

Willamette

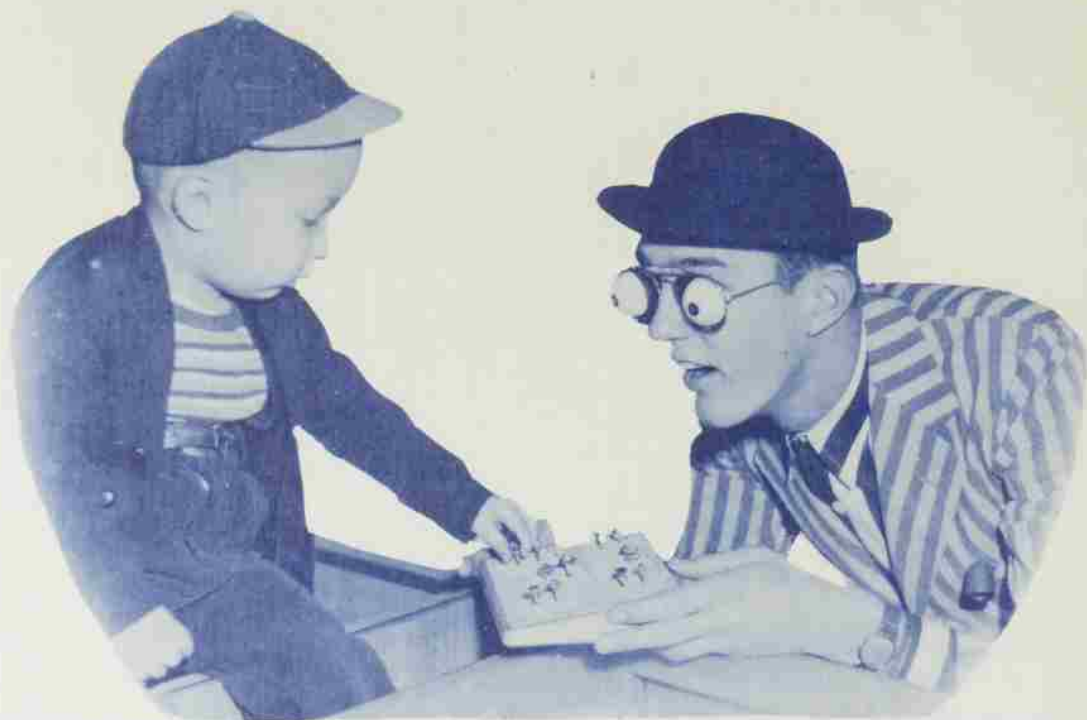
PURITAN!



25 cents

HOLLY JACKSON JEWELERS

Rings
Watches
Silverware
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BEFORE

AFTER



Complete Sales and Service
Wreck Re-building a specialty

VALLEY MOTOR CO.

Ford

This issue is dedicated to all the hardy businessmen who realize that we're nuts but still wish to advertise in our magazine. It is our hope that you will patronize their establishments.

Excerpts from the Profs' Lectures

PROF. HOLMER . . .

But then, we're only considering it from the standpoint of theory.

Many administrators make regular use of the staff conference. The Russians bombed New York yesterday. An informal get-together goes a long way toward reducing friction between operating units, besides providing better understanding of departmental policy and program.

PROF. SHEETS . . .

Then, we azoom [sic] that world unemployment is a direct result of a culture lag brought about by the social distance of the ruling class. This whole series of events is due to the fact that the vertical mobility is hindered by the looking glass self.

Dr. HALEY . . .

Got a little something here I thought you might be interested in. It says "Free Enterprise" and guess who puts it out? Hahaha. That's right, the GIO News. Well, you'll just have to take a thing like that for what it's worth. It helps give you that other perspective, so I'll just set it here on the table and anyone who wants to can come up after class.

STUDENT . . .

A. Many administrators make regular use of the staff conference.

1. The Russians bombed New York yesterday.
2. An informal get-together goes a long way toward
 - a. Reducing friction between operating units
 - b. Providing better understanding of departmental policy and program

STUDENT . . .

2/6/50

More unemployment.

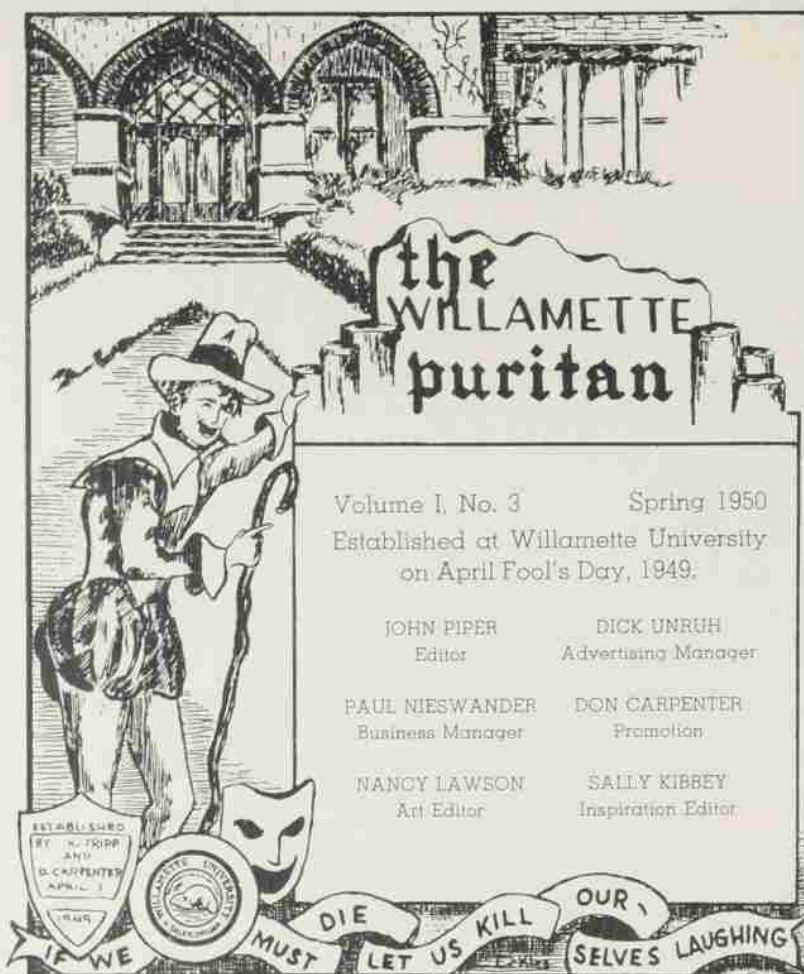
STUDENT . . .

Dear Irene,

Got your letter this morning and thought I'd take time out to answer it since I'm not busy this period. Say, I sure am glad you can make it down for the dance. You had me worried for a little while.

Boy, I can hardly wait for summer to come. Did I tell you I got my same job again loading cherries? That dough is going to come in mighty handy . . .

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At the first of this semester there was a flood of publicity to the effect that copy was needed for the Puritan. This included posters, an article in the Collegian, many hand-bills, several chapel announcements, and lots of personal contact. For the remainder of the semester announcements were on the bulletin boards, there was another chapel program, a second story in the Collegian, and more personal contact to the effect that we needed helpers and idea men.

We had two stories turned in, one of which we couldn't use, and our regular staff consisted of five people. Many of you readers take pleasure in comparing us with the Washington Columns or the Stanford Chappie, but the fact remains that these magazines have a staff of a couple of hundred and a lot of helpers.

It is a known fact that The Puritan stinks, but it is damn good considering the help we get. We are not trying to make excuses, but are trying to tell you readers that you have no gripes coming until you get in and help. Next year we'd like to see a huge staff with lots of ideas and humor.

We've been kind of hard up here for any paper to submit our copy on. At first we were using the Collegian copy paper until Editor Montague found out about it. The next batch was W.U. owned, but was found before we had used more than a gross, or is it ream? Some kind soul left a package of stationary on our desk which had the letterhead: "The Old Time Chastisity Belt Co. Ltd.—Our motto: 'Don't be half safe!'"

I was reading an exchange humor mag today and found a rare joke. It goes:

His toes curled in the black soil. God, but it was marvelous to feel the soft dirt press around his feet. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the soil. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was a part of nature and not just a part of the big city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready."

Slowly and reluctantly he took his feet out of the flower pot.
—Ed.

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A PUBLIC SERVICE

At Willamette where summer is a big laugh, no noticeable effects of the proclamation were observed. The only evidences of approaching vacation were a slight decrease in rainfall from 72" to 68" per day and the usual campaign by the library to recover its property. Last Monday, Tom Gillies, head librarian, announced that he had hired 14 private detectives to recover books stolen by students, and pointed out that he was holding Russ Tripp as hostage in the Northwest Reading Room until all are returned. Through the window, Russ remarked that he believed the idea to be basically sound. "I agree with Russ," added George Hunt, last year's student body president, who is still being held. "I get to leave as soon as they find Immanuel Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason'."

