

STANFORD

# Chaparral

FEBRUARY 1953

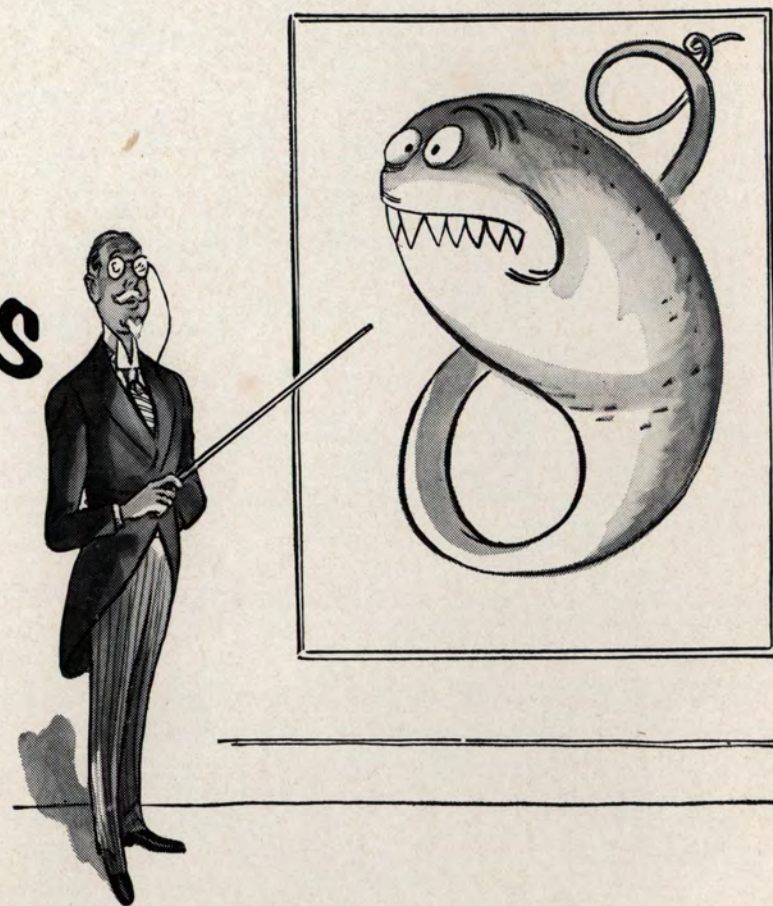
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SCIENCE-FRICTION  
ISSUE

AL AMBLER

# The Mating Habits of the Virus



Here's a virus, which actually doesn't look any more like this than a biology professor. Less. But then, not many people *do* know what a virus looks like. They only know what it does.

It sits around all day long, tireless as a bill collector, waiting for someone to invite it in. Then it goes to work like mad, multiplying all over the place, creating colds, pneumonia, fever, and various other unpleasanties.

The virus is easy to invite. As a matter of fact, it's there to begin with. Just lower resistance enough and wham! There's the old virus at work.

And the best way to lower resistance is to wander around in the rain and wind without a hat. Honest. Your head is the number one target of the virus. Nature *wants* you to protect your head. And the primary function of a hat is *protection*.

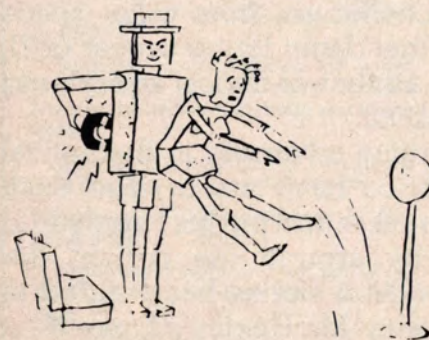
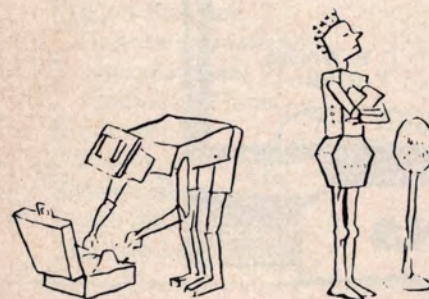
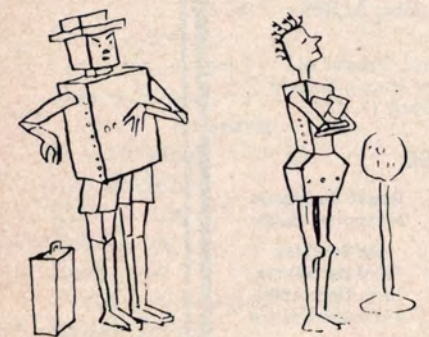
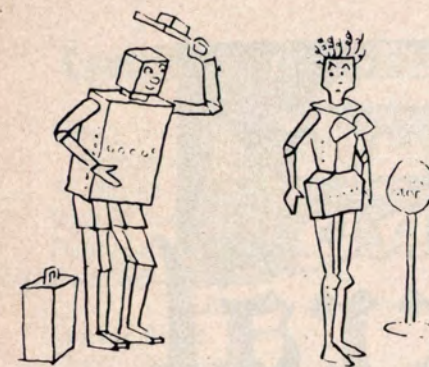
It keeps the snow and wind and rain off your hair, it protects you from cold weather and hot weather, too. And don't forget. Hats are as important to your appearance as they are to your health. Any way you look at it, it's smart to wear one. And today, hats are made better—and styled better—than ever before.

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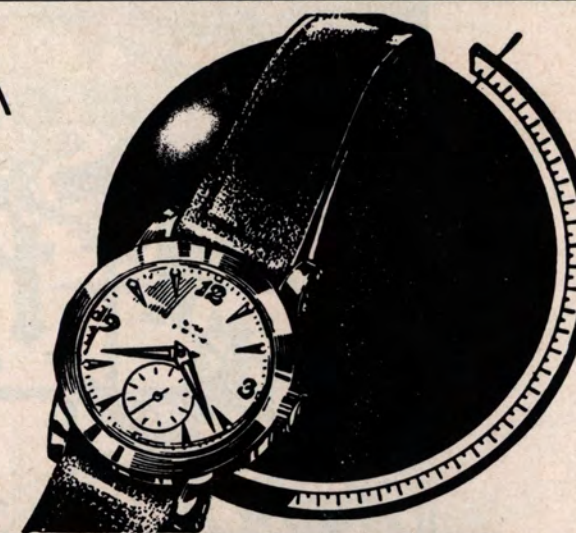
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**The Stanford Chaparral**

Volume 54, 1952-53  
 Stanford University founded 1891  
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899  
 by Bristow Adams  
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of  
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society  
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

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IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**

**NOW THAT** "rocket-ship-and-men-from-Mars" school of writing, commonly referred to as "Science-Fiction," seems pretty well entrenched in our American way of life. Its rise from the pages of *Spicy Planets* pulp to the ten or more magazines that clutter the rack at any newsstand is a true story to challenge any of Horatio Alger's.

Back in the 'thirties and before, science-fiction was relegated to the pulps, the Tom Swift series, Buck Rogers, H. G. Wells, and Jules Verne. The pulps went in for the sexy sirens of Saturn, Tom Swift worked on flying machines, Buck Rogers defended America from the challengers of outer space, H. G.

Wells foretold the future, and Mr. Verne went completely out of his head by predicting sub-aquatic travel. Though the Old Boy hasn't seen the attainment of the interplanetary beauty contests or the challenges from outer space (now where did that damn flying saucer go?), he has seen the advent of almost everything else they wrote about.

Since the wartime advances in theoretical and applied science have made even Buck Rogers look like a piker and put his twenty-fifth century practically around the corner, the stock in science-fiction stories has whirled to astronomical heights. Mr. Huxley's *Brave New World* and Mr. Orwell's *1984* show the effect

(Continued on page 4)

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*Exchange Editor*  
 Al Hayes  
 Dick Wilson  
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**Art**  
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 Ralph Buchwalter  
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 Jerry Serene  
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**Photo**  
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 Gary Hollander  
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**Business**  
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 Chaparral

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**NOW THAT**

(Continued from page 2)

of the unknown future on popular authors. Such motion pictures as *Destination Moon*, *When Worlds Collide*, and *Breaking the Sonic Barrier*, which in the pre-World War II era would have been relegated to the Saturday morning kiddie's show, sprouted in all the theaters throughout the country. The newsstands came up with a new crop of magazines to muscle the girlie mags aside. *Look*, *Life*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* had to give way to such blatantly illustrated gems as *Fantastic*, *Imagination*, *Amazing*, *If*, et al.—some of them written (under a nom de plume) by several of the scientific geniuses of our time.

Now the Ancient One wonders what these guys can find so amazing and fantastic to write about. Man is traveling faster and higher than any well-mannered bird ever thought of, he controls the secret of atomic energy, and he (she) can change the color of his (her) hair at will. Scientists tell us that rockets to the moon and space stations circling the earth are almost a reality—a little more time and money needed, to be sure. The reality of "Big Brother Watching You" is simply a matter of reversing the flow of electrons in our TV sets.

But undaunted by the dearth of true, scientifically possible material, with pens grasped tightly, typewriters pounding, and heads held high, these nouveaux scientists head outward into the black void of ethereal space with hope for the future, plans for space travel, and itching palms for the money of publishers and the market.



Friday afternoon on Mars.

**The Stamp Corner**

The Solar Federation announced today the first series of interplanetary postage stamps. These stamps, reprinted below in the interests of the philatelist, will go on public sale February 25, 2071.

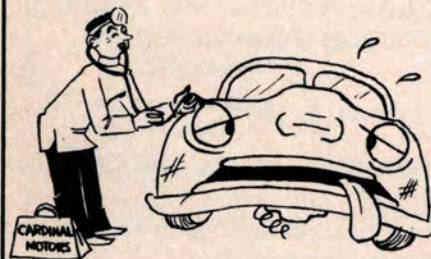
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The one-credit stamp, good for a trip to the moon or the inner planets, depicts Ezra Q. Snogg, inventor of the Snogg Hyper-space Torque - Converter Framulomatoscope, which does all sorts of horney things. The stamp's color is musty ochre.



The two-credit stamp, worth a trip to any of the outer planets or their satellites, reproduces the landing of the ship Titanic, the first manned ship to reach the moon. Its color is pallid mauve.



The five-credit stamp, which will take a letter just about anywhere, depicts Saturnalia, the first city to have its public utilities operated entirely by harnessed atomic energy. The stamp's color is brilliant brackish green.

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LETTERS TO THE  
 SCIENCE-FICTION  
 EDITOR

TIMELY CRITICISM

DEAR EDITOR:

In your story called "The Parallax of Parallel X" (July 1904), by Grunion Erg, the author states:

$$\frac{\pi^3 (\log \sin 694.1120)}{\sqrt[3]{\theta}} = \mu (ghq)^4$$

This is a popular but nonetheless utterly inexcusable misconception. The equation should read:

$$\frac{\pi^3 (\log \sin 694.11203)}{\sqrt[3]{\theta}} = \mu (ghq)^4$$

This sort of mistake succeeds in alienating readers by the score. I should think that the editors might be more careful in the future; after all such information is top secret. Really!

Disgustedly,

DR. FELIX BLOCH  
 Stanford, Calif.

Thanks to reader Bloch for his timely criticism. Author Erg has been suitably punished (by death) for his unmitigated error.—Ed.

WINSOCKI JR. JETMEN

HEY EDS:

Cripes, that Jan. ish was real crazy gone, gang. All us hot stf fans at Winssocki Jr. High S-F Club went real ape over that one. Here's how we rate it: "Belching Rockets": Socko! This Ferd Google kid really throws the words around. More like this, huh gang?

"Tom Swift and his Surgical Operation"; Fair story.

"The Day Mars Landed on Venus": We're all on to the fact that this E. Hemingway stuff is all a pen name for Max Scudnik, but we think he did better in his "Grut Patrol" series for Pithy Pulp.

"The Pit and the Pendulum": Braack! This stuff was corny when grandpa was a kid. This Poe guy would make a better plumber.

That's all for now, fellas. Sorry we had to make this one so short, but you'll get a real long one from us next ish.

