

CHAPARRAL

CRASH COMICS



"FARINA
DISMEMBERED"

A Serial in
3 Parts
See Page 48



MAY 1951 30¢

7 Years before the first
American Postage Stamp...



The Original Home of Park & Tilford at
35 Carmine St., New York City, in 1840

.. the Park & Tilford
Tradition was born

IT was not until July 1, 1847 that the first adhesive postage stamps made their appearance in the United States. Previously, postage had been paid in money, with payment indicated either in writing or by a rubber-stamp on the envelope.

The first stamps were in two denominations — a five-cent stamp bearing the head of Benjamin Franklin and a ten-cent stamp bearing the head of George Washington.

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The same century witnessed the rise of another dependable American tradition—the Park & Tilford tradition of quality.

The house of Park & Tilford was founded in 1840, seven years before the first American postage stamp.

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PARK & TILFORD

An American Institution Since 1840



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 52, NO. 8

MAY 1951

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Chaparral

Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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Stanfordites Given Special Consideration

Ceil Chapman's Parchment . . .



Model, MARYANNE FORCE

Photo by Richard Fowler

A girl can be very sweet when she wants.
—Widow



"What do you think of the art gallery?"

"Oh, the pictures are all right, but there aren't any jokes under them."

—Rammer Jammer

Want to be a man of distinction? It's easy. You don't have to dye your temples gray and change your name to Pinza. You don't even have to switch to you know what.

All you lads have to do is reach for a cigar, light up, lean back, and presto, you've arrived. You're distinguished. And that's gospel, according to members of the Society of Illustrators, the men who draw the tall, handsome, distinguished-looking heroes for the nation's leading magazines.

Seems that the Cigar Institute of America, an organization with more than a mild interest in perfect preferences, put the blunt question before the artists this way: Is it possible for a man to smoke a cigar with distinction? The CIA further warned sternly they would brook no haggling. "We want a verdict," they said, "and it better be a good one!"

The issue was promptly joined and settled with Albert Dorne, former President of the Society of Illustrators and President of the Famous Artists Course, handing down the historic decision.

"Yes," said Dorne, resolutely, "not only is it possible for a man to smoke a cigar with distinction but a cigar clearly illustrates the luxurious refinement and grace of good living. A man smoking a cigar definitely takes on the air of someone distinguished."

So light up, lads. So what if Dad's check didn't come and the tailor is hounding us for the payment on the tux. So what if we have to live on coke and pretzels for the rest of the month. Let us buy ourselves some cigars—on the cuff—and relax in a carefree, contented, distinguished way.

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 52, 1950-51

Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
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The Chappies

Stan Norton Editor-in-chief	Ed Brennan Managing Editor	John Motheral Business Manager
John Murray Art Editor	Richard Fowler Photographic Editor	Ray Brown Associate Editor
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ESTABLISHED B. B. ADAMS OCT 5 1899

ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

R. WENZEL 1951

NOW THAT the Kefauver Committee has taken it on the lam to kick over the life and time of the American bunco artist, the Old Boy feels he can now jump bail and come back to the mob and his old diggings.

Naturally, things aren't quite like the good old days. The Ancient One was lucky enough to close down his rackets and games before the circuit-riding preacher from Tennessee hit Frisco. Still, he misses the pleasant companionship of a lot of old pals. His favorite madam is selling flowers in front of the Hotel St. Francis now, and her lovely ladies of the dance are waiting on tables in various Market Street creameries. His bookie is studying for the ministry, and the guy

who used to ship him the weed every month is a legit florist. The cop on the beat who was so successful in supplying him with advance information on the schedule of police raids is now running for Congress; the shills and municipal judges whose monthly contributions used to keep the magazine running at a profit have retired to write their memoirs for *Liberty*.

The business staff is really quite worried about the whole thing. The bunco rackets are closed up tighter than a drum. The hop has stopped flowing from Mexico, and the wires are to be used henceforth for Mother's Day telegrams only. What with the present situation, it's getting harder and harder to take a flutter on

(Continued on page 4)

Contributors' Staff

Literary

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Bruce Murphy

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Marge Swingley
Cynthia Holcomb
Molly Smith
JoAnn Tuttle
Judy Ross
Marilyn Rabinovich
Evie Wadsworth
Cornelia Little
Connie Cline
Mary Baker



A young lady walked cheerfully into the post office, stopped at the wicket, and asked for a three-cent stamp. The clerk was not in a very good humor, and he snarled: "This is the information window, can't you read?"

The lady meekly proceeded to the proper place, purchased her stamp, and returned. "You say this is the information window?"

"Yup," snapped the clerk.

"Well, if I mail this letter tonight, will it be in New York tomorrow?"

"Sure," the clerk barked.

"That's funny," she murmured, "it's addressed to Chicago." —Widow

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Roos Bros

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Sun Valley

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For complete information and Reservations: Address W. P. Rogers, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1551, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your local travel agent.





NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

the ponies in the old town without suddenly winding up in front of a couple of Harvard springs and half the stoolies in the country.

Well, the Old Slicker is going on the blotter as being against the whole thing. What's Kefauver trying to do, peddle the welfare state? This is the land of opportunity, where an illiterate Italian olive-picker can rise from the gutter to the top of the quick-buck routines. Horatio Alger would crack the cage, and so would the early pioneers who did so much to make this nation great. Where is a guy going to get initiative? What sort of a goal is this kind of dirty Communism going to offer the high-spirited youth of America?

Cop a peak! A nice, respectable hood like Frank Costello is asked by a New Hampshire sider what he ever did for his country. Honest Frank has paid his taxes, that's what, which is probably more than Tobey has done being a Senator. Who could ask for a better guy than good old Joe Adonis? Kind to the wife and kids, he is, sweet and gentle with the neighbors, and



*you'll bring the house down
in denims from j.m.!*

Joseph Magnin

never a split spine in all the years he's been on top; no sign of a swelled head with our pal Joey. So what happens? "Where d'ya keep your swag?" they want to know; "Where d'ya bank the wool ya been cleanin' off the suckers?" Just like ol' Joey was a slipper, instead of a hard-working shiv who's made his dough in the American tradition, by getting out in his shirt sleeves and scraping it together out of the very wilderness, like Daniel Boone or Casey Ruggles.

And look what they did to Ginny Hill, the sweetest little ol' magnolia blossom to cross dat ol' Mason-Dixon Line, yassuh. A sweet kid, a real sweet, unassuming, unaffected, heart-of-gold cutie. Can a gal help it if guys want to give her a simple little gift like a home in Palm Springs or \$20,000 worth of rocks? These birds on the Kefauver Committee are no toppers, bub, picking on our mice like that! Or what about "Wild Bill" O'Dwyer, who worked himself up from the cop around the corner to mayor of New York? Now, really, boys. Just look at that face; where could you find more honesty, more real devotion to duty? How is a fellow going to run 7,000,000 hicks all at one time without going to the boys with the smooth? Senator Tobey wants Bill to run on the Y.W.C.A. ticket next time elections come around, but the Old Croak will bet you a purdy Tobey never tried running *his* machine with the Ladies' Aid Guild.

If things keep up this way, kids will have to go back to wanting to be President. Vice is a service; people want to buy, someone's gotta sell. That's free enterprise capitalism, gents, none of your filthy Red Marxism. Someone wants to make the game more interesting by tossing a few thousand into a kitty, who's to stop a man from having a little fun? Vice, boys, vice is like running a gas station or an advertising firm or a private university. Some guy wants to bet \$220 a quarter he'll get a decent education; are you going to stand there and say that isn't gambling?

It's getting so a guy can't make a dishonest buck anymore. But sit tight, gentle reader. As soon as television goes back to Kookla, Fran, and Ollie and forgets Senator Kefauver's prim mountain morals, the Ancient One promises to come out with another issue, which will serve as a signal that the town's wide open again.

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High-precision accuracy, clean-cut modern designing, extraordinary value make Omega's Automatic the great watch of the world. 14K gold-filled, \$71.50 in 14K gold with gold applied-figure dial, \$175.

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CARDINAL MOTORS

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COFFEE CUM LAUDE



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Boning up? You'll cram more study into each night session by taking time out (just seconds!) for the quick "lift" of Nescafé*.

No coffee-pot. No grounds. No brewing. Yet Nescafé makes roaster-fresh coffee... right this minute! Simply put

1 teaspoonful in a cup, add piping hot water and stir.

In flavor, price, convenience, you'll find it's a real eye-opener. The 4-oz. jar makes as many cups as a pound of ordinary coffee, yet costs at least 20¢ less. Get some today ... for pure coffee enjoyment!

More people drink

NESCAFÉ

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*Nescafé (pronounced NES-CAFAY) is the exclusive registered trade-mark of The Nestlé Company, Inc. to designate its soluble coffee product which is composed of equal parts of pure soluble coffee and added pure carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.

1. Pair up actual U.S. town names. Examples: From RYE, N.Y. to BOURBON, Ind. From SOFT SHELL, Ky. to LITTLE CRAB, Tenn. Send as many pairings as you like.

2. The odder the names—and the more amusing the relationship between the two—the better your chances will be.

3. First prize winner will be sent \$50. Second prize \$25, third prize \$10, and three \$5 prizes. First contest closes March 31, 1951. All entries become the property of Life Savers, and prize-winning combinations may be used in future advertisements, together with the names of the winners. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Simply mail your entry to LIFE SAVERS, PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

From

NAPOLEON, IND.

to

WATERLOO, LA.

America's FLAVOR-ite
from coast to coast



still only 5¢

Can you beat this? **\$100** in cash prizes!

PEN PALS

TUCUMCARI, N. MEX.

GENTS:

We been reading your swell rag nigh onto ten years and hell and damnation if it ain't the greatest little lewdie going—beats them girlie mags all to Korea. The boys at the stables really go for them horsey jokes you fellas think yourselves into. All us Joes speshially appreshiated the "Tom Swift and His Atomic Piles" story. Keep up the good werk.

IKE GLAPLAOVITCH

P.S.—Please find 90 cents and a Bull Durham drawstring to cover our sub-skrishun for the next 5 years.

WEEHAWKEN, N.J.

DEAR SIRs:

Two weeks ago, I sent you three dollars (\$3) and forty-nine cents (49¢) for your "Chemical Woman." The package arrived in due course, and, following your instructions, I made the kit in the prescribed manner. No sooner had the last bolt been inserted than she ran out the door and into the arms of my neighbor. It was only with great difficulty that I retrieved the girl. I am returning her to you by separate cover.

Please send me my money back.
STANLEY SNEEHEL

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

GENTLEMEN:

Sure do go for the double meanings in your swell strips. Really keeps a fellow's mind working full speed to keep up with you cats—geez, how suttile! Specially like the dirty clichés in your Humpalong Chassidy strip. Beats the penny arcade by smiles! Have only one gripe. Can't the girlies wear a little less? My imagination ain't too good.

BOBBY CLANK, age 10



"At last, a CHAPPIE I can understand!"

New Cardinal Hotel

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Centrally located
A quiet spot to bone up
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... and a fine place for
ma and pa, too

- Sensible Rates
- Reservations Advisable



Seafood at Cook's

751 el camino real
menlo park
open daily
11 a.m.-9 p.m.

STANFORD, CALIF.

GENTLEMEN:

In the interests of your fine magazine, I should like to call your attention to a serious inaccuracy in last month's *Crash Comics*. Paragraph two of the World War I air thriller, "Piece of Ace," stated clearly that Baron Von Svine had only fifteen cartridges left in his machine guns, yet in the next paragraph the author states that sixteen bullet holes were found in the body of the Belgian farmer. How come?

Please make the necessary correction at once. Even a single bullet can be a matter of life and death.

Technically yours,

ROGER CORNGOLD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Corngold failed to notice that Von Svine also had a Luger strapped to his monocle. Hence, that Belgian peasant was lucky to get off as easily as he did.

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

TO THE EDITOR:

All us kids at Clinton Grammar School are tired of riding the "Hoppy" trail. That goody-goody stuff is swell as far it goes, but it don't go far enough. We want to try our hands at being Prone Rangers. Please tell us where we can buy our official Prone Ranger masks so we can start rustling up a storm as soon as possible.

STINKY O'REILLY AND HIS IRISH
MAFFIA (THE GREEN LEAF)

TOYKO, JAPAN

DEAR MR. CRASH:

Please don't let that rat get away with what he did to our hero, General Mac. We think you should send Steve Crevice across the wide Missouri with ten atom bombs and tell him to blow the White House clear to Carnegie Hall. Don't disappoint us 'cause we're counting on Steve to avenge our Mikado.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH DEN
Pack 71, Cub Scouts

LOS GATOS, CALIF.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am eighteen years old, auburn-haired, blue-eyed, and everyone says I have a good figure. My dimensions are: height, 5' 3", bust, 36", waist 24", hips 36". I don't talk much, but I am a very good listener. Besides this, I have a Buick convertible and my father is a millionaire. I am good fun and extremely passionate. Despite all this,

(Continued on page 8)

Livingston Bros.
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET

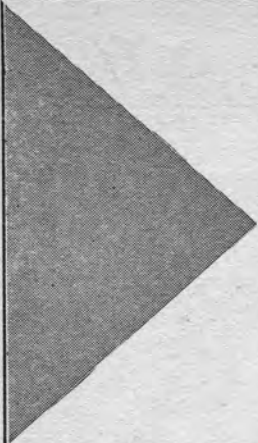


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The Old Boy has the pleasure to announce the election of the following to membership in the Hammer and Coffin Society:

Russell Lapham
Roger Parkinson
James Stockton
John Pershing
John Hanna
Fredrick Ashton
Fredrick Simpich
Dunny Clark
Thomas Lowry
Robert Sprague
Al Ambler
Dent Hand
Dayton Herzog
Walter Hopps

... election of the following to Honorary Membership in the Society:

Shirley Taylor
Harold Quiram
Roger Frelier
Foster Taft
Peter Wolff

... and election of the following to the Hammer and Coffin Society—Women's Auxiliary:

Jackie Miller
Mel Barnes
Roberta D'Anneo
Joan Von Briesen

**MAY is SAFETY CHECK MONTH—
Sponsored by the NATIONAL SAFETY
COUNCIL—Have your car serviced for
safety—**

**“GOOD DRIVERS
drive SAFE CARS”**

SO

**CHECK YOUR CAR!
CHECK ACCIDENTS!**



Lutz FORD Sales

160 Forest Ave.

DA 3-5161

Palo Alto

SALES and SERVICE

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 7)

no one ever asks me out. I am so lone-
some I could just roll up and die.
Please see if you can help by calling
the attention of your pen pals to my
pitiful situation. Thanks,

HOPEFUL

P.S.—Unfortunately, I have no
mouth.



