

STANFORD

Chaparral

JANUARY 1948 25c

Gene Moore



JOR
GEN
SEN

INTERNATIONAL SKI STAR
Blanche Christian agrees...
"Experience is the best teacher!"
 in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"

CAMELS ARE THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE WITH ME!

Experience—and perfect coaching—have taught Blanche Christian the finer points of skiing

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You Why!
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 that's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

CAMEL
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AS A SKIER, Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience... ski instructor in leading resorts. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

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Home of the Famous Smorgasbord

On the Peninsula, IT'S
Rickey's Studio Club
 3 MILES SOUTH OF STANFORD
 ON EL CAMINO REAL
Palo Alto

The Stanford Chaparral

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

NOW THAT everyone is getting worried about the Honor Code, the Old Boy would like to stick his neck out into the discussion. Part of the trouble, he feels, is a misapprehension about the nature of the Honor Code; it is definitely not a means of shifting the responsibility for policing examinations from the faculty to the students. Instead, it is a mode of conduct which requires that every Stanford man and woman will act in the privacy of his room with the integrity expected of an honorable and decent person. The "third-person responsibility" that is being bandied about is a minor part of the Honor Code, for if the Code depends on fellow students enforcing it, we might as well have proctors and make cheating a game. What is needed is for everyone at Stanford, new students and old, to be told what the Honor

Code is and to be convinced that we mean it when we say Stanford people live up to it. Once this is done, once the Honor Code becomes a real and important thing to every Stanford student, there will be no reason for any muttering.

NOW THAT the ski season is in full swing and the Farm is populated with *schussers* and *slalomers*, the membership badge of Skiers Unlimited (a leg-sized cast) is increasingly evident, and the Old Boy has decided that this is becoming too big to be ignored. Therefore, he and his lusty crew have thunk and thunk and thunk and thunk up some eminently practical suggestions about the noble art, which he here presents for the Farm's approval.

Now That Date



By Don Gerber

Now that your faithfully probing reporter has recovered from the effects of the night before, the debris has been painstakingly sifted through and the multitudinous notes scribbled on match covers, menus, napkins, and cuffs are almost all recovered. For those of you who wish to be sophisticated people about the town, and have been willing to present 25 cents to CHAPPIE'S coffers in order to find out how, the doodlings have been carefully tabulated, rewritten, and presented below. This month the special feature is San Francisco, where we drove our net of tripping footsteps into practically every interesting place around. The chaff is winnowed out, the oats are left.

What more can you ask? We have reaped the wild oats and little is left to you but to sow them.

(Continued on page 9)

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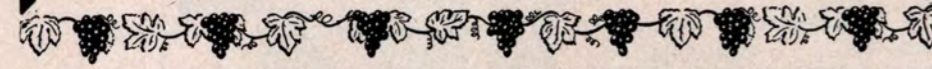
L'OMELETTE

AS FRENCH
as
MONTMARTRE



STANFORD'S FAVORITE
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THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

Here's a suggestion to remedy that situation in the high Sierras. Ray Jorgensen did what we think is a fine rendition. Very topical, too.

Stories

Scads and scads of stories. In connection with the story by Ray Elsmore, which is written in the style of the late Damon Runyon, the Old Boy would like to remind you that the cancer research fund named after this great journalist is a very worthy cause. We hope Dick DeRoy's story will not shatter too many of your childhood illusions. Also we got lots more stories about skiing, and sex, and all sorts of stuff.

Poems

Some of them rhyme.

Jokes

Some of them are funny.

Center Spread

In the middle of the magazine. The Old Boy shows you how he thinks a ski lodge should be run.

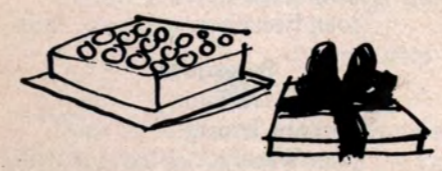
American Home: 1958

G. Pushbutton Schmeckenclipp gets caught in a wringer.

Diner—Have you any wild rabbit?
Waitress—No, but we can get one and irritate it for you. —Shaft

"No, Mabel, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house." —Log

*Leap year, a
Joseph Magnin dress,
and a girl's all
set for '48!*



Joseph Magnin, 301 University Avenue, Palo Alto • Joseph Magnin, 301 University Avenue • Joseph Magnin, 301 University Avenue



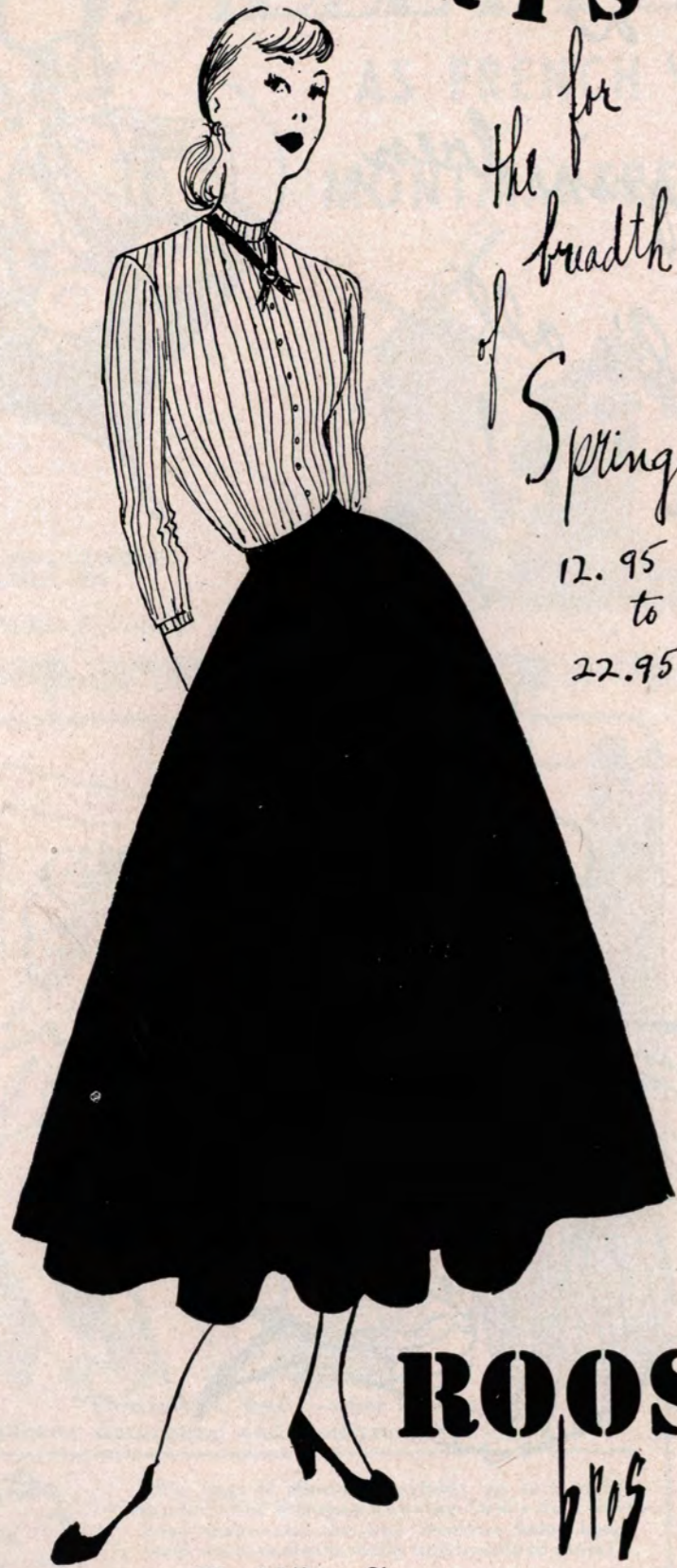
"This is Mrs. Smith—her hobbies are interior decorating and Dentyne Chewing Gum!"



"She says it cheers everybody up just to be reminded of Dentyne Chewing Gum's delicious good taste—and the way Dentyne helps keep teeth white makes it really worthwhile to smile!"

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of
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The Shack

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Joe—Say, I ran over a milk bottle last night with your car.

Moe—What, couldn't you see it?

Joe—Naw—the darn kid had it under his coat.

—Joycian

"Hello! Is this the Smith apartment? . . . Well I'm McTavish, in the apartment beneath you. . . . Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night. . . . I don't mind the shrieking and pounding and music and stamping and singing and banging that's been going on over my head, but for gawd's sake put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling!"

—Urchin

Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let him take it. Who wants athlete's foot?

—Voo Doo

College is just like the laundry—you get out of it just what you put into it—but you'd never recognize it.

—Pointer

"Don't you know you can't sell life insurance without a license?"

"I knew I wasn't selling any, but I didn't know why."

—Truss Buster

"Damn it, leftovers again," growled the cannibal as he gnawed on the two old maids.

—Wampus

Livingston Bros.
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET

2995

REQUIRED SUBJECT: DRESS WITH DASH FOR DINNER DATE!

REQUIRED OBJECT: CHAP WITH CASH FOR A DINNER MATE!

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Breakfast
Lunch
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Two Specials
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...Gustin Drive In...

BAYSHORE HIGHWAY • EAST PALO ALTO
Two Blocks North of University

NOW THAT DATE

(Continued from page 3)

Leone's—440 Broadway. Atmosphere only that provided by the gently bubbling vats in the kitchen. The decorations are very modern, the owners old-fashioned. The food—ah *mama mia!*—is a true delight for both the gourmet and the gourmand. A six-course meal of superlative deliciousness is available here for two bucks, plus wine and cocktails. For dessert, their Flaming Fried Creams must not be passed up. *Billfold: medium small.*

Gene's—536 Pacific (International Settlement). A hamburger joint that makes a living by verbally advertising to the people who go there the caricatures on the walls and the match game at the bar. Everything is fried, including the newspapermen. Marianne, the cashier, is cute. She doesn't drink, though. *Billfold: medium small.*

Blackshear's—Fillmore. Ensnconed in the basement of a third-class office building like an egg under a hen, it's a high-class supper club run by Negroes for tourists such as we. The house orchestra is supplemented by visiting Negro swing, boogie, and bebop artists. Meade "Lux" Lewis and Jack McVea recently appeared here (separately). We don't go on record as recommending the food, and the brandy ain't so hot, but it's one of the three best places in town for hot music. *Billfold: medium.*

Carrol's—492 Sutter. The best milk shake in town. *Billfold: no need, look in your change pocket . . . how'd we get in here?*

House of Harris—555 Sutter. Most enjoyable entertainment in a supper-club atmosphere, and the food is good at a fairly low price. Shows go on at 9:30, 11:00, and 1:30—food serving stops simultaneously. When the waiter short-changes you, yell "Tommy!" at the top of your voice and you'll quickly come out all right—on your posterior. *Billfold: medium large.*

Poodle Dog—1125 Polk. R-r-r-uff!

Papagayo Room—California and Mason (Fairmont Hotel). Can you compete with *burritos, tamales, mole con pavo, y tequila?* Can your girl compete with pretty waitresses in décolleté dirndls? Replete with dim candles and many corners, Al's rendezvous we highly recommend for that "last place" late at night. *Billfold: medium.*

(Continued on page 11)

America's Finest

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



"ADJOINING THE CAMPUS"

Open 7:00 a.m. to 2:00 a.m. every day of the year

MENLO PARK

ON EL CAMINO REAL
Two Blocks North of Palo Alto

Food at its best—moderately priced, appetizingly served

SNACK-SPOT of the Peninsula, open from 7:00 a.m. around the clock till 2:00 a.m. daily. Friday and Saturday nights until 3:00 a.m.

DELIVERY SERVICE to the campus, Palo Alto, or Stanford Village at any time, day or night.

CALL PALO ALTO 9562

HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS of taste-tempting dinner specials, varying from day to day to provide a variety of menu, and . . . PRICED from 45c to \$1.50.

Served at all hours along with hamburgers, hot dogs, barbecued sandwiches, ham and eggs, steaks, and many other taste-tempting items.

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

Complete Fountain Service

NOW THAT DATE

(Continued from page 9)

Paper Doll—524 Union. One set of fellahs runs the other out, and a month later the phenomenon is reversed. Have one drink, say nothing, and leave. *Billfold: ?.*

Playland—at the Beach. Kiss in the Dark, Cyclone, Fun House, Octopus, Penny Arcade, Deep Sea Dive, Big "It," etc., forever and forever. If your guts don't growl easy and you're of masochistic tendencies, try it. *Billfold: medium small.*

Oak Room—Powell at Geary (St. Francis Hotel). Where to go when she stands you up. The Belt's of yesterday, on a higher plane. *Billfold: how much do you drink?*



A local tavern keeper, who had a reputation for keeping strong brews, was awakened the other night by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Go away. You can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink," came the answer. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."

—Odrono



"This pen leaks," said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.

—Wampus



The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine.

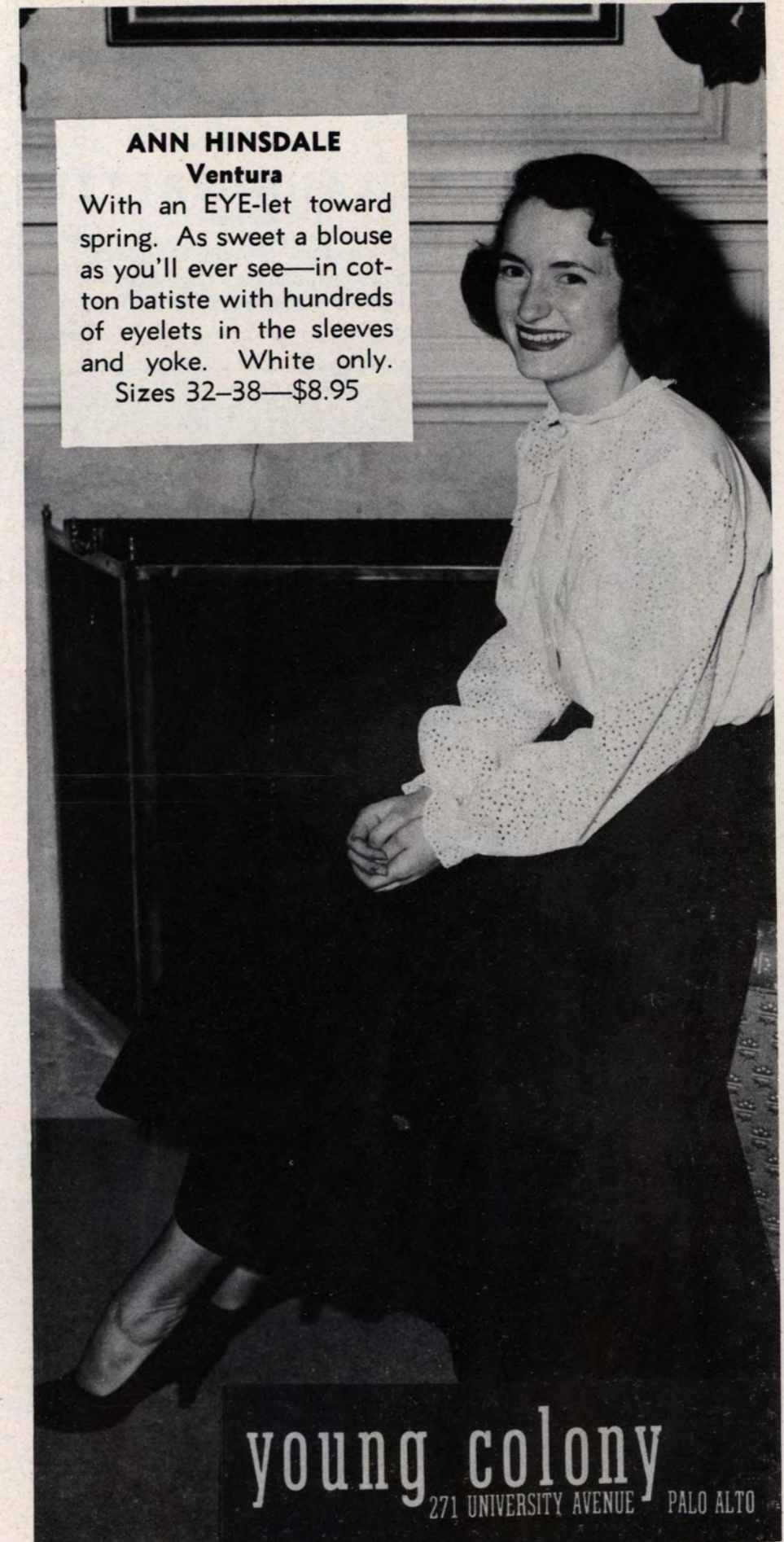
"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," replied the old gentleman. "I'm committing suicide."

