

THE \$ COLAR

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the ScoLar ——— staff ———

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 Art Editor: Lawrence S. Bourne
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 Coffee & Spelling: Frances E. Tapscott
 Contributing Writers: L. Sidney Bourne,
 Kent Moomaw, B. Tapscott, Robin Lobdell,
 Dean A. Grennell, Ambrose Bierce, Jerome
 Potter Seaton, Jr., Benster Freep,
 James Thurber.
 Mimeo Technicians: L.S. Bourne B.L.&F.E. Tapscott
 Printer's Devil: Lope de Vega Carpio

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The ScoLar is an independent (i.e. pariah) magazine, published every once in a while by Impeccable Press, Eugene, Oregon, with editorial offices at 2436 1/2 Portland St. and 853 1/2 E. 13th, Eugene. This is issue # 1, a shining star in the annals of literary endeavor. It is reproduced on a hand-operated A.B. Dick mimeograph, using Speed-o-Print stencils and ink. The cover is a two-color silk-screen job, and entailed many hours of hard work. You had better like it. Price of the magazine is 25 ¢ per copy. For the time being, no paid subscriptions will be accepted. Copyright 1959 by Impeccable Press.

An Impeccable Publication

THE IDEA FOR THIS MAGAZINE...

had its inception in the minds of your two intrepid editors several months ago. Matter of fact, it was during that period of time known to certain ones of us as "Spring" or "Lush Term". Not that any definite events led up to the notion; rather it was that during aforesaid period, which as most of us realize is the portion of the year most conducive to deep and meaningful thought, we, Lars and Scott, suddenly became acutely aware of the need for something to lift the few salvageable minds extant in this area out of their lethargy. The afterbirth of this realization was, and is, The ScoLar.

Let's be frank about it. This magazine is beamed primarily toward the University crowd. But from this don't get the idea that it is necessarily pro-UC-gung-ho-rho-rho or any of that jazz. We have NOT, thank God, the sanction of the S.P.B., or for that matter, of anyone else you can think of, mainly because we haven't asked for sanctions from anyone. That would defeat the purpose of the magazine, which is to bring before the eye of a select portion of the public those matters which SPB-ed publications consider unworthy or unprintable. This, by the way, won't include any of the current tripe such as who is cozy with who - let those who are interested in such folderol read about it in the Sapphire, or whatever you call it. Nor will it be concerned with the kind of sophomoric quasi-ribaldry characterized by a lavish distribution of the more innocuous four-letter words. The ScoLar is interested in presenting topics you can get your teeth into. It is intended to be a sort of journalistic gadfly, nipping away at those persons who have a love of controversy and an appreciation for the bizarre. So if you happen to be a status-quoist, it is advisable that you spend your quarter somewhere else - say, at the Rush Inn for a tumblerful of watery milkshake. The copy you don't buy will be better off in the hands of somebody who is with it.

* * *

You will notice that a preponderance of the material in this issue is the product of the two editors. This situation isn't because we are in love with our own work, but rather because we had little else to build an issue with. Frankly, we don't like it either. But that's the way it has to be, until some of you people get on the ball and send us in some material. We are open for anything you may have that fits in with the general editorial policy halfassedly stated above. Stories, poems, articles, cartoons, letters to the editors, assorted rantings, we'll take 'em all. Unfortunately, for you and us both, there is as yet no financial reimbursement involved - only the satisfaction of seeing the child of your brain in mimeo, and of contributing to the improvement of the world through this publication. Of course, anyone contributing (except short letters) will get a free copy of the issue their work appears in, so there's a cool two bits right there. Never let it be said that we allow good work to go completely unrewarded.

MORE EDITORIAL

We realize, and you probably do too that such a mag as this can't succeed in its avowed purpose without contributions from the readers. We want it to succeed. So, here is a formal request: Please write. You will find the address elsewhere. If you want your manuscript, etc., back, just enclose a stamped, addressed envelope along with it. We'll treat it kindly and return it good as new. After all, you might get a chance to sell it to somebody.

* * *

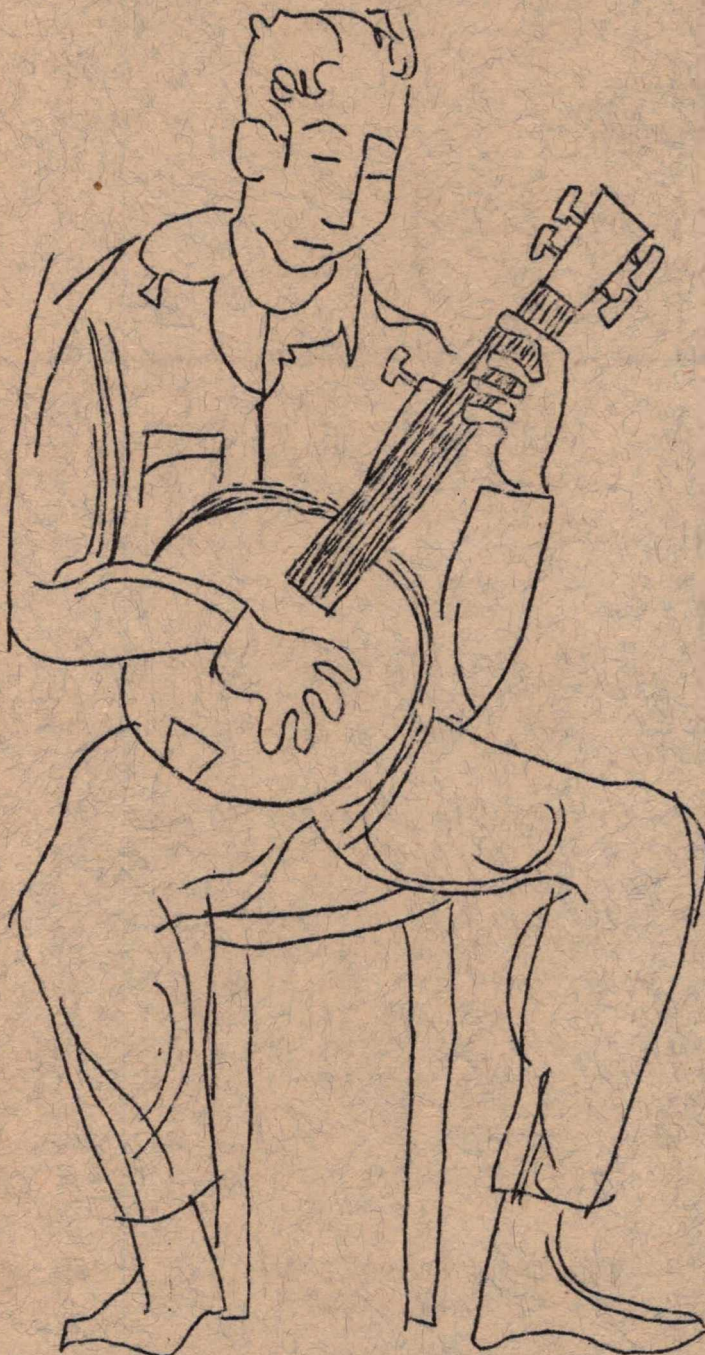
A few words about this issue's contributing writers, ROBIN LOBDELL and KENT MCOMAW. Miss Lobdell is the ScoLar's answer to Françoise Sagan and Panmy Moore. She is a willowy 19-year old chick from Louisiana, who is either a junior at Mexico City College, or Mrs. Fred Beeman, or both. We first ran into her in the above-mentioned city about one year hence, and shortly afterwards came into possession of the story published herein. She is a rapid bullfight fan, and will dance the charleston for you if you feed her rum and coke. So far as is known, this is her first publication.

Kent Moomaw was a fresh, new, and fairly young writer with an acutely perceptive eye for the ridiculous situations in everyday life. Seemingly without effort he could write interesting and timely material, and had promise of turning into an excellent writer until his death in a wooded area a block from his home ...by suicide.

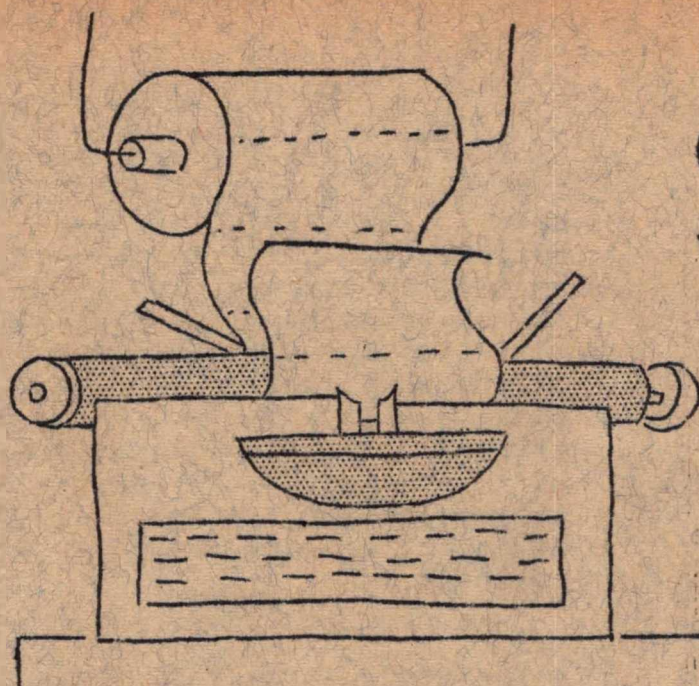
- POEM -

There was a young lady named Ruck
Who had rather horrible luck
One day for a stunt
She leaned out of her punt,
And was bit in the front by a duck.

-Grue



E. Bowene



Scottissue



BY SCOTT

I was talking to my friend Sam the Robin the other day and he says to me, "Scott, I have been observing a peculiar thing for the last several days in an old barn out Fox Hollow Road a piece, and I wonder if you can make any sense out of it."

"It seems that in this barn there is a tribe of owls living, and they are that kind of owl called the Barn Owl because they are addicted to living in barns and other places of like nature. They have big eyes, and most of their conversation comes out like who, who, who. It also seems that in a big tree a little ways off from this barn there is another tribe of owls living, only these are the kind known as Hoot Owls because their conversation mostly comes out like hoot hoot. Well, These two tribes of owls have been living out there for a long time, and up until recently they seem to have been getting along O.K. There was a sort of mutual understanding among them as to which ones belonged in what territory, and the only time they had any trouble was when a Barn Owl would try to perch in the tree or a Hoot Owl would try to get into the barn."

"Sam," I says to him, "Do you mean to tell me that these birds wouldn't allow each other visiting privileges, even?"