The difference between amnesia
and magnesia is that the fellow with
amnesia doesn't know where he's
going.
—Octopus



“My wife is having a blue book.”

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!



1. Sniff an open pack of ordinary cigarettes.

2. Now sniff the **CHESTYFEELZ**.

Notice that the ordinary cigarette reeks of tobacco—definitely irritates the delicate inner nose—while the **CHESTYFEELZ** merely sears the inner lining of the trachea, destroys the delicate alveoli tissue of the lungs, and completely enervates the sweat glands controlling the upper body. **AND NO OFFENDING TOBACCO ODOR!** This is because **CHESTYFEELZ** do not contain tobacco. They are made of a delicate blend of Chanel No. 5—which accounts for their pleasant fragrance—and nitro-hydrofluoric acid, which makes them burn. We bet you won't go back to your old cigarette after trying **CHESTYFEELZ**. Get a pack today! **NON-HABIT-FORMING.**

KZSU



your STANFORD STATION

880 KC ON YOUR DIAL

THIS COUPON IS WORTH \$100,000!

(on any million-dollar purchase at Ludcke's)

Name:

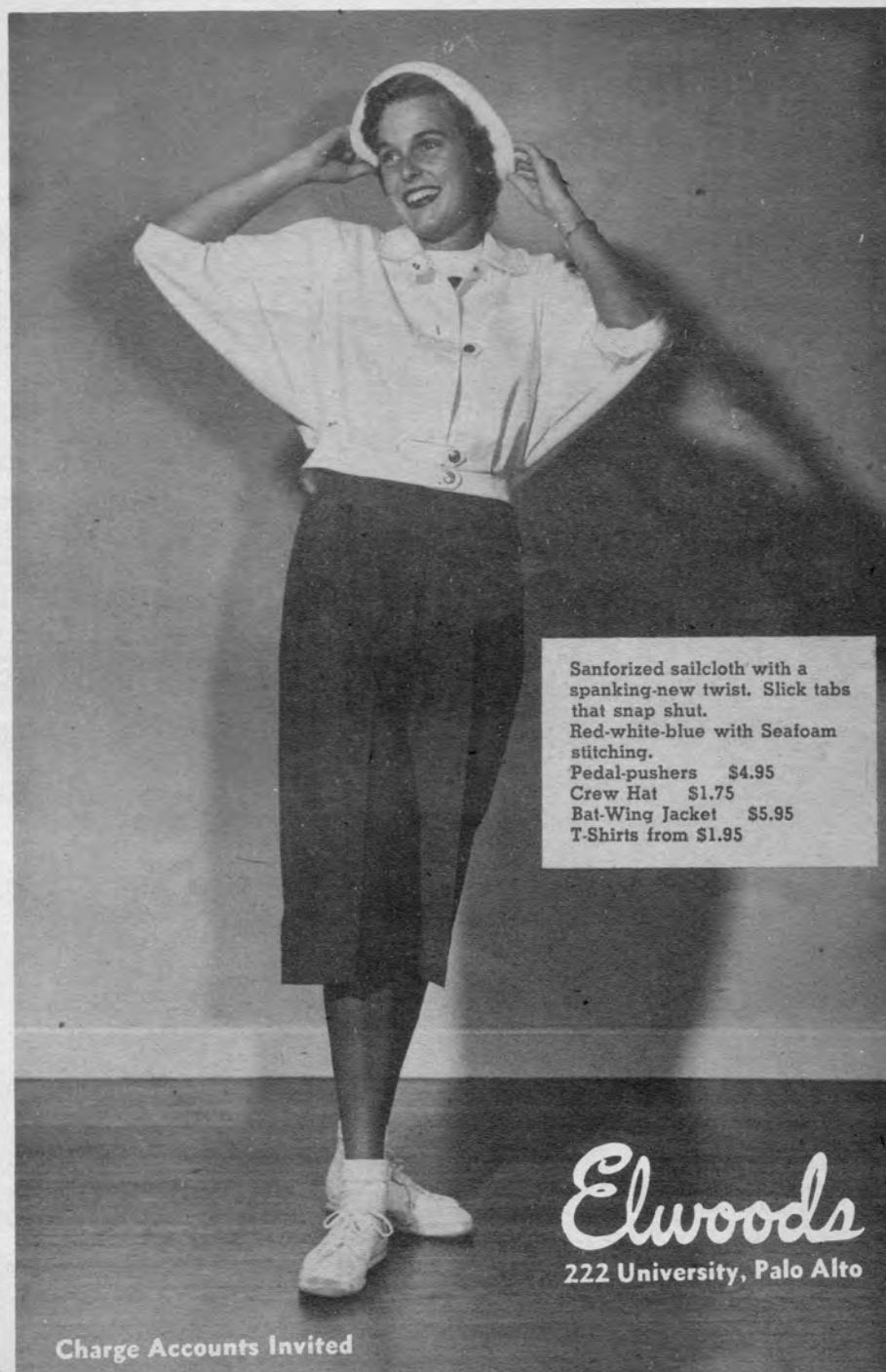
Address:

Fill in—bring in—this coupon to Lee Ludcke and get a 10% discount on any purchase, 10c to \$1,000,000. Special to Stanford students. Paint, wallpaper, unpainted furniture, paint-brushes, and such. DO IT NOW!

**BE HAPPY . . .
GO LUDCKE!**

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Red-white-blue with Seafoam stitching.
Pedal-pushers \$4.95
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Charge Accounts Invited

Model, EVIE WADSWORTH, Manzanita

Photo by Dick Fowler

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Men's Ivy League suit—style—soft construction—no shoulder padding—plain trousers—the authentic fashion for university men . . .
 Flannels, Herringbones, Worsted. \$85.00
 Women's David Gaines two-tone gray Botany flannel suit. Interesting crisscross detail—new cuff detail. \$69.95
 Exclusive with Atkins on the Peninsula

Models, BILL BOWLES, MARY GWEN FORAN

Photo by Dick Fowler

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

ON CALL DAY OR NIGHT

All shapes, sizes, and colors. Big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones, white ones, pink ones, cute ones, nice ones, normal ones. Call any time, day or night.

DA 3-3121	DA 2-2151
DA 2-2942	DA 3-9043
If these lines are busy, try	
DA 3-8842	DA 3-8761
DA 3-5171	DA 3-8826

**ONLY FIVE CENTS DOWN—PAY
 AS YOU GO
 BEST DEALS IN TOWN!**

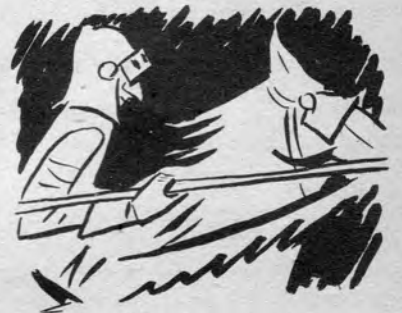
An English soldier in a French village, seeing a wedding in progress, asked a passing Frenchman whose wedding it was.

"Je, ne sais pas, M'sieu," answered the Frenchman.

A few hours later, the same soldier saw a coffin going into the same church and again asked a passing Frenchman the identity of the individual.

"Je ne sais pas, M'sieu," was the response.

"Blimey!" ejaculated the Tommy, "he didn't last long!" —Pelican

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Be the Lochinvar of your neighborhood! Out-Galahad Sir Galahad. Learn to drop your coat for the ladies. Accuse old women of witchcraft. Enter tournaments. Send for our supersized Knight Kit. It's stood the test of time. Includes:

Champion rocking horse
 A white plume
 One skeleton key
 One ivory tower
 Three serfs (check male or female)

FREE, if you act before St. Crispin's Day—autographed edition of Spengler's "Decline of the West."

ENTER THIS
CONTEST!

WIN
\$4,000,000.00
IN BIG PRIZES!
SUBMIT A GAG LINE FOR
THIS CARTOON



WINNERS LAST MONTH:

"My old man's flunking your old man."
—Margaret T.

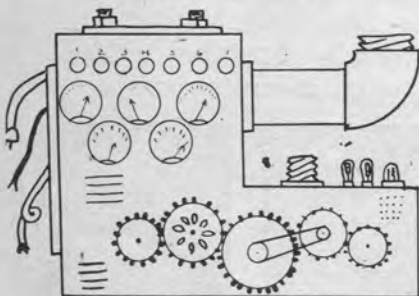
"The Chappie's the funniest magazine I ever read."
—Managing Editor

"That was no woman, that was my wife."
—St. Augustine

"Who killed Cock Robin?"
—Muff Shrdlu, Roble

... AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER HILARIOUS GAGS! ADDRESS ENTRIES TO CHAPARRAL, BOX 3013, STANFORD, CALIF.

SURPLUS BARGAIN!



11-Ton Widget (Hydrophosphoric)

Buy now before the government buys them back. Just think, maybe by taking it apart you can find what it's used for—we don't know. Contains 5,000 gears, 786 tubes, 8½ miles of wiring, 4,877,904 bolts, 2 hairpins, and cost the Army \$37,000. A gadgeteer's paradise. It's yours for only 89 cents, plus postage.

UNCLE SAM SURPLUS EMPORIUM
Royal Hawaiian Hotel Mezzanine
Hawaii

New Students-HERE'S...

A REAL TREAT!

- DOUBLE-DECKED CHEESEBURGER
- EXTRA-THICK MILK SHAKE



JOHNNY MAC'S

Drive-in

REDWOOD CITY

MOUNTAIN VIEW

MENLO PARK ON EL CAMINO

Guild

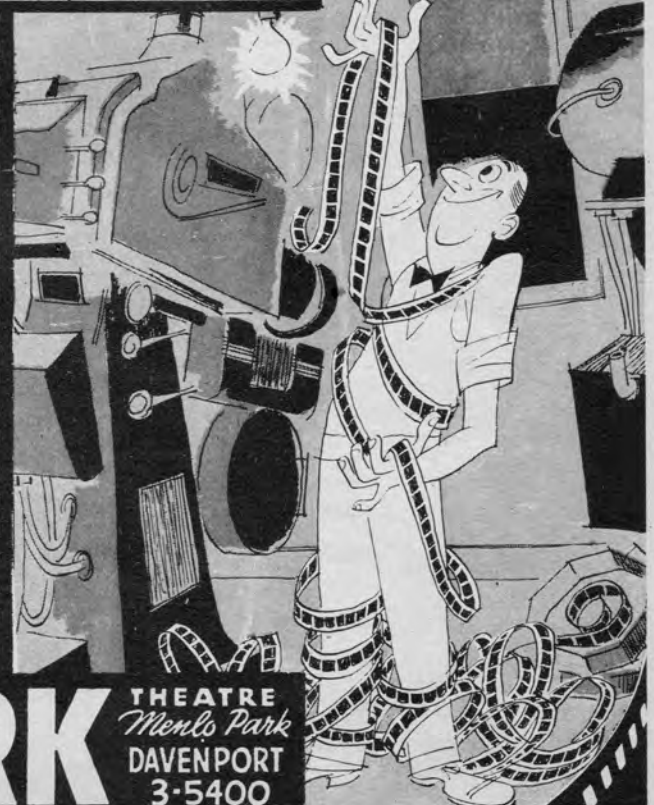
PHONE DAVENPORT 3-6760

THE THEATRE OF DISTINCTION

REMEMBER THIS WHEN DATING A CHICK

"WE PICK THE FLICK THAT DOES THE TRICK"

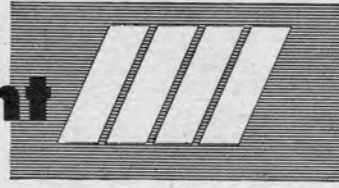
WE'RE ALL WRAPPED UP IN OUR WORK!



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*the only shop on the Peninsula
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ask any artist



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Middy—white, red, and blue
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Shorts, Pedal-pushers, Slacks
also available.

young colony
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Model, JEAN FOX, Manzanita

Photo by Dick Fowler

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

Campaign ribbons off to Arthur MacArthur and the neat bit of crayola work he did on this month's cover.

Comics

Inescapable when the student body demands a comic issue. Jim Stockton, Al Ambler, Bob Kays, Bill Thames, Tom Allen, and Old-Timer Everett Opie added to the artistic tradition of their era by sketching some truly immortal funnies. F. Q. Hewitt, one of our favorite old Old Boys, proved that old soldiers never die by drawing a real belly bumper. Even our art editor, John Murray, took his pen and ink to the beach and mailed us the result, along with a few grains of sand. The grains of sand appear within.