—Octopus



"It's a boy!"



ANN HINSDALE

Ventura

With an EYE-let toward spring. As sweet a blouse as you'll ever see—in cotton batiste with hundreds of eyelets in the sleeves and yoke. White only.

Sizes 32-38—\$8.95

young colony
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Photo by Ray Elsmore



This month's campus king may be in a spot to choose from all these lovely Wilson "Queens" of recent months, but he does know that a Valentine box of Wilson's candies rates "tops" with any gal.

VALENTINE'S DAY
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14

Open Every Day from
7 a.m.—11:30 p.m.



The "Ride to the Campus" Corner

"Since 1897"

Portraits by Hans Roth Studio



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BENDIX DOES YOUR WASH IN 30 MINUTES

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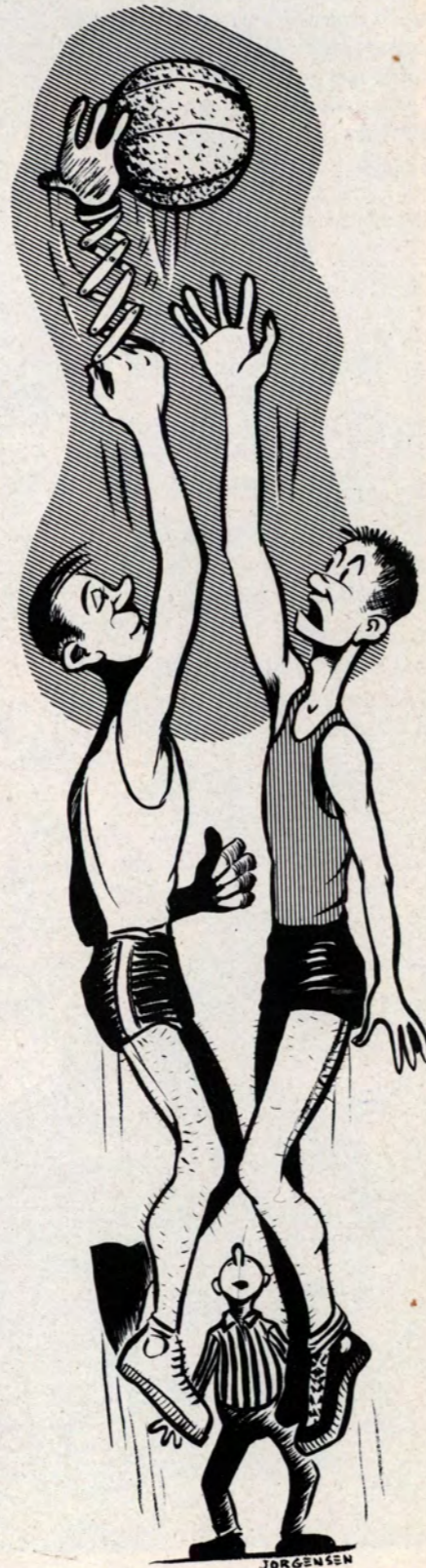
20 Bendix Machines to Serve You

120 Hamilton

P.A. 27144

Three old men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged seventy-five, said he'd like to crash in a car going eighty miles per hour. The second, eighty-five, said he'd take his finish in a 400 mph plane. "I've got a better idea," said the third, aged ninety-five. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

—Truss Buster



Jerry Milbank of Branner wears a black gabardine suit with the new wide lapels and short fitted jacket—a ballerina skirt, fitted over the hips.
\$59.95

Lundin-McBride
150 University Ave.

Photo by Steve Hyman

STANFORD

Chaparral

"Tra-a-a-ack!"





High-Altitude Icing

One Stanford man got a new twist to an old story at the end of last quarter. He hopped a plane for L.A. and found his seat. As he sat there waiting for the plane to get all its passengers aboard, an absolute vision came down the aisle. She was smart, stunning, svelte; she should have been in Hollywood; she brought a gleam to his eye; she sat down next to him. Aha!

The plane got its cargo aboard, waddled down the runway, swung into the wind, gunned its engines and sorta shook, then released its brakes and started down the strip. Putting on a this-is-all-so-old-to-me look, he turned to the vision and caught her in a yawn. "Flown before?" he asked. "Oh, yes, couple of times." Hmmm. "Say," he said, "haven't I met you somewhere?"

"Yes," she said, "you were at Stanford in 1942 and you were in my English Lit class and you sat in the back row and you were the dumbest student in the class and you went with my roommate and you dropped her for some blonde and she cried all night and . . ."

. . . And the rest of the trip was made in deep, deep silence.

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

Donna Neill

QUEEN of the MONTH

Portrait by Bob Symons

Scrambled Ex

By the latter part of finals week last quarter, the local cantinas were well populated with people relaxing from the inhuman strain of knocking out enough C's to stay in school. A large, handsome character walked into one of them, joined some friends at the bar, and proclaimed loudly, "I think I been stabbed." Everyone in the place looked up with that sympathetic interest everyone has for everybody else during finals week, and he went on: "I showed up for this final three minutes before it was over. I picked up my bluebook and the ex and just started to look it over when the prof came in and called for the bluebooks. So I wrote 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year' on it and turned it in." Everybody made sympathetic noises and went back to their Scotch and sofas.

Behind the Pinball

There's a certain guy around the Farm, as good a Joe as they come, but a natural for dirty tricks. The latest—and one of the dirtiest—was pulled on him in one of the local hostleries down the road. He was playing the pinball machine and getting more and more pushed at the

way it was "Tilt"-ing, so his good friends convinced him that it was not set level and should be taken off the little cardboard pads that are put under the legs to keep it level. Well, he's a big joker and with a heave-ho and a grunt he slid the machine off the pads. Then these real pals tipped him off, sorta side-of-the-mouth like, that he ought to pick up the little cardboard pads so that no one would know what he had done. He dutifully scrambled under the machine, pocketed the pads, and slid out very, very unobtrusively . . . to find that the whole population of the bar was watching him with interest on account of his friends had been laughing and pointing at the tops of their voices. Which all goes to prove that a boy's only friend is his mother.

Chartreuse Moose

Last year the men in Toyon fought some pretty lusty battles here and there and got themselves something of a reputation. This year nothing of the sort has happened so far, but a minor fray is building up.

During the Christmas holidays someone somewhere had the bright idea of redecorating the "Moose Room." This room, which takes its name from a huge stuffed elk's head on the wall (known to all as "The Moose") is one of the hall's few social rooms. God knows, the room needed redecorating, but there was some dissension when the color scheme was made known. The boys found out that the walls were to be a sort of a

(Continued on page 33)

INDIA RUBBER

and about that country. They put him in a hospital and it was quite some time before they let him out again and gave him his walking papers.

"Well, Freddy," I say, "what is this disease which is so bad that they boot you out on account of it?"

"I guess I don't exactly know," Freddy says. "Instead of giving me medicine, they just keep me in a little room which has mats, like the ones we wrestle on at the gym, hanging on the walls, and they ask me some silly questions now and then."

After a while Big Freddy decides that I am going to accompany him to eat dinner and drink some drinks, and, although I tell him of at least a hundred things that I must do immediately, I still feel his big hand clamped to my arm, which is beginning to feel like it is smashed by a hammer.

Freddy's automobile is a very long, blond convertible which goes very fast indeed; in fact, once or twice when I happen to look down at the speedometer, I notice that the needle is knocking its head against the pin at the hundred-and-ten mark. What with speed like that, it is not long before we are sitting in the St. Francis with an orchestra playing and a young doll singing, while we eat steaks and drink champagne, all of which is paid for by Big Freddy, since I never have more than one or two potatoes in my pocket at any one time.

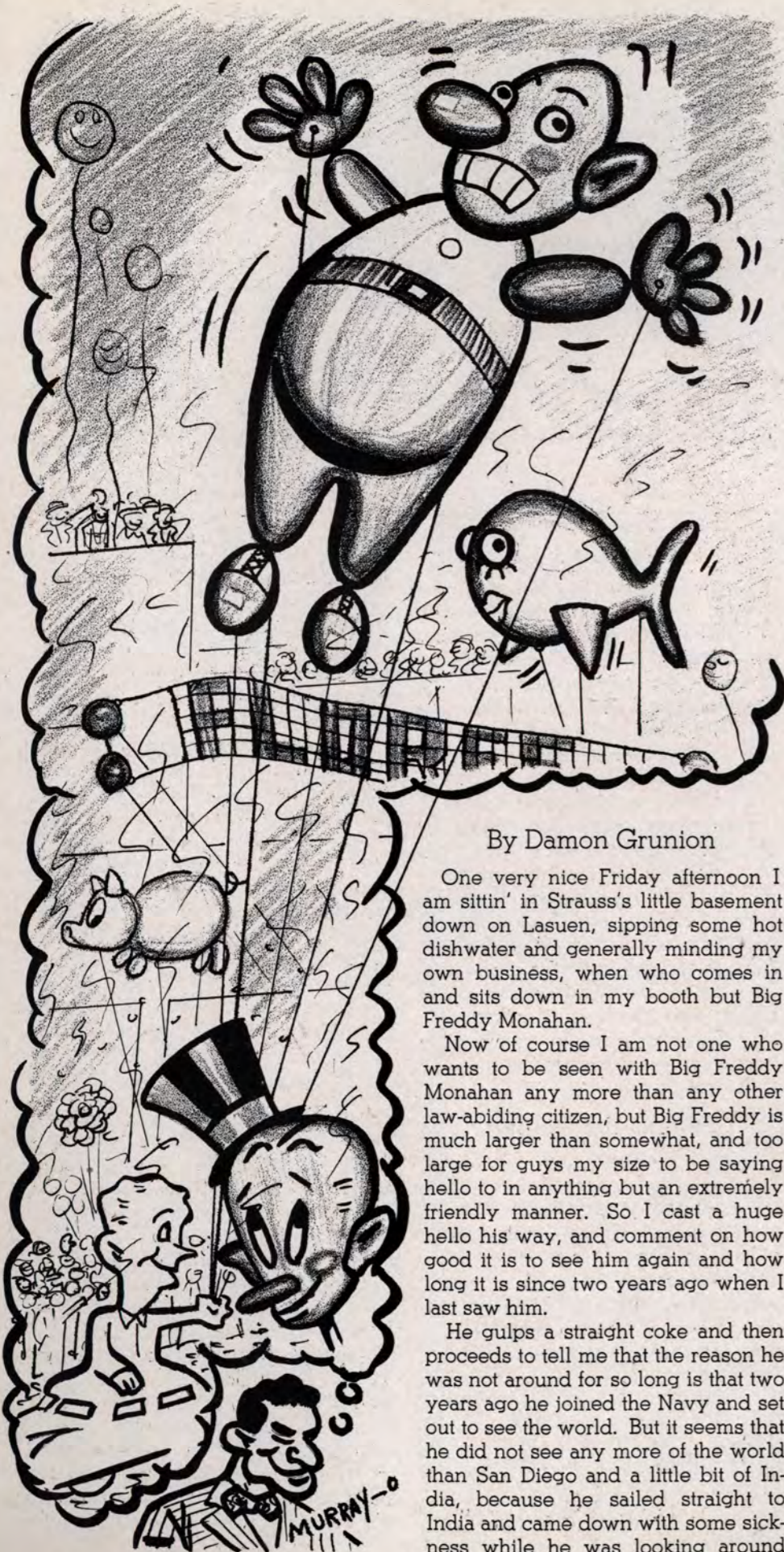
I never before saw Freddy drink so many drinks as he drinks that night. It is not very long before I begin to notice that he is getting mulled up more than somewhat, and it is about this time that he gets the idea that he is an inner tube. Now I can plainly see that Big Freddy Monahan is not an inner tube, because he still has arms and legs, and he is not made of rubber, so I say to him like this, I say, "Freddy, you are no more an inner tube than that table or chair, and they are by no means inner tubes. Furthermore," I say, "you are not round, and anyone knows that an inner tube is round."

By Damon Grunion

One very nice Friday afternoon I am sittin' in Strauss's little basement down on Lasuen, sipping some hot dishwater and generally minding my own business, when who comes in and sits down in my booth but Big Freddy Monahan.

Now of course I am not one who wants to be seen with Big Freddy Monahan any more than any other law-abiding citizen, but Big Freddy is much larger than somewhat, and too large for guys my size to be saying hello to in anything but an extremely friendly manner. So I cast a huge hello his way, and comment on how good it is to see him again and how long it is since two years ago when I last saw him.

He gulps a straight coke and then proceeds to tell me that the reason he was not around for so long is that two years ago he joined the Navy and set out to see the world. But it seems that he did not see any more of the world than San Diego and a little bit of India, because he sailed straight to India and came down with some sickness while he was looking around



"No," says Big Freddy, "you are mistaken, because I am truly an inner tube, and, what's more, I will show you that I am an inner tube, and one which is made in India of India rubber."

Then Freddy stands up and bends over backward and puts his head between his ankles, like a guy I once saw in a circus who was called a contortionist and was considered a very clever contortionist at that, although I did not find him very amusing at all.

