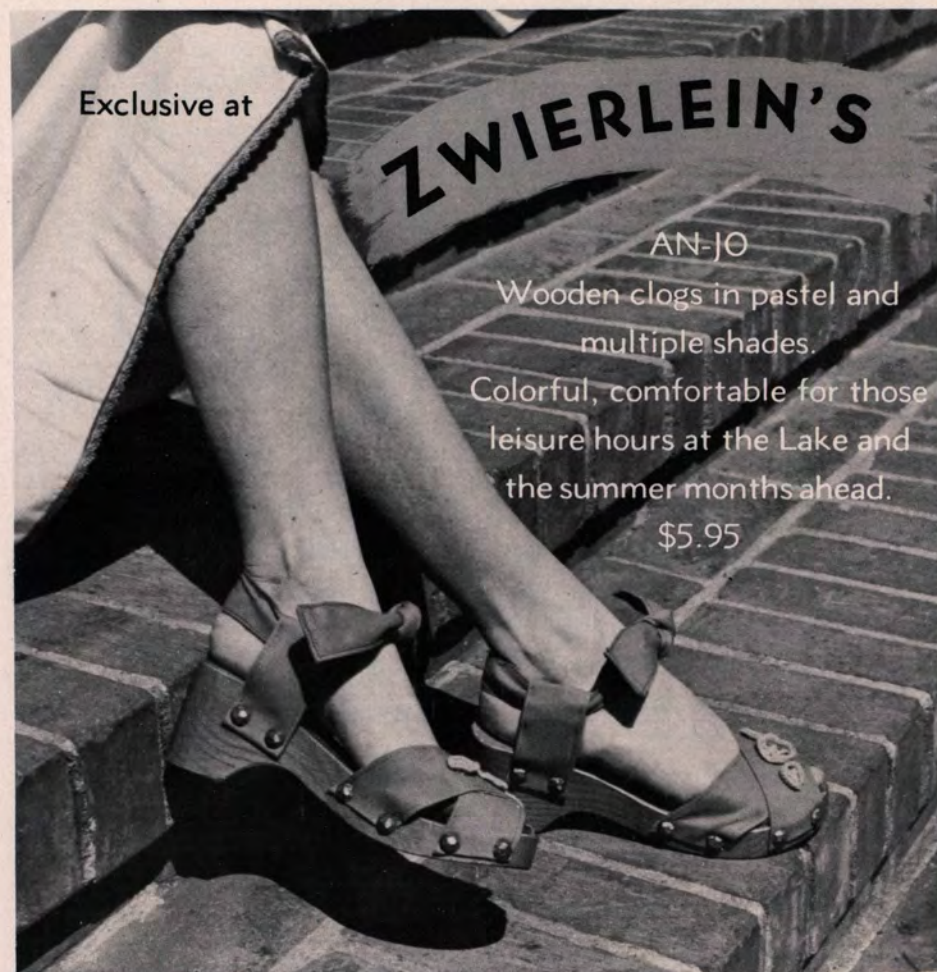
## AWAY FROM HOME?

Then you'll want a photo made in your mortar board and cape to send to the folks!

Call Palo Alto 4204  
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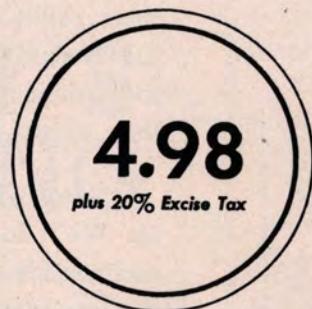
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Domestic Soul—The way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Warm One—Yes, but when one has sex appeal, why bother to make that detour?

—Pelican

"Lady, you'll have to pay half-fare for that boy."

"But, conductor, he's only four years old."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years."

"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

—Exchange

Irate Co-ed—Say, what's the big idea following me, anyway? Haven't you ever seen anyone like me before?

Frosh—Yeah, but I had to pay four bits.

—Columns

An unobtrusive gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for . . . Autumn?"

—Lampoon

Customer (having a rough shave)—I say, barber, have you another razor?

Barber—Yes, why?

Customer—I want to defend myself.

—Owl



"Let's you and I go around together, baby."

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CARL GANSCHOW

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Girl—I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed.

Roommate—But looking down from the window I don't see a thing.

Girl—I know, not from there. But put this chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see.

—Voo Doo

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—Gargoyle

Two old maids went for a tramp in woods. The tramp escaped.

—Gargoyle



If Your Sport Is—

**TENNIS**

OR

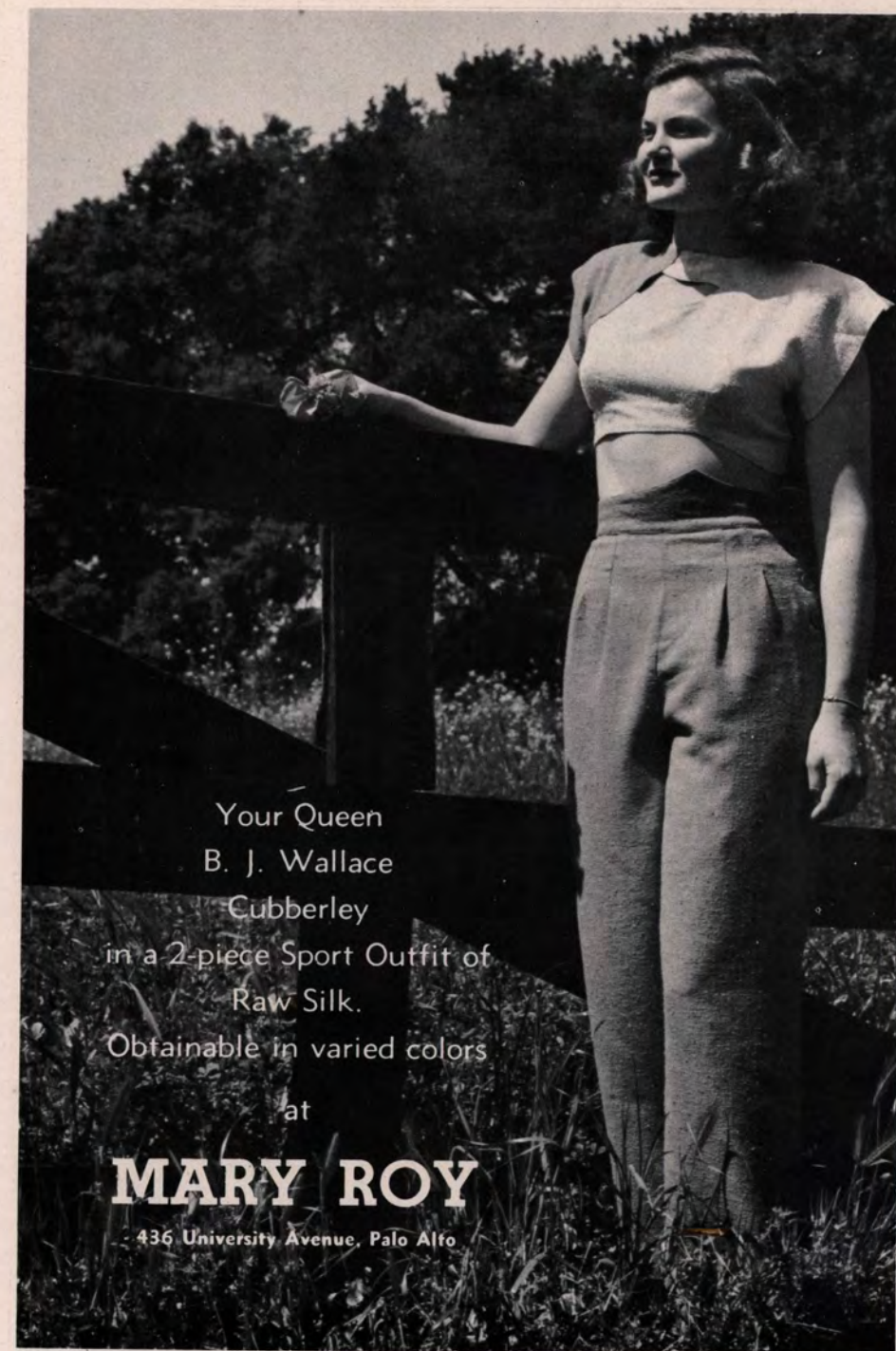
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**Lundin-  
McBride**

Bob Symons

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."  
Professor: "What does he want?"  
—Archive

"What color bathing suit was she wearing?"  
"I couldn't tell. She had her back turned."  
—Log

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt too?"  
"Yeah. If she gets a chance, she's apt to."  
—Rebel

The automobile motor began to pound, and finally stopped. The worried boy friend said to his companion: "I wonder what the knock could be?"  
"Maybe," said the blond girl friend, "it's opportunity."  
—Rebel

Med Student—I want to change the death certificate I gave you yesterday.  
Med Prof—What's wrong?  
Med Student—I signed my name in the space marked cause of death.  
—Ski-U-Mah

A drunk came into the bar, sat down, ordered a beer, and was drinking it when in through the door came a horse.

The horse sat down and ordered a Martini. The bartender mixed it for him and set it down in front of him.  
"You forgot the olive," said the horse.

"Sorry," said the bartender, and he dropped an olive into the drink.

The horse then drank the Martini and walked out.

Calling the bartender over, the drunk said, "That's strange."

"Oh, no," said the barkeep, "I often forget the olive."  
—Log

She was working in chemical warfare when she met the man who was to make her eligible to be a member of an Army Officers Wives' Club. She laughs as she recalls their first meeting. "It was a blind date—and when I met him I thought he was a goon. But after that first meeting—well he was the only man in the world for me."  
—San Francisco Chronicle

**Well, birds of a feather!**

# Chaparral

'Twas in Stenford's sonny clime,  
What it's used to spand our time,  
In da soivice of his mejisty da dean,  
Every month it givs ha hissue  
Wit no chintzing on da tissue,  
Plenty gegs in CHAPPIE's famous  
megezine.

Comes da war, da steff's depleted,  
Before Germany's defeated  
We are woiking wit a mizzly skelton  
crew,  
What was once tree times a kwodder  
Sunk to almost under wodder,  
Went to wan a kwodder, dan came  
op to two.

Now da Japanzis had it  
To the watrans go da cradit  
And we'd like to giff them tree once  
more agenn;  
Wit da Hexcom its agribble,  
Chost like housing in da Dibble,  
Bot it sims da problem chost ain't op  
to dem.

So giffs consulting wit da powers,  
In Hadministration's towers  
T'mek da megezine's position some-  
what blesseder.  
To our surprise da henswer's no  
Not two bot one, we got to go,  
Dis is it and all we got to say is "Yes-  
sider."

So prepare for ha saprise,  
Giffs it here before your eyes  
Wots resulting fomm our igger leedle  
spree;  
Since dey hald us donn to wan  
Den we tought we'd have our fon,  
So it's here not wan, not two, but  
(count 'em) tree!

—Novikoff, Rieser, and Shelton







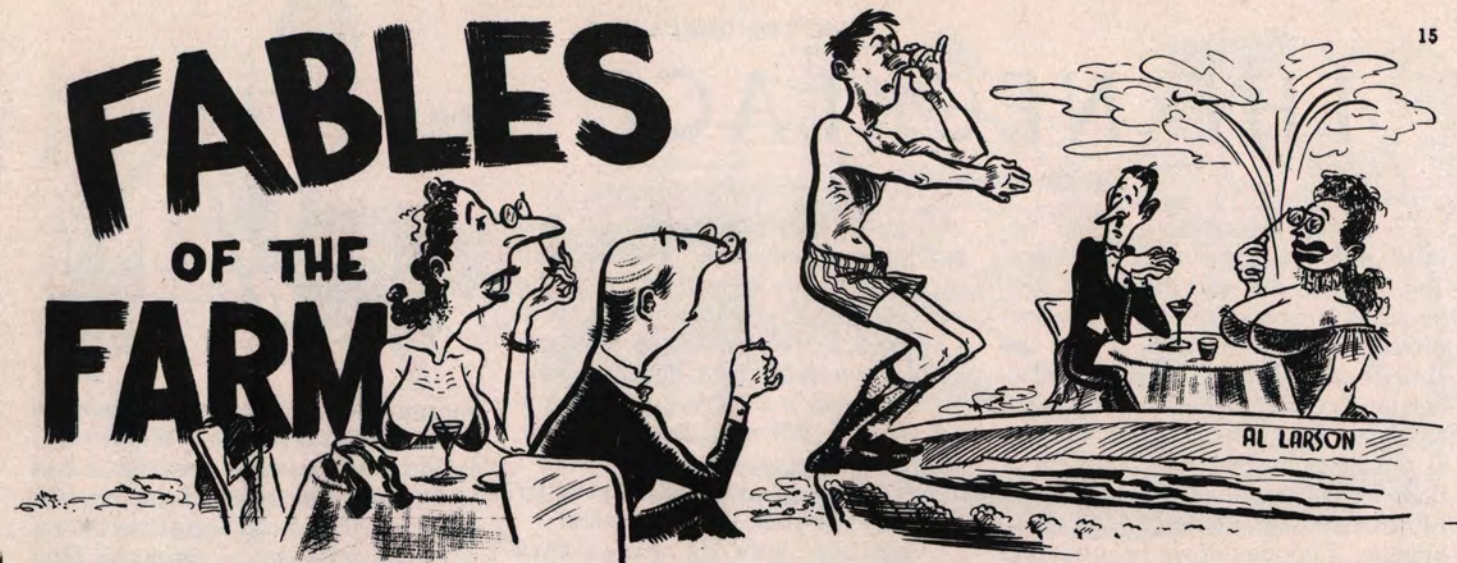
Portrait by Lawrence Studio

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

*B. J. Wallace*

QUEEN OF THE MONTH

# FABLES OF THE FARM



## What, No Esther Williams?

One of the more rugged of Stanford's returnees broke up the show at the Tonga Room last Saddy night about ten o'clock.

With two companions, he had been drinking all evening. One of the boys turned to our rugged character and bet him a hundred skins he wouldn't jump into the pool.

The rugged character downed a quick double Scotch and soda, stripped down to his shorts and shoes and made for the pool. An assistant manager stopped him and told him no drunks were allowed to jump in the pool. The character told the flunky about the hundred skins so said flunky gave him a big grin and stood aside.

The Farmer jumped on the rail and made a nice dive into the pool, startling the orchestra so much that the music died off in a strangled squawk. Our character—he used to be a fighter pilot—turned around and paddled slowly to the shore amid the plaudits of the crowd of some 1,500 which jammed the joint.

He then dashed for the men's room and put his clothing back on while his two friends talked the manager and three assistant managers out of having our friend arrested for indecent exposure.

They were thrown out of the place a few minutes later when they tried to buy a drink to celebrate the collection of the hundred.

## "Really, I'd love to, but . . ."

A lad we know phoned an old friend in San Francisco, and after the usual introductory remarks, he asked her out for the following evening.

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I've made other plans."

"Cancel 'em," our boy said, "cancel 'em!"

"Really I can't," she said; "I'd love to go out with you tomorrow night . . . but I'm getting married tomorrow afternoon."

## Not a Prerequisite

With the quarterly shift in housing a group of co-eds moved next door to a men's hall. Unperturbed, the men continued to run throughout the house in various stages of undress.

Their new neighbors sent them a note, which read, "Your course in anatomy is not appreciated."

Back went the men's answer: "The course is not compulsory."

