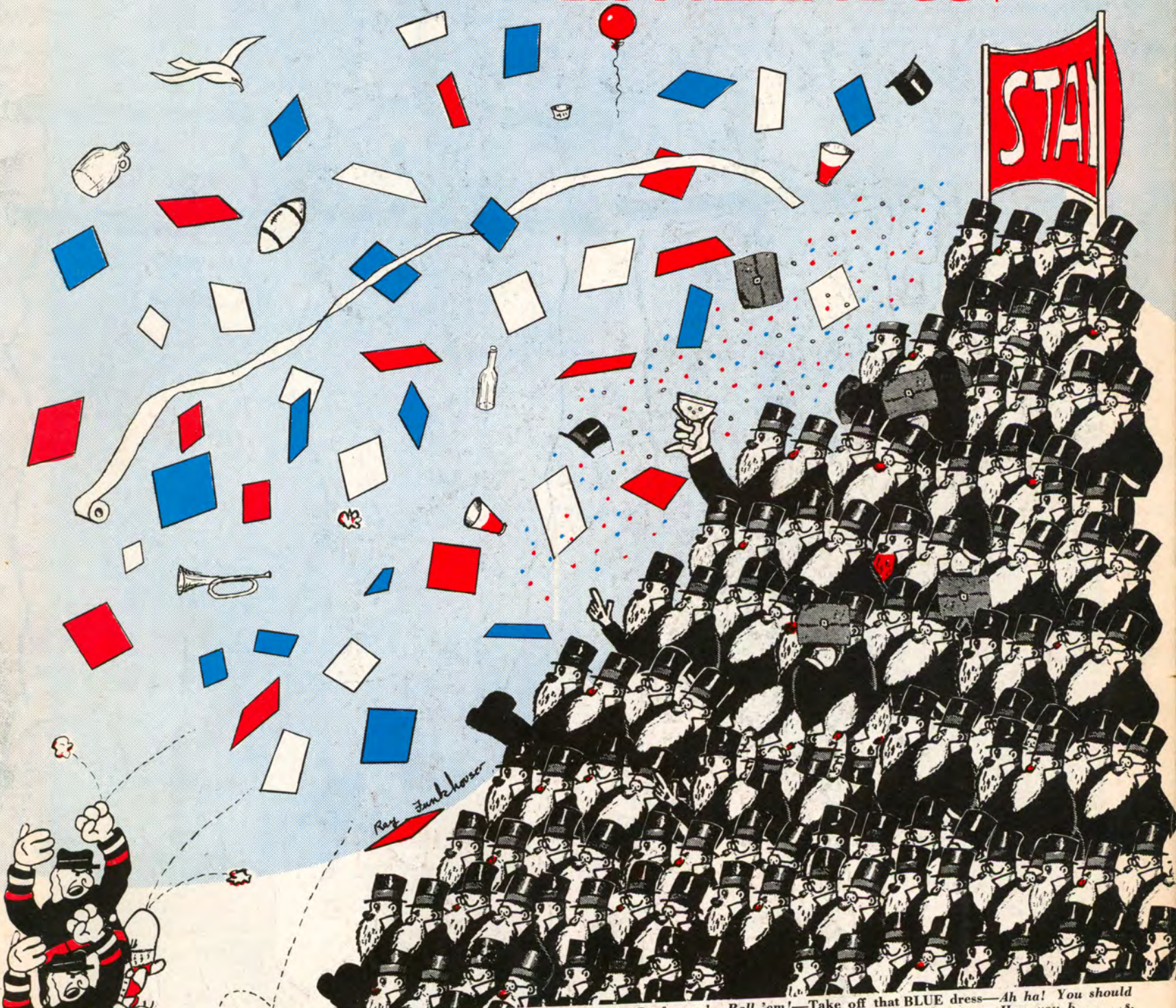


the stanford

CHAPARRAL

november 35¢



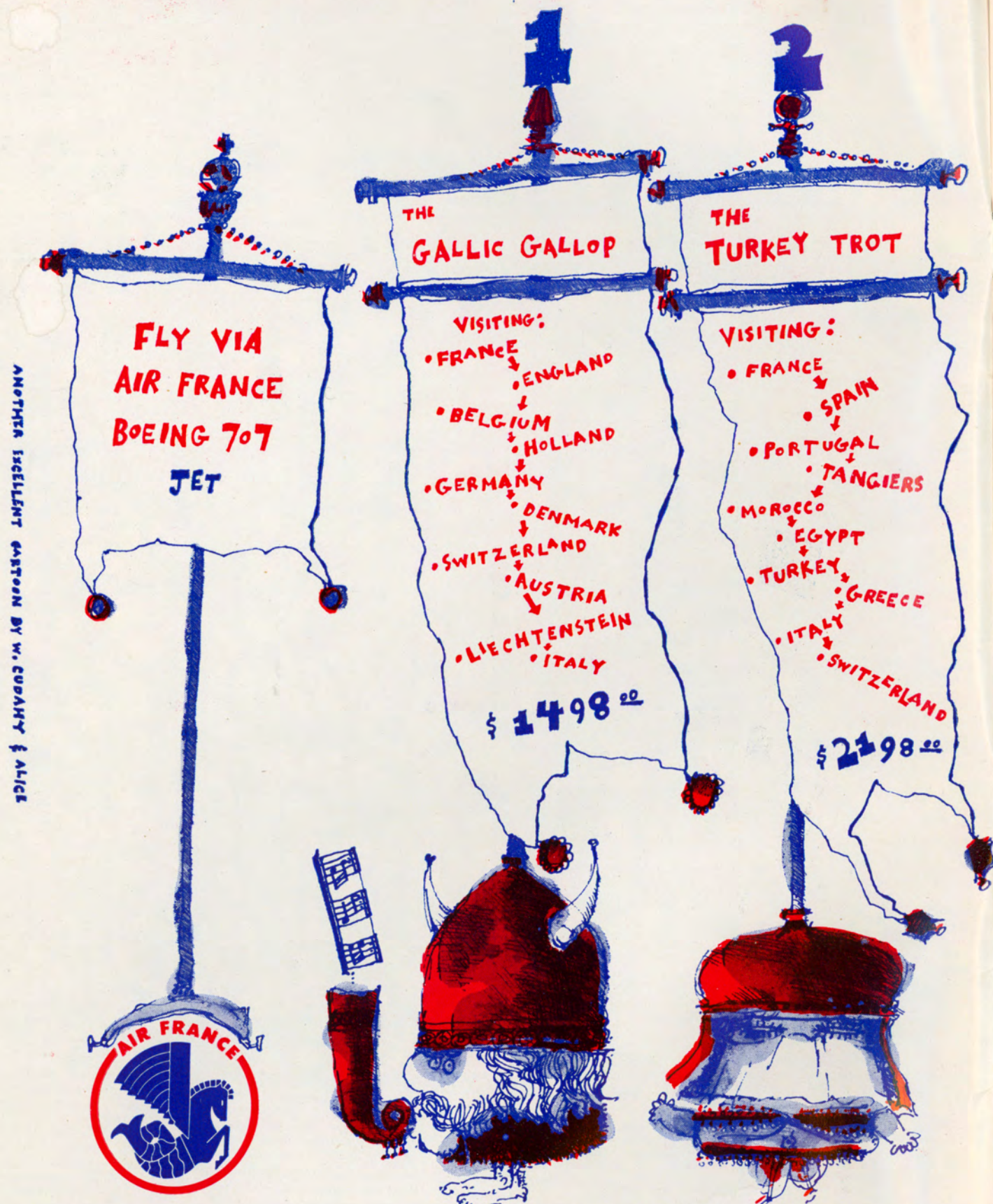
Come on, you guys, quit throwin' them cards—Jeez, you're worse than the students! Ouch—Look, Rally Com went to a lot of trouble with these cards—Ouch—and now look what you're doing!—Ouch—Hey, that was a rock—Hey, C'mon—Somebody's gonna get hurt—Ouch!—you guys—

God—this is too much—I've had it—I'm turning in my saddleshoes tomorrow morning!

Just like the good old days back at Siwash, eh, Professors!—Roll 'em!—Take off that BLUE dress—Ah ha! You should see the carhop I'm taking to the overnight—Doctor, if you will be so good as to pass the suitcase—Hey, you bs, lemme down—Say, isn't that old Tom's hat—Oh, they hadda carry Harry to the ferry . . . —Which one of you S.O.B.'s hit me with the peeled gremlin?—All the way with Flying A, eh, profes sors?—I'll wager that our little green card stunt really wowed 'em out in T.V. land— Awww, shoot!—You got your vowels mixed up, Professor . . . and you an instructor of English!—Think we'll win the Sportsmanship trophy this year?— . . . and then you stick the hypodermic needle into the orange . . . —No kidding? Why, that's the same motel I have a reservation for!—What the hell quarter is this, anyway?—This should be quite a game; I flunked out the whole first string backfield yesterday!—Professor, I believe you have the pits—Awww shoot—Look, shut your gaeddamm mouth unless you wanna fast five ini! Get me?—Professor, better conceal that glass of liquor; the student police may confiscate it—Hooark! Splatt! Damn those suds at dawn!—Will you people put us down? How were we to know that those seats were being saved for the pharmacology department?—I diagnosh thish game of football ash being the socially receptable releashe of agghreshive drives! Does anybodydny wanna argue about it?—Hell, it's too much trouble to go to Pasadena at New Year's anyhow—Man, if you think I was gassed, you shouldda seen my date!—Think the Chappie will be kicked off campus this year?—The what?—You must be drunk, Professor; I see two of you!—Only the laundryman ever knew how hard I laughed at that!— Why, you rascal, those aren't binoculars at all!—Let's get the goal posts, professors; we can use them for fuel—I had to go without lunch and gasoline for three weeks to be able to afford this ticket, and so far all that's happened is somebody hit me in the

Ray Zankhousor

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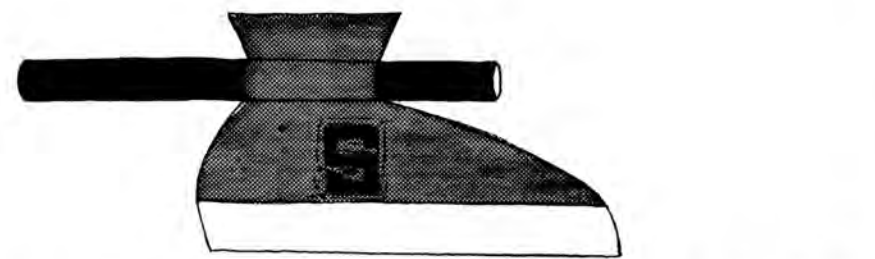


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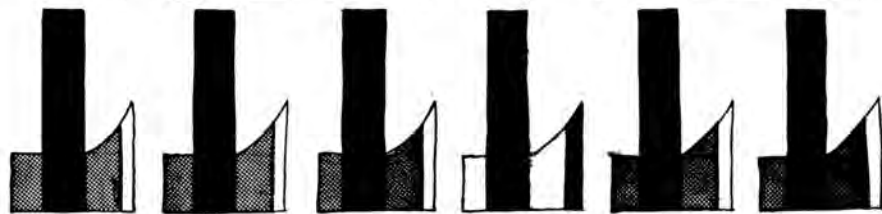
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

October 21

Dear Old Boy:
RFU 2!

Han Swyter
Class of '63

Dear Mister Old Boy,

I just have to write to someone and tell them what real keen experiences I have been having during my first weeks here at Stanford. Everyone is so swell and neat here that I just can't believe it. For instance, let me tell you what happened here on my first day.

I was on my way to the museum for a quiet evening of browsing when I chanced upon a frenzied group of pupils who were chanting in unison, "How's your old kazoo?" Now I ask you Mister Old Boy, how in the world could they have possibly known that I am (and I say this with all due modesty) somewhat of a virtuoso on the bass kazoo? Anyway, after a bit of coaxing, I blushed, took a deep breath, and whipped out my old kazoo and played it, and we all had mirth and fellowship together.

I really must admit that I made quite a hit with all the girls, for they all gathered around and giggled when I showed them my battered old kazoo, and tittered when I blew it at them. Even the upperclass girls stopped and took notice.

love,

Irving Grish '63

P.S. My kazoo and I will play at any social function, just for the asking.

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "Who threw that?" and walked out.

Testimonial received by a drug concern: "For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear drops for only ten days, I heard from my brother in South Dakota."

Nature gave her a beautiful face, but she picked her nose herself.

Little Girl (to drug store clerk): "Do you fit men for trusses here?"

Clerk: "Why, yes, we do."

Little Girl: "Well, wash your hands. I'd like a chocolate soda."

Lad, looking through a telescope: "God!"

Friend: "Aw, gwan, it ain't that powerful."

A bird in the hand is worthless when you want to blow your nose.

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

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

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

A professor, who suspected his class was drowsing off on him, decided to catch everyone off base. So he suddenly dropped off into double-talk:

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smolg and gwelg them—being careful not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger, if handy. Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the rear. "What are twetchels?"



"I hear the Chaparral is dirtier this year."