"Don't get me wrong," says Sam. "The only place they kept each other out of was the tree and the barn. Anywhere else, they got along fine. But about a week ago one of these Barn Owls went over and demanded a parley with the chief of the Hoot Owl tribe. Now ordinarily I don't mess around in owl territory, as they can be very tough customers with a robin when they want to be, but on that particular day I happened to be out in the neighborhood, so I stopped off to see what

the commotion was all about. What it was was that these Barn Owls had decided that they were getting left out of something, and they wanted to be allowed to come perch in the Hoot Owl tree whenever they wished. The Barn Owl who was doing the negotiating evidently had a pretty good education, as he kept using big words and phrases like 'Brotherhood of Owls', 'discrimination', 'equality', and things of that nature. The bulk of his argument seemed to be that since all owls are owls, the idea of private property was somehow immoral, in that it excludes owls who don't own a share of said property. Frankly Scott, it sounded to me like a pretty crass idea on the part of the Barn tribe. It must have sounded that way to the Hoot Owls too, because they maintained that they didn't want Barn Owls in their tree in the first place, and that there was no need for it in the second place, since there are lots of other unoccupied trees around the neighborhood. But the Barn representative said no, that the Barn Owls didn't want to start their own tree colony, they wanted membership in the Hoot Owl tree, and that if the Hoot Owls wouldn't agree to this they were nothing but a band of bigoted Kasperites. Ever since then, the head Barn owl has been out among the bird population telling them that the Hoot Owls are mistreating the Barn Owls and keeping them in oppression."

"Well, Sam," I says, "So what about it?"

"To tell the truth," says Sam, "I'm sort of puzzled about the whole thing. Which tribe do you think is in the right?"

"Sam," I says, clearing my throat and lighting up a Pall Mall, "It is pretty hard for me to believe that a smart bird like you could fail to see the right and wrong of the case you have told me about. It is obvious that the Hoot Owls haven't a leg to stand on. All owls are created equal, and if a Barn Owl wants to sit in a tree instead of a barn, he has the right to do so."

"I understand that much of it," says Sam, cocking his head at me, "But if the tree is already occupied by Hoot Owls, don't they have a prior claim on that particular tree? As I recall, claim-jumping was considered a very serious infraction of courtesy at one time."

"Tut, Sam," I says, "That sort of reasoning will get you nowhere but into hot water. If one group has a claim on something and another group wants in on it you got to let them in on it. Those are the rules of democracy."

"Well, if you say so," says Sam. "Besides, I suppose that if the Barn Owls are really determined, the Hoot Owls can always give up their tree and move to another one."

"Sam," I says, "You are missing the point again. The Barn Owls don't want the whole tree, they want to share the tree, and so the Hoot Owls have to stay in it whether they like the Barn Owls or not. The rules of democracy say that you gotta associate with everybody that wants to associate with you. Otherwise you're being reactionary and bigoted."

"You mean," says Sam, "That if a guy comes up to me and I don't like his looks, I still gotta associate with him?"

"That's right," I says.

"Even if I'm in my own tree?"

"That's right," I says.

"And I can't even turn the whole tree over to him and go find myself another one?"

"That's right," I says.

"Scott," says Sam, looking at me with both eyes, one at a time, "Do you really believe that?"

"Of course I believe it, Sam," I says. "I believe it because I am a liberal, 100% American, unbiased believer in the inalienable rights of man, and I vote the straight Democratic ticket."

"I see," says Sam, and off he flew.

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DON'T

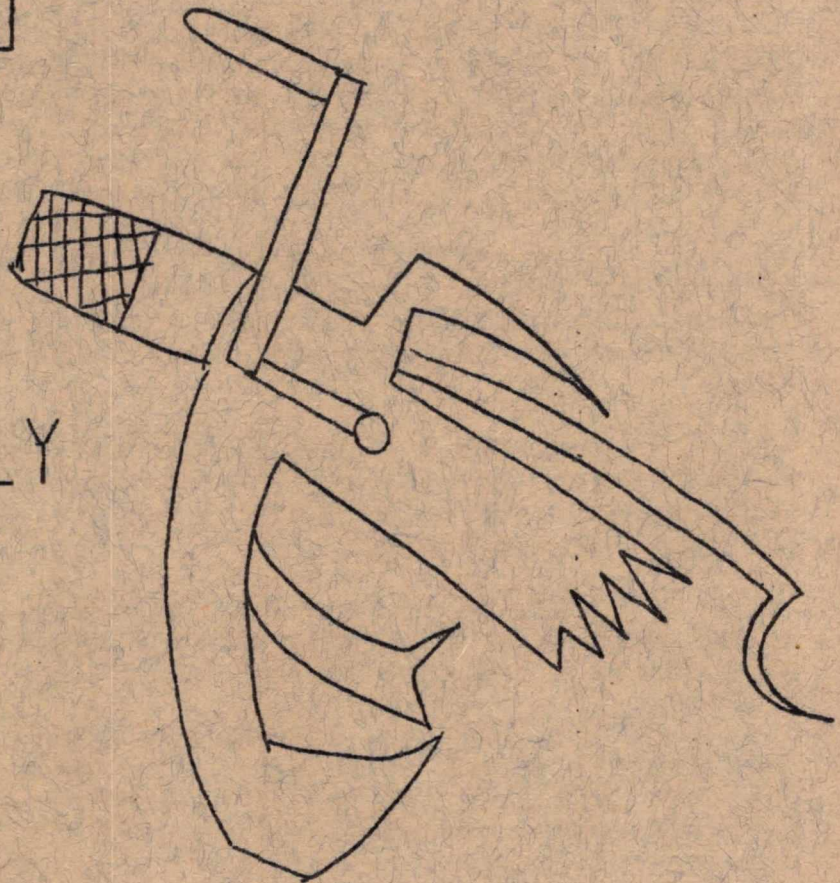
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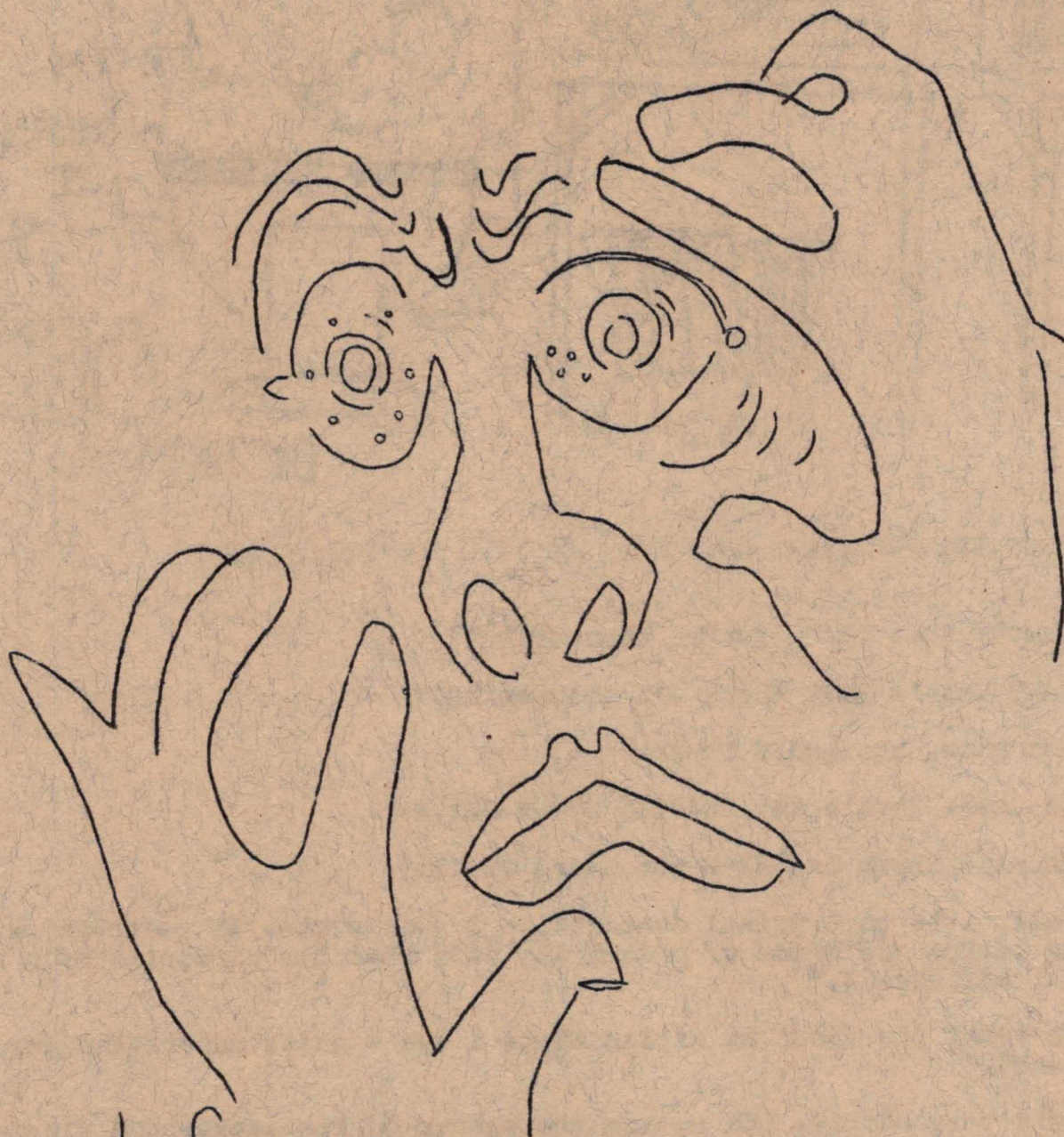
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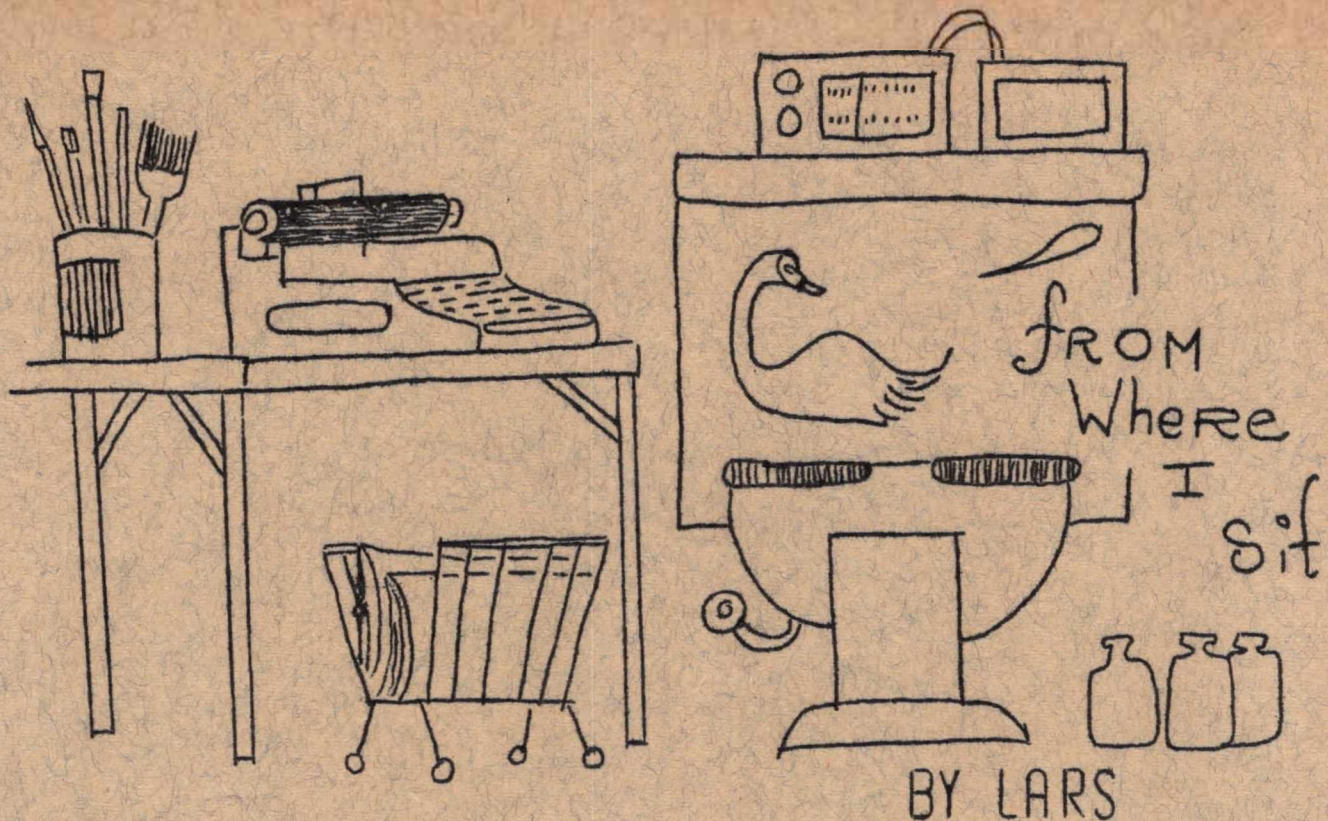
NOSE-

