

Ladies' Prone

# JOURNAL

March 1951

30c

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# L'OMELETTE

## THEY PREFER L'OMMIES



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Justice Taney, leader of the international bar, credited with having convicted more suspected Communists than Joe McCarthy. His Honor has this to say about L'Omelette: "I passed my bar exams down here."



J. S. Smedley-Gork, pictured incognito here, well-known Industrial Giant and patron of the Arts, wants to shout it from the housetops: "L'Omelette will give you the business, I'm a real boomer, go west, young man, the early bird catches the worm, wish I could get back to L'Ommies!"



Samuel F. B. Gummy, favorite of sports the world over, boxer, wrestler, thug. Fifty-three fights and never knocked down. Says Big Sam: "L'Omelette is thimply peachy-keen. I love it, really I do!"



W. W. Genii, prominent djinn (pronounced "Gibson" at L'Omelette), pictured here in his new modern house, fascinating because of his shady past, says this about L'Omelette: "It never rubs me the wrong way!"



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### L'OMELETTE

### They'll See

If everyone was just like me,  
What a great old world, this world would be;  
Cause I am good, and great, and smart,  
When I think of me, it breaks my heart.

"You're the finest person, living or dead."  
It's true! It's true! That's what Mother said;  
She said it. She did. So it really must be,  
She's very impartial, when speaking of me.

So I can't understand, why the others will shout,  
That I'm crazy! Insane! A despicable lout;  
Is it my fault that I've climbed past the rest?  
With grace and modesty, the best of the best.

Well let them talk, and say what they will,  
Where Mother's concerned, I fill the bill;  
Phooney on the people who think such bad things;  
Someday they'll see, I'm the king of kings.

And Mommy and I, we'll be happy quite soon,  
A great day arrives, that will make us both swoon;  
And we will be thankful, and grateful once more,  
Tomorrow is my birthday, I'll be just forty-four.

—BARNEY GLASER

Harvard undergrads have petitioned in vain to lift the ban on entertaining female visitors in their dormitory rooms. Their plea to the effect that "if we can't have the girls in our rooms we have to take them out which is something we can't afford," was regretfully turned down by Dean Robert Bender.

However, the Harvard plight has not gone unnoticed. The Cigar Institute of America, a trade organization intent on popularizing perfectos on the campus, had a suggestion to make which could not only "take the sting out of the edict but open up new avenues of pleasure for the undergrads."

The organization sent a quantity of cigars to the boys along with the Kipling admonition which not only pooh-poohed eight o'clock curfews but pretty well relegated women in general into a not so special category. "A Woman Is Only a Woman—But a Cigar Is a Smoke!"

At last reports, the cry at Harvard had been changed to "Bring on the dames—and more cigars!"

## CHRONICLE COLUMNISTS

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- . . . Stanton Delaplane
- . . . Royce Brier

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# Carolyn Kelsey

Photo by Richard Fowler

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ASK ANY WOMAN

Men have been tried and found wanting—all wanting the same thing.

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his little feet.

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

At the moment I can think of no more shivering experience than having the puppy lick the toes sticking out the ends of my play shoes.

Purity is a strange thing—you never have it after you have.

2 x 2 equals four.

A bird in the hand is worse than two in the bush.

Sex is disgusting and men are all very nasty.

Boys are worse than bedbugs and must be stepped on.

There's plenty of time for sex after marriage.

Money isn't everything but neither is love.

After marriage, there are more important things than love and sex.

In the front seat at least you've got the steering wheel on your side.

this is the girl who shops at Joseph magnin



this is a dodo bird watching you

this is a dodo bird watching her

YES did you shop at j.m. this month? NO

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When, in 1941, Bernadine Fugue Ross married her eighth husband, a filthy rich member of her local draft board, she swore she'd never go through that again. Her new husband, Pierre, has twenty-one cats, three white mice, a mistress in Des Moines, and the seven-year itch.



BERNADINE ROSS

Rogetta Parkinson, a sweetheart if we ever saw one, was asked by this department what she considers her greatest thrill in writing. "Gettin' paid," the old slob replied without batting a falseie.



ROGETTA PARKINSON

"The Purloined Heart," another adrenalin squeezer by Daytona Herzog, will really make a splash in literary circles—and we're so glad for Daytona. She celebrated her Diamond Jubilee last month by marrying Bernadine Fugue Ross's eighth husband. We certainly like to keep things in the JOURNAL family, and we wish Daytona lots of little ones—and some big ones, too. At any rate, don't miss this story; it's sprinkled with perversions. Daytona's sister, Isabel Mahoney, also is with us this issue, which gladdens us.



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Cover Design by Harold Quiram

LADIES' PRONE JOURNAL, copyright 1951 by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society as a parody issue of The Stanford Chaparral, Vol. 52, No. 6, March 1951. Published monthly during the school year, October to June. An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto) under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California. (Telephone: DA 3-9411, Local 297.) Represented nationally by the W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42d Street, New York 17.

THE HAMMER AND COFFIN SOCIETY. Stan Norton, Chairman of the Board; John Motheral, Vice-President and Advertising Director; Pat Tyler, President, Women's Auxiliary; Liz Motheral, Vice-President of Football Team; Jay Inwood, Director of Circulation; Cornelia Little, Associate Business Manager; Robert Swetzer, Secretary-Treasurer; the Society also publishes The Stanford Chaparral, The Saturday Evening Pest, Country Clod, Jack and Skill, and The Dean's List.

Lion's Snore

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 135



The greatest star of the screen!

This seems to be the year for turning great American battles into even greater Hollywood productions.

Last month, the studio thrilled you with Custer's Last Stand, as pictured in "They Did with Their Boots On." Now, "Parallel 38," a smash in Korea, reaches the States with double the impact. This is the story of a young lieutenant, Bill Steele, straight from The Point, and his struggle to show his men that he was worthy of his crossed rifles.



There's Old Sarge, 30 years in this man's army and not willing to follow a green shavetail into a snowball fight. And when Seoul City Sally, played by Shelley Wintery, says, "Come up and see me some time," the screen will rock as the Eighth Army takes her up on it.

Only Technicolor could bring you the full savage beauty of the rockets, the flame throwers, the napalm bombs, and the coughing cannons, which make "Parallel 38" the brightest eye-ful since "Meet Me in St. Louis."

Academy Award officials will tense as Old Sarge tells the young louie that the men prefer the leadership of their trusted noncom. Mothers will faint as the punk kid tells Old Sarge not to take the platoon into treacherous Te Sung Gorge to meet the 500,000-man Chinese Army. Even the cap-gun crowd will drop their rods when Old Sarge and most of the platoon meet heroes' fates in the clever Communist trap—diverting an oil reservoir into the gully and igniting it with flaming arrows. And the whole family will let out a star-spangled hooray when Bill Steele and the remnant of his ill-fated platoon surround the Asiatic hordes and force them at gun point to jump into the fiery inferno.

Only veteran scenario writer Doug Mearthar could give you dialogue that crackles like an M-1. Only producers Darryl Schmalz and Sam Goldilocks could bring war home to you.



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### Thinks It's Disgusting

Atherton, Calif.

Dear Sirs: My fourteen-year-old daughter has been reading your series, "Tell Me Doctor," and thinks it is good. I think that it is the most awful, the most indecent, the most disgusting thing I have ever read. I am shocked. My daughter thinks it's neat. If you have influenced my sweet young daughter's mind I don't know what I will do. Stop it this instant. Please do not print my name, as my daughter reads your letters column.

MRS. B. J.

### Help

Dear Sirs: Three years ago you ran an article on how to find a man. I read it and profited. Two years ago you ran an article on how to talk the man of your life into marrying you. I read it and profited. One year ago you ran an article on how to lead a happy love life. I read it and profited. For God's sake run another article—this thing is getting out of hand.

Tiredly,

MRS. THELMA PUMPERNICKLE

### American Men Are a Mess

Sledgewick, England

Dear Editors: I have just returned from an extended two-day tour of America. I think you ought to do something about your men. They are the most slovenly, ill-clad, ill-mannered creatures I have ever met. Here in bonny olde England our men are neat, well-mannered, well-dressed creatures. Yours drink stout at teatime, and what they call tea is . . . well!!! And they wear their braces where their suspenders should be and their shoes are never shined and their undershirts have holes in them and they never tip. But Gawd, what men!

Breathlessly,

BRIDGET

### Our Face Is Vermilion

Dear Editors: I was looking through my back issues of the JOURNAL just the other day and I happened to run across a terrible mistake in the April issue of 1926. I thought of course that you would want to know about it. On page 37, second paragraph, third line, you said that the heroine's footprints appeared on the dashboard upside down. However, in the illustration your artist pictured the dashboard footprints right side up. On the whole it was a good issue, however, and you are to be congratulated.

Perturbed

Name withheld because she forgot to enclose it.—ED.

### Puzzled

Bridgework, Kan.

Dear Editor: I can't understand why, but lately I am feeling that my husband doesn't feel about me the way that he used to feel when we were first married. I have put on a little weight, have lost all my teeth, and my hair is getting to look a little ratty, but I am still married to him by law and I have to keep reminding him of this which I don't like to do but still it does seem to affect him.

He is not the same toward me any more. For one instance: when we were first married he used to come home from work at night and throw the door open and grab me and kiss me for hours at a time. Now, all that is changed. He is often gone for weeks at a time and when he finally does come home, and I rush to greet him, he will trip me, throw his lunch pail at my head, and mutter something like, "Keep your grimy paws off me, you lousy hag!"

Another instance: lately he has gotten the notion that he wants to quit work and get a job with a circus as a knife thrower. Whenever he wants to practice he makes me stand

against the wall and then he sits and drinks gm and throws the kitchen knives at me. What is strange about this is that the kitchen wall is plaster and the knives won't stick and so I don't see how he feels he is getting much practice this way. What I really think he does it for is to make me mad because he knows that the kitchen knives are new and I hate to see them dulled in this way even though he sharpens them himself.

Another instance is that he is very silly. He tells me that he thinks there is gold in our back yard and so he is digging for it. If there is gold I don't see how he will know it when he hits any because he only digs at night and then covers the hole in the daytime so that the neighbors won't steal any. And also it would be easier for him to work if he widened it a little but he insists on keeping it just three feet wide and six feet long and that is an awful small gold mine if you ask me and besides I have heard from my father that this is not good gold country.

Lately too, he has a funny idea that our house is loaded with rats. He tells me over and over that he will move out unless I get rid of the rats but as yet I have not seen a single one even though I have looked and looked. We had some rat traps but he said that the best way to kill them was with poison and so he bought a case of the stuff. He keeps it under his bed and he says that he will put it around the house the first chance he gets. But I am terribly worried. If that poison should be inflammable then the whole house might go up in smoke when we were away some time.

Speaking of going away that makes me think that maybe there is some hope that he still loves me after all. He came home last night and said for me to pack my stuff that we were going away on a long trip. He even helped me to pack and would you believe it I am taking every single thing I own even that pink knit dress that I bought in 1935 and have been saving to put in a rug. This is really going to be some trip I can tell and we are sure going to have fun camping and chopping down trees with that new axe that he bought just for this trip. I will probably have to do all the chopping though like I have done on the other trips. Well I guess I will sign off for now and would appreciate to read your advice in the next issue of your magazine.

Thanking you I remain,

IRMA BUNGE

Requiescat en pace—ED.

### Intelligent Critique

Backhouse, Fla.

Dear Sir: It is with the deepest satisfaction that I write you this letter. You see, I am a man. I used to think (along with most other men, I suppose), that your magazine was a mass of inane drivel directed at a reader with the I.Q. of a senile hamster. I used to think that your advertisements, your stories, your columns, and your features were the epitome of everything that is cheap, garish, and shoddily, shabbily sentimental. I used to think that anyone who would read this magazine was a frowzy, sluggish creature who could not possibly want any more out of life than a new television set or a cold bottle of beer. That is what I used to think—but no more!

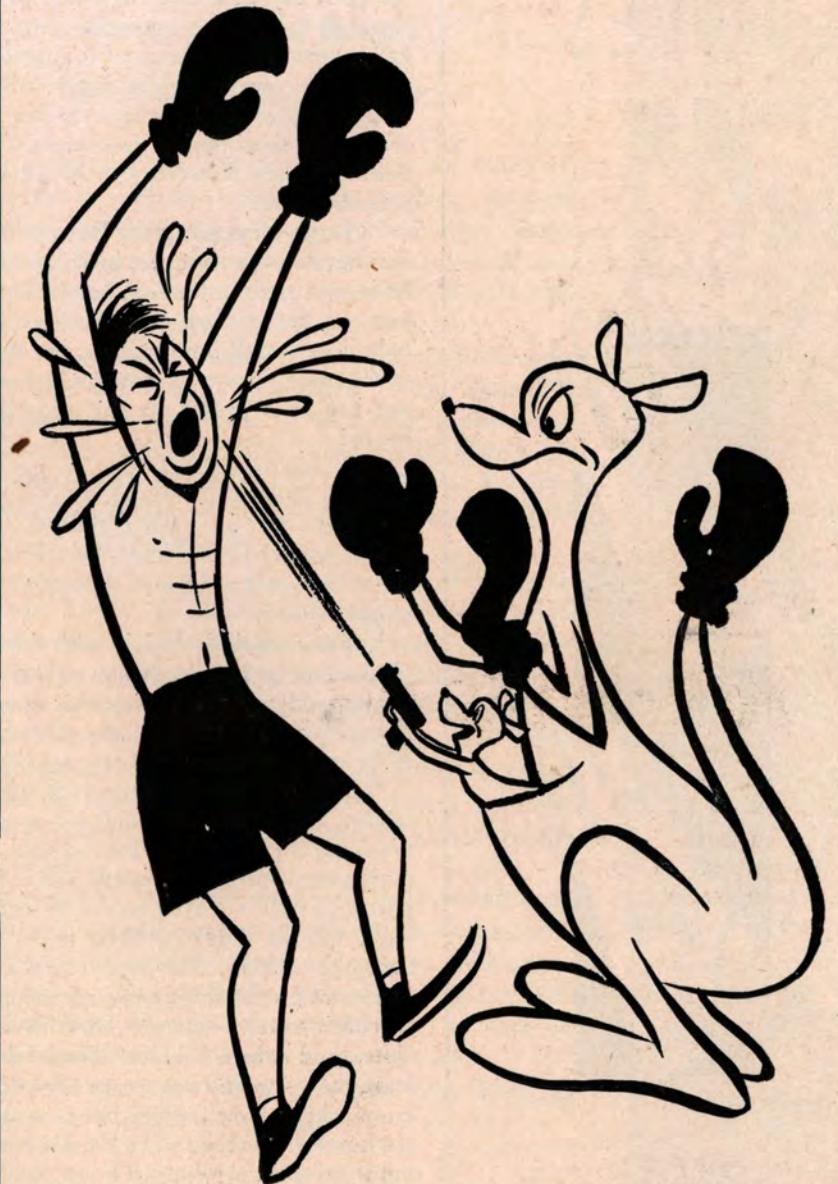
The American Housewife demands a more intellectual outlet for her energies. Your magazine is exactly fitted to those mental capacities. Where else can our Wives and Mothers turn for 100 percent American advertisements, stories, columns, and features? Where else can they find what you offer them? Where else, I say! Absolutely nothing offers what you do. I repeat, nothing.

