

STANFORD
Chaparral

JANUARY 1953

30c



You're in two kinds of trouble, pal



Holiday Spirit may be busting out all over, pal, but before you get carried away, how about taking a quick look in the lobby mirror. Sharp? Well, a good looking suit, of course, good looking shoes, even a flashy pair of cuff links with the big Alpha on them.

A killer.

But your cute little friend seems a little less than rapturous, and the doorman's eyebrows went up even *higher*. Even the cab driver's.

Bad breath? No, pal. You forgot your hat.

Sweetness and Light there spent half the afternoon working over each little pink ribbon getting ready for *you*. It's hardly a compliment when you show up looking like you stumbled into your clothes in the dark.

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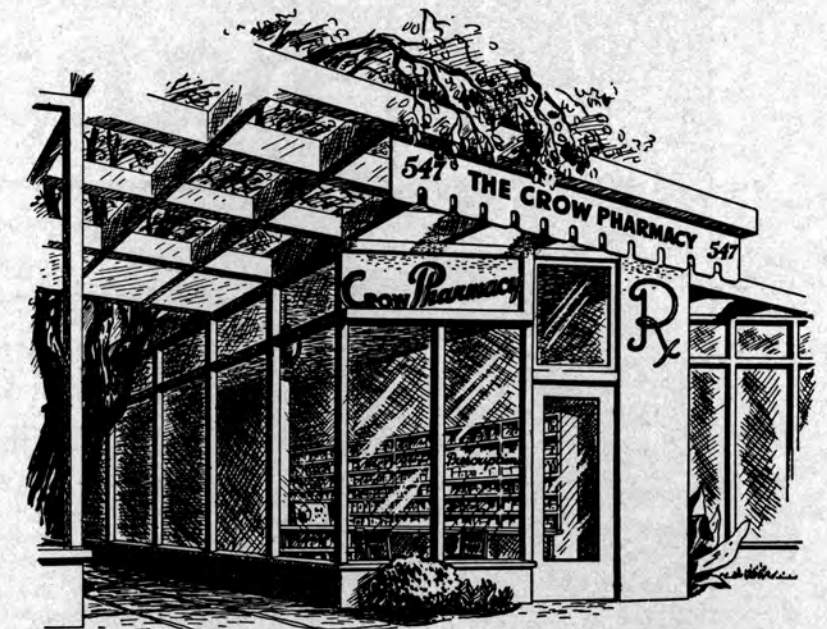
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SALES AND SERVICE

The Stanford Chaparral

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the Ancient One can finally raise his head from off the New Year's Eve table and open a bleary eye, he faces into the bright future of a new, unsullied year. This will be a year in which there will be no election to send professors scurrying for their fountain pens, politicians scurrying across the country, or people scurrying for their TV sets. There will also be no leap year to send bachelors scurrying into hiding and trapped men lagging to the altar. All in all, 1953 should turn out to be a rather interesting little 365 days—but of course, the Old Boy has predicted a good year for every year since 1900. The only good thing to come out of 1952, so the Erudite One thinks, is the fact that beer sales are in-

creasing by leaps and bounds—about in proportion to the number of students enrolled in institutions of higher learning. If this keeps up, we are sure to have one of the happiest new years that this, or any other country, has ever seen.

NOW THAT Excom finally has some money to spend, it can't seem to agree as to how to spend it. Grass Com is checking up on the practicability of planting grass all over Inner Quad and Bush Com is attempting to discover the cost of rearranging the shrubbery in Memorial Court. The Idiot Child knows that if grass is planted it won't be any time at all be-

(Continued on page 5)

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All right, gentlemen, we've heard just about enough of your griping about the delightful Stanford ratio. Are you merely trying to rationalize your inability to get along with women, or do you really want to have dates?

You say you want dates? Then listen closely and "big sister" will give you a few helpful hints.

The most frequently heard complaint is, "How can I ask a girl out if I don't know her?" The answer is, simply enough, "Meet her!"

Let's say you see a girl studying near by at the Reserve Book Room. You don't know her name, but you like the rhythmic way she swings her leg

so that her shoe balances on the toes without falling off. This approach ought to work: Hand her a cigarette with a note saying, "May I light this for you in the lobby?" She will probably think you are a very clever fellow and agree. However, if she refuses, you know that she did so for one of three reasons: (1) She doesn't smoke (in which case she is a prude, so forget her), (2) she would rather study (which means she doesn't like you), or (3) she has just finished a cigarette (and you'll know that someone else read this article before you did).

(With a little originality, you can vary the approach. It might be effective to give her an empty glass and offer to fill it at Rossotti's, or an empty purse . . .)

Once you have met the girl and have her alone the problem of impressing her is yours. One suggestion though: Never tell a girl she looks like your sister. You might consider that a compliment, you conceited fool, but chances are, she'd rather be dead than look like a member of your family.

Your first date with this prize creature is crucial. Don't ever start out with anything big. Friday dinner at Car-

lun's followed by a movie, then beer and dancing at Heidelberg, is enough for a beginning and it should serve as a hint of better things for the future. On a casual date, such as I have suggested, you will be able to sell yourself. It is your opportunity to show her what a charming, intelligent, personable young man you are. Come to think of it, you might be better off taking her to the city and showing her what a rich young man she has attracted.

When you bring her home at the end of the evening be sure to ask the young lady to a formal dance or a Big Game party (next year's) so that she will know you really like her—and, of course, all Stanford women are lovable—and then you can kiss her good night without offending her. You will notice I said "kiss her" not "ask to kiss her." Never, never, NEVER ask! If she says "yes," she's too eager; and if she says "no," you won't know what she means.

There, my friends, you have all the information necessary for a successful social life. If all else fails, you can go to Denmark and have an operation.

—Harriett Bauman



Kirk's

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

fore the *Daily* will be running long editorials telling everyone that it is the duty of Stanford students to refrain from walking on that self-same grass. Further, to his unpracticed eye, the greenery in Memorial Court looks just fine. Of course, that eye might be somewhat dimmed by the lack of light in the library (the Ancient One read a few copies of *Life* in the Periodical Room last year). The Fumbling Fool would like to suggest meekly that Ex-com investigate the possibility of putting its funds to work in the form of lights in the library, the new student union, roads, parking facilities, or something more practical and more needed than grasses and bushes.



Hotel Manager—Did you find any of our towels in that salesman's suitcase?

Hotel Detective—No, but I found a chambermaid in his grip.

—Window

Mixed emotions: Man seeing his mother-in-law backing over a cliff in his new cadillac.

—Profile

"The Turkey Farm"—Photo Credits

The following sources were employed in procuring the photographs which appear in "The Turkey Farm": Richard Nixon—*Newsweek*; King Farouk, Harry S. Truman — *LIFE*; William O'Dwyer, Anthony Eden, Capt. Kurt Carlsen, Marilyn Monroe—*San Francisco Chronicle*; Turkey—Wide World Photos; Lili St. Cyr—Tom Timberlake.

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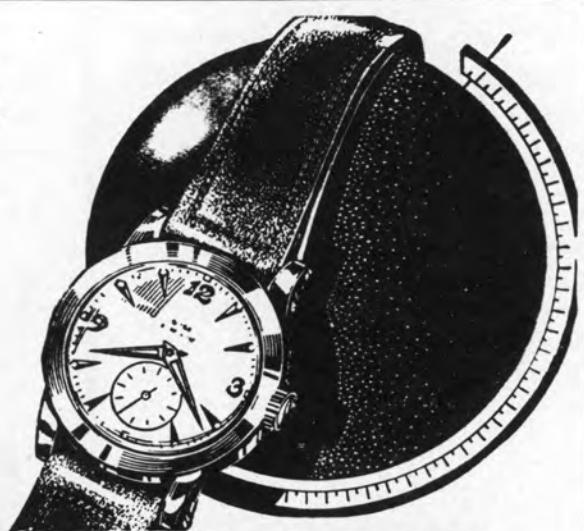
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The PIT

by John Woehler

The whole great pit of a chamber was dank and dreary. Water dripped in greasy threads from the earthen walls and trailed lazily over the moldy blankets to the floor. The faint squeaking of rats and the deliberate rustle of the cockroaches added to the miserable symphony of wretchedness. The sickly sweet stench of unrepaired and ancient plumbing fixtures was apparent everywhere. The mildewed heaps of clothing here and there were but larger dunes in the desert of grime that was everywhere. Over the whole chamber lingered a feeling of something waiting . . . a feeling of grim expectancy that shivered one's senses with a vague tendrill of horror. Waiting . . . for what?

Suddenly the room became light . . . or less dark, for the light was the feeble yellow glow of a small unshaded electric light bulb. Strange, wild-looking men with red-rimmed eyes and pallid skin were being herded into the chamber. Scrawny, undeveloped limbs and the big paunches of malnutrition made all of them seem alike. They spoke in shrill babbling accents to the guards, who merely grinned evilly and kicked them contemptuously out of their path as they moved back toward the door. A few of the guards waved fearsome clubs at the men who were in the way, causing them to whimper and scuttle back into a corner, their scarred and



" . . . So he sez, 'Get out and walk!' How'd I know it would rain?"

ragged backs evidence of the way the spirit had been beaten out of them.

The heavy doors slammed and the men quieted down instantly. A few men walked wearily around the room, but most threw themselves down on the filthy cots. The single yellow bulb suddenly winked out, leaving the room plunged in the noxious blackness. Then began the horrible coughings and rackings of tubercular lungs and the groans and whining of men who long before had lost all individuality and humanity. Some groaned softly into their blankets; others cried aloud or talked ceaselessly in the shrill accents of the insane. The stench of bodies long unwashed permeated the chamber.

Gradually the sounds faded into the darkness as weary men fell into the numbness of the sleep of utter exhaustion. Now only the breathing was heard as once again the sound of the dripping walls, the rats, and the cockroaches again grew. The pledge room of the big fraternity house was quiet again. . . .



"No, you can't wear argyles!"

At a circus in a near-by town, a man thoughtfully stood looking at the camels. Then he picked up a straw, placed it on the camel's back and waited. Nothing happened. "Wrong straw," he muttered and walked away.

—Voo Doo

They say that girls are minors until they are eighteen; then they are gold-diggers.

—Splinter

Before you fall in love with a pair of bright eyes, make sure it's not the sun shining through a hole in her head that makes them bright. —Widow

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Some women diet. Others let destiny shape their ends.

—Profile

They say that Hawaii is a good place for men who have asthma to go. The girls are so dumb that they can't tell it from passion.

—Spartan

A lovely girl with red hair entered the car and sat down beside the youth. Youth (edging away)—"I must not get too close or I shall catch fire."

Girl—"Don't be alarmed; greerwood never catches fire."

—Widow

Boys, a woman's yawn may be annoying but it's lot less dangerous than her sigh.

—Syracusan

"A Philosopher is a man who can look into an empty glass and smile."

—Froth

"But Mama, I'm not hungry—I ate all the raisins off the flypaper."

—Ranger

"Sorry, madame, but licenses are issued only when your form is filled out properly."

"Why, I like your nerve! We can get married no matter what I look like."

—Splinter

Angry Father: Your conduct has made you the talk of the town.

Daughter: Yes, but how long will it last? Some fool aviator will fly around the world or something, and I'll have to do it all over again.

—El Burro

Senior: "Waiter, please bring me some tomato juice for a pick-up."

Waiter: "Yes, sir, and what will you have for yourself?"

—Leer

"Hey, you guys, where are you carrying that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Well, what is the matter with him?"

"Dead."

—Spartan



She told him, "If I have another bite, I'll bust."

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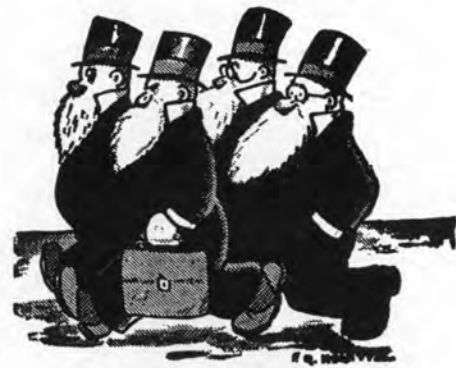
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"I wonder what the Senator will say about that Stevenson petition?"