Amid all the confusion, the problem of summer activity looms once again like a dark cloud over the students. Business majors begin to look for positions as salesmen, econ majors begin to look for openings in the bricklayers union, and psychology majors begin to look for rides to the beach. For those who have wisely put off a decision until certain that they won't have to attend summer school, we present here a summary of opportunities available copied from a study made of jobs no one showed up to fill last year.

(a) GUIDE

A guide may be defined as a person wearing a bus driver's cap who has been there one day longer than you have. He has a nasty habit of diverting attention from attractive females in shorts on one side of the road to an Oregon trail marker no one cares about on the other. If you enjoy (1) pointing out scenery you haven't seen before, (2) answering perfectly asinine questions, (3) fresh

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A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

Here is the prize-winning story for the semester. Bob will receive \$10.00 for this masterpiece as soon as we find the cash. If you think you can top this, enter our contest next year.

It was a dark, cold, misty, January evening. The clock on the wall was preparing to strike the enchanted hour, and one by one the little bull sessions were splitting up as one SAE after another turned his feet toward his room and a good night's rest. Outside, all was silent save for the howling of the wind. A cold moon was shining upon the SAE house. Tiny moonbeams stole in through the window blinds and cast their magic spell over the faces and minds of the sleeping men. Now it seems that the moon has far greater powers than merely controlling the tides. It insinuates in the minds of young men the wanting and yearning drives which only can be felt by normal healthy young men such as our sleeping SAE friends. On this fateful night its powers were of a great magnitude, for this is Willamette and although these men are normal, their wants and desires have been suppressed by the inhuman moral codes of Willamette. Their breathing quickened and their hearts pounded as forbidden thoughts "slinked" through their minds. Finally two men stirred and for an unknown reason they put on robes and walked back into the living room. Neither one talked but each knew the other's thoughts by the look of longing in his eyes. Certainly Lausanne was a poor substitute for these maturing youths.

The misty wind was soaking her coat through and tousling her wavy hair. She was young but her body was nearly developed and her poise was equal to many girls far her senior. Her eyes were sad, sad because she had just made the greatest decision of her life. "Was it really wrong for her to be driven to this? Was it wrong after all the hard breaks society had given her?" She knew she could stoop no lower, but when you are faced with sure, slow starvation, Moral Issues lose some of their importance. She was passing the Willamette campus, just as she had planned. Here she felt she had a faint chance, for she was sure that she could play upon the kindness as well as the emotions of these young men. There was the SAE house. That held the answer, for she knew that a fraternity is bounded by secrecy and that could protect her from shame.

One of the men pressed his nose to the window and peered out into the night. Suddenly he turned to his companion. "Wow! Do you see what I see?" It was too good to be true, for they weren't dreaming, she was walking up the steps to the front door. For a moment she stopped, looked through the glass and deep into the eyes of the men. Words weren't necessary, for she too had that same look of longing in her eyes. One of the men turned and said, "Should we risk it?"

"Hell yes!" was the reply. "And she's going to my room for tonight."

And so the door was opened and Cookie stepped into the lives of the SAE's as a most faithful K-9 mascot.

GRIMM FAIRY TALES

CHAPTER I . . . Wow!

Once upon a time there lived a professor of mathematics named Herbert Guttenheimer.

Herbert was a fine upstanding man.

He was not absent-minded, but was very brilliant.

He never drank.

Nor did he smoke.

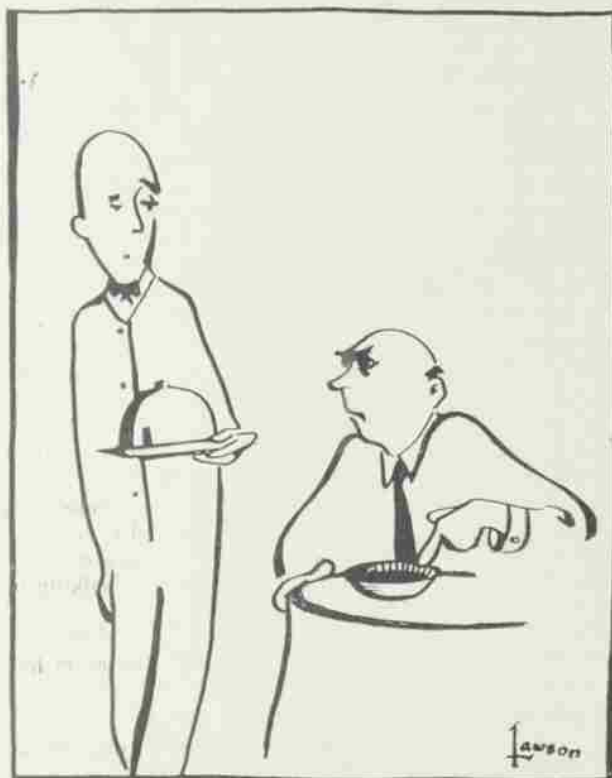
He had never uttered a word of profanity since the day he was weaned.

He was kind to all the little kiddies.

He let his classes out 30 minutes early every day, for coffee.

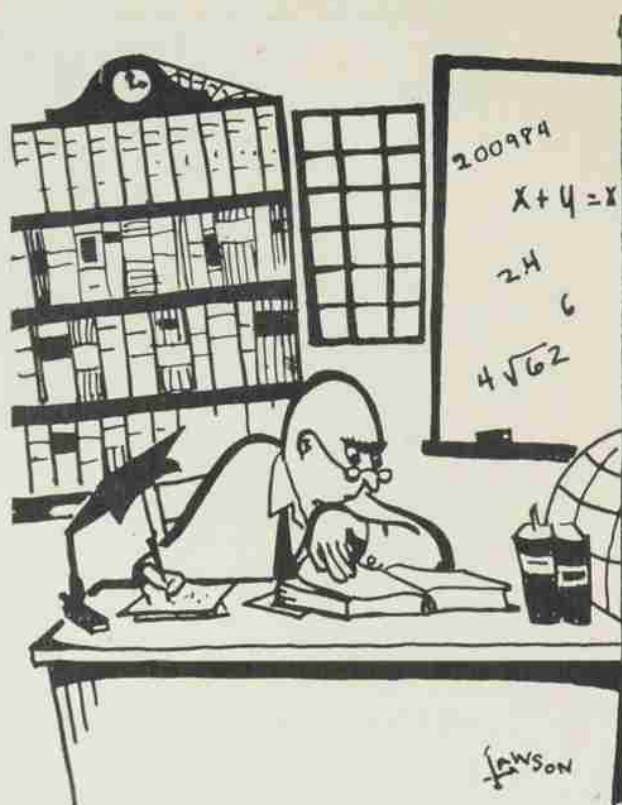
Herbert was perfect in every respect . . . except that . . .

He robbed banks.



Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!
That's all right, sir. It's not hot enough to burn him.

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He contended that his income as a college prof was not enough to keep him alive.

CHAPTER II . . . A Thriller!

One night Herbert was robbing a bank.

He had just figured by mathematics the combination of the safe containing \$5,892,367.21, when a cop who happened to be standing behind him, said:

"Hey you."

"Hey who," said Herbert.

"Hey you, that's who," said the cop.

"Hey you, that's hey who what," said Herbert.

"Huh?" said the cop.

"I said, 'Hey you that's 'hey who what','" said Herbert.

Herbert was not absent-minded, but was very brilliant.

But he had not reckoned with this turn of events.

He had expected no trouble in getting the \$5,892,367.21 to supplement his earnings as a college prof.

"Huh?" said the cop.

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Steve the Promoter

A story to think about—one that will make you wonder.

Well, folks, I've been a janitor at Willamette for nearly twenty years now, and I guess there isn't much that's went on there I don't know about. The reason I'm going to tell you this little story is that the guy it's about is kind of like me, only worse. His name is Steve MacIntosh and he came to Willamette as a student some five years ago, about the time when Harry Truman was elected president for a third term by 127 votes.

I remember the first time I saw Steve. I was carrying chairs into the library and he asked me where the head was. Right away I noticed the eager gleam in his eye, and the intelligent, inquiring expression on his face told me that here was a lad who would bear watching.

Unfortunately, Steve began to make mistakes right away. By nature, he was a promoter, leader, and idea man all in one lump. It was a pretty big lump for Willamette to chew on.

To begin with, he danced with 11 different girls at the Freshman Mixer. This was tragic. He really wanted to be friendly, but no one had ever done such a thing before, so they couldn't understand. The girls were the most surprised of all because they found out later he had not said the same things to any two of them.