When you are the only one

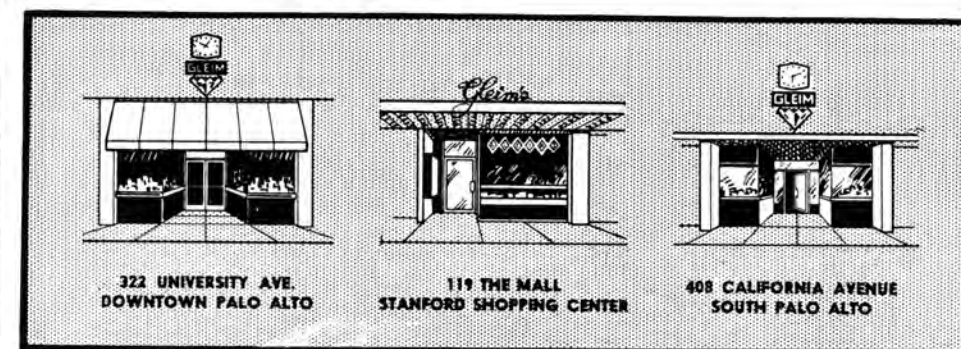
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The Finest...*

Our showcases fairly shimmer with diamonds in all the modern fashion shapes and settings. When you select your diamond together you're sure to pick just the one she wants...the diamond most flattering to her. And, at our store, you have full assurance of our trustworthiness and proven experience for we've earned the coveted title *Registered Jeweler, American Gem Society.*



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Five Vought Divisions Provide Engineers Greater Opportunity for Space-Age Advancement

Young engineers, particularly, will be interested in the new opportunities created by Chance Vought's recent realignment into five divisions.

Today, for every Vought engineer, there is a division to make fullest use of his talents and to speed his personal advancement. And, of course, he is backed by the four other divisions whose balanced activities add security to his company and his future.

Vought's realignment was the result of considerable study of both company capabilities and new business opportunities. The move intensifies a diversification program which began early in 1959. It specifically gears this progressive, 42-year-old aircraft firm for the challenges and opportunities of the age of space.



ASTRONAUTICS DIVISION

Vought is taking fullest advantage of its existing capabilities and is drawing on 12 years' experience in the missile field to obtain broader responsibilities in the race for space. Concentration will be on advanced vehicles for space exploration, and on ballistic and anti-ballistic missile systems.

Under a current contract, Vought is readying the four-stage Scout research rocket and its launcher for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Also, Vought and other members of the Boeing team are participating in the development of the Dyna-Soar boost-glide vehicle in competition for an Air Force contract. In the human factors of flight, Vought is taking the lead with its orbital flight simulator and space-oriented Cockpit Laboratory.

AERONAUTICS DIVISION

Weapons of many types will take shape here. For example: new generations of manned aircraft and atmospheric missiles, and devices for antisubmarine warfare. Systems to support these weapons, and subcontracting assignments are other Aeronautics activities.

Among this division's current contracts: a Navy order for development of an environmental protection and escape capsule for aircraft pilots. Other work includes production contracts for three versions of F8U Crusader aircraft, study contracts in submarine detection and classification, and subcontracts for military and commercial aircraft assemblies.

ELECTRONICS DIVISION

Vought electronics will be developed, manufactured and marketed in increasing volume. Military systems under development include antennas and related electronics, ground support electronics and antisubmarine warfare apparatus.

RESEARCH DIVISION

In a new Research Center, scientists of this division will mine new knowledge from many fields. Basic research is planned into astronautics, undersea warfare, the life sciences (relating to human factors of flight), electrogravities and other areas. As it evolves into applied research, this advanced work will materially support other Vought divisions.

RANGE SYSTEMS DIVISION

Twelve years' experience in remote base operation qualifies Vought for additional business in this new field. The Range Systems team will establish and operate test ranges and test equipment for missiles and space vehicles.

Genesys Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary company, intensifies Vought's diversification into commercial electronics. Company emphasis is on automation, and its key personnel are engineers experienced in the fields of electronics, computers, magnetic memory, and associated electro-mechanical devices.

You live at a discount in Dallas

In Texas there is no state income tax and no local or state sales taxes. Low school and property levies add to your savings. Home construction costs—as well as house and apartment rentals—are below the national average. Fuel costs are negligible, and most groceries cost less.

Dallas has grown faster since 1950 than any other U. S. city. One reason is the city's wealth of entertainment and cultural centers. Another reason is the attractive cost of living.

Student engineers are invited to write for further information about new Vought activities, and how you can start your career with one of Vought's five divisions. Please address inquiries to:

Professional Placement Office
Dept. CM-25



A Sunday School teacher was showing her class a picture of the Christian martyrs in a den of lions. One little boy looked very sad about it.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "Look at that poor lion way in the back. He won't get any."

AN OLD ONE WE LIKE:

Little boy: What do you repair these shoes with?

Cobbler: Hide.

Little boy: Why should I hide?

Cobbler: Hide, hide! The cow's outside.

Little boy: So what. Who the hell's afraid of an old cow?

The teacher was explaining to the grammar school students the merits of owning a yearbook and having ones picture in it.

"Just think," she said. "Thirty years from now you can look in this annual and say, 'There's Willie Jones; he's a judge now. And there's Sally White; she's a nurse. And there's . . .'"

"And there's the teacher," came a voice from the back of the room. "She's dead."



"... and here's one for that second-string end..."



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A Message From Kartoizian On The Eve of Big Game

(Editor's note: This is an excerpt from an extremely long and monotonous sonnet entitled, "How Yell Leading Can Help the Insecure Deaf Mute," which last year won the Nobel Prize for Medicine.)

... first, I would like to voice my displeasure with the *Chaparral* in not allowing me the front page of this magazine for this message. What I am about to say is of the utmost insignificance to all issues that are relative to other subjects, and therefore, should not be treated.

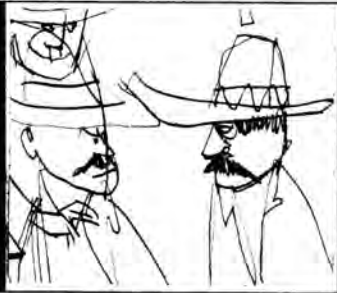

This has been a long season for our footballers who have done their best; for our alumni who haven't, and for Fidel Castro who is trying. The whole issue can be resolved into euphoria with a win this week-end in the "Large" Game.

There are certain ideals that are held dear here at Stanford, and it is to this somewhat nebulous ideology that I devote my attention during the waning hours. I say the word nebulous only because I do not understand the meaning of this ideology myself, having an ideology all my own which my psychiatrist calls "Patho-Kartoziology" for some reason. Anyway, I will attempt to define the Stanford ideal as it applies to the gridiron to the best of my ability. I divide it into three equally unequal parts.

1. The first is the element of courage which I have chosen to call, *Intestinal Kartoizianism*. Charles Van Doren once said, "It matters not to win or lose, it's how you play the game." This was an important statement uttered by a real poet and has special significance when applied to an unsuccessful season.
2. The second ideal has to do with the methods employed to gain a victory, which I have chosen to call, *Subversive Kartoizianism*. Caryl Chessman once said, "Never say die." This was an original statement uttered by a very famous author and is one which has implicit significance when applied to USC.
3. The last concerns the quality of opportunism in a struggle which I have termed, *Dialectical Kartoizianism*. King Farouk once said, "I'd walk a mile for a camel." This was a statement uttered by a very famous monarch who has been walking ever since, they just don't make camels like they used to.

At this point you are probably asking yourselves what this all means when applied to the Big Game. It means a great deal. Our ball club needs your support. Let's all get out there and root our team onto victory. Then after the game, when we have won, we can all riot.

the stanford CHAPARRAL

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NOW THAT Big Game time has rolled around again, some of the Old Boy's readers are no doubt expecting a Big Game Issue choc-a-bloc with material devoted to Big Game, football, hate Cal, rah rah zis-boom-bah, etc. Those readers will be disappointed. Except for the cover, the queens, the feature story and perhaps an occasional joke or cartoon, there is little in the issue which could be even remotely concerned with Big Game.

But wait! Don't close that mag! Let the Feeble Fool explain his departure from tradition (actually, there's no departure from tradition—the fact of the matter is that there has *never* been a Big Game Issue with anything about Big Game in it; but if that became known, it would take away whatever dubious value this column now has).

In the first place, what can be said about Big Game and its embellishments that hasn't been adequately said within the last three years? Not a hell of a lot. So, the Old Boy has gathered as much good, new material about Big Game as he could, and in addition has gathered as much good, new material about other subjects as he could, and has combined it all into one BIG issue (twelve for the price of a dozen) featuring a magazine which he hopes the readers will like.

Second, those of you who have already been to Gaieties have taken part in something of an experiment. Happily, this year, Gaieties has returned to being about Stanford and Big Game—which is what the name "Big Game Gaieties" seems to imply. During the past few years, Gaieties has been a sort of nebulous revue—this is not to say that it has therefore not been good, because it has been quite good; but it has not been *Big Game* Gaieties. This year it is just that. Whether it is an improvement or not is for no one to say but the audience (and, of course, the *Daily*). Anyhow, this is the roundabout way of saying that, what with Gaieties being what it is supposed to be this year, too much Big Game might wear thin (or be laid on too thick) (oddly enough, the same effect). But the Venerable One is overjoyed to see that Ram's Head is handling Gaieties the way they are and wishes them all sorts of success (and, incidentally, thanks them for the bevy of queens and courts and what-have-you with which they supplied him). Perhaps their "experiment" might even do something to clear away part of the apathy which has lately been fogging the Winds of Freedom.

Enough of what isn't in the magazine—here's what is in it. The Big Game part consists of (1) the cover, which depicts a familiar scene whose only change is in the characters; (2) the feature story, "return to panic city," a sequel to a story of two years ago entitled "road to panic city"—this one, like the last one, should hit a few people where they live; (3) the queen(s)—by odd coincidence, the exact same ones which Gaieties chose; (4) a history of Stanford songs and yells, performed by that master historian, John Frankenstein; and (5) whatever else the reader can connect with Big Game. In other realms, we have a holiday-type letter which, since there is to be no Christmas issue this year, is quite appropriate. It is made somewhat funnier by the fact that it actually *was* a holiday-type letter sent to Dave Johnson (Dave, I lost the other Dave's name and both your addresses; so if you will send them to me, you will get your copies). "The Wise Man of Peace" was found by the managing editor—it had been kicking around the office for a few years and, for no reason that we could see, had not yet been printed. So here it is, written by Rex Burns, a Chappie of before our time. "IDmanship" is from the pen of Tim Kennedy, who writes what he lives (and we like the way he lives!). And whatever else the reader can find.

All the above has been written under the gross assumption that the *Chaparral* is coming out during Big Game Week. If you happen to be reading this magazine on November 18, you are witness to a most curious event—the *Chappie* is out *one week early*. (Did I hear someone faint?? Wake up, wake up!) Actually, the only reason that Chappie Day on the social calendar is November 25th is because the stupid editor made a poor guess at when Big Game Week was. The magazine *should* be out on the 18th. To add to the general chaos, the Press didn't know this and had scheduled press time for the 25th. When



"We were sweating it about Kowaljssxlski at first, but now that the doc fixed up his injury he's better than ever."

the editor took the first sheets of copy over and casually mentioned the changed date, well, the sheets hit the fan (sorry, but I couldn't resist). The staff has been consumed in silent prayer ever since that day, and if we make it on the stands by the 18th, our faith has saved us.

Despite the efforts of Ellington J. Whatshisname and his highly humorous review, the first issue of the *Chappie* this year sold out completely. Even so, the Old Boy was a bit annoyed, not at being criticized, mind you, but at the manner in which it was done. The Ancient One had hoped to avoid such letters and things as appeared last year, but once again it seems time to remind the editor across the street that no matter which of his activity-credit hacks writes something which appears in his paper, as long as it appears it is his responsibility. With this in mind, he would do well to impress upon his staff that there is such a thing as good taste, even in *Chappie* reviews. Granted that the creative satisfaction of tearing something down is needed in the Daily shack to keep up staff morale, still they, in their glee, shouldn't overlook the journalist's responsibility of retaining some semblance of truth and good taste.

Incidentally, due to the nature of our queen and her court (all highly top secret until last night) (if today is the 18th), it was thought better not to give the *Daily* its complimentary copy of the *Chappie* (the one from which they write their reviews) until this morning. This means that, by what they wrote in their review they are one of three things: thieves (if they have a *Chappie* to review), tellers of untruths (if they review a *Chappie* which they haven't seen), or honest. The Old One is not clairvoyant to the extent of being able to tell ahead of time what someone else is going to do (a phenomenon called "scooping" in the journalistic jargon), so the outcome is as big a surprise to him as it is to anyone else.

—the Old Boy



date big game date get a date for big game here it is october third already and no big game date how could i wait so long big game almost here not too late somebody sure yeah somebody lots of girls without dates yet ill bet yeah no sweat hell tons of girls left dont panic old boy date

find out what were doing big game night first no good ask girl without knowing whats happening ask one of the guys harry bill hymie izzy theres ed redhot always knows the scoop just go right up and ask him

"Say, Ed, you know what's on the agenda for Big Game night?"

"Big Game night? Get serious! It's only October 3rd, Gnat. After all, Big Game is months away!"

"Yeah, but this is Stanford—remember—the ratio? You know—many guys, no dollies? Don't forget, he who strikes first laughs last."

"Gnat, I realize this is Stanford with the ratio, but this is also the beginning of October, and Gnatnoop, lad, nobody gets a Big Game date this early."

"Nobody?"

"None of the guys do, Gnat. We haven't even decided what we'll do for Big Game night yet. Nobody worries about Big Game until a couple of weeks before."

"Nobody, huh?"

"Nobody."

"Oh. Well, thanks, Ed."

"Sure thing, Gnat-babes, glad to help out."

none of the other guys get dates why sweat it ace let it go for a while sure plenty of dollies left later on yeah just hang loose plenty of time take your time and pick out a good one maybe meet somebody new yeah no sweat

november fifteenth wonder why i circled the date on the social calendar why midterm t b xray term paper why party why oh oh yeah get a big game date today yeah no sooner said than done better find out whats happening for big game wheres ed ask ed there he is

"Say, Ed, you know what's on the agenda for Big Game night?"

