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Chaparral

FEBRUARY • 1951

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COMMUNIST ISSUE

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Dick, aged three, did not like soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him. "Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?"

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but can't you just dust me?" —Log

"I'm for grading on the curve, I think the plan is fine, Provided that they start the swerve On the grade one lower than mine." —Octopus

Prof (taking up exam papers)—Why the quotation marks on this paper? Student—Courtesy to the man on my right, sir. —Pup

A young woman walked up to the information desk at a large hospital and asked the nurse on duty where she might find the "upturn."

"I'm sure you must mean the intern," answered the nurse.

"I guess you're right," said the woman. "I want to go to the fraternity ward."

"You must mean the maternity ward," said the nurse.

"Well, what I came in for was a contamination."

"Do you mean an examination, Madam?"

With this the young matron blew up. "Contamination, examination; upturn, intern; fraternity, maternity. All I know is that I haven't demonstrated in five months and I think I'm stagnant." —Strength and Health

Adam was the first man in history to be awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster.

—Touchstone

A certain little campus peach Was crying like a dope, Because her father was a prune Who said, "You can't elope." —Steinhardt and Sipkin

She—Swell party tonight. He—Yeah, I'd ask you for the next dance, but all the cars are taken.

—Sundial

Soph—Does your girl smoke?

Frosh—Not quite.

—Yellow Ticket

"While in Europe did you have much difficulty in grasping Portuguese?"

"Oh, no, they were no harder than the American girls?"

—Masquerader

Overheard: "A fresh guy tried to pick me up on the street yesterday. Boy, what an apartment he's got!"

—Shaft

San Francisco

Palo Alto

Pebble Beach



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 Chaparral

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124 University Ave.
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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

ADMITTED OCT 5 1899 APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT we've all had our little say in the UN and have started drafting ever so many nice young men to the salvation of democracy here and abroad, the Old Boy, having seen a few wars come and go, can't get too worked up over this one.

Don't get him wrong; he is fully cognizant of the dangers of Communistic aggression throughout the world, knows perhaps better than most the extreme danger both to our lives and to our liberties represented by Mr. Stalin's lip-bush. But what he's referring to is all this carrying-on about the atomic bomb and imminent threat of total destruction.

You see, he's heard it all before somewhere.

The Kaiser in 1914 was supposed to be able to crush half the world just by wiggling his walking stick. In fact, things got to the point where everyone thought ol' Uncle Bill could do just about everything without too much trouble at all.

Same thing with Hitler, so we thought. Lots of people warned the Old Boy against getting into a war with the late Brother Adolf because he couldn't be beaten in Europe or anywhere else. And now folks are saying we ought to start shivering in cold fear of the gentlemen now in residence in the Kremlin because, so this theory goes, men like that, first, know what they're doing, and second, never make mistakes.

(Continued on page 4)

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Housewife (to garbage man)—Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man — No, ma'am, jump right in.

—Pup

The spinal column is a collection of bones running up and down that keeps you from being legs clean up to your neck.

—Record

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NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

And it's this latter point that the Ancient One thinks is a lot of stuff and nonsense and things. We're making a lot of boneheaded moves in this land of the neon drive-in, but you can bet the morals of your little sister the Russians are making one or two, themselves. We are but human, you and I and Gromyko.

The Foolish Jester is quick to admit, of course, that this may not be much of a consolation if the Russians are wrong only when they can afford to be, but that's asking for too much. Granted the volunteer armies in Korea are being much too well fed by their brethren in Siberia, but what if the Russians have backed a loser? Sure the Russians can move into Berlin, but what happens if Conrad Adenauer is a better man than Joe is, Gunga Din? We may be gallumphing around doing lots of unimportant things like changing the Navy uniforms when we should be building battleships, but the chances are more than good that the Russians have their bad days, too. After all, when they started collectivizing agriculture, they brought on such

(Continued on page 5)



Seafood at Cook's

751 el camino real
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*beat the wrap
in a j.m. stole!*



Joseph Magnin

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 4)

awful famines that more than a million farmers kicked the Marxist bucket.

This isn't an argument advanced by the Old Boy for a lot of wishful thinking and sitting back on collective dufts and saying, "Hoopla, we'll wait'll they make a mistake." That's not really very bright, all things like the atomic bomb considered. But let's not go around the house looking suspiciously at our shadows and peering anxiously into corners and under rugs, thinking the Russians can do no wrong. Hitler wasn't supposed to make a mistake, and who knows where he is now? Kaiser Bill was the man who always guessed right, and he spent the last twenty years of his life sawing wood in Holland. Every government has its unofficial Ministry of Jinks and Pranks or Department of Goofy Government; there hasn't been a government yet that didn't spend thousands of dollars sending something like Cokes to the boys overseas when nothing would have been nicer for them than overcoats.

Remember what happened when Joe invaded Finland? He had to arm a force three times the size of the Finnish Army. When the Germans came marching along the road to Moscow, the Russians almost forgot to take down the speed-limit signs. The biggest hope we have is that they'll make more mistakes than we do, and the Old Boy for one is willing to bet you a purdy penny they do!

"I hear you and the leading lady are feuding."

Electrician—"Yes. It was a quick-change scene with the stage all dark. . . . She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."—Tomahawk



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NOW THAT DATE



by Dunny Clark

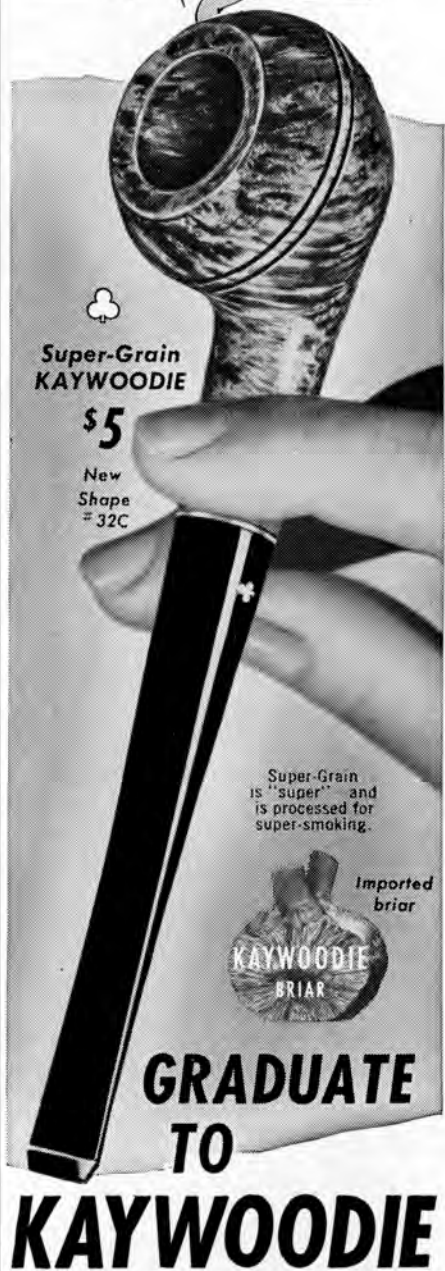
Under the present unsettled world conditions you never can tell where you will be next week end. We have foreseen this fact and have decided to compile a list of the better-known spots for drinking, dining, and international intriguing throughout the world. Much exhausting research has gone into this list, but we always like to give a helping hand to "our boys in uniform" wherever they may be.

Over in Tokyo is the famous **Passion Flower Lounge**. This is probably the most favored of all places with the troops in Japan. You eat in Oriental surroundings almost as authentic as the chop suey joints in San Francisco. Sake to drink and sukiyaki to eat. Here is real Japanese hospitality. Entertainment is tops in the Orient. Warning: clientele is selective—better knock on the door and ask for Lotis Ishikawa. Just tell her that Mac sent you.

In your wanderings around the picturesque ruins of Pusan, Korea, drop in at **Sammy Rhee's**. It's a round of drinking, dancing, and swapping combat stories until the MP's come around again. The food is great, and after a few of Sammy's drinks you really don't mind sharing it with the magots.

The best place to eat in Korea is with Co. B, 9th Infantry Regiment. The cooks of this Second Division organization put out the finest K rations in the whole front line. If you're ever up their way on an inspection trip from your rear-area offices, you can't go wrong in dropping off for a bite with them. Meal hours are rather irregular,

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depending on conditions, so you'd better call ahead for reservations and hours.

Of course, some of you may not be lucky enough to get to the Orient this summer. If you go to Alaska drop in at **Malamute Mike's Bath, Meal, and Flop House** in Nome. Dine on delicious whale blubber à la Nooknook, drink Mike's own aged-in-the-kennel, two-day-old whisky, and enjoy the soothing strains of Igloo Mukluck and his Royal Alaskans. One night of steady drinking in this place will really ward off the Alaskan weather, but watch yourself—the nights are six months long.

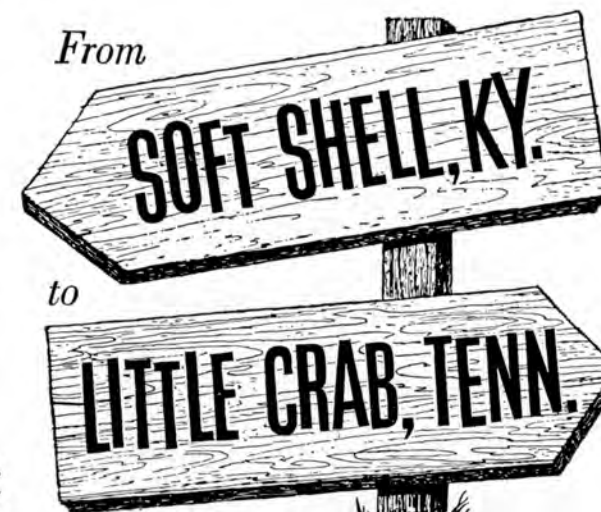
The defenses of the Panama Canal need bolstering, so you might have to spend a while in the beautiful Canal Zone. To escape the fever-ridden nights why not try **Caramba's Cerveza Cabaña**? This beats any of the lowest dives in Tijuana for prices and entertainment. The filth of the shows will remind you of a fraternity stag, the rottenness of the liquor will remind you of San Francisco, and the dancers will remind you of an exchange dinner. But the fog you see, it really isn't fog, it's mosquitoes.

In romantic old Vienna have a few at **Old Danube**. Relax to the enchanting strains of Strauss waltzes and enjoy the real Austrian beer. Entertainment is provided for you by the most beautiful women the NKVD can assemble. Just let it be known that you work with classified documents and an enjoyable game of "Espionage" will begin. Many a cheap and lively evening can be spent this way, but don't let her find out you're an apprentice cook.

Down in Paris' famous Pig Alley is **André's**. You'll find this place almost as French as L'Ommies or Chez's. Strong wine and anti-Ike Commies will vie for your attention, and the cuisine smacks strongly of Restaurant Row on a good night. André's is the place where you can pick up quite a lot of basic French.

When in Moscow stop at the **Krem-lin**, one of the finest hostelrys in Russia. Reminiscent of the gracious living before the Revolution, but you'd do quite well not to mention that. Near Red Square and overlooking Lenin's tomb. The proprietor of the establishment looks like Jerry Colona, and has about the same sense of humor. To gain admission, just tell the gentleman at the door that Joe sent for you.