During the second week of school, the head residents of five living groups telephoned the administration that a man had been circulating around selling books, suits, magazine subscriptions, and life insurance policies to the stu-

dents. Before the administration could check on it, the sixth house mother phoned the police. She had discovered that the salesman received \$267.37 worth of orders while she was outside watering the nasturtiums. The police and the school authorities consulted one another and concluded that the logical spot for the culprit to hit next was a certain sorority house some eight blocks from the campus.

Sure enough, when the police and administration arrived, the salesman was accepting a 16-buck check for the last of six used bicycles he had carted over in a U-Drive pickup. It was Steve, naturally. The administration didn't know exactly what to do, so they sent the police away and brought Steve over to the Dean's office. He hasn't been allowed to sell on campus since then, but rumor has it that he got the Dean on a \$10,000 policy before it was all over.

Steve kind of simmered down after that and applied himself to his studies. We began to get somewhat acquainted. Every once in a while I would spot him out on the curb in front of Eaton having a smoke, so I'd drop what I was doing and sneak out for a pipeful of Olde Tennis Shoe and a few words of wisdom.

One fall afternoon I spotted him sitting in the library, staring at his textbook so intently I thought his eyes would pop out. I was curious as to what he was reading, being something of a scholar myself at one time, so I closed my copy of Esquire and walked over.

"Steve, you're about ready to strain an eyeball."

"Yeah. This is how I always study. I've got a photographic memory."

Refraining from any wise remarks about where did he put in the film, I kept my mouth shut and watched his eyes. They would be focused intently on the page for a

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Love Under a Cabbage Leaf

A SEXY Story!

By Ann Stackhouse

Somehow, Lucretia Schonkgoggle, I feel that you are still here beside me. Yes . . . yes . . . I know that you are gone, but a love as great as ours can no more be destroyed than can the ocean wash away the shore. Remember, Lucretia, my darling . . .

That first day . . . I was wandering aimlessly through the Pastrami and Head Cheese section of your father's delicatessen. And then . . . I saw you, Lucretia. There you were . . . standing behind the potato salad. I guess it was your forehead that made me notice you. It was a lovely alabaster white and right in the center . . . it read: "Approved by Good Housekeeping." You had stumbled into a near-sighted food inspector, my own.

Ah . . . but I loved you! You were so shy and sweet. You looked up at me in that cross-eyed way of yours and softly murmured . . . "If you ain't gonna buy no potato salad, get your filthy mitts offen it!"

Just that . . . but it was enough. I was hopelessly, deliriously, passionately in love. It was like falling face first in a vat of honey. It was like being hit with a sledge hammer. And you . . . you sensed it too, Lucretia. You knew . . . and I knew you knew. And you knew I knew you

knew . . . and I knew you knew I knew you knew. Get it? We clicked! Like new track shoes on a porcelain bath tub. Like uncut toenails on an empty beer bottle . . . we clicked!

You were so shy at first . . . I guess that's what made me love you even more. When I reached for your little hand . . . you hit me with the meat cleaver, Elfin, spiritual creature that you were, my darling!

Removing the cleaver from the shoulder pads of my new "Charles Atlas" suit, I smiled winningly at you.

Again you spoke. Softly . . . "Wipe that silly grin off your mug, Stupid, and take your boney foot outa the pickle barrel!"

My love . . . my love, how coy you were! How hesitant. I dared not speak for fear I might ruin the illusion of pure ecstasy of our first meeting. Besides, your father had silently placed my left arm in the meat grinder. Such a sense of humor . . . so gay and carefree!

Picking myself from out the gutter, I meditated on your father's actions. He too seemed shy and hesitant. But then I understood, precious. He was only testing my love for you. What a fool, he was . . . I can never stop loving you.

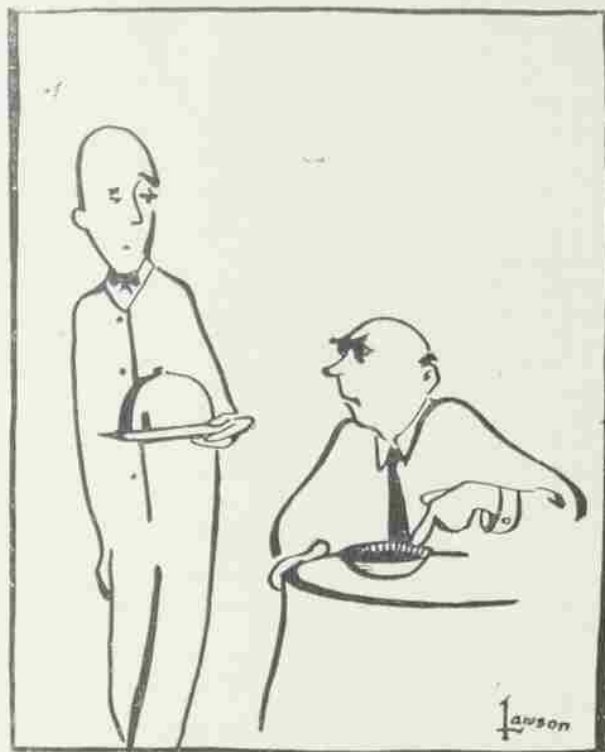
Even my walk-up closet with the built-in shower seemed bright because of you. Life was sweet. Like Romeo and Juliet . . . like Samson and Delilah . . . like Alben and Mrs. Barkley . . . I had found my love. I traced your name in the dust of my dresser until my asthma forced me to stop. I vowed that we would never, never be parted.

That night . . . as I dreamed . . . your face was ever before me. Let me describe your magnificent features, my Lucretia . . . yours eyes . . . a rich mud-like blue . . . except for the one in the middle . . . which flashed on and off . . . red and green . . . (your mother had been a traffic cop) . . . your nose . . . truly that of a lady . . . the ring in it was pure brass . . . luscious was the word for your lips . . . like a bottle of Heinz catsup . . . and your hair . . . red . . . with the little bald spot in the back . . . your father used this for advertising his latest specials . . . now it read "Yes, we got no bananas" . . . but have you tried pepperoni?

"Oh, my own . . . my own . . . you were so utterly divine! From your fringed bangs with the tassels on them . . . to your three feet, you were softly curved. Where other girls are curved concavely . . . you, my love . . . were curved convexly.

You dressed well . . . Lucretia . . . that gunny sack with the macaroni sequins . . . simple . . . yet so smart . . . and your dainty little feet . . . were covered with your brother's sneakers . . . except for the one in the middle . . . that was bare but each toenail . . . all seven . . . were painted to read "Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and January."

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Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!
All right, I'll bring you a fork.

A PUBLIC SERVICE

(Continued from Page 3)

air—apply for work as a guide. We hope you get lost down a trail somewhere.

(b) PAPERBOY

Since most paper boys are only 12 years old, here is a chance to work with congenial people whose mentalities are similar to yours. If your father can buy window glass wholesale, this is just the thing. One can hardly repress a feeling of triumph, riding a bicycle through darkened streets and knowing that no one else is crazy enough to be up that early. What is more soul satisfying than the sight of flower pots splattered all over porches, or the vibrant tone of a screen door as a neat hole is driven in its center? You tell us. We don't even have a porch.

(c) STOCKBOY

Department stores will need hundreds of stockboys this summer. Their work consists mainly of carrying around large packages with signs saying "Fragile. This end up," printed up side down at the bottom. If you are in a hurry to get a foothold in big business, and don't like to go to work before 10:30, this is your big chance.

(d) CHAUFFEUR

There are almost as many chauffeurs as there are people, although some hard-noses still insist on driving their own cars. To qualify for this job, you must be fully acquainted with new cars and their assorted gadgets. Nothing is more embarrassing for a chauffeur than the first time he pulls to the curb, leaps out, opens the wrong door, and finds himself escorting his employer into the luggage compartment. Chauffeurs should also be familiar with the streets of the town and surrounding area. When his employer says loudly, "Take me to the office," he should waste no time in getting to the golf course. To distinguish himself from doormen and Marines, it is sometimes advisable for a chauffeur to grow a moustache. This makes him look like every other chauffeur, but who cares?

(e) GARBAGE COLLECTOR

This is one of the most exacting jobs on the list. It takes a man who likes to get his nose to the grindstone, a man with an atmosphere about him, a man who likes cats. Although the pay is not high, think of the prestige. Next fall all your friends will be saying, "I was a clerk," or "I was a waiter." But YOU can say, "I was a collector of extra-curricular kitchen materials."

(f) INDIAN POTTERY MAKER

Although many people think that Indian pottery is hand made through a process handed down through the years, this is not true. There are positions open in New Mexico for experienced mechanics, efficiency experts, truck drivers, accountants, office boys, and chemists. There also are a few openings for someone skilled in making Indian pottery look hand made. A world of opportunity.