## Hmmmmmmmm!

Palo Alto's on-the-ball Chamber of Commerce has just issued a map of Paly, on the back of which is listed all the members of the C. of C., according to business or institution. For

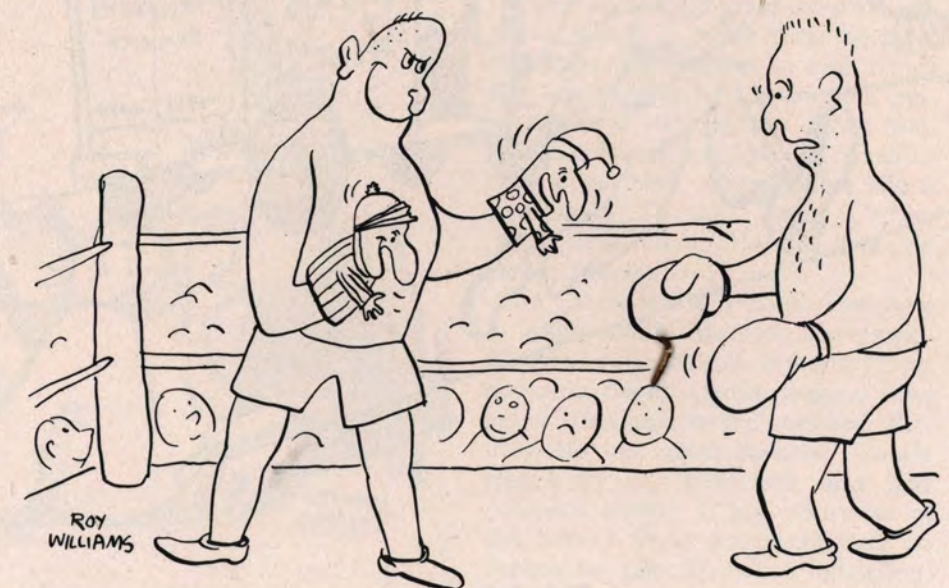
example, under "Real Estate" come all the real estate men, etc. The interesting item about the whole thing is that under "Service Stations" are listed Miss Harker's School, the Castilleja School for Girls, and the Palo Alto Secretarial School.

## Elephants (and Stanford) Never Forget

In the fall of 1940 one of our friends received a traffic ticket, and after going the way of all offenders he was sentenced to twenty hours' work at the "Con Home" and was given two quarters in which to complete his sentence.

At the end of the second quarter he was sticken with pneumonia and was forced to drop out of school. After recovering he went to work "on the outside." He worked for about two and a half years when he joined the U.S. Army's Intelligence Service. Two and a half more years of knock-

(Continued on page 42)



# THE NECKLACE

By Myron Orlofsky

I was very young when I first noticed my grandmother's necklace. The day was hot, and the whole family sat in our backyard under the cool protection of the maples. It was the kind of day when everyone feels listless and everything seems to droop and sag. I had been digging in my sandbox, but soon grew weary of that and decided to sit down and rest. My grandmother sat in her soft chair, knitting. I flopped down near her and lay in the cool, soft grass with my eyes shut.

When I opened my eyes again, I felt very strange. The sun was shining down on my grandmother. Her soft face looked like a new penny—copper-colored and strong—but yet there was something about her that terrified me; made me quiver with disgust. Suddenly I realized that it was the blood-red necklace around her neck. It looked like a varicose vein hanging from her flesh—fat with blood. The sun seemed to set it off from the rest of her. I realized that I had never seen my grandmother

without that necklace, without that horrible red necklace. This thought occurred to me only now, with the sun shining down so brightly on it. I wanted to scream and run to my mother, away from the horrible necklace; but my curiosity held me motionless. I felt my heart beating, pounding against my chest. Then I heard my voice, which sounded so far away and strange, ask a question.

"Grandma, why do you always wear that necklace?"

Everyone stopped what he was doing and looked at me. Everything was quiet except for the song of a bird perched on the topmost limb of a tree. When I asked the question, the knitting needles dropped from her fingers and her hand went quickly to her neck, to the horrible necklace. There was a look of surprise and terror on her countenance for a single moment and then it passed and she smiled.

"You are never to ask about this necklace again," she said with much strength in her voice.



From that moment on, the necklace became an obsession. Wherever I went I saw its bulging scarlet. I had to find out the secret of this strange ornament. Why did she always wear it, touching the skin of her neck? Why did she forbid me to ask about it? I would wait, I would be patient—some day I would find out.

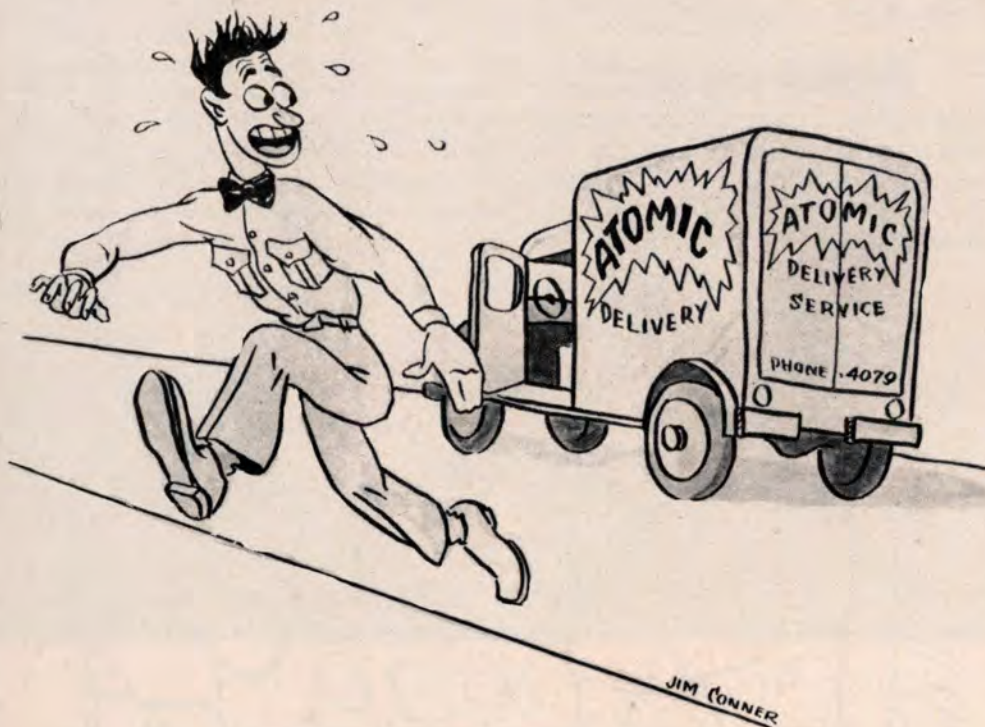
Then one day I had my chance. The whole family had gone visiting, leaving only me and my grandmother alone in the house. I sat in the living-room near the fireplace, watching the crackling logs flame. Grandma read. From the corner of my eye I could see her nod, and finally her eyes closed. She slept.

As I watched her peacefully dozing, the terror of the necklace gripped me. I decided I would take the necklace off her neck now, while she slept, and examine it. I could replace it without waking her. If only I could feel it in my fingers, and turn it over in my hands. I had never seen my grandmother's throat free of that horrible red band. I rose quietly and walked toward her. The clasp was at the back of her neck. I stood and stared at it for several seconds; I could only think of unfastening the clasp.

Silently, slowly, cautiously, my fingers moved toward the necklace and the clip. There were beads of perspiration on my forehead, and I felt a trifle dizzy. Just a few more inches and I would have it in my fingers. I held my breath. The clasp—a little more to the right.

My fingers touched the necklace and a chill shot through my body. It felt warm with the warmth of her throat and skin. The clasp—now I had it. Warm and smooth between my fingertips, I unclipped it and removed the necklace.

Grandmother stirred. I froze, but she opened her eyes and turned. She saw the necklace in my hands. Terrorized she reached for her neck, but it was too late . . . grandmother's head rolled gently to the floor.



Tick, tick, tick . . .

# Dear Sam

By Wally Thompson

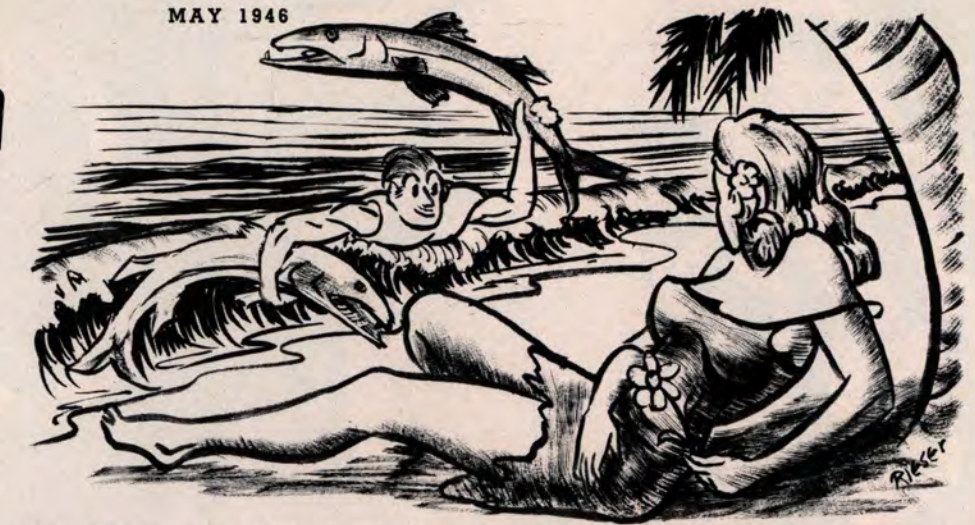
Mr. Samuel Goldwyn  
Goldwyn Studios  
Hollywood

DEAR SAM:

Prepare yourself for something terrific. I have just finished a new story, and as far as my former output is concerned, this tops them all. Never again will you say that I am being paid for dusting chairs with my posterior. Sammy boy, this'll kill you! But to cease beating up the proverbial tree . . .

This story is the greatest thing to hit Hollywood. It's close to unbelievable. I want you should run quick over to Warner's and borrow Errol Flynn (a natural for the male lead) and Carole Landis (a natural). No one else could handle the leads the way Carole and Errol could. After all, I wrote the story with them in mind, practically.

First and foremost, let me say without fear of contradiction that I believe we should do away with all foolish ideas about titles. Let me be explicit. Just what the hell do titles like *Gone with the Wind* or *Forever Amber* have to do with their respectful pictures? "Be frank!" is what I always say. Come right out with a good, solid



title. That's why I have entitled my story *Sex*.

Just think, Sam. Grauman's, packed to the eves. Across the Boulevard *Sex* in six-foot letters. The *première* starts. Flynn goes into the theater. Women faint. Mothers snatch their daughters out of harm's way. Then Landis gets out of her convertible and bounces into the theater. Men drool. Basic emotions are unveiled. Let me say, Sam, in all modesty, it's sensational.

The plot concerns a voyage to Tahiti. Carole is the wife of a poinciana planter returning to her husband after a six months' shopping trip and rabble rousing in the States. She hates him. She hates life on a poinciana plantation. She wants excitement, thrills, love! (Montage of Frisco and the bay—moonlight, the bridges, skyline

against the sunset, Carole standing at the rail, looking longingly at Coit Tower.)

The yacht sails on toward Tahiti. Beautiful shots of rolling clouds and sea (symbolic of frustration). Then a storm blows up. It's magnificent! Forty-foot waves, waterspouts, isobars, whirlpools. (Get DeMille for this.) The ship breaks up and Carole finds herself on a raft with the second mate, an old sea dog with leukemia. (We could borrow Barry Fitzgerald for the part.) He repulses her. (Repulsion.) She becomes delirious and pushes him to the sharks. The old salt sinks to a watery grave. (Montage of dorsal fins and blood on the water.) She passes out.

Then we fan in on a beautiful beach. Carole is lying underneath a beat-up palm tree. She regains consciousness. "How did I get here? Who hauled me up from the water?" She's frightened. Then she sees a footprint in the sand—a shoe print. Only one person would wear brogues on a desert island. It's Flynn!

Then suddenly Errol himself appears. (Lust.) He rides in on the crest of a wave, a barracuda in each hand. The wave tosses him at Carole's feet. He looks at her, starting at her feet, then slowly going up, up. Finally their eyes meet. Flynn offers her a cigarette. "Thanks," says Carole. "Uh," says Errol. He has lost his facility of speech.

So Carole starts to teach him how to speak again. Exciting days pass. (Shots of swimming in lagoons, Flynn spearing bores, Carole making lava lava.) It's a lush, tropic paradise. But, they are just good buddies. Carole sleeps in her hammock and Eric Johnston sleeps in his. (Survival of the fittest.) Then one night they go fishing for poi. There's a full moon.



"I only drinks to be sociable."

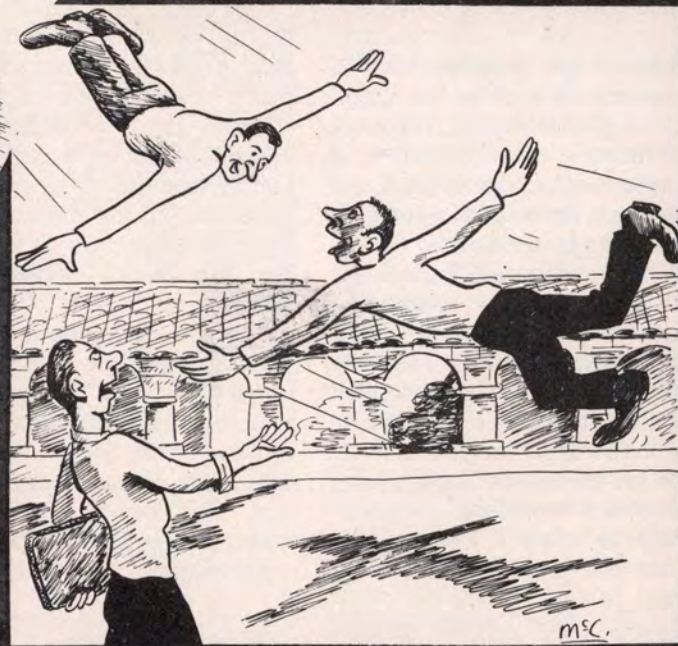
(Continued on page 44)

# Our

# Stuffs



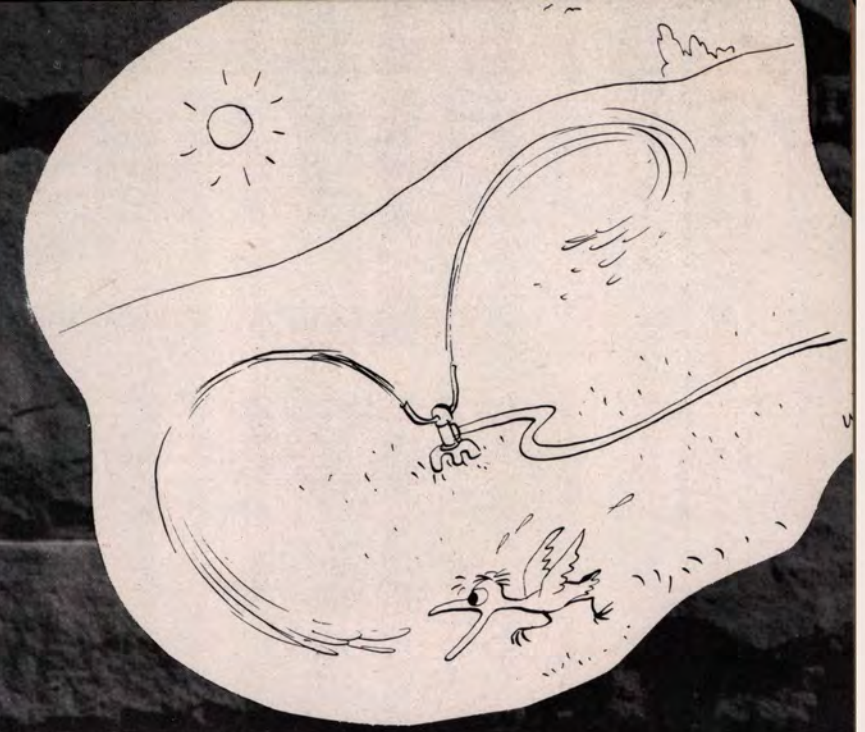
"He doesn't get many hits, but the walks are astounding!"