We hear a bank examiner, somewhere in Australia, walked into a bank. There were no clerks, tellers, cashiers. Finally he looked out the back door—there in the shade of a tree sat the four playing poker. To teach them a lesson, he tripped the burglar alarm. They never moved, but the bartender across the street came over with four beers. —Froth



Auctioneer: What am I offered for this beautiful bust of Robert Burns? Man in crowd: That ain't Burns . . . that's Shakespeare.

Auctioneer: Well folks, the joke is on me. That sure shows what I know about the Bible. —Splinter



"Are you the young man who risked his life to save my son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

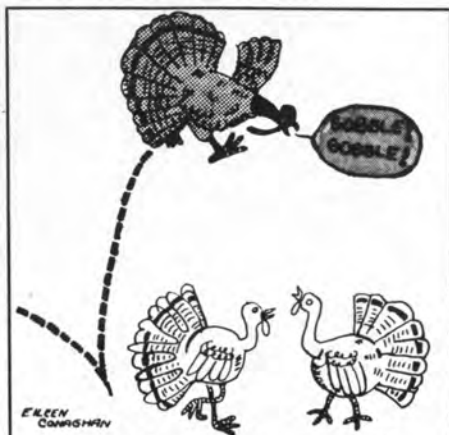
"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, where the hell are his mittens?" —Spartan



"How are you so certain that your boy friend has a past?"

"I gave it to him." —Panther



"Oh, him? What a person!"

THE THREE BEERS

(A Grimm Tale)

by Jean Bashor

Once upon a time (a "time" is anything I choose to have it mean) there were three beers: a big beer, a medium-sized beer, and a bottle beer. The big beer and the medium-sized beer were brown; the bottle beer was bock.

The three beers lived in a garden near a large farm. There were many people living on the large farm. Some of the people were "students" (students are people animals that hunt beers). One of the people living on the large farm was a "girl" (girls are people animals that hunt students for hunt beers). She had long golden locks and her name was Little Red Riding Hood.

Once upon a time there also lived a poor boy named Jack (he was poor because he had just paid his library fines, and he was living upon a time because he could afford nothing better). Anyway, he was living upon this time, but mostly he lived in the beer garden.

Now Jack was a most extraordinary boy. He had a wonderful eye that

could see things no one else could see. At certain times (usually after he had been in the beer garden all night) his eyes would slowly change from their natural color to red, and then he would see a most remarkable sight—a beanstalk stretching up into the sky.

One day, when Jack was sitting in the beer garden watching the giant beanstalk, he got a wonderful idea. He decided to climb the beanstalk. It had never occurred to him before, but he now saw no reason not to do so. He started to climb. He climbed and climbed, and soon reached the top where he saw a path stretching out over the clouds to a huge castle.

When Jack reached the castle he entered with caution to find a giant counting his treasures—among them a golden harp with a lovely voice and a gorgeous body. This he had to have, so he waited until the giant fell asleep and hijacked the harp. (Incidentally the word *hijack* comes from this incident. It was first used to denote the theft of a magic harp by anyone named Jack who was "high.")

Jack escaped with the singing harp

out across the clouds and down the beanstalk where two federal men were waiting to arrest him for transporting *une femme* across boundaries—imaginary or not. But the lovely harp of feminine form saved him with a kiss which broke the spell he had been placed under by a wicked witch; he was turned back into his original state of a small green frog and hopped away.

Moral: None. Very immoral story.

or

You may get ahead by living in beer gardens, but it will catch up with you after a time. (Refer to definition in the first paragraph.)

What happened to the three beers? Be realistic. You didn't expect them still to be there at the end of the story, did you? As for Little Red—she was just to provide sex appeal for the beginning of the story.



A colored preacher was hearing a confession. In the middle of it he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessing, you is bragging." —El Burro

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THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Photofeatures

Ah, yes, with the birth of the new year comes the second annual Turkey Farm, in which the Old Boy once more shows himself to be the top picker of them all. Last year was a good year, and the "turkeys" (the Old Boy's "oscar") couldn't go nearly as far as he would have liked.

Cover

Tom Allen breaks into the elite company of *Chaparral* cover artists with an observation on that facet of campus life that is dear to all who proudly wear the Stanford ulcer.

Stories

Waltzing through the outer reaches of humor, the *Chappie's* demented scribblers have been once more turned loose on a "no theme" issue. Hayes and Timberlake have envisioned a tale of chivalry strong enough to wag a dog. Med student Bill Corr has graced our nontechnical manual with a story of "The Man Who Could Make Women." Jean Bashor reproduced the moralistic favorite "The Three Beers." Dick Maltzman trudged in on his muckluks to give us an epic in the Serviceian manner. Other gems in the issue are by John Wohler, Harriett Bauman, Dick Wilson, and F. H. Brennan.

Art

Mark Farmer gifted us with some interesting moments furnished by Cellar coffee. Other arted yuks came from Tom Johnson, Eileen Conaghan, and Steve Layton.

Queen

The Photo Editor gave the Editor a good selection, but the Editor was too hungover to choose—he ran them all.

STANFORD

Chaparral

After much deliberation, in complete inebriation,
The Old Boy gives to all of us
His thoughts for fifty-three:

He'll never join the Mother's Club, or even any other club,
Or swallow grandma's lye soap
Or extract of celery.

He'll never read the *Daily*, or go to classes gaily,
Or try to raise the average
In the University.

He'll never eat a mango, or on a zither play a tango,
Or become a sidewalk artist
On the streets of Gay Paree.

He won't drink whisky in dilution, but his greatest resolution,
Is never to avoid a jest
At any opportunity.

—Audible and AI





Editor:

January Queen - Helga Biermer

I can't make up my mind. Take your pick.

Photo Editor



by Bill Corr

"Just a rib?"

"That's all," I answered. "Plus the words, of course. And the breathing. That was the only tough part, and even that came easy after just a little practice."

I was sitting on the couch in my Berkeley apartment telling Maisie, my wife, how it happened that I had been able to create women. That's right—women. Real beauties, they were too, alive and breathing—no trouble at all. It really makes an interesting story, although there's not actually too much to it.

"You see, Honey," I continued, "I stumbled onto the trick while I was a freshman at Stanford. I'd decided to write my English 2b term paper on some aspect of witchcraft, I wasn't sure what exactly. So I was just browsing through the stacks in the Main Libe—you'd be amazed at the number of books they have there on the subject. I hear that Mrs. Stanford was really wild for occult stuff. Anyway, I came upon this thin old book, just a hundred or so pages, and was thumbing through it when I chanced upon these simple directions in a footnote. Can you imagine? Something as important as that in a footnote!

"Well, I went back to Encina right away with the book and told my roommate. I didn't think that it would work, but Pete did. He had just come back from the Oasis and I think he was a little potted. Anyway, he went next door to where this joker had an old skeleton in the closet for a gag and swiped the twelfth rib from it. Then he laid it on the bed in front of me and told me to go to it.

"I felt kind of silly, but I read the incantation from the book aloud. It was in French, so with my two quarters of the language I was able to pronounce it right, though I wasn't able to translate it and still can't, for that matter. But that didn't make any difference, because it worked!

"There on my bed lay the form of a woman. I was disappointed in a way. First because it wasn't a live woman, just a clay model, and second because the model didn't look like much — no character at all, just 'A Woman.' I didn't realize till later that it was the breathing that shaped her up.

"All this isn't to say I wasn't surprised, because I was. Pete and I were shocked. Both of us just stood and stared for about five minutes before I could collect myself enough to go on with the ritual.

"Haltingly I leaned over the figure and then breathed into the nostrils like the book said, except I'm afraid it was more of a timorous puff than a breath. Anyway, neither Pete nor I was prepared for the girl that sat up on the bed and rubbed her eyes. She looked completely different from the nondescript clay female model. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. The only trouble was, she was only eighteen inches tall. I immediately decided I had used too short a breath.

"Fortunately, the footnote informed me, this process was reversible. All I had to do was to inhale instead of exhale into her nostrils. This I did, and was again confronted with the clay form.

"The second try produced a ravish-

ing eight-foot-tall monster. A third attempt was closer to normal but still a little too large (six-foot-two). On the fourth try I breathed into her nostrils with exactly the proper force for the precise length of time — about three and one-half seconds, if you plan on trying it sometime — and came out with a product which — (and I say this in all modesty) — was the perfect girl. She was five-foot-five, had fine sandy blond hair, exquisite measurements, smooth tanned skin (all over, since there was no provision for clothes in the footnote, of course) and the proper inbred attitudes. By that I mean she was friendly enough. She sat up on the bed, rubbed her eyes, and stared at me for a second. Then, crying out her first word — 'Darling!' — she leaped up and threw her arms around me. I felt quite flattered.

"Things moved rapidly after that. Pete secured an ample supply of ribs by bribing the old janitor in the anatomy building to supply us with all the twelfth ribs from the skeletons of the cadavers that med students have been carving up for the last half century. We got more than five thousand, counting both left and right ribs. (As it turned out, about 10 percent didn't work. They were the ribs from female skeletons.)

"Next came the decision to make our project into a commercial venture. At first we gave away girls to our friends, but the demand became so great that we thought we would make a little money on the side. And we did, at \$100 per girl. More men than you'd expect were able to find the money. Naturally, we'd make them

(Continued on page 26)

YUKS



"This is such unusual weather for California!"



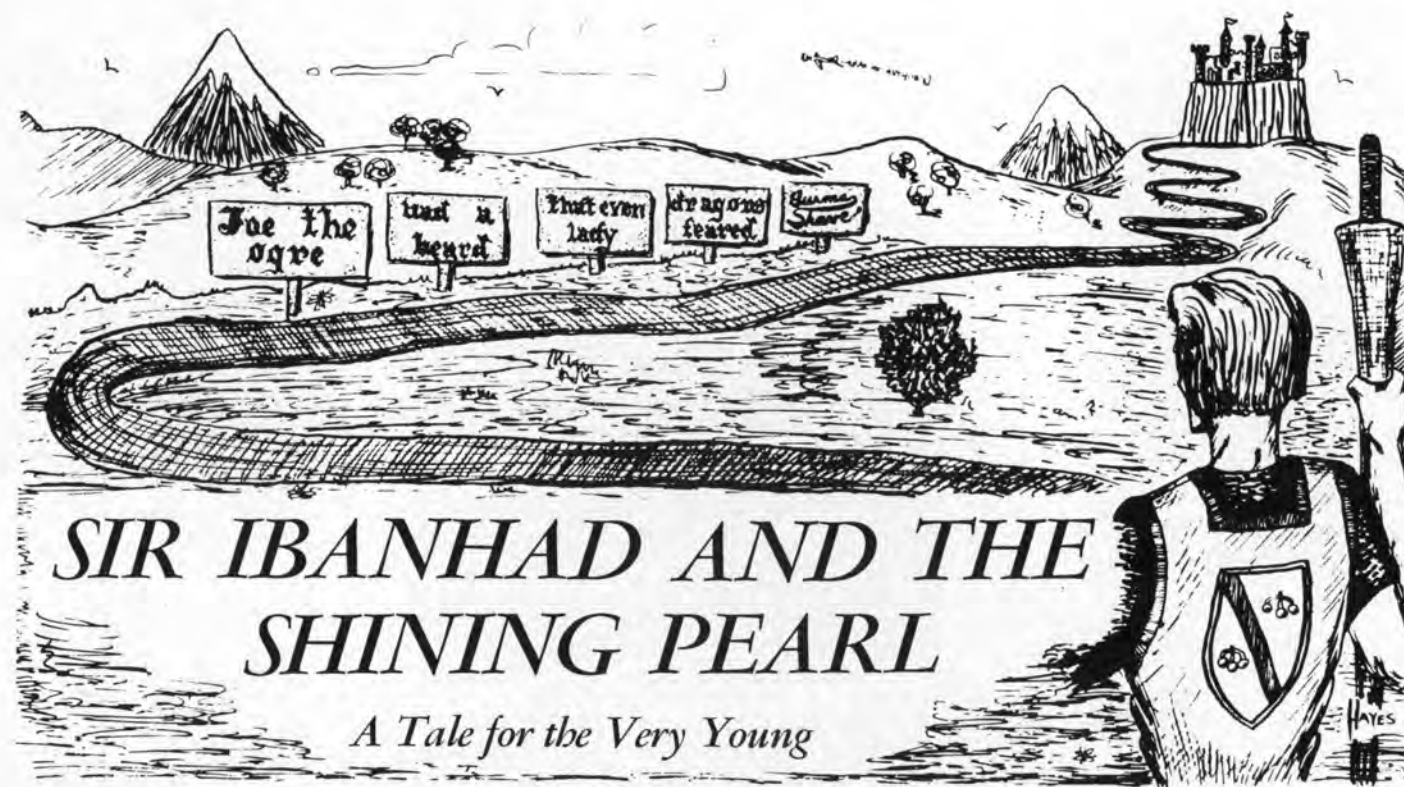
"When? I thought you said to kiss her where she least expected it."