HAIRS!





UNCLE GREGORY
Has his ego busted



TUBE WATCHING TALES AND OTHER VAGUELY RELATED ITEMS:

"What's that thing you're conducting?"

"Hah? What's what thing I'm conducting?"

"You know, the music there."

"Oh that. That's the Charlie Brown Suite."

"Charlie Brown Suite? Never heard of it."

"Well, it's an original composition I just wrote. It portrays all the pathos and drama of modern day life from the viewpoint of a typical adolescent."

"Oh yeah? How about an explanation. I can't quite understand for some reason."

"It's very simple. You notice the chorus in the background singing 'Charlie Brown, he's a Clown? Well, the chorus portrays the social forces driving Charlie Brown into his rebellion against society, which explains the 'goofing off in the hall, seven come eleven down in the boy's gym, who's always throwing spitball' lines. This also explains his habit of calling the English teacher 'Daddy-0.'"

"That's very nice, but isn't 'who's always throwing spitball', ungrammatical?"

"Er, yes I suppose it is, but it fits right in with the spirit of the whole thing don't you think?"

"I hardly know what to think."

"Of course this doesn't have quite the same continuity of West Side Story, but the spirit and joi de vivre is right there."

"Where?"

"All through the whole suite man. You notice the part where Charlie Brown cries, 'Why is everybody picking on me?' That signifies the utter frustration and despair as he cries out against the world which is tormenting him."

"That seems clear enough, but what about all that gibberish in the background?"

"Oh that. That's quite an interesting question. This signifies the chaos in society we have in America today, dwelling on the trend towards neurosis and insanity in the contemporary adolescent age group."

"Yeah. I can see that. In other words then the, "doobe oobe oobe dabee" bit is an indication of today's insane world."

"Right! I can see you're catching on quickly."

"...and the practically atonal discordant music you've orchestrated is indicative of the futility of life felt by modern America?"

"Yes, yes, you have it man, you have it!"

"Fine. Now when are you going to have your premiere performance?"

"In about three days, I imagine. Like a few free passes for your friends?"

"No...no. I don't believe I could use any. I just remembered I have to make it out of town in less than two days. Byeee.....

"What's your hurry?Well, he must have had something pretty important on his mind.Okay. Places everyone. Now, a one, a two, a three...

AN APPENDED ADDENDUM

Like the people of the Early EC comic magazines, and people like the inimitable Bob and Ray, I like to see just what can be done with certain published media to extract a bit of humor. So too does the other half of the venture and this explains in part some of the items found here and there in this mag. If you don't understand it all, don't come to us, we probably don't know anything about it either. This subliminal perception makes insidious inroads in these modern times.

Like most of vegetable America, I have occasion to sit down and watch the box for a few minutes every night. My kinship with this vegetable America is the fact that I don't sit and watch this visual narcosis for a few minutes, but stay and watch the thing for a few hours...or so. But unlike the washed or unwashed many, I dig commercials the most. Odd? Well, I also go for nauseating puns and off color jokes, so this makes me a flip of the first water, and to hell with you too, but commercials are for the most part so childishly inane and so distastefully bad that they become funny, just because they are so terrible. (C.F. p. 11 ff.)

Television has great stuff such as, detectives who after being beaten into shreds have the case solved and the girl stretched out on a couch, looking as though they had been swigging Geritol since age one, not a scratch; Cowboys who never lose in a gunfight, even against thirteen to one odds (ever wonder where that extra shot came from?); And eighteen months of Bertha L. Gunch confined to a wheel chair waiting 15 minutes a day, Monday through Friday for Junior to confess that it was he who ran her down that day in his brand new Porche speedster.

Like I say, it's a ball if you go at it in the right frame of mind.

.. .. .

Those of you who enjoy an extended vacation at the end of every school year should drop back to the University once or twice during the summer and see how prosaic and quiet the old place is. The bulk of the students are teachers and luck outs, and everyone is fairly serious about the whole bit. The art department no longer rings with the squeals of the coeds being chased by the austere males of the school. There are no law students on the steps of Fenton hall, staring with rapt attention at the mob every ten to the hour. No water fights, no necking in unfrequented corners of the campus, no packed masses at the student union. You ought to come and see it sometime during the summer. You'll wonder how anyone can get any studying done in such an atmosphere.

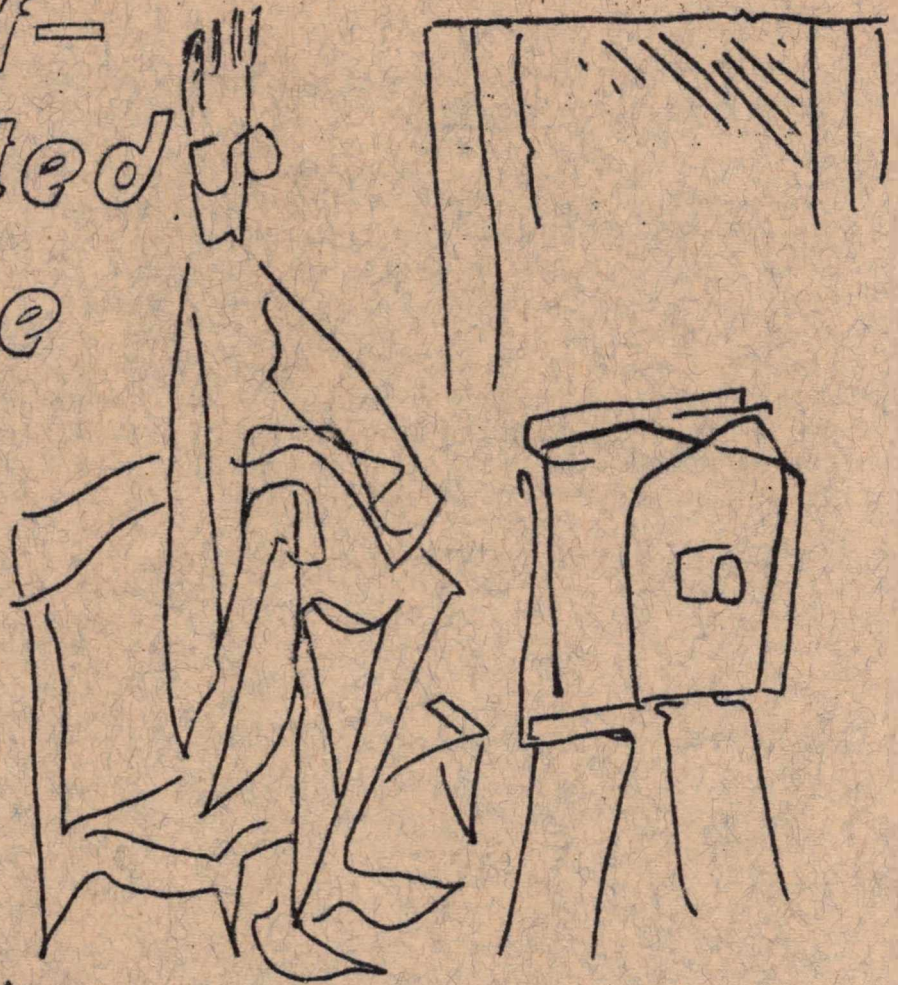


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Slim Galliard, the o-rooni man mentioned in On The Road and who, despite the bad company of association, is a top rate performer, can be enjoyed in his album -- SMORGASBORD * Verve, \$1.98--

And not to mention it but, we enjoys the Shanty Boys -- THE SHANTY BOYS * Elektra, \$4.98--

the self- appointed captive



Kent
MooMaw

A few nights ago, having become thoroughly disgusted with the latest issue of Flabbergasting Science Stories and discovering at the last moment that there was nothing else in the house to read besides the telephone book (which has a great cast of characters, but a pretty weak plot line), I did a very unusual thing. I rose regally, mustered all the courage at my command, and walked downstairs to watch television with the rest of the family.

Now, I often rise regally. In fact, I do it many times a day, just to keep in practice for the day when I will be called on to lead the world from its present state of turmoil and confusion by becoming an International Monarch. I'm forced to muster great quantities of courage many times during the course of a year, too... for such harrowing occasions as walking past the house down the block with the huge boxer in the front yard, or asking Anita Eckberg for a date by mental telepathy (her husband might be listening in, you know), or at-

tending science fiction conventions. I'm used to doing both of the above.

But watching television? Decidedly unusual behavior on my part indeed. Decidedly.

Actually, the programs weren't too bad; a few were even worthwhile. Steve Allen is an excellent satirist, unlike the brash, fast-talking prototype of the night-club comic, shows considerably more intelligence than the average ham (Berle, Gleason, et al), and puts on a very entertaining show. Alfred Hitchcock's mysteries strike a responsive chord in the heart of an old EC fan such as I who practically grew up on coffins and murders and grisly happenings. Someone interviewed author Philip Wylie for a half-hour on women, religion, politics, and other equally controversial subjects, all of which made for extremely interesting discussion. A couple of other dramas were passable, if not memorable.