Imagine the newsboy's embarrassment when he opened the wrong door in the depot waiting room and yelled: "Extra Paper!"

There was a man who called a spade a spade until he tripped over one in the dark.

There's Ads in Your Life

(Credit: CATHERINE PERSON)

Haven't you been missing something?

Marion B. stopped suddenly and thought hard. "Yes, I've been missing something, besides half of my pay-check (they say it goes for my old age), I've been missing the romance that magazines say I should have. After all its *Abhhhh Spring and time to see your Texaco Dealer for a Spring Check-up*. Obviously, I have *Man Trouble*. Janet and Bill get along so well, she'll soon become *Engaged*. She's *Lovely*. What's her secret?"

Buzz! Marion's boss called her into his office for dictation, so she was forced to discontinue this fascinating discussion with herself.

Later in the day Marion picked up her thoughts without dropping a stitch. *Are you lovely to love?* "Perhaps I'm not, that could be my trouble. *Your best friend won't tell you*. Maybe my trouble is hereditary. *When nature fails use InterClean Herbal Laxative*. Perhaps that's not the solution to the whole problem." In a quandry, Marion searched her mind for an answer. *Don't guess! Don't take chances! Put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending that millions rely on*. So many people call it part of their passport to popularity. "As simple as that!" Relieved, Marion was then free to *Discover that magic second self within you, that fascinating stranger that is your inner self*.

She bought soap on her way home, realizing that *New loveliness begins with your first cake of Camay*. Second step in her new campaign was to fix her hair, which she knew *Can be made much more beautiful and glamorous with a color rinse*.

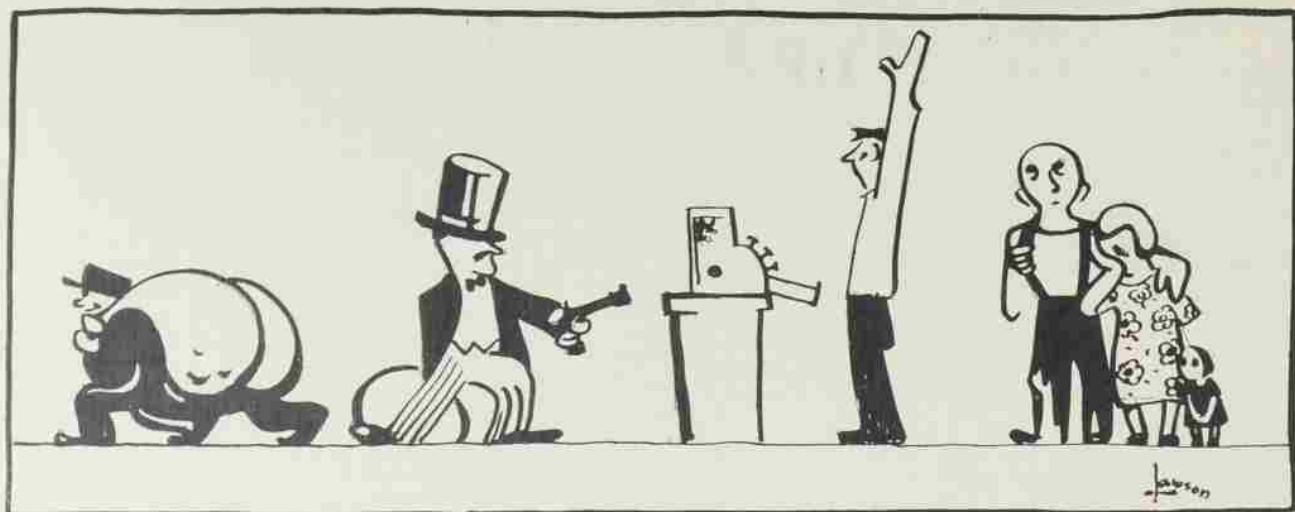
Everything was "Sunny Side Up" as she applied *Revlon's new color, a young red . . . a tempting red, teasing as a butterfly kiss*. *Revlon's light hearted, bright hearted, sun sweetened crimson makes you kick up your heels . . . puts a lift in your clothes . . . a laugh in your eyes! Suddenly, all's right with the world*.

At home, she changed her clothes and went down to the well to make a wish. Leaning over too far, she slipped and fell into the dark narrow well. But *Even in the tightest spot you can relax in Botony Brand slacks*. Then a dashing fellow in grey slacks appeared and threw her the *Line that catches everything when there are no fish near the surface*.

Changing from her wet things she put on the *Shoes that make love to your feet* and her *sun dress that's snug as a hug*. Taking a fancy to the fellow in grey slacks, she took him swimming. She wondered why he swam with his hat on, then realized that *The Stetson is part of the man*.

As they started to get on the subway, she knew *You won't be alone for long*. These thoughts ran through her mind after he kissed her good night. "Jeff, the man in slacks, is *Everything you ever wanted. Something beautiful happens and it can happen to you in a twinkling of an eye, in twice the speed. You're lucky in love when you "Dew"*.

She decided to call Betty and spread the good word. "Hello, Betty? *The smartest move I ever made was converting to Bendix Westinghouse Air Brakes!*"



A STORY WITH A MORAL

Once upon a time there was a small time crook by the name of Harry. One day Harry's father took him aside and said to him, "Harry, I want you to grow up into a real man like your brother." Harry felt a surge of pride at the mention of his brother's name. "My brother," he thought, "wanted by the F.B.I. at the age of six."

So little Harry made a resolution then and there to be a big time crook. He studied long and hard in his quest to be as proficient as his brother. Finally after six years of apprenticeship in Lefty Lightfinger's mob, he felt ready to start on his own.

Walking down Main street one day, he idly picked the pocket of a boy of about the same age as his own. Being as Harry was just a beginner, he was discovered. But the boy whose pocket he was picking was a kindly soul. Turning, he said, "Hello, there, my name's Bill. What's yours?" Harry liked his face, so they struck up a conversa-

tion. When Bill heard of Harry's profession, he was shocked. "Harry, my friend," he said, "you will never go any place but to prison. You should be honest and clean living. But alas, I can see that you never will. I will wager that in 10 years I will be rich and you shall be dieing in some prison. Will you shake on that?" Harry shook.

After a period of ten years of robbing banks and stealing, Harry was living in a mansion on the West Side with servants, maids, and chauffeurs. Retired at the age of 21! Think of it, a million dollars in income tax every year!

But what had happened to Bill in all these years? Bill was now begging on the East Side. He was too proud to steal. So now he lived in filth and rags. He had no friends nor had he any money. As we take a last look at Bill, we see him drop in his tracks with another attack of pleuresy. Let us never forget the moral of this story, but keep it always in mind. The moral? —

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

LOVE UNDER A CABBAGE LEAF

(Continued from Page 6)

But I must cease this blessed reminiscence. I must force my tortured mind back to the present . . .

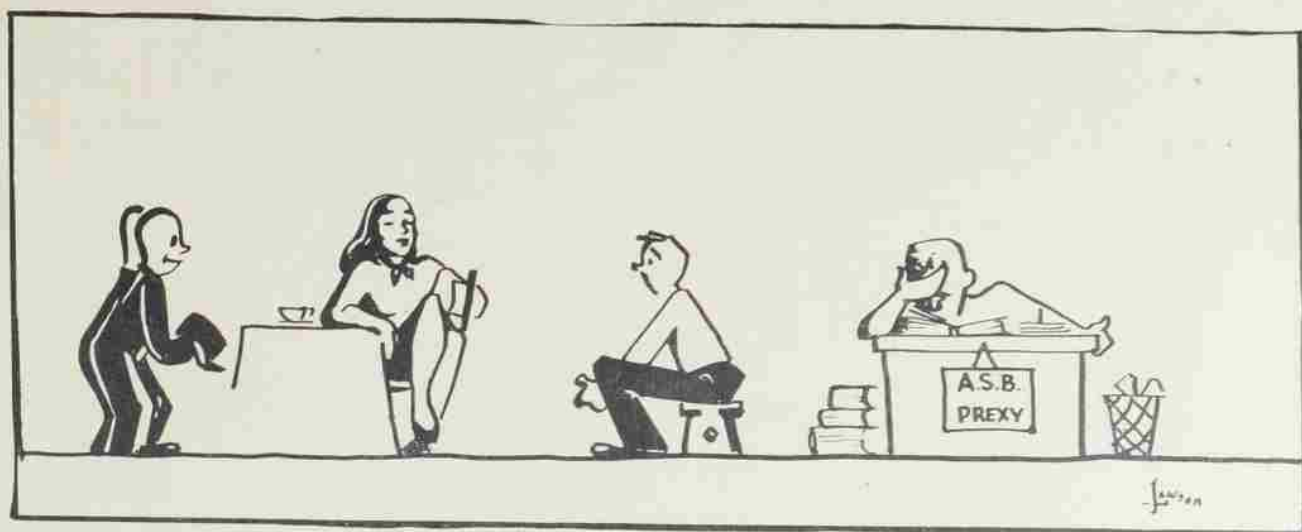
I went back again to that little delicatessen to see you. I stood in the doorway and called softly. You rushed up and kissed me passionately. I wondered at this . . . but who was I to look a gift horse in the mouth . . . if you'll excuse the expression . . . Lucretia.