"But why not, dear? It's our fifth anniversary!"



"Sorry, Miss Purdie! I'd forgotten I'd left my frog in my violin case!"



by Timberlake and Hayes

Once upon a time, many years ago in the happy land of Blug, there lived a gallant youth who had just been knighted, a lad who answered to the heroic name of Sir Ibanhad. He lived in the court of good King Wassail. The benevolent king ruled his loyal subjects with a kindly hand. The king was loved by young and old alike, which ired the intolerant queen. Queen Haemophilia was an evil old hag who anticipated the day when the gentle king's coronary thrombosis would get the better of him. She thought to herself, "I don't want to rule this dilapidated little kingdom. All I want to do is tax hell out of the peasants and have parties. But I suppose if the old beez died and I had to, I'd be king."

It was May, and the king had summoned valiant Sir Ibanhad to the annual Camelot fair, looked forward to by nobles and serfs alike. At this festive gathering the noblemen gaily threw darts for prizes and favors at peasants mounted on boards. Clean Sir Ibanhad was astride his prancing white charger, Dobbie, trotting through the cheery fields of peat on his way to the fair. Wholesome Sir Ibanhad listened to the merry chanting of the peasants as they trooped home after their lusty twenty-two hour workday. His thoughts of the blissful life in the kingdom of Blug were rudely interrupted by the appearance of a burly yeoman, who stood, dirk in hand, blocking his passage. "Halt and dismount!" quoth the uncouth intruder. Quick-thinking Sir Ibanhad

drew his burnished blade, and swiftly decapitated the fellow. At that moment a woman sprang from the neighboring brush. Instantly, brilliant Sir Ibanhad recognized her as the queen. "Thou fool!" she screamed. "Thou hast just killed Hotpanz, Chancellor of the Exchequer!"

"Oh," quoth cool-headed Sir Ibanhad.

"Nevertheless, it is not our station to bother with trivia," answered the queen. "Why hast thou not come to the palace within the last fortnight as my private note requested? Am I not attractive to thee?"

"Thine advances shall not sway me. My business is only with the king," quoth pure Sir Ibanhad.

"Thou shalt pay for thy chicken-heartedness," requoth the scowling queen. Speaking thus the queen disappeared, and fearless Sir Ibanhad rode pensively to the Camelot fair.

After the fair the king proclaimed a feast and bade faithful Sir Ibanhad sit at his left during the celebration. As the evening progressed, a knight, esteemed by all, recounted the tale of a fair princess held captive by three foul ogres in a castle on a lofty mountain crag many leagues to the north. He told of the attempts of many brave men to rescue the beautiful maiden, and of the failure and death of all. Craftily, the sly queen, ired still at doughty Sir Ibanhad's rebuff, interjected for all to hear, "Sir Ibanhad is the bravest knight in all the land of Blug. If it is not in his power to rescue her, she is doomed."

Realizing the trap she set for him and understanding the villainy in the remark, stoic Sir Ibanhad spoke nevertheless. "By the teeth of St. George, it shall be done," he vowed.

He was wished luck and toasted in hearty fellowship by his drunken friends. Practical Sir Ibanhad declined the remainder of the evening's festivities, however, and retired to gain a good night's sleep.

In his chambers he doffed his armor and his mail jerkin and retired. After a moment of meditation he decided not to think of his task after all and went to sleep.

The queen woke him shortly after four. "Arise, thou lazy dolt, and be gone. The day grows old!" quoth she in her eagerness. Sleepily the gallant knight mounted his dashing steed and rode through the castle gates and over the moat. His trip was uneventful, and except for the slaying of a small dragon which was bothering the townsfolk of Withersby Parish, fourteen leagues northeast, he saw nothing of interest. Seven months later, when he had traversed the multitude of leagues, he arrived at the outermost wall of the foreboded castle.

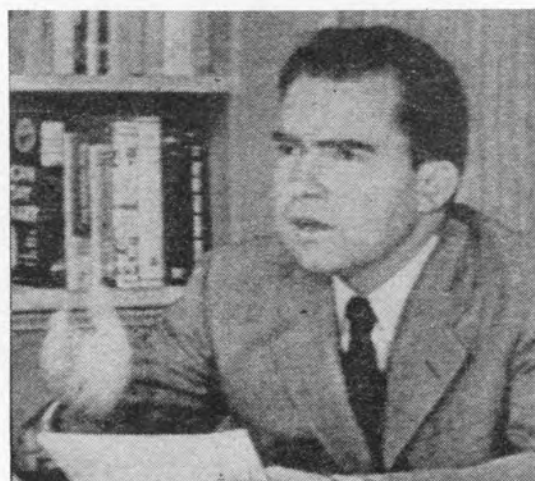
The first of his trials came upon him as a towering seven-foot ogre approached. "Fie on thee, puny wretch," snarled the ogre as he laid his heavy mace to fighting Sir Ibanhad's unhelmeted head. Stoutly the supple knight received the blow and plunged his singing steel to the hilt in the innards of his nemesis. Scarcely had he

(Continued on page 29)



THE AWARD

To those of the world who have so remarkably distinguished themselves, the Old Boy is happy to award the Albino Turkey, mark of highest distinction. Unfortunately space limitations permit us to print only the top awards.



ACTOR OF THE YEAR

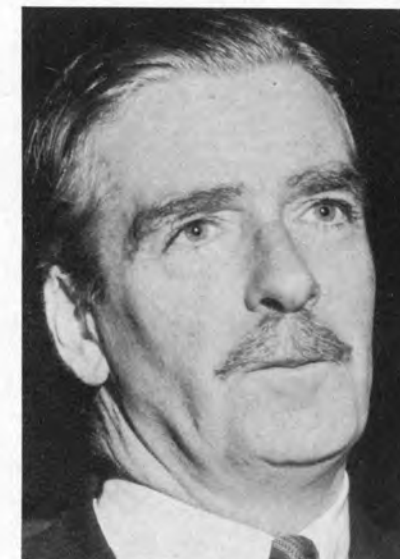
There is no question as to the rightful owner of this title. No one but California's own Dick Nixon. Who can forget his fine performance on TV that crisp October evening? How can we ever forget the stirring saga of "Checkers?" Though he was pushed hard by Gen. MacArthur, he comes away a clean winner.

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS HIS . . .
TURKEY FARM
 (1953 EDITION)



PATRON OF THE ARTS

It's no one but King Farouk himself. The kindly old monarch supports a great majority of the modern American and French authors and artists. Many red-blooded American men thrilled to the portrayal of his collection in a recent issue of *Life*.



APPLE POLISHER OF THE YEAR

It was a neck-and-neck finish between Wayne Morse and Sir Anthony Eden, but Eden broke the wire by a topper with the timely marriage to his boss's niece. Mr. Morse's marriage to Stevenson seems to have backfired.

ESCAPEE OF 1952

The "let's get away from it all" atmosphere swept the country last year. Winnie Ruth Judd tried many times and failed, but our winner, William O'Dwyer, seems to have found his haven of rest from the trials of civilization in old Mexico.



ACTRESS OF THE YEAR

For her moving performance in the L.A. courtroom during a witch-hunting indecency trial, ingénue Lili St. Cyr beat out even Christine Jorgensen's 25-year male impersonation. The Grandma Bandit ran a close third.



MAN OF THE YEAR

A most difficult decision to make in a political year, but Harry S. Truman, the second-only-living-ex-President, squeaked by. For his sterling work in the field of labor relations, campaign politics, corruption in government, and keeping his temper, Mr. Truman is considered by many to be the just recipient of this award. Close competitors were Sen. McCarthy, Gen. MacArthur, and Señor Romany of Puerto Rico.

HUMANITARIAN AWARD

Capt. Heinrik Kurt (Stayput) Carlsen takes this one by a fathom. By not writing a book about his harrowing experience aboard the *Flying Enterprise* he wins the plaudits of the world. He is the world's outstanding piece of flotsam.

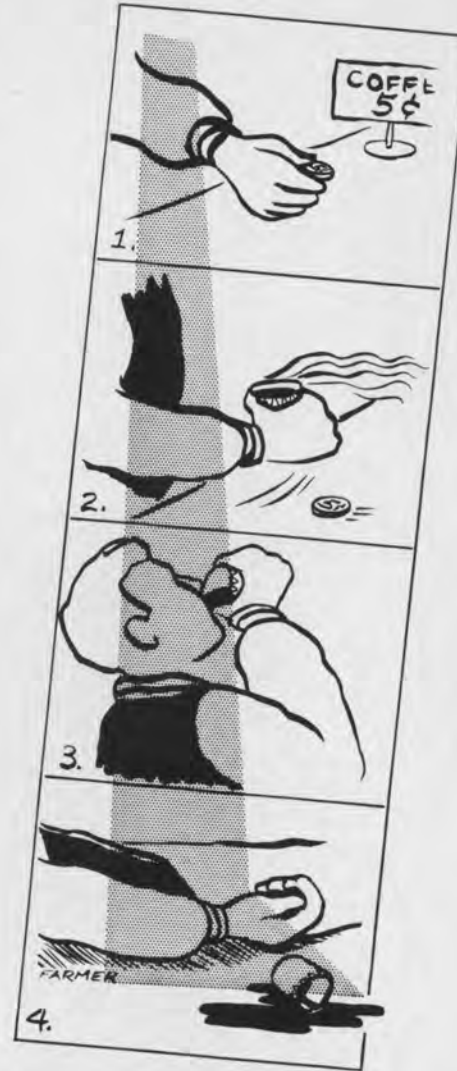
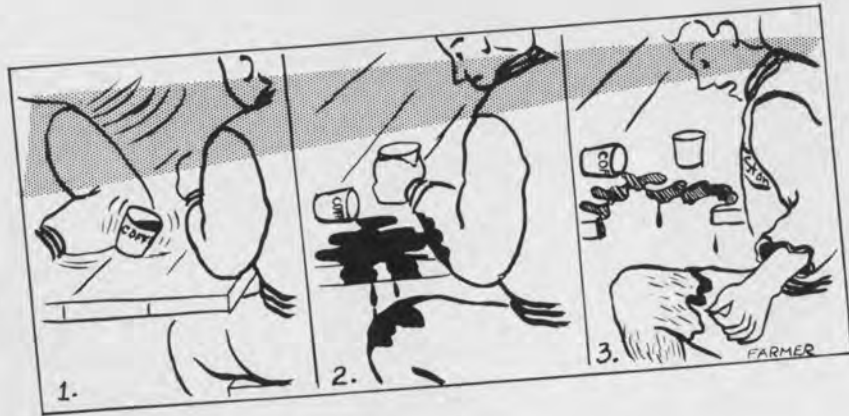
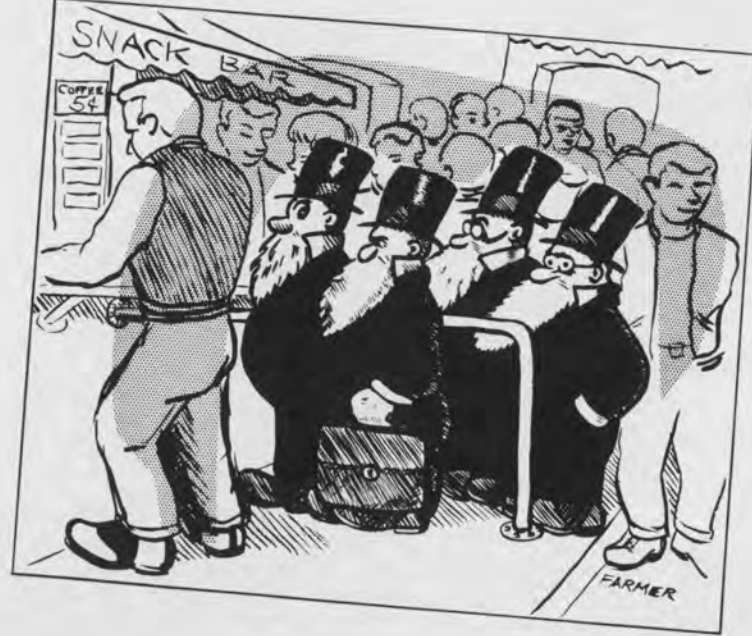


THE BOOBY PRIZE

Who else but the charming Marilyn Monroe? Anyone unfortunate enough to have seen any of her movies will agree that she is the biggest booby on two feet. Marilyn wears nothing under her clothes, so reports have it. How foolish—she might catch cold!



