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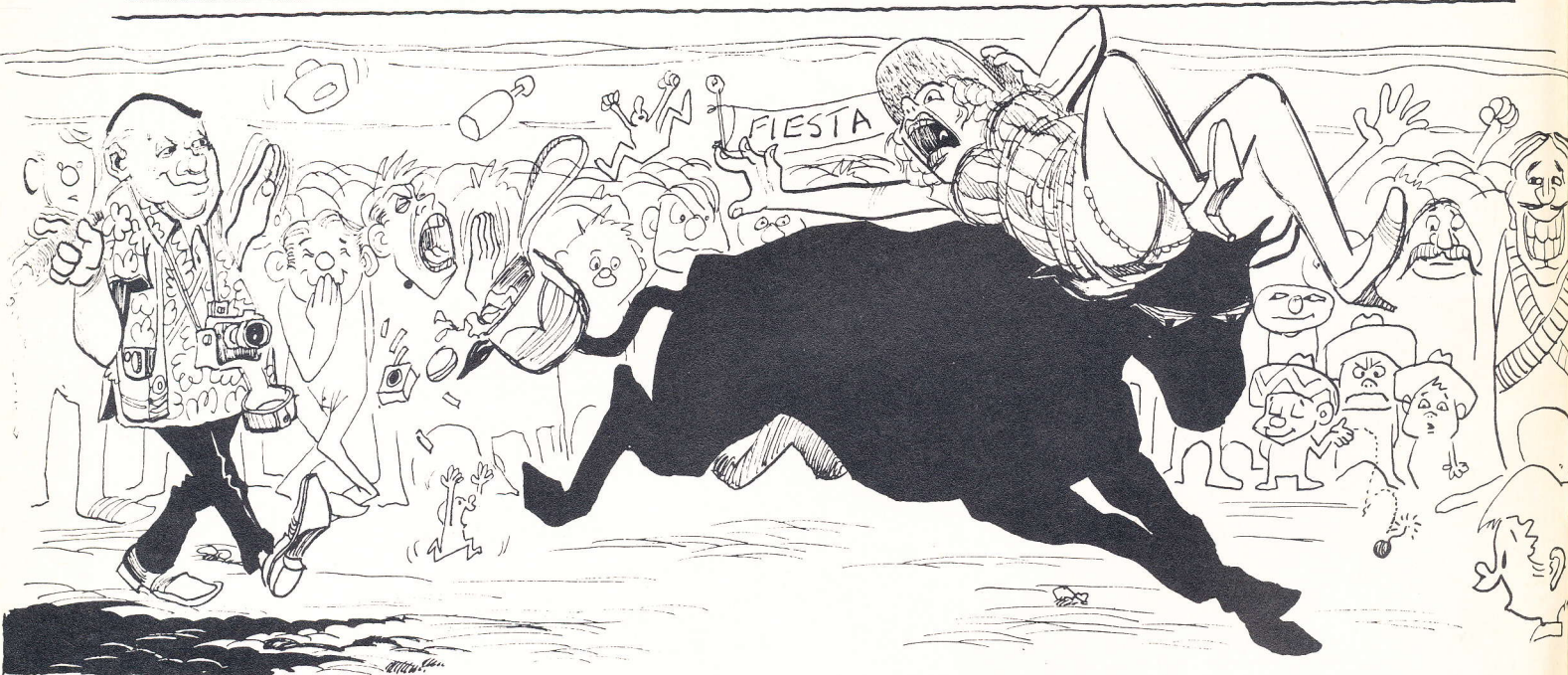
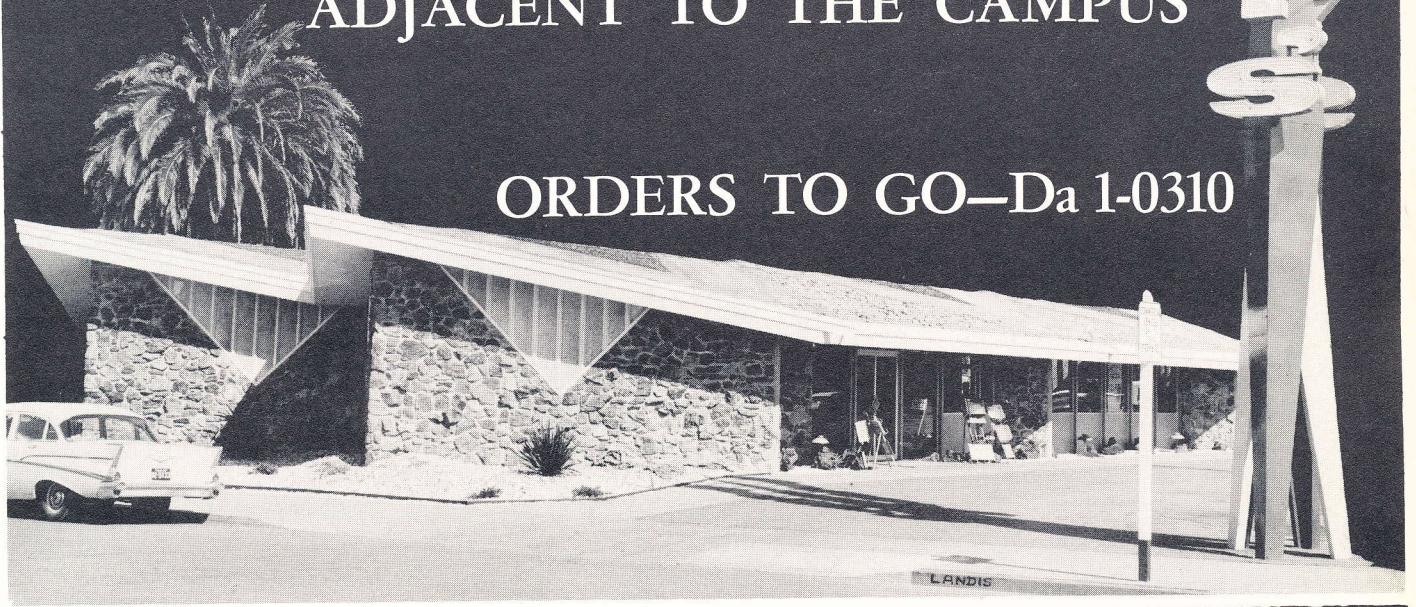