"Gnat, nobody sweats Big Game night this early."

"But I gotta get a date pretty soon, Ed. Big Game's only a week away."

"Gnat, you're gonna have grey hairs before you graduate. Tell you what—I'll get on the ball and form a Big Game com some day soon. Let you know as soon as we make some plans. Okay?"

"But shouldn't I get a date?"

"Gnat, Big Game is weeks away—relax."

nobody sweats big game this early relax yeah big game weeks away take it easy yeah hang loose sure make girls appreciate you more yeah let them sweat yeah

"Hey, Gnat-boy, have you heard?!"

"Heard what, Ed?"

"Big Game com—they really came through this time! They got a really amazing function going!!"

"Oh yeah? Well, what's on the agenda for Big Game night then?"

"Now get this, Gnat—it's gonna be a two-night overnight. Right after the game we all take our dates up to the airport in limousines and we have a snack in the Interna-

tional Room, see? Then a chartered DC-6 flies us all up to a really fabulous hunting lodge in the North Woods, see? Then we have dining and dancing and boozing for two days and then come back to school on Monday. We tried to arrange the thing so it went from Friday morning to Monday night, but a couple of the guys wanted to see the game."

"Jeez, that sounds unbelievable, Ed!"

"You haven't heard a thing yet. We've got twenty cases of Cutty Sark, and we hired the chef from Trader Vic's to sling hash for us, and we've got three bands—Turk Murphy, Chet Baker and Herman the Hunkie's Schottish Five—so that there won't be any lulls in the music, and we got one of those North Beach wierdies to add atmosphere and read poetry, and just for the hell of it, we've hired a dancing bear!!!"

"A dancing bear, you say!!!"

"Yep, a real-live dancing bear! You have a date, of course."

"Why, no. Yesterday you said that nobody sweats Big Game this early, so I haven't really worried too much about it."

"What? No date yet? Gnatnoop, act before it's too late!"

"Huh?"

"Get on the phone and get a date, you fool—nobody waits this long to get a Big Game date!!"

"But . . ."

"Why you waited so long I'll never know."

"But . . ."

"You'll be lucky if there's even any bottom left in the barrel to scrape."

"How much is this orgy going to cost?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars apiece? That's not bad at . . ."

"No, ten dollars a couple. Buzz knows a guy and he got us a really amazing discount. What are you standing here for? Go get a date!"

date the old black book date plenty of girls in the old black book lets see blank page blank page blank page this ones been erased heres one oh its a chinese laundry blank blank ah heres one griselda mc guillicudy branner yeah hot little number bod personality blond blue eyes call her up dial the old phone there we go

"Dormitories."

"Griselda McGullicudy, Branner, please."

"Just a moment."

hope shes home hope she hasnt got a date hope

"Go ahead."

"Hello?"

"Hello, Grieselda? This is Gnatnoop Nurd."

"Why, hello, Gnatnoop, how are you?"

gnatnoop oh god oh well shes only a freshman be casual suave snow her get a date

"I'm fine. Say—I was wondering if you'd like to go to a little party with me after Big Game, a little affair some of the guys are throwing?"

"Gee! I'd just love to . . ."

ha nothing to it date city ed was right easy as one two

. . . BUT I've had a date for Big Game night since the beginning of October. I'm sorry—maybe some other time?"

"Since the beginning of October?"

Yes—the 4th, I think. Golly, I'd really like to go with you, but . . ."

"Yeah, well, 'bye."

"Bye. I'm sorry, really I am."

one down date blank page blank page blank page sorry
hell blank page beginning of october hell blank page blank
page ahh lots and lots of names go right down the list all
neat dollies yeah get a date in nothing flat dial the old phone

"How's it going, Gnat?"

"Oh, hi, Ed. I just got turned down by Griselda so I was
about to call Amy Wheef."

"Amy Wheef? It seems to me that Tom has her all lined
up for Big Game night."

"Oh? Well, then I'll call Euphemia Gozigna."

"I think she's going to the party with Frank."

"Wilhelmina Gherkin?"

"I believe she's taken too."

"How about Melissa Pringle?"

"You don't want to take her out—she's a psych major."

"Oh—I didn't know she was a psych major—good thing
you told me. Well, how about . . ."

"Let's see your book—hmm . . . hmmm . . . hmmm
. . . gosh, that's too bad, Gnat—I'm afraid you're too
late on all of these."

"All of them?"

"All of them. I don't know why you waited so long to try
and get a date, Gnat. Most of the guys I know had their
dates all lined up back around the first of October."

"But you said *nobody* gets Big Game dates that early!"

"Did I say that? Hmmm. Oh well, no harm done, I'm
sure. You'll get a date—don't sweat it. Plenty of girls
around just waiting for the chance to go out with Gnat-
noop Nurd on Big Game night. Don't just sit there—get
on the phone and get a date!"

"But . . ."

thats it for stillman heres storey lets see theres a cute one oh
shes wearing a pin too bad lets see no no hmmm ok no ok
no no no ok no no thats all of them get on the phone dial
the number

"Hello—Storey House."

"Hello. Could you have Sharon Bod, and Fifi Amour, and
Karen Little come to the phone for a minute, please?"

"Just a minute . . ."

. . . none of them are around. Can I take any
messages?"

"Do you know if any of them have Big Game dates?"

"I think they all do—why?"

"Thank you, 'bye!"

"Say, what is this—another sociology experiment or . . ."
click

too bad that brings me to lagunita directors r as here we go
adelpha hmmm no no ok no

date gotta get a date keep trying called them called them
oh heres where i left off on the phone dial the number

"Hello?"

"Hello, is this the Q. D. Macardian residence? This is
Gnatnoop Nurd. I'm a student at Stanford University
and I was wondering if you had any daughters between
the ages of fifteen and twenty-five who aren't doing any-
thing on the evening of the Big Game between Stanford
and Cal. . . hello? hello? hello?"

win some lose some that brings me to c l mac arthurs da
43550 dial the number hmmm busy hang it up next is

g donald mac arthur em 74189 dial the phone

"Hello?"

"Hello, this is the G. Donald MacArthur residence. This
is Gnatnoop Nurd. I'm a student at Stanford University
and I was wondering if . . ."

date desperation date gotta get a date oh hey how could i
forget about her call her up right away get on the old phone
dial the old number there we go why didnt i think of this
sooner

"Lagunita."

"Flossie Libidinous, please?"

"Just a moment, please."

"Hello?"

"Hello, Flossie? This is Gnatnoop Nurd. I saw your name
last year in Rossotti's on the wall of the men's . . ."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Gnatnoop Nurd."

"Oh, yeah—so get to the point—what do you want?"

"I was wondering if you have a Big Game date yet?"

"No, I don't. Why?"

she doesnt have a date bitching strike while the iron is hot
date this is your chance opportunity knocks but once date

"Well, uh, how'd you like to go on an overnight with me
for Big Game weekend, huh?"

"Golly!! You know, it's a good thing you called when you
did because I'm just now packing to go home for a visit,
and do you know, it would have been impossible to get in
touch with me until Big Game if you had waited five min-
utes longer before calling tonight?"

"Then you'll go with me?"

"Honey, you just bet I . . ."

"Sorry—the switchboard is closing."

click

"Hello? hello? hello?"

date desperation zelda no not that desperate yet never call
zelda date gotta get a date but not zelda who else left must
be somebody lets see combed froshbook bawlout quad phone-
book whos who black book dun & bradstreet farmers almanac
nothing left but zelda no but a date gotta call zelda no not
her dial the phone no da 6 1 5 2 0 date no not zelda but a
date gotta get a date

"Florence Moore."

"No, I want Zelda."

"This is Florence Moore Residence Hall."

every time i call her every damn time

"Oh yeah—gimme Zelda Schwartz please."

"Just a minute."

click

"Hello?"

"Hello, Zelda? This is Gnatnoop Nurd."

"Who? Oh, sure . . . Newtlip Ford . . . how are you?"

oh god newtlip yet hang up boy no no last chance calm date

"I wonder if you would like to go on a Big Game overnight
with me?"

"Me? On an overnight with *you*? Look, I didn't answer
this phone to be insulted—now quit kidding around and
tell me what you want."

"Do you have a Big Game date yet?"

"Well, not exactly, but I'm hoping one of the Delta Decks
will ask me—they're having an all-accordion band on
their overnight, you know."

(Continued on page 32)



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1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8

(answers on page 44)

Bungey Travel, Inc

110, The Circle DA 5-5686 Palo Alto

Every morning a hasher we know
watched the girls come into his dining
hall unpainted, unpretied, disheveled
and half-awake, definitely not at their
most glamorous. One morning a particularly
unkempt young lady asked the hasher
if it was true, as she had just heard
somewhere, that the leftover food
from the dining hall was given to pigs.
(Her way of expressing this was . . .
"I hear you give this food to pigs")

The hasher smiled malevolently and
replied, "Yessss, we sure do!"



Halloween night, the story has it, a
Stanford student living in a off-campus
party pad "treated" the tots who came to
trick or treat with beer instead of candy.
When the beer ran out he didn't disap-
point the kiddies who continued to ring
his bell but started handing out cigars.
A policeman hearing of this, came to
check on the "rumor" and, sure enough,
the honor-code-raised Stanford man ad-
mitted gladly that he had given beer to
the tricker-treaters until he had run out
and had then given them cigars.

"But don't you think they're a little
young?" the officer asked him.

"O.K., Chief," he replied. "I'll check
the ID's on the next batch for sure."



There are always stories about Stan-
ford alums circulating around and re-
cently a few cute ones about a well-known
ex-Stanford guard of a couple of years
ago came by. Seems this ex-gridder was
continuing to use his brawn to gain fame
and had become for a time a professional
wrestler. One evening after a televised
bout in Washington the announcer ques-
tioned "our" wrestler as to why in every
bout he had he was cast in the "villain"
role.

"Jeez, I don't know," said he in return.
"I'm really a sweet kid at heart."

Later in the interview, the announcer
asked, "Don, do you have any advice you
could give to the kids out in the audience
who want to succeed in sports?"

"Yeah," he replied after a moment's
consideration. "Cheat at every opportu-
nity."



The prevailing campus spirit brings to
mind the miraculous experience of a
Stanford man at last year's Big Game.
This man, whom we shall call Jones, was
sitting with his date in the very center of
the rooting section, consumed by thirst.
He spotted, far below, a Frozen Orange
salesman. Handing a quarter and a nickle
to the man in front of him, Jones turned

to shout his order to the vendor. But at
that very moment the salesman turned
and walked on, oblivious to Jones' des-
perate cries. He could only look on help-
lessly as his 30¢ wended its way from
hand to hand toward the bottom, where
now were only cheerleaders and pompon
girls. Alas, the Frozen Orange man was
no longer in sight. The 30¢ was pres-
ently swallowed up in the crowd, and de-
jectedly Jones returned his attention to
the ball game.

It was the next quarter, many minutes
later, when Jones' eye glimpsed two
orange juice cartons far below. It seemed
impossible that they could be his, be-
cause they were in the farthest corner of
the section, and going downward instead
of upward. But with desperate hope he
watched them follow their slow, winding
path. Presently their course turned up-
ward and toward him. At times the car-
tons would wander far to one side, falter,
then return and start off in another di-
rection. But ever nearer came the two
cartons, and finally, unbelievably, mi-
raculously, they were placed, soiled and
soggy from their journey, in his trem-
bling hands. At that moment, as a ray of
sunshine burst through the overcast sky,
the roar of the crowd seemed a mighty
hymn, and Jones gave fervent thanks to
that unseen power which guides Frozen
Oranges to their rightful destinations.



In a large lecture class a short while
back the professor described to the class
the behavior of a severely psychopathic
child during his early developmental
years. He told how at the age of two or
three the child had smashed furniture,
beaten on his parents, banged his head
continually against the wall and had
screaming temper tantrums. The little
boy's first day at school, the professor
went on, proved to be his last. He had
been completely uncontrollable, had
fought furiously with the other children,
broken toys, screamed and howled and
ended the day with a flourish by setting
fire to the teacher. As he grew older, the
professor stated, the young psychopath
continued in his delightful ways and was
put in a special home for disturbed chil-
dren. At the home the boy completely
bullied and dominated the other children,
venting his spleen on them continually.
One of his favorite "tricks," described
the professor concluding his example,
was to take goldfish from the school's
aquarium, split them open with a pen-
knife and force the other children to eat
the entrails.

