

Stanford CHAPARRAL

Stu Norton



CRIME ISSUE

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



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Camels,
of course!"*

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JEWELS BY GERSHORN.

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The Stanford Chaparral

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the New Year is well on its way, and the confetti long since combed out of everyone's hair, the Old Boy would like to make a few suggestions to our own dear Administration, suggestions for the coming months which the Ancient One hopes will see more than the inside of a wastebasket.

First, off the top of the deck, the Foolish Child sincerely hopes that the University will deem it advisable to light the classrooms with some-

thing more than medieval tallow candles. Some excellent progress has, of course, been made in this line; the lights in the engineering corner are a notable example. The Child of Grace prays, however, that much more will be done. As it is now, students are contributing far more than necessary to the prosperity of local optometrists.

In line with improved lighting for class-

(Continued on page 8)

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NOW THAT DATE



Another year, another ulcer. And the New Year offers a few hopeful signs among the dreary to the young chow-hound who's looking for places to eat and drink in these environs. Prices will come down gradually, food will get better, bartenders will pour stronger drinks, and shows will improve; for the ambitious proprietor is faced with the necessity of getting customers. Yes, children, as far as chewing and imbibing is concerned, 1950 will definitely be a buyer's year. And if Congress lowers the luxury tax, as it probably will, why, everything will be just peachy. So save your pennies, youngsters, and plan to try a few of these places in the next few months. This information, by the way, is straight from the garbage cans behind some of the country's finest restaurants and bars!

Shanghai Lil's — Kearny near Broadway. We've run this place as a bar several times, and now we suggest it as one of San Francisco's finest eateries. It serves both Chinese and American dishes in a dark, sexy atmosphere, and the prices are right. Filet mignon sells for \$2.75 on the dinners, and it's damn good. Suggested dinners? Steaks, which are cheap and excellent, and rice concoctions, which are cheaper but just as good. The liquor here, by the way, is tops, and also inexpensive.

Vanessi's—Broadway at Kearny. A very fine place to eat, all in all, although the service is sometimes slow. Prices are just right, and the specialty, like all old-time San Francisco restaurants, is excellent fish and sea food. There is nothing fancy about it, but you can't go wrong.

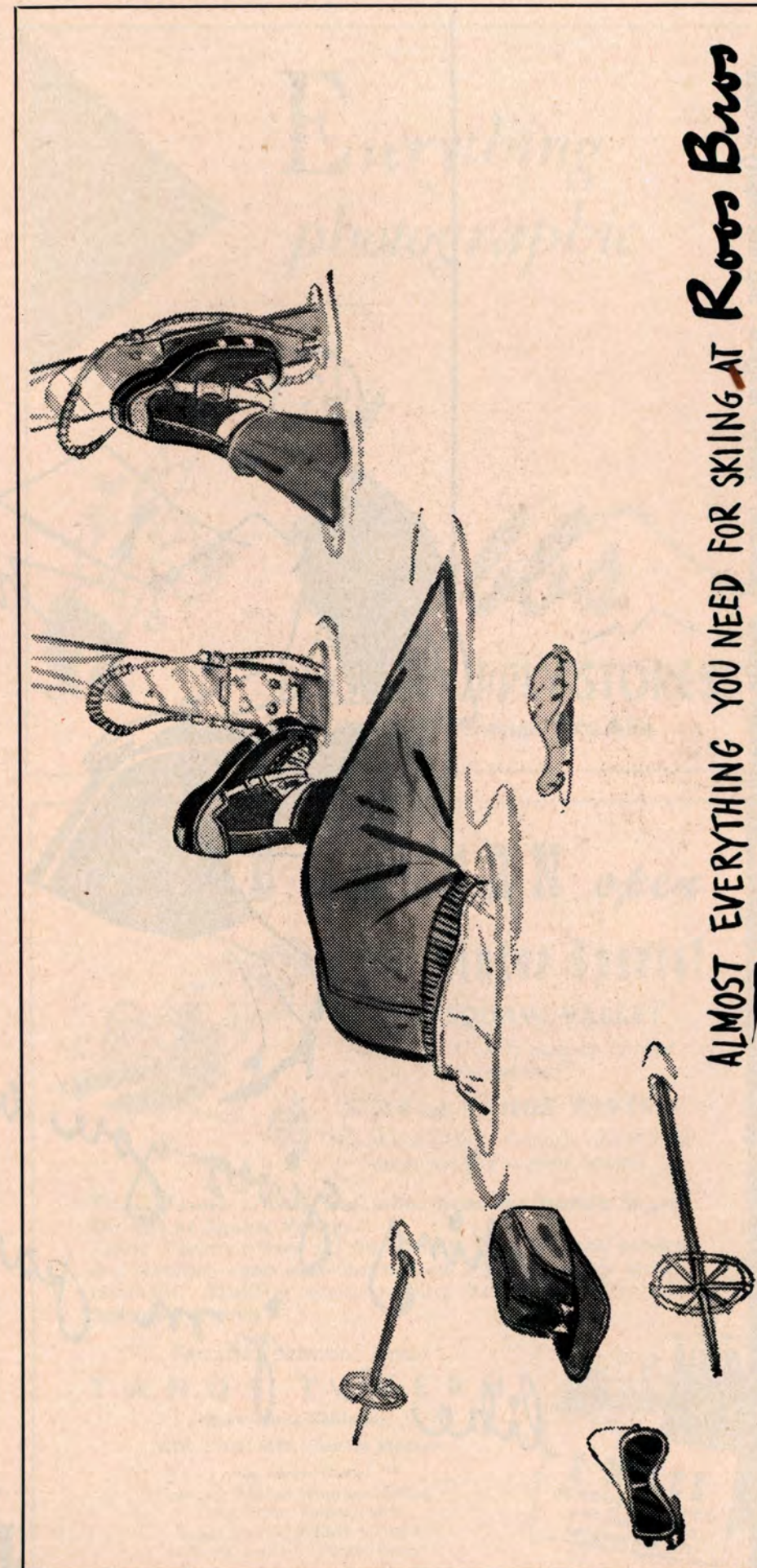
12 Adler Place—on Broadway, between Kearny and Columbus, and through the Gypsy Rendezvous, and turn to your left, down a flight of stairs. This joint is quite a dump, with sawdust on the floor, cheap drinks, and real live artists. The walls are covered with original art—some good, some frightful—which the artists have hung there, and which the bartender sells. Beer goes for twenty-five cents, bourbon for thirty-five, and Scotch for six-bits. You can have dinner if you wish, Mexican food brought down from the Rendezvous upstairs. The food is very good, and very reasonable.

Bal Tabarin — Columbus near Green. We've never had dinner here, and imagine that it's pretty expensive, but the drinks aren't bad and the shows are tops. Sophie Tucker was there over the holidays, followed by Tony Martin. As this column goes to press, they had no one to take Martin's place when he left, so you'd better phone up beforehand to make sure what show is playing. They charge a buck cover, but if they have a good entertainer, it's worth it.

Balalaika—Bush near Jones. Great! They serve Russian and American dishes, but definitely try the Russian food. The prices are quite reasonable, especially when compared with the quantities of food on the plate. The best dishes are the Russian offerings planned around a beef base, and the soups are out of this world. They also have a very fine Russian string quintet, for dinner music and dancing after. Loaded with atmosphere, and something you shouldn't miss.

Vista Del Mar—on Fisherman's Wharf. A relatively new eatery, and quite good. Fish is the specialty, of course, although they do serve meat. Their lobster is a featured attraction, and their prices are hard to beat. One eats upstairs, in a large dining room facing the Wharf and Russian Hill beyond, a wonderful view. Service is very good, and the food is some of the best of its kind.

Lambros—Bush at Montgomery. This used to be marvelous, but the head chef left to open his own place, and Lambros has suffered drastically. They go in for all sorts of fancy foods, the prices are high, and the chow is really very ordinary. Try it at your own risk.



ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR SKIING AT Ross Bros



nothing gives you a lift
like a j.m. pure silk

Joseph Magnin

A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."

—Pointer

A comely co-ed met her aunt downtown Saturday night and was given the aunt's pay check to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she cried. "Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policeman quieted her. "Cut out the pig Latin and tell me what happened," he said.

—Old Maid

A co-ed trying to maneuver her car out of a parking space banged into the car ahead, then into the car behind, and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passing delivery truck. A policeman who had been watching approached her. "Let's see your license," he demanded.

"Don't be silly, officer," she said. "Who'd give me a license?"

—Syracusan

The waitress was wondering why the elderly man was eating, while his wife merely stared out of the window.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked the lady.

"Sure am," was the reply. "I'm just waiting till Pa gets through with the teeth."

—Blot



"Get much for Christmas?"

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DA 3-2468

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

rooms, the Ancient One would like to suggest some of the same for the streets and walks on campus. The walk near the Chem Building, for example, could receive some attention, as could the grass oval in front of the Quad, the corner of the Quad Shack driveway, Dolores Street, the corner of Mayfield and Escondido, and many, many other places. This would make it really so much easier to see what is going on before being crushed by a passing car or attacked by a lonesome tramp.

The biggest gripe, of course, is the aboriginal condition of the local roads. This, the Simple Babe realizes, is a serious problem, and one on which the University's powers have been working for a long time. There isn't a road on campus that isn't rougher than a five-day beard. Something has to be done sooner or later, and it would be nice to see it done before cars give way completely to the airplane. Rumors have been kicking around that the University is delaying the job because it plans to install a peripheral road system. The Old Boy fondly hopes that this plan will be scrapped before local psychiatrists get wind of it. In the meantime, we are all lining the pockets of the neighborhood tire shops with alarming rapidity.

Together with road improvements might be placed parking improvements. The lot across the street from the temporary buildings is grand, but whoever forgot that efficient parking lots need lines to mark the parking spaces should have to park there! As it is, cars are thrown in there every which way, until trying to extricate one's car becomes like trying to get out of the Minoan Maze. And the University might prepare the lots across the street from Branner or next to the Quad Shack as student parking areas.

Naturally, all this requires a ready supply of the quick and very green, and the Impecunious Oldster realizes that lettuce is rather scarce these days. But the money would be far better spent in this way than in some other projects he can think of, and the service rendered to students and faculty alike is one which the University is really obliged to render.

While the Old Boy is knocking around with the silver hammer, there

are a few things on his list which require fixing, in his opinion, and which are relatively uncostly. He wonders why students are cast into the night from the Library at ten o'clock. If the Library hours are determined to enable girls to return home on time, that's the girls' worry, and the excuse therefore becomes ridiculous. If it is to save electricity bills, the University should agree to do away with outside reading, for the average hard-pressed student hasn't time as it is now to do his proper work. Later hours—say until twelve—would serve two purposes: the students would have an opportunity to do their work, and more students could be employed to staff the Library during the extra time. Cost? Equal to about three beers, or far less than the quarterly tuition, which we pay in expectation of results!

And why do the Pixies turn the lights out in the art department so early? Why are many of the telephone operators in the women's halls so confoundedly rude? Why can't freshmen still observe the time-honored tradition of chucking a few gallons of water out of Encina every once in a while? Why are professors hired for their research and not their ability to teach? Why, indeed! But the Old Boy's arm grows tired with the pounding of the hammer, and his eyes have long since become glazed by the University's hesitancy. Ah, well, he has tried.



