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DECEMBER 1948

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The Stanford Chaparral

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the joyous Christmas time is back again for another try at inspiring this somewhat festering human race of ours with the good things of peace and laughter, the Old Boy, infuriated by this Minoan Maze in which we seek our way, directs to those whom it may concern a few canny and incisive remarks.

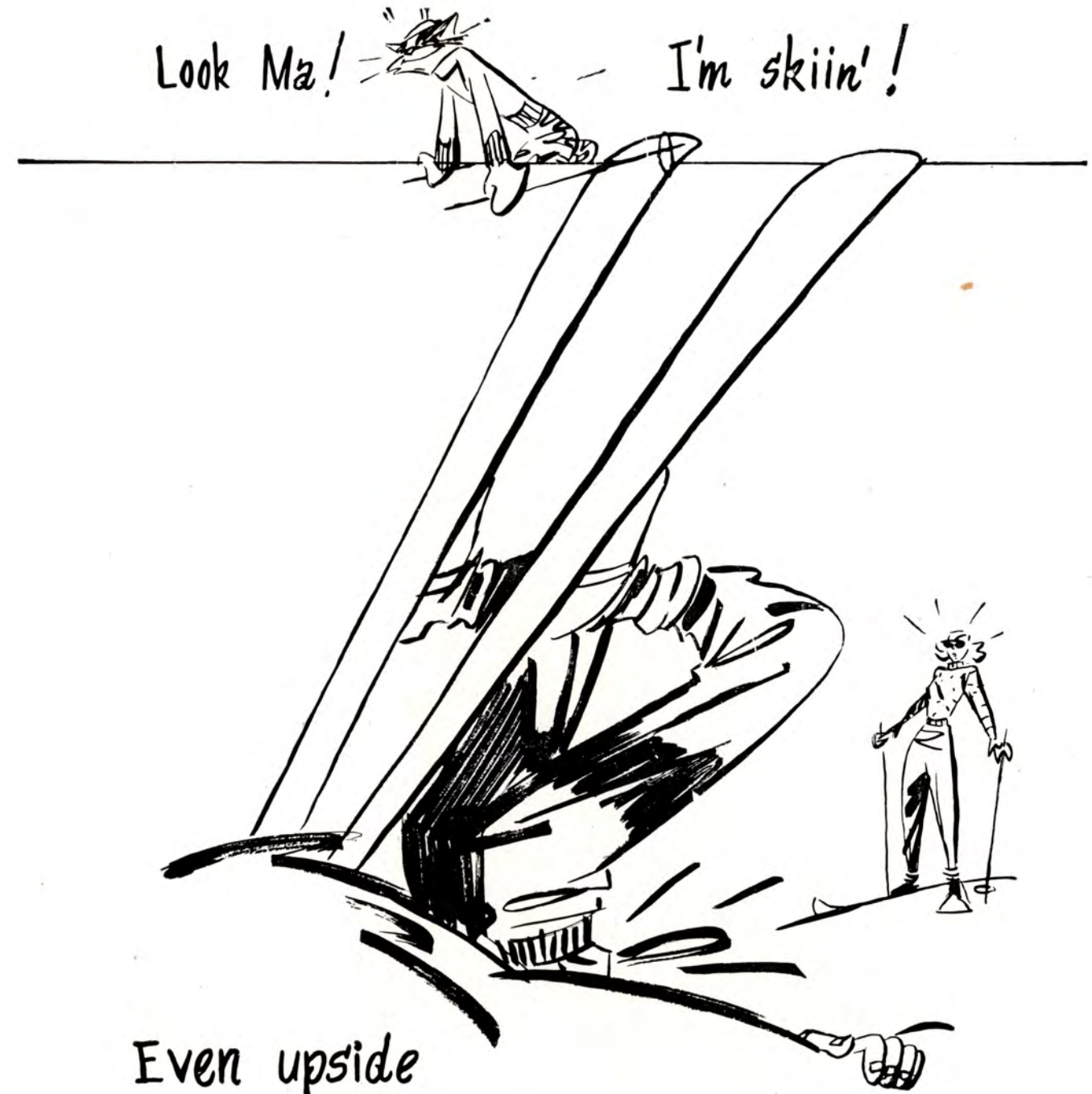
To wit, that it was some thirty years ago that we celebrated a Christmas over toasts to the "war to end all wars," and that for the past seven years we have been celebrating Christmases in the war necessary to convince one another and ourselves that what our greed and materialism had built in the 1920's had been built of shoddy brick on most restless sand.

And that, during this gleeful Yuletide season, only a handful of the world's many may sit down to plum pudding and rum, may taste the suckling and baste the bird; that our Christmas trees are oases in a desert, our Christmas ties, cloaks among the naked; that Bernadotte is dead and Stalin very much alive; that hunger and privation do their *danse macabre* with pack rats in the streets.

Above all, that when Christmas is gone, the gaudy ornaments and little colored lights are packed neatly away in sawdust and forgotten.

But an inner ornament, an inner light—to use an old cliché—are never packed in sawdust and forgotten until we ourselves are.

Look Ma! — I'm skiin'!



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 down you'll look better in
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A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her new position. "You'll have a very good time of it here," she explained, "because we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh," said the girl generously, "I'm very fond of children so don't go restricting yourself on my account."

—Ladies' Home Journal

"If there be anyone in the congregation who likes sin, let him stand up. What's this, Sister Virginia, do you like sin?"

"Oh, pardon me, I thought you said gin."

—Froth

She—Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He—What do you think I'm here for?

—Purple Parrot

"Did you forget your wrench?" the cutie lisped at the plumber.

"No, baby," he replied. "I'll get around to you in a few minutes."

—Urchin



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Now That Date



John Motheral

Burp! Please don't spray it this way. Like the suggestions we had for you last issue? Oh, you're still in the hospital? That makes it unanimous. If you won an election bet on the last little rat race, make the loser eat at one of these joints. Not that there's anything wrong with the food. Not that there's any food. It used to be tough to pay for a good meal in town. Now it's impossible. These places we've got for you this time are the best—of what, we couldn't say—but they're the best. Knew a guy once who actually took the recommendations herein coughed up. Buried him last week. Poor chap. He thought we were serious. He went into one of the various holes and ordered frog legs. When the frog's legs walked to the table and climbed up on the plate, it was too much for him.

Bring up your stomach pumps. Here we go again.

Balalaika—960 Bush. Lots of real Russian atmosphere. So real, in fact, that the Thomas Committee is known to be interested. Prices moderately high, food moderately good, not bad at all if you're trying to make out with soft violins and gay mazurkas.

Bal Tabarin—1025 Columbus. Oh, brother! The fact that this clip joint is still in business is adequate proof of our standards of intelligence these days. The show here is possibly one of the three or four worst in the City, and the food is good only when not eaten. A "touristi" dump, it should be missed. Worthless.

Goman's Gay Nineties — 555 Pacific. This used to be one of the best, but the prices are soaring beyond all

(Continued on page 8)

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New
Store
is now
Completed

Palo Alto

NOW THAT DATE

(Continued from page 7)

imagination. The show (?) is strictly corn and from the old days, and you might enjoy it for something different, but watch out for the food. And the drinks are priced like the Chinese currency rates. Bring a shirt you can hock.

La Favorite—825 Pacific. One of those out-of-the-way places you don't hear much about, but should. The food, while not the best, is thoroughly edible, and the prices are right! Lots of old-style French atmosphere, and pleasantly intimate. Give it a try.

Lupo's Pizzeria Cafe—1042 Kearny. Another wonderful joint. The food here is real Italian, and the prices are of the best. They specialize in Neapolitan cooking, and the pizza can't be beat anywhere. A must for a darn good dinner, well served.

El Prado—in the Plaza Hotel, on Union Square. Back up your Loomis armored car for a rattling good meal. This should be about your only stop in town for one night, because the prices prohibit anything but a quick death afterward. Fine type roast beef, good service, weak drinks, for Wall Street only.

Omar Khayyam's — O'Farrell at Powell. Oh, no! Not on your life. For what you get, they charge like it was a prison fine yet. The food is really only mediocre, although certainly exotic, and the prices are in the same plane as the national debt. For the suckers only!

Cliff House—above Playland-at-the-Beach. This was, in olden time, not bad. But now the prices have soared, the quality of the food has gone down, and the place is always as crowded as a subway. The best thing they have to offer is a late Sunday morning breakfast, which is tops. The fish here is good, and the meat poor. Terrific for a view, for the breakfasts we mentioned, and not much else.

Redwood Room—Cliff Hotel. Now you're talking. This is the place for that before-curtain dinner. The prices are just as you want them, and the food is cooked, which is unusual. Service quick, booze cheap, everything as the doctor ordered. And never too crowded.

Sainte Claire Hotel—in San Jose. If you're in the San Jose vicinity, which God forbid, you could do worse, by standards there. Otherwise, you couldn't. The food is high priced and high tasting, and the service is main-

tained by twelve or thirteen men over the age of seventy. But, like we say, that's all there is down there, so take it or leave it, or, better yet, don't go into the town at all.

Colonial Drive-In—on the Old Highway near Nineteenth Avenue. This shows you what happens if you write for this column long enough.

The Fireside—on El Camino south of San Mateo. Here we go. This used to be the Chukker, and it was lousy then. Now it's the Fireside, and isn't much better. The food could be worse if the chef were blind, and the drinks could be weaker if they didn't serve any at all, but those are the only conditions under which this joint could be poorer. The prices are astronomical, and what you get for them would turn your stomach. Next?

Veneto's—389 Bay, near the Wharf. Another fabulous Italian eatery. The prices are a little steeper than cheap, but the food is worth every bit. Drinks good, which makes a difference; and they have that old intimate, private dining-room effect. Shall we go?



The train for Washington had just pulled out of Norfolk and the passengers settled back for the journey. A tall, dignified man entered the club car, and, addressing the passengers, asked, "Is theah a gentleman from Shelby County, Tennessee, present?"