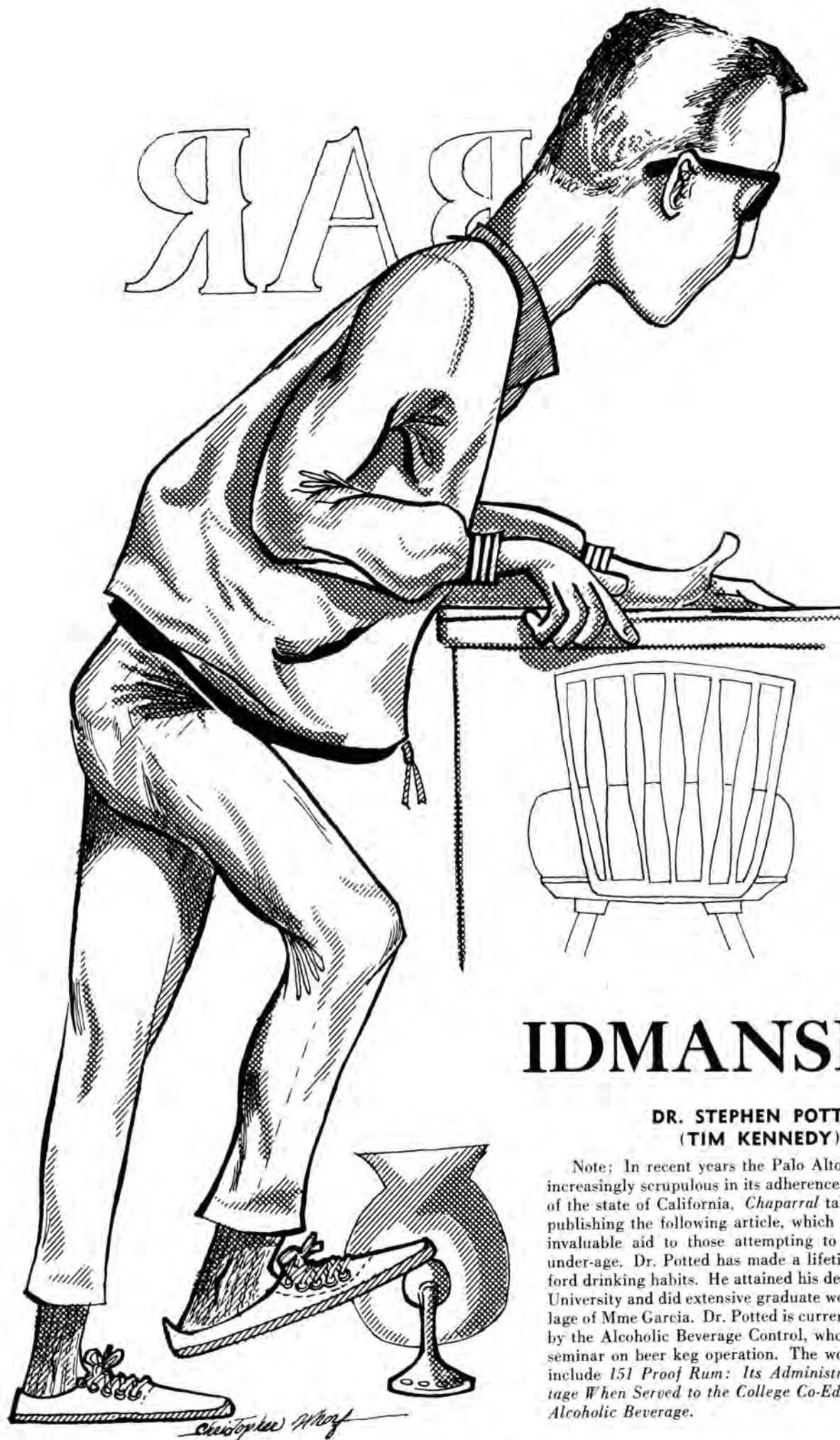
From the back of the class came a
whisper. "God! What an R.F.'er!"

DEAN OF STUDENT
DEAN OF MEN
DEAN OF WOMEN

FABLES



OF THE FARM

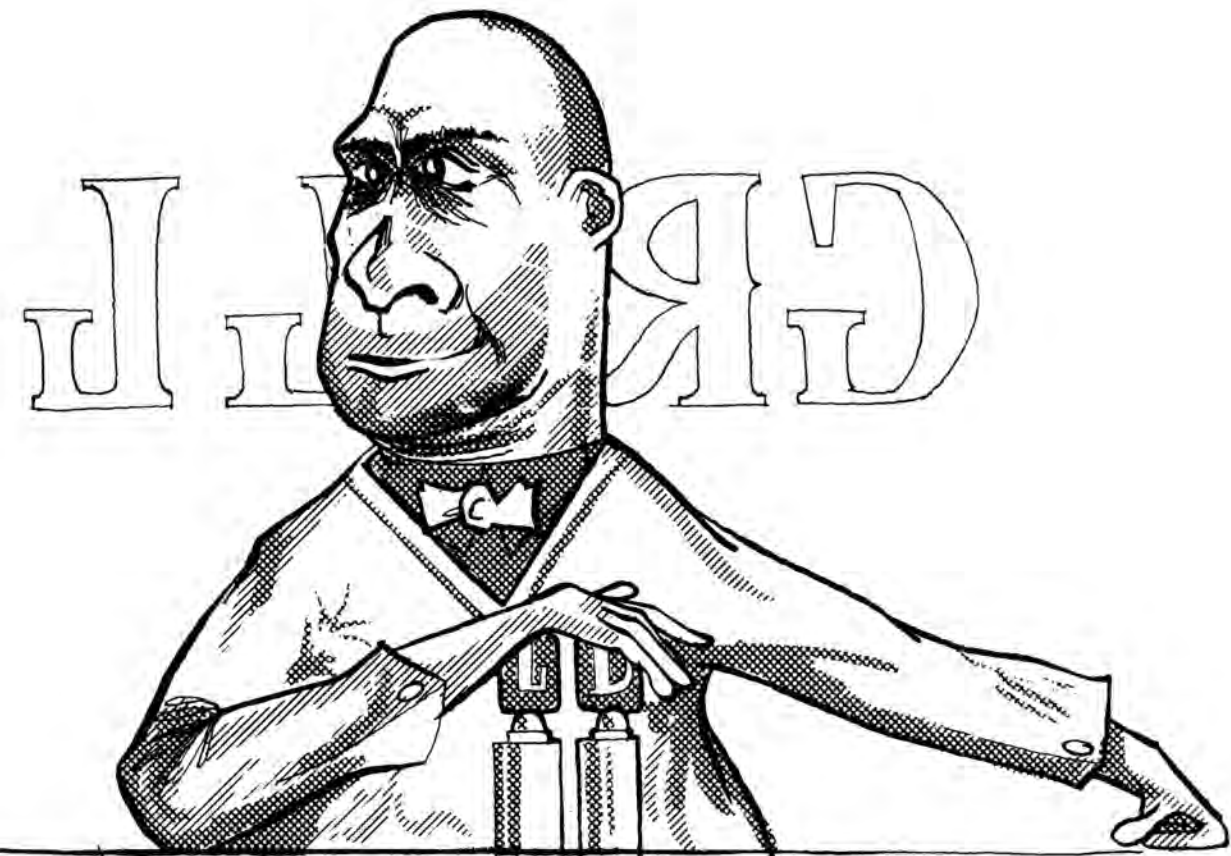


IDMANSHIP

DR. STEPHEN POTTED
(TIM KENNEDY)

Note: In recent years the Palo Alto area has become increasingly scrupulous in its adherence to the liquor laws of the state of California. *Chaparral* takes great pride in publishing the following article, which we feel will be of invaluable aid to those attempting to drink while still under-age. Dr. Potted has made a lifetime study of Stanford drinking habits. He attained his degree at the Alpine University and did extensive graduate work under the tutelage of Mme Garcia. Dr. Potted is currently being honored by the Alcoholic Beverage Control, who attended his last seminar on beer keg operation. The works of Dr. Potted include *151 Proof Rum: Its Administration and Advantage When Served to the College Co-Ed* and *Sterno as an Alcoholic Beverage*.

Christopher Wolf



WHAT IS IDMANSHIP?

IDmanship is, in simple language, the art of convincing those engaged in the sale of alcoholic beverages that one is of legal drinking age. Contrary to popular opinion, the IDman—that is, the practitioner of IDmanship—is essentially ethical and essentially sporting. The IDman will *never* resort to the use of illegal documents; instead the IDman relies solely on the wit and force of his personality to convince his adversary, the bartender, that he should be allowed to drink. What follows is a primer in basic IDmanship and the theories and machinations which control its practice.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CONFIDENCE

The most necessary quality of the good IDman is absolute confidence. Despite the many wiles which the IDman employs, the IDman will never be successful unless he is confident. Once the individual feels he has developed the confidence necessary in all IDmen, he may proceed to the practice of the most rudimentary of all IDmanship techniques, the *Established Customer Ploy*. It is the purpose of this technique to persuade the bartender that one is a steady patron of his establishment, in fact an *established customer* and hence of unquestionable legal age. Note that despite the rather obvious nature of the technique, the absolute confidence of the IDman makes the ploy successful.

(Student enters beer hall; there is one bartender.)
 IDman: One pitcher of light.
 Bartender: Let's see your ID.
 IDman: My ID? Why?
 Bartender: I want to see if you are twenty-one.
 IDman: I haven't shown my ID here since I graduated three years ago. Say, who the hell are you?
 Bartender (taken aback): I'm one of the owners.
 IDman: Do you work here all the time? I've never seen you.
 Bartender (ill at ease): Well, I just sort of fill in now and then, you know. . . .
 IDman: Where is the other fellow? You know (gesturing enigmatically) . . . uh . . . what's his name?

Bartender (now anxious to be of help): Charley?
 IDman: Yeah; Charley. I owe him two bucks from our dice game last night. When is he coming around?
 Bartender: He'll be here in a couple hours (moving toward taps). Say, was that dark or light?
 The lessons of this example are obvious. First, note the skillful way in which the bartender is put on the defensive by the question "Who the hell are you?" An important axiom of IDmanship is *always make the bartender feel uncomfortable*. This can be accomplished with many abrupt phrases. Among the most popular are: "You have egg on your chin," "My God, this place is filthy," "Your fly is unzipped," and "My, your ears are dirty." Second, note the use of beer hall technology: "One pitcher of light." Third, note the amount of calculated risk which the IDman takes in asking for the second bartender, Charley, whom he wasn't sure existed. Finally, notice that the IDman displays an impeccable confidence. In IDmanship there can be no backing down, no hesitation of answers, even when the IDman is being scrutinized by the most suspicious of bartenders. To develop this absolute confidence the novice IDman would do well to *lie to his friends at every opportunity*. In doing this the novice IDman will become so accustomed to lying and to defending his lies that he will not quail before any bartender.

THE BANJO CASE GAMBIT

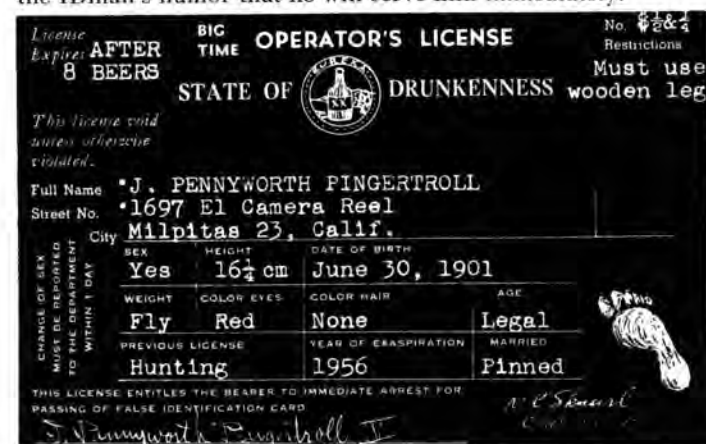
Once the IDman has mastered the *Established Customer Ploy* he may attempt one of the classic variations of it—the *Banjo Case Gambit*. It is the purpose of this ruse to convince the checker of identification, not that one is an established customer of the establishment, but that one is *actually in the employ* of the beer hall where the IDman intends to drink. Because of the peculiar nature of this ploy, it should only be attempted in a large beer hall where a functionary is stationed at the door to check identification. Once the IDman is safely inside, his age is no longer questioned. The *Banjo Case Gambit* is accomplished in the following manner: The IDman equips himself (see figures 1 and 2) with, one, a straw hat; two, a sleeve garter; three, a book of raunchy songs; and, four,

a banjo case. It is irrelevant whether or not the banjo case contains a banjo.

Upon entry into the beer hall (which preferably should be very crowded), the IDman does not give the ID checker a chance to ask for his identification. Instead, the IDman rushes past the checker and says, "I'm the new man. I'm sorry I'm late. I'll start playing right away!" In the vast majority of the cases, the ID checker will not want to admit that he did not know a new banjo player had been hired, or, in the case that no music is played at all in the beer hall, that a banjo was to be played at all. If the IDman makes his entrance swiftly and appears to be genuinely worried about being late for his banjo engagement, his ploy will succeed. The *Banjo Case Gambit* is made even more effective if the IDman can actually play a tune on the instrument. In the probable event that he only knows one song, he should play it very loud immediately upon his arrival and then feign a broken finger to discourage any further requests.*

OTHER ACCEPTED METHODS

Another favorite artifice of the IDman is the *Flagrantly Fake Identification* ruse. In this maneuver the IDman produces a comically written false driver's license (see figure 3) when questioned about his age. If the IDman shows a proper amount of aplomb, the bartender will be so overcome with the IDman's humor that he will serve him immediately.



An almost infallible technique, a popular corollary to the familiar *Established Customer Ploy*, is the *Beer Pitcher Convention*. In this maneuver, the IDman slips unobtrusively into the beer hall equipped with his own beer pitcher. The IDman will find it easy to borrow a small amount of beer from one of the patrons, and, with his pitcher partially full, he goes to the bar and asks for "another pitcher of beer." The bartender will naturally assume that the IDman has already had his ID checked and has been served, and will draw the beer without the slightest question. Some IDmen become so proficient at the *Beer Pitcher Convention* that they not only bring their own beer pitchers, but introduce into the pitcher some foreign object such as a mouse, beetle, or June bug. They indignantly protest to the bartender that their beer has been contaminated, and are thereby rewarded with a free pitcher. The sole drawback to this maneuver is that the establishment becomes annoyed if the IDman attempts to leave with the pitcher he entered with. The IDman must, therefore, be pre-

* It should be noted here that one of the nation's foremost IDmen, Harold Hardboozler, utilized the *Banjo Case Gambit* many times with a great deal of success. He came to ruin, however, when he attempted to smuggle in a date, whom he carried inside a bass fiddle case. As he was entering the beer hall, the case open and dumped the unfortunate girl into the lap of an ABC man.

pared to sacrifice one pitcher each time the *Beer Pitcher Convention* is used.