All totaled, I was more than surprised at the high level of entertainment purveyed. Perhaps I happened to watch on a good night or something, but if not, I'd say the teevee critics have been grotching overmuch. The shows I saw made a pretty neat balance of pure entertainment and thought provocation. But the commercials...of veh, that's another story entirely.

I'm told that the renowned Men of Madison Avenue have given up trying to sell their products via television by having a single announcer stand in front of the camera with a bottle of Glookum, the Wonder Tonic, in one hand, shaking his fist in the viewer's face, bellowing about how good Glookum really is, as was the vogue in days gone by. Uh-uh, that kind of thing is definitely passe. Now they've got psychologists working for them, planning commercials which tell a story, or make you laugh or make you nauseous or whatever they want... some, such as the UPA-type Ford commercials, are very good; others,

however, are even worse than the old kind. I ran into an unusually bad lot of them as I dodged from Allen to Hitchcock to Wylie as described above.

Two families are shown on the screen standing side by side. "These are the Smiths," says a hidden voice. "They're going on a vacation by auto." (Closeup of one family, the man with car keys dangling in one hand.) "And these are the Joneses. They're going on a vacation, but they're taking a Greyhound bus." (Closeup of other couple, man with

bus tickets.) "Let's see who enjoys themselves the most."

Cut to a scene inside the Smiths' car. The man's hair is in wild disarray, his tie is loose at the throat, and he's scowling as though he's just been told that his daughter is eloping with an ape. His wife is fanning herself furiously; her previously impeccable hair style is now so many wisps of unmanageable strands. "Look out for that car!" she shrieks into his ear as they pass someone. The kid in the back is making enough noise to drown out the proverbial boiler factory.

Then the syrupy voice begins again: "The Smiths are miserable. The heat has then tired out before they even reach their destination. The children, without anything to do, are getting on Daddy's nerves. Mrs. Smith is irritable and cross."

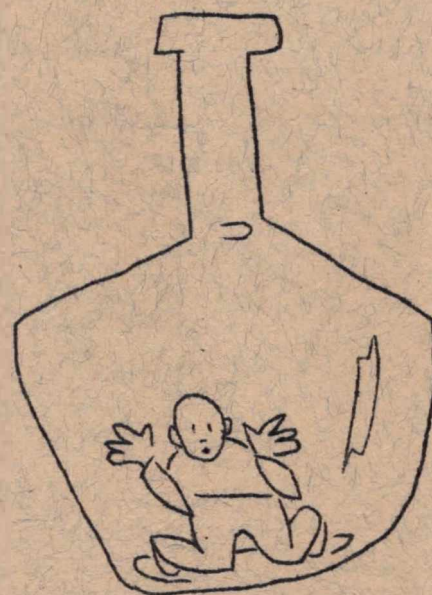
Cut to closeup of Smith's face. "This is the last time we ever come on a trip like this!" he declares.

Fade in interior of the aforementioned Greyhound bus. The Joneses are seated comfortably, gazing out at the scenery which flies by thanks to rear projection. Mr. Jones' hair is perfectly combed, his tie knotted snugly, and a smile is on his face. He lacks only tail and a darker suit to be mistaken for an evening dress ad. His wife is exactly the same as when we first saw her, maybe even more beautiful. Her face is perfectly powdered, lipsticked, mascaraed; her permanent still is. Her legs are crossed in a slightly sexy manner. She is a Knockout.

Although you can already see how ridiculous this whole thing is (i.e. that riding on a certain bus can make a certain woman gorgeous more complacent, and sexy, and a man handsome, well-adjusted, and married to a woman who is gorgeous, more complacent, and sexy...no-one said it in so many words, of course, but the message is being subtly inserted in the viewer's subconscious all the while), the best is yet to come. Or the worst perhaps, depending on your point of view.

The kid is dressed in an immaculate sports ensemble, is sitting quietly in his seat with his hands folded, and is beaming unmercifully at his too, too happy parents! Riding on a Greyhound bus, you are led to believe, will make your children happy to "dress up" (a bad word to children under most circumstances, as you parents can attest), content to sit still and be perfectly quiet! The sheer idiocy of it all began to grip me in its icy fingers.

"On a Greyhound bus, you're never bored," the voice continued, after we had been



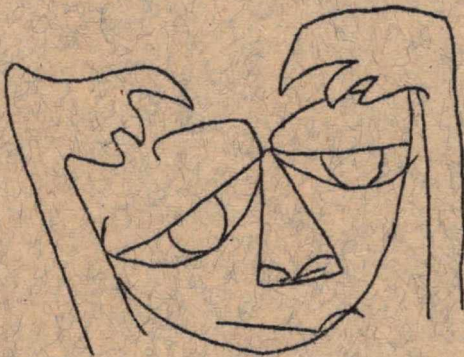
given time to dig the man, stare with pride/disbelief at the kid, and ogle the femme. "There are always interesting, intelligent people with whom to talk as the miles fly by."

Here I stopped short. There are only a few possibilities to account for a statement such as this. Either (a) the people who buy tickets expecting to meet intelligent, charming men and women are the same ones you'd expect to be intelligent and charming, in which case Greyhound is pulling a colossal hoax that anyone with their quota of brains should be able to see through (which is by far the most likely), or (b) everyone who buys a ticket has to undergo a charm-beauty-and-intelligence test except you (an idea which may find favor with egotists around the country), or (c) every family is put on a separate bus, with the rest of the seats being filled by androids made especially to be gorgeous and smart.

I didn't wait around for further information. I ran for the nearest exit, which turned out to be the door to the kitchen, and by the time I had returned, I had missed the remainder of the commercial. Someday, though, I'll take a trip on a Greyhound bus, and at an opportune moment I'll reach over to the person sitting next to me, who is intelligently and wittily snoozing, and run my hands over the torso to check it for hidden control switches and dials. Likely as not, the person will be a lovely young girl, who will awake just as my hands are brushing a strategic point (or points) of her anatomy, and I'll be thrown in jail.

But one way or another, I'll know for sure.

This fiasco was typical of what I went through during those devastatingly long minutes-between-shows throughout the rest of the evening. Wishing I owned one of those devices which cuts off the sound whenever it is activated, I endured such utter and complete rot as (a) a pair of girls who ride down the highway in a convertible, singing "my old style girdle, she ain't what she used to be, it sags where it shouldn't be, its bones really puncture me... only to find a car coming in the opposite direction with a female driver screeching, "My Playtex girdle is still like it used to be, it shows off the best of me (sic!), holds in all the rest of me...", (b) a cigarette that is better for you because a grimy looking ranch-hand (a real man) says he smokes them, (c) a stocking ad in which the girl wearing Brand X is a tub of lard, and the girl wearing Burnil-Cameo is a Monroe type who sits on the edge of a desk with her legs crossed up to here, (d) men who find themselves introverted slobes until they use a certain hair oil...



I'd go on, but the strain of concentrating what was an unnerving night into a few paragraphs is starting to get to me. Besides, I'm not as familiar with the alphabet as I used to be...

In any case, later that night I stumbled back up the stairs, let my courage go back from whence I had gathered it, sat down most unregally, and picked up Flabbergasting Science Stories with great glee.

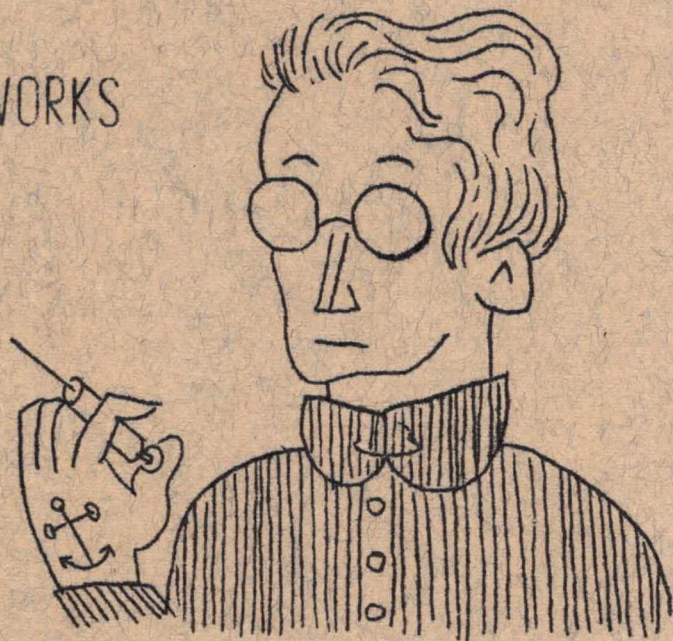
Ivar Jorgenson had never before looked so good to me.

-/-/-/-/-/-

FROM THE COLLECTED WORKS

OF

SHERWOOD POD

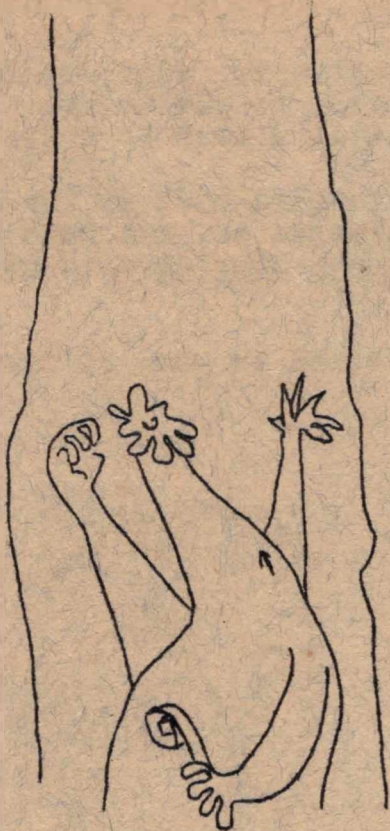


Well, it seems that there was this department store, and one day it had a sale of kitchen utensils. Which was fine, except that the day after the sale, word came out from the factory that a load of defective juice-strainers had been sent by mistake along with the store's regular order, and the store was requested to please return them for exchange. The executives of the department store were somewhat vexed by the situation, being as how most of the defective strainers were already in the hands of the public. That afternoon, two vice-presidents were discussing the problem.

"Oh lord," said the first, "This means that everyone who bought one of those strainers will be back in here tomorrow, trying to trade it for something else."

"I doubt it," said the second. "It would take an extremely callow person to do such a thing."