NOW THAT CUP OF CELLAR COFFEE!



POSITIVELY NO SHOOTING ALLOWED.

THE SHOOTING OF SAM LE TREINE OR A FOURFLUSHER MEETS HIS END

by Dick Maltzman

Now Sam Le Treine and Micky Spleen
Were quaffing a draught or two,
And Micky was high on a bottle of Rye
And Sam had sipped his due.

Then Sam he said with voice of dread,
"Micky we cannot deny,
We're sinners both and sinners loathe
And one of has to die."

Then he heaved a sob and dropped a gob
Right in his bottle o' beer.
"When this night is o'er there'll be one
more
In the ranks of hell, I fear.

"We've met befo' and all I know
Of you and me is that,
The Lord was sick when he made this
pick—
We should never have been begat.

"As bad we're both and both are
loathe,
One of us must be worse;
And the bestest one shall yield the
gun
While the other rides the hearse."

Then Micky ups and downs his cups
And starts with quivering lips,
His horrible confession of degenera-
tion
While Sammy sits and sips.

"I must digress," sez Micky S.,
"A bad one I have been—
I shot my dad, stole mother's cad,
And continually liveth in sin.

"I've killed twenty-four (maybe one or
two more)
And taken my share of the loot,
But it's not the treasure, killing's a
pleasure,
I'm homicidal to boot.

"If I live to be a hundred and three
And sure I am that I'll not,
I'll spend my days in degenerate ways
And finish a drunken sot.

"So I've lived my days and made my
plays
And had my share of fun;
And I'll die today in the short, quick
way
With my own hand on the gun."

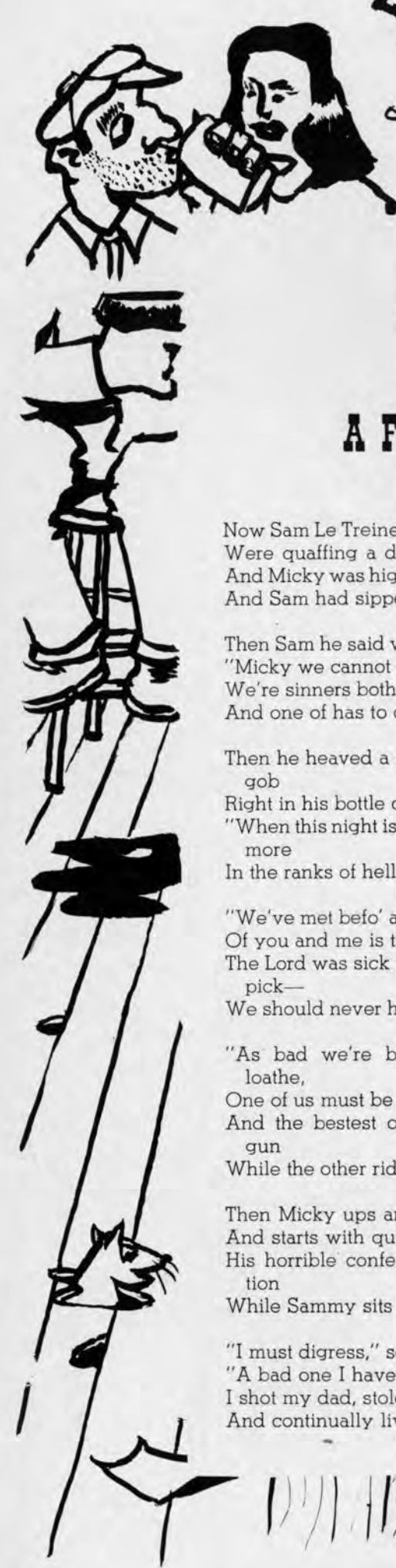
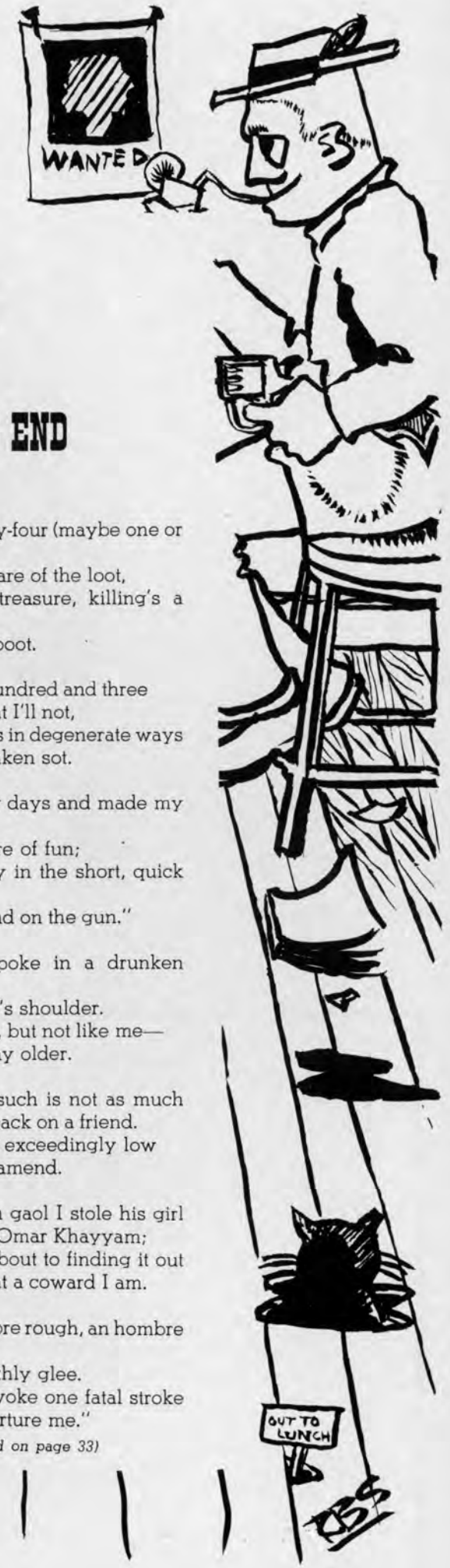
Then Sam he spoke in a drunken
choke,
A hand on Micky's shoulder.
"A sinner you be, but not like me—
I'll not get one day older.

"For killing and such is not as much
As turning your back on a friend.
I laid him a blow exceedingly low
That I can never amend.

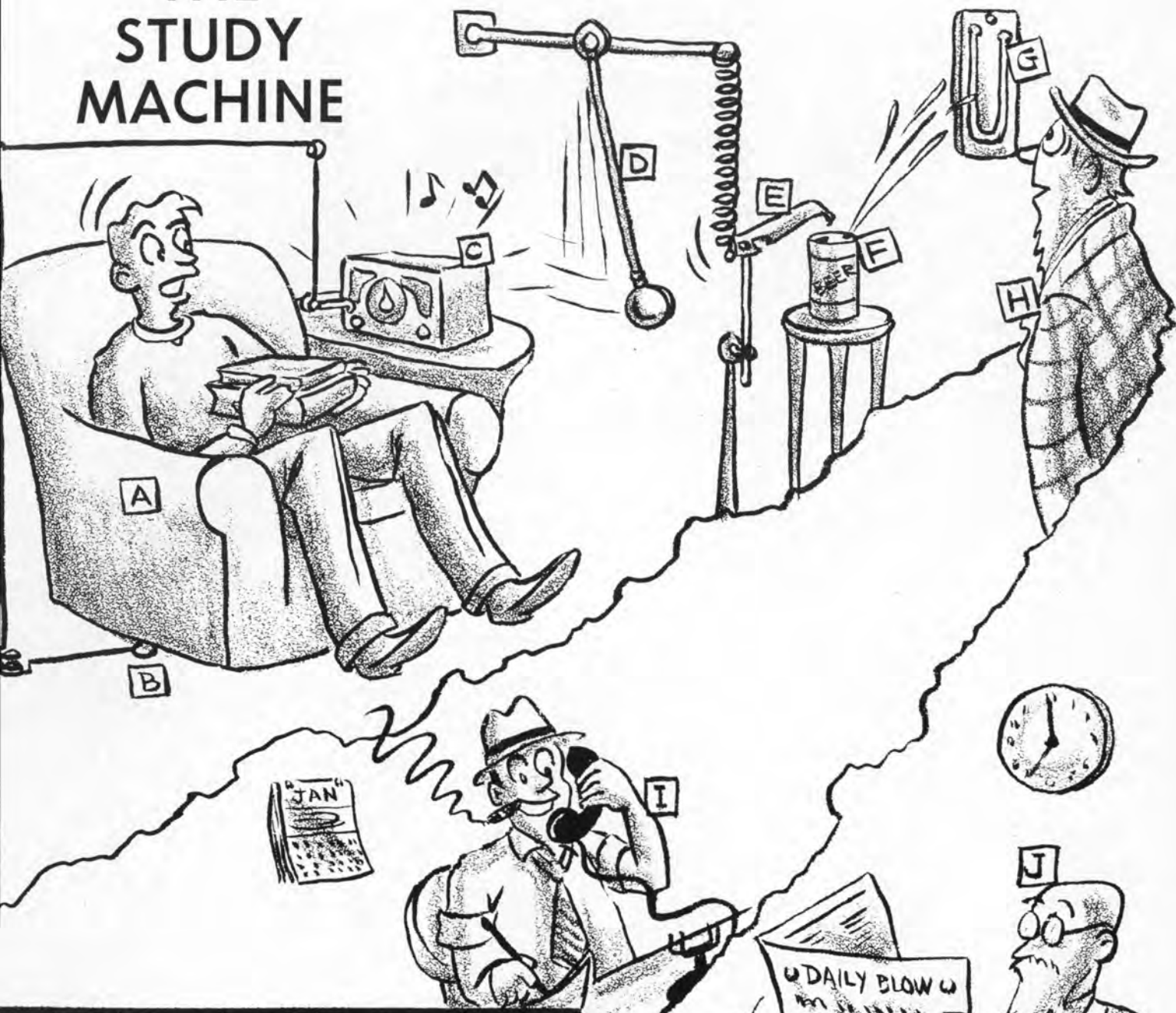
"While he was in gaol I stole his girl
With a line from Omar Khayyam;
And when he's about to finding it out
He'll find out what a coward I am.

"For he's an hombre rough, an hombre
tough,
He kills with deathly glee.
And I'd rather invoke one fatal stroke
Then have him torture me."