But Freddy is not satisfied with just making himself round like a doughnut, and he tells me that he wishes me to roll him across the floor so that he can prove to one and all that he is an inner tube.

Now I may be considered by some parties as something of a sucker, but I am not such a sap as will roll a guy as large as Freddy across a dance floor, especially when the guy is in a shape to make him as conspicuous as Freddy will be. So I get on the other side of the table where Freddy can't reach me and tell him that I do not want to roll him anywhere. At this moment a fat character at the next table, who also seems to be mulled up more than somewhat, since he is having trouble balancing on his pins, steps over and says to Big Freddy like this: "Mister, I am watching you from this table and I notice how you suddenly resemble an inner tube, and furthermore I will feel quite honored if you will allow me to roll you across the dance floor, since your cowardly friend here does not seem to feel so inclined."

Big Freddy seems quite pleased at this, and he nods his head, indicating that he would consider it a courteous action indeed for this character to give him a roll. So this guy gives Freddy a huge push toward the center of the floor, which is quite crowded by this time, and as he rolls, his head makes a sickening clop-clop-clop sound against the floor.

It is no problem at all to follow Freddy's path through the crowd because you can see the line of dancing couples being mashed to the floor like a field of wheat with a rock rolling through it. And the young doll that sings quits singing and starts to act quite curious about what is causing various citizens to squinch to the floor and start screeching. About this time the dance floor clears off in extremely short order, what with the yelling and

groaning and such sounds as cause the citizens to think that maybe an atom bomb explodes, or the overdue earthquake arrives.

Of course, when all the parties at the tables notice the great confusion and see the dancers making like race horses for the door, they get the same idea and start making time for the door like I wish Antelope makes yesterday at Bay Meadows in the fifth when I have a pound note on him at ten to one. The band players, who are wise to the layout there, take it on the Jesse Owens out the back way in almost no time at all, except that a few of them end up with chairs and music stands wrapped around their legs. At the door there is a great mob, with the guys in front pushing their way out first, and the dolls bringing up the rear with screams and yells and acting very excited, and the walls by the door begin to teeter this way and that and drop little bits of plaster because of all the pushing they receive from the mob; all of which makes the characters push harder to get out.

It is not long before the whole St. Francis Hotel is very unoccupied except for me and Freddy and some of the less fortunate dolls who are trampled so that they are unable to get up, as well as several of the dancing

couples that Big Freddy rolls over so badly that they are mashed to the floor like jelly.

Now I am by no means such a guy as will walk off and leave a friend who needs me, but I do not consider Freddy my friend, and I cannot see that he has any use for me anyway, since he considers himself an inner tube, and I am one guy that will have no truck with inner tubes. So I thank Freddy for an amusing evening, but I do not think he hears me because he is through rolling now and is just kind of wobbling back and forth on his noggin; so I amble out of the hotel and down to the Greyhound Bus station, where I catch a bus for home. As I ride the bus I get to thinking that Big Freddy is very discourteous indeed to invite me out to dinner in San Francisco, and then leave me to fork over my own scratch to get home. But I decide to overlook this matter of thirty cents until the next time I see him, as he is probably quite busy with other matters now.

(Continued on page 30)



Up Ski?

By Gigi Marion

"Sport of kings," they told me while I read the Sun Valley folder. Blinded by the glare from the swimming pool, I agreed. Would I care to join the gang for a little *schuss* and *slalom*? Thinking it was a sandwich, I agreed. Shall we just rent skis, boots, and poles and get going? Pricing the works at a dollar eighty, I agreed. For a bit of modesty, I neglected to mention that my previous skiing experience consisted of a fast tear down the ninth-hole hill at the Long Island Golf Course and Country Club. I simply didn't want to get lonesome with the whole group going off to have the thrill of a lifetime—that's what my ski manual said.

It seemed to me that I put my skis on and settled on my poles with agility and grace, though everyone was halfway over to the rope tow when Esme remembered me, bless her, and turned beckoning me on. I started out. There were several things I had forgotten to do, they told me, as I lay prone on the bed in the First Aid Station. Gerry said I didn't know how to fall. I thought it was an extremely unnecessary statement. Esme informed me one doesn't walk on skis as one might going to class. I wondered why I kept moving backward. My skis weren't on the right feet, the harnesses weren't fastened correctly. It took me a quiet hour, just me and my abrasions, to get over the disillusionment and try again. Sitting was no longer comfortable, so I figured I'd have to do something standing up. Skiing, maybe!

I made it. I actually reached the ski tow. I grabbed the rope, picked myself up, removed the snow from my mouth and eyes, and grabbed again. I began to jerk slowly up the slope. Things were looking up; in fact, so high up I started thinking of Aunt Ruth and nearly let go—she has altitude sickness. Suddenly it occurred

to me my muscles weren't straining to keep my skis dead ahead. In fact, the rope was moving, but I wasn't. Muttered curses from the rear accompanied my efforts to grasp the slippery rope with my mittens. I finally got places—almost into the ground, in fact—and was nearly bent double when I realized I'd better do something before all that could be seen of my progress would be a small pointed protuberance of snow—my head—moving up the hillside.

At last, a friendly face. Gerry was standing at the head of a formidable run. I waved gaily, neatly dislodging my hood with a flying ski pole. I forgot I was attached to it. Galloping over to Gerry, I found that a lunge was the only way I could offset the urge to move backwards at top speed; frankly, it gave me a headache. It was tiresome, resembling a squirrel on a treadmill. I started something new in the way of close approach by executing a perfect flip from three feet away and landing on the bow of Gerry's skis, when one of mine encountered an immovable object. Naturally, it was my place to give in. When we got disentangled, he checked my skis and stance.

"Knees bent," he suggested. I bent.

"Not like that! You'll do a split the minute you take off." Take off! I laughed; I couldn't move.

"Put your knees together. That's it. Now shove!"



On the "shove," I pitched forward. He needn't have shouted. There were several things I had forgotten to do, he told me as I lay prone near a rather large tree.

"You don't know how to fall," he said.

I remembered his saying that before. Anyway, when the others came down and over, he laughed till tears bumped off his nose describing what I considered a not-quite-that-hilarious descent. It seems I lost my balance, which didn't surprise me a bit, and in an effort to stop sat back on my skis. I continued rocketing down with no means of changing direction and clutching my knees, with my poles dragging behind me like outriggers. Bill said I looked like a runaway toboggan. Eventually the bane of skiers, a tree, loomed up and kept moving closer. I stopped, with the help of a four-foot tree trunk, the skis taking the brunt this time. Esme asked me why I tried to go straight down. Try, indeed, as if I'd had a thing to do with it!

"Maybe the skis aren't the right length."

"Oh, no, it's just that I'm not in condition," I assured everybody. "Well, try again," I said laughing Pagliacci-fashion.

"It's a rather steep nursery slope," Gerry added (the louse).

I just wanted lunch, and I couldn't decide whether the numbness was from my wet self or the air. Any

(Continued on page 32)

PUSH-PULL-CLIQUE-CLIQUE

One Englishman is a gentleman.
Two Englishmen are a club.
Three Englishmen are a colony.

One Frenchman is a patriot.
Two Frenchmen are a couple.
Three Frenchmen are a political party.

One American is a tramp.
Two Americans are a gang.
Three Americans are a corporation.

One German is a peaceful peasant.
Two Germans are a singing society.
Three Germans are a bund.

One Austrian is a patser.
Two Austrians are a coffeehouse.
Three Austrians are a—well, there is no such thing.
One of them is always a Czech.

One Russian is a peasant.
Two Russians are a class.
Three Russians are a comintern.

One Stanford woman is a Stanford woman.
Two Stanford women are two Stanford women.

Three Stanford women are the first scene in *Macbeth*. —Rothman



"Junior, don't play with your food!"

PASTORAL

"Farewell," the co-ed hissed
As she stalked in through the door,
"I'll see you on the Quad,
But 'twill not be as before.

"You made a pass at me,
And broke an old tradition;
That down upon the Farm,
Sweet lips are made for kissin'.

"You grabbed me like a Rough,
In the way of which I'd heard,
But when I murmured 'No,'
You schmoe,
You took me at my word."

—Knutson

Willie, Willie, quick and spry,
Milked the cow till she was dry;
He threw her spigots out of gear
And now she gives pale ale and beer.

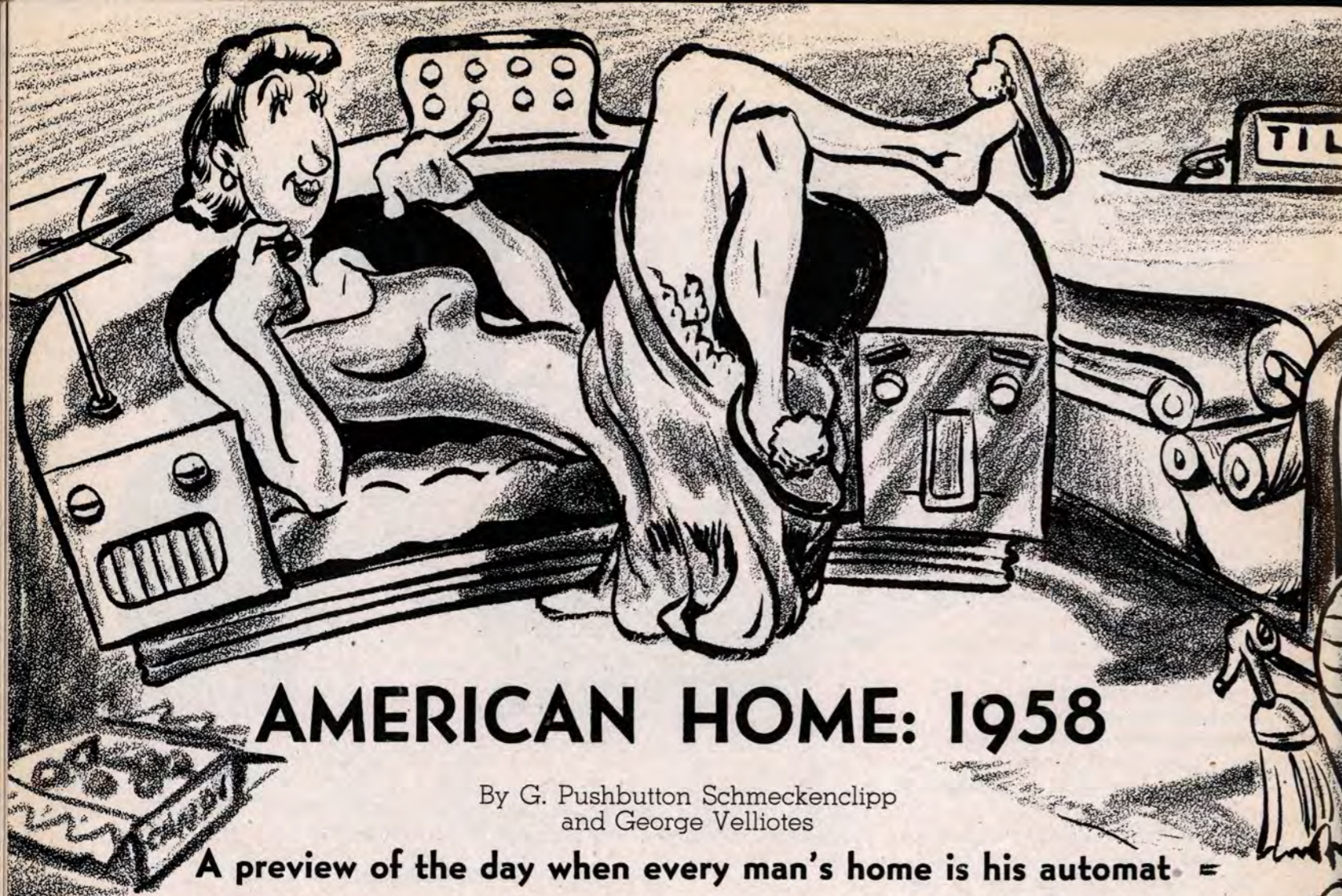
—Symons

Soft, the new love tells his lies,
And ah, he tells them well;
Demurely, I turn down my eyes—
Alone, I laugh like hell.

—Log



"—And this is my little brother."



AMERICAN HOME: 1958

By G. Pushbutton Schmeckenclipp
and George Velliot

A preview of the day when every man's home is his automat =

The scene is a cold winter morning 1958; the sleet and rain coming down like dammit outside and blowing in the open window. Does madame grumble at her sleeping lump-of-husband and make him get up to shut out the elements? No. Madame slips her hand from under the covers, touches a dainty pink button, and turns a dial. The window snaps shut like a clam at low tide and the electric blanket changes temperature from "Medium Rare" to "Well Done." (The

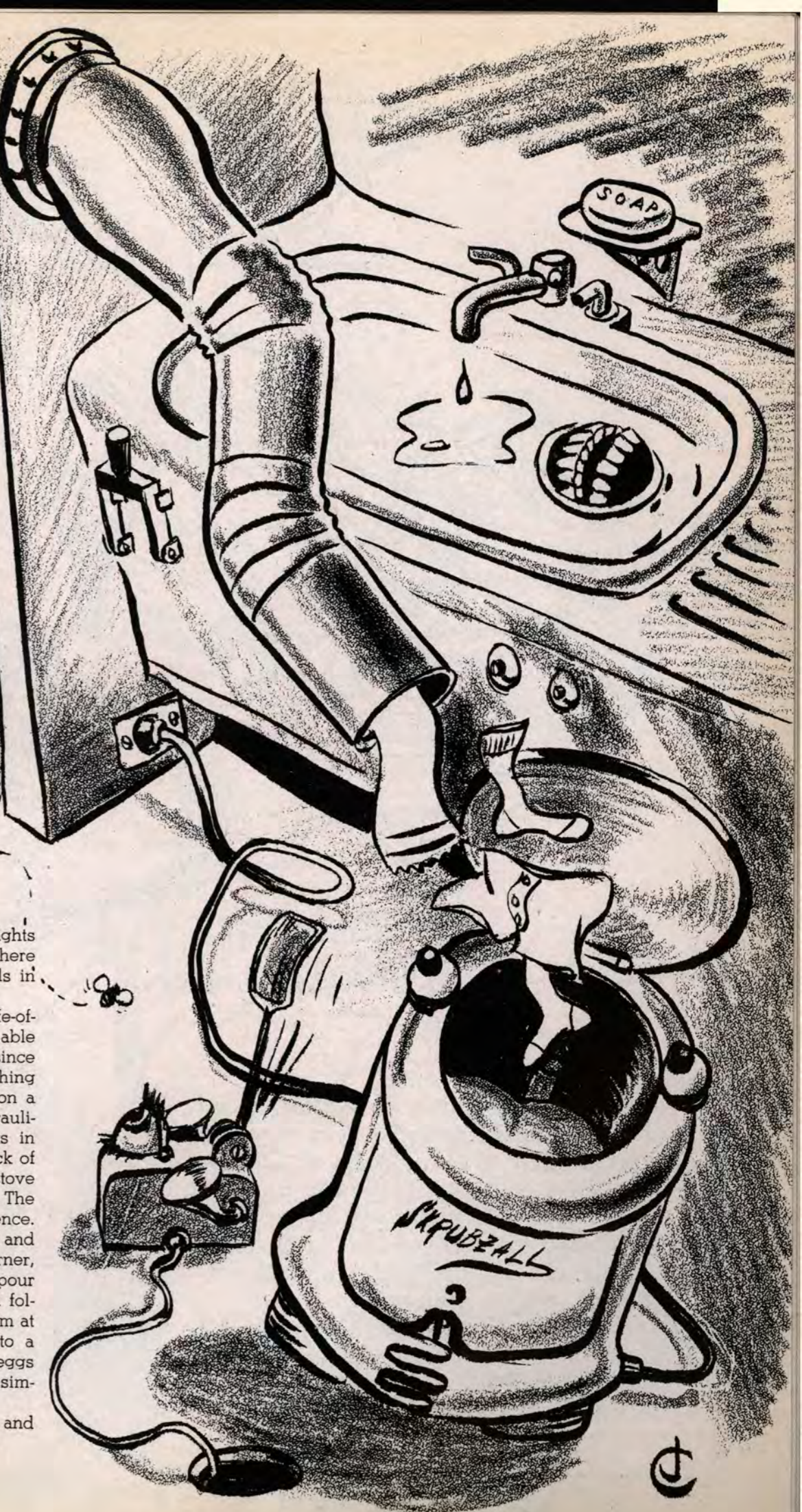
latter being regulated by a new thermostat control consisting of a long fork which prods the sleeper gently to see if done.)