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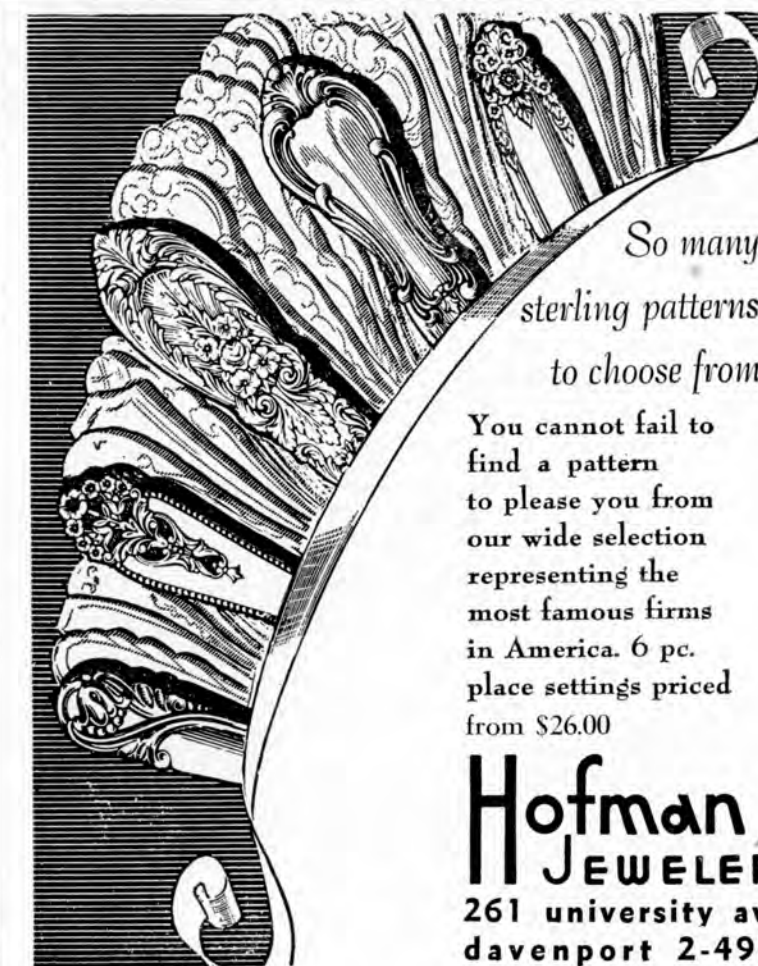


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Look at this list of study-tours being planned for this summer (from four to nine weeks abroad), and check the ones that interest you:

- SWITZERLAND University of Geneva
- June 18— University of Zurich, School for European Studies
- August 20 Fribourg Catholic University
- Swiss Camps for Teen-agers
- FRANCE Sorbonne (Paris)
- ENGLAND University of Oxford (15-day course, lecture, no credit)
- IRELAND University College, Dublin
- SPAIN Madrid
- ITALY Perugia
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tours via TWA indicated above, to be sent as soon as available.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____ Phone No. _____

C-2

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR EDITOR:

I noticed in your last issue that your crackerjack football team closed out its successful season with a resounding victory over a strong *Daily* eleven. I can see that there are good possibilities for an undefeated team to come provided there aren't too many losses due to the draft and the war situation in general. I am still cleaning up here at Santa Anita but the job just doesn't appeal to me somehow. I'm sure if you would give me a chance I could make the best of the sterling examples of young manhood which comprise your team.

I am also a good rewrite man, and remember, I beat Notre Dame and tied Washington State last year.

Sincerely,

JEFF C.

EDITOR:

I am 21 years old, blue-eyed, and everyone says I have a good figure. My dimensions are: height 5' 3", bust 36", waist 24", hips 36". I have an Oldsmobile "88" convertible and my father is a millionaire. I am good fun and extremely passionate. Despite all this, no one ever asks me out. I am so lonesome I could just die. Please answer as soon as possible.

Thank you,

HOPEFUL

P.S. Unfortunately, I am completely bald.

DEAR EDITOR:

I was wondering if you could do a little investigating for me? I have heard that you are the watchword of morals on your campus.

It has come to my attention that a course called Western Civ that is taught at your institution is forcing the young, impressionable minds of freshman students to read that vile publication *The Communist Manifesto*. As well as this, they are impregnating their minds with the collective systems used in Middle-Age monasteries.

In times such as these it is essential to the well-being of the nation to get everyone thinking along the same conservative, isolationistic, and reactionary lines.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH McCARTIE
Senator from Wisconsin

DEAR EDITOR:

In your last issue you showed a bulldozer scraping up the refuse after a typical Sunday night flick. I think this is a prime case of exaggeration.

My job is to lift every seat in Mem Aud after the Sunday Evening Movies and pick up any debris. I have never found any of the things you pictured under a Mem Aud seat; however, if you would like to send me some samples I would appreciate it.

Expectantly,

SVELLSTAAD KOGELSHAADS

EDITOR'S NOTE: What? You mean you didn't find her? She hasn't been seen at Branner since that picture was taken.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am 71 years old, brunette, brown-eyed, and most people think I have a sloppy figure. My dimensions are: height 6' 2", bust 45", waist 52", hips 48". I do not own an Oldsmobile "88" convertible and no one has recently been foolish enough to call my father a millionaire. Most people think I am a negative personality and rather frigid, to boot. Despite all this, everybody I know seems to love me. I am so popular I don't know what to do. If you could tell me why I'd always be grateful.

Yours for one world,

JOSEPH STALIN

EDITOR:

Would you please publish this letter to inform all those students who missed their appointments for donating blood on January 31, or who were rejected for any reason whatsoever, that they can still do their part. I will receive your donation in my office among the carillon bells atop Hoover Tower any time between midnight and sunrise. No appointment necessary.

Gratefully yours,
DRACULA

Southern California

DEAR EDITOR:

How can you sit calmly by and approve the choice of Chuck Taylor as head coach? True, he has given Stanford three undefeated freshman teams and has had a successful year coaching pro ball, but since his appointment he hasn't won a single varsity game. Why don't you do something about this?

Wrathfully,

AN ALUM

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SINCE 1860

Model, DORIS STORER, Lagunita

Photo by Richard Fowler

STORIES FROM PRAVDA

St. Louis, U.S.A.

Stan Musial, a member of the working class, was sold into slavery here today. When Musial protested, his owner was quoted as saying: "He'll work for Mr. Durocher or starve."

New York, U.S.A.

The capitalist owners of Tin Pan Alley, a depressed area where American artists work sixteen hours a day, have been alarmed by the revival of a song entitled "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob Bobbin' Along." They fear it is significant of a revolt by oppressed American artists. Attempts are being made to ban the song.

Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

President Truman has written a letter to the Nazi music critic Ludwig von Beethoven thanking him for a favorable notice of Margaret Truman's latest concert. Political observers fear that this means an attempt by the warmonger Truman to rearm Germany.

Hollywood, U.S.A.

Follow the Sun, a movie biography of the notorious anti-Communist Ben Hogan, will soon be released here. Hogan is a pet of the imperialist warmongers for "closing the gates of mercy" on fellow workers in the golf trust.

Chicago, U.S.A.

American police are using a new form of torture for those who dare to praise the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union. It is called the "hot rod." As the name implies, a steel rod is heated and thrust down the throat of the pro-Soviet worker.

San Francisco, U.S.A.

A story of stark horror was told by an American soldier returning from the imperialist war of aggression in Korea. Asked to explain the phrase "bug out," he stated that the American forces are literally being eaten alive by vermin of the genus *Hocus Pocus*. Whole regiments go mad when bitten by this awful insect and run to the rear—hence the awful phrase, "bug out."

Detroit, U.S.A.

Young female workers in capitalist war plants here are being mutilated by the flying-apart of machinery which is worn out or improperly constructed. Dreadful chest injuries are hushed by terrorized doctors. The victims are given prosthetic appliances called "falsies" to wear in concealment of their loss.

Stanford, California, U.S.A.

Proof that the United States is planning aggressive war on Mother Russia came today as Fascist medical officers at Stanford University, center of world imperialistic thought, announced that all students must take inoculations for war diseases. Men joining the American killer armies were told that they would get theirs when the time came.

Nevada, U.S.A.

Today, American "scientists" again violated the international patent agreements and exploded another atomic bomb which was boldly stolen from its Russian inventor four years ago. American newsmen often claim the bomb will be returned to us one day, but, as in other fields, the capitalistic monster has not kept its word.

Palo Alto, California, U.S.A.

Free speech received another slap in the face last night as university students rioted in the local high-school auditorium at a meeting to discuss antiquated Christianity, Marxism, and sex. A Dr. Swift, father of the noted Russian scientist, Tomvitski Swift, was almost hung by sons of wealthy capitalist slavers.



"...Известия"



New Students-HERE'S...

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T

is for TALL

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Model, DONNA NEILL, Hurlburt

Photo by Richard Fowler

SCIENCE BULLETIN

by CHAPARRAL Science Editor George Velliotes

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following letter was received last month by the professor of freshman biology at Stanford University. Dr. T. D. Lyenko, the author of the letter, is the leading world exponent of the theory of acquired characteristics, i.e., Stalin has a mustache, Vassily Stalin grows a mustache, Vassily's son (Joe's grandson) will probably be born with a mustache.

MY DEAR SCIENTIFIC BROTHER:

Zdrastvooyeh! [Hello!—Ed.]

Recently we received copies here in the USSR of your laboratory manual for beginning students of biology. This interested me very much. I would like, however, as one scientist commiserative of another, to point out several dozen or so basic misconceptions in your otherwise fine book. I know that you are a college professor in America and therefore not so deeply capitalistic as to be unable to take this edifying and constructive criticism in the correct spirit.

We Soviet representatives of the Michurinist trend are relatively positive that inheritance of characteristics acquired by plants and animals in the process of their development is not only possible but necessary. So, for instance, in a few generations, via a biological acquirement of environmentally induced features, the little babies of Mother Russia will be able to chant their dialectical catechism at six months.

As an example of one of your errors, please see page 137 of your *Experiments in General Biology*. There you say, "pedigree of pattern inheritance in domestic fowl sees the rooster's chromosomes in all the cells in an even number; in the hen an odd number." In my mind, this whole book is an odd number.

Please see the attached diagram from our Soviet Laboratories showing you how the characteristics are actually induced via the actual inheritance of acquired characteristics. The rooster and the hen, both black and of black ancestors, met in a snowstorm one day; there was white snow everywhere and the little chickens were quite impressed. They were so impressed, in fact, that the resultant offspring ever since have been white. Comrade, believe me, this is true. I am sending you one of the eggs from the line by parcel post.

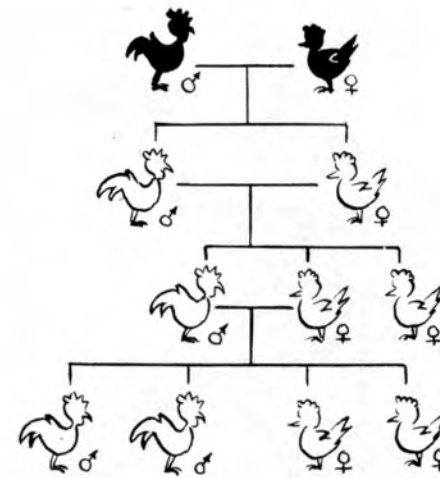


FIG. 21.—Pattern of Marxist-dialectical-Michurin-Lyenko inheritance of acquired characteristics.

You may also like to know that we have disproved the theory of chromosome splitting. Further, they are not chromosomes but *communismes*, and, like all the positive collectivist forces of nature, these *communismes* come together. They are not deviationists like the warmongers—they believe in uniting in a common front. Also, since genes control modifications of the structures of all organisms (through the acquired theory, of course) we feel it right and proper for world biology to rename them "Joes" instead. Please inform your classes and your associates of these changes—if, of course, your government will allow it. Eventually, the truth must out.

Sincerely,
T. D. LYSENKO

"I heard you picked up some French when you were on your vacation there."

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Let's hear you speak some words."

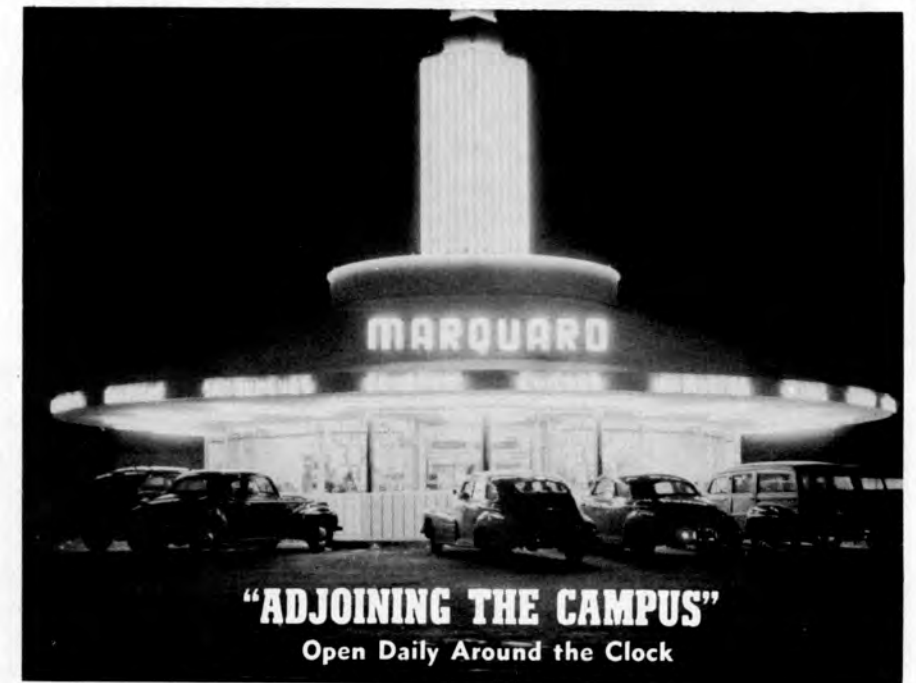
"Well, I didn't learn any words."

—Sundial



Investigation in U.S. shows drastic shortage of manpower. Are sending pigs to college.

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



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Stanford's traditional meeting spot for quick snacks at any hour of the day or night.