(Continued on page 33)

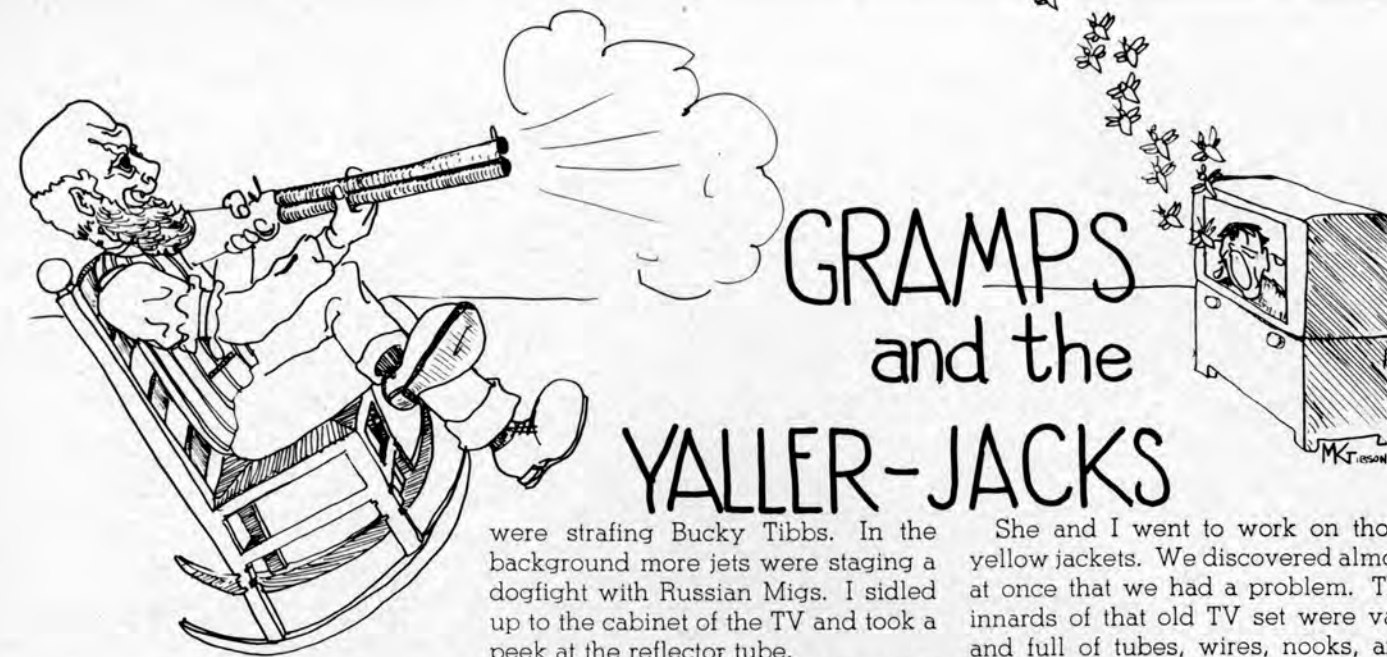


THE STUDY MACHINE



Student sits down with books in easy chair **A** ; this causes switch **B** under chair to turn on radio **C** . Vibrations from radio set pendulum **D** in motion. Swinging pendulum generates energy, causing can opener **E** to open can of beer **F** . Spray from beer hits barometer **G** effecting a drop in pressure. Weather man **H** reads barometer and predicts rain. Newspaperman **I** gets call from weather bureau and writes article predicting giant snowstorm. The next morning, professor **J** reads newspaper **K** and figures it's no use to try to get to campus and calls off his class. Thus, you didn't need to study for exam anyway.

AL AMBLER



by F. H. Brennan

We warned Gramps not to buy the second-hand TV set. We told him it was an obsolete reflector model and, although it had a 30- by 24-inch screen, the contraption would cost him more in repairs than it was worth.

"You listen to the children," Grandma said.

"I hear 'em," Gramps said. "I thank them kindly for the advice."

My wife and I knew that Gramps was hell-bent to buy that old TV set. We went along back to town, rather gloomy.

"The thing turns up 25,000 volts," I said. "Gramps will electrocute himself or something."

"Oh, don't be so morbid," my wife said. "It's just a pity. If Gramps would buy a good modern TV, they'd both get so much pleasure from it."

Next afternoon, Grandma phoned me at my office from Oak Valley.

"You'll just have to come out, dear," Grandma said. "The TV set works fine—only there's a war picture mixed up with every program. And your grandfather is acting just plain stubborn as usual. He won't admit he can't adjust the pesky thing and he won't send for the TV man!"

I arrived at Gramps's ranch in Oak Valley about eight o'clock that evening. He and Grandma were watching Cliffie Stone's "Hometown Jamboree." The big screen of the old TV set showed Tennessee Ernie and Bucky Tibbs in a cow-hand duet with admirable clarity.

"If it wasn't for the airplanes diving and buzzing, it'd be real nice," Grandma said.

Gramps didn't say anything.

I peered at the screen. What looked to be several squadrons of Sabre jets

were strafing Bucky Tibbs. In the background more jets were staging a dogfight with Russian Mig's. I sidled up to the cabinet of the TV and took a peek at the reflector tube.

"There's bugs in it, Grandma," I said.

"Bugs? Pity's sake!" Grandma said. "It's not a war picture interfering—just bugs?"

I nodded, looking hard at Gramps.

"You didn't have to come all the way out here to tell me that," Gramps said. "It's just a few yaller jacks got into it. Leave 'em alone—they'll fly out when they take a notion."

But Grandma hit the ceiling. She wasn't going to have any yellow jacket bees in her TV set or in her living room.

"Turn it off, Henry!" Grandma commanded. "Yellow jackets! I'll fix them! The idea!"

Gramps shook his head. He said Grandma better not go fooling around with those yaller jacks. But he switched off the TV set and Grandma went to the kitchen for an aerosol bomb. I was a little out of patience with Gramps.

"Why didn't you tell her—or kill the yellow jackets yourself?" I said. "It's no reflection on the set. In fact, the thing works amazingly well. What's the idea, Gramps?"

My grandfather sucked at his pipe and looked at me with patient stubbornness.

"You're a city boy," he said. "I been dealin' with yaller jacks all my life. Only one way to kill yaller jacks—and that's a lot of bother and a big expense. I'm for leavin' 'em in that TV set until the novelty wears off—then they'll push along of their own accord."

Grandma returned with the aerosol bomb, a fly swatter, a dish towel, and a can of sulphur.

"Dratted little pests!" Grandma said. "I aim to see Kate Smith—and I don't want any yellow jacket bees interfering!"

She and I went to work on those yellow jackets. We discovered almost at once that we had a problem. The innards of that old TV set were vast and full of tubes, wires, nooks, and crannies.

"No use trying to swat them, Grandma," I said. "The aerosol has DDT and pyrethrin—that should do it."

I filled the TV cabinet with a cloud of insect-destroying vapors. The sound of jet planes diving and zooming grew faint, then stopped altogether.

"There now!" Grandma said. "I'll wipe off the big bulb and the glass and the screen—then we'll turn it back on. I don't want to miss Kate Smith."

Gramps said nothing. I turned the switch and shifted to Kate Smith's station. The screen lighted up and there was Kate.

"They're layin' low a few seconds," Gramps said. "That DDT stuff puzzles 'em."

Grandma sniffed. "They're dead, Henry," she said. "Shhh—now let's listen to Kate."

Two seconds later, the first yaller jack scout plane appeared. It circled the garden set of the "Kate Smith Show," then did a groggy but defiant barrel roll. Several yaller jack squadrons zoomed into action. They swished past Kate's open mouth; they blurred her voice with an angry buzzing; they started a dogfight with a squadron of Mig's above the band.

"Look out, Kate!" Grandma said, involuntarily. "Don't let 'em down your bosom!"

Gramps chuckled. Grandma jumped up, her temper flaring.

"I won't have that thing in the house with yellow jackets in it!" she said. "You take it out of here, Henry—and don't bring it back until you've got rid of them!"

Gramps just shook his head.

"Only one way to kill yaller jacks, Mother," he said. "And that's an awful

(Continued on page 34)



Portrait by

Hans Roth

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by Dick Wilson

"Here's the snow, there's your skis, and that's the slope, let's get going." He slapped me on the back and floundered through the snow toward his own skis. Maybe I should have told the rest of the guys I couldn't ski. As I thought that, I stood at the top of Dead Man's Trail, peering into the swirling snow below. My teeth were chattering so violently in the forty-below-zero wind that I found I had bitten my cigaret in two.

In an attempt to look nonchalant, I picked up my skis and swung them to my shoulder. One ski cracked me in the side of the head, and the other shot clear over my back and three feet into the snow. Rubbing my bruised ear with numb fingers, I began to struggle into the ski bindings. I found these vicious contraptions were as dangerous as behemoth rattraps. . . . I bloodied my fingers, smashed my thumb, and, to everyone's surprise, even managed to fasten my mitten under the binding. Two stalwart-looking Norwegians who smelled strongly of whisky strapped me into my gear and set me shakily upon my feet. Standing in the howling wind, I contemplated the best course of action to reach my ski poles, three feet away. Seeing that the others of my party were almost ready to leave, I decided to risk all and try moving with these cumbersome sticks upon my feet. My courage

soared as the first step was executed in complete success. I neither slid nor fell. This skiing business was easy. I wondered when they were going to start organizing the next Olympic ski team. My optimism was short-lived, however, for the next movement in my skiing career resulted in my stepping on my own ankle and sprawling awkwardly in the snow, clutching wildly at the ski poles. The snow went in my mouth, down my shirt, in my . . . uh . . . I was covered with snow. I was hoisted back on my pins, handed my poles, and told that we were ready for the two-and-a-half-mile downhill run.

One by one my companions left me, each one pushing off and swishing gracefully down the perpendicular slope. I shuffled up to the edge of the hill and, closing my eyes, yelled, "Back" (I later learned the word was "Track"), gave a violent shove with my poles, and hurtled forward.

I had previously been instructed that it was a good idea to execute as many turns as possible while skiing this slope in order to help keep my speed down. I didn't know how to turn, stop, or even to fall properly. Exactly what the hell could I do? I was roaring in a beeline straight down Dead Man's Trail. My poles flapped from my wildly gyrating arms to flagellate the other skiers as I zoomed past. Suddenly I was distressed to see the other ski tracks I had been following take an abrupt turn to the left and

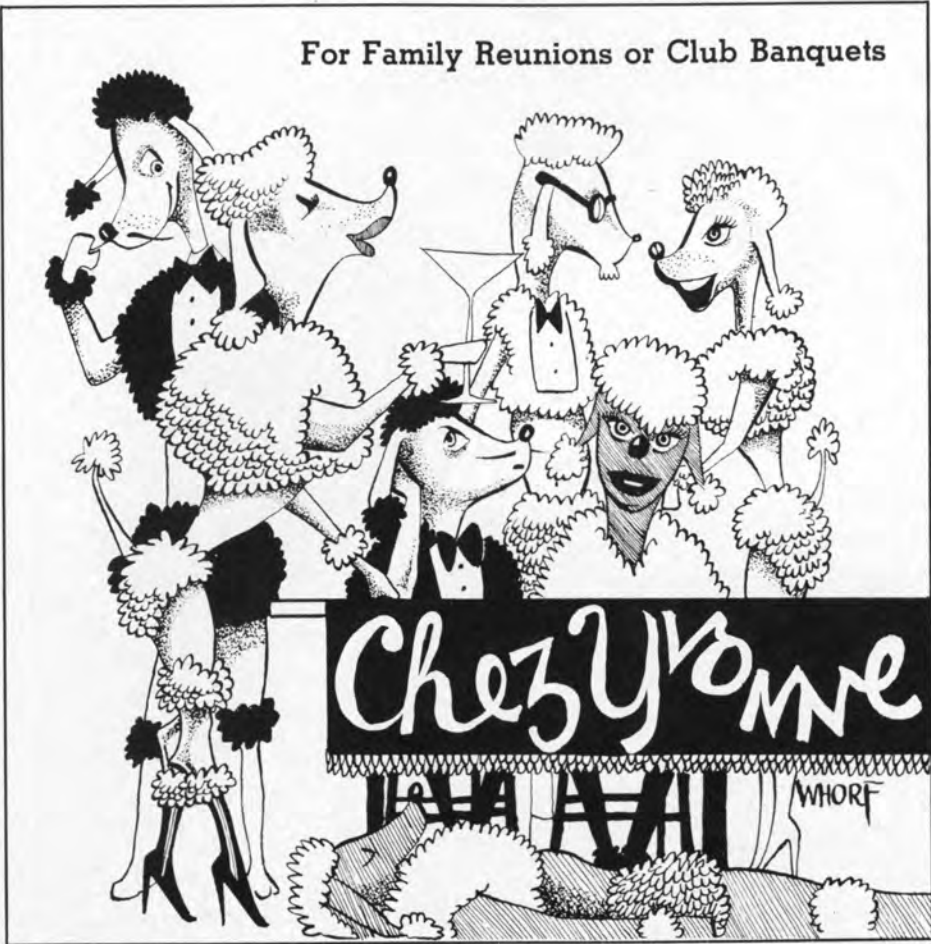
duck into the trees. I could more easily have turned a violent shade of blue than made that turn. Now, as I broke a fresh trail in the new snow, I was sure my pioneer spirit would come to the fore if only I could slow down a bit to let it catch up! But as it was, the only spirits I had were in a small flask in my hip pocket, and a damned lot of good they were doing me there.