A highly specialized technique recommended for only the more accomplished IDman is the *Foreign Student Ruse*. This technique calls for a turban, a flowing robe, a false mustache and beard, a tan complexion, and a small knowledge of catchy Hindu and Sanskrit phrases. It is the aim of the IDman to convince the bartender that he is an exchange student, possibly one investigating the possibilities of a *Stanford in Burma* program. The IDman should order his beverage in the thickest accent possible and, upon the slightest hesitation on the part of the bartender, should begin gesturing wildly and screaming his Hindu or Sanskrit. The bartender will become so embarrassed and self-conscious that he will serve the IDman with no further question. The *Foreign Student Ruse* has a set of corollaries known as the *Variations on the Disguise Theme*. In these methods the IDman dons apparel appropriate to the occasion. One popular variation is the *Santa Claus Corollary*, a ploy which can only be effectively executed at Christmas time. The IDman should secure the uniform of a department store Santa Claus, enter the bar in this uniform and tell the bartender, immediately after ordering his drink, about the "damn sloppy kids who wipe their noses on my beard." It must be warned that it is possible to carry the *Disguise Variations* too far. One overzealous IDman disguised himself as the Easter bunny. He was initially successful; however, when he became inebriated and began to hide the bartender's hard-boiled eggs he was found out and turned over to the police.

A final and rather questionable tactic of the IDman is known as the *Brown Your Buddy* method. The IDman finds a bar where there are other minors drinking. He then confidentially tells the bartender, "Say, I know those kids over there aren't twenty-one." The bartender will check the ID's of the persons indicated by the IDman, but will not suspect the IDman's own age to be under twenty-one. As effective as this method proves to be, it is essentially unsportsmanlike, and therefore not representative of the innately sporting nature which is the hallmark of the IDman. Its ideal use is restricted to the case of a studly-type minor who might begin to hustle your date if you did not cause him to be removed.

As a final piece of advice, it is suggested that if all above tactics fail, the reader should go to his faculty adviser and explain his problem. He should tell his faculty adviser that he wants to drink and doesn't know where to go. The adviser will know where to send him. He will send him to a place where everyone drinks, where everyone is happy, and where no one studies. He will expel him and send him to Cal.



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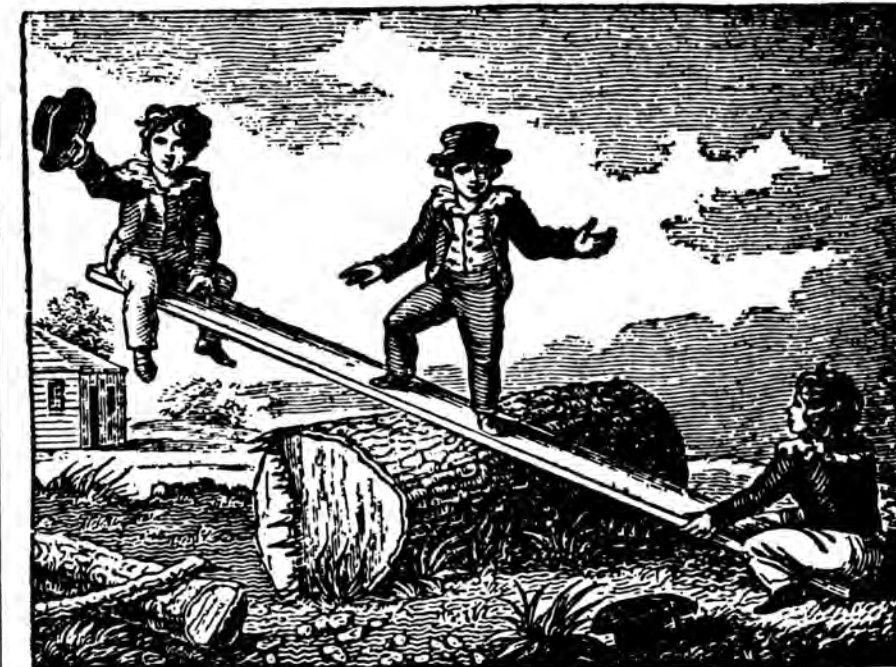


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the old boy presents
the Gaieties Queen's Court and . . .



MARY LANE FITCH



CAROL SPAULDING



CHRIS LINDSAY

For the first time in quite a while, Ram's Head has selected from its Gaieties cast a queen—and not only a queen, but a court of lovelies to keep her company. The Old Boy heard of this and sent over a photographer to take advantage of such a collection of attractive females. For such an occasion not just any old photographer would do, and the Ancient One was most happy to enlist Mr. Roland Quintero, who offered to handle the whole thing from posing the girls to handing the finished prints to our photography editor, Charles Landis, who assisted him here and there. We think that Mr. Quintero did an excellent job (with the material he had to work with, how could he miss?).

Now those girls:

Chris Lindsay is a featured dancer in the show. She is also the featured attraction in the office of Dean Alway at the Medical Center, where she is a receptionist.

Carol Gardner is a dancer. She is also a sophomore who lives in Lagunita and doesn't know what she is majoring in.

Cookie Kason is a dancer. She is in speech and drama and has appeared in both the 1955 and 1956 Gaieties and in the 1957 Spring Show, "Out of This World."

Mary Lane Fitch is a dancer (this is getting monotonous—can't any of these girls sing, or something?). Believe it or not, she is a senior at Los Altos High School. Unfortunately for the Farm, she plans to go on to Cal at Santa Barbara when she is graduated.

Carol Spaulding is, oddly enough, a dancer. She is a junior and appears through the courtesy of Florence Moore Hall.

The Queen is a freshman from Roble Hall—before that, from Texas. She is a pre-med who loves to dance. By a strange coincidence, she graces the Gaieties stage as a dancer. We are told that she is an excellent conversationalist. We are also told that her vital statistics are 35-24-35, and it is left to the reader to decide the relative merits of these two bits of information. Her name is on the next page, but for those of you who can't wait to read it, it is *Toni Williamson*.

photography by Roland Quintero Studios
378 Waverley Street
DA 1-2803



COOKIE KASON

CAROL GARDNER

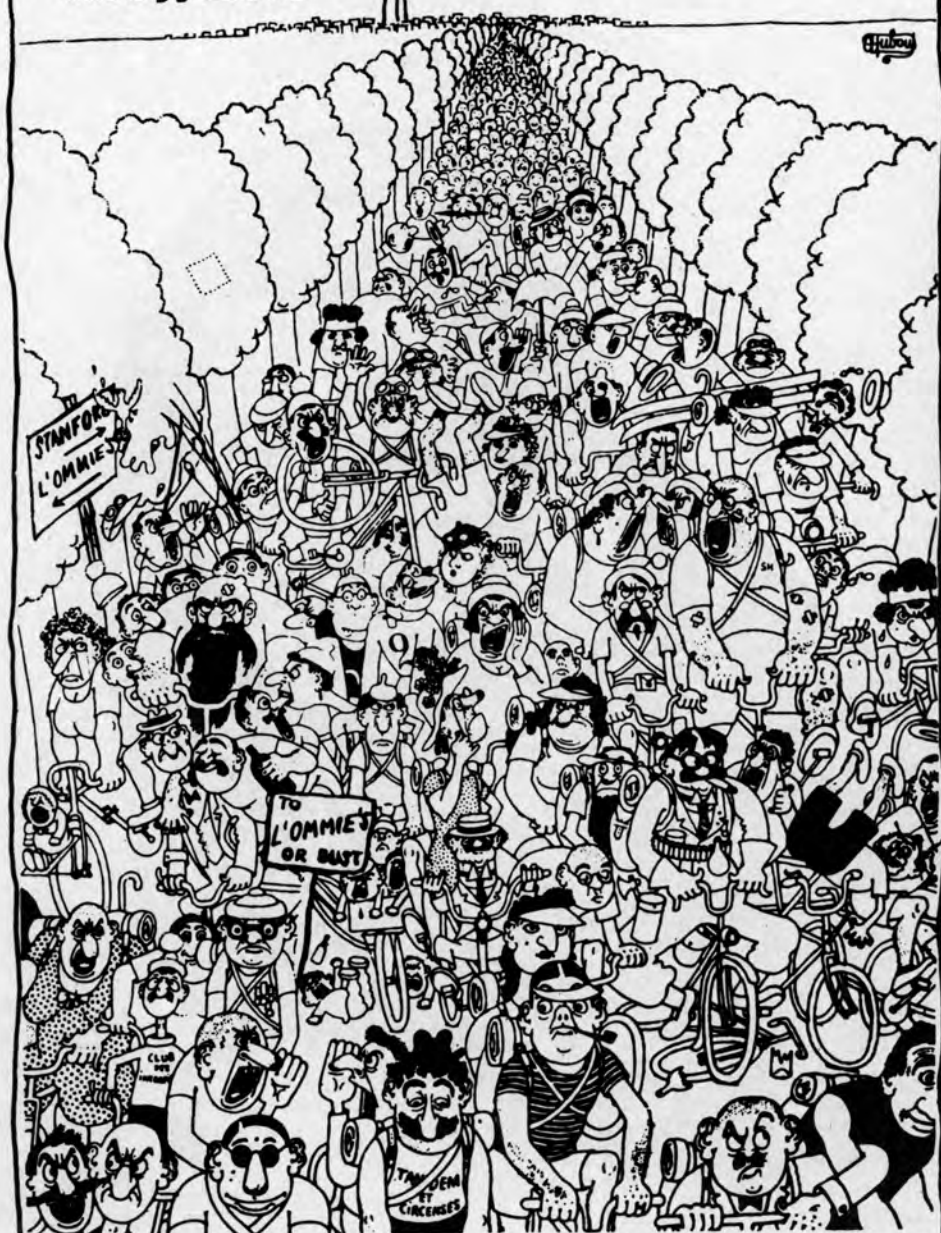


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YELLS AND SONGS OF THE STANFORD INDIAN

by JOHN FRANKENSTEIN

Now that we are all back to school and now that the football season is upon us, we should all be very happy. And if not happy, at least content.

During the football season one is quite apt to hear, on a Saturday afternoon, strange and wondrous noises coming from the general vicinity of the Stadium. These are the yells and songs of the Stanford Indian. And forthwith are a few histories of these paeans.

YELLS

The "Go, Go, Go" yell was Stanford's first yell. Senator Stanford once remarked that it was his favorite cheer. When asked why he liked it he replied that it sounded like a locomotive.

The "Axe" Yell, contrary to popular belief, was not first uttered by that intrepid young woman who smuggled the Axe from Berkeley to San Francisco on a ferry boat, the Axe being hidden beneath her skirts. However, it is believed that the girl had a few things to say about the experience. Actually, the "Axe" yell is an adaptation of a yell written by L. C. Bowen, this original yell having been written when Bowen was a pledge on the Row and was going through Hell Week. Authoritative sources give the impression that the yell was at first rather obscene.

T. J. Smith, originator of the Stanford Spell, got his inspiration for it one warm day in Spring Quarter in an English "A" class. The yell was approved by the Dean of Students because it showed that Stanford students could spell, an evidence of the education they were receiving. This is the primary function of the yell today.

The "Skyrocket" cheer was written by a graduate student in aeronautical engineering and was first delivered by him in a section he led. A less chauvinistic engineer introduced it to the public at a Big Game when an unfortunate from Cal was rolled up the cheering section. Needless to say, this yell was a hit from the very beginning.

An English Lit major was the author of the "Kreegar" yell. As the story goes, he was dropped by his department because of this. The student, E. R. Burroughs II, left the school angrily saying something about family ties, and later went on to Hollywood where he became quite famous for some reason or other.

The "Enunciate" yell has origins which are very obscure, but has a purpose that is not. It is used when the opposition has yelled something that is undistinguishable. Unfortunately, this yell is fairly incoherent itself.

SONGS

The tune for the "Alma Mater" was originally for a French wenching song of the Middle Ages. The lyrics were written in the last part of the 19th century, a Middle Ages of a sort. It is believed that the wenching song had a faster tempo.

The Stanford Fight Song was composed by a group of students in the middle of Quad under a full moon. Inspiration apparently was a Branner girl.

The Stanford Drinking song emerged fully grown from a party given in the hills that are now Los Altos, which is the way it should be.



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The chariot stopped and the hitchhiker climbed in. As the driver lashed the horses he handed the hitchhiker a bottle, saying, "Want a drink?"
 "Sure," said the h.h., but upon seeing the whiskey was "Old Uncle Hattlet's Apple Orchard Squeezings," he coughed and said, "On second thought, maybe I'd better not. I've got a bad throat."
 The driver whipped out a dagger and pointed it, saying, "Oh, yes, you're going to have a drink."
 The hitchhiker gulped, tilted the bottle and forced down a big swallow. As he sputtered and wheezed, the driver said happily, "Now you hold the knife on me while I take a drink."



"...and here's one for the J.V. middle-linebacker ..."



"Why aren't WE on the cover?"



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The house guests were assembled with their hosts in the living room after dinner, chatting pleasantly, when the five-year-old daughter of the house appeared suddenly in the room, her clothes dripping wet with water. She could scarcely articulate, so great was her emotion, and her parents rose in consternation as she entered. "You . . . you," the little girl babbled, pointing to the male of the house guests. "You are the one who left the seat up."

"What d'ya mean uncouth?" shouted the engineer to his sweetheart.
"Don't I take you to the opera, ballet, flower show, and all that garbage?"



"After that football game, I don't have much more to say."



"... and here's one for the pompon girls . . ."