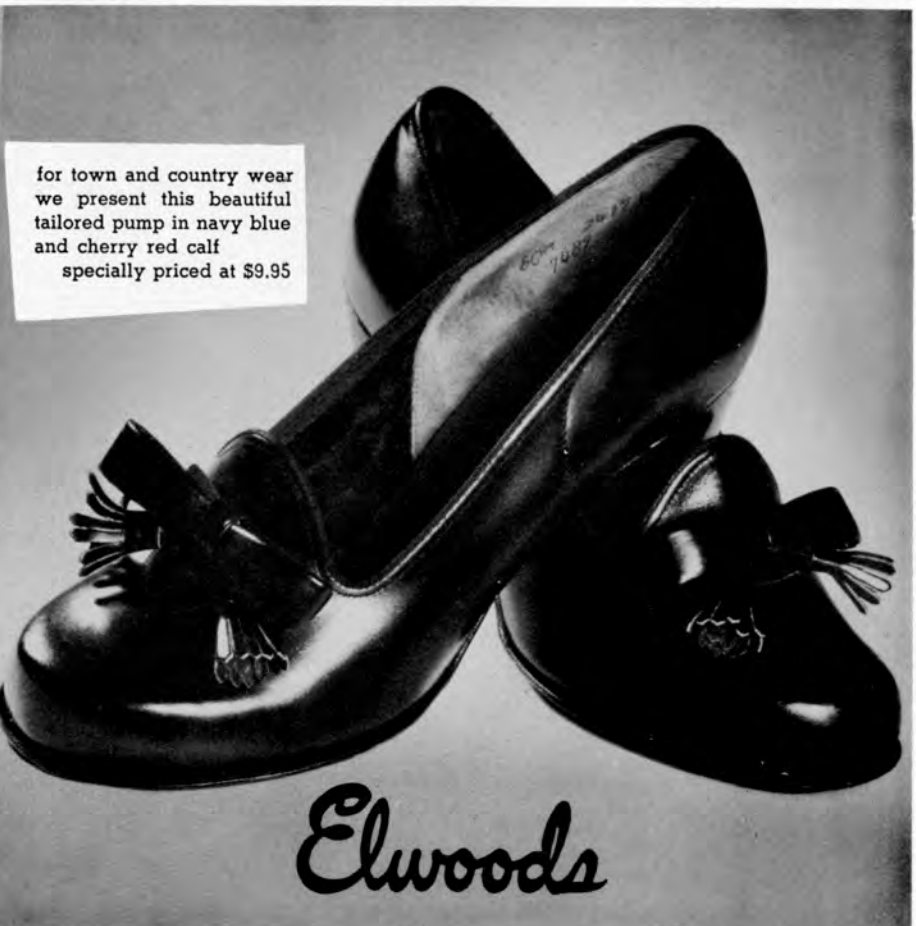


Photo by Russ Lapham



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young colony
271 university

Model, ELENA BOSWORTH, Roble

Photo by Richard Fowler

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

You may not realize the trouble we go to in order to bring you people the very best in covers. Maybe this is because we don't go to any trouble. All we do is tell someone talented like our Art Editor to turn out a sensational job that doesn't cost anything to reproduce. He instantly obliges, and the result is what you see on the outside of the mag. Any relationship between this cover and other covers is pure.

Stories

Scads of funny, funny things about how the other half lives. A welcome addition to our Contributor's List this issue is "Wings" Nannerb. The guy has a lot of talent, and with a little guidance from our editorial staff we think he'll turn into something. Thanks to George Velliotes for letting us clip some of the best from his collection of real Russian magazines. We hope you find them funny too. And special goodies this month to Dunlap Clark, Jr., who gracefully consented to the elimination of his story in order that the work of others, more sexy than he, might be included. Also, we are delighted to say thanks once more to Barnes, Parkinson, Herzog, John Dryden, William E. Cook, and, last but not least, our own Flurnge Raswell.

Cartoons

Again we are out of our pin-sized heads with joy to be able to present the work of Ted Fielding. You'll enjoy his funnies, and they look lovely framed. Also look for the work of George Price, Charles Addams, Peter Arno, and Roger Korngold.

STANFORD

Chaparral

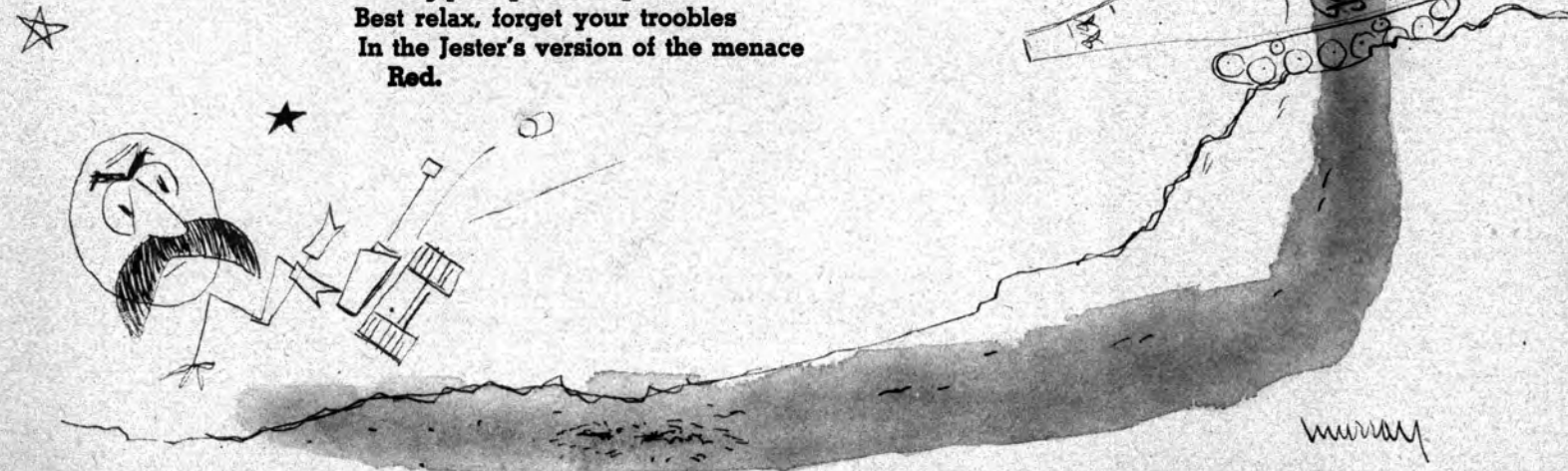
In this era of frustration
We have come with resignation
To accept the fact that wars must
come and go.
Though democracy we hold to
We fight only 'cause we're told to,
Whether Fascist or Communist our
foe.

Just accept your I-A status
That was given to you gratis;
After all, things might easily be
worse.
Think of school, girls, this time next
year,
Give a rousing NO MORE SEX cheer,
For the famous Stanford ratio they'll
inverse.

Now with thoughts the college fills
us;
Soon the Army drills and kills us;
It makes a body wonder, "What's the
use?"
Live from day to day's the answer,
Though there's imminent disaster
And earth's Pandora's box, the lid
torn loose.

The IIR has improvised
A plan, by which, if utilized,
The world will be entirely har-
monious:
For all races and religions
Will be as much alike as pigeons,
Unless their logic proves to be er-
roneous.

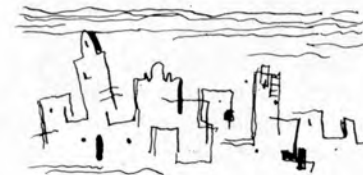
Even if this issue's teasin'
In ten years it might be treason.
The Old Boy could someday be filled
with lead.
Having paid your thirty rubles,
Best relax, forget your troubles
In the Jester's version of the menace
Red.



FABLES OF THE FARM

What Did the Postman Think?

The national emergency has apparently caused everything to move a bit faster, even the seasons. We were always under the belief that spring was the time in which young men turned seriously to what young women have been thinking about all winter—love. But to at least one Stanford reprobate, Herman Fuddle, the old spring daze is already here. Love has hit Herman right between the eyes. This time, it's the real thing. We thought it was serious when Fuddle



antedated his chemistry notes four months. Doing her laundry, helping her on her baby-sitting job, were the next hints. Mailing his letters unaddressed—all this built a hard case against Cupid's industry. But the proof of Fuddle's complete degeneration came when he wrote and mailed a letter, supposedly to his parents, addressed: "Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fuddle, Room 716 Stern Hall, Stanford, Calif." Hmmmm—and they haven't even announced their engagement!

Standing Room Only

A minor nut in CHAPARRAL machinery was comfortably seated at his desk one Saturday night around ten o'clock writing poison-pen notes to his draft

board, when a knock came at the door. In walked a close friend, Ken, who started a casual but slightly tense conversation. The Chappie man noticed that Ken was particularly well dressed and close shaven for a barren Saturday night and wondered why he was not out with his steady, Ann. Finally Ken walked over to the desk and asked politely, "I wonder if Ann and I could borrow the keys to your car—just to sit in, of course." Noticing that the Chappie was slightly taken aback by the request, Ken qualified his statement with, "You see, Ann and I usually sit in one of the cars over by Branner, but tonight they're all filled."

Quite a Specimen

Biology laboratories, we find, seem to breed humorous situations. The latest incident happened as a class was studying the activities of various fungus plants. In the middle of the period a cute brunet girl called on the professor to explain the processes that were taking place under her microscope. The gray-templed prof studied the microscope specimen for a moment, let out a low whistle, and exclaimed loudly, "My God, what beautiful reproduction!"

Thirty minutes later, after the class had all but forgotten the face-reddening incident, one of the boys in the class asked for assistance. The prof looked into the instrument for several seconds before absent-mindedly commenting on what he saw. "This isn't bad," he said enthusiastically to his student, "but you should see the sexual activity over there by the little brunette!"

At Least It Wasn't Chappie

While we were browsing through the magazine collection at the Cellar the other evening, reaching for something to ease our fevered mind, who should come in but the great Miss Bailey of the English Department. Quickly we moved away from *The Pacific Spectator*, leaving *Tomorrow*,

Theatre Arts, and *Harper's* well exposed to her commanding eye. But without a flick of her formidable eyebrows, Miss Bailey marched to the counter with a copy of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. Shattered, we reeled out into the night, clutching the *Saturday Review of Literature* in our hot little hands.

And This Isn't Roman Law

Recently we have had a class in the Classics Department. Walking in a few days ago past the bust of Cicero in the hall, we spied a small placard on the classroom door. It said in chaste black letters: "Please keep this door shut during classes," and below someone had scrawled in pencil a signature: "Dr. Sterling."



The Greatest Coach of All

Not long ago, we fell in with a group of freshmen eagerly discussing the grand old traditions of The Farm. Among said traditions was a Miss Sally Stanford. One of the questions about the famous Madam was what her real name might be. Some excellent suggestions were put forward, but the best came from a sweet-faced freshman girl: "The hostess with the mostess on the ball."

Chappie Presents
JOYCE ENGBOLM
Queen of the Month

Photo by Richard Fowler





The Subversive One

In this story for the wee comrades, Tavarich Parkinoff has touched once more on the all-important problem of juvenile delinquency, yet has created another delightful parable. The book, illustrated by Podi Tunkle (the new commissar of children's visual education), contains as a frontispiece a picture of our resplendent leader; the de luxe volume is bound in genuine Menshivik.

The tale begins when eleven-year-old Avak Sumvitch, a wicked child who is prone to habituating the snuff shops in which the elderly incorrigibles are to be found, becomes seeded with a burning desire to violate natural (Soviet) law. He has learned from the old men some of the bestial customs of courting before mating which existed before the introduction of our vastly superior free love. Poor impressionable Avak is awed by the thought of tasting forbidden fruit and consequently vows that he will arrange for himself a date—that is, going someplace without doing anything, as is the custom in the archaic Western world.

Realizing the danger involved in such an undertaking, Avak makes plans with Promiscua, the heroine of the plot, to go on a picnic. He arranges to call for her at her house on the pretense of helping her carrying the wine. The hearty girl balks at the thought, but when he announces the real reason is that he doesn't trust her with the food, she consents. Wool having been pulled over the poor girl's eyes, evil little Avak continues to make arrangements for his forbidden enterprise; he steals a bunch of flowers from the garden of the American consulate for a gift and manufactures a bottle of perfume from mothballs and nose drops, then hides his presents in his father's potato still.

