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Volume LVI, Number 5

PRICE THIRTY CENTS

February, 1955



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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 56, 1954-55
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1889, 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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NOW THAT the Old Boy presents his issue dedicated to California, he supposes he should have a reason for doing so. The Historical Fool realizes that 1955 does not commemorate anything of stupendous import in connection with California as such. However, he does know that 1955 is the sixth anniversary of the 100-year anniversary of the Gold Rush. Not only that, but this new year marks the sixty-sixth birthday of the Savant Fool. While he modestly wishes himself a happy birthday, he is still cognizant that

(Continued on page 4)

THAN
 NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT
 ALL.
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STANFORD CHAPARRAL
 VOL. 56, NO. 5 FEBRUARY 1955
 Copyright 1955 by *The Stanford Chaparral*
 Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto, California, Post Office), under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly eight times a year, October to February and April to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society.

An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California.

Represented nationally by the W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York 17.

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- Menlo Park

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Chez Yvonne



"She doesn't."

(Continued from page 2)

some other things happened in California before his inception. He's heard tell of the mythical land of El Dorado, the Spanish idea of a Utopian fantasy land, and the Old One cannot help but feel that with the advent and subsequent blossoming of Hollywood and the more recent construction of Disneyland that this ancient fantasy has become, at least in part, a reality.

But for the most part, civilization developed on a higher plane in the northern area of California. In fact, it still continues its predominance today. With the rush to the gold fields and the influx of pioneers, the city of San Francisco grew in proportions and enriched the state with ribald history. The Great Fire of 1906 was the most spectacular event of San Francisco's past. The Old Boy cannot help but take a little credit for interrupting the floor shows on the Barbary Coast that night. In fact, he alone was solely responsible for the earthquake. He recalls how in the wee hours of the morning on April 17th, 1906, in Myer's Pub in Menlo Park, Maury Oppenheim and the rest of the Chappies toasted the Hammer and Coffin Society, formed that night. The Old Boy, drunk with glee, picked up his silver hammer and proceeded to knock the stuffings out of the Peninsula. In retrospect the Swinging Savant feels he might have overdone it a bit, but after all a person only has one first birthday.

After this high spot in California history things became a little more humdrum—that is, until the 'twenties with bathtub gin and the Charleston. And once again the Cognizant Codger feels he can draw a parallel between life in the 'twenties and now. He notices the abundance of beads and short haircuts on the feminine of the species and he doesn't have to say anything about the current popularity of gin. He is thankful, though, that he doesn't have to worry about Prohibition, at least not for a while.

So in this issue the Old One takes a jesting poke at his home state and parodies some of the more blatantly "popular" events and scenes in the history of California. But even with all the jesting he feels that there is no other place he would rather live than in The Golden State. ■■



A FOLKTALE



By John Woehler

NOW LISTEN, Natasha, and you will hear the story of the great victory of our brave Soviets in the New World many years ago. It will show you and the rest of the little ones the daring and resourcefulness of the precursors of communism in the days before the Great Red Light first began to shine on Mother Russia.

In those days a little band of men had set up the beginnings of a new Peoples' Republic in the land of Caliform beyond the rising sun. They were there to inform the natives of that savage land of the advantages of giving their all for our great country. Naturally, as savages will, the natives at first refused to accept the doctrines of co-operation, preferring the barbaric habit of laboring for themselves and their families instead of for the State. Gentle persuasion soon reduced the country's inhabitants so much that our brave comrades were actually forced to do all the work themselves, naturally a great hardship for any representative of the Soviet. They were reduced to hunting sea otters and the fur seals along the coast to make ends meet. But things soon became better as the intrepid men pushed farther and farther south, occupying territory foolishly claimed by the natives merely on the grounds that they had lived there for three hundred years and had conquered the land themselves long before. Was anything more illogical and barbaric? Fortunately our men, with five hundred reinforcements, were able to crush the tiny uprising that followed the peaceful territorial acquisition.

But then, as all good things do, this happy era of peace and enlightenment came to an end. Dirty, bearded barbarians who had lived in caves on the eastern side of the continent were swarming over the mountains and corrupting the natives with their

decadent ideas of democracy and, if you'll pardon the foulness of my tongue, freedom of thought. From all over they came, forcing our comrades farther and farther back into the hills and fastnesses of northern Caliform. And then the Great Visitation came. It happened in this way.

The last leader of the Soviets, Sergei Berklov, called a meeting of the Cominform of the Caliform. He had had a Great Visitation the previous night after a bout of vodka, gin, seal otter fur, and native girls. This was unusual in itself because his visitations usually came a number of weeks after his bouts with the local patriotic native girls. Comrade Sergei stood up firmly and told of his Great Visitation. "Comrades," he said, "last night I got the true word. A Great Red Light will rise within a hundred years in our section of the world. Go and build a secret settlement among a group of the lowest form of human life that you can find. A great tower like that of our beloved Kremlin will rise from the heart of your settlement. There will be many to speak our doctrines and spread our ways and act as we do. And over all the light from the Great Red Star will diffuse and spread throughout the whole section." And the men from the Cominform of the Caliform complied. They built a great secret city on the heights above Franciskov Bay, and named it after Sergei. Then a hundred years passed.

And so it came to pass, Natasha, that the city of Berklov arose. A great tower stands above the center of our settlement, now the home of the lowest form of human life, and there are many to spread our ways and act as we do. As in the prophecy, a Great Red Light spread over the whole area. Indeed, you know as well as I do that Berklov has the largest Red Light Section in the entire world. ■■

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for you in a jiffy!



Mother: Have a good time at the party
and be a good girl, dear.

Co-ed: Make up your mind, mother.
—Scop



The codfish lay a million eggs.
The little hen but one.
But the codfish doesn't cackle
When her little stint is done.
And so we praise the artful hen.
The codfish we despise.
Which makes it plain to thoughtful
men . . .

It pays to advertise.

—Tomahawk



"May I have this dance?"
"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a
child," she said with an amused smile.
"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I
didn't know your condition."

—Tomahawk



Many a man has made a monkey of him-
self by reaching for the wrong limb.

—Tomahawk



"What did you do when he disapproved
of your bathing suit?"
"Oh I just laughed it off."

—Tomahawk



A tired doctor got his wife to answer the
phone by the bed, and say he was out,
giving advice which he whispered to her.
"Thank you very much, Mrs. Simpson,"
said the voice, "but I should like to ask
you one thing. Is that gentleman who
seems to be in bed with you fully qual-
ified?"

—Tomahawk



"I don't think you were sup-
posed to take the Golden Spike
home with you, Senator."

Lundin McBride



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Photograph by

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Try Edgeworth—choice cool smoking white burley in the air-tight pouch. America's finest pipe tobacco.



SPECIAL OFFER \$1.50



Get this new polished aluminum stem "Park Lane" pipe with interchangeable imported briar bowl and exclusive "dri-dome" which traps moisture to insure a dry, cool smoke—along with 2 full-sized pouches of Holiday Tobacco. If your dealer cannot supply you, use this handy order blank.

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Mail with \$1.50 to Park Lane, Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.

CM-2



Barbary Coast



Ma and Pa Kettle visit one of the more famous of the Gay 'Nineties' night clubs. The dancing girls wear red high-heeled shoes for costumes. See it but don't bother with a date.

Cab to Carmel



A hell-raising ride from the City to Carmel. Fred MacMurray picks up Myrna Loy as the cab rockets through Watsonville on the way to the Bing Crosby Tournament.

The Cisco Kid



The thrill of the "old West" in all the glory of the Spanish conquest. Leo Carillo dons his tasseled hat and proves that the mambo was popular then too.

Timber City



Starring John Wayne as Paul Bunyon and Rhonda Fleming as Babe; California's redwood toothpick industry is filmed in glorious Vista-vision.

Tijuana Holiday



Orson Welles, Henry Judson, Aly Kahn, Dick Haymes, and Rita Hayworth laugh it up at Agua Caliente in Baja California. The film that made Rita.

Two Years Before the Mast



It's a helluva long time to be tied in front of a mast but Alan Ladd survives the ordeal. Go watch the cowboys hurl hides off Dana Point.

San Francisco



Jeanette MacDonald shakes in Clark Gable's arms as the quake rocks the Bay Area.

Rin-Tin-Tin in the Trees of Mystery



Paradise!

Mother Lode



Gabby Hayes can't keep the secret and Randolph Scott keeps mother loaded as the bad men steal the gold.

The Grapes of Wrath



Henry Fonda and Marie Dressler are featured in the controversial movie taken from a controversial novel.