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THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

Bernard Shaw spins like a top when Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas get hold of the Hollywood version of his play. If United Artists could have signed Victor Mature for it, they'd have an Oscar for sure. Laurence Olivier as General Burgoyne is Laurence Olivier, but he has been better.

Shaw could have told you that the story is set in New Hampshire in 1777, but he might have had a little trouble predicting after that. Burt Lancaster is a pastor, for God's sake, but pretty soon he wishes he wasn't. The British are awfully nasty to him, and Kirk Douglas starts fooling around with the poor guy's wife.

The whole thing is pretty discouraging, and the costumes and sets look like something from one of those Erpi Classroom Films about *Our Pilgrim Fathers*. The only outstanding thing in the whole movie is the brilliant characterization by Peter Lorre, who is magnificent as Doodles Weaver and Spike Jones.

P.S.—Burgoyne should have won.

THE FBI STORY

They were undismayed when the movers came for the furniture . . .

Here's one movie with everything—from scheming foreigners right down to J. Edgar Hoover, with Love, Justice and Jimmy Stewart somewhere in between. We follow Stewart, as Chip Hardesty of the FBI, from the beginnings of the Bureau through to the rosy, glorious *now* of it. Jimmy joins the FBI and then marries Lucy Ballard (played by Vera Miles [played by Jerry Collonna]), who wants only what her husband wants, but would be just as happy if it wasn't the FBI.

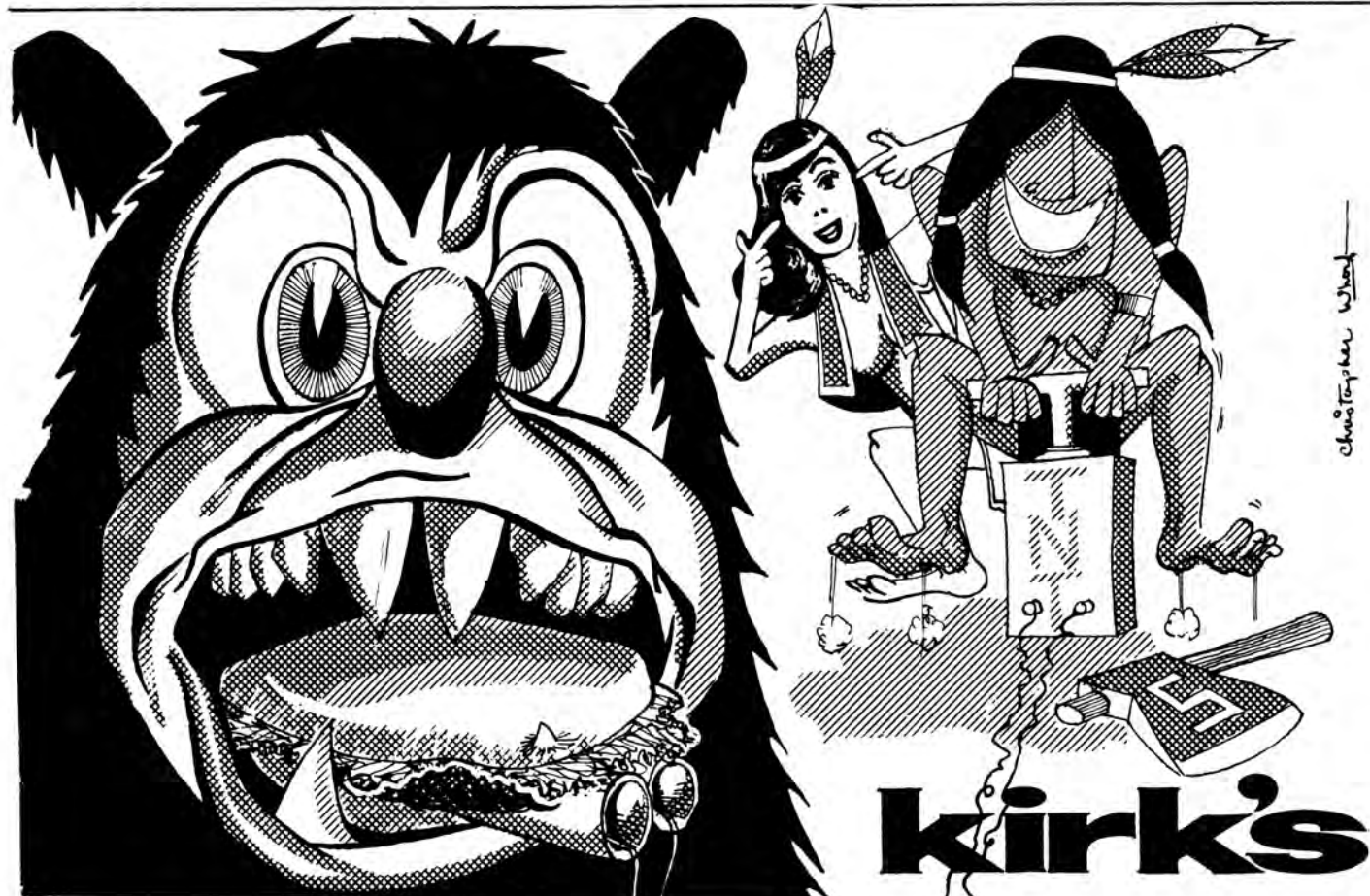
Jimmy rides against the Ku Klux Klan, gets himself committed to an insane asylum (I figured that was ball game for the Eagle of Hollywood and got up to go, but my date grabbed me by my scarf and told me to sit down and stop being a fool. I sat down, but she didn't get any loving that night), just to prove one of the inmates was faking it (you're not safe anywhere), and then heads for Oklahoma, where he gets the goods on some guy who is going around blowing up Indians (I'm not kidding).

At this point, Congress authorizes the FBI to carry arms. Like a kid with a new toy, Jimmy goes out and shoots it up with such people as Baby Face Nelson, John Dillinger and Pretty Boy Floyd. Lucy (Jerry Collonna) objects to all this gunplay, and, in an attempt to convey her feelings to Stewart, she leaves him flat. She comes back in a few months, though, and as they clinch, the movers enter to take all the furniture to Washington, D.C. The whole movie is like that.

Ma Barker, Machine-Gun Kelly—all fall before the intrepid Chip Hardesty and the rest of the G-men. But the FBI never rests for long—war descends upon the world, and to J. Edgar Hoover and Chip Hardesty, Hitler, Mussolini and the bunch are just another bunch of criminals to get. They get 'em.

A dead comrade's son marries Jimmy's daughter, Jimmy's own boy comes back from the Marines minus a leg, and Jimmy tracks down some dirty Commies—all this after the war. This could be described in more detail, but one can only laugh so long at a police state.

P.S.—*Dragnet* is better, and it doesn't last as long.



"Zelda, won't you please go with me? We're going to have limousines and a DC-6 and a hunting lodge and twenty cases of Cutty Sark . . ."

"Cutty Sark?"

"Yes, and a chef from Trader Vic's and Turk Murphy and Chet Baker and Herman the Hunkie and his Schottish Five . . ."

"Herman the Hunkie?"

"Yes, and a bohemian-type who reads poetry and a real-live dancing bear."

"A dancing bear?"

"Yes."

"How much is this going to cost me?"

"Just five dollars."

"Just five, you say? You seem to forget that you're asking me to go out with you."

"All right then, I'll pay your way too, but please go with me—please?"

"Very well, then, I'll go with you. But if there's just one thing you've named left out from the party, it'll be just too bad for you."

"It'll all be there—you'll see. We'll have a real good time, honest we will."

"We'd better, boy!"

"We will—I'll pick you up right after the game, okay?"

"All right—good bye."

click

a date ive got a date but at what a price a date never be able to hold my head up again but a date the overnight a date date city but with zelda i swore id never but desperate itll be all right well have a good time sure how could we miss yeah a date

"Say, Ed, I got a date to the overnight finally!"

"Oh, I've been meaning to tell you about that. Glad you reminded me—there've been some minor changes in the plans."

"Changes? In the plans?"

"Yeah. Buzz's friend thought we meant the weekend following Big Game weekend instead of the weekend following Big Game."

"So?"

"So we have the hunting lodge for the weekend after Big Game weekend and we can't get the lodge for Big Game because they've already rented it to a Sunday-school group from Oswego."

"Well, can't we make do with what's left? The plane, the Cutty Sark, all the other stuff?"

"No plane—the guy's DC-6 got swiped, too late to line up another one . . . the guy from North Beach got a job with an advertising company and he has to work weekends . . . the chef from Trader Vic's misplaced his recipe book, so he can't cook for us . . . Herman the Hunkie says his boys can't play a stand in the North Woods—something about the union . . . and the dancing bear has rheumatism."

"Oh? But . . ."

"So we made a few substitutions!!"

"Substitutions, you say?"

"Yeah!! One of the guys knows a guy who has an apartment out in East Paly and I'll bring my Belafonte records and Sam will bring his record player and we'll get a couple cases of Schlitz and we'll roast wieners and marshmallows over the stove with our dates and we'll dance and community sing and we'll just have a good time!!"

"But . . ."

"Except that we have to be out of there by twelve because his landlady has a strict rule about parties after midnight and we'll have to keep it quiet because we're upstairs over the police station."

"How much will this set-up cost?"

"Ten."

"Ten dollars a couple for that?"

"No, ten dollars apiece—Buzz couldn't get us a discount for any of this stuff."

date zelda no dancing bear no cutty sark east paly zelda oh god shell kill me no herman the hunkie oops he missed me zelda no overnight that one missed me too ten dollars apiece schlitz yet oh god no wierdy from the beach that one swerved just in time too whod have thought it was this hard to get hit by a car on bayshore bloody bayshore ha maybe if i lie down they wont see me so well lie across the white line thats the ticket no dc-6 roast wieners over the stove here comes one oh he changed lanes out by midnight oh god zelda hates me ah here comes one doesnt see me a nash beggars cant be choosers doesnt see me here he comes ah amaz



"Let's get one thing straight! This will not be a snap course!"



Dubank

—Ranger G. SHELTON

RIB TICKLERS

Orange Peel

"Could I have a naphin?"

"That's my dog Tige" —Harlequin

"If one wishes to dispute a point in this class, the correct procedure is to raise one's hand!"



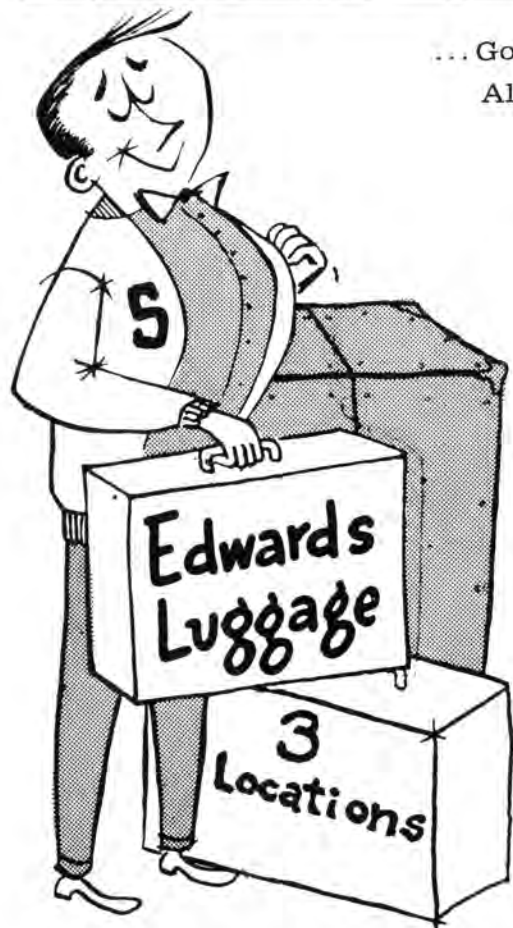
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Hearing that his friend Pat was seriously ill, Mike went to see him. He climbed up the little attic stairs to where Pat lived and found him looking very sick.

"Cheer up, me boy!" urged Mike. "You'll be up on yer feet and around as usual soon. Yer good for another fifty years."

Thus Mike continued to cheer his friend. After a while he bade him farewell and started down the stairs, but as he did he bumped his head on the low ceiling.

"Faith!" he exclaimed. "How'll they ever git the corpse out o' this place?"

He rounded a bend at close to forty. A sudden skid and the car overturned. They found themselves sitting together, unhurt, alongside the completely smashed car. He put his arm around her waist, but she drew away.

"It's all very nice," she sighed, "but wouldn't it have been easier to run out of gas?"

I think Jim and Sally were the cutest couple on the floor last night.

Oh, did you go to a dance?

No, a fraternity party!



"... and here's one for the team managers ..."



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The Wise Man Of Peace

by REX BURNS

For as long as I can remember, Pepe Villegas and Juan Arranjuez have been rivals. And I suppose that when they die, each one will even try to stay longer in purgatory than the other. But I should tell you who I am, for there is as much to doubt in the word of a stranger as in the word of a townsman, as the saying is. My name is Sabio Plácido, and as my name indicates, I am a very wise and very peaceful man. I should be, for I have been to secondary school in the United States, in San Ysidro. There is a Catholic school there, and I could tell you many interesting and informative tales about it and the Norteamericanos, but let it suffice to say that I have had a higher education than the rest of the people in Santo Tomás. That is why I know so much about the rivalry of Pepe and Juan: they always wanted me to judge their contests. Though I do sometimes feel as if my education were being wasted by being judge for them, for they don't need a wise man as much as they need a sharp eyed boy to see that the other isn't cheating.