GROVER CLEVELAND PLOTZ  
 Pres., Winssocki Jr. Jetmen

P.S.—More nudes on the covers, hey?

Why?



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PEN PALS

KIND SIRs:

I am 20 years old, with blond hair, blue eyes, and have an exceptionally well-developed figure. My dimensions are: height, 5' 6", weight, 120 lbs., bust 38", waist 24", hips 36". My father is a millionaire, and I am very generous with his vast fortune. I am well educated, friendly, and very passionate. In spite of this, no one ever asks me out. I am terribly lonesome. Please print my letter in your column.

DESPERATE

P.S.—Unfortunately, I live on the moon.

SOS CALL

DEAR SIRs:

I built an electronic brain by your directions in the January issue. Please tell me how to turn it off as it has consumed my wife and children and is in the process of overthrowing the government.

OSHKOSH J. MINNESOTA  
 Portland, Ore.

Damned if we know how it's done.—Ed.

FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN ABLE TO SEE THROUGH MY WINDSHIELD IN SIX MONTHS!



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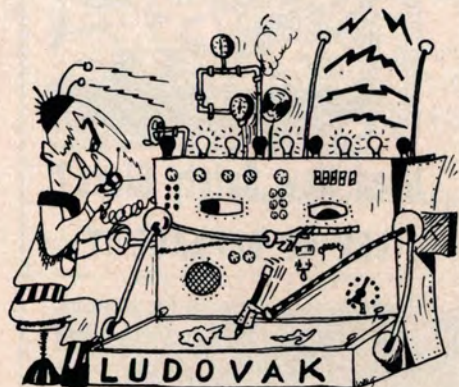
Webb's EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC

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# Tomorrow's Chappie

by John Motheral



It's the year A.D. 2200. Everything that once taxed man's brain—whose real purpose, anyway, has always been to hold up man's hat—is now left to the efforts of a multitude of dial-en-crusted machines that do all the real work, allowing people to slither gratefully back into their carefree, flea-ridden primordial state.

The CHAPARRAL office in this year of 2200 is loaded with such machines, all sullenly awaiting the editor's admonition to "get funny, gang, yuk it up, go ape, produce, give me anything, just so it's on the press by tomorrow morning at 8:00!" The first machine we notice is a secondhand Litovac the magazine stole from an auction held when the *New Yorker* went bankrupt back in A.D. 2000 and adapted to its own purposes. The Litovac, a literary machine, produces all the written material in the magazine, and for that reason is the very center of staff activity.

A gag session is about to begin. The contributors are seated in a semicircle facing the Litovac, just as they once faced the editor and managing editor in the old days. After a gloomy silence of forty or fifty minutes, they begin feeding random words into the machine's omnivorous mouth, one at a time. Each word is slowly digested by the Litovac, as dial needles quiver and lights flash.

If the word introduced can be turned into a gag by the machine, the resulting joke slips out of one of the slots at the Litovac's base. Clean jokes

come out with a purr from the machine and are promptly thrown away. Jokes capable of two meanings are kept if the machine chuckles as it shoots them out; if the machine laughs uproariously and then chuckles, the jokes are thrown away because the dirty meaning is too much funnier than the clean one. Words inserted into the machine which can only be made into dirty jokes cause the machine to howl hysterically, "tilt," blow out three fuses, and then whistle two courses of "Rock of Ages" if women are present. Words which produce really clever gags, clean, adult, witty, and meaningful, short-circuit the machine and force the staff to leave it alone for at least two weeks. And words which cannot possibly be made into any kind of gag come out baled for immediate shipment to the people who write "Bull Session" in the *Stanford Daily*.

In the meantime, the Art Staff is busily working in a similar fashion with a similar machine, the Lewdovac, which produces CHAPPIE'S cartoons. This ingenious device accepts random words and renders them into finished cartoons with captions printed beneath them. As with the Litovac, the Lewd-

ovac segregates its material. Thus, words having only clean possibilities are transformed into drawings of people hitting the pavement after fifteen-story falls from atop buildings, their insides splashing merrily on the sidewalk, or of men who have just had their arms torn from their elbow sockets, leaving only bloody stumps oozing gore, together with irrelevant captions.

Words which take the shape of dirty cartoons are conveyed by a belt to the Art Editor's desk; they will later be pinned up on the office walls. And those which cannot be turned into anything funny emerge adorned with a drawing of four bearded professors. And if the machine has recently been thoroughly overhauled, large batches of a thousand words or more can be inserted at one time, and the Lewdovac will produce a two-page map.

Both the Litovac and the Lewdovac are adjustable, with the result that all the jokes and cartoons they produce will fall into one of seven categories, depending upon which button the staff pushes. The categories are: Rally Com, Stanford women, drinking, sex, football players, Roble girls, and "others." This last, however, has been out of commission for years.

When the staff has gathered together all the results and positioned them on pages, the end product is run through a Boffometer, which renders an opinion on the embryo magazine. If the Boffometer "thinks" the issue is too clean, it sighs heavily as each page emerges. If the issue is too dirty, the Boffometer spells out the letters W-I-N-B-I-G-L-E-R in bright colored lights, burns the pages, and issues one-way tickets to Nevada for each member of the staff. If the issue is, in the "opinion" of the Boffometer, very, very dull, it emerges bound in a cover labeled *Viewpoint*, this guaranteeing it good sales anyway and later destroying all campus competition.

That's just a brief glimpse into the future; we could go on. For example, tomorrow's CHAPPIE office might also include a machine for putting double chins on Queen photographs, and another for rendering all covers in colors too dull to be recognizable more than three feet away. And if this little prophecy disturbs you and makes you wonder if all this will somehow change the CHAPPIE we all know and love, don't worry.

You'll never know the difference!

# ELIZABETH BROWNING

on Life Savers:



"Takes the breath of men away"

from *Bianca Among The Nightingales*, STANZA 12



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# The Vial Meal

by Dick Wilson

(We all agree women's housework is being simplified more and more. Who knows, in another hundred years continued mechanization may produce a typical scene like the following.)

Persis Wynkoop lifted her eyes from the Feb. 3, 2053, copy of the Saturday Evening Geiger Counter in which she had been studying a recipe for nourishing the family for a week on a three-ounce can of food called Jag XK 120, and listened. She detected the familiar swoosh of the family rocket auto in the magnesium garage. This was followed by the apocalyptic crash of the garage door. Her husband was late returning from the office.

George Wynkoop came in by way of the back door and clumped into the kitchen, removing his plexiglass helmet and G-suit. Persis squinted accusingly at him under the light of the sodium-vapor kitchen light.

"Hi ya, honey!" There was an especially radiant glow about him, like the time he was repairing the cathode

tube in the baby's bottle warmer and accidentally connected his left index finger to outlet G of the gamma emitter. His nose had flashed blue and violet then. Now it was simply glowing a ruddy red, and his eyes behind the Polaroid flying goggles were shining brightly. "You didn't wait dinner for me, did you?"

"George, have you been drinking?" She stepped up very close to him and sniffed. His breath confirmed the fact that her liege had, as he usually described this ritual, "tarried for a small libation on the altar of friendship with

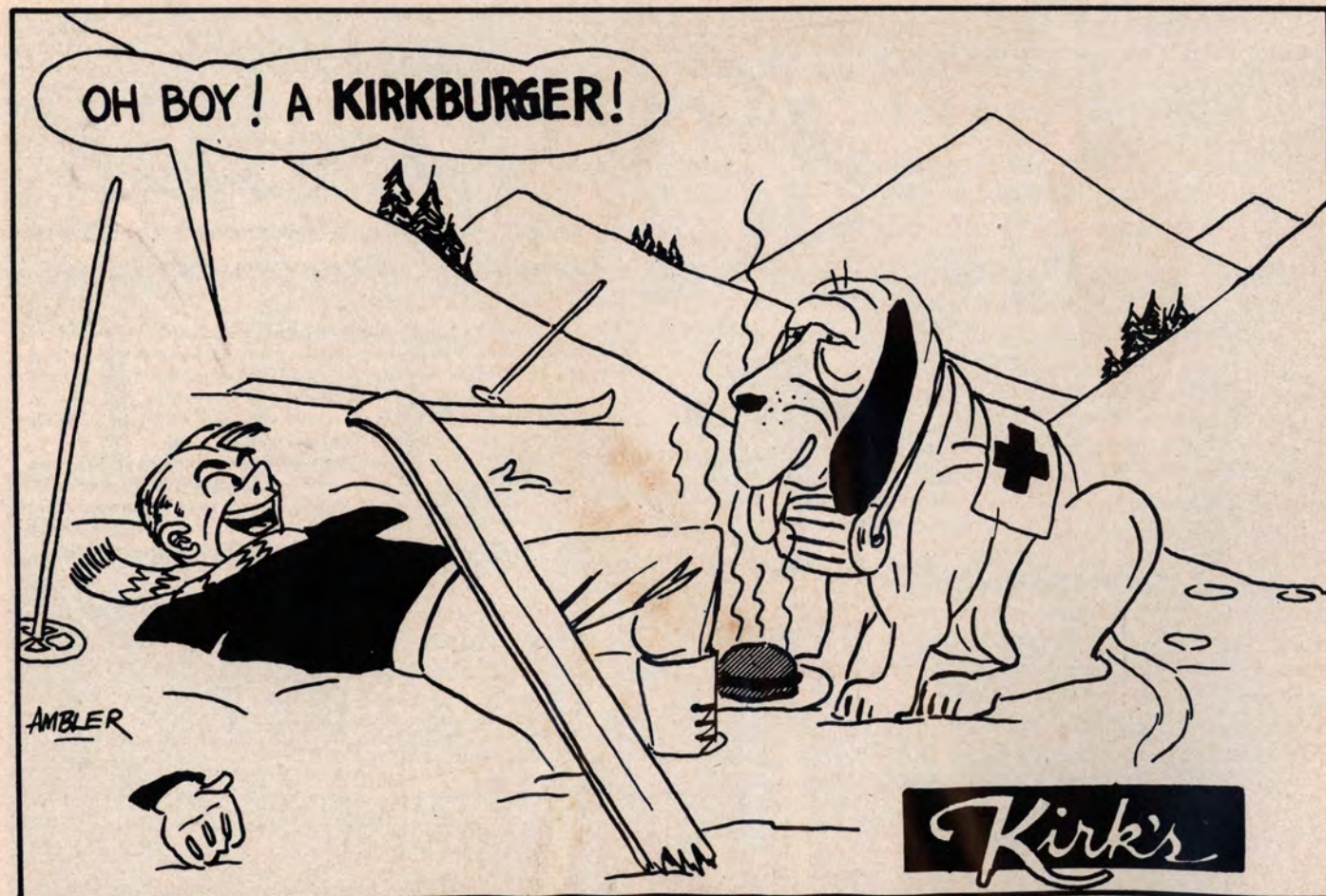


"It's the companion model to the flying saucer."

staunch companions." The fact remained that he had a breath on, and should be admonished. "Here I work my machines into breakdown trying to keep our little home going. I depress so many buttons around this house every day that I am becoming a manic depressive. I have to scrimp and save to keep the children in space helmets and flying boots. Whenever I want to take off for a short two-day trip to China or something, you always say we can never afford it. Why? Because you're always stopping off someplace and spending all the money." Persis thought it might be a wise move at this point to shed a tear or two to give her soliloquy a little punch.

"Aw, now, honey, don't cry. I just had a little nip, and besides, I think the boss is going to give me that raise. We're doing pretty well in the real estate business now. The boss saw how well I handled the contract for building that new subdivision. Built all the houses out of chlorophyll. It's the coming thing, you know. Never needs painting, and the house always smells new, never gets musty."

Mrs. Wynkoop brightened a little at the prospect of more money entering the home. Dabbing at her eyes she



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said, "Your supper is in its usual place. I've had mine hours ago, but I'll sit here and keep you company while you eat."

George went to the chromium steel panel at one end of the room and pressed a button labeled George, and then pushed another labeled Supper. There was a whirring noise and the sound of high voltage sparks. Presently a red light popped on, and George held his plate under the dinner opening. A small vial of greenish fluid clinked appetizingly onto the plate, along with a paper napkin and a Pepto-Bromo capsule. George sat down at the table and squinted at something written on the vial. "Hash," he read. "Aw, heck, we had that last week, Persis."