The young couple came into the dining room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.

"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.

"Yes, I know," stammered the husband, "but we have to eat sometime."

—Pup



"You and your goddam package deals!"



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"JUST A SHORT WALK FROM THE CAMPUS"
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SAN FRANCISCO · OAKLAND · BERKELEY

* Sophomore PAT CURRIER, Lagunita

Photo by Richard Fowler

Eve Young



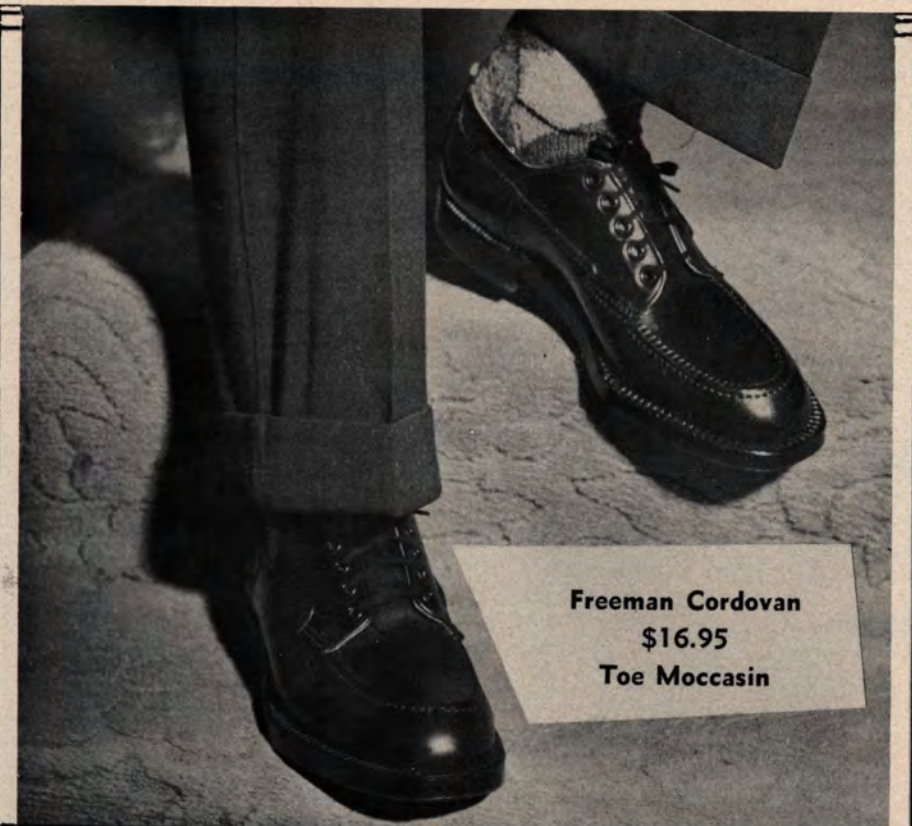
Photo by John Crown

Stanford Students Most Welcome any time around the clock



ADJOINING YOUR CAMPUS

on El Camino Real at Cambridge
Menlo Park, Calif.



Freeman Cordovan
\$16.95
Toe Moccasin

ZWIERLEIN'S

Photo by Richard Fowler



THE GREAT LOVER

Oh, my, another Bob Hope picture, and far worse than most, which waver between good and oh-my-Gawd. Hope is all there is to this one; not even Rhonda Fleming's obvious—if base—appeal can make up for the amazing lack of competence with which the script was written. Hope staggers through as leader of a group of obnoxious Boy Scouts who falls in with a murderer, a grand duke, and his magnificently undressed daughter. Eh!

SANDS OF IWO JIMA

Hollywood, going on the assumption that anything to do with war is art, has produced another in the interminable line of war movies, and this one isn't bad. John Wayne turns in an especially enjoyable performance as a tough sergeant. Although the plot at times is as trite as last week's salami and reads as if it had been written by a Marine Corps pitchman, it is uncompromising in places, and always exciting.

ADAM'S RIB

Unfortunately, Spencer Tracy is not nearly so funny as Katherine Hepburn in this, which produces a somewhat lopsided picture, but an excellent one. A typical tale concerning the eternal battle of the sexes, this picture features Tracy as a prospering assistant district attorney, which part he fills rather well, and Hepburn as his wife, also an attorney, which part she fills to perfection. Well worth the price of popcorn in the lobby.

BAGDAD

Maureen O'Hara, Hollywood's exponent of deadpan acting, and an assembly of Vine Street Arabs, give the story exactly what it deserves. Oh, it's all so terribly exciting.

ALL THE KING'S MEN

For this we should invest in a book of adjectives; the picture is superb. The performances are fine, the work of a helluva good director is evident without being glaring, and the story, an exploration of the demagogue complex, is fascinating. We're glad to see that Hollywood doesn't consider the wallop an obsolete ingredient in pictures.

AND BABY MAKES THREE

This one is supposed to be a light comedy; it is about as gossamer as a pound cake. Here we have a potentially funny idea ruined by some of the clumsiest writing we've seen since our freshman compositions. Robert Young tries hard, but even he can't quicken the pace beyond that of Gregorian Plain Chant.

PRINCE OF FOXES

Orson Welles scowls, Tyrone Power leaps from battlements and beds with equal agility, and Wanda Hendrix does something else again. This morass of brocade and bludgeons is like a historical novel, and half as accurate. It is Hollywood's latest thesis on the Renaissance, it offers a cast of thousands, and it is awful. In portraying Cesare Borgia, the way Orson Welles rolls his eyes would make Eddie Cantor look like the Sphinx.

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE ICEMAN

Soul searching and utterly poignant, this analysis of the problems that plague modern marriage has been acclaimed by both sociologists and laymen at private showings throughout the country. Two unknowns give gripping performances. This is a must for every growing boy.

THE FALLEN IDOL

The acting talents of Michele Morgan and Sir Ralph Richardson and the skill of one of the best English directors, Carol Reed, have been invested in a story that, unfortunately, doesn't merit half the trouble. It's all very interesting until one begins to wonder exactly why they did it.



124 University Ave.
Palo Alto

Shirred cotton blouse, \$6.95.
Hand-painted Mexican skirt, \$17.95.
Matching bag.

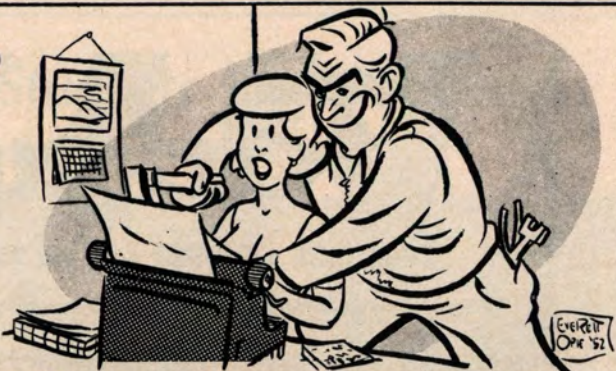
Model, Joan Wilson, Roble

Photo by John Crown

REPAIRS

UNDERWOOD
AGENCY
all makes of portables
Speedy Student Service

O. E. Rosenberry
382 University Ave.
DAvenport 2-3114



The TYPEWRITER SHOP



Haymaker's casual—
chartreuse burlap skirt
with black and white
checked gingham
blouse and petticoat,
\$29.95

PHELPS-TERKEL

Model, Bea Sweet, Guthrie

Photo by John Crown

A gentle little lady who had been watching the antics of the Pekinese in the petshop window came in to price them. "That bitch," said the salesman, pointing, "you can have for \$30, or the one there for \$35." The lady winced. "What's the matter," asked the salesman, "aren't you acquainted with the term 'bitch'?"

"Yes," she said haughtily, "but I've never before heard it applied to dogs."
—Syracusan

"Look here, Billy, were you peeking through the keyhole at your sister and me last night?"

"No, I couldn't; mother was there praying."
—Ranger

She—I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.

He—Shake. —Yellow Jacket

Chaplain—My man, I will allow you five minutes of grace before the electrocution.

Condemned Man—Fine, bring her in. —Banter

The automobile engine began to pound, and finally stopped. The worried boy said to his companion, "I wonder what the knock could be."

"Maybe," said his blond girl friend, "it's opportunity."
—Blot

She was only the plumber's daughter, but every time a man whistled, her cheeks flushed.
—Sour Owl



"Forget this bank job stuff! Let's get into the sex crime racket!"

Remor Oaks



"You fool—my cashmere!"

Famous last words:

"Well, prof, if you want my frank opinion"

"Sure I love you, honey. It's just that"

"There I was, flat on my back at"

"Wanna know a real snap course?"
—Rivet

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"

"Yes and no." —Pup

Outraged wife—Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home in this drunken condition?

Erring husband—Yes, m'dear, but she was out of town. —Yellow Jacket

She—He thinks I'm the nicest girl he ever met. Shall I give him a date?

Friend—No. Let him keep on thinking it. —Spectator

Wifey—Our new nurse is very scientific. She won't let anyone kiss the baby when she's around.

Hubby—Who'd want to?
—Yale Record

He—Would you commit adultery for one million dollars?

She—Well, yes, I think I would.

He—Would you commit adultery for two dollars?

She (shocked)—Hmmp, what do you think I am?

He—We've settled that. What we're hagglng about now is the price.
—Pup

"Oh, Tommy, you gay, reckless thing, you!"

