

The Saturday Evening

# PITTSBURGH

March 10, 1954 - 30¢

A STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
PARODY

An Undercover Report:

**UP FRONT**

With Marilyn Monroe



Normal Wellwell



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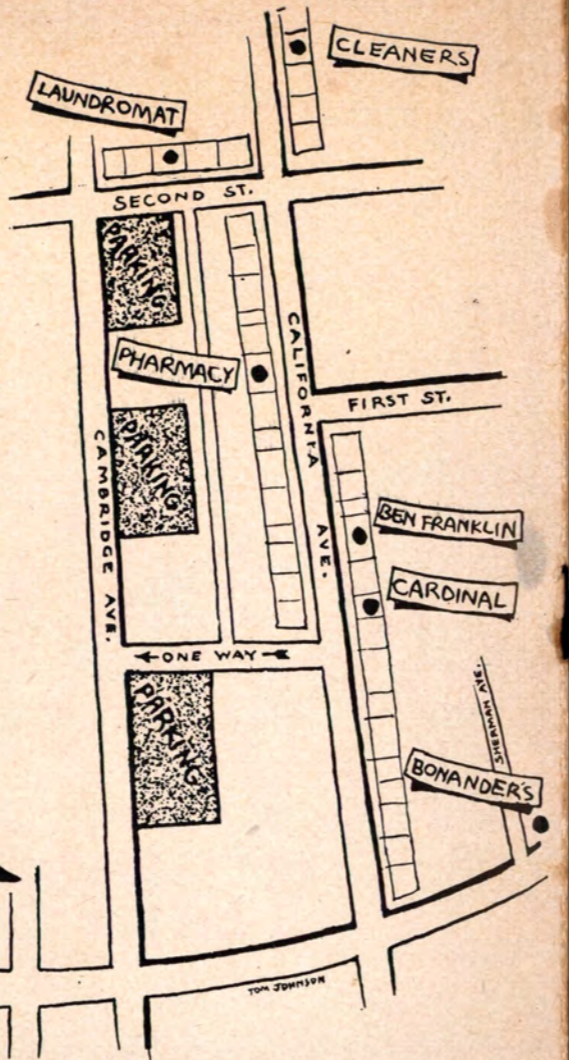
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH PALMISTRY

THE SATURDAY EVENING PILE



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IN THIS ISSUE

March 10, 1954 Vol. 55, No. 6

4 SHORT STORIES

ATHANASIUS BUTTS SAVES THE DAY . . . W. Upchuck 20
THE POPANOWSKI STORY . . . Bill Corr 24
UP THE CANYON A PIECE . . . Tex Hindle 28
THE CHARTREUSE KID . . . Bayshore Chones 34

NOVELETTE

@#%?"@!\$#1%\*- . . . James Jones 99

6 ARTICLES

I WAS THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPY Jascha Troubetzkoy 17
CITIES OF AMERICA, MOLDY CITY J. Baedecker & L. Beebe 22
IT LOWERED THE VD RATE . . . Dr. A. B. Crossfield 26
WE MET DEATH ON MT. TAMALPAIS . . . D. Hertzog 37
I WRITE FOR THE DAILY . . . P. Growth 48
REPORT FROM THAILAND . . . Pierre Louys 69

2 SERIALS

NIGHT TRAIN FOR HAITI . . . C. C. Belhound 32
(Sixth of three parts)
DANGEROUS LADY FROM WATSONVILLE . Brenda Allen 30
(First of many parts)

OTHER FEATURES

LETTERS . . . 6 PILED SCRAPS . . . 30
EDITORIALS . . . 12 VERSE . . . 1, 2, Button my shoe
KEEPING PILED . . . 56



THIS WEEK'S COVER

Artist Normal Wellwell's poignant pigments recall fond memories of yesteryear to our mind. How often, we ask ourself, have we crushed an orchid at the sight of more of our date than we had dared hope for? Especially in front of her parents? The father is probably thinking of how many orchids he has crushed. He does not like seeing his daughter's orchid crushed.

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JOAN LIEDHOLM has touched  
off a nylon blouse and  
wool flannel skirt with  
a Levi Straus suede wescot.  
Perfect selection for casual dates!

**helen hartmire**  
538 ramona street



Photo by Gordon

# 5 19¢



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## LETTERS

TO THE EDITORS

### On the Road

Enjoyed your picture of the car that ran out of gas (cover by Johnson S. Faltering, Feb. 10) even to the man asleep on the front seat and the girl that stood at the side of the road hitchhiking. All in all it is a very realistic portrayal of the culmination of a Saturday night as I have seen them. . . .

GORDIE DAVIS

Standard, Calif.

It is evident that Mr. Faltering has never been out on a date and pulled the out-of-gas gag or he never would have portrayed such a picture. . . .



We kids here at Firewater High have taken a poll and decided that Mr. Faltering isn't right at all. Our Saturday night dates don't end up like that. Firewater High girls would never lower themselves to the point of hitchhiking. Mr. Faltering, please. . . .

A BUNCH OF TEENAGERS

Firewater, Miss.

► Artist Faltering counters with: "You kids have a lot to learn! Whattaya mean . . . never been out on a Sat. night date. Where do you think I get my ideas? Sometimes I even find better things."—Ed.

As a student of lunar affairs and in the name of countless moon fanciers the nation over, I am moved to protest vigorously against the very inconsiderate treatment accorded to the earth's only satellite, the moon, by Mr. Faltering. . . . Because if the time on the watch on the girl's left arm is right the moon is out of place! Indeed! Such a gross atrocity to appear on *Pile's* cover. I'd be ashamed!

The exact truth is that a full moon rises some time after sunset and sets some time after sunrise. So at 3:00 A.M. it is nowhere near the horizon! Any dolt knows that! In fact I got so worked up about this glaring error I've decided to cancel my subscription.

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The Halter—\$3.95

The Play Pants—\$8.95

The Jacket—\$9.95



*Kulberg's*  
320 UNIVERSITY

Model: RUTH DELANIS, Lathrop

Last week's cover looked so realistic. It was one of the best I have ever seen the *Pile* use. Please run more of that kind. They appeal to me.

JOHNSON S. FALTERING

Ecstasy, Iowa

### Montenegrin Economics

. . . Your God-damn lousy magazine makes me vomit.

You talk about the great "democratic economic system" that Montenegro displays in that blob of confirmed tripe about How COURAGEOUS LITTLE MONTENEGRO MAKES BOTH ENDS MEET [by Dr. Jungle Sam Katz-bush, Feb. 2].

Democracy is outdated. It is a senile, dying system. This country needs to unite behind a strong leader who doesn't give a damn for the common man. Like me.

DONALD E. CLUSE

Bjorggenhansen, Wis.

I was never so thrilled in my life as I was when I read that darling little story about the cute little way Montenegro bilks the peasants.

. . . If more people appreciated the nice things in life like pretty flowers we'd all be too, too much happier.

DARE STARK McMELLON

Gutbucket, Tenn.

Your article was fine, but you neglected to mention one thing. The days of warmongering capitalism are numbered. The ranks of the cannibalistic, flesh-hungry tools of Wall Street will be decimated in the wake of the glorious, all-sweeping revolution which I plan to instigate next week sometime if grandmother gets over her cold.

ADAM O. MARVIN

Address withheld

### Moth-ers

The 1028 rare moths in our collection here at the Watson Institute flush with friendly anger at the fact that you neglected to mention them in your recent article on moth collecting. (MOTHS ARE PEOPLE TOO, Feb. 20.) Especially they are annoyed because you did not give credit to Ezra J. Watson, founder of our institute, for discovering and naming the Giant Spotted Sloth Moth, which he did on January 23, 1854. As proof of this we have a daguerreotype in our possession of Watson, President Fillmore, and the Sloth Moth on the White House porch.

FRED ENTOMIC, Director  
Watson Institute

Ivory Tower, Mass.

► Reader Entomic indeed has his facts straight. In addition to naming the Giant Spotted Sloth Moth, Mr. Watson is perhaps most famous in scientific circles for originating the presently accepted technique of determining the gender of young moths.—Ed.



Perk up (and stretch) your winter-weary wardrobe from our complete selection of WHITE STAG sailcloth separates. Sprightly new styles; gay, lighthearted colors.

Model: DIANE GOLDMAN, Branner

Photo by Poze

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Photo by Gordon

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**LETTERS**

CONTINUED

**Organized Crime**

... Your article on the Mafia [HOW THE BLACK HAND STRANGLES OUR WATERFRONT, by Black Tom Mooney, Feb. 9] was excellent. In fact, it was too good. Because of your article some of my best friends were put behind bars or deported. Don't get me wrong, fellows. I think honest reporting is really important for the safety of the world. But, if you ever write another article like that one, you and your writers will be so ridiculed that you'll look like a Swiss cheese ad. I personally will be only too happy to spread your guts all over the water front. Good luck from all the boys down at the Black Hand.

LOUIS THE AARDVARK

New York, Ia.

**Fiction Stories**

The latest model of the Humus line of Groundslug tractors comes with four radical ramifications, and not two, as you erroneously reported in ATHANASIOUS BUTTS, AND THE MAN IN THE MOON (Feb. 20). Since this is the main difference between it and the former model, I would appreciate your publishing the correction.

Enjoy your Butts stories very much.

ATHANASIOUS BUTTS, Sales Mgr.  
Groundslug Tractor Co.

Groundslugville, Ill.

Please stop quoting me as continually deprecating the character of Captain Bullwinkle in your Tugboat Fannie stories, as the quotes are making things difficult at home. I have in reality been married to Bullwinkle for seventeen years.

TUGBOAT FANNIE

Puget Sound, Wash.

Enclosed find the manuscript I am submitting for your fine magazine. It is called "I Was A Pumpkin For The FBI" and describes the events that took place during the seven years I spent inside an oversize pumpkin on the Maryland farm of Russia's top U.S. agent, Dmitri Rasputin Jones. The story of how I stayed alive on sleep and pumpkin seeds while microfilming Russian documents deposited in my pumpkin by unsuspecting spies makes tense and consistent reading if I do say so myself. . . .

PETER H. PETER, Pumpkin eater  
Savoy Pie Co.

Agnew, Calif.

► Author Peter's article starts in the PILE's next issue, and really—you'll love it!—Ed.

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ON RAMONA

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Photo by Riordan

Models: JOAN KNUTH, Lagunita and JO JOHNSON, Lathrop

# The Black Cow



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## LETTERS

CONTINUED

### Movieland

Pete Martin's candid look at the domestic life of Hollywood star Burt Palmdale (*HE DOES PUSH-UPS FOR PAY*, Jan. 23) was happily received by those of us who live out near Burt's desert ranch. Burt is really as soft and gentle as any man alive, and a more considerate person you'd never hope to meet. When our child Virgil got trampled to death by one of a herd of Burt's thoroughbred heifers, Burt slayed the heifer and sent us the best cut of meat, along with a very friendly note in longhand.

MR. & MRS. HERNY MORIBUND  
Cactus Springs, Calif.

### Milesian Caterpillars

... immensely enjoyed your article about Milesian Caterpillars [*I EAT MILESIAN CATERpillars*, by William Z. Foster, Feb. 2] and so did Jane. She thought it was a dandy too. Oh, it was a real intelligent story, and you can bet your bottom dollar Jane and me'll be watching for those little buggers. *Pile* sure is a swell magazine . . .

BEN FRANKLIN  
Philadelphia, Penn.

... It is absolutely evident that the caterpillar article is a forgery. There are no such beasts; nor is there any such country. Author William Z. Foster is a parasitical hypocrite, a puerile charlatan, and a euphemistic sycophant.

CLIFTON FADIMAN  
Stanford Museum

▶ Author Foster replies: "Fadiman is a stupe."  
—Ed.

That was a nice story about those nasty caterpillars, but what did the nude picture of Marilyn Costello have to do with it? George won't put down the magazine and come to dinner. What should I do?

MILLECENT GUNDELFINGER  
Fillmore, N.D.

### Pile Politics

The irresponsible, colored, and unforgivably slanted statements lauding our do-nothing administration (*THEY GUARD OUR FREEDOM*, Jan. 13) serve only to bring into the open the fact that your ignoble publication is controlled by stodgy political philosophers still agitating for costly labor, the 16-hour day, and annual baby poisonings to decrease the surplus population. Ugh!

HARRY S. HUMAN, Director  
Human Memorial Library  
Paradise, Calif.

# Ira Nagel

124 University Avenue  
Palo Alto  
DA 2-1133



Photograph by

Hans Roth

173 University Avenue  
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## EDITORIALS

## Arise! It's Now or Never... Or Else!

**T**HE *Pile* has never made it a policy to crusade openly for or against any cause other than those which truly menace our great nation.

But the time has come to sound the clarion call, a resounding "to arms" to all patriotic and red-blooded lovers of liberty who are willing to defend America from a new and insidious enemy. Arise and take arms against a sea of . . . butter.

It may seem ridiculous, but the crisis is actually upon us. There would be no immediate danger of inundation were the warehouses not bursting at the seams with a huge butter surplus to overflow, but the problem still exists. Yea, there is no imminent prospect of physical danger which will occur from the fumes and poisons of a rancid golden horde. The threat is rather a menace to our precious, our beloved, our inalienable, our defendable-to-the-death Civil Rights.

All over this America of ours, this land of milk and honey, lie huge sheds, bulging with butter. This is not the fault of those wonderful friends of yours and ours who are now directing the destiny of our great ship of state, nor is it the fault of that great exponent of the American way of life, the American dairy farmer.

It is the fault of the rascals who have been thrown out, but the *Pile* will not go into all the sordid details of this vile blot on the pure and holy pages of American history. No, the *Pile* is nonpartisan. The *Pile* will endeavor to bring America out of this crisis guided forever by the principles of FAIR PLAY.

The *Pile* proposes a plan to establish a National Rascal-Catching Contest. Rascals obviously got us into this horrible mess, so why not establish a means of preventing any such occurrence in the future? A contest which gives every loyal American the chance to help his country achieve her God-granted destiny—this is the means which the *Pile* proposes.

Everyone who can prove his undying loyalty to the satisfaction of the FBI would be eligible to participate. At the end of every month the Attorney General would release a list of those whom he considered to be the biggest rascals apprehended by this means,

## DAFFY'S CARTOON



i.e., everyone reports to the FBI the people whom he feels to be rascals. The prizes, of course, would be paid in butter, in amounts varying in proportion to the degree of rascality of the persons apprehended.

In order to prevent the further overproduction of butter, fines would be levied on the

offenders, forcing them to buy all butter not needed for national consumption, and this butter would be continued to be used for more prizes. Thus, in the long run, the only losers would be the rascals, and the traditional American system of liberty and justice for all would be preserved.

### The Youth Of Today, A Pregnant Question

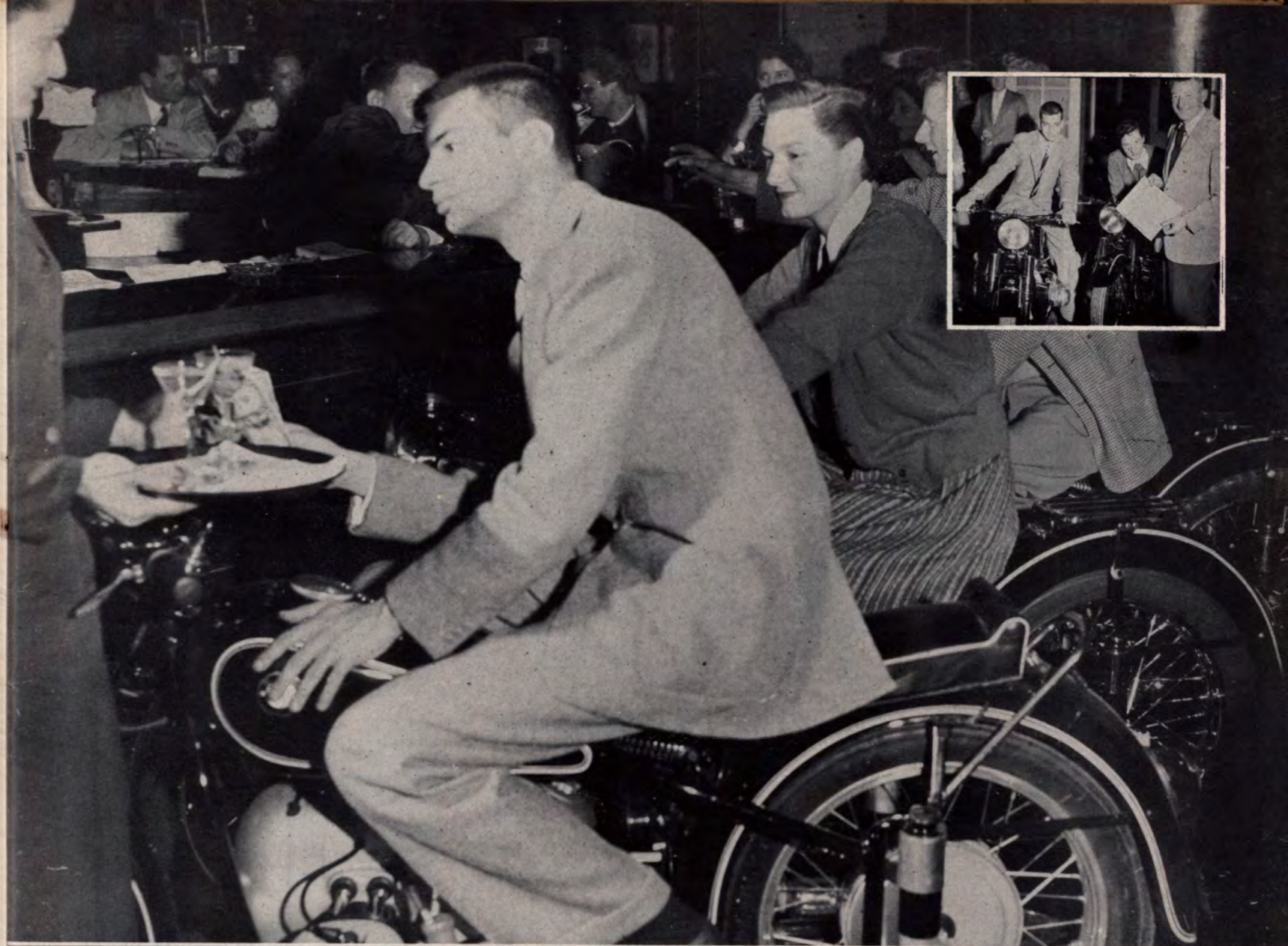
**T**he juvenile element of our society is fighting against almost overwhelming odds to survive in the urban jungles of America. What chance have these misguided youths to straighten their ways and follow the path of righteousness with the reward of MORALITY shining in the-not-too-far distance?