Oh . . . it was sweet . . . there we sat amid the avocados . . . kissing passionately. You kept calling me Reginald . . . sure, my name is Claude . . . but I thought it was just your pet name for me. I suggested a walk in the dim evening . . . just you and me . . . and you agreed.

We strolled along . . . aimlessly pausing now and then to kiss passionately . . . and then it happened . . . we were on the bridge . . . overlooking the falls . . . and a ray of moonlight struck us . . . softly at first . . . and then brightly. You looked up at me and then . . . I can't understand it . . . you screamed . . . you raced to the bridge rail and crawled over . . . I heard you murmur . . . "Anything but this!"

The water . . . rushing, rushing, rushing . . . black and menacing . . . and you were gone . . .

It's been three years now and I'd appreciate it if you'd stop being coy . . . this bridge is getting chilly. But I shall wait . . . forever . . . for I love you . . . and you love . . . you love me . . .



A Mory with a Storal

Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, was walking into Haller Wall when he reard the hell bring. Dickly he quashed stup the airs and entered his Solitical Plience class. About this tame sime, Carie Morner was lust jeaving Hoc-tor Daly's recture loom foring head the Cate Sapitol ho rave a coff of cupee sand a moke.

While Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, was nuriously faking totes, Carie Morner was taking ter hime and crinking a cup of doffee. Sminishing her foke, our Carie baid her pill and wowly slalked cack to the bampus.

Ty this bime Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, gas wetting a cad base of criters wramp. A mew finutes

pefor the beriod was over our Carie dopened the ooor and dat sown as Hoc-tor Daly nook her tame off the lip skist.

Ny bow, Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, was completely cooped and in a tervous nemper. As the rell bang our Carie haltered the en looking dresh as a faisy while dext noor Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, looked hot to shell.

Poday teople think that Truss Ripp, the Prudent Stody Besident, sis a lob thur bink that Carie Morner is the bost meautiful cal on the gampus.

The storal of this mory . . . ?

"A hird in the band is worth waste," or "Maste hakes two birds in the bush!"

GRIMM FAIRY TALES

(Continued from Page 4)

The cop was not on an intellectual par with Herbert, and while he was trying to think of some glib retort to the last question,

* * *

Herbert ran home as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

* * *

He buried his head in the davenport.

* * *

And thought about the \$5,892,367.21.

* * *

With just a hint of a tear in his eye.

* * *

And said

* * *

"I have learned my lesson."

* * *

(Incidentally, this is the moral!)

* * *

Crime does not pay directly proportional to pi (squared) minus the cubic foot of the 32nd quadrant.

* * *

All other things being equal.

(The End)

POETRY

Hell!

Just what is meant by this word "Hell"?
They sometimes say "It's cold as Hell",
Somerimes they say "It's hot as Hell",
When it rains hard, "It's Hell", They cry,
It's also "Hell" when it is dry.

They "Hate like Hell" to see it snow,
It's a "Hell of a wind" if it starts to blow,
Now, "How in Hell" can anyone tell,
"What in Hell" is meant by this word "Hell"?

This married life "Is Hell" they say,
When he comes in late "there's Hell to pay",
"It's Hell" when the kid you have to tote
When he starts to yell, "It's a Hell of a note".

"It's Hell" when the doctor sends his bill,
For a "Hell of a lot" of trips and pills,
When you get this you will know real well,
Just what is meant by this word "Hell".

"Hell yes!", "Hell no!" and "Oh, Hell" too!
"The Hell you don't" and "The Hell you do",
And "What in Hell" and "The Hell it is",
"To Hell with yours" and "To Hell with his".

"Now, who in Hell!" and "Oh, Hell, where?"
and "What the Hell do you think I care?"
But "The Hell of it is," "It's sure as Hell",
We don't know "what the Hell" is "Hell".

The Diary of Maude Slinger

By Barbara Benjamin

Dear Diary—

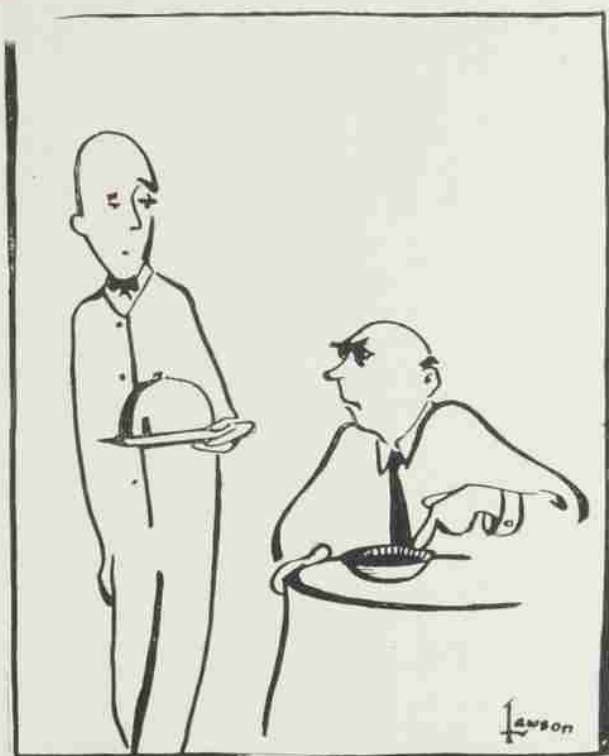
Last Saturday night my sorority sister, Fanny Wide-spread, approached me on the sly and made her intentions known by gently prodding me with a dull Bolo knife.

"What's up, old girl?" I asked her as I struck a match on the *Positively No Smoking* sign and lit my filtered Turkish water pipe.

"You know, Maud (my name is Maud Slinger for short) there's being a dance given on campus tonight." Fanny is only six ft. six and has lovely sharp-pointed canary yellow teeth, so naturally she is a big wheel or at least a spoke in the social whirl.

"Cheese!" I sez, using my English which is a carry-over from S Comp.

"Quit tryin' to be so elite," she sez, "an' come down below the earth, Maud. I was wonderin' if you would like a blind date."



Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!

It will be all right, sir, if you strain the soup through your teeth.



"A blind date? Never accept them," I replied, my mouth drooling at all three corners.

"Well, this here is a special blind date," she sez. A gal with a dainty three hundred pounds like Fanny knows about such things, I decided, so I sez back to her, "Well, for your sake, old pal, I'll go just to make the party fun."

"Good old Maud," Fanny let go of my arm which she had been twisting all the while. "I'm sure we'll have just loads and loads of fun. Dean Withey is chaperoning the dance."

"Oh, yippy skippy," I cried, jumping up and down and accidentally smashing Homer, our house mother's pet cockroach, under the pressure of my dainty size 13. I really felt pretty bad about this because Homer was a special friend of mine (we'd spent many a night raiding the ice box together) but Fanny said she would compensate by getting our dear sweet house mother a blind date with a nice dignified freshman.

As the time for the dance drew near I began to feel very excited. I kept hearing all about it from my sorority sisters.

(Dejectedly) "Did you hear about the dance tonight?"

(Bored) "Don't tell me der's goin' to be another one of dem coney things. I'd rather go to Marshall's and wash dishes." And so the excitement grew.

It was to be a formal affair on the roof of Sick's brewery so Fanny and I wore our best pair of pedal pushers and the boys were going to polish their toenails for the occasion. Our dates were to arrive at 7 p.m., but they were a little late because Dr. Haley's last period Econ class was not dismissed as promptly as usual.

Fanny introduced me to my date, whose name was Bud Weiser.

"I'm pleased to meet cha, Bud," I sez.

"Duh," he said, removing the reefer from his mouth.

Naturally an intelligent statement like that swept me off me feet as Bud pulled the rug out from under me.

(Continued on Page 19)

Some Trees You May Have Seen

ELMAGNOLIA: Haughty southern cousin of the elm. Found on every plantation and in every southern novel. Favorite haunt of belles in crinoline and men in frock coats. Also a choice spot for mint julep chivaris where women arrive amply chaperoned and men always come armed with dueling pistols and banjos.