The day of their little get-together is a rainy one. Little Avak is downhearted, but nevertheless goes to Promiscua's house in hope that the rain will subside. She is delighted with his presents; in fact, as soon as she receives them she runs into the kitchen and puts them into the borsch. Avak is forced to feign stomach trouble most of the afternoon because the naïve girl tries to ply him with ruta-baga wine. At length the rain subsides, and the young couple is able to leave for the hills. Avak is very happy, since he had been fighting off the poor girl's advances all afternoon; Promiscua is still hopeful that the evil lad will snap out of it. But her supposition proves to be completely wrong; the girl undergoes the experience of a picnic with nothing but food and conversation, and when the only move he makes is an attempt to take her straight home she suspects his true motives for the first time. The girl worries all afternoon about Avak's actions; she even tries to please him by eating all the daisy chains he makes her. Even though she is worried she goes with him when he suggests returning home.

Promiscua gets a break when Avak stops in a confectionery near her home. While he is inside she embraces a convenient NKVD agent and notifies him of the lad's dastardly plan. The local government is aroused by the thought of the oncoming atrocity, and there follow several pages of the efficient workings of our just and admirable government. The happy ending comes after the boy is apprehended on Promiscua's doorstep and sent to Siberia: Promiscua is rewarded with a week's vacation at the commissar's house.



by Rogé Parkinoff

Fielding mighty low

by Ted Fielding



"Just think of the tremendous cultural loss to civilization, for example, if they should drop an atom bomb on Los Angeles."



"You know darn well there's a ban on atomic weapons."



"Osgood says he's one man who isn't concerned about the effects of possible sterilization."



"He's been at the window all day. He senses impending disaster in the air."



"The basis of this plan, gentlemen, is to damn our competitors as Reds, drive them out of business, and secure a monopoly for ourselves."



"But it won't be a war of aggression if we wage it in the name of international justice."



"Remember, gentlemen. We can't go around treating people like human beings."



"If it wasn't for Red-baiting, I don't know what I'd do . . . this is the only exercise I get."

REVOLUTION 1960



The Revolution had, of course, many causes, but the main one was poison oak.

The great poison oak epidemic struck the nation in the spring of 1960. The period preceding the epidemic, as most historians will agree, was one of great confusion. When the nation became paralyzed in paroxysms of scratching, the confusion reached the highest peak that ever could have been recorded in the history of man, but it wasn't recorded because of the confusion. It is no wonder that in such a period a revolution could be accomplished. Let us examine the historical setting just preceding the Great Itch.

This period was at the end of the Korean War and preceding the events leading to the Great Happening, which is, of course, familiar history to us all. The United States had voted itself a "rightest" country to indicate to the rest of the world that it was against the "leftist" point of view currently in vogue in Russia. Russia was being both secretive and menacing, a combination which was most frightening to the people of the United States. When the poison oak struck, it was natural for many people to think that it had been caused in some way by the Russians.

In the ideological war waged before the epidemic, Russia menaced the United States' way of life. The people of the United States felt they could insulate themselves from the Russian Menace by adopting on all subjects opposite attitudes from the attitudes held by the Russians. This, they felt, would counteract communistic thinking. When the effects of the poison

oak epidemic caused people to take rather socialistic expedients, it was natural for some to think the measures were incited by Russian enthusiasts.

This was the social climate when, in the spring of 1960, the United States was hit by the great wave of poison oak. No one could explain the cause of its beginning or of its magnitude. Some said climatic conditions were ideal for the fast growth and faster multiplication of this dread weed. Speculation also ran that Russian planes had bombarded the United States with millions of poison oak seeds. There was little proof that the latter could be true, but as the Revolution progressed there developed a group which adopted this view without question.

On the cause of the outbreak we prefer not to offer a theory, but as to its extent we have much data. Patti Jeen Durg, a housewife of New York, wrote: "First I thought I had athlete's foot on my hands, but this seemed sort of silly to explain to anybody because, well, athlete's foot on the hands! Then I noticed little green shoots on the top of the walls almost to the ceiling. Well, at first I thought I was crazy because, after all, to explain . . . well, who can take time to



dust the moldings all the time? You need a ladder, and with all my work and all . . ." A *Homes and Garden* article stated: "Ladies, all our experts are busy trying to help remedy your ticklish situation. It has been reported to us that there is hardly a garden plot in the country which has not been affected . . ." The article went on to

explain methods of combating the hardy weed. As the effects of the poison oak epidemic spread, a magazine called *Reader's Digest* came out with articles on the virtue of not scratching the affected areas of the body. It also wrote of people afflicted with poison oak who successfully kept their minds off their torment by occupying themselves with works of charity. One of these articles was entitled, "I Had the Itch to Start a New Life." On the whole, however, there seemed to be many more disadvantages to this situation than there were good aspects as a possible impetus toward better living.



The outbreak reached its peak two months after its beginning stages. The East and West Coasts felt its effects first. From the East and West it spread inward to the Middle West until the whole country was writhing in a bond of torment. The heat of the summer months increased the misery of the millions of sufferers.

Business was virtually stopped. Workingmen could not stand still at their assembly lines or sit writing at their desks. Many people could not see out of their swollen eyelids. The systems of communication were hardly operating because of the lack of men to run them. Doctors were working night and day, hindered by their own discomfort. An acute shortage of calamine lotion was felt by all. Poison oak spread rapidly through the densely populated camps for military training (the United States had a large

(Continued on page 30)

CHAPPIE GOES TO THE UN

by Molly Smith



BRITAIN. — Sir Percival Wriotheshly-Wrenne, a former socialite Socialist turned coal miner, is here not only to represent Britain but also to conduct an exhaustive search for the Stone of Scone.



CHINA. — Dr. Kon-fush-us Hi Sei, delegate from China, a man of great culture and learning, is a graduate of the University of Pago-Pago. Dr. Hi Sei is never sure whether his other head will be recognized.



ARGENTINA. — Don Toros de Oylwel y Peron is one of Argentina's new career diplomats. Despite his connection with President Peron, Don Toros was forced to work his way up to his present position in a long six weeks' struggle.



FRANCE. — M. Henri de la Pissoir—no, M. Charles Dupin-Pupin—no, M. René Vichysoisse du Gratin just arrived from France today. Asked to comment on world affairs, M. du Gratin shrugged. "Helas, M'sieu, I no longer speak for the French government. Ask my successor when he arrives tomorrow."



UNITED STATES. — The Hon. John Henry Kelvinator is the diligent guardian of American interests in the UN. "Just let the d— b—s try anything!" he said, fondling an atom bomb.



RUSSIA. — Commissar Gregori Gregvitski Tsarevitch, Stalin's right-hand man and holder of that highest Soviet decoration, the Crossed Axes of Siberia, has such a speaking countenance that he never needs to talk in debates.



INDIA. — Pandit Jawstulon Pysmakre, delegate from India, has been seen wandering about the UN with a small cruet of oil, looking for troubled waters on which to pour it.



LUXEMBOURG. — M. Hervé de Scheyster, delegate from Luxembourg, land of musicals and Perles, had only one comment to make. In fact, they say he has been seen muttering in the corridor. "God, no more parties, no more parties—"



1. Here they are, Mr. and Mrs. Palo Alto, average, folksy, good neighbors, asking nothing more of the Russians than to be left well enough alone. Mrs. Palo Alto is a style-setter, a sparkling, up-to-the-minute, modern woman. Mr. Palo Alto has a good position, and takes an active part in all citizen activities, a dynamic civic leader. Here they are in front of their Frank Lloyd Wright home, anxious but determined in the face of the coming storm. What will their city do for them?



2. First of all, the city passed an ordinance making the construction of bomb shelters for each home mandatory. Municipal plans for these shelters were drawn up and made available to the Palo Altos. The structure includes three feet of bomb-resistant cement, several inches of radiation-proof lead beneath that, and all the comforts and necessities of home, including hot and cold running water and plenty of roomy, comfortable space. This officially approved picture shows this modern, up-to-the-minute impregnable shelter.



3. But what if the raid comes when Mr. Palo Alto is downtown? The city has developed a plan for complete protection in such cases. The downtown area will be amply supplied with efficient, absolutely indestructible shelters within easy reach of any part of the area. Equipped with every necessity for a long stay, the shelters will be ready for Mr. Palo Alto whenever the need arises.



4. In the meantime, should the alert sound while Mrs. Palo Alto is enjoying a quiet game of bridge with her set, if there is no shelter available, the city will supply portable protection, to be used against flying glass and radiation burns. The ladies need not inconvenience themselves any; the shelter being easily set up, they may go right on with their intellectual activities.

Remember, it can happen here! The threat of atomic warfare is not an idle one. Already our enemies have begun construction on a vast project for the destruction of America by raining down on this country a storm of atomic bombs. But cities like Palo Alto—pleasant, friendly, peaceable, go-away-and-quit-bothering-us little communities—are ready for the savage hordes. Shelters are being built, and every convenience and safety device known to man is being made ready for Mr. and Mrs. Palo Alto, to protect them and their loved ones!

Parkinson, Lapham, Motheral

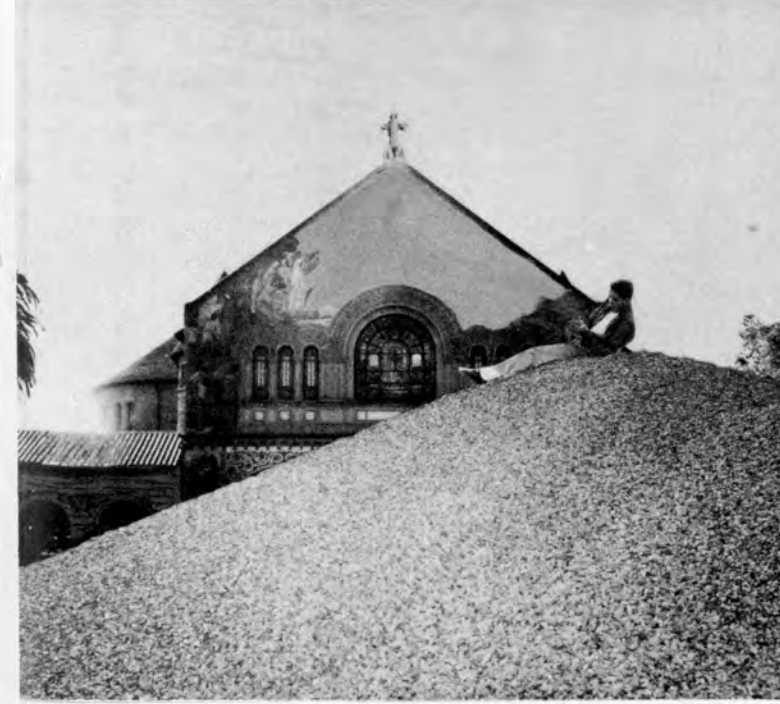
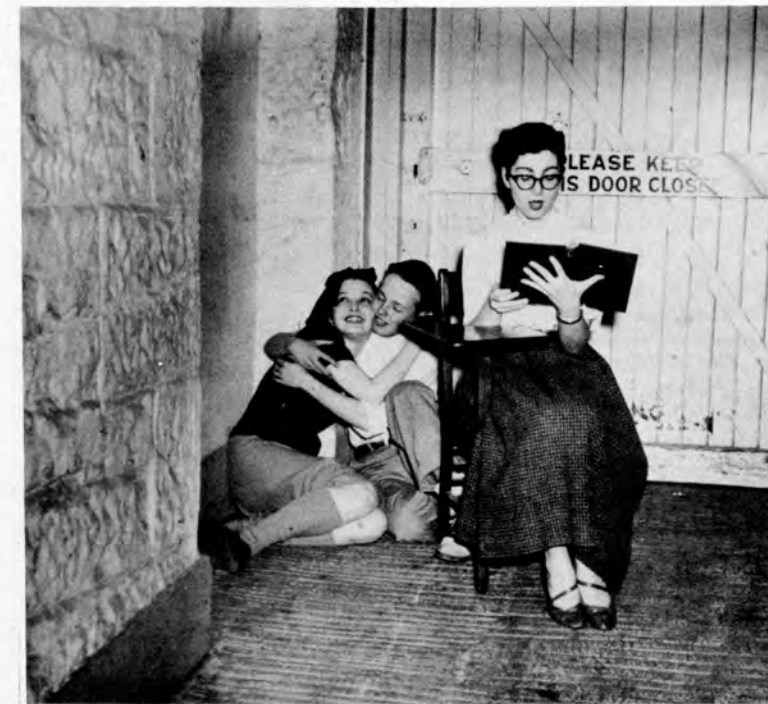
PALY PREPARES FOR ATOMIC DEFENSE!

5. Naturally, the first concern of the city and its citizens is for their children. The schools are instructing their charges in the most modern methods of avoiding rubble and burns, and the School Board has embarked upon an ambitious plan for protection, including the construction of large shelters attached to the schools. Here the children of P.S. 169 await the crash of bombs, their teacher valiantly struggling to keep up their flagging spirits, the children doing their best to be brave.