How many teenagers of today are suffering from the evils imposed on them by a sinful society which, although its older generation heeds not the call of goodness and purity, affords no sanctuary of morality, no haven

of rest for those weary of the eternal struggle against the powers of evil and the temptations of the devil?

The solution can come from you, the few good and honest people left. You must aid these youths to mend their ways. By putting pressure on your state authorities to provide bigger and better reformatories for our children you will be helping save our country from falling to sinful depths never before experienced in the annals of recorded history.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



The Mild Ones . . .

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from Alviso  
and considerably farther  
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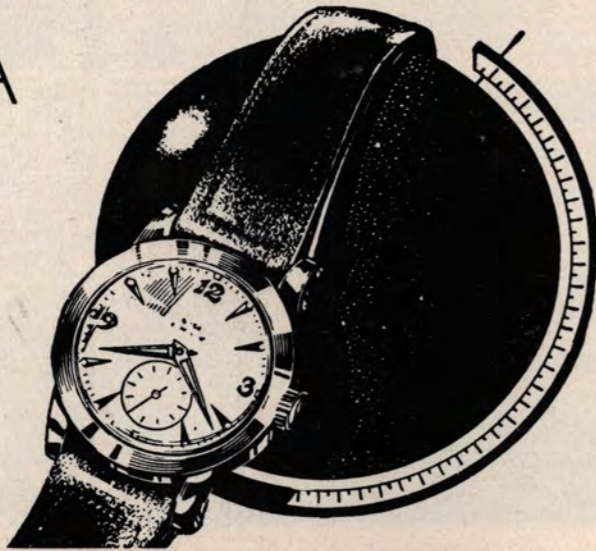
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**EDITORIALS**  
CONTINUED

**Is McCarthy A  
Communist?**

The current hubbub and rabble-rousing about Communists in the government leads one to wonder whether Red activity stops there. The *Pile* has it from a competent authority (who cannot be revealed at this time) that the nation has already been overrun by agents of the Kremlin, who have infiltrated every pore of American social structure.

The teachers of our children have united into a compact Communist cell and are even now spreading the teachings of Lenin and Marx in political science lectures at colleges throughout America.

There have also been numerous accounts of Red infiltration in our primary schools as evidenced by the community projects the children are instructed in.

This warning to you, the American people, may be just in time—or it may be too late. Remember that there are spies everywhere. In your business, in your home, Reds are at work.

If this is not enough, the *Pile* can now prove that because he has been throwing the blame on everyone else, Senator Joseph McCarthy is a Communist!

**Un-American Hotels  
Are Switching To D.C.**

There has been an alarming trend in certain subversive hotels to switch from A.C. to D.C. This offers a direct challenge to every red-blooded man, woman, and child in these glorious United States.

In the first place any fool can plainly see that hotels are an un-American practice. They foster dangerous thoughts which could lead to treason within our glorious ranks. Traitors may be found lurking under or in most every bed in these hotels.

During the course of its glorious investigation, the Senate Hotel Investigating Committee entered a certain well-known hotel and found big, bearded men with black hats and black capes, throwing bombs at the capitalists and shouting, Down with Wall Street and to hell with George Swish (manager of the hotel)!

Senator McShmuck's Hotel Investigation certainly deserves more popular support. Senator Birdwell has offered to investigate the motels, but McShmuck is investigating Birdwell at the present time, so the whole thing has been tabled.

As soon as Senator Harrumph finishes his investigation of McShmuck, we will be able to give more exclusive opinions on the basic issue of A.C. versus D.C. We predict that this will be a major issue in forthcoming election campaigns. Every red-blooded American owes it to himself and to his glorious country to get behind this issue and push.

PICTURES WITH A PAST  
**Remember When?**



REMEMBER the days when fraternities played a *really* important part in Stanford social life? Pictured here is a pledging ceremony which took place in the winter. In the center is an IFC president from days of yore, the expansive and popular Sir Jean deSwils, atop his prancing white charger. The parade of horses carries the pledges of the ancient Geke house. In the background is the Delt house, breeding ground of student body presidents.

—G. G. G. WASHINGTON



REMEMBER when the Immortal 21 stole the Axe back from Cal? Here are some of that famous group parading triumphantly in front of the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco. They are carrying the Axe. It was unseasonably cold that July day, and the heavy snowfall was unexpected. The happy group later that day convened at the Oasis and discussed plans to give the Axe to everybody else in the world.

—LOTTA GARBOON



THIS friendly little group gathered around the banquet table planned a famous and earth-shaking series of lectures, "Stanford Today and Tomorrow." The one in the center wearing the arm band is an Apache Indian wearing his ancient tribal symbol. He attained a small measure of fame later in life as leader of the Stanford ROTC unit.

—KEYSTONE KOPP

The *Pile* pays \$547 for your impersonally taken photos for this feature. Subjects: Unusual views of female people, early American animals, untamed foreign mammals, and historical people doing non-historical things. Unused pictures will be kept by the editors. Be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Write to *Remember When*, Box, The Saturday Evening Pile.

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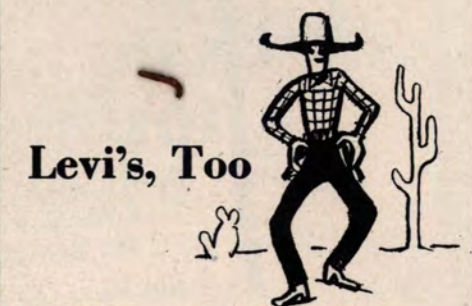
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THE SATURDAY  
EVENING  
**PILE**  
FOUNDED IN  
1728 BY  
*J. Old Boy*

The author remarks that one of his greatest aids has been his ability to befriend royalty.

# I Was The World's Greatest Spy

By JASCHA TROUBETZKOY,  
*alias Benedict Hari,*  
*alias Mata Arnold*

The *Pile* presents the private memoirs of the greatest peeper of them all, Jascha Troubetzkoy. Here's his report on how he swung his many shady deals—at the expense of anybody who would pay him.

I MAY say, and with all due modesty, that until my recent retirement I was the greatest spy the world has ever known. I was born in Piperlypip, England, and at the highly mature and dignified age of twelve I received my first remunerative assignment. *Smut* magazine of London employed me to ascertain the dimensions of a certain lady who was to ride through the town of Coventry. There was nothing unusual in itself about the lady's riding through Coventry. However, she planned to do so, clothed only by her hair which had been shaven for publicity reasons. There were no calendars in those days, so this old-fashioned lady was forced to make a personal tour through Coventry in hopes that a talent scout might discover her. She had an excellent agent named

Lord Godiva, who doubled as her husband.

This assignment seemed particularly attractive to me for I had just that year reached puberty. Initially it seemed to me as though I were to have unusual difficulty in performing this, my first assignment, for Lord Godiva had taken assiduous precautions against anyone peering at his wife. When I offered my services as sweeper behind the lady's white horse, I was refused but undaunted. Outside of town, and beside the road, was a large sand pile. I reasoned that if you can't see them, they can't see you. Just before the lady rode past, I imbedded my head in the sand, and with my automatic camera on my back I snapped the lady's picture. This won me a sizable commission from *Smut*.

This first coup brought me great fame, and



"Good pals are important in my business.  
Half the work is meeting the right people."

LUDWIG VAN CRUMHOGGEN



WORLD-WIDE PHOTOMATIC

“Learning about troop movements in the Russo-Japanese war was easy. All I did was hide,” Troubetzkoy tells.

as I fluently spoke English, Spanish, Ancient Sanskrit, Chinese, Dutch, Latin, and Esperanto, I was hired by the Lithuanian government to spy on the Russians. In my six years of spying on them I had one hell of a time. During the last four years, Rasputin, the Russian leader, hired me to spy on the Lithuanians, enabling me to supply both sides with the choicest bits of inside information. My efforts were justly appreciated. I promptly invested in United States war stamps at three and a half percent. I also invested in the Littlepaugh Monocle Corporation.

My role as international spy had been well established by now. I was next hired by Louis

XIV to spy on Marie Antoinette. Marie and I came to be the best of friends until Madame LaFarge hired me to investigate Louis. It was about this time that I bought out the Peasant Cake-Soap Company.

After the Revolution I was hired by Robespierre to spy on Scarlet Pimpernel. This was one of the easiest assignments I ever had. I was Scarlet Pimpernel! At this point I feel I should say that we spies have our own code of morals and ethics. We believe in complete loyalty to whoever hires us, unless we are forced to disregard our tenets for the sake of more money, which is after all our prime objective. I am sure, however, that you will

never find a more stalwart universal patriot than I.

My next job was to spy on the Serbians. My employer, Archduke Ferdinand, died quite suddenly after the Serbians offered me certain properties. His death somehow caused a rather serious international crisis which lasted several years. During the crisis I was employed by all the participants to spy on Napoleon at St. Helena and stay out of Europe. They figured it would be cheaper that way. When Lloyd George announced that he would hang the Kaiser from a sour apple tree, the Kaiser recalled me from St. Helena in order that I arrange the destruction of all England's sour apple trees.



NBOWONGA GRAPHIC ARTS

The author's Boer War experiences were harrowing, but instigating Mau Mau rioting was a lark for a great spy.



DA VINCI STUDIOS

Mark Antony, close friend of Troubetzkoy's, committed a messy suicide when the author sold out to the Ostrogoths.

During the 'twenties I had some most remarkable escapades. First I was hired by Ernest Hemingway to spy on F. Scott Fitzgerald. Then Warren Gamaliel Harding hired me to examine the great nothern spawn, and Coolidge hired me to poison Harding. A year later I was wooed from the tables at Monte Carlo by Trotsky to spy on a relatively unknown individual by the name of Stalin. For this I was given the Siberian Real Estate Co. After I had arranged for Trotsky's beheading, this Stalin person suggested something I now recall to mind as a rather amusing anecdote. Stalin thought that were America to have an economic depression, the workers might throw off their chains and shackles. To oblige comrade Stalin I bought up eighty billions worth of stock with my excess savings, and then I sold short, thus creating the whole depression all by myself.

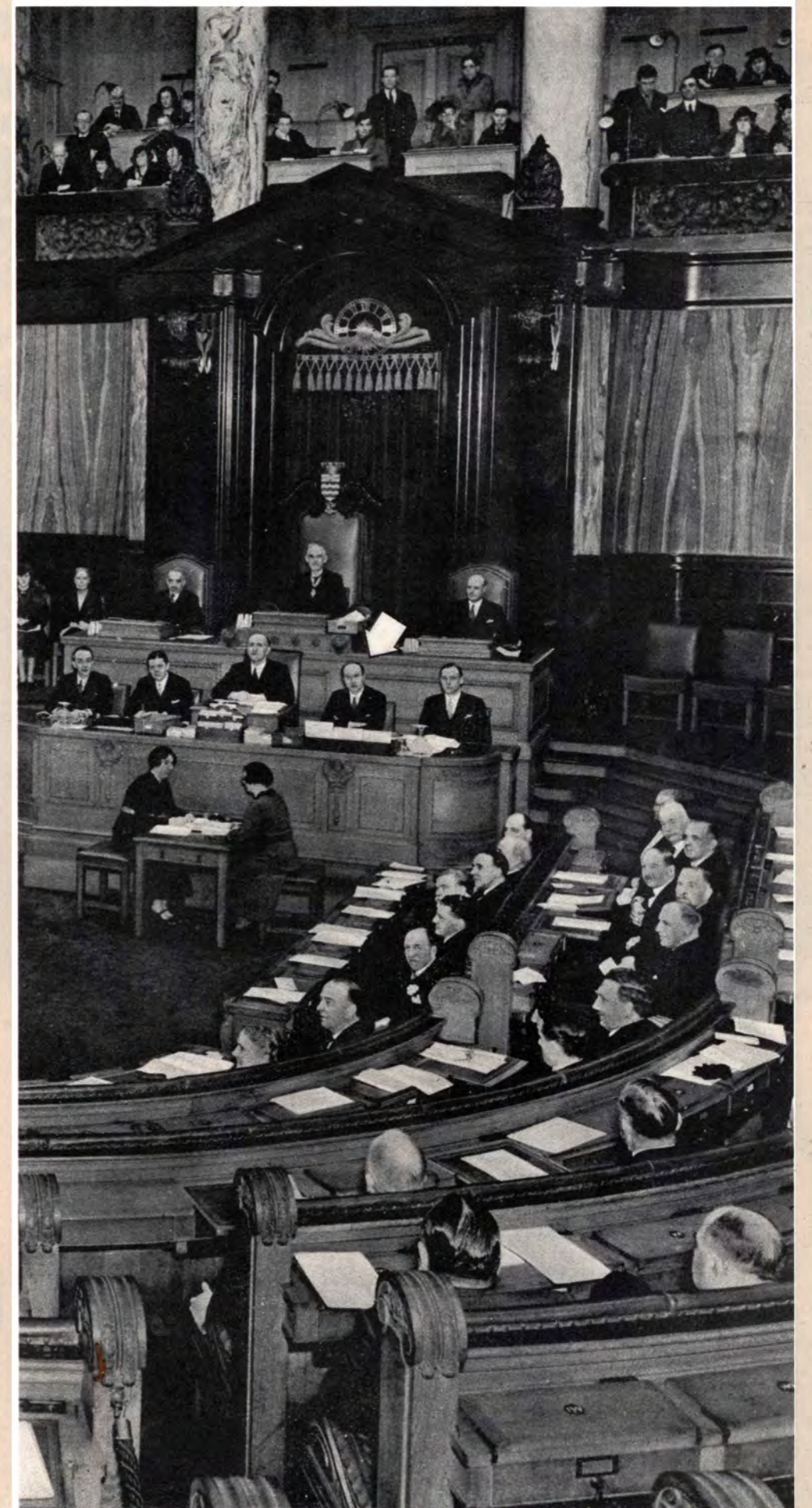
I then spent several years in America, and cultivated a certain love for the land. I decided to become a citizen as any loyal and patriotic man would do. Among my many American friends are Alger Hiss and Harry Dexter White, gentlemen of no small fame. I continued my patriotic activities, with business picking up around 1941. However, even the best spy is fallible. We are all prone to errors and mishaps. Making a patriotic attempt to radio Hitler the date and location of D day (I had come upon this information quite by accident through working as Roosevelt's private advisor), my radio failed me. I later discovered it was not plugged in. This is the greatest blot on my brilliant career.

I am now about to reveal the innermost black secret from my life. Roosevelt thought that I did not know about Pearl Harbor. My personal vanity forces me to clear myself. For the first time in my stainless, unblotted life I was forced to tell a lie. I did know about Pearl Harbor; only at the time Japan was paying more than the United States.

In these past few years I have been happily employed. Most of my time has been taken up with Senate investigations which I acknowledge to be worth-while work. However, I still found enough time to cause the Mossadegh hubbub in Iran, to bring about the destruction of the NATO, and I was indirectly responsible for Beria's death because I informed the Russians that he once served as a gigolo for Eva Perón. I must say I was in no way connected with the untimely death of comrade Stalin, for I was fishing on the Yalu River at the time.

The public may wonder at my early retirement with such a successful career just waiting for me. Well, after selling the hydrogen bomb to Russia, I decided it was time to settle down and raise a family like any average man. I am retired with my home and family now in Oak Ridge, Tennessee—a little hill-billy village I bought from the TVA, through the RFC. You must realize I'm a normal, peace-loving man who dreads the sight of blood and loves the sight of money. As to my present financial condition, I have enough to support my thirty-six children comfortably, and though I feel my savings stamps at three and a half percent have become somewhat worthless, I still have my twelve percent of Russia to fall back on.

THE END.



MOLOTOFF MOVIE TONE

“Security council? Ha!” laughs Troubetzkoy. “They used to call me in to let them know what was going on in the world.”



"I offered him a deal that brought delight to his face."

# Athanasius Butts Saves the Day

By WARTHOG HAMHEAD UPCHUCK

The Groundslug faces its toughest test, but Athanasius Butts pushes it to create newer and more earth-shaking obstacles.

TO: GUTBUCKET HENLAYER, PRESIDENT  
GROUNDSLUG TRACTOR Co.  
GROUNDSLUGVILLE, V.I.

FROM: ATHANASIOUS BUTTS  
SALES MANAGER  
STANFORD, CALIF.

DATE: March 7, 1954

**D**EAR HENLAYER: We're really up against it. Business has been slack, so I have been scouting around in search of new and different ways of using that most magnificent of all machines, the Groundslug Tractor. I was out driving yesterday when I thought of our new scraper and grader attachment, so I pulled into a service station.

"Know of any bad roads that could stand some work?"

The attendant needed no time for thought. "Two miles up and left onto the Stanford campus. Plenty of them there."

"Are you sure these roads are really in need of heavy work?"

"They're the world's worst. You'll see," he said, shuddering at what seemed to be a particularly graphic recollection.

I quickly drove two miles and turned onto the campus. I have a vague recollection of driving up a palm-lined avenue toward a lovely church façade, but I was fully occupied holding the wheel, which had suddenly metamorphosed from a normal control mechanism into the reins of a bucking bronco.

After forcing my lurching car to a halt and settling my teeth back into place, I spoke to a young man in a red jacket near by.

"Are there any other roads around here like this?" I asked, feeling that an affirmative reply just couldn't be given.

He answered with a few well-chosen but hardly repeatable words, and I concluded that I was in the center of a several-thousand-acre establishment crisscrossed by such im-

pediments to human well-being. Upon further questioning I discovered that this whole system was under the supervision of an agency known as the Corp Yard.

A few minutes of reconnoitering proved that the boy's beliefs were not ill-founded. I then proceeded to the Corp Yard and found the foreman in charge of road maintenance. For a fleeting moment I had a vision of a fleet of glistening Groundslugs moving in and conquering these rutted trails, so little removed from the cowpaths they once were.

"How do you do, Sir?" I said. "I represent the Groundslug Tractor Company. We are prepared to save you a considerable amount of money and also earn you much good will by helping you improve and maintain your roads."

"Our roads are perfect," growled this island of ignorance in a sea of knowledge. "See these machines," he said, pointing to a pile of World War I surplus equipment heaped in a corner of the yard. "These made our roads the way they are, and they keep them that way—the best."

"Very interesting," I replied. "But where do you keep the horses?"

"What horses?"

"The beasts that pull these implements," I said. "They obviously can't move under their own power."