Ads

Some legitimate, some fake. The trick is to decide which are which.

Stories

Long accused of printing nothing but inane tripe, the Old Boy presents a story with a moral. No Stanford woman should miss "Handled," a tragedy of misplaced love.

Jokes

The whole magazine is a big joke.

Words

This issue contains 25,000 words. This is equal to fifty English papers, yet our editors are flunking out. It isn't fair.

Love

The only snap five-unit course given Spring Quarter, yet our editors are flunking out. It isn't fair.

Next Issue

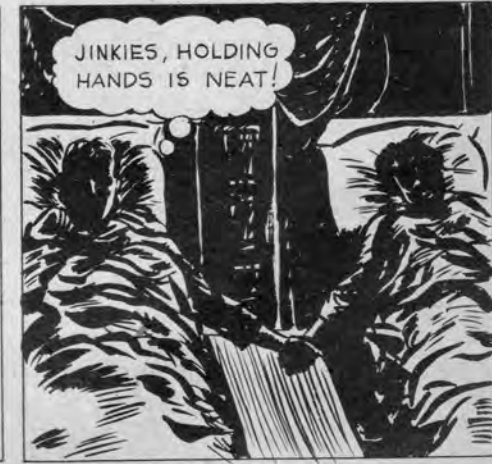
The last.

The BEDSTEADS

by Bill Thames & Bob Kays



CORA'S COMING OUT OF IT AGAIN!



THE NEXT MORNING

TOWER TO NC 32519, TOWER TO NC 32519. ARE YOU CATCHIN' MUCH?

WH-TH... TAKE OVER, JOE, KEEN AND I ARE GOING TO UH... SEE HOW THE CREW IS COMIN'?

GIMME ANUDDER REEFER, MAGGIE.

CONFOUND IT, TAKE TH' FLYIN' PLANE HOME. I HAVE M'SELF A DATE WITH MARGE TRUMAN.

TOWER WANTS TO KNOW YOUR POSITION, MAJOR CREVICE.

WHY THOSE HORNEY... UMM... THIS IS BETTER THAN THE ADMIRAL'S DINGHY.

HM, MAJOR CREVICE HAS FOUND SOMETHING HE CAN SLIDE SLIP INTO. GRID W-17. PLAN C MEANS HE'LL FAKE ENGINE TROUBLE AND GO DOWN. HE'S DOWN, SIR, AND IN A BIT OF A MESS.

PLAN C IS ONE OF THOSE JUNGLE DEALS.

TO THE PALACE!

MOTHER! DAUGHTER!

MRS. KEFLOPER!

YOUTY

YEH, HONEY, I PASS OUT 4-F DRAFT CLASSIFICATIONS AT 200 BUCKS APIECE THE MEN LOVE ME FOR IT, NATURALLY. I MAKE LOTS OF DOUGH AND IT KEEPS ME BUSY WHILE THE SENATOR IS AWAY... BUT COME LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT BUSINESS.

LATER

YOU WON'T TURN ME IN WILL YOU, HONEY?

HELL NO! IT'S BEEN A GREAT 3 DAYS, BABY. I'LL BLAME THAT 4-F DEAL ON MY CO-PILOT.

THE PLANE WAS DAMAGED DURING THE FIGHT, MAJ. CREVICE.

NOTHING WE CAN'T FIX WHILE IN THE AIR. CLIMB ABOARD MEN!

LISTEN... THE RADIO... BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS PASSED AN AMENDMENT TODAY DEFERRING ALL STUDENTS.

WELL I'LL BE---

SEE YA IN KINDERGARDEN!

John Murray

TICK DRACY

THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED ONE HUSHED EVENING IN THIS VERY ROOM



THE DOC'S NOT IN EITHER, TESS - BUT THERE'S A SQUAD CAR OUTSIDE. SHALL I HAIL THEM HEY COPPER!!

BANG BANG BANG! EVER'BODYS DEAD!

YES, JUNIOR!! (I'M AFRAID TICK'S NERVOUS CONDITION IS BACK)

BANG BANG POW

TESS, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

JUNIOR, I DON'T KNOW!

OH OH LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER O.B., JOE!

LOOKIE - THERE'S TICK DRACY - GASSED AGIN!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, DOC! REALLY BAD!

DEAD?

NO, NOT HIM! I DONT FEEL SO GOOD

BANG YOU'RE DEAD!

STEP IN MY OFFICE AND WE'LL SEE

ADMITTING

WELL MADAM, IN MY BUSINESS ONE MUST BE FRANK! YOU'RE Bzzzzzzz AND Bzzzzzzzz

THAT @*!*? HAS BEEN SHOOTING OFF HIS MOUTH AGAIN OTHERWISE HOW WOULD YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!!

AWC'MON STAY DEAD!

CRACK SWAPPLE POP

SOMETIME LATER

WHO WOULD WANT TO? HE TAKES AFTER MY SIDE OF THE FAMILY, AS A MATTER A' FACT!

WHY TESS!!! HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ME AT ALL!!!

FG HEWITT (SERVES YOU RIGHT, AS A MATTER A' FACT)

MUCK ROGERS

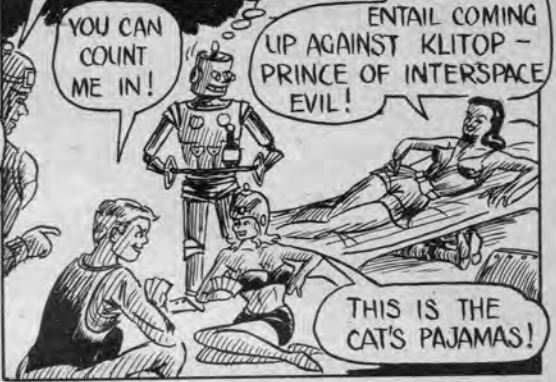
IN THE 96TH CENTURY
 DR. SUER, HEAD OF STANFORD PHYSICS DEPT, BREAKFASTS WITH MUCK ROGERS, PROFESSOR OF SPACE SCIENCE & TACTICS, AND A FRIEND.....

ROGERS, HEH, HEH, WE MUST RECOVER MY SECRET TIME MACHINE FROM, HEH, HEH, CLEVA, THE MOON GODDESS, OR OUR CIVILIZATION WILL CRUMBLE!



THAT MEANS A TRIP TO THE PLANET DIANA!

BUGGY, HORNA! YOU KIDS COMING ALONG?



YOU CAN COUNT ME IN!

IT WILL ENTAIL COMING UP AGAINST KLITOP - PRINCE OF INTERSPACE EVIL!

THIS IS THE CAT'S PAJAMAS!



MUMMY, HIGH PLACES SCARE ME!

..HEH, HEH, MUCK, WE HAVE TO GET ON DIANA, HEH, HEH, BEFORE KLITOP DOES!

MUCK, I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN MY RAMJET WITH HORNA



IT'LL BE A LONG TRIP! DID YOU BRING SOMETHING TO READ!

THIS HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE 1906

MUMMY I FEEL FUNNY



THERE'S THE PLANET!

I'M GOING IN!



HEH, HEH, THIS PLANET IS INHABITED BY THE FOOD PEOPLE-- THEY LIVE TO BE EATEN!

DRINK ME!

CHEW ME!

LAT ME!

BITE ME!

BAKE ME!



HEH, HEH, SURE HOPE I CAN GET MY TIME MACHINE BACK

FROM WHAT YOU TELL US DOC, IT COULD REGULATE THE UNIVERSE!

WHAT PECULIAR ROCK FORMATIONS I FEEL UNEASY!



SO, EARTHMEN! YOU THOUGHT YOU'D CATCH CLEVA UNPREPARED!

TODAY DIANA TOMORROW THE UNIVERSE

TICK TOCK

SQUEEZE ME

BITE ME



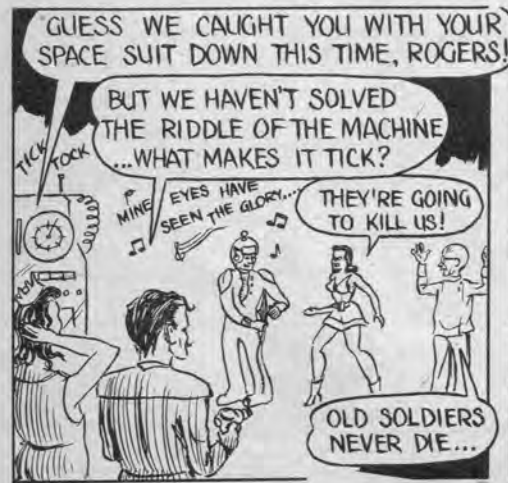
MEANWHILE

THERE'S CLEVA'S PALACE. LET'S GO DOWN, HORNA!

O.K.



QUICK, BUGGY! PULL OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



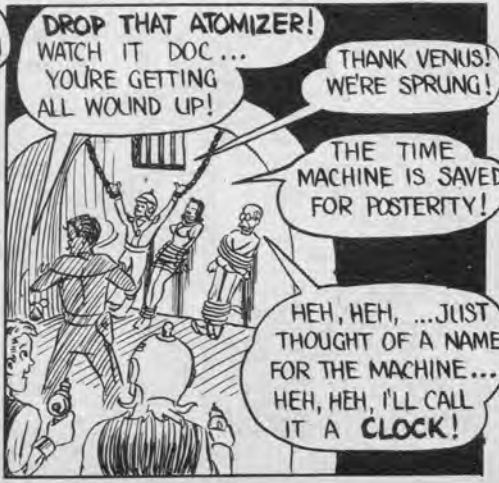
GUESS WE CAUGHT YOU WITH YOUR SPACE SUIT DOWN THIS TIME, ROGERS!

BUT WE HAVEN'T SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE MACHINE... WHAT MAKES IT TICK?

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY...

THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US!

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE...



DROP THAT ATOMIZER! WATCH IT DOC... YOU'RE GETTING ALL WOUND UP!

THANK VENUS! WE'RE SPRUNG!

THE TIME MACHINE IS SAVED FOR POSTERITY!

HEH, HEH, ...JUST THOUGHT OF A NAME FOR THE MACHINE... HEH, HEH, I'LL CALL IT A CLOCK!



MERCY!

BRING THE MACHINE!

HEH, HEH, I WILL!

KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP! BIG BOY!

Little Organ Annie

by G. VELLIOTES & J. STOCKTON

"I'M HOT FOR YOUR BODY"
SHAKESPEARE

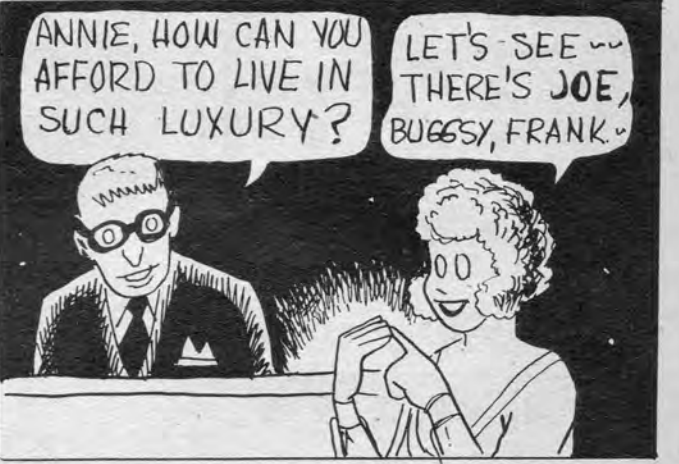
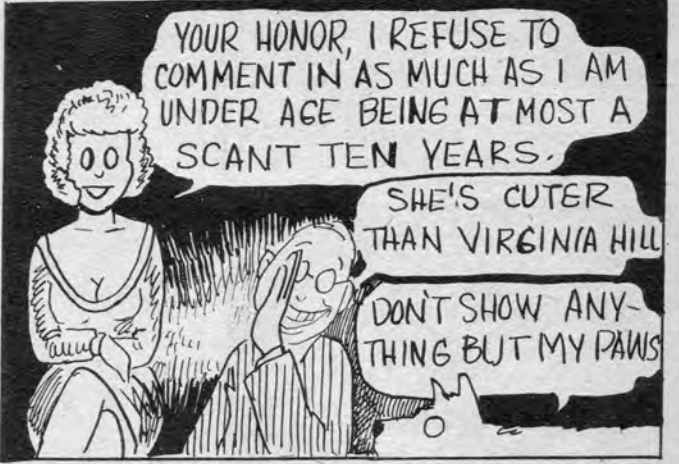
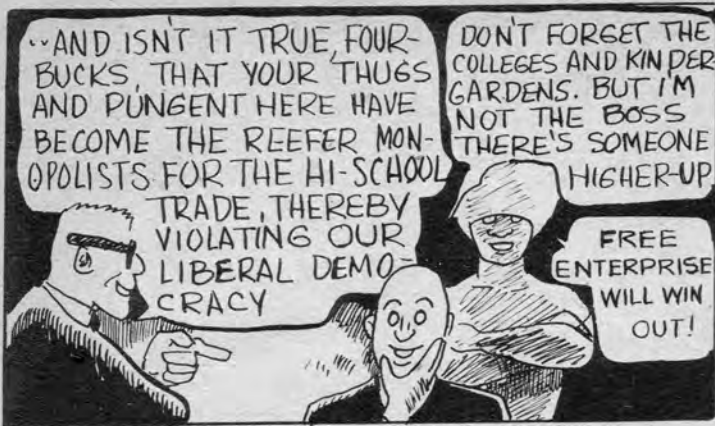


LATER THAT NEFARIOUS EVE ~ ~



MEANWHILE, AT THE T.V. STUDIO ~ ~





Prince Vasaline

IN THE DAYS OF KING JOHN

BY FAL HOSTER

IN DAYS OF OLD,
WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD...