One man stood up and stated that he was a native of that county.

"Fine!" beamed the first man. "I wondah if I might borrow youah co'kscrew fo' a minute?"

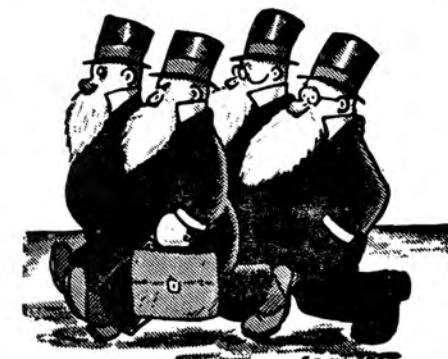
—Pravda



Co-ed—Why didn't you find out who he was when the professor called the roll?

Another co-ed—I did try to, but he answered four different times.

—Purple Bird



"What in the devil can it be?"



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A drunk finally finds the keyhole and enters the house, where he stumbles around looking for the light. Wife pipes up: "That you Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goddam goldfish not to bark at me!"

—Wampus

The young wife out in Bucknell Village was cooking the Sunday turkey for her husband and as she proudly set it down on the table she said:

"Honey, this is my first turkey."

"My oh my, it certainly looks delicious. What kind of stuffing did you use?"

"Why darling, this turkey wasn't hollow."

—Squirrel

Boy—But mister, you can't arrest me. I'm from one of the best families in North Carolina.

Cop—That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes.

—Lehigh Goblet

"What have you done," Saint Peter asked,

"That I should admit you here?"

"I ran a magazine," the editor said, "In my college days one year."

Saint Peter pityingly shook his head And gravely touched the bell.

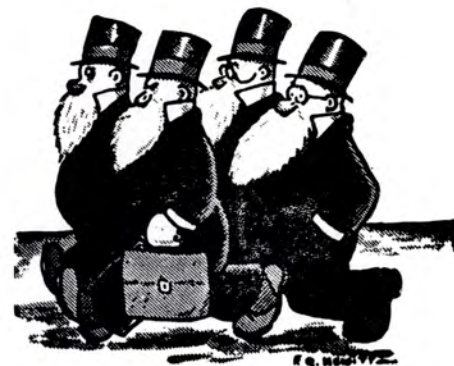
"Come in, poor man, select a harp. You've had your share of hell!"

—Masquerader

"How did you like the bridge party last night?"

"Fine, until the cops looked under the bridge."

—Smorg



"Aw-w-wk! I've been peopled!"

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

Same old yuk about this time of the year; Christmas, you know.

Stories

Lotsa drivel about Christmas spirit and kindness and good will and bloodshed. Roses to the staff, and other stand-bys like Flurnge Raswell, Shallow, and R. Schloss, Jr.

Cartoons

Now That Yuk this month features Stan Norton, a dwarf under the age of five who lives in a cave off campus.

Opener

A brilliant piece of work by Art Herzog and Bob Symons, who were born with one foot in the wastebasket.

Jokes

Lotsa keen new funnies that will make you blush for hours.

A certain country minister posted this notice on the church door: "Brother Smith departed for Heaven at 4:30 A.M."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 9:00 A.M. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

—Masquerader

Chaucer and I wrote a dirty story Bawdy and lewd from the start But mine, people said, was pornographic

And Chaucer's was classical art.

—Wampus

They call my twin brother Encore because he wasn't on the program.

—Aggievator



Separates—
matching skirts
and blouses of
fine wool jersey
in many colors.
Skirt \$12.95—
blouse \$14.95—
modeled by
**MARYANNE
TEFFT**, Roble

young colony...
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Photo by George Gould

Let's go to Rio!

WEEK-END AT THE BEACH
DINNER AND DANCE IN THE DESERT ROOM
OVERNIGHT - FROM 50.00 DOUBLE
TENNIS - RIDING - HIKING



HOTEL RIO DEL MAR
ON MONTEREY BAY • APTOS, CALIF.

"Is this dance formal, or can I wear my own clothes?" —Pointer

Pink elephant: beast of bourbon.
—Masquerader

A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was buttonholed by a character who said: "Shay, can you tell me where to find Alcoholicsh Anonymush?"

"Why? Do you want to join?"
"No. Wanna resign."

—Ski-U-Mah

Ex-sailor—While in the Aleutians I saw the screwiest bird. It lays square eggs and talks.

Ex-soldier—No foolin'. What does it say?

Ex-sailor—Ouch! —B.O.

"Grandma, get out of the stable! You're much too old to be horsing around." —Fortune

It's all right to tell a girl that she has pretty legs, but don't compliment her too highly.



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IN DRIVE IN

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OPEN EVERY DAY
7 a.m. to 2 a.m., 3 a.m. on Saturday

GOOD FOOD

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7 a.m. to 1 a.m., 2 a.m. on Saturday
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INDIAN DRIVE-IN GOOD FOOD

STANFORD Chaparral

Giffs da night before Haxmas
End all through da Quad
Not ha creature iss stirring
All offa da sod

End all of da fimales
End all of da ruffs
Are hengink da stockinks
For cendy end stuffs

Giffs Haxmas trees glowink
End carols so gay
They're waitink da comink
Of da wondrous day

Wit da scotches end sodas
End rare one-hundred-year-old imported wine
They're sittink enjoyink
Da fine Haxmas time

But here in da office
Da Old One is drear
Wit jost two pretzels
End one gless beer

Wit only one gless full
He's sure he would take
If havink som water
Ha jomp in da lake

He's settink right here
Wit plenty troubles
End no Haxmas tree
Ta stick on da bobbles

But he tinks of da New Year
Wit students dat clammer
End plenty new ones
Ta hit wit da hammer

End plenty traditions
Ta hit on da head
End plenty pipples
Ta tell ta drop dead

End plenty of stuff shirts
Ta throw in da coffin
All reddy he's heppy
All reddy he's loffin

End now he iss mellow
Wit gay Haxmas cheer
Merry da Yuletide
End heppy New Year!

McNasty and Symons





Vive La France

Last year, French 21 was enlivened by an instructor who was a Frenchman from France, as the saying goes. One of the assignments was a short story that told of a gentleman who was marooned on a mountain with a pretty young girl during a thunderstorm. They spent the night in a deserted cabin and the girl was terribly frightened by the storm and clung to him. The hero, however, was an honorable man and though his "blood ran hot . . . [he] did not think any bad thoughts." The fellow's name must have been Hays or Johnston because nozzing happened.

The day this assignment was due, the French teacher questioned one of the students as to how he had liked the story. The student replied that he thought that it was a pretty good story with a fine moral. The Frenchman accepted this, but questioned another student who replied that he thought it was "lousy."

"But what ees wrong?" asked the instructor.

"Aw, the dope didn't have any bad thoughts," griped the student.

The Gaul lit up like a Christmas tree. "Oh!" he cried. "Bon réponse! bon réponse!"

Alcoholics Anonymous

To get the gist of this you must understand that these were hard-drinking people, the kind that take their aspirin in a glass of straight whisky.

It seems that one of the ruffs was attending a *crème de la crème* get-together at one of S.F.'s exclusive hotels on the hill. The party was being given by one of the city's many voluptuous matriarchs, the kind that would be out looking for the fountain of youth if Ponce hadn't found it.

The old girl ordered a round of drinks before dinner and after gulping the wonderful stuff down, the couples adjourned to the dining room. The

hostess apparently didn't realize that a party isn't a party without a drink clutched firmly in the hand even during dinner, and the gang got thirstier and thirstier as the minutes ticked by. Finally one of them, getting desperate, bellowed out in none too subtle a fashion to his lady, "Honey would you like a drink?"

"Oh," the party-giver realized, "would some of you like a cocktail?"

She was answered by a tremendous "Yes," and another round was served and gulped.

Well, you know these hard drinkers. Pretty soon they were thirsty again, and a couple of the males adjourned inconspicuously to the bar.

They were about to re-enter the dining room a little while later, when an arm reached out from the shadows and stopped them.

"Lishen," the voice behind the arm garbled, "when you go in the dining room, act like you're adjusting your fly. The old girl'll never know the differensh."

Oi' Man Ribber

Now and then coincidences will pile up. The loungers in the lobby of one of the girls' halls were doubled up quite nicely the other night at a particular succession of names being called for. The first was for "Leek," then "Flood," and finally "Levy."

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

Pam Parsons

QUEEN of the MONTH

Photo by Ray Elsmore



Christmas Noel

(With due apologies to Charles Dickens)

John Bodnar and Pat O'Connell from an idea by Bob Sederholm

Barley was dead, to begin with, dead as hell. There was no doubt about it. Everyone knew it; the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, Hedda Hopper, even Skrude knew it. He should, because it was his extravagance that had killed Barley. Benevolent old Skrude's habit of shelling out money to anyone that came along had hastened Barley's death.

Now, Skrude was a nice guy, a real good Joe. That was his trouble. He was such a kind and benevolent soul that all the people of his town would pump him dry whenever they could, and jolly, jolly Christmas was the ideal season for draining suckers. This is when our story begins.

Old Skrude was in his counting house on Christmas Eve counting his I.O.U.'s and wondering what poor soul he could help next. It was cold, bleak, and foggy outside, as it is apt to be on a cold, bleak, and foggy night, but inside it was warm and cherry, for Skrude would never let his clerk, Bob Hatchett, sit in the cold. As a matter of fact, Skrude gave all the coal to Bob and was himself sitting in the cold. Only his warm heart kept him from freezing to death.

Presently a knock was heard at the door. Two pleasant, substantial-looking gents appeared. The one slyly winked at the other and then began to beseech Skrude to make a donation for the poor and destitute. After all, this was the festive season (ha-ha) and there were so many poor and needy people destitute.

"Why, of course," replied Skrude. "I should only be too happy to donate money. Have you brought a cart along?" Skrude merrily skipped over to his stocking that hung over the fireplace and brought back sacks of money which he loaded into the arms of the gentlemen. "Anytime I can be of more help, simply call on me, pip, pip, eh what?"