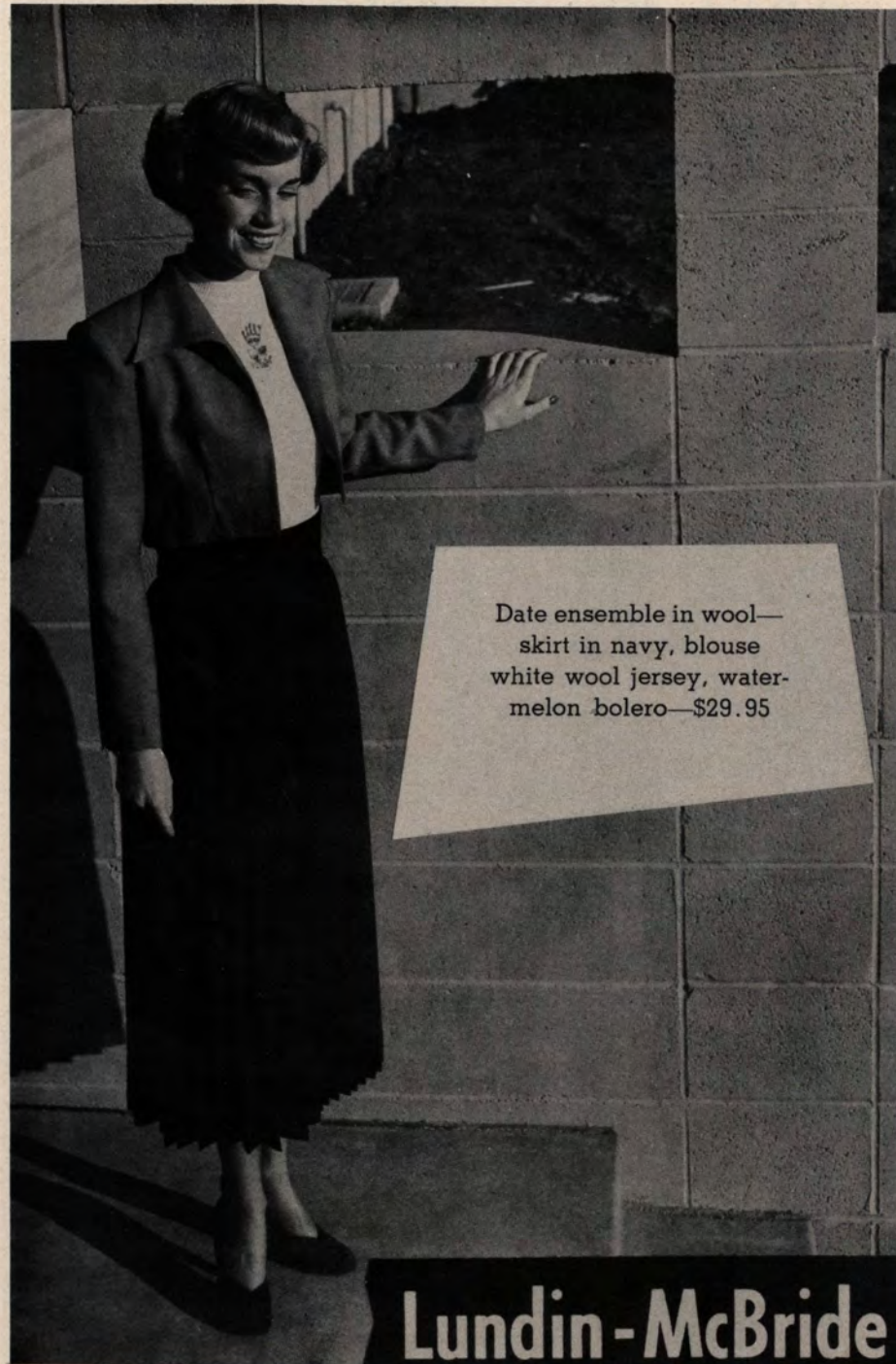
- TED CRAWFORD AT THE HAMMOND ORGAN
- FULL COURSE DINNERS FROM TWO DOLLARS
- PRIVATE BANQUET ROOMS

3435 El Camino Real

EMerson 6-5347

KZSUyour **STANFORD STATION**

880 KC ON YOUR DIAL



Date ensemble in wool—
skirt in navy, blouse
white wool jersey, water-
melon bolero—\$29.95

Lundin-McBride

Model, Jean Tice, Manzanita

Photo by John Crown

**THE OLD BOY
PRESENTS****Cover**

This little masterpiece of criminology was produced for us in a moment of madness by none other than our business manager, Stanislaus Norton, the only man on the staff equally at home with pen and payment order. When we approached Uncle Stanley on the subject of doing the January cover, his first question was how much we were offering, and his second, how many free copies he would receive. Ah, the Golden Mean at last, the perfect mixture of business and art.

Stories

Oh, lots. Ray Brown, idiot-child of the staff, has come up with a story for the kiddies, and if you have kids who like it, burn them before they destroy the world. Gil Wheat, Old Boy of last year, is back again with a little item on Greycell, the great detective. This Wheatian work is welcome indeed, and last year's readers will be happy to see the old master return. (They have strong stomachs.) Dick DeRoy, madcap masochist, gives us many phony ads, including the one on the books, and a great story which should replace religion. Ed Brennan and Van Judah have done sterling work on the Oriental sleuth, and Art Herzog has joined them on the study of crime.

Cartoons

Yuk, yuk, yuk. Van Judah gave birth to the Yuk page, and the labor seems to have gone rather well. Murray, our young art editor with old, very old ideas, also had a hand in drawing a few of them. Naturally, where there's Judah, there's Brennan, who did nobly with the brush and blood. And an admirer of the Old Boy, Dirk Van Deusen, worked his wee fingers to the very nubs for the honor of the old school.

**STANFORD
Chaparral****PALO ALTO**

Lecherous city,
Suburban Sodom.

We have seen your gaudy women lur-
ing the college boys under the
neon.

From the dingy barrooms
That never close

Lurid jazz,

Hopped-up by pale musicians,
Echoes out into the ravaged streets.

Lost,

The motley crowds, drifting, drifting,
Along the lusty thoroughfares.

Children—pretty things so old so
young—

Pin-up pictures on the wall

Nasty couplets on the stall

Attracting girls with whistling top

Habit-forming soda pop

Hit-and-run tricycle ride

Stolen bubble gum inside.

Crime

Wallowing in civic sloth,

Breeding felons.

Smug, in security.

Citizens—barren, wanton hulks—

Gambling with the family dough

Driving fast, and never slow

Pouring down expensive whiskey

Raising hell, pretty frisky

Roving eyes and ladies free

Signaling V for Victory

Palo Alto

Denizen,

City of Sin.

Then the thought is done.

The problem remains.

Say, what's playing at the Guild to-
night?

—Herzog and Mead



Chappie presents...

Its January Queen,
miss Jean Tenneson



'FABLES' OF THE FARM

Id

Now that Christmas is over and done, the shopkeepers reaping their ample rewards, and the rest of us busily exchanging most of our presents, it comes time for a few post-mortems.

Among them, the story of one of our staff members is still causing no end of wonder. He was thumbing through a glittering array of Christmas cards newly arrived, when he ran across one that looked vaguely familiar. Casting back for the memory of its opposite number, he fetched the December 1949 CHAPPIE from the shelf, and wiping from it the dust and cobwebs which accrue on CHAPPIES even after a week of disuse (keep rereading them, children), he found the likeness in the "Christmas Cards We've Received" spread.

If you'll remember, one of them ran something like this: "Christmas is of course a psychological phenomenon, functioning as a collective annual sublimation (Geltsmairz) for the baser (id) activities of the preceding year . . . Merry Xmas" and signed "Sigmund Freud." On the card were a snowgirl and snowboy, the former coquettish, the latter very lecherous indeed. The Christmas card our staff member held in his hand also showed a snowgirl and snowboy in practically the same positions as in the CHAPPIE drawing, and although their expressions were a little more Christmasy, the similarity was unmistakable.

This should have been enough, but no; the card was from a certain doctor, the local psychoanalyst!



C'Est La Vie

We were walking deliriously from our last final Fall Quarter when we spied an advertisement on the history corner bulletin board, which read somewhat as follows:

Notice

Young artist wants roommate. [This was followed by the prosaic discussion of rent, location, and so forth.] Lovely room, twin beds. *He* [the roommate, we assumed] can pose for pictures painted by young artist. Excellent opportunity. *He* must meet certain qualifications:

1. Good sense of humor
2. Handsome face
3. Strong, large physique
4. Artistic disposition

Now, we don't know exactly what to make of this. It obviously, however, tells some very interesting things about the advertiser, two of which might relate to the sex of the young artist. We shall leave this analysis to your discretion, in what we think to be astounding restraint for this magazine.

AA

While we were wondering over the hidden mysteries of this note, several members of the staff were well on their way to a monumental drinking bout following their last examination. They returned, we later discovered, quite late in the evening, or the next morning, to be exact, and en route home they were stopped by a traffic signal. During that interminable eternity while one waits for the light to change, they were gazing idly through the windows, when one of the party let

forth a blood-curdling scream that sounded as though it had been brought from the grave.

"My gawd," he blubbered. "I've got the DT's!"

The others, seeking the cause of his outburst, looked harder into the night, and then began to join him in his dance of terror. Each looked at the others, then into the night again, and each screamed with more vigor even than the first.

Apparently, a string of large, smelly pink elephants had appeared before their very eyes, and were parading with maddening self-assurance in front of the car! As if this were not enough, the elephants suddenly changed color, to a sea-sick green!

They rushed home—as soon as they



had collected themselves sufficiently to start the car—and poured forth their fears to their hallmates. They were honestly convinced that they had the delirium tremens, that they were cracking mentally, and that doctors should be summoned at once. Their friends, anxious to help, were, in the meantime, pouring hot coffee down their shaking throats, rubbing their temples, and making sympathetic noises. There was one, however, who was not quite so interested in their recovery. After delivering a long—and, we have no doubt, insufferable—diatribe against the evils of drink, he calmly let them in on the secret of their "pink elephants."

It seems that a circus which had
(Continued on page 36)



In the well-ordered plan of attack, formulated in the criminals' minds for many months, the first step is the demoralization of the student body. Methodically acquiring sources of supply of the necessities of life, the criminals make these supplies inaccessible to the students, thus weakening morale and making it possible to give away these supplies to the "deserving" who are forced to comply with the criminals' plans.



The next step is the acquisition of communications. Finding it impossible to corrupt the snow-white morals of *The Stanford Daily*, the criminals are forced to publish a spurious campus newspaper, containing articles aimed at distortion and confusion. So functional and similar to the *Daily* is this bogus paper that it is several weeks before students realize the forgery. By then, however, the damage has been done!



After sources of supply and information have been captured, the next step is to undermine the agencies of government. Two spies, placed on Ex-Com, are all that are needed to disrupt the orderly processes of government, thus making it virtually impossible for legislative activities to function properly.



The spurious newspaper screams at the students that their legislative branch has been rendered incompetent. The next step is to undermine faith in the very fundamental of the democratic process—voting. To secure the election of men favorable to the "Cause," the criminals methodically set about stuffing the ballot boxes, thus guaranteeing their own men a place in office, and rendering the students' votes impotent!

Brennan and Motheral

CAN THE UNDERWORLD TAKE

There remains but one stronghold against demoralization and infiltration—the fraternity system. The bogus newspaper runs a series of articles on the subject of fraternity exclusiveness, vitriolic attacks against the very basis of the system. Following this, the criminals corner the supply of fraternity pledge pins and distribute them by the thousands to freshmen. This flooding of the market ruins the prestige of the pins, operates in the same way as millions of counterfeit bills might, and makes it impossible for fraternity men to tell the difference between a pledge and an eating-club member!

Now that the campus has been successfully demoralized and student institutions rendered incapable of unified opposition, there is left only the physical coup! Ready now for an armed attack, the criminals strike against nerve centers of opposition and thereby manage to control the very heart of student life.

STANFORD?

Remember, it can happen here! Complacency is the enemy of efficient opposition, and in order to prevent complacency, CHAPPIE here outlines the master plan of the underworld, the diabolical scheme by which Stanford will at some future date be systematically wrecked from within and without by the forces of evil, to its eventual downfall. FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED. IT CAN HAPPEN HERE!

Once the nerve centers are acquired, the last step is a simple one. The opposition having been made useless and confused, the criminals find it a simple matter to gain control of vital, strategic points on campus, without which student life cannot exist!

The plan is complete and successful. With students divided, communications and vital points controlled, and democratic government nonexistent, the criminals have won the victory for which they have been plotting for so many months. They have succeeded in establishing THE CRIMINAL STATE!



modern crime prevention devices

In the interests of keeping the campus informed on progress which is now being made in the care and prevention of crime, the editors herewith present

the latest in crime devices, tastefully designed to mitigate the evils of assorted second-story men and campus politicians.

Dr. Grippen, famous expert on crime and criminal methods, gave birth to this quick and simple process of taking fingerprints.

Appropriate disguise is the secret of success in criminology. This specially designed outfit for B. of E. men on the prowl is the creation of Brooks Brothers.