On I rushed, for what else could I do? I would have liked to fling myself into the snow and thus at least halt my rapid descent, but whenever I leaned forward to fall I simply moved faster. I couldn't fall back as the Good Lord didn't design my ankles that way. And to fall to the side was to impale myself on one of the ski poles. I tried dragging a pole behind me, but it immediately and rather rudely left my grasp. Now, with one pole, one mitten, and my goggles across my mouth, I wondered what would happen next to impede my progress. It was the snow. I don't to this day know where it went, but it just wasn't there any more. When the snow did come back (I figure it was gone two seconds) it was covering a tree, and the tree and I embraced each other at an estimated thirty m.p.h.

I awoke to find my bewhiskied Norwegian friends again leaning over me. "How was that for a downhill run?" I boasted shakily.

"Ai, noot bad," he said, rubbing his chin, "boot neext time ai vood put me skis on frontwards if ai vas you."

For Family Reunions or Club Banquets



MAN WHO COULD MAKE

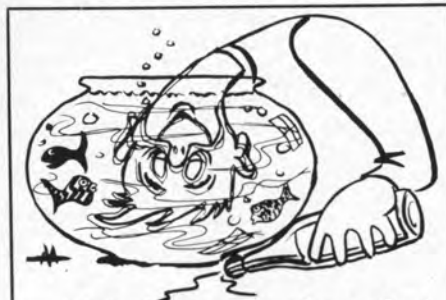
(Continued from page 15)

swear by the Honor Code to keep the presence and source of the girl secret. We also made them swear to inhale into the girl's nostrils if ever in danger of being caught with her, thus changing her to an innocuous clay dummy (of course, we promised to restore her to life after the emergency had passed). Business was brisk.

"The way I made these girls was a real art, if I do say so. The secret is in the way you breathe into the clay. The problem was to make them consistently beautiful yet delightfully different, to put it a bit poetically. Actually, it was pretty easy. They always turned out beautiful if I remembered to brush my teeth before the breathing operation, and I could make them different in a number of ways. For instance, I could vary the height by the length of the breath, the stoutness and thinness by the force of the breath, and I could fashion the little details of their beauty by what I ate preceding the final stage in the manufacture of the product (I'd still have to brush my teeth before the actual performance, though, to tone it down). For example, I obtained a striking resemblance to Silvana Mangano by using garlic. Rice, Swiss cheese, hemp, and chocolate gave equally provocative variations.

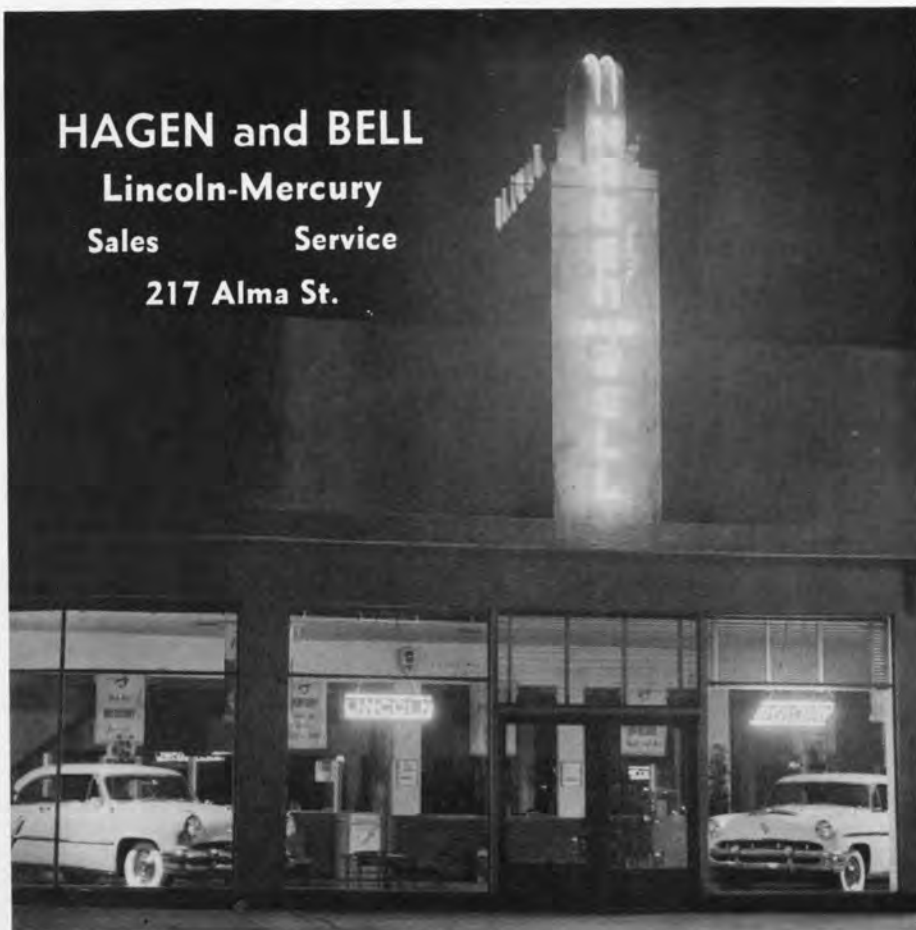
"But all good things must come to an end, as they say, and Pete's and my venture was no exception. We'd used up almost all the ribs, nearly \$500,000 worth of girls, and the secret had been kept well. In fact, everything went nicely until Pete fouled up the whole caper by selling one of our last girls to an Excom member! It's an accident, he said, and I believe him. The Excommer was disguised in Levi's and a sweat shirt. Not even saddle shoes.

"That was the end of it. An Excom-



"I don't know ... damndest thing I've ever seen!"

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"She looks like hell in the morning."

FunStan-Com joint debate decided that our enterprise was (1) against the Fundamental Standard and (2) illegal, because we had neglected to apply to the University for a Campus Peddler's License. Words like 'White Slavers' and so forth were bandied about — pretty nasty stuff. The student body was on our side (they should have been! — almost every male on campus was an accessory after the fact) and clamored for a referendum. But we were booted out of school anyway, and that's why Pete and I are over here at Cal now. I guess that's the story."

"And that's why I'm here, isn't it, Darling?" said Maisie.

"Yes, Honey," I answered, lovingly. "You were my first successful production."

Maisie leaned back on the bed across the room, her arms stretched over her head, and yawned. "Gosh I'm tired. Isn't it almost bedtime, Darling?"

"Yes, it is rather late," I agreed, pulling down the shades to keep out the glare of the late afternoon sun.

"By the way," said Maisie conversationally, "Whatever happened to that book with the footnote?"

"Oh, I had to take that back, as if it will ever be used again. You know," I mused, "it's a funny thing. You'd be surprised at how seldom some of those books in the library are used. That book I had, for instance. According to the card, the last time it had been checked out was 4004 B.C. A typographical error, of course, but it just goes to show."



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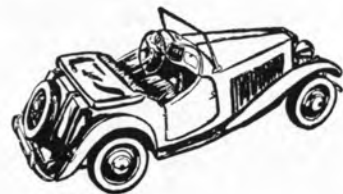


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Wisdom—Knowing what to do next.
Skill—Knowing how to do it.
Virtue—Not doing it.

—Jackolantern

Definition of a kiss: A noun, though sometimes used as a conjunction; it is never declined; it is more common than proper; it is used in the plural; and it agrees with all genders.

—Splinter

"What sort of part does Bill have in the play?"

"A very emotional part. In the last act he has to refuse a drink."

—Froth

A fellow we know has a broken arm he received from fighting for a woman's honor. It seems she wanted to keep it.

—Spectator

Al: What was all the excitement at Lagunita last night?

Jim: Oh, a girl was playing a uke in her pajamas and a string broke.

Al: On the uke?

Jim: Naw, on her pajamas.

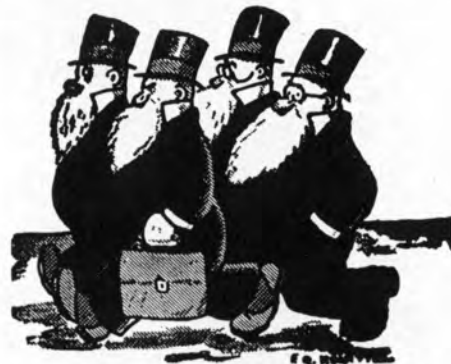
—Fang

In a Red Cross class the instructor was quizzing her students on common sense life-saving techniques.

"What article of clothing," inquired the teacher, "would you remove last if you fell in the water with all your clothes on?" General perplexity; the girls looked hopelessly at one another, and finally at madame instructor. That worthy, as distressed as they, finally tried to give the girls a little help.

"The blouse," she informed them; "the blouse, because air gets underneath and acts like a buoy." Class dismissed.

—Widow



"What if we did lose the Big Game, we got a Nobel Prize, didn't we?"

SIR IBANHAD

(Continued from page 17)

wiped the bits of flesh from his blade when two more ogres, ten feet and fifteen feet tall, converged upon him, hurling vile epithets.

"Thy time has come, sowers of evill Repent thee before thy doom!" Speaking thus heroically, he forged into the fray. A demoniacal strength possessed the brave Sir Ibanhad as he slashed his hungry saber about him. He rejoiced as he saw the ogres tumble and triumphantly plunged home the gory blade again and again. His tired body reminded him that he had long since killed the two ogres, and he tore himself away from his sport reluctantly and set about to the task of rescuing the fair princess.



AH

With a mighty blow of his pulsating shoulder he splintered the massive oaken door of the tower and raced up the steps five at a time. As he approached the topmost recesses of the tower he heard a menacing growl which warned him of the approach of his last trial—Syllabus, the two-headed watchdog of the princess' cell. Side-stepping the hideous claws, bold Sir Ibanhad severed the ominous beast in twain with his flashing steel.

With his last gasping breath he tore open the door to the princess' prison. There standing before him was the object of his quest—the princess, the fair maid, the vision in white. Gasping, he spoke, "Shining pearl, thine imprisonment hath ended. Thine ordeal is over."

"These gawddam horny creeps from the nut house," she muttered as she reached in her blouse, drew out her police .38, and blasted hell out of him.



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ANDROCLES AND THE LION

George Bernard Shaw's famous two-act play hits the screen and the skids. Starring a compendium of Hollywood greats, including Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, and (ugh) Victor Mature. The script is better than Quo Vadis, but the spectacle can't compare.

THE PROMOTER

Alec Guinness is the star of this one which is enough for most people. This time he plays a guy with more angles than centigon. Not quite on a par with Kind Hearts and Coronets, but it should manage to pack the Guild for many weeks.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Billed as the love story behind the billion-dollar secret, the show is pretty good in spite of it. Robert Taylor portrays the man who laid the first atomic egg on Hiroshima. This is the story of his training and mental anguish.

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL

A small opus of Americana inspired by the lewd scribblings of Jack Lait and Lee Mortimer, but not written by the dynamic duo. This brilliant study in public administration is a "must" for all Poly Sci majors—others are warned to stay far away.