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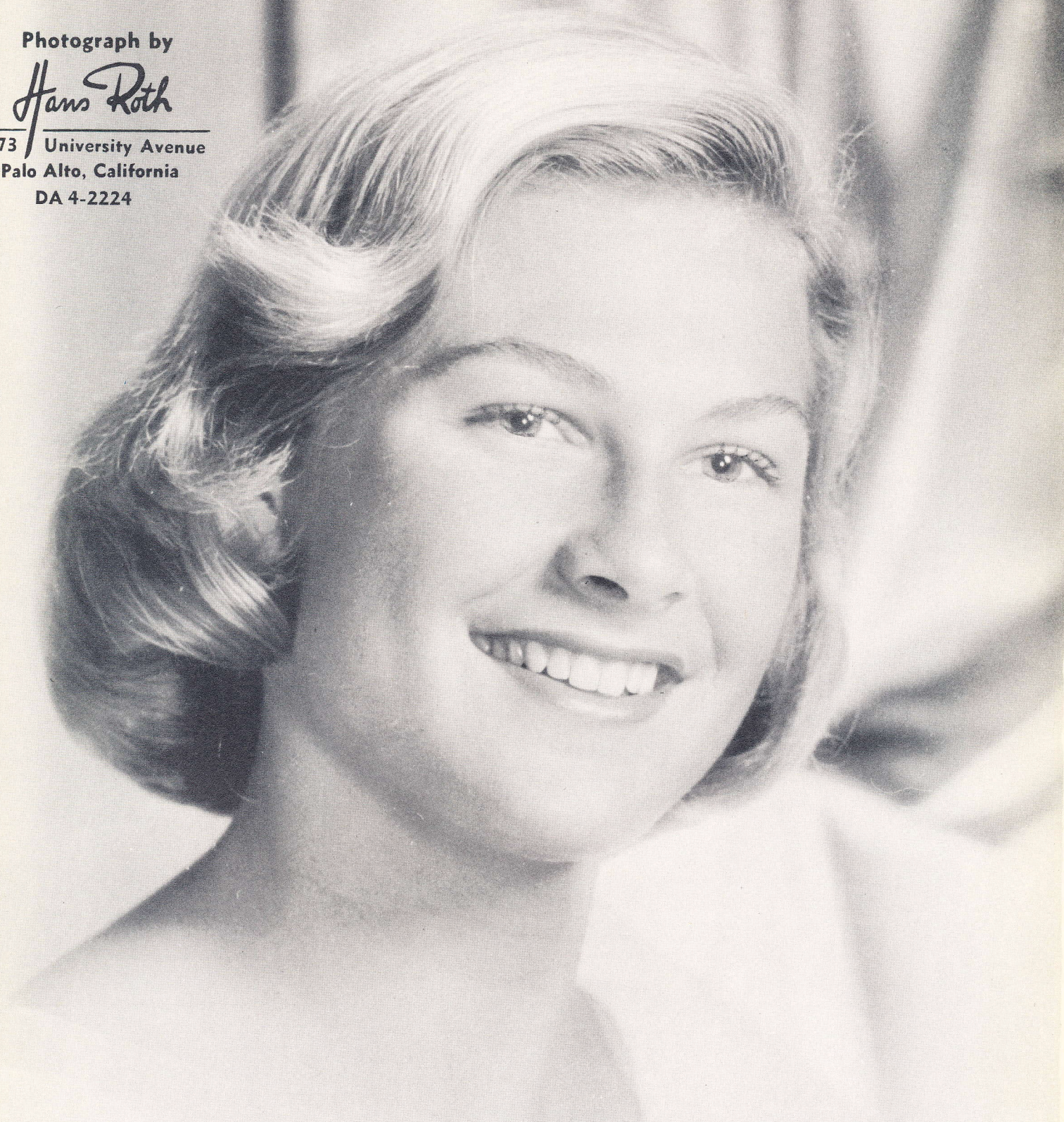
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EATING OUT