To place the enterprising policeman always on the alert, these special X-ray glasses were evolved, to enable one to spot hidden weapons and other suspicious objects immediately.

The entire nation has been shocked by the sudden wave of sex crimes sweeping the country. Laboratories have accordingly met the challenge with this special device, used to decoy sex slayers, a wee-wee doll.

In this age of specialization, each duty in police work requires its own instruments. As a case in point, this woo-woo whistle was especially designed by J. Warnick Walsh to use when picking up B girls.

Straight from the salons of Paris, the bulletproof bra was designed by Jacques Fath for the enterprising if harried policewoman.

From the laboratories of the FBI and other police agencies working together, come these latest innovations in the lie-detector field, a series of indispensable accessories.

Designed but a few short weeks ago, the new, different Ronson "Pistol-lighter" enables Sam Spade-type detectives casually to light a fag while drawing a bead.

1. Police car A chases gangster car B.

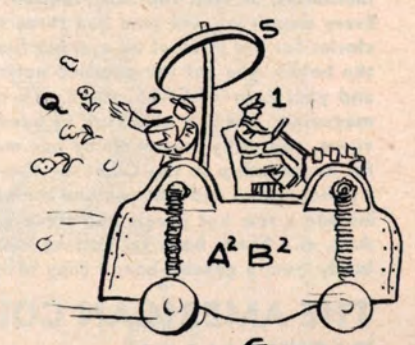
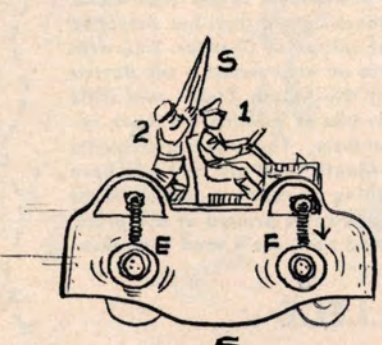
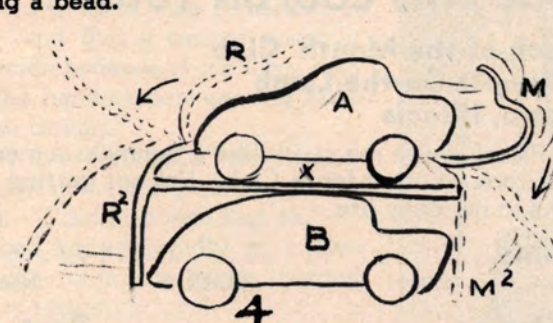
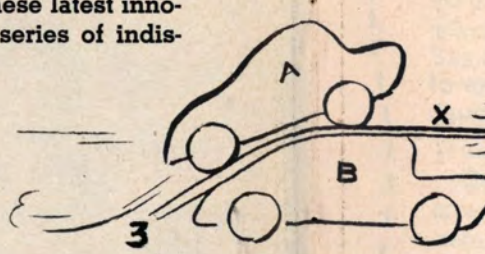
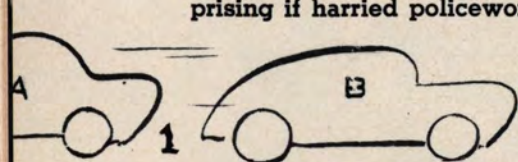
2. A closes in on B and driver presses button, which catapults ramp X out and above car B.

3. A then drives up ramp X, to secure position on top of B.

4. Levers are pulled, which release front of car A, labeled M, and allow it to fall freely to position M₂; R is lowered in a like manner, to position R₂, thus cleverly wedging B into an inescapable position.

5. The sides of car A are now lowered beside car B, and latched to M and R, forming a steel cell. Wheels E and F, formerly incased in the sides of A, are also lowered, forming mobile cell driven by cop 1, while cop 2 raises umbrella.

6. With the criminals impounded and yet concealed from any cohorts who might try to free them, cars A₂ and B₂ now proceed to the jail, while cop 1 drives happily, and cop 2 throws roses to the multitudes, each one labeled "Mc-Figgin for Police Commissioner."



The Criminal Personality—

A Lecture with Slides by the Eminent Sociophysiopsychalchemist

Professor Brennan Van Deusen Judah, op. cit., ad lib., cum louder Herzog

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Today crime flourishes everywhere. Not a city is without it. Most of them are with it. Crime has become so manifest in this great country that it is frightening, or it would be, had not Sociophysiopsychalchemistry come to the rescue with a host of theories and discoveries that make it possible finally to unravel the secrets of the criminal mind. Ladies and gentlemen, "What evil lies in the hearts of men," but ladies and gentlemen, "the seeds of crime bear bitter fruit," to society and to the criminal. But as you shall see, crime can be eliminated. I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, *crime can be eliminated!*

First, let us come to terms. [Pause without laughter.] An old scholastic joke . . . Sociophysiopsychalchemistry is a new science, dedicated to the progress of mankind, but ladies and gentlemen, Sociophysiopsychalchemists are people. Categorically, we are human. Living as we do in society, we are addicts of words, old words, with old meanings; and, therefore, we must create new words to understand what we are talking about, since if we used old words we wouldn't understand one another any more. For instance, the word "society." You think it means people and the way they live, don't you? Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are mistaken. To the Sociophysiopsychalchemist, the word society refers to the innate conglomeration of statistical correlations existing between the meningocele and the cerebral cortex—that is, in plainer English, the neural relation between man and his one-some, that is, one to one, you to you, me to me, and so on. There now, that's clearer, isn't it? Following the same line of reasoning, a criminal is one who suffers from the disease, crime, and crime is that perpetrated by one who is a criminal, in Sociophysiopsychalchemic language.

You will notice in this first slide (slide, please, Mr. Donovan), a criminal. He might have become as you and me, a normal citizen (please, Mr. Donovan, the slide) but no, he became "Skull," the ouija board killer, feared throughout the land. Think, ladies and gentlemen, what use to society Skull might have been, had it not been for a slight dietary deficiency. This is the mind that conceived (Mr. Donovan, you idiot, put up the goddam slide!). Pardon me, ladies and gentlemen. This is the mind that conceived of Devil's Death, the gradual hardening of the victim's arteries by injections of plaster of Paris. Think, ladies and gentlemen, of the contributions such a mind could have made to society had only he been exposed to the Sociophysiopsychalchemist before it was too late! (Mr. Donovan, go to hell.) Oh, pardon me, I thought the slide screen was to the speaker's right, and here it is over to the left. Well, fancy that.



Our next case is an interesting one. This man was known as "Old Dad Death," a kindly septuagenarian except when it came to crime. In everyday life, he played chess and check-

ers, and was never known to cheat. Sociophysiopsychalchemists regard him as falling in the category of the "Corn Criminal," one raised in the Corn Belt of the Middle West, eating nothing but corn from childhood up until subconsciously he hates corn. The victims are all tall, thin individuals with leaves.



It should be clearer at this point in the lecture what is meant by a criminal. Let me impress upon you, ladies and gentlemen, that we are dealing with desperate people, but allow me to reiterate that they are curable. The whole trouble is in the home, and then again it is all genetically determined, but ladies and gentlemen, there is trouble. Yes, tonight in this fair country there is trouble. You may thank your particular lucky star—of course, astrology has been disproved—that Sociophysiopsychalchemistry has been discovered.

The next case is a case in point. This sweet child placed her entire family (a father, mother, three brothers, and a Saint Bernard) in a vat of car-bolic acid. It is difficult to ascertain the



cause of this little child's misdemeanor, but doubtless some traumatic incident, such as being told that there was no Santa Claus, is responsible. Her preoccupation was dolls and if you will notice the figure hanging from the balcony of the house it will be evident that the girl has a difficulty of one sort or another. Of course, as I said, her case is difficult to diagnose, and we must not be too hasty about deciding exactly what that difficulty is.



The next case is that of Wong Wung, or was it Wung Wong, well no matter, this Chinese hatchetman was responsible for dichotomizing the craniums of a number of individuals. It is true that many of these individuals so dissected were criminals, and from that standpoint, Wong Wong—pardon me, Wung Wung—was an officer of justice, since he eliminated criminals; but then he was executed, which makes his case a particularly sad one, but from the aspect of the Sociophysiopsychalchemist Wong is a criminal because he murdered, killed. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the result of

intensive investigation determined him a homicidal maniac. (Note the similarity between Homo sapien and homicide.) He was a criminal because of a hatchet propensity. A hatchet was placed in his hands at an early age and Wong had a natural disposition to use it. Had a hatchet never been placed in Wong's hand, ladies and gentlemen, he would never have become a hatchet murderer.

Incurable psychopathic juvenilosis is a possible classification for the next victim. In the excitement that always surrounds Christmas this delinquent impaled his grandmother on a candy cane. He suffers from chronic dissociation of the personality, as can be noticed by the odd assortment of weapons, refreshments, and clothing that he wears. The normal criminal would not carry more than one type of weapon, as anyone knows, for the licensing of them becomes too difficult a problem. From the standpoint of science, we can deduce that this simple problem was too difficult for this case to solve, due to his dissociation of personality. He is therefore a diseased criminal, but since crime is already a disease, his disease becomes diseased, which only proves how complicated Sociophysiopsychalchemistry is, actually.

Our next example uses for her weapon the natural corpuscular attraction between the branches of the genus species Homo sapiens. In plain hard English, sex. She has accounted for more bodies than any figure we have yet studied. Because of her elusive movements, she has never been held in captivity longer than a night. Note the intriguing expression. Think of the possibilities for Sociophysio-



psychoalchemistry. [Long pause.] Oh, yes, think of the, er, er . . .

The last case is that of a sensation killer. Observe the literature held in his hands. From these and other similar publications, his imagination is stimulated. He forms obsessions and eventually he cannot help killing, poor lad. There is no help for this boy while he continues to read such tripe.

We have seen seven examples of



pitiful personalities, pitiful, ladies and gentlemen, plagued by their particular difficulties. But as I said earlier, there is hope, for Sociophysiopsychalchemistry has found a way. If you'll remember, ladies and gentlemen, we defined the criminal as one who perpetrates crime, and crime as that perpetrated by a criminal. Ladies and gentlemen, the way out is difficult, but attainable. It lies in removing one or the other; it is not necessary to remove both; remove one and you've got the other.

In closing, may I repeat. Remove
(Continued on page 30)

The Poppy-Seed Caper

Brennan

San Francisco's Chinatown lay dormant under a stifling shroud of ceremonial incense as a long, black, low-slung, three-holed rickshaw pulled to a screaming stop before the red brick office building. Charlie Wildroot, second greatest private detective of them all, was home. With the catlike movements of the master jujitsuist that he was, Wildroot lowered himself stealthily to the ground. As he paid the rickshaw boy, his keen mind thought only of the peace and security which lay within his office walls. He paused momentarily before the bullet-scarred door which bore his world-famous sign:

If with poleece you despair
You want Wildroot in your hair.

Charlie was about to open the door when the delicately carved handle of a throwing hatchet parted the great detective's finely groomed hair. Automatically, the slim investigator opened the mailbox at the right of his office door and removed a well-oiled

submachine gun. He whirled just in time to see his would-be assassin jump into a large sedan as the evil death car pulled away from the curb, superchargers screaming. The ugly snout of Wildroot's weapon coughed fifty times. The sin car kept going—across the curbing into the gas station on the corner. Charlie stepped quickly inside the door to escape the flying glass splinters. "Dark messengers of evil should understand that Fu Man Chu was last culprit in same league as Wildroot," said the jet-eyed investigator to himself.