"Don't you guys talk about anything but flying?"



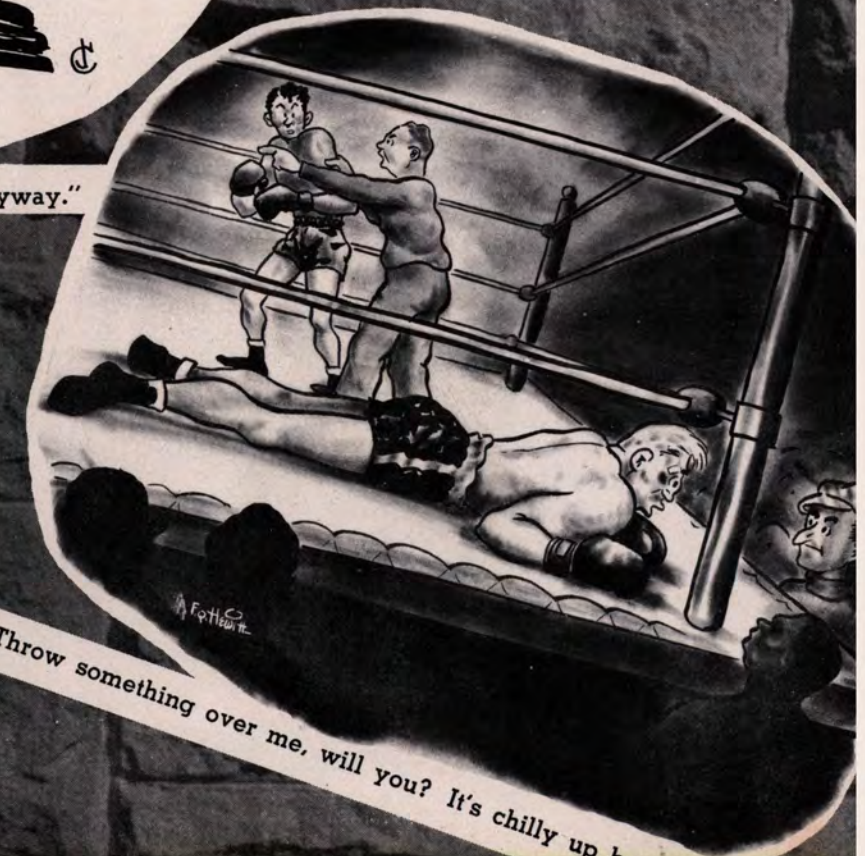
"Don't you talk about anything but flying?"



"Well, they're convenient anyway."

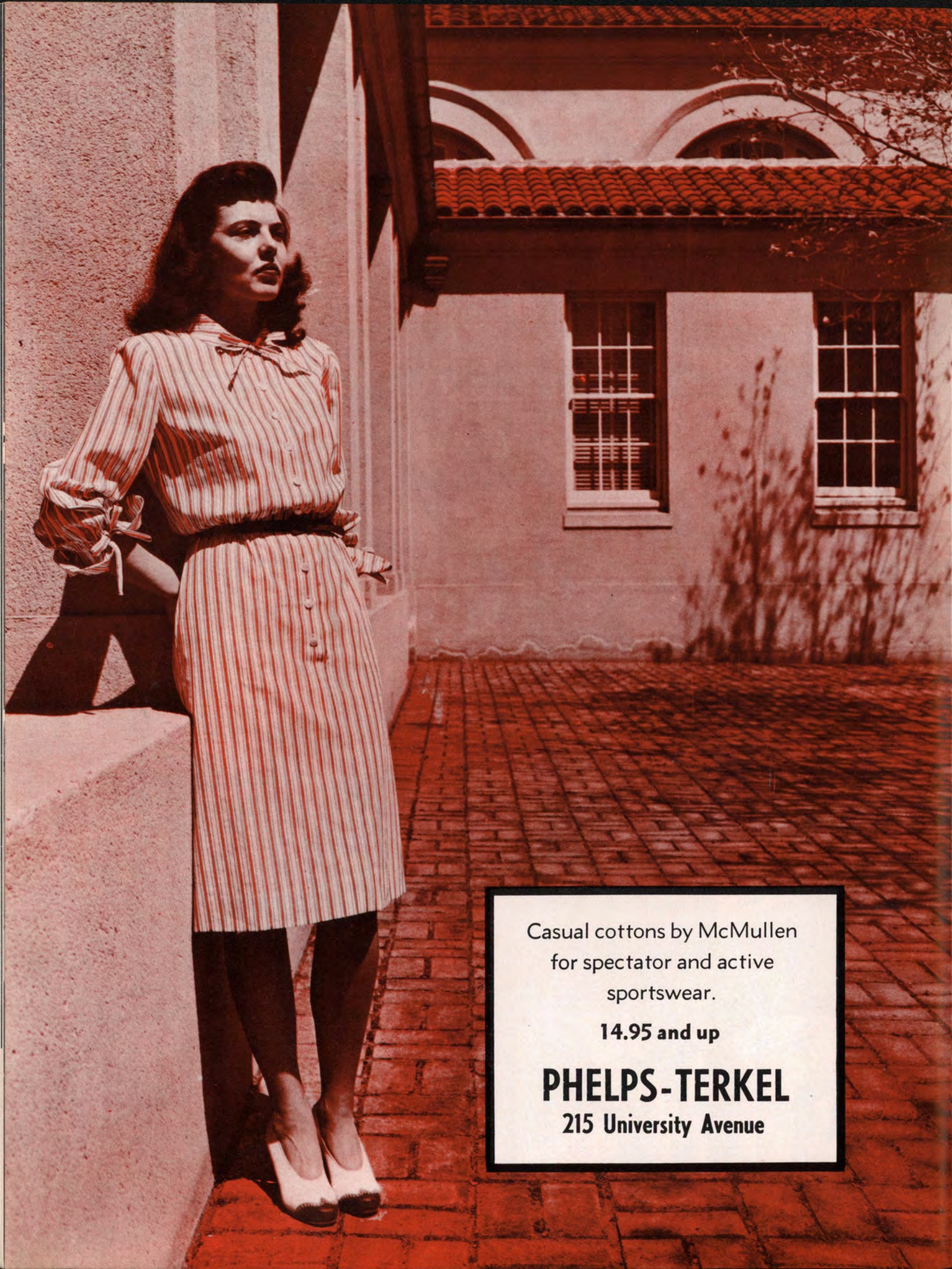


"Curtain going up!"



"Throw something over me, will you? It's chilly up here."



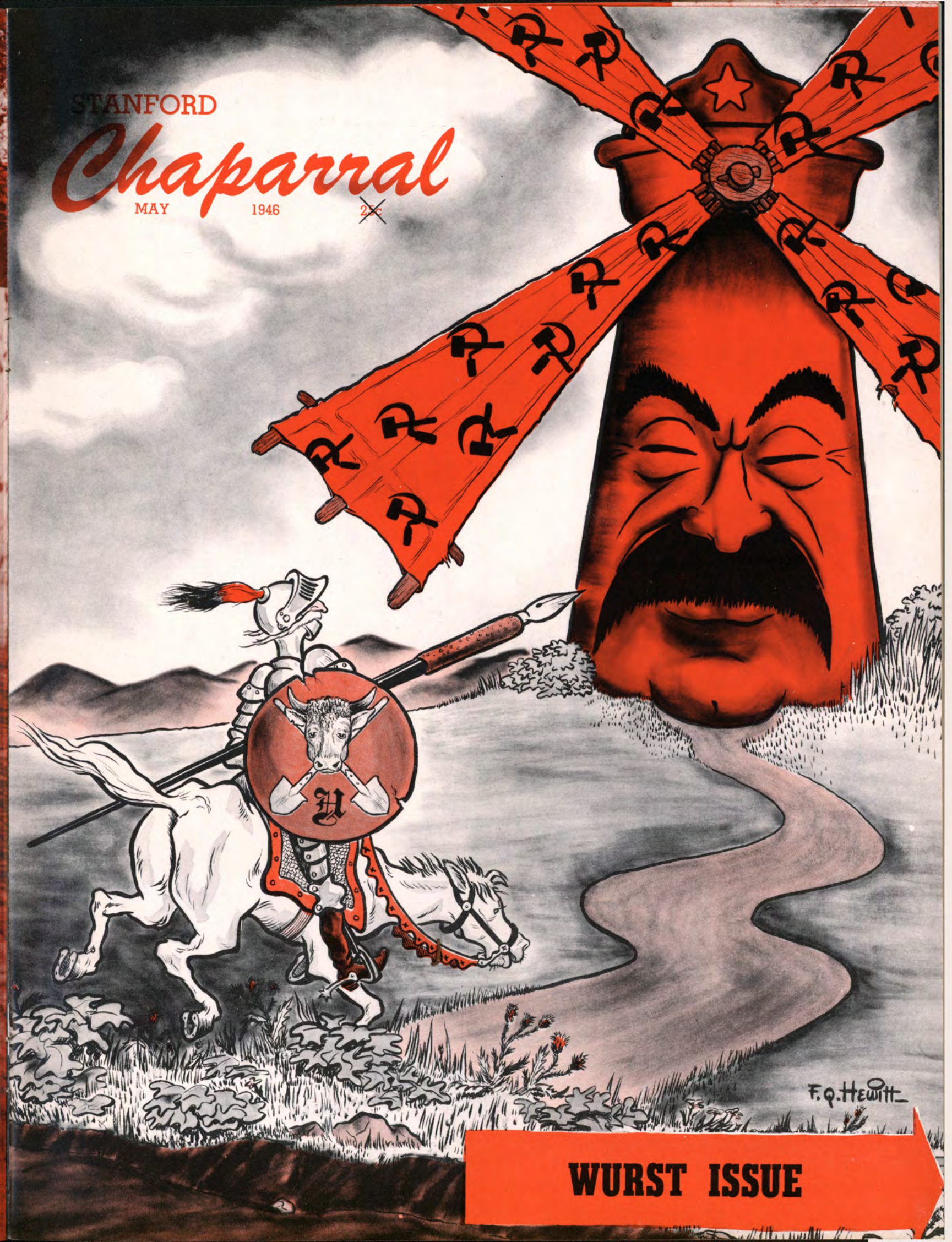


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**WURST ISSUE**

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**CAMPUS GARAGE**



**THE OLD BOY  
PRESENTS**

**The Drofnats Bull-Calliten**

*Publisher:* Billions Scandolph Wurst  
*Editor:* Grunion Schmeckenklipp  
*Hawaiian Business Manager:* Puneo Welikahau  
*Asst. Circ. Manager:* Takimoto Funk  
*Vascular Circ. Manager:* Arterial V. Capillary  
*Janitorial Staff:* Barney Shpetnikoff and Ries Allensteif

**FREE SPEECH**

Well, it's wave the bloody flag, boys,  
And damn the Bolshie Reds,  
And note the sounds of riot, boys,  
And check beneath the beds.

Oh it's drat the heathen Chinees,  
And curse the Hindus, too,  
And it's smack the blimey Limey,  
And watch the treach'rous Jew.

For it's lynch the rapine Nigger  
And Dago, Frog, and Fritz;  
And we'll cut a handsome figger  
As we're dining at the Ritz.

So let's forget the physics, Jack—  
Let's go and slake our thirst,  
For chain-reaction day at least  
Gets rid of Scandolph Wurst.



"What do you feather your love nest  
with, Dr. Schmeckenklipp?"



The place where  
your reflection  
shows fat or lean  
neat and clean  
can be seen at

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GLASS CO.**

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**Drofnats Bull-Calliten**

SHRDLU

VOL. I, NO. 1

DROFNATS, WEDS., MAY 29, 1946

PRICE: FREE WJT DA CHEPPIE

**DROFNATS SEX SCANDAL**

*Lecherous Living at Lagunita*



Peek-A-Boo Penguin being unavailable, special Wurst Models appear in a pose characteristic of Miss Schmeckenklipp and her escort, probably.

**SLAUGHTER ON CAMPUS  
FLAYED BY ST. BERNARD**

At one of the most stirring and well-attended mass meetings in the history of the Bay area, a group of distinguished canine socialites last night voiced their protest at the wanton, inanimal behavior of Drofnats U., one

During the intermission, Billions Scandolph Wurst was awarded a plaque as man's best friend.

Quivering with indignation, Dachshund Grunion Schmeckenklipp spiritedly revealed that vivisection, in its most horrible form, was a common practice at the institution.

"Some of the victims are nothing but quivering bundles of pain for weeks on end," he said, referring to the unbestly use of human specimens in the biology laboratory. "We don't object so much to the use of canine cadavers in the medical school. Many of us, after all, are quite willing to give our earthly remains for the advancement of science.

"But," and his voice dramatically rose as Schmeckenklipp continued, "the continued use of dog's best friend, the man, is beyond defense. Let us charitably recall that human beings are just like dogs, under the skin."

The evening's program concluded with the award of an engraved fur-lined feeding-bowl to Mr. Wurst, who was commended as having performed the year's outstanding service in defending man against sadistic vivisection.

**DOG-FACED BOY  
BITES SELF**

Joe Schmeer, famed Drofnats "dog-faced boy," was reported to have bitten himself early yesterday morning. According to reliable sources, Schmeer, affectionately called "the walking fur coat" by many friends, mistook his arm for a wad of chocolate cotton candy and bit himself. Doctors here expect Schmeer to recover, barring rabies.

**COUNCIL BLASTS STUDENT ORGY  
WILD SEX PARTY FLAYED**

In a last-minute desperate attempt to quell what appeared to be one of the wildest sex orgies since the "hip flask" days of the 'twenties, the Women's Council of Drofnats University sentenced fellow-student Grunette Schmeckenklipp to one of the severest penalties in Drofnats history.

**KADAVER KIDNAPED  
FROM ANATOMY LAB**

Med Students  
Probe Snatch

Medical students today investigated the disappearance of a cadaver from the Anatomy Department morgue. Moldy Figaro, pre-med from Deathly, Ill., told a Bull-Calliten reporter, "We've got to get that body back! My watch is in its cranial cavity, and I don't know what time it is!"

Early tips led the searchers to Rosumpty's where someone reported seeing a stiff under a table. Further investigation revealed she was a Drofnats Daily big wig.

Later, Figaro declared, the probe party followed a clue to the Memorial Auditorium. Again they met disappointment, for the alleged stiff turned out to be merely a Ram's Head straight man.

While one group of searchers investigated the dummies in the Cellar bridge games, another party of specialists were analyzing some suspiciously human bones found in the Cellar garbage cans.

Davy Gordis, campus flat tire, felt confident that the kidnaper would be soon apprehended. Remembering his work on the recent axe thefts, Gordis said, "This snatch is a tough case, but we'll get 'em. I'm sure it's an inside job."

At present the investigators are following up an overheard conversation which indicates the criminal may be a hermit named David, who evidently lives in a cavern somewhere near the River Pee Dee.

**WURST GETS PLAQUE**

Billions Scandolph Wurst was awarded a plaque yesterday for having been awarded more plaques by his newspapers than any other publisher of his newspapers.

Following a wild party that lasted into the wee hours of last Sunday morning, Miss Schmeckenklipp, reeling from the effects of Chapel Board punch and accompanied by a riding companion, returned to her dormitory.