So you can see why I am so happy to send you this letter which is, in a way, an apology. Please renew my subscription forever.

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First Floor

## there's a man in the house

By Harlat Milldrip

WHEN my wife first suggested we re-decorate the living room in magenta and kelly green, I was a teensy bit apprehensive. But now that I've lived with it awhile, I admit that perhaps the fair sex should be the interior decorators. The fellows, I guess, must stick to the exterior accouterments.

In hopes of pleasing my Beloved One, I've developed an interest in flowers and have even gone so far as to hang a flower box out the window of my office. Not only does it doll up the place, but think of the money I save on corsages by bringing her ones grown by my own little hands!

Now that television is here, we haven't a single Book-of-the-Month Clubber in the block. One nice thing, though—our bridge society never lacks a fourth hand since we got the biggest screen in the neighborhood.

Junior came in last night with the unpleasant news that he had wrapped the car around my prize magnolia tree. I guess I'll have to buy him one of his own so he will learn a sense of responsibility.

Funny thing—one of the high-school fellows in my neighborhood has a mad crush on my wife. She has become his ideal and he buys her presents and writes poetry to her. He even serenades her at night, singing like Perry Como under our bedroom window. She tried to make me jealous at first by dropping scented handkerchiefs to the youngster after his concerts, and when I'd just laugh she'd leave the room and not return till I don't know when. Now the kid hangs around the house all the time when I'm not home, but it doesn't worry me—I know women.

My honey dumpling was mad as a shorthorn steer last night when our sixteen-year-old daughter, Gilda, got home from a late date with a college boy with her clothes ripped to shreds. But I stood up for the little girl, and reminded my wife that she, too, was young once.

Last night Junior and I decided to give the girls a night off. So we did the cooking while the Head Woman and daughter went to the show. The soup boiled away, the meat burned, and my soufflé fell horribly. We were so disgusted that we took

down the quart bottle of cooking sherry and passed out on the floor long before the girls got home.

This last item reminds me that nothing's better on a chipper March evening than a bit of spirits. Good for the soul.

When I was courting my wife she looked delicious over a chocolate soda. Now she hardly looks eatable after eight Martinis.

Nobody's safe these days, it seems. Just the other day a perfectly strange man came up to me on the street and said, "Thay fella, you the chap who writes for the JOURNAL?" I told him I was, and what do you know—he wanted my autograph! Of course I didn't give it to him—no telling what kind of character he might have been.

If my wife serves any more of those leftover garbage dinners she calls inexpensive budget boosters, I'm damn well going to shove the stuff down her throat with her own arm.

Nothing better than a little swig of spirits on a brisk March evening. Really clears the mind.

That handsome young sport from the East who came out for the skiing season with his four-holed Buick has really got the girls after him, or so my daughter Margo tells me. Yesterday he called her up for a date but she turned him down in favor of her steady with his Model A.

When you come home from a hard day's work at the office to find the sink full of dirty dishes, and your daughter phones from Paris on your wedding anniversary . . . when Junior develops a flattering weakness for your top hat and tails, because your youngest is spending the week end with the widow across the street . . . when you least expect it your wife gives her new sable to a European-relief clothing drive, while your thirteen-year-old daughter is chasing the neighbor's French poodle around the yard with a butcher knife . . . and a little family Christmas Eve party extends well past New Year's Day—then you wonder how anybody could possibly have more money for the fun than raising a family.

THE END

# Ladies' Prone Journal

*Spruce Ghoul and Fleatrice Blackhead Ghoul*  
Editors

## Free, free, free!

By DOROTHY ROMPSOME

As you walk into any American home of an afternoon, you'll see the lady of the house, bright, modern, up-to-the-minute, alert, sparkling with intelligence. She's a new woman now, different from what she once was. Gone are the old ways, the outmoded and foolish ruts into which Mrs. America was crammed so much against her will.

Look at the changes. Formerly, the woman was forced to read such tripe as *War and Peace*, *Oliver Twist*, *Vanity Fair*. Now her literary fare has been spiced by the publishing industry, so willing to serve, with far better and far more worthwhile, problem-solving ingredients: *Four Ways to Frigidity*, *I Married a Communist*, *My Sins and Intimate Loves*, and the collected works of Kathleen Winsor.

The theater once had a big place in the lives of the American Woman. There was nothing fulfilling, nothing satisfying or helpful in that theater though, and the traditional works of Shakespeare, Molière, Racine, and other hacks gave the women of the new country nothing to plunge them deeply into the world. Now, however, times have changed. The women can whip down to the nearest corner and delight and teach themselves by means of *The Outriders*, *School for Love*, *Killers on the Loose*, *Duel in the Sun*, and the collected works of C. B. De Mille.

In the so-called "good old days," the lady of the house planned the day's meals, washed and darned the clothes, cared for the children, cleaned the house, and tried to make a good home for hubby. Now, a Bendix does everything but make love to the icemen, the children should be left to work out their own destinies, and hubby knows how to cook.

There was a time, now fortunately long past, when the

(Continued on Page 118)

## Sex Education

By SUSAN B. ANTHONY

*President, American Association for  
Advancement of Traveling  
Salesman Jokes*

If we agree that a lack of intelligent knowledge about sex is what's shooting our kids to hell, and it obviously is, then it's time the American parents did something about it. Good grief, you can't expect the little beggars to keep it clean *all* the time, now, can you? Hmmm?

First of all, I believe firmly in the American Constitution, the Bill of Rights, Women's Suffrage, and the purity of Ingrid Bergman. Then, too, I believe in bigger and better sex education. Let's all learn all we can about sex. Sex, sex, sex, sex! Do it now!


If I were to choose the best way of going about the whole thing, I'd recommend, first, coeducational classes. Everybody choose a partner. Whee! Moving pictures, charts, diagrams, road maps—all should be included in the curriculum.

The second thing we've got to get over is this silly idea of morality. Let's be modern, up-to-date; let's show the kids we're not old-fashioned. After all, if they think we don't understand, they'll never learn about sex. So away with morality; let the kids have their kicks, for Tomorrow We Die.

The plain, ordinary, good citizens of tomorrow are those who KNOW. Now, everybody line up; no shoving!

The Old Boy and Harriet Bleacher Stowe, Editors • Executive Editor, Stan Norton • Managing Editor, Ed Brennan • Associate Editors: Van Judah, Dee Larson, Ray Brown, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Boadicia, Mary Queen of Scots, Errol Flynn, Lucky Luciano • Contributing Editors: Noel DeNevers, Rog Parkinson, Don Gillin, Rick Rubin, Dayton Herzog, Al Ambler, Peter Whorf, Jim Stockton, Jackie Miller, Dunny Clark, John Burnett, Bill Corr, Russ Lapham, Walt Hoppes, Everett Opie, Tom Lowry, Paul Mast, Fred Simpich, John Pershing, Bonnie Holway, Roberta D'Anneo, Bruz Sondheim, John Calvin, Nero, Robbie Taft, Mae West • Assistant Editors: John Murray, Richard Fowler, Jay Inwood, Ted Off, John Bodnar, Richard DeRoy, John Kookan, William Clark, John Crown, Andrew D'Anneo, Jack the Ripper, Fortunate Peter, Roscoe Conkling, Little Miss Muffet, Bruce Gould, J. Parnell Thomas • Editorial Assistants: Pat Tyler, Marge Swingley, Pat Friend, Cynthia Holcomb, Molly Smith, JoAnn Tuttle, Judy Ross, Marge Hamilton Culp, Jo Johnson, Marilyn Rabinovich, Evie Wadsworth, Janie Graham, Cornelia Little, Connie Cline, Mary Baker, Sally Stanford, Anna Magnani, Bess Truman, Typhoid Mary, Lorna Doone, Mary Quite Contrary.

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Photo by Richard Fowler

**Under-Cover Stuff**

By Bernadine Ross



Recently added to the JOURNAL's gallery of originals was this genuine Dürer. Discovered among a pile of old advertising cuts, the etching is obviously a masterpiece of its kind. Notice the variation of line, the mastery of the *Geistheidt* stroke, and especially the flat-pattern *gouache* technique employed about the head and shoulders.

Spring, Spring, Spring. Spring is here and most of our friends are trudging back from the faraway places. No longer are the watering spots Florida, Bermuda, or California. Now, as you know, the wandering ones are returning from Capri, Sardinia, North Africa, Tibet, Pwongyang. To break up the monotony of the transoceanic flights on lovely clipper ships (now, with Pullman bunks, these sweet airplanes are as comfortable as an SP commuters' train), a little light literature really goes a long way. Try *STUDS LONIGAN* or *SANCTUARY* for slight but exciting books, and their handy pocket editions are just what the doctor ordered for that forty-pound weight taboo.

Before our friend Sam Simpson settled down to write his memoirs (no JOURNAL reader could forget their prepublication look into *THERE'S NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN*), he really lived a full life—did Europe, did the Orient, did Mrs. Simpson. One of Sam's little anecdotes concerned the Duchesse de Lointaine's Bal des Fleurs when, by an oversight, dear Sammy's invitation just hadn't been mailed. Since everyone was to be disguised as flowers, Sam went to the Bal anyway, dressed—of all things—as a fig leaf. It was one of the most marvelous Bals of his career and only goes to show, you budding authors, that if you want experiences to write about, you have to go out and grab them—and you know where!

Are you in the know?



What's smart strategy for "babysitting"?

- Put baby in the gas oven until his cries subside.
  - Tell the child that you will kill him unless he shuts up.
  - Kill him regardless, because you are "in a mood."
- Minding the neighbor's kiddies can be lots of fun—and profitable to! While the folks are gone you can easily rifle the place and steal them blind—then tie yourself up and blame it on a burglar . . . and remember, for important little jobs like keeping baby pacified there's nothing like *JONES' GINGER COOKIES*. At "difficult" times like that you can depend on *JONES'*, the rounded cookie.



When asked where you'd like to go—

- Tell him where he can go.
- Accuse him of being a cheap skate.
- Who gives a damn—all he wants to do is neck, anyway.

If that New Heart-Throb leaves the doings up to you—don't just stand there. Let him know that you are a *JONES' GINGER COOKIE* girl. Once he realizes that he'll know that you are the best . . . and you'll know that you can have confidence in *JONES' GINGER COOKIES*. They are the safest of all ginger cookies.



How to rate on a first date.

- Give him one hundred dollars cash.
- When you get in the car, remove your clothes.
- Slash his left nostril as a sign that you are "hot for him."

You have to be up on things to be 100% date bait nowadays and the latest teen-age fad is "nostril-slashing," so hone up your stiletto and let him have it—he'll love you for it . . . and remember, *JONES' GINGER COOKIES* will make him forget all about his nose—and about everything else. Also, there's no embarrassment on those "certain" occasions—not when you're using *JONES' GINGER COOKIES*.



More women choose Jones' than all other Ginger Cookies

The New Shape is the news! Yes, and Jones' Ginger Cookies come in the the NEW-SHAPE, SECRET-SHAPE Box that you can carry home. No one will ever guess what you have in this container. It could be candy, bath salts, an aardvark, a head: Let them guess!

There is a new and worth-while book out for children (from 6 to 60 is our feeling). It's entitled *THE ASCETIC LIFE* and is written by Gardner and Mannville, a pair of professional sociologists much respected in their field. This is a thin volume, well illustrated, all going to prove the fallacy of ascetism. Somehow, it's all tied up with the old Schopenhauer controversy. A beautifully bound book, this is really a marvelous thing to keep up on the shelf.

No one should miss Gladys Tumor's new book, *CRAB MEAT*. This is the story of a college co-ed who thought she had cancer but found out later that she had only been pinned. Gladys' earthy nonfiction piece gives the lowdown on what goes on behind the closed doors of the doctor's examination room. As a clinical study alone, the book should be a classic, but Gladys sprinkles in her own life story of twisted love affairs, and the result is warmer than an overloaded Bendix. It's reassuring to know that the younger generation can sit down and put their problems into print in a straightforward and unashamed manner. Bedshirts off to Gladys Tumor and her wonderful sketch of the medical profession seen through teen-age eyes!

We ran across an interesting item the other day. Before writing *PARADISE LOST*, Milton ate a heavy breakfast of—what do you think?—boiled rhubarb on corn mush, no less. Our cooking department got a laugh out of that one. And speak-




MILTON, WRITING PARADISE LOST

ing of writers' eccentricities, Wayne St. John (author of the Bar-bar the Elephant books for children) says he can't write a thing before he's had a drink of Pogo Pulgque, an herb beverage Wayne discovered on a trip to Mexico (so many writers get ideas in Mexico, it seems).

(Continued on Page 112)

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Photo by Russ Lapham

**UNDER-COVER STUFF**  
 (Continued from Page 111)

A new set of surrealistic cartoons on kindergarten life has just been published by Grosser and Grosser, Inc. The brilliant cartoonist responsible for these little gems of infant sadism is Billy Stige, that four-year-old wonder. The darling child is also having an exhibition all his own at the Museum of Modern Art this month. Needless to say, Billy is a must on the cocktail lists these days. In his Capote shingle, short pants, and angelic face, little Billy sips his Martinis out of Coke bottles ("those B.O.E.'s screw up everything," he coyly says).