As soon as the two gents were outside the door, they began to chuckle and congratulate themselves on having pulled a bully trick. "Let's be off for ye ole Boar's Head Tavern," they said.

Inside Skrude was pleased with



himself. Hadn't he been very benevolent? Some poor soul would be happy for Christmas. Yes, this was the real, bully Christmas spirit. His cheeks glowed and his eyes shone, for this is the effect that generosity had on him.

Walking into Bob Hatchett's office he said, "I suppose that you want tomorrow off?"

"Damn right! Besides that, I'm in pretty dire need of some more money. You can hardly expect me to keep a family alive on what you pay me."

"Quite right, quite right. Take tomorrow off and this fifty pounds. It should carry you over the holidays. Never let it be said that I didn't act right by my employees. A happy employee is a good employee, as I always say. Yuk. Wish the wife and family a Merry Christmas, a real bully, Merry Christmas."

As soon as Skrude left the room, Hatchett poked his pointed little head out the window into the cold and called for a boy. "Listen lad, take this fifty pounds to the bookie at the tobacco shop and put it on Sunken

Ship in the fifth at Devonshire-on-Avon Downs." Everybody was taking advantage of benevolent old Skrude.

The office was closed in a twinkling, and Skrude left to take his usual meager meal of warmed-over curds and whey in his usual meager manner. He could not be generous to his fellow man and still provide himself with luxuries. After his meager meal at the meager tavern, he left for his meager lodgings. He could hardly afford decent lodgings so he lodged in a gloomy set of rooms in a house in the back of an old yard overlooking Casa de Sanskrit. Here he would sit and smilingly pat himself on his rounded old back for being such a nice guy.

Skrude hadn't given Barley much thought in the past seven years. As he walked through the fog he felt for his keys. He put the key into the lock and looked at the door knocker and to his amazement saw old Barley's face. Barley's face shimmered on the musty bronze surface and sneered at Skrude. The lips moved and Skrude heard a hissing: "Sucker!" Then the vision faded away.

"Oh dear me, what can that mean?" thought benevolent, old Skrude. "It must have been the roast beef, potatoes, and gravy that I didn't eat." Upstairs Skrude tried to keep from thinking of the ghastly image and began to play with his yo-yo for diversion.

Soon he heard a noise and clanging coming up the stairs and up to the heavy door. The thin, gaunt form of a ghost appeared and stood ominously before Skrude. It was Barley.



He appeared as Skrude had known him: the usual waistcoat, trousers, boots, and two heads. There was a long chain about his middle and on it was a line of cash boxes. A lock hung through his nose.

"Whodat?"

"You know damn well who I am," replied the specter.

"What do you want of me?"

"Look at these cash boxes? They're empty, ain't dey? And it's all your fault. I can't even buy a coke down there, and you know how thirsty I get."

"But what can I do?"

"You can quit being a sucker and start enjoying yourself. Tonight you are going to be visited by three spirits. They'll give you the straight dope, dope." Then the ghost disappeared with all the dignity of a shmouzer in Hell.

Skrude went to bed but was soon awakened by the sound of bells, yingle, yingle. The room suddenly filled with light, and the curtains of his bedroom were drawn aside. There by his elbow stood an unearthly visitor; a small, elflike specter dressed in a zoot suit and pegged pants common to his day.

"I am the ghost of the Christmases past."

"Why do you come?" asked Skrude.

"To set you straight on a few things, Jack. You've been making a damn fool of yourself, and I want to straighten you out. Let's go back into your bobby-sox days. Follow me."

The two began to thread about familiar scenes in Skrude's childhood. It rendered Skrude's heart, and tears began to trickle down his round, benevolent nose.

"There you are," said the specter, pointing a knurled finger, "sitting in the apothecary having a double-malted with that little Sterling Stanford girl. You really had a crush on her."

"Please, don't make me suffer."

"That was when you were throwing money away on yourself and on her. You bought her all sorts of little presents. She loved you for it as girls are wont to do."

"Those were peachy-cream days," sobbed Skrude.

"When you became benevolent, she left you. You should have learned then that the only way to hold a girl is with money."

"Take me back and haunt me no longer."

"O.K. Jack, but you had better get wise to yourself and start living." With this remark Skrude was transported back to his bed and fell into a bully deep sleep.

Skrude woke up with a snort and sat up in bed. He didn't want to be surprised by the next spirit. Soon he heard the strains of a jazz band, and the room was filled with neon light. Piled in the center of the room were bottles of champagne, cognac, beer, pretzels, hamburgers (but not hot dogs, for they had not been invented as yet), and refreshments of all sorts. On this heap sat as voluptuous a Jane as ever topped a pile. She was dressed in a flimsy, filmy negligee and kept crossing and uncrossing her legs. Her bosom wiggled as she breathed.

"Wh-wh-who are you?" This was too much even for Skrude.

"I am the spirit of the Christmas present. See these nice things," she said, pointing toward the refresh-

ments, as she leaned her bosom toward Skrude, "they could be yours if you'd only get wise to yourself."

"Come again?" Things were beginning to perk up for old, benevolent Skrude.

"Come along with me and see what people think of your damned fool benevolence," she said as she heaved a sigh.

The two went out into the cold street, but Skrude wasn't cold for the spirit was keeping him warm. They went to the tavern in their ghost forms, and there Skrude saw the two gents that he had given money to earlier in the day.

"That Skrude guy is certainly a sucker," said one.

"Yeah, we certainly did him up right."

The lady specter looked at Skrude, heaved a sigh and said, "Everybody around here plays you for a sucker. You've got to get wise to yourself. We'll go to Hatchett's house and I'll prove my point."

"I hope so," mumbled benevolent old Skrude.

Bob Hatchett was just getting home. He pulled off his expensive muffler and tossed it lightly to his young French maid.

"I certainly took the old boy today," he said to his wife, the lovable and friendly Moll Flanders. "I got fifty pounds that I played on Sunken Ship's nose."

"Damn your hide," she said as she threw the skillet at his head. "I told you to quit playing the horses. We've got two ugly, irascible daughters that have to married off, and we need money for the dowries."

"But it's a sure bet, dove."

(Continued on page 29)



Christmas on the Half-Shell

John Motheral



It would be impossible for me accurately to relate just what did happen in Murphy's Saloon and Billiard Parlor on that otherwise bleak and utterly uninteresting Christmas Eve. Suffice it then for me merely to relate the incidents, as incomplete a tale as they may make, and to permit you to draw from them whatever conclusions you feel are justified.

To begin, it was a most cold and dreary Christmas Eve that year. Snow had been falling regularly for several days, and it was already turning to slime and water under one's foot. The stores were closing; and the last-minute shoppers hurrying to their homes, the bird tucked under their arms, their pockets crammed with trinkets for the tree. As I walked through the almost deserted street—it was about eleven in the evening—the distant clatter of a beggar's bell, the lonesome moan of a newspaper boy, the honk of a horn, the faint, far flicker of a street lamp, all conspired to increase the melancholy in which I wandered.

So, with hardly any strain at all, I took myself to Murphy's Saloon and Billiard Parlor, for there, I knew, I would at least be able to forget the season with men of like mind, and, I might add, of like pecuniary status. Accordingly, past the Salvation Army band, past the sidewalk Santa Claus, past the dark store windows, and into the small side street I hastened, quickening my steps as I saw Murphy's new neon sign flickering hope in the distance. Many is the man of mortal clay who has been cheered by that touch of Ireland and punch, and certainly not the least of these was I.

But Murphy's, strangely enough, was almost deserted. No one played the piano, no one was laughing or shouting or crying. Murphy stood polishing a glass behind his mahogany bar, with nothing on his face but a three-day beard, which Murphy

is seldom wont to remove. To be sure, my old friend "Weep" Kelly was staring morosely into his perennial bitters, and Clancy McFiggin, another regular in those parts, was, as always, whistling a bit of a tune to himself, though what tune it is could never quite be ascertained. But where was Pat O'Rourke, or Jimmy Monahan, or Sal Picotti, or Nick Stenopolis, or, for that matter, the sweet young thing who works at the all-night theater and usually drops in for a toucher now and again? In vain I searched, and in vain I asked Murphy, for questioning or even talking to Murphy is a task beyond the patience of the average man.

"Where are the rest, Murphy?" I asked.

"Mmmph," says he. "Is there a free Christmas party about loose in the neighborhood unbeknown to ourselves?"

"Mmmph," he says again.

And that was most certainly that. Murphy was as communicative as always. Next I tried "The Weep," who was looking even more morose than usual at the other end of the bar.

"Weep," says I, "whither our friends?"

"Troubles," says The Weep, and that was also that. The Weep is no

more a source of vital statistics than our host. And I knew for sure that McFiggin would no more let off whistling that infernal tune of his than he would work.

A pint of a rare old brew I ordered, and sat myself down in my usual place, about halfway down the bar from The Weep.

And my questions were very suddenly and strangely answered, for Murphy's swinging door suspended from one hinge burst asunder as through those honored portals Jimmy "The Book" Monahan strode, and with him came Sal "Second-Story" Picotti, clutching, of all things, a wreath of somewhat battered holly and a faded red ribbon.

"Murphy, me bhoy," bellows The Book, "break out yer best punch, lad, for 'tis Christmas time and we're goin' ta have a party!"

"Yea, ya booze slinga, make wid 'a punch. It's Christmas time." This from old Second-Story.

"Mmmph," from Murphy, and by the tone of that stentorian snort, I knew full well that Murphy, hardly a party man at best, was singularly unimpressed by the idea.

"There'll be no mmmph about it, me old pal. When Monahan says there'll

(Continued on page 31)

Now That Yuk



"Which twin had Tony?"