"Charlie, what was big noise which accompany arrival of son of logic?" The comesome voice was that of Lotus Shang, Charlie's private secretary.

"This sage one heard nothing, my little moon queen. Your pretty ears are hearing dragon sighs. Old Chinese proverb say, 'When spring-time come, peach blossoms hear only buzz of bees.' Come to daddy."

The slender Chinese girl pressed

herself close to Wildroot. He studied her delicate, almond-shaped eyes.

"Lotus, my petite melon ball, what does this wise Oriental perceive in your hair—not Prell?"

"Oh, no, trusted employer. I use only one kind of hair dressing—you know that."

He kissed her gently on the forehead.

"My little sunbeam acts expediently, but now to work, for as ancient philosopher once say, 'He who does not hunger for work soon hunger for food—and that lead to malnutrition.' Address letter to Captain Horace Dungo, Chinatown Death Squad. From Charlie Wildroot, license number 3751: Dear Captain, Well it all began with a stroll down Grant Street. Hour is nine at night. This worthless being is in search for harmless recreation when exceedingly well-filled kimono present self under lamp post. Gentle young thing is reading Occidental racing form. As Wildroot pass by, foolish girl faint in path. Honorable detective have great difficulty in moving because of strange position fallen angel take as she collapse—with arms around this person's legs. After two block, I decide to stop, as cannot drag girl farther without attracting attention of passersby. She open eye and speak.

"Where am I?"

"Beautiful fruit blossom is at Grant and Powell. If Miss so kind as give unworthy one her name, this person will allow peach leaf rise."

"I am called Jasmine Hat-Foo by those who know my name. I am one of the Canton-Canton girls at Sammy Chew's Dirty Dragon Supper and Smoking Club."

"Ah ha—this shrewd individual now understand something. But why did fair breath of paradise choose opportune moment to collapse on Chinatown street—what cause strange loss of consciousness?"

"Oh, Mr. Wildroot, Jasmine faint because of poor working conditions, Jasmine too frail to . . ."

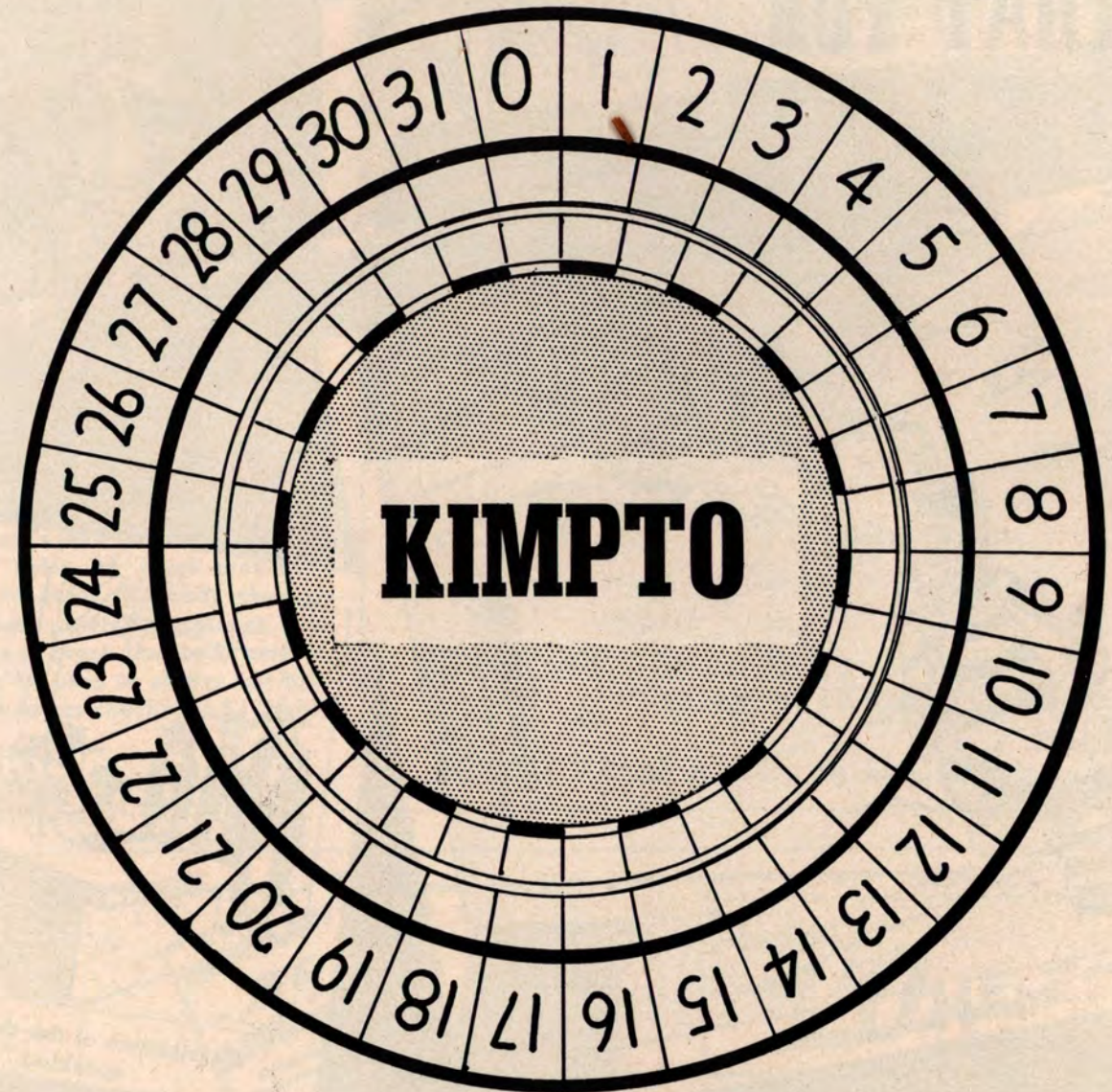
"Stop! Fair one too shrewd for own good. How know this person called Wildroot? Repeat—how know my name?"

(Continued on page 33)



"You get the family silverware—I'll get the jewels!"

KIMPTO THE AMAZING NEW GAME!



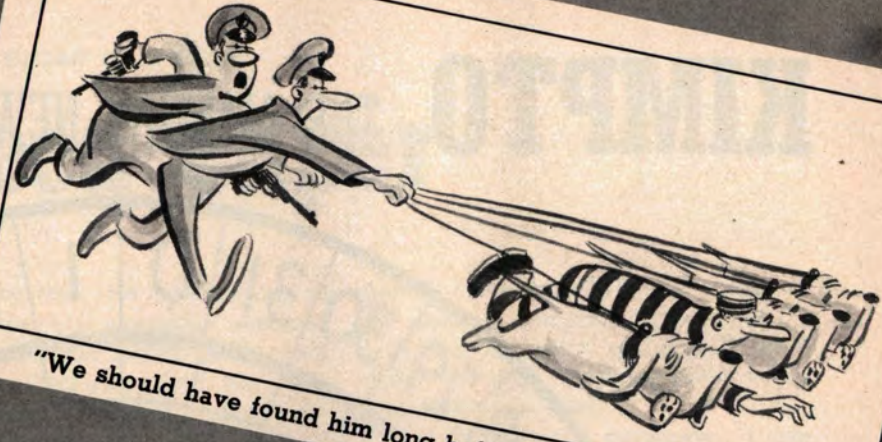
Cut out the wheel, mount it on cardboard, and put a pin through the middle so that it spins freely.

How to play KIMPTO

Any number of players up to 8,000 may participate. First, each player must ante equal amounts into each of two kitties. Then, each player spins the wheel, in turn. If —31 comes up, he is permanently disqualified. If any number between —21 and —30 comes up, the player loses two turns. After each player has had a chance to spin the wheel, the one with the smallest negative number wins the contents of the first kitty. The players again ante into both kitties, and play continues. The second kitty is allowed to accumulate during the game and may be removed under the following circumstances: If a player spins zero, he shouts **KIMPTO** and takes the contents of both first and second kitties, but if he fails to shout **KIMPTO** before his hands touch the money, the money must be left in the second kitty until a player again spins zero.

KIMPTO IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

NOW THAT YUK



"We should have found him long before this, with these dogs!"



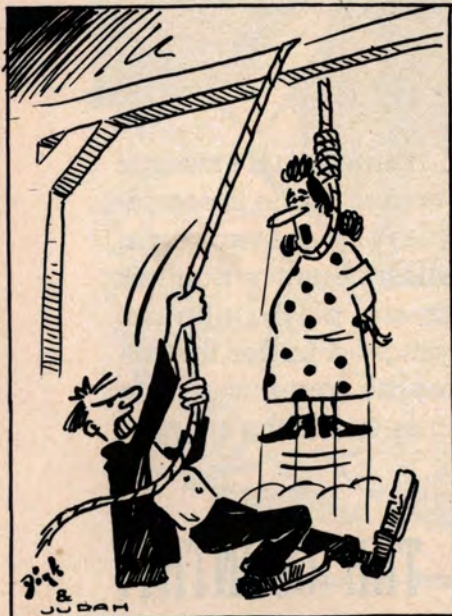
"Fetthy pictures!"

Pick & JUDAH



"Hearthstone of the death squad speaking."

Pick & JUDAH



"There's milk and cold cuts in the icebox, John."

Pick & JUDAH



Pick & JUDAH

!!! SURPRISE !!!



!!! SURPRISE !!!