Synopsis: ALL THE COUNTS AND NO ACCOUNTS ARRIVE AT FROMPINGHAM, FOR A CHILD IS TO BE BORN TO THE QUEEN.

PRINCE VASALINE, FAMOUS FOR THE MANY ENCOUNTERS HE HAS HAD OVER FAIR LADIES, SLIPS IN TO TELL KING JOHN AND HIS BLOOD VASSALS OF THE FORTHCOMING BIRTH.

KING JOHN RUSHES FROM THE THRONE ROOM TO HIS QUEEN'S SIDE

"CUTE LITTLE SHAVER, ISN'T HE?," SHOUTS VAS, "BUT LOOK AT HIS HEAD."

THE SHOCK LEAVES JOHN LIMP. "SOMEONE HAS PUT A BAD SPELL ON MY SON," VAS IS AS ALWAYS OBSERVING THINGS. LOOKS AS THOUGH SOME SORCERER HAD IT IN FOR YOU."

REFUSING TO BE OUTDONE BY ANYONE, JOHN GOES OVER THINGS WITH MERLIN. KING: "A SPELL HAS BEEN CAST ON MY NEWLY BORN PRINCE." MERLIN: "I THOUGHT THE QUEEN'S CURSE PASSED LONG AGO."

"THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO KNOW, YOUR LORDSHIP... THE QUEEN HAD AN ANCIENT SPELL CAST UPON HER."

ASTOUNDED, JOHN EXCLAIMS "I'D BETTER TELL THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FLUSH BEFORE THEY GET IT FROM THE QUEEN."



THE KING HAS SUMMONED VAS TO MERLIN, WHO EXPLAINS... "VAS, THE QUEEN HAS A STRANGE SPELL ABOUT HER. GO TO THE EASTERN ORACLE; HE WILL HELP YOU WORK OUT A SOLUTION"



VAS SAYS GOODBYE TO ALETCHA. NOW HE CAN BUT GULP AND TREMBLE. ALETCHA, HER RIBS CRACKING, SQUEEZED AGAINST ROUGH ARMOR, UNCOMFORTABLE AS A PIECE OF CHEESE AGAINST A GRATER, IS CONTENT. VAS: "I CAN HARDLY WAIT TIL I GET BACK, ALETCHA DARLING." ALETCHA: "OH VAS, BE CAREFUL..."



"AH... THE CHINESE WILL NOT ATTACK."

VAS COMES UPON THE GREAT ORACLE, WHO IS IN DEEP MEDITATION. THE ORACLE, NOTICING VAS: "ER... WHAT DO YOU WANT? HEARING VASALINE'S TROUBLES, HE OFFERS SAGE ADVICE."



TAKE THIS ROAD TO THE GOOSE WHO LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS. IF YOU RETURN TO YOUR QUEEN WITH AN EGG, GIVE IT TO HER AND HER SPELL WILL BE CAST OFF.



"AH... THE GOOSE IS ASLEEP. I'LL COP ONE WHILE SHE'S NOT LOOKING..."



"AW-W-K! I'VE BEEN PEOPLED!"

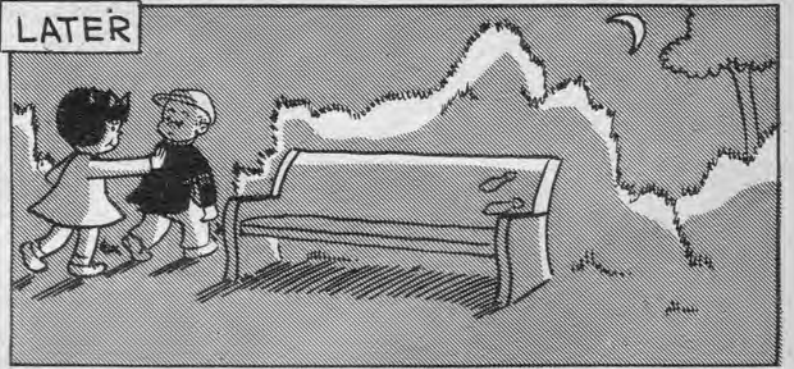


THE JOURNEY HOME IS EVENTFUL



VAS RETURNS
VAS: "I'VE COME WITH THE CURSE-BREAKING EGG, QUEENIE, AND THATS NO YOLK."
QUEEN: "MIGHTY WHITE OF YOU VAS, BUT I GOT IT ALREADY."
ALETCHA: "OH VAS, YOU'RE A SHELL OF YOUR FORMER SELF."
MERLIN: "MY HATS OFF TO YOU FOR TRYING VAS, BUT SOMETHING SLIPPED UP."
KING: "AND TO THINK THAT MERLIN'S HAD IT IN FOR ME ALL THIS TIME."

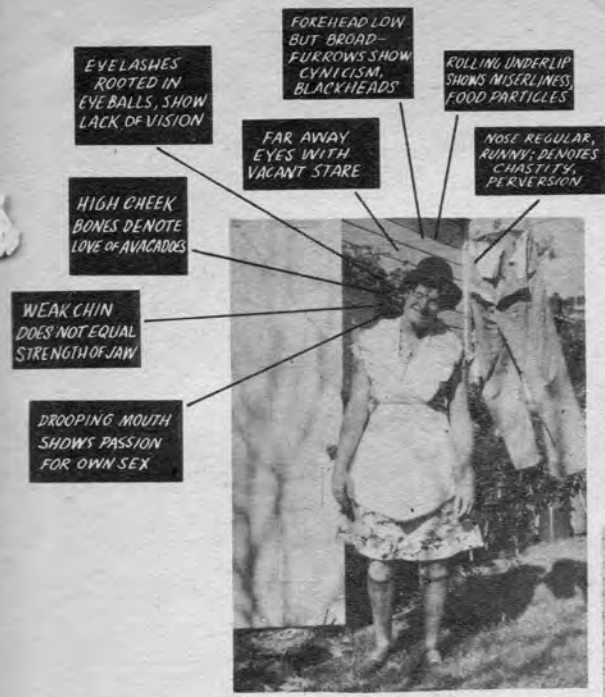
Prancy



SEDUCE UGLY FAT...

WOMEN:

TEMPT AWAY UGLY FAT THE EASY WAY!



EYELASHES ROOTED IN EYE BALLS, SHOW LACK OF VISION

FOREHEAD LOW BUT BROAD—FURROWS SHOW CYNICISM, BLACKHEADS

ROLLING UNDERLIP SHOWS MISERLINESS, FOOD PARTICLES

FAR AWAY EYES WITH VACANT STARE

NOSE REGULAR, RUNNY; DENOTES CHASTITY, PERVERSION

HIGH CHEEK BONES DENOTE LOVE OF AVACADOES

WEAK CHIN DOES NOT EQUAL STRENGTH OF JAW

DROOPING MOUTH SHOWS PASSION FOR OWN SEX



EYEBROWS DENOTE PASSION, CONCEAL SCAR TISSUE

EYES SPARKLING—SENSUAL, FULL OF PROMISE

WEAK CHIN NOW EQUALS STRENGTH OF JAW

HIGH CHEEK BONE CONNECTED TO THE JAWBONE

FOREHEAD HIGH, DOME LIKE; FURROWS SHOW EROTICISM, BLACKHEAD HOLES

DROOPING MOUTH DENOTES HONESTY, SENSE OF FAIR PLAY

ROLLING UNDERLIP SHOWS FREEDOM FROM DISEASE

NOSE REGULAR, DENOTES HATRED OF COMMUNISM



NEW WOMAN
Mrs. S. O. W. says: "I never dreamed ANYONE could look like this, then I had an ARMADILLO. Now I'm a different woman."



It's really fun to reduce with Armadillo Ugly Fat Pellets! You'll find yourself with new poise—new popularity and Romance. (See pictures above. If you are thin and want to be fat, reverse pictures.)

These pellets are made from a Secret Formula utilizing mcrops hormones. They weigh 125 pounds each and contain only 1.2 calories. After taking one you'll find your desire for food is GONE! Take off 10–20–30 lbs. in one day.

APPROVED BY A.M.A.

MEDICAL DOCTOR says:

"Fat women usually weigh more than thin ones, and some women are not fat."

NO FITTING REQUIRED

Just measure around the lowest part of abdomen and specify right or left side or double.

FREE!!
2 big roots if order received within 10 days

OVER 8 GRATEFUL USERS!

B. O. of Dismal, Kan., orders 4 more cartons and says: "I have now taken over 300 of your pills and I can certainly say."

Mr. R. E. H. of Rotan, Tex., thanks us for getting rid of his "spare tire" and says: "How in the hell can I drive my car now that the right front has blown out?"

Mrs. L. B. B. of Sensual Point, Ky., writes: "I have put 4" on my arms and 6" on my chest since using Dynamic Tension."

Mr. R. W. B. of Alamagordo, N.M., says: "I have thrown away that truss. My ARMADILLO PELLETT does not slip or chafe and brings me untold relief after years of embarrassment."

Mr. A. R. N. Slough, N.D., writes: "George, please come home. Children still love you. What you did was wrong, but all is forgiven. Al."

SEND NO MONEY

GUARANTEED to remove ugly fat and leave beautiful fat.
PLEASE SEND AN ARMADILLO UGLY FAT PELLETT for only \$2.00. (Shipping wt. 125 lbs.)

Name Address.....
Sex: M F Neither of these
Color: Hair Eyes Teeth
GEORGE UGLY FAT CO., GROMMET, R.I.

HIGH JOHN *The Conqueror Roots!*

These so-called **Good Luck Roots** are of the **HIGHEST QUALITY**... Many persons superstitiously carry these in Pairs—"One" to bring **GOOD LUCK in LOVE, Games of Chance, Money Affairs, etc.**, the other to ward off **BAD LUCK** and unwanted things like Evil, Jinxes, Crossed Conditions, etc. We make no such claims and sell as Curios only. We **GUARANTEE** these **ROOTS** to be of Extra High Quality and mail a Pair of Roots in a Plain Package, Sealed and Postpaid and include a Bottle of so-called **MONEY DRAWING OIL**. Also a **Special Carrying Bag**

RIP BIRDBOY

By Alexander the Swiss

"THE ROBYN REDBREAST CAPER"

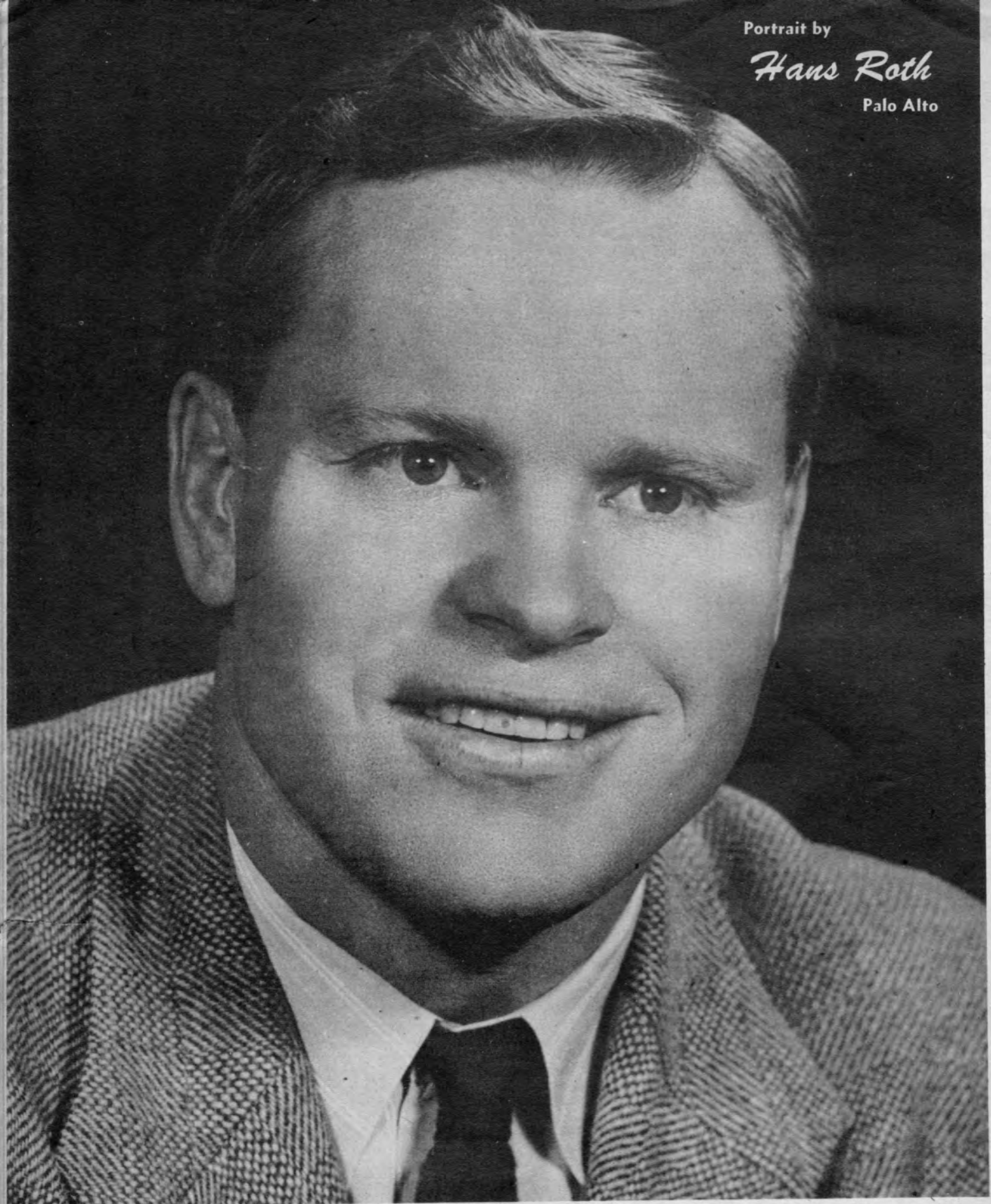




Portrait by

Hans Roth

Palo Alto



Stanford students are taking pleasure these days in welcoming a Stanford favorite back to the Farm: **CHUCK TAYLOR**, the Indians' new football coach. And always welcome is another old favorite, the **FAMOUS MILKSHAKE**. Keep it in mind every day for a cool way to take the edge off the late Spring heat.