This is the automatic home!

Nor does Mrs. Housewife have trouble getting up at the flush of dawn. This problem is solved by the electronic alarm clock which covers the bedside table. At the proper time it softly sounds the opening strains of the Pathétique Symphony, with a dulcet solo on twelve-inch chimes. If

this fails to awaken the sleeper, the clock turns on the bedside lamp and switches to Bing Crosby singing "Wake Up and Live." If by this time madame has pulled the covers over her head and rolled into a ball at the foot of the bed, the clock blares forth the martial strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and connects the 110-volt power line to the bed spring (at no extra charge).

Now that Mrs. Housewife is up with a tingle, she hurries to her gleaming plasti-chrome bathroom. This is truly a wonder of modern scientific living. As Mrs. H. enters the shower, an electric eye closes the door and gives a long, low whistle. She has her choice of several types of shower ranging from "Glacier Pool" to "Desert Lava," one of which she selects on the control panel. Needle-like jets of water at the desired temperature cover every square and or round inch of her body with a soapy spray, followed by a rinse, and an alcohol "dribble-down." The electric eye then opens the door and closes a circuit which fills the bathroom with infrared rays and, presto, Mrs. Whateverher-name-is gets dry in ten seconds. She may then turn on the ultraviolet light



and get tan, or turn off all the lights and get the hell out. Naturally there is no longer any need for towels in this era of ultra-everything rays.

Breakfast is a cinch for this wife-of-the-future. In the kitchen she is able to fix it with no waste motion, since modern design has put everything within arms reach. She stands on a turntable which is operated hydraulically, much like the gun turrets in present-day bombers. With a flick of her little toe she is spun from stove to refrigerator to sink to the floor. The stove, too, is a miracle of convenience. All she has to do is turn a valve and press a button to start the burner, place a skillet on the burner, pour some grease into the skillet and follow it with several eggs, turn them at the proper time, slide them onto a plate, and zowie! her husband's eggs are ready. Coffee is an equally simple matter.

A few minutes before the eggs and

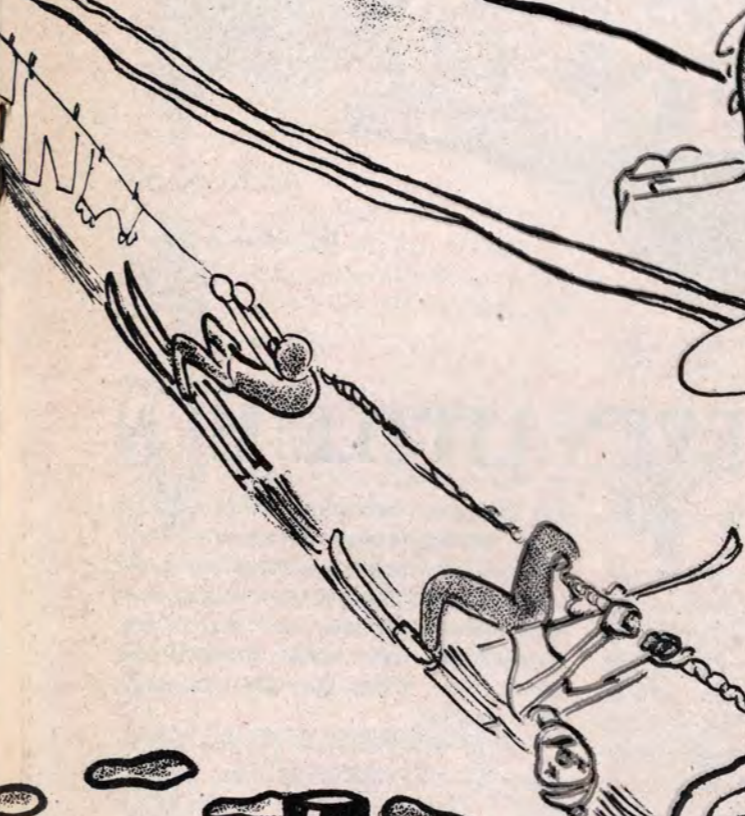
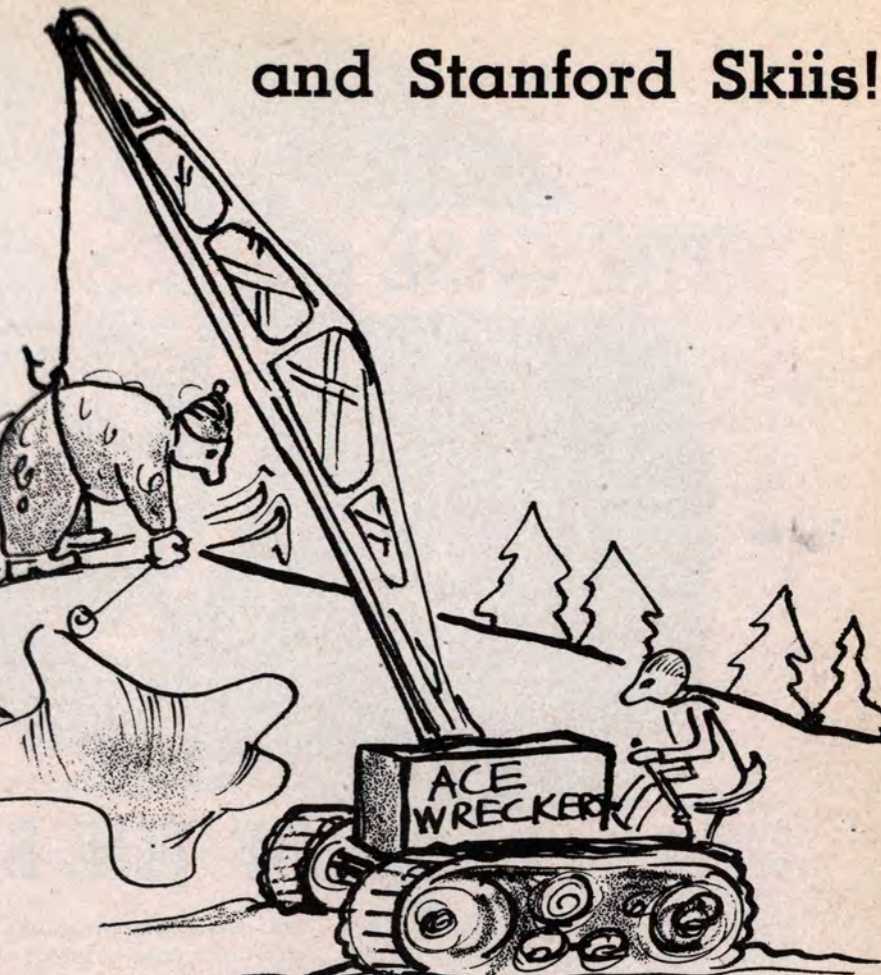
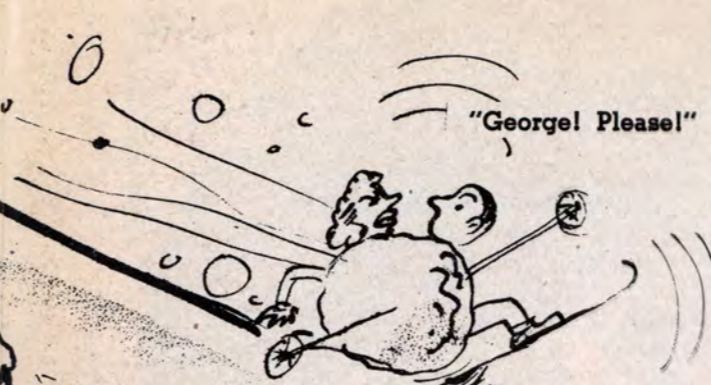
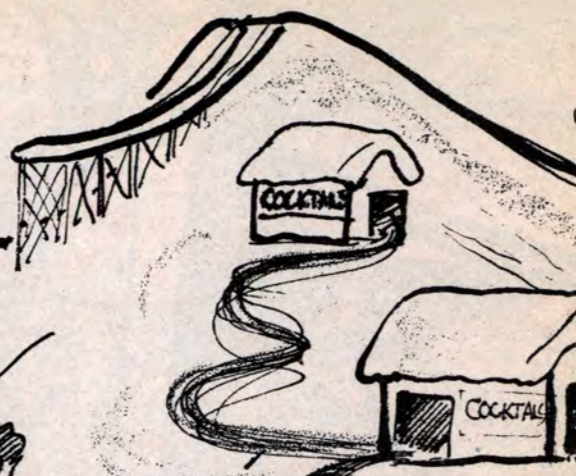
(Continued on page 34)

Chaparral presents here the last in a series of articles on the latest realizations of the American Dream. Industrial progress is a fine thing, and the Day of the Dream comes ever closer. This third article is on a topic most likely to make the greatest change in the life of the average American housewife. The Chaparral asks its readers to consider seriously the profound implications of the far-reaching effects a mechanized home will have on American home life. Anything that is operated by a button or switch has an immediate fascination for the average energetic citizen.

Thus the Chaparral sent its expert on the modern improvements in the home, G. Pushbutton Schmeckenclipp, to interview various leading authorities in the field—architects, electricians, and engineers—those authorities whose inventive genius is leading the way toward better, more modern, and more convenient appliances for one's house. Mr. Schmeckenclipp is well qualified to write on such things, since he first became interested in improving the home at the age of thirteen, when he was courting the maid. Since then, our expert has led the vigorous fight for bigger and better maids. During World War II, Mr. Schmeckenclipp served his country as a brigadier general in charge of modernizing front-line Army kitchens. The success of his efforts is known to all soldiers who had the peerless opportunity of dining at one of Schmeckenclipp's model restaurants. His long and careful study of how to get the most for the least has made him one of America's leading contractors, and he was recently awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval with Parsley Cluster.

Wintertime....

and Stanford Skiis!



With the coming of winter, a soft, white blanket spreads over the high Sierras, and the students of Stanford University leave in droves to have fun in the snow. Happy, jovial, laughing, stewdents will thrill to the joy of schussing up hills and herringboneing down—christie, what a sensation!

So the Old Boy takes this opportunity to tell the small minority who have never been skiing what its all about.



Wheat

THE CASE



By Dick DeRoy

OF THE SEVEN LITTLE MEN

Harlo Shmarlowe, private eye, was tired. They'd called him in on this case at three o'clock in the morning. The body had been found at nine the night before, but no self-respecting private eye allows himself to be called before three or after eight in the morning. It just isn't done in the more rugged circles.

Shmarlowe found himself in an apartment on the sixteenth floor of the Black Forest Arms, one of the more expensive apartment houses on one of the more expensive hills in one of the more expensive residential districts. An enormous plate-glass window, commanding a striking view of the city and the bay, covered one wall. The homey decor was made up entirely of chartreuse and leopard skin.

The body lay on the floor before Shmarlowe. He took a slug of gin, and then looked at her. She was young, about nineteen, with blue eyes and blond hair. She was wearing something of filmy white, and a couple of triple-karat diamonds hung around her neck. A mink coat lay on the chair near by.

"Just a nice, simple kid," murmured Shmarlowe from the corner of his mouth. "What's her name?"

"Snow . . . Snow White," answered Police Inspector Shaun McHara, who had immediately called in Shmarlowe upon finding the body

and seeing that he would be unable to solve the case alone.

"Yeah," remarked Shmarlowe, taking another slug of gin. "You stupid cop! All cops are stupid, stupid as hell, and you know why? I'll tell you . . ." Fifteen minutes later Shmarlowe had finished a nicely done speech on cops, and Police Inspector McHara had gone down to turn in his badge.

Shmarlowe started to examine the body when he noticed something clutched in the girl's hand. This something was a half-eaten apple.

Shmarlowe took another slug of gin and then snarled to one of the less stupid cops, "Take this down to the chemical department and have it analyzed."

After the less stupid cop had salaamed out, the rugged detective adjusted the window shades so that the moonlight would hit him on the most photogenic side of his face and then sank down into a heavily cushioned sofa to think. He took another slug of gin and passed out.

He was awakened by the sound of men's voices singing a song. The words seemed to be something like "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's home from work we go . . ."

"What the hell is that?" Shmarlowe growled to one of the partially stupid cops, "the glee club of the CIO?" He signaled to a semistupid cop to turn

off the lamp, and after a moment the door to the apartment opened and Shmarlowe heard people coming. As they entered the living room someone must have turned on the lights. Shmarlowe saw what looked like seven men. When they saw the body, they started.

"Who the hell are you?" Shmarlowe yelled, taking another slug of gin.

"The Seven Dwarfs," the chubby gent who seemed to be the brains replied.

"Dwarfs," Shmarlowe philosophized, "little men. It's always the little men who get pushed around. You know this babe?"

"Why, yes," answered the leader. "She lives with us."

Shmarlowe tried to appear blasé about the whole thing. After all, this was 1948, and maybe she was a relative. He took another slug of gin and then spoke out of the yet unused corner of his mouth.

"Got any idea who might have rubbed her out?"

"No," the leader, who went under the alias of "Doc," replied. "We left her early this evening. She was going to a dinner party at her mother's."