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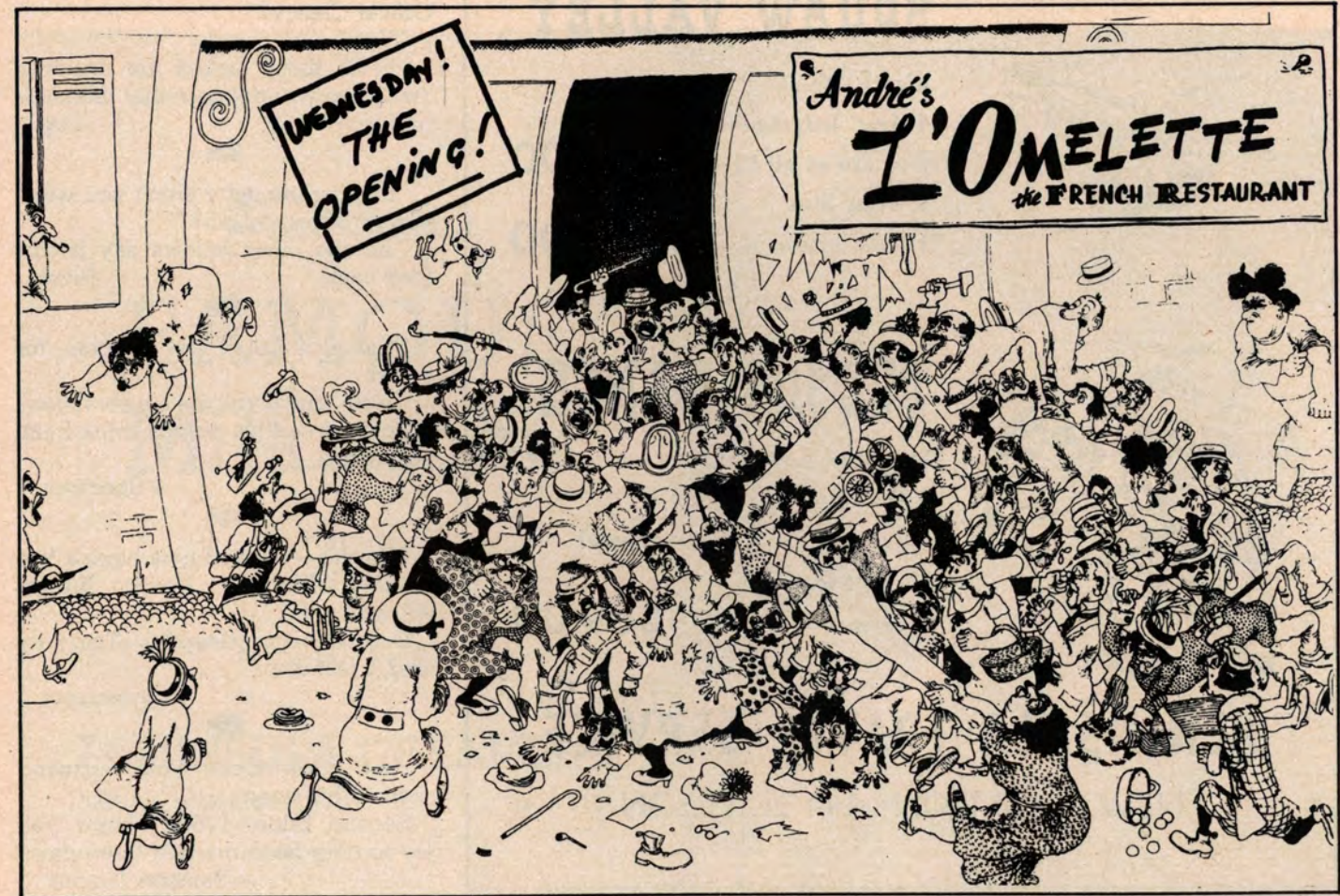


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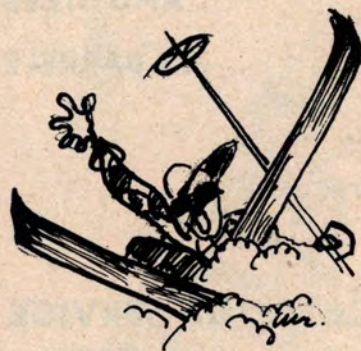
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GREYCELL

(Continued from page 25)

crime and you've removed the criminal, or remove the criminal and you've removed crime. Such are the findings of the eminent new science, Sociophysio-psychoalchemy, which, incidentally, would also be removed in that case. Well, ladies and gentlemen, take heart. If it wouldn't be science, it would be something else. I thank you.

"Your girl is spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, it's just the perfume she's wearing."

—Blot

Great men are born, not made.
Great women are born.

—Yellow Jacket

A policeman came home late, and, after undressing in the dark, slipped into bed. His wife woke up and said, "Clancy, would you mind runnin' out and gettin' me a headache powder? Me head's splittin'."

Clancy fumbled into his clothing and complied. The druggist served him and said, "By the way, aren't you Officer Clancy?"

"Yes."
"Well, then," asked the druggist, "what are you doing in that fireman's uniform?"

—Pup

"But, darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?"
"All the other fellows say it rips their coats."

—Rivet

Stranger—Can I get a room for three?

Clerk—Have you got a reservation?
Stranger—What do you think I am, an Indian?

—Spectator

Minister—We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead?

Deacon Brown (sleepily)—Tain't my lead, I just dealt.

—Syracusan

First Bride—Does your husband snore in his sleep?

Second Bride—I don't know yet, we've only been married three days.

—Rammer Jammer

"Pop, give me a dime."

"Not today, son, not today."

"If you'll give me a dime, I'll tell you what the iceman said to Mamma this morning."

"Here, son, quick—what did he say?"

"He said, 'Lady, how much ice do you want this morning?'"

—Yale Record

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly from the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return to supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in some bushes.

"Getting dark," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Well, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap." —Pup

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he erased the blackboard.

—Rivet



Photo by Richard Fowler

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Photo by Richard Fowler



A car pulled up and stopped alongside a stranded coupé.

"What's the matter?" asked the intended helper. "Outa gas?"

"Nope," came the answer from a voice inside.

"Engine trouble?"

"Nope."

"Tire down?"

"Nope, didn't have to."

—Limbo

Patient—I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

—Pup

Proud father at graduation—Well, son, what was the hardest thing you learned at college?

Son—How to open beer bottles with a quarter.

—Sundial

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DON HAMPTON, INC.

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POPPY-SEED

(Continued from page 26)

"Oh, famous one, I would recognize honest countenance anywhere. And hand-painted necktie which good man wear bear name of same."

"All is explained, rose petal. But now, tell Mr. Moto's grandson about your problem—what is wrong with Jasmine's place of business?"

"Jasmine cannot stand strange smoke which permeate stale air at supper and smoking club. Whole place smell of stale poppies. Jasmine does not like that—Jasmine like clean tobacco smoke."

"Charlie Wildroot getting idea—as ancient Chinese psychoanalyst, Chinker Chek, once write, 'Where there poppy-seed smoke, there usually emotional maladjustment of perverted nature.' What else unusual about club?"

"Only patrons—seem to be in stupor. Oh, reliable son of truth, courage, and justice, this blind butterfly is at loss for course of action."

"This simple undercover agent can only suggest that beautiful girlie place self in hands of Oriental secret agent."

"Oh, Charlie, my poor soul is yours to care for, this wretched body yours to protect."

"Am honored by small woman's faith. Suggest, however, that lovely flower go home now and wait for Wildroot to call, for he must make exit. Your shining mandarin must follow small man in maroon tuxedo who so clumsily try to overhear our chit-chat. May heavens open and shower you with love and lichi nuts—bon soir, chérie."

"That, Captain, is how 'Poppy-Seed Caper' begin. If elder law man permit, Wildroot will continue. After sending beautiful Jasmine homeward, I set self in motion to trail mysterious stranger. Up Powell this pitted purveyor of law and poetic justice is walking. He cannot decide exactly how lovely Jasmine kept hair in such perfect condition—so soft, so shiny, so . . . Negligent detective's thoughts abruptly interrupted as diminutive quarry board Nob Hill-bound trolley. Frantically, this miserable gumshoe hail passing taxi."

"Cabbie, follow that cable car."

"It'll cost you," came stupid one's reply.

"Charlie agree, and death chase begin. Up Powell Street and down. Down Powell Street and up—Wild-

root becoming ill. Up Powell Street and down—Charlie getting iller as cab meter spin before eyes. After hour in dangerous traffic, villain get out in front of Sol Wong's Curio and Pipe Shop. This shrewd Chinaman pass around block twice to avoid notice and then get out in front of suspicious store. Wildroot about to go in when his keen eye notice strange sign in window, 'Dreams for sale.' Prepared for combat, Charlie enter.

"Sir," I address man behind counter, 'Have you telephone this forgetful one can use? Seem to have misplaced own.'

"Have no phone booth,' culprit fibbed.

"If have no telephone booth, what is large box in corner with person inside?"

"Fear that Charlie Wildroot's sensitive vision dulled by Frisco fog. Box in corner is antique sarcophagous from Third Ming Dynasty. Remember this is curio shop, not phone exchange, Wildroot."

"Wildroot is nobody's fool—he suspect foul play. So humble owl approach mystery box. To this stupid one's horror, the scales of justice favor Sol Wong. Box is ancient coffin with body of emperor still inside. Remains of ruler are clothed in maroon tuxedo. Wildroot turn away in disgust, feeling like Charlie Chan's number-ten son.

"Oh, so, Sol Wong, this dishonorable fool beg gracious pardon. These aging eyes begin to deceive. This presumptuous youth would do well to follow advice given by ancestor, 'All that seem bad seems good when all that seems bad is good.' A thousand pardons, master."

"Sol Wong bear no grudge. His ancestors also have favorite proverb, 'Man who make mistake usually go to hell.'"

"Charlie leave shop with burning ears and upset tummy. Wildroot does not make mistakes. Wildroot not used to failure. After combing unkempt hair, this Oriental orangutan hit by strange fact: if box truly a coffin, if body in it still bleeding from hatchet wound in head—someone must be dead, perhaps murdered. I run back to shop, but lights are out and door is locked. Sign on door says, 'Moved to Shanghai.' But this time, Charlie not fooled—Sol Wong is trying to hide something. With agility of tiger cat,

(Continued on page 34)

Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape." Continuing her search, she presently heard the patter of bare feet behind her, and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel. "Wait a minute," he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

—Pup

I never kiss, I never neck,
I never say hell, I never say heck,
I'm always good, I'm always nice,
I never play poker, I never shoot dice,

I never wink, I never flirt,
I say no gossip, spread no dirt,
I have no line, play no tricks,
But, what the hell, I'm only SIX!

—Yellow Jacket

A young doctor and young dentist shared the services of a receptionist and both fell in love with her.

The dentist was called away on business, so he sent for the receptionist and said:

"I am going to be away for ten days. You will find a little present in your desk."

She looked and found ten apples.

—Syracusan

A man and his wife were sitting together in the living room one evening. The phone rang and the man answered.

He said: "How on earth should I know? Call the Coast Guard!" Then he hung up and returned to his newspaper.

The wife asked, "Who was that, dear?"

The husband replied, "I haven't the slightest idea. Some silly jerk wanted to know if the coast was clear."

—Syracusan

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl; second act, they hold hands; third act, they kiss . . ."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a five-act play."

