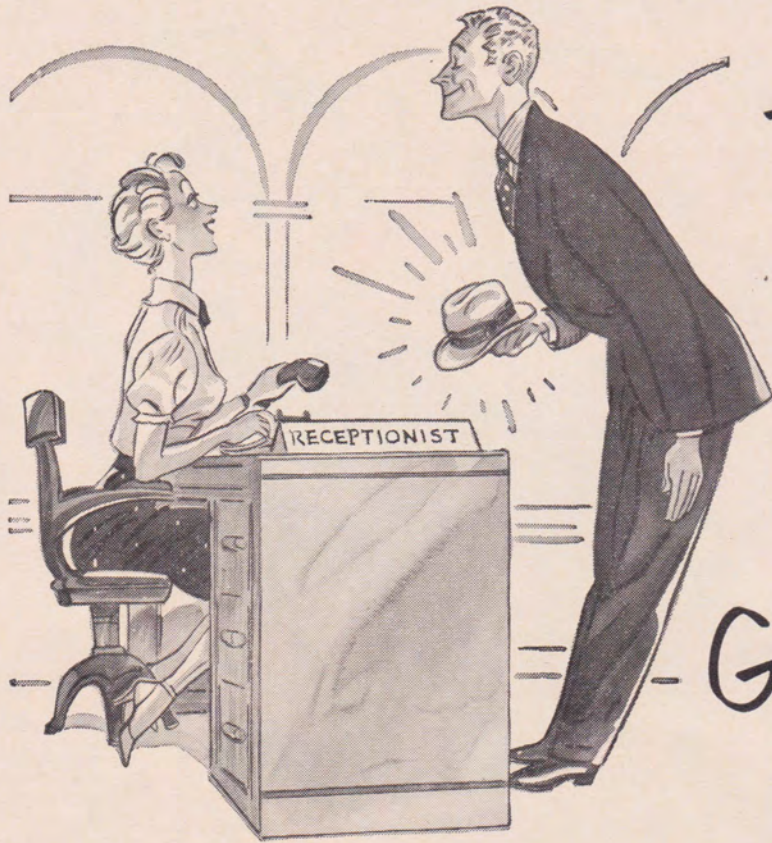




AL AMBLER

RADIO-TV
ISSUE



Take off Your
Hat to the Most
Important
Girl in Your Life!

NOT the Queen of the Junior Prom, *not* the Kappa most likely to succeed, but a little receptionist named Jane!


She's the gal at the desk at the very first company you are going to call on. The gal who will flash the word that Fearless Peerless is without, ready, willing and able to go to work. Take off your hat as you enter, smiling.


And, brother, you better *have* a hat! Because it is a well-known fact that today's business executive looks favorably upon the prospective junior executive who has the foresight to dress the part. You *may* get away with being without a hat on the banks of the Old Raritan—but not on Madison Ave., LaSalle St. or Market St.!


So, go forth from the hallowed halls, brother—and may luck attend you—proudly bearing your diploma in one hand and your hat in the other. With a hat, you're not dressed to *get by*—you're dressed to *get ahead*.


"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"


These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.


DOBBS 


CAVANAGH 

KNOX 

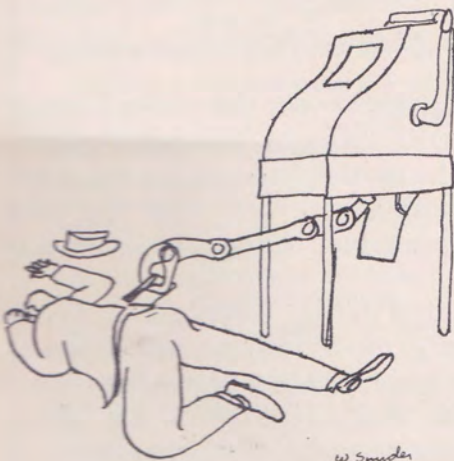
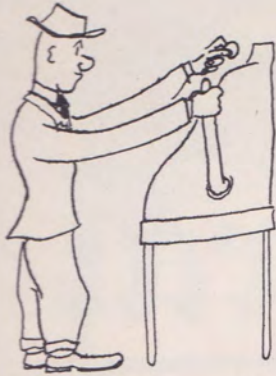
BERG 

BYRON 

C & K 

DUNLAP 

Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

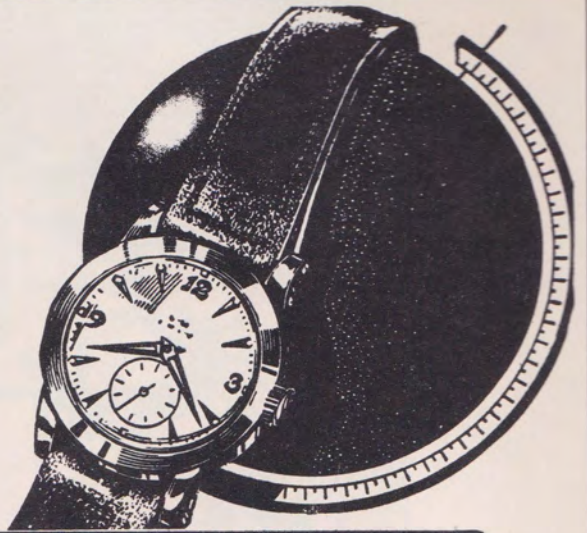


W. Snyder

OMEGA

the precision
automatic
watch

—
Santa Claus's
favorite
watch for
Christmas



Hofman JEWELER

261 University Ave.

DA 2-4906

Merry Christmas

from

Marquard's

DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

and we'll see you all next year,
after the parties and fire-sides, and at
lunch and dinner, and we'll have special "take-outs"
ready when you call DA 3-9562!

195 El Camino Real

Menlo Park

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 54, 1952-53

Stanford University founded 1891

Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Dunny Clark Editor-in-chief	John Kooken Business Manager	Roger Parkinson Managing Editor
Al Ambler Art Editor	Bob Sprague Assistant Art Editor	Jim Stockton Noel de Nevers Tom Timberlake Associate Editors
Henry Lee Photographic Editor	Dent Hand Associate Business Manager	
Bill Matson Circulation Manager	Fred Ashton Secretary-Treasurer	Tom Lowry Literary Editor

HAMMER AND COFFIN

Stan Norton Ed Brennan Bob Simon	Bill Corr Russ Lapham Hal Treacy Tom Allen	Ted Hughes Tom Johnson Dick Fowler
-------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------

HONORARY

André Frelier Harold Quiram	Roger Frelier	F. H. Brennan F. O. Girard
----------------------------------------------	----------------------	---------------------------------------------

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT those electronic monsters known to one and all as "radio" and "television" seem to be here to stay, the Ancient One feels that it is necessary to welcome them to the field of entertainment.

The Old Boy has not been hasty in his recognition of these time-consuming means of one-way communication. He was a callow youth of twenty-one when KDKA, Pittsburgh, and WWJ, Detroit, were sending their first weak signals into the ether, but he didn't feel that the industry was worthy of comment at that time. Even in 1945 when the ghostly gray screen began to become the companion of the combination AM-FM, phonograph, home recorder, and

pinball machine in the living rooms of the nation, the Jocund Jester hoped that the phenomenon would die where it was being born, on the East Coast.

Unfortunately, however, the radio signals grew stronger and stronger, the bleary-eyed Cyclops swept from east to west (as all great historical movements do), and now the Old Boy is forced to his knees in recognition of the electronic impact.

Throughout this nation, twenty-four hours a day, purportedly free entertainment is rained upon the homes and barrooms of the American public. Of course, there is the rider—the "short message from our sponsor" that creeps in on

(Continued on page 4)

Contributors' Staff

Literary

Nancy Simms
Exchange Editor
 Al Hayes
 Maureen Maxwell
 Nancy Stone
 John Woehler
 Mike Doerr
 Jean Bashor
 Virginia Palmer

Art

Pete Whorf
 Ann Heyn
 Eileen Conaghan
 Robert Rogers
 Bruce Shore
 William Snyder

Photo

Fred Chez
 Don Lawrence
 Gary Hollander
 Herb Smith

Business

Dub Helsing
 Lee Andrews
 Sam Sosna
 Curt Comaford
 Bob Gable
 Ross Pyle

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY HAMMER AND COFFIN

Audrey Williams
Women's Manager
 Jo Johnson
 Cornelia Little
 Joan von Briesen
 Sandy Collins
 Harriett Bauman
 Marion Brennan
 Marjorie La Pierre

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 54, NO. 3 DECEMBER 1952

Copyright 1952 by The Stanford
 Chaparral

Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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

Published monthly during the school year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society.

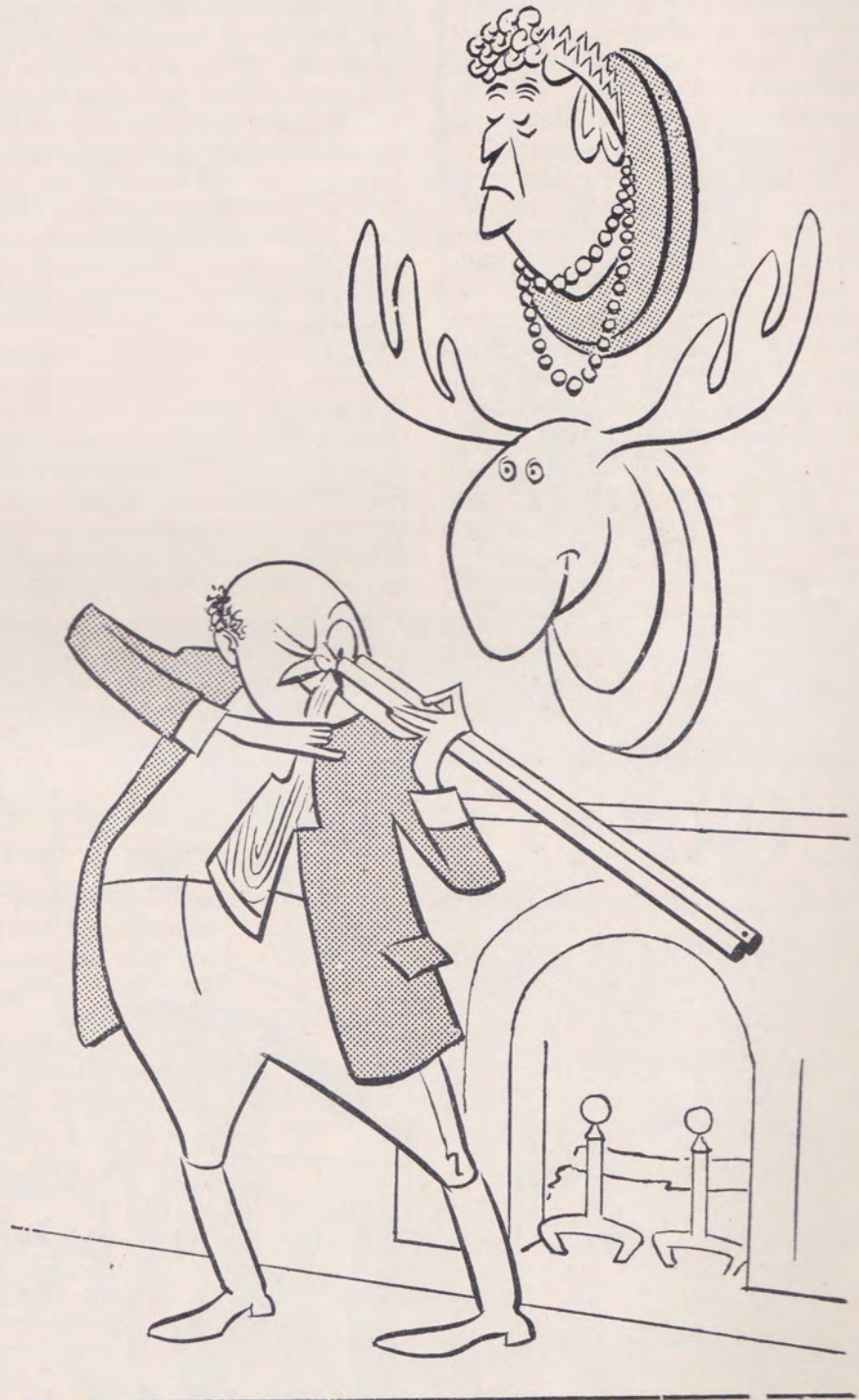
An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University.

Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California.

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

Telephone: Palo Alto DA 3-9411, Local 297.

Nobody but ROOS is First in California Sportswear!



Roos Bros

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

the radio and television wave—that wipes out all illusion of free entertainment. How much money from your purchase of cigarettes goes into sponsorship of programs? If the company didn't promote its product so widely, how much less would you have to spend for it?

There were those, the Ancient One recalls, who pointed with pride to the British Broadcasting Corporation. "Why couldn't we emulate their jingle-free air?" they asked. "Couldn't American radio and television be supported by the state by taxation?"

The Old Boy slyly wonders where they are pointing now that the BBC has seen the light and apportioned its time out to willing buyers? Radio Moscow, maybe?

Even though the ether rightfully belongs to "the people" and the FCC has the right to regulate every molecule of it, the Wise Fool knows that crass commercialism is better than government control. After all, think of the poor copy writers and account executives in the advertising agencies; they have to eat too, you know.

So, the Ancient One advises, take

the bitter with the sweet. Radio and television ads are usually the funniest part of the program. And with a doff of the Cap and Bells and a loud crash of the Silver Hammer, the Old Boy takes off into the wild blue yonder in search of entertainment.

NOW THAT

another football season has passed, the Ancient One looks with retrospect on the general behavior of the student body and Rally Com. Without a doubt, the particular behavior of Rally Com has been getting lower and lower and carrying the student body right along with it.