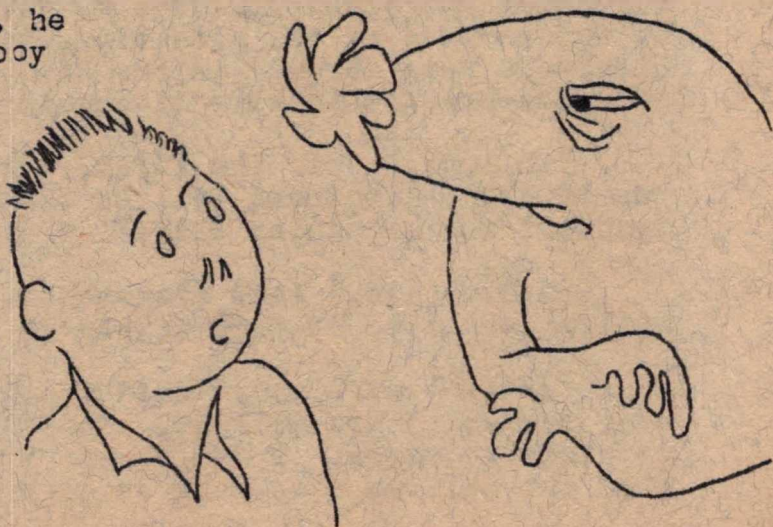
"I agree with you," said the first. "Nevertheless, that's just what our customers will do. That's why I've asked for my vacation to start tomorrow. I don't want to be anywhere near this place when the callows come back to swap a strainer."



AINSI TOUJOURS AUX TYRANS...

by Scot

Once upon a time there lived a small, small boy... indeed, he was just about the smallest boy you can possibly imagine. This small boy was named Julian, and he lived by himself in an old soup can on top of a molehill. Julian was very happy most of the time, except when the mole in the apartment below, who was named Simon, had guests in. Then Julian's little home would shake dangerously, and he would have to run from corner to corner to prevent



things from falling. He had complained several times to the mole, but the mole had told him ungraciously to "shove it," and continued exactly as before. Now Julian, being a very good small boy, hated to hurt the mole's feelings by making an issue of it, and so he never did anything much except to make his occasional ineffectual complaints

One sunny day, after an exceptionally boistrous evening, Julian decided that it was time for him to take some sort of different action. Leaning from out his soup-can, he called softly into the mole's doorway.

"Kind Sir Mole," he called. "Yoo-hoo Mister Mole. Are you up yet?"

It took a while for the mole to answer. When he did, it was in a gruff, surly voice. "Shove it," he said.

Julian tried again. "Daar neighbor Mole," he called in his small, kind, gentle voice, "Are you feeling unwell this morning? Would you like for me to bring you down some nice, warm, broth?"

This time the mole's voice was louder and, if possible, even more unfriendly. "Shove your broth," he said.

Julian, however, having a kind and gentle, albeit small, heart, was not in the least discouraged by this. "Poor Mole," he called, "Is it that you are unwell because of your carousals last night, which lasted until almost sunup?"

There was a scrabbling noise and the mole's nose pushed out of the burrow almost into Julian's face. "Why don't you shove it," he growled, snarling to show his pointy, needle teeth. The nose withdrew into the burrow, and Julian watched it disappear with an expression of compassion on his little face. "Poor Mole," he whispered, "It must be that your unsavory mode of life has brought you to this hapless, unfriendly state of mind." He wrung his little hands and sighed deeply. "I must be very good and patient with you, and try to show you how the joys of a clean life outweigh the momentary pleasures of the flesh." He sprang to his feet in determination. "I must bring you to realize the evils of an existence which undermines your own mental health and prevents your neighbors from sleeping." With this, he returned into his soup-can home to ponder.

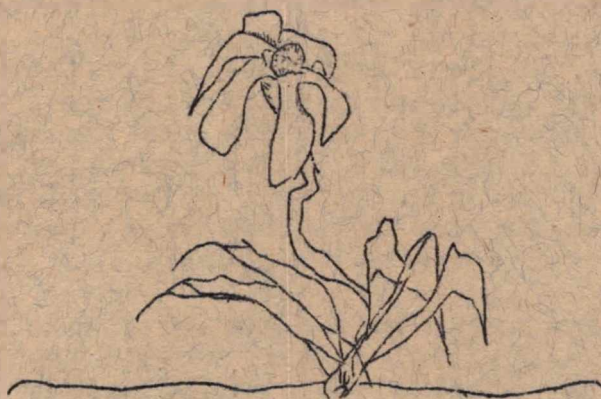
For the next few days, Julian worked like a trooper to show the mole the error of his ways, sitting outside the opening to the burrow for hours on end, singing and reading aloud. Occasionally he would recite beautiful little verses pertaining to the desirability of the clean life. But at the end of the fourth day he walked into his little home with an attitude of discouragement. The only reactions he had managed to elicit from the mole in four long days of teaching were inelegant two word phrases, and each night the parties had become louder and longer. Finally Julian had been forced to place his more fragile possessions on the floor of his little home and cushion them with flower petals to prevent them from breaking. As he walked into his now-disordered abode a frown creased his gentle brow. Sitting down on the floor, he rested his little chin in his little hands and stared at the wall. "It must be," he said, "That my kind neighbor Simon Mole is not amenable to the charms of music and verse. I shall have to

think of some other kind thing to do for him. He is ruining his health and I have dark circles under my little eyes from not getting to sleep until almost sunup every morning." He looked down and absently settled his tiny bud vase more securely into its flower-petal cushion. His little eyes opened wide and a gentle smile crossed his lips. "Of course!" he said, "That is what I shall do. I shall plant flowers for kind neighbor Mole. I shall transform his homely mud burrow into a new Garden of Paradise." He leaped to his feet and clapped his little hands with joy. "I shall start tomorrow morning, as soon as the sun comes up."

The next morning, as soon as the sun came up, Julian went to work. Clearing a space directly in front of the burrow opening, he commenced planting his carefully gathered wildflower seeds in neat, straight rows. He had finished planting two rows of buttercups and was starting one of wild violets, when a weasel, an old friend of the mole's who was leaving the party later than usual, emerged from the burrow and ate our hero completely up in a little less than two and a half bites. Before the weasel reached home, he had quite forgotten the incident.

Eight days later a vagrant wind blew the soup-can from its location atop the mole-hill and rolled it down into a cow path, where a Guernsey heifer named Ethel stepped on it and crushed it beyond recognition.

The mole named Simon lived to a ripe old age despite a liver condition brought on by too much drink, and when he died it was with a smile on his lips and a Queen-high straight in his hand. His friends bemoaned the fact that he left just when the party was getting good.



...so Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, clad in nothing but her beautiful golden truss.

-Traditional



IT'S NEW

No longer do you have to feel that twinge of envy whenever you see a famous abstract hanging in one of the more exclusive galleries. NOW, you can do these things yourself and be JUST AS GOOD as people like Jackson Pollock, Lewis Bunce, Salvador Dali, and many many others. Our NEW EXPRESS-A-KIT will provide you with all the inspiration you'll ever need.

Included in this kit is a large roll of canvas that you can spread out on the floor ruled in easy to distinguish squares to help you with your creation. The remaining materials are six basic colors, Grey, Grey Black, White, Black, Off White, and Dingy Twilight; a member of the *Bufo vulgaris* family, known familiarly as a Toad, plus a Ford sparking coil, provided by the Ford Motor Company.

All you have to do is dip the toad in a color of your choice and point him in the right direction on a square of your choosing, then "stimulate" him with the coil. Handy directions will give you pointers as to where to direct the instrument of your creation. After he has run the course so to speak, dip him in another color and stimulate him again. After repeated stimulations the toad will cease hopping and will instead drag himself around the canvas, producing exciting variations.

Be sure and buy your kit today. It's never too late or too early.

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU CO. ** EAST LACKAWANNA FERRY, VT.

Reader's Digress

Bloomington, Ind.

Gentlemen

Enclosed are several poems by Jerome Potter Seaton, Jr., which he hopes you will consider printing in your magazine..

Mr. Seaton feels that these poems are representative of his work, and.... he would appreciate it if you answered as soon as possible after reaching a decision....

-/-/-/-

"Content"

Sincerely yours,
Katherine Paradiso
'Sec'y'to Mr. Seaton.

I walked a city's streets last night
and feared where danger never reared in sight
I stood beneath a tall arc light
and was weary

And then as I stood living boredom's lie
I saw a young and happy couple passing by
I pondered there a moment, then went on with a sigh,
and was content

- J.P. Seaton, Jr.

Delema

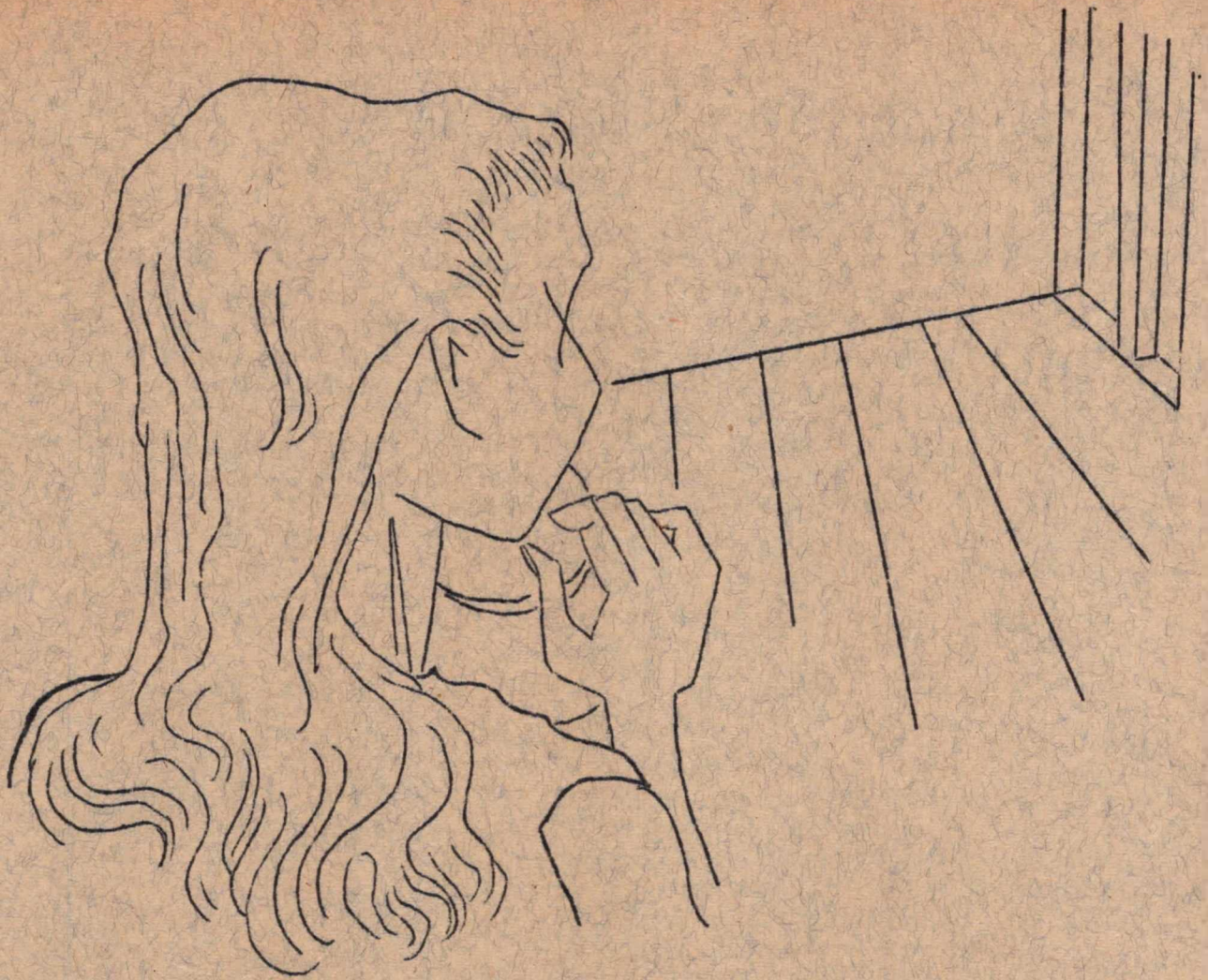
I had two dates, ah, yesternight
And couldn't tell one from the other
My soul weeped at such a dread
Ta-ta-ta peanut-butter.