—Pup



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this
quarter
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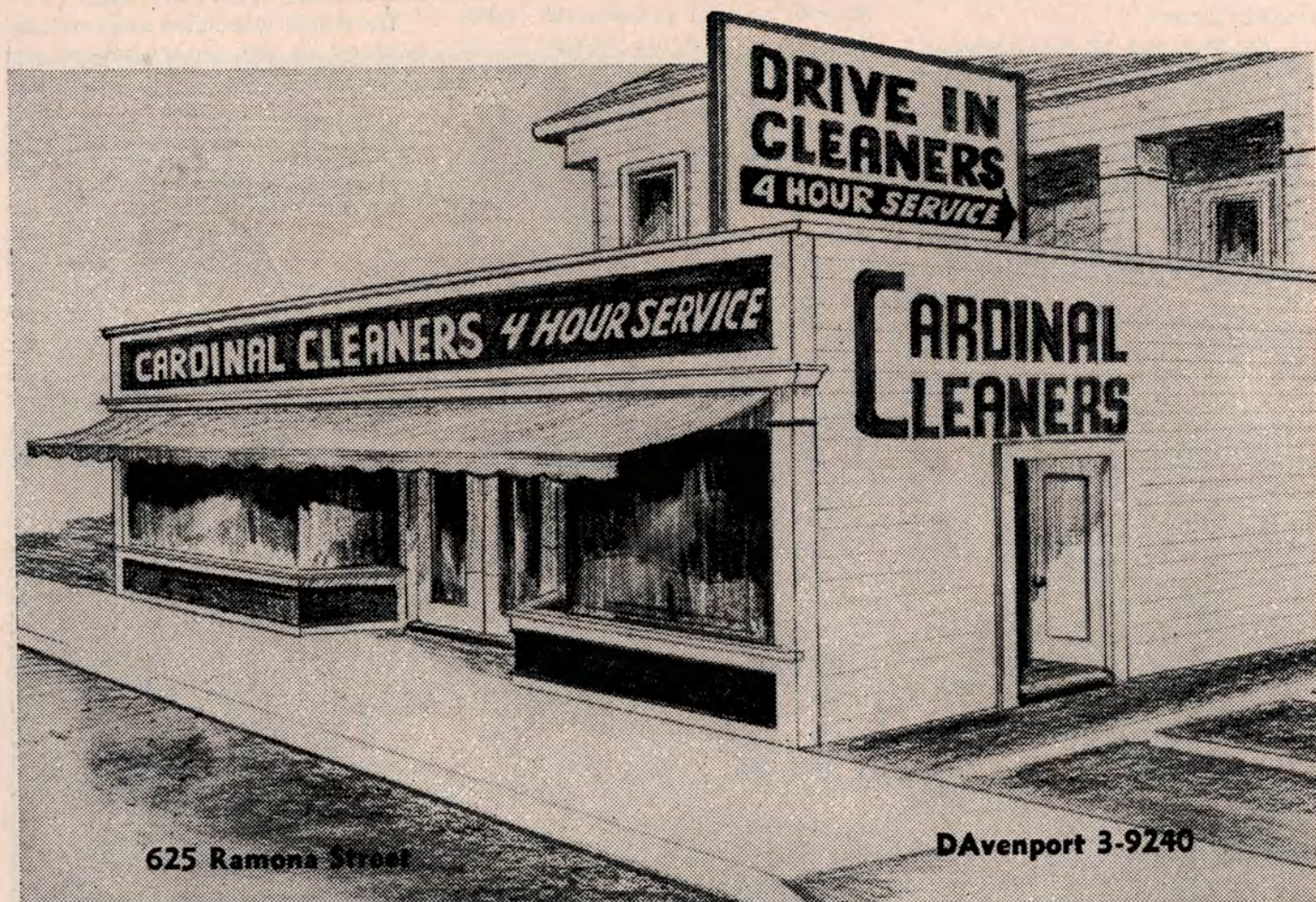
POPPY-SEED

(Continued from page 33)

Wildroot remove firecracker from right kimono pocket and Ronsung lighter from left. Boom! go door, and Charlie enter, careful to make no noise. Once inside, he lower humble self through hidden trap door which master investigator spotted on first visit. Stealthylike, sly fox drop to concrete floor. Down moist passage-way this slant-eyed Sam Spade is going. Soon come to door. Forgetting for one careless moment father's caution, 'Always stop before closed door—bumped shins thus avoided,' this glory hound enters. Light goes on and sexy voice say, 'Reach for heaven or get blown to hell.' Charlie always figure that nobody love a dead man, so comply. My hostess is beautiful lady with figure designed by anatomy professor. Seated on Panda rug, sinister siren wear form-fitting cherry blossom retiring robe. Charlie quickly decide that this girl have something up sleeve. She speak.

"So, Wildroot—you go too far this time."

"Charlie Wildroot never go too far.' It is now that master mystery



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man remember figure of curvaceous menace. It was in Peking in 1940 during Poppy-Seed Parade that Charlie, then only fifteen, first see girl. She is only twelve at the time, but Wildroot remember. Tangled ball of stringy problem rapidly unwinding in form of hangman's noose.

"Madame Poppy Seed speak.

"Apparently Wildroot prefer war to peace. As queen of Chinatown rackets, vice, and illicit fireworks manufacture, I give two-bit Charlie Chan his choice. Insult faith of ancestors and become king of crime with me or hold head high and die in anguished death from bamboo shoots planted in skull by one of my mad underlings."

"Wildroot prefer death to dishonor—however, ask one favor. What keep hair of this pitiful one's beautiful capress looking so soft, so luxurious, so easy to handle?"

"Wildroot is cracking—Madame Poppy Seed use only water."

"Why kill man in maroon tuxedo?"

"He was government agent who almost lay rap on Poppy Seed. He was operated on by demented underling and a crystal set substituted for his cerebral cortex. When his usefulness used up, underling give him the ax."

"Then Madame Poppy Seed, you are head of city-wide opium industry and responsible for unhealthy conditions at Sammy Chew's Dirty Dragon Club?"

"Foolish one—Sam Chew only fictitious character. I own club."

"Your second favorite detective feel need of Anahist injection as symptoms of cold sweat appear. How favorite Chinaman to get out of this one? Only one step to take—overpower tormentor. Remembering trick once used in Charlie Chan movie, Wildroot take favorite comb from pocket and drop on floor. As clever detective stoop over he remove shotgun pistol from secret compartment in kimono. Frantic Chinaman fire, trying for flesh wound, but nervous woman change position without warning. Charlie rush to side of dying girlie."

"Wildroot, my golden pheasant, Poppy is not a bad girl. When only seven, parents shoot each other and Poppy must make own way. So she send last ten sen to seed company. First crop good—make big sale to American students studying abroad. Then come to America where do big

business. Now poor girl meet nemesis in form of you, second greatest private detective of them all. I go to meet forbears, sly one—good night, sweet sleuth."

"As warm body grow cold in arms, this ignorant mortal can only recall perennial maxim from the old country, 'A clever man builds a city—a clever woman lays one low.'

"Well, Captain, this end of saga. Enclosed please find list of Chinatown bad men which this ghoul take from body of girl. Biggest find since Wildroot capture notorious Chang Gang. Notice also please that list contain enough info to put you and whole Frisco poleece force in federal pen, but Wildroot no rat. Suggest, however, that in future Dungo remember age-old Asiatic pithism, 'When bad girl and good boy get together, woman run up bill but boy pay check.' Period, end of report."

"Oh, Charlie, you're wonderful."

"Perhaps Lotus right, but Wildroot always taught, 'Man who pat self on back have long arm.'"

"Oh, Charlie . . ."

"You've had a hard day, baby—better go home and give self-relaxing shampoo. Good night, my little tea leaf."

"Good night, sweet sleuth."

Ole Mose went to the doctor and told him, "Doc, I've got nine kids now. If I have another child, so help me, I'll hang myself." The doctor told Mose to leave town a certain time of the year and everything would be all right.

About a year later, old Mose met the doctor on the street. His wife had given birth to another child.

Doctor—Mose, about this time I expected to see your name in the obituaries. I thought you were going to hang yourself if you had another child.

Mose—Well, Doc, when dat chile came—I got myself a l-o-n-g rope. I went into the barn, threw a rope over the rafter. I got myself a h-i-g-h stool. I got up on the stool, made a hangman's noose out of the rope, tightened the noose around my neck, and just as I was about to kick the stool from under me, I said, "You know, Mose, you might be killing an innocent man."

—Syracusan

Dean—Know you? Why I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.

—Blot

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FABLES

(Continued from page 17)

been pitched in a lot near the intersection in question had been breaking up about the time our friends saw their mirage. The elephants were real, very real, and were being led to their wagons across the street. When they passed under the red light, their dun color was turned to pink, and when the light changed, so did they. We still sympathize with the unfortunate drinkers, for what right has any self-respecting elephant on the streets at that time of night!

A War of Nerve

We happened to be standing at one of the counters in a large San Francisco department store recently, doing some last-minute Christmas shopping, when we were arrested in our contemplation of the great Unknown by the stentorian griping of a huge, middle-aged, and extremely unattractive old harridan, who was irritated by the customer in front of her in line. The customer, a mild-mannered old fellow, was putting up with the stream of abuse rather well, we thought, since it was entirely unjustified.

"Come on, ya old fool," she kept shouting. "Get movin'. I ain't got all day. Get what ya want and get out. Old ginks like you oughta be committed. Hurry the hell up." And so it would have run on, on into the night, had it not been for a certain unforeseen development.

The old man, a really sweet and docile old chap, the sort you'd pick for a kindly great-uncle every time, turned around to the woman, flashed a shy but charming smile, and hit her full on the noggin with the umbrella he carried. We were unable to see the outcome of this interesting debate, but we will give odds that the old man took it by the third round. Unfortunately, the store detectives broke it up before the denouement, just when it had promises of becoming the greatest thing since Dempsey took the long count!

On Minions

Things, unfortunately, seem to be getting tougher for the poor but deserving minions of the law in these great environs. Hiding places become harder to find every day. In San Francisco, everyone knows enough to look behind billboards and under piles of kelp for them (or are we giving away secrets?), while in Los Angeles they're

expected to be behind every movie star on the streets. We actually know of not less than three patrolmen who watch for speeders behind Kate Smith, and all three of them at once.

The world has, however, come to a pretty state when the law is reduced to the steps taken by the Pasadena police chief during this year's Rose Bowl festivities. Realizing the increasing complexities of caring for the traffic situation, this enterprising minion got himself a blimp and watched traffic from the wide blue yonder, directing his forces by radio.

Now this, we feel, bodes bad for humanity. Obedience to the law has always been, in the great American tradition, a sometime thing, one in which the native intelligence of the common man has been pitted in friendly rivalry against the devices in the hands of the garden variety of cop. It was a game, one to be played according to certain well-defined rules, much as is cricket or chess. There were rules of the game which had achieved the proportions of part of the gentleman's code. The driver—or the proper driver, rather—never drove cross country when being chased, and the officer never mounted a machine gun in the nose of his car while in chase. But now! The ancient sport has become prostituted by rank commercialism. Specialization and industrialization have finally entered the last stronghold of man against their encroachment. What professionalization has done to the grand old game of football—on all levels, we might add—the machine age is now doing to enforcement of the law. Imagine the poor common man, haunted by the ranting voices of political commentators and soap merchants, chased hither and yon by insurance salesmen and political messiahs, squeezed by the Republicans and socialized by the Democrats, thrown headlong into insanity by television, bad breath, and Margaret O'Brien, now being unable to find solace in the gentle art of defying the law, hunted now by cops who post themselves behind an innocent-looking cloud, waiting to pounce!

The time has come to rent holes from woodchucks and retire in aesthetic contemplation of the other-world!

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

—Syracusan

A man was driving an auto with his wife in the back seat and stalled his car on the railroad tracks as the train was approaching. His wife screamed "Go on—Go on!"

"You've been driving all day from the back seat," he answered, "see what you can do with your end."
—Mis-a-sip

She—You bad boy, don't you dare try to kiss me!

He—I won't; I'm just trying to find out who has the bourbon at this party.
—Jack-o'-Lantern

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Then hold this while I tie my shoe."

—Sundial

Father—Your new little brother has just arrived.

Little Boy—Where'd he come from?

Father—From a faraway country.

Little Boy—Another damned alien.

—El Burro

"Will you please stop chewing gum while I'm kissing you?"

"I can't understand you . . . the slightest things annoy you."

—Pup

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs here and three over there, how many will there be all together?

Johnny—Personally, I don't think you can do it.

—Log

A young reporter who was asked to cut his obituaries a little shorter wrote the next day as follows:

"James C. Humphries looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 24."

—Ranger

Skinny Prof—Here, catch hold of this wire.

Youngster—I got it. What now?

Skinny Prof—Feel anything?

Youngster—No.

Skinny Prof—Well, then, don't touch the other one. It carries three thousand volts.