**BUTTERMILK HILL** by Lewis Fahhhth is a lovely book about the home in Connecticut the author bought twenty-five years ago. About the seasons that rounded the years out, the birds that mated near by, the flowers that prospered in the garden that Lewis and Mary had planted, the wild flowers they brought from the woods, the poison oak that accompanied them, the neighbors, the weather, and the fun. It's a beautiful book about two beautiful people and a beautiful life.

There are really only two sex novels out of this month's collection that are worth keeping. One is **MAKING ENDS MEET**, a Kraft-Ebbing type study by Chester Jones (just full of the most daring case histories), and the other is called, aptly, **A WIDOW SUCCUMBS**, by Gee



**A WIDOW SUCCUMBS, THIS MONTH'S HIT BY GEE GEE GIFFORD**

Gee Gifford, a girl who knows of what she speaks. These books are not as light as one might think, but, in any case, they are definitely direct and to the point.

Also on the subject of Spring, we learned recently that the popular pastime (in the roaring 'twenties) of "dew-walking" at night was originated around 1927 B.C. by an Indian tribe in the Mayan Peninsula district. It was supposed to insure fungus-free children.

**THE END**



**TELL ME**  
*Doctor*

By Fagin Gar Forceps, M.D.

"Doctor, if my heart stops beating does it necessarily mean that I will die?"

The name is Jones," the attractive young woman replied to the doctor's question. "Mrs. Janis Jones. We just moved here from Ashtabula."

"I thought you looked unfamiliar," the doctor said in a reassuring voice, "that's why I asked."

"Of course, Doctor."

"Now, Mrs. Jones, just what is troubling you?"

"Well, Doctor, nothing big—really big, I mean. It's just that I haven't been feeling up to par recently." The woman twisted a pair of gloves nervously between her pale fingers as she spoke.

"I see," said the physician perceptively as he tapped his pencil twice on the dark oak desk. "Perhaps it's best that I take your history as an aid to diagnosing this malady."

"What kind of history, Doctor?"

"A record of everything medically significant that's happened to you since birth."

"Everything?" Mrs. Jones blushed. "You mean absolutely everything?"

"Everything that would interest me as a practitioner, Mrs. Jones," the doctor replied, an understanding smile distorting the corner of his strong mouth.

"Oh, that's different," the young matron sighed, releasing her grip on the gloves she had previously twisted nervously. "My life began when I was born."

"Life begins at forty," the doctor chuckled as he removed a paper from his desk. Mrs. Jones could discern the words **MEDICAL HISTORY BLANK** printed boldly on the ominous form. "Did you have any childhood diseases or abnormalities which I should know about?"

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

The physician momentarily ignored the

(Continued on Page 116)

**The BIG MAC!**

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We know you will just live in these handmade heavenly soft flats. Available in Red and Black kid leather. Price \$8.95.



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Photo by Russ Lapham



# Making Marriage Work

By Peggy Hopkins Ross

Mrs., St. Anford Finishing School  
Graduate Work—University of Las Vegas

## Gaining Your Ends

There isn't a woman in the world who hasn't an end in view. And in most cases, that end is a man. All of us know at least one girl who isn't married. (Think *real* hard.) Somehow or other this girl goes out and out, but still the elusive males slip away.

It's not enough to say he wasn't ready for marriage. Marie Antoinette wasn't ready for the guillotine, either. A man can become the marrying kind as soon as the preacher says the fatal words, which happens when a girl convinces her cavalier that there's something worth while in her.

If you have been dating a young man—or even an old one, honey—for several months and nothing has come of it, here are a few simple suggestions, practiced by every successful young-married, but somehow hardly fitting in public places for those who aren't.

Be convenient for him. Wives are and you should be, too. Be on time for dates. It is *passé* in our modern world to keep a man waiting to prove you're interested in him, and besides, while he's waiting, he may meet your roommate. Don't insist on being picked up, fun though it is. Meet him halfway; grab him as soon as he walks out of the john. The fast and easy last-minute date, remember, is one of today's trends, you streetwalker.

Don't break dates, but let him think you did. This is a nice psychological turning point for any man's ego, and a little bit of Freud can often go a long way.

Monotony can be avoided. The first dates are usually planned with definite objectives in mind, but constant dating can slip into a dull daily chore, nothing more than an uninteresting rut. Try to find new things to do: exploring obsolescent sewer pipes, learning how to cheat at chess, writing poison-pen letters to your friends. You can avoid monotony by keeping each other in suspense.

## Share Things with Him

If you have a secret that isn't too important, let him in on it. He'll feel wanted without being possessed. Share other things

"Do I still have a chance?" Here is the answer to that question posed by so many of us who wake up one morning with the depressing realization that we have stopped being debs and become spinsters.

too—bills, for instance. A man always feels secure with a stable provider. Send the statements to him once a month. It's a good way to make sure that he thinks of you and keeps his sense of humor.

Don't try to make him over. Be satisfied to make him yours. If his grammar's bad, don't correct him; talk the same way yourself. If his jokes are bad, send him over to us. Get used to living with him and his faults. Don't look at his family, background, or bank account. These are material things; it is the ideal in a man that's important. What you want is his soul, and when you stop believing that, come back and we'll let you write this column.

Act your natural self. Remember, it is the real you that he wants. If you are your natural self, he will be, too—oops, we forgot, you want to marry the guy.

## Are You and Your Husband Compatible?

Compatibility means more than just living in the same house with some guy. You must know, love, and understand him. Here are a few questions designed to help you find out if you do.

### Do you like:

1. The fine green scum that covers his teeth?
2. The sublarval organisms that infest his cranial meatus?
3. The fact that he is a weak, sniveling, little coward?
4. Knowing that he is poisoning your food?
5. His habit of eating spiders?
6. His other wives?

### Do you think he likes the following about you:

1. The hair on your upper lip?
2. The hair on your lower lip?
3. Your baldness?
4. The fact that your son resembles the iceman?
5. Your putting scorpions in his lunch?
6. The fact that you loathe him?

While "yes" answers to the preceding questions indicate that you are living with your worst enemy, don't try to compute your total score. Boil this sheet of paper, distill the sediment, and put in his coffee, then write for our free booklet on "How to Catch a Man."

Respond but don't seek. A woman must be the hunted, not the hunter. Aggressiveness is the trap which has led many otherwise attractive women to a not ascetic but certainly unmarried life. When he leaves you, don't ask when you'll see him again. Be satisfied that he has spent five good hours with you and that when he wants you again, he will call. Making the date is his prerogative; breaking it is yours. Always tell him how good he is, what a wonderful time you've had. Kiss him good night and whisper a gentle "darling" into his ear. The odds are eight to one he'll never darken your boudoir again, but if he does, remember it was the woman in you he wanted—so stay the way you were that night.

End the night cheerfully, and end it before he is tired. Always keep in mind that he has to go to work again the next morning and if he loses that job, he won't be able to afford you.

Every once in a while show your thoughtfulness by giving him little items that you know will please him, like suits, cashmeres, or new cars. Things of this sort will indicate to him that you think he is "regular" and a "sport," and he will get the idea that you are well-heeled, and he can pay for these things after you are married or else go to jail, the cheap crumb.

## Above All, Never Be Jealous

Or if you are jealous, do not let him know it. If he goes out with other women more beautiful, talented, monied, intelligent, and passionate than you are, remember that it is damn odd that he has taken you out at all, and he is probably only out for what he can get, so play it smart and try to scare him into it. If this doesn't work tell him that you will commit suicide. If that doesn't work, commit suicide, because you'll undoubtedly end up single anyway, you ugly scab.

Never, never, never, mention sex. Men hate to be reminded of this distasteful subject, so if you're smart you'll never give him the slightest hint that you even know what it means. If he happens to mention inadvertently something related to it, pull a "faint," or remind him that you are "a real lady, Gawdamit," or smash him in the face—anyway, do something to express your disapproval of such a dirty subject.

# "I was floored by the same man 12 times"



says MELBA ENNUI, starring in  
"PUNCH DRUNK," a Sound  
Movie released by PARTY FILMS, INC.

"I HAD TO PROTECT MYSELF 12 TIMES BEFORE THE DIRECTOR SAID 'TAKE!'—TILL MY HANDS WERE NUMB WITH PAIN."



THRILLING chase scenes were no thrill for my friction-burned hands.



IT HURT when the leading man put the squeeze on my delicate hands.



BUT between shots, I used sericeous Vergens Lotion on my hands and body.



IT KEPT my skin yummy and bunny-rabbit smooth for romantic close-ups.



COMPARE my two hands—you can tell immediately which one received the only real hand care.

## CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "SCREEN TEST"?

To soften effectively, a lotion should combine with the skin molecules to form a pliable organic resin. Vergens Lotion contains penetrating ingredients which make your hands completely soft.

PROVE IT to yourself by this simple test.



YOU'LL see why Vergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret . . .

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**young colony**  
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

Model, GAINOR LLOYD, Roble

Photo by Richard Fowler

**FREE, FREE, FREE!**

(Continued from Page 109)

women stayed out of politics and the Army, figuring that these were man's natural fields. Today every town and hamlet in the country has its League of Women Voters, where the members profitably spend their time wrangling over the candidacy of an aspirant to the keystone of local democracy, the office of dogcatcher. Feminine discussion clubs bring into the daily lives of the average woman everything from nuclear physics to floral arrangements to the philosophy of Emmanuel Kant to floral arrangements to conditions prevailing in the slums of Liberia to floral arrangements. And today there are several women in each of the armed services; emancipation in this field has meant that at last the girls get a chance at those lovely epaulets.

Yes, we can all thank heaven and our

Call things by their right names. . . . Glass of brandy and water! That is the current but not the appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.

—ROBERT HOOKAM

own hard fight, ladies, that we are now free of the fetters of homemaking, thinking, talking sense, and minding the baby. The new fields of pulp magazines, burlesque shows, soap operas, television, free love in the movies, the lives and loves of Rita Hayworth and Ingrid Bergman, the qualifications for the office of garbage inspector, and the United States Navy are open, open, open, and we must rush in and fill them with a joyous burp of satisfaction and contentment.

The next fight is to free the men.

**THE END**



"Did you say something, dear?"

**Fifty Years Ago  
In  
The Journal**



In 1901, New York society was agog when JOURNAL managing editor Velma Plank, whose ship the Ipanic had been sunk the previous winter, gave birth to triplets on an iceberg. Both mother and daughters were doing fine as they floated into Newport News early in March.

"A young lady and her beau would do well to reserve the hand-holding period until after marriage," advised debutante editor Rogetta Parkinson.

Nickelodians the country over were jammed with counterfeit nickels by the free silver interests, gum vendors in Idaho were indicted by Teddy Roosevelt for using pitchblende in their wares, and Selma Mulligan of New Roads, Indiana, died tragically in a passion-mangle accident.

"All foods should be sterilized in paper bags for one hour before cooking," advised Melba Bisquick in her domestic science department, and several of our magazines stopped an Indian arrow aimed at a young mother in faraway Arizona Territory.

Suggestions to young mothers: "If your child's face looks like a bucket of mud, better wash it."

According to the JOURNAL, the average woman of 5'5" in 1901 weighed 139 pounds and had hips 8 inches larger than her bust.



Gossip about people you loathe, editors you despise, and what dull events have arisen to cloy the smog-laden air



Hilda Grutch and Death Masks

Hilda Grutch, our Odds and Ends editor, has what we think is just about the most interesting hobby a body could have. Hilda collects death masks. She has seventeen of them, arranged on shelves in her dining room. To brighten up informal dinners, she puts a lighted candle behind each mask. She gets most of them from Uganda, where she and her husband, Sedley, a freelance daguerreotype artist, vacation every season. Hilda has a man down there who jobs the masks for her. The gem of her collection is a mask of a four-year-old child. The interesting thing about this one is that some of the skin clung to the mask as it was being removed. "Feel that texture," Hilda says, fondling her pride and joy with a far-away look in her eyes.

Sixty-seven percent of the single girls in Los Altos, California, feel that the adoption of the disengaged-neutron process would step up production in the bottle-cap industry. . . . Twenty-four percent of the patients admitted to asthmatic's sanitariums last year prefer meat loaf for Saturday lunch. . . . Out of 7,000,000,000



flies swattea in South Dakota in 1924, a total of 2,437,984,003 died at the first blow. . . . Of every 100 divorces granted in Biloxi, Mississippi, three and a half are caused by the wife's having hair on her upper lip.

Things were pretty festive in the Early American Room at Wilson's one afternoon last month. The East Woodside Clarion celebrated its fourth birthday party with a veritable orgy of vanilla frappées. Our roving reporter, Deirdre Pebble, dropped in to use

the ladies' room, and she just couldn't tear herself away. Alida Valli and Percy Kilbridge had flown in from Filmland just for the occasion. (Hearts and Flowers Note: Percy told Deirdre that he and Valli are just good friends. "What else?" he admitted.) Anna Pauker was there, wearing a stunning lemon-colored sheath dress of raffia, with a contrasting orange stole. Mary McCarthy, the editor of The Partisan Review, was wearing a hair shirt. Mary's set quite a fashion with these among the literary smart set. Over in a corner, Deirdre spotted an awfully interesting group including Faith Domergue, Tennessee Ernie, Clara Lane, and Sir Benegal Rau. They were discussing whether or not Sparta should have been admitted to Delian League.

We know that a lot of JOURNAL readers will be pleased to hear that a book is about to appear on the stands by a writer who has appeared in these pages more than once. We're talking about Hazel Grutche. (Not to be confused with our Odds and Ends editor, Hilda Grutch. "I'm always getting her mail," says Hilda, "and we're not even related.") But some of us on the staff think that Hilda should write a book, too. What about it, Hilda?) Well, anyway, Hilda's, I mean, HAZEL'S new book is going to be published by Trivia House. It's called Let's Eat, Drink, Sleep, Talk and LIVE Birth Control.

Some of us recently had the pleasure of attending a ridotto held at the Mark Twain Hotel. It was given in honor of the unit from Satisfactory Pictures that's up here doing location shots on the documentary thriller, Footpath to Frenzy. In the course of the

festivities, we happened to remark to Mavis Flesh, the star of the picture, that she looked awfully tired. "Hon, I'm bushed," Mavis said, "but completely." We weren't going to say any more, since we know how those thing are, but Mavis explained.