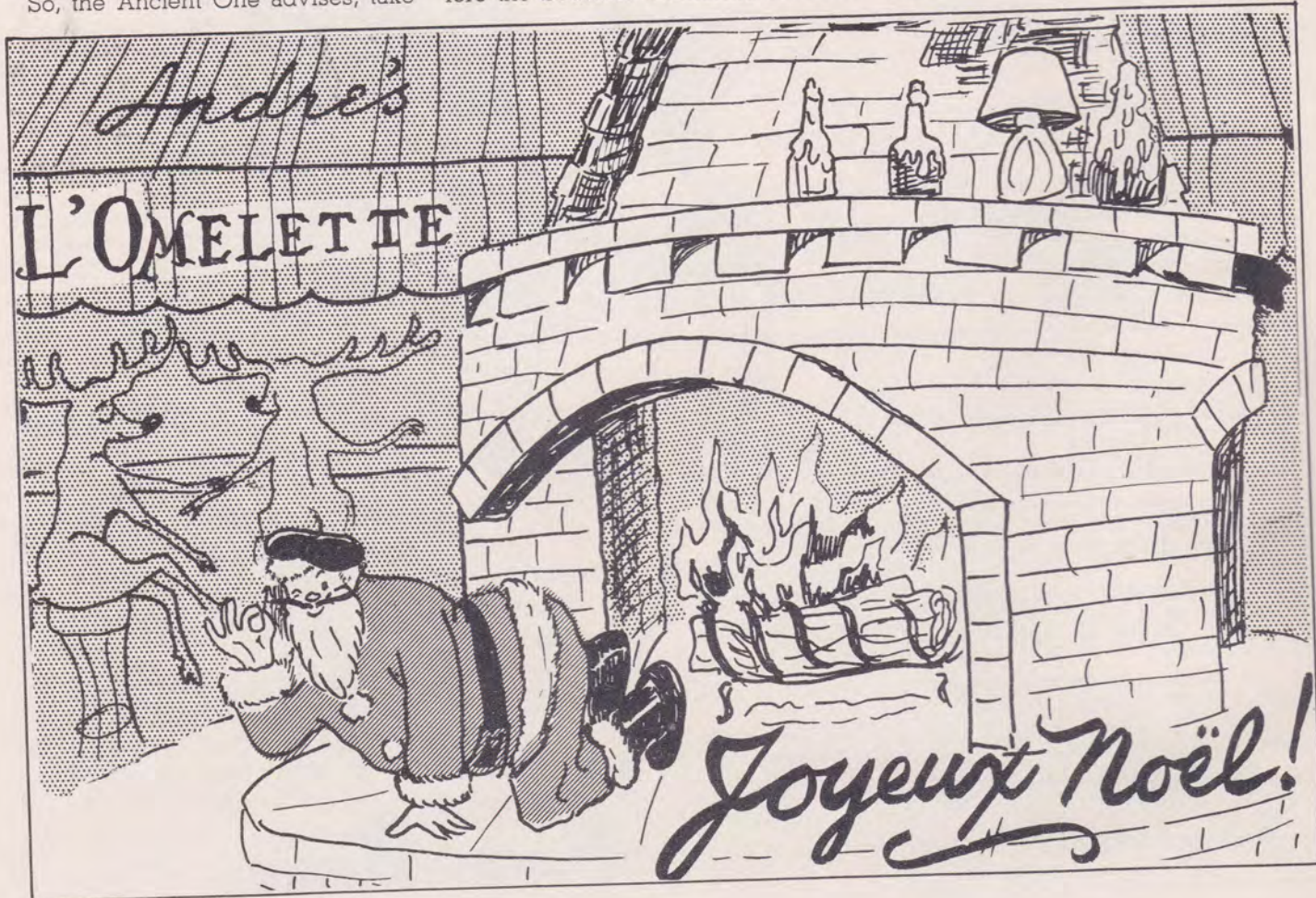
During the 1951 season the Idiot Child noticed that members of Rally Com who were responsible for writing and presenting rally skits were taking as their motto "If you can't be funny, be filthy."

The Old Boy, who has had some experience in the field of humor and filth—not all of it good—figured that the end to such low-tone skits would come; but not so. During the present season the skits took over where they left off in 1951 and continued steadily downward until the skit presented before the Southern California debacle.

The Jocund Jester has always shied away from judgments on the grounds of "bad taste," but he has no need to use that term in connection with that particular rally. He could best describe it as obscene, crude, or mire-black filthy. He knows that this appeals to the taste of some of the student body, but what of the people who brought non-Stanford friends or relatives to that rally? What impression did they gain of Stanford?

This sub-Rabelaisian has been carried over into the stadium on Saturdays and has managed to turn up during games in the form of signs, symbols, and cheers that undoubtedly cause great pride on the part of their instigators but embarrassment on the part of the University and the student body.

The Ancient One would like to give his personal plaudits to one rangy redhead, Zeke Wallace, who did a magnificent job of running the rooting section, but would also like to swing with vicious stroke his Silver Hammer at Rally Com and those unco-operative souls who sit on the 50-yard line and detract from the spirit of the University.



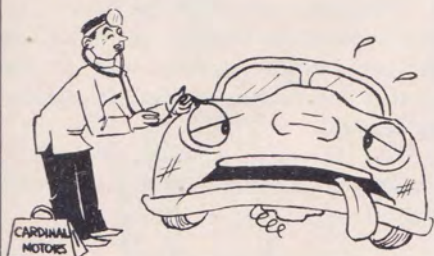
IT'S . . .



CARDINAL MOTORS

for your

AUTOMOTIVE PROBLEMS



DeSOTO-PLYMOUTH

and all

CHRYSLER PRODUCTS

SERVICE and PARTS

CREDIT?

GLADLY!

CARDINAL MOTORS
QUINCY DAVIS VERNE STEVENSON

Palo Alto

623 Alma

DA 3-3173



"They say he's goin' in to find that other repair man."

Long, long ago a feudal lord's son was having his own way with the wayward girls who lived on his father's properties. When the old man heard of his son's doings, he approached him asking, "Son, I hear you're misbehaving."

"In what manor, father?" was the reply.

—Record



Soon after the newlyweds came back from their honeymoon, the bride cooked her first chicken. When the husband began to carve it, he asked, "What did you stuff it with, dear?"

"I didn't have to stuff it," she replied. "It wasn't hollow."

—Record



"Jane, you've been married to Dave for ten years and each year you've had a baby, just like clockwork, except for this year. How come?"

"It's because of this hearing aid that I got this year."

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Well, before when Dave and I got in bed at night, he would turn to me and say, "Shall we go to sleep or what?" and I'd always say, "WHAT?"

—Shaft



Three salesmen were standing on a street corner in North Africa. One was an Englishman, one an Arabian, and one an American. Just then a beautiful dancing girl walked by.

The Englishman said, "By Jove!"

The Arabian said, "By the Prophet."

The American said, "By tomorrow night."

—Kitty Kat

Livingston Bros.
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



We've a

dreamy gown

collection

for all

your holiday

festivities!

22.95 to 55.00

fourth floor

From Without

by John Woehler

The fog eddied and swirled, becoming each moment more and more thick and gray. Slimy tendrils of deep gray would from time to time coil greasily around the glass pane as if trying to break through and darken the room inside.

The man turned suddenly away from the glass. He was large and powerful-looking, with heavy blond features that now were blurred with strain.

"They've got to get through!" he suddenly shouted. "How can they account for the delay?" A nerve began to jump nervously in his set face. He walked again to the window and looked with longing at the fog. Flashes of light showed through the murk and the muted rumbling of thunder began to fill the room.

The thin, beautiful woman watched the man with the same dazed hopelessness on her face. She got up from the couch she was resting on and moved gracefully to the man. Her cool, well-modulated voice stroked

and smoothed the raw nerves and tenseness of the man. Unless one saw her face he would never guess the deadly strain she was under.

"But, Lindsay, you can see that nothing could get through that! We'll just have to wait and let time take its course. Just remember, Lindsay, that nothing can deter the one thing that is ours forever—our feeling for each other."

"It's no use, Clarissa! We have to get out now, now while there's still time! We'd miss connections otherwise and what we've saved and sweated for so long will be wasted. We're caught here like rats in a trap!"

Lindsay got up from his crouched position by the glass. Grimly and silently he began to sort through various papers on the rough desk. After stuffing some of them in his pockets he began to put on layer after layer of heavy clothing.

Clarissa began to follow suit. Silently the clothing was got together . . . the pitiful scraps of long-dis-

used apparel. From time to time she flashed a soul-searching glance at the resolute man beside her. With weary acceptance she nodded as he took the dusty container from the drawer. The faded scraps of crepe paper were next, the high-billed flannel caps. Soon all was ready.

Lindsay surveyed the room. With another grim look he stalked heavily across the room to the sneering glass window. He turned the dial until the fog and lightning flashes faded and disappeared. With a sudden growl of rage he lifted his foot and kicked the glass pane in. Coils, tubes, and relays dissolved to junk under the repeated fury of the powerful man. Finally he was through.

"I'd almost rather see the damn football game at the stadium anyhow!" he shouted as he stomped out of the room. The door slammed in violent agreement.

The television set sat in broken majesty in its niche in the wall and waited. . . .

DODGE PLYMOUTH
DON HAMPTON

511

DON HAMPTON, INC.
Dodge-Plymouth Dealers

511 Alma Street DAvenport 3-3179

Arriving home earlier than usual, he found his wife in the arms of his best friend. "I love your wife," said the friend, "and she loves me. I'll play you a game of bridge for her; if I win, you divorce her, and if you win, I promise never to see her again. Will you play?"

"Okay by me," said the husband, "but how's about a penny a point to make it interesting?"

—Spectator

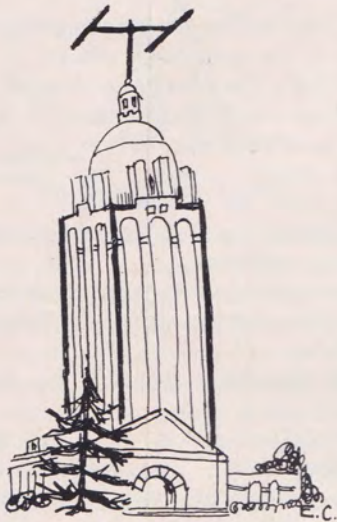


"Lady," said the small boy, "if you give us a quarter my little brother will act like a hen."

"What will he do," inquired the lady, "cackle?"

"Naw, he wouldn't do a cheap thing like that; he'll eat a worm."

—Columns



Mother: "Sonny, Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son: "Shakespeare uses them."

Mother: "Well, don't play with him."

—Julius Caesar



"Lipstick is something that gives an added flavor to an old pastime."

—Aristophanes



If she looks young, she is camouflaged,
 If she looks old, she is young but dissipated,
 If she looks innocent, she is fooling you,
 If she looks shocked, she is acting,
 If she looks languishing, she is hungry,
 If she looks sad, she is angling,
 If she looks back, follow her.

—Columns

ART YOUNGS SOUTHGATE MOTORS

WILLYS SALES AND SERVICE

999 Alma St. • DA 5-5611



GENERATOR AND STARTER REBUILDING
 WHEEL BALANCING AND ALIGNING
 GENERAL REPAIRING TUNE-UPS
 COMPLETE LUBRICATING

Stanfordites Given Special Consideration

FORMALS WEDDING GOWNS

With great pride we announce the opening of our newly enlarged PARTY LOUNGE featuring the Peninsula's smartest collection of formals ever assembled . . . FORMALS for every occasion and in any length, be it Grand Ball or chic cocktail.

SHOP THURSDAYS
 'TIL NINE
 CHARGE IT
 BUDGET IT

520 Ramona
 Palo Alto
 DA 3-5135

Model: JEAN LEONARD, Union

LOOK

what ten cents will buy

- . . . Stanton Delaplane's Postcards
- . . . penetrating world news and commentary
- . . . the best sports coverage, in the Sporting Green

—All this and much more in the

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE!

You can have the CHRONICLE delivered for just \$2.00 a month, daily and Sunday. Call DA 2-2179 or see William H. Wilson, 116 Hamilton Avenue, Palo Alto.



Irresistible paper silk taffeta to whirl you through endless festivities.

This print and others from 14.95.

Elwoods

222 University, Palo Alto

Model: HELGA BIERMER, Lagunita



"I started to wish her Merry Christmas, but when I said 'Merry' she said, 'yes.'"

A man in The Strand rushed up the aisle to the manager's office.

"What's the idea?" he stormed, "of letting a bear in the theater—and why do I have to sit next to it?"

"A bear!" gasped the manager. "You must be mistaken."

"Oh no, I'm not," was the retort. "Come with me."

The two of them went back down the aisle, and sure enough, there sat the bear.

"Is this bear yours?" he asked crisply.

"Why yes, he is," was the reply.

"Now, listen," snapped the manager, "what's the idea of bringing a bear in this theater?"

"Well," replied the bear's owner, "he enjoyed the book so much, I thought he might like to see the movie."
—Record



We were never able to find grandma's glasses, but now she leaves them where she empties them.

—Columns



"Panty raid at Roble tomorrow night, Professor."

EXPOSÉ: IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!



by One Who Knows

I know the true meaning of shame! I know what it means to be talked about in low, furtive, licentious tones behind the closed doors of Encina Hall. I was high, but now I have fallen. Listen to me, Freshmen Women! Heed the advice of one who is in the know.

The girls from my wing urged me to do it. My sponsor told me that it would make me popular. So I, foolish girl that I was, took those fatal steps.

My warning should have come when that wizened character leered at me in the hall of Mem Aud. I should have fled when I heard that low, undulating whistle emitted from the control room at KZSU. But did I take care? No, I went into the studio and signed the list.

I looked around the studio at the other girls who were there—the others who had fallen so low. The buxom blonde with the penciled eyebrows . . . the innocent-looking girl with the determined look . . . the lithesome brunette lounging on the arm of a chair like a stretching cat. What was I doing in such company? I, a convent girl who couldn't even reconcile myself to smoking on Quad, liquor at off-campus parties, low lights at firesides, or Cactus Gardens! What would my mother have thought if she knew I was competing with these girls to read licentious copy to Encina Roughts?

They shoved a script into my hand and led me roughly to a microphone. A high, faltering voice—could it have been mine?—began reading "Good evening, gentlemen. . . . This is your own Stanford Sadie sneaking into your room for a half hour to love you and you alone."

I blushed to the roots of my hair but stumbled through the rest of the script, reading lines that were beyond my comprehension.

I finished the reading and looked up with tears in my eyes to find the producer staring at me with smug satisfaction. Little did I realize what he had in mind for me then.

He congratulated me, told me that the honor of being Sadie was mine, and suggested that we get together during the next week so he could improve my technique. I took it for granted that he meant mike technique.

I threw myself into the project body and soul. During the next weeks my technique improved, but I became morally unfit. I began smoking on Quad while leaning lightly against a pillar with that "Scheherezade" look in my eyes. The boys turned for a second glance, but that long look I gave them made them hurry on. Drinking became as casual as a picnic lunch to me.

My program attracted more listeners and my social life attracted more fans. I began wearing tight sweaters and skirts, more make-up just to heighten that inquiring look, and I even developed a definite character to my walk. My voice took on that deep husky tone that I used to broadcast.

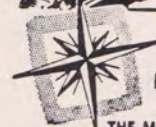
I threw the producer aside and let the freshman men take up my time. Soon I had the senior class snowed, too.

I soon found it necessary to develop a good defense as well as offense. One time a dapper senior decided to try his luck with me, but found himself dazed and alone in his car in front of Roble recovering from a right hook to the jaw. No longer did I need a coach; I was on my own. I didn't need a script writer, either; I ad-libbed my own show.

(Continued on page 10)

See them at
CARLYLE'S

you saw them
in...



LE COULTRE

THE MOST EXCEPTIONAL WATCHES
IN ALL THE WORLD

LeCoultre FUTUREMATIC: 100% self-winding, it has no winding stem. Always fully-powered, it can't run down, cannot overwind. Engineered to be the most accurate automatic watch in the world today. Gold-filled, \$99.50. 14K Gold, \$165. FTI

LeCoultre CALENDAR-MOONPHASE: Precision-made, this exceptional watch tells all the facts of time at a glance — the second, minute and hour — the day, date and phase of the moon.

Gold-filled, \$99.50. 14K Gold, \$150. FTI

Convenient credit at no
extra charge

Guaranteed

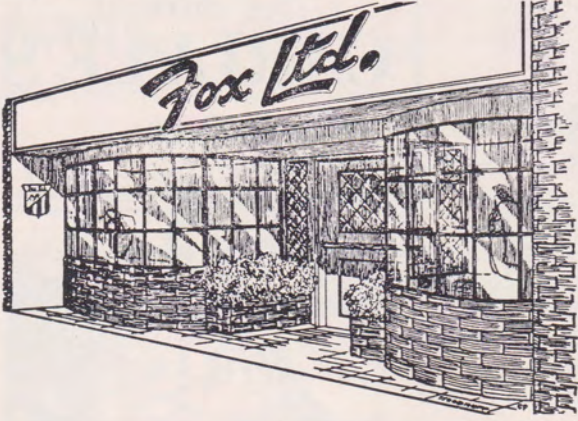
Watch Repairing

3-day service



218 University Ave., Palo Alto
56 Third Ave., San Mateo

Peninsula's leading
Diamond & Watch Specialists

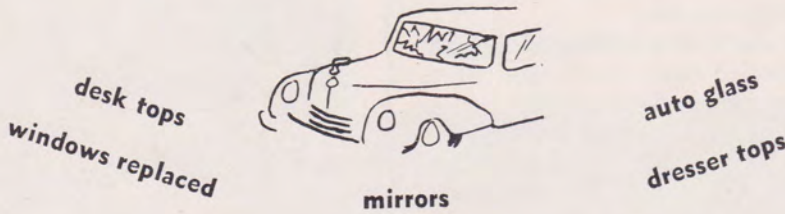


Fox Ltd.