—The Log



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GREYCELL

(Continued from page 23)

Houlihan lay back on the bed and started to work a crossword puzzle. "Give me a ten-letter word for the practice of opening a vein for the purpose of bloodletting."

"Phlebotomy," said the janitor.

"Confine yourself to my questions!" hissed Greycell.

"Phlebotomy only has nine letters," said Houlihan.

"Spell it with a 'ph,' not an 'f,'" offered the janitor.

"Wilkins," snapped Greycell, "hold this man for further questioning. He knows too much about blood."

Reporters grouped around the janitor to take pictures and get his life story.

"And now what do you want?" snarled Greycell, turning to a maid who had been standing in a corner of the room.

"I was in the room when it happened, sir."

The reporters left the janitor and surged across the room to take the maid's picture and get her life story.

"Egad, woman, who did it?" screamed Greycell.

"A man, sir."

The reporters who had left the room before dashed down the hall again.

"Now we're getting somewhere," murmured Wilkins, writing it down.

"Obviously it was a man, but who?" said Greycell.

"I don't know, sir. When I came in to make up the bed he was standing over her with a curtain rod in his hand. He said 'excuse me, ma'm,' and plunged it through her body."

"Did he say 'excuse me' to you or Lady de Haven?" asked Houlihan in a sleepy voice.

"I don't know, sir," cried the maid, bursting into tears.

"By jove," said Harvey, who drank. "What did you do then?"

"I asked him," said the maid between sobs, "would it be necessary now to make up the bed, and I curt-sied."

"Go on!" shouted a woman lawyer who had suddenly appeared in the room and who had black fuzz on her upper lip.

"That woman, that face!" screamed the maid, pointing to the woman with black fuzz on her upper lip. At that instant the lights went out and someone fired four shots.

"Quiet!" bellowed Greycell. "No-

body is to leave this room until the lights go on!" Everyone was quiet.

Over on the bed Houlihan's voice came through the darkness. "Give me a six-letter word pertaining to the cavity of the mouth."

"Buccal," said the maid, "but how can you see to write, sir?"

"I have a Captain Midnight signet ring that glows in the dark with a hard gemlike flame," he answered proudly.

"The whole force has them," said a voice in the room. It was Spud Harvey, who drank. The sound of a flask could be heard sliding from his pocket. "We also have two-ray wist wadies, I mean woo tristray tadioes, I mean roo twist—"

"Shut up you drunken idiot," said Houlihan, "or I'll give your ring to Greycell."

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Wilkins. "Let me borrow someone's ring so I can get that down . . . and by the way," he said, looking at the luminous dial on his watch, "let's all tune in our radios to Hopalong Cassidy."

Instantly the room was filled with cowboy music except from Spud Harvey whose radio was tuned into the Farmer's Corn Report. The sound of Spud Harvey slipping to the floor could be heard.

"Turn those damn things off!" shouted William Gladstone, the district attorney, who had just come into the room. He turned the switch by the door and the room was filled with light. "Why in the devil are you all standing here with the lights off?"

Greycell looked embarrassed. "Something must have brushed against the switch," he giggled; "or else it was turned off by someone."

"Why didn't you turn it on again?" asked the D.A.

Greycell was very red. "Don't know, sir," he said, scuffing the rug with the toe of his shoe. "Didn't think of it."

"I ought to book you," the D.A. rasped. "You and Houlihan both."

"Now we're getting somewhere," whistled Wilkins.

"Shut up," said Greycell.

"I'll handle this case from now on," said the D.A., a man with a face that looked as if it had been slept in.

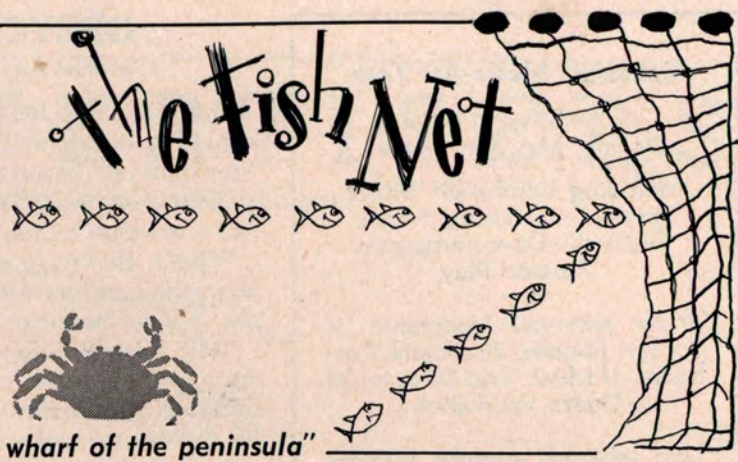
"Principals in the case get over here and line up," he snapped, "reporters over by the door, and someone wake up Houlihan."

(Continued on page 40)

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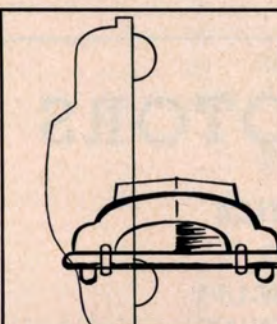


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GREYCELL

(Continued from page 39)

The D.A.'s eye fell on the prostrate form of Spud Harvey in the corner. He went over and gazed at it.

"Sickening sight," he said. "Looks like a revenge killing."

"That's Harvey," mumbled Houlihan, who had just got up. "He's with me. We put the victim in the bathtub."

"My mistake," laughed the D.A., dropping his brief case across the bridge of Spud Harvey's nose. "When he wakes up, make him turn in his ring. He's disgraced the name of Captain Midnight once too often."

A murmur of approval ran through the room.

"Now then," said the D.A., rubbing his hands, "how far have you gotten with the questioning, Greycell, and by the way, who fired those shots I heard in the lobby?"

"Must have been someone in the lobby," said Harvey, sitting up and rubbing his nose.

"Aha," said the D.A., seeing the body of the woman lawyer on the floor. "I thought you said the victim was in the bathtub!"

"My God," yelled Greycell, "the

victim is in the bathtub! This is the lady with fuzz on her upper lip! She must have been shot while the lights were out. . . . Wilkins, put her in the bathtub with the other victim."

"Jeez," remarked a reporter, noting four bullet holes in the new victim, "we didn't even get a chance to get her life story!"

"I was telling you something when the lights went out," the maid began shyly. "I believe it may have some bearing on the case."

"What is it, sweetheart," said the D.A., sliding up to her.

"That's a hell of a way for a D.A. to act," grumbled Greycell.

"Well, anyway," continued the maid, "after the man plunged the curtain rod through the lady's body he ran into the coat closet."

"Give me a seven-letter word for a hotel employee," asked Houlihan.

"Bellboy," snapped the maid, and with that remark two shots came from the closet and the maid dropped to the floor.

Greycell swung open the closet door and a bellboy holding a smoking revolver stepped out.

"What did I tell you," jeered Houlihan.

"Let's go down and get a cup of coffee while the reporters are getting his life story," said Greycell.

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Wilkins.

"But what about the woman lawyer with fuzz on her upper lip?" queried the D.A.

"If she wants coffee she can get it herself," retorted Greycell.

A murmur of approval ran through the group.

Driving his date home the long way the other night, one of Duke's love-boys was pleasantly surprised when his date suddenly turned to him and said:

"Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

"Yes indeed," was the breathless answer.

"Well then, slow down because we're going to drive right by the place."

—Duke & Duchess

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring
No spoons. —Jack-o'-Lantern

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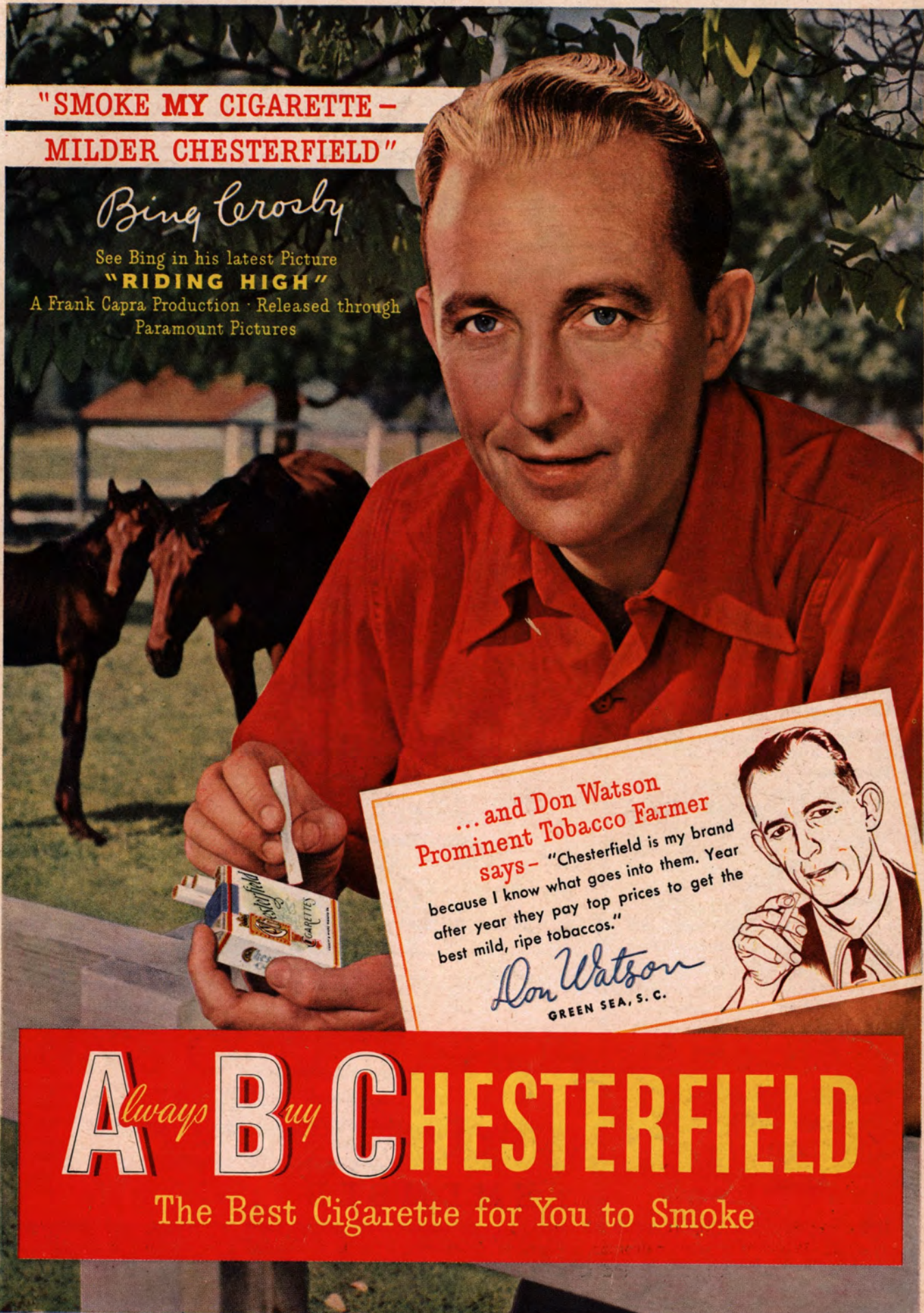
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