It seemed that the company had spent all day shooting an uninterrupted fifteen-minute sequence. Mavis, as the heroine tries to elude a pack of tanna-leaf smugglers by jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge. The camera follows her under water to where she emerges at Fisherman's Wharf and is chased by a mad dog up to the International Settlement. In Chinatown she spots the brains of the gang, and, disguised as a ricksha-runner, she snags him as fare. While he forces his attentions on her eighty-year-old mother, Mavis



pulls him through the rain-soaked streets of San Francisco and delivers him to the Jackson Heights Police Station.

Each time as Mavis approached Jackson Heights something seemed to go wrong, and they had to reshoot the entire sequence seven times.

We think this shows a helluva lot of guts on Mavis' part. She's a grand little girl, and we know someday her name's going to be in mighty big letters on those marquees.

## MIDWIFE TO

*Passion*

By Isabel Podge Mahoney

WHEN I ran into Magda McCracken at Renzi Biddle's cocktail party, I realized that I hadn't seen her in over ten years. Her name wasn't Magda McCracken then, it was simply Diana St. Clair Follansbee. She was the prettiest girl in Beanbag Falls, Idaho. She had delicately cupped breasts and the exquisitely chiseled features of a Dresden doll. Her hair was like a field of billowing spring wheat, and her skin was as soft as a rabbit's, shaved. She was madly in love with Biff Dexter, a gay, abandoned Apollo of a lad. As soon as they graduated from high school, Diana and Biff were married.

The marriage didn't work out. Biff grew older—twenty-three, twenty-four—and still he was only making fifteen thousand a year. Diana loved Biff, but she wanted security.

One quiet spring evening, Diana was packing her silverblu minks in mothballs. With tears streaming down the delicate damask of her cheeks, she slipped him the subpoena.

"Biff," she said, nervously fingering her cabochon ruby choker, "it's not that I don't love you, but I just can't stand for things to be drab."

After the divorce, she went to New York. The steel canyons of the city swallowed her up. She took a flat in Greenwich Village, and with the settlement money she bought a ceramic kiln. Two years later she emerged in big business—Magda, Inc., leader in the field of snuffbox manufacturing. Her Manhattan factory employed two hundred fifty people. She built branches in Plainfield and Biloxi. Each year Magda, Inc., expanded with new lines—pillboxes, coasters, doorstops. At the mention of her name, Wall Street alerted.

Occasionally during these years I heard about her or read her name in the columns. Spotted at El Morocco in the company of a San Salvadorian nobleman. Seen at Schrafft's with a brilliant young chiropractor. New Yorkers in the know whispered that the goat rancher from Sioux Falls, whose wealth had become a legend, committed suicide because Magda would not marry him.

Yes, the little girl from Beanbag Falls had come a long way. For a moment I did not recognize the poised, aloof goddess, surrounded by a cluster of adoring men in Renzi's penthouse living room. Magda was sipping a pernod, and through an elegant jade holder she puffed languidly at a Fatima. Her expression was as inscrutable as a bathroom window.

I went over to her, knocking aside a dozen or so Yale undergraduates as I approached. "Perhaps you don't remember me . . ." I began.

Her voice had the rich, softly modulated texture of a chocolate malted.

"Meg Widget," she said. "It's been a long time. I understand your novel is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, for next March, I believe, and that you've sold it to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for two hundred fifty thousand dollars, to be paid in ten yearly installments, against 12 percent of the grosses of the picture, exclusive of European returns."

She had heard of me after all.

We talked for a while—the brittle, disinterested banter of the eminently successful. But something in her manner told me that what Magda really wanted was woman talk. She invited me to come with her to the bedroom, while she glanced over some stock-market reports that her office boy had rushed to her from the ticker tape.

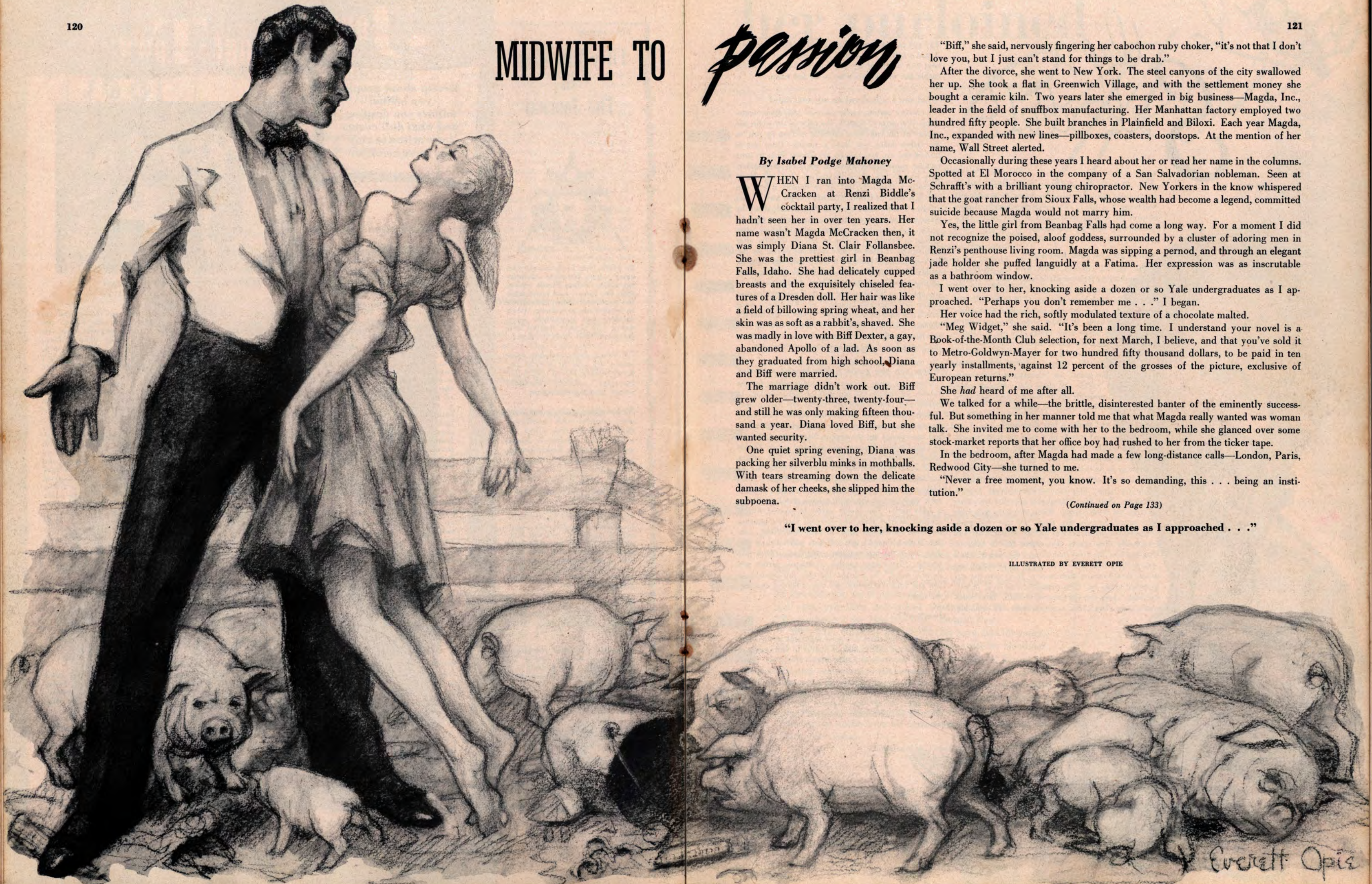
In the bedroom, after Magda had made a few long-distance calls—London, Paris, Redwood City—she turned to me.

"Never a free moment, you know. It's so demanding, this . . . being an institution."

(Continued on Page 133)

"I went over to her, knocking aside a dozen or so Yale undergraduates as I approached . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT OPIE





# the Sub-deb

We all have our problems, but problems are so much more enjoyable when we know their solutions. Following is a list of the questions which teen-agers all over the country have asked us most often. Hope our answers help all you teeners fit into the social swing at your high-school prom or pajama party.

### Should girls on their first date?

This age-old problem varies with the individual. Most authorities feel every fella will, if he's all there—but some may not, so be prepared for anything. One easy way to resolve the problem is to wait until your muscle man makes the first move; then if he kisses you, kiss him back. Of course some ickies get carried away. A good dodge when things look out of hand is to poke him playfully in the kidney with your elbow and break the thing up on a pleasant note with a hep remark like, "O.K., Columbus, you've discovered enough for one night," or "Cut it out, Jim, you're getting horny." This will show him you're no push-over and will probably insure another date next week end. But remember, easy come, easy go.

### How can a girl make a boy like her?

There's no surer way to blow your Joe than through lack of foresight. If a kitten's really going to thrill her Bill she has to think faster than he does, and the surest way to do this is to get a head start. Pick out your objective and then start planning your offensive. Study his habits. Map his every movement. Tap his telephone. Note his clothing and appetite, his eccentricities, his tender spots. When you have found his soft underbelly you are ready for the big push. Frequent the places he does (if this is practical) and continually drop scarfs, books, and bits of lingerie. Hug and kiss him every time you get the chance. Show him you love him, show him you go for him, but best of all, show him you have money. Don't give the guy a chance to say no. "The persistent miss is in perpetual bliss," goes the old Chinese proverb. Boys today want to be shown that someone cares—be motherly.

Any girl can get a man if she's willing to be motherly. A pretty kitty who is a dull jill doesn't have a chance next to a molten-Molly who may not be such a looky cookie but who knows what to do and when.

### What can I talk about on my next date?

It doesn't matter, really—but *do* talk about something—the price of lipstick, the color of the walls, the quality of the rug—just anything so long as you let the fellow know you have a mouth. Once you've broken the ice, you can get the Dream Boat to start rocking some sound waves of his own. Remember, boys like to talk about themselves. Ask him about yesterday's chemistry test—if he flunked it you can give him hope by telling him that you got an "A" and are just "dumber than anyone." Or ask him about the other girls he goes out with so you can see what he wants. Ask him what career he's going to follow, what college or branch of service he intends to enter after graduation. If none of these come-ons works, jar the lad's inhibitions, don't be a fraidy-lady—go right up to Mr. Big and say, "I eat spiders." Or ask some original question such as, "Where would you like to live most?" or "What would you do if your mother and father died tragically tonight?" or "Would you sleep with a girl for a million dollars?" Don't forget that it's the lass with the gift of gab who usually winds up with the Roaring Romeos. Silent Suzy may look demure, but Loquacious Lulu gets her man and Suzy's too.

### Where can one go on a date besides a movie?

There are many popular date destinations for the subdeb set besides the old faithful flicker parlor. In Skeeduckett, Maine, the chic chicks are having their raunchy rooster over for tele-talk parties—television-appreciation sessions, for the uninitiated. Speleological expeditions are the rage in Nyewsedit, Arkansas. In Chiggeryblut, Georgia, you and your steady Freddy spend the long evenings at popcorn and taffy-pulling fests, while in California just *everybody* is out histing gas stations. Subdebs and dudes in Pierres Hole, Idaho, claim the most original fad of the month—each week one of the leading gang members throws a Jello party. The family parlor is covered with a six-inch layer of Jello, and everyone wears huarachos and does the Balboa Hop. In Palo Alto, Calif., subdebs have invented a good trick to pull on their rate dates when the boys suggest going home. They just whisper, "Let's have another strawberry parfait and go to a motel." So you see that date fun depends on you and your originality—get out of the rut and into the race.

### Is sex all?

This is a good question. I will make no dogmatic statements, but there is a good argument in the negative. One has only to look at history to find oodles of femmes like Madame Curie, Barbara Fritchie, Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Nation, and Betty Crocker, who did not owe their popularity to being "neckers." The classy chassis of 1951 might well take a lesson from these girls and go easy. Reserve your sex as we do the atom bomb, because sometime you might really need it.

### "Jack Broke His Crown!"

But Jill came tumbling after; it wasn't necessary. Get hep! Send for our booklet, No. 1906, SHOULD GIRLS? Remit 5¢ to Chaparral Publishing Co.



# her purloined

# Secret

By Daytona Snog Herzog

THE TEN O'CLOCK bell had barely died that first wet day of school. But already he had seen her. Saffron hair cascading down a slender back, the figure of a wingless angel, and eyes the color of ripened olives—that was all he remembered of her as she passed in a crowd of freshman girls, all of them chatting gruffly except the beautiful one, the one whose tinkling laughter precipitated in his auditory canals like warm maple syrup. This, he thought, is truly an undiscovered American beauty, one whom I must know.

Guy de Rochefauld looked after her with his saddened eyes. Men dislike to be unhappy; women, because they are wiser, expect it. "I'm a self-pitying fool!" Guy exclaimed silently to himself, as he turned the corner of the Inner Quad and entered his art class. "But fools rush in where wise men never tread," his superego added unconsciously. And the rest of the day was spent turning her image over in his mind, inventing fantasies of how to meet her. He wanted to scream out loud, "I love you, you little fool, I'd die for you!"

When Pamela Enderhips, the next day in class, saw the tall, dark, incredibly handsome young man coming toward her, she knew at once he was a foreigner. It was not the turtle-neck sweater and beret, or even the well-trimmed mustache that gave him away. If he had been completely naked she still would have known by his bearing, the tilt of his manly head, the Continental shuffle. Her delicately cupped breasts heaved noticeably as he took the empty seat beside her. He looked at her and smiled.

"If she only knew the passion that burns within me," he mused silently; but before he could speak the lecturer was passing out the test papers and it was too late. After class they left by different doors, Guy cursing himself for not crying out, "Can't you see I love you, you little fool?" and Pam secretly hoping that he would sit beside her again tomorrow. He was different, she thought, with his firm, straight nose and sad eyes, eyes like new-picked chestnuts in the spring. "Womanhood is for men like that," thought Pam.

But on the following day, before Guy came into the room, the empty seat was taken by another boy, a slender blond lad whose fraternity pin covered the greater part of his chest. Only an expert would have known that his sweater cost \$55 instead of \$3.95 like the other boys', but his flannel trousers were unmistakably imported and his cuff links were real pearl. He crushed his cigarette on the arm of the desk and, lazily blowing the smoke from his nose, observed Pam through his thick, dark lashes.

(Continued on Page 146)



"Who spit?" screamed Elizabeth, losing for a moment her easy charm.

John Murray

THEY  
DARED  
EXPULSION  
!

"You're not just ribbing me, are you?"  
she whispered.