Fitzpatrick Trav-L-Talk



A good look at the modern Rat Pack in action in East L.A. Violence, murder, and sex in America's fastest-growing slum area. The latest fashions in "High Style" clothes. A useful flick for growing young hoods.

ROCKY'S
The original Stanford
PIZZA

5 miles south of Stanford
939 El Camino, Mountain View

Tourist—Milking the cow?
Yokel—Naw, just feeling her pulse.
—Barter

Notice on bulletin board of zoology department:
"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."
—Barter

Both women and pianos are similar in brand. Some of them are upright and some of them are grand.
—Aggievator

The farmer's daughter returned from college for her summer vacation and her father looked at her critically and said, "Lost some weight, didn't you?"
The girl replied, "Yes, Father, I weigh 110 pounds stripped for gym."
The farmer leaped out of his chair and yelled, "Who the hell is Jim?"
—Aggievator

A German in the Soviet Zone reported to the police that his parrot was missing. He was asked whether the parrot talked. "No," he replied, "he's dead."
—Pelican



"Wait 'til she turns around."



"Psst! Feelethy ceramics?"

SH-BOOM! Hitch your wagon to a star deal at
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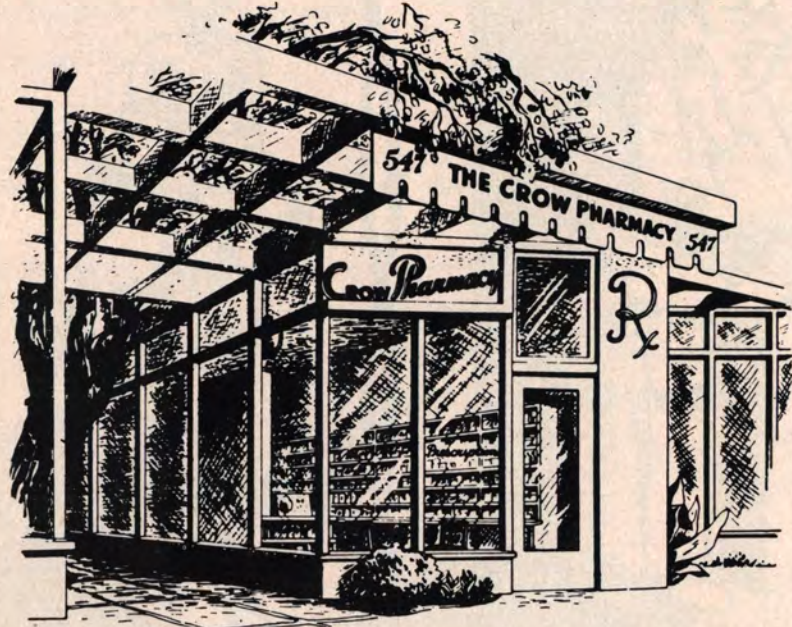
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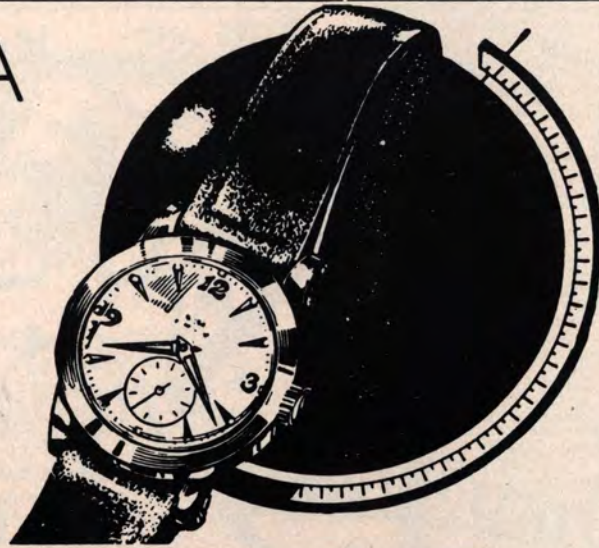
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the World
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to Trust



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The Old Boy Presents



1830

John Woehler has unearthed a musty manuscript giving the inside story on the first pioneers in California. Unfortunately, they weren't Americans.

1849

A new character by Bill Davis fills in for Sir Galahad. We think it's just as good.

From the mining town of Stinking Wells comes a tale of the old West by Rex Burns. Perhaps you've been there yourself and seen the site of the famous "Rat Race."

1906

Wm. Mayo Hindle and Robt. Haydock re-create some artistic impressions of the Great Quake with a photographic assist from the Stanford Collection in the Library.

1927

With the "Charleston" blaring loudly on the victrola and plenty of bathtub gin flowing freely, the Jazz-A-Doo team of Hayes, Farmer, Shoup, and Timberlake has chronicled a zany Thorne Smith-type story of Stanford youths and bootleg hootch in the Golden Twenties.

1935

Working with a grant from the W.P.A., Rivera M. Hindle has portrayed the march of progress through technocracy. If the mural doesn't seem to be going any place, it's only because there is no place to go.

1955

Huggable Jean Bashor writes of a western hero who was born a hundred years too late. The Colorado Kid manages to be part of "the code of the West" even while he's not on television (Mon. nite, 7:30, CBS).



Westward ho, you malcontents,
To a land that knows no line or fence.
Go found an Empire made of gold,
Trade quickly, then get richly old.
Build railroads or be a governor do,
This world's not seen the likes of you.
Chinese labor, Napa wine,
This paradise will turn out fine.
Virgin forests (that means uncut),
Soil for the date, the orange, the nut.
A thousand miles of rugged coast
A-dazzling in the sun,
From down in San Diego to the coast of Oregon.
And one by one the cities grew;
Good news was out and East it flew.
Fields in wheat, mountains in snow,
You keep your heaven—here's where to go.

—Hindle



*some zany tales for February
which deal mostly with the
boys from Encina and a late date on Quad*

At Ease, Sir

Our red-hot R.O. units at Stanford have been indoctrinated very successfully in the art of saluting. We recently saw an N.R.O.T.C. middie in front of the Bookstore frantically trying to put his two armloads of packages in his left arm. He was



juggling hysterically as a resplendently blue-uniformed gentleman wearing much gold on his sleeve calmly approached. Finally the midshipman succeeded in getting his saluting arm free, snapped to attention, and froze with his arm halfway in the salute. The immaculately uniformed gentleman was the fire chief.

The Resourceful Mind

Late for an important date at Lag, a stalwart Stanfordite was speeding campusward with only seconds to spare. The inevitable Menlo cop took chase at a crucial point, and near the Con Home stopped the delinquent motorist. "Where's the fire, buddy?"

"But I've got to get to the Palo Alto Hospital, Officer! My mother is gravely ill, she's dying of monohypernucleosclerosis, I've got to get to her!" The impressed officer leaped into his car, siren blaring, and escorted the anxious student to the hospital. Waving to the officer, the Rough rushed from his car into the building, through the lobby, out the emergency exit, into his car and on to Lag, a mere three minutes late for his date.

Turkeys of the Year

Among the better Encina tales is the one about three pixilated Frosh climbing up the fire escape in the wee hours of the morning. Much to the amusement of nearby sleepers, they were making noises like a turkey and shouting, "I'm a turkey,

you're a turkey! Everybody's a turkey!" Unfortunately the policeman descending the fire escape didn't take kindly to being called a turkey. The three celebrants were booked for "Gobbling on the fire escape at 2 A.M."

Rock of Ages

The Fable of the Rock is another Encina story of a past year. A roomer dragged a 120-pound rock up the fire escape to his room, and used it as a very effective silencer on the men living below him. However, he and his roommates dropped it on the floor once too often and brought the ceiling down on the unfortunates below. Luckily, no one was hurt, but naturally this led to complications with the powers that be. Mrs. Sumner, poor woman, told one of the roommates to take the rock off campus, but by no means to throw it out of the window. Being very lazy, the roommates left a note telling the boy of the ultimatum, but forgetting to inform him of the clause, "not out the window." Appalled at the thought of carrying 120 pounds down three flights of fire escape, the boy lifted the rock to the window and pushed. He did not see Mrs. Sumner driving by. The rock crashed to the ground, making a foot-deep hole. Being aggravated, she immediately called on the boy and asked for an explanation. The last we heard of the episode, the unfortunate youth was trying to placate Mrs. Sumner by saying, "Now don't get mad, now don't get mad!"