The rugged detective heard a car pull up outside. He took a slug of gin and got to the window just in time to see two long, low people get out of a

(Continued on page 38)

NOW THAT FLICK



CARMEN

What photography. What sex. Also Viviane Romaine.

THAT HAGEN GIRL

Why do people whisper behind Shirley Temple's back? Why did Ronald Regan leave town? Maybe a Dean of Women could straighten this thing out; obviously, the writers couldn't. This mess features the sharpest dialogue since East Lynne.

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

Story of a night-club entertainer who winds up standing on a stage waving his arms, swallowing live chickens, and emitting horrible groans and screams for the delight of thrill seekers. Hildegard?

FURIA

Sexia with spaghetti.

CAPTAIN FROM CASTLE

So is Camay soap. Both make equally good pictures. The original book was a wasted effort. So is Tyrone Power.

GOOD NEWS

Not bad. June Allyson cavorts in this rehash of Margie, and does better. Good at about half the price.

TYCOON

John Wayne builds bridges in this thing like a little boy playing with a new Erector set. It's all about an engineer who simply loves to make little tunnels and bridges, and is also interested in the boss's daughter. We guess that's what this is about. We left halfway through.

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

Unfortunately, the dialogue in this is as trite as it was in Laura Hobson's original novel. But everyone should see it. Meticulously acted, it proves that Hollywood can, if it tries, come pretty close to foreign competition.

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

So was the producer. William Powell has been doing character parts ever since he saw his first gray hair. He does rather well in this, despite the director, plot, music, support, dialogue, libretto, and audience, which was seen slipping quietly out after the first fifteen minutes.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

Does the Ancient Order of Hibernians know about this? More like "The Last Rose of Summer." What this needs is a good pair of pruning shears.

THE SWORDSMAN

Larry Parks goes from Jolson to Old MacDonald in this mess. At least fifty times in the movie, Parks jumps on his bagpipes and rides off in all directions. So did I. If the Scots find out about this, our liquor imports will be drastically cut.

TORMENT

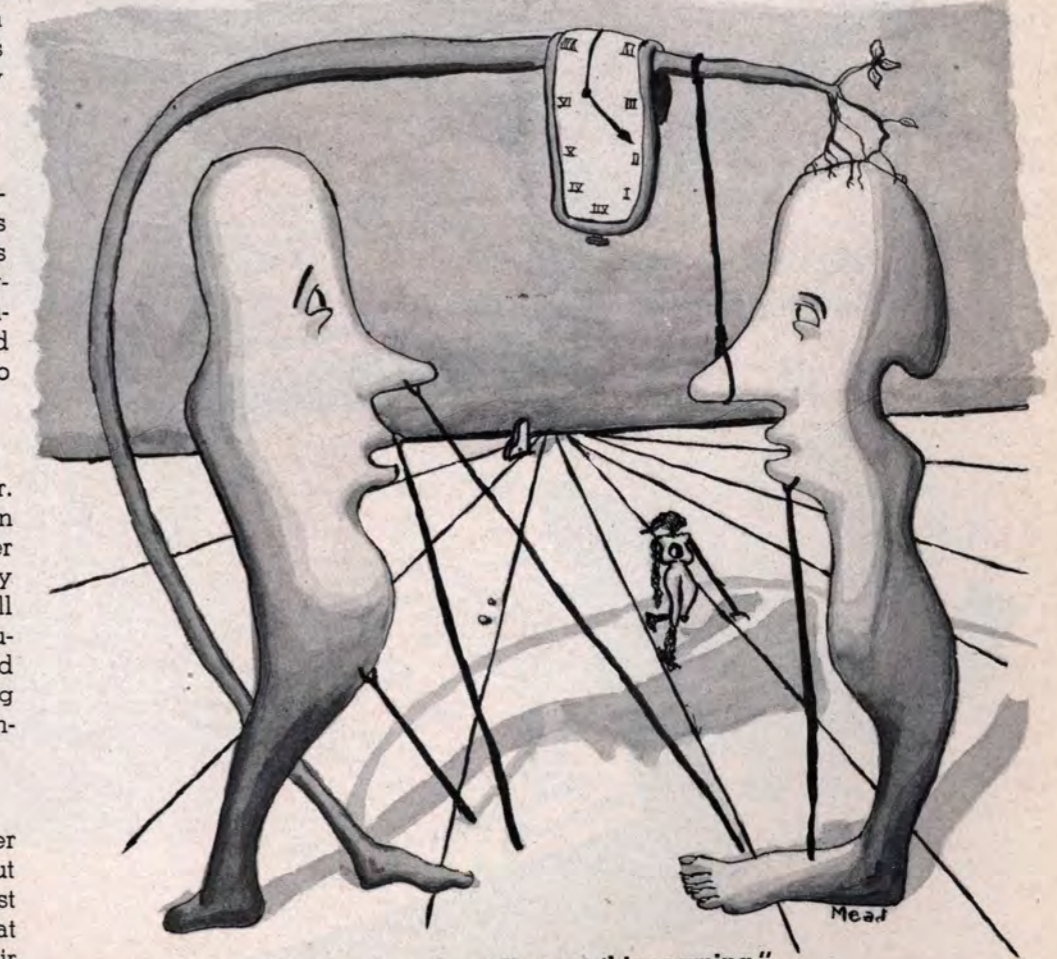
Sexy. Also good, with magnificent acting and directing. This movie of delicate morbidity is worth the poor photography and double the price.

BODY AND SOUL

"Body and Odor."

INTRIGUE

George Raft has been talking out of the side of his mouth so long one has to stand slightly behind him to understand what he says. Got insomnia? The perfect cure.



"Jeez, what a head I've got this morning."

Cap # FREEDUMB of the PrESS

In a closely contested intramural game yesterday afternoon Sigma Chi's football septet knocked over a hard-fighting Village 212 squad by a score of 18 to 0. Bud Richter of the Sigma Chi aggregation proved to be the stand-out player for his group by accounting for all three Sig tallies. Villager Lloyd Bishop, sparkplug of his outfit, was responsible for both Village scores.

—Stanford Daily
The referee was biased?

The crimes of "howler" monkeys can be heard for more than three miles in the jungle.
—San Jose Evening News

Must be libelous!

UNDER THE WEATHER
Women's Rest Home — Joyce Wakefield.
Palo Alto Hospital—Walter Landauer, Dorothy Thomas, Kenneth Campbell, Roy Gill, Theodore Stro Campbell, Roy Gill, Theodore Strong, Horace Bertelsen, Theodore

—Stanford Daily
Theodore S. Campbell?

DENNIS MORGAN
"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"
McNIFICENT IN TECHNICOLOR
ARLENE DAHL — ANDREA KING
—S.F. Chronicle
O'Pressively Hibernian.

Bids for the semi-formal ball, scheduled for Nov. 14, will go on limited sale Monday in the TSSU office at \$1 per couple.
—Stanford Daily

During the ensuing battle on the field, the Indian rooters were literally "carried along" by the enthused musicians, who blew for all they were worth, projecting a Stanford spirit over the entire Cardinal rooting section.
—Stanford Daily

Waste!

San Francisco had a population of 300 in 1937 which swelled to 30,000 in 1851, and 56,802 by 1860.
—S.F. Chronicle
Now it's a shrunken 1,000,000.

WILL THE YOUNG LADY who left her stockings in my car Wednesday evening please call Buddy Finston, Room 239, Toyon?
—Stanford Daily

Which pair?

The wine glasses of the incidental decor of a banquet scene, or even a family party, have no such suggestion and intimation as the pretty lady sitting slightly and gayly potted on a stool at a cocktail bar, waiting for the story to develop.

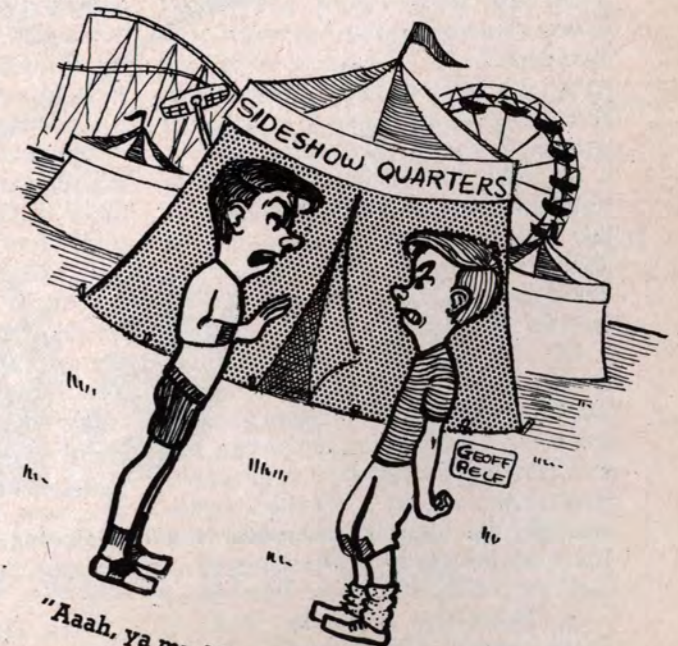
—The Clipseet of the Board of Temperance
Here comes a big handsome story now.



"May I borrow your curves over the week end?"



"Pardon me, miss, but could I bother you for a bit of technical information?"



"Aah, ya mudda's mustash!"



LADIES' MAN



By Jack Bittner

Hello, Babs, this is Loverboy. How ya doin'? Been pinin' away for me? Ha, ha, ha. Look, I been thinkin' you deserve a good time, so I says to myself, "Benny, why doncha do Babs a favor and call her up?" So I did. Now whaddaya say to a date next Saturday night?

Nah, she might think I'm too much of a wise guy. Gee, if I looked a little more like Gregory Peck, she'd think every screwball thing I ever did was wonderful. All I'd have to do is look at 'er and she'd fold up and die. How the devil am I supposed to know what kinda guy she likes? Lemme see . . .

Hi, Babs, this is Benny. Say, I know that first date of ours didn't pan out too well. I dunno, I guess I just felt like acting dopey that night. But I think we could have a lotta fun together. Why don't we . . .

Oh hell, why am I apologizing to her? I never did nothin' that bad. I can't help it if she's too dumb to catch on to any of my jokes. How can she say they're corny when she probably don't even get 'em? Maybe I better wait till I see her. I'll kid around with her before I ask her. No, I might as well get it over with now. How about

Hi, Babs, this is Benny. Babs, I really think you're a swell girl and,

well, I'm not so bad—anyways, not as bad as I was Saturday night—and I think we could really have a great

No, no, that stinks, too. Why do they make this so damn hard to do? Who does she think she is, anyway. Swell girl, I'd like to fix her good. Crimeny, whaddaya gotta do to go out with her?

Now look, Babs. I like you and all that, but I don't like the way you acted last Saturday. I think we could hit it off together. Why don't you give it a chance? We could really go places together. Why, we could . . .

That won't get me anywhere. If I talk that way, she'd just get sore at me and talk me down with the other girls. That'd be a fine pickle. Hmmm . . . Ah, the devil with it. The little—might even laugh at me. How would it feel if she laughed at me? Oh, no, I ain't gonna take a chance on that. Nah, there's nuthin' to be afraid of. So what if she does turn me down. There's plenty more where she came from. Where's that nickel . . . ah . . . now, just dial . . . Nope, might as well admit it. I can't do it. You're chicken, Benny, that's about the size of it.

"Hey, Frank, willya turn that thing off?"

"Whatsa matter with it? It's good old Glenn Miller. He's your favorite, Benny, remember? What's wrong? First you start walkin' around the room, mumbling to yourself. Then you bark at me to turn Glenn Miller off. You sick?"

"Nah, forget it. Geez, I've got a helluva thirst on. Whaddaya say we go for a coupla beers with the guys?"

"Okay. I'll round a few of the boys up. I think Charlie got his car fixed."

"Aaaaaah good . . . Say, you guys wanna know all about the girls around here? You want the inside dope by the man who knows? I can tell you everything there is to know. Lemme give you an example. This dame Babs, took 'er out last Saturday night. Gave 'er a good time, really showed 'er the town. What do I get out o' the deal? Nothin'. She's got nothin' to give. No looks, no brains, no personality. Prob'ly waitin' for me to call her up right now. Will I? Not on your tintype. No class. Same thing with all the girls in this place. All these guys that go out a lot, just hard up. Me, I ain't hard up. I pick and chose. There's nothin' to pick, so I leave 'em entirely alone. Besides, they cost too much. They ain't worth it. Why, you wanna know something? When it comes right down to it, the honest-to-God truth is I'd rather lose six bucks in a good, hot poker game than spend it on any dumb dame in the world."



A man's ear was bleeding like a stuck pig. "I bit myself," he explained.

"That's impossible," said the doctor. "How can a man bite himself in the ear?"

The man said, "I was standing on a chair." —Wampus

"Waiter, what is this?"

"It's bean soup."

"I don't care what it's been, what is it now?" —Log

The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
And sits
On silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.
—Purple Bird

Professor—Why don't you answer me?

Student—I did, professor, I shook my head.

Professor—Well, you didn't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, did you? —Puppet

STANFORD BOWL

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
DINNER

233 University

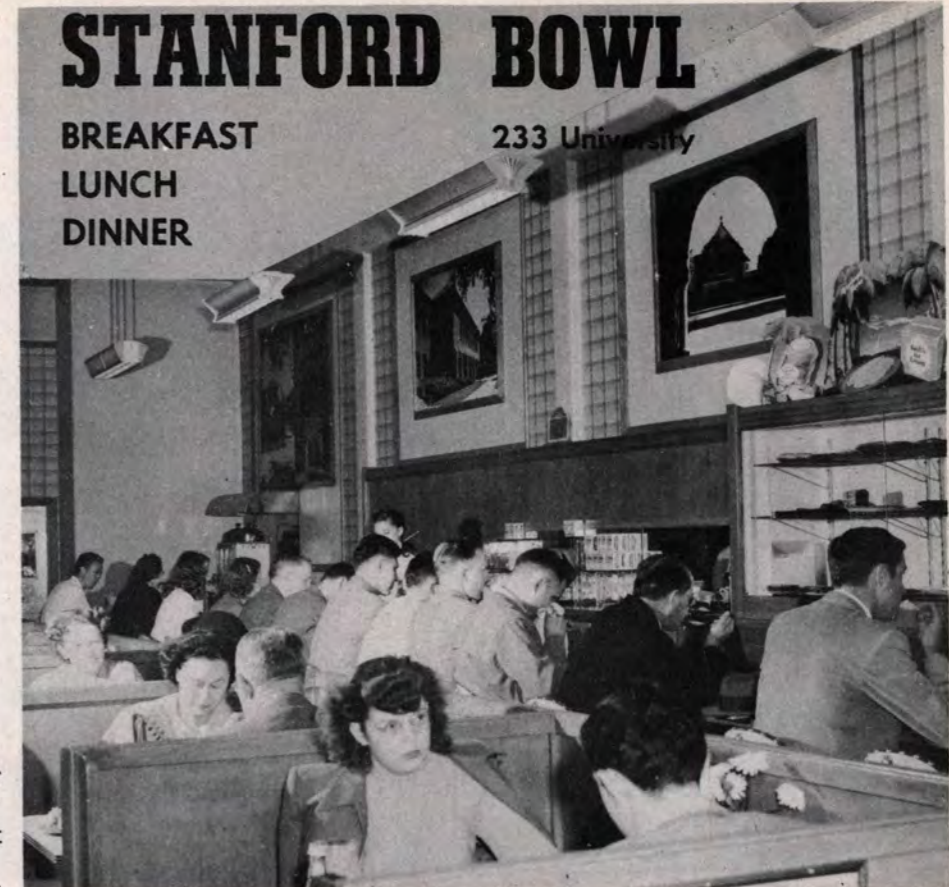


Photo by Bob Symons

and don't forget . . .