# "All About Adam"

8 NEW HIT TUNES COLOR BY SINICOLOR

including "Falling Leaves," "Who Put the Apple-sauce in Mrs. Murphy's Albatross," "Belli Hai," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else but Me," "Old Man Ribber," and many others.



See the Original Sin committed before your very eyes! And many others!



See Cain's thrilling escape when he singlehandedly slays 400 North Koreans!

Starring -  
★ BUTTIE D'AVARICE  
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★ "BO-BOA" the amazing trained serpent  
★ ★ CAIN, ABLE, and a caste of many more of your favorites

Story and screen play by Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul  
Music by Sera Phim and Chera Bim  
Directed by Roger Kornhole  
Produced by Plato Bergle  
A Meadow-Muffin-Mayor Picture

## Profile of Youth



# LOOKING OUT FOR THEMSELVES

For youth of today, the road of life contains many dangerous curves. To approach them with daredevil recklessness is to risk everything; to steer clear of them is to stifle creative originality.



Youth today has its own ideas about right and wrong. Trying to change its ideas would be foolish because adults themselves were once young. More trust and less control would result in a more productive youth.



"... on the beaches, in the fields ... in the villages ... the towns ... the cities ... in the streets, from house to house ... in the mountains ... in the valleys ..."

What are the facts about our 16,205,593½ teen-agers? What is their life—and their future—as they see and live it?

What do they themselves think about world affairs, morals, the family? What do they eat, wear, do? These are important questions because they help us to know what America will be like in twenty years. As a public service to the women of America we are compiling a report on American youth, your sons and daughters, Mrs. America.

One characteristic of the teen-age character stands out immediately—their keen social and intellectual awareness. "The kids today are vitally interested in the UN and other important world affairs," reassures handsome 16-year-old Algae St. John, ROTC Colonel, football team captain, and student body president at Soviet Union High School, Soviet, Kansas. Like many thoughtful youngsters today, Algae is vitally worried over such subjects as the atom bomb, England's socialization, companionate marriages, and the closed-shop agreement, which will directly affect him and his contemporaries. "We face some fairly large problems," Algae declares with wisdom beyond his years. "But, heck and darn it—we can lick 'em if we all pull together!" he adds, reflecting the healthy optimism of his generation. When asked his ambition, Algae looks you squarely in the eye and answers tersely: "Nuclear physicist—because I think there might be a future there." Algae St. John foresight and critical analysis of the teen-ager's predicament show well that our youngsters are in touch with the ultimate life judgments.

But American youth does not let itself be dragged into a bog of philosophic quandary, for they know well that youth is the time for broadening experiences, testing hypotheses, and strengthening natural inclinations. While it is the rare teen-ager who studies less than fifteen minutes a night, we are not rearing a nation of grinds. American teenagers believe some of the most

(Continued on Page 145)



# Everybody's doin' it!

California cats are sporting fuzz haircuts (called "feelies" by the girls, "because it makes their heads so cuddly,") or very long trims, with a point on the top (known as Finnochio Bobs). Often, before the hair-hack is well on its way, gone-guys will supplement with chicken feathers, cheaply obtained in some near-by barnyard. Younger teeners powder their hair and shoot straight so they can resemble their idols, Hopalong Cassidy and George Washington. At one high school the entire varsity dyed their Finnochio Bobs deep lavender because that was the school's color.

T shirts, so reet a few years before, have been supplanted by long-sleeved "sport" shirts so the guys can wear sponge-rubber biceps (called falsies by the girls) up their sleeves. High-school letter sweaters, called "mate bait," still rank high up for formal dances, and though some diehards still drive the old-style "hot rod," the "fashion fops" now pilot Cadillacs (affectionately called "dapper trappers" or "lovemobiles"). The only car in more demand is the Nash, or "libido lounge," as some teensters call it. As for accoutrements, the gone prawns still pride themselves on their cable-length key chains while their prom wives favor the leg knife for evening wear.



# after School...

Extracurricular activities give teensters a chance to gain popularity through serving the community.



One of the reassuring facts about members of adolescent society is their recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. At work or play, American youth follows its heart when it comes to interpersonal relations. With this charitable feeling has come premature acceptance of adult responsibility. How well young America settles the problem will decide the future of the country, the world, and, perhaps, the universe.

Throughout the country, high-schoolers are unanimous in their decision that popularity is the primary goal of the teen-ager. Because of the increasing importance of the dating problem, we have decided to study it at its source, by reporting objectively the reactions of teen-agers themselves to questions of degree, frequency, and necessity. We have made no attempt to separate the things we approve from the things we disapprove. We are presenting the facts as we found them—naked and unretouched.

The average teen-age girl starts dating at 12, and continues until she is married. One girl said she went to her first formal at 9, had her first "mad crush" at 11, and by the time she had reached the ninth grade was "just an old hand at anything." Boys usually start their social activities at 13 and the popular ones average about six dates a week, if Sunday-morning church is counted. As one girl put it, "It's either go out or study—and who wants to be an I.Q. Ickie?" The usual high-school week-end affair is a movie with malt and hamburger afterwards, or maybe a big school prom. And according to most students the best part of any "car date" is the thirty minutes to four hours spent "holding hands" which may come before or after the official entertainment. As husky teen-ager Leonard Jenk of Palo Alto put it, "With some girls, 'holding hands' comes before or after hamburgers—and with some girls it comes instead." In considering whether "holding hands" is good or bad, it must be remembered that it is an expected part of teen-age life all over the country, and every girl must realize that she will eventually be courted. Teeners insist that it is not something "some girls do" and "nice girls don't"—everybody does it and the few deviates are scorned by their schoolmates as being "iceboxes" or "decent dumbcrumbs." While a kiss on the first date may wreck a girl's reputation, a girl can deliver a dozen or more on the second date without losing her rating as a "good girl." Girls who will "hold hands," however, with just anyone are set off in a

(Continued on Page 145)



Popularity depends on varied activities, say most high-schoolers. Participation in civic projects such as a recent scrap-paper drive keeps Palo Alto teensters off the streets, and at the same time gives them a chance to earn the respect of their contemporaries and their community.

# Goin' Steady

Going steady may be a matter of love (he's hot for my body), pride (he wanted me to wear his ROTC crossed guns), or, for most kids, merely Saturday-night social security (keeps us from getting horny). Athletes are most sought after (they know how to handle a girl). A really popular girl may end up going steady with a football player, a basketball player, and a baseball player the same year, in each one's big season. The guy who wants to go steady through the year usually goes out for all three sports. Steadies wear handcuffs in class, trade screw-top pencils, do each other's homework, smoke the same pipe, and are entitled to the back seat of the car on double dates. For amusement, steadies flock to drive-in movies, blanket parties, or Coke capers, though perhaps "Play house" is the most popular pastime of all.



# Givin' at the Drive-In

Teen-ager language is characteristically vivid. "As easy as stacking greased BB's with boxing gloves on" describes a "dreary drip" trying to get a date with a "model moll." "Ace keen" is one level above "ginger peachy," but if you say something's "bouncing beta rays," there's nothing better. High-school vernacular is so complicated that teeners themselves, moving to a different community, sometimes need an interpreter before they can master the new dialect. The following convey an impression of the pidgin English most often encountered. A passionate girl is "popular." A grind is called an Aristotle. "Shafted" is an elevator ride without an elevator. "Warm for your form" pertains to an electric blanket. A "Frank" is a Roosevelt dime, while "catching a little" describes someone out for baseball. "Joy tubes" are candy-coated soda straws, and a "druid" is a guy or gal who goes to church Sunday School, but a "pagan pal" is a date mate who shoots pool on Sundays. "Bake a bobby" is to set fire to a police car. Sometimes one can gain more insight into teen-age mores by examining the group's modes of expression than by any other method.



In many up-to-date towns, such as Palo Alto, California, the high-school faculty has taken the responsibility for teaching their teen-agers the facts of everyday existence. Senior Problems class rates high in the estimation of the student body because their major problems are openly discussed in a factual and unbiased manner. Regular lectures by public health authorities clarify points of confusion.

# A NEW GRAY SUIT

THE MOST LIKABLE, WEARABLE  
FASHION YOU CAN OWN



Here we see our suit in action. Note its graceful lines and smart suitability. With it, our model wears Jerque's Fat ruffled plioform gilét. (\$47.50 Sears)



With a quick change of accessories, our suit is ready for anything. Here, our model displays the wearability of the shellacked fabric bodice. (\$4.95 at I. Fagin)



This season we adore an all-purpose suit such as Titan Dour's new spring tailleur, aptly christened "A Gray Suit." So chic around the house, so economical to keep up.

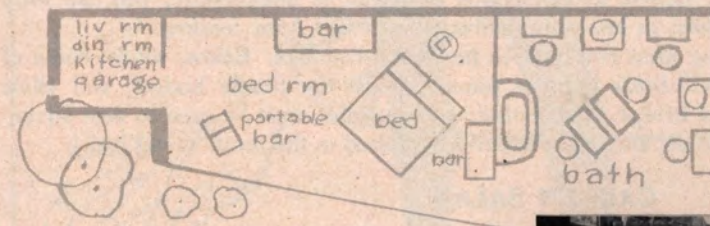


For evening wear at the Ritz, our suit is still extremely smart. And think of the time saved by not having to change clothes. Our model has added a svelte ermine change purse for that coup de grâce to a perfect evening.



The subdued color scheme of corpse gray and sludge brown, enlivened by codfish blue and wet-mackerel white, preserves an air of mild mildew in the whole modern house, the JOURNAL's monthly offering of the latest in smart, smart homemaking. Balanced arrangements of coffee tables and husbands, barren floors, and peeling plaster contrasted with overstuffed housewife spell comfortable, up-to-the-minute living for our young moderns. Add a touch of friendly outdoor living—tree houses, beautifully appointed chuckholes, quaint caves—and you have the newest in modern, gay, unfriendly living. The comforts of the house and gardens all combine to produce the balance so necessary in these difficult times.

## Friendly modern



Outdoor living is a necessity nowadays; everyone's doing it. Make use of those bushes and odd gopher holes. When the weather's nice, move outdoors and you'll see how pleasant it is to live like savages.

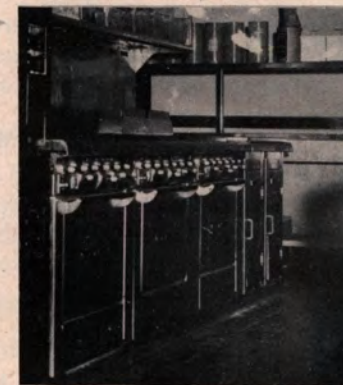


Here is a picture of warm, intimate comfort combined with ultra-simplicity and those new modern lines. Though the room seems a trifle empty, think of the parades you can have without disturbing the furniture.

The emphasis in unfriendly modern is convenience, convenience combined with logical use of the space available.



Even the kitchen feels the hand of the modern homemaker. In such facilities as these, you can prepare with ease that informal dinner for fifty you've always planned. The stove is built to accommodate a whole fatted calf.



The modern bedroom combines simplicity with the utmost in loose living. The beds are built for emergency numbers, while the rest of the furniture is planned around this central, essential piece. Light walls, high ceilings, plenty of window space add to comfort and sleeping. Notice especially the . . . oops, pardon us, madam!





## DINNER FOR DADDY

By Ann Batchucken

Have you ever been unfortunate enough to be caught short after an all-day bridge session with only fifteen minutes till hubby comes staggering in, hot and hungry, from the office?

We have. And that's why we're passing on the good news that a quarter of an hour is time enough to prepare a meal fit for a king, IF you pick the right menu. With only a soup bone, a few leftovers, the usual household staples, and a mixing bowl full of imagination, you can whip together a deliciously nutritious meal in less time than it takes to say Aunt Jemima.

The whole secret lies in utilizing what you have to the best advantage. Below, we list some of the most basic "quickies" which will tickle hubby's tummy, boost the family budget, and allow you to sit in on the last rubber of bridge. Remember, every second must be used to best advantage, every calorie stretched till it cries, and every leftover exploited to the limit. Good luck!

### GARDEN SALAD

4 leaves of grass (white clover); 8 dandelion sprouts; 1/2 lb. pummeled mint leaves; 2 radishes; 1 qt. French dressing. Add to the dressing 1 1/2 garlic buds, 2 pts. wine vinegar, and 19 cc. root-beer extract. Pour on greenage and then toss it. Serves 4.

### SOIL COMPOST

1 bucket garden compost; 2 cups distilled water; 1 bunch Indonesian chard; 1 piece braised horseburger. Mix water slowly with horseburger and bucket of compost till consistency of ice cream (melted). Shape in the form of Korean Peninsula, and add garnishes of chard. Season to taste with rare Chinese (Nationalist) herbs and shredded muskmelon, and serve lukewarm. Serves 40.

### DADDY'S DELIGHT

1 12-in. glass; 50 ml. Corbey's Gin; 1/2 L. Boca Chico Rum; 3 oz. ginger beer; 1/2 gal. Old Rarity; 5 oz. Alka Seltzer; 2 lbs. cracked ice. Mix gin and ginger beer in glass and stir well with goose quill. Add ice slowly and season to taste with rum. Mix Alka Seltzer in separate glass and save until after drinking 1/2 gal. Old Rarity. Give Daddy's Delight to the children for their lemonade stand and retire with the old boy to kill the Old Rarity. Serves 2.

Starting with these time-proved recipes, you can work infinite variations of your own. And remember the two simple ways to cover any possible missteps. First, always use your best china. He'll think you have company for dinner and will be afraid to say anything. Second, give the Daddy's Delight to Daddy and let the kids have the Old Rarity. If this fails, poison the greedy pig.



Home from the club, and only 15 minutes till your weary hubby arrives from the office. The smart housewife knows that to keep his heart she must fill his stomach. Time remaining: 14 minutes.



While the children are in the yard picking the salad, survey the family larder and see what you can offer the weary wage earner. Don't forget to put the kettle on. Time remaining: 9 minutes.

Quickly prepare entree, vegetables, and salad. Let children prepare beverages. Only two minutes left till your exhausted spouse arrives, hungry as a tiger. Plenty of time to pretty up and set the table. Time remaining: 30 seconds.



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"Hawaiian Sea" is the colorful print pictured . . . but these authentic boy-girl beach ensembles are also available in prints with such imaginative names as "Beachcomber Dave" and "Outrigger Club." They're available in cotton and rayon. Men's shorts are available in either Boxer or Kanaka styles.