Petty Larceny

A girl we know on the Row told us recently about the night she and her roommate borrowed her boy friend's car to go out for a hamburger. They got the hamburger. They also got several beers, and a mad idea. They were detained slightly by a narrow-minded Judge in Santa Maria, but they managed to get to Los Angeles by the next afternoon.

We asked her what her boy friend had to say when they got back, and she answered charmingly, "Oh, he didn't care. It was an old car." ■■

◀ **The Old Boy chauvinistically presents Nini Charles, his California Queen.**

Photo by Doug Van Orden

FABLES

OF

THE

FARM



Inscribed by Rex Burns
Illuminated by Wm. Hindle



The Great Rat-Race

**A Harrowing
Experience for
All Concerned**

IN WHICH ARCHIBALD,
THE WONDER-RAT,
DOES NOT LIVE UP TO
ADVANCE NOTICES

THE POPULACE IS CHAGRINED

MANY BETTERS ARE
ANGRY AND
EMBARRASSED

So Is Archibald

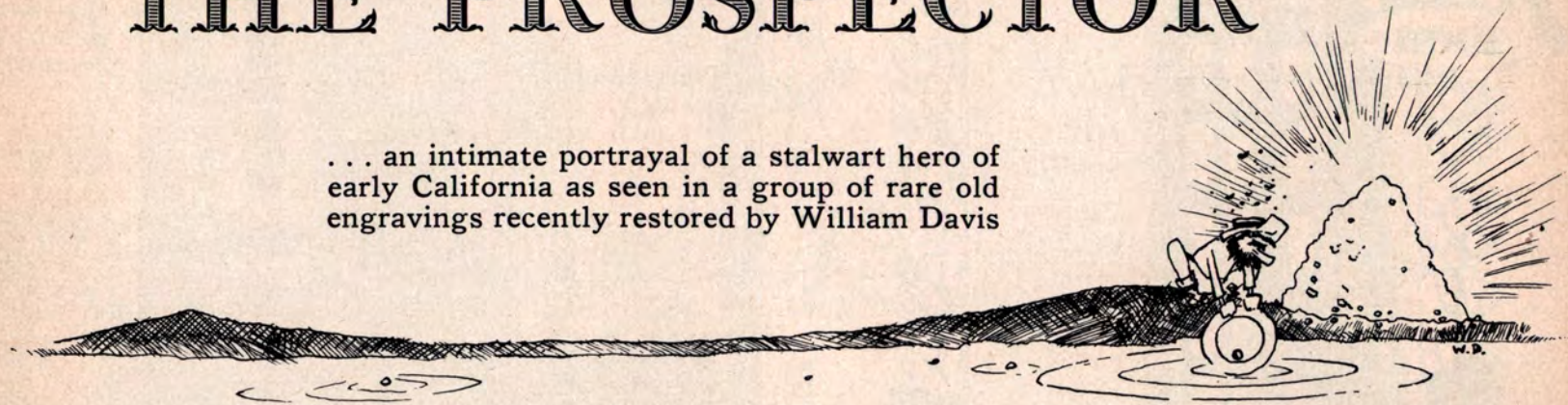
Many people have heard of the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, made famous by Mark Twain in his story of the same title, but few have heard of the fierce competition that arises on the eastern California desert town of Stinking Wells at the time of their annual Kangaroo Rat Races. These Rat Races were begun by the 49'ers for entertainment when it was found that the town had no women, and they have been held every year since 1851, as the town still has no women. The most memorable race of this thrilling annual event occurred right after the Civil War. The favorite at this time was a talking 'roo rat named Archibald, sired by Longfeet from Lucky Run, and owned by an ex-soldier from the bluegrass country, one J. E. Simpson, sired by Simpson from Smith.

One week before the great event, Simpson had come out of the hills carrying Arch in a shoe box, and weighed him in at a booming 8 ounces. They both disappeared immediately afterward, and at once the curiosity of the town was aroused. As the sharpers of the town were extremely sensitive to the slightest indications of luck in the coming races, a quiet but thorough search was instigated throughout the town and surrounding countryside. On Tuesday morning the word was spread among the sharpers that Simpson and Arch had been found; they were in training in a small, secluded gulch not far from the town. Simpson had bought three other 'roo rats, two females and a male, named Queeny, Goldylocks, and Fuzzy, respectively. The sharpers spied on the camp and saw Arch race against Fuzzy, and Arch's speed was phenomenal. As the information spread throughout the town, the betting odds shifted toward Arch, and wild tales about his speed

(Continued on page 35)

THE PROSPECTOR

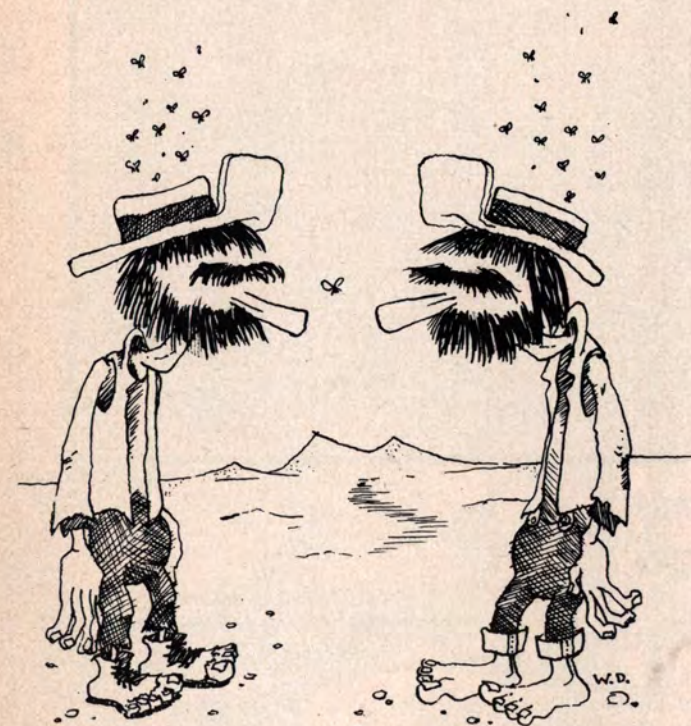
... an intimate portrayal of a stalwart hero of early California as seen in a group of rare old engravings recently restored by William Davis



"Breathe on it again, Hannibal. You know I hates fish medium rare."



"Ants, ants, nothing but ants!"

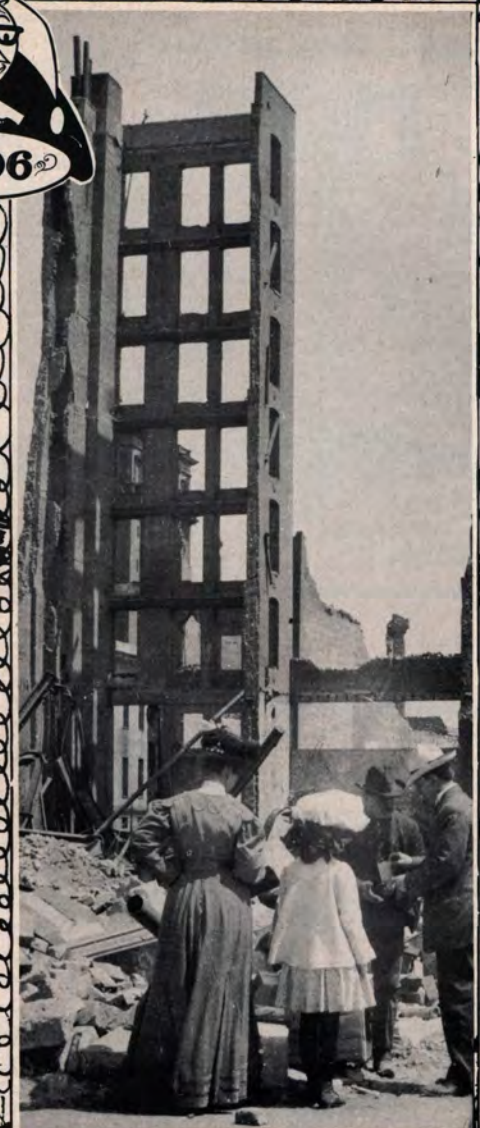


"Tain't mine either . . . must be a stray."



"Well, I'll be damned!"

1906



"But this is the address they gave us."

Businesses not totally destroyed were moved out to the street. Here passers-by watch some entertainment before making their purchases.



Photographs courtesy of San Francisco Chronicle



Moments after this photograph was taken, the man second from right was arrested.

The urge to propagate was prevalent following the earthquake.