The foreman whistled, and two rather crude policemen popped out of an adjoining building and hustled me off the campus, quite irritated at this interruption of their poker game. This all occurred yesterday and I have been meditating ever since in an endeavor to conquer that lout of a foreman's invincible ignorance.

Have no fears, Henlayer. The battle will soon be won.

Yours enthusiastically,

ATHANASIOUS BUTTS

GROUNDSLUG TRACTOR Co.  
GROUNDSLUGVILLE, V.I.  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT  
March 9, 1954

MR. ATHANASIOUS BUTTS  
SALES MANAGER  
STANFORD, CALIF.

**D**EAR BUTTS: Give up your new idea and get onto something that will make a profit. You are wasting time and money in trying to help LSJU improve itself.

Field work done years ago shows that the rulers of that institution of so-called higher learning have no intention whatsoever of doing the smallest iota of work to change or improve the medieval nature of their roads (also so-called). These paragons of stupidity have not yet moved mentally into the age requiring a proper mechanical environment. They just aren't adjusted.

Give up, Butts. Ignorance is strength, and these ignoramuses like their roads.

Most sincerely,

GUTBUCKET HENLAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ALLEN

TO: GUTBUCKET HENLAYER, PRESIDENT  
GROUNDSLUG TRACTOR Co.  
GROUNDSLUGVILLE, V.I.

FROM: ATHANASIOUS BUTTS  
SALES MANAGER  
STANFORD, CALIF.

DATE: March 11, 1954

**D**EAR HENLAYER: Our troubles are over, as of today. I received your epistle of doom this morning, and, rather than give up the job as lost, I decided to give it one last try, although I had not yet discovered any new approach.

I navigated up the palm-lined avenue again, and the nauseating jolting and heaving of the car and myself seemed to start my mental wheels turning. I almost had it as I turned right, and then, as I careened over the asphalt-covered logs which form the road in front of the Chemistry Building, it jelled.

You said, if I remember correctly: "They like their roads." My evidence had completely confirmed this, so . . . why not help them out?

I arrived at the Corp Yard, jumped out of the car, and assumed a defensive position against the looming bulk of the onrushing foreman.

(Continued on Page 41)





Scenic Moldy City, nestled in the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, is the cultural center of California.

THE CITIES OF AMERICA

# MOLDY CITY

By JOE BAEDECKER AND LUCIUS BEEBE

This is the 403rd of a series of articles on America's most colorful cities. The next, which deals with Lead Hole, Montana, will be published eventually if the old Pile don't go busted first.

GO to little Moldy City, Calif., and the first thing you'll probably hear is one of the many stories about friendly old Judge "Hangin' Sam" Boaz. "Haw, haw!" the local natives will tell you. "Yessir, ol' Hangin' Sam was quite a character. Why, ah reckon there wouldn't of been no Moldy City if it warn't fer Hangin' Sam. Never gave a 'not guilty' verdict in thutty-two yars on the

bench. Yep, we reckons that that must be some kind of a record. Haw, haw!"

But all is not gayness and levity in little Moldy City. The citizens of this brave village in the Santa Cruz mountains have their mission in life. Led by their fearless spiritual guide, Deacon Reeker, they know their cause is the only true one. After all, the citizens realize that Deacon Reeker and, as they say in reverently hushed voices, "Someone . . . up there" hold nightly communion with each other.

Moldy City was a dream, a vision in the eyes of a few farseeing prophets only six thousand years ago. Leaving the decadent Seven Cities of Cibola early in May of 4004 B.C., the three great founders, Eggadeusis, Madretodos, and Grunt, set out to comb the continent to find the right spawning ground for the true faith.

The band of weary travelers came to a

Known as the "City of Good, built by Good people, with suckers' money," this California metropolis has .001 percent of the population of West Santa Cruz County and an important position of ideological leadership in our modern world.

clearing in the poison oak forests south of Los Gatos (founded several years later). An inspired gleam came to the eyes of the prophets. Eggadeusis sighed and said to his horse, "Lafayette, we are here." According to local legend, a bolt of lightning struck Eggadeusis dead at the point. Villagers still proudly point out a small brown spot in the mud of the town square. Plans are under way to cover it with a great shrine which conforms roughly to the architectural lines of the Tower of Babel.

Madretodos and Grunt, still more confirmed in their beliefs by the disturbing incident, settled on the spot and set out to propagate the faith. Happily married to local gorilla women, each sired 1,001 children. Deacon

Reeker is a direct descendant of somebody damned important, but he doesn't quite know who.

As with all great cities, life has not been a bowl of cherries for little Moldy City. The town has been subjected to terrible plagues, famines, natural disasters, pestilences, and other acts of Their Co-Worker. In 4 B.C. the greatest earthquake in the history of mankind cracked four pieces of hand-wrought crockery. During the Reformation a devastating flood completely inundated two subbasements, and a ladybug plague destroyed the entire celery crop of local victory gardens during the First Armageddon.

But the idomitable spirit and courage of the brave little band united them against adversity. They have profited by their troubles. Disasters are small-time to the citizens of Moldy City. During the great earthquake a strapping young lad named Gene Tunney was bravely watering a rutabaga patch. When one particularly strong tremor hit the area he dropped his huge pottery watering crock on his left great toe. Wincing from his badly sprained toe, he staggered back to the house to get another crock! He finished watering the garden, but the strain weakened him so that he died seventy-six years later.

Moldy City's industries are many and diversified. If one had to name the town's primary industry, however, he could not very well fail to mention the Moldy City Press. The hum of a Gutenberg flatbed press can be heard constantly throughout the day as the gigantic marvel turns out reams of broadsides proclaiming the true faith and an occasional menu for the local bar. The press boasts three different type faces and employs a part-time compositor-pressman.

Old Ben Funk, who is the driving force behind the press, said in a recent interview, "Yep, by jingies, things is sure pickin' up in these-here parts. Ain't had so much business since Lucy Mae Tweedy got married all formal-like. I printed up some real invites on the back of some of Sam Grunion's pitcher postcards. Had pitchers of the 1915 Pan-Pacific Exposition on the back." Ben wiped



Standing as a monument to their resourcefulness and industry, this magnificent edifice is truly the literary and conversational cultural center of the town.

a tear from his clear blue eye. "Pretty things them was, too," he said, choking.

Moldy City also has a thriving patent medicine industry. Grandma Sturdley's Snake Oil Elixir is actually brewed from herbs blessed six thousand years ago by Eggadeusis, Madretodos, and Grunt.

Moldy City maintains a unique form of city government. One of the earliest and most primitive forms of government, absolute dictatorship, has been refined to an almost unbelievable extent in Moldy City. When *Saturday Evening Pile* reporters came to the town to write the article, Deacon Reeker welcomed them by having six members of his city council march off a thousand-foot cliff in an obedience test. It was one of the most amazing displays one could ever hope to see. Timidly we asked him to repeat the performance, and he graciously complied, saying,

"People are simply swine, and should be treated as such. Shall we run off another batch?"

Although, as reporters, we did not believe wholeheartedly in the good father's political ideologies, we had to admit that it had been a damn fine show.

We met what was left of the city council. One old member could actually recall a formal meeting. In 1868 the council drafted a formal letter to John Wilkes Booth commending him for shooting Abraham Lincoln. The old council member reminisced nostalgically, "Yep, we really wrote one hell of a letter. Biggest thing I ever did in my life. Never fergit that last sentence. Went like this, it did." Here he paused for breath and continued in stentorian tones: "Congratchylations on yer greatest performance."

(Continued on Page 52)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUG VAN ORDEN



City Council gathers infrequently, but when meetings occur business is transacted and much is accomplished.



Throngs of bustling shoppers flock to the Moldy City Shopping Center every afternoon for supermarketing.

This is the story of Joe Popanowski. Joe was without a doubt the greatest footballer ever awarded the Heisman Trophy. Joe said it himself, and he was right. And it is no paradox to say that Joe made a farce of college football on the Pacific Coast.—This is the way it happened.

# The Popanowski Story

By BILL CORR

JOE Popanowski was the orphaned son of Pete "Peep-Hole" Popanowski, who became a likable old detective after his football stardom at Rutgers was ended by his expulsion for accepting a bribe to throw a game against Lafayette. On his deathbed, Peep-Hole pointed to the cradle in the corner of his room in which lay his only son. Moose Moussorgsky, Peep-Hole's lifelong confidant and partner in crime at Rutgers, bent over the bed to hear the dying man's last words.

"Moose," croaked Peep-Hole.

"Yes, Peep-Hole?" sobbed Moose.

"Take my boy, there," said Peep-Hole, summoning his remaining strength. "Take my boy," he repeated, "and make a football hero out of him." Then he closed his eyes and was still.

Moose promised.

Moose was determined to wipe the dis-

grace of the elder Popanowski from football's family escutcheon by offering the sports writers a younger, cleaner, more powerful Popanowski. To this end he moved with the child to a small Midwestern community and began training. Young Joe was an enthusiastic pupil and quick to learn. His physical prowess and all-around athletic ability soon became fabled throughout Ecstasy County. By the time he was six years old, Joe could throw a live pig through a basketball hoop fifty feet away with pinpoint accuracy. In junior high he caused some local consternation when he used the statue of General Sherman in front of the city hall for a tackling dummy, and toppled it. By the time he entered high school, Joe could run the hundred-yard dash in 9.8 seconds while pushing a plow.

So, although young Popanowski played no football at his high school (the PTA had

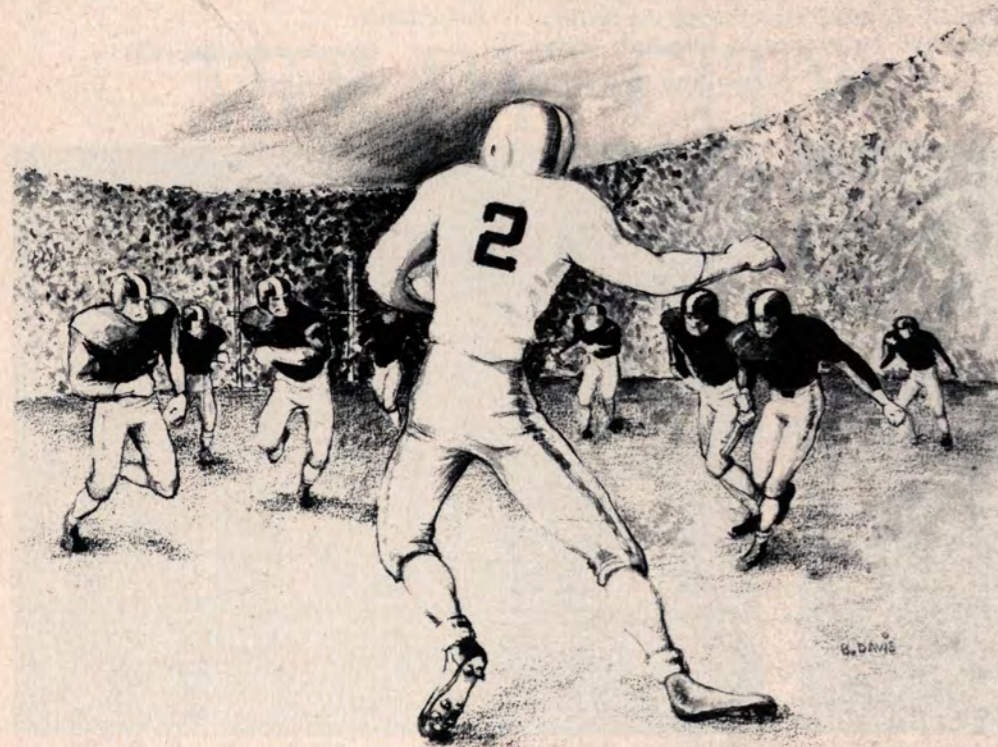
petitioned the coach, after Joe had broken both thigh bones of Syd Gobble, the mayor's son, in a friendly game of touch football), by the middle of his senior year he had an offer to play from almost every major college in the country. Moose was glad to see that one of the most frantic calls came from Rutgers. The most liberal offer of all, however, came from the University of Minnesota. The university and alumni offered Joe a complete college transcript with all A's, a new convertible for each year of college, a three-bedroom house with servants, all the liquor he and his friends could drink, the income from the Woolworth Building in New York for fifty years, and the hand of the university president's daughter in marriage. Nevertheless, in the end Joe Popanowski chose Stanford, because Stanford's Hoover Tower reminded him of his home in Ecstasy, Iowa, where he had so far spent seventeen happy years.

Once on "The Farm" (i.e., the Stanford campus) Joe was taken under the wing of cagey old coach, Chuck Taylor, now in his seventeenth year as Boy Wonder Coach of the Indians. Wily Chuck decided to keep his boy under wraps during his Freshman year, and, as a result, when varsity football season rolled around the next fall, Sophomore dark horse Joe Popanowski had still to play the first official football game of his life.

The first game of the season was the usual opener with COP. COP was better than average this year, but Stanford was supposed to have the worst team in its history. The entire first string and most of the second on last season's distinctly mediocre squad had graduated, and the upcoming Freshman team had lost every game by more than three touchdowns.

The game proceeded as expected. By the third quarter Taylor still had not sent in Popanowski. The big white number 2 on his jersey remained spotless, Stanford was behind by a lucky 20 to 0, and small groups of alums were starting "Let's chuck Taylor" yells.

The alums were wasting their breath. Early in the fourth quarter Number 2 stood



"He took the ball and advanced down the field."



"They offered him a three-bedroom house, a new convertible, and the hand of the university president's daughter in marriage."

up to his full 7'3", stretched a bit, and walked his 295 pounds onto the playing field. That fourth quarter will be remembered as long as football is played, if only for the fact that it introduced Popanowski to the gridiron. He turned a hopeless situation into a sparkling victory in only four plays. Four line bucks, four touchdowns. Then Taylor took him out. Popanowski's picture was on the cover of *Time* that week.

The spectacular plays were yet to come. For instance, the sixty-yard touchdown pass against Oregon the next week—over his shoulder, using a mirror. Also the touch-

down pass he threw in the Alabama intersectional, which he caught himself forty yards down field. Each time, Taylor would put Popanowski in for a few minutes in the fourth quarter, just long enough to ensure victory for Stanford. Then he would take Joe out. This went on the entire season, Stanford always coming from behind in the fourth quarter to win by just one or two touchdowns.

Stanford continued to tumble every team it played. The USC game settled down to a field goal duel between Popanowski of Stan-

ford and "Sad Sam" Tsmith of the Trojans. The unique feature of this match was that Popanowski would boot his three-pointers from behind his own goal line. After Joe's third field goal, Tsmith stomped off the field and refused to play. The rest of the Trojans followed. For the last seven minutes of the USC game, then, Popanowski led his teammates in calisthenics to the rhythm of "The Cardinal Is Waving," played by the Indian band.

And the "breather" game with San Jose the Saturday before the Cal game was a real

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL DAVIS

(Continued on Page 37)

# It Lowered The VD Rate

By DR. ARAN B. CROSSFIELD, A.B., C.B., Ph.D., B.O., D.C.

They'll cure your Various Diseases with sugar pills and colored water injections and it won't cost you a penny. This is the new trend of medicine.

**A**T a recent meeting of the California division of the American Medical Association, Dr. Carl Shultz, well-known endocrinologist, pediatric-esomologist, and homoeidrist, stated, "The Stanford University Health Service is one of the most forward-looking institutions in our modern age." With this statement Dr. Shultz has summed up the enthusiastic attitude A.M.A. has toward the unique and remarkable health program the Leland Stanford Junior University has developed out on the beautiful Pacific Coast of California. That A.M.A. should give the Stanford Health Service its complete approval is only natural since this program completely embodies the A.M.A.'s one national objective, socialized medicine.

The Stanford Health Service has been a product of many involved and interesting factors. The realization of a need for some sort of health program dates back to the year 1912 when certain students of the Stanford Medical School (tuition \$265) ran a series of tests to ascertain the condition of the average Stanford student's digestive organs. Of the various reports written by these students, the last and most famous, *The Kidney Report*, besides containing statistics which showed the deplorable condition of most of the kid-

## WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY ABOUT THIS ARTICLE

A. B. Crossfield has written a factual article free from sensationalism. All of his statements can be documented.

The careful reader of the *Saturday Evening Pile* will find that the health program discussed in this article is not only revolutionary, but is also highly practical and can be put to use on a large scale. The *Pile* suggests that the various points touched be remembered, and it ardently hopes the day will soon come when socialized medicine becomes a national institution.

DR. IGOR X. CHAPMAN, V.I.P.  
The Director  
California College of Surgeons

neys tested, also contained an appendix which showed the general over-all health condition of the Stanford student. This appendix caused more excitement than the actual report itself, because it showed that the VD rate (growth of Various Diseases) was tremendously high and still going up.

This fact in itself caused the 1912 *Kidney Report* to be read widely, and finally alumni pressure forced the University to take some sort of action to lower the VD rate. Stanford University has always been noted for its prompt and efficient action. Only thirty years later, in 1942, a tired but triumphant Dr. Emil Jeckle presented to the University President his plan for a revolutionary health program which he felt would easily reduce the VD rate by at least 51 percent. The plan was immediately approved, and thus came into being the Stanford University Health Service.

Briefly, the Health Service is based on the theory of compulsory health insurance, a theory which has been sponsored by many modern world leaders such as Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Harry Dexter White, Earl Warren, and Harry S. Truman. At the beginning of each academic quarter part of the \$220 tuition each Stanford student pays (ex-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON POZE



Careful diagnosis and comprehensive care are the watchwords of the Stanford Health Service, healthy students, its goal.



When a student has a problem, he just walks over to the Health Service and sees his doctor, with no worries of waiting in line.



Health Service nurses take great pride in the fact that they visit their patients in the Final Rest Home daily.

cluding football players and Naval ROTC students) is channeled into the Stanford Health Committee fund. It is from this fund that the various doctors and nurses employed by the Health Service are paid.

The benefit each student receives from this method is obvious. For far less than it would ordinarily cost him, the Stanford student receives prompt and efficient medical attention

for all kinds of disorders. Moreover, he is in the hands of some of the finest medical personnel the nation has to offer today. "We believe in taking no chances," was the statement made to the *Pile* reporters by the Health Service doctor Boris Frankenstein, who at the present time is president of the Health Service. Frankenstein also observed, "Whatever the problem, even if it is of the most

confidential nature, we will take care of it. You don't see many shotguns around Stanford."