Beach  
Shirt  
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# ATKINS

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It is the party of the year . . . her night of nights. Down below are dozens of girls who will envy her looks . . . dozens of men will cut in endlessly . . . and one in particular will press her close when the lights are low and whisper, "Darling!" . . . So she thinks. Unfortunately, this girl is as scrawny as a twelve-year-old chicken. She's had it, Mac, no getting away from it. Three years of nibbling frantically at the paltry helpings served by the University's dormitories have whittled her down to a shadow of her former self, and a damn punk-looking shadow at that! She's had so much starch her esophagus is as stiff as a Hoover collar. Every time someone holds her close, his coat buttons rattle against her ribs like a stick against a slat fence. She looks like a hat rack that's been split in two. This kid is starving to death!

Now ain't that a helluva mess? 'Cause just think, she could patch things up if she had three squares a day for a while. Why monkey around, pal? Get wise to yourself, before you pass out of the picture. Stagger down to Chez Yvonne today (you heard me, bub, I said, "today") and stoke the fires before you cut someone with that scrawny elbow. Chez has the answers, also good prices, nice, big, alcoholic olives, pretty waitresses, and the only bilingual dog on the Peninsula. Don't delay, do it now! Get to Chez before it's too late. Stop looking like a Red Cross poster. Eat at Chez Yvonne.

**Chez Yvonne**

Banquets-all kinds YO 7-9709

# FAMOUS NUDES

*Which type is your baby?*



### Revived

. . . very zestful and no wonder. Mania White Powder has put that luster in her eyes. No more irritation for her — she's in a world all her own.



### Oops!

. . . and no wonder! Babies love Mania so, they often take too much. Mother often must needle Baby a bit to get her off the kick.



### Frenzied

. . . and no wonder. All the grown-up musicians use it. Here she is singing her favorite song, "I Get a Kick out of You," and she is — out of Mania White Powder.



## MIDWIFE TO PASSION

(Continued from page 121)

"Magda," I said, "drop this façade that you've built to shelter an aching heart from the wounds of womanhood."

Her smile was poignant.

"You're very wise, Meg."

"Do you want to tell me about it?"

She shrugged her slim, ivory shoulders, tiny shoulders that, for so long, had borne the sorrows of woman alone and unfulfilled.

"Not particularly," she said, "but what else is there to do at these damnable wakes?"

Magda had gone up to Vermont the week before to inquire into a new process for filigreeing snuffboxes. The chief chemist of the plant she was visiting was one Ferenc Zitzel, a brilliant Montenegrin scientist. Fleeing from a revolution in his home country, Zitzel had entered the United States under the Ceylonese quota. Now he was leading a life of quiet seclusion in this little New England town, devoting his time to research and to writing a biography of Merlin.

Her high-powered brain was so filled with thoughts of amortization, consumer demand, price and allocation theories, that Magda hardly noticed Zitzel, the person, as he showed her around the plant. In his laboratory, he was explaining the new process to her, when Magda realized suddenly that she was not concentrating on the charts and graphs and formulas he was

(Continued on Page 134)



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Get this handy little booklet today. It will give you the inside information on how to tell a mushroom from a toadstool with ease. Some toadstools are poisonous! Be able to tell a fresh toadstool from one that is not fresh. Write today.

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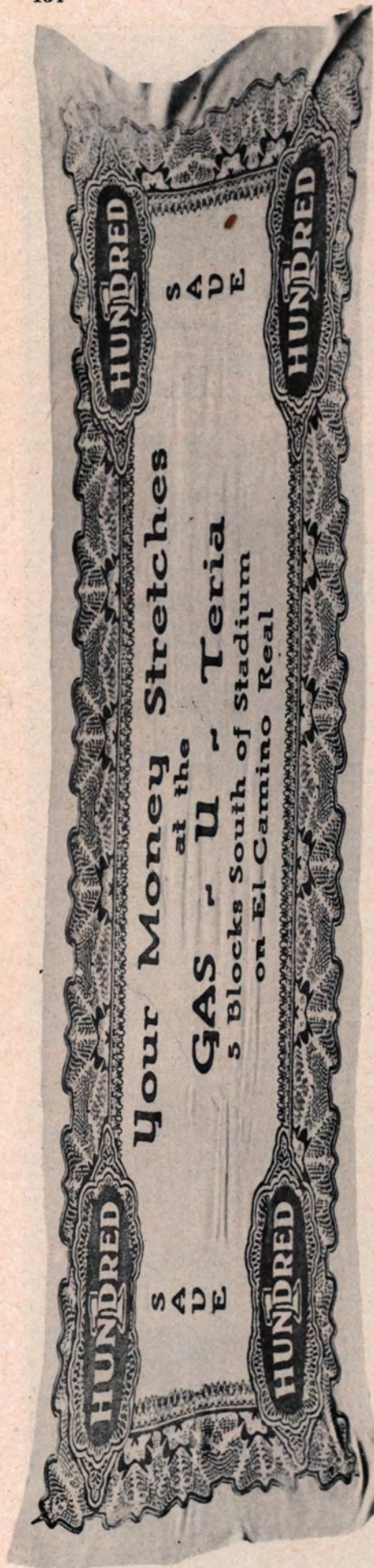


Checked gingham styled by Beaumont, with shawl collar, cap sleeves, and woven belt detail—in navy and pink—in green and aqua—in gray and pink—\$10.95.

# PHELPS-TERKEL

Model, CLAIRE HAVEN, Branner

Photo by Richard Fowler



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five blocks south of stadium  
owned and operated by  
Allen Bletz, class of '50

(Continued from Page 133)

offering for her inspection. She was watching Zitzel's hands, steady, sensitive hands. The tender, knowing way he handled the filigree set strange, inexplicable sensations pounding through her endocrines.

"What is there about this man? she asked herself.

Ferenc Zitzel was not handsome, but he was immensely attractive. Magda's gaze lingered over his gnarled, roughhewn features, his filthy tweeds, his spare, sturdy frame, like a tree that for centuries has withstood the winds of time, his eyes, like those of a myopic spaniel. In those eyes Magda saw the look of a man who had met life bravely, grappled with it, and finally and irrevocably pinned it to the floor of existence.

"You love your work, don't you?" she asked.

Their glances met.

"It is all," said Zitzel.

"All?" she asked.

"Well, mebbe not all."

They were in each other's arms, or, rather, their arms were around each other. Well, his arms were around her, and her arms were around him.

"I've known you such a short time," she whispered, her delicately cupped breasts heaving against the manly armor of his chest.

"What is time?" he asked.

After a limited search, her lips found his. He took them, tenderly yet expertly,

(Continued on Page 137)

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Prolonged and Persistent  
**THUMB-SUCKING**

AT LEADING CUTLERIES



**SIMPLE**  
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Portrait by *Hans Roth* Palo Alto

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**Undiscovered American Beauties**

Mary Ann Walters, of Stockton and Lagunita, was surprised this month by the *Journal* while enjoying an afternoon with an old friend, the Famous Milkshake.

**Peninsula Creamery**

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There's an oasis of goodness in each glacial glass. Choice of 6 luscious flavors: Persimmon, Dry Ice, Shoe Polish, Paprika, Korean Mud, and Bumper Dust. Can easily be made into frozen pleasure foods; combine several packages + convert your parlor into an ice rink!


**FREEZE THE KIDS' MOUTHS SHUT!**



"If it's my body you want, you can have it!" cried raven-haired fawn-eyed Janet La Font as Ramsey Blackdoom, comesome Texas oil man, gripped her tanned elbow possessively. Would indomitable Ramsey, who had drilled 90 percent of all the black gold in the Lone Star state, let baby-faced Janet jam his rig? And how did a parson's daughter get into this position in the first place? Seldom has a girl's heart throbbed so regularly as in Hump Del Phinigan's glorious story of affection and love which the JOURNAL proudly presents next month. Your conscience won't let you miss

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An exclusive in the April LADIES' PRONE JOURNAL

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**YOU DON'T NEED TALENT!!!!**

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Mrs. Sappho Shlick of Carmel, California, says—"For twenty-three years I couldn't sell a line. Then a friend gave me **PLOTTO**. It was easy, and a lot of fun. Now I've sold three stories to the 'American Goat Breeder's Journal' and have a weekly syndicated column in the 'Menlo Park Prophet.' I've made so much money that I've been able to get rid of my husband. **PLOTTO** has brought new interest into my life."

Don't delay. Give up trying to be original. Send your check today—

**PLOTTO**  
c/o Creative Writing Department  
Stanford, California

(Continued from Page 134)  
as if her lips were a strand of exquisitely cooked spaghetti.

"If she likes you," Ferenc said, as they were driving home, "Mama will make *shratsenpfeffer*. This is the sign."  
He lived with his mother in a snug little flat above the local basketball pavilion. It was furnished simply, frugally—the walls were bare but for a few original Titians that Mama Zitzel had brought over from the old country for sentimental reasons—yet in this homey clutter Magda found more contentment than in all the lush decor of Manhattan penthouses.

Mama Zitzel made *shratsenpfeffer*—pots of it. After they had eaten, Mama began to doze. Soon she had fallen off her chair into a simple, homey crumple of flesh, sprawled on the floor. Ferenc lit his hookah, and, while he smoked, he read the local newspaper, commenting on the events of the frivolous world outside by an occasional belch. Magda slipped off to the kitchen to do the dishes.

Standing before the sink, feeling the detergent rip happily away at her skin, Magda wondered what her restless, brittle friends would say if they could see her now. Reproaching herself, she looked back with a new and mature wisdom on those shallow days, not so long ago, when a sable stole had meant more to her than the sight of the morning sun. This, she thought, is the beginning of a new life

(Continued on Page 138)

**You can't beat 'em!**




"No operation; just making a Kirkburger!"



**AT THE HUB OF RESTAURANT ROW**

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Photo by Russ Lapham

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"WE PICK THE FLICK THAT DOES THE TRICK"

WE'RE ALL WRAPPED UP IN OUR WORK!

**PARK** THEATRE Menlo Park DAVENPORT 3-5400

(Continued from Page 137)  
for me. With tears of happiness slopping down her cheeks, she wallowed in Bon Ami.

Later in the evening, Magda and Ferenc were sitting at Mama Zitzel's feet. She told them stories of how, when she was a young girl, she had pulled a two-hundred-pound plow from Belgrade to St. Petersburg.

"Women do not do this sort of thing anymore, eh?" she asked Magda, her eyes dancing merrily about the room.

"Mama," said Ferenc, "don't be a tease. You approve. We know. You made *zhratzenpfeffer*."

Playfully he ignited his mother's dress with a brand from the fireplace.

"Such a boy he still is," Mama Zitzel said, pressing her son's cheek to her bosom, to smother the flames.

"You do approve, don't you?" Magda asked.

"In my country we have a proverb," said Mama Zitzel. "It goes, 'If the dove does not return to the nest, how will the nightingale know that it is Wednesday?'"

"Applicable," admitted Ferenc.

"Utterly," replied Mama Zitzel.

"I know that in time I shall understand," said Magda.

"Mebbe so," said Mama Zitzel.

"We have your blessings then, Mama?" asked Ferenc.

"Yes, boy child, you have my blessing. May you fill her with many babies."

Magda shuddered, with delight, of course.

"I came back to New York screamingly happy," Magda said to me, as we sat in Renzi Biddle's bedroom. "I planned to stay just long enough to sell the business, and then I was going back to Vermont forever. I canceled all my engagements, closed my charge accounts at Bergdorf's and '21,' and threw away my Hadacol. Now I was going to discover LIFE."

"So?"

"Well, I began to have doubts," said



"Only one egg a day for you from now on, Leroy."

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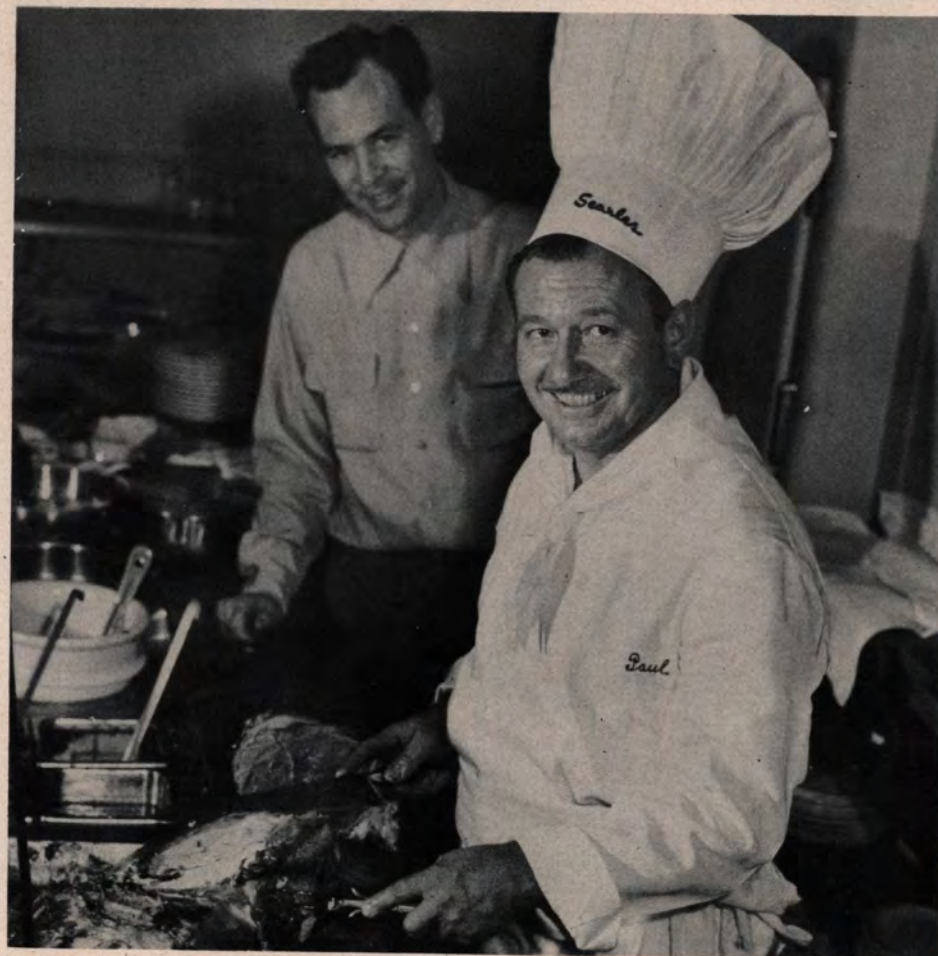


Photo by Richard Fowier

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639 Santa Cruz, Menlo Park

(Continued from Page 138)

Magda. "I began to wonder if it had all been merely an outburst of my suppressed anxieties and desires, which, in my relentless drive for success, I had attempted to sublimate to the inner layers of my consciousness."