- Benster Freep

"You've been sleeping with your ears open
and your brain has got all dried out." -Grue

QUOTABLE QUOTE

"He's a little bastard."
"How?"
"You want specific instances?"
"Yes."
"Well for one thing, he's a scout."
"Ch!"



THE CAN

by Robin Loddell

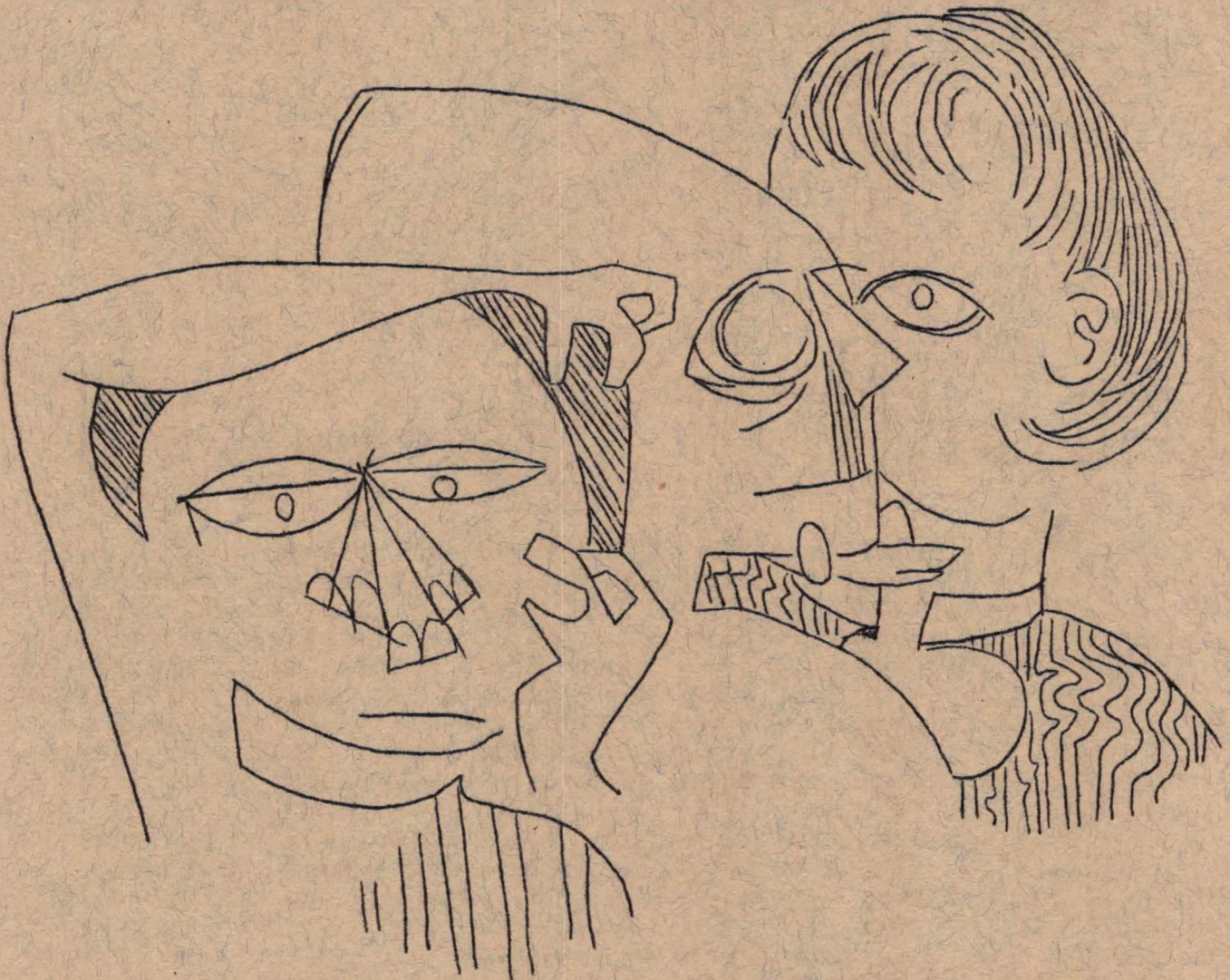
...Woman, what you savin' in that old coffee can. Savin' pennies, so as you can buy a pretty dress? A pretty dress to feed hogs in? Woman, what you savin', huh? Tell your ol' man. Gonna go into town and have your hair prettied up... so as the rattlesnakes can look at you? Ha! That's a good one - there ain't nothin' in this woods but you and me, woman - nothin' to look at you but me! Ah, c'mon, tell me what you're savin'. Ha! You got a secret, don't you? You got a secret. Well, keep your ol' secret. Ha! You want to tell your secret to someone, don't you? But then, there ain't no one but me...

What you smilin' for, woman? Don't smile... I'll get mad! Yes I will, I'll get mad as Hell. You don't care, huh? Just keep smilin... you and your secret! Well, I'm gonna ask you again. What you savin' in that tin can? I'm gonna peek. Ha! Ha! Peek in your ol' can and see and then you won't have no secret 'cause I'll know it too. I'll know what you're savin. But first let me make some guesses. Will

you let me know if I guess right, woman? I guess you're savin' money, huh? But where'd you get it? I don't give you any, do I? No, I don't. Not a penny. 'Cause you might spend it. Maybe you're savin' birds' eggs. I once knew a fellow that saved birds' eggs - sold 'em for a lot of money. Or maybe you're savin' coupons...

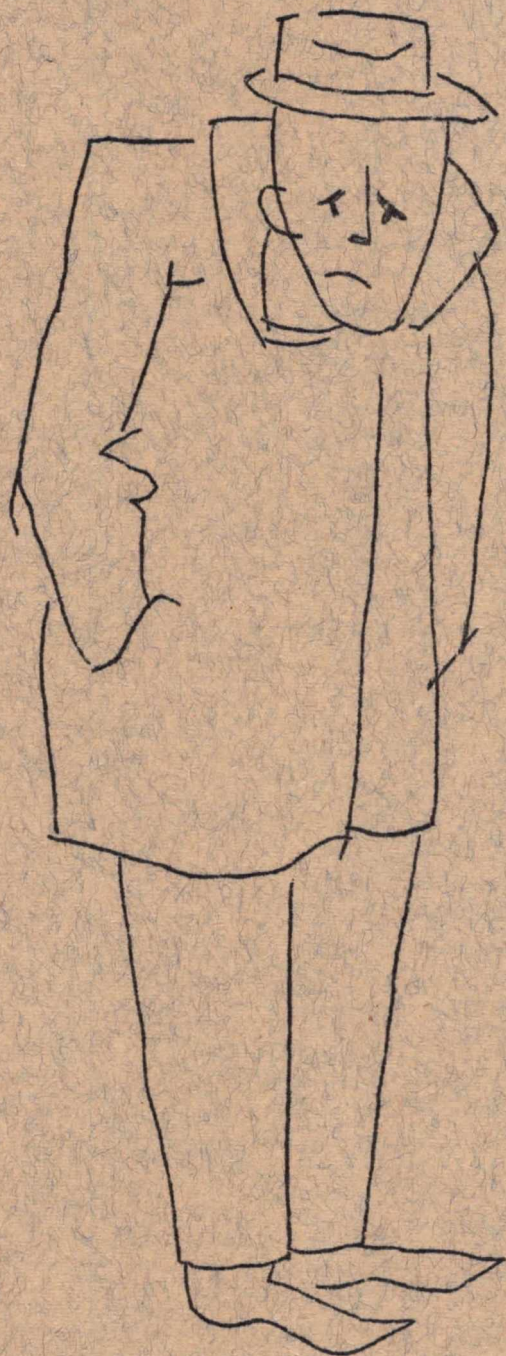
None of those, huh? What you savin', then? You can't have no secrets from me, woman. What you keepin' in that can? Must be pretty valuable, the way you watch it. Did you find it in the woods? Huh? You're always walkin' in the woods. Find something somebody lost in the woods? Woman, I want to know. Here I set all day wonderin' what you got in that can. Someday I'll figure up a way to reach it. Stop smilin', woman... you think you're smart! But I'll fool you. I'll find out your secret. Stop smilin', woman! Someday I'll find a way to reach that can. Then you won't have no...more...little...secret. Stop SMILIN' at me like that, woman, DAMN YOU!.....

-/-/-/-/-/-



Now

—YOU TOO CAN DO IT



Have you sat around at parties, on the beach, at home, or on the street and watched others do it, and felt bad because you couldn't? Well, through many years of research and study an old established company has found a solution to enable you to do it in less than a week. No fancy directions or intricate formulas, our company has made it possible for you to do it with hardly any effort at all.

Just imagine the envious looks on the faces of your friends, loved ones, neighbors, and yes, even enemies as they stand by and watch YOU do it with effortless ease. Think of the attention you'll gain at parties and festive occasions as you become the center of attraction, doing it.

So get on the stick friends. Jump on the rocket ship of success and be the first to send in your dollar for our unabridged, fully illustrated book on how to do it. You'll never regret your decision as long as you live!