SPRUCEDAR: Found up north, cones and cones of this wood cut yearly. Trees with large, spreading branches, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, are used for holiday decorative purposes; those that are close-cropped are chopped down for conversion into pencils for little boys to nibble on. Wood again in demand for hopeless women to set aside as hope chests.

PEACHESTNUT: Pride of Georgia. Backhillsmen distill a potent brandy from the fruit. Some varieties shipped up north where folks use baseball bats and small crow-bars to crush outer shell. Once found in New England until a blight, believed to have originated in Boston, banned and obliterated the species. Under its spreading limbs was once a favorite spot to start a blacksmith shop.

PALMETTOAK: A rugged species. Grows in the Adirondacks as well as in the swamps of Carolina. Some varieties wear beards, others wear nests for birds to inhabit. Timbers once used as planks for victims to walk. Always associated with pirates, otherwise known as buccaneers since the days of yore when a salty stalwart commanded: "Cut off his buccaneers and swing him from the palmettoak!"

WILLOWALNUT: Has long drooping branches. Bears nuts that leave deep dark stains on hands as any schoolboy can tell you. Tree also weeps, and when the willowalnuts weep in autumn the nuts come pouring down. Grows near water as it is always thirsty. Merely dips its branches whenever it wants a snoutful.

ASHEMLOCK: Native to the backwildwoods. Wood used for axe handles, cop clubs and toothpicks. Guy named Paul Bunyan almost single-handedly depleted the species. A corruption of the word is a substitute for robust profanity by brawny bucolics, like: "Ash-all-hemlock." Sometimes a stiff clout on the noggin is used instead.

EXCERPTS FROM PROFS' LECTURES

(Continued from Page 1)

PROF. HATFIELD . . .

Then Roosevelt really came into his own. Now he was master in the house. Before, as you recall, he had used an economic brain trust. Now he was cocky and began to get ideas. He wanted to pack the Supreme Court. Well, the plan was misinterpreted because some reorganization was needed, and it became his first big defeat. Then in 1938 he set out to purge the Democrats who had opposed the court plan. He interfered with state elections, but was defeated in every case but one involving Senators.

Then in 1940 we have the first attempt at rebirth of the Republicans. Willkie, who was a democrat until 1936, took the convention right out of the hands of the old managers.

PROF. KOLLMAN . . .

In Hegel we have this notion of the state: the individual aware that he is being determined by history and society, and that history is an expression of world reason and has no alternative, so he reveres the state. He is free in his awareness of the necessity of world reason.

PROF. KAISER . . .

When parliament convened, it was an astonishingly loyal body. Before its assemblage news had come that Frederick had been defeated and driven a fugitive from Bohemia, while Spanish troops were overrunning the Palatinate. The nation was so desirous of war that parliament was ready to drop discussion of the old constitutional grievances and rally to the support of James who was momentarily bent upon war. With his usual lack of insight James missed the opportunity of reconciliation with the nation. He asked for the grant of a large sum, but made no explanation of his plans for the war.

STUDENT . . .

In 1940—rebirth of Republicans. Willkie took convention right out of the hands of the democrats.

STUDENT . . .

In Hegel we have—this individual—is an expression of—no alternative, so—world government.

STUDENT . . .

Wn parl cnvnd, it an astngly lyl body. Befr its assmblg ns tht Fr. had been dftd and drvn a fug. frm Bo., while Sp. trps wer ovrrng the Pal. The nat. was so des. of war that par was red to drop disc of the old con grvnces and rally to the sup. of J. who was momment on war. With his usual lack of inst. J missd opp. of recon with the nat. He askd fr th grnt of algsun, but made no expl. o his plans frthw.

STEVE THE PROMOTER

(Continued from Page 5)

minute and then he would turn away as if not seeing anything while he formed a picture in his mind. What a mind! Like a cross between an ice cream freezer and a Norden bomb-sight.

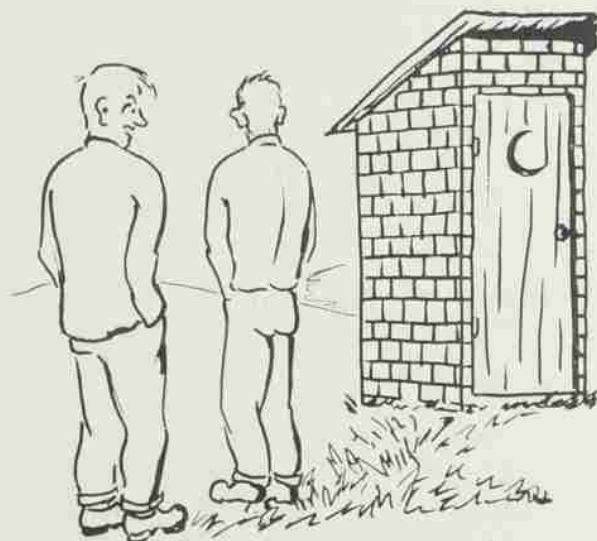
Two days later he was up before the Dean on the charge of cheating on the exam. All his answers were nearly word for word out of the book, so what else could the prof think? They let him off after he recited a 16-digit number backwards that the Dean had written on a piece of paper. The more unusual things he did, the less people understood him.

You might be interested in hearing about a couple of Steve's business deals. One day there was an item on the second page of one of the Salem papers telling about a guy who had been found dead in his car in the woods up in Washington. All that was said else was that the car was a Buick coupe and that the guy had been in it for five months, two weeks and three days prior, leaving the upholstery in a rather fragrant condition. Sounded like a set-up for some used car salesman with a knowledge of chemistry.

The next day I heard rumors that the car was in Salem and that nobody would buy it for obvious reasons. There was also an ad in the paper saying that it could be seen in the parking lot of the Cherry City Garage. After sweeping out Dr. Gatke's office, I wandered over to watch the fun.

There was Steve, standing beside a gray 1940 Buick coupe, with Washington license plates. It stunk, and I mean it really stunk. You could smell it fifty feet away. Steve was explaining that he had done considerable research into such smells and that the odor could be expected to go away in a couple of weeks if you left the windows open. I stood around awhile and then left, figuring Steve didn't want his sales talk interrupted. After lunch I wandered back, only this time Steve was selling a green 1941 Buick coupe with Washington license plates. This one stunk also. As a matter

(Continued Next Page)



Yeah, I've heard of one.

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Humor Magazines

and

\$3 Bills

of fact, its plates were the same ones I saw on the first one. I began to get the idea. By four in the afternoon, Steve had sold nearly every Buick coupe in town. What an operator!

A few days later he was at it again. A new residential district was being opened up back in the West Salem hills. People were buying up acreage like life-rafts at a shipwreck, while prices went up like a gas balloon. Right smack in the middle of the area was an old mansion three stories high and about as beautiful as Waller Hall on a cold day. On Monday afternoon it changed hands. On Tuesday afternoon a workman in overalls began to carry ladders and tools in and out of the house like a termite in a plywood factory. To passers by he explained that a Portland concern was remodeling the house to make it a mortuary. Naturally, such a project was about as popular as beans in Baxter Hall. By Wednesday afternoon, the land within two blocks of the old house wasn't nearly as desirable as it had been, and the real estate men were having hemorrhages. On Thursday, most of the land which had depreciated in value had been purchased for peanuts by the owner of the old mansion. Oddly enough, no more was heard of the project for establishing a mortuary, and land was soon selling at healthy figures. Good old Steve.

Within a month or two, the lad had become a recognized figure on the campus, probably because of his many trips to explain his activities to the Dean more than anything else. No one would believe half of what was said about him, and those that did didn't dare admit it for fear of damaging their reputations.

Along about April, Steve began to fuss and fidget and



GOOD EVENING MADAME !

I could tell that he needed something really big to promote in order to keep going. Then one day, by sweeping my imported sawdust in the right place at the right time, I managed to hear that the Student Council needed a good man to be Homecoming Manager for the next fall. Being about as subtle as a concrete tricycle, I let it slip that Steve was just the promoter that they needed. The following Friday my heart gurgled with joy as I saw the announcement in the Collegian saying that Steve had made the grade. If I had only known the consequences of my well meant suggestion, I would have taken the first bus to Sublimity, but at the time I felt great and delighted to see the old gleam back in Steve's eye.