Gentlemens Apparel
Importers
Clothing—Sports Wear
Tailoring
Furnishings

DA 3-6464
162 University Ave.
Palo Alto

ACME GLASS CO.
635 EMERSON
DA 3-4127



desk tops
windows replaced
mirrors
auto glass
dresser tops



"TWEEDIE"
In blue or black suede,
red or green calf. \$13.95

ED ZWIERLEIN'S
FASHION FOOTWEAR
220 University Avenue
DA 3-6363

EXPOSÉ

(Continued from page 9)

When my picture appeared in the *Daily* as Stanford Sadie, it wasn't of the sweet, timid me who originally took the part. It was of a clever, scheming woman, oriented in the ways of Stanford and ready to make her own way into the wicked world. Girls, I had fallen to the level of a true Stanford Woman!



"You in the back of the room, what was the date of the signing of the Magna Carta?"

"I dunno."

"You don't, eh? Well let's try something else. Who was Bonny Prince Charlie?"

"I dunno."

"You don't! I assigned this stuff last Friday. What were you doing last night?"

"I was out drinking beer with some friends."

"You were! What audacity to stand there and tell me a thing like that! How do you ever expect to pass the course?"

"Wal, I don't know, mister. Ye see, I just come in to fix the radiator."

—Log



Did you hear about the little pigeon that walked people-toed? —Leer



"Do you like short skirts, Mike?"

"Naw, dey get lipstick on me shoit front when I dance wid dem."

—Shaft



Irate Coed: "Say, what's the big idea following me, anyway? Haven't you ever seen anyone like me before?"

Frosh: "Yea, but I had to pay four bits."
—Voo Doo



"Mark my words, professor, TV will never replace the stereopticon!"

A widow is the most fortunate person in the world. She knows all about men and all the men who know anything about her are dead.

—Syracusan



"What color dress are you wearing to the dance?"

"Brown, I guess. We're supposed to wear something to match our date's hair."

"I don't think I'll go."

—Spartan



And then there was the fellow who fell into a lens grinding machine and made a spectacle of himself.

—Widow



Worried Student: "I'm so flustered over my exams, I've got butterflies in my stomach."

Counselor: "Take an aspirin—the butterflies will go away."

W.S.: "I took an aspirin—they're playing ping pong with it."

—Educators Review



Grandmother was given to cheating on her strict diet, but did it once too often and landed in the hospital. The only available room was in the maternity ward. Her small grandson was standing outside of her room when some visitors passed.

"Who are you visiting, dear?" asked a friend.

"My grandmother. You see, she has been cheating again."

—Leer



You can't tell a farm girl that a stork brings baby calves, because she knows it's the bull.

—Shaft



"\$220 is 440 straight shots!"

Rita

ON RAMONA
536 Ramona

DA 2-0140



Christmas enchantment for you and yours.

For Blouses Galore

Jeweled neckline and washable is this perfect suit blouse. \$6.95

Peter Pan collar—lace appliqué—and finely scalloped front. Both blouses hand-embroidered in Puerto Rico. Washable. Sizes 32-44. \$6.95



Lace-trimmed, quaint high-throat blouse — white and champagne. \$10.95



SKIRTS GALORE

Velvets—nylon nets—laces—taffetas—dressy flannels—all made up in holiday skirts. \$8.95 to \$29.95

BELTS AND WAIST CINCHERS

Leathers — velvets — meshes — elastics — and rhinestone-studded. Perfect gift items. \$2.25 to \$6.95

Open Thursday evenings until nine

Chinese Kitchen

WE DELIVER
authentic Chinese food
da 2-6247
4160 EL CAMINO REAL
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

WHO AM I?
I've just been to "Dixson's" in Menlo and bought this new red faille dress and bolero. If your guess is right and you're first to get to "Dixson's" in Menlo, you'll win a \$10.00 gift order.



North side of Santa Cruz Avenue, Menlo Park

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Stories

A bunch of literary gems concerning radio and television in all their phases. John Motheral, with slight assistance from Charles Dickens, gives you his version of the *Christmas Carol*. Timberlake and Hayes printed some correspondence from an illicit TV station. F. H. Brennan is back with us again (thank God) with an idea for the TV of the future. Also in this issue are short ones by John Woehler, Coco Brown, Nancy Stone, Jean Bashor, and others.

Art

Our art staff is hot for TV, or hot for making fun of it. Many video features by Whorf, Ambler, Eileen Conaghan, Bob Rogers, and Bruce Shore.

Photofeatures

Tom Timberlake and Al Hayes got the lowdown, and Fred Chez and Gary Hollander the pictures of the best TV has to offer. They couldn't get all the programs, so they only got the best half dozen.

Cover

Art Editor Ambler takes the blame for this monstrosity arted up in orange crayon. A nice Christmas gift for the old magazine.

Poems

Good Lord, our staff has gone avant-garde—they've learned how to rhyme words! Beside the opener by Barney Gugel (who made a quick entrance into the office last week), you will find gems of verse by Mike Doerr and Harriett Bauman.

Queen

Something we'd be glad to see on any TV set.

STANFORD

Chaparral

Bow down and praise the glass-tubed brain,
Hail TV in solemn chorus.
From Menlo Park to rock-bound Maine
TV will do our thinking for us.

A new enlightenment's in sight—
The kitchen art of Miss Furness.
Behold our culture, bulging tight,
Of Dagmar, shown in part undress.

Experts quizzing, wrestlers grunting,
Hopalong in gunplay bold,
Slick detectives villain-hunting,
And Space Cadets in ether cold.

Hayseeds wanging backwoods jive,
Arthur Godfrey peddling smokes,
Oscar winners—nineteen-five
Milton Berle's bewhiskered jokes.

Bow down and praise the glass-tubed brain,
Hail TV in solemn words.
From Menlo Park to rock-bound Maine,
Television's for the birds.

—Gugel and Hayes







The damn Hooper ratings had me in a deep dark shade of midnight blue. I was sitting at my desk in the New York offices of Grabbem, Sellum, and Signum trying to figure a new gimmick to bring those almost holy numbers up to a decent level. It seems our biggest account—the Startling Cereal Company—wasn't happy with the 43 rating their "Range Riders of Outer Space" was getting.

It was somewhere between the time I had junked the idea of asking the UN to declare war on Mars to make our program more timely and the time I got the contest idea, that fame entered my life. It entered with a mild throat-clearing off-mike.

I looked up and encountered the blue eyes of a rotund old gentleman with a full white beard and a red suit that must have been from Robert Hall's. At the same time, the account executive for the Gillotine Safety Razor Company looked up, cringed, and returned to work.

"Excuse me, sir," said the roseate intruder. "Could you tell me anything about advertising, or radio time, or something?"

I dropped the "I get startled by

Startling because . . ." and asked the man to sit down.

"My name's Emerson," I stated as a sure-fire conversation opener. I had run out of gimmicks.

"Mine's Claus," he answered hopefully.

"What's your business, Mr. Claus? What did you want Gee, Ess, and Ess to do for you?"

"Well, son," he said shifting his feet and kicking over a half-filled spittoon, "I kind of give things away. I make people happy."

"That's nice," I minced, noting that this guy was some sort of a crackpot.

"Well, my wife's been getting down on me the last fifty years. 'Kris,' she says, 'Kris'—she always was partial to my German name—'why don't you bring yourself up to date?'"

"And you want G., S., and S. to put on a public relations drive for you?"

"I guess that's what you might call it. The missus has been hearing a lot about television. We can't get any reception up on the North Pole, but she's kind of taken with it anyway. She thinks that it would be easier for me to give away my presents over television rather than ride my fool head off all over the world and get all grimy going down chimneys."

"Give-away shows are a dime a dozen on TV right now, sir. I can get you a nice murder show for a thirteen-week spot if you want it—CBS has a good one sustaining."

The old man sat up aghast. "A murder show! Good flying reindeer, no, son! I don't want it for thirteen weeks anyway. I'd like to get one or two hours on Christmas Eve."

My hopes of landing the sucker fell. "Oh, only a one-time shot? Christmas Eve time is pretty expensive, you know."

"Cost is no object, son. I've got to get my presents out to all the good little girls and boys. I'm getting too old for that sleigh and reindeer."

I couldn't carry the bluff any further—the Startling Cereal promotion had to be in by 3:00. "I beg your pardon, sir, but just who do you think you are, Santa Claus?"

A big grin lit up his countenance. "And who did you think I was?"

This was too much to take. I excused myself, threw down a dexedrine, and went into Mr. Sellum's office.

"Chief," I said, "Santa Claus is sitting at my desk!"

"I told you not to come to work drunk!"

"I'm not drunk—yet, sir. He wants to buy some television time on Christmas Eve."

"Look, Emerson," said the chief, looking up from a TV script, "if you can't get rid of this guy, you're through. Can't you see he's pulling your leg?"

"He says that cost is no object. Look at the commission we can get."

"All right," Sellum sighed, "send this joker in, but I want to have a talk with you."

Well, I took Claus into Sellum's office and returned to thinking up reasons why Startling's Blast-o-Meal was the best stuff you ever shoved down your gullet.

Half an hour later Sellum's door opened. Out stepped the chief with

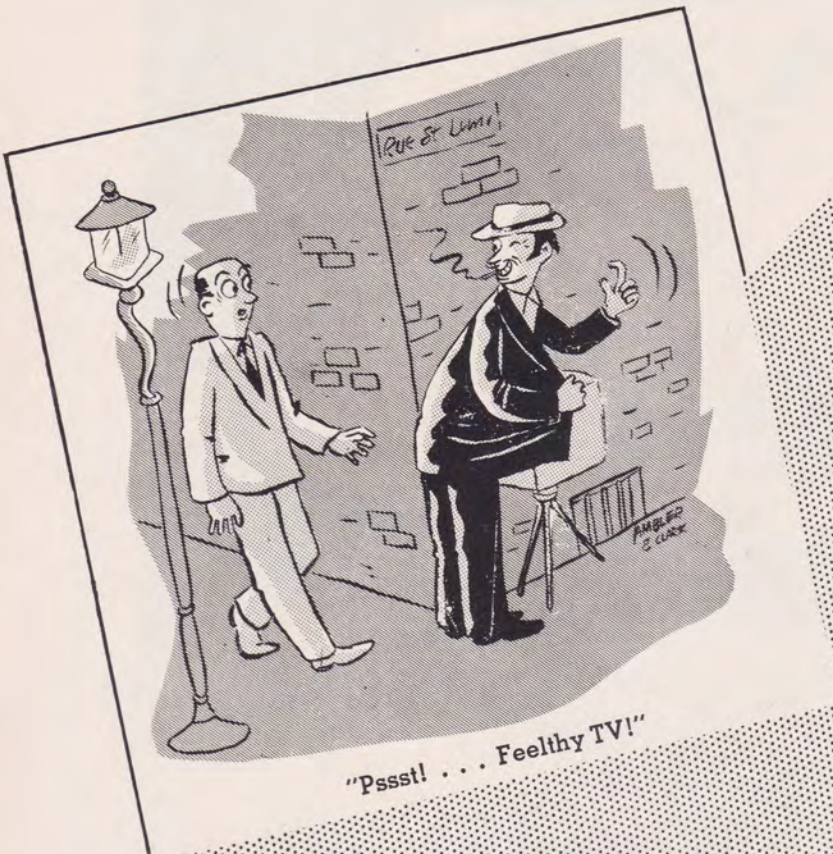
(Continued on page 36)

Chappie Presents

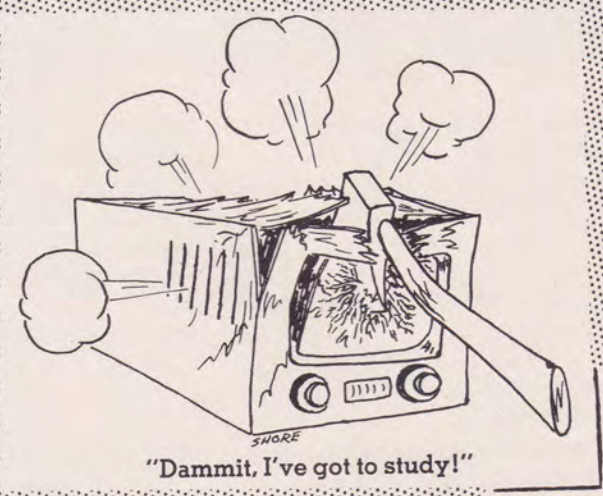
MARILYN KAY

Queen of the Month

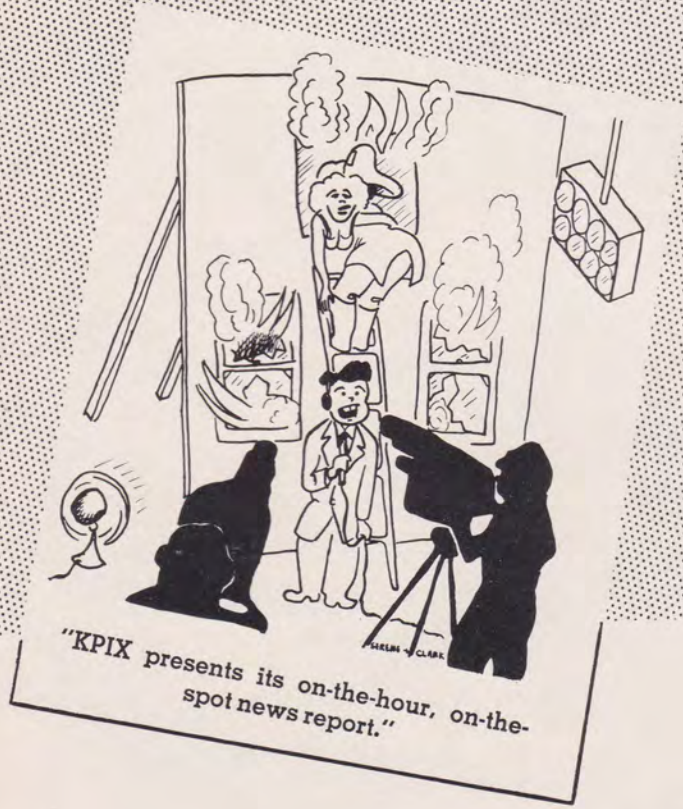
Photo by Gary Hollander



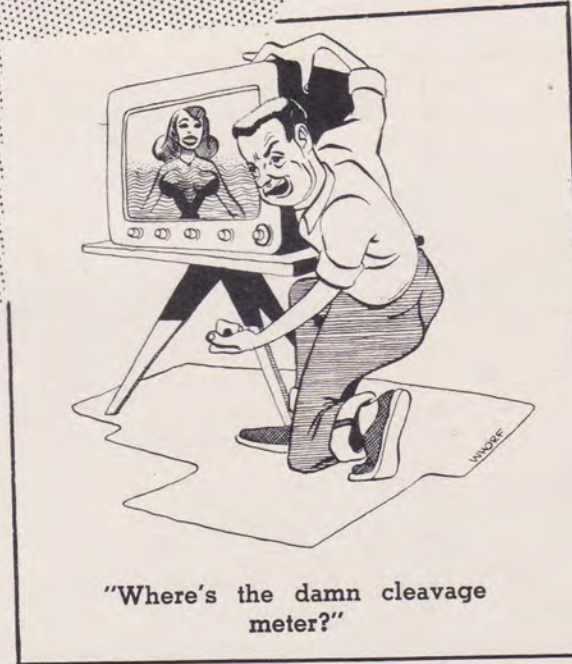
"Pssst! . . . Feelthy TV!"