"I know, George, but we have to eat up the leftovers," she replied.

He inserted the vial in a hypodermic needle and injected the fluid into his arm. When he was finished, he dabbed at his mouth with the napkin, attempting to stifle a belch. "Excuse me," he mumbled, and put his plate in a slot labeled Sink.

Putting his arm around his wife he said, "I'm a lucky guy to be married to such a terrific cook."

And then there was the South Seas explorer who, when confronted by the native girl's dad, explained that he was hunting grasshoppers.

—Voo Doo



"All right, dear, you may keep him. But back he goes the first time I catch him tracking in mud."



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of poodlin,  
the bodice top  
of sirrah print

Model: NAN McHENRY, Lagunita

**THE OLD BOY PRESENTS**



A highly scientific, yet purely fictional, issue to titillate the mind and the ribs. In this text you will find:

**Stories:**

The type that will chill your blood. John Motheral hits the pages twice this time with "Morning Becomes Electron" and a preview of the CHAPARRAL of the future. Alex Maradudin dropped off "The Nude Prude" for your gasping pleasure, and the dynamic duo of Timberlake and Hayes wouldn't be denied the pleasure of sickening you with "The Monster from Biology 2." Dick Maltzman, from the (ugh) Daily, opens up a whole new world in "Look, Sam, I'm Sexy." Dick Wilson appears in print for the second laugh-filled time.

**Art**

It's "Big Bob" Sprague's map to the solar system. This will be about as much use to you as his "How to Get to Berkeley," but just as much fun to read. Art Editor Ambler gives us a page as well as his wonderful cover. All the gang was in there smearing with both hands.

**Photofeature**

Dick Wilson and Marjorie La Pierre worked out this utterly fantastic figment of their imaginations' future.

**Ads**

None of these are fictional, but many of them are scientific.

**Queen**

We've always heard that women were growing taller, but this is absurd. Gary Hollander photographed this after a night of hard drinking. His camera must have been drinking too.

STANFORD

Chaparral

Zut, zut alors, and off we go:  
Eschewing land and H<sub>2</sub>O,  
We've taken to the stratosphere  
In search of wonders rare and queer.  
Our rocket charges through the void  
Away above where boldest boid  
Would ever dare to spread its wings—  
In fact, above the clouds and things.  
We pass the moon—it's really cheese—  
And circle Mars—devoid of trees—  
And bounce off Venus—sans the arms—  
Without a fear of hurt or harms.  
Intrepid spacemen, we okay  
The contents of the Milky Way  
And find, so much to our surprise,  
That all its stars are Pasteurized.  
But nearing Saturn, with chagrin  
We find we're not the first ones in;  
For flying past our bow we note  
Five orange signs, which read, to quote:  
"Her Space Cadet was really bad;  
His face was like a Brillo pad.  
Use Cosmic-Shave."

—Motheral

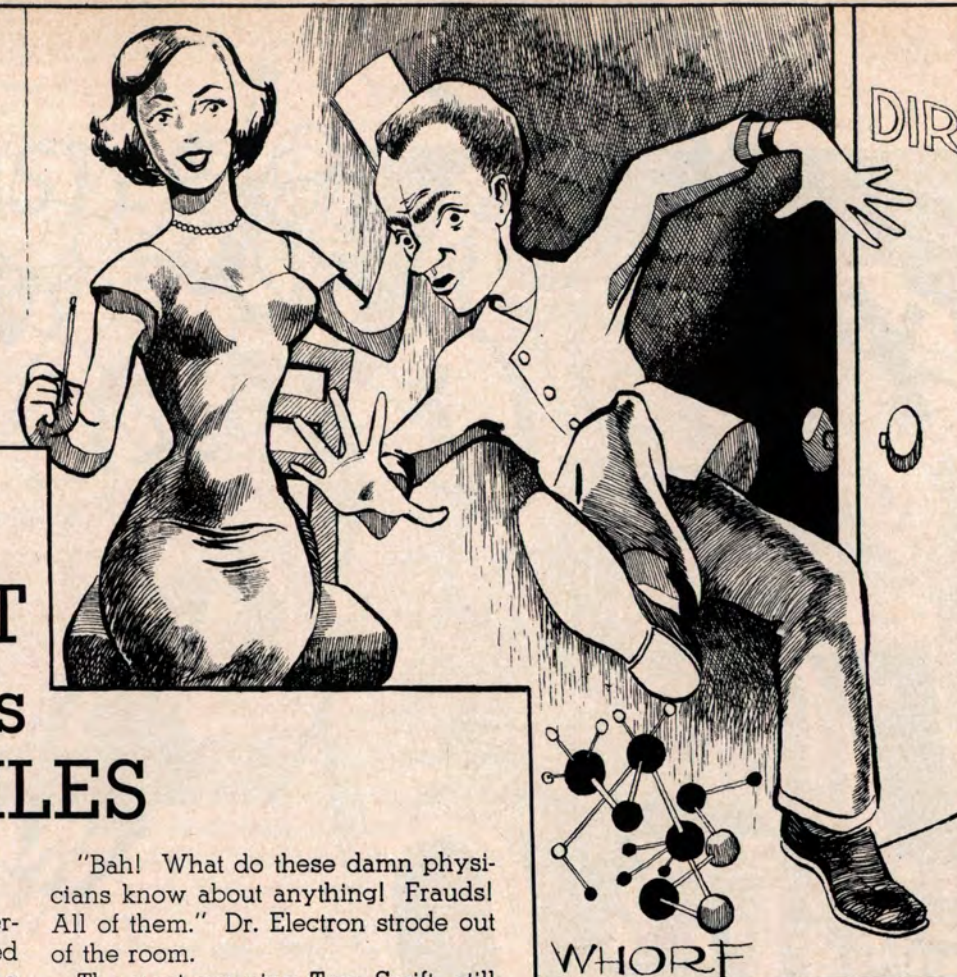
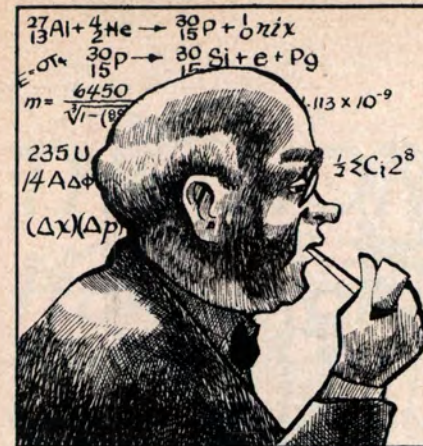






Chappie Presents  
**CAROL STRAUS**  
 Queen of the Month

Photo by Gary Hollander



## TOM SWIFT and his ATOMIC PILES

by Fantastic I. Clark

They dragged the slimy, water-soaked body from the bay and rushed it to Palo Alto Hospital. For six long hours they pumped water, algae, frogs, and salt out of the body and air into it. The body revived and was placed in Room 217.

The next morning Professor Algeron S. (for Synecurve) Electron, Director of the Stanford Research Foundation, entered Room 217 and approached the bed. He looked down at the body and said, "I thought we were rid of you this time, Swift."

The body smiled weakly. "I'm sorry about that submarine, sir. Did it cost much?"

"We shot a million and a half to the bottom of the bay on that venture, Swift."

"I'm sorry, Dr. Electron. It'll never happen again!"

"You're damn right it won't happen again! Look, Swift, it's not the money I mind, or the loss of the submarine, but everything you do turns out wrong. Your airplane cracked up. Your death ray wouldn't even fry a hot dog. Your water closet . . ."

"Never mind, Doctor, I know," sobbed Tom, his face humble, "but I promise that my next venture will be a success."

"Yes, Swift, I think it will be a success, a great success," mused the Great Scientist. "Come and see me tomorrow morning."

"But, Doctor, I'm supposed to stay in bed for a week."

"Bah! What do these damn physicians know about anything! Frauds! All of them." Dr. Electron strode out of the room.

The next morning Tom Swift, still sloshing, stood in front of the Director's desk. He tried to put a "look of confidence in the future" (look #34) on his face, but the salt water had caused the muscles to atrophy.

"Swift, we feel that there is a definite place for you in the Stanford Research Institute."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom, pulling a six-foot-long piece of kelp from his left ear.

"Out that door, turn right, the third door on the left. That's the entrance to your new life. You may leave now, Swift."

"How can I ever repay you for your kindness," said Swift, licking the ankles of the Great Man.

"By doing your new job to the best of your limited ability," answered the kindly Doctor, kicking Tom flush on the jaw.

With a trickle of tears from his eyes and a stream of blood from his nose, Tom Swift, Boy Scientist, went out of the office, turned right, counted three doors on the left-hand side, and opened the door to his new future in science. It was the Janitor's office.

Two weeks later, as Tom Swift, Boy Janitor, was sweeping down the main hall, an idea struck him squarely in the viscera. His keen mind made rapid calculations. He dropped the broom and ran down the hall toward

Dr. Electron's office. A splintering crash stopped him momentarily. Looking back he saw that a sloppy lab assistant had tripped over the broom, broken a tray full of beakers he was carrying, and was lying in the center of the spiked edges spurting blood.

Undaunted, Tom continued to the door of the Director's office. He crashed through the door, slipped on an odd thermocouple, and fell into the lap of a cute secretary who was taking dictation.

Dr. Electron rose. "That, Swift, is the reason you will never become a Great Scientist like me. You let your primal drives get the better of you. Sublimate sex, man, that's the secret. Sublimate sex!"

Tom Swift crawled to the Director on his stomach. With his forehead pressed against the floor he announced, "Doctor, a marvelous theory just came to me. A theory which will cut the cost of production of isotopes in half."

"Oh, Swift, you joker," laughed the Professor, testing Newton's Law of Gravitation by dropping a cast-iron book end. The Law had not been repealed; the book end bounced off the young man's skull. "The Greatest Minds in the world have attempted to solve the secret of producing cheap isotopes for years. Why do you—a

(Continued on page 26)

# SPACE YUKS



## THE MONSTER from Biology 2



by Timberlake and Hayes

"Did you get the stuff, Max?"  
 "Yeah. I got it all here." He took a brown paper bag from under his Cal jacket and emptied its contents on the lab bench. "Dogfish eyeballs, greasy rags, and live worms. This looks like good stuff."

"Yeah. Gee! You got frog livers and kelp and . . . WHAT IN THE HELL IS THIS?"

"It's a pickled pig's fetus."  
 "Oh, greatness. This'll really show those guys back at the house when we drop the mess on their plates at dinner." Beetle drew the copy of *Disgusting Party Tricks for Young and Old* out from under the lab bench. "We got the stuff and the recipe now. All we gotta do is build the apparatus."

The door to the Bio 2 lab opened a crack, and the two hastily shoved the ingredients and the book back under the bench. Mr. Frammish, the lab instructor, walked in and wrote, "Omit Expt. #3," on the blackboard. When he was finished he left unconcernedly.

Max brushed the imaginary perspiration from his forehead. "Whew. That was too damn close for me."

Beetle said, "Aw, hell. He couldn't do anything to us if he did catch us, except maybe bawl us out a little."

"Bawl us out, hell! He'd crucify us."

The two returned to the work before them. Beetle read the book to Max, directing him as he set up the apparatus. Fifteen minutes later they sat admiring their handiwork, oblivious of the curious stares they were receiving from the others in the lab.

Beetle read from the book. "We gotta put the eyeballs and the kelp into this retort here after we've ground them up."

"I already done that."  
 "Good. Now we distill them and mix whatever comes out in with the rags."

"Gawd, this is gonna be the greatest . . ."

Max looked at the completed product. "That's a winner. That's the most sickening damn mess I ever saw in my life. I can't wait to see those guys' faces at dinner tonight."

Beetle hesitated. "I admit it's pretty good, but I was just wondering what'd happen if we sprinkled it with Limburger cheese and mellowed it a bit on the radiator."

"Well—I dunno. The recipe didn't say anything about doing that."