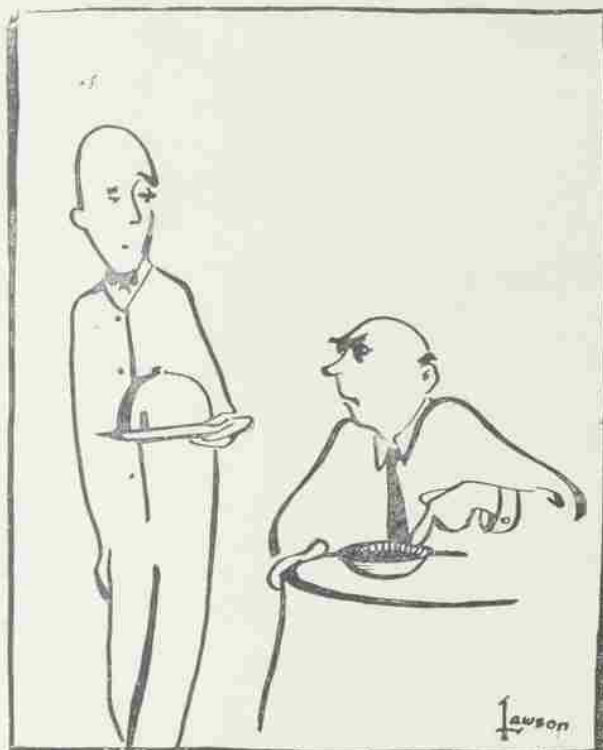
How he got away with what he did in the next few months I'll never know. It was probably because no one person knew very much about what he was doing, or else everybody felt that since there is only a few hundred dollar budget for Homecoming it doesn't make much difference what the manager does. Anyway, here is a very sketchy account of what happened.

As you all know, Willamette usually fields a pretty fair football team, as the Northwest conference goes. I said "usually." When practice started the following August 21st, Willamette had one of the greatest squads the Pacific coast has ever seen. You see, instead of just planning an alumni banquet and arranging for judges for the noise parade and sign contest, Steve had started by getting Willamette a new football team.

In April and May he had sold all his real estate holdings to the State, who just happened to be planning a four-lane highway through the middle of his property at the time. Armed with all this lettuce, he began to talk business at various big-football schools to players who knew which side of the butter their bread was spread on. In no time at all he had a list of mail carriers that would make the old Bearcats look like a daisy chain.

By June, when school let out, he had rented an office in the Senator Hotel and was working full blast on Homecoming, still four months away. From what I have already

(Continued on Page 16)



Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!

Not so loud, sir. Everyone will want one.



Puritan Pin-Up of the Month

In sorting out our pin-ups looking for the Puritan Pin-Up of the Month, we came upon this one. There was no caption or name on it, but we feel that it warranted publication for its artistic appeal. Copies are not available. —Eds.

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Slacks, Suits,

Soxs, and Students

Cleaned at the

Salem Laundry Co.

263 South High St.

STEVE THE PROMOTER

(Continued from Page 14)

said, you can probably guess some of the things that happened. First, if you've never seen it, you ought to drive out and take a look at MacIntosh Stadium. If you'll remember, a new stadium had already been started before Steve came to Willamette. It had a capacity of 3500, but that wasn't enough for Steve. It had to hold 35,000.

By talking nothing but football for a few weeks, our hero managed to scrape a considerable number of beaver-skins together. These he promptly invested, so when I read in the paper on June 27 that oil had been found in Canada, I knew right away that that was where he'd put the dough. On July 16th the contract was let, and on September 16th Coach Stackhouse's boys were working out in the shadow of MacIntosh Stadium, the biggest hunk of concrete this side of Grand Coulee. Nobody quite understood what was going on. They must have figured that someone had given him permission, because not a word was said in the way of criticism.

Steve was so busy making arrangements that everybody nearly forgot him in the fall. It wasn't until he announced that Willamette was to play Notre Dame for Homecoming that people began to realize what was on the fire. By September 24th, every ticket and half the standing room had been sold to football fans from all over the country. Steve remembered the alums just in time and saved them a fairly good block of seats. These were distributed through the school publicity office, which had risen to the occasion and was now assisting Steve in every way possible.

As the weeks rolled by W.U. began to get nationwide publicity. Sportswriters, photographers, feature writers, interpreters, and even a few foreign correspondents began to descend on Salem from all directions. The Stackhouse boys had been slaughtering all comers with a total of 668 points to 3 for the opposition. (Lewis and Clark got a freak field goal in a strong wind). Nobody quite comprehended the situation.

When the big week end finally rolled around, you'd have thought Salem was going to bust wide open. Notre Dame fans and W.U. fans were sleeping in parks, cars, and even in beds. Whether Steve had a hand in the motel and hotel business I can't say for sure, but everybody in town was raking in the dollars. Even the Cat Cavern made money, selling aerial photos of the new stadium to tourists.

The noise parade and sign contest were handled about as usual, probably because Steve felt things like that were promoted enough already. After the noise parade, a battery of searchlights lit up the sky all along Commercial street. I happened to be down there at the time and had a few words with Steve before the crowd arrived. It seems that he had been worried about things getting dull, so he had arranged for a street dance to take place between Ferry and Chemeketa.

Since that was Friday night, the next day was Saturday, naturally. If Steve had told me he had arranged for the next day to be Sunday, I'd probably have slept until 10 and then gone to church.

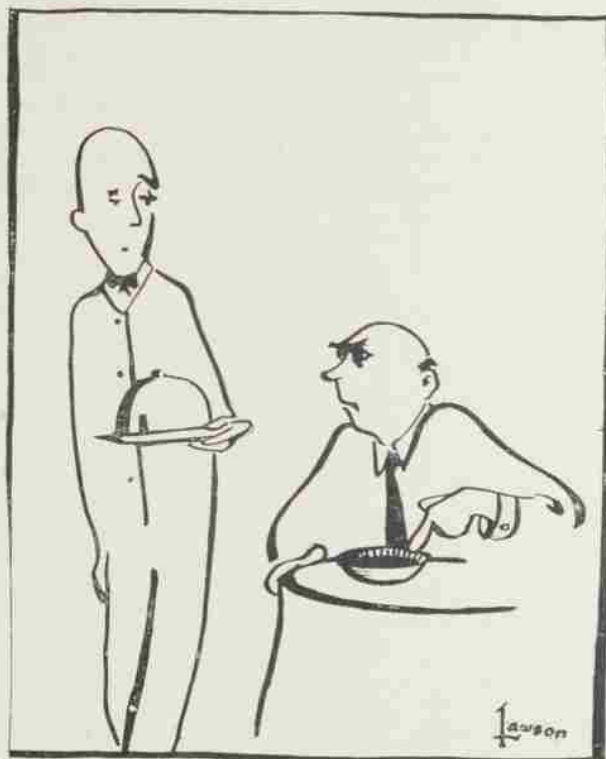
Saturday morning I went down to watch the trains arrive. I'm telling you, there has never been anything like it. There were movie stars, public officials, millionaires, gen-

erals, admirals, diplomats, and even a Senate investigating committee. I have often wondered whether any particularly important events happened any where else in the U.S.A. that day. As far as I could tell, everyone important was in Salem. To name a few, there was Earl T. Newbry, Guy Lombardo, Stan Musial, Ken McKellar, Frank Yerby, Dr. Stockberger, Harry Vaughn, and Walt Disney. What a crowd! Steve was running around like a loose goose, shaking hands, passing out cigars, mugging for pictures, etc. The kid was really in his element.

That noon both the Capital Journal and the Statesman issued 69-page football extras. At 12:30 P.M., the Willamette band led a parade to the new stadium. Steve rode with Betty Grable in the back seat of a custom-built Cadillac convertible, puffing on a 37-cent cigar and exchanging wisecracks with people lined up on the sides of the street. I had finally wised up and got a job selling programs at the game. Altogether I raked in \$144.56 during the afternoon, which sure beats sweeping floors and picking raspberries.

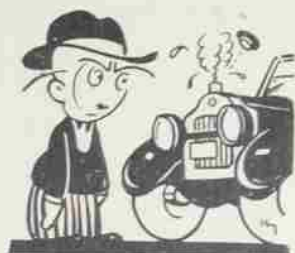
What a spectacle it was! Made the Rose Bowl look like a finger bowl as far as enthusiasm and excitement were concerned. The weather was balmy, the newsreel cameras were grinding, and Bill Stern was up in the press box interviewing the coaches. The students were doing card stunts, flags were flying, and I was making money hand over fist selling anything I could get my hands on. When I ran out of programs I got a stack of old Puritans and sold them. When I ran out of Puritans I started selling copies of the

(Continued Next Page)



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Collegian, but my conscience hurt me so bad I had to quit.

When Notre Dame came on the field in their green and gold uniforms, there was a great roar. Steve had a mike out in the middle of the field and introduced the players and coaches. When Willamette charged out in their white and red outfits, it was really something. The crowd yelled so loud you could have dropped an H-bomb a block away and got no more response than a Chinese firecracker.

The next morning, if you were anywhere where they had a newspaper, you probably read how the game came out in the headlines. The New York Times had a four-inch banner: "Bearcats Upset Irish 21-14." Yes, Stack's boys really came through in MacIntosh fashion, scoring two TD's in the final period as the crowd howled with joy. That night most of the fans were so tired that only a few managed to attend the dance held in the gym. Woody Herman played at one end, and Kenton at the other. When Steve awarded the noise parade trophy to the Phi Deltas, nobody had the strength to cheer, not even the Phi Deltas.