New Year's Resolutions

1. Take dining & dancing dates to the Pioneer!

"Atmosphere!"

The Pioneer

Atop Whiskey Hill at Woodside

1 out of 3 NEEDS NEW HEELS OR SOLES

So said the pullman porter to the star reporter. Have your shoes serviced today.

WE REPAIR LUGGAGE

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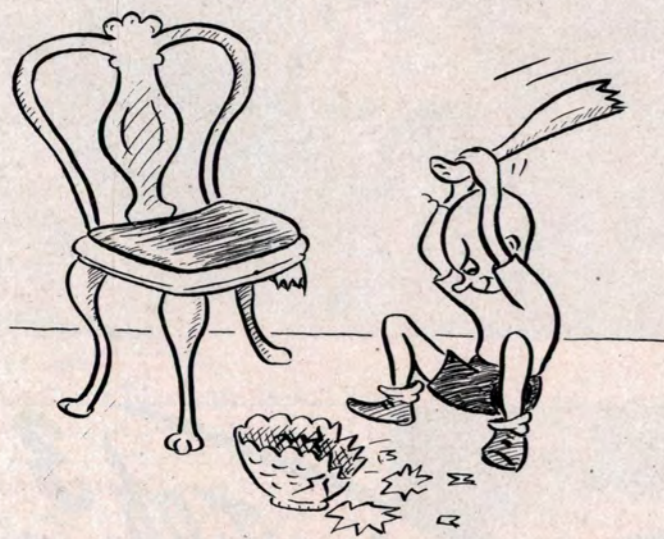
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KIDS AND HEIRLOOMS DON'T MIX!

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Many generations of married Stanford students have also found they can store their prized belongings with us, economically and without fear of damage. Our big, clean warehouses afford them maximum protection.

When graduation day comes our exceptional moving facilities can be of service to married and single students alike, whether your move is across the nation or just out of the Village to a home in Palo Alto.

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151 Homer Avenue Phone Palo Alto 9081

INDIA RUBBER

(Continued from page 17)

Although, for the next few days I read a great deal about Big Freddy in the local blats, it is maybe a year and a half before I run into him again, and this comes about one night down at Mora's little pub on Bayshore. Freddy is very pleased to see me again, and asks me to sit down and consume some drinks with him while he tells me what happened since I last see him. And, since I am never known to refuse a free drink, I tell him that I will be glad to, but to make it short since I have an engagement with a certain doll up the row as soon as the shift changes at ten-thirty.

It is many drinks later that he finally finishes telling me about how the police turn him over to a brain doctor, which is called a psychiatrist, who is able to convince Freddy that he is not an India-rubber inner tube at all, and, Freddy tells me, the psychiatrist proves this to him by showing him that an inner tube has no arms and legs.

Well, I am just about to take my leave of Freddy when I accidentally drop my glass and it shatters on the bar. Immediately Big Freddy jumps off his stool like he is just shot and acts very frightened indeed, and says to me like this, he says: "You almost kill me with that broken glass, because I will surely pop if it touches me. You see," Freddy says, "when the doc tells me that I am not an inner tube, I realize that I was mistaken all the time, because I am really a big rubber balloon shaped like a man, the same as the balloon I once see tied to a string in the big parade in New Orleans, which is called the Mardi Gras."

—Elsmore

"My uncle is in Africa hunting ant-eaters. He wants to bring one back alive."

"Wants to bring one back alive? Why?"

"Hates my aunt." —Shaft

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship was at anchor,
She woke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist the topsheet and spanker."
—Wampus

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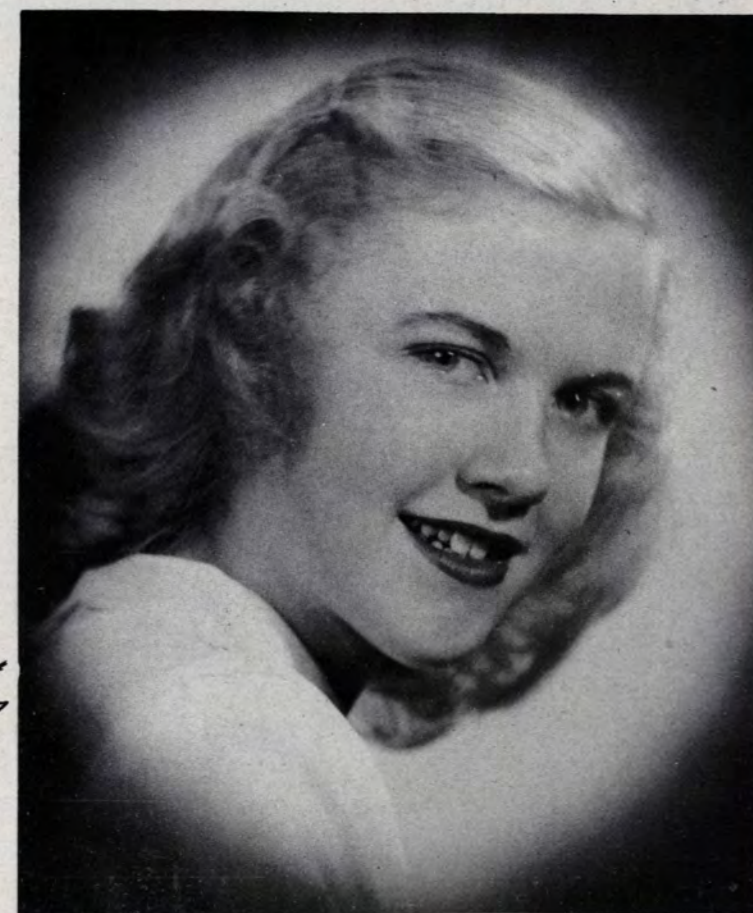
Peninsula's
FAMOUS Milkshake

Presents
CATHY PARKER
Lagunita
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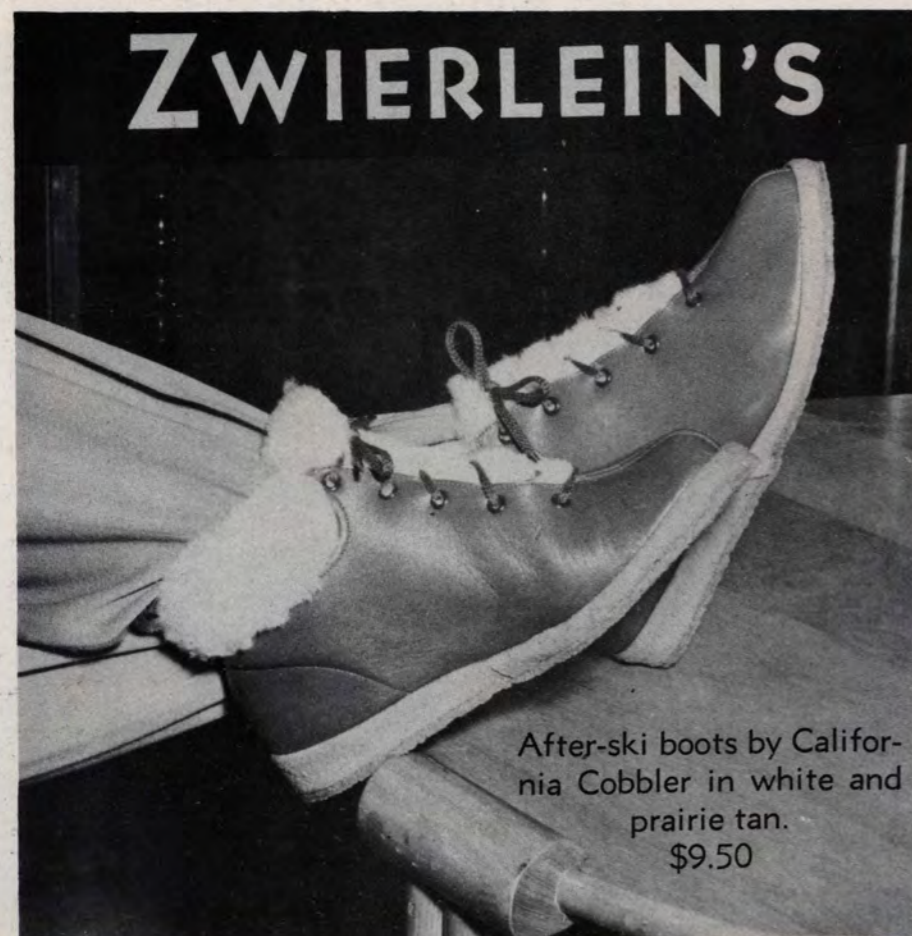
Portraits by Hans Roth Studio



NANCY De GROOT
Lathrop
 New spring print in navy blue with removable waffle pique cape.
 \$25.00

the clothes closet 520 Ramona—Palo Alto

Photo by George Gould



After-ski boots by California Cobbler in white and prairie tan.
 \$9.50

Photo by Ray Elsmore

UP SKI?

(Continued from page 18)

reason, just so I could get back without admitting physical defeat. One more try, I compromised. And that would be "finis" on skiing for the day.

This time I made a record—seven bathtubs. They tell me it will never be equaled on any nursery slope that size. The others were trying Baldy while I painted severe symbolic holes and one broken ski insignia on my sleeve at the lodge. I tried to tell people about it, but I was somewhat out of my element and just listened to the group talking around the fire. I was in desperate need of an interpreter. I liked the lodge more and more, the decor was so restful and picturesque; in fact, I skied there the rest of the vacation. I became proficient at handling stem turns, christies, *gelanderspungs*, from the depth of the couch, as soon as I could sit down. I was so good that it was a waste of talent to try Baldy. When I wanted fresh air, I'd take the chair lift up—beautiful scenery—and down—thrilling trips with gusts of wind and snow lashing your face.

Now, I'm waiting for the next Olympics. Shame I missed this year. I'd have liked to try the lodge at San Moritz.

Every year college deans ask the routine questions to the new students: "Why do you come to college?"

This fall a co-ed replied: "I came to be went with, but I ain't yet."
 —Bear Skin

The cannibal's daughter liked the boys best when they were stewed.
 —Pranks



FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

pale yellow enamel with a greenish cast. There were mutterings. Some of the boys said eloquently to the authorities, "You're losing sight of the fact this is a men's hall!" But the re-decorating went ahead.

The Moose is an eleven-point buck, with a spread of about ten feet on the antlers. One morning, the hall director, a patient hard-working woman, opened the door to her office. On the wall was The Moose, all ten feet and eleven points of him; he took up all of the wall space and most of the cubic space, there was room for him and one other person in the office, and in his mouth was a paper saying:

"Make it sweet,
 Make it mellow,
 But for the luvvagod
 Don't make it yellow!"

The Moose now is reposing in a storeroom in the basement. The lock on the office door has been changed. And the movement to restore The Moose to The Moose Room is gathering momentum.

Also Ran

You can talk about your ratios all you want, but there's one fellow who really has The System.

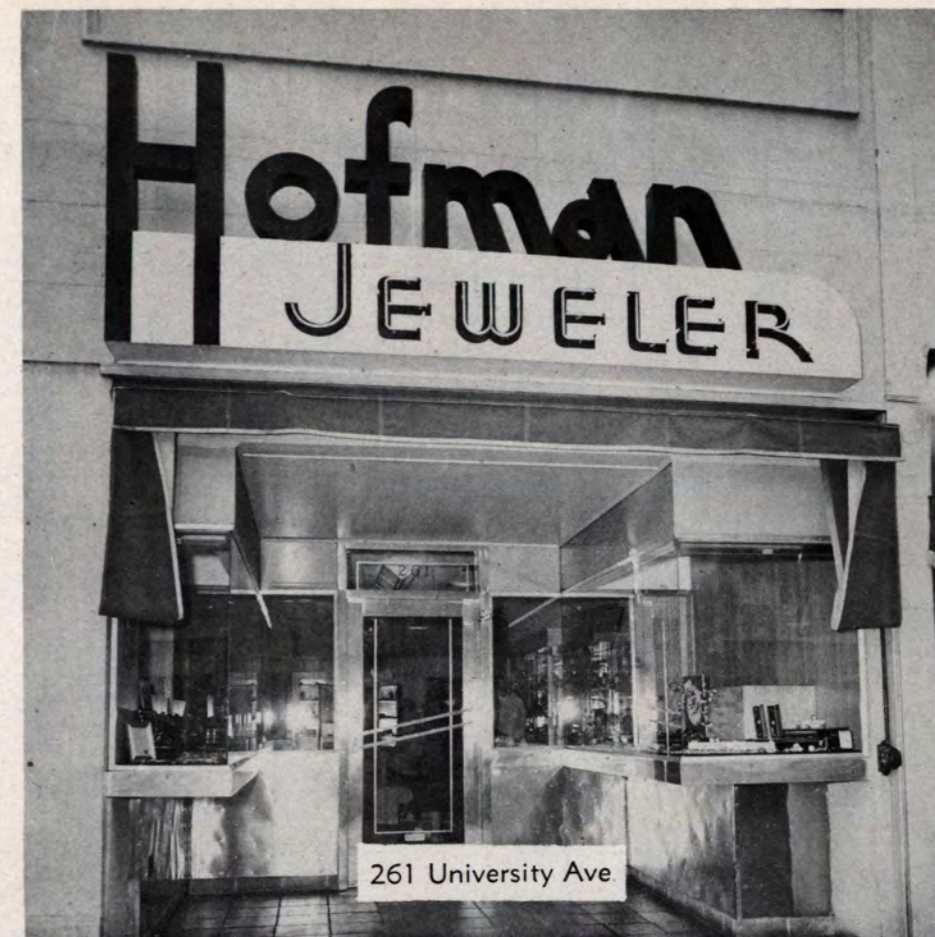
He keeps a tally of his social life on four separate sheets of paper. Number one is titled "Undeveloped," and at the time we saw it, it contained the names of two eligibles.