Although the curvaceous blonde Grunette, senior from Sausalito, insisted that not once was her conduct "unbecoming that of a Drofnats student," Women's Council, forced to action by the publication of the scandalous party, reliably established that Miss Schmeckenklipp, having disregarded all convention, left the Chapel Board meeting at 1:20 a.m.

Because of the compactness of the Drofnats campus, tradition has established that girls due home at 1:30 do not leave functions before 1:24. However, over forty witnesses testified that at 1:15 Miss Schmeck-

**BULLETIN** — According to a late INS report from Athens, Greek forces are said to be advancing toward the Persian armies from the rear and a major battle is expected to take place somewhere in the vicinity of Marathon.

enklipp was seen in the Powder Room as she prepared to leave.

Ken Bobbedy, student gumshoe, told the Council that he chanced to look at his watch as Miss Schmeckenklipp left the function.

"I would swear that it was nowhere near twenty-four after."

Mr. Bobbedy then began to swear. It was further established that Miss Schmeckenklipp arrived at her dormitory well after the actual closing hour.

Fearing that Miss Schmeckenklipp's action would herald a period of vile licentiousness, Women's Council found her guilty and sentenced her to a lock-in.

The Sunday morning episode marked Miss Schmeckenklipp's second four-minute lock-out of the quarter.

Ye who imbibeth of a full tankard of Nut Brown October Ale at Rosumpy's; Yea verily Ye shall never reach Mora's. Go Ye forth and sin no more! Sic Transit Schmansit.

-- The Right Rev. G. Schmeckenklipp

Chaos in Cellar



Cellar Chaos

COMMUNIST, TOTALITARIAN, RED, RUSSIAN COMMUNISM has reared its ugly head again! A blight has appeared on the glorious tree that is STANFORD! The STANFORD CELLAR, long a cesspool of political unrest, has inaugurated another of its nefarious schemes to DESTROY CAPITALISM AT STANFORD—it is a VILE SCHEME that may even threaten the political stability of the entire nation. Up until recently, the COMMUNIST TOTALITARIAN RED CELLAR served iced tea and iced coffee with the regular lunch and dinner at no extra cost. Now, taking advantage of the confusion brought about by the end of the war, STALIN-LIKE CLAUDE STRAUSS in an UNDEMOCRATIC, UNAMERICAN, BUREAUCRATIC MANEUVER has begun a campaign to destroy free enterprise by charging FIVE CENTS EXTRA for iced tea and coffee. Strauss's aim is twofold; first, he plans to destroy free enterprise and thus bring about chaos and unrest, giving AMPLE OPPORTUNITY for the Reds and their FELLOW TRAVELERS to communitize America, the last hope of a WAR-WEARY WORLD. The SECOND AIM of Strauss's evil plan is a more or less "soak the rich" scheme. Increased COST OF LIVING will tax the resources of Stanford Capitalists and may bring about the disintegration of many great FORTUNES. IT IS IMPERATIVE TO STANFORD AND DEMOCRACY that Strauss be stopped at once. We must NOT delay. Tomorrow the COMMUNIST TOTALITARIAN RED CELLAR may rule the world and it will be too late. DEMOCRACY must not be caught napping—it must fight back. So write to your Congressman today. WRITE TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES. Write to this great American paper, which is a bulwark of DEMOCRACY. Don't DELAY, write TODAY. Get in on this big AMERICANISM campaign, and win a 14-KARAT GOLD-PLATED Americanism Button and an autographed four-color picture of Billions Scandolph Wurst. We must wipe-out STRAUSS and the COMMUNIST TOTALITARIAN RED CELLAR once and for all.

ODE TO DEMOCRATIC DEMOCRACY

Or The Only Americanism is American Americanism- By L. Sontag Shinbunny Oh the Democratic DEMOCRACY, that is the STANFORD SPIRIT Is reflected, Is High-type, Clean-cut AMERICANISM and oughta BE RESPECTED. But there are those who hate it. They dwell AT Belt's AND L'Ommie's, And 'tis likely that POLITICALLY they all are REDS AND COMMIES! So DOWN with all these evil ones; let's hang them To a TREE. And return the Farm for once and all to the Old DEMOCRACY. To the DEMOCRACY of Stanford, and of Paly And L.A. It's the DEMOCRACY of AMERICANISM that's the real STANFORD way. So Hail, Americanism, Democracy, Patriotism, the American Flag, GRANT'S TOMB, Free Enterprise, BURTON K. WHEELER, Capitalism and all those things which should come first. And also to that great AMERICAN (my boss) Billions Scandolph Wurst.

Dear Sir: I would very much like to commend you for the fine work you have consistently done in turning out this very excellent newspaper. You have made available to the reading public the facts, accurate and unembellished, presented in the clearest light and completely without bias. You have done this difficult task throughout without loss of reader interest, and your circulation amply testifies to the fact that the man-in-the-street appreciates the value of your service. I think the entire staff of your paper exemplify the best and highest in ethics, literary standards, and moral responsibility. I think I should not stop there, however. There is one person, perhaps more than any other, who is responsible for this great project; one person, without whose foresight, courage, and unflinching inspiration the entire work would have had to be abandoned; one person whose humane qualities and personal dignity are above reproach; one person, to whom I feel every person on the staff should feel deeply grateful. I refer, of course, to your magnificent publisher. Why don't you give Billions Scandolph Wurst a plaque? Yours truly, B. S. W.

POEM FOR THE FOLKS By EDGAR PEST

It takes a heap o' writin' to make me rhyme a poem, And it takes a heap o' paper to make a book a tome. It takes a heap o' fresh air for to make the sky above, And when it comes to money, that's what I got piles of. You can see that I'm just plain folks, As simple as can be. Forget the worries money brings And send it all to me. It takes a heap o' kindness to make the world go round. It takes a heap o' mother's love and hatin' money's sound. It takes a heap o' just plain folks who know when they've been blessed, And Billions Scandolph Wurst takes heaps, while I take all the rest.

DA MAIL BOX

Mr. Editor, sir: Please send me 200 more autographed pictures of Mr. Wurst at once. I have already disposed of the last 200 you sent me and I urgently need another supply. Would also be interested in any information you might have as to when the new Sears Roebuck catalogues will be sent out. Sincerely, DISTRESSED. P.S.—I would appreciate pictures not printed on glossy paper.

Dear Sir: I would very much like to commend you for the fine work you have consistently done in turning out this very excellent newspaper. You have made available to the reading public the facts, accurate and unembellished, presented in the clearest light and completely without bias. You have done this difficult task throughout without loss of reader interest, and your circulation amply testifies to the fact that the man-in-the-street appreciates the value of your service. I think the entire staff of your paper exemplify the best and highest in ethics, literary standards, and moral responsibility. I think I should not stop there, however. There is one person, perhaps more than any other, who is responsible for this great project; one person, without whose foresight, courage, and unflinching inspiration the entire work would have had to be abandoned; one person whose humane qualities and personal dignity are above reproach; one person, to whom I feel every person on the staff should feel deeply grateful. I refer, of course, to your magnificent publisher. Why don't you give Billions Scandolph Wurst a plaque? Yours truly, B. S. W.

What's In Your Mind? By G. SCHMECKENKLIPP Consulting Psychologist Is sex necessary to a complete life? ANSWER: Not necessarily so. Although generally accepted by laymen, science has proved this to be false. During the war thousands of servicemen, stationed in Australia, Hawaii, New Zealand, England, and France and away from their wives for periods up to four years, reported no ill effects.

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GEN. SCHMEKENKLIP FLAYS AFGHANISTAN

River of Blood At Khyber Pass

By HARL K. VON FLEAGAND Dean of American Foreign Correspondents in Southern Afghanistan

A tense world breathlessly held its breath as Communist Red Totalitarian Afghanistan prepared to make a simultaneous attack on Iran and India. British forces in Khyber Pass dug into their trenches in order to fend off the tentacles of the Red Menace. Shah Ma Dezdays stated today in Afghanistan's Gremlin, "India and Iran are planning aggression against Afghanistan; the forces of capitalism are plotting our downfall. But the mighty Red Army will not be defeated; we will attack first. Our swordsmen are the best in Asia." Communist Red Totalitarian Afghanistan's action today is typical of the trend in Afghanistan to gobble up small surrounding nations under the wheels of their juggernaut and turn them into weak, helpless puppet satellites. The tentacles of Communism are reaching out into greener pastures—the powerful Red Yak is planning to trample the dove of peace while its back is turned. Unusually unreliable sources told me today that Iranian General Grunion Schmeckenklipp plans to turn back the Red Menace with an avalanche of bullets. Schmeckenklipp, of course, is well known for his staunch support of Capitalism and Democracy. He is one of the world's great men and his forces are likely to be supported by manna from the entire world. The peace of the world may well depend upon the outcome of this present crisis. As a result of my wide experience and keen knowledge of world affairs, I am convinced that now is the time to stop Afghanistan. It's them or we. Communist Red Totalitarian Afghanistan is plotting to Communize the world. They may revolute at any

D.A.R.N. FLAYS DROFNATS U.

Charging that Drofnats University is a hotbed of Communism, Mrs. Grunion Benjamin Franklin Shinnbunny, president of the Palo Alto chapter of the D.A.R.N., stated today that most of the professors at Drofnats are out-and-out Reds, Socialists, and Fellow Travelers. "George Washington would never have slept there," she stated. The D.A.R.N. flayed Dr. Grunion Schmeckenklipp, professor of subterranean languages and well-known "parlor pink," as a shocking example of the Red Trend. Schmeckenklipp was accused of teaching Collectivism to a number of his classes. "Socialism is just around the corner," he is reported to have said only yesterday. Schmeckenklipp, when confronted by Wurst reporters, denied emphatically that he was a Communist, stating, "the D.A.R.N. is mistaken; I am merely a liberal." Dr. Schmeckenklipp then charged the D.A.R.N. with being a "conservative, reactionary Fascist organization."

Labor Mob Tromps Tot

By HUMA N. INTEREST Hester Fester is a little girl of nine. She loves to skip rope, play hop scotch, and kick the can just like any other little girl. But tonight Hester Fester lies crippled in bed, surrounded by her weeping family. She may never play again, the victim of Bolshevik bestiality. Yesterday morning Hester started out for the latex factory where her father, Lester Fester, is a tester. As was her custom, she carried her father's lunch pail. But Hester was not destined to deliver her little burden. At the factory gate a crowd of Russia-loving rowdies, CIO Red Commie Agitators formed a menacing line to prevent honest workingmen from their means of earning a living. But Hester, a member of The Wurst Flag Flappers, young girls social club, remembered that it is production that has made America great. She remembered her father laboring overtime to make up for the Communist strikes. She fought her way through the mob, her father's lunch pail in hand, when the Communistic mob trampled her. Dr. Grunion R. Schmeckenklipp, the Fester family physician, said today that Hester's broken toenail should be healed within the next week.

(Cont. from col. 1) moment—the Red Yak plans to stamp the seal of slavery on the face of humanity. Unless the people of Afghanistan break from their chains and submerge the Red Menace, I am positive that the world will be faced with centuries of Dark Ages.

CAN'T KEEP GRANDMA IN HER CHAIR— now that she started using Slacks Lax, the gentle new scientific carthartic. Spring clean your innards with Slacks Lax! Slacks Lax, nature's vacuum cleaner is a harmless mixture of sulfuric acid and turpentine, does the work of caramel without the danger of caramel. Ladies! Do you wake up in the morning feeling like a soggy soda cracker? If so, it may be that you aren't functioning regularly. Don't let your condition gripe you! USE SLACKS LAX BECOME JET-PROPELLED!

Book-of-the-Fortnight

Purple Dawn



This Fortnight's selection has been chosen unanimously by our Committee of One as the most important historical work since the Ten Commandments. PURPLE DAWN, by Breathless de Pash, catches the base and animal impulses, the hidden loves and hates of all of us, laid bare against the stunning background of smoldering Tahiti. Christina Hanover, shameless, passionate woman, who wants more than love, bows to no man. What strange emotion linked her to her half-uncle? What strange secret did she share with the village minister? Why did her little brother refuse to play marbles with her? Hmmm-m-m-m? The Tudor Court knew her as the delicate and beautiful handmaiden of the King's mistress. But underneath the brocade, beneath that ample and snow-white bosom, was a heart more passionate, a desire more relentless, a lust more consuming, than even last month's selection. You'll be gripped by the strange tale of her greed and jealousy, that made her ruin and enslave men, then ruthlessly cast them aside. You'll thrill to the magnificent answer of man to the challenge of nature as he carves a new continent out of the wilderness! Handsome, aristocratic Edmonde de Cortez, the only man who could tame Christina, swashbuckles his way across the hills and waterfalls of Canada and four hundred pages of fine print! The frankness of this story, which accurately depicts the hot winds of passion that gush across the Sahara, through the flesh-pots of old Bucharest, and surge finally into Grand Central Station, will captivate you! Miss de Pash dares to tell the truth! She fearlessly psychoanalyzes every character, and captures all the seething undercurrents that swirl and eddy beneath the everyday calm of American small-town life; finally, she has portrayed them in the court of Charles II. Don't forget, too, that new members of the Book-of-the-Fortnight Club get, FREE, with this Fortnight's selection, a special two-volume edition, sturdily bound in asbestos, of The Memoirs of Fanny Hill and A Pornographer's Lexicon, by the Marquis de Sade.

Do You Have: ASTHMA? PYORRHEA? TRENCH MOUTH? BLEEDING GUMS? Be a Detective! STOMACH ULCERS? KIDNEY TROUBLE? MOST ANYTHING? GOOD! (We're Undertakers)

Merely fill out the coupon below, and send it, with your lip-print on perfumed paper, to The Book-of-the-Fortnight Club, 606 W. 69 St., Baltimore, Ohio. Don't forget, "If you can't get a man, curl up with a Book-of-the-Fortnight selection." For women only.

Name ..... Age ..... Do you live with your parents? ..... Do they ever go out to the movies? ..... When? .....

# THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

Greatest Circulation On the Campus

"The Campus Reading Habit" Magazine Section—Drofnats Bull-Calliten Copyright, 1946, by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved

Week of May 29, 1946

## Squarepeg says:



By EASTCREEK SQUAREPEG

WASHINGTON, D.C., May 14 (INC). — Climaxing an eight-month drive to facilitate good, clean, honest

American production, George Gran-ill Hix, Grand Mogul of the National Institute of Good, Clean, Honest American Manufacturers, today declared that "the OPA must go if we are to have good, clean, honest American production."

Speaking before the Senate Committee on Bilbonic Plague, the handsome, six-foot, bronzed, square-jawed ex-Marine major stated that squat, ugly, mole-pocked, double-chinned OPA Administrator Chester A. Bowles was stifling wholesome American initiative and that "the OPA is promoting a great, new-vested interest in shoddy manufacturing."

Hix pointed out that the OPA is trying to control American output from cradle to grave—he noted that the ceilings on both bassinets and coffins made the fine American production of these essential items unprofitable—and that the turmoil which exists in the Bolshevik-organized OPA is attempting to create the chaos necessary for bloody Red Revolution "in these glorious United States."

When questioned as to what effect he thought the recent death of Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone might have upon the geographical distribution of the Supreme Court membership, Hix said: "The OPA has come closer to dictatorship than anyone in world history, except Stalin."

"But if they want price control," said Hix, "they should stop belittling the so-called war criminals at Nurenberg and bring them over to direct

## GREAT AMERICAN PASSES ON-- DEVIL FLAYS SCHMECKENKLIPP

The entire nation bowed its head in mourning today, after hearing the shocking news of the death of Grunion Schmeckenklipp. Schmeckenklipp, one of the greatest men of the twentieth century, died early this morning of an acute attack of writer's cramp.