BABES IN BAGDAD

Paulette Goddard hits the comeback trail with the assistance of world-renowned Gypse Rose Lee. The two of them get together to give all eager Stanford Freshmen the true view of "the milk-and-

lotus bath of the harem queens." Not only this, but the whole thing is served up in technicolor, not the plain run-of-the-mill kind but real, honest-to-god Exotic Color.

BWANA DEVIL

Hollywood offers you a lion in your lap, a lover in your arms, and a spear between the eyes. Of course, they had to cut the lion out because it was scaring too many old ladies, but all the rest is there, thanks to 3-D (3rd Dimension, peasants). If you're hot for something new (polaroid glasses) with your popcorn, you can try this.

RUBY GENTRY

From the ads it sounds as if this movie were about a Stanford girl home on vacation. Jennifer (Bernadette) Jones makes a quick change of character as "sin by sin, man by man, she wrecks a whole town." Watch out—it's advertised as an "Adult Film" which means that it's so lousy that they can only sell it with good old sex.

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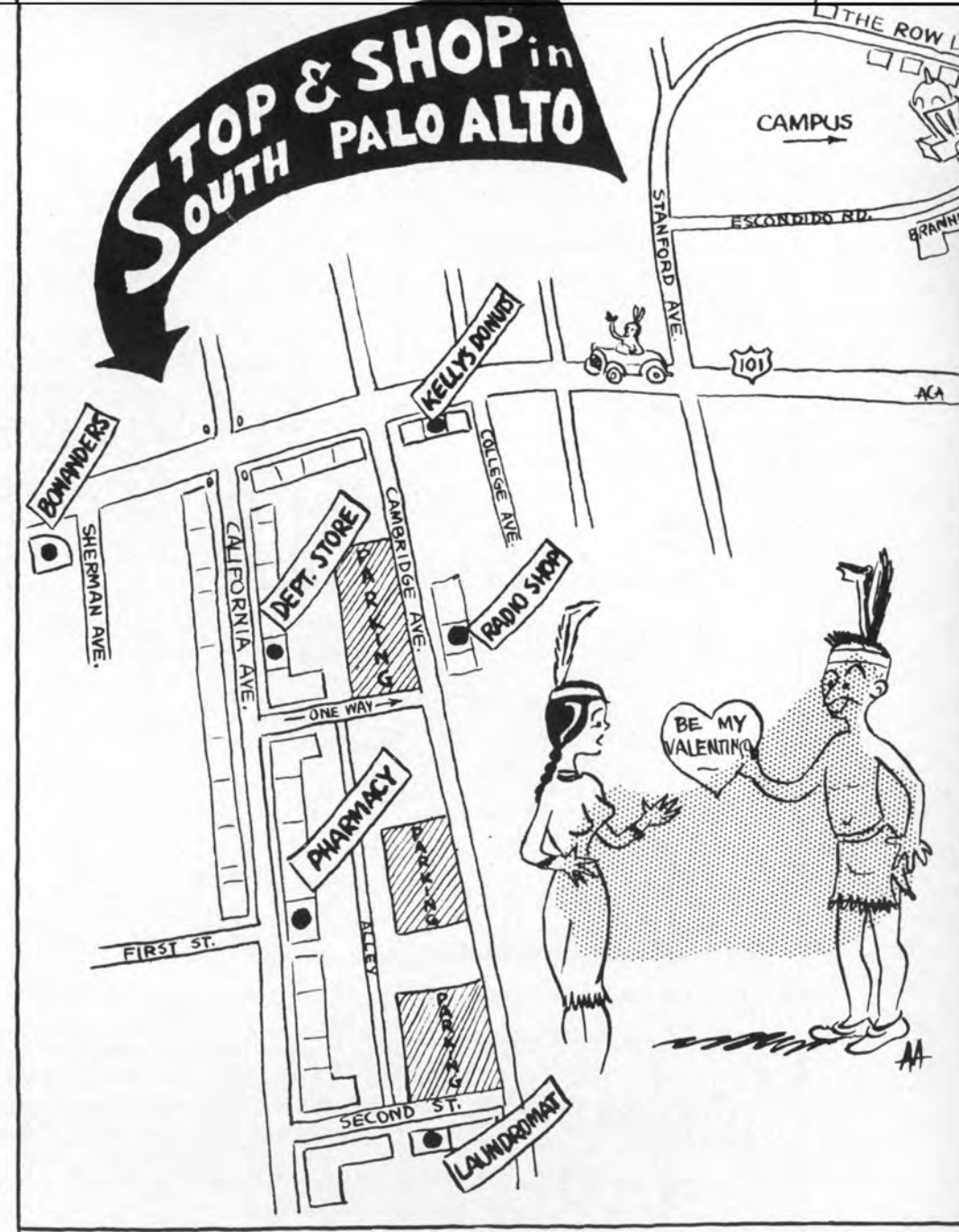
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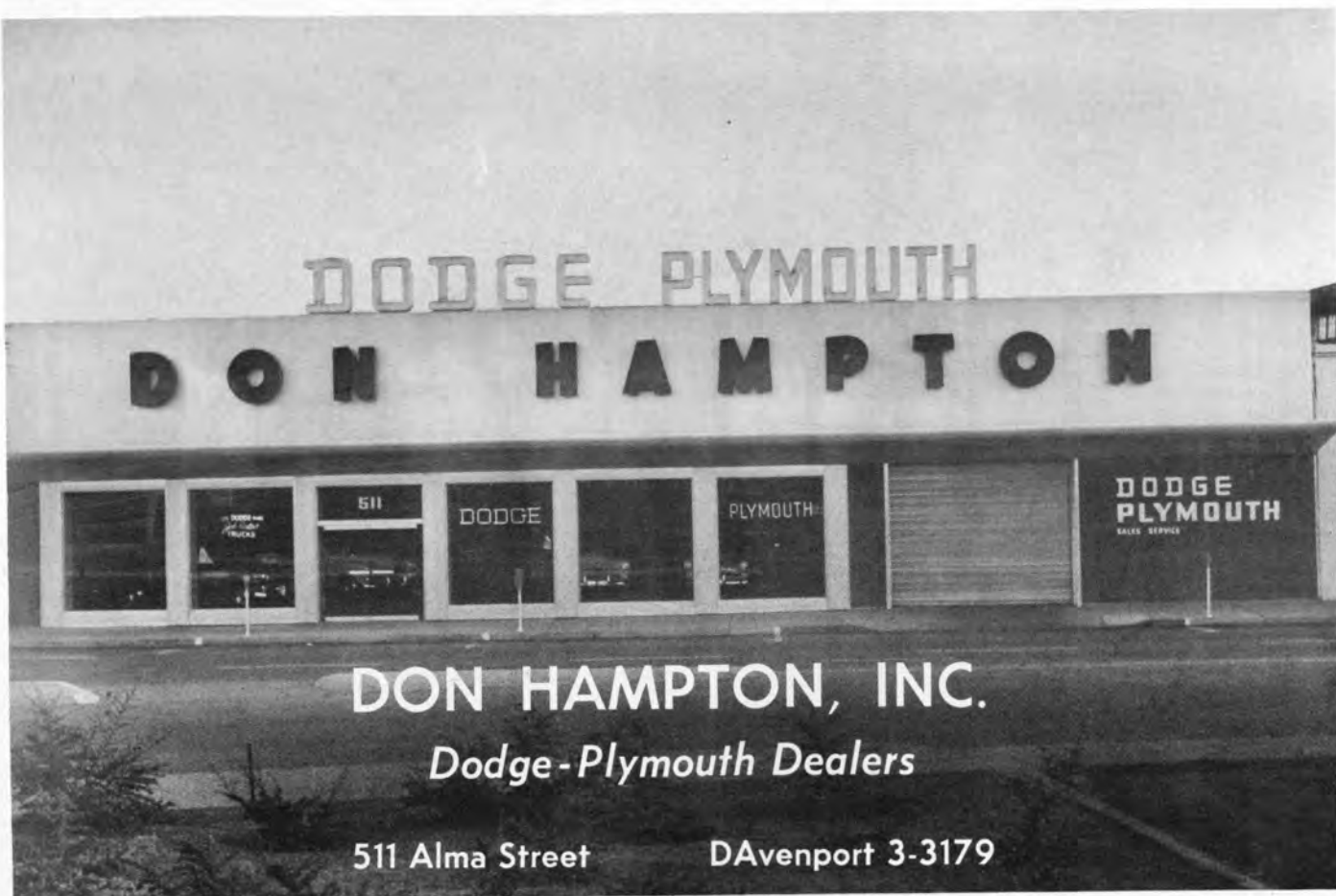
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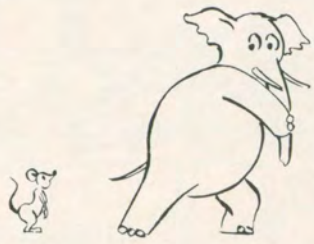


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"I don't know; I've never seen any of their faces without binoculars in front of them."

—Shaft

The salesman smiled down at the little boy who answered the door.

"Is your daddy home, sonny?" he asked.

"Naw," said Junior. "He ain't been home since Ma caught Santa Claus kissing the maid."

—Spartan

A colored boy was strolling through a cemetery reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which read, "Not dead, but sleeping." Scratching his head, the Negro remarked: "He sure ain't foolin' nobody but hisself."

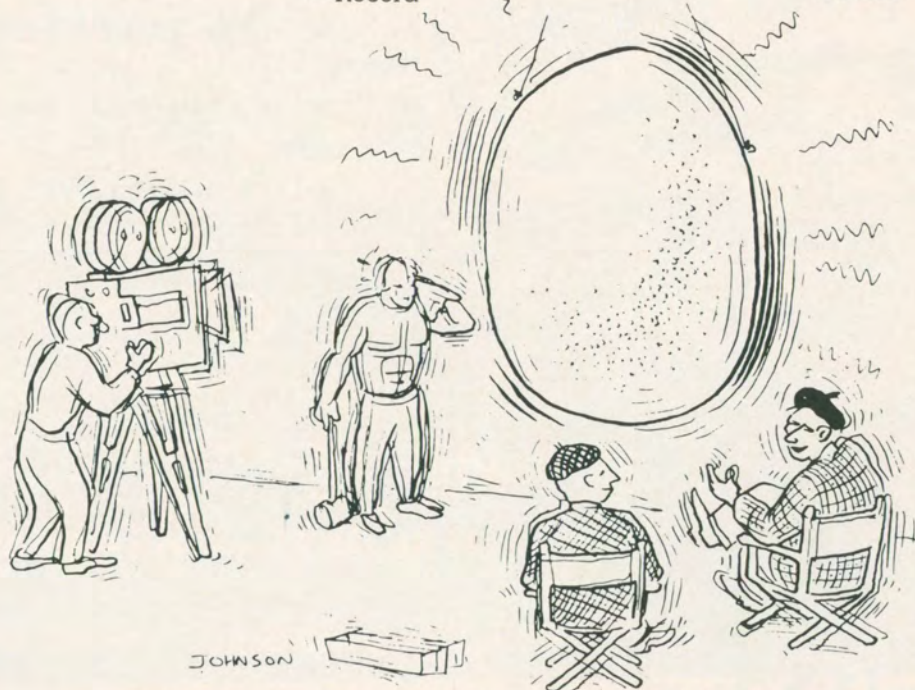
—Record

The explorer was relating experiences for the press.

"We ate our rubber boots," he said. "Provisions ran out, eh?"

"No, but I thought it might add interest to our report."

—Record



"Was that just about what you wanted, J. Arthur?"

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SAM LE TREINE

(Continued from page 21)

Then Micky downed the last of the round

And reached out for the gun. "Worse things than that have I begat, Let's get this damn thing done."

And there they sat, between, that gat, Arguing into the night Each said he'd die which the other'd deny And no one to say who's right.

But of Micky they tell his mouth worked well And after a bottle more, Sam gave in. "Micky you win!" And gave 'm the gun by the bore.

And Micky stood tall, his back to the wall, And placed the gun to his head. "This bullet is plain marked for my brain And better I'll be when dead.

"But tell me a thing before the sting Of the ellipsoid hits me, Sam. Who's the slob whose girl you jobbed While he was in the can."