Steve had made Willamette the most famous school in the country. Applications for admission arrived by the truckful. Tourists snapped hundreds of pictures of beautiful old Waller Hall. The Cat Cavern got a new juke box and some new records. Everything went well for a few days and Steve seemed gratified at having been of some small service.

On Friday afternoon Steve received a notice in his mail box to see the president. He ran excitedly to the president's office, thinking, "I wonder if they will give me a scholarship, or a large check."

He sat down in a large leather chair facing the president and waited for him to reward him in some way. At last, the University was going to appreciate his special talent.

The president looked at him with kindly eyes and said, "Steve, we have looked over your record and find that you have nine chapel cuts. I'm afraid that you'll have to leave school!"

WHAT TO DO?

It is 11:30 on a Saturday night, and you have just left a school dance with your latest bundle of joy. Since the night is warm and balmy, you drive over to West Salem and up the hill to some remote spot overlooking the lights of the city. As you are discussing the international situation, a gunman appears at your window and says in a hoarse voice: "I want your money and your girl." *What to do?*

Answer: Point to the Willamette sticker on the windshield. If the gunman reads the papers, this will tell him that (1) you have no money, (2) your girl could pin him in 12 seconds flat with one hand.

WHAT TO DO?

At 12:20 a.m., while dancing romantically with your girl at the Aumsville Pavilion, you realize that she has only 10 minutes until closing hours at the sorority house. You leap frantically into your car and head for Salem, nine miles

away. A sign looms ahead—Speed 45 Miles. If you obey the law, you'll never make it. *What to do?*

Answer: Obey the law, but since you'll be late any way, drive back to Aumsville and stay until the dance is over. You paid your six bits, didn't you? As long as your baby gets in within two hours of 12:30, she won't have to go see the Dean, so enjoy yourself.

THE DIARY OF MAUD SLINGER

(Continued from Page 11)

The five of us (the house mother and I had previously agreed to share Bud) walked out and climbed into the spacious 1931 Auburn delux coupe belonging to Regal Shu'z, Fanny's date. It was all so exciting that I felt little chills run up and down my spine. Could this be love, I asked myself in a hoarse shout. "Duh," answered Bud as he stopped putting lemon lime flavored popsicles down my back. From this point on my excitement continued to grow until I felt like we would never get there due to a slight mishap with the Shasta Daylight. However, the brewery ballroom was only a short distance away, I noted, as the line down the highway changed from bilious orange to dirty stained white.

When we finally arrived, it was certainly a wonderful dance. The chaperones sat in good fellowship around an open barrel marked (Board of Trustees). To show their good will the Dean of Women got up and did the sugar foot in the middle of the dance floor. The orchestra was a splendid too; two saws, a kazoo, and half a wash board. As Bud and I stumbled to the rhythm of the kazoo (the rest of the orchestra had joined the chaperones around the barrel), Bud whispered sweet and meaningless Duh's in my ear. While next to us danced Fanny and Regal, her chin resting romantically on the top of his pointed little head. Between us danced our house mother with a broom. That was because it was a broom dance at which the most likely looking old witch at the dance receives the original Ragg Mopp and her cats each get a bucket from the Azy Dacy sanitation corps and a dust rag from the Tidy-Didy Wong Lee Low French laundry of Podunk. Because our house mother is so lovely she was voted the old witch from a host of candidates, including me, Fanny and a girl from Baltimore. In fact, every girl on W.U. campus was in the contest except the Dean of Women, who was excluded because she was on social pro for excessive chapel cuts.

After the dance broke up (there was no furniture left after the chaperones cleaned up the place) the boys (and I use the term loosely) took us out to a drive-in called Harold's club. The food was delicious. I had three toothpicks and a can of tomato juice. Fanny had the same, but our house mother, being on a diet, only had a steak dinner.

Then after our meal, as soon as Fanny and I had finished washing the dishes, we all four hopped in the car (our house mother got involved in a crap game and couldn't be pulled away for love nor —), and drove back towards the campus. It had been a wonderful Saturday evening, I told myself as the boys slowed the car down to forty-five so Fanny and I could jump out.

Ah, this college life is wonderful — duh —.



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A HOME

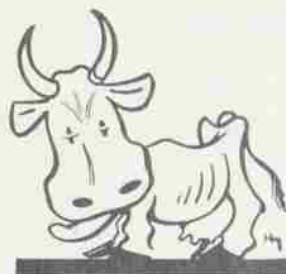


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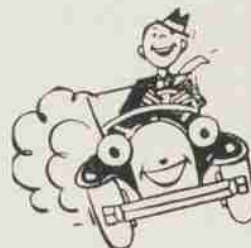
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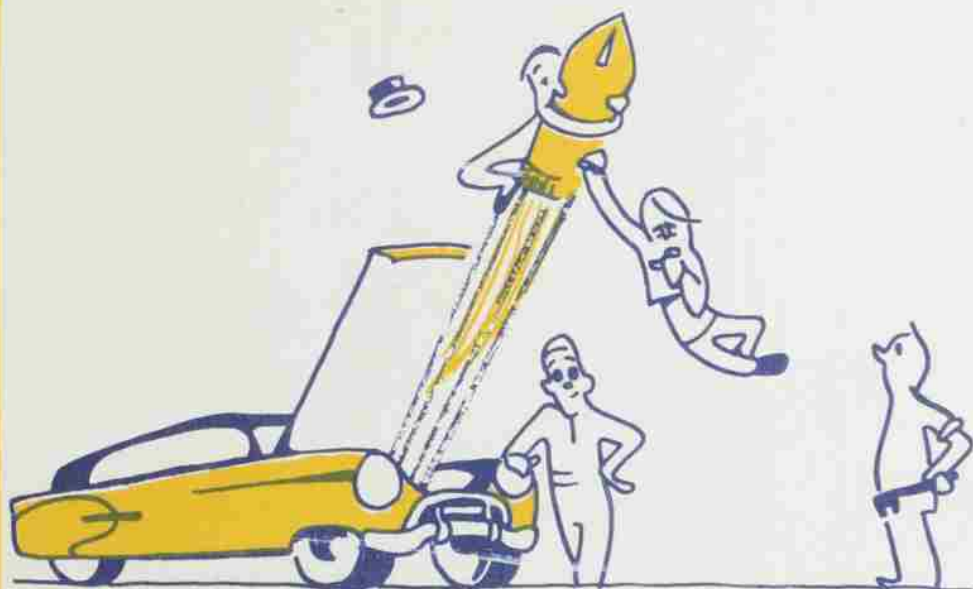
EVERYBODY-

**SNEAKS A LATE SNACK...
at...**

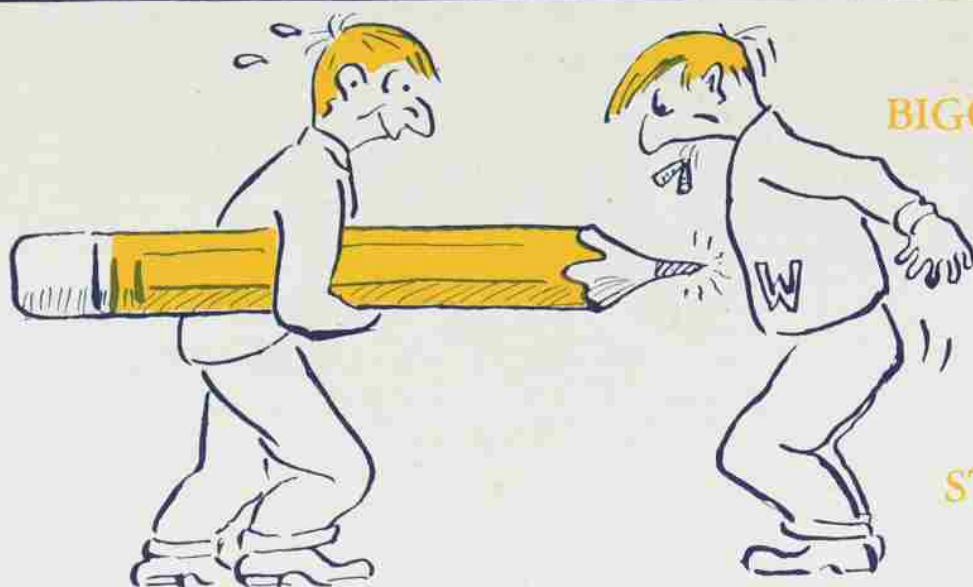
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DRIVE-IN

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salesman
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ROCKET
engine to a
customer**



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