Because of Schmeckenklipp's great service in the recent vivisection campaign, it is expected that Billions Scandolph Wurst will give the eulogy at the funeral services and that he will present a memorial vivisection plaque to Schmeckenklipp's widow. Wurst will also hand out free autographed pictures of himself.

Schmeckenklipp, recently voted by Wurst newspapers as the "Greatest American of the century," was born in Yu'n, Me., of Dalmatian stock. Schmeckenklipp graduated from San Jose State College at eleven, and one year later turned out his most famous book, the Bible. During the next few years he translated the Bible into seventy-two different languages as well as inventing the automobile, the airplane, and the counterclockwise corkscrew for left-handed bartenders.

our economy. The Germans were by far the most efficient in scheduling every item pertaining to production and distribution."

Concluding his statements to the Senate Committee on B.P., the N.I.A.M. Grand Mogul stated that he believed "the only way to halt these Communist inroads upon our hard-won, good, clean, honest American freedoms is to throw the bureaucrats out of office—bodily, if necessary."

Hix was also arraigned by a federal grand jury today on charges alleging that he was the leader of a ring which systematically stole and

As president of the American Academy of Silence, Grunion Schmeckenklipp was the only scientist in America who had nothing to do with the atomic bomb.

His fame as an author spread when the Wurst newspapers awarded him a plaque for his stirring defense of capitalism in his book, *Wealth of Nations*.

In 1932, after being released from Alcatraz where he served a term for income-tax evasion, Schmeckenklipp joined the faculty of Drofnats University as head of the Accounting Department. While at Drofnats he taught in the Drama Department, where he wrote and produced many plays including *King Lear* and *George Washington Slept Here*.

Among the organizations to which the late Dr. Schmeckenklipp belonged are: The American Academy of Silence, B.P.O.E., R.S.V.P., Daughters of the Golden West, Elks, Eagles, Turkeys, the Thank God It's Friday Frat Club Org. and Beer Drinking Society, A.A.A., B.V.D., and the John Bunn Memorial Sarsaparilla Society.

Schmeckenklipp was also connected with the *Stanford Chaparral*.

sold to the public 27 tons of butter during the four years he was Marine mess officer at Alameda Naval Air Station in California.

Do people say these things about YOU?

MARY ISNT CAREFUL ABOUT HER PITS!



DON'T BE A MARY. THINK, DON'T STINK! USE BUM, the modern deodorant!

For the convenience of their customers, the manufacturers of Bum put out this excellent product in three convenient sizes—JUNIOR BUM, REGULAR BUM, and "YOU SHOULD LIVE SO LONG" BUM. Select the BUM that suits your needs.

BUM IS A TAR PRODUCT, BROUGHT STRAIGHT FROM THE LA BREA PITS TO YOUR PITS.

## JUNEFIELD THEATER

"The best in entertainment"

It's here at long last! The picture everyone has been waiting to see!

Monotone Pictures Proudly Presents:

"GIRLS IN SLAVERY"

Starring SCHMOOKEY ROONEY and CLAUDETTE GOLDBERG

—also—

"Saga of the Cellar Dishwasher"

With GRUNION SCHMECKENKLIPP



ON OUR STAGE—

"SEXOMANIA"

50 GIRLS 50

49 Costumes 49

SEXOMANIA is a sexual extravaganza presented by the famous "Boar's Head" stock company.

Feelthy Pitchas and Salt Water Taffy sold during the intermission.



## For Grown-ups QUIZ For Kiddies

In scoring give yourself 10 points for every incorrect answer. A score of 65 or higher is excellent for any normal adult.

- 1. You know cold water comes from a well, but would you guess that the temperature rises as you go deeper in a cold mine?
- 2. In what month does the Fourth of July fall?
- 3. You drop a rock from the top of the Hoover War Libe. The rock will fall up or down?
- 4. What are most islands surrounded on at least three sides by?
- 5. True or true—Billions Scandolph Wurst is a great man.
- 1. What is "Das Lied von die Erde"?
- 2. How loud is Queen Charlot's Sound?
- 3. Who first proved the geometrical constructability of the 17-sided polygon?
- 4. How many varieties of plant life are there in Upper Rhodesia?
- 5. Name the publisher of the Drofnats Bull-Calliten.

### ANSWERS

- 1. No, you wouldn't.
- 2. 1776, except on every fifty-fourth leap year when it falls in December.
- 3. Down. This may be good fun, but watch out for Davy Gordis.
- 4. Water.
- 5. True, absolutely true.
- 1. A song cycle composed not by Grunion Sebastian Schmeckenklipp, but by Gustav Mahler in 1909.
- 2. Queen Charlot's Sound is not a noise at all, but a channel in the Inland Passage.
- 3. Carl Friedrich Gauss, silly!
- 4. This is an interesting question, but unfortunately we don't even know the answer ourselves.
- 5. That's right, kiddies; Billions Scandolph Wurst.



DRAWN BY HAND -2HRDLU

## Gallery of Glamma

A Series of Paintings by Etaoin Shrdlu Unknown British Coal Miner

# Can Man Survive The

The American Weekly Conducts a Symposium among Eminent Scientists and World-Famous Authorities, Consultants, and Analysts, to Determine How the Development of Atomic Power Will Affect Your Life. Startling Predictions about the Coming Age, in the Fields of Anthropology, Medicine, Astrophysics, Entomology, and Psychology. Direct from the Nation's Laboratories to the Weekly Readers!

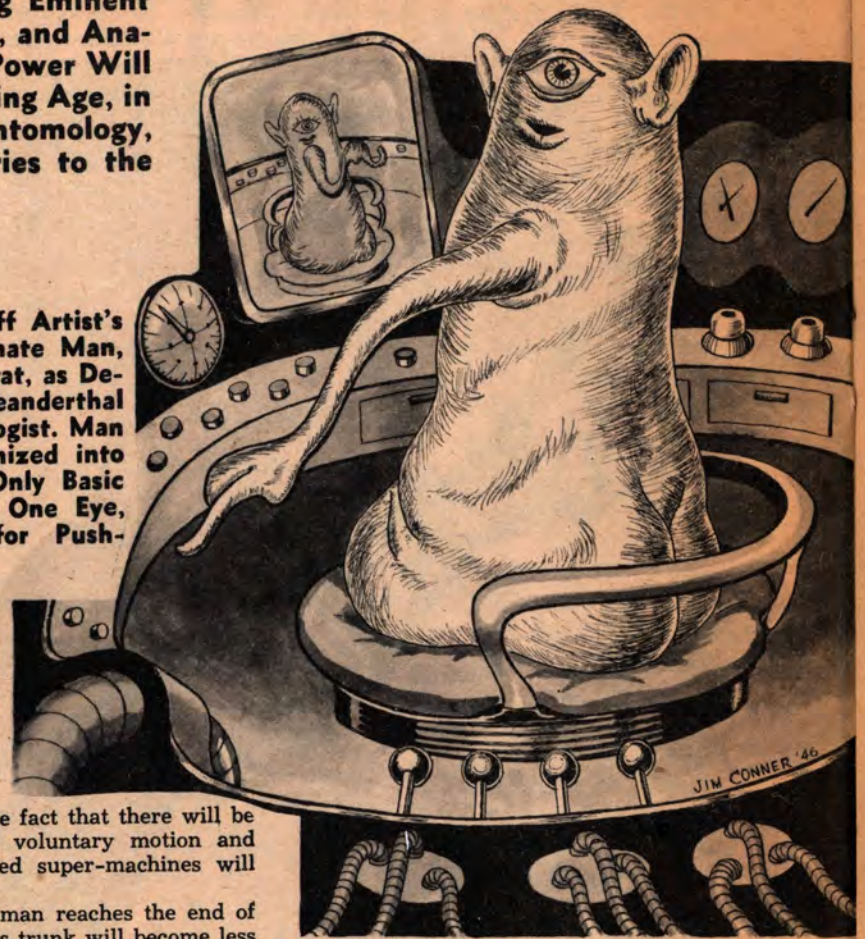
By Ackroid Shinbunny  
Science Editor

Atomic power may change your life. H. Neanderthal Piltown, eminent Harvard anthropologist, declared recently that there is an alarming trend toward future man! In fact, man is becoming more like him every day. To see the effect of all this, Dr. Piltown examined the clavichords and scalpels of twenty-two protozoa. All of this revealed that many of man's organs are becoming vestigial. "Take for instance," says Dr. Piltown, "ear muscles, tail muscles, wisdom teeth, the third eyelid, appendices, and tables of contents." "In fact," he continued, "the advent of atomic power may not only hasten the elimination of these, but the rest of man as well."

As cases in point, Dr. Piltown says that man of the future will be completely without hair. At first, his head will enlarge, owing to the large amount of complex information he must acquire to live in the Atomic Age. Then his legs will atrophy, because locomotion by primitive methods, such as muscular exertion, will become obsolete.

Next, Dr. Piltown continued, his neck will cease to be pliant, and will subsequently disappear, owing to misuse. "Why turn around?" asks the scientist. "Everything will pass before your eyes on a television screen in technicolor sooner or later." He then went on to say that arms will become shorter and shorter, owing to the accessibility of things. The universal advent

The Above is a Staff Artist's Conception of Ultimate Man, in His Natural Habitat, as Depicted by Prof. H. Neanderthal Piltown, Anthropologist. Man Will Have Evolved into a Jelly Mass with Only Basic Specialized Organs: One Eye, Distended Finger for Push-Button Tuning, etc.



of the short arm will be followed by complete disappearance of the left arm.

In the following centuries, man will begin to lose his head.

This will be due to the fact that there will be less and less need for voluntary motion and thought. Atomic-powered super-machines will take care of that.

In the last stages, as man reaches the end of his evolutionary trail, his trunk will become less differentiated, because of no turning or twisting motions his remaining arm will grow shorter yet, most of his fingers will cease to exist, and man will revert to binary fission. "Mathematicians inform me that even right triangles will lose one of their legs," concluded Dr. Piltown.

The final picture, as it was vividly painted by this eminent scientist, is Ultimate Man: an amoeboid mass, with a huge finger protruding from his middle, to push the various buttons

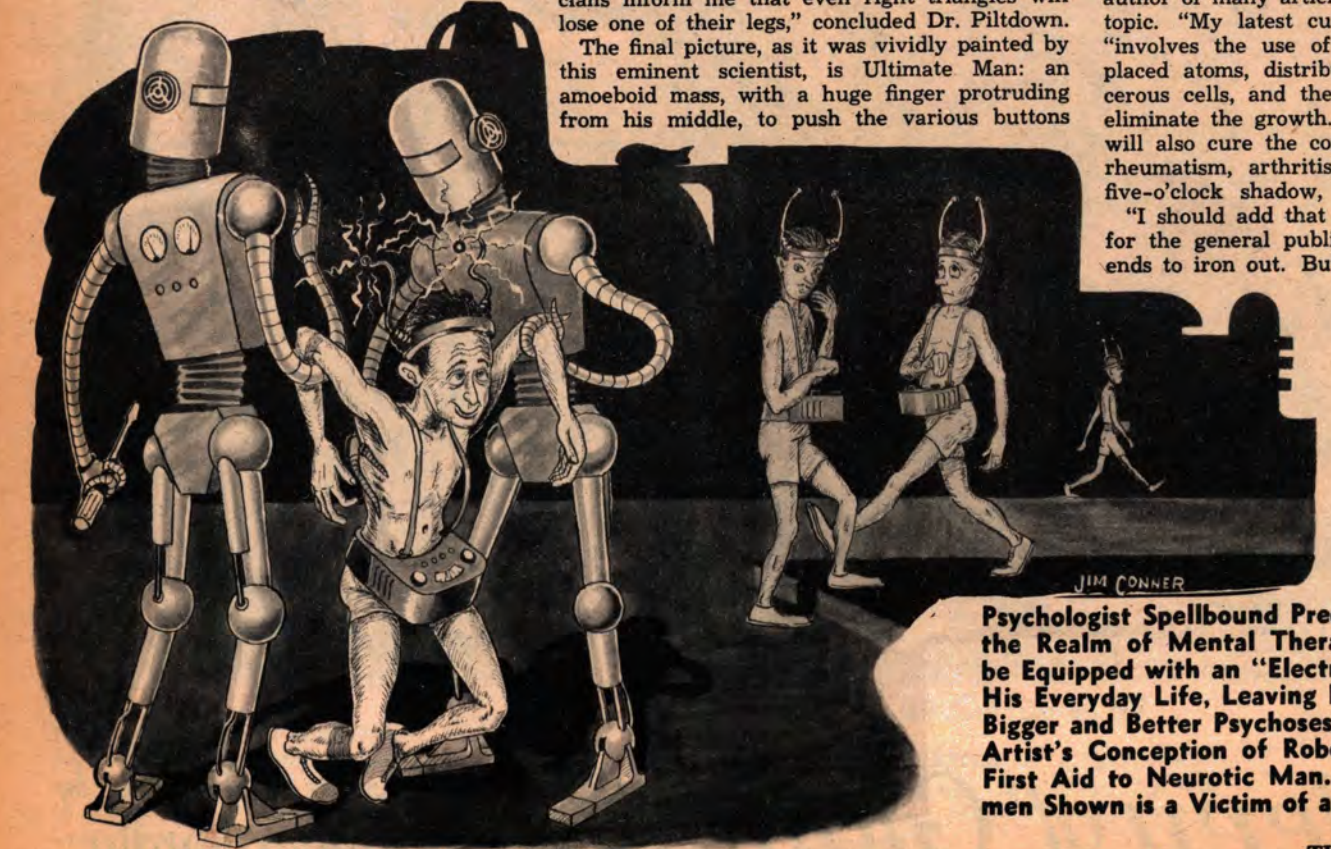
which will regulate his life. And, who knows, he may be happier than we.

Next to speak was Dr. N. Cephalitis, M.D., world-famous authority on cures for cancer, and author of many articles for the Weekly on that topic. "My latest cure for cancer," he began, "involves the use of atomic power. Carefully placed atoms, distributed throughout the cancerous cells, and then ignited, will completely eliminate the growth. As a matter of fact, this will also cure the common cold, falling arches, rheumatism, arthritis, pyorrhea, acid stomach, five-o'clock shadow, itchy scalp, and catarrh.

"I should add that this cure is not yet ready for the general public. There are a few loose ends to iron out. But we expect to be on your favorite drug-store counter within a few decades."

Following this hopeful report from the medical sciences, the next authority interviewed, Professor Asteroid T. Stratosphere, had a few words to say on the effect of atomic power on the heavens.

Psychologist Spellbound Predicts Vast Advances in the Realm of Mental Therapy. Future Man May be Equipped with an "Electronic Brain" to Control His Everyday Life, Leaving His Mind Free to Have Bigger and Better Psychoses. The Above is a Staff Artist's Conception of Robot Repair Crew Giving First Aid to Neurotic Man. The Particular Specimen Shown is a Victim of a Short Circuit.



# ATOM?

"Mars Schmars! We'll make Pluto, or at least Uranus, in the next few years!" As his spectacles gleamed, Professor Stratosphere outlined his plans for the future. "Watch Uranus!" he said, motioning to the heavens. "It shall be the new frontier! This bouncing of radar waves off the Moon was just the beginning. Soon the entire universe will be on the beam!" The scientist almost chortled as he proclaimed, "The question of life on Mars shall be settled once and for all! We shall finally solve the mystery of the canals, and determine if there is life on that strange and distant planet. There may be, as you know, completely undreamed-of forms of existence, whose base of life will not be carbon, as is ours, but some other element, say irium!"

"Cosmic rays may prove useful, too. It is possible that they, like atomic power, may change our very mode of existence! Perhaps they control the secret of the weather, the Ice Age, Saturn's rings, reproduction!"

"Gravity itself, may, in the near future, also come under the power of Mighty Man, as he gains mastery of the cosmic forces, one by one. . . ."