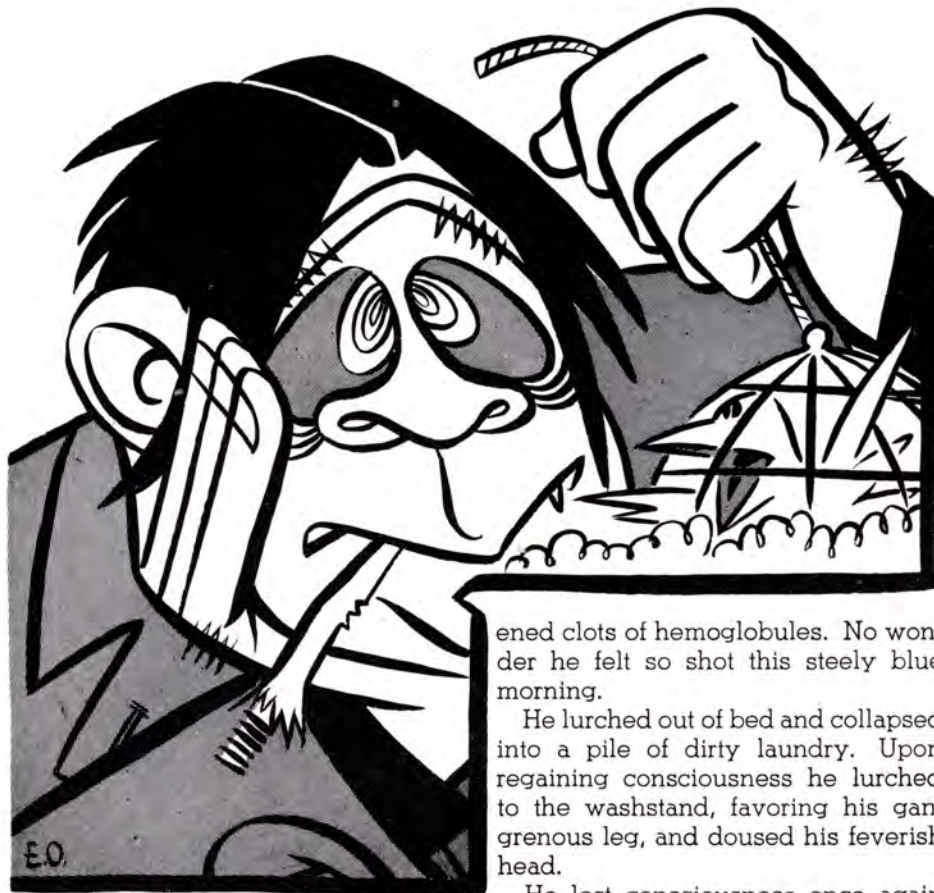
"You've lost one of your fillings, Miss Glockenschpiegle."



Stan Norton

Giant Steely's Revenge

Flurnge Raswell



ened clots of hemoglobules. No wonder he felt so shot this steely blue morning.

He lurched out of bed and collapsed into a pile of dirty laundry. Upon regaining consciousness he lurched to the washstand, favoring his gangrenous leg, and doused his feverish head.

He lost consciousness once again and smashed his front teeth out on the hot-water faucet. He rose to his feet and looked at objects across the room through the bullet holes in his chest. He felt dismal, but then, why not? By God, you would too if you were Giant Steely.

His tortured body made itself to the open tenement window and the body lost consciousness once again and plunged idly to the pavement seven stories down.

"Just like Grauman's Chinese," he mumbled, scratching his name under his full-length imprint.

The elevator was not working early in the morning, so he walked up the service stairs and took a shower and shaved and shined his shoes and wrote a letter to his grandmother and fed the canary and read the morning paper and lost consciousness once again. When he awoke his hand was on the steam radiator. The palm fell away like delicately fried mountain trout, and he cursed his bad luck. Everything seemed to go wrong this morning. He got mad. He took the

canary cage and lowered it into a tank of boiling nitric acid and gloated as the canary fought to stay near the top of the cage. He felt better. He felt much better. That damn singing would get anybody, he rationalized.

But he had a job to do. He braced his shoulders, and a fleeting smile played about his lips. He whistled as he went about his morning chores. He delicately arranged the bleached canary bones in his bird book, polished the strap on his shoulder holster, put a cutting edge on his dirk, and stuffed his laundry into the chute. He lost consciousness once again.

The elevator was not working early in the morning, so after leaving the laundry room in the basement he walked up the service stairs and kicked savagely at a crippled janitress who was putting her son through Southern Methodist. He sent her stumbling through the decaying banister and down ten floors. He felt better, much better. Now he could face life.

Giant Steely had a job to do. Anybody would drink heavily, kill canaries, and kick janitresses if they had to do what he had to do, he rationalized. He slipped a patched burlap coat over a clean white Arrow shirt and ascot tie. He flicked at a fleck of dust on the sharp crease of his purple cashmere slacks. He put a cordovan polish on his basketball shoes but he didn't have any socks on. Giant Steely never wore socks. He never wore underwear, either.

He went to the door nursing a shattered elbow that he had fallen

(Continued on page 37)



Take a Letter

GOVERNOR'S MANSION
ALBANY, NEW YORK

November 3, 1948

Carl O. Sturnbaum
Sturnbaum's Haberdashery
Independence, Mo.

Dear Carl:

We've never met, Carl, but one of my many friends down there in Independence (don't let the results fool you—I've many friends in the wonderful state of Missouri) has written me that you have an opening for a salesman in your haberdashery.

You know, I'm getting kind of tired of this Eastern climate. It gets awfully cold here in New York in the winter and the summers are hot and muggy. So I've decided to move to a warmer climate. When I heard that there was a job open in your haberdashery, since that man can't take it now, well, I decided Missouri was the place for me.

I really haven't had any experience selling hats, but I've worn all kinds of them and have a genuine interest in haberdashery. All I need is a chance, Carl!

I won't be able to come to Independence immediately as my present job is not quite over, but it won't be long until I'll be available.

Keep me in mind, Carl. I know I can make a success of myself in the hat business!

Sincerely,

Tom

Is There a Santa Claus?



R. Schloss, Jr., subgraduate member of Excom, says: "There is no reason for believing in Santa Claus. He is not on Excom; he is not listed in the Bawlout; and there is no provision for him in the A.S.S.U. constitution. I think this proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is nonexistent. He is not even a member of Young Republicans . . ."



Takimoto Funk, obese chimney sweep, says: "For fifty-one weeks each year I am plying mine trade until people are not knowing me from Al Jolson. It is smutty business. Then every Christmas that blimp Sandy Claws, he is sliding up and down the chimneys and keeping them clean for a week. I am getting seven days' vacation, yet. This scoots me fine . . ."



The Old Boy says: "Santa is an imposter. He grew a beard and a 3.2 paunch, and now he's trying to steal my stuff. Listen, I was getting into young girls' stockings long before that faker ever thought of Christmas presents. He even got a red suit and a hat with bells on it. He's a crook, I tell you . . ."



Help U. Self, editor of the Drofnats Doily, says: "Sorry, no use for Santa Claus. He's clichéd. No news value. Every year the same old thing. Reindeer, presents, Christmas trees . . . tripe, pure tripe. When Santa goes up a chimney, that ain't news, but if a chimney should go up Santa Claus, that'd be news. I'd love him . . ."



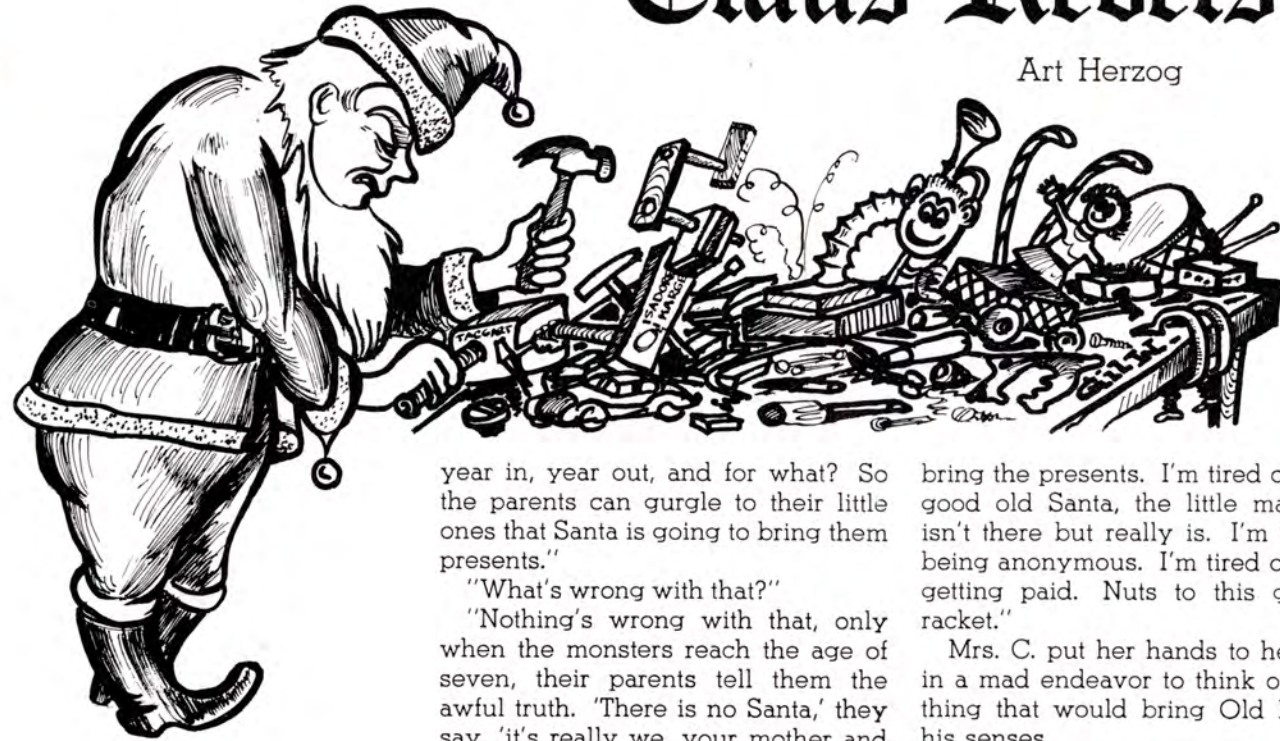
Grunion P. Schmeckenclipp, boy wonder of the Psychology Department, says: "It is fairly easy for those of us well versed in Freudian psychology to analyze the phenomenon. Santa is an apparition proceeding from an extreme mental hallucination and schizophrenic delusions on the part of the individuals that believe in him. You see, a paper is an inclined plane, and an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slow pup is a lazy dog . . ."