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176



STUFF PEOPLE!

Find continual companionship through a fascinating new hobby. Learn to stuff people. Maintain a living room full of friends at all times. Decorate your house with original pieces. Make the neighbors think you have servants. More fun than collecting stamps.

STUFFED SHIRT ENTERPRISES
FOREST LAWN REAL ESTATE CO.

HEY KIDS!

HIGH SCHOOL IS PASSÉ!

Get eight years' jump on your buddies! Send immediately for one or both of our new professional kits.

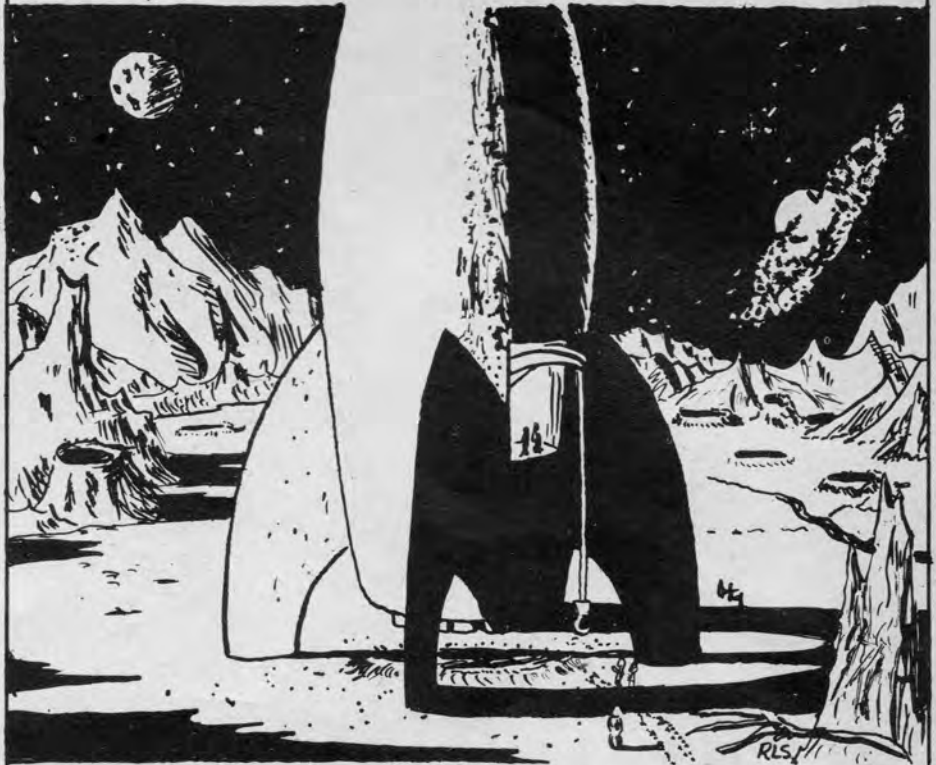
Doctor

Learn to perform interesting operations, scare the devil out of the girl next door, make babies appear from nowhere. Contains: one malarial mosquito, a giant-sized horse syringe, a genuine lovoscope, and your own embossed membership card to Murder Incorporated and the A.M.A.

Lawyer

Learn to miscarry justice, cheat the government out of taxes, free homicidal maniacs. Contains: one authentic tort, a white wig, two copies of the California State Vehicle Code (with Appendages).

make your reservations early . . .



Peninsula Travel Service

444 Emerson

Palo Alto



"Kirk's, please!"





KIDS!

Don't let 'em hand you that old stork line anymore. Learn the wonderful truth today! Life begins at birth! Why miss out on all the fun for the first 14 or 15 years because of decadent conventions? Get the straight scoop from those who know! Charlie Chaplain, Bob Rossellini, Mrs. Gump, Havelock Ellis. Be the first kid in your block to be on the inside. Train your buddies to invalidate the Kinsey Report. Learn: 75 ways to kiss; how to develop a good line; to mentally undress girls; to conduct small orgies; etc. Write today for this fearlessly written, factually illustrated, highly educational manual: "Sex: From the Cradle to the Grave."

Licentious Press, Box 34 1/2, Vallejo, California

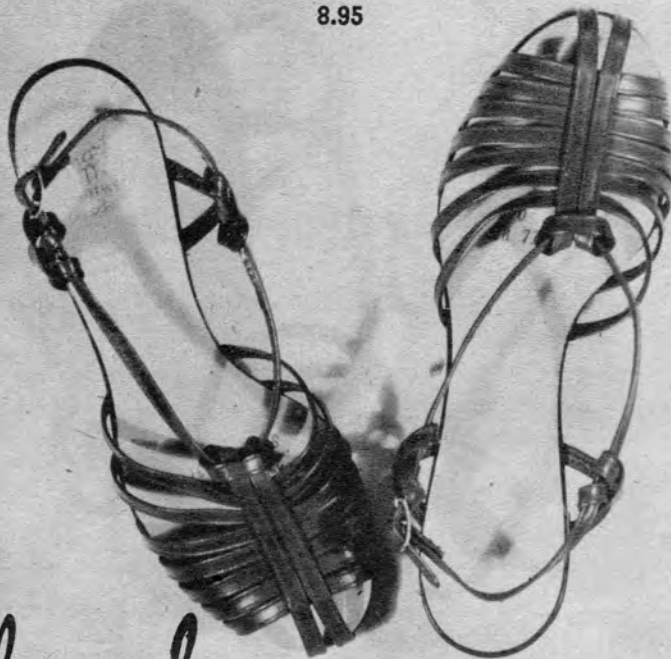
You Lechers,
Just rolled the old man for five bucks.
Send me your lust manual.

NAME..... Age*.....

Address..... Going steady?....

(Super-smutty edition with pop-ups —three dollars more.) * This book will not be sold to anyone over 12 years of age.

At last, a style designed with you in mind!
Simple, practical beauty for summer.
8.95



Elwoods

222 University, Palo Alto

open thursday evenings

Photo by Russ Lapham

DODGE PLYMOUTH

DON HAMPTON

DON HAMPTON, INC.

Dodge-Plymouth Dealers

511 Alma Street DAvenport 3-3179

Photo by Van Judah

MURDERS

(Continued from page 36)

had been found in the car he was quite dumbfounded.

"St. Vitus didn't get enough money from his old man this month, so he put the pin in hock on the tenth of April to get boozing money."

Regal got the name of the shop, then hurried down there. The little old man behind the counter confirmed the roommate's story, but added that St. Vitus had come in on the very next day and taken the pin out of hock.

Lieutenant Regal felt that he had run into a blind alley. Then the next day he received a call from one of the exclusive sororities informing him that since the murder, one of the girls had been acting rather strangely.

When Lieutenant Regal entered the Psi Psi house he was immediately escorted to an upstairs room where he found a rather wild-eyed co-ed sitting in a semicoma and gobbling down one aspirin after another from a large cigar box beside her.

"She's been acting that way ever since the night Reggie St. Vitus was murdered," the girl guide explained.

The officer saw it all. St. Vitus had taken his pin out of hock to pin this young girl. She had become reviled by the sodden young playboy and had killed him.

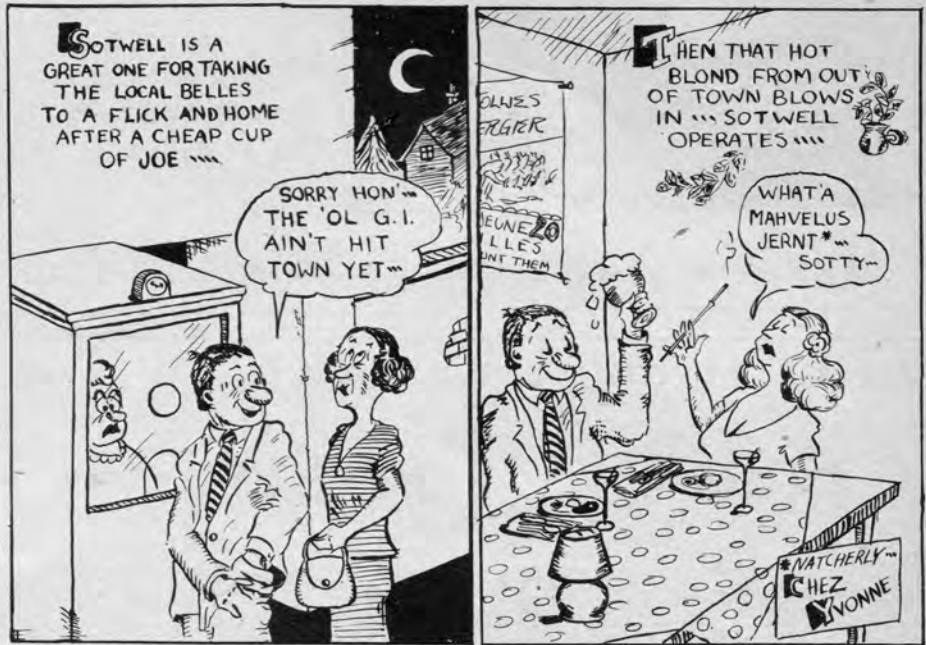
"What is your name, Miss?"

"Henrietta Kleek."

The name rocked Lieutenant Regal. This girl—this murderess—was the

(Continued on page 32)

THEY'LL DO IT ALLA TIME By Jimmy Fatlo



\$1.75

VACOTEX

BE SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE!

Get your fool today and zip those zits away. Don't be a slob. Remove surface blemishes the natural way—by removing the surface. Don't lose face with your friends—lose it to us first, in the privacy of your own home. Develops a vacuum equal to 50 atmospheres. Double your money back if your friends still recognize you.

Recommended by Dr. Kildare of Vallejo Clinic
GONZALES EXCAVATION CO.
LIBIDO, MISSISSIPPI

CHEZ YVONNE



4- to 24-hour
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DAvenport 3-9240

Remor Oaks



- LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS
- LOUNGE
- PRIVATE BANQUET ROOMS

3435 El Camino Real

EMerson 6-5347

Under the direction of Mme. Savary

Photo by Russ Lapham

MURDERS

(Continued from page 31)

daughter of the socialite police chief of Palo Alto. This scandal would rock the city. He worked slowly in an attempt to get the complete story from the almost hysterical girl.

Henrietta met Reggie just outside the Psi Psi house that fateful night. He took the girl to the Cactus Gardens and there offered her a drink. Reggie pressed a button on the car and the dashboard folded down to reveal a complete bar.

As Reggie was chopping ice for their highballs, Henrietta coyly reached over and took the pin off his sweater. At that Reggie went into a rage and began stabbing himself with the ice pick he held in his hand. He slumped to the floor, bleeding profusely. Henrietta, without thinking, grabbed the ice pick and fled. She rid herself of the suicide weapon by throwing it into a sewer on her way back to the house.

After a careful search the police found the pick in the sewer system. Sure enough, just as Henrietta had said, her prints were over those of St. Vitus. The coroner said that Reggie could have made all those wounds himself if he had worked fast enough. All on campus had said that Reggie was a fast worker. But as Lieutenant Regal remarked after examining the body, "It must have hurt like hell!"

But why had a young man with everything to live for, like Reggie, killed himself in such a fit of passion?

"That," said Lieutenant Regal cryptically, "is a secret we will never know. It died with Reginald St. Vitus."



I serve a purpose in this school
On which no man can frown.
I gently enter into class
And keep the average down!

—Voo Doo



FUTURE PAST AND PRESENT

Know the secrets of Fortune! Have your palm analyzed: just draw a dotted line on palm, cut around it with scissors, and send it in to be read. If you want your palm back, enclose a self-addressed envelope.

MADAME DeFARGE
SORCERER-AT-LARGE
BOX 6654, BAD WATER, CALIF.

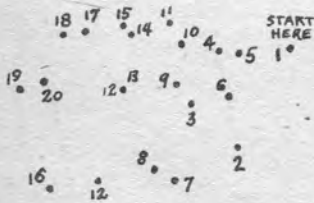
YOUNGSTERS! TV RING



Imagine being the first kid in your school to own a genuine General Twilight Television Ring. Be able to watch TV anywhere—on the playground, in class, on your bicycle. Just like the one General Twilight uses. A 24" black daylight, rectangular screen; will pick up any station in a 100-mile area. Can be adjusted to fit any finger.