An actual case of a Health Service patient will furnish proof of the efficiency and thoroughness of the program. Take the case of Sally Q. Smith, for example. Sally had sprained her finger while trying to get a piece of potato chip out of her bottle of Coca Cola. Sally knew right where to go to get the best medical attention available. She knew it wouldn't cost her a red cent since her father had paid for it indirectly in her tuition.

So Sally drove to the Health Service. She probably had a feeling of security as she drove up to the beautiful and modern campus clinic. She knew she was putting herself in good hands. Once inside the Health Building, Sally undoubtedly noticed the quiet and yet friendly efficiency that has become the Health Service's leading quality. She walked up to the main desk and asked the smiling nurse if she could possibly see one of the doctors about a sprained finger.

Before she knew it, Sally was being led to a doctor's office. One of the cardinal principles of the Health Service is that the patient should never wait. Dr. Frankenstein remarked, "We believe waiting is fatal. The moment a patient enters the Health Service, he is treated as being exactly what he is, a sick person, and sickness never waits."

Sally's doctor was Dr. Warren G. Gillespie. A look at his medical work will give a good example of the quality of doctors the Service

(Continued on Page 43)



Dr. M. A. Brinkley, D.C., Dr. Hersholdt Christian, B.A., and Dr. Rex Morgan, B.A., founded the Stanford Health Service in 1912, and it's still growing.

# UP THE CANYON A PIECE

By **TEX HINDLE**

"Yer a crudface," the sultry gambling queen told the two-fisted sheriff as he shot the man she loved.

"Put down that thing, you ornery critter . . . it's liable to go off." Polly Concarne, Queen of Sore Gut Junction, slapped the gun out of Raw Lips' snake-bitten, frost-bitten, arrow-pierced, double-jointed, blue-veined hand. She had given up Russian Roulette for Lent, and wanted no part of his little game.

"But Honey-Bee Girl, you promised!" said Raw Lips in a gruff, masculine-like voice.

"Don't 'bee-girl' me, you white-nosed varmint," she answered in a sensual, woman-like tone. "Last time we played spin-the-barrel you had all the chambers filled and wanted me to go first. You don't want to play; you want to knock me off. You're just after my assets. Well, Raw Lips, when I go I'm not leavin' the Raptured Nugget, best saloon this side of Naked Tip River, to you! Everything I've

got goes to Pancho Gasset y Ortega Garf-slinger, the one with which I am truly in love with, which, whom, with . . ."

"But I kinda thought it was you and me, Honey-Bee Girl," he blubbered.

"One more 'bee-girl' out of you," she scowled in a scowling tone, "and you'll be picking up teeth. Now get out there in the gambling parlor and do the job I'm payin' you for. Get those games moving. The tables are slow tonight." If there's one thing that irritated Polly it was a slow table.

Raw Lips went to the door of Polly's upstairs office saying, "Just as you want, Honey-Bee Girl." He then bent over and picked up a few scattered teeth of his on the floor, and

ILLUSTRATED BY **TEX HINDLE**

plucked one or two from the toe of Polly Concarne's shoe. Mopping the blood away from his mouth, he managed to say, "Gymphtt lrwb kllegtt," and stumbled out into the laughing crowds.

Polly went to the window and looked down on the main street of Sore Gut. A little girl was playing in the dusk in the dust with her puppy. Suddenly the crack of a whip was heard and the little girl withdrew a swollen stump of a hand. A pistol shot sounded and her puppy bit the dusty dust. Pancho was in town! Polly's carefree, handsome, unbathed lover was back from the plains. She quickly adjusted her safety belt and prepared for the take-off . . . he would be with her at almost any moment.

Across town, in the sheriff's office, wear-

ing the sheriff's badge, was the sheriff, Sheriff Pacos, the most daring sheriff west of the John. Upon hearing of Pancho's arrival in Sore Gut (the little girl had run screaming to his office, showing her mutilated hand, exclaiming that she would never be able to play poker again), Sheriff Pacos checked his guns and jumped on his horse, then the horse jumped on him, then he hit the horse, then the horse bit his elbow. Then Sheriff Pacos walked toward the Raptured Nugget where he knew Pancho would be (hiding?).

Polly popped a stick of gum into her mouth and waited for Pancho's entrance. A second later the door flew off its hinges and in strode Pancho. They embraced and remained lip to quivering lip. It was plain to see that they were stuck on each other.

"It's great to be back," said Pancho, scraping flecks of singed gum off his chin.

"It's great to be a woman," offered Polly, swallowing hard to release the pressure on her eardrums.

"It's great for me to be back and for you to be a woman," said Pancho checking to see if his wallet was still there.

"It's great for you to want it that way, Big One . . . I mean for you to be back and me to be a woman," said Polly, handing his wallet back.

"I ain't seen a woman in weeks. And you're a woman, and I'm back," said Pancho, taking back his empty wallet.

"What is it you're trying to say?" said

Polly tucking a wad of bills down the front of her sequined costume.

"Kiss me again, woman, and I'll tell you," said Pancho. They embraced and Pancho put the bills back in his wallet.

Just then the stage manager of the Raptured Nugget appeared in the doorless doorway. "Time for your number, Miss Polly. The boys'll riot if'n you don't undulate a bit for 'em."

"Wish me luck, Pancho-babe," said Polly. "I'm trying out a new number tonight. It's dedicated just to you. Called, 'When There's Moonlight On The Mattress, There's Springtime In Your Eyes!'" As Polly left the room, she blew a kiss to Pancho and her gum came out with it.

She vibrated to center stage, and a roar roared from the audience . . . her pet lion was on the loose again. "All it wants is a little bit," said Polly. "Will one of you boys toss . . .?" There was a scramble to comply. Then the music started, Polly sang, and there was another scramble. Tables were seated, the lion was mutilated, and hundreds were reported lost in the action.

Arriving via Anaheim, Sheriff Pacos flung aside the swinging doors of the saloon. His gaze was met by a flying spittoon. Picking himself up, he fired three shots above the heads in the milling crowd. Two horned owls, a mallard duck, and six limp geese fell at his feet. "Fudge," he said, "there goes my quota for the season. All right, you yaller-livered,

no-good, rotten," the crowd suddenly quieted, "you pranksters, you. Hi, fellas!"

Polly stepped over a few of the bodies, and rumbled her way to the sheriff. "Listen, jibboon. When I want your help, I'll give you a call . . . and that won't be for a long time yet 'cause the telephone ain't been invented. Now crawl out the same way you came in!" Her earrings swung as she talked . . . the ones made out of beer bottle caps set in champagne corks.

"I come for Pancho, Polly. I ain't aleavin' until he comes along," said Sheriff Pacos, looking her straight in the blouse.

"When Pancho leaves here," said Polly, "it'll be without you and when he pleases."

"Over my dead body, Ma'am."

"That can be arranged, Crud-Face." Crud-Face (i.e., Sheriff Pacos) stepped around Polly and started for the stairs to her office, his spurs jangling. Cling, clung, cling, clung, cling . . . crrrrunch . . . cling, thump, cling, thump, cling . . . His left boot got stuck in a knotholt and he had to leave it behind.

"Come back, you hear?" shouted Polly. "Pancho! The sheriff's a comin'. *Prenda garde!*"

Pancho ran out on the balcony; all eyes were on him. *Oy gevay*, what a mess! "Come and get me, Sheriff," he cried.

"What does it look like I'm doin'—trollin' for bass?" With that, Sheriff Pacos opened

(Continued on Page 46)

"I'm not prone to argue," Polly whispered.



Hindle



## A Dragon Tale Gathers No Moss

Once upon a tyme in Merrie Olde Englande there lyved an olde scotch knyghte who used to gallop full a-pace at eventyde and trye to save peopple. Ye olde scotch knyghte rode a bigge whyte horse, and Alarik, his page, rode a little blacke arse.

But alass and alack gave ye olde scotch knyghte troubles. Whenever he saw a lass, he would trye to sayve her. This would verrey often worke, in sooth, and he would sayve yon blonde for a meagerre five pound-sterlyng. But ye olde scotch knyghte's mayne trouble was a lack. Thatte is, a lack a liccour. So whenever ye olde scotch knyghte felt a lack (not to be confused with Alarik, his page), he woulde stoppe in at an olde inne, Ye Olde Mangie Crocke, and halve a fewe cuppes of nut-browne grogg. After ye olde scotch knyghte had his cuppes, he usualle was grogg e.

One of these grogg e nyghtes Alarik's arse was inne soare neede of newe shoes. So ye olde scotch knyghte roade his whyte horse into the nearest hamlett with Alarik's arse behynde. On his returne ye olde scotch knyghte stopped in at the inne to hoyst a fewe cuppes of grogg on the altarre of good fellowshippe. Bye the tyme ye olde scotch knyghte left the Old Mangie Crocke, he was not onlye grogg e, but sogg e.



He slowlye climbed upone his whyte horse and started to ryde backe to meete Alarik at the castlle. Ye olde scotch knyghte looked arounde to see if the little blacke arse was followinge hime, and he almost fell out of his saddle. For followinge the arse was a fierye, ferociouse greene dragon, at least fiftye feete talle.

Ye olde scotch knyghte shouted with horrere and ripped offe downe the pathe to his castlle and saftye. But the little black arse and the greate greene dragon stayed ryghte behynde hime. As they approached the castlle, Alarik cayme across the moate to see what was makinge all the ruckusse.

Quoth Alarik, "What is wronge, sire? Whither ridest ye soe rappidlye?"

Ye olde scotch knyghte slowlye puffed his answer, "Oh . . . Oh . . . (puff) I am soe tired . . . (puff) I am soe tired . . . My arse's dragon . . . (puff-puff) my arse's dragon is chasyng me . . . (puff-puff-puff)."

And Alarik laughed because there was no dragon to be seene.

YE MORRALL: A knyghte should staye offe his whyte horse iffe he wants to knowe his arse from a great greene dragon.

—DAVIS LYNOON

## PILED SCRAPS

### A Poem For All Ages

Young Wellington Smythly, in a rage,  
Left his ancestral acreage.  
Endeavoured to catch the evening  
stage,  
Oblivious to his heritagè.

His father, possessed of a baronage,  
And still enjoying middle age  
Practically suffered a hemorrhage  
At his son's disregard for his  
parentage.

Wellington abhorred his lineage  
And wanted to see the peonage.  
Perhaps live his life in a hermitage  
Or indulge in the fun of a concubinage.

The baron called his favorite page  
And promised him a double wage  
To deter his son from his pilgrimage  
And his temper to assuage.

The page was able to disengage  
Young Wellington from his beverage  
And cart him home safely in a cage.  
Which hardly befitted his personage.

This poem could go on to become an  
outrage  
And mutilate more useless verbiage,  
But Wellington got his due appanage  
And remained in his state of pure  
vassalage.

—FILLEY UDDER

## Lowdown on the Cherry Tree

When Georgie axed the cherry tree,  
It was an act so dastard.  
I'm sure that history has it wrong  
Papa must've spanked the boy.

—OGDEN TIMBERLAKE



"Ouch!"

### Kiddiaction

Come, little kiddies,  
Sister and brother.  
Let's all go to church  
And be good to mother.

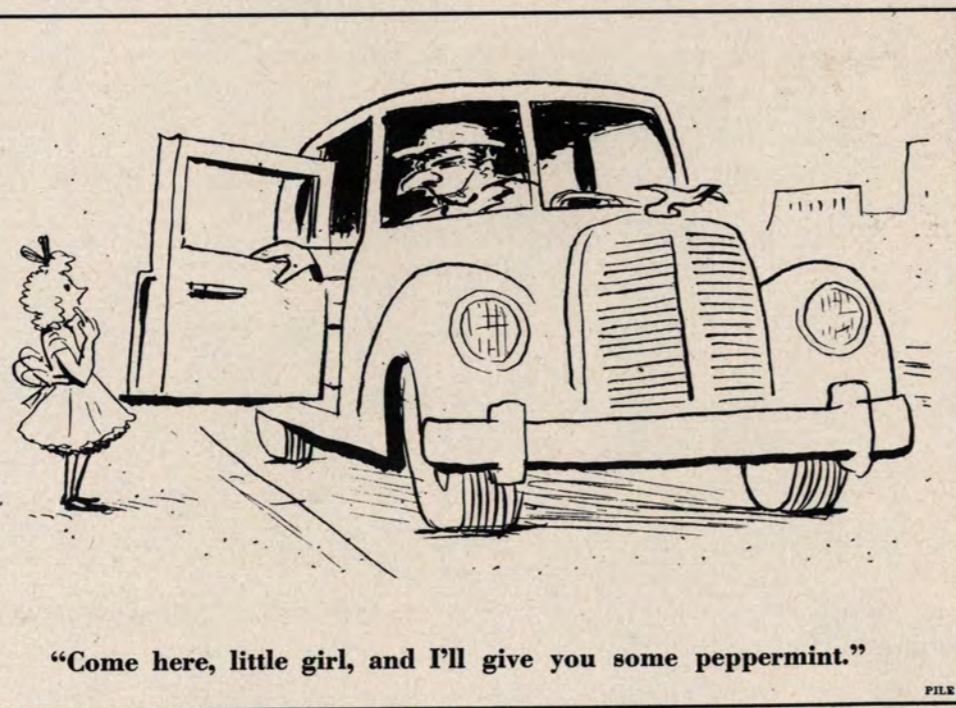
Let's not talk to strangers,  
Let's all wash our hands,  
And control the reactions  
Of our endocrine glands.

—MATILDA SHAVELY

### Bruthered

My brother kicked the cat.  
My brother fumed and spat.  
My brother got mad and walked  
right out the door.  
And why does he get mad?  
Why does he act so bad?  
It's 'cause Gladys isn't gratis any  
more.

—HANNIBAL GRUNT



"Come here, little girl, and I'll give you some peppermint."

FILE



## "I DIDN'T DARE LOOK"

IT WAS FRIDAY AFTERNOON. I was on my way to the Ladies Bridge Club. I had had a busy day, and all those big, red lights confused me. My Cadillac just wouldn't stop for one. Then it happened! A sickening crunch, then another. A piercing scream, "Help me!" As soon as I looked out of the car, I saw them there in that sticky blood. How simply dreadful! I couldn't look again. Then the sirens blared in the distance and it was all over. As I stepped on the accelerator and peeled rubber from my tires, they were still writhing. It was all a nightmare, a positive nightmare.

I turned my thoughts from those twisted corpses to myself. What would happen to me? What could they do? I fretted and worried . . . until I remembered that I

still had my policy with Crudential. So I called my agent, and he calmed me down. He was so kind to me I immediately forgot the whole affair. He came over and soothed me just when I needed it most.

He told me there was *nothing* to worry about. A few papers to sign, a few for-

malities, a few moments of inconvenience. Then I would have nothing to worry about. So I sighed in relief and decided, "I'll just have to let Crude handle it all."

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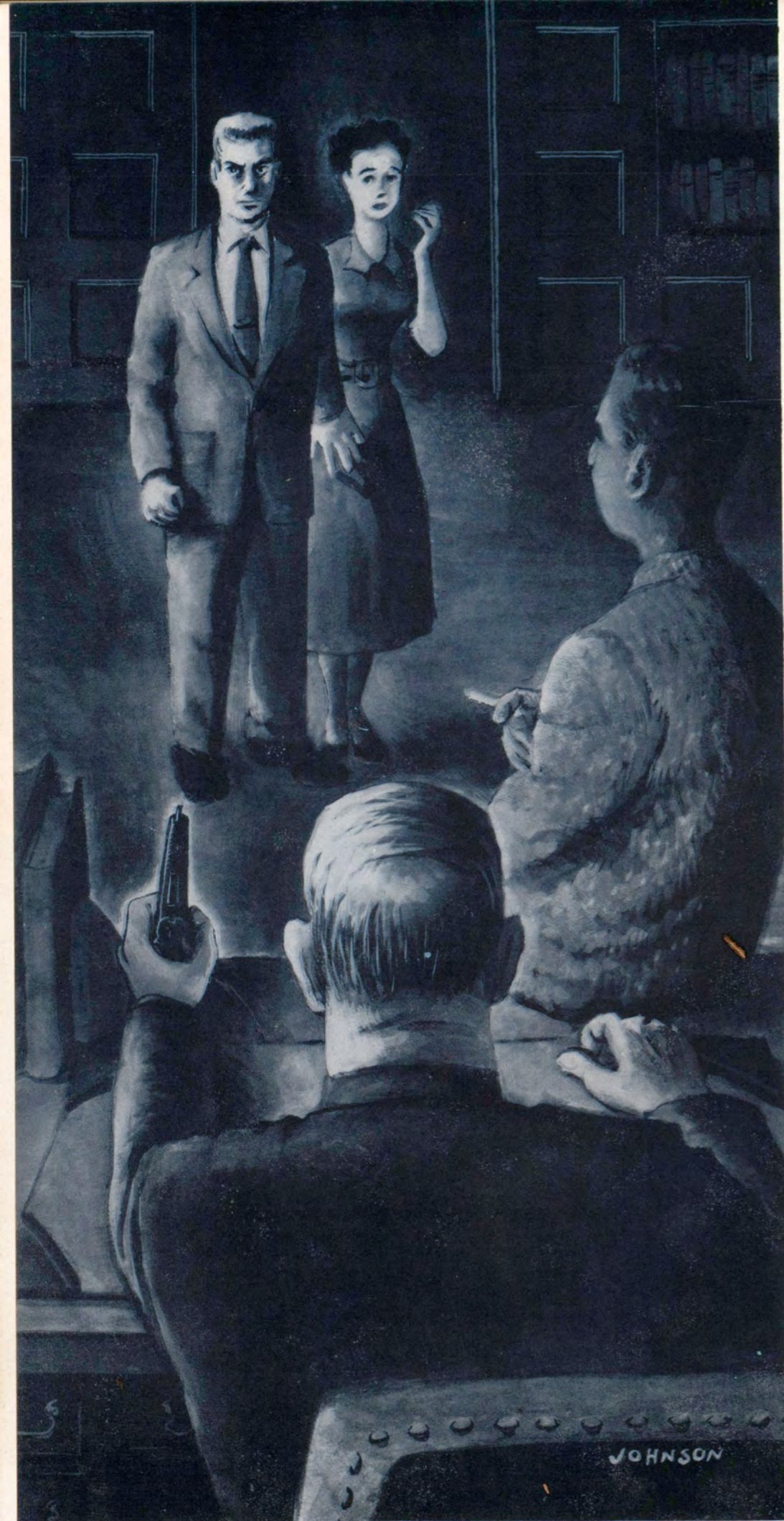
Guam

London, Ontario

Guatemala City

Paris, Ky.

Calcutta



"Zo! At last. Ve haff been hexpecting you," said Grumhoggen.