"It sure as hell wouldn't make it any pleasanter."

"You got a point there."

As they set the mixture on the radiator and covered it with a towel, Max said, "Look. We only got an hour and a half to do the lab experiment in. We better get to work."

The cute blonde looked up at Beetle helplessly. "Now what are we supposed to do?"

"You're supposed to remove the eye and examine it."

"Oh, I just couldn't." She smiled shyly. "Could you do it for me? I mean, I'll examine it if you'll just cut it out."

"Aww—sure. I'll do it."  
 The blonde whispered to her lab partner, an equally cute redhead, "Aren't men just wonderful?" Beetle blushed as he made the incision.

Max whispered aside to Beetle, "Shall I do it now?"

"Yeah. Make the plunge."  
 He turned to the redhead. "Gee, Bio sure is boring, isn't it?"

She sighed, saying, "It sure is. I get so tired in here."

Beetle poked Max in the ribs. "Well, go ahead," he whispered.

Max said, "Well, me and Beetle were thinking that—well—since it is so boring and all that, that we all oughtta try and finish early and—and all go out and maybe have a beer together." He smiled bashfully.

The redhead said, "Well, it's all right with me if it's all right with Rosie."

Rosie giggled, "Why, it sort of sounds like fun."

Max said, "You two all through?"  
 "We're all ready."

Beetle whispered to Max, "How about the mess?"

Max rolled back the towel they had covered their concoction with. "God! It seems even more disgusting than it did before."

(Continued on page 36)

# HITLER IS ALIVE!



## APPREHENDED ABOARD SUB IN SF BAY

San Francisco, July 9, 1953 . . . Adolph Hitler was discovered alive here yesterday! His hiding place, an old Nazi submarine, was revealed when it was rammed by a shell from the Stanford Crew.

The capture brought to light the fanatic's long-range plan to destroy the United States and use the American continent for a new plan of world conquest.

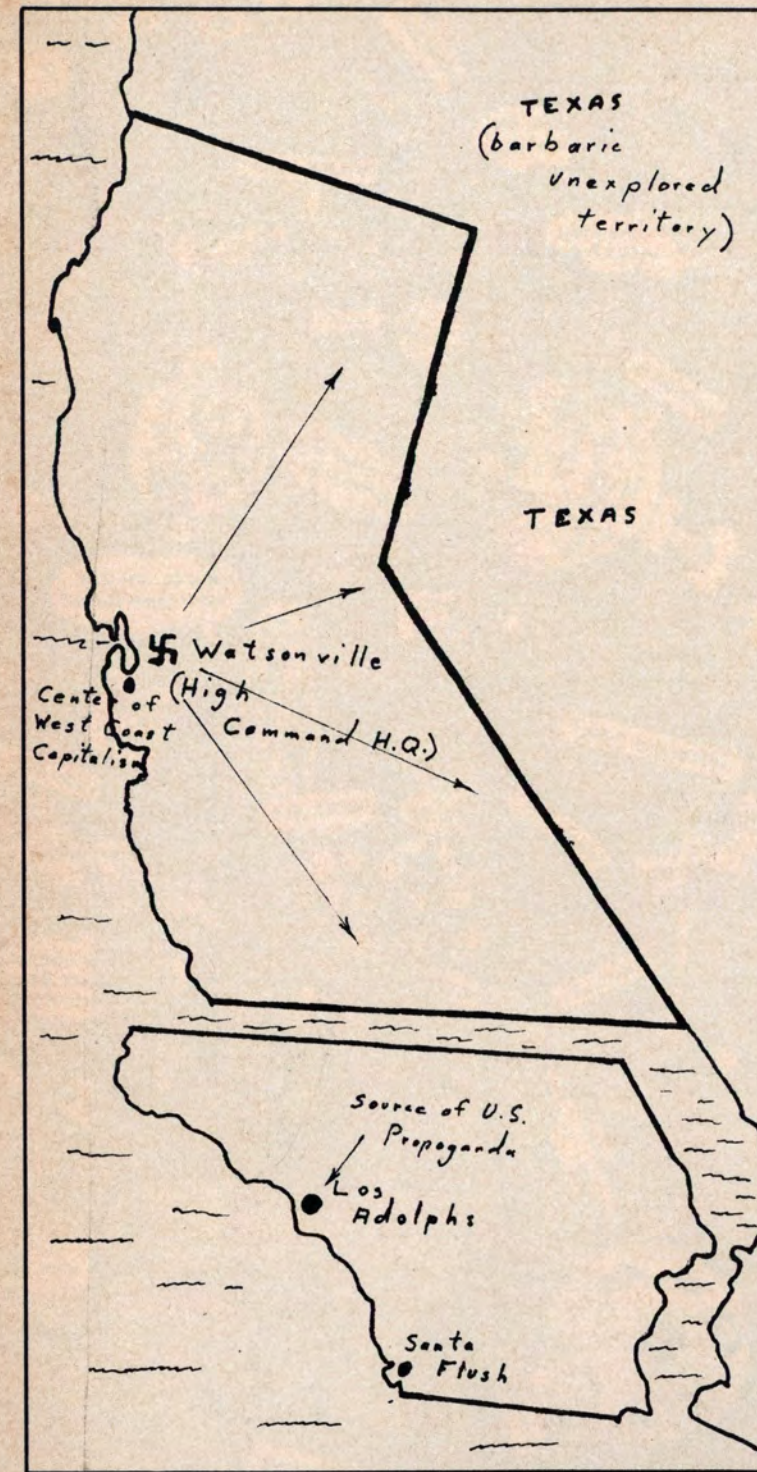
He is now being held without bail in San Francisco for further questioning by the FBI.



After arrival in San Francisco, Hitler, here with good friend Eva Braun, posed for his first pictures in seven years. The citizens were so anxious to see the Führer that FBI men had to keep him locked up.



A photograph found aboard the sub clearly shows Hitler's intention of attacking the seat of American capitalism. Other plans included a tunnel from Encina to Roble Hall to facilitate a new Youth Movement.



Hitler's dastardly plan for American conquest is clearly shown by the above map:

1. Cut southern California away from the nation and elect Marilyn Monrow president.
2. Fill San Francisco Bay with gelatin to paralyze shipping.
3. Undermine the nation's respect for seats of higher learning by sending telegrams to Senator McCarthy concerning communism at Stanford, UCLA, Cal, and USC.
4. Eradicate all members of the Board of Equalization, causing widespread depravity and immorality among youth of the state.
5. Set off a widespread atomic earthquake to sink northern California beneath the sea.

## IMPLICATED IN PLOT



"I Go Monrow," was the slogan on the 400 bushels of campaign buttons found in the U-boat. Miss Monrow was to run for president on a Love Party. Once swept into office she would have withdrawn in favor of the not-so-beautiful Adolph.

This unidentified ex-State Department flunkee was to have filled in as Secretary of State until the nation was ready to embark on its plan of total war. When taken into custody by the FBI he said, "Who, me? Secretary of State! A man would be a fool to take that job."



Senator Pogo had the nod to replace Wilson as Defense chief. He naïvely told pressmen that he had not been requested to give up his stock in the Swamp-land Oil Co. of the Okefinokee area where he resides.



Government lawyers are still trying to get evidence on which to convict Hitler. While waiting in Washington, he paid his respects to the new President. There were no hard feelings.



# The Galaxy Guide

SPRAGUE



## THE NUDE PRUDE

by Alex Maradudin

"It was with great regret that the Daily learned that Dean Simpson has resigned his post at Stanford, to take an important post in another institution. In his two years here he made many friends among the students and . . ."

I asked John what he thought of it, but he didn't answer. He was busily throwing underwear into a suitcase, and he wasn't paying any attention to me.

"What are you packing for? Are you going home?" I asked. "Nope," he answered, "I've been expelled from the University."

I would have been more likely to believe him if he had told me that he was pregnant. John was the most quiet, studious roommate I had ever had. He devoted all his waking moments to his study of biochemistry. He couldn't have flunked out; his lowest grade was a solitary B plus. He didn't go out with girls, or drink, smoke, use foul language, or get into arguments with people; he was the ideal Milque-toast.

"What? How? Where? . . . You're just kidding aren't you?" I said.

He didn't look at me directly, and I saw that he was embarrassed, so I knew it must be true. "Come on, tell me. You must want to get it off your chest."

"Well, I guess I ought to tell someone. You never knew what I was working on, did you?"

"No."

"I've discovered a serum which makes the pigment in the skin temporarily inoperative. By taking a dose

one becomes completely transparent for about three hours."

It took him a long time to convince me that he wasn't kidding, but he was so serious that I finally halfheartedly agreed that he must have done it. Then he told me his story.

"Well, when I tried this out on dogs and cats it worked fine, and I finally took a small dose myself. You can imagine the feeling of looking in a mirror and seeing your image slowly fade away, leaving your clothes hanging in mid-air, still vibrating with your breath. When I discovered how long the effects lasted I took off my clothes, which I couldn't make transparent, and ventured out of my lab.

"At first I just walked about the chem building, then I ventured out onto the Quad, and even into town. I had to be careful not to have people bump into me. I was scared to death at first crossing streets, but I got over it. Then I got that horrible idea, the first dishonest idea I've ever had."

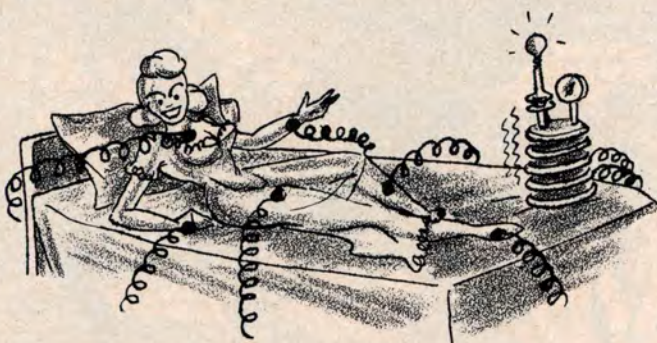
"What idea?"

"You know how that B plus has bothered me. That darn English teacher would have given Shakespeare a C and called McGuffey's Reader obscure. Anyhow, you know it is the only smear on an otherwise very good record. It obsessed me. I cursed myself for two years over it, and then I invented this drug. It occurred to me that I could walk into the registrar's office in broad daylight and change the records without anyone being the wiser. I knew it was dishonest; I fought it, but I couldn't resist the temptation to make the record perfect. I

(Continued on page 34)

# Science Hall of Fame

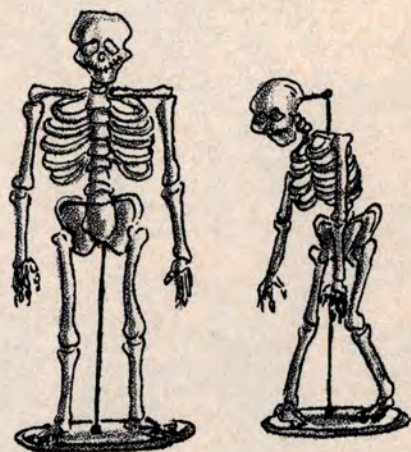
By AL AMBLER



**Get Hot and Stay Hot:** A new type electric blanket, sans blanket. Positive thermo-couples are placed directly on the model's skin. Sandra Snooch, pictured here, says, "Ooooh, it's so coum-fiel!"



**Posture Meter:** Devised by a New York chiropodist. Tried out on university co-eds (left), it disclosed that 9 out of 10 of the girls had bilateral strombosis of the left tibulata.



**Milk vs. Beer:** Scientists at the University of California prove beer's nutritive value with student skeletons. Large specimen (left) was weaned on beer; small one wasn't weaned.