"Dammit, I've got to study!"



"KPIX presents its on-the-hour, on-the-spot news report."



"Where's the damn cleavage meter?"

THAT T.V. YUK



TELEVISION RESEARCH INC.

Office of Dr. I. M. Kurtz
STANFORD, CALIF.
October 3, 1952

James N. Holden
President, TBA Corporation
Rockefeller Center
New York, N.Y.

MY DEAR MR. HOLDEN:

I am writing this in code, as you suggested. Hollywood has spies everywhere, and we certainly don't want them to know about our discovery until it is commercially practicable. But what progress we have made in these few months! When I put our first experimental dog into the transmitter here I must confess that I had qualms. And while it is true that the dog emerged from your receiving set in New York a bit scrambled mentally, you and I know that television had marked a new scientific milestone. A living, flesh-and-blood dog had been sent from Stanford to New York via bio-electronic transmission.

From dogs to Stanford students was but a step. We worked the bugs out of the receiving set, and the last three students *B*, *C*, and *D* went through with no scrambling or distortion. Student *A*, I am glad to report, has undergone plastic surgery for a badly blurred left ear and—thanks to your generosity—is keeping our secret.

This brings me to the point raised in your coded telegram of yesterday. You ask if multiple transmission will be a reality in the near future. As you have so often reminded me, the bio-electronic transmission of a single individual is too costly in either the entertainment or transportation fields.

I am sorry, but I must give you a seriously qualified answer. The task of enlarging our voltages and velocities is no problem. Multiple and simultaneous transmission of two or more persons would, however, increase the risk of scrambling. I believe I have developed a good personality-pattern isolator but, oddly enough, the scanning beam revivifier on the living-cell channel is going to be difficult to keep in absolute adjustment.

After all that bother about Student *A*'s ear, I'm sure you will agree that we should proceed with caution.

Faithfully,
I. M. KURTZ

Television Broadcasters of America, Inc.

Office of the President
NEW YORK, October 5, 1952

DEAR DR. KURTZ:

Caution is fine—but look at it from my side of the desk. We've worked for three years and spent about eight million five, and what have we got? I will be utterly frank: we've got a scientific novelty that costs us \$26,250 to send one Stanford student to New York. The kid can fly here for \$180.

I grant you that on our proposed live-actors-in-your-own-parlor circuit we might send people like Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, and others who can do good singles to entertain a few rich people. But what about our TV Live Show Theater project? To the theaters we have to send shows like Burns & Allen, I Love Lucy, Caesar and Coca, etc.—besides Broadway legit shows.

Still being utterly frank, I will say: we've got to have multiple transmission. We've got to deliver two to a dozen live actors in Chicago at 7 P.M., transmit them to Kansas City at 8 P.M. and so on around at least ten cities a night. Then we'll have Hollywood licked.

So, for God's sake, get cracking on that multiple transmission gadget.

As ever,

JAMES M. HOLDEN

WESTERN UNION

STANFORD, CALIF.
10-11-52

HOLDEN
TBA, NEW YORK

BELIEVE MULTIPLE SOLVED. SUGGEST STARTING WITH TWO AND THAT THEY BE MALE AND FEMALE AS ONLY REAL TEST. AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS.

KURTZ

WESTERN UNION

NEW YORK
10-11-52

KURTZ
STANFORD, CALIF.

HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS. YOU HAVE SAVED WHOLE PROJECT. START WITH TWO OKAY. LET'S GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD.

HOLDEN

(Continued on page 28)

A Christmas Carol

by J. Puletide Motheral

Marley was dead. There was no doubt about it. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the undertaker, and the chief mourner, all with a Reynolds Ball Point pen. Scrooge signed it with a Parker '51. And Scrooge's name was good on Madison Avenue for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Scrooge and he had been partners, but Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up about it but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it by scuttling two radio comedians and capturing the television account of a little old lady who had blanketed the nation with her homemade gingerbread mix.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! A grasping, scraping, covetous, successful, old sinner! Ebenezer Scrooge, or E. Meanly Scrooge as he was known in the advertising industry which he very nearly controlled altogether; his firm, Scrooge Associates, had managed to weasel and scrimp together every important radio and television account in the business. Nobody ever stopped him on the street to inquire after his health, no rosy-cheeked network vice-president ever asked him around for cocktails, even *Red Channels* neglected to include this hated name.

Once upon a time—of all good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his penthouse office. It was cold, bleak, Alka Seltzer weather; and he could hear the people in the halls outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts. At length the hour of shutting up the agency arrived. With an ill will, Scrooge dismounted from his leatherette swivel chair, and tacitly admitted the fact to the people in the media, who instantly turned off their General Electric fluorescent lights and put on their Adams hats. Scrooge walked past them with a scowl, muttered something about the sanctity of Lucky Strikes being greater even than the sanctity of Christmas, and left for the evening. He took his usual melancholy dinner at his usual melancholy table at the Stork Club, and went home to bed.

His home was as crabbed as Scrooge

himself. A miserly penthouse on Fifth Avenue, which even the least self-respecting mouse would have refused to habitate, Scrooge's apartment boasted no cheery Toulouse-Lautrec original, no private theater for the showing of kinescopes, no merry Pinch Bottle in the simulated Chippendale cupboard. But this evening it was destined to be decorated with something of which Scrooge, were he a more normal executive, might have been proud, a genuine ghost. This spirit stood in the center of the music room waiting for the master of the house.

"I know him," Scrooge gasped. "Marley's ghost!"

The same. Marley in his hounds' tooth check coat and Tattersall vest, his Countess Mara necktie, and Hickey Freeman shoes, his impeccable, polished, seen-on-Fifth Avenue, Fabian Bachrach look. The chain he rattled was clasped about his middle. It wound around him like a tail, and it was made (Scrooge noticed) of audion tubes, image-orthicon bulbs, and two tickets to next week's performance at the Roxy Theater.

"How now? What do you want of me?" asked Scrooge.

"No questions now, Eb, old man. Busy man. Haven't time to waste. Every second counts. Got to keep up that old fire and hustle. A little time is left to me, no more. Can't rest, can't linger anywhere. Never got as far as I should have in life, y'know; got to get around now and make up for it. Oh, my hat, Ebenezer, not to know a moment for a quick Martini before being off again, not to know when I'll get a crack at two tickets to *South Pacific*, not to have another shot at that dog-food account we almost got seven years ago. Always on the go, and not so much as a Ford convertible to get around in, let alone a new Jag!" Thus wailed the unhappy spirit.

"But," it continued, "tell you what I'm gonna do. I'll give you a whack at a better ending, Eb, old sock. Three spirits plan to buzz around one of these days—bright boys, lots of class, hustlers—and they've got some rich material for you. A sketch about the future, a quick shot of the past, a slow



fade-out on the eternal verities. It'd never sell, of course, but you'll be interested. Give 'em an audition." With this, the ghost of Jake Marley passed from the room. And so agitated was Scrooge that he had failed to notice that the ghost had worn a Percalé sheet.

When the spirit had left, Scrooge tried to say "option," but he stopped at the first syllable. And being tired, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or the fact that he had forgotten to take his One-A-Day tablet, he went straight to bed.

Several hours later, he awoke suddenly from a fitful slumber, to see, to his amazement and horror, the curtains of his bed being drawn apart by a hand. He sat bolt upright and stared anxiously into the face of the spirit who had drawn them.

"Are you the spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

"I am."

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Ghost of Sponsor Past. Rise and walk with me."

They passed through the wall and over the city, which itself slowly receded from Scrooge's sight, to be replaced with a clear, cold day, a scene of winter with snow upon the ground.

"Good heavens," cried Scrooge, "I was raised to the industry in this place!"

The two passed through the wall of a towering skyscraper which stood before them in the snow, and up the elevator shaft to the twenty-seventh floor, where they entered a high-ceilinged office. At sight of an old gentleman in a Hart, Shaffner, and Marx suit seated comfortably behind a desk fully twenty feet long, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's old Fezziwig alive again. I was apprenticed here!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and called out in a comfortable, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Ho, there, Ebenezer! Haul in for a mo, Eb boy. Never mind finishing that endorsement for Champion Sparkplugs we want Emily Post to sign. Hop in here a sec."

Scrooge's former self, now a young man, came briskly in. "Hot damn, lad, Christmas Eve, Ebenezer. Let's have the furniture about, old chap. Agency's annual Christmas party is about to begin."

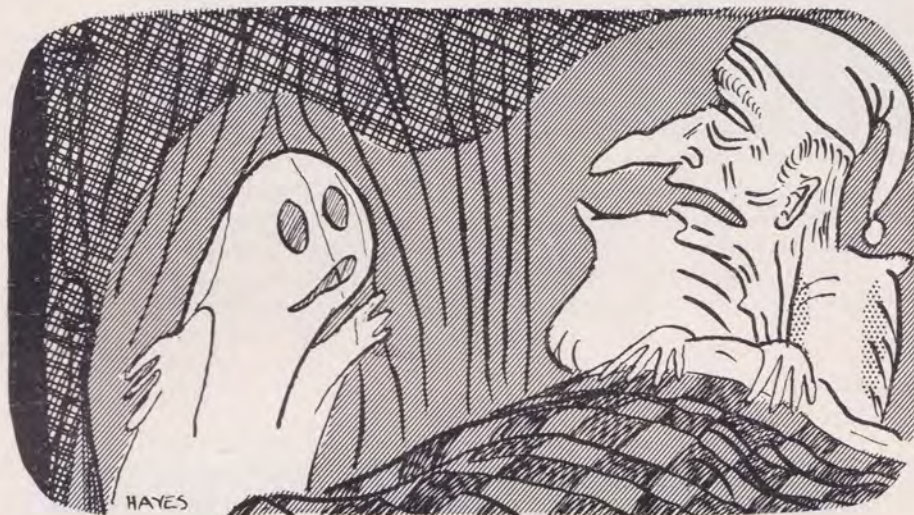
Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was quickly

swept and run over with a Hoover vacuum cleaner. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial silver fox stole. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and eagerly appraising the younger copywriters and artists who entered from their various offices. In came Graham MacNamee with half the Notre Dame football team. Aunt Jemima brought three trunkloads of hotcakes when she came; and Major Bowes entered merrily, arm-in-arm with a man who had recently won the Major's first prize by playing *The Bells of Saint Mary's* on a graded row of highly polished human ribs. Everyone was there, and all were merry as grigs. Bishop Sheen—then a Monsignor—skipped about the room throwing blessings to the wind with every leap; and all the secretaries, television extras, advertising-commer-

alone save for the ticking of his Longine watch.

Awakening in the midst of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge suddenly remembered Marley's promise of three enterprising spirits who would visit him; his unfortunate encounter with the first did nothing to make waiting for a second a pleasant pastime. Soon, however, he detected a light peeping from beneath the door which led from his bedroom to his sitting room and which, since he was sure he'd trimmed his candles before retiring, led him with wonderment into the next room.

It was his own room. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. Heaped up upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were Virginia-cured



cial singers, receptionists, and mistresses of the innumerable sponsors who were pouring through the hospitable doors smiled as happily as you please at all the middle-aged manufacturers and makers of laxatives. And while all this merriment transpired, huge cases of rare liquids donated by a client of Fezziwig quickly were dispatched by the crowds of laughing celebrants, until those left were solemnly singing "Oh, Holy Night" to the tune of "The Illegitimate King of England."

And, oh, how old Scrooge, from his vantage point with the Spirit, wept to see the gaiety. "Then I was alive with the truth of Christmas, Spirot," he said, "in my younger days as a poor, starving spot-advertising writer!" But the ghost had slowly faded away, and the weeping Scrooge found himself again in his penthouse apartment,

hams ("Straight from Pig to You"), nut-fattened turkeys from the heart of Iowa a quantity of Birdseye frozen greens, gallons of Donald Duck orange juice, a full year's production straight from Elsie the Borden Cow, shivering mounds of J-E-L-L-O, steaming pots of Maxwell House Coffee just waiting to be dropped for the last time, row upon row of grains simultaneously snapping, crackling, popping, and waiting for someone to shoot them from guns, a huge cask of Blatz Beer, surrounded by a hundred drooling mouths frantically admitting to being from Milwaukee and therefore experts, and a table agroan with Bromoseltzerbromoseltzerbromoseltzer. In easy state upon this couch there sat a Jolly Giant, with remarkably green skin and wearing a tunic of green corn leaves.

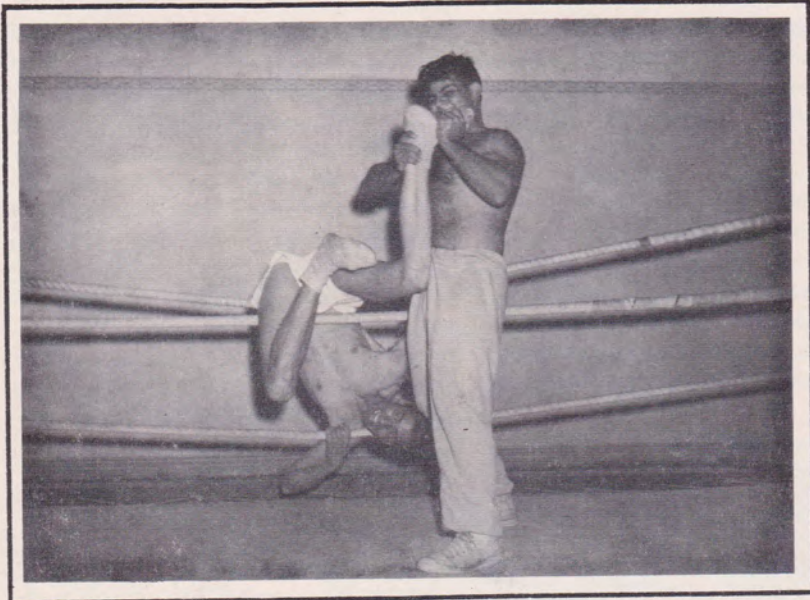
"Come in!" exclaimed the ghost.