Miss Penelope K. Bankagianini, prominent Roble multimillionaire, says: "Santa is merely a proletarian myth. Did he give me my twelve-pound diamond tiara? Did he give me my 1952 Lincoln convertible? You peasants can have your Santa Claus. I'll keep my Charge-o-Plate . . ."

Claus Rebels

Art Herzog



year in, year out, and for what? So the parents can gurgle to their little ones that Santa is going to bring them presents."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing's wrong with that, only when the monsters reach the age of seven, their parents tell them the awful truth. 'There is no Santa,' they say, 'it's really we, your mother and father, that bring you these wonderful presents, not Santa. He's for the little folk, and when the little folk become big folk, they must learn the truth.' I quit."

"Now, dear."

"What do you expect? Year in, year out, presents, presents. For what? So those liars can tell the kids that they

bring the presents. I'm tired of being good old Santa, the little man who isn't there but really is. I'm tired of being anonymous. I'm tired of never getting paid. Nuts to this goddam racket."

Mrs. C. put her hands to her head in a mad endeavor to think of something that would bring Old Nick to his senses.

"You're just not thinking, Santa," she began. "Reason this thing out. They don't know that they're not giving the presents. Oh, they buy a few trinkets, but when Christmas morning comes, there are always twice as many presents under the tree as they bought. In all the confusion, they

(Continued on page 38)

"Hell," said the whiskered one, throwing down the little machine gun he was working on, "this is the stupidest thing I ever heard of."

"What do you mean, dear?" Mrs. Claus asked.

"This whole goddam business of Christmas, that's what."

"Now, dear, calm down," Mrs. C. said soothingly, wrapping her arms affectionately around his neck. "Why don't you go take a nice bath and coat your chest with linoleum. A good night's sleep, and you'll feel much better in the morning."

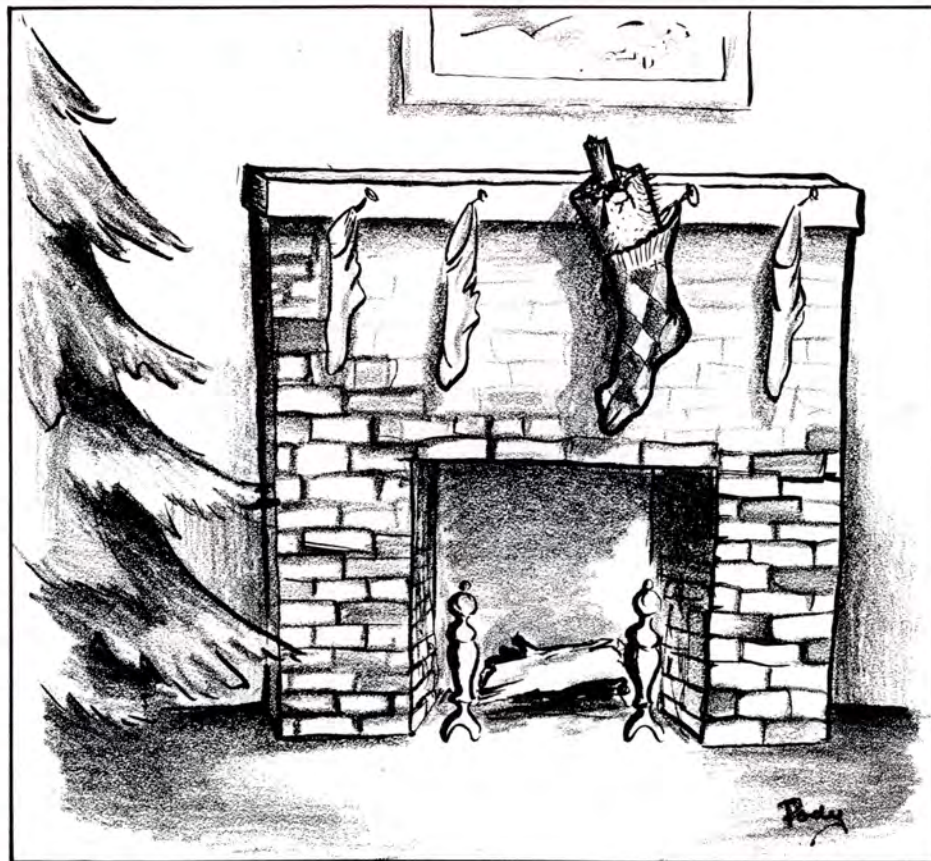
"Take your hands off me," roared Santa, backing over to the workbench. "I'm not tired, and besides that's Mentholatum. I'm just fed up with this whole silly business. Why don't I get a decent job like washing cars or something?"

"Because you weren't cut out for that kind of work, that's why. We all have our niches in life, and this is yours. Anyway, how could you wash cars? Look at your stomach! You couldn't get close enough to a car to wash it. You can barely wash the sleigh."

"Oh, you just sleigh me, round one," Santa retorted. "Now get out of here and leave me alone."

"My dear," Mrs. Claus sidled over to him again, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, this joyous season gives me the pip. Work my fingers to the bone



There's nothing like a Christmas dawn to make you feel like hell, The drinks we had last evening have left us far from well.

Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail too, And God bless you and keep you from inebriety, And God keep you from inebriety.

We've opened all the packages that kin sent by the score, We've written twenty thank-you notes, and still have fifty more.

Love and joy come to you, And to you your wassail too, And God bless you, and keep you from insanity, And God keep you from insanity.

G.W.

Story for Wee Ones

Bob Symons

Once upon a time in a land far, far away, there lived a little lad who wanted only one thing for Christmas. That thing was a sexy.

He had heard his brothers talking about sexes, and he had been led to believe that a sexy was a very desirable thing. And so on the night before Christmas he sent a letter to Santa Claus saying, "Dear Mr. Claus, please, Mr. Claus, I have been a very good boy all year and there is nothing I would rather have for Christmas than a sexy. If you love me at all, Old Nick, oh! boy, send me a sexy for Christmas—for God's sake."

Now when Mr. Claus received this letter he was deeply touched, and so he set all his little gnomes to work making the finest sexy in the world for this little boy. They painted the sexy in all sorts of bright colors with lipstick and pancake and leg makeup and eyeshadow and eyebrow pencil.



Then Mr. Claus put the sexy in his bag and hopped in his sled and went tearing off over the roof tops like damit.

When he got to the little boy's house he popped down the chimney, and what should he find but two stockings hung up over the fireplace. Santa placed his finger aside of his nose and remarked, "Not such a dumb kid." So he put the sexy into the two stockings and popped up the chimney quick as a flash.

The next day the dawn broke a steely gray, but this did not bother the small boy at all. He went tearing downstairs. When he saw his sexy he let out a joyous squeal, and started to tear his sexy apart to find out how it was put together. After he had it all apart he could not find out how to put it back together; so he threw it away. All of which goes to prove that a sexy does one no good unless one knows how it's made.

Little boy—Why is it that cream costs more than milk?

Milkman—Because it's harder for a cow to sit on the little bottles.
—Excelsior

A mother had lost her little daughter, age five, in a department store. After looking for her for several minutes, she found her talking to some nuns. The anxious mother rushed up and said, "I hope she hasn't bothered you too much." One of the nuns replied, "Not at all, but it's the first time we've been mistaken for penguins."
—Crimson Bull

Marriage is like a card game. It starts with a pair. He shows a diamond. She shows a flush . . . and they both end up with a full house.
—Urchin

Joe—It's funny how one's thoughts keep pace with the weather.

Femme—Yes, it certainly is raw outside, isn't it?

—Pointer



"But officer . . . The quality of mercy is not strained; it dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it's twice blest' . . ."



BELLE STARR'S DAUGHTER

By the way this balderdash goes, it looks as though Belle couldn't tell you who the old man was.

HAMLET

Let it suffice to say that Laurence Olivier is back with more of the Bard, that Jean Simmons is a magnificent Ophelia, that the production in black and white is like an old etching, and that this is the finest thing that's been presented on the screen, period.

MELODY TIME

Comme ci, comme ça. There have been better, thank Gawd. Not bad for a mildly amusing evening. Nothing better to do? This is it.

ON APPROVAL

Here's the funniest thing since Grant took Richmond. Beatrice Lillie and Clive Brooks do their risqué little bit to make this a show not to be missed. Lots sexy plot.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS

We wouldn't turn down one touch of Venus, either. This mild sexy taken from a whopping sexy has everything, including Ava Gardner, who also has a great deal. Line forms to the right!

THE GALLANT BLADE

Oh, no, not on your life! This blithering mess with Marguerite Chapman has Larry Parks wooing various French women of fortune on one knee. In Cinecolor, which doesn't mean a damn thing.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

There have been better and worse musicals. With lots of old tunes, Dan Dailey and Betty Grable Charleston all over hell. The ad calls it "the love story of two who lost their way on the Glamour Road to Broadway . . ." That ain't all they lost.

JOHNNY BELINDA

Jane Wyman plays the part of a deaf-mute, her most perfect speaking role. This is another one of those fool "deep dramas," with just a touch of schmaltz. Bring Air-Wick when you come.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Oh, come now. Maybe the night had a thousand eyes, but I'll bet they were all closed. This little rat race featured Edward G. Robinson, he of the art gallery, and John Lund, he of nothing much at all. Avoid it like the plague.

BEYOND GLORY

Beyond any reason at all. Alan Ladd makes West Point look like Tom Brown's Oxford. Inexcusable. The director should be brought before a military court for giving aid and comfort to the Russians.