To get your General Twilight Television Ring just tear off the top of your father's safety deposit box and send us the contents and we will ship your ring to you by return air freight (FOB St. Frump Tanganyika Colony). Write: GENERAL TWILIGHT, Box 705, Battle Creek, Mich.—remember, GENERAL TWILIGHT, Box 365, Ypsilanti, Mich.

DRAW ME!



BIG MONEY FOR MY BEST LIKENESS

Use pen, ink, finger paints, oils, charcoal, burnt cork, poster paint, or what have you. Originality counts. We are looking for art talent. Some use brushes, others their toes. Last year's winner used blood.

Send entries to
STANFORD ART DEPT.
Exploitation Section, Calif.

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east palo alto

GUSTIN'S DRIVE-IN



for
breakfast
lunch
dinner

open daily
7 a.m.-1 a.m.

Gene Tarbell
FINE APPAREL
LOS ALTOS

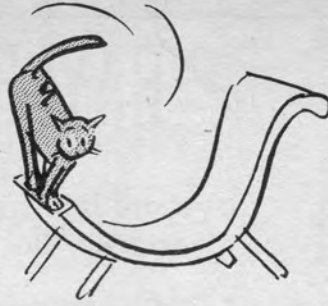


White Stag

the original Top Sailcloth
in seven gay colors,
18 styles
crew hat 1.95
red, white, blue
deck trousers 5.50
striped blazer jacket 7.50
ditty bag 2.50



You may try . . .



. . . the neon lighting . . .



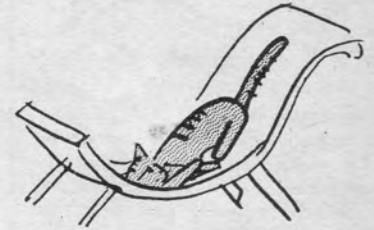
. . . or basement bar . . .



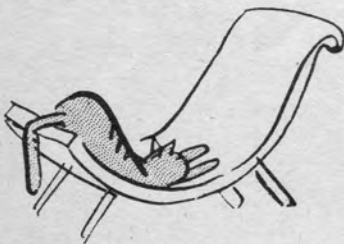
. . . or sawdust-covered floors . . .



. . . or mahogany woodwork . . .



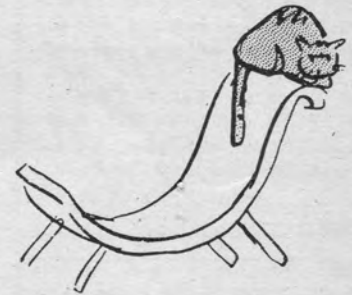
. . . or Mixo-Lyidian waiters . . .



. . . or Oriental nectars . . .



. . . or rose-petal soups . . .



. . . or aesthetic customers . . .



. . . but as for me . . .



. . . I think I'll . . .



. . . stick to L'OMMIES!

William Scully

PUNCH, December 20 1950

Andre's
L'OMELETTE
the FRENCH RESTAURANT

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Week of
May 1, 1951

MAGAZINE SECTION, CRASH COMICS • A HERSED PUBLICATION

Filmland Frolics



No. LXIV—"Crazy Mixed-Up Kids"
by Puella Kvetch

One of the ironies of Hollywood is that the touching love story of Electra Rudge and Jock Bogardus was never put on the screen. Or, to use the term of the trade, Electra and Jock's romance never got off the cutting-room floor.

Electra was discovered in a fish bowl in downtown San Francisco, by August Gelt. The year was 1926. August was then and still is one of our most venturesome producers. He took Electra from that fish bowl, dried her off, and brought her to Hollywood.

I can remember the evening when I sat in a projection room with August and watched Electra's screen test. After the showing was finished and the lights went on, we were both speechless. Our thoughts still dwelled on that ethereal, will-o'-the-wisp child. Finally, I spoke softly.



"August . . . August," I said, "pass the popcorn."

"I knew you'd be thrilled, Puella," he said. And then he grew more excited. "That girl is a find. What charm . . . what brilliance . . . what uh, uh . . ." He raised his palms tensely before his chest. "What uh . . . well, you know what I mean."

I threw him a Mona Lisa.

"August," I said, "take your hand off my knee."

August starred Electra in her first picture, *A Love That Hurt*, from the then famous novel, *The Girl with Braces*. For her leading man, Electra was given Hollywood's foremost matinee idol, Jock Bogardus. Jock was a brute of a lad, with smoldering eyes, a glittering smile, and a fading hairline.

Even callous old Hollywood was charmed by the romance that grew on the set of *A Love That Hurt*. Tender glances, hand-holding, lovers' pranks. Just to tease Electra, Jock would bribe the director not to give her any close-ups. But he never got the last word on her.



Everyone howled at the way Electra would shout after each love scene about Jock's halitosis. And to make Jock jealous she would spend her time between takes dallying playfully with various members of the crew.

No one was surprised when, as soon as the picture was released, Electra became an overnight sensation. The usual rumors about her were whispered around—that she was engaged to a dashing young deodorant tycoon, that her burning ambition was to play the title role in the life of Empress Theodora, that she was the youngest daughter of a socially prominent family of Boston Druids who had disinherited her for going into pictures.

Nor was I surprised when one evening Jock called to tell the good news that he and Electra were going to be married.

"How wonderful," I said. "Nothing could please me more than to hear that you two charming youngsters are tying the knot. You're a lucky fellow, Jock, to have won that perfectly lovely, that exquisite, that captivating girl."

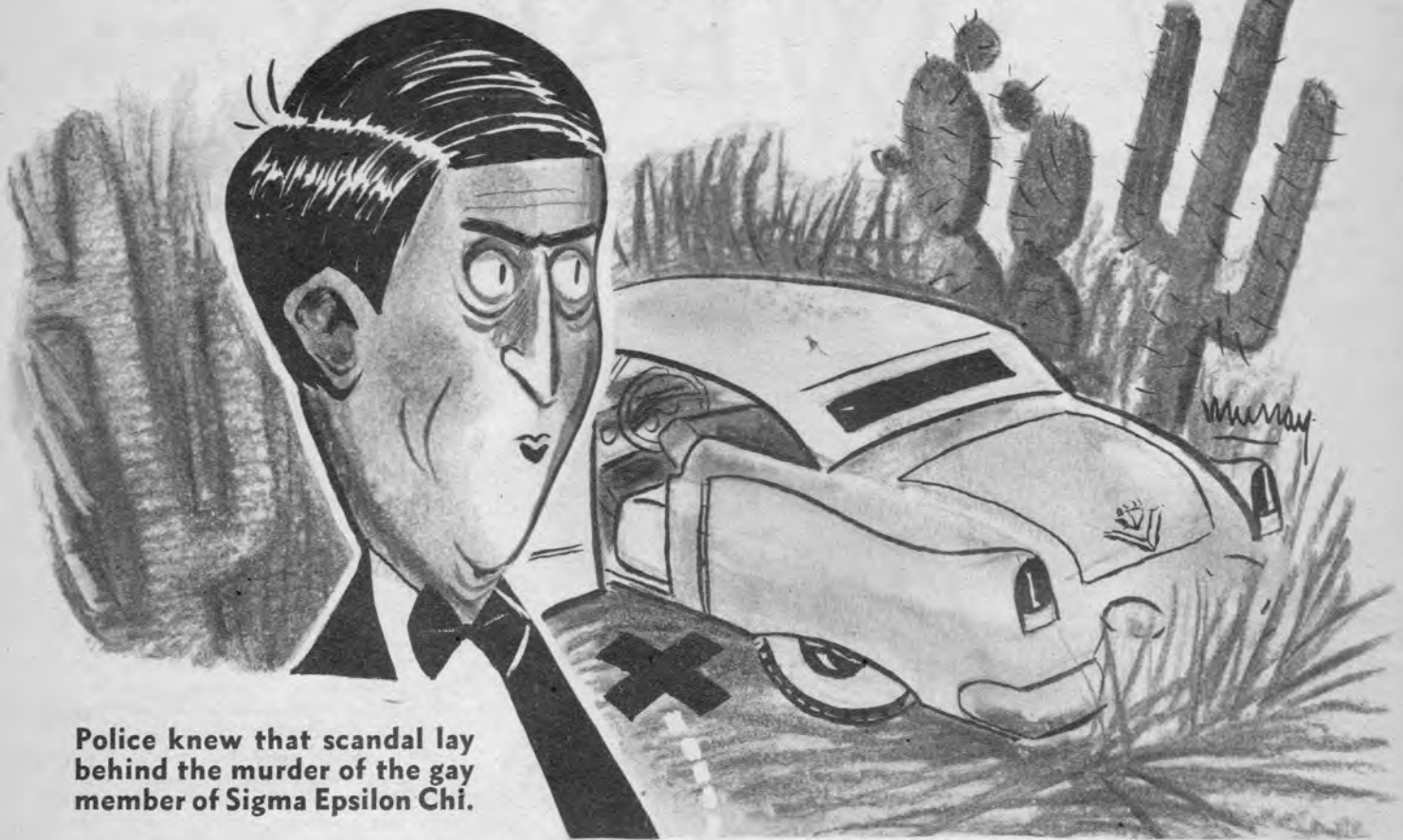
"Yes, she is a tidy piece," Jock said, bashfully concealing his true emotions behind a façade of worldliness. He continued. "Puella, we're going to Las Vegas

(Continued on page 39)



FAMOUS AMERICAN MURDERS:

The Case of the Quaking Co-ed



Police knew that scandal lay behind the murder of the gay member of Sigma Epsilon Chi.

At two o'clock in the morning on April 12, 1939, Reginald J. St. Vitus staggered out of one of the bars near Stanford University, California, and got into his dark maroon Cadillac convertible with the in-

The death caused a great stir on the campus. St. Vitus, then a senior, was known by all of the students as a *bon vivant*, a "hail fellow well met," and a real schnook. Son of wealthy Arthur Murray St. Vitus, dancing academy magnate, he had risen rapidly in Stanford social circles. In his junior year he had been unanimously acclaimed as "House Drunk" by his S E Chi brothers, and this year he had achieved the height of "All-Campus Drunk."

His fraternity brothers were stunned when they heard the news. Lieutenant Howard Regal, Homicide Squad, Palo Alto Police Department, questioned them all, but none could think of a reason for the dastardly deed. In his four years at Stanford, St. Vitus had developed no enemies.

"I could understand it if one of his professors had been found dead," said one of the S E Chi's, "but I don't think any of them shared Reggie's animosity."

The autopsy showed that St. Vitus had died of ten wounds—one in each eye, one in each temple, both jugular veins severed, and four thrusts to the heart—any one of which could have been deadly and none of which could have been self-inflicted. Homicide placed the instrument as a long slim knife with a rough blade.

Lieutenant Regal could find no one who had seen St. Vitus after he left the bar. The car was gone over carefully for clues. Police found no fingerprints other than Reggie's, but they did find seven bottles of bourbon, six empty beer bottles, and Reggie's Sigma Epsilon Chi pin.

In laboratory tests, the pin yielded startling evidence—small grains of rubber were attached to the pin, along with specks of coagulated blood!

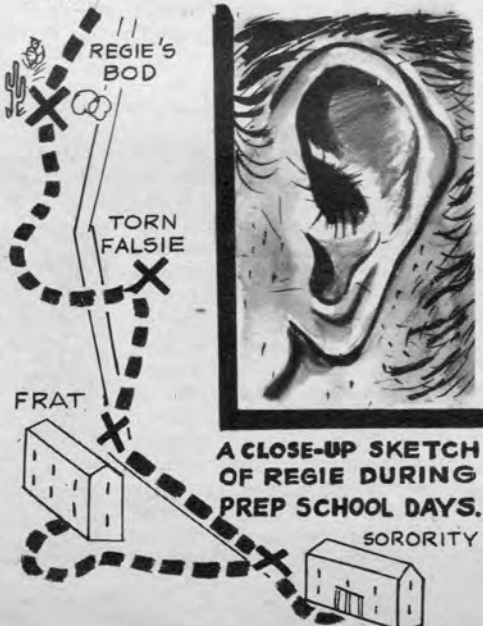
At first it was believed that this might have been the murder weapon, but later tests disproved this. However, when St. Vitus' roommate heard that Reggie's pin



tent purpose of returning to the Sigma Epsilon Chi fraternity house. That was the last anyone saw of St. Vitus—alive.

Two nights later, on April 14, Elbert Peachtree and Emelaine Grotz, both students at the university, were enjoying a stimulating psychology argument in the wilds of Stanford's Cactus Gardens when Peachtree noticed a Cadillac convertible parked behind a heavy stand of cactus. Apparently there was no one in the car.

Peachtree decided to investigate. He peered cautiously through the back window and what he saw made his blood run cold. There, bathed in a pool of his own gore, lay the two-day-old corpse of Reggie St. Vitus!



A CLOSE-UP SKETCH OF REGIE DURING PREP SCHOOL DAYS.

(Continued on page 31)

MIRROR OF YOUR MIND

By Etaoin Shrdlu, Consulting Psychologist



1. Is there any chance that my new baby will be mentally defective?

Yes, there is an excellent chance that your child will not be normal. Statistics show that 3 percent of all babies born have some fairly obvious defect such as slow-wittedness, perversion, or an extra head. Of the 97 percent remaining, according to Dr. Fang Dragma, noted psychologist, 40 percent suffer from extreme dullness (can't read or write), 13 percent are raving maniacs, 9 percent are catatonic epileptics, and the remaining 35 percent have no heads whatsoever. Still, there is a slight chance that your offspring will be a normal one, provided you don't go insane bearing him.