6. During the raids themselves, the streets will be patrolled by efficient and courageous air-raid wardens, patterned after those of the last war. Equipped with the latest in flashlights, stirrup pumps, whistles, bells, tin hats, coats, heavy shoes, and musketry, these brave "minutemen" stand ready and willing to defend their homes and loved ones against any attack, in the ditches and the fields, in the mountains and in the valleys, to the last drop of free blood! Hurray!

7. Even as the last enemy plane disappears over the horizon, the work of rebuilding the community begins. Specially equipped reconstruction squads emerge from their places of refuge and, seizing their hammers and shovels, eagerly begin the task of putting back together what the enemy has torn asunder. Buildings are hastily propped up, stones and scattered bricks cleaned from the thoroughfares, and the city slowly arises like phoenix from the ashes.

8. The raid is over. The sun shines bright where once the horrors of the enemy were spewed forth on the innocent population. Children run and play where once they darted for cover, fearful in the night and terror. And Mr. and Mrs. Palo Alto, having been efficiently and comfortably protected by their beloved city, come forth from their modern shelters to start their daily routines again, routines made more precious by the knowledge that they have been preserved. The world goes on!



SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Holt on, holt on—I'm chaymun this committee—I'm askin' th' witness to state whea he got the Comminiss money f'm?

MR. KRONSKY: I dug it out of a watermelon, Senator. Like I said—

SEN. MCGILL: He told us that in Buffalo—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh! Senatuh McGill will kinely not interrupt. I'm chaymun this committee—I was not in Buffalo las' week—and lemme state to genelmen of press this is a dirty stinkin' Comminiss plot—

SEN. JACOBS: They know that, Hurley—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh! My distinguished colleagues will kinely beah with me. I'm jes' a pore country boy tryin' to git along. (Laughter) An' I want to know who put the money in the watuhmelon an' fo' whut puhpose. P'ceed, Mistuh Kronsky.

MR. KRONSKY: Mr. Ravitch put the money in the watermelon. The man who owned the farm that grew the watermelon, his father once worked for the suspect. And so—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Holt on, now—who's this fella Ravitch?

MR. KRONSKY: He was the barber at the Willard, the suspect's regular barber and—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Stinkin' atheatical Comminiss. P'ceed.

MR. KRONSKY: Well, I took the money out of the watermelon. Then I traveled from Alexandria, Virginia, by a circuitous route—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Whoa now. Stop right theah. How come you mention

the great Suth'n state of V'ginyuh?

SEN. MCGILL: That's where the watermelon was.

SEN. JACOBS: The suspect's old friend, his farm is near Alexandria.

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: That don't signify. Mistuh Kronsky, I ask you—this suspect a Suth'n man?

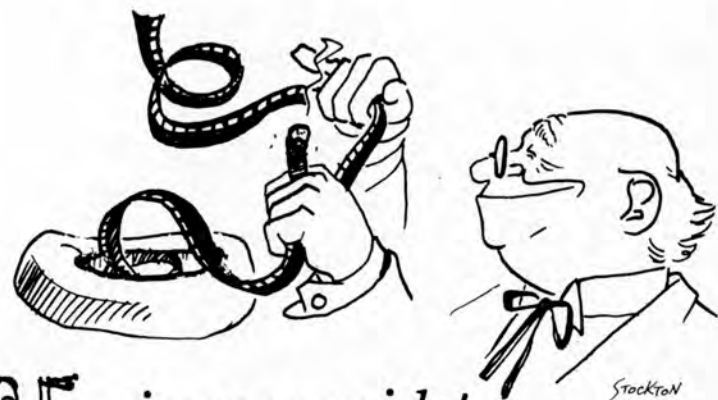
MR. KRONSKY: Oh, no, Senator—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: He evah live in V'ginyuh?

MR. KRONSKY: No, sir, he—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh! Any mo' remarks an' I'll cleah the committee room. As fo' you, Mistuh Kronsky, I don't want any mo' mention great Suth'n state of V'ginyuh. P'ceed.

MR. KRONSKY: —so I took a circuitous route to the antique shop on the Baltimore-Annapolis road. The suspect's wife bought a piecrust table there and—



MENACE in our midst

The Congressional Record

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Nevah mind that. Wheh'd you put the money?

MR. KRONSKY: I tucked it in the handle of a Colonial bed warmer—along with the code message from Makrelov—

MR. DAVIS: One moment, Mr. Kronsky. The Senators should be reminded that Makrelov communications were always set up from memory on an old linotype—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh! Guv'ment counsel is leadin' the witness.

SEN. MCGILL: That's permitted, Hurley.

SEN. JACOBS: Mr. Davis only wants to link up his chain of evidence.

MR. DAVIS: Thank you, Senators—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: "Orduh! I'm chaymun this committee. Rekon I'm f'miliah with stinkin' Yankee Comminiss methods. (Boos and cheers) Orduh! I withdraw the word "Yankee" in def'unce my distinguished fella Senatuhs. P'ceed, Mistuh Kronsky.

MR. KRONSKY: The owner of the shop, Miss Grotewald, said she would deliver the bed-warmer to the suspect's wife.

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Did he have cold feet? (Laughter) P'ceed.

MR. KRONSKY: Well—then I left the Party and the FBI asked me to find the old linotype machine that Makrelov wrote his messages on.

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: You find it?

MR. KRONSKY: Yessir—in the plant of the Daily Worker.

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Filthy, stinkin' Comminiss organ. Want genelmen of press make special note—

A VOICE: Get on with it! Who's the suspect?

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Whassat? Whassat remark? (Laughter) Orduh! P'ceed, Kronsky.

(Continued on page 35)



"... You can say what you want about God, but leave Bertrand Russell out of this..."

HOW THAT YAK

The following are exchange cartoons from the funniest Russian publications.



"American soldiers are falling on the fields of battle in Korea!"
"Yes, but our shares in war production are going up!"



"Acheson: No, the other brief case today. I'm going to the UN, not the North Atlantic Council."



"Dick, hurry up; what was the next thing those boys did in that American book for children?"



a Commie views the movies

as told to Mel Barnes by Belchki Marnovitch,
Intimate Friend of Gregory Specskey

Ever since Communists invented the movie camera, we, who knew the film city of Holskywoodoshkchi from the top of its highest flagpole to the bottom of its deepest dungeon, had thought of Moshoff-Globwicz-Moshoff as the company that produced the best pictures in the world. When the United States sent miserable failures, denounced as trash in their own country, we sent back such wonderful productions as *Red Guerilla in Wall Street* and *Hamletski*. But now things have changed.

Moshoff-Globwicz-Moshoff was in trouble. The studio's Number One star, Igor Rigor, had been accused of subversive activity (we knew it was that woman, the one who had lured away so many Party members—that Ritchi Hayworja) and before anyone

realized it, he was gone . . . and M-G-M was suffering. Directors clawed at their mustaches, actors sulked in their cubicles, cameramen and soundmen looked at the unturned cranks and the stacks of rusting, rotting sound-effects in sadness. Moshoff, Globwicz, and Moshoff paced the floor in distraction. "Moshoff," moaned Globwicz, "and you, Moshoff . . . what if the government notices the lack of marvelous movies for the martyred millions?"

"Ah," interrupted Moshoff, "what if the government notices the multiplicity of our mooched millions, Moshoff and Globwicz?"

At this thought, all broke down in quiet terror, and returned to their desks. Outside, they could hear a mumble of protest growing among the ranks of some extras that were to be

put in the next picture. After spending two weeks closed in the studio yard, they wished to return to the fields.

"Somewhere in the wide red world, there must be an actor," Globwicz muttered. He rang for a slave. "Vodka, naturally," he ordered. The slave vanished through a door.

M-G-M continued in its mortal decline . . . but little did Holskywoodoshkchi know what was to come!

In Karlovitch, a tiny town known only for its propaganda factories, Gregory Specskey, a tall, black-haired, fine, moral boy, sneaked into the Specskey kitchen and gently lifted the jar which contained the family funds from its resting place. Soon Gregory was striding down the dusty road toward Holskywoodoshkchi. Only nine hundred miles kept him from his goal. Gregory wanted to be the greatest movie star in the world!

One day Globwicz heard the door open, and grasped his pistol in fright . . . but he saw only one figure: Gregory Specskey!

"Comrades!" the figure cried. "I am here!"

With a shout of gladness the great producers clung to one another. "Oh, Globwicz and Moshoff," burred Moshoff, "Now we can use our newest invention, the flashbulb!"

"And perhaps we can start using our great idea, Technicolor!" Moshoff sobbed to Globwicz and Moshoff. They did a dance of joy and vanished through the doors behind their desks.

Life changed around M-G-M. There were many preparations to be made. Will we ever forget the wonderful attitude Gregory displayed as his leading lady was chosen? The producers were ashamed to bother him so. "Gregory, only the Party understands the proper position of women; we must accustom other countries to our ways gradually."

Gregory knew that the girls he was seeing were the most perfect speci-

(Continued on page 33)



. . . you, Vishinsky—you are waving your right arm in the air like a rooster—more finesse. You aren't sneering into the TV cameras like you should. Pick your nose sometimes to show contempt . . . You're not smiling enough to confuse them. You're not applauding, Andrei. Jacob, you were supposed to get more applause out of those Poles than that. Now, when you walk out let's see if you used the 'Split-C' formation correctly . . ."



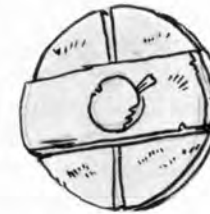
NKVD

ATTENTION:

All members of this service are instructed to study the following directive in accordance with Special Order 8855-A3.

R. Taftoff
R. Taftoff
Commissar in Charge
Special Services
NKVD

The following are dangerous examples of the bourgeois technological civilization. In order that the purity of the Soviet system may remain intact, study with care these typically corrupt Western luxuries and contrast them with our own untainted Soviet counterparts:



WRONG

The innate softness of the capitalist is exemplified by his dependence upon such artificial means of transportation as that shown on the left. This is known as a "wheel." Such an instrument has no place in a virile society. At right, the Russian way is shown. Uncomplicated! Unspoiled! Uncleaned!



RIGHT



WRONG

A slave to comfort, the spineless citizen of the West must depend on a "fire" for warmth (left). With true Communistic inventiveness, Russian scientists are working toward increased hairiness for all our citizens (right). When this goal has been achieved, the danger from spineless "comforts" will cease.



RIGHT



WRONG

As usual, the so-called democracies have overelaborated on the true and simple necessities. The "house," or "home," is the result of capitalist meddling (left). The staunch Soviet citizen will have nothing to do with such unholy innovations when he may live as his fathers before him did.



RIGHT



WRONG

Dissatisfaction with their lot has led the oppressed democrat masses to the use of artificial means of illumination (left). This is obviously a slavish imitation of the Russian way (right), and besides, decent people have no business being awake after the light of nature has indicated that it is time for sleep.



RIGHT

REMEMBER! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THESE INSTRUMENTS. THEY MAY CHANGE YOUR WAY OF LIFE!

THE THING



by F. H. Brennan

JONAS B. STYRES & COMPANY
INVESTMENTS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
December 9, 1950

DEAR TED:

Your mother and I are gravely worried by the present international situation. What are the authorities at Stanford doing to meet a surprise attack on the West Coast? I must not mince words. Bluntly and specifically, I refer to the bomb-shelter situation at Stanford.

Please reply by return mail, giving us frank answers to the following:

1. Is Stanford preparing shelters?
2. If not, what about a shelter in your neighborhood?
3. Since you are living off campus this year and are renting quarters from Mrs. Ludlow, would it be possible to arrange a shelter on her property?
4. Would you consider transferring to the University of Nebraska?

Now, Ted, these are very serious questions and I expect a prompt and full reply. Your mother has had to resort to empirin several nights recently, being unable to sleep.

Affectionately,
DAD

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 11, 1950

TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO
WHY NO REPLY TO MY LETTER? PLEASE WIRE TODAY ANSWERING ALL QUESTIONS.

DAD

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 11, 1950 (COLLECT)

JONAS STYRES
STYRES & CO.
OMAHA
NO SHELTERS. NO DANGER. STANFORD NOT MILITARY TARGET. STOP WORRYING. LOVE

TED

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 11, 1950

TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO
DISAGREE. SERIOUS DANGER. AIR MAIL LETTER FOLLOWS.

DAD

JONAS B. STYRES & COMPANY
INVESTMENTS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
December 11

DEAR TED:
Your callow and flippant telegram

has deeply shocked me. I cannot show it to your mother. We consider here in Omaha that the entire West Coast is a danger area. I must insist that you (a) transfer immediately to Nebraska U. or (b) take immediate steps for your own protection in Palo Alto.

Kindly write me at once by Air Mail, Special Delivery, to the office. Your mother is so nervous and concerned for you that we must keep this matter between ourselves until you have assured me of your co-operation.