THEIR FINEST HOUR



1906 . . . this was the age of the first Roosevelt, wicker chairs, and patriotic decalcomania. This, too, was the age of the great earthquake—when San Franciscans kept on going despite tremors which cracked chimneys and tilted pinball machines.

PROCLAMATION
BY THE MAYOR

The Federal Troops, the members of the Regular Police Force, and all Special Police Officers have been authorized to KILL any and all persons found engaged in looting or in the commission of any other crime.

I have directed all the Gas and Electric Lighting Companies not to turn on Gas or Electricity until I order them to do so; you may therefore expect this city to remain in darkness for an indefinite time.

I request all citizens to remain at home from darkness until daylight of every night until order is restored.

I Warn all citizens of the danger of fire from damaged or destroyed chimneys, broken or leaking gas pipes or fixtures, or any like cause.

E. E. SCHMITZ, Mayor.
Dated, April 18, 1906.



Some buildings, like Hoover Tower, went unscathed.

Nearsighted policeman gives desperado citation for illegal possession of fluted cannon.



People flocked to the Tuesday Evening Series as usual.

THE ILLEGITIMATE PUNCHBOWL

By Al Hayes, Don Shoup, Tom Timberlake, and Mark Farmer

—Jazzing It Up At The College Hop—



... Flaming youth, bathtub gin, and the jazz age!
They all live again as we revisit California, 1927 style.

TO ONE APPROACHING the Vista Del Mar Hotel the scene would not have appeared unusual, at least not for a Saturday night. The tasteful white colonial façade provided a delicate contrast to the Moorish awnings which canopied the fountains in the hotel's neo-Pompeian courtyard. The brilliant glow of the many Japanese lanterns and the multitude of high-powered automobiles parked in front would indicate that a party was in progress. Furthermore, the modern jazz sounds coming from the muted saxophones which are so closely identified with Arch Appleby and his Rhythm Rascals would dispel any doubt from the mind of the bystanders.

However, upon moving into the building, one would be amazed at the lack of animation evinced by the partygoers. For no one was dancing, and no one, apparently, wanted to. The party was a flop. That the party was a flop could be traced to one distinct, tragic, and immutable fact—no liquor.

Biff Lewis, Arthur van Sickleby, Vinnie Sandhurst, and Peachy Mullins were seated together at one of the tables in the main ballroom. Biff and Arthur were fraternity brothers at Stanford. Biff was a player on the varsity grid, and Arthur was distinguished mainly by the fact that his father had made eight million dollars. Vinnie and Peachy were sorority sisters, and were escorted respectively by Arthur and Biff. Vinnie had just transferred to Stanford from Vassar.

The four of them were talking over the muted blare of the saxophones. Peachy spoke loudly.

"The thing I can't understand is why we whizzed down here twenty miles from Stanford just to go to a party with no booze. I'm really miffed!"

Biff answered her, "I'm sorry, cuddles, but the cops have closed down every speak between San Francisco and San Jose. You can't get a pint of bad gin for love nor money these days!"

Arthur said, "You know, I've never liked any party I've ever been at where I didn't get high. There might be some vanilla extract in the kitchen."

Biff looked up hopelessly. "No. I've already checked."

Half-disgusted, Vinnie spoke, "Is that all you people can think about, drinking? It seems to me, after all, that there are better things in life. When I was at Vassar

the boys we dated seemed to get along fine without drinking."

"I'll bet they did!" muttered Arthur.

"Say," said Biff, "this place is dead. Let's go for a spin in the Stutz. There's a full moon."

Peachy and Arthur acceded readily, and Vinnie followed reluctantly. The four of them left the building and walked out into the crisp evening air.

Vinnie and Arthur climbed into the rumble seat. Biff started the engine, and they were off in a dust cloud.

They drove three miles before Biff pulled up to a stop at Devils' Slide.

He put his arm around Peachy, and Arthur, taking the example to heart, put his around Vinnie. Vinnie inched away from him, but she found that there wasn't much room in a Stutz rumble seat.

"Please, Arthur," she said frostily. "After all, I only met you just this evening."

"Oh, for God's sake," Arthur mumbled. Vinnie said, "Dartmouth boys didn't act like boors the first time they met a girl."

Peachy said, "Oh, shut up and enjoy yourself, Vinnie."

Vinnie, still on unsure ground, tried to draw Arthur's mind away from base ideas. Seizing the first opportunity at hand, she said, "Look at those rowboats out in the ocean. Are they night fishermen, Arthur?"

"Naw, they're probably white-slave runners," he grumbled.

Peachy said, "Look! They're unloading boxes."

"Probably white slaves in boxes."

"I'll bet they're rumrunners," Biff said. "Let's sneak down and watch."

"Great! I'm for it," Peachy concurred.

"If I find a white slave, can I keep her?" asked Arthur.

Peachy said, "But the boxes look too small."

"Hell, I'll find me a big one. Let's go!"

And Arthur pulled Vinnie bodily out of the rumble seat and dragged her protestingly down the hillside. Peachy and Biff followed, flushed with the glow of illicit adventure.

Meanwhile, down on the beach a motor whale boat was starting up and heading back to the "Queen of Mexicali," a well-known, efficient rumrunner, to pick up another load of its liquid cargo.

When the four adventurers arrived at

Illustrated by Eileen Conaghan

the bottom of the cliff, there was no sign of the smugglers. The only thing to mar the serenity of the scene was a neatly stacked pile of liquor cases. Biff and Art stood gaping incredulously. The implication of the situation dawned on both of them simultaneously.

"Maybe they're boxes of oysters," Vinnie ventured.

Biff intervened with a hoarse whisper, "Shh! They might have left a guard, but I think they all went back to the ship to get another load."

"We have two alternatives, as far as I can see," ventured Arthur. "Either we leave with some of the whisky, or we leave without it."

Biff said, "I think I can carry two. Think you can handle one, Peachy?"

"Sure. How about you, Vinnie?"

Vinnie, dumbfounded at the whole series of events, could say no more than, "I don't know."

Peachy shoved a case into her hands before she could protest, and a moment later the partners were scrambling up the hillside with six cases of liquor.

As they reached the car, Biff kicked over the starter, and they were on their way back to the hotel.

Meanwhile, down on the boat, a large fat man was talking to two cohorts. He said, "Lissen, you guys. I still say we should of left Inky back watchin' the cases."

"Ah, he's half looped already. He wouldn't of done no good anyway," Bugs argued.

"I ain't drunk," Inky protested. "You guys have been drinkin' as much as I have. Besides, nobody's gonna swipe those cases. Hell, the Sheriff promised there wouldn't be no cops for twenny miles."

"Yeah, I know," the fat one, whom the others called Tiny, said, "but those cases are gonna bring us a hunnert an' fifty bucks apiece when we unloads 'em on the open market."

During the course of this conversation, the boat had reached the shore. Tiny gestured to Inky, who got out and wearily beached the boat upon the sand.

Inky stopped in his tracks. "Hey!" he said, "they was twelve cases here when we dumped the last load. Now they's only six!"

"He's so drunk he can't even count."

"Naw, count 'em yourself. They's only six there."

(Continued on page 30)



**OR PRELUDE
TO THE UNMITIGATED
MUSICAL STENCH**

... Hard times, the Red Peril, and Oklahoma migrants coming to the Golden State. Let's take a look at California in the '30's.

by W. Mayo Hindle

DAMN YOU, CY CLEMENS

IT WAS 1935. A violent wind had just ripped across Oklahoma in the general vicinity of Bleeding Scalp, Ribald County. The storm shelter at the Clemens' came to life, and the door flew open with gusto akin to the bilabial output of a blue-lipped Ubangi in the final stages of lockjaw. A rather weathered woman stepped out. "Do you reckon Mr. Roosevelt is finished yet?" she said. "This is no time for deep political thoughts, maw," her son answered. "Get into the house," he said, laboring under a fantastic illusion. "Where's paw, Cy?" she asked. "I don't reckon he made it, maw. He was a-runnin' for the shelter when the wind come up and blew his shoe across the south pasture." "Heck, just a shoe. What became of paw?" "His foot was in it." Cy spat upon the ground, and there was sudden talk in Washington about building a dam. "Where do you reckon he is now, Cy?"