"I don't understand," I said.  
 "Kid, let's face it," she replied. "He hasn't got a pfennig to his name."  
 "You mean . . ." I asked, "or am I wrong?"

"No, you're right," said Magda. She was busily trying to identify a pair of B.V.D.'s that she had found under Renzi's pillow. "You're right. I'm not sure whether these glorious moments of a love that knows no bounds have merely been an intermezzo."

Suddenly the commotion in the next room stopped for a moment. Then I heard murmurings. "Who is that shlumpf?" "How clever of Renzi to hire an animal act."

The bedroom door swung open.  
 "Magda . . ."  
 "Zitzel! You promised to give me time to think."

"Who thinks in this sort of thing?"  
 He held up a copy of the evening newspaper. I suppose it was the *New York Times*.

"Besides," he said, pointing to an article at the bottom of the first page, "there has been a counterrevolution in my home country. The ancestral estate has been restored"

(Continued on Page 145)

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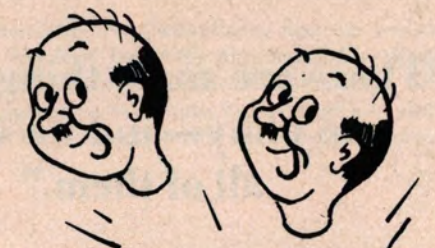
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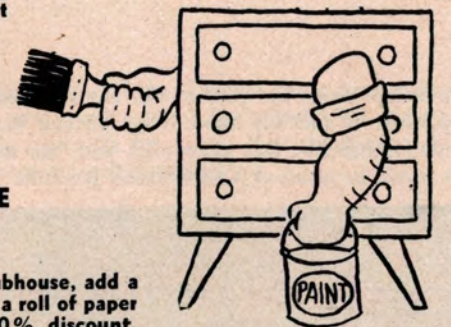


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Seated around the breakfast table greeting a new morning in their cozy Stanford home are Professor Bertrand Cadwallader, his wife Xanthippe, and their four healthy children: Medusa, 16; Abelard, 7; and the twins, Drusilla and Polonius, 6. Mrs. Cadwallader believes that a wholesome breakfast helps her brood in their work and play.



1929 Chevy is part of the family. Bert says he wouldn't trade it for ten of the 1951 models his students drive.



Large pet-food bill testifies to the Cadwallader's love of animals. "We learn a lot from lower organisms," says Bert.

## The Winds of Freedom Blow

"There are some things money can't buy—and we've got all of them."

NESTLED snugly in the rolling green foothills of central California, not far from higher mountains, lies one of the great American educational institutions—Leland Stanford Junior University. Stanford, popularly known as "The Harvard of the West," owes its reputation to its fine faculty, and not, as so many universities, to its football team. Drenched in the tradition of true scholasticism, Stanford professors such as Bertrand Aquinas Cadwallader, professor of

anthropology and social psychology, serve as daily inspiration to seven thousand knowledge-seeking youths. But, contrary to popular opinion, professors are not much different from your next-door neighbor and mine. They live in the same kind of house, eat the same food, and experience love and sorrow, just like all human beings. Let's stroll down elm-cuddled Salvatierra Drive, one of the prettiest on the campus, and call on a favorite member of the Stanford Family. Snuggled between

(Continued on Page 147)

Every Friday, Mrs. Cadwallader bakes cookies which 16-year-old Medusa delivers to the fraternity next door. Boys show their gratitude by helping Medusa with her homework.

Co-operation is the Cadwallader formula for a happy domestic life. When Bert gets overloaded at finals time, the whole family pitches in to help him with the work. Bert thinks that they, as outsiders, may have a fresh approach.



A brisk bicycle jaunt around campus before breakfast keeps Bert in better shape than the students in his eight o'clock classes.



The children often answer neighborhood bullies with "My old man's going to flunk yours," or "Watch it, you microcephalic."



Mrs. Cadwallader handles the budget. Biggest worry: Bert's generosity. He contributed seven times to a recent charity drive.



Children's reading habits are closely supervised. Comic books, pulp novels, and the campus humor magazine are strictly taboo.



At Stanford, Dr. Cadwallader and his colleagues believe they have found the physical and intellectual freedom which is the basis of true scholarship. Wherever a professor goes on campus he is recognized and honored by the student body with a hearty and friendly "Hello."

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I came in late: everyone sensed that I'd forgotten something. I felt almost naked. My Maidenhorn has always given me that feeling of self-confidence, poise, appeal... Without it I felt alone.

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**THIS IS A LEWDY**

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING A LEWDY

THIS IS A WATCHBIRD WATCHING YOU

This grubby creature running after the poor little girl in such a lecherous way is a Lewdy. It doesn't get any fun out of life unless it is thinking about sex. It loves to listen to dirty stories so it can remember them and embarrass polite little girls with them. It has a very loud, uncouth laugh. Nobody likes Lewdies.

WERE YOU A LEWDY THIS MONTH?

Blanchard

(Continued from Page 141)  
to my family. I am worth something in the neighborhood of seventy-four million kopeks. I thought you might like to know." Magda went limp in his arms. "Why is it," she asked, gazing up at him, her eyes shining through tears, "that you always manage to say the right thing?" They decided that, to avoid embarrassment, they would leave from the balcony. For a moment I stood there watching Magda and Ferenc shinny down the drain pipe. As I walked back into the bedroom, I thought I heard the sound of ripping metal, but I didn't bother to look. I was sure it must have been my imagination.

THE END

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound, Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

—WESTERN CIV. DEPARTMENT

#### PROFILE OF YOUTH (Continued from Page 125)

rewarding of life's lessons can be learned outside the classrooms. That is why sports, hobbies, and parked cars take up so much after-school time. Even the more enlightened of our public high schools are facing the fact that the adolescent responds to freedom much more willingly than to regimentation. More practical courses in such subjects as industrial arts are being taught, and only rarely does one find transgressions from civil behavior such as one machine-shop class which was manufacturing submachine guns under the direction of a 14-year-old engineering genius. The boy's problem, based on his rejection by his friends at the noontime dancing parties, was soon ratified and the talented youngster is now working for the government.

Adolescence has always been a period of revolt, and parents must realize this when dealing with teenagers. As a 17-year-old co-ed at a California school remarked, "I'm tired of being considered a child. Why should people always think you're a good girl? Why should I be any different from anyone else? You'd think families would catch on to what kids are like and what really goes on. My old lady don't even know a bird from a bee!" This sentiment indicates that it is perhaps best to let the teen-ager solve his own problem the same way his contemporaries do. "I'm omnipotent!" answered one 15-year-old youth when asked upon what moral authority he had dynamited the school gym in the middle of a basketball tournament. "The coach wouldn't let me letter," he added later. Yes, youth is the time for healthy revolt. But youth is also a time for creation—and the teen-agers of America are busy constructing an amorphous preadult culture. From language to dress, from sense of right and wrong to sense of humor, the youngsters of today represent unique departures from their parents. Adults sometimes have difficulty seeing the humor in such antics as calling up a poor family at midnight and telling them that

\$10,000 in prizes will be theirs from the "Midnight Flyer" quiz show if they can name the President of the United States, and come down to the radio station the next day to claim their winnings. This game, called "Quiz Show," is almost as popular as Hadacol-drinking parties, Belladonna Hypo-hops, and tree-worship orgies. Overnight bike rides, sin song fests, and other "real deals" also rate high in popularity with kids who are "on the beam in a steady stream."

Teensters also have their own favorite authors and artists. Chester Gould, James Cain, Tennessee Williams, Chaucer, Balzac, Al Capp, Kathleen Winsor, and Karl Marx rate high, showing that tomorrow's world will be a literate one. In music, King Cole, Kid Ory, Bull Moose Jackson and his Buffalo Bearcats, Nelly Lutcher, Dorothy Shay, Spivy, Palestrina, the Goliardi, and Tex Ritter rate highest, but Tennessee Ernie, Billy Eckstine, and Gilbert and Sullivan are also "ace keen" with "record rowdies." At school dances, funeral marches are often played for the grand promenade, and the dance ends with Beethoven's Fifth. American youth, while not burdened with stiffened convention, does have a deep sense of the artistic.

In future JOURNAL features you will meet teen-agers from every social cranny of our America. In a way each will be typical, but as a paradox, none will be average. For the present you must accept your sons and daughters as we have presented them, as they really are. For the present we must content ourselves with the conclusion that today's teeners are a healthy group of future citizens—and citizens of whom any country can be duly proud.

THE END

There never was a good war or a bad peace. —HAVELOCK ELLIS

#### AFTER SCHOOL (Continued from Page 127)

class by themselves. Nevertheless, if the girl is from a good family, cute, and generally well behaved, she is not considered "cheap" but just a particularly affectionate or friendly girl.

In most cases the girl feels it's up to the boy to keep things under control, and usually the boy feels it's the girl's responsibility. The reasoning goes that it's "just natural for a boy to want to," but "opposite to a girl's nature." Hence, most of the time it's the girl who breaks things up with, "I have to get up early tomorrow," or "Let's just hold hands," or, perhaps in a lighter mood, use the standard popular joke, "If you don't stop, I'll call a member of my family." Then as the boy kisses her again: "Oh, Bro—ther!"

The frankness of teen-age bull sessions on the subject of interpersonal relations is often astounding to adults. Teeners today think they know more than their parents do, and as a high-school biology teacher said, "They undoubtedly do." But with

(Continued on Page 147)

# A Miss is as good as a Mile



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You need not inhale to enjoy a cigar!

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## Reference Library

### LOGOS FOR THE CO-ED

CO-EDS are expanding, broadening their horizons. Spring is here, and the co-ed faces new problems. People are watching her, expecting her to do the startling, the original, the gay. Don't be the frump of your dorm. The JOURNAL offers you booklets that will make you one of the more popular numbers on campus. Read up, be in the know, appear at L'Ommie's on Wednesday evenings.

#### SOCIAL

2345. **THE GOOSE—AN ICE BREAKER.** A list of thirty-five youghish actions that will win the eye, and perhaps the heart, of the man of your dreams. How to twist your bandana, how to make the strap of your sheath wander dangerously down your arm.

7845. **SHARE YOUR MIND.** Give him a piece of it. An indexed collection of intellectual and humorous clichés, guaranteed to impress your date with the fact that you did come to college to learn something and not just to go to a lot of silly beer busts—after all, there is a meaning and point to life. Edited by Fleur Cowles.

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6000. **THE BLIND DATE—AN IDYLL, NOT A DRUDGE.** A concise guide to making these occasions live in your memory. How to inform him obliquely that you don't generally go out on these awful drags, you don't mean him in particular, but after all. Let him know where he stands, right off. How to make it plain that you've forgotten his name when you're introducing him to friends. How to wave to a maximum of people with a minimum of inconspicuousness.

1234. **FUN GAMES OF ALL VARIETIES.** The complete rules for "Cross Purposes," a game of physical agility to be played in small front seats. "Button, Button, Who's Got the Button, It's 2.29.30," a guessing game for popular girls on sandwich dates. "Keep the Pin," involving thirty or forty women, living anywhere from Sacramento to Fresno, and one fraternity man.

7456. **POISE IN THE OPEN.** A guide to behavior in the classroom and the Cellar. How to look directly in front of yourself, making it obvious that you don't give a damn for anything within a radius of forty yards. How to whisper, with volume, that you're hung over or have been at Squaw. How to look like you buy your clothes from Mose, but, at the same time, hint that you look much better in a date dress and that you have

more than enough occasions to wear one.

#### BEAUTY

8759. **POINTERS ON PADDING.** Do fellows ask you, goggle-eyed, "Are they for real?" Are they? If not, and you look like a hastily packed duffle bag, send us 10c. Our manual includes chapters on "Revealing Bulges," "Consistency—Be Tomorrow What You Are Today," and "Placement."

2379. **"THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE"—IS OBESITY NECESSARY?** Stop being a slob. You, too, can be pencil slim, flattish rather than fattish, the girl that *Vogue* editors dream about. Be frank, stop yapping about your glands. Learn to prefer a kohlrabi sandwich to a chocolate fondant.

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6543. **HOW TO BE SENSUAL THOUGH CLOTHED.** The French look on a modest budget. What you'll be wearing in '52, '53, '54. A page of expensive labels that can be cut out and pasted into your J. C. Penney rags. A page of J. C. Penney labels that can be sewn into your Hattie Carnegie originals. Remember, the revolution is coming.

8765. **HOLD THAT LINE—A GUIDE TO CHOOSING THE RIGHT FOUNDATION.** Has the steel shortage made you wonder where your next girdle is coming from? Are you afraid to dream of dancing the Charleston? With this pamphlet you get a handy, pocket-sized tensile tester. Compiled by the Engineering Department, Stanford, California.

### HER PURLOINED HEART

(Continued from Page 123)

"Hi, olive eyes. How's about a Gibson after class?"

She was about to ask what a Gibson was when she saw Guy walk into the room. He looked around and was hailed by Elizabeth Heald, who beckoned him to sit by her. Pam was new in college, but already she had heard of the fabulous Elizabeth Heald, who in her freshman year had been chosen sweetheart of almost every fraternity, had her picture on the cover of a national magazine, and won the hearts of countless boys. In New York City, that summer, she had had her coming-out party and now she was back in school. Pam could see Elizabeth making a play for Guy, tossing her head with its close-cropped, almost mannish bob, wiggling her delicately cupped breasts, writing something on a slip of paper and handing it to him. Pam felt sick.

Already Elizabeth Heald had made a date with the boy who only yesterday had smiled at her. What chance had she against this girl, she wondered.

"Well," the boy next to her was asking, "would you like to go?" To her surprise, she found herself smiling at him.

"Sure," she said, "pick me up around eleven this morning at the freshman girls' dorm. Here's my name, and she wrote it on a slip of paper and handed it to him.