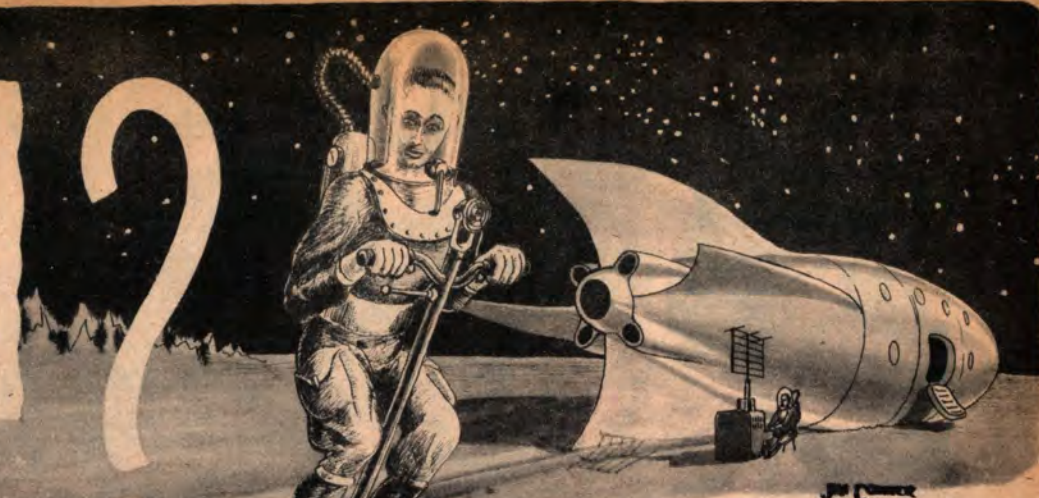
Entomologist Crustacea L. Arthropod, lovely, charming woman scientist, then offered a few words on the future of the insect world in the light of atomic power.

"It's either the insects or us!" she declaimed, as we entered her laboratory. "The spiders, bees, ants, and other persona non grata are rapidly encroaching upon us, and unless we stem the



tide, mankind is doomed! Doomed! They reproduce too fast for us! I look to atomic power as the only solution! Mass destruction is called for! They're closing in on us from all sides!" Her hands trembled, and she looked nervously around the laboratory. "They'll destroy us, destroy us, I tell you! We'll all be killed! We've got to get them now while there's still time! They're coming in on us! From every side! LOOK! There's one of the little bastards now!" With a startled cry she threw herself at the insect, arms wildly flailing. Then she fell to the floor in a sobbing heap, a quivering bundle of trembling flesh.

Sigmund J. Spellbound, psychologist and authority on sex relations, finished the symposium



Trip to the Moon? With the Advent of the Atom, Man May Soon Settle the Question of Life on Other Planets. The Above is an Artist's Conception of the First Rocket Landing on Mars. It Shows the Explorers, Setting Out Across the Martian Plain on Jet-Propelled Pogo Sticks. (This Mode of Travel Will be Used Because Decreased Gravitation on Mars Allows More Miles per Pog.)

by announcing that, "psychology, in the Atomic Age, may change our everyday life!"

"Our dreams, for instance. Man's dreams will surpass the horse-and-buggy stage. The cyclotron will replace the skyscraper as a phallic symbol. Even as I speak, new psychoses are being invented every day, while you sit here today, this very moment! Thousands of spanking-new neuroses and psychoses are being turned out by the best psychiatrists in Hollywood. I'm expecting to go out there soon myself.

"The increase in nervous breakdowns since the discovery of atomic power is also gratifying. It shows the human race is still sensitive."

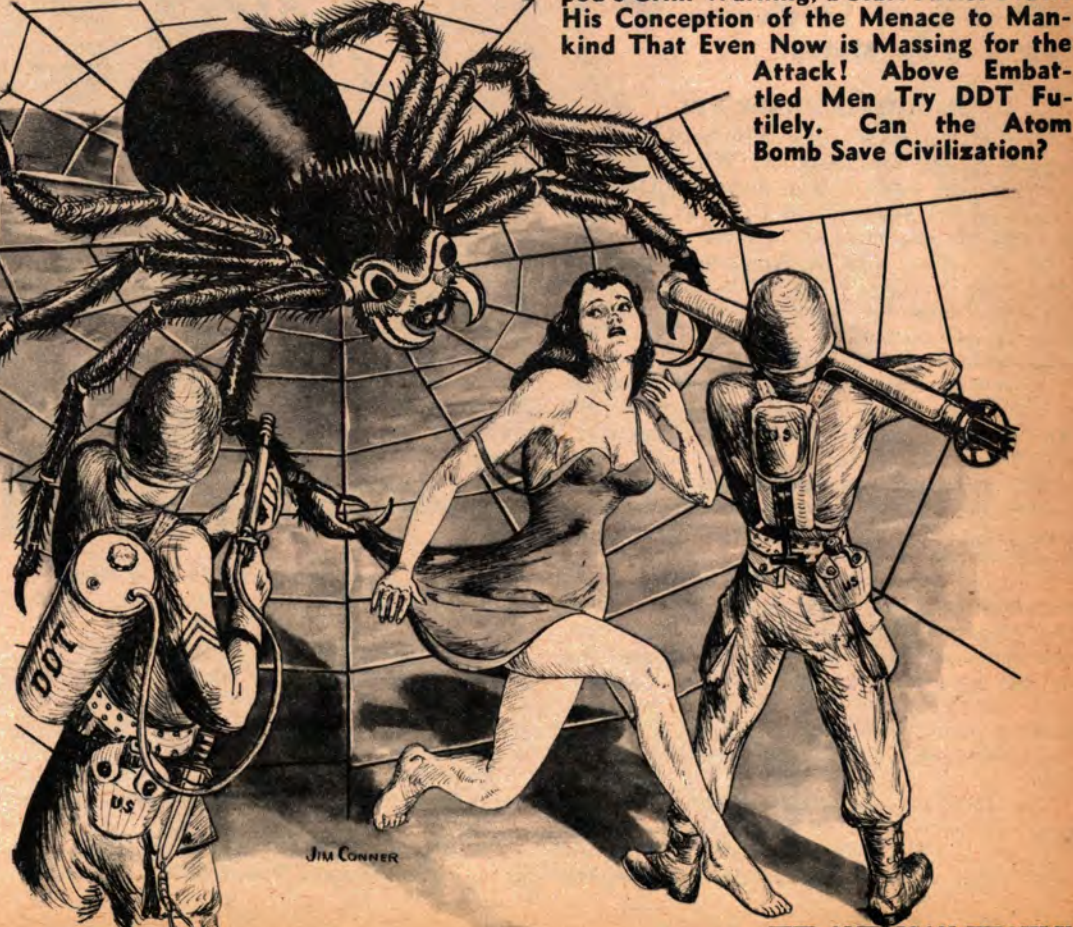
"We may expect mental therapy to put neurosis on a larger scale than even dreamed of before. In fact, I may confidently say that this Atomic Age will be the nuts!"

And so we may glimpse, through the American Weekly Symposium on Science, the world of the future. We may conclude that the future world will differ greatly from the present. That atomic power is a great force, and that we are all lucky to be born in this fascinating day and age.

Through science, man is rapidly attaining his ultimate happiness!

NEXT WEEK: The New Cure for Penicillin.

Man Crushed under the Heel of His Insect Enemy! Inspired by Miss Arthropod's Grim Warning, a Staff Artist Draws His Conception of the Menace to Mankind That Even Now is Massing for the Attack! Above Embattled Men Try DDT Futilely. Can the Atom Bomb Save Civilization?





# THE MADCAP MARRIAGE CAREER



## of Countess de Funkt

What made her hordes of handsome suitors flee? Why were all her marriages doomed to failure? Was it the curse of the Mope diamond? Here is the story of her blazing trail through 13 divorce courts in 28 states!

By AMELIA FORBESYDL

Countess de Funkt is a rare beauty, as all who have never seen her know. It has even been said that she holds a fatal attraction for men. Yet, in all her attempts, the Countess has never been able to stay married for more than a year.

Husband No. 1 was the handsome sportsman, Heraclitus Heartjoy, whose palatial home on the Faralone Islands has been the scene of some of the greatest parties on the West Coast. The newlyweds were said to be perfectly mated, yet in a few months their names were dragged through the divorce courts, and the Countess was accusing Heartjoy of arson, malpractice, collusion, backfield-man-in-motion, and incompatibility. He was found guilty on the last count.

After the tedious court proceedings, however, the Countess felt she needed some diversion, so she sojourned to Monte Carlo.

Here, in the fabulous night spot of Europe, and with nothing but the Mope diamond for security, she played roulette, Jacque-Noir, and craps, recouping her depleted fortune. Here, also, she mingled with the cream of Europe's high society, so it was thus, under the evil star of the Mope diamond, that the beautiful de Funkt met Duke Urzundlang, scion of the royal family of Paranoia.

The Duke, long known on the continent for his excellent tennis, was considered the "catch" of the season. The courtship lasted but a few weeks, then nuptials were announced. Said the

**Enchanting Countess de Funkt, Whose Loveliness Wreaked Havoc with the Royal Families of Europe. In Her 16-Cylinder Mercedes-Benz, She Swept Society's Handsomest Men off Their Feet.**



Countess coyly to reporters, "I owe it all to the Mope diamond!" Commented the Duke, "Thass right, baby!"

Two weeks before the ceremony was to take place, however, the affair was called off. The Countess complained that he never spent any time with her. He was always in his trophy room, examining his tennis laurels.

"He was always in his cups," was the way she put it. Urzundlang's only comment was, "I hate to lose a love match."

Husband No. 2 finally showed, however, and in the person of Lord Dewey Sitwell. They met

at a masquerade ball at the swank Venus Arms, where he was disguised as an equilateral triangle. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married one April afternoon at a small church in Softbuttshire, the Sitwell's family seat.

But tragedy still stalked the Mope heiress. The following morning the British aristocrat was found dead in his bed, victim of apparent suicide. The coroner's jury confirmed this, and the case was closed, leaving only one unsolved problem: how had Sitwell managed to plunge the knife into his own back.

Her next six marriages, in order of occurrence, were to the following: Abba Koak, Baron Waste, Count Noah Cownte, Duke Uminn, Earl E. Morning, and "Fingers" Monahan. Each of these ended in tragedy, the benedicts dying by their own hand, under strangely similar circumstances: they all chose suicide by stabbing themselves in the back.

"It must be the curse of the Mope diamond," said Lady (Countess) de Funkt-Heartjoy-Sitwell - Koak - Waste - Cownte - Uminn - Morning - Monahan, brightly.

And who knows it may be at that.

THE AMERICAN WEAKLY

# HOW TO BE POPULAR with your LOCKOUT DATE

send her a box of candy from



Chappie's Queen of the Month, B. J. Wallace, with her date, Ted in Duncan, and brunettes Dorothy Rieck and Anne Hare (left), enjoy the evening after a lockout when the traditional box of Wilson's candy comes around from the confrate date. (No matter who's fault it is, men—your, hers, the car's, the canoe's or the barbed wire's—never, no NEVER, let a lockout go unsweetened!) The candy in the picture is actually four pounds, usually used for engagement announcements. But for lockouts, one or two pounds does.



O'CONNOR,  
MOFFATT  
AND COMPANY



you're versatile

and you like your clothes that way...  
that's why you want a shortie coat like this  
to go over everything... push up sleeves...  
flaring back... high style in kelly green, grey,  
aqua, and fire engine red. sizes 9-15. 24.00  
college shop, third floor  
and with it flawless pigskins, of course, in  
luscious shades of cream or honey. 7.00  
gloves, first floor

telephone sutter 1800

stockton at o'farrell



**EXCHANGE ISSUE**

Waitin' for the train to come in - - -



**Donna Hammond**, Stanford '47, models a chic "Jaunty Junior" suit. It's gray with a chalk stripe—just the thing for that trip home. It's \$35.00. The matching top coat is also \$35.00. The luggage sells for \$18.20 plus tax. Donna is from Great Bend, Kansas, and is majoring in economics.

"Jaunty Junior" apparel is exclusively sold in Palo Alto at Walster's.

*Walster's*  
PALO ALTO

## Chaparral

Wit da regla hissue finished end da take-off section done,  
Rons da Hold Boy to da bothouse where he's sonnink in da son.  
Giffs wit swimmink, giffs wit gozzling, giffs wit potting on da green.  
In da hoffice his hassistants spoze ta fill da megazine.

But da Hold Boy's fetful helpas, fom da window see nize wedda,  
Dey snikk halso for da bothouse where dere sonburn gets lot redder.  
Coz of slipping in da sonshine, coz of pretty goils dey's wutching,  
Giffs forgatting off da CHEPPIE, off da deadline wots hapruching.

Bek ta hoffice koms da Hold Boy, finds da copy hain't prepared,  
Looks it like da deadline missing, gets da Hold Boy pretty scared.  
But da meeting off da deadline for da presses he arranges,  
Dots why here on to da finish meks da CHEPPIE wit hexchanges.

—Gugel



# Their Stuff



Gargoyle

Wapin



Showme



Scarlet Fever



"Oh no you don't! Not in my house!"  
—Widow

"... or you might prefer our large, home economy size."



Columns

of course, we're good down South, too!"



"Geology department? . . . the most amazing thing happened last night . . ."  
—Unique



—Widow



—Eliot



"What time is it by your bomb?"  
—Jargon (Melbourne, Australia)



—Pelican

"That's what I liked about Jack—he never took anything lying down."



"Mother, I'd like you to meet my roommate."  
—Widow



—Columns

Quin Caplan

"Stop the presses! Stop the presses!"

# PELLY PRESENTS ITS SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF EXAMS IN CROWDED CLASSROOMS



—Pelican

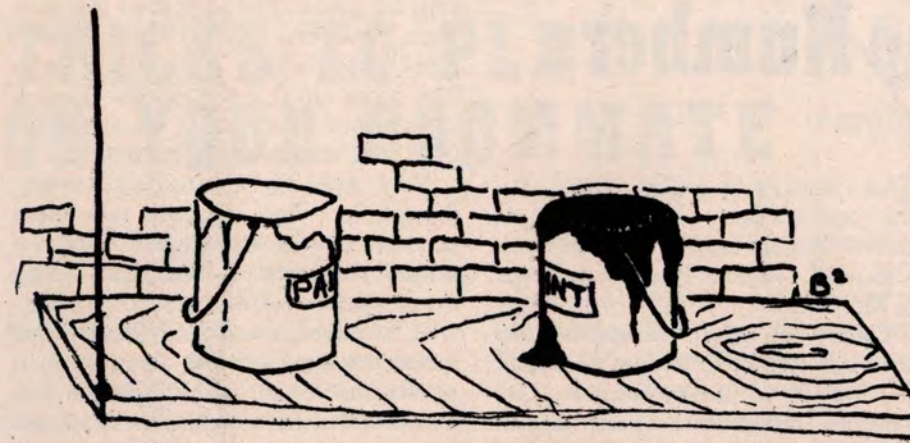
### DIRECTIONS

1. Students are not to bring study aids into the examination arena. Students are also asked to be considerate of Canyon Road residents.
2. Proctors will present students with flash cards, blue on one side, yellow on reverse side, and a numbered sheet. Disregard local hotel advertisements—they can do you no good.
3. The examination procedure will be as follows:  
On the words "Everybody down,"

students shall bend forward over their cards. The professor will reveal the statement to be adjudged TRUE or FALSE. "Everybody up!"—the students shall view the statement. If the student feels the statement to be TRUE, he shall hold up the BLUE SIDE of his card. If he feels the statement to be FALSE, he shall hold up the YELLOW SIDE of his card. Errors will be immediately perceived by the 20/20 proctors stationed throughout the area and will be punched on students' answer sheets.