Cy pointed off toward the horizon. "He must be under a good seven feet of Louisiana by now." "But that way is Kansas, Cy." "Not if Huey P. Long . . ." "About Paw, Cy. Do you reckon we ought to stick around till it rains? Maybe he'll come up in the spring." Cy scratched his chin, trying to avoid the raw patch of sand blister. "Like I said before, maw. This ain't no place for man nor beast nor mothers. I'm in favor of California." Maw Clemens jerked so suddenly she threw her hip out of joint. "You stop usin' them nasty words, Cy. I suppose it's some word you picked up down at the pharmacy . . . when it was there." Cy looked her in the eye (the right one . . . the left one was swollen shut from the fierce flail of a cow's tail . . . when the cows were still grounded). "Maw, California is a state. It's a touch of old Oklahoma. In fact, if this wind keeps up, the top three feet of any state

you name will be a touch of old Oklahoma. But listen, maw. California has got mountains and the ocean and tall trees and the most fertile soil on earth." Maw Clemens looked off at the horizon. "Do you suppose paw would come up in the spring there?" "I feel sure he would, maw. They say out there you stick something in the ground, water it, then beat it with a stick to keep it away from the house." "Oh, son!" "It's true, I swear. All you got to do is mention Will Rogers. The whole place suddenly opens its arms to you like cousin Helen when her husband's been in St. Louis for a month. No, no. That ain't fair to California." "You got my vote anyway, Cy. I always wanted to see for myself what they put in those prunes." After packing six empty fruit jars, the G string off an old Chicago guitar, and the latest AAA bulletin, the two stepped out into a passing wind. (Passing Wind,

that's three miles south of Draining Sinus.) Luckily for them, the wind was the 6:05 heading west. It was a bright, sunny day in Los Angeles when they "blew" in. "We'll head up state in a bit, maw. But, let's take a look at the big city first. Look over there. They say that's where they held the 1932 Olympics." "Who wants to hold old limp picks? It reminds me too much of your paw. I'm hungry, Cy. What's that place over there?" "It's the University of Southern California, maw." "That must be one of those biology classes over there where they're shaving that ape." "Heck no, maw. They're getting the football team ready for spring practice. Don't get too close. I see by the schedule they ain't been fed since morning." About this time someone came to the rim of the pit and threw some meat to the team. Maw Clemens looked the other way.

Illustrated by Bill Davis

"Cy, let's move on to that place upstate they call the Farm. I hear they're doing a lot of cultivating up there. They say, too, they're paying awfully high tuition. What does that mean?" "Well," said Cy, "a tuition is something the government pays you for every acre you plow under. It's a horticultural service." She twitched in amazement. "Cy! I wish you'd stop using those nasty words." (Continued on page 26)





THE WEST: RECODED

by Jean Bashor

It is the afternoon of the morning that Two-Gun McCune broke his neck when his horse slipped on a rock in Monrovia Canyon. The incident was not according to script and has quite unnerved the Colorado Kid, although he keeps reminding himself that after all Two-Gun McCune is a highwayman and he, the Colorado Kid, is a fighter on the side of law and order. The filming has been called off for the day at great expense to the Colorado Kid's sponsor, "Twenty-Mule-Team-Instant-Sourdough-Muffin-Mix," and the Kid has driven to Pasadena to see his good friends the Magnuses. He has hope that the Magnuses will strengthen in him the belief that the defense of right against the forces of evil is worth the great personal danger of his thankless position.

In Pasadena he finds that Mr. and Mrs. Magnus have driven to Santa Monica for the day and left their young daughter Melissa in tears over the fate of Damon, her beagle puppy, whom Mr. Magnus has labeled a nuisance and threatened with being "put away" if Melissa does not succeed in presenting him to some other family. The Colorado Kid's famous chivalry triumphed in his bosom, and he has promised to rescue Damon by finding him a home. So that is why, hardly five hours after Two-Gun McCune's dreadful accident in Monrovia Canyon, the Colorado Kid is guiding a beagle across a busy intersection in Los Angeles toward Marty's Bar.

"Hello Kid," Marty says when Damon pulls the Colorado Kid into the bar by a leash which is attached to Damon's collar at one end and wrapped around the Kid's wrist at the other.

"The usual?" Marty asks.
"Sarsaparilla," the Colorado Kid draws. The young couple at the far end of the bar look quizzically toward the middle-aged man in the conservative blue suit and red tie. Marty goes to their end of the bar to get a bottle of cherry pop which is what the Colorado Kid means when he orders "Sarsaparilla."

"That's the Colorado Kid," he whispers to the young couple.



... and the cycle is complete. The Colorado Kid rides again!

The Colorado Kid nods patronizingly at the pair, and their eyes open wide at him and turn back to Marty.

"He only drinks cherry pop—good example for the yout' of Amer'ca, ya know." He pauses and allows his eyes to guide their eyes back to the Colorado Kid, who is engaged in attempting to make the wobbly puppy speak for a pretzel. The puppy is seated on a bar stool with his long nose resting on the counter, his sad eyes on the long bar mirror.

"Oh, yeh," the young man exhales, "I didn't recognize him before. He is t'e hero of my kid brother." He continues to stare at the protector of the plains long after Marty has left with the cherry pop in a tall glass of ice.

"Who's that?" Marty asks, indicating Damon.

"A dog."
Marty tilts his head to one side studying Damon.

"What kinda dog?"
"Beagle. He hunts, I think."
"Yeh? No kiddin'?" Marty says. "Your dog?"

"He belongs," the Colorado Kid says pointedly, with the acuteness born of the frontier existence, "that is, he used to belong, to a young lady named Melissa."

Marty is immediately on the defensive. With the acuteness derived from long association with the Hero of Frontier Existence, he says, "Oh, no; oh, no, I don't need no dog here, oh, no."

"Good for mice," the Colorado Kid tempts him.

"Mice in here I ain't got," says Marty firmly.

That seems to settle Damon so far as Marty is concerned. The Colorado Kid slumps perceptibly.

"Say, how's business?" Marty asks.
"Not so good. I'm thinking of getting out while I'm still healthy." The Colorado Kid echoes the vast legion of western lawmen who preceded him in the fight for law and order.

"Trouble?"
"Two-Gun McCune broke his neck in Monrovia Canyon today."

Illustrated by Rod Freebairn-Smith

"Ah, no. He was always one of the smartest robbers you catch. Who'll they get to play the part? No one as good as him, I bet."

The Kid nods and fills Marty in on the particulars. Marty suggests that if Henry is really serious—Henry being the given name of the Colorado Kid—would he consider going into business with him? Henry flinches and murmurs that the Colorado Kid must ride clear of business dealings. They are looking as sad as Damon when Ross Spears comes in.

"Lo, Mr. Spears," Marty says.
"Hank, I been looking all over for you," Ross says to the Colorado Kid. "A scotch and water, please, Marty."

"Hello, Ross, meet Damon," Henry says without looking up from the glass of pink liquid, but secretly studying Ross in the bar mirror from beneath his barely opened lids. He will not try to give Damon to Ross, he decides; Ross would not give Damon a good home.

Ross nods to the beagle and sits down next to Henry.

"What's your trouble?" Henry asks, still staring at the drink.

"I'm having trouble with my girl, Cecily."

"My specialties are bank robbers," Henry says pettily.

"She doesn't want to see me again. She says I'm a cad."

Henry closes the eye closest to Ross and cocks his head to see him with the right.

"Are you?" he says.
"Am I what?"

"A cad."
"Well, I—no, of course not."