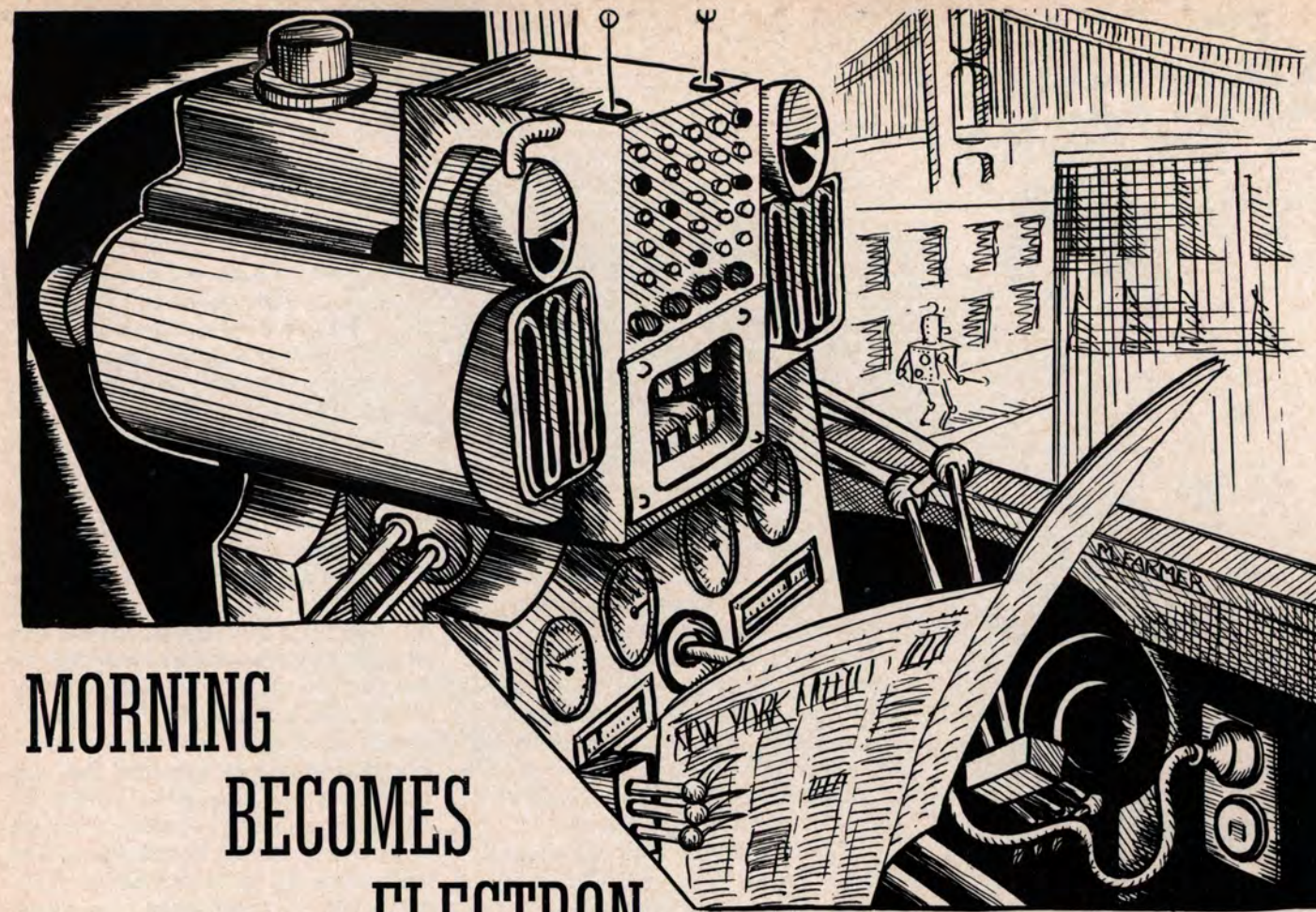
**Lip Tattoo:** A handy device that is far superior to a fraternity pin for tagging a girl as "yours." Swiftly and almost painlessly this new discovery brands your name, address, and phone number where it is almost impossible to remove.



**Chloroburger Cheese:** It's Borden's latest product, the only Limburger cheese containing chlorophyll. It saves much social embarrassment.

**Good Deal Detector:** This new piece of equipment, modeled after a mine detector, was developed by an army engineer. The machine's buzzer warns operator when "good deal" is near. A particularly "good deal" may cause the sensitive instrument to blow up.

**What to Do with It?:** Science is seeking an application for its newest "wonder" discovery. This marvelous plastic foam is lighter than air, harder than diamonds, tastier than beer, lower in heat conductivity than rock wool, and it can be swallowed whole with no ill effects.



## MORNING BECOMES ELECTRON

by J. Westinghouse Motheral

The reading room of the PU Club—Pacific Univac—entertained that awesome silence which only wealthy old men browsing over their newspapers after a stout lunch of soft-shell crab and sherry can introduce into a club reading room. Or rather, old machines, for this is the year A.D. 2400, and the world, having tried everything else and found it wanting, is ruled and run by those ingenious "thinking" machines invented by men back in the twentieth century.

One of these new rulers-and-doers can be found in his favorite corner by the huge bay window which looks out on Nob Hill and the less fortunate middle- and lower-class machines passing by on their way to or from their daily drudgery. The members of the club would recognize this elderly machine simply by the fact that he always sits in that same spot every day and thus enjoys a monopoly of it; the general public would know him on sight as one of the nation's wealthiest machines, a philanthropist, business leader, financial wizard, sports lover, and social nabob; in fact, as bluff, aloof old Charles W. Univac himself.

Old Univac alternated his time among the reading room of the PU, any one of several famous financial board rooms, and his magnificently appointed mansion in Sea Cliff. He was descended through a blue-ribbon lineage from the original Univac machine itself, and so traced his ancestry back more than four hundred years. He was now fat, grumpy, rich, retired, and half asleep.

His dozing was disturbed by another old mechanical duffer, his cousin and closest friend, Horace Enivac, who lowered himself gratefully into a near-by chair and plugged himself into the wall.

"Hullo, Charles. Good lunch?"

"Punk, dammit. Feel heavy as a pregnant cow. Can't stand that damned crab; why does old Smithers let 'em serve it?"

"I don't know. I keep meaning to speak to him about it, but I forget every time I see the chap. Probably the younger members like it."

"Those pups!" snorted Charles. "Never saw such a bunch of driveling idiots in my life. We couldn't have done worse."

"I know. Shocking the way they behaved at the Annual Jelly-Night Dinner last week. What they did to old Westinghouse!"

"Hmmp. I'll admit the old fool can't speak worth a pin, and why they ask him to be toastmaster I'll never know. But those squirts went too far when they reversed his current and short-circuited him."

Horace smiled briefly and answered, "I'd always wanted to pull out his plug myself in the middle of one of those awful jokes of his, but short-circuiting was too much. He damn near blew out every fuse in the building."

The two old machines thought about it for a moment, then returned to their papers. Suddenly Charles started—or rather, raised an eyebrow, which for him was a surprisingly active exercise so soon after lunch.

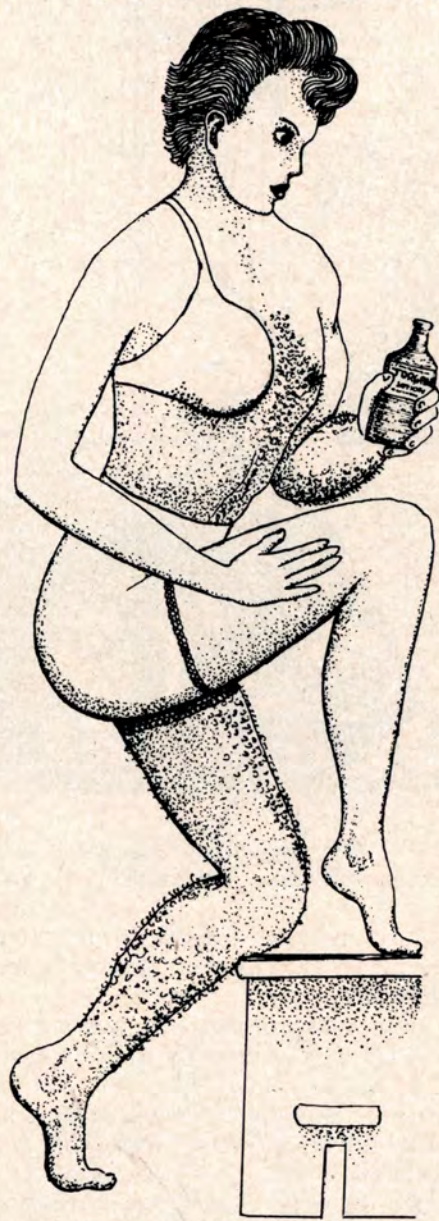
"Damn politicians. Paper here says taxes are going up again. There'll be a new tax on synchronization tubes starting next January."

"Good lord," said Horace, "how the devil are self-respecting machines supposed to keep up appearances if they start taxing the very necessities of a good life?"

"This blasted idea of 'social equality' is spreading around everywhere. It isn't going to be safe around here for people like us. Caught my chauffeur giving me a nasty

(Continued on page 30)

# Look, Sam, I'm SEXY!!



by Dick Maltzman

It all started with my roommate. My roommate, a rather fabulous fellow named Leon, was a chemical engineer. This is not a very unusual happening in itself—lots of people are chemical engineers, but lots of people aren't like Leon. Leon is a genius. If you saw him walking down the street, of course, you might not take him for a genius, but take it from one who knows, he is. He invented Jorgan's Lotion.

What, you don't know what Jorgan's Lotion is? Oh, I forgot, this is only the year 1953. You'll have to pardon me, I'm not used to this time travel stuff—old Leon just invented this too. He didn't perfect it too well, though, 'cause it looks like I'm stuck here until he finds some way to get me back into

good old 1979. Until he does, I'm here to stay. Why, the next thing you know they'll want me to register for the draft, and God knows that isn't possible. I'm minus six years old. And the trouble I'd have getting in bars with my own I.D.—let me tell you.

But back to Jorgan's Lotion. I was a student right here at Stanford when my roommate, while doing some research, comes upon this case of some guy in Denmark who gets himself turned into a girl by some difficult operation. Old Leon is joking about this, and suddenly decides that he could invent something that could do the trick without any operation at all—some kind of temporary hormone applications or something like that. Anyway, he goes to the lab, works there half a day, and comes back a girl. Amazed, let me tell you. I never was so surprised in all my life. "It's a lotion," says he, "all you got to do is rub it on and you change, poof. Either part of you or all of you. We'll make a mint."

"We can even add chlorophyll," added Leon.

Needless to say, we weren't the only ones that could see the significance of the discovery. The country was in what could be called a sort of depression at the time, and it was easy to convince my father to invest in something new. The old boy sold short, and had a lot of dinero hanging around that he wasn't using. He got some friends together and we organized a little corporation, with Leon and me each holding 25 percent. You might say I had the best of the deal, no mental work, no investment, just helped in perfecting the discovery.

Well, it didn't take much perfecting and we soon had it on the market. Sell-out—let me tell you. You'd be surprised how many people want to "see how the other half lives," as our advertising put it. We were rolling in the money, but then the blow came. It seems that someone brought out the argument that the stuff wasn't "legal," that it was a "concoction of the devil," and other trite expressions. They tried to railroad a bill through Congress to outlaw Jorgan's, but by the time it came to the vote half the men in Congress were women and the other half were too distracted to bother about it. It failed, and we were in business.

And you should have seen the commotion it caused right here on campus. Leon and I decided to stay on as undergraduates—after all, you can't get anyplace in the world today . . . tomorrow

if you don't have a diploma. The school was much the way it is today, except a lot of the buildings have been torn down and replaced. The chem building was twenty stories high, and that's how I happened to wind up on the roof of your chem building. You see, Leon's time machine was on the seventh floor of the new one. The living groups were still segregated, and people still held on grudgingly to the old moral standards. Jorgan's Lotion sort of put a stop to that. How were you to tell if a student was actually a boy or a girl? The ASSU, to combat the seven-to-one ratio, made half the boys turn girls on week ends. It was on a rotation method, so that we could all share the fun. Psychologists have proved, you know, that either sex is equally enjoyable. I for one enjoy the male best, but maybe I'm old-fashioned. And as far as keeping men's dorms and women's dorms, that was ridiculous. As soon as the lotion hit universal use, all the fellows enrolled as girls and all girls as fellows. We're pretty sure the fellow next door to us was a girl, but then again, it's pretty hard to tell.