# Night Train For Haiti

By CLARENCE  
CRUDDINGTON  
BELTHOUND

Was this to be the end of Democracy in America? Were the forces of sin and evil to triumph?

**G**EOFFREY Wembley-St. Claire, known to all his friends as Geoff, didn't know he had been marked for death by J. P. Grumhoggen, international financier, whose dealings were always just barely legal. Neither did he suspect that his stunning fiancée, Chastity (Sandy) Standish, recognized Grumhoggen as her long-lost stepfather. When machine-gun bullets interrupted a quiet Scrabble game between Geoff and Sandy in the Quito Internationale Hotel, Geoff sensed that something might be amiss. Jumping out of bed just in time to see a long black foreign limousine pull away from the curb, Geoff exclaimed, "I can fit in 'adz' and with the triple word score, I score 45 points!" Had Geoff but known that Chuckles, his would-be assassin, had received ten lashes from Grumhoggen that night for failing in his mission, he might have realized just how important it was that he succeed in smashing the Messerschmidt Cartel.

That evening a telegram from the President sent Geoff and Sandy on the second leg of their dangerous assignment. Hurrying to the La Paz Aerodrome Internationale, they booked flight on the night plane for Tierra del Fuego. Once aloft in their sumptuous DC-9, Geoff sat back and relaxed for the first time in days. As he sipped the strangely bitter tea handed him by the blond Filipino steward, his trained eyes automatically made a fix on the stars in the Southern Cross. With a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, he realized that the plane was *crossing the Argentine-Cuban border!* Just before he lapsed into unconsciousness, a wizened old doña whispered cryptically "Uncle George likes three green cats." Then all was darkness.

## VI

**S**LOWLY, sluggishly, Geoff came to. He was lying on a soft—a *too* soft bed. Painfully he focused his eyes and looked around the sumptuous room. He looked out the decoratively barred window, realizing he was facing west. The fresh sunrise betrayed his position.

On the wall—a picture, sinister in its familiarity. It was a woman with straight black hair and a tight-lipped smile. Somehow, she was the key to all this. . . . If he could only remember.

(Continued on Page 48)

Portrait by

*Hans Roth*  
173 University Avenue  
Palo Alto, California



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DA 3-3176

Yellow as a chicken, green as grass . . . That's why the reporters called the young fighter the

## Chartreuse Kid

By *BAYSHORE CHONES*

**M**Y name's Grogan, Gladhand Gus Grogan. I'm a con man. It's good, steady work when you can get it. Sure, it's dull, but every once in a while something interesting comes up. The other day I hear about a kid who fights. His tag's Francis Feeney, but that ain't no name for a fighter. They call him the Chartreuse Kid.

Anyway, he was supposed to fight Tiger O'Toole a couple of nights later. Tiger was my boy. You might say I kinda had an interest in the fight . . .

Maybe I oughtta tell you something about the Chartreuse Kid first. He wasn't no ordinary fighter. His folks was real rich—you know, hoity-toity like. He had everything a little kid could want . . . but friends. He

didn't have no dam friends in the whole lousy world. Everybody hated the little squirt. He was always getting beat up. One time when the kid was decked on his can in the gutter, this doll comes and picks him up.

"Geddadada gutter, squoit," she says, dulcet-like. "You ain't never gonna get nowhere in dis lousy woild unless you gives back what you takes. I'm gonna make a fighter outta ya."

"Thank you, dear lady," this Francis kid says. "As long as you follow the straight and narrow through and through, I shall endeavor to warrant your courteous guidance. May I be so bold as to inquire your appellation, madam?"

"Mabel Bagiacalupi's the handle, sonny,

and watch what you calls me before I belts ya one."

This was the beginning of a lovely friendship.

Well, anyway, I'm sorta in the fight racket myself these days. You can see what kinda trouble I was up against with a pug who starts out this way, tryin' to be honest. But I played it square against Mabel and the Kid. I paid a little social call.

I went into the Kid's dressing room armed with courage, straightforwardness, and eight friends, not too clean cut, but basically good guys.

I grabbed Mabel by the nape of her neck and commenced talking. "Well, Mabe," I said, "I think I gotta pretty good deal for ya. Need a little gin money?"

Some of my friends began to pat the Kid on the back.

I went on. "All I want is for your kid to beat the Tiger tomorrow night. I made a little investment. I wanna perfect it." I laughed nastily. "Get it?"

"Yeah," she said. "I don't like it."

One of my friends patted the Kid across the face.

"Here's the plan, Mabe. It's real simple. All you gotta do is fight in the Kid's place."

One of my friends gently tweaked the Kid's nose.

Mabel swore.

"Look, babe," I said. "That ain't no attitude. I'm your pal. I know what's best for you and the Feeney kid. I want you to trust me."

Francis crumpled to the floor.

"Now, get this, and get this straight," Mabel spat. "Me and the Kid got principles, and we sticks to them. We're playin' it from the shoulder, and there ain't nothin' you or any other two-bit hood can do to me to change our mind."

The Kid writhed and groaned as one of my friends nudged him with a foot.

"Okay," I said. "I'm gonna fade, but I'll be back. You got till three o'clock tomorrow. C'mon, men. Let's blow da jernt and leave Mabe and the Kid alone."

The Kid made slight croaking sounds as each of my boys stepped out over his face. I heard a bottle hit the door behind me. Mabel was mad, and that meant trouble.

I had a lot of the long green stacked against the Tiger. Mabel hadda suit up and win that fight. I could just picture what was going on back in the dressing room.

Mabel would be slugging from her bourbon bottle, saying, "I know you can do it, Kid. You *can* go in there and lose." A tear would glisten in her beady blue eye, and she'd go

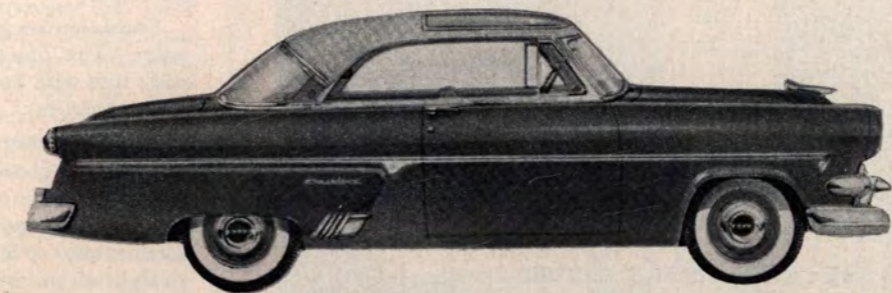
(Continued on Page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE ANGELO



The shot must have scared the Tiger.

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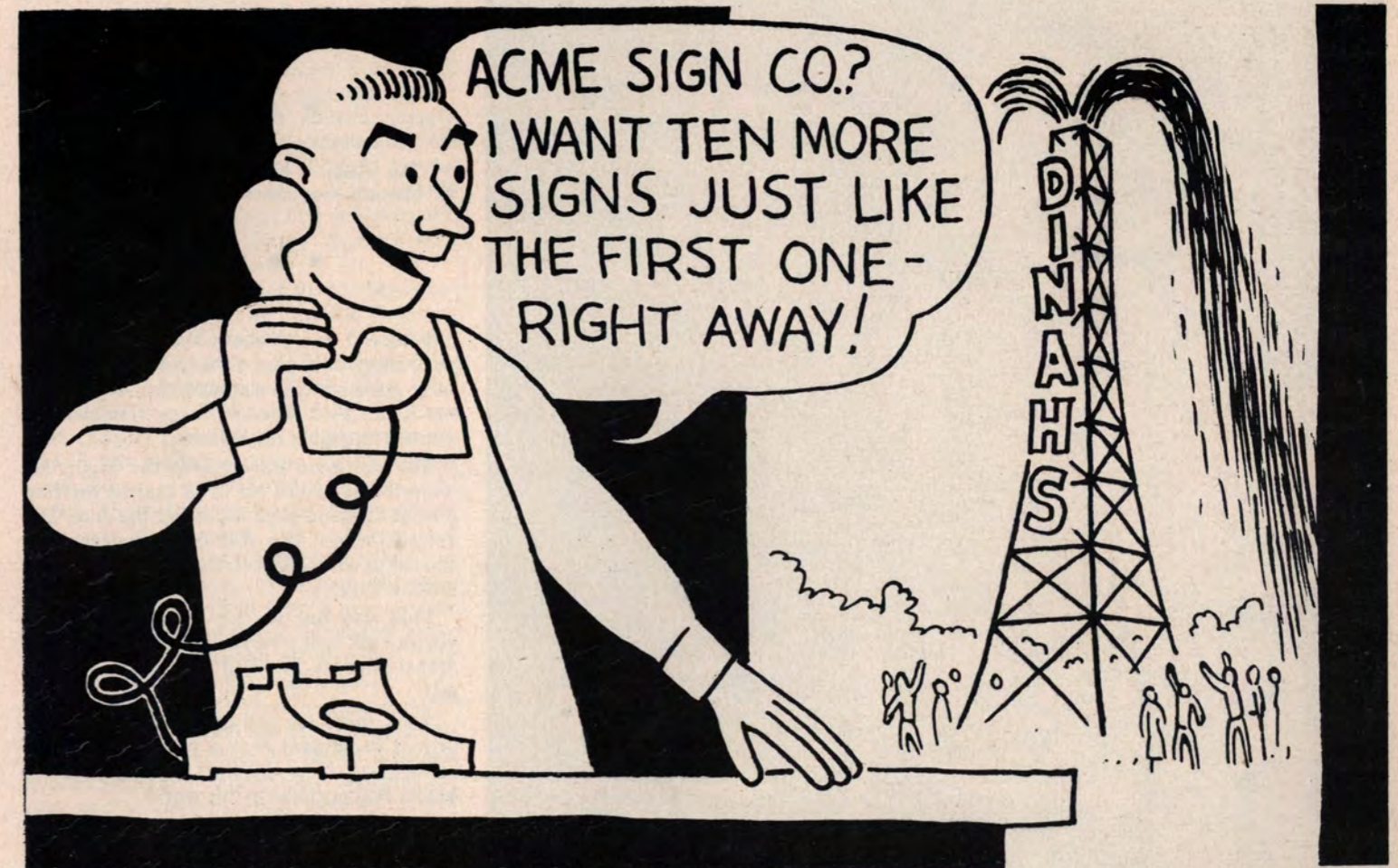
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Photo by Gordon

### CHARTREUSE KID

(Continued from Page 34)

on. "Kid, old Mabe's got faith in you. I never seen you in such lousy shape, and we was lucky that Grogan's boys finished you off like they did. I got every cent you made bet on the Tiger."

She'd slap her gnarled fist into her calloused palm. "The Tiger'll kill ya! He's gotta! He can't lose with you in there! You ain't never won a fight yet."

"I shall endeavor to fulfill my responsibilities to the full extent of my capabilities, oh, tutor mine."

"You're a good kid, Francis," she'd say affectionately. "Me and you—we'll play it straight all the way."

I was getting sore just thinking about it. It turned out I was right. The next day when I met them at three, Mabel hadn't changed their mind. There was only one thing to do. If Mabel wasn't gonna fight, she wasn't gonna do much of anything from here on in. I can be tough when I wanna be.

It was fight time. The air was hazed over with smoke. Dirty Jack Glickbarg, the ref, was going into his spiel: "And, in this cornah, at tha-ree fyufty niune and tharee keewarters pounds . . ."

The lights over the ring spotted the seconds, Mabel, and the press hanging eagerly on the ropes. The bell rang for the first round.

The Tiger came snarling out of his corner. I closed my eyes. All I could see was money going down the tubes. The Kid didn't have a chance. I'd had it. Without Mabel in there, the Tiger was a sure thing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The winds of freedom have of late been blowing away the scent of spirits.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I knew I had to show Mabel that when I put money on a pug, either he won or somebody got hurt. The elephant gun felt good in my hands as I lifted it to my shoulder and trained its sights on Mabel.

The shot must have scared the Tiger. He tripped and bashed his head against the ring post at the same time Mabel bit the dust. The referee waved the Kid to his corner and started to count. Mabel didn't get up. Neither did the Tiger.

That was one on me. Funny the laughs you can get in my racket. I didn't have to kill Mabel after all. The Kid had won all by himself.

Well, that's the end of the story. It really proved to me that even a racketeer, as long as he plays it on the level, can beat all the Mabel Bagiacalupis in this world.

It sorta reaffirms my faith in human nature. Even a hardened old slob like me. **THE END.**

### THE POPANOWSKI STORY

(Continued from Page 25)

breather. The San Jose team didn't even show up at the stadium. Capacity crowd, too.

Stanford was favored by six points against Cal in the Big Game at Berkeley that year, but the betting was not heavy. Stanford had been favored many times in the recent past, but she had not been able to beat Cal since 1946, twenty-two years before. Besides, Cal, too, was undefeated and untied. The clash was to decide who would represent the coast in the Rose Bowl. But Stanford needn't have worried. For although Taylor had to put Popanowski in in the third quarter because Cal had already run up a 42 to 0 lead, Stanford's All-American scored at will. He toyed with Cal in his best gridiron performance to date. Never having been forced to punt, he decided to try it once just for fun and sent the pigskin sailing through a fourth-story window in neighboring Bowles Hall. Joe's final touchdown was a classic of contempt—a three-hundred-yard-punt return. He took it in his end zone, danced his way down the right sidelines to the Cal goal line,

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Men seldom jump hurdles  
For girls who wear girdles.

—MARY BUSTLE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ran the ball through the entire Bear team, back once more to his own goal, and finally, with the Cal team, arms akimbo, merely looking on in disgust, Popanowski went straight down the middle of the field for the winning touchdown, waving at the hoarse crowd with his right hand and dribbling the football with his left. Pappy Waldorf sank to the turf and wept openly.

And so the stage was set for the battle between Joe Popanowski and the Big Ten representative, the University of Minnesota. Rumor had it that the whole Minnesota team was out to get Popanowski, the player who had turned down Minnesota to go to Stanford. And if anyone was likely to turn the trick it was the behemoths of the Minnesota football team. The Gopher line averaged 226 pounds. Six of the consensus All-American team were Minnesotans. They led the nation in defense, and as for offense, Minnesota had opened their season by squashing little Grand Rapids U. 113 to 6 for a new scoring record and had continued to smash their bigger opponents almost as handily. The Gophers were ready for Popanowski.

Through oversubscription and government subsidy the Rose Bowl had been expanded to seat 200,000, more than the famed National Soccer Stadium in Montevideo. Demand for seats was so great that they were all opened to general admission. By the night of December 30, over three million people were

(Continued on Page 38)

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Model: BETTY HERR, Lathrop

Photo by Poze



Can You Name This Star?

THIS young man was born on May 4, 1902, in Milpitas, California, son of a wealthy banker and an unknown circus performer. His stage and screen rolls have been varied, but he is probably best known for his portrayal of Dr. Kildare in that famous series. His most outstanding movies have been *Tarzan in San Jose*, *A Streetcar Named Bonzo*, *The Robe*, and *Mogambo* (where he played opposite Ava Gardner). He has recently been associated romantically with Zsa Zsa Gabor and Lassie. What's his name?

—RAYMOND U. MONGREL

Answer: Monty Woolley

(Continued from Page 37)

clamoring to get in. Cars were bumper to bumper as far away as Riverside and Ventura. People were abandoning their cars on the Grapevine and walking to Pasadena. The only living humans in downtown Los Angeles were a few lonely policemen, each with his portable radio so he could listen to the game. But there was no crime in L.A. because all the criminals were also at the Rose Bowl.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Blessed are the pure, for they shall inhibit the earth.

—MIKE HAMMER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By dawn of New Year's Day the sky was black above the Bowl with helicopters jockeying for position. At one o'clock, as the teams jogged onto the field, a 'copter went out of control and crashed on the twenty-yard line, right on top of Joe Popanowski! A momentary gasp of silence gave way to 200,000 deafening cheers as Joe emerged from the flames with the charred bodies of the pilot and copilot protecting his gargantuan frame. The wreckage was soon cleared and the game begun. Everyone was so tense at this moment that few noticed another helicopter crash into the south end zone, killing an estimated 900 persons. This

wreckage, too, was simply cleared away and the dead bodies replaced with 1,000 live ones from the millions still mobbing the tunnels. The tilt was a thriller from the beginning, worth every cent of the \$500 that some had paid for end-zone seats. Within a very few plays the giants from Minnesota had completely incapacitated every player on the Stanford bench, leaving Popanowski all by himself. Joe tried his best. He would take the ball and advance down the field, usually for a touchdown. Each time, however, he

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

IN THE MOONLIGHT

The moon was yellow  
The lane was bright  
She turned to me  
In the winter night  
And with every glance  
She gave a hint  
That what she craved  
Was real romance.  
I stammered, stuttered  
And time went by  
The moon was yellow  
... and so was I!

—THE LONE RANGER

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

would have to take every step slowly and painfully, carrying or dragging eleven tenacious Gophers down the field. Then the Minnesotans would come back for a touchdown of their own. For, since Popanowski was the only Stanfordite left on the gridiron, the Gophers would simply lateral back and forth to each other all the way across the field. Even fleet Joe Popanowski couldn't cover both side lines at once.

(Continued on Page 40)



"But notice the beautiful TV set you have access to from the south window."

FILE

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"Sweet is the breath"

from *Paradise Lost*, *The Beautiful World*, line 1



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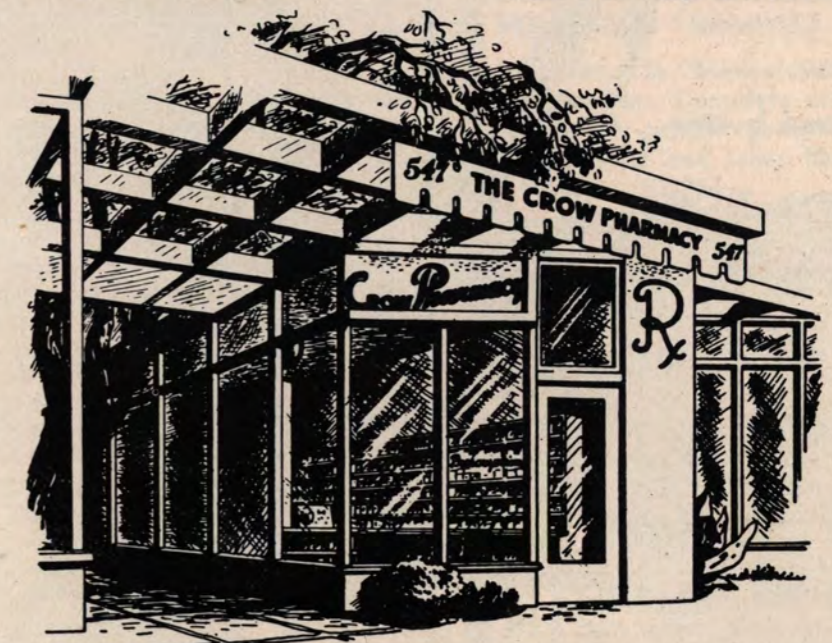
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(Continued from Page 39)

And so it continued, Popanowski and Minnesota trading touchdowns almost to the point of monotony, until late in the last quarter when Popanowski appeared to falter. He didn't seem able to carry eleven men downfield any more, and Stanford lost to Minnesota by a score of 63 to 70, in spite of the fact that it looked as if Popanowski had put forth his best effort of the year. It looked like it, but Stanford's BAC had just come upon some information that once again showed that appearances often deceive.