(Continued on page 32)

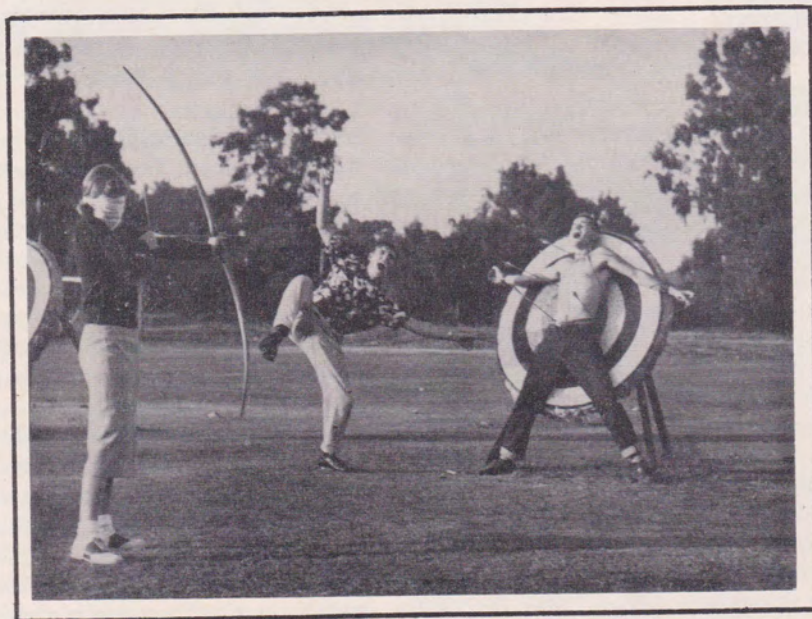
IT'S ALL

PRODUCER: TOM TIMBERLAKE

DIRECTOR: AL HAYES



Feature Wrestling—These thrilling contests of brute strength have a high Crossley rating among late evening viewers. Considered educational by many, they have helped many a winsome lass protect her virtue. Grapplers vie for coveted acting awards.



Truth or Inquisition—A jovial program featuring folks just like you. Stupid contestants who fail to answer simple questions are put through funny stunts by jolly MC Ralph Schmedley (above). This young couple failed to name the Chinaman who invented paper.

Yessiree, gang! Just twist that dial on your free of charge some of the finest entertainment reception of the Romans' Christian-Lion wrestling morning test pattern to the late evening film shot of their little, money-hating hearts, fill the air with ure. Some of them, like "You Bet Your Wife Schmoes" starring Kit Brutus and Imogene Cor viewers. Other old stand-bys like "Birth of a Na sential to good programming. Here's what you m



The Adventures of M
new episode in Mike's fig
underworld. Above, he co

The Happy Home—M
inent home economist, giv
ing. Below, her recipe for
dorfff.



IT'S ALL

PRODUCER: TOM TIMBERLAKE

DIRECTOR: AL HAYES

Yessiree, gang! Just twist that dial on you free of charge some of the finest entertainment reception of the Romans' Christian-Lion wrestling ring test pattern to the late evening film shot of their little, money-hating hearts, fill the air with pure. Some of them, like "You Bet Your Wife Schmoes" starring Kit Brutus and Imogene C viewers. Other old stand-bys like "Birth of a Sentinal to good programming. Here's what you



Feature Wrestling—These thrilling contests of brute strength have a high Crossley rating among late evening viewers. Considered educational by many, they have helped many a winsome lass protect her virtue. Grapplers vie for coveted acting awards.



The Adventures of new episode in Mike's underworld. Above, he



Truth or Inquisition—A jovial program featuring folks just like you. Stupid contestants who fail to answer simple questions are put through funny stunts by jolly MC Ralph Schmedley (above). This young couple failed to name the Chinaman who invented paper.

The Happy Home—inent home-economist, ing. Below, her recipe dorff.



FOR FREE

dial on your \$300 television set and you get absolutely entertainment ever meted out to any civilization with the ex-wrestling matches (local TV only). From the early morning film shot of a waving flag, the American advertisers, bless the air with all kinds of pictures for your looking pleasure. "Your Wife" with Rauncho Marx and "Your Show of Homogeneous Coffee, are considered good by many uneducated. "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Sheik" are considered es- what you might find in a typical day.



Adventures of Mike Axe—Each week tells a Mike's fight against the forces of the love, he consoles a lost young girl.

Home—Marianne Schmogledorff, economist, gives hints on buying and cooking—recipe for creamed ape à la Schmogle.



CAMERAMEN: FRED CHEZ

GARY HOLLANDER



I Love Loosely—That great, new situation comedy featuring Loosely Crawl and Dizzy Areyez. Loosely is a struggling, young ecdysist putting her husband Dizzy through school. Dizzy, a Speech and Drama major, desperately hopes to be a female impersonator.



What's My Crime—This panel-type program features a board of FBI men, Treasury Department agents, and David Harding, Counterspy. Each week new and unusual criminals appear before them. By use of tricky questions, the board discovers what they are wanted for.

XSEX-TV

Channel 16

Tia Juana, Baja California

Mexico

December 2, 1952

Mr. George F. "Machine-Gun" Grogan
123 Pfaff Alley
Chicago, Illinois
U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Grogan:

It has come to our attention recently that you are exceptionally skilled in the fields of salesmanship and persuasion, especially that of persuasion. We are a new business, and we need men with your talents. So that you might be better acquainted with our functions, a brief summary of the organization of the firm follows.

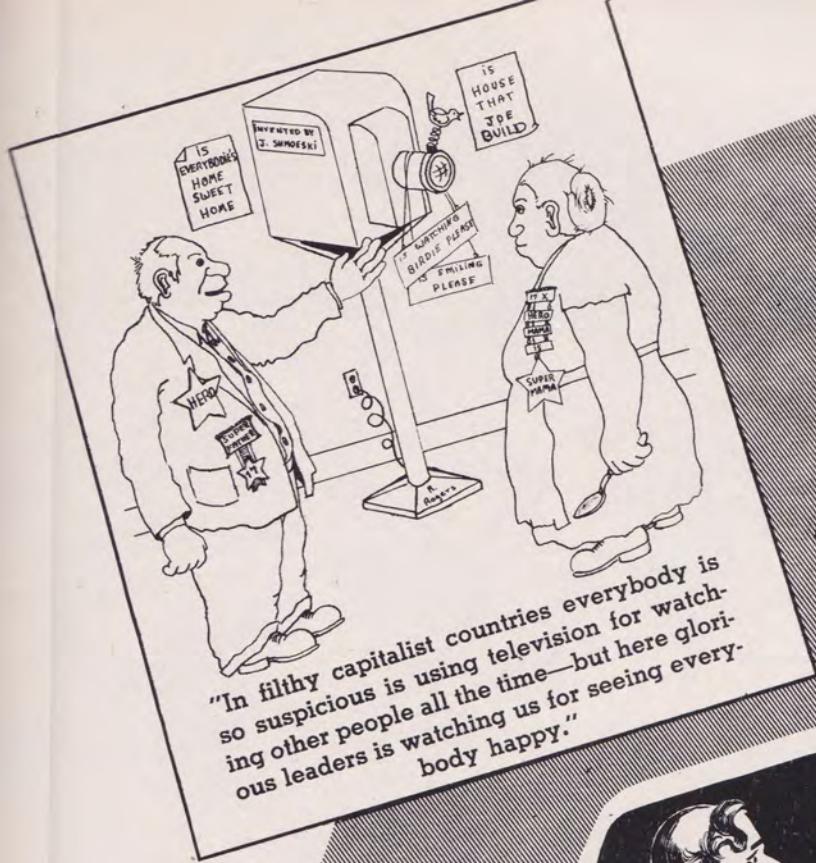
The General Manager of our firm, Jake Seedy, was recently employed by a business firm which ran a news service reporting results of sporting events held at Agua Caliente, Bay Meadows, Del Mar, Golden Gate Fields, Hollywood Park, Santa Anita, and Tanforan. This news was of great interest to a select circle of sportsmen who preferred to know the results of these events a little bit earlier than their business associates. A hasty decision to abandon this enterprise and his unfortunate deportation from the United States brought him to our firm.

The Chief Technician, Ignacio Salazar, had a bright television career before him in the United States until his expulsion from the International Correspondence School of Television Repairmen for cheating on an examination two weeks ago. Since his return to Mexico immediately afterward, he has gained a reputation as Baja California's most competent television technician. As you can imagine, he has aided us immensely with his vast store of technical knowledge.

Our Production Manager, Alec Grubworm, recently held the post of Chief Director at the now-defunct Porno-Pix Company, at one time Nogales' foremost motion-picture studio. The timely interest and educational value of a Grubworm-directed film is known throughout two continents.

Our Public Relations and Advertising Manager is an expert in both fields. Mabel LaRue was famous for the café society entertainment organization which she advertised (though not through standard mediums) and promoted expertly throughout New York. She was so interested in working for us that she forfeited a sizable bond for the privilege.

Your job with our corporation, if you should choose to accept our offer, would be that of Chief Salesman. As you know, our station offers a brand of entertainment not found on ordinary television channels. Our operations are, understandably, not those endorsed by the Federal Communications Commission, and consequently we have needed a system by which the possible nuisance of this organization's interference can be bypassed. We now have this system. Mr. Salazar, in conjunction with the technical department, has devised an installation adaptable to any home television set which will enable its purchasers to receive the unrecognized wave length of Channel 16, XSEX-TV, and prevent the FCC from receiving it. Mrs. LaRue has drawn up a list of possible buyers. Your job will be to make them definite buyers. We feel sure your well-known persuasive powers can handle this end of the business.



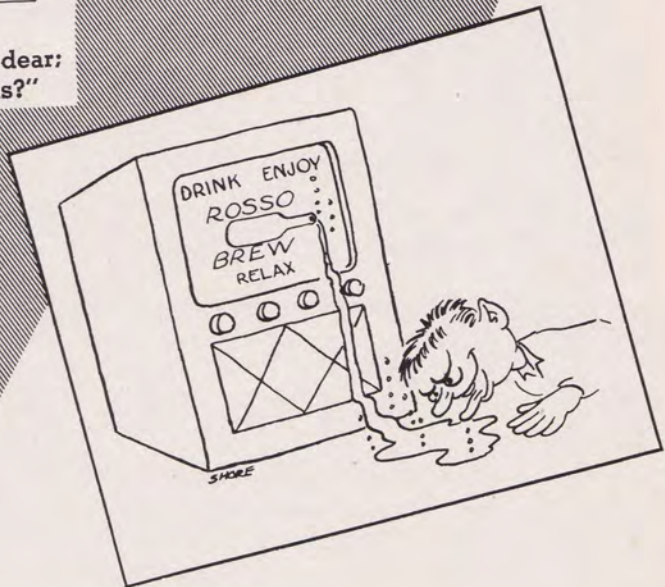
"In filthy capitalist countries everybody is so suspicious is using television for watching other people all the time—but here glorious leaders is watching us for seeing everybody happy."



"I recognize the general, dear; but who's that in overalls?"



"But, dear, it's time for Milton Berle!"



MORE YUKS

AMATEURS' OURS

(sponsored by Old Mould cigarettes)



MC: Good evening, son.

1st contestant (picking gum off the MC's soles while he bangs his forehead on the floor before the great man who has done so much for freedom-loving, red-blooded American youth): Good evening, kind sir. How thankful I am to be allowed to demonstrate my unworthy talents for the vast audience of sponsors and casting directors who will be benefiting my impoverished family if they are only one-third as benevolent to me as you (gasp), my noble savior. O that the other tobacco magnates would bring light into honest, proletarian homes as your unselfish sponsor has!

MC: Now, now, lad, you're wilting my carnation.

1st contestant (drying eyes on MC's cuff): I'm sorry, it's just that I don't know how I can ever repay your kindness.

MC: Yes, don't worry about it. Don't be so nervous. (Undertone) Say, your trousers are unbuttoned. There. Where are you from, son?

1st contestant (chest swelling): Lizard, Arizona, Mr. Hack.

MC: Abominable hole! Toured there in '46—didn't even give me a "Great American" plaque.

1st contestant: Well, sir, Lizard doesn't have much money.

MC: Damn few smokers, either. Still it seems they could have given me a little teensy—well, let's get on with your act.

1st contestant (handing MC a jar of watermelon preserves): Well, Mr. Hack, I—

MC: Don't stand so close to the microphone.

1st contestant (trembling): Well, Mr. Hack, I—

MC: Oh, yes, I see it on your card here. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Larry Lavender, a female impersonator, who will now sing "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House."

(1st contestant is shunted to "dead" microphone as announcer steps to MC's throne leading mayor of town.)

Announcer: Mr. Hack, this here's Mayor Wilfen, who has a surprise for you.

MC: How do you do, Mayor Wilson? Welcome to our little old show.

Mayor Wilfen: Hrrumph! Mr. Hack, on behalf of the proud people of Humptulips, Washington, the Goeyduck Center of the United States, the town that's chock-full of nice people like you and me, I'd like to present you with a few small tokens of our esteem for—

MC: Small tokens?

Mayor Wilfen: —for your relentless efforts in the crusade for American yoot. We have here a—

MC: Ah.

Mayor Wilfen: —crocheted thunder mug, and in this large box here—

MC (looking inside box): Oooooo!

Voice from inside box: Get outa here with your boom, boom, boom!

Announcer: Thank you, Mayor, and here's a token of our esteem: a book of matches to light your Old Moulds with.

MC: And now for contestant number two. Step up to the microphone, son—not too close! Oh, it's you.

2nd contestant (standing erect): Good evening, Mr. Hack.

MC (with pathos): Friends, this young man appeared on our program several years ago and has since risen to the heights of stardom, having engagements at American Legion smokers, the Oakland El Rey, and the Stanford Spring Show. (Putting arm around 2nd contestant.) It's good to have you back.

2nd contestant (shying away from MC): Thanks.

MC: Well, shall we get it over with?

2nd contestant: O.K., Mr. Hack, I'm ready to go.

MC: Friends, this young fellow is a tap dancer. In order for him to compete

against these amateurs we've imposed a slight handicap: we've tied his shoelaces together.

(Tap dancer dances; following contestants call hawgs, call square dances, call goeyducks, blow kazoos, for the next forty-five minutes. Mr. Hack receives four more awards.)

Announcer: Friends, in case you missed our dancing cigarette package tonight it's because she's in the hospital with third-degree-burns from getting too close to the dancing match box. Now, I give you Mr. Hack with our final contestant.

MC: Step right up here, please.

Last contestant (with a tear in her little blue eye): Oh, thank you, Mr. Hack. You're so kind to us contestants—I guess you're kind to everybody.

MC: Er, yes. Well, let's get on—a little pressed for time. Where are you from?

Last contestant (choking with emotion): Mr. Hack, I'm from any place I can get a square meal. There aren't many people who'll be kind to an old lady like me, you know.

MC: Now, now, madame, the rose called life isn't all thorns.

Last contestant: You see, Mr. Hack, I'm a lonely woman—no one left in the world. Right after my husband died my son was driving me down to my favorite speakeasy. After he left me off, he said he was going to park the Hupmobile and I haven't seen him since.

MC: Tch, tch, very touching. And get away from that damn microphone! Well, let's get on with your act. I see on this card that you are a torch singer, and your name is—Grawk! MOTHER!

Portrait by

Hans Roth

PALO ALTO



Peninsula Creamery presents LYN KUCKENBERG, ANN DAVIS, ELENA BOSWORTH, and CISSY MADDOCK, known to their friends in RUSSELL HOUSE as the FOUR ROSES. Peninsula's many products, including the FAMOUS MILKSHAKE, are known to all as being the finest in dairy products.

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176

EDWARD'S LUGGAGE

Fine leather goods of special
interest for Stanford students

TRAVEL KITS

BRIEF CASES

LUGGAGE

BRIEF BAGS

HANDBAGS

BILLFOLDS

*Finest selection of leather goods
on the Peninsula*

(Monogramming—no
extra charge)

214 University Ave.

Why?



Renato

KING OF THE

PIZZA

Italian Dinners

Also to take out

Open 2 P.M.—3 A.M.

2899 El Camino Atherton

(Continued from page 22)

Nevertheless, to continue with the organization of our firm, it might be appended at this point that we have obtained the services of many illustrious Broadway stage and Hollywood cinema stars, among them Errol Flynn, Tom Neal, Barbara Payton, Lila Leeds, and Melba, the Toast of New Orleans.