And Jorgan's really solved the international situation. The world was just about to break into a war when Leon's little bomb hit the market. It was picked up in other countries immediately and soon flooded the world market. My father was getting to be called the Du Pont of sex. The war had to be called off—they couldn't find any soldiers. The big shots of the countries were hot for a little old-fashioned blood-letting, but when they tried to organize an army, they found nothing but women. The same went for our enemies. We were, if you'll pardon the pun, "mated." The draft just completely collapsed—no one would admit to being a male when asked by the board. Funny is not the word for it.

And you'd think this would have an effect upon marriage and some of the old institutions. Actually it didn't. Marriage became even more popular than before. With technical advances, the whole practice was becoming rather obsolete before Jorgan's hit the market, but afterward things were different. A man and a wife could take one job between the two of them. One day one would go to the office and the other would stay home, and the next day the reverse would happen. It brought about some problems though. A couple in Battle Creek each

(Continued on page 33)

Portrait by

*Hans Roth*  
173 University Avenue  
Palo Alto, California



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present lovely JEANESE CRIST, Lagunita, as its girl of the month. Jeanese and her brother Frank Crist are only one of the many brother-sister combinations at Stanford this year. Another combination well known to all Stanford students is Peninsula Creamery and its FAMOUS MILKSHAKE.

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### TOM SWIFT

(Continued from page 15)

miserable janitor — think you know more about Science than we do?"

"I'll stake my life on this theory!" "Your life is about as valuable as a case of amebic dysentery! What is this 'dime-store isotope' plan of yours?"

"Then you are interested, sir. You will give me a chance?" The happy boy clambered to his feet.

Dr. Electron settled back in his chair with a look of contempt on his atom-scarred face. "I can't promise a thing, but I need a good laugh. Haven't had a good laugh since Dr. Jorgenson fell into the vat of heavy hydrogen—heh, heh — never seen anything so pitiful in my life as the look on his face as he was crushed to death."

"We do this with a series of atomic piles spaced all over the Stanford campus. By controlling the reactions in the master control pile, we cause reactions in all the piles, and—whammo! Everything becomes an isotope. Buildings, walks, trees, people — everything."

A reminiscent film slid over the Doctor's eyes. "Just think of it, millions . . . no, billions of neutrons flying every which way."

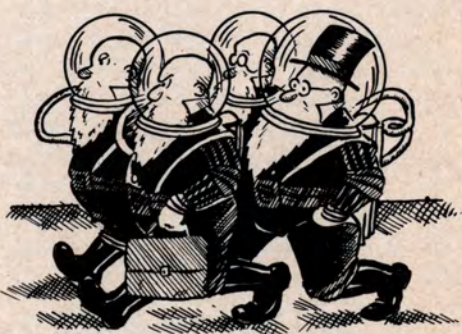
"We'd make 'em forget all about that small-time stuff at the University of Chicago!" interjected Swift, blood pulsing out his ears.

"I'd probably get a Nobel prize!" exclaimed the Professor.

"Then you will let me go ahead, Dr. Electron—"

"Yes, Swift! By all means, yes! I'm probably an idiot for ever letting you talk me into this, but . . . by God, an isotope of a human being! Miss Brown, how much money can we spend on such a project?"

The little secretary checked the account book. "Only about two million, Dr. Electron."



"He never buys anything. He just comes in every night and eats free chili and beans." *R Buck*

"Only two million? We'll have to hit the big corporations. We'll get the University to kick in some more money—they can raise tuition, or something."

"I'll start tomorrow, sir!" eager Swift, standing at attention.

"You'll start now, Swift. Here, use my private laboratory. Through that door."

The Boy Genius turned and went to the door. His eyes held the "light of a renewed dedication to science" (look #76).

"Swift!" The command caught him between the shoulder blades. He turned.

"What would another one of your failures mean?"

"The University would be completely destroyed."

"Then this project must be kept top secret, Swift. No one is to know about it except you and me. Miss Brown, stand up!"

"Yes, Dr. Electron."

A shot shattered the atmosphere, but everyone thought it was the neutron gun backfiring.

"Well, Swift, how many piles do you have?"

"About fifty, Dr. Electron."

"Mmmmm, I see. And they're to be

located at the positions marked X on this map of the campus?"

"That's right, Dr. Electron," beamed Tom Swift.

"Good. When do you think we'll be ready to begin this little reaction?"

"With good weather we ought to be able to radioactivate the campus next Thursday."

"My, Swift, you are a fast worker," smiled Dr. Electron. "I don't want you to work too fast. Remember what happened to your motor car."

"I remember, sir—" Swift's shoulders drooped—"but anyone could forget a steering wheel."



"Doc, I think I've done something to my hectotron dissipater."

"Not everyone, Tom. Just you."

"I can't help it, sir. It's these little men with football cleats on jumping around inside of my head. They make me overlook trivial details."

The Doctor's eyes opened wide. "You have them, too?"

Their eyes met. They were kindred spirits—true Scientists to the core.

By Wednesday night everything was complete. The piles were spread all over campus disguised as sewer constructions, stray textbooks, piles of *Daily's*, and other such moundlike things often seen on Quad. Dr. Electron had to leave on a hurried trip to Portland, Oregon. Before he left he hugged Tom Swift to his breast and told him that he, Dr. Electron, Greatest Living Scientist, had the utmost faith in Tom and his venture. He sold Tom a \$50,000 policy on his life (payable on death to one A. S. Electron), with double indemnity. Then he left with a smiling rejoinder to "Take care of my little University."

All night long, Tom Swift paced the laboratory and rechecked pages of computations and formulas. From time to time he checked his blood pressure—it was 265.

Dawn broke. Swift waited.

(Continued on page 28)



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TOM SWIFT

(Continued from page 27)

Eight o'clock passed.

Nine.

Then ten.

Tom Swift stepped to the master pile. He pulled out the first control rod. The remote Geiger counters began to pick up intensive radioactivity as far as Biology Corner. From the big panel window Swift watched a saucy young freshwoman flounce her way Cellarward.

"Take your last look around, my dear," he leered. "Soon you will be a sexy young isotope—and who knows what that holds in store?"

He pulled another control rod, then another, and another—the Geiger counters were going mad all over campus. It was just a matter of time now. His hand reached out and touched the last, the apex, control rod and began to slip it out of its position. The Geiger counters whirred and clicked loudly.

Sweat broke out on Swift's brow. "My God, I'm going to become an isotope, too. I forgot about that. I don't want to be a nasty old isotope. I don't . . ."

He fell backward, pulling the rod out of the big atomic pile. He felt himself engulfed in blackness . . . whirled about by an unknown force . . . rushing through space with the speed of light . . . then—the awful stillness of . . .



They dragged the slimy, water-soaked body from the bay and rushed it to a hospital. For six long hours they pumped water, algae, frogs, and salt out of the body and air into it. The body revived and was placed in Room 217.

The next morning Professor Algon S. (for Synecurve) Electron, Director of the Stanford Research Foundation, who had just returned from Portland, Oregon, entered Room 217 and approached the bed. He looked down at the body and said, "Swift, you've done it again."

The body smiled weakly, "It doesn't seem much different to be an isotope. A little wet, perhaps, but not bad."

"You're no damn isotope, Swift," sputtered the Professor.

The cloud of realization passed across the young Scientist's face. He grasped the bedpan and placed it over his heart. "Poor Stanford. It was such a nice little University."

"Save your tears, you little slob," bellowed Dr. Electron. "You didn't even blow up Stanford. You failed miserably."

"Then what happened to me? I felt myself being hurled through space."

"You backed into the linear accelerator, Swift. It hurled you into the bay."

Dear John,

Words cannot express how much I regret having broken off our engagement. Will you please come back to me? Your absence leaves a vacancy which nothing can ever fill. Please forgive me and let us begin anew. I cannot live without you. I love you, I love you, I love you!

Yours forever,

Emily

P.S.—Congratulations on your winning the Irish sweepstakes.

—Froth

A girl may be fit as a fiddle, but it takes a beau to make her play.

—Profile



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### MORNING BECOMES ELECTRON

(Continued from page 23)

look a few days ago. Think the blighter was paying entirely too much attention to the diameter of my neck. Probably thinks he can frighten me into a raise. Hmmp, give him two hundred a month now; not a wait more, by Gawd."

Horace looked suitably shocked, then leaned closer to Charles with an air of conspiracy. "It's the stuff they teach 'em in college these days, I tell you. Remember old Hector Delco; you know, chap was a year behind us in school? Well, he tells me he can't do a thing with his grandson. Seems the kid spent four years in college and came out a confirmed Socialist."

"What's he say?"

"Thinks any machine who isn't connected to a current originating at a TVA power station is a damned Fascist!"

"Horace, I'm glad we're not going to be around much longer. I saw a copy of an ancient history textbook they gave my grandson in high school. All about the French Revolu-

"Nothing but trouble with the boy. Insists on being a farmer."

"A farmer?"

"Yes, he's going to the agricultural college next fall; wants to study to be a milking machine!"

Charles clucked sympathetically and was about to offer what helpful advice he could, when they were interrupted by a series of sharp buzzing noises, which steadied at last into a low electrical hum. Charles, who was facing the hallway, reported the disturbance to Horace.

"It's poor old Ayteeantee, having another attack. No, he's all right now, a couple of waiters are helping him into one of the private rooms. Why don't they do something for the poor old chap?" Mr. Anthony Drexall Ayteeantee was the Oldest Member.

"They've tried to," Horace answered, "but he's too old now, I guess. Spent six months in the General Electric Service Department last year but nothing did any good. Ripped out all his old, frayed wires, too. Well, it will

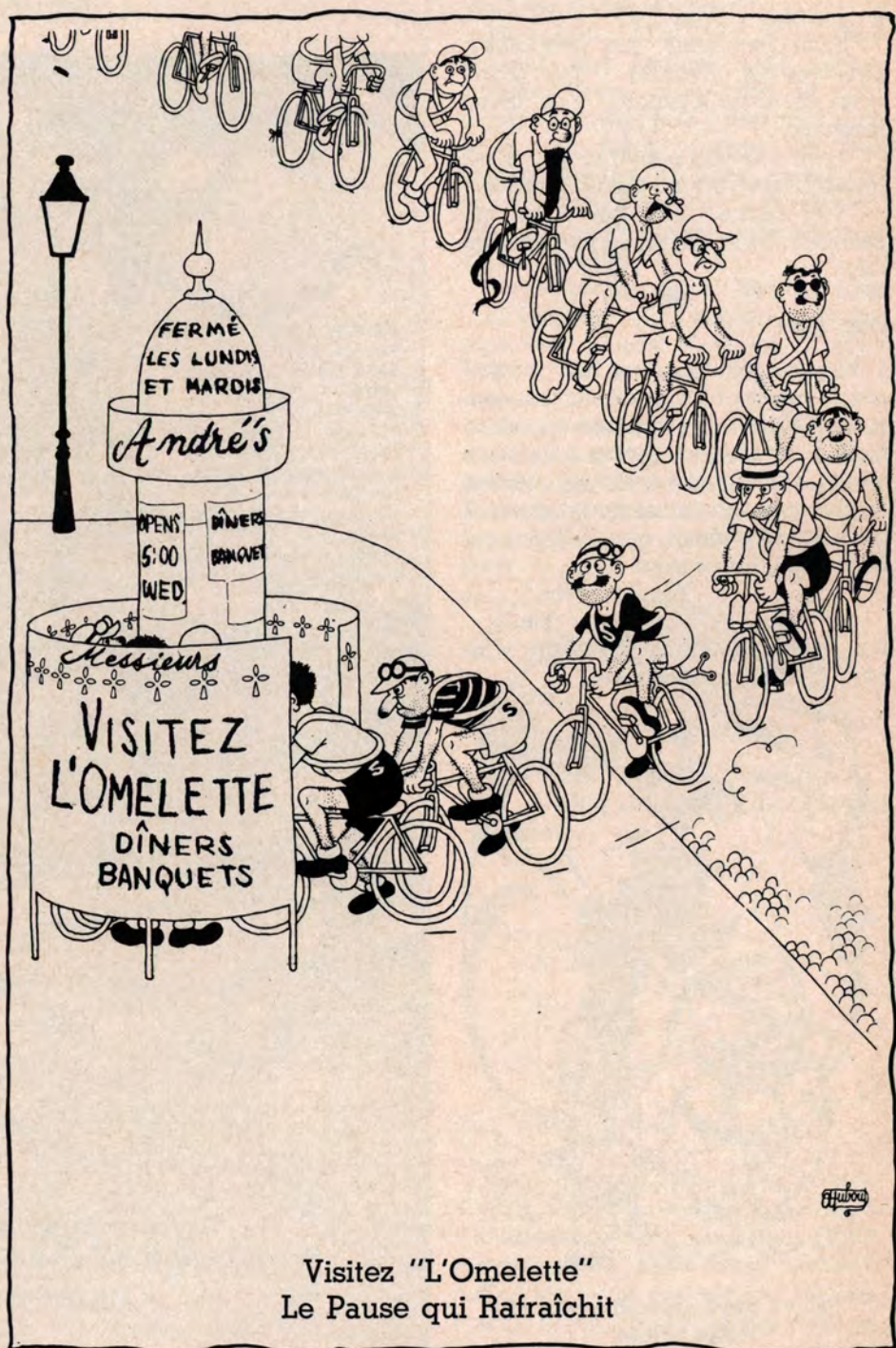
(Continued on page 32)



tion and the Rockefellers and the Morgans and some nonsense called an 'excess-profits tax.' Oughtn't to let stuff like that in the schools, Horace; gives the kids bad ideas."