Affectionately,
DAD

PALO ALTO
December 13, 1950

DEAR DAD:

I just can't transfer to Nebraska because I would lose ROTC seniority. As to bomb shelter, maybe you are right. My roommate Rocky Spencer says it would be a good idea to install one in Mrs. Ludlow's back yard. But it would cost at least \$100 for your share.

With love, hastily,
TED

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 15, 1950

TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO
HEREWITH \$100. AM CERTAIN ADEQUATE SHELTER WILL COST MORE EVEN WITH ROCKY SHARING. ORDER WORK STARTED AT ONCE AND ADVISE FULLER DETAILS BY RETURN AIR MAIL. LOVE,

DAD

(Continued on page 38)

MORE YAKS



"Defendant, what else can you offer in your defense?"
"\$1,000 more, Judge, and not a cent more."

"Jack, write an article about the intrigues of the Bolsheviks."
"But I haven't any facts."
"Well, so what! We have the freedom of the press."

"It would be nice to be judged by Medina; he only sentences the innocent."



AMBLER



"Attention! A special correspondent of the Voice of America is speaking. Right now I am on the border of one of the Western countries. With a hubbub tank columns approach followed by divisions of Red troops, armed to the teeth; you now hear the stamping of soldiers' boots, the rumble of cannons alternate with the crashing of machine guns. Out of the covering forest rides the Red cavalry—hear the rumble of horses' hoofs on the bridge. What is that noise? That is the Communists unmercifully beating their adversaries. You hear the blows of the clubs and the dreadful cries of the victims . . . On this we end our daily programs."

AMBLER

REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 20)

standing army at the time). Order was practically impossible to maintain, and traditions which the militarists had been preserving for centuries were frightfully disrupted in the period of a month. In cities the food supply was practically cut off.

The question asked by everyone was, "What is to be done?" It was sometimes a plea, sometimes a command: "Do something!" It rang through the nation. The government decided it was time for action. In a radio broadcast on June 27, 1960, the



President, his eyes almost swollen shut, announced to anyone who could sit still and listen, "This is a period of national emergency."

The President appointed a committee. He chose the committee to be neither Democrat nor Republican or even carefully bipartisan. The men were among the few people immune to poison oak or those who were only slightly affected. This committee was to make an attempt to keep the economy from collapsing entirely and to establish a system for giving aid. This they would do by keeping a few railroads running, maintaining the communication systems, distributing food, organizing doctors, and stepping up the production of calamine lotion.

(Continued on page 33)



HEY GANG!

Be da fust kit in ya nayborhud to gat "Uncle Joe" sweatshirt. Ya-Ya-Cums mit real svell fake bludstains.



!ZOWIE!

Zowie! Day planty neet! Ya be planty glad ya sent for yas early.

Yes, I am hot for your moldy sweat-shirt. Enclosed plix find all my worldly goods. Send me my garment quick before I friz to liquidation.

Party Number

Year at Stanford

Armhole circumference



"Oui, je suis ...



... invitée ...



... à diner ...



... à L'OMELETTE ...

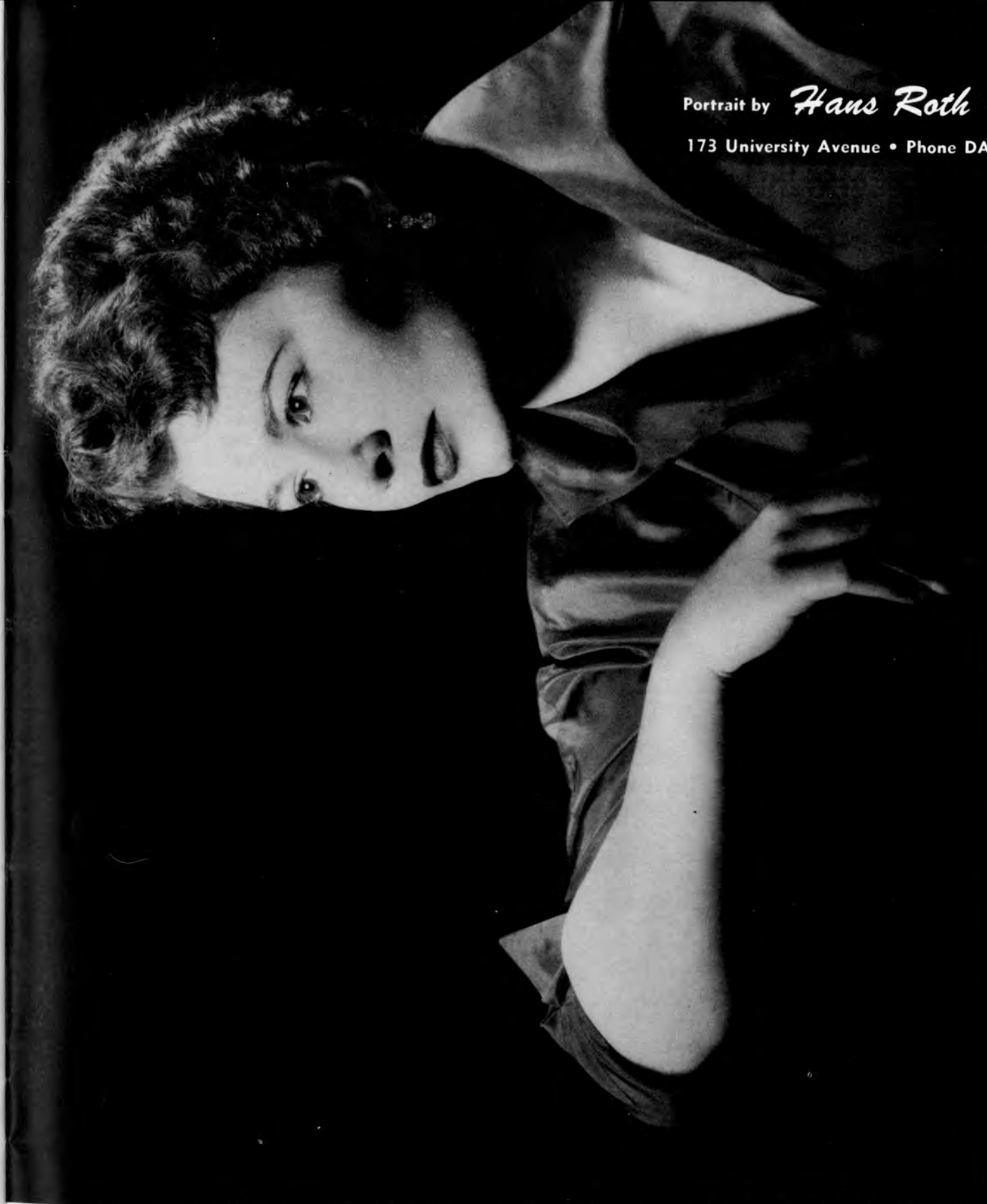


... ce soir."

L'Omelette

Portrait by *Hans Roth* Palo Alto

173 University Avenue • Phone DA 3-8189



Cool, relaxed, easy on the eyes is Miss ELIZABETH MARMORSTON, the lovely and talented pianist who's charmed Stanford with her playing and grace. And have you met the FAMOUS MILKSHAKE, cool, relaxing, easy on the palate, having charmed Stanford for some time now with its delightful, refreshing taste?

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176

**HEY KITS!
PRIZUZES GUHLOR!**

FREE! →

FOR THE BEST FIVE-YEAR PLAN SUBMITTED. JUST COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT IN 25 WORDS OR LESS. "MY FIVE-YEAR PLAN IS _____." DECISION OF THE JUDGES WILL BE FINAL. NO ONE OVER 16 YEARS OF AGE MAY ENTER. KEEP IT CLEAN!

UNKLE JOE FUN CONTEST
 HERE'S MY PLAN, UNKIE JO-JO, AND IT'S REALLY TOP-HOLE. I AM NOW AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN.
 NAME _____ CELL NO. _____
 BLOOD TYPE _____
 FRATERNITY OR OTHER SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITY?

Kirkes

Dammit, Jeeves, when I say Kirkburgers, I mean Kirkburgers!

Bruz '51

REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 30)

There was a tremendous task to be done, but the committee, augmented by volunteers, was eager to do it. But even before these men had had a chance to start, they were met with strong opposition.

Their first delay was brought about by disapproval from Congress. Long debates were held on the constitutionality of the President's move. It was argued that the President was not authorized to declare the appointment of such a committee without the consent of Congress. This point was maintained despite evidence that past Presidents had made such appointments in times of emergency.

One senator accused the nonpartisan committee of being made up of Communists. The project was attacked by an Ohio senator for being too expensive. He stated that the United States could not afford to spend the money necessary to avert economic collapse.

Some individuals made tortuous journeys to Washington to declare,
(Continued on page 39)

MOVIES

(Continued from page 26)

mens of womanhood he would ever see. They were tall, husky, wholesome girls, with great muscles and strong teeth. Their silent, stiff dignity gave them the ideal womanly bearing. Here was a group of women one could work with!

Nevertheless, Gregory did not care for them. Women, he felt, should be in their proper place, the field. Why a woman should be used in a movie was

beyond his powers of reason. Better for them to be used to drive oxen.

"Give me any one," he finally said.

Gregory started his first picture with throngs of admirers standing at a safe distance. The film was called *Mrs. Minifer*. Gregory played an English baron. His poise was unexcelled as he faced the popping lights, unflinching and unblinking. Each scene went like clockwork, even the scenes in which Gregory performed major op-

(Continued on page 37)

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"Writes Under the Delaware"

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WE'RE ALL WRAPPED UP IN OUR WORK!

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ZWIERLEIN'S

Photo by Russ Lapham

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CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

Released by Tijuana House of Un-American Activities
Enc. is \$.....
NAME
PARTY
NEXT OF KIN

MENACE

(Continued from page 24)

MR. KRONSKY: Well, then I discovered that the *Daily Worker* had bought the linotype machine from a certain Middle Western newspaper—

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Holt on, holt on. You lie in yo' teeth, Kronskey. The *Chicago Tribune* is a patriotic, hunnad p'cent A-merican—

MR. KRONSKY: It wasn't the *Tribune!*
SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Bettah not be. Cunn'l McCormick—

MR. KRONSKY: It was a Cincinnati paper. The *Times-Star* owned by—
(Uproar, great disorder)

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Silence! Silence! Come to orduh—

SEN. MCGILL: Move we adjourn.

SEN. JACOBS: Second the motion.

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh! I'm chaymun this committee. Guv'ment called this witness. 'S free country. You cain't cunfuse me with a damn Yankee hull'baloo. Mistuh Kronskey—

MR. KRONSKY: Yes, sir?

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: I unnastan' how the watumelon an' the bedpan connect up this suspect with a stinkin' Comminiss plot—but what's the suspect got to do with thet Cincinnati papuh?

MR. KRONSKY: His family owns it! He's Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio!

SEN. BALBRIGGAN: Orduh in the committee room! This hearin' is heah-by adjourned!



"Comrades, arise!"

A Scotsman had to send an urgent telegram, and, not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote like this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead."

The Scotsman who received it immediately decided it was: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it and Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead."
—Octopus

A student in Penn State's famous fishing class had hooked a very small trout and wound it in till it was rammed against the end of the rod.

"What do I do now?" he asked the prof.

"Climb up the rod and stab it!"
—Log

Sigma Nu—Hey, don't spit on the floor!

Pledge—S'matter, does it leak?
—Vague

Dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world, because the trees are so far apart.
—Syracusan

You haven't had a real hangover until you can't stand the noise made by Bromo Seltzer.
—Froth

We hear that next year's bathing suits are barely big enough to keep a girl from being tanned where she ought to be!
—Octopus



Cotton broadcloth Spring Dresses, fag-goting trim on skirt, Peter Pan collar, and woven straw belt—
Styled by Beaumart in Peppermint Pink, in Powder Blue . . . \$14.95
White lamb-wool cardigan, \$14.95

PHELPS-TERKEL

Model, JOAN ANTHONY, Jordan

Photo by Richard Fowler

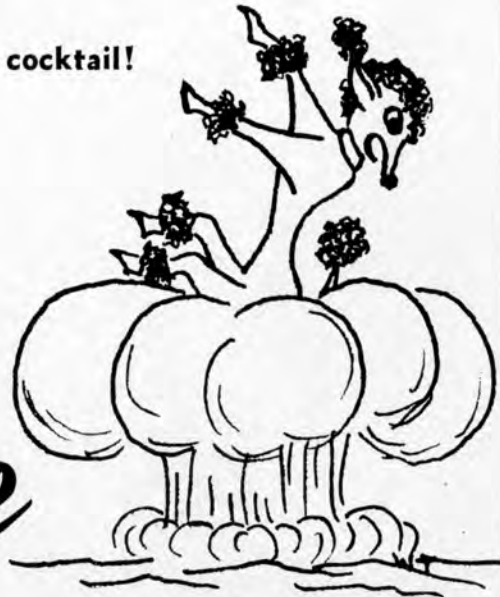
Snap!