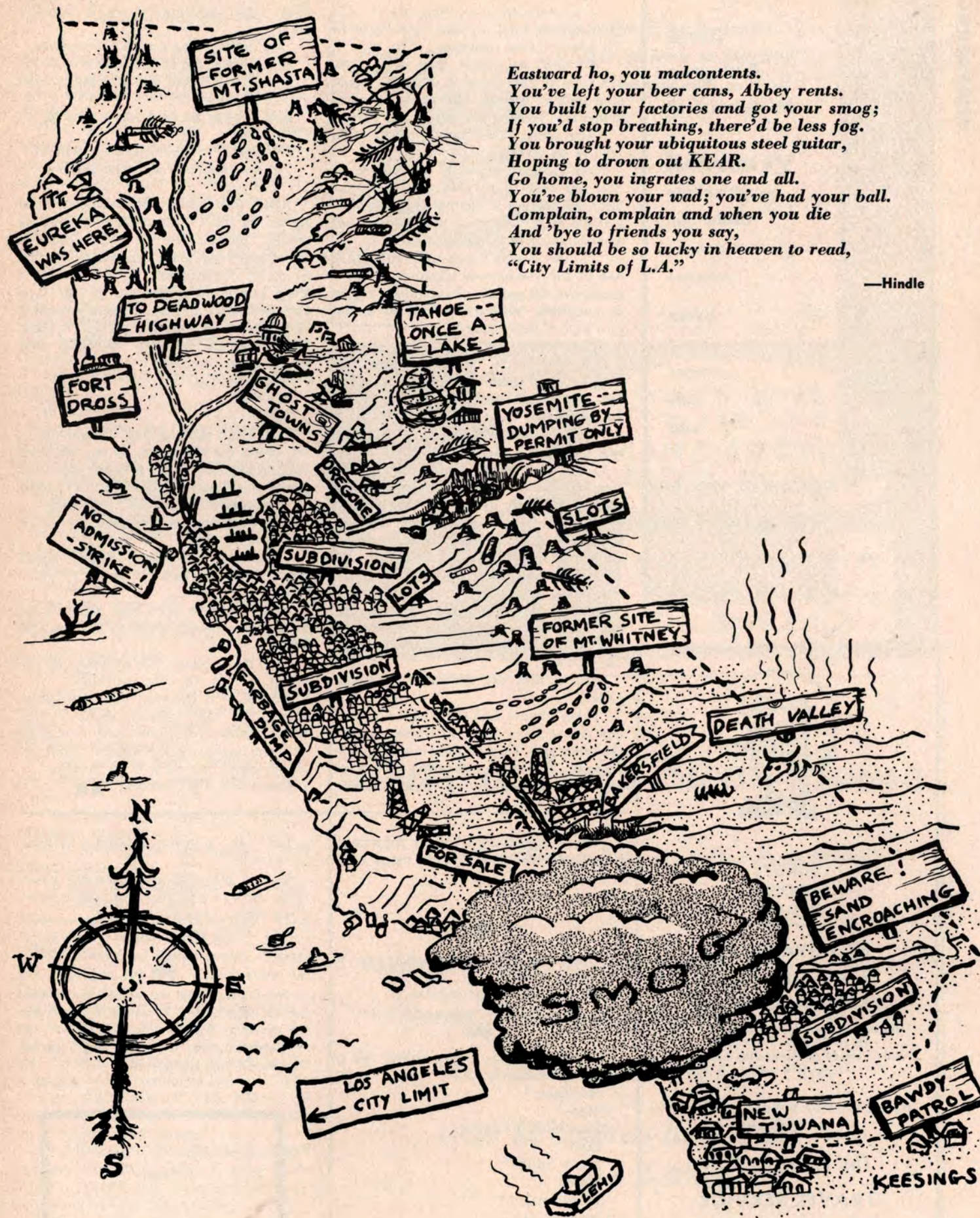
"What do you want me to do?"
"Go see her. Explain to her that I'm a nice guy."

"Why me?"
"You're good at fixing things."

"He does it every Monday at 7:30," Marty puts in. "We got to eat early on those days so the kids can see him."

Henry pulls himself back into the protective guise of the Colorado Kid. "No, Ross," he says, "I don't mix much with the women folk."

(Continued on page 27)



Eastward ho, you malcontents.
You've left your beer cans, Abbey rents.
You built your factories and got your smog;
If you'd stop breathing, there'd be less fog.
You brought your ubiquitous steel guitar,
Hoping to drown out KEAR.
Go home, you ingrates one and all.
You've blown your wad; you've had your ball.
Complain, complain and when you die
And 'bye to friends you say,
You should be so lucky in heaven to read,
"City Limits of L.A."

—Hindle

David
Elkington
Watchmaker

Precision
watchmaking
dealer for
longines-wittnauer
watches

lytton
and
cowper
palo
alto

Damn You, Cy Clemens

(Continued from page 23)

If that's the kind of place this Farm is, I'm sorry I ever mentioned it."

"We can't be choosy, maw. We gotta get busy at something. I suppose I could sing some of the old home tunes for gatherings . . . like for that group over there."

"You mean them young people with UCLA on their coats?"

"The cleanest bunch of bird bathers I ever saw, maw. Let's go over. One of the clean-cut fellows is waving a red flag with a sickle on it. I wonder what people that age are doing in a cub scout pack?"

" . . . As it was theatrically foretold!" one of the youths was shouting. "Never again will the specter of capitalism regain its audacious footing and kick the nation into such a depression."

"What he say?"
"He says, maw, it's a standard that people never should watch their broken feet when they are being pressed in the auditorium of the Capitol Theater."

"Well," said Maw Clemens, "there's a new approach."

"I bet if I start singing for such a clean-cut bunch of smart fellows, they'd recognize a little of the flair for the unusual in me, too." Guitar under arm, he strolled into the group. "Hiya, gents. I got my old instrument with me today . . ."

"Get the filthy bum out of here," someone yelled.

Cy went on. "And I thought you might enjoy a good old American folk song to liven up your meeting. What would you like to hear?"

"Throw him out, comrade!" someone yelled.

"I don't know that one," said Cy, "but how about *Blow the Man Down, Sailor?* Or better still, here's a little one I thought up on the way out to California. It's called *You Got Your Cotton-Pickin' Nerve,*

moron—something which, in the winter-time, girls wouldn't have so many colds if they put.

harp—a nude piano.

—Leer

"Don't you think our yard is an intriguing place?"

"I'll say. It's a real fairyland."

—Aggievator

A college professor was calling roll in one of his classes.

"Robinson."

"Here."

"Rosenthal."

"Here."

"Mary Smith."

"Here."

"Wannamaker."

Chorus, "Yes."

—Aggievator

Little Darlin'." He immediately began to sing, after explaining it was a woman's song.

*"Me and my man was out for a drive,
We spotted this here beer-sellin' dive.
The juke-box was playin' some sad and
pretty tune,
His shirrtail was out and so was the
moon.*

*We started to dance and then to shout.
The waitress said we gotta order or
get out."*

About this time one the members stood on an old NRA button and addressed the group. "Do you hear that? Have you ever heard anything more attuned to the job at hand? Spread this . . . this sort of thing among the people and we can stand back and catch the whole society when it crumbles! Our cause will prevail!" Then, turning to Cy, he said, "What is your name, good comrade?"

"Cy," said Cy.

"Cy?"

"Cy."

"Cy, I can promise you Yosemite Valley comes the revolution, if you but keep singing like that. I can promise you fame, a gold-edged party card, the palms in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel! Anything . . . comes the revolution. Welcome, Cy, to immortality!"

"You hear that, maw? Rudy Vallee's gonna read my palm in Beverly's hotel room."

Maw Clemens spat and grabbed his arm. "This sounds about as lewd as that Farm."

"No, maw, relax. I'm going to be immoral. That's what the man said."

And so, it is apparent these few years after 1935 that western music in the Golden State is not just something to go with the tapping of a novocained foot . . . every single note of it is on purpose!

Damn you, Cy Clemens. ■■

Joe: She's a vision of beauty. A regular mirage.

Gus: I get what you mean but you're using the wrong word. A mirage is something you can see but can't feel.

Joe: That's her.

—Shaft

The doctor came out of the bedroom to the anxious wife. "Frankly I don't like the way your husband looks at all."

"I don't either, Doc," the wife replied, "but he is nice to the kids."

—Leer



The West: Recoded

(Continued from page 24)

Ross is piqued: "I saw your last TV show," he says; "I calculated five persons were killed who wouldn't have been if you hadn't bungled things before the first commercial."

"That wasn't my fault," Henry says peevishly; "it was that silly Mohican comrade of mine." The Colorado Kid is always accompanied by his "trustworthy Mohican comrade, Big Shoe." Big Shoe is played by a temperamental Latvian refugee who holds his role of Mohican comrade in utmost contempt and is in turn held in contempt off stage by the Colorado Kid.

"Don't blame it on Big Shoe," Ross says; "I still say if you had shot Dirty Dan when you saw him escaping, you could have wound the whole thing up in three minutes."

"Ace Crowley," Henry mutters petulantly.

"What?"

"Ace Crowley, not Dirty Dan — Ace Crowley."

"Well, anyway, you should have shot him," Ross says maliciously.

"Oh, the Colorado Kid don't never shoot people," Marty says.

Henry tilts his head back and disdainfully nods.

"Not even wound them a little?" Ross demands.

"He only shoots the guns outta their hands," Marty says proudly.

"And Ace Crowley didn't have his gun drawn," Henry adds.

Ross snickers.

A plan is forming in the Colorado Kid's head to rescue the fair damsel and foil the villain, in this case Melissa and her dog and Ross, respectively.

"I will see your 'girl'" he says, hanging quotation marks around *girl*. "I have a plan."

"The Colorado Kid always has a 'plan'," Marty says grandly.

"You will?" Ross says eagerly; "gee, Hank, if you would . . ."

The Colorado Kid brushes him aside.