SHED NO TEARS

That was a tough one not to do. I wept like mad when the memory of the price paid flitted through me mind. People were seen leaving the theater in droves.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I really don't care. I'm not, and thank heaven for that.

STATION WEST

Not far enough west, however. There is no more excuse for this mess than there is for seeing it. Nix.

THE ILLEGALS

A tense and sometimes overdramatic story of Jewish refugees and their efforts to find freedom. Although it has its rough spots, especially in directing, it's well worth the trouble to see it. At the Clay in the City.



"And a pack of reefers fer me ole man."

FREDUMB of the PRESS

CHRISTMAS NOEL

(Continued from page 17)

"Yeah, and I had to send out little Tiny Thing to pick pockets so that we could eat tonight. He's been beating the hell out of the neighbor's kid with that crutch of his."

Little Tiny Thing appeared at the door, coolly surveyed the room and crushed out his stogie in his mother's ear.

"Where have you been?" asked Hatchett.

"I told you to get home sooner," said Moll.

"To hell with you, to hell with you, everyone!" said Tiny Thing as he plopped a plump goose on the table. "I had to beat up an old lady to get our Christmas dinner, but here it is."

Bob Hatchett beamed, for his son, even with a bum leg, had something of his own spirit about him.

Skrude had been watching all this. He frowned and said, "I'll be damned if this is going to continue. Let's get me back to bed so that I can see the third and last spirit. On second thought, let's you and I get some spirits and . . ."

"Uh, uh, big boy. I'm just a ghost, and you don't stand a ghost of a chance. Besides, I'm tired of heaving sighs," she said as she disappeared. Skrude fell into a bully sleep.

He awoke from a dream and saw

the third spirit walking gravely toward him carrying a crystal ball (for he was the ghost of the future).

"I know who you are," said Skrude, "you're the spirit of future Christmases that's going to set me straight."

"You're a pretty sharp boy. I think you and I are going to hit it off all right. The future looks pretty bad unless you get on the ball and start enjoying life. You're not so old. You know what they say: 'a man is as old as he feels and as long as he can.'"

"But, just exactly what am I supposed to do?"

"First of all, you've got to fire this guy Hatchett before he saps you dry. Then quit giving people money. They'll have more respect for you and stop laughing behind your back. Then take your money and go out and have one hell of a good time. You can't take it with you. I know. I tried."

"I will, I will, I will." Skrude blinked his benevolent old eyes, looked about, and saw sunlight streaming through the window. The ghosts were all gone and it was morning. The time before him was his own and he was going to make the most of it. He quickly hopped out of bed, dressed, and went to the window where he called out to a boy below, "Come here, you squirt. You

(Continued on page 30)



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(CLOSED MONDAYS)

. . . . The new university official was an outstanding student at Stanford from 1923 to 1926 and from there went to the State Chamber of Commerce. After 169 years with that organization, he took over the San Francisco Chamber

—Palo Alto Times
October 1, 1948

They had a better retirement plan.

1932 Nash. Runs good, 4 new tires
\$2250. 36 Fox Ave.
—San Jose Evening News
October 16, 1948

How are the ash trays?

Dr. Bailey Willis, professor emeritus of geology, explained the basis for his theory that the south pier of the Golden Gate Bridge may some day collapse at a dinner meeting with members of Alpha Sigma Phi Wednesday night.

—Stanford Daily
October 29, 1948

Best dinner speech they've had in years

I don't want to see my husbands and sons, whoever they may be, brought up in an armed camp dominated by a military philosophy. I don't want the United States to become a second Germany—Hitler said he was fighting Communism too, or have we already forgotten.

—Stanford Daily
November 1, 1948

The hell with military philosophy, what's your philosophy?



New director of the School of Nursing and professor of nursing is Miss Grace Ringressy, who has been at Stanford Hospital for the past 13 years in various positions.

—Stanford Daily
October 12, 1948

No comment.



"Ain't that just about the biggest Mickey you ever saw?"



City gal—Aren't you surprised to find me out here in the barn milking this creature?

Farmer—Not nearly as surprised as that bull you've got in your hands.
—Truss Buster

Girl—Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Girl (three dances later)—Been waiting long, Bill?

Bill—No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.
—Columns

Title of this month's ditty is the Nudist Chorus, "Footloose and Pantsy Free."

—Log

The boat had just left Portland when a sprightly little flapper stowaway was discovered in a lifeboat. The captain ordered her sent to his cabin. "I don't know what to do with you," he thundered, as he questioned her.

"Say, skipper," she said finally, "how long have you been a sailor?"
—Odorono

CHRISTMAS NOEL

(Continued from page 29)

don't look like an intelligent and bright fellow, but you'll do. Go to the haberdashers and get me a new glen plaid. Stop at Joe's and get a case of Scotch. Get me a wench or I'll knock your head, and don't give me any of that Christmas stuff."

"Yes, sir."
"Tell her to meet me in the Boar's Head Tavern later for I have business now with my clerk, Bob Hatchett. Hop to it, before I bend your fibula."

Skrude hurried to Hatchett's home and with no fanfare or flourish, he promptly fired Bob Hatchett. After this, he turned on his heel and made for the tavern, for he was going to paint the town red (if Congress will pardon the expression).

"What are we going to do now?" asked Moll Flanders. "Yesterday we ate the goose and now my cupboards are bare."

"Damn it all, I don't know. I knew it was too good to last," said Bob.

"Say, I've got a good idea."
"Well, what is it?"

"When Tiny Thing gets up we'll roast and serve him for Christmas dinner." The house resounded with good Christmas cheer.

"That's a bully idea. Tie him up while I get the spit ready."

Skrude was better than his word. He had found his way to the tavern and was partaking of Christmas spirits. First he would take a shot of bully whisky, and then give his girl friend a squeeze. It was a race to see which one he could get down first.

The tavern had filled with people who also were wont to partake of Christmas spirits. Skrude's girl friend, sitting pertly on his lap, adjusted the drawstring on her peasant blouse, raised her glass to the house, and cried: "Merry Christmas to us, everyone."

Reform Evangelist — Remember, Hell is full of drunkards, whisky, gambling devices, and wild women!
Voice from the rear—Oh, death, where is thy sting?
—Urchin

It's hard to find
For love or money
Jokes that are clean
And also funny!

—Crimson Bull

HALF-SHELL

(Continued from page 18)

be a party, a party there'll be. Now, like a good dispenser a' what's best in life, hustle about a bit and make a batch of old-fashioned rum punch, and mind ya don't lace it with too much gin. All that'll come in good time."

Now, Murphy is far from a man who might be led about by the nose, but Monahan is far from small, so Murphy muttered that he might as well make punch as sit around waiting for customers, and all was settled. Except for a few details.

"Monahan, old one," says I, "we've got the punch, but no seasonal bird. We must find somewhere a turkey or a duckling, if our party will be anything at all."

"Right, me lad, right! A bird there must be, so me old pal Second-Story here has verry kindly volunteered his talents, which never let it be said are few, to—ah—commandeer a small touch a' victuals. To it, lad."


Second-Story was gone like a flash, his wrench and passkeys already half out of his pocket. Then Monahan turned to me and remarked:

"Now, phwat would the season be like without some presents," and this was our cue to sally forth into what was already becoming a more cheerful evening in search of gifts. Together we strode down the street, or rather he strode and I trotted, for Monahan is a man of many inches. Here and there we went, to this all-night drugstore and that, picking up a pipe at one, a pouch of good tobacco at another, a book at still another, until our arms were in serious danger of dropping the hoardes they held, and our pocketbooks quite empty. Then back to Murphy's we labored, grunting and dropping the gaily wrapped packages and stooping to pick them up and dropping more. And when we staggered into Murphy's with our load, we dropped them gently on the bar, in one corner, and turned to each other.

"Me bhoy, we have no tree!" No more needed be said. Collecting The Weep and McFiggin, off we went again, but this time in Monahan's new Cadillac which was paid for by the contributions—unwilling as they were—to his esteemed bookie office. Down this street and that we drove, hardly bothering to hesitate for signals. I dared not wonder where Monahan was taking us, for such is the nature

(Continued on page 32)

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Photo by Steve Hyman

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WE REPAIR LUGGAGE

UNITED SHOE RENEWING
541 Emerson Street Palo Alto

We have a complete line of shoe accessories.

HALF-SHELL

(Continued from page 31)

of that worthy individual when he develops these wild ideas, that we might easily come to the White House for a handout. And that isn't far from what happened, for when he finally stopped, Monahan had conducted us rapidly to Central Park, and, when the car finally screeched to a stop, he stepped from the front seat carrying a great hulking axe and making for a tree with some sort of banshee gleam in his Irish eye. Now, I did everything possible to restrain my wild friend from applying the axe to that noble bush, but nothing would do but that the tree be felled, and so we chopped away, first Monahan himself, then me, then The Weep, and Clancy. Finally, the tree was done to the ground, and we started to tug it away, when out of a shadow appeared an old friend, Officer Donahue, who

(Continued on page 34)



"Gonna be tough sleddin' today"
"How come?"
"No snow."

—Jester

It's Christmas Time!

at

Toys

Stocking Stuffers

Tree Ornaments

Gifts for Dad

Toys . . .

Crafts

and More Toys in the New Children's Shop

Lovelies for Mother

Gadgets

Imports

A non-profit organization operated for benefit of Stanford Convalescent Home

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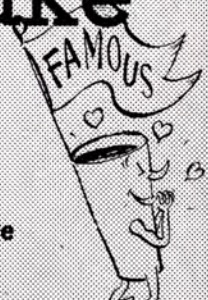




Photo by John Crown



THE FOX SHOPPE

432 El Camino Real . . . Redwood City
Dial: EMerson 6-9781

Photo by Steve Hyman

HALF-SHELL

(Continued from page 32)

I knew by the look in his eye was feeling none too pleased about having to walk his beat on Christmas Eve.