4. Students are not to converse or to conduct themselves in any other way unbecoming to students in an examination. Cheaters will be rolled.
  5. When the examination has been completed, students shall pass the answer sheets to the RIGHT, the cards to the LEFT. NO POSTCARDS, PLEASE. Pass out quietly.
- The faculty and staff extend their thanks to the Tightwater and Associated Oil Company for making this examination possible.

—Pelican



"Darling, I think I'm pigment!"

—Voo Doo

# PARKED CAR

—M.I.T.  
Voo Doo—

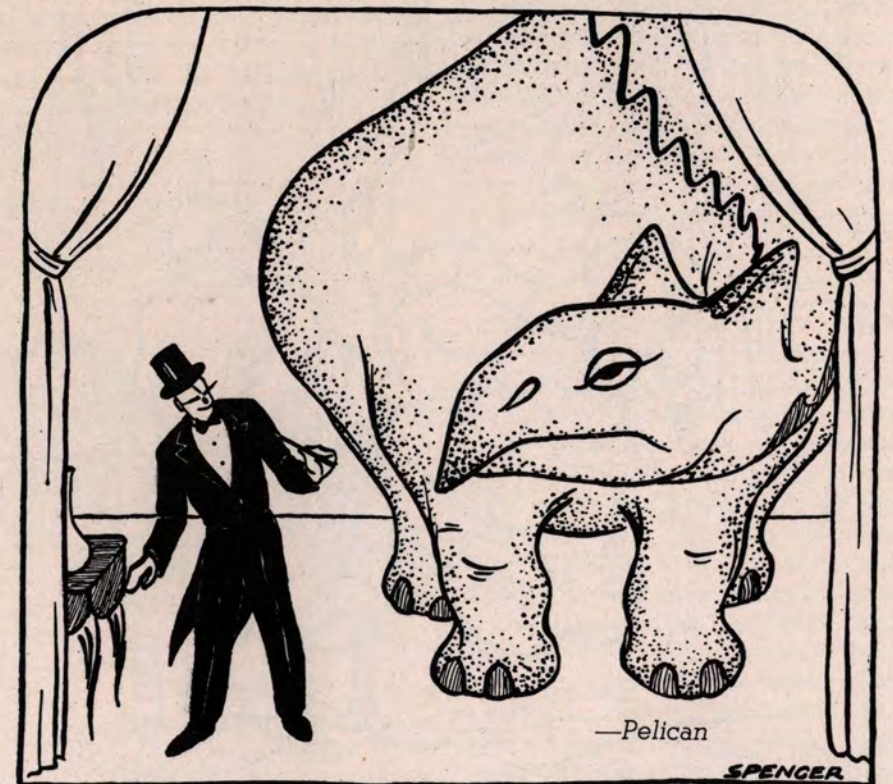


This story reveals the trade secrets of some of the biggest movers on campus. In fact, we are printing it over the protests of five people whose names appear on the masthead. Some girls will know who they are.—Ed.

The car made a sharp turn off the road onto the wide shoulder overlooking the river, and came to a stop. The boy and girl in the front seat turned to each other and embraced.

"Dearest," she said.  
 "Darling," he said.  
 "Isn't it wonderful to get away from all those stuffy people at the party," she said.  
 "All I want is to be alone with you," he said.  
 They kissed again.  
 "Forever?" she said.  
 "Always," he said.  
 "Dearest," she said, "I want you to tell me something."  
 "Of course, darling," he said.  
 "Tell me again that you love me," she said.  
 "As long as the seas beat the shores with their eternal strength, I'll love you with everything that's in me," he said.  
 "Oh, darling," she breathed, "you're wonderful."  
 "I just say what I feel," he said.  
 She pressed herself against him and gave him a long, hard kiss.  
 "Jimmy," she said.  
 "Mmmmm," he said.

"Jimmy," she said, "I want you to tell me something honestly."  
 "I'd never say anything to you if I didn't mean it honestly," he said.  
 "I want to know why you love me," she said.  
 He kissed her once more. "It's because you're so sweet and beautiful and . . ."  
 "No, Jimmy," she said, "that's not



"And now before you very eyes I'll change Mr. Fitch into a . . . into a . . ."

what I mean. What I want to know is if you really love me for myself or if it's because you want to . . . well . . . you know what I mean, Jimmy."

"Darling," he said, "there isn't anything cheap and physical in my love for you. It's on a high intellectual plane where we have a meeting of our minds."

"Oh, Jimmy," she said, "I knew you'd understand." Then she pressed her lips against his.

"It's a cinch," said Jimmy as he reached behind Mike to turn on his lathe. "All you gotta do with these intellectual broads is to tell 'em you wouldn't take their bodies on a fifty-dollar bet. The rest is a cinch."

Ratio? It's back to normal.  
 Dances? \$5 for a formal.  
 Housing? There isn't any.  
 Costs? A pretty penny.  
 Food? Try and get through the Cellar door.  
 Question? What wuz all the fighting for?

For years and years  
 The two sexes have been racing  
 For supremacy.  
 Now they have settled down to  
 neck and neck.

—Ski-U-Mah

# Stick-Up by the Numbers

By Sgt. Ray Duncan

Newest wrinkle in postwar planning comes from the FBI. One of its agents told reporters that 10,000,000 men, trained to kill, are coming home from the war.

This, it seems, will be quite a problem. Homecoming soldiers "are going to be postgraduates in crime," said the FBI man, who pointed out that GI's are learning to kill skillfully and silently. "The picture," he added, "is not a pleasant one."

The FBI can dream all it wants, but I'm afraid it's on the wrong scent. A GI crime wave simply wouldn't work out. Of course a few ex-soldiers may decide to take up postwar crime, but they'll never revolutionize the underworld. Let's listen to the conversation of those four ex-soldiers, in black overcoats, sitting at the table in the corner:

"Let's have another beer all around," says Mac. "I hear rumors we're pullin' a bank job tonight."

"Yer always peddlin' them rumors," mutters Bud. "Ever since basic training. We ain't gonna pull no bank job tonight. Relax. Here comes the Old Man now."

"Okay, you guys," snaps the Old Man, their former CO, "we're pullin' that bank job in fifteen minutes. Get the outfit together an' be back here in fifteen minutes sharp, see? This is it!"

"Yeah, this is it!" they reply as they vanish. In fifteen minutes there are 55 men assembled, with their overcoats buttoned up to their chins. They sit around the place for six days, awaiting further orders.

"I finally got transportation lined up," explains the Old Man on the seventh day. "We're headin' for the bank tomorrow night! Have you guys got yer guns?"

"They ain't been issued to us yet," Mac tells him. Two days later the guns arrive, and the men line up and

sign for them. The Old Man inspects each weapon. "Clean this pistol, Ace!" he barks. "You don't leave this room until it's spotless. Report to me here every hour, on the hour, until that gun passes inspection."

Next evening about dark, everything is in order, and they pile into a convoy of black sedans. "Wot we waitin' for, chief?" asks Mac. "Why don't we take off?"

"Clearance, ya dope. We gotta get clearance through the head mob. I asked 'em to set up a clearance system like the Army's, so the responsibility wouldn't be on my shoulders."

They arrive at the bank two nights later. "First thing," yells the Old Man, as they climb out of the cars, "first thing, we're gonna try a dry run. Mac you take 24 men an' go in the side window. Ace, yer gonna guard the cars with 18 men, an' challenge everyone who comes near. The rest of you guys follow me. Remember, this is a dry run."

They enter the bank, break open the main safe, close it, and come out again, empty-handed.

"Very good," says the Old Man when they assemble by the cars, "except some of you guys got yer hand signals mixed again. Don't ya know the difference between the signal for 'assemble double time' and the one for 'take a ten-minute break'? An' how many times must I tell you guys to keep low? Don't walk up that stairway, crawl up it!"

After a short rest the Old Man says, "Okay, men, let's run through it again, only this time it's for keeps. This is it!"

"This is it!" they all echo. But just then a carful of rival gangsters whips around the corner and stops. Two men leap out, two men with punctured eardrums who were civilians during the war. They enter the bank, reappear in a moment carrying huge money bags, then roar away. Police arrive with sirens screaming in time to arrest the 55 ex-soldiers who are lined up for a final roll call.

## Utilities Lose Major Fight

... The company had fought through the lower courts since 194 against two Securities and Exchange Commission ...

—Stanford Daily

A.D. or B.C.?



—Scarlet Fever

"And how is your uncle coming along with his glandular experiments, Veronica dear?"

# TRICKS TO PLAY ON YOUR ROOMMATE

—Voo Doo—



While your roommate is asleep with his mouth open, gently squeeze a tube of shaving cream into his mouth and watch him blow bubbles. If you possibly can, get hold of the green stuff that Palmolive puts out, because that tastes the worst and leaves an unsightly green ring around his mouth. Most heavy sleepers will give you ten minutes of iridescent bubbles before some of the stuff gets into their eyes and wakes them up. However, a light sleeper will awaken as soon as he finds the stuff in his mouth and give you a merry chase.



The next time you happen across an ironing board, take it back to your room and put it between your roommate's mattress and springs. He won't say anything about it when he gets into bed because he won't notice it right away, but when morning comes around he will feel like New Year's morning, and when he finds the ironing board, he will bless the guy that put it there in all his most ecclesiastical language.



—Columns

Some guys are lucky enough to have roommates who are lucky enough to own cars. In that case you can have oodles of fun at his expense. The next time you are near his car and he is not around, remove each hubcap and place three pebbles inside and then replace the hubcap. The car will make a noise like a cement mixer and cause the owner much alarm. He will probably take it to a garage and pay twenty skins to have the motor fixed. The noise of the pebbles inside the hubcaps can be heard for miles around and is much more effective than punching holes in the muffler.

Sometime while your roommate is not in the room, remove all the drawers from his dresser. Then empty the drawers and put them back in upside down. Carefully put the contents of the drawers up inside the overturned drawers and close them so that he won't notice the difference. In the morning when he hurriedly searches for a cufflink, he will blow his top as he yanks out the drawers one by one and stuff spills all over the place. I would advise you not to be present when he opens the dresser because your life wouldn't be worth a discharge button.

When your roommate stays out too late at night for his own good, why not prepare a special welcome for



HERMES

him when he returns. Just remove the pins from the hinges to the door on your room and leave the door precariously hanging in place. Of course, the noise the door makes when it comes down will wake you out of a deep sleep, but it is worth waking up to see the surprised look on your roommate's face. If your roommate has been conniving with Bacchus the effect is doubled, and it's worth waking the whole dorm to watch the fun.



When your roommate is in the bathtub, if such a thing is possible, quietly slip in and empty a bottle of ink into the tub while he's not looking. If you use indelible ink the results are much more lasting. The only consolation to this trick is that you can easily tell if your roommate washes all over, because those parts covered with soap will not be stained.

Should you happen to have a hot-water bottle lying around, connect a three-foot piece of rubber hose to the opening, and put the hot-water bottle inside your roommate's pillowcase with the hose down under the sheet. Arrange the hot-water bottle so that water will flow from it only when there is pressure on the pillowcase. When your roommate places his head on the pillow, then, and only then, will he get a shot of warm water from under the middle of the sheet. This is very disconcerting because the bed was not wet when he climbed into it and the minute he raises his head the water stops. Try it sometime and let me know how you make out.

# SOUTHGATE GARAGE

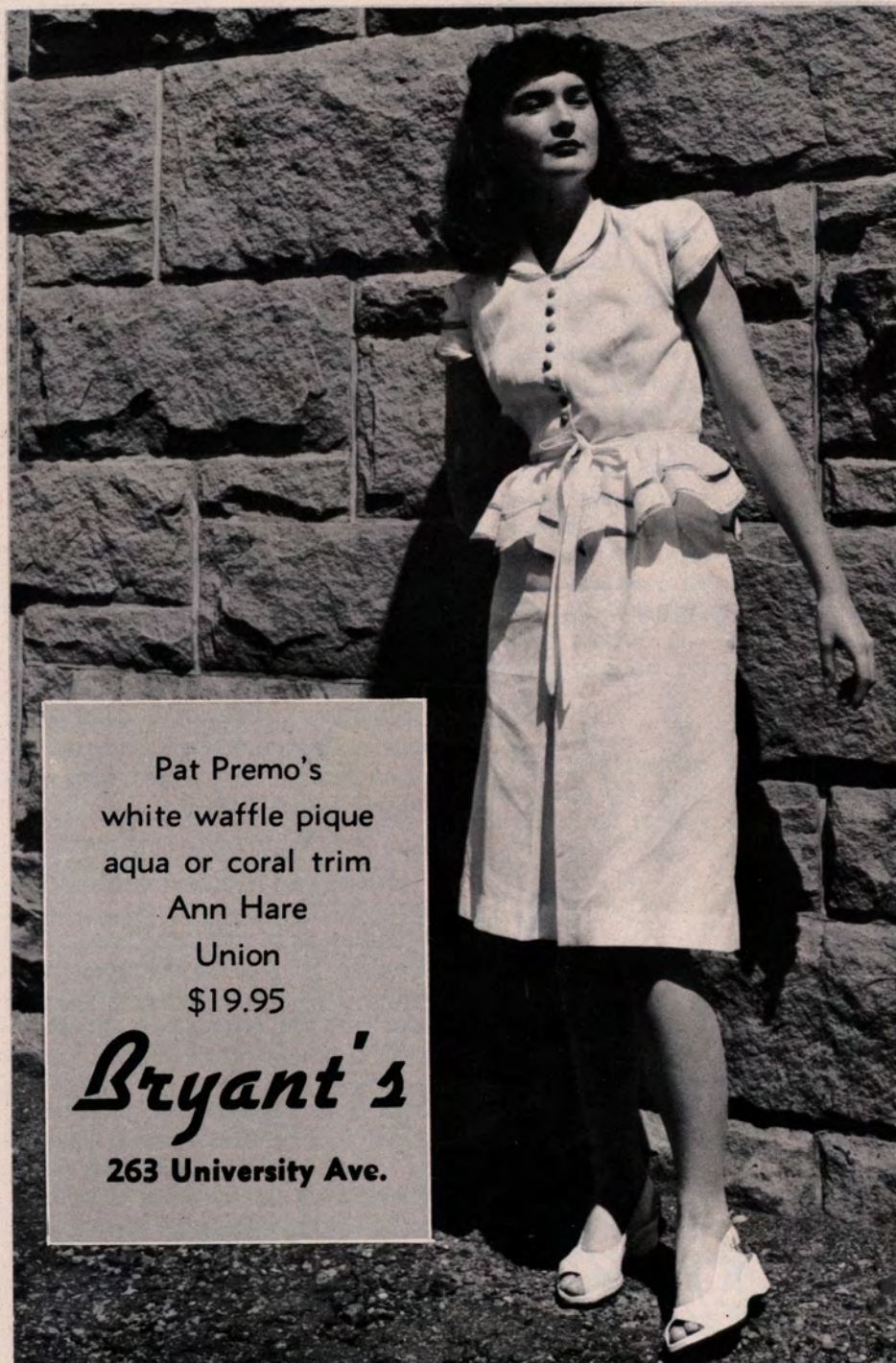
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Bob Symons

## FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

ing around the world and our pal was more than glad to come back to the Farm.

No sooner had he completed registration than he was informed, "My boy, you have eighteen and one-half hours to make up at the Con Home."

Being a good-natured soul, down to the Con Home he went. After working there for six hours, he retired to the rest home, having picked up a first-rate case of poison oak.

The University announced that he still has twelve and one-half hours of work to make up.

### Like a Razor

Pierce Hall has acquired such a notorious reputation that its inmates have been considering changing the hall's name to "Jefferson Davis Hall."