They went to a little restaurant near campus, and Rudy, for that had turned out to be his name, asked Pam what she would like. "A cup of tea, please." He looked surprised.

**A father is most harried—  
when unmarried.**

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The waiter was standing at the table waiting to take their order.

"One cup of tea," Rudy said, "and one . . . one Gibson." The waiter left and he looked at her with a tremulous smile. "I'm sorry," he said, "I had to do it. I wish I were strong like you."

At that moment another couple entered the restaurant and walked over to their table. It was Guy de Rochefauld and Elizabeth Heald. Elizabeth led him over and said, "Guy, this is my ex-husband, Rudy Cashmore. May we sit down?" Rudy assented and, when seated, Elizabeth seemed to notice Pamela for the first time. "Well," she said, "look what's here. Been hiding under the tablecloth?" The two girls were introduced, and finally, Guy and Pamela. Their eyes met across the table and they felt they'd known one another for a thousand years.

Rudy and Elizabeth chattered about the past and then began to talk about the summer that had only recently ended. Elizabeth told of the New York parties she'd been to and of Bermuda and her trip to England. Rudy, whose uncle was a movie producer, played small parts in several movies and had gone to a million Hollywood dances and cocktail parties. Guy was asked what he had done and he modestly

(Continued on Page 152)

## Ville de Paris

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(Continued from Page 145)

this knowledge has come a fine sense of responsibility. Modern youngsters have acquired a premature sophistication in the realm of social intercourse, but with it has come a healthy helping of serious philosophical thought. "We want to live the best life we can," said one 16-year-old, "but our parents either nag us to death or don't pay any attention at all." "Sex is all," said another teenster, president of his neighborhood fertility cult, but his outlook is rare. Rather, modern youth takes the wholesome attitude of social liberalism, neither condemning those who vary from the strict mores of the adult world, or praising those who choose to adhere to them. We can rest assured that the future mothers and fathers of America know what they're doing. **THE END**

### HOW AMERICA LIVES

(Continued from Page 143)

two rambling fraternity houses stands the charming Monterey Spanish home of Bert and Xanthippe Cadwallader, who in their early middle age have found under the elms a kind of happiness that often eluded them in their youth.

At 47, Bert Cadwallader is proving in his own career the truth of Stanford's motto, "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht."

### How the Cadwallader's Spend Their Money

#### INCOME:

Teaching salary . . .	\$3,999.52
Royalties (12 books) . . .	200.00
Interest on South American bonds . . . . .	0.48
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#### EXPENDITURES:

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Garden supplies . . . . .	50.00
Savings . . . . .	4.43
	<u>\$4,200.00</u>

Though not a German, Bert has found the translation in the events of everyday life. There has been no censorship of his intellectual metamorphoses, and he found as much favor with the Board of Trustees when he condemned the reading of economic cycles in the viscera of dead rodents as he enjoys now when he propounds a revival of the Malthus Third Hypothesis.

(Continued on Page 148)

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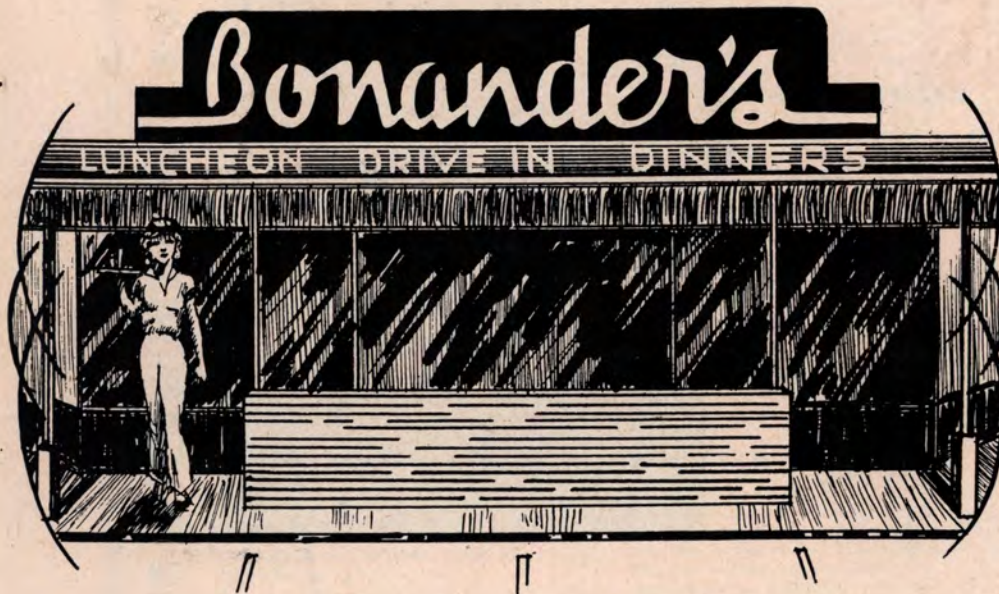
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South Palo Alto

**Restaurant and Drive-In**

(Continued from Page 147)

The Cadwalladers have earned their home, their family, and their happiness in the American way, the Stanford way.

As Xanthippe, a handsome blue-eyed woman of 45, who in her youth was prominent in Little Theater circles, says, "There are some things which money can't buy and we've got them all." A happy home, believe the Cadwalladers, is based upon knowledge and a rational mind working twenty-four hours a day. That is why the Cadwallader children have always been encouraged to learn for the sake of learning. Seven-year-old Abelard earned a 25-cent raise in his allowance last month by reciting backwards from memory the United States Constitution, proving that the children are taught practical things, too. A three-hour reading-and-study period before bed every night insures that the happy home will be maintained. The only problem, jokes hearty Bert, is Medusa, the family's pert 16-year-old daughter; she often excuses herself and slips

Mary has a little car  
She drives it very brisk  
But Mary doesn't care, you see  
She only has her

—OGDEN NASH

up to bed early, without her three-hour study period. "We understand the complex natural changes that are now making of our child Medusa, a young woman, and we compensate accordingly. She makes up her study deficiencies on Saturday mornings." All of the Cadwallader children make straight A's except young Drusilla, the family's 6-year-old, who received a B in art craftsmanship last year. For this, her mother remembers, her allowance was cut to ten cents a month. The lost nickel meant a candy bar to Drusilla, and her aberration has not since been repeated. The education of the children is not left to our public school system alone, for the Cadwalladers firmly believe in the part the family should play in the mental embellishments of its constituents. On week ends, the happy group gathers around the hearth, and father Cadwallader reads aloud from such classics as Burckhardt's *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* and the *Memoirs of Marcus Aurelius*. The discussions are enlivened by the professor's vast store of anecdotes based upon his extensive travels among the primitive peoples of the world. On alternate Saturdays the domestic seminar is conducted in the Assyrian tongue, as Dr. Cadwallader is anxious to develop acuteness and perception in his children's minds, and he feels that this can come only through an intimate knowledge of the vernacular of the ancients.

Bertrand Cadwallader is not at all the absent-minded professor stereotype which many people believe all educators to be. In fact, "Dirtie Bertie" Cadwallader, as his classes affectionately call him, is acknowledged by his students as being "one of the boys"—and that's just the way he wants it. Every year, the whole campus eagerly

awaits the student-faculty talent show because they know Bert will bring down the house with his "African Varieties" skit. Teachers and pupils together have a riot of fun as jocular Bert squats on the stage, stripped to the waist, and beats out Lolo love chants on an old stump with a rutabaga root. He then climaxes the show with a selection of Abyssinian bird calls and an exhibition of Basutoland blowgun marksmanship. Bimonthly seminars held at a local picnic grounds are another example of the Cadwallader philosophy. "The student won't study for you if he doesn't like you." On campus, Bert can't walk a minute without meeting four or five friendly students. His classes are often so sought after, because of his wit and vitality, that a waiting list is maintained. Such an off-hand remark as "Some professors are good, some are lousy, me—I'm good and lousy" often have the students writhing in the aisles in laughter. Even his unannounced Monday-morning quizzes are greeted with approval because his students welcome the opportunity to show "their prof" how much they've learned. Students are unanimous in their praise for "one of the best guys in the school."

Bert Cadwallader is a natural liberal and he sincerely laments the occurrence of the Industrial Revolution and the consequent crass materialism that the movement introduced into everyday life. Though the scholarly misanthrope's dissatisfaction ordinarily never extends beyond the conversational level, there was a time in his more adventurous youth when the professor of-

fered active resistance to what he has so often termed "the bane of Croesus." It seems that, while on a safari in central Togoland, where he was engaged in the writing of a definitive biography of the pigmy Lolo people, Dr. Cadwallader accidentally happened upon what perhaps might have developed into the greatest diamond strike since Cecil Rhodes hit the Transvaal. Realizing that his stipend as

A wit with dunces, and a  
dunce with wits.

—CHAPARRAL

an educator would in all probability never ensure him more than a bare subsistence, the scholar was sorely tempted to reveal his discovery to some international gem syndicate. At this moment of greatest temptation, he gazed into the fawnlike eyes of his faithful wife, and, though it was his passion to give her everything, he suddenly saw that, without integrity, the palaces of the world would mean no more than the mudhuts that then surrounded him. "I can't sell my soul, Xan!" he said, and that settled it. Knowing all too well that the diamonds would merely result in the further enrichment of the wealthy and the greater impoverishment of the poor, Dr. Cadwallader made his decision. Wall Street would never profit by his tongue.

He claims that he has not once regretted his stand.

Though hardly among the well-to-do, the Cadwalladers, on the other hand, are scarcely just subsisting. But they were not always this lucky. Graduated from Nova Scotia Normal School, Bert earned his Master's and doctorate at Florida State College. The year he earned his Ph.D. was 1917, and the young student had little opportunity to contemplate his future career. His country came first. Months later, Dr. Cadwallader found himself an assistant cannon-wiper in Harry Truman's battery in France. Instantly impressed by the Jacksonian heroism of his commander, Bert determined to become a trainer of such future leaders. After the war to end wars had been won, it would be Cadwallader the teacher. In this manner did the professor select his vocation. His decision to specialize in anthropology came hard upon his discovery that his grandmother had missionaried with Livingston in the Uganda.

Safely home from the trenches, Bert found that he qualified for an assistant instructorship at Stanford University. Palo Alto impressed him as a clean, healthy place in which to work, to marry, and to raise a family, and he accepted the position. His apprentice salary was one hundred dollars a month, but he was permitted to dwell rent-free in the cellar of old Sequoia Hall, provided that he stoked the furnace each morning. The years went by, and the young Ph.D. found a place that

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- April issue: April 2, copy, April 3, art; theme: Exchange
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only he could fill on the campus. Everyone smiled each morning as the twentyish scholar walked jauntily to class in his familiar gray suit stained with coal soot. For Bert Cadwallader life lacked only one thing—love.

Both Bert and Xan still laugh when they think back on their first date. "Bert was teaching freshman psychology sections," remembers Xan, "and I was doing graduate work in speech and drama. For eleven months we rode the same bus to work and ate at the same lunch counter without speaking. Then Bertrand dropped his briefcase and I picked it up for him. Two months later he asked me to go to a Coué meeting with him, and I did. It was the worst date I ever had, but he knew so much about South African Lolos that I was fascinated." Bert's recollection of their first

There are no frigid women,  
only clumsy men.

—CHAPARRAL

date is rather hazy, but he thinks Xan attracted him because of her resemblance to the then reigning Lolo queen. Love soon followed, and they were married early in 1929. Bert had saved \$3,000 to buy a house, but on the suggestion of a colleague in the Economics Department, he invested his savings in 15 percent South American bonds. He was wiped out in the crash, but as Bert says, "Youth, like civilization, is indomitable." With a 1929 Chevrolet, a mortgaged home, and a briefcase full of hope, the Cadwalladers set out to make educational history.

1935 is a year the Cadwalladers remember well. Bert had no sooner put away his New Year's Eve noisemakers than he was called to Washington to help set up reciprocal trade agreements with the thirteen great South African nations. Upon his return he was promoted to assistant instructor, and the next week, Xan presented him with their first child, Medusa. The five-dollar raise that accompanied the promotion went to pay the doctor bills and the Cadwalladers were financially where they had started. Fortunately, the book which Bert had written on his Washington journey was made required reading in his brother's political science course, and the profits accorded the Cadwalladers an opportunity to buy more South American bonds. Two months later, a Paraguayan revolt voided this latest investment, and Bert had to return to his after-school job of hashing in the freshman dormitory.

Hard work paid off, however, when five years later Bertrand was promoted to full instructor. The five-dollar raise was used to pay the doctor for the newest addition to the Cadwallader classroom. It was then, Xan recalls, that Bert, who had become known as America's leading authority on tribal customs, was offered a \$15,000-a-year salary with General Electric Corporation, which was about to launch a big

sales campaign in the African interior. To many, this offer would have meant the fulfillment of every dream, the logical culmination of a life devoted to mankind in general, the Lolos in particular. Bert thought hard; acceptance would mean that Drusilla could be cured of rickets, and Medusa could have her first dress in five years, and that the twins could be born. Professor Cadwallader had all but decided in the affirmative when he and Xan drove into Palo Alto to look at the television set in Wilson's window. As the couple walked from the parking lot, their eyes fell on the glittering engagement rings in the window of a jewelry store. "For the love of Siva, Xan. Don't you remember . . . the diamonds. If we had been weak once before, we could be rolling in gems today. But instead, we chose to roll in principle." The dilemma was solved. No prostitute to practicality, Cadwallader telephoned G.E. collect that very night and soundly denounced that insidious offer to proposition his profession. The family, not soon forgetting the threat to their integrity, has to this day preferred the homespun honesty of the candle to the compromised elegance of electric lights.

On the college campus, no less than in the real world, the friendly spirit of good neighborliness is vital. This the Cadwalladers know well. Every Friday, Mrs. Cad-

I'll take the one with the pink  
nose.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

wallader bakes a large batch of oatmeal cookies, which Medusa takes to the fraternity boys next door. This generous act is rewarded when the boys bring their problems to "Ma Cadwallader," who always gives them a courteous and sincere listening even if her outside laundry is overdue. Several times a year, as a favor to the Cadwalladers, one of the neighboring Greek-letter houses has Medusa over for dinner. And occasionally she is invited to one of their frequent formal dances. She must be home by twelve o'clock, and there

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