Among our sponsors are such well-known firms as the Daisy Chain Co. ("A chain is as strong as its weakest link."), Consolidated Crudities Co., and the Korngold Brewing Corporation. The latter's intensive "Mr. Korngold for 1953" television advertising campaign soon to be launched will mean additional thousands for our firm.

The following is a typical daily program log for XSEX-TV.

- 12:00 M. Test Patterns and Organ Music
- 2:00 P.M. Feature Film—"Mom and Dad"
- 4:00 P.M. Parlor Sports Parade
- 4:15 P.M. Know These Men (public service)
- 4:30 P.M. Preparation and Use of Heroin (educational—Harry the Hypester, moderator)
- 5:00 P.M. Hollywood Through the Keyhole Hedda Hophead and the Teleguard Camera
- 5:30 P.M. Popo Goes to the Embalming Parlor (children's)
- 6:00 P.M. Sex Patrol (serial)
- 6:30 P.M. Pachuco Playhouse "The Fourposter"

- 8:00 P.M. You Beat Your Wife (audience part.—Ruby Goldstein, M.C.)
- 8:30 P.M. What's My Obsession? (panel with Freud, Kinsey, Kraft-Ebbing)
- 9:00 P.M. Parade of Stars—Starring Grubby Gus McGloin direct from the stage of the El Rey Theater in Oakland (variety)
- 10:00 P.M. Birth of a Nation and the Obstetrics Involved (comedy film)
- 11:30 P.M. Club 16—Retch Barfer (party records)
- 1:30 A.M. Dirty Movies for the Discriminating Palate
- 6:00 A.M. Sign Off

We are exceptionally proud of our 4:15 P.M. show, "Know These Men." It features photographs and descriptions of prominent FBI and local vice and narcotics agents. We offer it as a public service for the protection of our clients.

Hoping to hear from you soon regarding this matter, I remain

Respectfully yours,

MR. CRIME
Chairman of the Board
XSEX-TV

MC/ts

Remember, kiddies, long ago
 Mom said, "Turn off the radio—
 Don't listen to that mystery—
 Go study math and history."

Said ladies of the PTA,
 "Our kiddies dear have gone astray.
 Bedtime now is controversial,
 They answer back a la singing com-
 mercial."

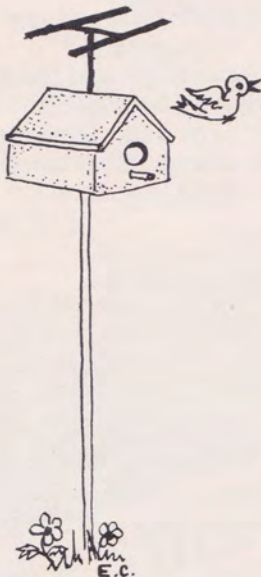
But now that all is in the past,
 The radio problem is solved at last.
 Without a moment of indecision,
 Each home acquired television.

With TV in the kitchen Mom's got
 what she wishes;
 She's Queen for a Day, and not wash-
 ing dishes.
 In her hand is a diamond, not a mere
 lentil
 For smiling from the screen is the Con-
 tinental.

And you take the car, Son, Dad's got
 the fights on
 (Take a ten from his wallet—can't see
 without lights on.)
 When time comes for homework
 there's never delay,
 Space Patrol is assigned to our Suzie
 today.

But wait—now no picture appears on
 the screen
 And housework and homework again
 cause a scene.
 Perhaps in our set too much we have
 trusted.
 Tonight all is sad—the picture tube
 busted.

—Harriett Bauman



LET'S GET THINGS STRAIGHT

BERGH
WHEEL ALINEMENT

745 Emerson DA 3-3727

Holiday separates offered:
 Full grey-tweed party skirt — with jet black disk trim — \$35.00. Jersey blouse — black, with scoop neckline — \$8.95. Clutch bag — also black, with satin lining and gold trim — \$7.95.

PHELPS-TERKEL
 219 University, Palo Alto

Model: VONNIE BECK, Lagunita

TV'S GOTTA GET BETTER

(Continued from page 17)

Waldorf Towers

NEW YORK
October 12, 1952

DEAR MOTHER:

I know—I'm in New York when I'm supposed to be at Lagunita. I haven't eloped or anything. I wanted to telegraph you, but Mr. Holden of TBA begged me not to. What's happened isn't anything I could explain in a telegram—or even in a letter.

You must not worry, but I think you and Dad should fly here right away. Mr. Holden promises to get everything unscrambled in a few hours, but I don't trust him or Dr. Kurtz. A boy I hadn't even met was in the experiment with me. I feel so awful I can't write any more. Please hurry. I need you and Dad.

Love,

DEBBIE

WESTERN UNION

SAN FRANCISCO
10-13-52

MISS DEBORAH JAIMES
WALDORF TOWERS
NEW YORK

DAD AND I TAKING FIRST PLANE. CAN'T YOU WIRE US CARE OF FLIGHT 81 TWA. EXPLAINING WHAT HAPPENED? ALL OUR LOVE AND TRUST MY POOR BABY.

MOTHER

Plaza Hotel

NEW YORK
October 13, 1952

Look, Dr. Kurtz, you better do something about this and damn quick. I sent you two telegrams and tried to get you on the phone. The lab said you were too busy. My father is a lawyer. He will sue you and Holden for plenty. I may have been a damn fool to let you talk me into the experiment. But no guys can do to me what you've done and get away with it. You better phone or wire me soon as you get this letter.

JOE HIGLEY

WESTERN UNION

NEW YORK
10-13-52

KURTZ
STANFORD, CALIF.

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE. BOTH PARTIES THREATENING SUITS AND TROUBLE WITH PRESS. I CAN'T BLAME THEM. DEMAND THAT YOU TAKE FIRST PLANE NEW YORK. WE MUST REPEAT MUST UNDO WHAT HAS BEEN DONE. ACKNOWLEDGE AND REPLY AT ONCE.

HOLDEN

TELEVISION RESEARCH INC.

STANFORD, CALIF.
Office of Dr. I. M. Kurtz
October 14, 1952

MY DEAR HOLDEN:

I was a bit startled to read your air mail coded letter giving full particulars of the faulty multiple transmission.

You state that young Higley was received with the upper half of his own body and the lower half of Miss Jaimes's body. I assume naturally that the girl now has the lower half of young Higley's body.

This is distressing. I would have supposed that the scanning beam revivifier on the living-cell channel might split them vertically, but the fact that it cut the bodies horizontally at the navel is quite a poser.

As I pen these lines I have just received another hysterical communication from young Higley. He wants to know if he is pregnant. I can forgive such hysteria in a Stanford boy, but your own reaction to this contretemps disturbs me. Loss of poise is not helpful to scientific research and—

Later. I have just spoken on the long distance to young Higley. He now fears that the Jaimes girl will have immediate plastic surgery performed to change her sex—with resultant loss to Higley. I have assured him that Miss Jaimes seemed to me a well-balanced girl. No doubt she is suffering some embarrassment and bodily discomfort, but I am sure no surgeon would attempt to tamper with what is merely an *in situ temporis*—and what really belongs to Higley.

To resume, I realize that these misadventures in bio-electronic transmission are a mite irritating to the layman. You must bear in mind, however, that—

Later. Have just received a long and abusive telegram from Miss Jaimes's father. He demands that you transfer young Higley to the Waldorf Towers at once, so he can be kept under guard until something is done to adjust the situation. I doubt the wisdom of such a move. It might prove needlessly embarrassing to have young Higley and Miss Jaimes brought face to face.

To resume, there is a philosophical as well as a scientific element in our little mishap. I think it was Shaw who said that youth is wasted on children. Joe Higley and the Jaimes girl are going through an experience unique in the history of science—Higley will be a better man and Miss Jaimes a better woman for it. Yet all they can think of is bodily discomfort and the pangs of mental adjustment. Verily—

Later. Your latest telegram in hand. I have just wired you to have young Higley and Miss Jaimes flown back to Stanford. We will put them in the readjusted transmitter. I have little doubt that they will go through this time and be received by you in normal physical and mental condition.

For the sake of our long association and the future of multiple bio-electronic television, I have decided to overlook the bitter things you have said. Bitterness, like hysteria, does not contribute to scientific progress.

Faithfully,

I. M. KURTZ

WESTERN UNION

NEW YORK
10-16-52

KURTZ
STANFORD, CALIF.

JOE AND DEBBIE CAME THROUGH IN FULLY RESTORED CONDITION. THANKS. BUT THIS CORPORATION MUST ABANDON FURTHER WORK ON PROJECT. DAMAGE SUITS BY HIGH PRICED TALENT IF ANYTHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED WOULD BE PROHIBITIVE.

HOLDEN



Harryman's
 of California Ave.
 Men's and Women's
 apparel
 featuring brand names
 440 California Ave.
 DA 2-4055

KELLY'S DONUTS
 Special rates for
 Stanford parties
 2231 El Camino
 DA 3-9886



"WASH TODAY; WEAR TODAY"
MAYFIELD LAUNDROMAT
 2343 Second Street
 DA 5-1952


BONANDER'S



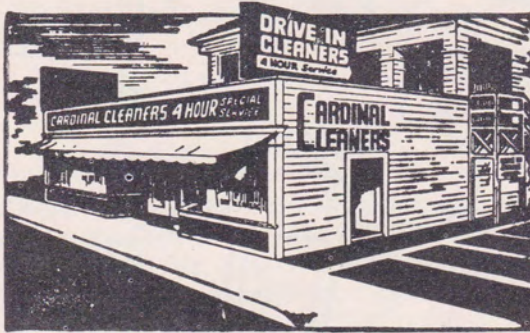
**STOP & SHOP in
 SOUTH PALO ALTO**



- ★ *No parking meters*
- ★ *Large free parking areas*
- ★ *No traffic problems*
- ★ *Easily accessible to the campus*

"At the Sign of the Lamp"

**CALIFORNIA AVE.
 PHARMACY**
 PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
 STANLEY BISHOP
 392 CALIFORNIA AVE. DA 3-1373
 FREE PARKING AND REAR ENTRANCE FROM CAMBRIDGE

Campus
**RADIO
 SHOP**
 Everything in radios and phonographs
 Featuring radio repairing
 458 Cambridge Ave. DA 5-157



625 Ramona Street

DAvenport 3-9240



4- to 24-hour
service
clothing stored
cash-and-carry
or deliveries



Dickie Matthews is wearing an imported cashmere sweater and the "walking" skirt selected from Young Colony's fine collection of Casual Separates.

young colony
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Let's Get Asphyxiated

by Nancy Stone

(adapted by Noel de Nevers; additional dialogue by Harriett Bauman)

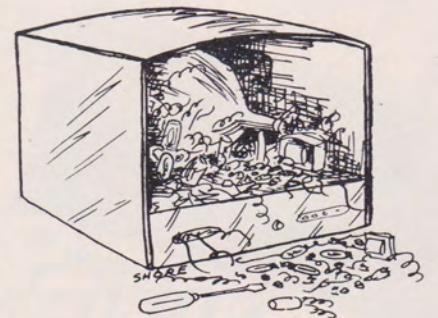
"Aah've got 'em! I'll make you a better deal than anyone! Horse-Trader Ed never turns his back on a deal . . ." By this time my hand had reached out and turned off the clock radio. I rolled over and decided that another hour in the sack would do me much more good than an hour spent sleeping in Western Civ. Unfortunately, the sound of Horse-Trader Ed's pistols wouldn't stop ricocheting around in my head, so I couldn't get back to sleep.

When I got to Civ class the teacher's boring voice soon had its desired effect on me, and I was in a drowsy half-sleep from which I was startled when I heard "Can Duz do everything?" Now Aristotle's distinctions were subtle enough, but this was beyond belief. Could my usually atheistic Civ instructor actually believe in an omnipotent?

Try as I might I couldn't follow all of the ensuing discussion, but I did notice that Snap, Crackle, and Pop each received good grades for recitation.

It was like a reprieve from the governor when the bell rang and I could wend my weary way Cellarward for a cup of coffee. As I wandered through the soft rain I noticed a bicycle coming toward me with its headlight blinking on and off. As it approached I was able to see that the vehicle bore a neon sign proclaiming, "You're always right with Autolite." I passed up the coffee which I knew would have been good to the last drop.

As I staggered throughout the day, these amazing occurrences happened in all my classes. In chorus we har-



monized magnificently on "Ajax—boom boom—the foaming cleanser," and in math there was a long discussion of the statistical probability of Ivory soap's being 99 and 44/100% pure. In hygiene the shy little girl next to me confided that the professor was only half-safe.

At Rossotti's, over an afternoon beer, I kept hearing someone shouting, "I'm from Milwaukee and I ought to know." I looked all over the place for the person from Milwaukee since I am from Milwaukee, and I didn't think there was anyone else here from Milwaukee; I obviously didn't know.

Going to see "The Hucksters" that night didn't help; I came out of the theater with soap commercials gurgling in my ears. As my date and I pulled into the cactus gardens I told her what a strange day I had had, and that I was beginning to doubt my sanity.

She cooed a few words of sympathy, and then seeing that I still was feeling a trifle rocky, she flicked on the radio, and purred that some soft music would make me forget my troubles.

Instead of soft music a voice boomed out, "Next time, go farther with Signal gasoline." We did.



"Mention 'ape' to me again and I'll slug you with a banana!"



An old-fashioned girl blushes when she is embarrassed but a modern girl is embarrassed when she blushes.

—Touchstone



"There weren't many comforts and luxuries back in Adam's day."

"No, but few men have had more fun with a spare-rib."

—Spartan

**SEAT COVERS
CONVERTIBLE TOPS
UPHOLSTERING**

Everything for the interior of your car

DALE H. THOMAS

635 HIGH STREET

DA 2-2330

Parking Space in Front Available to Our Customers

OPEN SATURDAY MORNING

SEAT COVERS

KROGH & POHLMAN TAILORS

TAILOR-MADE
SPORT COATS
SUITS

from
\$79.50



534 emerson
da 3-7733

Alterations and Restyling



Chez Yvonne

Presents the King of the Month

CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from page 19)

"Come in and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Sponsor Present." With this, he touched his tunic to Scrooge's meager nightshirt, and the two were whisked away on some unseen magic carpet to a place which Scrooge in time came to recognize with a shock as the house of his clerk, Bob Cratchit. Seeing that the old miser recognized where they had come, the ghost led him within, where they might watch the festivities.

Up from her corner by the hearth rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned Dior satin cocktail gown, but brave in bracelets which were cheap and made a goodly show withal. Her inner beauty more than made up for the meagerness of her attire, and well it might, for had she not once starred in radio as a succession of virtuous and noble women, from Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, to John's Other Wife? But her years of Facing Life as Portia had worn her out, and it was Scrooge himself who had finally sent her apacking by declining to pick up a flirtatious option which she had frantically dropped in his path. As Mrs. Cratchit stirred the potatoes, two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, the one attired in a manner of which William Boyd might well be proud, while the other was dressed as though ready to hunt for space robbers on the rings of Saturn. These youths danced about the table, showing off for their adoring mama the new steps they'd learned in preparation for an appearance with their favorite television amateur night.

Suddenly Scrooge was made to jump about by the explosive entrance of young Mr. Cratchit himself, with Tiny Tim upon his shoulders. Alas, poor Tiny Tim; a promising child star had been lost when the small iron frames had appeared on Tiny Tim's wee legs. Bob tenderly put his small son down and sent him hobbling off to listen to the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she hugged her husband to her Maidenform bra.