Number two, "Disappointments," listed the names of three co-eds. Two of them had been telephoned and checked twice, the other one once. Three checks in one quarter automatically moves the unfortunate girl back to the "Undeveloped" manifest for use the following term, whence she may again become eligible for his "Disappointments" and possible check marks.

The third sheet was "Developments"—and practically nonexistent.

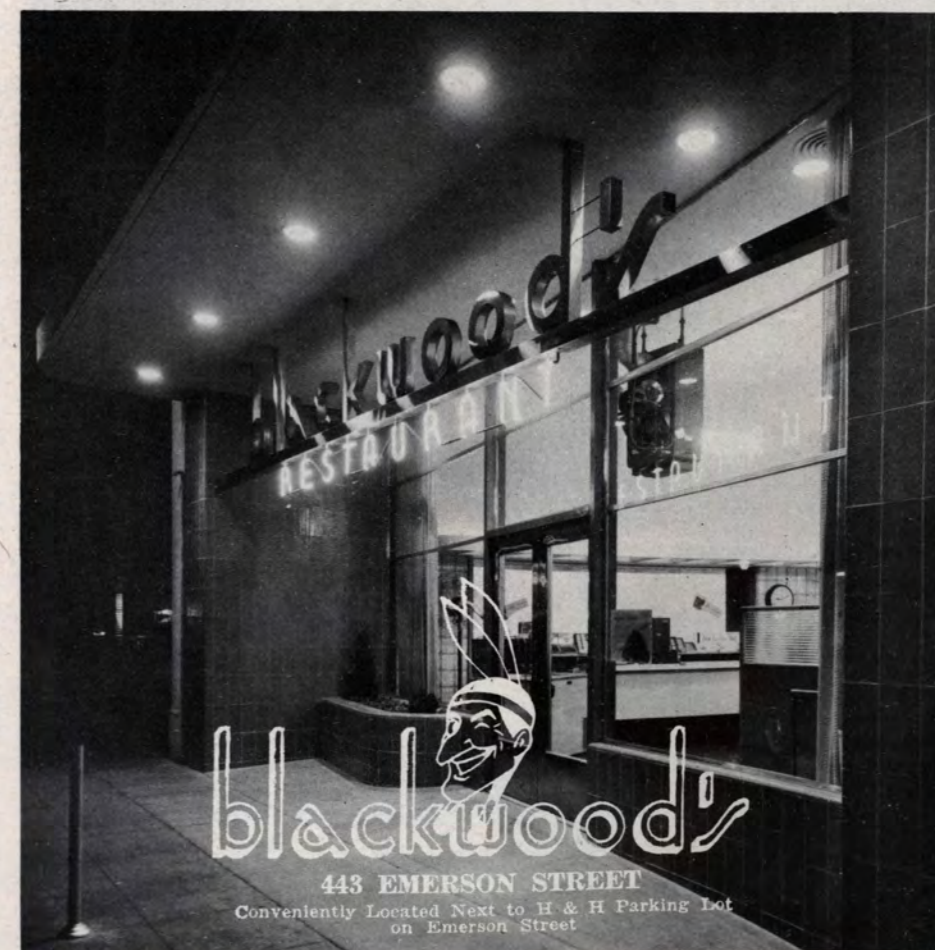
An appendix on the last page contained the schedule of train departures and the cost of a single ticket to his home in Texas. It was titled simply, "Southern Pacific."

I always knew that she
 Wasn't the only fish in the sea.
 And now it occurs too late
 That neither am I the only bait.
 —Log



261 University Ave

Photo by Ray Elsmore



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Black broadcloth skirt.
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Styled by Alice of California.



HINK'S 281 University Ave.
(a Robert S. Atkins' operation)

AMERICAN HOME: 1958

(Continued from page 21)

coffee are done, she presses another button to give her husband the third stage of the alarm-clock treatment. A wild yell assures her that he has awakened, and another yell tells her that he has just stepped into the shower. Presently he comes into the kitchen for breakfast.

After the meal, hubby pauses briefly in the front hall while an electronic umbrella stand shines his shoes, creases his pants, helps him on with his overcoat, and kisses him good-by.

Wifey by this time has crammed all of the dishes into her automatic all-purpose dishwasher. This wonderful machine scrapes the plates, masticates all the garbage (pressing it into bricks which can be burned in the fireplace), and then by whirling, sloshing, spraying, and jiggling, gets the cast-iron dishes as clean and sparkling as the day they were new; and in half the time. All solid garbage is poked into the **Dispos-all** electric sink, complete with the new **Iron Gut**. This **Iron Gut** will grind up anything except beer cans, which cause it to burp violently; though a pound of Bromo will fix that in a jiffy.

With the dishes neatly taken care of, Mrs. Average Housewife now turns to her cleaning. The vacuum cleaner of 1958 is a marvel of science, almost a thing alive with a brain of its own. Once the controls have been set for the desired action, determined, of course, by the nature of the rug, floor, wall, etc., to be cleaned, the vacuum cleaner sets about its task without the aid of human control. The machine is merely set in the center of the room and started; it does the rest. With an ever increasing speed, the marvel-of-the-age turns about its own axis and starts on a series of ever increasing circles until it reaches the outermost wall of the room. There the machine deftly lifts the edge of the rug and disposes of the dust and dirt.

While the vacuum cleaner is busy at work, Madame H. does the laundry. No longer is this a task to be looked forward to with dread. No longer must she scrub, wring, and hang her hubby's grease-smudged dungarees on this cold Monday morn, or on the clothesline either, for that matter. The secret of gay washdays is in her modern, push-button home laundry. Why,

she doesn't even have to put the clothes into this amazing washer; it crouches under the laundry shoot with its mouth open all week. Come Monday morning, our housewife merely presses a button and the machine snaps its mouth closed and does the wash. Not only does the PBHL suds, scrub, rinse, and dry the clothes, it also discharges each piece of clothing separately between heated rollers, thereby ironing same. To top off this marvel of home efficiency, it folds and stacks the clothing neatly in a pile. All the buttons are also stacked neatly in another pile.

Making the beds is also a chore for this up-to-date spouse's index finger. At the touch of a button the beds roll on new sheets just like the roller towels found in cheap night-club Johns. Once a year a truck comes to take away the old sheets and install a new roll.

It is now about nine-thirty in the morning and she thinks it is time to do the shopping for the evening meal. A quick call to the grocer by telephone is all that is necessary. She orders a steak dinner. Ten minutes later the grocery boy arrives at the back porch with a small package. She thanks him and puts it into the refrigerator. Later that evening she takes the package from the refrigerator, empties the contents onto a platter, adds a cup of water, puts the platter into the oven for five minutes, and vroom! the pre-cooked, dehydrated, quick-frozen steak dinner is done to a turn! All this, complete with gravy, french fries, vegetable, and hot rolls.

It is now twenty minutes to ten and all the housework is finished for today. Mrs. Average Housewife of 1958 collapses onto the couch. She reaches out languidly, and touches the keyboard which turns on her combination FM, AM, television, wireless receiv-

(Continued on page 36)



"And who's little dog is your name?"

Removing his shoes, he climbed the stairs, opened the door of the room, entered, and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed, his wife aroused from slumber, turned and sleepily said, "Is that you, Fido?"

The husband, relating the rest of the story said: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I licked her hand."

—Wampus

A stenographer defines a wolf as a modern dry cleaner. He works fast but leaves no ring.

—Pup

A Pullman porter who had started out on an all-night run had his trip canceled. Returning home unexpectedly, he took a look around the house, then took out his razor and began to strop it vigorously.

"What are you doing, Sam?" inquired his wife.

"If those shoes stickin' out from under the bed ain't got no feet in 'em, ah is gonna shave."

—Urchin

"It's the little things of life that tell," said Dora as she dragged her kid brother out from underneath the sofa.

—Log

AMERICAN HOME: 1958

(Continued from page 35)

ing set with built-in record player and wire recorder. (For slightly more money, she could have had the deluxe model, which includes an ingenious device to reproduce music from rolls of perforated paper.) When the set has warmed up, what should appear on the screen but the face of lovable Ol' Ma Perkins. Ma is eating a great big bowl of Foxydol with cream, sugar, and some kind of fruit. The fruit is the announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Well, ladies, here we are again with another chapter in the life of lovable Ol' Ma Perkins brought to you by the Procter Schmocter Company, makers of the new, improved, dual-purpose **Foxydol**.

MA: Man, dis h'yar **Foxydol** sho' am good.

ANNOUNCER: Yes, Ma, there's no soap like the new, improved, dual-purpose. And remember, ladies, there are enough suds in one box of **Foxydol** to fill every nook and cranny in your kitchen.

Whereupon, Ma vomits oceans and oceans of billowy, billowy suds.

BAR BROGUE

Fizz—Type of hat worn by Asiatics.

Bar—Large hairy animal.

Swizzle—Type of chair.

Absinthe—Cutting class.

Gin—Physical education.

Drunk—Main part of a tree.

Goblet—Small sailor.

Stein—Mark left by a glass on a table.

Hennessey—State where Memphis is located.

Mix—Irishmen.

Bottle—A combat.

Tokay—Affirmative expression.

Rum—Singular of what a house is divided into.

Rye—Extremely sour taste.

Sherry—What Washington chopped down.

Kummel—Large animal with bumps.

Set-ups—Morning exercises.

Bacardi—Rear part of yard on which a house is built. —Old Maid

The little moron's watch had stopped ticking and he tried to find the trouble. Finally he took the back off it, went into the works, and found a dead bug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he said, "the engineer's dead."

—Shaft

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Farmer—I raise wonderful strawberries.

Buyer—Are they very good?

Farmer—Absolutely the best. Luscious, large, blood-red juicy fruit.

Buyer—Do you put fertilizer on them?

Farmer—No, just cream and sugar. —Urchin

"Is my face dirty or is it my imagination?"

"Your face is clean, but I don't know about your imagination." —Pup

She—Do you want to stop the car and eat, sweetheart?

He—No, pet. —Log

Absent-minded salesgirl as she kissed her date: "Will that be all, sir?" —Widow

"What's the last word in airplanes?" "Jump." —Pointer

TERSE VERSES FOR STUDENTS

Hickory dickory dock
Three mice ran up the clock
The clock struck one
But the other two escaped.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the King's horses
And all the King's men
Had Eggnog.

Twinkle twinkle little star
What the hell you think you are,
A flashlight? —Urchin



"Now that Lydia Pinkham—there was a woman in the grand old tradition."

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SEVEN LITTLE MEN

(Continued from page 24)

long, low Cadillac convertible. A moment later the doorbell rang in a long, low tone. A somewhat stupid cop opened it and a man and woman entered. The woman wore something of filmy black, low cut and clinging. She dragged an ermine cape behind her, and a couple of fat rubies hung around her neck. The man wasn't wearing anything filmy or clinging; the only thing around his neck was an Elk's tooth. The woman introduced herself.

"I'm Snow White's mother," and then she sidled up to Shmarlowe, patting his cheek, and murmured provocatively, "but my friends call me the wicked old queen."

The rugged detective slayed her with his bored look, and then, quick as a flash, asked her when she'd last seen her daughter.

"Right after dinner. She left my party early because she wasn't feeling well, and so my friend and I decided to come by and see if she was better. This is my friend, the Fairy Prince." She nodded to the guy she'd come with. Shmarlowe gave him a knowing look and pointed to the body.

The prince bent over the body and then shrugged his padded shoulders. "She's done it again." He shook the body. "Snow White, wake up. I told you if I ever found you like this again, we were through."

The telephone rang. The rugged detective took another slug of gin and answered it. The less stupid cop's voice came through the wire.

"Mishter Shmarlowe, we've analyzed thish apple."

"So?"
"So ish terrific."
"Have you been drinking?"
"No, I've been analyshing thish apple."

"So?"
"So, ish shoaked in brandy. Damn good brandy, too. I'll bring you back the core for evidench."

As Shmarlowe slammed down the receiver, the body was just reviving. "Why did you have to do it, Snow?" the Fairy Prince was saying. "You know what we Cal men think about women who drink."

"But Prince," Snow pleaded, "I don't know what happened. I swear I didn't touch a drop."

(Continued on page 39)

DID YOU KNOW . . . ?

You transferred here from Oregon? Maybe you know my pal—someone Who went there, I think, last November—

Or maybe not . . . I can't remember; But his name was . . . now let me see, Fiegelbaum or O'Rafferty; At least he was a Theta Chi, Or was it Delta Gamma Phi? No, possibly he was a Sigma, Seems somewhat of an enigma; What? mmm—medium height, a bit thick-lipped,

And had hair sorta nondescript, And he had specs—or I think he had; His major? Sure—a Business Ad. Oh, this last year you didn't go? In '43? Well! Did you know . . . ?
—Tanner

Thomas Calm was cold as ice,
In love he was a cad.
The way he loved!—it isn't nice
To treat the girls that bad.

He ran into a gay co-ed
Who evened up the score.
She kept insisting they be wed,
And wouldn't date him more.

The local cops called Calm to court;
She'd sued for breach of promise.
The gal had ceased to be a sport;
Subpoena'd was poor Thomas.

So with his constant *savoir-faire*
He sat quite unaffected.
To the judge he smiled so debonair—
Yes, Calm was cool—but *she* collected.
—Tanner

Oscar came to the big city and got a job as a girls' boarding-school janitor. He was given a passkey to every room in the building. The following week the Dean ran across him in the hall. "Why didn't you come around Friday to get your pay, Oscar?"
"What?" gasped Oscar. "Do I get wages too?"
—Pup

"Who gave the bride away?"
"I could have, but I kept my mouth shut."
—Urchin

Note on Mary's report card: "Good worker, but talks too much."
Note on returning report card: "You should meet her mother!"
—Hunt's Journal

SEVEN LITTLE MEN

(Continued from page 38)

"Wait a minute," the rugged detective growled, turning on the wicked old queen who had arranged herself on a long, low chaise longue. "Do you always feed brandy-soaked apples to your dipso daughters?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," gasped the queen.

Shmarlowe took a slug of gin and continued. "You knew that if the prince found Snow drunk again, he'd drop her. And you wanted him for yourself. So you slipped Snow the brandy in an apple, because you knew she was on the wagon. And then you brought him up here to see Snow like this."

The queen hung her head on the filmy black.

After the prince had taken Snow out for some black coffee and the cops of varying degrees of stupidity had cleared out, the rugged detective tightened the cap on the gin bottle and took up his coat.

"Well, I better get back to my apartment," he snarled. "I've such a day at the office tomorrow. I have to add three more chapters to my mystery novel."

The wicked queen lifted her head from the filmy black and smiled at the rugged detective. Then, lowering her eyebrows, she asked, "You don't have to go so soon, do you?"

"No," said the rugged detective, after a pause. "No, I don't have to go so soon."

She made a right-hand turn from a left-hand lane and promptly got hit by another auto. The driver got out and accosted her.