I remember when we were small and naked, the three of us ran through the streets of the town together. It was always Pepe, Juan and Sabio; and always for the same reason: Pepe and Juan trying to outdo each other, and I, the wise man of peace even then, was the judge to see which one was better. Fortunately for us all (and due partly to my natural diplomacy) most of the contests ended in a draw. However, it was a fact that Pepe was the better horseman, and Juan the better shot with the carbine. In everything else, cards, choosing the winning cock, judging horses, fighting, making love, climbing, tracking, casting dice; in anything else you can think of, they were equal. They were even equal in age, being born on the same day and precisely the same minute. (I am a week older than they are, and that naturally accounts for my being the wisest of the trio.)

I will never forget the one time that they wanted me to judge the tree climbing contest. There were two trees near the old Olivares well, both exactly the same height, and both straight and tall. They chose their trees and climbed to the top and tied strips of cloth on the topmost branches. Then, when I said "go," they scampered up the trees as fast as they could, and ripped down the cloth. Then they yelled down to me to say who was the winner. Unfortunately, I hadn't been watching too attentively, and the race was so close that I wasn't sure who won. So I told them. Again they tied the rags to the trees, again they climbed up as fast as mortals could, and again I was not sure. I must admit that the devil was prompting me to be uncertain, for it was quite humorous to see the two sweating, scratched and thoroughly angry boys panting and gasping as they heaved themselves up through the thick branches like the shadows of two monkeys. It took six tries before I could judge a winner, and as they climbed, or rather slumped, down the trees, and lay spreadeagled to get their breath. I gave them my judgment: the contest had been a tie! Needless to say, they were slightly aggravated at this judgment, but I stood firm, as they were too weak to reason with me physically. While they trudged back to Santo Tomás, almost sick with exertion and with their clothes torn, I did the best I could to cheer them up with songs and jokes. I felt fine, but they didn't seem to appreciate my spirit.

I am somewhat ashamed to admit it, but I used to get great pleasure out of watching the two of them almost kill themselves for some petty reason, and then calling the contest

a draw, no matter who won. But I would not show my enjoyment, as they might have become aware of my little humorism. Though lately I have had a suspicion that they knew what I was about.

However, all of this is not furthering the tale that I wish to tell you. The tale being about the time that they both fell in love with Maria Luisa Sanchez, the daughter of the apothecary.

Maria Luisa Sanchez was a few years younger than the three of us, and it wasn't until we were well beyond the age of puberty that Pepe and Juan began to take notice of her. Juan was the first one to pay any attention to her, but naturally it wasn't many days until Pepe found out about Juan's new girl friend and began to cover her with attention himself. Personally, I had always thought that Maria was too talkative, too much aware that her father was an apothecary, and showed too great a tendency toward obesity to be much of a woman for any man. She also had a nose that pointed toward her chin, which I disliked greatly, and an insatiable sweet tooth for the homemade sugar candy that her father sold in his store. Besides, she had a brother who was next in line for her father's store, and therefore no dowry worth speaking of. All in all, I didn't see anything in her to excite the lowest dog of the village. But one man's salt is another man's sugar, as the saying is, and Pepe and Juan began to cut mean eyes toward each other whenever Maria was mentioned. It didn't take anyone half as wise as myself to see that a contest of some sort was coming up.

Days and weeks went by, but still no contest of any sort was brought before me to judge. Juan and Pepe still looked at each other with narrowed eyes and spoke the most polite Spanish to each other. But oddly enough, I didn't mind at all. I knew I couldn't judge this contest a tie as bigamy is a sin. And besides, I was beginning to find in Maria that which excited Pepe and Juan.

It is a well known fact to any wise man, such as I, that if one person becomes intrigued about a thing, a second person will cultivate an interest in that thing even though he would ordinarily ignore it. He would become especially interested if either a rival or person whose judgment he respected were interested in that thing. "That thing" in this case being Maria Luisa Sanchez. The more I watched the rivalry between Pepe and Juan for the affections of Maria, the more admirable qualities I found in her. After all, it is not really bad if a woman is a bit talkative, for they all are; and if one talks a bit more than the rest, it merely means that she will always have news to impart to her husband. I, myself, was quite proud of the fact that my father owned his tuna boat, so there was no reason to dislike Maria's pride in her father's profession. And as for her nose pointing toward her chin, none of us are perfect; I have a chin that points toward my nose. Although it would have been nice if Maria could have inherited the apothecary shop, I was next in line for my father's tuna boat, so a large dowry wasn't necessary. In short, I found myself becoming very fond of Maria Luisa Sanchez.

But the more fond I became of her, the more fond Pepe and Juan became. Weeks and even months went by, and the three of us were at an impasse, though of course Pepe and Juan didn't know of my affection for Maria Luisa. Finally, one night at the Cantina Babalu, things came to a head.

"Juan," I heard Pepe say through the mutter of a dozen card players, "you and I are both affectionate for Maria Luisa Sanchez." I felt my heart pause as if a cold hand were holding it. I wanted to say that I, too, held Maria in great affection, and that I, too, had been talking to her on



moonlight nights when they were watching each other to see that the other didn't sneak over to see her. But I held my tongue, for, after all, I am the wise man of peace.

"Yes, Pepe," answered Juan. "I know; and the months have passed since we both began to feel this affection. A decision must be reached." So this was it! Tonight they were going to decide who was going to marry Maria, my Maria.

"Hey, Sabio! Come over here and judge this contest!" Juan beckoned to me, and, with feet as heavy as my heart, I went over to their table to supervise the rummy game that was to decide who would marry Maria Luisa.

Everyone in the cantina had become quiet, and silently, quickly, the space around the table of the two antagonists was filled with curious faces. It became oppressively hot; I could feel the sweat start out of the pores on my forehead and run down the creases beside my nose. I wondered if the rest of the people were as nervous as I.

It was my place to cut the cards and deal them to each man. I did so, my mind working with such haste as only the mind of an intelligent and well educated man can. I had to find some way of getting out of the cantina and asking Maria to marry me before either Juan or Pepe won her.

The first hand was played out, and Juan led by twelve points. I was becoming desperate. After every hand I had to see that the deck was properly shuffled and dealt. I mentally tore my hair for a chance to escape.

Another hand was played through, and this time Pepe gained fifteen points. The first one to reach one hundred was the future husband of Maria. I had to find a way to get to her before the winner of this anti-Christ card game did. Finally I felt nature taking its course due to my nervousness, and with the inspiration that can only come to a mind worthy of receiving it, I saw my escape.

"My friends," I said, "excuse me for the next hand, I must answer the call of nature. "Here," I beckoned to one of the men pressing around the table, "take my place as a fair and impartial judge." Then, as if no cunning were in my head, I strolled out the back door, whistling between my teeth to show one and all that there was no pressure of any kind on me.

It took me about two minutes to run to Maria's house and about a minute more to ask her to elope with me. Oddly enough, it took her much less than a minute to make up her mind, and soon the two of us were galloping out of town toward El Alamo to find the priest there and be married.

Maria Luisa Plácido and myself had an extended honeymoon of about two weeks. It took that long for me to feel safe enough to venture back to Santo Tomás, for, after all, I am a peaceable man. But we did go back, Maria and I, and moved into a little house near the bay. This was about six years ago. In the intervening time I have become a much wiser man than I ever dreamed I would be. Maria never stops talking, she never lets me forget that an apothecary is higher on the social ladder than a tuna fisherman, she never stops having children, and she has tripled in girth. I dislike her nose that points toward her chin, and she makes it quite plain that she dislikes my chin pointing toward my nose (although I have been told that my chin is very "conquistadorish").

Every now and then I run into Pepe and Juan. They never ask me to be the judge of any more of their contests. They never have any more contests. They are the best of friends. There is one thing that bothers me though, whenever I see them: they always ask me how Maria Luisa is getting along, and in their eyes, which sparkle like twin fountains of secret mirth, they seem to be laughing at me.



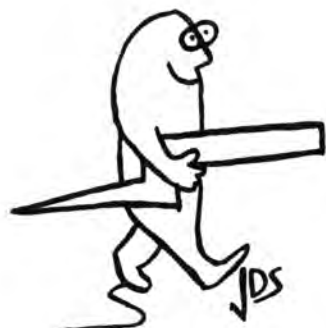
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—Lampoon

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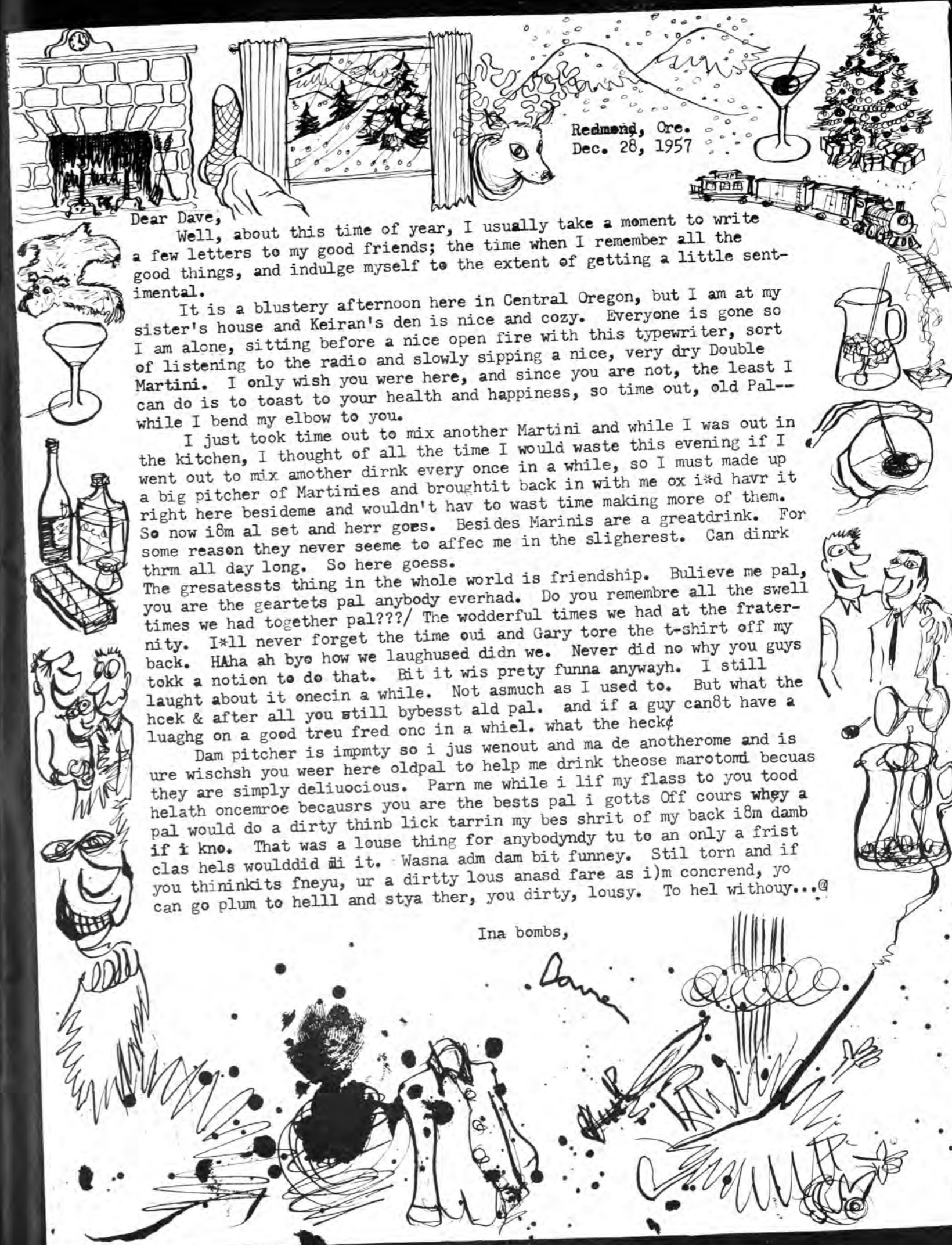
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Redmond, Ore.
Dec. 28, 1957

Dear Dave,
Well, about this time of year, I usually take a moment to write a few letters to my good friends; the time when I remember all the good things, and indulge myself to the extent of getting a little sentimental.

It is a blustery afternoon here in Central Oregon, but I am at my sister's house and Keiran's den is nice and cozy. Everyone is gone so I am alone, sitting before a nice open fire with this typewriter, sort of listening to the radio and slowly sipping a nice, very dry Double Martini. I only wish you were here, and since you are not, the least I can do is to toast to your health and happiness, so time out, old Pal-- while I bend my elbow to you.

I just took time out to mix another Martini and while I was out in the kitchen, I thought of all the time I would waste this evening if I went out to mix another drink every once in a while, so I must made up a big pitcher of Martinies and brought it back in with me so I'd have it right here beside me and wouldn't have to waste time making more of them. So now I'm all set and here goes. Besides Martinis are a great drink. For some reason they never seem to affect me in the slightest. Can drink them all day long. So here goes.