"As good as gold, and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people this Christmas would remember to buy nothing but genuine Bayer As-

pirin and Would Accept No Substitutes."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that, thanks to Wheaties, Tiny Tim was growing strong and healthy. And then such a bustle ensued that you might have thought dinner the rarest of good times. The family jostled and shoved themselves to the table, the goose and pudding appeared upon the board—and what pudding, what with Crisco so handy at the Cratchit's neighborhood grocer's—and half-a-quarter of good stout Regal Pale. The board was laid, and Tiny Tim pronounced a tender grace, the food being for the Smile of Health, the grace for the Smile of Beauty. Then Bob proposed, "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us."

To which Tiny Tim answered in a small voice, "God bless us every one. . . . And speaking of blessings, did you know, Mama, that Jergens Lotion now comes in a large economy size?"

"Tell me, Spirit," said Scrooge, "will Tiny Tim . . . ?"

"I see a vacant space on your television screen," replied the ghost. "If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will never dance again." So saying, he slowly disappeared, and once again Scrooge found himself standing alone and unwanted in his own small room.

He had not long to wait for the third of Marley's predicted triumvirate, for bearing toward him Scrooge discerned a vague, mysterious shape appearing out of the wall. It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which all but concealed its shape. Scrooge was able to make out, in place of a head, a weird steel spire, bearing at its top a form much like the letter "H" turned on its

side. Beyond this nothing. The spirit stood before the trembling man, but spoke not a word.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Sponsor Yet to Come?" asked Scrooge.

The figure nodded briefly, then, gathering Scrooge up in the folds of its garment, bore them both aloft and through the night as the others had done. Suddenly the heart itself of the city seemed to spring up about them, and they found themselves standing on Madison Avenue, amongst the advertising agents and these anonymous men who comprise the twin endeavors of radio and television. These strolled up and down the avenue, and clinked the money in their pockets and conversed in groups and idly snatched stray wisps of slogans out of the air or murmured odds and ends of jingles, as Scrooge had often seem them do.

The spirit stopped beside one little knot of men, and Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous Homburg, "I don't know much about it myself. Only know he's dead."

"When did he die pass away cross the Great Divide walk through the Valley of Death breathe his last shuffle off this mortal coil suffer his fatal relapse leave the world a sadder place for his going?"

"Last night, I think."

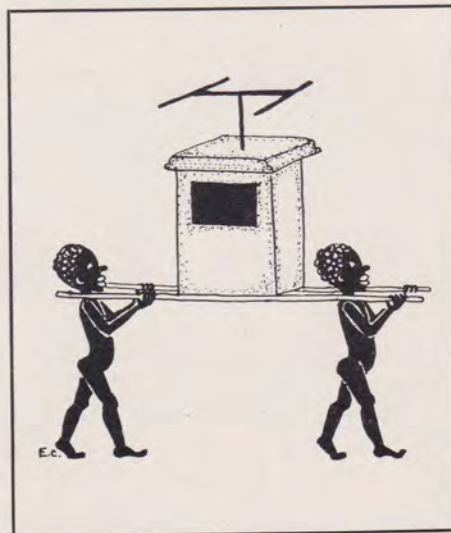
"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking out a Camel, for which he had just finished walking a full mile and lighting it with one zip of a Zippo, then placing it in a DeNicotea cigarette holder with a show of unconcern which told the others in the language of the avenue that he had just landed all three accounts. "I thought he'd never die."

"God and Winchell know, I don't," said the first with a yawn that showed how beautifully Pepsodent had kept his teeth.

"What has he done with his money to whom has he left his vast fortune what is to become of the vast empire what he founded what of the assets valued in the millions by competent observers who are his heirs and assigns when his will is offered for probate who will be the lucky ones on whom his riches so honestly won will be bestowed?" asked the second of the three, a radio news announcer.

"Left it in the company, I suppose," answered the first. "It's likely to be

(Continued on page 34)

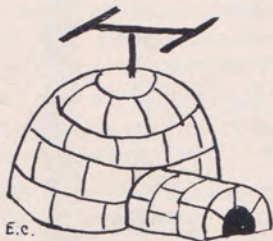


The Open DOERR

While on the wireless
 Punsters are tireless
 (with apologies to O. Nash)



Sonnet to an Aging Movie Queen
 To you, from out the dim-remembered
 past
 Of silent movies, fame returns at last.
 Out through the snow of every TV
 screen
 Your voiceless mouth and sable eyes
 are seen.
 Your deathless love, your buxom knee
 are met
 Amid the cyclone of the video set.
 I see again your frantic pace; it tops
 The machinations of the Keystone
 Cops.
 Romance bubbles in a Western re-
 gion,
 You vamp the leader of the Foreign
 Legion.
 Herewith an old release your story
 tell—
 That sleeping dogs don't lie but rise
 to smell.
 Cherish not I, your teary, soundless
 sob.
 Tough one to lose—I'll turn this
 little knob.



Winchell hates people
 Heatter hates fun
 I want no more of
 Fulton Lewis's son.
 Tallulah left radio
 The disk jockeys stink
 Turn off that wireless
 You might as well think.
 (with apologies to D. Parker)

—Mike Doerr

PALO ALTO LAUNDRY

Serving Stanford Since 1909

Easy on Your Clothes and Easy on Your Budget

644-648 Emerson Street

DA 2-3800



Dating?
 Smart separates—as sparkling as
 holiday festivities.
 The jeweled jersey cardigan—\$12.95
 The full-circle taffeta skirt—\$14.95
 Open up a charge account . . . or better
 still, use our budget plan if you
 need six months or more.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Continued from page 32)

a cheap funeral; don't know of anyone to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

While the others laughed at this suggestion, the spirit took Scrooge through the wall of his own offices, into the media department, close by the very room in which Scrooge himself labored. Scrooge recognized his office manager, a short, fat, harassed man, standing on a table and addressing all the employees of Scrooge Associates who were there assembled.

"You are familiar with what has brought us together, undoubtedly. Since old Scratch's demise, it becomes necessary for us to consider the future. I have purchased from his estate, his nephew being sole heir, the title and assets of the firm. Henceforth we are to be known as Bitten, Button, Dirty, and Scrooge, Incorporated. Is that clear? Any questions?"

The chorus of those present—three hundred strong—answered, "Yes, Mr. Bitten. No, Mr. Bitten."

"Some of the old boy's formats will have to go. Never did care for his ideas on the IBM account; thought that business about advertising the new electronic brains too highbrow; henceforth, those ads will run with a blonde in a bathing suit with a lot of rectangular holes punched in her. 'See IBM for punchcards'—that'll be the new slogan. Clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Bitten. Great stuff, Mr. Bitten."

"Now, in re that darned steel company account. All this talk about the monopolistic powers of United States Steel has got to be ended. Think we'll run a series of pictures and captions entitled 'Honest Ben Fairless at home.' You know the stuff: Ben cooking, Ben changing diapers, Ben and the boys playing charades, Ben milking the cows, Ben visiting the school where

he went through the first grade. It's sock, and I think it'll convince anyone in the country inside of two weeks that Ben is a pretty darned simple, kindly guy. Hm?"

"Yes, Mr. Bitten. You bet, Mr. Bitten."

"Well, then, that's about it. Remember, though, boys, one thing we want to emphasize now that the old man's gone to his Maker. He used to say that advertising was just another term for the professional pitchman stuff, another way to turn a fast buck. That's nonsense. From now on, don't forget, with us advertising is an indispensable part of the economy."

The employees crossed themselves and left. Scrooge turned to his mentor, trembling, for he saw now what he had not before, that the spirit was showing him scenes from the future after his death. He had not long to worry, though, for the spirit was transporting him home again. At last he grasped his own bedpost, at last the spirits had done with him, and the walk-on trio Marley had promised him was now off in the wings for good.

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future," cried Scrooge as he began leaping and bouncing about the room, grabbing his clothing and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with it in his joyful haste. "I am as light as an Ivory Soap flake, I am as happy as a Bendix owner, I am as merry as the sprite on the label of a jar of Peter Pan Peanut Butter, I am as giddy as a schoolgirl with her first Toni Home Permanent, I am as fresh as a loaf of Langendorf Bread. Whoop, hallo!"

He had by now clothed himself and was rushing frantically out of his apartment and along the deserted street. "I don't know what day of the month it is, whether it's time for me to Re-Tire or to end my thirty-day smoking test. I can't remember if I've bought my latest copy of Coronet yet, or if I should rush to my corner drugstore for a crack at the Rexall one-cent sale before the offer ends."

At last his rushing about had brought him to the door of Bob Cratchit's house. It took him a moment or two of turning before he had the courage to thrust open the door, and when he did, why, what a surprise it was, to be sure. Bob himself finally came to his senses and, seizing his employer's hand in his own, pumped it up and down furiously and bade him welcome to their tiny feast. In a twinkling, Mrs. Cratchit had set a place for him

perfect
for holiday
parties—
imported
Chantilly
lace with
nylon
marquise



Model: FRANNIE GAMBERG, Mariposa

CAMERA SHOP



Passport Pictures

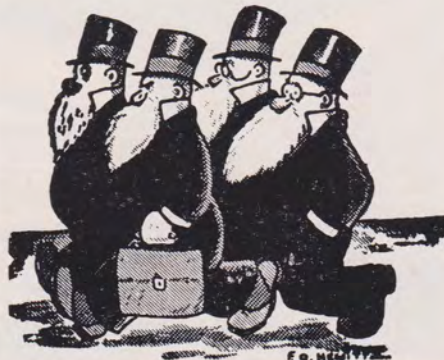
Picture Framing

Photo Finishing

Photostats

Stationery

541 Bryant St.
Palo Alto



"What and miss television?"

at the table, and when he had drawn his knees up under the groaning board, he turned to Bob.

"A merry Christmas, Bob, my boy. I'll raise your salary and make you head of the Pep-O-Mint account to boot, and endeavor to help your family, my good fellow. A Merry Christmas!"

Srooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; for Tiny Tim, he ordered shoes with Cat's-Paw rubber soles and heels, and the little lad danced again on television. He arranged for Mrs. Cratchit a stirring drama of a woman of today meeting today's problems that wet more eyes and sold more Bisquik than any other such program had done before. The two young Cratchits he starred on a show for Milk of Magnesia, and you know them today as Marge and Gower Champion. Bob himself the old man elevated to the highest ranks of advertising and media, and today no one is more proficient with a well-turned phrase or agile in evading the PTA than Bob Cratchit. He organized a huge foundation for the express purpose of "selling" the holiness and



sanctity of Christmas, which it does on the inside flap of twenty million matchbooks every year.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle ever afterward. He wrote a book about the Twelve Apostles whom he described as "the world's first advertising agency," and for it ministers extolled his name from every pulpit. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one! This is the National Broadcasting Company, bong, bong, bong.

He: "What would you say if I stole a kiss?"

She: "What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?"

—Leer



Sue: "Yes, I wrote a confession story once."

Helen: "Did they publish it?"

Sue: "No, but the editor came all the way from New York to see me."

—Widow

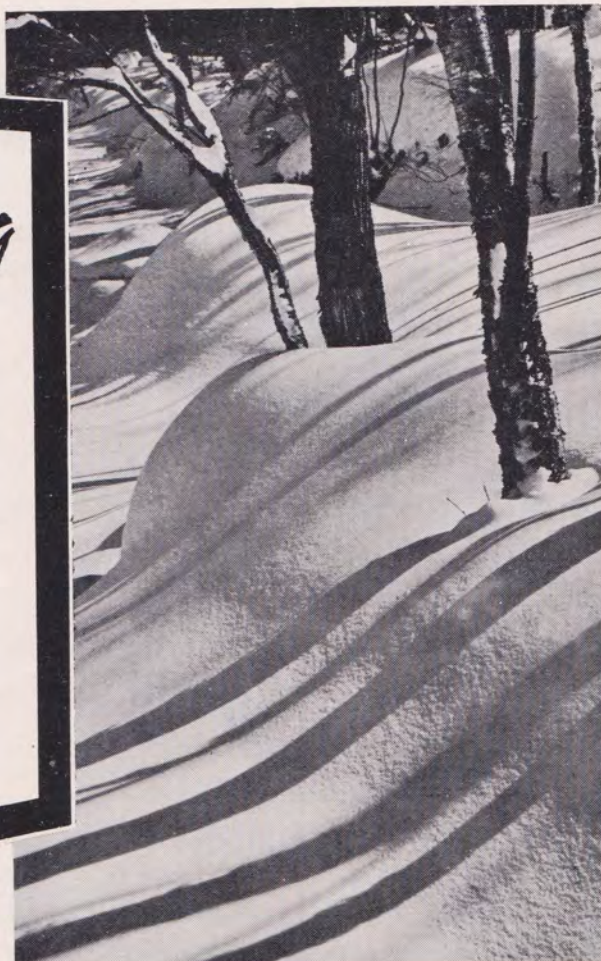
Save these Precious Moments

Bring back your next trip to the snow—and all your other happy vacation highlights. A good camera will capture the thrills and the beauty of those precious moments, to be enjoyed a thousand times over.

Webbs will gladly help you in your selection of proper equipment and they'll process your films for the best results. Stop in today.

Webb's EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC

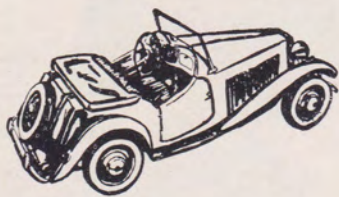
470 UNIVERSITY AVE., PALO ALTO





CONTINENTAL CAR COMPANY

Meeting place of the Stanford sports car club



MG

RILEY

JAGUAR

HILLMAN

MORRIS

ROVER

Sales and Service

DA 3-9035

DA 2-8538



439 Alma St.

SANTA GOES BIG TIME

(Continued from page 15)

his arm around Claus's shoulder. Claus was smoking one of Sellum's cigars.

"Emerson, come here!" called the chief in surprisingly honeyed tones. "Emerson, I'd like you to meet the one, the only, the original, the 100-percent pure Santa Claus."

I was floored. This guy had conned the chief, too.

"We're taking his account for Christmas Eve. Try to pick up two hours on ABC for as little as you can."

"Just a moment, please," broke in Claus. "I don't know much about this business, but just how much of the world does this ABC reach?"

"We can assure you coverage in all the major cities of the United States," I assured.

"Can't I get all of the United States?"

"We could try to get all three networks, Mr. Claus. That would cover all areas with TV," the chief said, winking at me. "That would cost you roughly — mmmm — call it an even million, excluding talent, of course."

"All right," answered Claus coolly. "Now about those areas without TV?"

"We'll buy simulcast time on the four radio networks. "I smirked thinking of a neat commission check.

"Fine, fine. Now we're getting places. What about the rest of the world?"

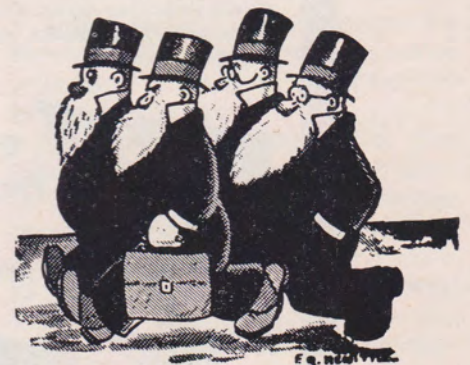
Sellum's mouth dropped open. "Are you serious?"