"Whatharya doin' with that tree, ya tramps! Leave it where it be, afore I wrap ya with me night stick."

Monahan wheeled about with a startling agility, as he always does when questioned too closely by the law, and, upon seeing who was addressing him, he let out a whoop of delight and marched up to his friend, shouting:

"Donahue, me lad, 'tis a small-type Christmas party we're after throwin' at Murphy's Saloon, and we're needin' a Christmas tree, for what Christmas party would be complete without a tree, now, I ask ya. And if you think that you might cut short a few minutes yer tour a' duty on the streets a town, we'd be more than pleased ta have you along."

And after a few moments of spirited debate over the matter, Donahue agreed that he might possibly cut short his "tour a' duty" and would be more than pleased to help us carry our tree to the car. Into the car went

the tree, Donahue, The Weep, Clancy McFiggin still whistling, Monahan, and myself, and off we went, thrusting ourselves at a fatal rate down the street. The car roared to another startling stop before Murphy's and in we went, armed with our little bush.

Had I wondered where the many-headed were earlier in the evening? I had reason to wonder no longer. For there they were, and it rather surprised me how they knew what was transpiring. Nick Stenopolis, Pat O'Rourke, Mrs. O'Rourke, the girl who takes tickets at the all-night theater, Father O'Dowl from the church down the block and his sexton, James Patrick Finnigan, Angelo the fruit vendor, the girls from the house across the street, a couple of kids who drop in every now and again, even the blind peddler. There they were, grouped around the center of attraction, Second-Story Picotti, who stood waving an already-cooked turkey, and a fine fat bird it was.

"Never say ol' Second-Story never did nothin' for you bums," he shouted with glee. "Here it is, da finest bird dey had in da ready-cooked joint down the corner. Had to bust their goddam window, but here it is!" And with that, he threw it into the fire that Murphy had bubbling away in the back room, and Monahan and I tore open the presents and handed them round, and Father O'Dowl was blessing one and all at a great rate, and the girls from the house across the street were crying and singing some sort of carols, although they kept repeating the first three lines, that being all they knew.

Then all of us joined in on the singing, with the good father leading the way and waving his arms about, and the turkey gurgled merrily in the pot and someone had hung up a sprig of mistletoe over the bar and there was Murphy being soundly kissed by Mrs. O'Rourke. And Pat O'Rourke was standing on the bar serving the punch and shouting for more, and the old sexton and the blind peddler were harmonizing in "Deck the Halls," and the ticket-taker and Angelo were starting off with "Good King Wenselas," and there was Murphy shouting away at an old Irish ballad and Father O'Dowl teaching one of the girls the various theories of dancing the jig.

And so it went on, into the smallest of hours, until we could hardly talk,

(Continued on page 36)



Judy Lippincott wears JOYCE'S "Doubletalk" Green, Black or Brown Calf \$9.95 Black or Brown Suede \$10.95

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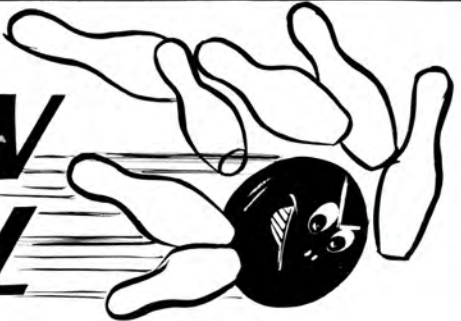
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Photo by Ray Elsmore

HALF-SHELL

(Continued from page 35)

or at least, till the punch was all gone. Father O'Dowl finally went home to say the dawn Mass, and with him went the sexton, just a little happy and singing all the time. The girls went home, though by then they were crying a little again because they had had such a wonderful time. Monahan and the O'Rourkes went over to Murphy's house for another pint, The Weep was actually smiling as he and the ticket-taker walked arm in arm down the street. Clancy McFiggin and I went our separate way, and behind us came Angelo and the blind peddler.

And even to this day, Murphy hums a Christmas tune, and The Weep has stopped looking morose, for Christmas comes but once a year, and all of us in Murphy's Saloon and Billiard Parlor are most seriously looking ahead.

He—I wish I had a nickel for every girl I've kissed.
She—What would you do, buy a pack of gum?

—Odorono

STEELY'S REVENGE

(Continued from page 20)

on in the shower. It was ten minutes to eight, ten minutes till zero hour for Giant Steely. At the door, a cold sweat broke out on his forehead and his fingers felt clammy as hell. Giant Steely knew he could not go through with it. It was the one big job of the year. Every year on this one single day it had happened, but this year Giant Steely could not face it.

His fingertips spun the dial. A low voice answered in stentorian tone. The voice had a trace of irony—bitterness, almost—in it; it seemed to jeer at the hollow mockery of life, and yet one could sense the uncertainty of it all, as if denying its sham pretense of boldness and sarcasm. The voice betrayed itself; it could not hide its fear of life.

"Hello," the voice said.
"Hello," said Giant Steely.
"Hello," the voice said.
"Listen," said Giant Steely, "I want to talk to Edward Finkle."

"This is him to whom you are speaking at," replied the voice in damn near faultless grammar.

"Listen," said GS, "I cannot go through with this job."

"Yellow-bellied bas—"
"Now wait a minute, Finkle, I know when I've had it. I tell you it's impossible. I'm just not enough man to do it, if you want it that way."

"Listen, Steely, you can't fake out like this, the job's set up and we've waited a year for it. You get a bonus, you know, so come off it and get over here. We've got a disguise; no one will ever know you."

"Finkle, you think I'm bullin' around, but I'm serious. I'd rather shovel shingles twenty-five hours a day than . . ."

"You mean . . ."
"Listen, Finkle, I can't be Santa Claus today in your lousy department store. Not now or any other day."

There was a dull thud and the line buzzed at the other end. Giant Steely lost consciousness and slipped into the Disposal Unit.

The English teacher took a piece of chalk and wrote on the blackboard, "I don't have no fun over the week end." "Now, James," she commanded, "how should I correct that?" "Get yourself a feller," suggested James.

—Shaft

TOAST FOR WOMEN

Here's to you—whoever you happen to be;
You're just the man of the evening, and nothing more to me.
If I drink too much of your liquor, And am fool enough to get tight— Please play the part of a gentleman, and see me home tonight.
But if you and your liquor should conquer
And you pass the final test, Here's one more drink to your technique;
You're a better man than the rest!

—Syracusan

A census taker asked the woman at the door: "How many in your family?"
"Five," snapped the answer. "Me, the old man, kid, cow, and cat."
"And the politics of your family?"
"Mixed. I'm a Republican, the old man's a Democrat, the kid's wet, the cow's dry, and the cat's a Populist."
—Whirlwind



A customer went into a barber shop. "What's the idea of your hands being so dirty?" he asked the barber.
"Nobody's had a shampoo today," confessed the barber.

—Columns

Rickey's

LUNCHEON • DINNER • AFTER THEATER

SMÖRGASBORD

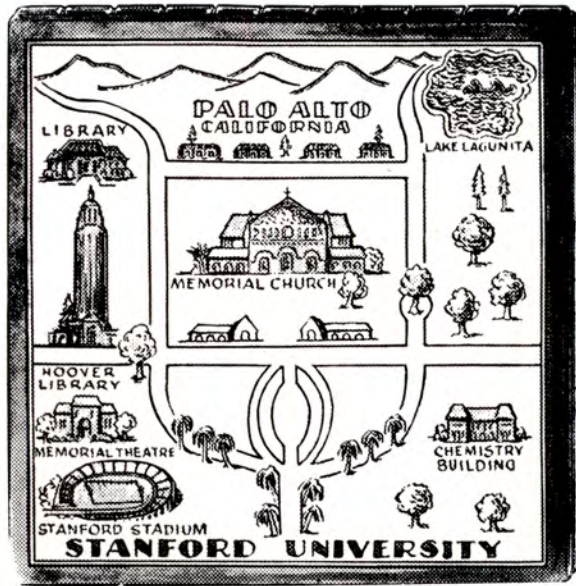
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WATER PIPE

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BRIARWOOD CORP., PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA



CLAUS REBELS

(Continued from page 24)

don't realize that the night before, you come sliding down the chimney . . ."

"Sliding, hell. It's like stuffing a turkey with a shot-put. And that's not the half of it. I get covered with soot, smoke, grime, dust, oil, and everything else that can get a red union suit black. Once in a while I even run across a body, and half the time I burn myself in their goddam Christmas fire. You ought to see me Christmas morning; the lower half of me looks like I'd gone south for the winter. And all for that lousy spirit of Christmas. It'd be twice as easy to come in the front door!"

"As I was saying, dear, before you get angry again, in all the confusion, they just don't understand. They're so busy saying 'Thank you' and 'You're welcome' that they never stop to count the presents under the tree or think where they came from. And . . . ah . . . oh, nuts, Santa, you're right. They're a bunch of drips."

"Now you're talking sense, baby," Santa said gleefully, grabbing her around the waist and trying to pick her up. "What'll we do about it?"

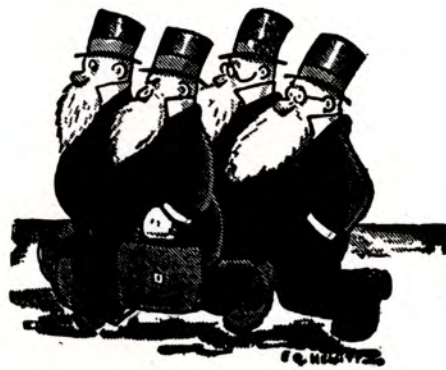
"There's nothing we can do but resign ourselves." And Mrs. Claus walked over to the workbench and began fiddling with a machete.

"The hell there isn't," Santa yelled. "I just won't come this year. I'll get me a case of Bud and sit here and get gloriously drunk. I'll celebrate the Christmas to end all celebrations and all Christmases. Where's my coat?"

"Now, Nick, you can't do that and you know it. You'll be sued. You've got a contract."