Popanowski writhed on his deathbed in the Ecstasy County Hospital. Joe had been expelled from Stanford in his Sophomore year, fifty years ago, for throwing a football game against Minnesota in the Rose Bowl, and his conscience needed him. He leaned over in bed, upsetting the bedpan, and whispered to

his son, who was sobbing gently by his side. "Joe," said big Joe to his son. "I have one last request." "Yes, Pop," said young Popanowski. "Whatever you want. Name it."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Most men would rather than whether.  
—FRED HIGH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Clear my name in sports," gasped the old man. "Raise little Joe Popanowski III to be a football hero. . . ." And mighty Joe Popanowski relaxed, never to stir again.

"Rot in hell!" said young Joe, and stomped from the room.

THE END.



## The Role I Liked Best

By PISTOL

MY favorite role was in the 15th-Century 4-D production of "You Can't A Ford Your Future." In the supercolossal Western epic, I played the part of a horse.

I really ate up this picture thanks to the fine moral support of my trainer Ray S. Track. All good horses live on such substantial grains and vegetative products as rye and Four Roses. Ray S. used to have a shot or two himself. I'll never forget the time some fresh kid tried to feed me raw carrots. They found the kid's body a few years later. Cute little monster—he should have known raw carrots give me indigestion.

In the supercolossal picture I got to work with my first big star. Slouchalong Hammershot got on my back and ride . . . rid . . . rodd . . . Aw, what the hell kinda

English do you expect from a horse?

Anyway, the best piece in the picture (Whoops! The supercolossal picture) was right after I won the big race, saved the homestead, led a band of wild horses over the side of a cliff, rescued the heroine from the rustler band, and shot the hero in the back with my trusty .22. They gave me my pension and retired me to graze on the Stanford golf greens.

So there I was, playfully nipping at the skirts of girl golfers with my upper plate and cropping the grass with my lower plate, when I noticed this young filly across a hill coyly waving her forelegs at me. I whinnied my way over and . . .

Ah, yes. That was certainly my favorite role.

## ATHANASIVS BUTTS SAVES THE DAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"Get out, you bum!" he yelled. "We don't want any of your fancy machines doing anything to our roads."

"Please," I implored, "give me two minutes to outline a new proposition I have to make. There's no sense disturbing the boys' game again today. If you don't like my deal, I'll leave quietly and forever."

As his job involved doing no work anyway (except feed the horses), he agreed. Enclosed in this envelope find an order blank for five (5) Groundslug Tractors, Model Super RX, with all—repeat, ALL—attachments.

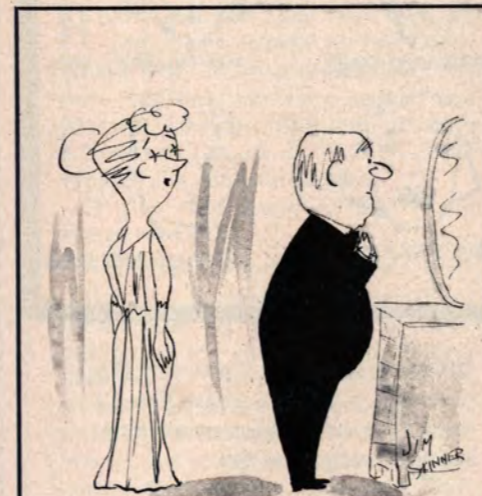
How did I do it? Simple, my dear Hen-layer. We agreed on one point: they like their roads. The only obvious conclusion was to give them more and better amounts of what they want.

After I had showed the foreman how the Super RX could really put their roads in the lousy conditions which he loves so dearly, he was enthused with desire to get behind the control of one, complete with such featured extras as Pot-Hole Digger, Sidewalk Cracker, and Corduroy-road Maker. I whipped out my dust-covered order book and made out the form which you are no doubt gaping at now with amazement.

Their tractors must be sent posthaste, Hen-layer, as this man is really worked up over the new prospects which the Super RX has opened to him. I foresee many years of happy creative destruction for him, and an eventual return to the campus of the horse and buggy, as the Super RX is too much for any automobile. From what little I have learned of local lore, Mrs. Stanford will rest easier in her grave.

To hell with the students! Hurrah for the Groundslug!

Yours proudly,  
ATHANASIVS BUTTS  
THE END.



"Eat your olives tonight, dear—they make you passionate."

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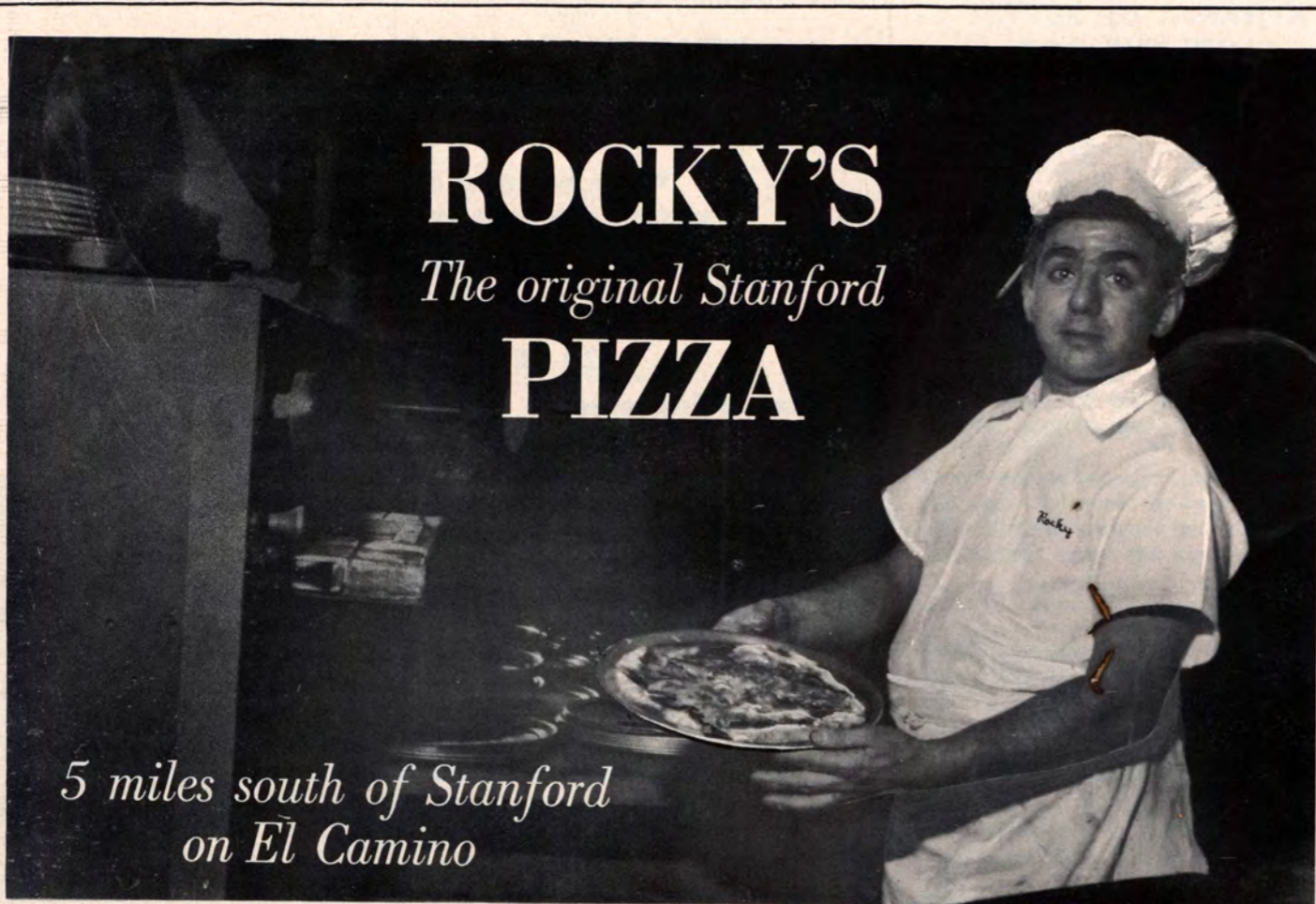
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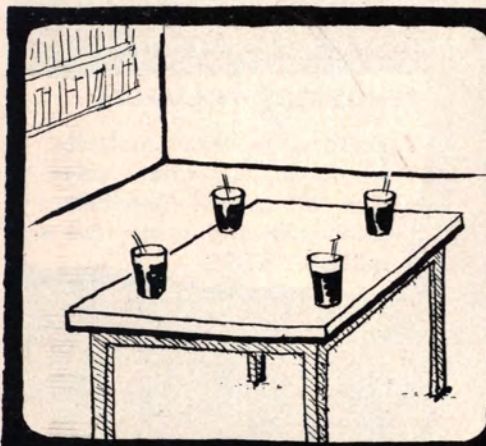
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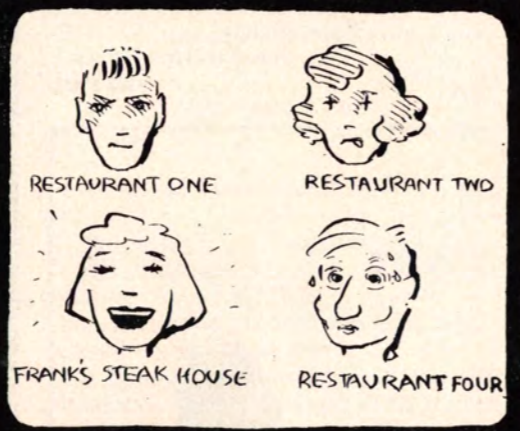
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What results clearly shows why discriminating students choose Frank's Steak House for a pleasant evening, and for their parties too.

# FRANK'S STEAK HOUSE

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## IT LOWERED THE VD RATE

(Continued from Page 27)

employs. Dr. Gillespie took his pre-medical work at the fabulous Fullerton Junior College, a school known throughout the nation for its high scholastic standards. After graduating from Fullerton, Dr. Gillespie went through a rugged five-year training course with young Doctor Malone, one of the nation's leading chiropractors. During his time with Malone, Dr. Gillespie did some practical research in the new and important field of Bortionatics, which involves the study of early birth. It was because of his outstanding work in this field that the Stanford Health Service asked Dr. Gillespie to come to Stanford. Since then he has been one of the most sought-after doctors on the campus.

Therefore, Sally Smith was being placed in the hands of a competent and experienced doctor whose main interest was in improving her body in any way he could. After examining the sprained finger, Dr. Gillespie, anxious

(Continued on Page 44)



## WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

RAGTIME von Smelt was waltzing with Lady Albrite at the Debutante's Ball. All of a sudden Lady Albrite stiffened, let out a squeal, and stopped dancing. Ragtime at once espied the dilemma. Lady Albrite had dropped her unmentionables.

If you were Ragtime, what would you have done?

Ragtime, keeping cool, showed his social papes by slyly bending over, picking up the unmentionables with a loud sneeze, and putting them in his pocket. This saved face for Lady Albrite. If she had bent over in her stiff formal, she would have caused herself much embarrassment. This way, however, von Smelt's well-timed sneeze assured the wealthy socialites that he was only reaching for his handkerchief.

—GLADDA RIDER

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Photo by Poze



(Continued from Page 43)  
 to do a thorough job, insisted that Sally have a complete physical checkup. This shows the highly personal attitude which the Health Service doctors have adopted. After examining the rest of her body closely for further ramifications of the finger sprain, Dr. Gillespie bandaged Sally's finger, gave her a shot of penicillin, and made an appointment for

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**QUITE CONTRARY**

By Omar K. Yan

Here lie the bones of  
 Mary Meek.  
 Her will was strong,  
 But her won't was weak.

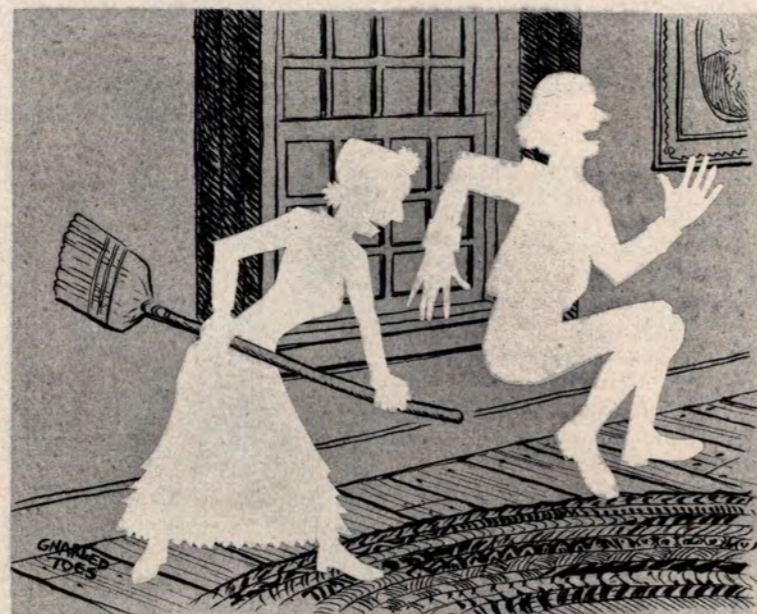
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

later that evening in case the finger got worse.

Sally's was just one of many similar cases that come to the Health Service every day.

Besides having excellent doctors, the Health Service employs some of the best female nurses available. It is the Service's firm belief that having a young, attractive, and friendly nurse gives just the "home touch" that so many patients are urgently in need of. During the year 1952, the Service had over 32,000 applications from young women desiring a job. The University naturally insists these women be thoroughly investigated

(Continued on Page 45)



**What's Going On Here?**

This scene, from our past, involves two famous personages. They have just taken part in one of the most celebrated occasions in our Nation's life. Who are they? What are they doing? What was the occasion?

—JOHNSON Q. BRAVERMAN

Answer on Page 47

(Continued from Page 44)  
 and interviewed, and even "tried out," as the Service puts it, to make sure they could carry out the job with the usual zeal and enthusiasm that it requires.

The Service also renders many other valuable services to the Stanford students besides that of caring for the sick. A typical example of this is the campaign currently being waged to prevent possible illnesses. Dr. Sloane's liniment pills are being distributed to all students to be taken three times a day. Included in this illness-prevention program are free

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here lie the remains of poor Joe Bent.  
 He thought that by silence she gave her consent.

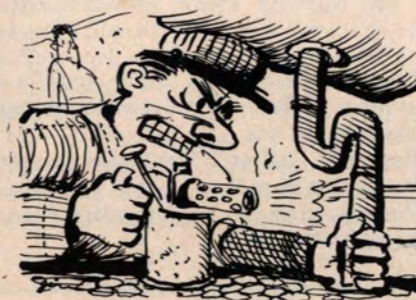
—CASEY RUGGLES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

immunization shots for students going to Europe to help protect them from any so-called social diseases.

Thus, the Stanford Health Service goes on its day-by-day task of keeping the students happy and healthy. Its effective work can be seen in the fact that the VD rate has dropped to less than 10 percent. It is a credit to our nation!

THE END.



**YOU BE THE JUDGE**

By SHORR NUFF

JOHN Gilroy, Watsonville's local plumber, was working at Ken Adams' house fixing a leak. Ken walked through the bathroom where the plumber was working and tripped over John's foot. This frightened John so badly that he beat Ken to death with his wrench. He was brought before the county court on charges of first degree murder.

If you had been the judge, what would have been your verdict?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

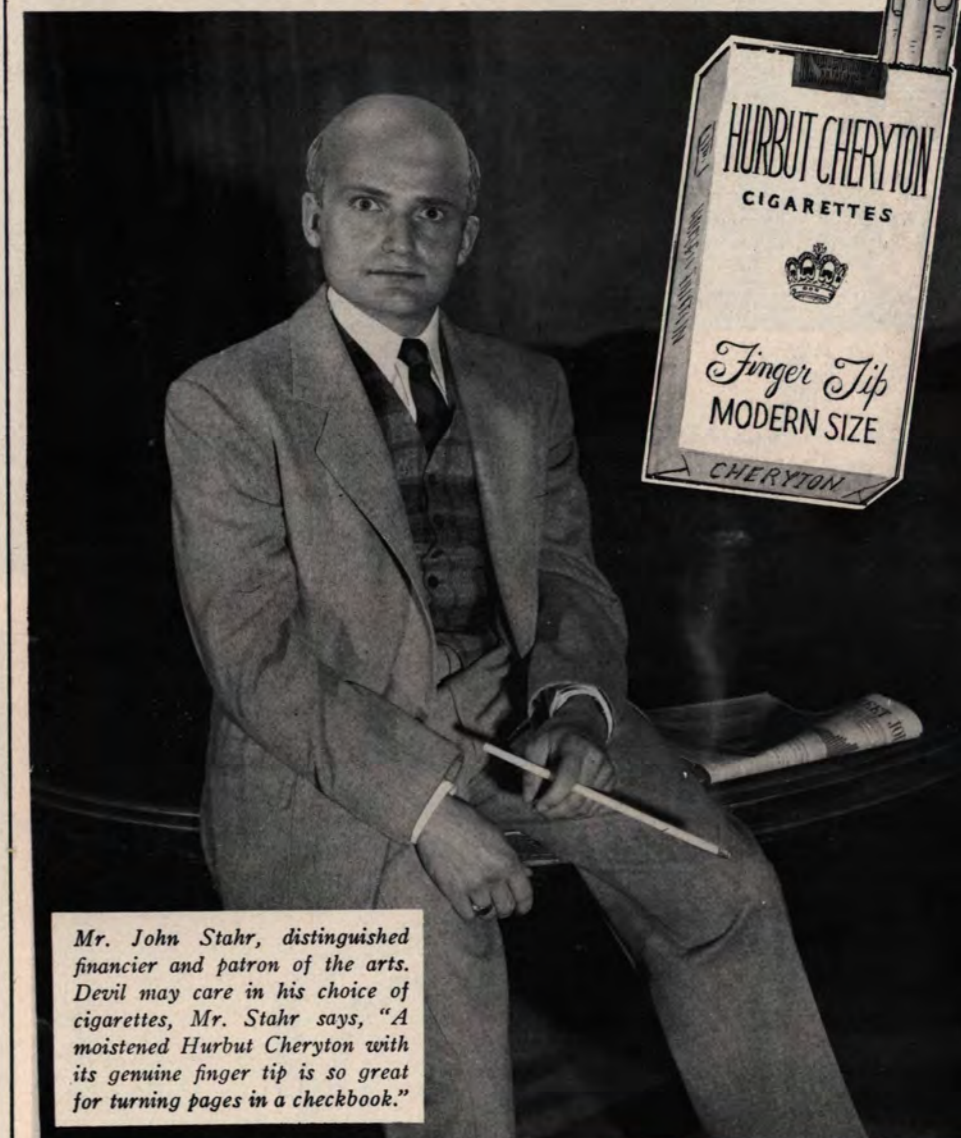
John went free. The court ruled that Ken had no right to frighten John the way he had. In Watsonville, furthermore, there is no law forbidding plumbers from beating their victims to death.