"Lady, why didn't you signal?"
"I always turn here, stupid."
—Hunt's Journal

A census-taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"
"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, the kid, the cow, and the cat."

"And the politics of your family?"
"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's Wet, the cow's Dry, and the cat's a Populist."
—Urchin

Upper Crust: A lot of crumbs held together by their own dough. —Log



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(CLOSED MONDAYS)

"Who was that alumnus I seen you with last night?"

"That was no alumnus, that was just an ordinary drunk."

—Urchin

"And always remember, children, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility, while the latter is a naked fact."

—Pup

"Oh, he's so romantic. When he addresses me he always calls me 'Fair Lady.'"

"Force of habit, my dear. He's a streetcar conductor."

—Sundial

A justice of the peace in a small town was called to perform his first marriage ceremony. The bashful couple remained standing after he had finished the rites and in a brave attempt to round off the affair he stammered:

"It's all over now. Go and sin no more!"

—Wampus

Manager—What's this big item on your expense account?

Salesman—Oh, that's my hotel bill.
Manager—Well, don't buy any more hotels.

—Hunt's Journal

Sign in a Boston library: Low Conversation Permitted.

—Log

She was only an oculist's daughter, but give her two glasses and she'll make a spectacle of herself.

—Columns



"—two owls and a hen, four larks and a wren—"

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"How did the wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the minister asked the bride if she would promise to obey. Then she said, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the groom, in a dazed condition, said, 'I do.'"

—Hunt's Journal

There was once a man who was out gunning in the Alps. Sighting an eagle, he took aim and brought the bird down. As he was retrieving his game, a second man rode up on a horse.

"My good man," said the man on the horse to the hunter, "you should have saved your shot. The fall alone would have killed the eagle."

—Drexler

He (at the movies)—Can you see all right?

She—Yes.

He—Is there a draught on you?

She—No.

He—Is your seat comfortable?

She—Yes.

He—Will you change places with me?

—Pointer

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REPLY TO "LAMENT"

First trip down old El Camino
First trip to old Stanford U,
There you'll see the Stanford Man
And, believe me, he's not for you.

Three-fourths of them look like cave-men,
Still they think they're hot stuff,
They gripe at the Stanford Woman—
Take a look at the Stanford Rough.

Three boys for every girl on campus,
Nine-tenths of them stay home,
They're scared off by the Stanford ratio—
They find their courage in guzzling foam.

When at last you accept a date,
He hastens to explain his fascinating past;
He hurries to impress you
How smooth he is—how fast.

He's taken queens to the City,
He's quick to let you know—
He's been to the ritziest night clubs,
"Tonight let's go to a show."

And if you give him your hand to hold,
He thinks it's an invitation;
Anything but a handshake
Seems to set his heart to palpitation.

So let this poem be a warning
Those of you who like a Man,
Steer ye clear of Leland Stanford,
Head for Cal whenever you can.
—Wakelield

Two drunks got a room in a hotel.
After much trouble they succeeded in getting their clothes off and getting to bed. The first drunk said to the other, "There's someone in bed with me."
"There's someone in my bed, too," said the second.

"Le's kick 'em out," suggested the first.

"O.K.," replied the second.
Then both drunks commenced to kick and scuffle and the first drunk kicked the second one out.

"Hooray," said the first, "I kicked him out."

The second said in mournful tones, "I wasn't so lucky. The guy in my bed kicked me out."

"Tha's aw rite," said the first drunk, "you can come and sleep with me."
—Quip

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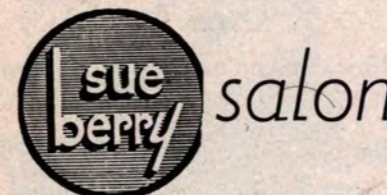
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THE ETERNAL "A"

(By a guy with a pash
for Ogden Nash)

Of all the things I hate the worst—the thing that's most abominable—
Is the student who cries that he's going to flunk and all the time you know that in grades he's indomitable.

He is the one that before exams worries you with how much work he has to do, and all the chapters he hasn't finished,

And when exams are through his grades are undiminished.

He always talks after class with the professor,

And when his grades come back he looks at the "A," shrugs his shoulders, and says, "Lady Luck, God bless her!"

I only hope that when I'm in Hell and he comes down and says, "Why, Devil, really I'm not so good as all that—I've done a thing or three,"
The Devil will agree.

—Tanner

Although this strapless gown is new,
I ask no heavy boon of you . . .

I ask of you no flowers to wear

At my waist—or in my hair . . .

And though 'twill touch the pavement slab

I ask of you no taxicab . . .

ONE thing I ask . . . it's not appalling . . .

Just tell if you see it FALLING!

—Kitty Kat

Bookstore Salesman—Young man,
you need this book. It will do half
your college work for you.

Freshman—Fine. Give me twol

—Urchin

"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm coming pretty close."

—Unique

"Now that you've bought my horse,
what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to race him."

"Bet you win."

—Hunt's Journal

Remember when the corn ads only
showed the foot?

—Columns

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DALE H. THOMAS

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Palo Alto 2-2330

Bowling—

MORNING, AFTERNOON, OR EVENING

Monday-Thursday: 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.; 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Friday-Sunday: 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Fountain open 10 a.m. to 1 a.m.

INDIAN BOWL

Phone P.A. 2-3411 for Reservations

735 Emerson Street

A conductor fears no one—he tells 'em all where to get off.

—Exchange

A long skirt is like prohibition—the joints are still there, but they're harder to find.

—Log

It's all right to tell a girl that she has pretty legs, but don't compliment her too highly.

—Hi Y'all

"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge chest?"

"Well, they tell me her mother was built the same way."

—Urchin

"It's not the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."

—Sundial

"Waiter, I wish to dine very well tonight. What do you suggest?"

"The restaurant around the corner, sir."

—Aggievator

Kiss me, darling, kiss me,
And hold me very tight.

I want to get in practice
For my date tomorrow night.

—Exchange

Goil—Get hot!
Schlemeel—Get hot? Oh boy!
Goil—Yas—get hot from mine
housel

—Blot

She—Adieu.

He—You do?

—Sundial



"Ro-o-oll me o-o-over . . ."

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As you have no doubt noticed, for the last few months our inside back cover has been telling about a funny-joke contest sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company. The beauty of this contest is that Pepsi-Cola pays real American dollars for stuff that would make most people weak in the stomach. There's really only one trick to winning in this hoax; be sure to mention Pepsi-Cola in the gag line.

In order to give you a start Chappie offers you a couple of examples which would be sure money winners.

Number one:
She: Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?

He: That was no lady; that was a bottle of Pepsi-Cola.

Number two:
Customer: Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Waiter: Well, here's a bottle of Pepsi-Cola for a chaser.

That's all there is to it; now go and make your first million.

Then there is the other about an early-morning drinker who is astonished to see a dog enter the saloon and drop a half dollar from his mouth to the bar. Without more ado, the bartender mixes a martini, drops in three olives, and the dog finishes it off at a gulp and walks out.

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" asks the patron.

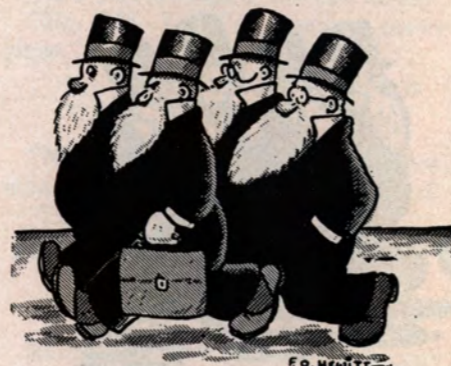
"Oh no. We always put three olives in a martini."

—Orange Peel

Pi Phi—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?

ATO—Now that you mention it, you do look familiar.

—Urchin



"Let's sit down."



We can't figure out whether we're soft-hearted or soft-headed. Anyway, Pepsi-Cola Company pays up to \$15 for jokes, gags and stuff like that there for this page. Below we list some of the characters who hit the jack-pot in September. What have they got that you haven't got? Right—Easy Money!

So climb on board the gravy train now.

Send your gags, with your name, address, school and class, to Easy Money Department, Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y. All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. (Getting "Pepsi-Cola" into your joke may not keep that rejection slip from your door, but it might help. Who knows? Certainly not us!)

HE-SHE GAGS

This is really a soft detail. Three bucks for just kicking it back and forth between a Him and a Her. Duck soup! Three-dollar bills were sent to Barbara Fram, U. of Texas; Ira Gurney, New York Univ.; and Forest M. Cruse, U. of Texas, for these gags which limped in during the September contest:

She: When I get in a drug store, I feel like an anarchist.

He: Me too: *Down* with Pepsi.

She: When you go to a restaurant, why do you always flirt with the waitress?

He: I'm playing for big steaks.

She: So long . . . I'm going on a Pepsi party with my two beaux.

He: Beaux?

She: Elbows!

That's it . . . \$3 each for any of these we print.

Daffy Definitions

We'll probably have to cut out this department soon. These things are beginning to sound logical to us. Until that day, however, any Daffy Definition we buy rates a fast buck. Like these:

Oboe—a cockney tramp.

Plenty—what Pepsi-Cola's your best buy by.

Barber shop—clip joint.

You—what Pepsi's the drink for.

Oyster—a fish that's built like a nut.

At \$1 apiece for these, your conscience should keep you up nights. But that's what we pay for those we print.

LITTLE MORON CORNER

Dubious Dave "Michaelangelo" Moron, the would-be artist who never believed what people told him, was discovered one day pouring Pepsi-Cola on his paint board. "They told me it would tickle my palette," he exclaimed, scowling fiercely, "but so far I haven't heard a single laugh!"

The two bucks for this classic went to William D. Blair, Jr., of Princeton. What could be simpler, if anything? Send in your Moron gags . . . \$2 each for those we buy.

JACKPOT

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



Here's a cartoon that needs something. Possibly adrenalin. Or maybe just a title. For cartoon captions we buy, we pay five bucks each. Or send us an original cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea . . . \$15 if you draw it—if we buy it.

Easy Money for September cartoon captions went to Cadet R. J. Herte of the U. S. Military Academy, Laurence A. Ingwerson of Berkeley, Calif., and Tom Brody of Culver City, Calif.

HASH ON THE HOUSE

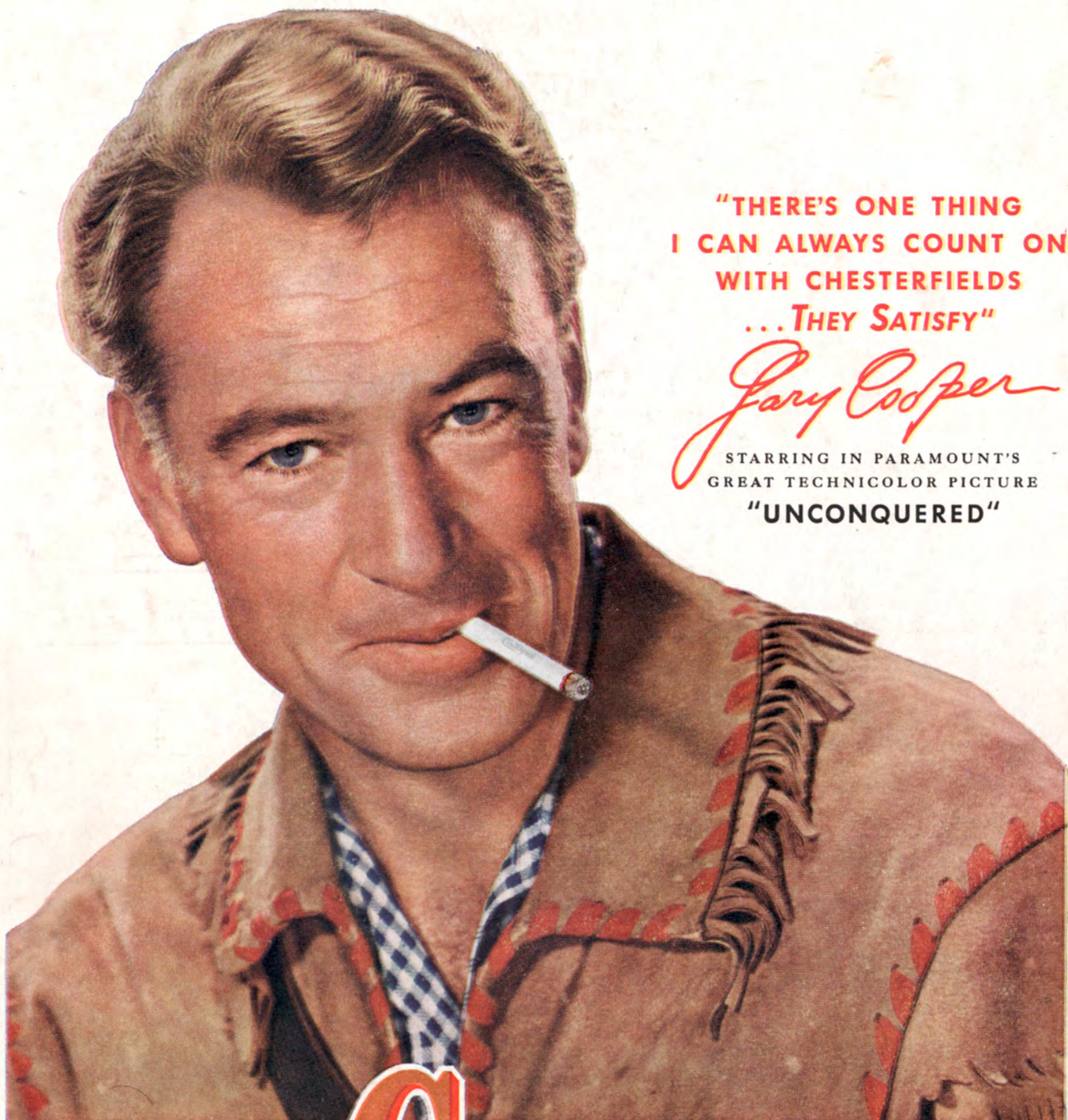
Here are a couple of miscellaneous gags we dredged up in the September contest. We couldn't classify 'em, but we thought they ought to be worth something. So we kicked in \$2 each. Are we a soft touch!

Little Susie, at her first basketball game, overheard someone say that the home team was "red hot," so she immediately ran out on the floor with 5 bottles of Pepsi-Cola!

Sent in by Mrs. J. B. Kennedy, of Urbana, Ill.

Robert's uncle had just returned from Africa and paid a visit to the college lad. "Bob, my boy," said the uncle, "I've brought you a trinket." With that, he took out a Pepsi-Cola and handed it to his nephew. "But this is a bottle of Pepsi-Cola," exclaimed the boy. "Why, sure it is," said his uncle, "so . . . trinket!"

Sent in by Leonard Blostein, of Washington Square College, New York University.



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