Crackle!

BOOM!

Chez presents the atomic cocktail!

Chez
Yoonne



She reached below her dimpled knee into her rolled-down stocking, and there she found a roll of bills. Ah me, 'twas sweetly shocking. "Why don't you keep them in a bank?"

Inquired a nosey prier. "The principle is the same," she said, "But the interest here is higher."
—Syracusan



MOVIES

(Continued from page 33)

erations. In a scene when Gregory, running to save a friend, stepped in a bear trap, he took it like a man.

Mrs. Minifer came out, and once again the multitudes crowded and shoved into our spacious, modern theaters all over the land. M-G-M's name became famous once more. Columnists trailed Gregory, trying to find out his every whim. He spoke to an American correspondent amid a throng of officials.

"I do not believe in what you call sex," he said. "Our movies show what is good for the people. Sex is not the same for everybody. We must make the people happy. Women and men here live in perfect harmony! Men pound the rocks, women carry



"Hadacol! Hadacol!"

them. We outline a perfect life for our people. Our people love the movies as they are."

Movie after movie flowed through the censors and out to the Communist world. Gregory Specskey, the toast of Holskywoodoshkchi, starred in them all. Moshoff, Globwicz, and Moshoff all kept photos of Gregory on the walls of their private suites. The workers wore pins with pictures of Gregory on them. Life-sized posters hung in the Siberian mines brought high morale to the laborers, for who could resist the smile of Gregory Specskey?

After a series of astronomical successes, M-G-M plunged its greatest screenplay into production. This was *Workers of America*, a factual story which showed the party's work overseas . . . a startling, daring exposé of life in the lower regions of the earth. To secure the proper accent in his speech, and to obtain the correct atti-

tude in his acting, Gregory spent much time in research. With his usual enthusiasm, he studied all the American literature he could find, and listened to cylinder recordings (the latest Communist invention!) of American Presidents' speeches. When rumor brought him the fact that there was an American tourist in Holskywoodoshkchi, he undertook to visit this person. Dispersing the secret police who watched him as he knocked on the door, he turned the doorknob and entered the room where the tourist was relaxing, peacefully smoking and smiling.

"Do come in, Mr. Specskey," she said. "I've heard so much about you."

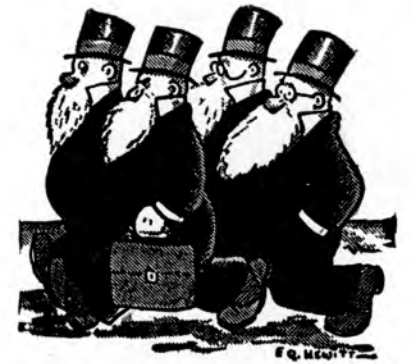
Gregory felt his ego leaping. He thought for a moment his eyes were deceiving him. A strange sensation, one he had never experienced before, tingled through him. He turned and slammed the door in the faces of the secret police.

"For the Party . . ." Gregory breathed.

We could never explain the mysterious disappearance of Gregory Specskey. We will never forget the patience with which Moshoff, Globwicz, and Moshoff waited for his return. "He will come back," Globwicz nodded. "Whatever he did, he did it for us." But Gregory did not come back. M-G-M fell into decay once more. Horror and misery doubled and redoubled.

Suddenly, without warning, Moshoff and Moshoff took their lives. When the militia paraded for them, bearing red-starred flags, all we Communists mourned. Globwicz, embittered by the homage they received, threw himself down before the marching soldiers. Three hours later, when the squad had passed, he was retrieved off the street. M-G-M was no more; Holskywoodoshkchi sank into a state of total emergency. There was no recourse to take other than that of . . . the Kremlin preserve us . . . importing movies!

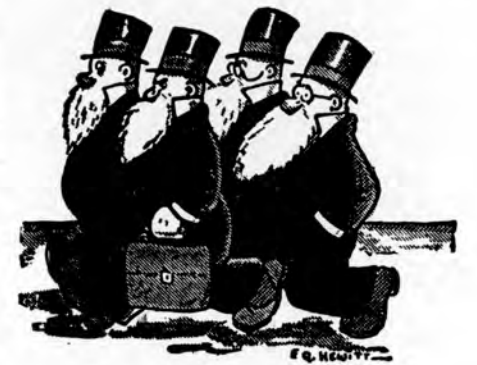
Now, the unfortunate peoples of our land suffer agonies again and again, each week. They tramp to the movies repeatedly, in a dull haze. They are hoping that among the atrocities they see on the iron screen, there will someday be another show like those Gregory Specskey gave us. And we know that there will be another! Comrades! Arise!



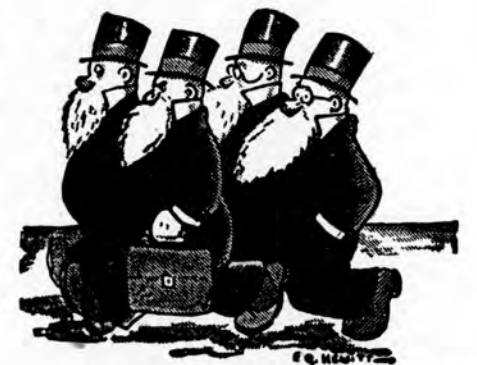
"Yes, I gave five quarts of blood. So what?"



"Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?"



"That was no lady, that was your wife!"



"Seventeen feet tall! Five pounds! A boy! Bald! God, what a girl!"

Advertisement for Don Hampton, Inc. featuring Dodge and Plymouth cars. The text includes 'DODGE PLYMOUTH DON HAMPTON', 'DON HAMPTON, INC. Dodge-Plymouth Dealers', and '511 Alma Street Davenport 3-3179'.

Photo by Van Judah

THE THING

(Continued from page 28)

PALO ALTO
December 17, 1950

DEAR DAD:

It seems you are right about the cost. Whole thing will run to \$485.50, making my share \$243.25. Mrs. Ludlow doesn't want her back yard dug up. It may take about \$50 to square her, Rocky thinks.

Love, hastily,

TED

JONAS B. STYRES & COMPANY
INVESTMENTS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
December 19, 1950

DEAR TED:

I enclose check for \$143.25 which will take care of balance, your share of shelter. Your mother is naturally disappointed but I approve your decision not to return to Omaha for Christmas. As you say, you and Rocky must watch the workmen.

Incidentally, we had dinner with Susie Pitman's folks last night. They are worried about Susie in Branner Hall should there be a surprise attack. Your mother and I told them that you would contact Susie and offer her the facilities of your shelter. We realize that you and Susie did not get along too well here in Omaha, but in this National Emergency you must not allow childish antagonisms to become a factor. You may be able to save Susie's life.

Your mother is most anxious to have all details of the shelter—size, drainage, warmth, safety, etc. Please wire as soon as you have contacted Susie.

Affectionately,

DAD

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 21, 1950TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO

WHY NO WIRE? HAVE YOU CONTACTED SUSIE? HER PARENTS WORRIED. REPLY AT ONCE.

DAD

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 21, 1950JONAS STYRES
STYRES & CO.
OMAHA

CONTACTED SUSIE BUT SHE WANTS US TO INVITE GIRL FRIEND MELISSA. COUNTING MRS. LUDLOW THAT WOULD MAKE FIVE. SHELTER ONLY LARGE ENOUGH FOR FOUR. SHALL I TELL SUSIE NO?

TED

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 21, 1950TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO

NO, TELL SUSIE YES AND ENLARGE SHELTER. HER PARENTS ARE CONTRIBUTING TWO HUNDRED. HUMANITARIAN OBLIGATION ANYWAY. LOVE

DAD

JONAS B. STYRES & COMPANY
INVESTMENTS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
December 23, 1950

MY DEAR SON:

I hardly know how to begin this letter but Susie has made astounding statements in a letter just received by her parents. She says that she and Melissa visited Mrs. Ludlow's back yard and failed to find any trace of a shelter. Susie alleges that the only thing she found was an old "root cellar" in the back yard.

Of course your mother and I are certain the girl must have made a mistake, visited the wrong Mrs. Ludlow or perhaps overlooked the work being done on the shelter. But please wire immediately your reassurance, so we may explain to the Pitmans.

I am still your father, who loves and trusts you.

DAD

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 25, 1950 (COLLECT)
MR. AND MRS. JONAS STYRES
OMAHA

ALL MY LOVE AND MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU BOTH. SUSIE PITMAN IS SORRY ABOUT MISTAKE AND WIRING FOLKS CORRECTION.

TED

WESTERN UNION
DECEMBER 25, 1950TED STYRES
14980 STANFORD AVENUE
PALO ALTO

THANK GOD DEAR SON AND MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MOTHER AND DAD

MR. ROCKY STINKY SPENCER
C/O MRS. LUDLOW

December 26

After what you said last night we are no longer friends and are not speaking. I only went into this deal because you said you could get us out of our gambling debts. Where is the \$250 I gave you? Please return it at once or I will have to beat your brains out.

STYRES

STYRES
C/O MRS. LUDLOW

I can't return the \$250. It is invested for us on two of the soundest bets I ever made. We will clean up \$850 and you can give your folks back their money. And why call me Stinky, Styres? A man who will make love to a little pig like Susie and get her to cover up for him is pretty low.

SPENCER

SPENCER
C/O MRS. LUDLOW
LOOK JACK:

Susie is not a pig but a very understanding little girl. Call her names again and you will have a fight on your hands. And by the way, Big Brain, just what were those bets, "the two soundest" you ever made?

STYRES

STYRES
C/O MRS. LUDLOW

I bet \$100 against Cal in the Rose Bowl, giving six points at two to one. I bet \$150 against Oklahoma in the Sugar Bowl, giving three points at five to one.

SPENCER

SPENCER
C/O MRS. LUDLOW

You cretin, you dolt, you jughead. You've ruined me. I will have to write my folks and make a clean breast of everything. Betting against Cal, the way they luck out in football games, was stupid enough, but only the world's prize moron would bet against Oklahoma. I cannot beat your brains out. You haven't any. But I feel like punching you until the tripe runs out of your ears.

STYRES

STYRES
C/O MRS. LUDLOW

Better wait till Jan. 1 before you 'fess up, Sonny Boy.

SPENCER

JONAS B. STYRES & COMPANY
INVESTMENTS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA
December 29, 1950

DEAR TED:

Val and Joe Pitman were just over to the house with a letter from Susie. She writes very happily about the fact that you have been dating her. She seems to believe that it was the shelter which brought you two to such a nice understanding.

Your mother and I could not be more pleased. The Pitmans are fine

(Continued on page 44)

REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 33)

while scratching themselves furiously, that it would be best to do nothing. Their argument ran that the epidemic would end naturally. It was foolish to tamper with affairs of nature, and besides, too much government intervention started a bad precedent. This group was especially opposed to organizing the doctors for fear of eventual socialized medicine.

The opposing groups banded together under the name of "Naturalists" and the verbal battles raged. No action was possible.

Meanwhile, many people were watching the Washington stalemate with mounting disgust. Their torment was driving them to take matters into their own itching hands. Farmers were first. They formed armies to drive back the foe and save their crops. The doctors were next. They formed elaborate systems to deal with the mobs that constantly beset them begging for relief. These teams worked so successfully that the practice spread. The organizations then elected delegates to send to Washington. There was increased interest in spreading relief

(Continued on page 40)

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REVOLUTION

(Continued from page 39)

and these delegates were taking sides with the Committee.

The delegates, enthusiastic and excited about their happy solutions, greatly strengthened the position of the Committee, much to the chagrin of the Naturalists. One of these Naturalists was quoted as saying, "I am chagrined. I favor letting Nature take its course, and you delegates don't realize just how radical you appear."

The Naturalists, however, were met with increasing pressure. More and more arguments were brought to bear for the co-operative stand. The fight was not an easy one, but finally the "Nature Boys" (as they were sometimes called) admitted defeat and crept away to scratch their wounds.

"Delegates Incorporated" (as this new faction had named itself) became fused with the Committee. They immediately began to relieve the nation. Somewhere in this process the government became reorganized. Thus, the Revolution was accomplished, though many vestiges of the old system remained.

People naturally protested at the change. Such statements as the following were heard: "We want our good ole bipartisan system"; or stronger, "I prefer the Itch to socialism!" Or even, "The delegates are Commies! They've turned into Commies!" It should be noted, however, that a suffering public was, for the most part, behind the innovations. Though some people shouted, "It's socialistic! Booo!" some, whose garden plots were again producing chrysanthemums, and some others, who had been given relief from great discomfort, were inclined to say, "Maybe it's socialistic, but hooray!"