"Her address?" he asks.

Ross shoves a card into his hand. "It's Apartment D on the second floor."

The defender of justice smiles, "Good-bye, Ross; see you later, Marty; come on, Damon, old boy."

The picture of Two-Gun McCune's purple face with his neck bent at an unnatural angle is fading from the mind of the Colorado Kid at five o'clock in the afternoon as he drives up in front of Cecily Cramer's apartment and leads Damon up the stairs to her door. He is even humming softly "High Noon."

A small trim girl with her hair arranged in a palomino pony tail and wearing black toreador pants and a lavender pullover answers his knock on the door.

"Are you Cecily?" he asks.

"Yes, I am," she says and blushes.

"I'm Henry Budget."

(Continued on page 28)

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(Continued from page 27)
 "Oh," she says and blushes again.
 "You blush easily; don't you?"
 "Yes," she says, turning crimson.
 "May I come in?"
 "What do you want?"
 "I'm a friend of Ross Spears."
 "Oh," she says again; he stares down at her long curled lashes and small pointed nose as she hesitates. "Please come in," she says finally.
 "This is Damon," he says irrelevantly.
 "Oh, hello, Damon," she says. "Will he bite?"
 "Oh, no," Henry says; "that is, no one but intruders."
 "Oh, will he bite them?"
 "Probably," Henry says.
 "Why did Mr. Spears send you?"
 "He says you won't see him."
 "I won't; he's a cad."
 He looks thoughtfully into her golden eyes.
 "You know," he says; "your eyes are really beautiful."
 She blushes.
 "They're just the color of Damon's."
 She comes out of her blush. "What?"
 "I think he was absolutely destined to be your dog."
 She looks definitely confused.
 "You know, I think you're right about Ross," Henry says. "He is a cad—a girl like you isn't safe from him."
 "Oh."
 "He's liable to break in here some night."
 "Oh."
 When she says "oh" her mouth blossoms into a little red flower and her eyes open wide. She certainly is pretty, Henry thinks, and she certainly is dumb.
 "I was going to try to convince you Ross is all right, but now that I've met you I'm going to tell you the truth. Ross is pretty dangerous for girls like you, and I'm going to give you Damon for protection."
 He shoves the leash into her hand and with his other hand opens the front door and takes his leave.
 "What does he eat?" she calls after him.
 "What?"
 "I say, 'what does he eat?'"
 "Old Monterey Clam Dip, like the Digger Indians used to eat." The answer is automatic. Old Monterey had been his sponsor for two years prior to his switch from radio to television.
 "Oh," Cecily says; she looks really shocked.

The Colorado Kid is very happy on his drive back to his home in Westwood Village; his keenness of observation and superior cunning have once more saved the day. He stops by on his way home to see Two-Gun McCune in the hospital and whistles going up in the elevator. He is definitely in the right business, he thinks—fade-out music from a portable radio in one of the rooms which he passes on the way to see McCune, and the Colorado Kid mentally rides into the West. ■■



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The Illegitimate Punchbowl

(Continued from page 21)

"I thought I saw a car headin' sout' just as we was comin' in," Inky said. "They must of been the rats what swiped our booze."

"Hey," said Tiny. "The Sheriff said the only doin's around tonight was a collitch hop party goin' on down at Half Moon. You think some of them nutty kids could have lifted the hootch?"

"Could be," said Bugs. "Let's get on down there and take a quick look-see."

Meanwhile, the party was continuing admirably. Biff and Peachy had succeeded in injecting their ill-gotten gains into the festivities via the medium of the punch bowl. The chaperones, Miss Beamish, housemother of the Alpha Epsilon Phi Sorority, and Dean Bunbury of the Classics Department, were amazed at the accelerated nature of the festivities. Arch Appleby's musical aggregation seemed to have caught fire, and the young dancers were alternating between snappy executions of the Black Bottom and trips to the punch bowl.

"I say, Miss Beamish, the celerity with which the youth of today can conduct a celebration certainly gives one food for thought, doesn't it?"

Miss Beamish drained her fifth consecutive glass of punch. "It certainly does, Dean Bunbury." A wicked gleam came into her eye, and she sidled closer to the Dean. She asked hesitantly, "Tell me—may I call you Bunny?"

"Why, Miss Beamish, I suppose that would be perfectly acceptable in the idiom of today. Would you care for another glass of punch? It's amazing just how refreshing this is."

"Thank you, I'd love one. Would you care to dance, Dean . . . Bunny?"

"Well, I'm not much for the Charleston and all these modern crazes, but—why not? When in Rome, I always say. Hot Diggity Dog!"

In the door leading to the terrace, three uninvited guests made their appearance. Bugs squinted at a sign on the door and read it off laboriously. "The All-Campus Charleston Costoom Hop. Say, this must be that 'higher eddicayshun' they's always blabbin' about."

Tiny snorted, "Naw, that's them guys with books and stuff. Shuddup anyway. We got work to do."

"Say, boss, how do we know they even have the booze?"

"You sap! We'll find out. Go grab a dame." Tiny snapped.

At this moment, Vinnie was essaying a high kick as a climax to the most wild and unsteady Charleston she had ever attempted during her inhibited life. She flew out of control in the midst of a leaping gyration and stumbled toward the edge of the floor.

The mobsters parted ranks with well-

(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 30)

practiced precision, and a moment later Tiny, Inky, Bugs, and a giggling Vinnie were out on the terrace. Tiny spoke out of the side of his mouth: "Okay, babe. Where's the booze?"

Vinnie giggled. "You Stanford boys can be so masculine. I never knew what I was missing at Vassar."

Bugs said, "Can the hooley, girlie. Where's the booze?"

"All we have is in the punchbowl. We stole it from some rumrunners." She giggled tipsily. "My, I'll bet they're mad."

Tiny said, "Mad ain't the word for it, baby. Where's the punch bowl?"

"In here," Vinnie said, and took Inky by the hand. The four of them made a procession back into the ballroom, and Vinnie ladled out four cups from the huge bowl.

"Six goddam cases? All in here?" Tiny gasped.

"Sure tastes like it, boss," Bugs said.

"Ain't much we can do about it now, boss," Inky ventured. "We can't put grape punch back in the bottles. Might just as well help drink the stuff."

Tiny was paying little attention. He turned to Vinnie. "Hey babe, where's the guy what decided to swipe the stuff in the first place? I wanna congratulate him."

"Oh, that's sweet," Vinnie laughed. "You Stanford people are always so willing to congratulate a friend for a job well done. I'll have to introduce you to Biff."

She drained her cup and led Tiny over to Biff, who was lying in a corner, his head propped in Peachy's lap.

"Hey, you the guy what lifted six cases of hootch?" Tiny said.

"Yeah, sure," Biff answered.

"C'mon outside. I wanna talk to you." Tiny pointed menacingly to the doorway.

"Huh? Oh sure, buddy," Biff answered groggily. "Hey, that sure is a great outfit, pal. You look just like a mobster."

"Thanks, pal." Tiny slapped Biff on the back so hard he nearly gagged. He led Biff out onto the terrace and said, "Okay, mister. I got a score to settle with you."

Biff, impressed with Tiny's convincing behavior, said, "Great! You talk like a gangster, too. Come on in and have a drink."

Tiny grabbed Biff by the arm and twisted it behind his back. Biff merely laughed helplessly. Half-dragging Biff back into the doorway of the party, Tiny called to Bugs and Inky, who were still standing around the punch bowl talking to Vinnie. "Hey men! We gotta take care of this guy."

Inky and Bugs staggered hilariously toward the door. Bugs had his coat on inside out, and Inky was wearing a mauve-colored cloche hat he'd stolen from one of the celebrants.

Inky spanked Biff smartly on the rear and said, "Sure, we'll take care of him, Tiny! What this boy needs is a drink!"

Distressed, Tiny blurted out, "But

gang! This is the guy what swiped our hootch!"

"So what! It weren't doin' us no good on the beach," Inky roared. "The least we can do is feed him some of it."

Peachy, who had been standing on the edge of the gathering for the last several minutes, interjected, "Oh, are you fellows the gangsters? I've always wanted to meet a gangster."

Inky, overwhelmed with the chivalrous aspect of the situation, said, "Charmed, my dear. Me and Bugs have always wanted to know collitch kids. I'm afraid our pal Tiny is making something of a deadhead outta himself. We'd appreciate it deeply if you would, perchance, feed him a slug or two of that punch."

"But we gotta do something! Don't you guys even wanna rough him up a little?" Tiny sobbed, on the verge of hysteria.