At any rate, one of the lads answered the Pierce (or Davis, if you prefer) phone last quarter: "Jefferson Davis Hall. Who in the hall do you want, please?"

Masculine voice at other end of wire: "Let me speak to the hall president."

Pierce man: "I'm sorry, but the illus-



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trious president of Sharp's flats is not in. Can I take the message?"

Voice at other end: "Oh, just have him call Dean Sharp's office when he gets in."

### Amen!

Our man in charge of picking up CHAPARRAL mail tells us that the other day he found a long, white envelope in the Old Boy's box. Picking it up, he saw that it was addressed to: Reverend Minister in Charge, Stanford Chapel, Stanford, California.

### Two-Armed Bandit

While wartime installation of "pay phones" in the old fraternity houses has annoyed a good number, one Hammer and Coffin lad has no complaints. He made a call right after someone else had deposited four dollars and ten cents for a long-distance number. As our lad hung up, four dollars and ten cents came rolling out of the coin return. Scooping up his fortune, our boy raced for the stairs and made a quick escape to his second-floor room.

### Wat, No Boogie?

In the between-quarter shuffle a friend of ours had the dubious distinction of living in the only house on campus that boasts a housemother. He turned this one in: The housemother moved her own piano into the house and obligingly lets the lads use it with one condition—only classical music may be played.

### Clean Liver

A heated discussion was going on in one of our graduate halls about the "Christian life." One young man insisted that he led a true Christian life. He claimed that he did nothing that could even be considered a violation of the smallest principle of clean living. As he finished his discourse the door opened and one of his friends from next door walked in. Handing the "clean liver" a half-emptied Schenley bottle he said, "Hey, here's your Black Label; you left it in my room last night." . . . . The discussion broke up.

### Also Noted

Down One-Oh-One, between Stanford and Dinah's, on the lefthand side of the hiway (if you're headed toward L'Omelette's), is a stucco store build-

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# O'NEIL'S STANFORD BOWL

233 University



Bob Symons

ing divided into two stores. One half is occupied by The Smoke Shop, while The Basic Health Institute is located in the other half. We are wondering how long the little stucco structure will remain standing. With the forces of good and evil working at odds in such confined quarters, something catastrophic should happen at any moment!

Boy friend (in late hours)—How can I ever leave you?

Tired father (in next room)—Bus, train, or taxicab!

—Pelican

"Man, what am a stoic?"  
"Wah a stoic am a bird what brings babies."

—Gugel

## DEAR SAM

(Continued from page 17)

Carole feels that old feeling rising within her breast. (How's that for casting!) Flynn, who has said nothing but one-word phrases up until then, suddenly murmurs, "Eve did anyone ever tell you you're built like a . . ." "Max!" screams Carole. "You can talk!" "Why, so I can," says Errol. They embrace with feeling. (Montage of lagoon, moon over the mountains, tall palm trees, symbolizing basic thoughts.)

There's an old wrecked schooner near by, so Errol looks at Carole with that gleam in his eye and asks her if she's ever seen the moon through a porthole. Carole says no, and Flynn paddles with her to the beach. Carole jumps out and runs for the schooner. Flynn chases her. (Of course.) Life on a poinciana plantation was never like this!

The final scene has Carole feeding Errol mango strudel beside the lagoon. They both have that look in their eyes. (So does the audience by now.) They kiss. (Keerist!) Music swells as the camera fades into

THE END

Write me soon, Sam, and tell me it's the greatest thing since *Birth of a Nation*.

Semper fidelis,  
HARRY

King Arthur—I hear you have been misbehaving.

Knight of the Round Table — In what manor, sir?

—West Pointer

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- Barney Gugel
- Ed McLellan
- Barney McClure
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- Jeanne Waters
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Student—What's that you wrote on my paper?

Prof.—I told you to write plainer.  
—Urchin

Some people have no respect for age, unless it's bottled.

—Shavetail

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—Headline in *Examiner*  
"I was once a 97-lb. weakling."



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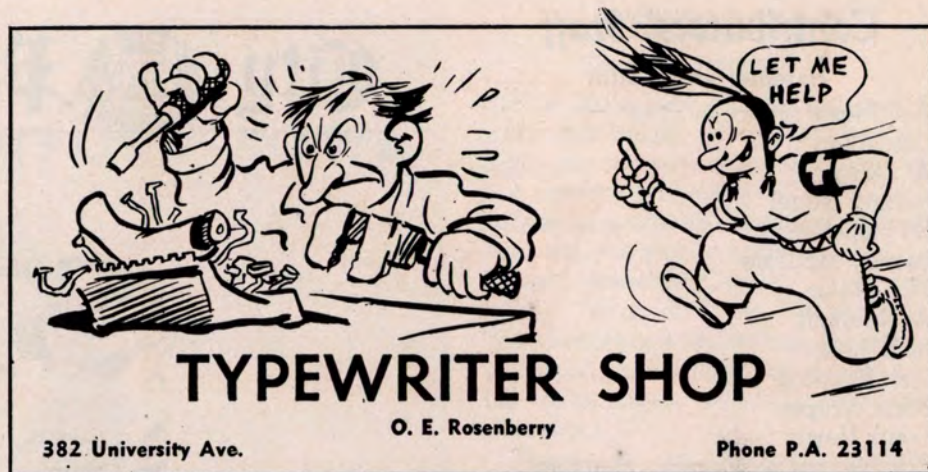
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## Fables of Other Farms

### Recluse

This happening may have been the honest endeavor of a couple of servicemen to do their bit to alleviate the housing problem, but we haven't decided yet, and until we do, we pass the item on as worthy of argument. It has to do with two sailors we passed one day as they were entering an Avenue hash-house. "Yes," one said with a sly, dreamy smile, "she has an apartment and she lives alone."

—Pelican

### Geographical Unmentionable

A fellow we know was being coached for a map quiz recently by a rather scholarly looking friend. The coaching was going along smoothly until it came to identifying Württemberg. "Don't worry," said the tutor earnestly, removing his glasses and tapping them emphatically on the table. "You can always tell Württemberg. It's shaped just like a brassiere."

—Pelican

### Virgin Wool?

A current trend of advertising is certainly making it painful for those

simple souls who are in the habit of glancing at the ads before turning to the literary section of a magazine. We speak of those ads which picture homecoming veterans leaning on the starboard rail, looking toward the horizon and exclaiming, "Can hardly wait to eat those Goody Cup Cakes again!" or some such nonsense.

Recently, one variation of this theme caught our eye and made us wonder about the people who inhabit advertising offices. In a nationally known men's magazine appears a picture of a handsome, brawny ex-serviceman being embraced by his exceedingly pretty and well-formed wife who, incidentally, is clad in a rather sheer, negligee. All the words of devotion which our hero can muster are, "Gee, but it's great to get back to my Botany flannel wool robe!"

—Widow

### Trolley Song

This story may have been told before but we believe that it is worth retelling here because it illustrates the ends to which a Tech man will

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go to save a dime. It is entirely true and any resident of the Grad House of two years ago will vouch for it.

Some thrifty residents of the aforementioned Grad House decided to outwit the Boston Elevated Company. They stretched a wire from a second-story window of the Grad House to a tree on the other side of Massachusetts Avenue so that it passed just underneath the trolley wire. The wire was small and invisible to anyone passing along the street. Every time that a trolley passed, the wire knocked the trolley off the line so that the car was brought to a stop. When the motorman got out to put the trolley back on the wire, the students who had been hiding behind the hedges that border the Grad House would sneak into the car. It's marvelous to what ends Tech students will go to save a dime.

—Voo-Doo

### Fables from the Octopus Mailbag

TO THE EDITOR:

This GI Bill isn't all it's cracked up to be. The government gives us our books and \$65 a month, but we are expected to do our own schoolwork the same as any other student.

Frankly, I am disappointed. The

Veterans' Administration could at least provide someone to take our exams for us.

DISGUSTED VET

TO THE EDITOR:

What's the idea of printing every issue of Octopus in English? Is this the way to promote international unity?

At least every other issue should be in Russian.

CAMPUS LIBERAL

TO THE EDITOR:

Since most of my customers are now veterans, I am announcing a change in policy for my tavern. From now on it will be called "Joe's Soft Drink Parlor." No liquor or cigarettes will be sold.

The fact that so many men stopped drinking and smoking while in service has brought this about.

JOE MAGOOSISS

Formerly proprietor of "Joe's Bar"

### Sweater Girl

Some of the women doctors, weary of the sight of female forms exposed during the freshman physicals, went into Drake's to end it all, via the double-thick malted method. One day "doc" was gazing absently out the window as an Ann Arbor High

(Continued on page 48)

There is **BIG GAME HUNTING**; really good fishing in British Columbia. **AND** the cost is "way lower than" you would expect.



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### OTHER FARMS

(Continued from page 47)

sweater girl sauntered in and began shaking herself out of her coat. Standing directly in the doctor's line of vision, the girl suddenly realized that the other woman was staring fixedly at her. "Well," she snapped, "do you want me to take the rest of my clothes off, too?"

The doctor looked up surprised. "Oh, no," she murmured, "just strip to the waist." —Gargoyle

### Flunkee

A word in retrospect from a recent flunkee: "Yes, the courses at Michigan last term were very complete. Anything not covered during the course of the semester was included on the final exam."

—Gargoyle

### Pardon Us, Mr. Little

Conditions at Bascom Reading Room being what they are, it is almost impossible to get a glance at the study lists, much less find a seat once you've obtained the book. We were tackling the usual offensive one morning and once the books were had, decided to look elsewhere for a place to study. Upstairs, the halls were filled

with stairway students, bench students, leaning-against-the-wall students, and more students. We wandered distractedly until we spied the shingle: "Office of the Dean of Men." Politely explaining the situation to Miss Madden, secretary to Mr. Little, we made ourselves at home in the office. Nice tables, nice empty chairs, and quiet. It's a perfect place.

—Octopus

### Lost Soul

We used to worry, in an appropriate way, about the ex-serviceman and his problem of adjustment to campus life. Our own scientific anxiety was directed toward a tall, loose-hung Air Force type who showed up in the Library at regular intervals. He'd start reading *America's Economic Growth*, a *Revision of Economic History of the People of the United States*, but before long he'd have a restless look in his eye. Then he would get up and wander around looking for people to say hello to, before coming back for another crack at *America's*, etc. As time went on, he became more and more nervous. The other day when we went to the Periodical Room to study, there was our boy, calm as a clam, reading a magazine called *Flying*.

—Pelican

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### UNDER THE SPREADING FAMILY TREE

When Brewster was a little lad  
His father, for a joke,  
Gave the bright and blooming youth  
A sip of rum and coke.  
It was a very tiny sip,  
Three ounces at the best,  
Meant to make some blond hair grow  
On Brewster's infant chest.  
The little fellow loved the taste.  
It felt so good inside,  
So when his daddy drank the rest  
Young Brewster cried and cried.  
This lovely taste that Brewster had,  
It preyed upon his mind,  
And so he swore he'd have some  
more

If only he could find  
That closet key to ope the cache  
Wherein the liquor lay,  
Under sturdy lock and key,  
To keep the maid away.  
He found it soon beneath the rug  
Upon his father's floor,  
So Brewster went to take a slug  
Or two or three or four.  
Our laddie oped the closet door.  
You ask what did he spy?  
His own dear mother on the floor  
A-drinking on the sly.

The shock for Brewster was too much  
It made him quite insane,  
And never all his live long days  
Spoke he a word again.  
This poem, friend, two morals hath  
And they in short are these:  
Never think that drinking  
Is the cause of brain disease.  
And do not think your mother dear  
To be a perfect saint,  
Cause, sonny boy, you'll find in time  
The lady simply aint.

—Lampoon

"That dress looks very well on  
you."

"Why of course it does. I was just  
made for this dress."

"You should have held out for a  
fur coat!"

—Jim's

In an Ohio paper:

"The operator of the other car,  
charged with drunken driving,  
crashed into Miss Miller's rear end,  
which was sticking out into the  
road."

—Eliot

Some people lead with their  
chins.

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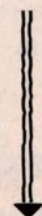
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## SPELLBOUND IN THE DARK

By Natalie Roth

Give me a vet  
With git up and get  
And the faintest touch of neurosis.  
I'd never be spurned  
For things I have learned  
Would help Love to conquer psy-  
chosis.  
I'd slice the veneer of shy introspec-  
tion  
And evoke a loud cheer where once  
dwelt dejection,  
I'd work through suggestion, never  
correction . . . .  
But first of all, find me a vet.  
No clinging vine I, I'd work in con-  
junction,  
Remembering woes that began with  
induction,  
I'd set all my psych education to func-  
tion . . . .  
But really hey—find me a vet.  
I'd be patient in face of un-called for  
vexations,  
I'd carefully choose all our friends  
and relations,  
Uncovering complexes, fatal fixa-  
tions . . . .  
Again I say, find me a vet.

I'd wash and I'd bake—yea even darn  
socks,  
I'd smooth all his falls, absorb all his  
shocks,  
I'd hammer and chip at emotional  
blocks . . . .  
But need I add—find me a vet.  
Yes, give me a vet  
With hair blond or jet—  
But someone a wee bit abnormal,  
I'd be cunning and kind  
And unburden his mind  
In a manner most gay and informal.  
Somebody sweet, but a slight nervous  
wreck—  
If things get too muddled—why then  
we can neck,  
Just look at Ingrid and Gregory Peck  
—Hurry up! Find me a vet!  
—Octopus  
People who live in glass houses  
shouldn't.  
—Exchange  
Work wanted. I have got to have  
a job, am man thirty-two years old,  
intelligent, but married.  
—From Want Ad Section  
**Make up your mind.**  
—Dodo

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EMMET P. CASEY

Palo Alto 9240

"Of course I love you," she said as  
she took off her stockings.  
"We'll have the sweetest little  
bungalow," and she took off her skirt.  
"Tom, dear, why can't we get mar-  
ried in the spring when the world is  
full of laughter?" and she took off her  
camisole.  
"If you prefer the fall, I prefer it  
too, because we are one, sweetheart,"  
and she took off her last vestige of  
clothing.  
"Tom, honey, I'm cold and want to  
go to bed; good-night," and she hung  
up the receiver.

Pi Phi—Dammit!  
Housemother—My word!  
Pi Phi—Pardon me, I didn't realize  
I was plagiarizing.

—Columns

First author—Where did you get  
the plot of your second novel?  
Second author—From the movie  
version of my first.

—Voo Doo

"I know I'm not really much to look  
at," admitted her fiancé.  
"Oh, well," she philosophized,  
"you'll be at the office most of the  
time."

—Gargoyle

"Due to the newsprint shortage, a  
number of births will be postponed  
until next week."

—Ogden Examiner, Utah

Just what will the scientists think up  
next?

—Octopus

There was a young man from St. Cyr  
Who was inordinately fond of flat byr.  
He would say with a gryn,  
Wiping suds off his chyn,  
"At St. Cyr, clyr byr has no pyr."

—Simon

"Do you mean to tell me," the judge  
said, "that you murdered that poor  
old woman for a paltry three dollars?"  
"Well, Judge, you know how it is.  
Three bucks here, three bucks there—  
it soon mounts up."

—Masquerader

Sleep is when you don't get enough  
the night before you wake up half a.

—Exchange



# Gleim the Jeweler

Cora A. Gleim and Arthur F. Gleim invite you today, as in  
the past, to visit their store with its large stock of  
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Perfume,  
Wallets, and Pens.

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Palo Alto 6822

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Housewares

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Paints

Wedgewood Ranges

University Ave. at Bryant St.  
Dial 4178



HAMILTON and EMERSON



For making men's heads swim  
(or turning their hearts—and eyes—  
upside down)

it's California  
swimwear



at  
Roos Bros

The Shack on Campus and 125 University Avenue

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