GO GRAB AN ENVELOPE

and SEND ONE DOLLAR to

GOSH-WOW Ltd.
East Lackawanna Canal
Village 38, New York,

THE HYPERSENSITIVE

YUK



by DAG

The spotty assiduity displayed by the censor brigade never ceases to amaze me. Take the field of songs on radio/tv, f'rexample. There used to be a song called "Alabama Jubilee" which, while hardly great music, was a pleasantly bouncy little number. The lyrics ran something along the lines of: "You ought to see Deacon Jones/when he rattles them bones./Old Parson Brown jumps around like a clown... One Legged Joe hops around on his toe/ Throw away his crutches,/ Hollers Hey letter go/ ... Old Aunt Jemima, who is past 83/ Shoutin' out fulla pep, watchyer step, watchyer step, etc. As I say, it was popular a few years back but recently I heard it on the radio again and the censors had been at work on it and you'd hardly recognize those happy southern people, cavorting in innocent merriment at some harmless church-social or something. One can only imagine the blizzard of bitter protest from authentic deacons, parsons, cripples, and elderly ladies ("senior citizens" is the euphemism currently in favor, neatly complementing the odious term, teen-ager, so cruelly overused) which must have prompted them to change the lyrics to something like Colonel Jones...Captain Brown...Bow-Legged Joe (apparently one can poke fun at legs bent but not legs missing)... they substituted "and Aunt Jemima who is spry as can be" although even this carries a dangerous hint that she is no longer in the pink of youth. I was tempted to write a bitter, bitter letter saying I thought it was a cruel display of discrimination against Colonels and Captains and Bow-legged people to sing a song like that but I didn't because I knew that they would just have to think up a new set of appellations which wouldn't offend...uncle Jones and cousin Brown and Long-legged Joe, maybe. And you must have noticed all the toning down that goes on with the milder swear-words in radio. How the Army Air Force Song comes out "Off with one terrible roar," instead of helluva; how Frass-wah Vee-yawn gallantly and defiantly cries "And away with Burgundy" instead of the vastly more expressive "and to HELLLL with Burgundy" and how, in the lyrics from "South Pacific," the chorus of lusty sailor lads ungrammatically but pure-heartedly (not to say rhetorically) chant "What ain't we got?/ You know blamed well!" I have occasionally heard this come out "darned" but rarely any more. It is too suggestive of the verboten d--n to say darn. Somebody get me a bucket---my gorge is rising again.

Apropos of nothing at all here, I have sounded out numerous people on the subject, and I can't seem to find anyone who shares my

chess gems

#1

The game below, and those in future issues, are authentic games, many of them from tournament play. It is not intended to be a chess "puzzle"; it is one of a collection of brilliant short games, and is included here for the enjoyment of the wood-pushers in our reading public.

LONDON, 1862

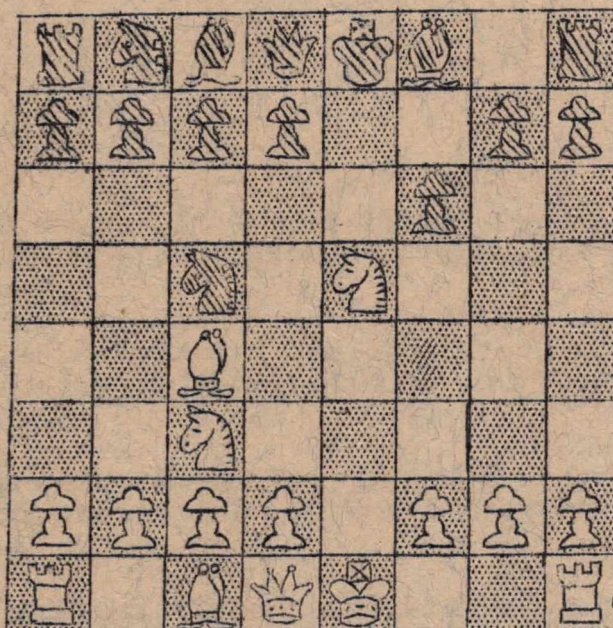
Taylor

Amateur

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1. P-K4 | P-K4 |
| 2. Kt-KB3 | Kt-Kb3 |
| 3. B-B4 | Kt x P |
| 4. Kt-B3 | Kt-B4 |
| 5. Kt x P | P-KB3 |

At this point, white announced a forced mate in eight moves, to be carried out as follows:

- | | |
|----------------|--------|
| 6. Q-R5ch | P-Kt3 |
| 7. B-B7ch | K-K2 |
| 8. Kt-Q5ch | K-Q3 |
| 9. Kt-QB4ch | K-B3 |
| 10. Kt-Kt4ch | K-Kt4 |
| 11. P-R4ch | K x Kt |
| 12. P-B3ch | K-Kt6 |
| 13. Q-Q1 mate. | |



hopeless empuzzlement over the cheerfully accepted respectability of murder, homicide, violent death, etc., in our present culture. The same radio/tv moguls who tremble at the thought that the little kiddie-winkies (who hear the commoner words every time their dad hits his thumb with a hammer) might hear a hell or a damn over the sacrosanct airwaves will have no slightest compunction at showing their cowboys and Supermen dousing each other with blazing gasoline, shooting, stabbing, choking, poisoning, garroting, electrocuting, etc., etc. Frankie surprises Johnny and the jade, Nellie Bly, in a corner drugstore nowadays (mustn't plug taverns, especially not for free) but she still shoots him just as dead. Drinking is unspeakably vile, while murder is merely faintly deplorable. There is a great deal more to be said on this matter and some day it may well be co-related further and set down in neatly marshalled ranks of type. But not for the now....

--dag

The above was written by Dean A. Grannell, editor and publisher of GRUE, and was first published in #28 of that magazine. We of the ScoLar take this opportunity to express our indebtedness to Mr. Grannell for this and other selections from his magazine, which are respectfully used without his express permission.

--the editors

What they are saying

All men are created equal. John D. has more money than me. Therefore, John D. was never created.

- Beauregard Fortz

In a democracy, all men are equal. John D. has more money than me. Therefore, John D. is an undemocratic son of a bitch.

- Byron Xif

In this democratic land of ours, all men are equal. Bob Oppenheimer is smarter than me. Therefore, Oppenheimer is a goddam Connie spy.

- Charlie McCarthy

Under the American democracy, all men are equal. Equal means the same. The same means not different. Negroes are a different color than me. Therefore:

- (a) They are not really Americans
- (b) Their living in the U.S. is a breach of our democratic principles
- (c) They are not men
- (d) They should be lynched

- John Kasper

If all men are equal, then how did the Clods get like they are?

- Sgnab Ttocspat

A man is equal to the sum of his accomplishments. All men are equal to each other. Therefore, I am equal to the sum of Aristotle's accomplishments. Fall down and worship me!

- Xif

America was founded as a great Christian democracy. Gambling and fornication are incompatible with Christianity. Therefore, nobody in the U.S. ... except subversives ... wishes to gamble or fornicate.

- Congressional Record

"We go to the garrick now and become warbs," he said.

- James Thurber



I n 1913 Ambrose Bierce, then 71 years old, crossed the border into Mexico and disappeared forever. After reading the following, you may be taken with a desire to do the same thing.

from "The Devil's
Dictionary"
of Ambrose Bierce

ABNORMAL, adj. Not conforming to standard. In matters of thought and conduct, to be independent is to be abnormal, to be abnormal is to be detested.

ABSTAINER, n. A weak person who yields to the temptation of denying himself a pleasure. A total abstainer is one who abstains from everything but abstention, and especially from inactivity in the affairs of others.

ADAMANT, n. A mineral frequently found beneath a corset. Soluble in sollicitate of gold.

BEARD, n. The hair that is commonly cut off by those who justly execrate the absurd Chinese custom of shaving the head.

BIGOT, n. One who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain.

CANNON, n. An instrument employed in the rectification of national boundaries.

CAT, n. A soft, indestructible automaton provided by nature to be kicked when things go wrong in the domestic circle.

DIE, n. The singular of "dice". We seldom hear the word, because there is a prohibitory proverb, "Never say die."

EDIBLE, adj. Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

FAITH, n. Belief without evidence in what is told by one who speaks without knowledge, of things without parallel.

FEAST, n. A festival. A religious celebration usually signalized by gluttony and drunkenness, frequently in honor of some holy person distinguished for abstemiousness.

FORK, n. An instrument used chiefly for the purpose of putting dead animals into the mouth. Formerly the knife was employed for this purpose.

IDIOT, n. A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling.

IMPIETY, n. Your irreverence toward my diety.

INFIDEL, n. In New York, one who does not believe in the Christian religion; in Constantinople, one who does.

KORAN, n. A book which the Mohammedans foolishly believe to have been written by divine inspiration, but which Christians know to be a wicked imposture, contradictory to the Holy Scriptures.

LAUGHTER, n. An interior convulsion, producing a distortion of the features, and accompanied by inarticulate noises.

LONGEVITY, n. Uncommon extension of the fear of death.

MAD, adj. Affected with a high degree of intellectual independence; not conforming to standards of thought, speech, and action derived by the conformants from study of themselves; at odds with the majority; in short, unusual.

MAMMALIA, n. pl. A family of vertebrate animals whose females in a state of nature suckle their young, but when civilized and enlightened put them out to nurse, or use the bottle.



MIRACLE, n. An act or event out of the order of nature and unaccountable, as beating a normal hand of four kings and an ace with four aces and a king.

NOVEMBER, n. The eleventh twelfth of a weariness.

OCCIDENT, n. The part of the world lying west (or east) of the Orient. It is largely inhabited by Christians, a powerful subtribe of the Hypocrites, whose principal industries are murder and cheating, which they are pleased to call "war" and "commerce". These, also, are the principal industries of the Orient.

ONCE, adv. Enough.

OVERWORK, n. A dangerous disorder affecting high public functionaries who want to go fishing.

PANTHEISM, n. The doctrine that everything is God, in contradistinction to the doctrine that God is everything



POTABLE, adj. Suitable for drinking. Water is said to be potable; indeed, some declare it our natural beverage, although even they find it palatable only when suffering from the recurrent disorder known as thirst, for which it is a medicine. Upon nothing has so great and diligent ingenuity been brought to bear in all ages and in all countries, as upon the invention of substitutes for water.

PRE-ADAMITE, n. One of an experimental and apparently unsatisfactory race that antedated Creation and lived under conditions not easily conceived. Little is known of them beyond the fact that they supplied Cain with a wife, and theologians with a controversy.