Biff, who by this time had worked himself free of Tiny's hold, said, "I sure gotta hand it to you, Buddy. I've never seen anybody look as much like a gangster as you do. Have a drink on me, pal."

Tiny was weeping openly. "Dammit," he wailed, "I try to be a good crook. I do my jobs. I'm honest. I never crosses nobody. I do my best . . ."

"The poor man's positively unhinged," Vinnie offered. She had been observing the happenings for the last five minutes.

Bugs grabbed Tiny around the neck in a stranglehold. "If you don't like bein' a

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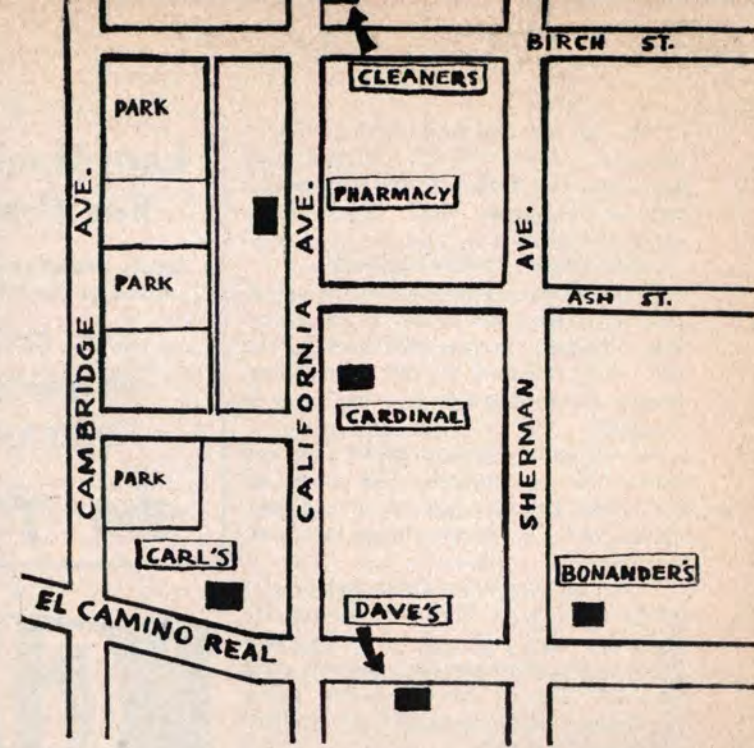
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The Rat-Race

(Continued from page 16)

were invented with every shot of whisky. The only hope for the other contestants was that there would be some flaw in Archibald's abilities; and there was.

The thing that was causing the grey hairs to spring upon the head of Simpson was the horrible infatuation of Archibald for members of the opposite sex. It first became evident when Arch raced with the three other rats. Simpson had set them on the starting line, and dropped the flag. A small cloud of dust covered the starting line, and two speedy figures sprang out of it. Simpson's jaw dropped with amazement as he saw Fuzzy and Goldy dashing into the far turn. And it sagged even further as he saw Queeny and Archibald, surrounded by dust, embracing. Simpson stopped the race and lined them up again, and again the two figures shot from the cloud of dust; this time it was Fuzzy and Queeny. Arch had caught Goldy and lost the race in the some ignoble manner. This continued time after time, always the same. As Archibald himself sadly told Simpson, "I just can't help it. I try not to and I try not to, but every time I get with females, I just can't help it." Simpson pondered the idea of starting a new type of Rat Race, but as Arch was already entered and the bets were made, they could only go through with it. As the day of the race grew nearer, Simpson tried everything from lectures on Platonic love to locking Arch up with Goldy and Queeny in the hope that he would tire out, but it was no use.

By Friday morning every miner in Stinking Wells knew about the handicap of Archibald. Loud wails and curses were heard from those who had bet on him, and louder cheers came from Arch's competition as they rushed to the scales to weigh in the most alluring female kangaroo rats that could be found. A meeting of Archibald's angry backers was called in the Green Spitoon Saloon, and various desperate ideas were voiced by those who had bet their money on the famed speed of Archibald. Finally a decision was reached, a delegation named, and six burly miners went to Archibald's training camp to inform Simpson of the decision.

Simpson's face blanched when he heard the proposed plan, but he could think of nothing better, and the time for the race was close. Simpson called to Arch and gently broke the news to him, while the six big miners stood by. Arch gasped, pondered, and then sadly conceded that it was the only thing to do if he really wanted to be an athlete. Then one of the miners came forward with a thimbleful of whisky and a sharp, hooked knife . . .

The day of the race was beautiful, and at sunrise the colored flags and bunting hung from every window and door. Hawkers were selling souvenirs, and the most thoughtful of the miners were already sitting along the race course to be sure of a place. Crowds of miners, especially

drunk for the holiday, filled the street, and behind the swinging doors the whisky flowed like buttermilk. By noon every man in the county had crowded the track and was waiting for 2:00 P.M. At 1:45 the entries made their appearance amid the roars of the crowd. All fighting ceased and last minute bets were being called out and snapped up. The object of the most curiosity was Archibald. Word of his operation had leaked out, and now thousands of dollars rode on his furry, brown head. He crouched on the starting line, legs tense, eyes staring down the track—every millimeter a champion. One by one the other rats took their places, and it was rumored that it was no accident that the two 'roo rats flanking Arch were the most comely rats in the whole state; Arch didn't even flick an ear. The noise gradually died out as the hands of the officials' watches neared two o'clock. Then the starter took his place, his pride in this important position showing with every movement. He held his hands up for silence. Immediately the great throng quieted, even the restless stamping of heavy boots ceased; it was five seconds to 2:00 P.M. The starter's arm rose, the red bandana hanging loosely on the end of the stick; four seconds, three seconds, two . . . one . . . the starter's arm whipped down, making the red bandana crackle.

"They're off!" A tremendous shout lifted the crowd to its toes as a cloud of dust settled over the starting line. Going into the first turn was every kangaroo rat except one, Archibald. He lay in the track, two feet from the start, rolled into a little ball, ignoring the frantic threats and pleading of Simpson and the hundred other miners who saw their money gone. The race had moved into the back stretch before Simpson picked Arch up and carried him to his box. With tears in his eyes, Simpson chokingly asked, "What happened, Arch?"

"Simp, I came out here to win, and I would have, too, except for one thing. As I came out of the pack, I was five lengths ahead of everyone and still gaining, when all of a sudden I heard a thousand people yell, 'They're off,' and I got so embarrassed that I crossed my legs." ■■

"How old is you?"
 "Ah's five. How old is you?"
 "Ah don't know."
 "Yo' don't know how old you is?"
 "Nope."
 "Does women botha' you?"
 "Nope."
 "You's fo'."

—Fang



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"You know Sam," he said, "your head is so soft and smooth, it feels just like my wife's leg."

Sam reached up, patted his own head and replied, "Damned if it don't."

—Turn-Out

Taxpayers are people who do not have to take a civil service test to work for the government.

—Showme

At the annual Sweepstakes Ball, the host brought a man across the dance floor to introduce him to the sweet young thing in the very extreme strapless gown.

"Miss Starr, I'd like to introduce Mr. Arch," said the host. "Mr. Arch is a construction engineer. He has a serious question he would like to ask you."

—Shaft

Ann: I walked 13 miles yesterday.

Nan: For goodness sake!

Ann: Yes.

—Green Gander

Little Bopper falls out of a twenty-story window. A crowd gathers to view the scene. Suddenly, a policeman runs up to the poor little guy lying on the pavement. "What happened?" he inquired.

The little Bopper looks up at him and says, "I don't know, Man. I just got here."

—Turn-Out

Grandpappy: Doc, you remember that "vitality medicine" you gave me last week?

Doctor: Yes. What about it?

Grandpappy: I accidentally dropped it in the well.

Doctor: Goodness, man! You're not drinking the water, are you?

Grandpappy: Heck, no! We can't even get the pump handle down.

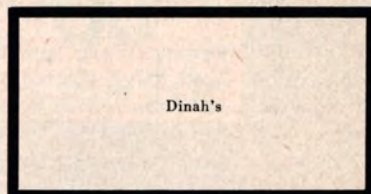
—Pelican



Our Cover

For this month's frontispiece our fine old engraver, Allan D. Hayes Esq., has taken his clear-print tracing paper and a steel plate from a Smith & Wilcox boiler and artistically sprinkled sulfuric acid on the works. Believe it or not, there is not one curved line on the page. The straight edge effect is achieved through a clever optical illusion designed by Mr. Hayes.

—Mark Farmer



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