"Hey, that's right." Santa dropped his coat and sat down heavily on the workbench. "I guess there's not a

(Continued on page 40)



"No beer tonight; I have an eight o'clock tomorrow."

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right in a
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CLAUS REBELS

(Continued from page 38)

damn thing I can do. I really wanted to get drunk, too."

"Don't give up so easily," his wife said, her brows furrowed in thought. "I've got it! You go ahead like always, but this time, let 'em know you're there!"

"But how?"

"I'll tell you. Now listen . . . first of all, you've got to get modern transportation. Those reindeer are outmoded."

"Jets," Santa beamed. "I've always wanted jets. I'll put them on the sides of the sleigh. I'll have more pickup than an L.A. driver. I'm sick of those reindeer anyway. That Blitzen gives me a pain in the neck. He thinks he's an Aryan reindeer because he's got a German name. He's even gotten to the point where he gallops in goose step."

"Why don't you give the sleigh a name?" Mrs. Santa went on. "Call it the 'Christmas Express' or the 'Red Rocket' or something."

"That's good! Then I could put a big neon sign on it, too. You know, the kind that blinks on and off and says 'Merry Xmas'."

"Then you really ought to get a Norden bomb-sight."

"A bomb-sight! Why?"

"Well, you could drop things here and there."

"Drop things!" Santa was interested. "Like what?"

"Oh, I don't know . . . like," she mused, "bombs."

"Har, har, har," Santa bellowed, "that's rich . . . bombs! Hey, what about presents?"

"I was coming to that. But first, what are you going to wear?"

"My regular suit, I guess."

"No, no, that's too ordinary. Suppose I sew sequins all over your Santa suit, and you can wear a bow tie that lights up."

"I'll look like a dragon."

"Well, so what? You don't care how you look just so it's different."

"We can work that stuff out later. The important thing is presents," Santa emphasized. "I've got to work on those. Got any ideas?"

"What about those things you've been working on in your spare time?"

"What things?"

"You know, those tiny machine guns and tank traps. Things like that. Give those to the kiddies."

"Hey, you haven't seen half of my

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arsenal. I've made miniature sawed-off shotguns, pistols, hand grenades, vials of gas, germ dispensers, mortars, and I don't know what all."

"The more the better. Give those to the kids; they'll love 'em."

"And I could put ground glass in the candy!"

"How about perfume bottles filled with cyanide?"

"Reefers instead of cigarettes."

"That solution that makes the Christmas trees wilt."

"Guy Lombardo records."

"Rubbing alcohol instead of gin."

"Confederate money."

"Rubber checks."

"Bicycles with the axles sawed three-quarters through."

"How about presents that explode when you pull the string?"

"Yeah, and things that look like time bombs and tick, and when you put them in water, you see they were valuable clocks disguised as time bombs."

"You're wonderful, darling," Mrs. Claus said adoringly. "Now don't forget to take itching powder to put in their beds."

"And smudge pots for the living rooms."

"Be sure to get Gila monsters to give away as pets."

"Har, har, har," Santa chuckled, trying to lift his wife off the floor, "I'll give them the kind of Christmas they deserve!"

"Well, dear," Mrs. Claus said, fiddling with her tiny machete, "it's all in knowing how."

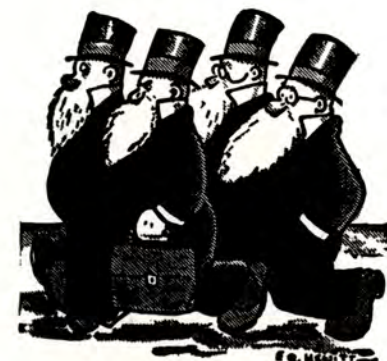
Farmer—Be this the Women's Exchange?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Be you the woman?

Woman—Yes.

Farmer—Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie. —Scripts 'n Pranks



"I hear Forever Amber is coming back."



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I was weekending with an Englishman and his wife. Entirely by accident, I happened, one day, on the Englishman's wife in her bath. Making a hurried retreat, I immediately sought out my host, who was reading in his room, and proffered an apology. He brought his head up out of his book and regarded me for a moment.

The English are a phlegmatic race. "Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he remarked.

—Ecclesiastes II:9

No wonder that the baby duck Wears on his face a frown. You see, he's just discovered His first pair of pants is down.

—Crimson Bull

Kindergarten Teacher: "Let's all draw what we'd like to be when we grow up."

At the end of twenty minutes every kid handed in a paper except little Butch.

"Why, Butch," remonstrated his teacher, "isn't there anything you want to be when you grow up?"

"Sure, Teacher," replied Butch, "I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

—Gargoyle

"I haven't 'ad a bite fer days," said the tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and the Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and he slouched off. A few minutes later he returned.

"What do yer want naow?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—Columns

"My boy friend is serving on an island in the Pacific."

"Which one?"

"Alcatraz."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

Catty woman to authoress of a successful book—Charming, my dear, but tell me who really wrote it?

Authoress—Darling, I'm so glad you liked it. Who read it to you?

—Awgwan

**NOW TWO LOCATIONS
JOHNNY MAC'S
DRIVE IN**

Redwood City • Mountain View

QUESTIONS

- A** My clues: a white mitten, two cartons of cheer; I'm held while I hold, and I warm you all year.
- B** Socked in the green and partly concealed, My last five of twelve is a meadow revealed.
- C** At Christmas time a famous slogan with central word revised, I emphasize the pleasure of giving a gift that satisfies.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The field of red is the red scarf which Tyrone Power is wearing. On it one can recognize the mask of tragedy, the classic mask of Thespis. So the answer is **TYRONE POWER'S SCARF.**

B The shamrock and the blarney stone are symbols of "**THE LUCK OF THE IRISH.**"

C Ten to the sixth (power) equals 1,000,000 (one million). Ten to the zero equals 1 (one). **ANSWER:** Chesterfields satisfy millions, they'll satisfy you. **WINNERS...**

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|------------------|
| Glenn R. Bothwell | Welden McCullough | Charles H. Sword |
| Gerry Dunn | Mrs. Mary Mead | Bruce Thoeny |
| Ron Handel | Ted Off | Joe Waldin |
| | Bob Richardson | |

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Mrs. Dracula was having a baby, and Dracula was pacing the hall as nervously and as eagerly as any other father. The nurse came in and handed him a little bundle.

"There you are, Mr. Dracula, a fine, big baby boy," said the nurse, "you can take him home now."

"No, no," said Dracula, "I'll eat him here."

—Shaft

She—Why, what slim expressive hands you have. They belong on a girl.

He—O.K., Baby, you asked for it.
—Corinthians II:3

Mister (exuberantly)—Man is never older than he feels. Now this morning I feel as fresh as a two-year-old.

Miss (sweetly)—Horse or egg.
—Sophocles, *Oedipus Rex*

She—I think dancing has made my feet larger.

He—Oh yeah?

She—Just look at my shoulders—their development comes from swimming.

He—Great! And—ahem—I suppose that you ride a lot, too?

—Lampoon

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin.

Gypsy Rose sat on a pin.

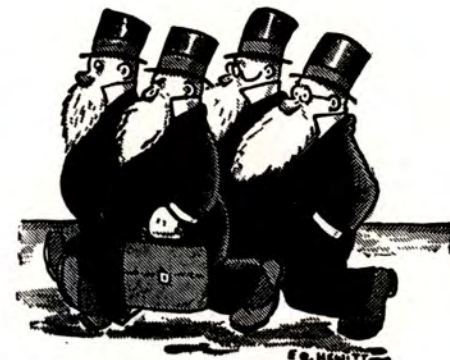
Gypsy Rose. —Log

Letter from a GI to his wife:
Please send me \$5 for shaving cream and stuff.

Came the reply:

Honey, enclosed herewith is 25¢ for the shaving cream. The stuff is back here.

—Aggievator



"I know where I can get a set of straight pipes cheap."

"Where device and care prolong wear"



LAUNDRY CO.

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Palo Alto, Calif.

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Many a rural romance has started on a gallon of corn and ended with a full crib.

—Shaft

"You're not going to walk home in that condition?"

"Hic! Corsh not. Gonna drive."
—Kinsey

Drunkard—Aw, lemme alone. Nobody cares if I drink myself to death!

Host—I do; you're using my liquor.
—Truss Buster

Maggie—The garbage man is here, sir.

Professor (from deep thought)—Tell him we don't want any.

—Time

Well, how was the burlesque dance?

Abdominal! —Raconteurs

Then there is the story about the dead daschund. He met his end going around a tree. —Albert Terhune

"Did that English course help your boy friend any?"

"No, he still ends every sentence with a proposition."

—Aggievator

Professor—And whatever on earth made you write a paragraph like that?

Student—I quoted it from Dickens, sir.

Professor—Beautiful lines, aren't they?

—Les Miserables

Cop—No parking. You can't loaf here.

Voice from car—Who's loafing?
—Aristotle

Then there's the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

—Missionary's Monthly

Courtship causes a man to spoon; marriage to fork over.

—Log

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Sonny—Mother, Pappa wouldn't murder anybody, would he?
Mother—Why certainly not, child. What makes you ask that?
Sonny—Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying, "Let's kill the other two, George."

—Falstaff

"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

—Aggievator

And there's the man who walked into a bar optimistically and left misty optically.

—Shaft

"I was abroad myself for two years but a psychiatrist fixed me up."

—Spartan

The scene was an expensive and haughtily busy night club, and it came time for one of the patrons to go. He signaled a waiter and asked, "Is it raining outside?"

"Sorry," the waiter snapped back chilly. "This isn't my table."

—The Lodger

A great big beautiful car drew up to the curve where a cute girl was waiting for a bus. A man stuck his head out and said:

"Hello, gorgeous, I'm going west."

"How wonderful, bring me back an orange."

—Red and Blue

"So you desire to become my son-in-law?"

"No, I don't, but if I marry your daughter I don't see how I can get out of it."

—Voo Doo



"Wonka's in one of my classes: Warren G. Wonka."

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