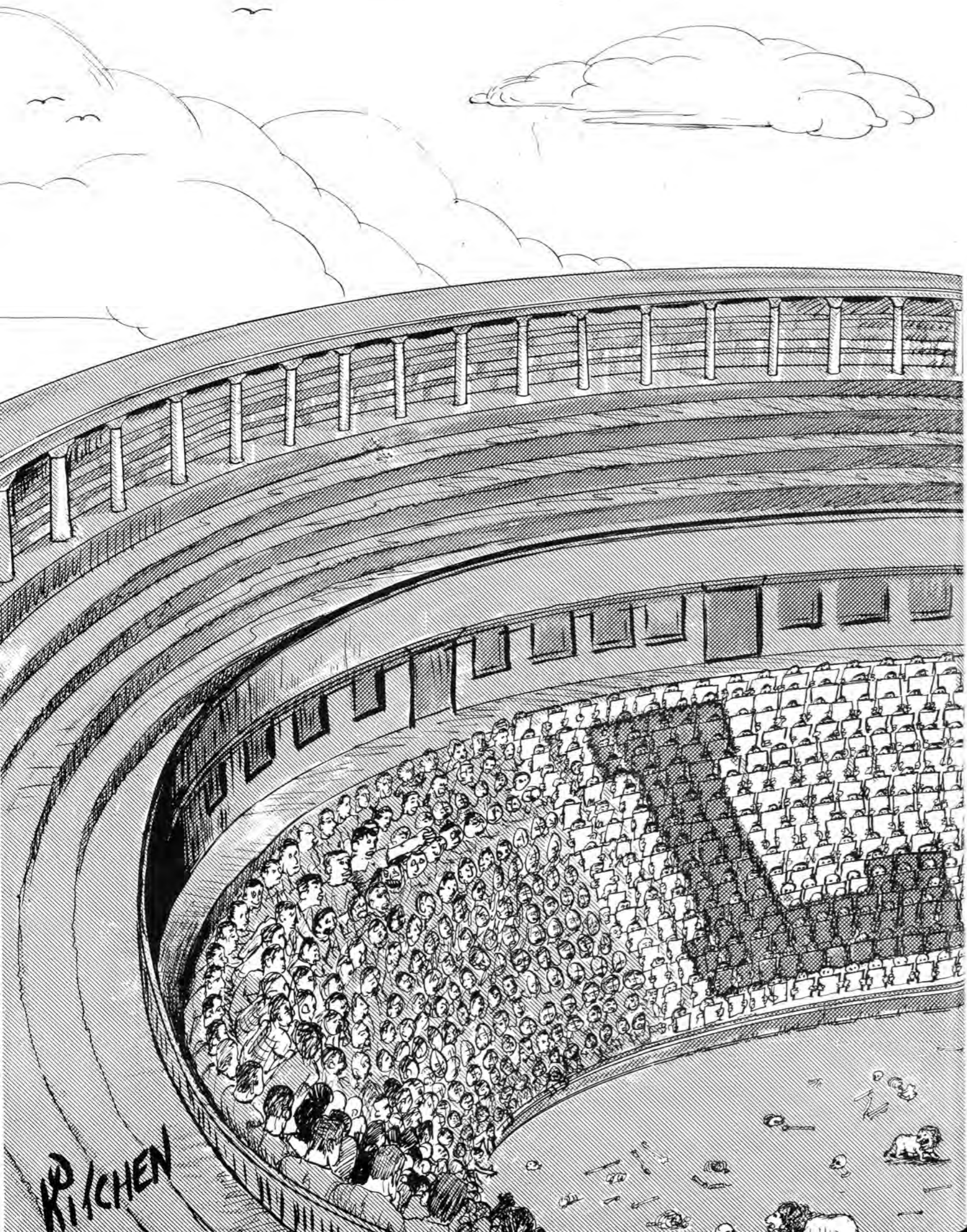
The greatest thing in the whole world is friendship. Believe me pal, you are the greatest pal anybody ever had. Do you remember all the swell times we had together pal???/ The wonderful times we had at the fraternity. I'll never forget the time you and Gary tore the t-shirt off my back. HAha ah bye how we laughed didn't we. Never did no why you guys took a notion to do that. But it was pretty funny anyway. I still laugh about it once in a while. Not as much as I used to. But what the heck & after all you still byesst old pal. and if a guy can't have a laugh on a good true friend once in a while, what the heck?

That pitcher is empty so I just went out and made another one and is sure wish you were here old pal to help me drink these martinis because they are simply delicious. Parn me while I lift my glass to you too. A health oncemore because you are the best pal I got. Off course when a pal would do a dirty thing lick tar on my back I'm damn if I know. That was a lousy thing for anybody to do to an only a first class help would do it. Wasn't a damn bit funny. Still torn and if you think it's funny, you're a dirty lousy bastard as I'm concerned, you can go plum to hell and stay there, you dirty, lousy. To hell with you...@

Ina bombs,

Dave





"Dear Lord," he prayed as he spread his hand out fervently. "I'm lost. Please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a little bird happened to fly over and dumped squarely into the middle of Gunder's outstretched hand.

"Oh please, Lord," he begged, "don't hand me that. Really, I am lost."



Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Hey, Charles, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but there's a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man; "here's a quarter; go get me a pack."

An hour later the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting at a bar, casually sipping a Martini.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the dog sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."



"... and here's one for good old Cactus Jack."

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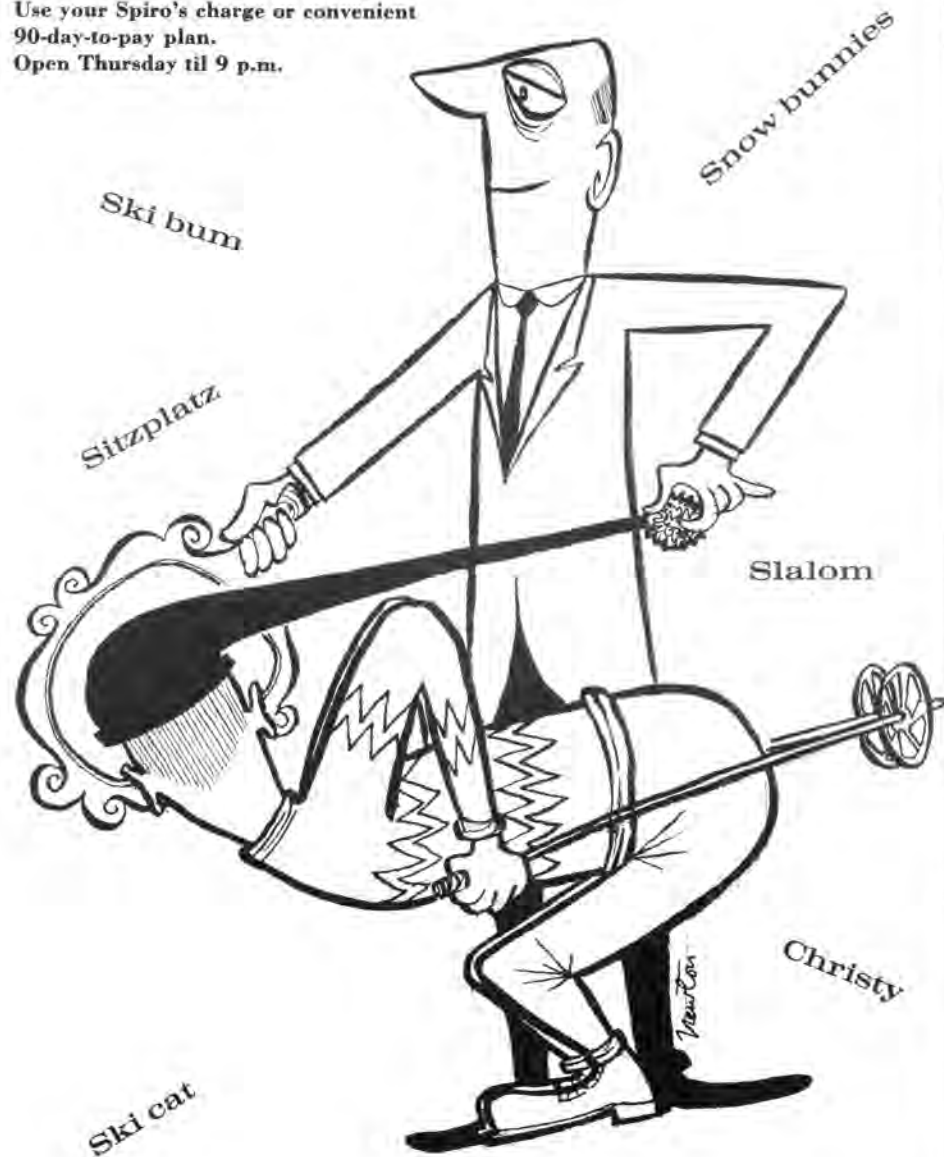
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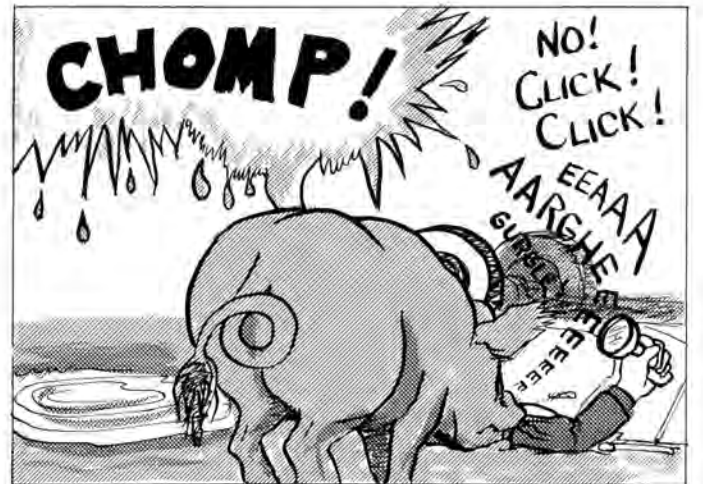
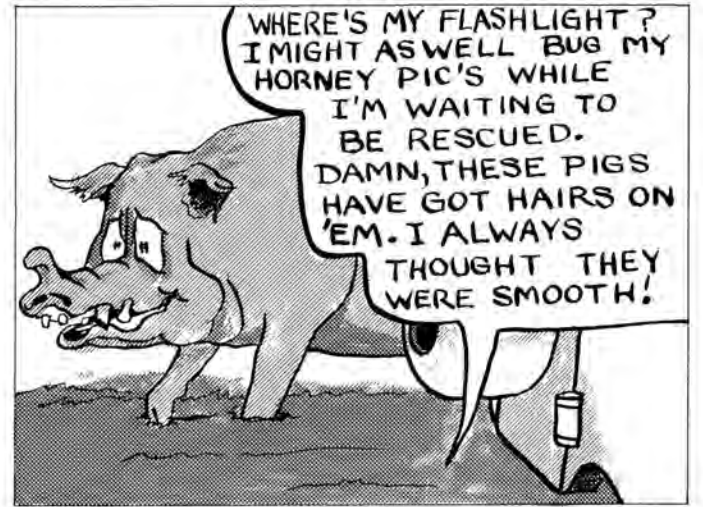
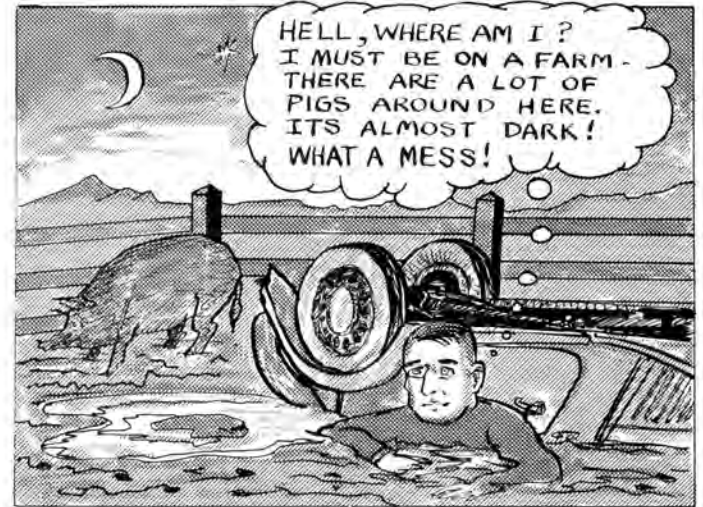
AIR FRANCE	INSIDE FRONT COVER
BUNGEY TRAVEL	14
BROWN'S MUSIC	40
CAMERA SHOP	30
CAMPUS BARBER	13
CARA'S	13
CHANCE-VAUGHT	4
CONGDON AND CROME	19
CONTOUR CHAIR	24
CROW PHARMACY	40
DONNELLY'S	2
DUKE CIGARETTES	29
EDWARDS LUGGAGE	34
EDY'S	28
FOSTER'S FREEZE	35
GERALD'S	43
GLEIM'S	3
GOLDEN STATE	14
HANS ROTH	1
HILLSDALE BOOK CENTER	14
HOFMAN JEWELER	34
JIFFY BURGER	27
KEEBLE & LOHMAN'S	26
KIRK'S	30
LIFE SAVERS	30
LIGGETT & MEYERS	BACK COVER
L'OMMIE'S	24
MARQUARD'S	43
NORNEY'S	27
PALO ALTO OFFICE EQUIPMENT	40
PALO ALTO RENAULT	40
PARD'S	26
PENINSULA CREAMERY	1
PIHELPS-TERKEL	27
R.C.A. RECORDS	39
ROLLY SOMER	5
ROOS-ATKINS	19
ROYAL TIRE	27
RUDOLFO'S	13
SELIX	5
SOUTHGATE MOTORS	14
SPIRO'S	44
STANFORD UNION OIL	28
TEARNEY'S	2
TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSIC CENTER	24
VIKING MOTORS	28
VILLAGE SUBSETTE	19
WEBBS PHOTO	35
WEST COAST GLASS	3
WILLIAM'S CUTLERY	35

"Been sleeping well?"

"Well, I sleep good nights, and I sleep pretty good mornings. But afternoons I just seem to twist and turn."

Answers to Interline Quiz:

1. Cathay Pacific Airways.
2. IBERIA.
3. Hawaiian Airlines.
4. Nordair, Ltd.
5. Mexicana Airlines (CMA).
6. Middle East Airlines.
7. SAHSA.
8. SWISS-AIR.



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More taste by far... yet low in tar!

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