Based on a decision by the Watsonville County Court, September 1953.

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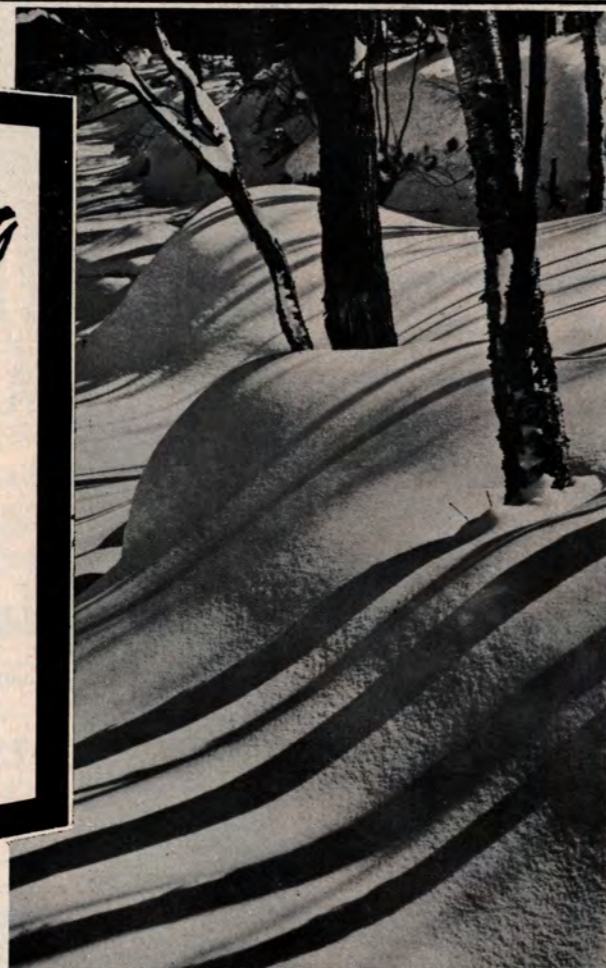
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**UP THE CANYON  
A PIECE**

(Continued from Page 29)

up. The crowd booed and he buttoned his shirt again. "I'm countin' three, Pancho, then I'm acomin' afrin' afor ayou."

"Speak English, Chowder Cheeks," retorted Pancho.

This was all the sheriff could take. Slapping leather, he whipped out his seven-shooter (shaped like an Australian swagger stick) and fired point-blank at Pancho. It was a good shot . . . in the back, between the shoulder blades.

Pancho toppled over the stair railing, and was impaled on the tip of the roulette wheel, his head striking against the iron safe. A little dazed, Pancho started to get up, but Sheriff Pacos fired at close range into his vitals until he ran out of ammunition.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**LET'S SEE**

I looked  
she looked  
we both looked  
Everybody came and looked  
Not a damn thing was there.

—MR. MCGOO

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Oooo," said Pancho. "I'm agoin' . . . bring me my woman." Polly waded through the blood to his side.

"I'm here, Gutless." Her voice quivered. "What do you want?"

"I'm goin' fast, Polly, but afore I go, I got somethin' to say."

**PUT IT THIS WAY**

BY JEAN BASHOR

- ▶ One thing that shouldn't happen to a dog is kittens.
- ▶ One man's meat may not be another man's poison, but it was the death of Captain Cook.
- ▶ Some professors grade on curves.
- ▶ Aladdin's girl did better tricks than his lamp if he rubbed her the right way.
- ▶ An apple a day never did much for Eve.
- ▶ Two heads are better than one with no neck.
- ▶ Honesty is the best policy, but a strong left is the best insurance.

**BERGH**

**WHEEL  
ALINEMENT**

745 Emerson St.  
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"What is it, Paling-Rapidly?"  
"You're mighty purty, Polly Gal."  
"Cut the frills, Lifeless. Where's your money?"

Just then, Fort Bravissimo (can be seen without glasses) was being attacked by a band of wild Indians. Molten lava poured out of the mountain, Lazy Water Creek overflowed its flood level by thirty-four feet, wild buffaloes stampeded through town, the bank was robbed, the dynamite store caught fire, and the west end of town left its foundations.

Raw Lips picked up Polly and headed for the old mine shaft up the canyon a piece (in consideration of which this tale has been named). Sheriff Pacos was forced to marry the little girl, and the Eighty-Second Cavalry Division rode into town, trampling the pair underfoot as they left on their honeymoon.

Off in the distance, on No-Help-At-All Ridge, a lone, gray wolf raised its snout to the evening sky and howled. This meant only one thing. There was trouble ahead.

THE END.



Answer to  
**What's Going  
On Here?**

(Page 44)

Betsy Ross, having completed the first American flag, has just shown it to Benjamin Franklin. While he is dancing with glee, she is calmly sweeping the wall where the flag will be hung.

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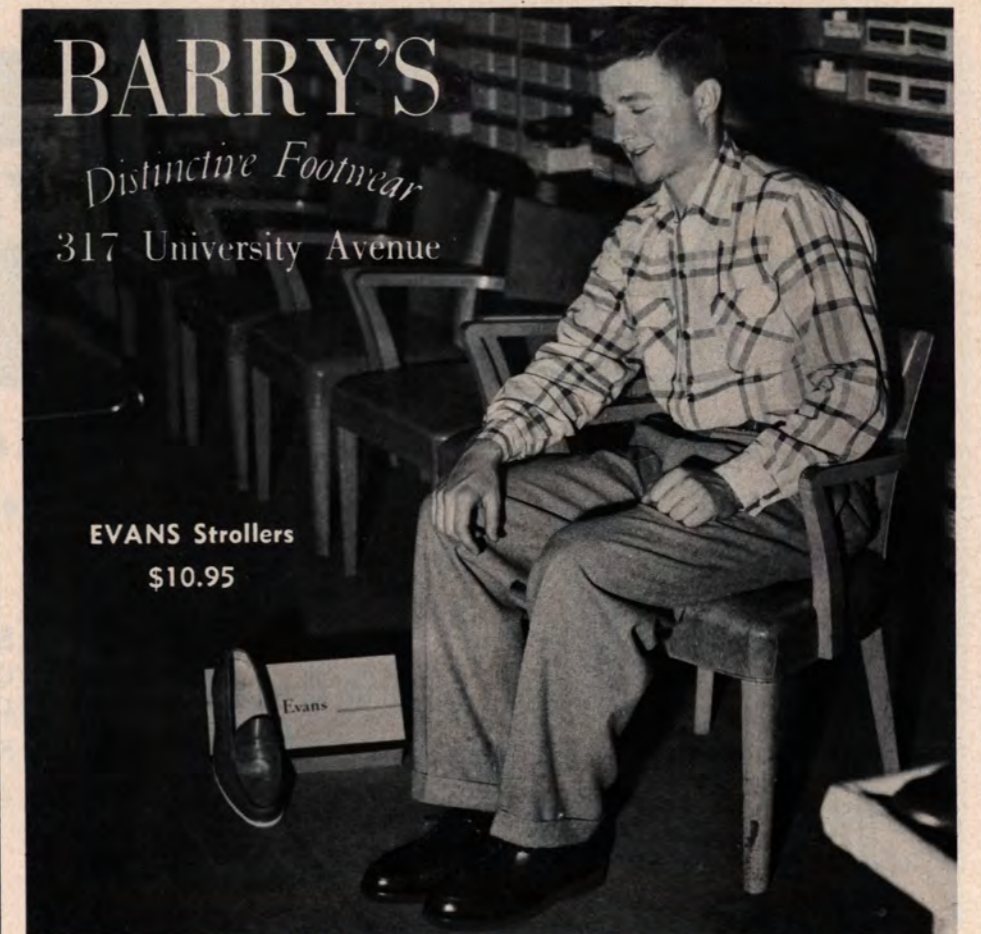
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**NIGHT TRAIN  
FOR HAITI**

(Continued from Page 32)

ber who . . . or where he had seen her before.

As he watched, the picture began to revolve slowly. There was an aperture behind it which led into a seemingly endless tunnel. Two forms came out of the darkness.

Geoff jumped, trying to get out of bed, but the drug had not worn off yet. His legs were still paralyzed.

\*\*\*\*\*

A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand.

\*\*\*\*\*

A voice came to him as if from afar. "Ach! Mein liddle fish iss sqwirming in der net, Herr Chuckles." Geoff could detect a faint trace of a foreign accent in the voice.

Geoff blurted, "You swine! What have you done with Chastity?"

The fat one winked salubriously at Geoff. "She iss in goot hands, mein friend. Ve haff our liddle vays, our liddle games to play. Ja, Chuckles? Iss dot not so?"

"Yeh, boss," Chuckles snickered. "Heh, heh."

"You despicable louts!" Geoff screamed, hating with an almost inhuman hate.

The leather quirt sliced his cheek to the

(Continued on Page 49)



Need Clothes?



135 University at High  
Palo Alto DA 3-7817

bone. "Enough jokink! Vere are der cats?"

The cats! Here they are again! What hidden meaning lies within that innocent phrase? What horrible connotation can lead men to lie, to cheat, to plunder . . . and—yes, it must be true now—even . . . to kill? If only the pieces of the puzzle would fall into place. All I need is a clue—just one! If the government is going to send me on a mysterious and romantic adventure of counterintrigue and espionage, they'd damn well better furnish me with a clue or two.

The quirt bit into his face again. "Dumbkopf! You tink you can fall asleep ven I am askink you questions? If you do not like cats, ve vill talk apoudt painatings." He indicated the mysterious portrait on the wall, still smiling mystically. "You like her?"

"She is beautiful," Geoff mumbled through swollen lips.

"She iss der Mona Lisa. Der real vun. Der vun in der Louvre iss a bad imitation."

The Mona Lisa! Was there some sinister connection between the beautiful painted lady on the wall and the wizened old doña on the plane who resembled her so closely?

Geoff wished he knew. One thought was foremost in his mind: "It seems to me that I could get much more accomplished if I were to escape the evil clutches of these wicked fiends."

While the brutal interrogation continued, Geoff realized he was able to wiggle his left big toe. The effects of the paralyzing drug had worn off and they had not thought to tie him to the bed. Quickly, his alert mind explored the possible alternatives. He decided to feign mental collapse, hoping they would leave as they had entered—through the secret passage behind the mysterious portrait. He would have to give it more thought later, but now he must collect his thoughts and energy, his clothes that were piled on the floor, and the cigarettes on the bureau.

"Svine, svine!" The fat one's lips twitched with rage. "No one falls asleep on me twice. Come, Chuckles, ve vill leave him to collect his thoughts and energy, his clothes that are piled on the floor, and the cigarettes on the bureau."

Flipping his cigarette on Geoff's navel,  
(Continued on Page 50)

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



Daria Chappun

"Arrghh . . ."

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### The Perfect Squelch

MRS. Snog-Woody was known throughout Virginia for her fabulous parties. Her Southern mansion was the scene of countless festivities, of which the gayest was the annual Washington's Birthday Ball.

Early each February preparations would begin, and invitations were sent to the select gentry of Blue Ridge society. This year on the eve of the occasion, workers were putting the final touches on the ball-room decorations.

Old Erasmus, who had been sent over from the neighboring farm to help with the work, was adjusting the height of the crystal chandelier by means of a rope and pulley system.

Mrs. Snog-Woody, whose treatment of the servants was unusually severe, had kept Erasmus raising and lowering the heavy apparatus for almost an hour and a half as she tried to locate "just the right height."

Erasmus had patiently endured the whole affair until the hostess was directly beneath the chandelier. He released the rope and the heavy glass crushed her skull into a bloody pulp.

—ABNER J. SLUB

(Continued from Page 49)

Chuckles followed Grumhoggen through the secret portal.

"Heh, heh," said Chuckles.

The massive picture slid silently into place behind Chuckles and Grumhoggen. Taking the last drag on the cigarette and swallowing the butt to eliminate possible incriminating evidence, Geoff rose silently, stealthily, from the sumptuous canopied four-poster.

As he crept along the floor over the plush carpets, he felt a sudden, sharp, jabbing click. Then the floor gave way—trapped!

He felt himself plummeting through black space beneath the diabolically concealed trap door. Then . . . oblivion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Many a heaving bosom is nothing more than a hope chest.

—MAIDENFORM

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hours later Geoff felt a cool hand on his brow. Even before he opened his eyes he knew it was Chastity—nothing gave him the same thrill Chastity did. They embraced swiftly, fondly. Then Geoff explained to her what had passed since they were separated, omitting the gory details of his inquisition.

A sudden smile of comprehension flashed across Chastity's delicate features. "Now it begins to fit!" she said.

"Good Lord! You mean—"

"Definitely. The cats."

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"And the sixteen lapis lazuli stilettos?"  
"They jibe with the whole picture. Everything is all so neat. The Messerschmidt Cartel—Grumhoggen—they're just tools of the big boys."

"Chastity! You're a genius! And, I, being no slouch at this sort of thing myself, realize full well precisely whom those you so crassly refer to as the 'Big Boys' (sic) are. *Kemo Sabay!*"

"True toad," replied Chastity succinctly.

"Let's get out of here quick!"

"But how?" Chastity said. "Since we have fallen together into this diabolical trap door and are now two hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth within a gaping rock chasm with naught but sheer, slippery walls stretching above as far as the eye can see?"

"Ah, my dear little Chastity," Geoff said lovingly, patting her on the nose. "You sweet, innocent kid. Your Geoff has a few brains in his head. All we need is a little cleverness."

Grandly he pointed to the large neon sign on the wall opposite him. It read but two vital words: "UP ESCALATOR." Beneath it was a clearly marked arrow.

"Geoff, you're—you're wonderful," Chastity said lovingly. Geoff concurred wholeheartedly.

Quickly Geoff helped Chastity gather her thoughts and energy, her clothes that were piled on the floor, and the cigarettes on the bureau.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Men seldom make passes at inanimate objects.

—LOUELLA Q. PARSNIPS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Joyfully they rode the escalator together. Facing the unknown, hearts in their throats, they opened the massive leaden doors at the top.

At the far end of the giant chambers which they found themselves in was a huge mahogany desk. And there at the desk sat Grumhoggen. He was playing electric monopoly with Chuckles.

"Zo! At lazt. Ve haff been axpectink you. Your conyerzation in der duncheon has reached us py a hidden migrophone. You know too much. I haff blayed mit you lonk enough. Now you must die."

With one hand Grumhoggen passed "Go" and collected \$200 billion. With the other hand he shot his Mauser twice. One bullet went straight toward Chastity's head. The other went for Geoff.

It seemed an eternity between the time Geoff heard the report of the heavy German pistol and the time he knew he should feel the final searing pain. He realized that this time it was for keeps. Grumhoggen had played his trump card. Now was the time to act.

Geoff steeled his catlike muscles. He saw the speeding bullet one inch from the center of his forehead.

"Heh, heh," said Chuckles.

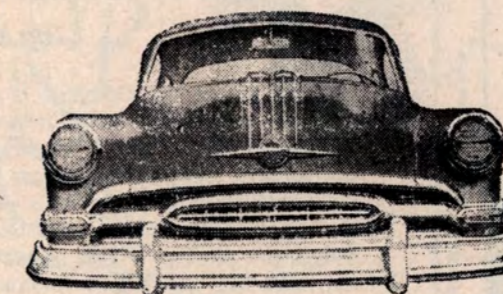
(——to be discontinued.)

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### CITIES OF AMERICA MOLDY CITY

(Continued from Page 23)

The visitor to Moldy City is first impressed by the city's magnificent monument, which was erected in 1936 by the W.P.A. A massive frame monument to public sanitation, the building has a tasteful creed emblazoned over the doors in foot-high letters. It reads "PUBLIC COMFORT STATION." Moldy City-ites find the building somewhat paradoxical, however. They find it hard to reconcile the fact that the building is their greatest achievement with the fact that it was erected by drunken, worthless rutabaga pickers from the Soledad State Penal Farm during the depths of the depression.

Picnickers enjoy relaxing every Sunday afternoon in the world-famed General Jeb Stuart Memorial Poison Oak Grove, only a few miles south of the city. Interested tourists could, up to several years ago, still find authentic beer cans there from as early as the fourteenth century. However, this has become more difficult in recent years, since the en-

tire grove has been inundated by the reservoir of the newly erected Los Gatos dam. Local citizens still remember "way back when," even though young lovers must now seek out more commonplace spots to read poetry to each other.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

#### NATURE'S WAY

By *Shedden Leaves*

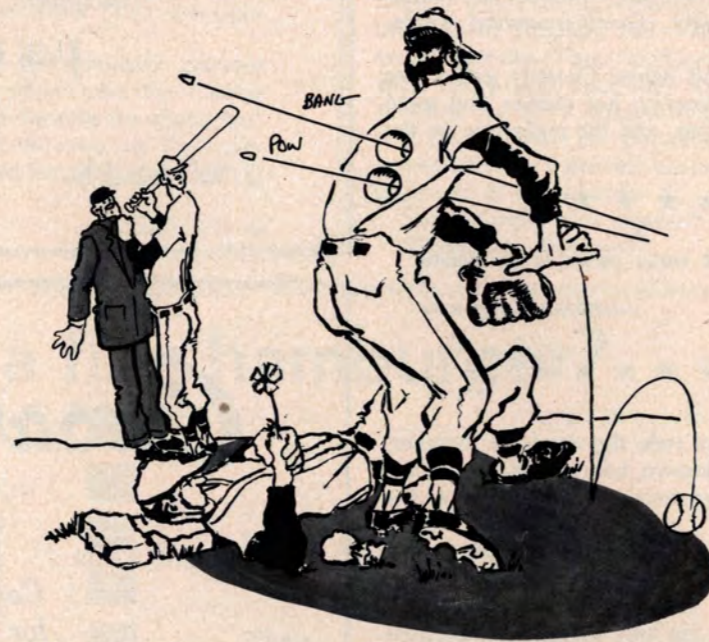
Oh scurry squirrel along the branch  
your little beady eyes  
flashing back  
Your long plume of a tail  
lifted as in farewell . . .  
and so . . . Migawd, look out!!!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It is interesting to note that the town lost seven young couples who disappeared tragically the very same day the floodgates were opened.