"I know . . . the world's going to the humans. Say, speaking of your grandson, where is he planning to go to college?"

"Good old IBM, of course," replied Charles, "where his family's gone for generations. I ought to give the old place a donation one of these days, but I'll wait until they stop all this nonsense and make it to the Fuse Bowl; dammit, they've got the material down there. What about your grandson?"



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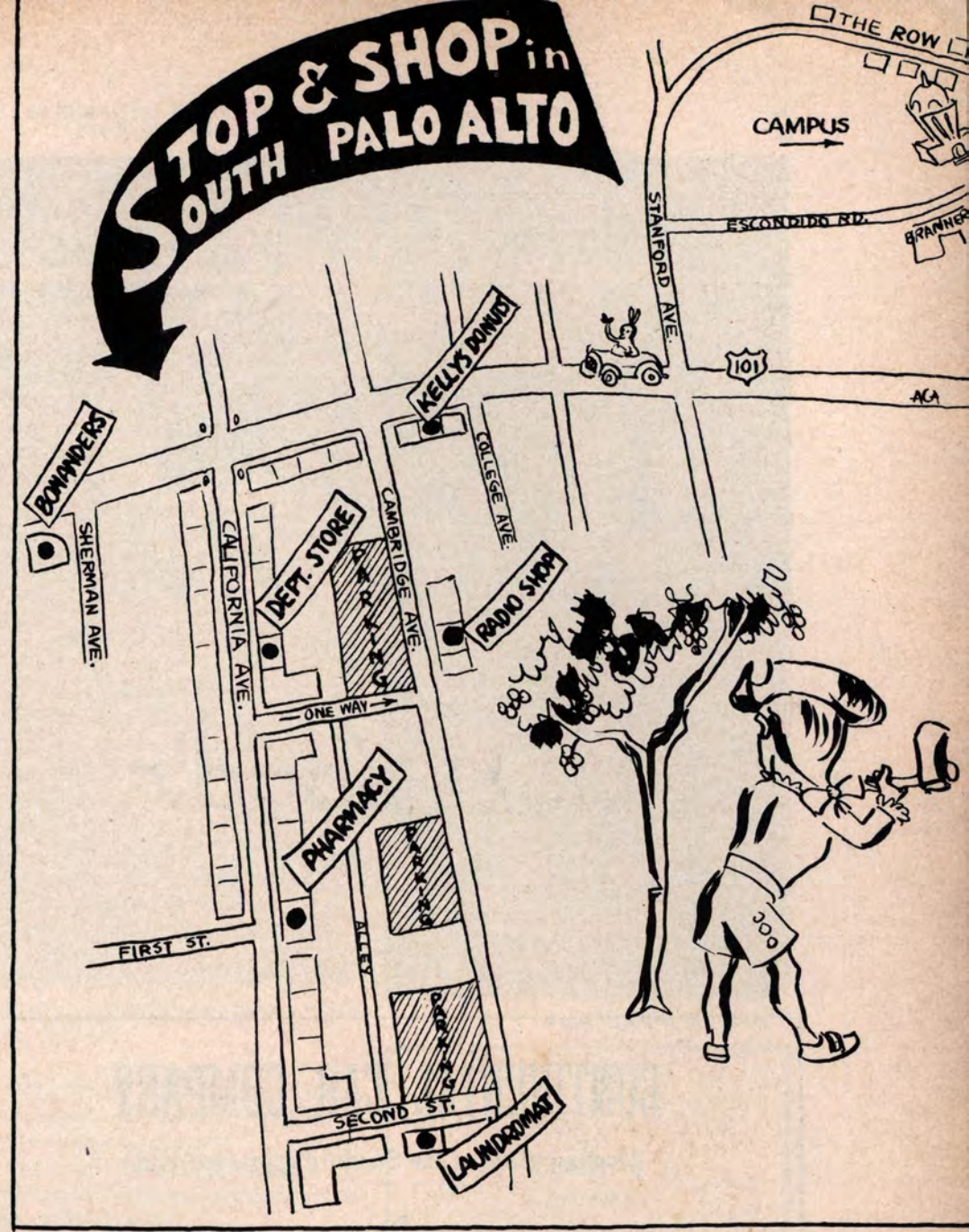
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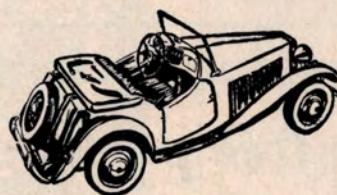
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### MORNING BECOMES ELECTRON

(Continued from page 30)

happen to us, too, someday, Charles."  
"I don't care what happens now," Charles replied with spirit. "Since the party got back into power, I'm satisfied; after twenty long years of that damned New Deal machine in Washington! I can die happy now, knowing the country's in safe plugs. Say, Horace, how are your kennels these days? Still keep up your interest?"

"You know me, Charles, can't leave the darned things alone. Borrowed Delco's stud a few weeks ago. Want to mate it with my prize bitch. If I can get a pure strain of blue-eyed blonds, I'll win the Grand National Human Show hands down next year. Should at least get 'best-of-breed' for those two wire-haired Americans I have. My gosh, look at the time! Got to push along, Charles. My best to your family."

"Bye, Horace. Same to yours." Charles settled back with his paper again, but a shout of laughter from the hallway interrupted him. A group of new members was watching one of their number intently. He, in turn, was engaged in entertaining them by causing his eyes to light up "tilt," much to the amusement of the others.

"Damn clowns," muttered Charles W. Univac, who then pulled out his own plug and drifted off to sleep.

"How come you don't go with Miriam any more?"

"I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed!" —Froth

"But, darling, we can't live on love."

"Sure we can. Your father loves you, doesn't he?" —Spartan



"You seen Zxyta tonight? She looks horrible!"

### LOOK, SAM

(Continued from page 24)

gave birth to twins only two weeks apart. They've had quite a lot of trouble trying to tell which was the father and which the mother. They finally gave up and put all four kids up for adoption.

And this Jorgan's business is really how old Leon got the money to build this time machine contraption of his, and how I got into this mess. I'd be all right if those fellows would put me back on the roof of the chem building. I'm sure he'll figure that's where I must be when he realizes that the new chem building is only six years old.

"Hey, Gordie, here comes the paddy wagon now."

"Okay, Al," answered Gordie, "but we'd better keep this gal tied up. She really has a screw loose someplace."

"Look, fellows, you've got to believe me. I'm Sam Clotts and I live in Phoenix and I'm twenty years old and I'm a junior at Stanford in 1979. You've got to believe me. I've got to get back to the roof of the chem building."

"Come on now, girlie, calm down, we're not going to hurt you."

"Leggo of me, you damn turkeys!!"

"Give us a hand here, men—she's getting violent."

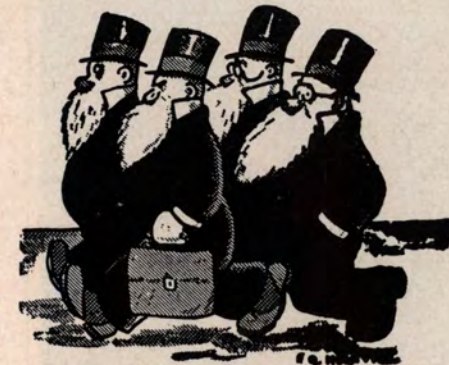
"I can't get over it, Gordie, and such a good-looker. She really must have a screw loose someplace."

"I wonder how the hell she got up on the roof of the chem building in the middle of the night."

"Telephone, Gordie."

"I'll get it, Al. Hello, Stanford Police, Gordie speaking."


"Hello, Gordie, this is Doc Warner at the hospital—thanks for sending this fellow down. He's really a riot—keeps raving about some lotion that can turn him into a girl. Get that, will you—a girl."



"No, it's your turn to get the Jorgan's Lotion."



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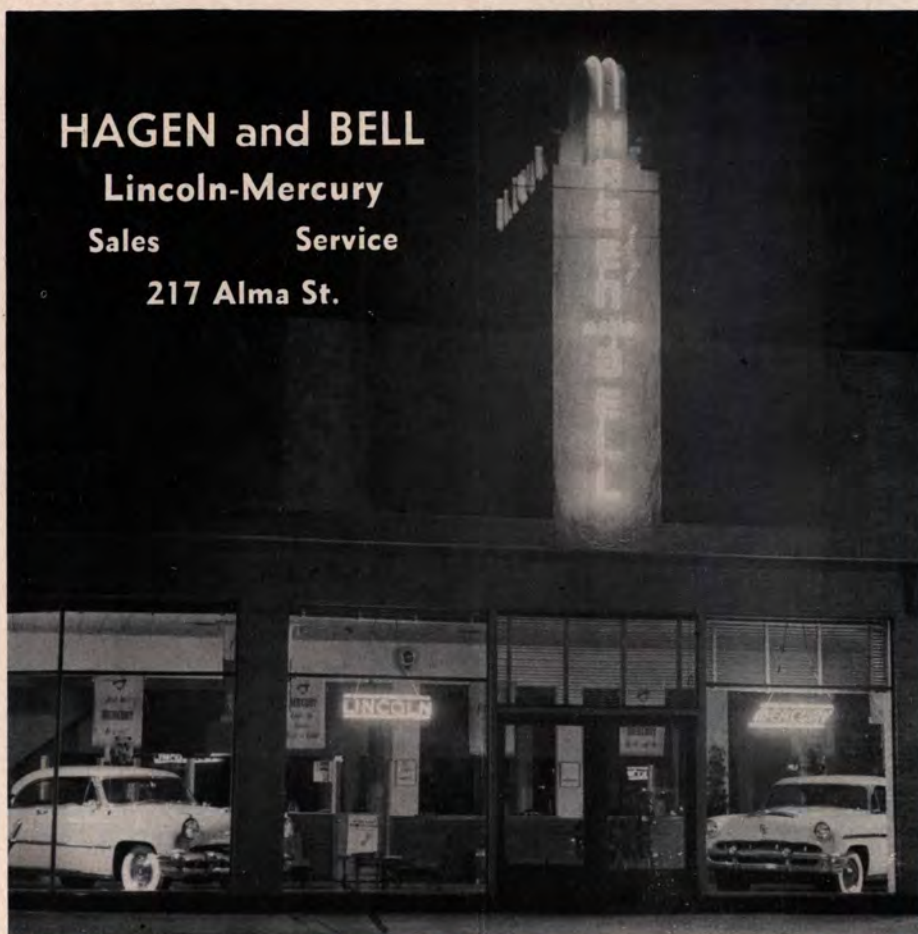
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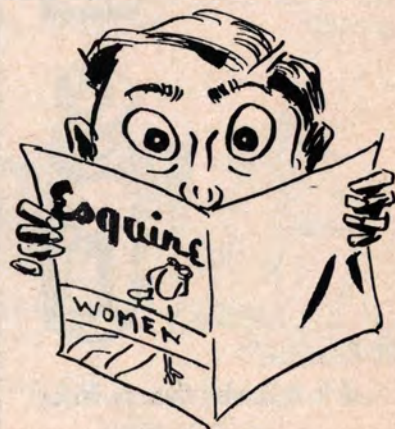
(Continued from page 21)

would have gotten away with it, if I hadn't been so curious."