"Of course, man, I've got to cover the world," said the stranger.

He was getting rather peeved.

The chief looked at me with that "my-God-what-have-we-got-here" look that he usually saves for Salvation Army solicitors, then turned to Claus and said, "If you will drop by at one

(Continued on page 40)



"I give the same old questions— just change the answers, you know."

THE LOVE-MAKING MACHINE

by Jean Bashor

By the year 1970 the entire world was mechanized. There were machines to do everything; there were even machines to do nothing, thereby eliminating the necessity for wasting the time that the other machines saved. The alarm clock was developed to such a high degree that it was now capable of getting a man out of bed, dressing him, brushing his teeth, and putting him out the door. The better mousetrap had now been in existence for seven years; it not only caught the mice, but it rearranged their atoms so that they were transmuted into soft-boiled eggs. In short—there seemed nothing left for man to do but invent machines to take the place of machines.

Then came the earth-shaking news that an inventor in Guatemala had invented something that could invent machines. There seemed no more reason for the human element on earth to go on existing; however, the world's population was continuing to flourish in a manner puzzling to the scientist. But in the office of the Commissioner of Inventions a small white-haired man was about to deliver the *coup de grace* to humanity. He had cut his way through the undergrowth covering the steps to the commissioner's office and waded down the dust-laden halls to present to the commissioner the first invention in months: a large angular box.

"Is it possible that you have invented something?" asked the commissioner.

"Yes," said the white-haired man, as craftily as it is possible to say yes.

"But we had supposed that there was nothing left to invent."

The old man smiled slyly and indicated the box.

"What is it?" asked 032, the robot.

"A new kind of television set," said the white-haired man.

"But we already have every kind of video conceivable," said the commissioner's assistant; "our technicians have developed television that can be smelled ["We've had that since 1952," interjected the commissioner with lev-

ity], felt, and tasted. We have models that give free samples of the sponsor, models that make running commentary on the quality of the show ["Thus dispensing with the need for neighbors," said the commissioner]. Some of our sets are equipped to answer the phone and do the dishes. I could go on forever, but I think you can see that there is no possibility of a new kind of television!"

"Do you have a set that makes love?" asked the old man.

A love-making television set!!

The commissioner gasped. "It must be suppressed," he said.

"It will not be suppressed," answered the old man quietly; "now one no longer has to curl up in front of the television with someone of the opposite sex. He can curl up with the television set."

"Why it might put an end to man," said the commissioner; "think of the complications!"

"With a machine to make love, man's last occupation would be taken from him," said 032.

"There would be no more marriages," said the commissioner's assistant.

"And no more babies," said 032. He was thinking that with man out of the way, machines would rule the earth. Perhaps he, 032, master robot, would be king!

"It must be suppressed!" shouted the commissioner.

"I refuse to suppress it," said the inventor; "it even has a heat indicator."

"A heat indicator!"

"The end of man," said 032.

At the moment the commissioner's secretary walked into the office. She smiled and brushed by him on her way to the filing cabinet. The commissioner looked from her curvaceous form to the angular box. He felt suddenly relieved from the fear of the extinction of man.

"Then don't suppress it," he said, coolly triumphant; "It'll never catch on."

The white-haired man's shoulders drooped as under a heavy load, and 032 sighed; the future of man seemed reassured.



**Don't spoil a
good typewriter
for lack of a little
expert service . . .
Call**

THE  SHOP

524 Bryant Ave.

O. E. Rosenberry

DA 2-3114

Your
Stanford
Station.....

**K
Z
S
U**

880 Kilocycles

7 to 11 Sunday through Friday

Something to take home
at Christmas

Christmas vacation is a good time to talk
with your parents about your trip to
EUROPE next summer

For "ammunition," visit our office to secure folders and
information on many student tours, including our own
very different tour, designed especially for
Stanford students

There is no extra charge but there
is extra service at

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL SERVICE



537 Ramona St.

DA 3-2468

Ade Lurie '40

MOGULMANIA

by Coco Brown

T. J. "Hemisphere" Ajax, movie mogul, crouched claustrophobically behind his massive mahogany desk, and gazed forth unseeingly at the not-so-thin air of his grandly Gothic office. None of his fascinating office props could divert T. J.'s thought into its usual channels. His huge marble statue of L. B. Mayer couldn't bring Ajax to make his usual comparisons between himself and the great man. Nor could his second favorite office game of "pin the tail on the agent" gain T. J.'s attention. Nor could his pile of scripts evoke thoughts of new and greater triumphs. Nor could the thirty Egyptian couches lined up headrest to headrest divert T. J. into pleasant nostalgia. Nor new and un-interviewed starlets—nay, not even his curvaceous secretary—could break through the wall of T. J.'s thought. For T. J. "Hemisphere" Ajax, movie mogul, was depressed. That thing which was closest to his heart was in peril—his money. For business was bad—in fact, it was terrible. That new monster television was weaning away his very life—his money. Furthermore, those simple pleasures which he held so close to his heart were becoming less and less frequent. The starlets were migrating to television, and should he have just one small pleasant irrational fit of violent temper, his office staff would also migrate.

T. J. was depressed all day, and that night not even his Ionic marble mansion, nor his many smiling pictures of himself, and certainly not his loathsome wife could alleviate his heavy heart and help him to regain his simple, easy joy in living. That night the usual thought of starlets jumping over high fences in low dresses could not put his uneasy mind to rest. It was only when he fell asleep that he regained his usual

need a
christmas
toy
for your
little
brother?
sister?
niece?
nephew?
cousin?



BURTON'S TOYS

408
University
DA 2-8545

open evenings until Christmas
largest stock of toys in this area



lightheartedness, for T. J. "Hemisphere" Ajax, movie mogul, had a truly wonderful dream. He dreamed that he was living in a world in which movies had not yet been invented. There was only television, and the public was sick of it. The programs had become hackneyed, the commercials were unbearable, the small screen and the distortion aroused many a migraine. Furthermore, there were always new tubes and improvements to be bought, the kids never did their homework, they refused to go to bed, and they always insisted on seeing the All-American Space Cadet. The only happy people were the bifocal makers. Then he, T. J. "Hemisphere" Ajax, movie mogul-to-be, invented the motion picture! For a small amount of money, people could go out, escape from the kids, to a comfortable theater that even served refreshments. There people saw, in peace and quiet, a clear distortion-and static-free picture, without a single commercial. Furthermore, the pictures were really good, because there was enough money to make them good. The whole country flocked enthusiastically to theaters, and their inventor, T. J. "Hemisphere" Ajax, super-colossal movie mogul, basked in more money and fame than ever.

There were more starlets, too.



She: "Darling, did you ever try selling vacuum cleaners?"

He: "No, of course not."

She: "Well, you'd better start now; that's my husband coming up the walk."

—Froth



They had been sitting out in the garden together for two hours. Finally he became desperate and leaned over and kissed her. Immediately she began to shriek.

"Stop it, please," he begged. "I'll promise never to do it again."

"You fool," she answered, "I'm cheering!"

—Shaft

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church which she attended every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying on the grass. So she picked it up and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again, she let it fly away into the big blue sky.

Now, you lugs, let's see you try to make something dirty out of that.

—Belfry

"Oh, mama, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, mama."

"And why was he so nice?"

"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."

—Ranger

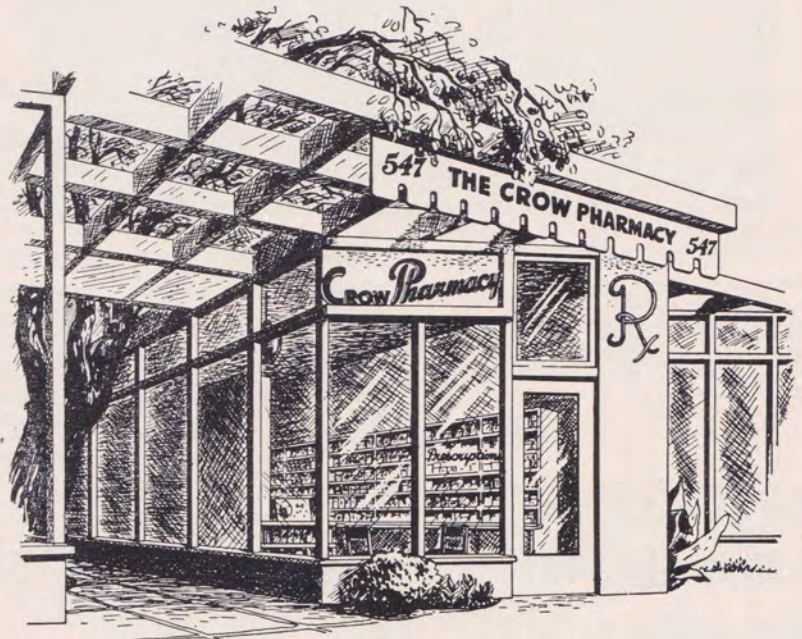


The original *Stanford*
PIZZA
●
ROCKY'S

5 miles south of Stanford
on El Camino

**CROW
PHARMACY**

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

Open till 9 p.m.

547 Bryant Street

SANTA GOES BIG TIME

(Continued from page 36)

o'clock tomorrow, I'll tell you whether we can get sufficient connections."

"I'll do that," replied the man. "Thank you for your consideration."

With that he walked toward the window, opened it, and stepped out on the ledge.

"Stop him!" screamed the chief. "I knew he was a maniac," but I didn't think he'd try suicide!"

Before anyone could move, however, a six-reindeer-powered sleigh pulled up to the window. The rotund man stepped into the driver's seat and took off across New York City with a graceful bank around the Empire State Building. Mr. Sellum fell fainting into my arms.

Yes sir, we had hit a gold mine. The entire staff went to work. We signed up CBS, NBC, and ABC in a matter of minutes—radio time thrown in free. The British Broadcasting Corp. agreed to broadcast if we would send them a kinescope for later release. Soon offers of time were pouring in from all over the world. Radio Moscow refused, however; they said that they had a St. Nicholas under exclusive contract.

Things really hummed around Grabbem, Sellum, and Signum the next few days. We hired two orchestras to back up the New York Philharmonic, prepared the format for the show, and scheduled rehearsal time. Claus thought things were getting a little too fancy, but we told him not to worry.

The newspapers ran banner heads, Schmeltenbourn analyzed the situation almost every night, and offers of free talent flooded our offices from Hollywood. This thing was getting bigger than election night.

Meanwhile, the construction and camera gangs were setting up the Metropolitan Opera House for the gala broadcast. The costs were phenom-

enal, but the publicity was greater. Three accounts had already shifted over from Foote, Cone, and Belding, and everyone was vying for exclusive sponsorship.

We decided to break the two hours down into fifteen-minute segments and sell each one for \$500,000. We would be rolling in dough.

I guess I needn't tell you that the show was a howling success. The first fifteen minutes featured a gay repartee between Hope and Crosby; this was followed by Sid Caesar, Fred Waring did a couple of carols, and Milton Berle did a bit. When we were an hour into the show, Spencer Tracy introduced Santa Claus.

That guy was wonderful. He held the audience in the palm of his hand. He hadn't been able to make it down from the North Pole for rehearsals, so he had to ad lib his lines, but he remembered to plug Wundro Toys, Little Reader Books, and Miss Sub-Teen clothes several times. I was really sorry that we had to cut him off after ten minutes, but Fred Allen had a skit ready to go on camera number two and Dagmar was champing at the bit.

Ten minutes after the show ended, Hooper called in. We had polled a phenomenal 99 all over the world. Santa had visited every home and had never left New York.

Grabbem, Sellum, and Signum had cleared a cool two million on the deal and was now a real power in the ad business. I got a quick promotion away from Startling Cereals and into a junior partnership. And what about Santa?

He was so enthralled with the idea that when General Motors offered him a show, he took it immediately. He and his wife closed down operations at the North Pole and set up in the Waldorf-Astoria. You can catch him every Wednesday night on NBC-TV with his bright new quiz show, "People are Human."



When you need New Safety Glass

Replace it With
PITTSBURGH

For expert, speedy replacement of safety glass or body hardware, call us or drive in . . . Large or small jobs welcomed.

**WEST COAST
GLASS**

541 High St., Palo Alto
DA 3-5542

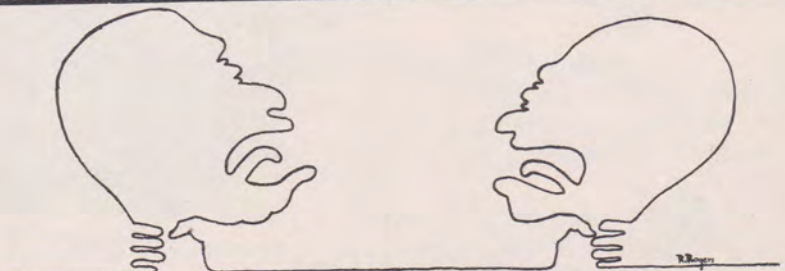
"Glass and mirrors of
all kinds"

Rudy's



Excellent Food
German Dishes
Gemuetlichkeit

2821 El Camino
Redwood City
EMerson 6-9871



"Yeah, and a Merry Christmas to you, too!"

Our Advertisers

Refer to this list whenever you buy!

Acme Glass	10
Agard and Dorn	Inside Back Cover
Bergh Wheel Alinement	27
Blackwood's	36
Brookdale Lodge	Inside Back Cover
Burton's	38
Camels	Back Cover
Camera Shop	34
Cardinal Cleaners	30
Cardinal Motors	5
Carlyle's	9
Chez Yvonne	31
Chinese Kitchen	12
Clothes Closet	7
Continental Car	36
Crow Pharmacy	39
Dale H. Thomas	31
Dinah's	Inside Back Cover
Dixson's	12
Don Hampton	6
Edward's Luggage	26
Elwood's	8
Fox Ltd.	10
Hat Corp. of America	Inside Front Cover
Helen Hartmire	34
Hofman Jeweler	1
Ivan's Waverley Shops	Inside Back Cover
Krogh & Pohlman	31
Kulberg's	33
KZSU	37
Livingston Bros.	5
L'Omelette	4
Marquard's	1
Palo Alto Laundry	33
Peninsula Creamery	25
Phelps-Terkel	27
Renato's	26
Rita on Ramona	11
Rocky's	39
Roos Bros.	3
Roth, Hans	25
Rudy's	40
San Francisco Chronicle	8
South Palo Alto	29
Southgate Motors	7
Typewriter Shop	37
University Travel	38
Webb's Photo	35
West Coast Glass	40
Young Colony	30
Zwierlein's	10



SINCE 1926

801 Alma St., Palo Alto

DA 3-3928

Brakes

RELINED

ADJUSTED

"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

**AGARD ELECTRIC CO.
DORN'S SAFETY STATION**

established 1926

GENERATORS—STARTERS—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WHEEL ALIGNING—BALANCING

*World
Famous*

BROOKDALE LODGE

*Welcomes
You*

The brook runs through the dining room!

- We specialize in private parties
- Dinner dances, weddings, birthdays, etc.
- Between Boulder Creek and Ben Lomond on highway 9

Famous for Stanford dinners since 1924

Phone Boulder Creek 8-6433

...*But only Time will Tell*.....



Test **CAMELS** for 30 days for Mildness and Flavor!



• Every smoker wants a cigarette that will bring him pleasure, pack after pack. More people find more pleasure in Camels than in any other cigarette. So try Camels as your steady smoke. Try them for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are, week in and week out — and you'll see why

CAMEL LEADS ALL OTHER BRANDS BY BILLIONS OF CIGARETTES!