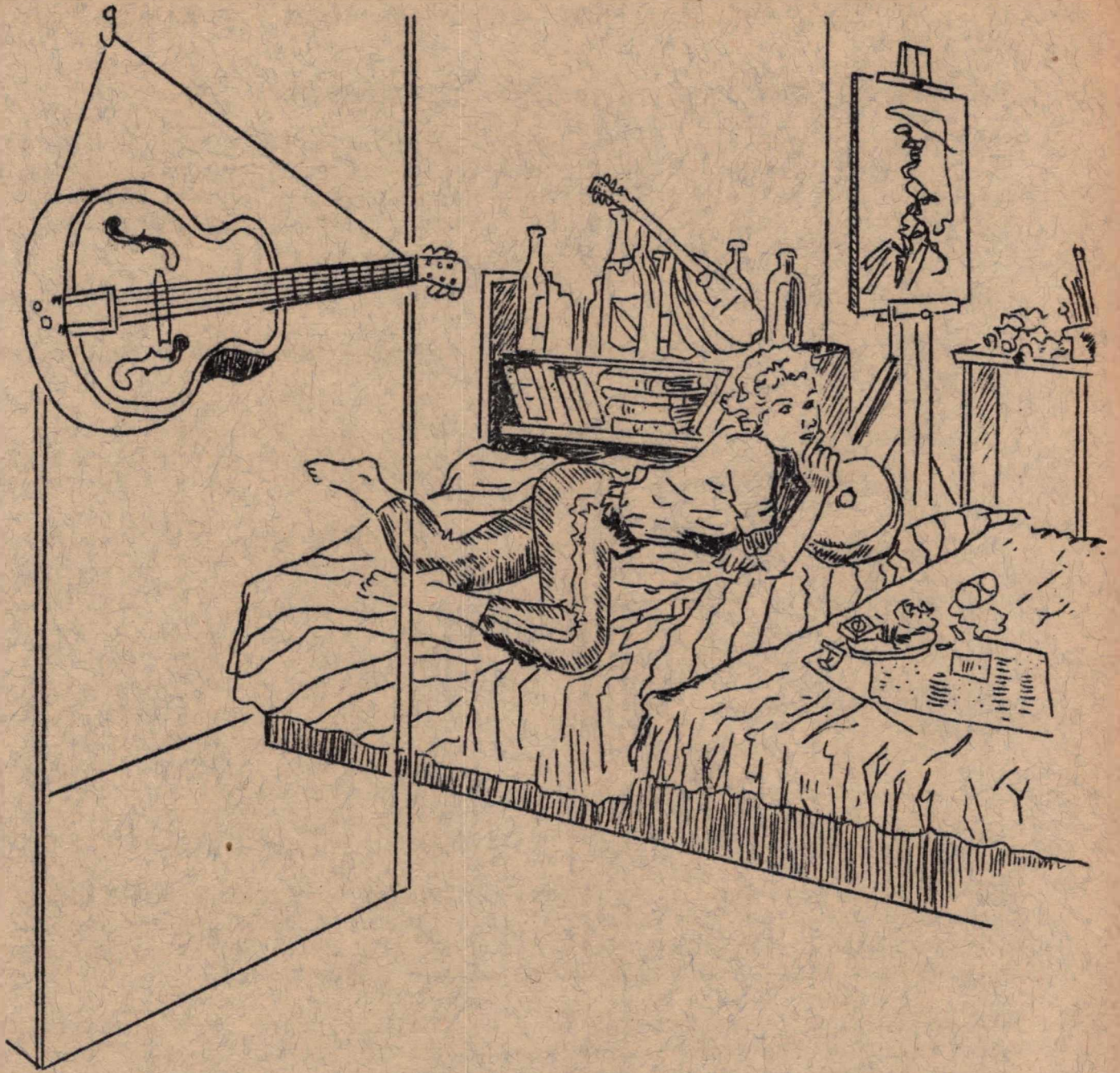
RAMSHACKLE, adj. Pertaining to a certain order of architecture, otherwise known as the Normal American. Most of the public buildings of the United States are of the Ramshackle order, though some of our earlier architects preferred the Ironie.

RUM, n. Generically, fiery liquors that produce madness in total abstainers.

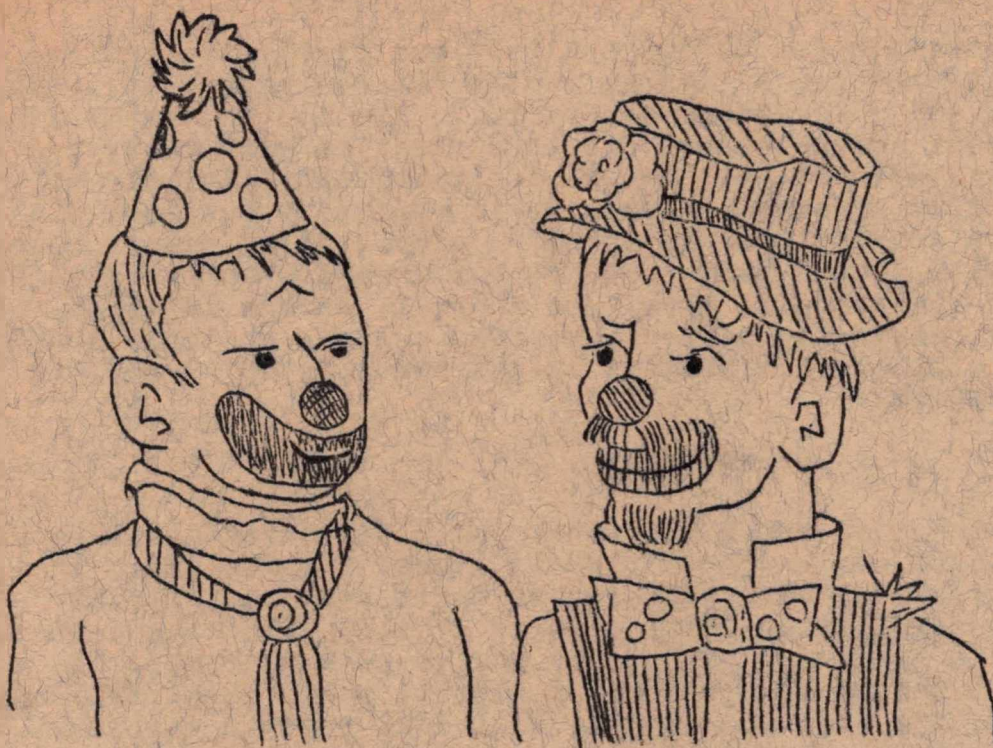
SAINT, n. A dead sinner, revised and edited.

TELEPHONE, n. An invention of the devil which abrogates some of the advantages of making a disagreeable person keep his distance.

ZEUS, n. The chief of the Grecian gods, adored by the Romans as Jupiter, and by the modern Americans as God, Gold, Mob, and Dog.



What's Wrong With
this Picture ?



Partners

THE EDITORS

"I have sold my birthright
for a mess of Proust."

-GRUE

There are many ways to wind up a magazine, like for instance with a big fat advertisement for Crisco (pun?) or a Hazel cartoon, or some such other trivia. But the ScoLar being what it is, we figured it would be sorta nice to terminate with another collection of assorted ramblings, several of which are already contained elsewhere in this issue. Besides, it gives us a chance to assault our dear readers one last time with the various and unrelated items that don't seem to fit in anywhere else. Some things under the sun there be that one may not categorize, and dassent try.

Speaking of advertisements, you may have noticed that there aren't any in this mag. I mean real ads, not those lampoonish creatures from the Mind of Bourne. There are numerous reasons for this, the biggest one being that we haven't solicited any ads from anybody. To accede to the gray flannel movement would somehow or other compromise our purpose in the publication of the ScoLar. There's an old story about the Eskimo who was visited by a missionary for the first time. Upon entering the igloo, the missionary took off his mittens and began to blow on his fingers. "Why you do that?" asked the Eskimo. "To warm up my hands," answered the missionary. A short while later dinner was served, and when the visitor began to blow on his soup, the Eskimo repeated the question. "To cool off the soup," he

was answered. Whereupon the Eskimo politely but firmly invited the missionary to leave and never return, saying "No can be friends with man who blows hot and cold with same breath." You see the point I'm trying to make about advertising. But in connection with this, you gotta remember that without paid ads we are subsisting entirely on the two bits per copy purchase price. So if you enjoy the idea of the ScoLar, advise your friends to go buy a copy. If we make a little on the deal, it will mean a bigger and better magazine next issue; if we at least break even it will show that there is enough interest to warrant continued publication; but if we take a loss, the only conclusion possible will be that we have wasted our time and money, in which case guess what?

Reading the local paper the other day I came across something that was, at least to me, an innovation in liquor advertising. The Calvert people had, along with pictures of their various types of nectar, the price per fifth. First time in my life I've ever seen prices mentioned in a whiskey ad, and it led me to wonder why. I guess I've always subconsciously assumed that it was illegal or something, to tell the populace how much it will cost them to get oiled. But evidently this isn't the case. Do you suppose the likker people have been afraid to mention prices because they are always so high? Hell, we've always known that the cost of booze was outlandish, but that never cut down liquor sales any (the knowledge), I'll betcha. At any rate, I'm thankful to Lord Calvert for breaking the ice. Maybe before long all the distilleries will do likewise, and we can sit home in the easy chair and decide what we can afford instead of standing around self-consciously in the OLCC store while we make up our minds.

You folk music hounds who have never done so, should check into the audio-visual dept. of the U. library. Most of the records they have are pretty hokey (e.g. John Jacob Niles and his off-key dulcimer), but there is an elderly disc of Carl Sandburg singing "Sam Hall" that I personally recommend, scratches and all. Sandburg has captured the bitterness and defiance of the condemned man better than any singer of this song I have ever heard. It almost makes your hair stand on end... particularly the "Molly" verse. Go listen.

More drowning sailors smoke Vicesquads than vice versa. Reason? They have a sinking man's filter and a choking man's taste. Yuk.

More strike-breakers and labor goons smoke Vicegrips than any other fag. Reason: they have a finking man's filter and a croaking man's taste. Double yuk.

I think it's high time that somebody spoke up in defense of Hopalong Cassidy. And I don't mean the insipid, washed-out prototype of Roy Rogers that Bill Boyd made popular with the kiddies a few years back; I mean the real Hopalong created several decades ago by Clarence E. Mulford in the "Bar 20" series. Any of you who need a break from the strain and complexity of nowadays should try reading some of the old Mulford things. The old Hoppy warn't no Captain Marvel with white hair and black clothes, no sir. The old Hoppy was just another stove-up old cow-puncher who happened, more or less by accident, to be the fastest gun and deadliest aim in the world. There are western novels and there are western novels, but compared with the old Hoppy, the creations of Wm. MacLeod Raine and Zane Grey (not to mention Messrs. Dillon, Paladin, et al.) are lifeless lumps of clay. The "Bar 20" tales are as fine, in their way, as anything you are likely to find in Playboy or Atlantic. Pity they have been so ruthlessly emasculated for kiddie consumption in the neighborhood popcorn parlors. But then, that's the way of Hollywood.

MARK OF TRUE INTELLIGENCE DEPT. I notice that the USC contingent of Kappa Sigma has a new neat trick for putting neophyte griks in their place: they cram lumps of raw liver down the pledge aesophagus until said pledge cools down to room temperature, then call the ambulance. Good shooting, sez I. If all the frats take up the trick and kill off their pledges, in three short years the world will be rid of a social renace.

Anybody in the market for a St. Bernard? Buzzed out to the local Humane Society pound a couple or three weeks ago in search of some sort of puppy (didn't get one, though), and discovered back in the kennels an 11-month old Bernard, whose name I forget. A great friendly ox about ten hands high at the shoulder. I wanted to take him home, but the wife-mate threatened all sorts of terrible things, so I finally gave the idea up. I imagine he's still out there, and although I didn't inquire, I assume that he's available for a standard donation of three or four dollars, which is a bargain whether you figure it by the pound or however.

For those of you who haven't discovered it yet, there's a pseudo-boho beer joint underneath the Osborne Hotel y-clept "The Cellar". If you have the urge to play beatnik without the necessity for any strong convictions, here's your chance.

That about does it for this issue. Once more we'd like to ask you to write us, contribute, or comment one way or another on the independent publication you have just read. See you next issue. 'Til then, be good/careful (select one).

Jars & Scott