"Curious?"

"Yes, I'd finished the record-changing and was on my way out of the registrar's office when I saw a copy of *Esquire* lying on a desk. No one was looking, and, well, you know I've never had the courage to look at those things, so I opened it. I opened to a big picture of a girl with no clothes on. I looked at it for a second, and then I heard a horrible scream. I looked around and the two girls in the office were looking straight at me; I looked at myself and nearly died of shame. I had blushed a bright crimson red—I was visible! I was paralyzed for a second, then I grabbed a coat from a rack and threw it on. Then it finally occurred to me to try to get out of there, and by then the room was full of people, all staring.

"Like they say in stories, the next thing I knew I was in Dean Simpson's office. I must have looked pretty foolish sitting there in front of him with nothing but a woman's coat on. That was the first time I noticed how short women's coats are these days. He must have gotten a good part of the story, because the first thing he said to me was, 'Well, what have you got to say for yourself?' I couldn't say much. I knew how silly the truth would sound to him. All I could ask was what was going to happen to me. He answered that he was going to wait for the counselors for men and women to arrive before deciding, but I knew I was on my way out. Then he gave a sort of giggle and started backing away from his desk, pointing at me. I was astonished until I looked at my hands; I was fading away again! Evidently my blush was wearing off. I



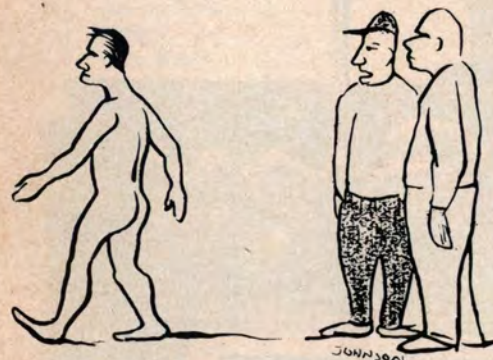
had stopped worrying; all I felt like doing was laughing. I laughed and laughed until the tears came. By now I was invisible and I felt more comfortable without the coat, which I dropped. I went over to Dean Simpson's bookshelves, still laughing, pulled a few books out and threw them on the floor. I felt giddy."

"Some sort of drug reaction?" I asked.

"I guess so. Anyway, that's how things were when the Counselor for Women, Miss Blackie, came in. The look on her face when she stepped into the room was something to see. I threw a book at her from behind Dean Simpson and laughed. He rushed over to reassure her. It was pathetic, really. I pinched her, and she fainted in his arms. That was when Mr. Richards chose to arrive on the scene. Picture what he saw: Miss Blackie in Dean Simpson's arms in a state of collapse, the room showing signs of a struggle, a coat thrown in a corner. He added two and two, got five, and came in swinging. To wind things up, I clipped him and got out fast. He literally didn't know what hit him. I didn't wait to see how Dean Simpson would explain all of it because I was afraid the drug would wear off, so I went back to my lab and dressed.

"I went back late in the afternoon, gave myself up, confessed, and was expelled."

He was gone an hour later. I heard from him occasionally for a few years, then we lost touch. I wondered what had become of him until today, when I picked up a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The lead article was "Do Flying Saucers Really Exist?" by Major William Randolph, as told to John Masters. I realized to what ends John had finally put his unusual talents. He had turned to ghostwriting.



"I don't know him from Adam."

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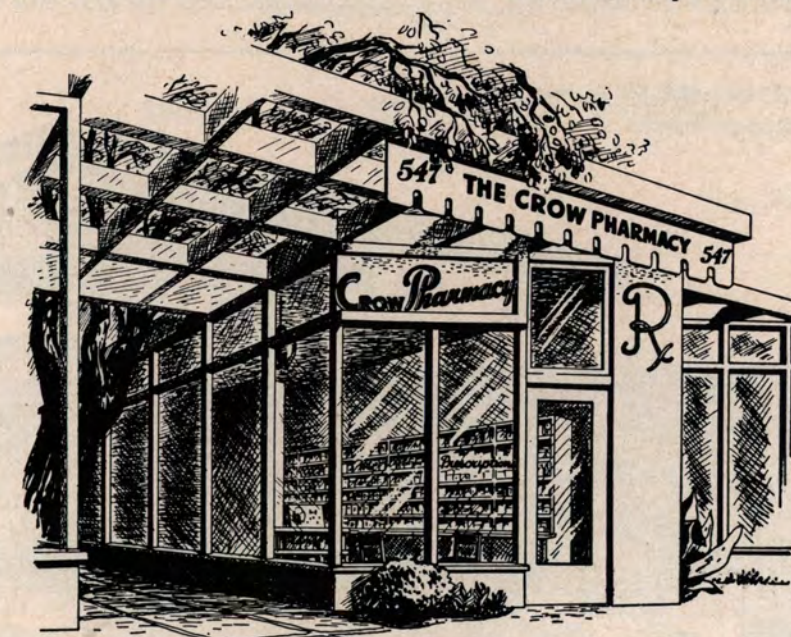


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### THE MONSTER

(Continued from page 17)

"Yeah, it does. DID THAT DAMN THING JUST MOVE?"

"Of course not. You're cracking up, kid. Cover it up again and we'll pick it up on our way down to dinner."

The four of them left the lab as Beetle mumbled, visibly shaken: "I swear I saw that thing quiver . . ."

Slowly, sluggishly, the long-forgotten thing stirred. It knew, deep in its own mind, that its creators had forgotten—that never would they return. It stretched a slimy tentacle down the side of the radiator, exploring tentatively. The hunger was strong within it—the physical hunger, its need for nourishment, and the stronger and deeper spiritual hunger, its need to seek its own. Companionship of its kind. It knew, somehow, somewhere, there would be others like it—others who would embrace and accept it, but it knew that they were not near. Yet, somewhere in the distance, it felt the presence of others. The vibrations were faint, emanating from far to the south, but unmistakably they were there.

The monster oozed through the darkened laboratory, looking for an exit. It pressed against the strong oak door, splintering it to shreds. It crept viscously down the stairs and out of the Life Science Building. The streets of Berkeley were darkened and deserted in the early morning, and the huge thing slithered undetected, grop-

ing always to the south and the ever-increasing vibrations of its kindred ones.

In downtown Oakland it met a man, similar in shape to its creators, clad in a blue suit and wearing a silver star of some sort on his chest. The monster approached, gurgling a noise of welcome. The man screamed piercingly and fainted. Hurt and sorry, the monster continued on its way.

Eventually it reached a body of water, knowing the emanations came from the other side. It stepped into the bay and crawled along the bottom, struggling toward the opposite side and those it knew were of its kind.



At one point in its journey across the bay, the thing paused to take on nourishment, pressing a giant shark to its putrid chest and consuming it alive. It felt stronger after the food and con-

tinued on its search for the place of origin of the maddening, pulsating vibrations.

Soon it emerged from the water, and moved on to another town. The sky was lightening now, and the people in the shape of the monster's creators were beginning to appear on the streets. Here, however, they did not scream and faint when they saw the thing. Rather, they seemed to accept it, and it was happy. The vibrations were strong now, and it knew it was approaching its goal.

Down a long street and into an area of sparser buildings it went. Here the buildings were all brown, with red tile roofs, and the vibrations shivered ecstatically through the creeping monster. It moved on, ever nearing its own. It came finally to a large, vine-covered building, and the green blood throbbed and pounded in its head. For there, standing inside, were the others . . .

"Gee, Mabel, we've only been here two weeks, and I've already been pinned to three boys and you've been pinned to four, including the president of the Phi Belch house." She giggled happily. "It sure is nice having all these men around. Isn't it just wonderful living in Roble?"

"It sure is, I mean really," said the monster.

The stork who brought you should be arrested for smuggling dope.  
—Spartan

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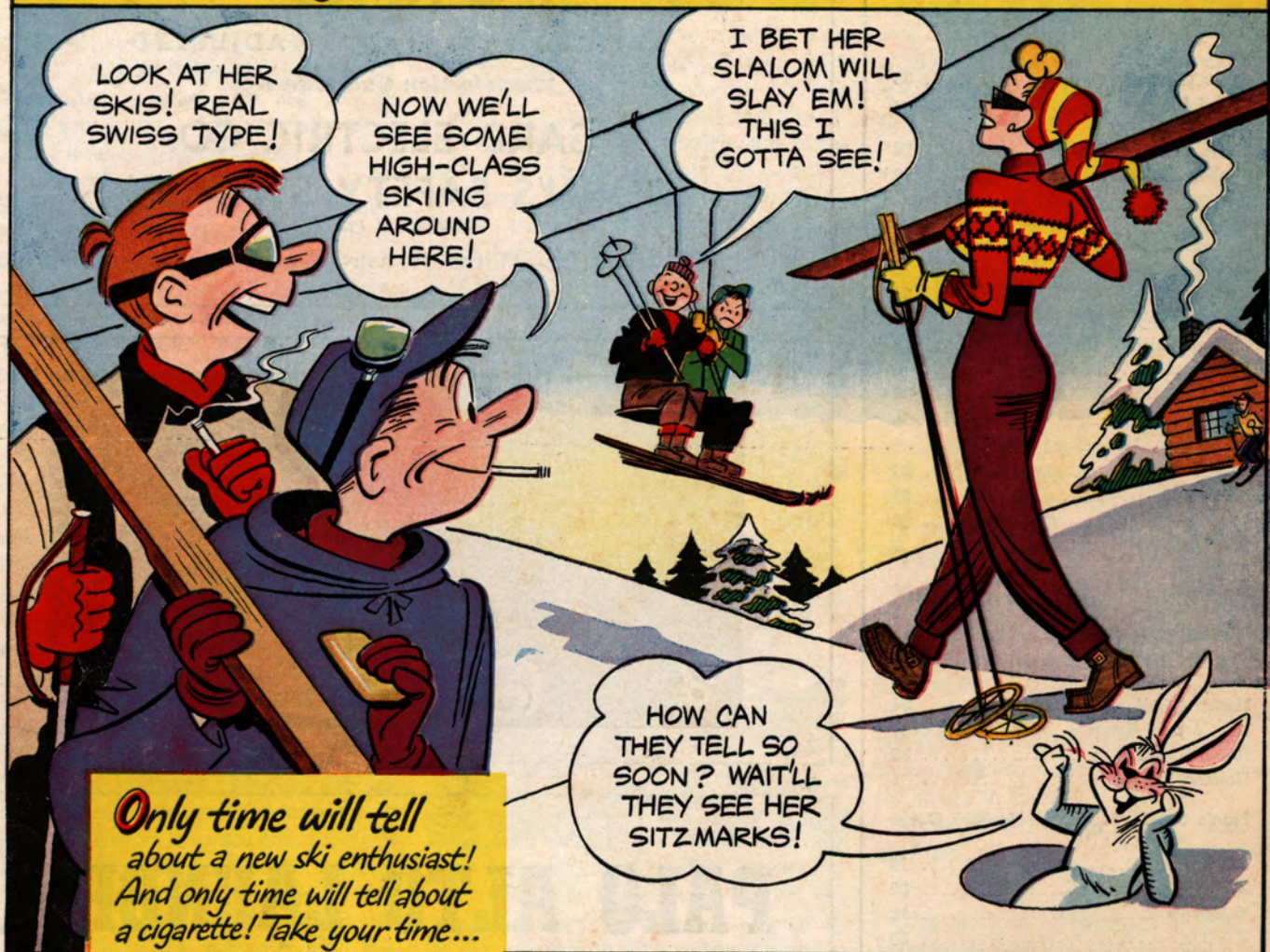
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