"If that's the last wish thou hast," Said Sam in voice sublime, "The fellow's name is M. Spleen— Your girl suits me fine."

"Alack," said Mick, "A rotten trick, You planned it all I say. To kill you now would break my vow, But there's another way!"

And to his skull he sent a shell, It passed clean through his brain Then off the wall, back through the hall And right through Sam Le Treine.

And there they lay in a deathly way Where God had placed his stamp. What Sam forgot was a well-placed shot— Spleen was a billiards champ.

For a woman they vied, for a woman they died In a dank and dismal pub. While with music and laughter she married soon after, Now isn't that the rub!

And this overlong verse has a moral that's worse, To you this message I send: Le Treine's demise will moisten no eyes . . . A fourflusher has met his end.

Hiram: That's a revenooer. Ezekial: Yep, see if ye kain't get that rabbit with the same shot. —Froth

Joe: "Let me have some money, Pop?"

Pop: "What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?"

Joe: "I spent it."

Pop: "What are you doing—keepin' a woman?" —Spartan

A bore is one who is here today and here tomorrow. —Froth

English professor (answering question). "We might say that platonic love is love without sexual desire. Such as a kiss without emotion."

Girl trying to impress the Prof and get an A: "And the terms emotion and feeling are colloquially analogous, aren't they, Professor?"

"That's right."

Whispers from the back row.

She: "Have you ever been kissed by a boy without emotion?"

The Older Girl: "Well, maybe once without feeling."

—Leer

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GRAMPS AND THE YALLER JACKS

(Continued from page 23)

lot of trouble. They got to eat and drink. Best thing is to leave the screen off a window—then when they're out foragin' close the screen and head 'em off."

Grandma still insisted that the yaller jacks be slain. She said it was easy enough to kill the things, if Gramps would just put his mind to it.

"Why don't we get Dennis Day or 'My Little Margie,'" I suggested, trying some sarcasm on Gramps. "They'll bore the yellow jackets to death."

Sarcasm never worked with Gramps.

"Worth tryin', sonny," he said, deadpan. "Or a political speech—that might dishearten 'em."

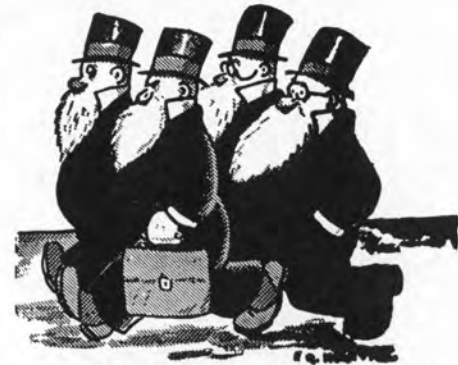
I made the only feasible move. I told Grandma that the yaller jacks must have developed immunity to DDT. But there were a lot of new and powerful insecticides on the market. I said I would call the county agent in the morning and follow his recommendations.

"Well—all right, dear," Grandma said. "But your grandfather could kill them if he had a mind to. He's just in a mulish tormentin' mood!"

Gramps just sucked at his pipe.

During the next two days Grandma and I fought hard against the yaller jacks. We tried chlordane and methoxylyene, as recommended by the county agent. Chlordane was like marijuana to the bees. They joined "The Show of Shows" and danced dreamily with its ballet. They flew around Imogene Coca's legs in a manner which shocked Grandma. But methoxylyene had an even more disappointing effect.

Angered by the stuff, our yaller jacks staged a mass attack on Groucho



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Marx, blurring the picture and muffling his wisecracks. Grandma was fit to be tied.

"I'll squish 'em with my bare hands—ouch—oh drat it—ouch!"

Grandma wept, not so much from the pain of the stings but because Gramps would not do anything about the yaller jacks.

I got pretty tough with Gramps.

"Look, Gramps," I said, "this is getting out of hand. You said they'd leave of their own accord. We've left the screen open. We've tried to lure them with decayed fish heads. Nothing has worked. Why do you want to torment Grandma? You said you knew how to kill them—so why not get at it?"

Gramps looked thoughtful. He listened to the yaller jacks buzzing happily in the TV cabinet and shook his head.

"I got an idea about them yaller jacks, sonny," he said. "It's a strange



thing to say—but I think them yaller jacks like television!"

I lost my temper.

"That's reason enough to kill the little bastards!" I yelled. "You get at it—before they sting Grandma to death!"

Losing your temper doesn't work with Gramps.

"I've had a heap of experience with yaller jacks," he said. "They're a mighty interestin' breed of bee. They don't swarm and they don't gang up on you like honeys and bumbles do. They wouldn't have stung your grandmother if she hadn't tried to squash 'em. I know how to kill 'em—certainly—but they ain't done anything to put me in a killin' mood. Besides, I ain't figured out the best way to make 'em

(Continued on page 36)

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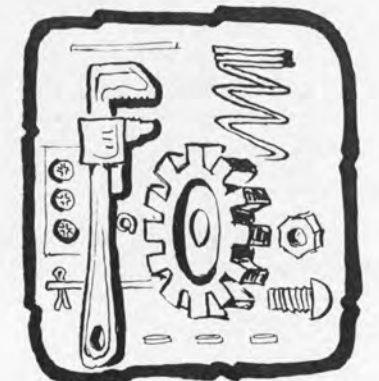
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GRAMPS AND THE YALLER JACKS

(Continued from page 35)

leave that TV set—so I could kill 'em fair and square in the open."

That night, when I got home from Gramps's place in Oak Valley, my wife was really worried.

"Your grandmother was just now on the phone," she said. "She's threatening to leave your grandfather. She says those yellow jackets are driving her out of her mind. They've all had babies and now they're so thick she couldn't watch 'I Remember Mamma'—couldn't see the picture."

By this time I was feeling a little nuts myself. Did those yaller jacks and their children really like "I Remember Mamma?" Had television seduced the insect world? Was there a special TV strain of yellow jackets in Gramp's old TV set—a new species immune to DDT and Milton Berle, chlordane and Kate Smith, methoxy-lene and Red Skelton?

Grandma's voice on the phone about noon the next day broke the spell of frustration and horrid musings.

"Oh, such great news, dear! Your grandfather is going to kill the bees!"

"Grandma! What happened?"

"The first World Series game today, dear. All the yellow jackets attended—and they made your grandfather killing mad! So—"

"Grandma! What'd they do?"

"They had a little one who pretended to be a baseball. Every time your grandfather thought a Brooklyn boy

had knocked a home run—it was just that wretched little bee flying from home plate over the ball park fence—"

"Grandma! When—how—is he going to kill them?"

"This evening, he says—during the CBS show that starts at six-thirty—"

"Hold it, Grandma. This I got to see. I'll be there!"

The sound of gunfire echoed through Oak Valley as I hurried toward the side yard of Gramps's ranch house.

Gramps sat in a rocking chair about thirty feet from the TV set, which was operating by an extension cord from the house. Every few seconds a covey of yaller jacks would fly out of the TV set. Then a bang from Gramps's old pump-gun. I watched with glee as the yaller jacks were blown to smithereens.



Presently, no more yaller jacks left the TV set. Gramps stood up, rubbing his shoulder.

"It's tedious—and dangd expensive," Gramps said, "But it's the only way to kill 'em."

Marveling, I said: "But how did you get them to leave the TV set?"

Gramps jabbed a finger toward the screen.

"Found me a show them yaller jacks couldn't abide."

I stared at the screen.

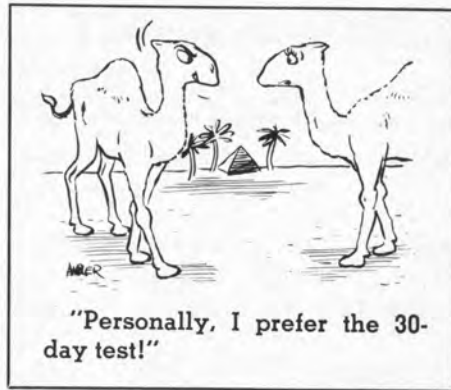
"Isn't that odd?" Grandma said, smiling with happy forgiveness at Gramps. "I think Johnny Ray is real cute!"



A man will get mad and tell you to go—you know where. But a woman will smile at you and lead you there. —Froth



A bachelor is a guy who didn't have a car when he was young. —Spartan



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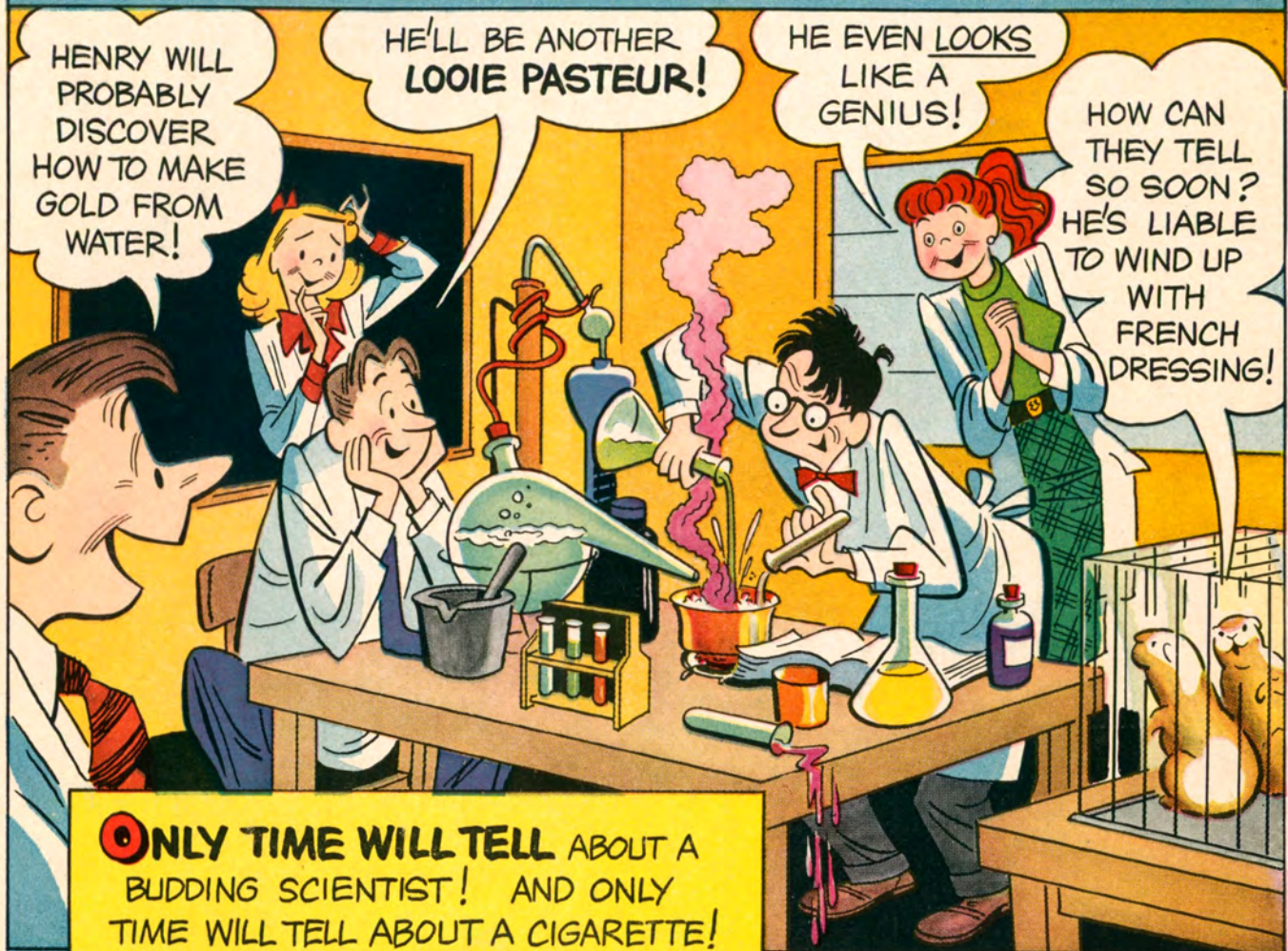
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