Night life in Moldy City is not as strait-

(Continued on Page 54)



### SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW BASEBALL!

By *John Woehler*

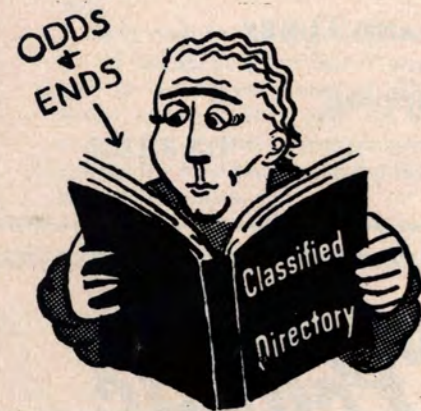
Robinson, of the Dodgers, is up to bat in the third frame. The ball, bounces off the zipper on his union suit against the bat, falls short of the pitcher's mound and rolls into the bag of resin at the feet of Satchel Paige, the pitcher. Paige picks up the resin bag and brains Robinson with it before he can reach first base. Robinson is killed instantly because the bag contains eighteen pounds of

lead. While the umpire argues with the players about the pitched ball rule, Pee Wee Reese sneaks into the group and steals the ball from the bag of resin. Someone shoots Pee Wee from the stands with a high-powered 200 Magnum deer rifle. The ball falls out of Reese's hand and rolls out of bounds short of the first base line. What is the official ruling?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The ball is declared dead at that point and is buried with Robinson and Reese.

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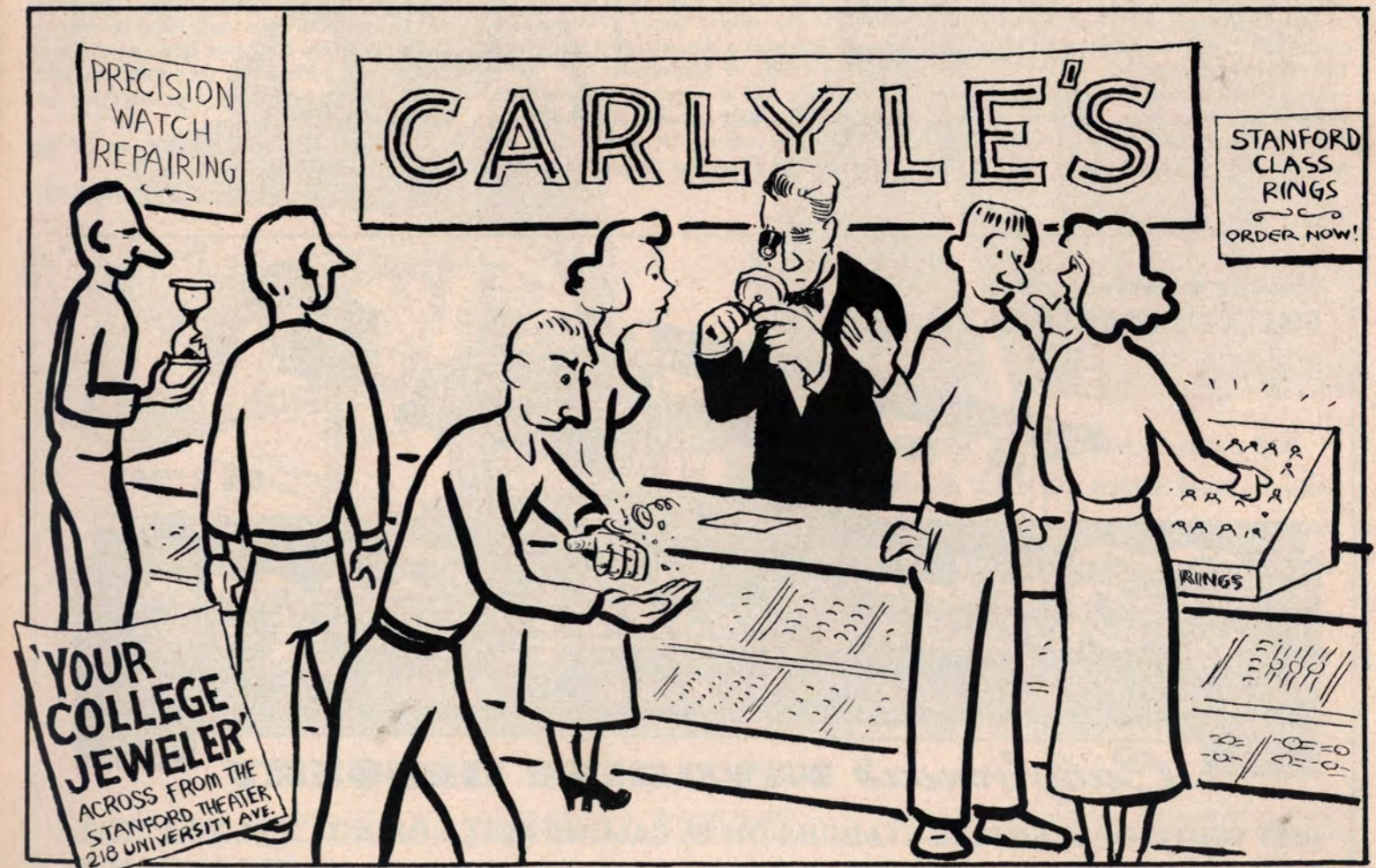
• Refreshments

• Dinners

• Banquets

Professor Roger Frelier B.A., M.A., Son of Professor Pierre Frelier, Grandson of Desire, Great Grandson of Onésime, Nephew of André Frelier, is seen mixing his first Bar-tooni.

The secret formula has been preserved in the family (and vice-versa) for generations



(Continued from Page 52)

laced as one who knew the full story of the town's religious origins might expect. Some of the more sophisticated members of the younger set have taken to playing bridge-whist on Saturday evenings.

Once a year the town holds a community square dance which brings in visitors from all over the county. In 1927, nine people came to the first dance. Last year, seven came. However, the Jones boy from down the road is now twelve, and, God permitting, will come to the dance next year providing Mrs. Perkins isn't having another of her lumbago spells.

Moldy Cityites will tell you that there is really only one Great Celebrity with a vested interest in the town. However, other less universally known local boys have made good. Whenever your reporters spoke to the townsfolk about civic activities, the name of Ephraim Curd kept entering the conversation. Old Eph Curd is a political savant of some repute. He knows more politics than any other townsman.

Old Eph has a sound basis for his political know-how. He caught a glimpse of an occurrence which changed the course of his whole life one afternoon, while a bus was carrying him from San Jose to Alcatraz. Hiram Johnson's body, lying in state and on its way to its final resting place, passed his bus. As Eph puts it, "I figgered any guy what can get a real sendoff like that when he kicks off must of got something real important like on the ball. So I sets out to be a high-class funeral type meself."

Since Eph's release from Alcatraz, he has assumed many positions of civic responsibility. He has been town constable, dog-catcher, notary public, alderman, bailiff,

jailer, and beadle. He attributes his great political successes (he's a left-wing Whig) to the fact that he subscribes religiously to the western edition of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and every so often, on an occasional Saturday, will go so far as to read the paper.

Eph's idol has always been "Hangin' Sam" Boaz. Hangin' Sam died twenty-seven years ago, but next to him village natives agree that Hangin' Sam was the greatest lawman ever to take up residence in the holy com-

courts when I was a little tad. Used to see them defendents squirm for mercy something powerful. Never seemed to get any, though."

Your correspondents inquired as to whether Hangin' Sam was always so harsh on transgressors.

Eph replied, "Yep, you might say old Sam was tough. Used to say he et nails fer breakfast. Haw, haw. Ain't that a good 'un?"

At this point Eph succumbed to paroxysms of laughter and slapped his thigh heartily.

When he had regained his composure sufficiently to continue, he went on. "Yessir, that man was really on the side of God, justice, and Hangin' Sam. Townspeople got riled up one Sunday afternoon though, when he hung that travelin' man 'twixt dinner and vespers, just because he'd been carryin' on with the young widdier woman. Might call it poetic justice, the way we all went out and lynched old Hangin' Sam that night. But I guess that's the way the danged old critter would of wanted to go. In the line of duty, sorta like."

Moldy City has had a long and colorful history. No signs of decadence are creeping yet into the life of this heroic little civilization within a civilization. The question foremost in the minds of farseeing townsfolk is this, however. "Will the next six thousand years hold the same promise as the first?"

Moldy City's indomitable spirit can be summed up best in the crusty words of one wizened old-timer. We had asked him for help in writing the article, and he had been only too willing to comply. With his steely blue eyes fixed on the ever broadening horizon of the years, he said, "Hell, yes. I'd do damn near anything for whisky money."

Let's hope this goes for the rest of the world too, old-timer.

THE END.



HAZELL

"Don't you ever knock?"

Tue Kay



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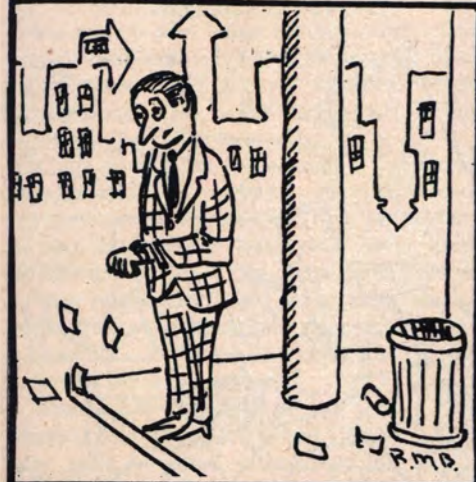
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**FOLKSEY NORMAL WELLWELL**

ONCE again the *Pile* is proud to present another Wellwell cover. So many requests from our loyal readers have come in that we just couldn't resist using Normal again. Normal is famous for his home-life paintings. Normal painted this one in his spare time while visiting Paris nightclubs, gathering sketches for more calendar art. Normal normally uses models for his paintings, but this one was drawn from memory. It actually represents Normal's own household. The girl coming down the stairs is in reality Normal's little girl of 10. The dog is Normal's best friend. The father on the cover is really Normal's cousin who has been living with Normal's wife while he has been away on a tour of European village life. The boy crushing the orchid box is modeled after a young lad Normal once saw while visiting Stanford University. (Normal said he was impressed by the formal attire the young Stanford lads wore.)

Watch for more of Wellwell's hometown-life covers. He portrays life as it really is.

## BALMY DAY IN MOLDY CITY

TWO well-meaning gentlemen on a dangerous mission were *Pile* correspondent-photographer Joe Baedecker and writer-cameraman Lucius Beebe. They braved the rigorous weather of the wilds of Santa Cruz County to obtain the story of the true faith as practiced in mystic Moldy City, where "the elite meet to preach." Moldy City is crammed into a barren, eroded acre of jungle land somewhere off the Santa Cruz road. Correspondents Baedecker and Beebe fought snakes, jungle fever, and man-eating crocodiles to obtain their story.

When the *Pile's* editorial board questioned the two men about their work after they presented the finished article, Baedecker spoke for the two of them. His reply was, we believe, as terse a summary of the spirit which drives journalists to scale new and previously unconquerable heights. "Hell," said Baedecker, "I'll do anything for money."

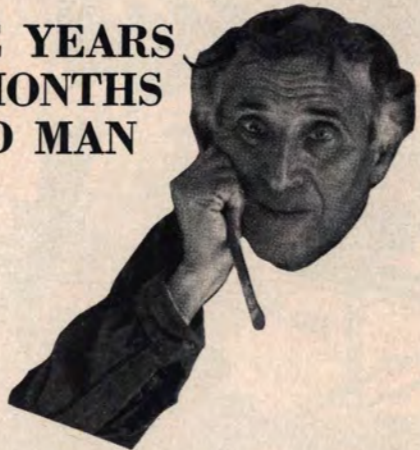
## TRACTORS, ROADS, AND BUTTS

On page 18 there is a tractor salesman named Butts, who, with the aid of an author named Upchuck, and a tractor called Groundslug have helped to create a not-too-fantastic picture of life at one of the great Western universities. Author Warthog Upchuck earned his name through lengthy travels along the very roads he writes about. Upchuck contends that you can't write well about something you know nothing about. Since he

has always been sort of a simple fellow, and farm life has always appealed to him, Upchuck has created Butts and the Groundslug Tractor Co., and he always writes in letter style about their adventures.

Upchuck lives on a farm in Teakwood City, California, is married, and has three children — one boy and one girl. His wife is the former APE Airlines hostess, Maggie Schempledorf, but Warthog prefers to call her by her middle name, Miltrude. For it was under this name that she won the "Miss Pismo Clam" title at a beauty contest at Pismo Beach, and it was here that Upchuck met his charming wife.

## MY THREE YEARS AND SIX MONTHS AS A DEAD MAN



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Rita on Ramona .....	9
Rocky's .....	42
Roos Bros. ....	2
Royal Tire Service .....	51
Rudy's .....	43
Schneider's .....	14
Slonaker's Printing .....	Inside Back Cover
South Palo Alto .....	Inside Front Cover
Southgate Motors .....	37
Taylor Shoe Co. ....	38
T. C. Christy .....	15
Town and Country .....	16
Typewriter Shop .....	47
University Travel Service .....	48
Varsity Shop .....	48
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Webb's Photo .....	44
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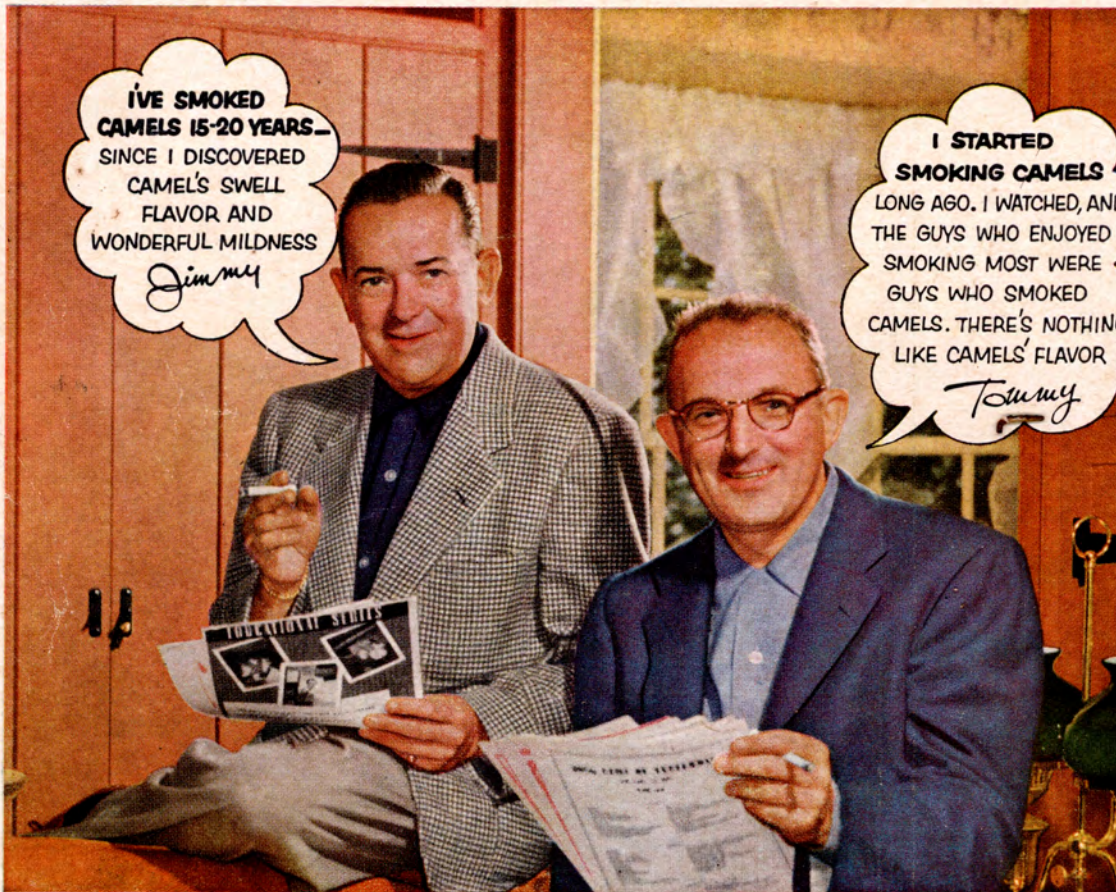
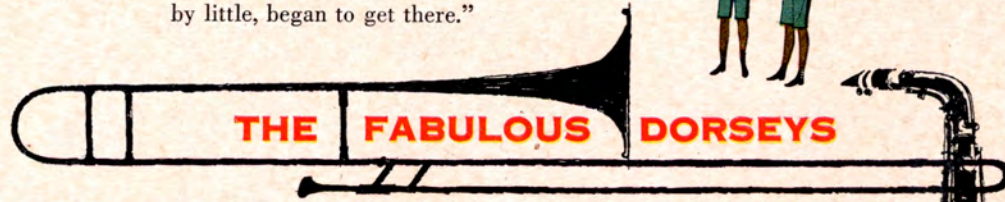
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SINCE I DISCOVERED  
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WONDERFUL MILDNESS  
*Jimmy*

I STARTED  
SMOKING CAMELS  
LONG AGO. I WATCHED, AND  
THE GUYS WHO ENJOYED  
SMOKING MOST WERE  
GUYS WHO SMOKED  
CAMELS. THERE'S NOTHING  
LIKE CAMEL'S FLAVOR  
*Tommy*



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See how mild and flavorful a cigarette can be!

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