2. Is it true that a child will bear physical evidences of a frightening experience which occurs to its mother?

Absolutely true. Many of the unfortunate children we see around us are living evidence of this proved scientific fact. My own son, Homer, bears a striking resemblance to a 1928 Essex de luxe coupé because of an unfortunate incident involving an intoxicated motorist. I recall a case in which the mother had been frightened by a certain well-known general. The child positively refused to be born until we had assembled the entire hospital staff and forced them to cheer and wave flags. The delivery was at length effected with the aid of a corncob pipe and a pair of dark glasses.



3. Is it a good idea to kiss and make up before going to bed?

Yes, provided the quarrel is with your wife. If such is not the case, it may lead to confusion. Confusion, as we all know, is one of the leading causes of much of the unhappiness in the world today. My own son, Homer, always makes up before going to bed. This avoids confusion since Homer sleeps in the garage and I have often driven him to work in the morning, mistaking him for our 1929 Essex, and I must say he rides much easier. Even this arrangement leads to some confusion because Homer features Dynaflo and the Essex does not. Funge Botchdidlie, eminent psychologist of the Confusionist school, stoutly maintains that the Essex is much the smoother of the two, although he admits that you can't beat Homer on the hills.

DEAR MRS. HOST: When a family plans a wedding and a funeral on the same day, how should the bride and the corpse be attired?—DEFUNKED

In the instance you describe, propriety demands that the bride wear black in honor of the deceased and the corpse white in honor of the bride. When, however, the groom is the corpse, both parties must attire themselves in ensembles of marble, while the champagne for the reception is served from an alligator-lined coffin.

DEAR MRS. HOST: I am about to be married, and the question has arisen as to whether the proprieties must be carried into the nuptial chamber. What is proper?—BORED

Most modern newlyweds dispense with the ceremony of removing their hats, but "please" and "thank you" are still musts. As in the days of our grandmothers, however, social usage insists upon the coat-and-tie rule, because of the solemnity of the occasion.

DEAR MRS. HOST: I've read a lot about love habits and by now am a bit tired of the whole proposition. Frankly, I like to be petted, but I have little intention of getting married. What do you think?—RIN TIN TIN

Petting is not to be tolerated at the dinner table, as elbows will inevitably be involved. While best authorities prescribe

sitting straight with hands in lap, one may sometimes pet in the drawing room while others are watching television. All concede that practically any type of activity is preferable to complete inattention to one's surroundings.

DEAR MRS. HOST: We have just moved to a new community, and my fourteen-year-old daughter, Hernia, has been adopted by a group of friends of whom I do not approve. The girls wear tight sweaters and short skirts, and are unnaturally well developed for their age (most of them are still under 30). What bothers me especially is their practice of wearing boy-friends' letterman sweaters as skirts. Is this Etiquette?—BAMBOOZLED

Yet, it is perfectly all right to wear a valued gift in such a way that everyone may view it. Skirts, however, should not be worn as sweaters.

DEAR MRS. HOST: When is it proper to pick up something dropped by a stranger?—ANXIOUS

It is the sad truth that if one insists upon associating with strangers, one cannot avoid picking things up occasionally.

Emily Host

The best rule is not to handle anything belonging to someone else, and to see your doctor twice a year. When I was a girl

DEAR MRS. HOST: I am planning a formal dinner in honor of a military man who has just returned after many years' duty abroad. Are loyalty oaths, engraved on cocktail napkins, appropriate for this occasion?—BESS

Your idea is a clever one, and will insure congenial surroundings for the guest of honor. May I also suggest Japanese lanterns as ornaments and small corncob pipes or chocolate mules as favors?

DEAR MRS. HOST: When our officers' mess was attacked by Chinese infiltrators, I stabbed one with my knife while my friend killed another with a fork. Who was right?—MAC

The Chinese were right. One may receive guests with informal friendliness or with strict propriety, but never with violence. Should your visitors be in a truculent mood, put them at their ease and listen courteously and sympathetically to their problems. In this way a spirit of well-bred camaraderie may be engendered.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVERYBODY

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Medium Coins. Well-done Coins. Sautéed and Au Gratin, too. They're delicious baked or fried. Shipped to you on ice and ready to serve. Send Lobsters to Fisherman's Wharf, SF.

Personals

Flrnge: What you did was wrong—you ruined the axe and got blood all over the kitchen but your place is with us. That old chamber is ready for you. Come back Flrnge.—Warden Duffy.

Doug: You know I've always liked you regardless what Harry says. Come back home, Doug. Maybe we can arrange a parade or two. Job guaranteed as doorman at the Guild.—WRH.

C. D.—Urgent, contact R. W. about S. R. or R. E. PDQ. T. S. says O.K. ABCD goldfish? MNO goldfish. UKI-LYLF875syh—Roger Hotchkiss Korngold, 1000 Terrace Plaza, New York City, New York.

Adolph: Your disappearance has caused your family untold misery. The kids need you—your wife is in Desperate Straits and your father is in the Bay of Fundy. Contact me at the Firth of Forth.—Freddy.

Wanted: Quiet companion to spend idyllic existence in comfortable cave. Present partner stinking up place. Apply Dave, San Gabriel Mts.

Model Combat Tanks

Obese Women! Here is the opportunity of a lifetime. Work for Army Ordnance modeling tanks. Get the new styles—General Sherman, General Patton, etc., before your friends. Write Fort Worthless, Texas.

Earn Big Money!

Don't be satisfied with that tiny green stuff you get nowadays. This Yap money never weighs less than 300 pounds per piece. Send that little stuff to Sly Enterprises, Depression, Miss.

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Learn to cut meat at home. Self-service meat. Big pay. Get own store. People must eat. Cut your first piece in 8 weeks. Send for free booklet, Slicing, Quartering, and Having—at Home.

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Get the equivalent of a high-school education. Earn Big Money. Hold down responsible positions. Best little school west of the Rockies—Address Stanford University, Big Money Department, Calif.

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Obese men! Earn big money modeling airplanes. Sizes: B-29 through B-36. Motors provided free. Write soon.

Model Men

Obese airplanes! Earn big money modeling men. Sizes: From Cal students up through normal people. Must provide own members. Write at once for real.

Hardware and Tools

George—please come home. All is forgiven. I still love you. Greta says write for free booklet on 10,000 Tool Values. George: Machinists are no longer throwing away their worn-out tools. Regrind them and Mary will have her baby soon. Come home, George.—Al B.

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Here's Hooey!

HOW, WHERE, WHY, AND WHEN BY HOWIE PETERS

How long can a camel go without?

Two or three days.

Who invented the sun?

God.

Why does the Armenian flag have sixteen white and seven green stripes on a blue field instead of the opposite?

Because sixteen white stripes and stripes green seven of the field can easily be seen opposite instead.

How many germs are there?

Four.

Who invented the steam engine?

Ulysses P. Steam.

Why does a chicken cross the road?

Because of its historical and conventional stereotyped pattern responses involving molecular tensions and torsional ambiguities depending upon Kretschmer's theory of cyclothymes.

How many people had median rhomboidal glossitis in 1925?

Four.

Is desquamation normal in microcephalics?

No oftener than four times a week.

Where was Ulysses P. Steam born?

Ulysses P. Steam is God and this is an impertinent question.

Where did the term "petting" originate?

The word "petting" is an Indo-European derivative from the Greek word "pettopoulos" which means, "I expectorate in the far corner of your goat pen." This is not confused with the Azrebaian colloquialism "pettschmoe" which means, "I expectorate in the near corner of your goat pen."

Do people usually overestimate the weight of objects?

George, please come home. You are forgiven and Mary misses you. P.S. The children are fine. Al.

Who killed Cock Robin?

There was no Cock Robin in 1945.

Why?

Just because.

Who discovered the finger?

Another member.

Is there a God?

Yes, I am God.

Hideous Machine Uncovered Would not give name!

The citizens of this quiet, academic little college town of Pufnic, Illinois, located around Pufnic State Teachers' College, were horrified and shocked several years ago when word leaked out that several members of the education department of the institution had secretly developed in the basement of the School of Education a machine rivaling in horrendous terror the worst infernal machines of the bloody Inquisition.

The machine was years in the making, and apparently the two professors responsible had been smuggling bits of equipment into the basement for some time. The rumors which quickly spread through the community claimed that the machine itself was almost one story high, and a city block long. Consisting of huge black steel boxes covered with thousands of dials and knobs, the machine had a slot at one end and a whole series of minute spouts all along the sides, which spouts led into rows and rows of small chemical beakers.

Noted Rake Redeemed Girl Friend Now Doing Better

The folks around the financial district knew James P. Whitney IV very well, as the town's most notorious rake and spendthrift playboy. His escapades were legion and gigantic, and his name was always linked by enterprising editors with one or another of the easy ladies of his day.

But James Whitney was to meet his redemption sooner than

Investigation by the terrified police finally revealed that students were inserted in the slot, and tremendous presses brought to bear on them along their route through the machine on a conveyor belt. As each press was forced down on the agonized student, streams of precious initiative, creative genius, original thought, pioneering spirit, and red-blooded Americanism were squeezed out through the spouts into the beakers.

From these the professors would drink, as preparation for their morning lectures.

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Box 3013, Stanford, Calif.

he thought. Society columns began mentioning his name with a simple, untouched, unassuming beauty named Geneva, a girl from the pure hills, and as pure herself as the driven snow. Gradually, his friends noticed a change in Whitney: he stopped frequenting his former hangouts, began attending church regularly. Finally, so great was the change wrought by the angelic Geneva, that Whitney sold all his lands and houses, gave every cent to charity, and died starving and penniless, but, we can well imagine, happy within.

As for Geneva, she soon took to gin and mink coats, opened a string of houses that rival in scope the Safeway stores, and died many years later, fabulously wealthy and pampered, and, we can well imagine, even happier within.

Advertisement

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Write today for information to Stanford University.

PUELLA

(Continued from page 35)

tonight. We're inviting just a few close friends to the wedding, and we want you to be one of this small number."

That evening I and three hundred other people set out by camel safari for Nevada. It was a sweet and simple ceremony. The local football stadium was banked with orchids. Electra wore all white—pearls, they were, if I remember correctly.

These youngsters seemed so much in love. We all thought that Jock had eyes only for Electra. That was why we were so surprised when, as it came time for the bride and groom to leave, his best man had to look for Jock. He found him explaining logarithms to the parson's eighteen-year-old daughter. However, Electra managed to laugh this off, and the handsome couple were on their way. Everyone forgot about the parson's daughter until she appeared as ingénue in Jock's next picture, cleverly disguised in a sable coat.

When Electra and Jock returned to Hollywood, August put them right to work. Electra captivated America again as *Poor Nell of Bryn Mawr*. Jock made a gay comedy, *My Horns Grow at Midnight*. Then they appeared together in a musical version of *Oedipus Rex*, called, *Whose Baby Are You?*

Their married bliss seemed as if it would last forever, but suddenly scandal broke out. What caused it? The usual silly, insignificant things. An irate husband attempted to kill Jock. A dancer claimed that Jock was related in some foolish way to her five children. To stop the stories Electra and Jock began to appear in public places. They tried to act like a normal married couple. She would gouge one of his eyes out in a night club, people would misinterpret this, and the tongues would wag faster.

I must admit that I knew what Electra was going to say when she came to my house that gray September afternoon. Yes, she was divorcing Jock.

"Electra, aren't you making mountains out of molehills?" I asked. She had complained that Jock was redecorating the west wing of their Bel-Air mansion to house a fourteen-year-old concubine.

"But Puella, he asked me to pick out the wallpaper!"

"Did you?"

"Of course. Good form, you know."

(Continued on page 40)

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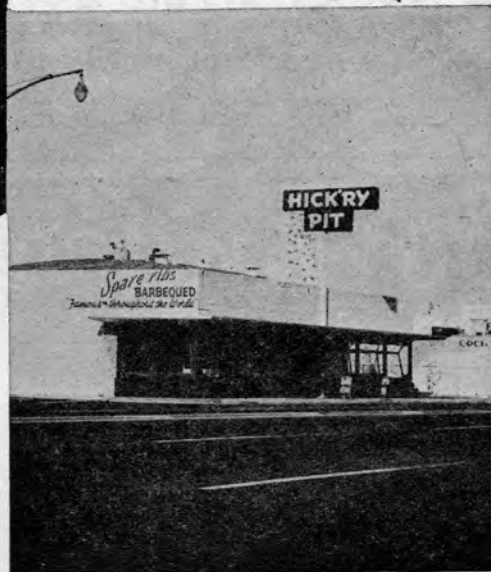


CALIFORNIA'S

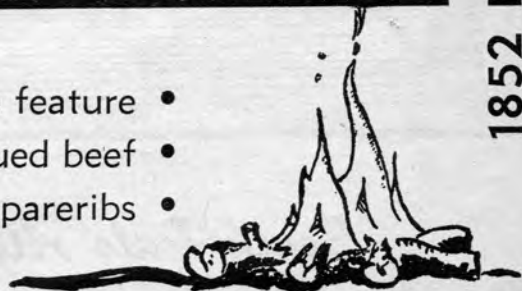
OWN

BARBECUE

HOUSE



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barbecued beef •
barbecued spareribs •



1852 EL CAMINO REAL • REDWOOD CITY

Photo by Van Judah

PUELLA

(Continued from page 39)

And Puella, you should see it. I got it at Sloane's. The most cunning little French Provincial scenes."

"Electra," I said, "reconsider. Jock is an impetuous, blooded lad. A fancy takes him, and for the time he is lost in the excitement of it."