A revolution had been completed in the United States—bloodless, yes, but accompanied by its own peculiar discomforts. We, as historians, hesitate to make value judgments as to the outcome, but we do note with joy, peculiar to our kind, that it was the first link in the chain of events leading to the familiar Great Happening.

The plain, prim, little old lady who stood beside a male customer at the department store was nervous and embarrassed; finally she asked:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."—Octopus

The stately gentleman reeled toward the bar and perched on one of the stools.

"Bartender, you make the besh Martinis in town. Tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna give you Ethbert."

He reached into his pocket and plunked a sad-looking lobster on the bar.

"Thank you very much," said the bartender, "I'll take him home for dinner."

"Oh, don't take him home for dinner, he's already had dinner. Take him to a movie."

—Electra

A drama student was on the witness stand in court and had just described himself as the "greatest actor since Barrymore."

"Modest, aren't you," laughed the judge.

"Ordinarily, yes," said the ham, "but please remember that I'm now under oath."

—Octopus

When a treasury clerk found a tax return wherein a bachelor listed one dependent son, he turned it over to the examiner, who returned it to the bachelor with the penciled notation:

"This must be a stenographic error."

The bachelor returned the form unchanged with a similar note:

"You're telling me."

—Froth

Ali Baba stood before the great stone door and repeated the words that had been told him.

"Open Sesame!" he said loudly. Nothing happened.

"Open Sesame!" he said, more loudly. Nothing happened.

Finally he bellowed, "Open Sesame!" This time the great stone door rolled aside and a gnarled old man peeped from the opening.

"Come around tomorrow night, son," he said. "This place has just been raided."

—Log

"What I can't understand," observed a KU law student, "is how a jury composed of six young men and six young women can be locked up in a jury room for twelve hours and come out and say 'Not guilty.'"

—Octopus

She—I'm a good girl.
He—Who asked you?
She—No one.
He—Then no wonder you're a good girl. —Shaft

The newlyweds on their honeymoon had a drawing room. The groom gave the porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast the following morning, all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded:

"Did you tell anybody on this train we were just married?"

"No suh," said the porter, "I told them you all was just good friends."

—Froth

Girl in Gym Class—I'll stand on my head or bust.

Instructor—Just stand on your head.

—Sundial

Nothing robs a man of his good looks like a hurriedly drawn shade.

—Roble Hall Regulations

Attention Upper Classmen!
Do you he-men know how to smoke a cigar properly? Are you sometimes mistaken for an Indian smoke signal? Do you inhale and turn green? Well, here are five tips for the tyro tycoons among you, guaranteed to add panetella pleasure.

1. There's no need to bite off the end of your cigar to prepare it for a light. Merely pinch the end gently and you will create an air vent.

2. Light your cigar with the heat rather than with the flame of match or lighter.

3. You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar.

4. A long ash makes a cigar smoke cooler, last longer. Let it grow.

5. Smoke slowly; avoid fast and furious puffing.

(Ed. Note: And if it's an expensive cigar, keep the band on it!)

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A CRADLE OF REVOLT

by Boris Sherymeteff

Reprinted from *War and the Working Class*,
a Soviet cultural review.

Palo Alto, California

It is highly significant that the students of The Farm, a polytechnic or advanced high school located here, should call themselves "Sons of the Stanford Red." The glorious colors of the U.S.S.R.—crimson or blood red or cardinal—are openly flaunted in this supposed cultural center of the imperialist warmongers.

Male students live in poverty, wearing clothes which would be scorned by Soviet workers. Their habitual costume is a rough leather jacket with red sleeves, a peasant shirt, and dirty pantaloons of a coarse material known as leave-eye. I have never observed shoes in such a filthy condition and bad state of repair. In fact, one would have to go back to the darkest days of Czarist oppression in Russia to describe such miserable footwear.

The female students are restricted in number by a secret cabal known as "The Ratio," and their lot is hard indeed. Due to a shortage of food, they all seem gaunt or downright emaciated. They are confined to crowded and untidy dormitories. It is openly stated that they must submit themselves to their professors in order to be "Grade A" and remain in school.

Both male and female students are seething with unrest. The focus of rebellion is a workers' group called Hammer and Sickle. This group edits a pro-Soviet newspaper called *The Daily*. It is valiantly engaged in the class struggle against a capitalist propaganda sheet known as *Chappie*. This organ of reaction and war gets its name from the British Tory phrase, "Stout chappie." The editors of *The Daily* are fearless and clever in their attacks on *Chappie*.

While I was in Palo Alto, I overheard many bitter condemnations of what was referred to as "Dead Week." This is the week in which the American imperialists plan to launch a surprise atomic attack on the Soviet Union. The students here are also outspokenly bitter against an institution known only as "Cal." It is a menacing and dreadful secret organization named for Calvin Coolidge, the reactionary Republican President who followed General Grant.

Several other weak points in the cellophane curtain are apparent. Within the realm of campus activities is a highly organized, secret police group, similar to, but infinitely more feared than our own NKVD, operated with frightening efficiency. This organization, bearing the cryptic initials B.O.E., appears out of nowhere and arrests violators of certain strict rules which regulate what types of foodstuffs the students can or cannot consume.

There are three principal groups which may stand in the way of our inevitable collective realization. They are the ROTC, AROTC, and the NROTC. Although the true meaning of these code designations is a top secret, I believe they stand for "Reactionaries of True Capitalism," "Against the Radicals on This Campus," and "Nationalistic Rulers of the Country," respectively. The purpose of these loathsome groups is to put down proletarian uprisings on campus and impress future mothers so their offspring will be soldierlike. Members can be seen roaming the campus in Fascist-like uniforms watching for any sign of advancement or free thought, and once a week they hold mass meetings. Perhaps these organizations may be taken by promises of high commissions in the Russian Army.

Often we have thought of the United States as a country of unlimited resources, but in my stay I noticed that the student body was lacking something basic. I am not sure exactly what resource the students are missing, but I believe that it is a compound or element known as "papes." I have often heard someone referred to as having no papes. The general question on this resource or sum of resources is "Are you getting enough?" or "Did you get any lately?" In some cases, there is an individual who is hoarding the resource and is enjoined, "Don't get too much."

But the Sons of the Stanford Red do not call themselves Red in idle boast. Led by the editors of *The Daily*, they are preparing themselves for the ultimate class struggle. Should the imperialist warmongers dare to launch their mad attack on the Soviet Union, Stanford Advanced High School will be heard from.

"Know what time it is?"

"Yeah."

"Thanks."

—Showme

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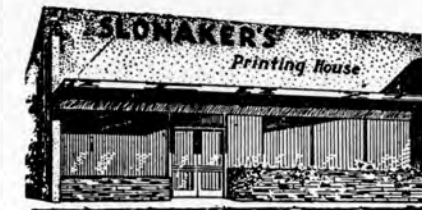
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It was during prohibition. The railroad station was packed with a gay throng. Over at one side of the waiting room stood a quiet little man hiding about and attempting to hide himself from the crowd. A federal agent noticed that the man had something in his pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. The fed, with a gleam in his eye, put a finger out under one of the drops, caught one and tasted it.

"Scotch?" he asked.
"Nope," replied the stranger, "Airdale pup."
—Syracusan

Yesterday I walked for ten miles without seeing a human face.

Where were you?
In a nudist camp.
—The Pup

A woman went into a drugstore and asked, "Have you any Lifebuoy?"
The young man's reply—"Just set the pace, lady."
—Voo Doo

Are you a socialist or is your father rich?
—Sundial

THE THING

(Continued from page 38)

people and Susie is a wonderful girl. We now feel that in the event of a sudden attack you will be safe, looking after each other.

Affectionately,
DAD

Jan. 1, 5 P.M.

DEAR ROCKY:
Boy, can you call 'em! I take off my hat. I bow three bows. How's about drinking a couple of beers to celebrate?

Fondly,
TED

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JANUARY 2, 1951

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WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU ARE RETURNING MONEY. IS THE UNIVERSITY PAYING FOR SHELTER? PLEASE WIRE IMMEDIATELY.

DAD

WESTERN UNION
JANUARY 2, 1951 (COLLECT)

JONAS STYRES
STYRES & CO.
OMAHA
YES, STANFORD EQUIPPING EACH STUDENT WITH SHELTER. AND YOU WANTED ME TRANSFERRED TO NEBRASKA! SUSIE JOINS IN BEST LOVE.

TED.

"Do angels have wings, Mother?"
"Yes, dear."
"Can they fly?"
"Yes, dear."
"Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her 'Angel' yesterday."
"Tomorrow, dear."



"You call this a magazine?"

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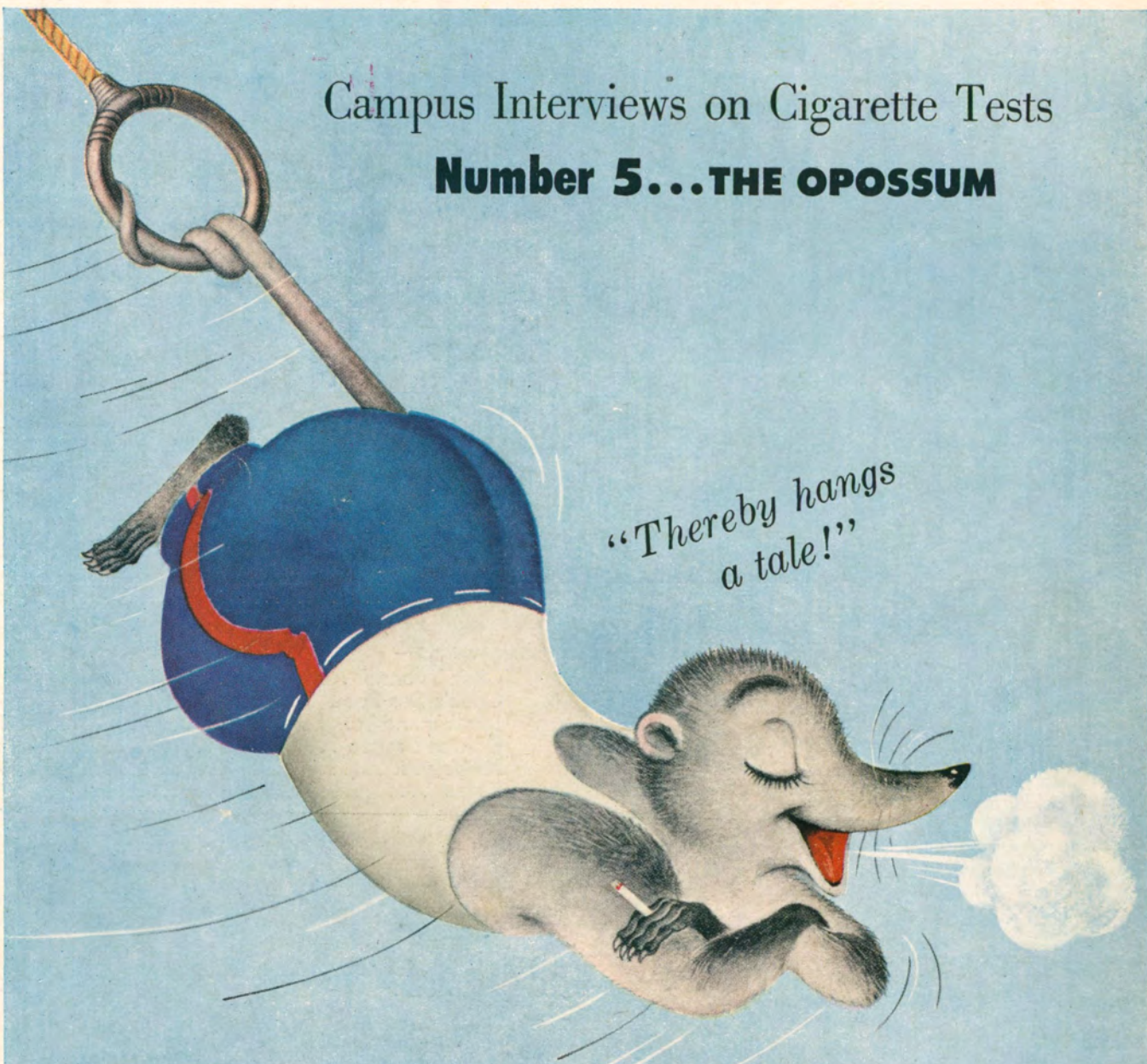
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Photo by Van Judah

Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests
Number 5...THE OPOSSUM



*“Thereby hangs
a tale!”*

THE class clown went out on a limb and tried to prove cigarette mildness by the quick-trick method! He tried the fast puff and huff test—a whiff, a sniff—and they *still* left him up in the air! But then he got his feet on the ground. He learned that there is a reliable way to discover how mild a cigarette can be! And that test is . . .

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