"Let's face it, kid," Electra said, shyly. "He's a first-class shtunk."

Jock bitterly contested the divorce,

but it was no use. Electra held the cards. She had accused him of having spent a week in a Santa Barbara hotel with the parson's daughter. He denied this. Gallant fool that he was, he had thought that the twenty-six men in the next room had been a convention of furniture buyers. They were really a fully staffed production crew from the studio. Electra ran the film in court, Burton Holmes narrated. Later, August dubbed in sound and a music score, and he opened the picture at

Radio City Music Hall to record-breaking crowds. That was the year the home movie craze swept the country.

After the divorce, Jock made a few more pictures, but his heart was not in his work. After he left Hollywood I understand that he dabbled about listlessly in Wall Street and achieved a smattering of fame as "Mr. Cartel."

Electra's story is less sad. There were other men in her life. Her personal maid estimates that the number was somewhere around eighty, two of whom the maid married.

Electra made many pictures. You probably remember her best as the poignant heroine of that war romance, *He Left Her Behind*.

It was only ten years ago that Electra retired from pictures. She and her eighth husband, Rodney Welt-schmerz, own a thriving little scorpion farm up in Ojai.

When I called Electra the other day to ask her if I could write the story of her and Jock, she answered in the way that only a mature and forgiving woman could.

"How much?"

Later in the conversation, she reminisced about Jock.

"I'll have to admit it, Puella," she said. "Jock had something. I can't say what it was, but he certainly had it."

I agreed.



The bandage-covered patient who lay in the hospital bed spoke dazedly to his visiting pal:

"Wh-What happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the beat-up citizen, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you."

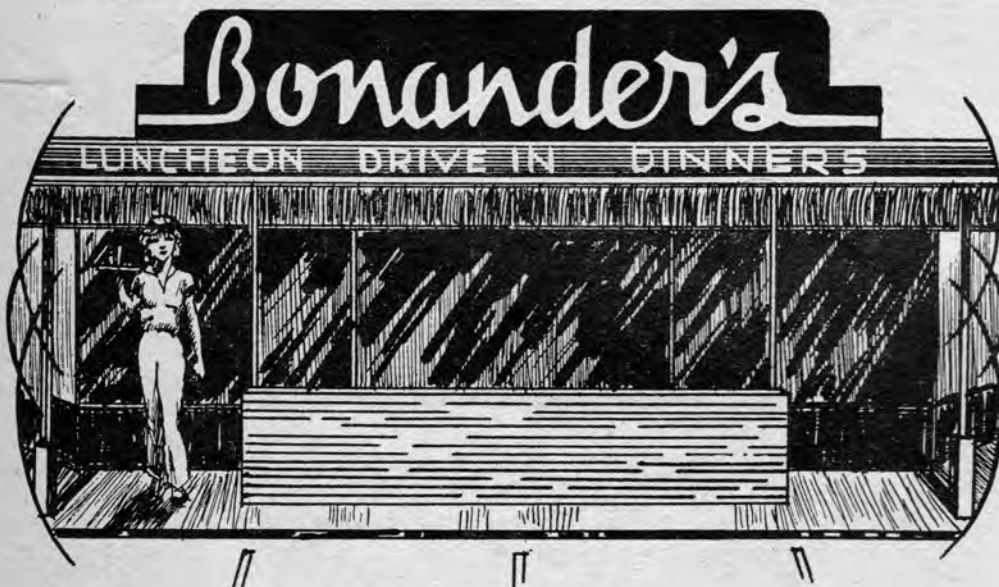
—Yale Record

"A woman is only a woman..."

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"Who does he think he is, President?"

Handled

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"Lands sakes, Nada, when I was your age, your cousin Letty was on the way—you're not living, honey."

Auntie was worrying out loud again, but I didn't mind. In the years since Mommie had passed away in the plague I had gotten used to Auntie Flo's anxieties. But today as I preened the leaves of a sleepy morning glory, I wondered if she wasn't right. From head to toe I was desirable—my mirror told me that. But was I really living? Oh, I had my petty thrills—caring for Auntie's flower shop, nurturing the delicate seedlings, raising the baby sprouts to healthy planthood. The requiting caresses of the happy bougainvillaea vines had previously been reward enough for my labors. Now I wondered. Maybe there was a different type of love—the kind Aunt Flo had known.

Auntie was beside me now, her arm on my shoulder.

"Nada, go to the city. In the city you could lead a woman's life. This is just a sleepy little college town. To the city, Nadal!"

I looked down at Auntie and shook my head. "No, Flo, my destiny is here in Center City—I feel it."

The door opened and a shadow fell across the shop. I turned into the arms of a man wearing the uniform of his country. He kissed me vigorously.

"Hello, pansy puss." His voice was deep and vibrant.

"Hello," I said meekly as I drew away, feeling like a nipped rosebud.

"Don't be frightened; it's just that I haven't seen a woman in two years."

"You're in the Army, aren't you?" It was the only thing I could say.

"Not exactly. I'm sort of special."

"Yes, I know," I blurted unthinkingly, but he didn't hear me.

"You know those flying saucers everybody thinks they see—I fly them."

My heart filled with heretofore un-felt desire. Here was a person entirely different. Here was a woman's man!

"I came to buy a corsage for a friend," he continued, "but she can

wait. Let's go to dinner." How could I say no?

That first date with Barry was almost as beautiful as the hundreds that followed. I talked when I had nothing to say, I danced when I didn't even know how. Oh, life was real, life was earnest!

But then came the telegram. It was the night that he first invited me to his room in the ROTC barracks to see his shrapnel collection. When we arrived, the terrible yellow envelope was pinned to the door with a trench knife. It read: "COLONEL BARRY BASSETT: REPORT TO YOUR POST AT ONCE. SCRAMBLE. YOURS FOR ONE UNIVERSE, CAPT. ROGERS, USA."

"I guess this is good-bye, dear," Barry said with sardonic eyes as he fastened on his parachute. I answered with my lips. Barry knew he would never return, and so did I.

I had no time to forget Barry because another soon took his place. I was thumbing through a botany book in front of Shnark's Drugstore when I felt a delicious whisp of warm air bathe the nape of my bared neck. From the corner of my eye I saw with horror—another eye. Someone was looking over my shoulder, but was he reading the book or me? I closed the book, but the eye remained.

"Mademoiselle," a voice splashed into my ear.

I whirled to find myself entangled in the ivylike grasp of the stranger's arms.

"I think I'll call a policeman," I lied.

"But non! Come with me to the car and I will explain."



"I hear he's coming to Palo Alto next."

As we sped dangerously along the highway, Pierre told me of his life and his loneliness. Although by profession he was a language instructor at a near-by university, he found his real pleasure in the works of nature. He had approached me only on a wild hunch, but what a fortunate one for both of us! That first ride was only a promise of the enticing experiences Pierre and I were to become partners in—Parisian suppers and midnight rides, picnics in the hills and swimming in placid lakes. Oh, those summer days were filled with ecstasy! And Pierre wasn't at all naughty—no postcards or anything. Just fun and frolic.

One night, we had taken a ride into the woods to hunt a rare type of iridescent weeping willow tree which would glow after car headlights had been shined on it. Pierre was full of those little nature oddities which we both loved so well. We had been sitting in the roadster for about half an hour, waiting for the trees to start shining, when Pierre looked at the full harvest moon and smiled as if kissed by an angel.

"Beautiful, isn't it," I said unwittingly.

"If we were closer, we could see it better." Pierre's voice was pregnant with sincerity. Before I could reply, we were actively embraced, his virile maleness reaching out with silent magic. I hung close to him, giving him kiss for kiss. A fever mounted in my arteries as I relaxed into the primitive security of his muscled arms. He drew his head back and spoke.

"Nada, would you do anything for Pierre?"

"Anything!" I replied wildly, almost frantically.

"Then please, darling—please don't tell my wife of our little tête-à-têtes. She is so possessive."

For three weeks I cried myself to sleep, cursing the deceit of the male species. Twice I had put my heart up for auction and twice had the sale failed to go through. Nothing mattered now but my work.

Then one day Auntie sent me down the street to buy some hamburger for the carnivorous fern which she kept as a pet. Still in the trauma of disillusionment, I didn't notice the newsboy on the street corner, or the stop light, or the car bearing down on me. There was a rasping of worn-out brakes, the laugh of the newsboy, and then a black, dimensionless void.

(Continued on page 42)

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BRAKE SERVICE

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HANDLED

(Continued from page 41)

When I awoke, I was not alone. My eyelids parted to meet the gaze of sandy-gray eyes framed under blond eyebrows.

"I ran over you," he said simply.

"Will I ever walk again?" I asked as bravely as I could.

"Oh, you'll walk again," he laughed, "and run and play and love, too. I guided the car's wheels so as not to sever you. You're O.K."

"And who are you?" I asked mildly.

"The boys at the track call me Greasegun, but you call me Terry—Terry Snog. I race."

How glamorous, I thought hazily as the doctor entered.

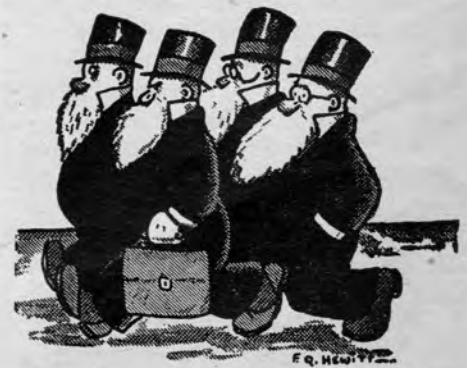
"It's time for your spinal, Miss Pyle," he said coolly.

"May I watch?" Terry asked sympathetically.

After my wounds healed, Terry dated me nightly. He was a strange man: silent yet open—affectionate yet not emotional. I had gone with him a month before he displayed any of the feeling I knew was within him. At the end of that evening he paused at the door before opening it with his skeleton key. He bent over and brushed his lips past mine ever so lightly—as if he would never have enough of me as a playmate, but would never ask for more. It took all the strength in my body to receive his gentle kiss without clinging to him. We parted.

The racing season began the next day. Every week found me in the pits helping Terry smash record after record. Then came the Arbor Day thousand-lap classic. The night before the big race, we had midnight supper together. It was a silent meal until I finally spoke.

"Terry, I can't stand another day of watching you court death instead of me, of kissing a specter lightly instead



"We'll never die—just fade away."

of me, of . . ." I didn't finish. I saw Terry's nostrils dilate, his lips tense.

"Let's keep one thing straight, sweets," he said, hurling his highball glass to the floor. "Out of life I ask only three things—a hot car, a cold drink, and a warm woman!"

"In that order?"

"In that order," he replied unhesitatingly.

They never found all of Terry's body after the race. He had broken the record, but on the fourth lap his mighty Napier engines, weakened by the gruelling contest, exploded, scattering man and metal back to the elements. It was the night after the race that I sat in bed fondling my bunny rabbit glow lamp. As I looked into the inanimate pink eyes which had seen me through so many childhood crises, I could only bite my lip and ask myself where it would all end.

But an earnest heart seeking true love is never pacified until the ultimate goal has been reached. Cupid gave me another chance. How I met Lamar Woodberry, I don't remember. I only recall how my nether regions seethed the first time Lamar spoke to me. Lamar was sinewy and lanky and lovable, with eyes of turquoise, ultramarine, and purple specks all mixed to form a heavenly bluish haze. He was a student at the near-by university, on the dean's list, student body president, and editor of the school paper. I loved him.

The day of the picnic is when I think it happened. Eric and Marlene slipped off into the grassy woods after lunch and Lamar and I were left alone beneath the universe. It was all so male and female. And when he beckoned to me in "his way" I knew my heart was in jeopardy. As we instinctively moved toward one another he grabbed my hand and pinched it.

"Ouch!" I cried in ecstasy as the pain shot to my heart.

"Say it like you meant it!" Lamar insisted as he bent my little finger back farther than it would go. I screamed in heavenly agony as his masculine grip made pulp of my hands.

"You have a face like a very young kitten," he said hopefully. His eyelashes fluttered thrillingly as the wind mowed the clover-laden knoll.

"You know, Nada," he continued softly, "that as a premedical student I have a different outlook on life than the layman. Take sex, for instance. It means nothing to me."

(Continued on page 44)

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—Widow

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(Continued from page 43)

"Nothing?" I whispered, not believing that such a fine and noble creature could exist in this world of injustice and vice.

"Absolutely nothing," he said, covering my lips with his warm mouth. I told him with a thousand kisses all the things which filled my staccato-timed heart to tumescence with the ardor of absolute love. Secure in the haven of Lamar's bronzed arms, I could only thank Cupid for college men and a type of love I'd never before experienced. There was an urgency and desire in his kisses which caused me for one surge of bliss to momentarily hear wedding bells. I'd never been kissed like that—by either man or beast.

"You know, Nada, we could be married in the spring." Lamar's eyes glowed reassuringly in the twilight. I thought for a moment, stunned by the immensity of the decision I must make. But it had already been made for me.

"Not this spring, darling, not this spring." My voice quivered in anticipation of the revelation I was about to make.

"You see, I won't be fourteen till September."



"Dere goes dat Mandy Jackson wid her ten pickaninnies. She sho do look repugnant."

"Lan' sakes! Again?" —Chappie

The great big beautiful car drew up to the curb where the cute little working girl was waiting for the bus. A gentleman stuck his neck out and said, "Hello, I'm driving west."

"How wonderful," said the girl, "bring me back an orange." —Widow

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