by John Frankenstein

Big Game time is a Roman time. At no other point in the year is the gladiatorial sport of undergraduates combined with so many other festivals: overnights, pre- and post-game celebrations, and alumni dinners with their speeches about the "good old class of '35." It is a time of the appetite, and I often wonder how we manage to recover.

Of course, a great many of us never do. Those who don't are the people who believe in Samuel Johnson's moralization, that a man is a fool who neglects his belly. With these people in mind, people who are willing to spend good money for better food, I am writing this column.

A Mr. Grison runs two restaurants that face one another: his Chicken House and his Steak & Chop House (Van Ness Avenue and Pacific; for chicken: TU 5-2050; for steak: OR 3-1888). Both are quite good, although I prefer the Steak House myself. Both have that refined kind of quality and class you seldom find.

Another restaurant that is guaranteed to snow anyone who has never been there is the House of Prime Rib, 1906 Van Ness (TU 5-4605). Here roast prime rib is carved right at your table with a most surprising generosity.

Bardelli's at 243 O'Farrell Street (YU 2-0243) rounds out this column. Eating there will round you out too. For those of us who like to know these sorts of things, the restaurant is a gathering place for lunching radio, TV and newspaper people.

Now I don't know what any of this has to do with Big Game, except that after a day in the great smoggy outdoors of the Cal stadium, you might be hungry. And then again, you might have made a successful wager on . . . ?

chaparral
vol. lxii
no. 3
contents



CHAPTER THREE
IN WHICH THE OLD BOY
AND HIS LITTLE MEN
ENTICE THEIR DATES TO
SHARE THE PRICE OF
DINNER AND A BAG OF ICE
AND COME OUT ON TOP.

Steve Zousmer

of Rinconada is from New York and, while a student at Pency Prep, he learned to write good stories like the one on page 9.

Mike Edwards

has been the most prolific producer of pun and pornography possible except perhaps Peter Whorf. Page 13.

Judy Skinner

came to school to write stuff for the Chappie; she calmly sits and thrusts her two bits which we plagerize on page 28.

Joan Mayes

is previewed here because she is queen of Gaieties. If you did not see her when first you bought this mag, you may turn to page 25 and collect \$200.

'Tis better to have seen the team in action than never
to have laughed at all.

The Stanford Chaparral

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BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

R. WENZEL 1916

Now that University planners and administrators have become infected with the same germ they recently loosed upon the undergraduates, we are unfortunately living to see the ironic conclusion. "General Studies," that harbinger of diversity and decentralization, has captured the imagination of the planning of-

fice. Clearly the most graphic example of the Stanford philosophy is the circular wave which emanates from waste material dropped in water: an ever-widening perimeter which rapidly loses its force. Thus, Stanford will increase the number of foreign study programs, enlarge the graduate school, expand the ex-

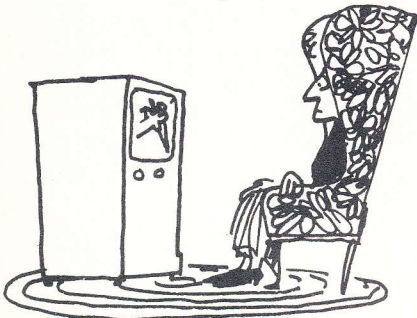
perimental facilities and excel in nothing but Bigness. Tuition will pay for it. There will be a seventy-five per cent tuition increase in the next ten years.

BUYING POWER

And what will your money buy in the next ten years? Or better yet,

what will it buy in twenty years when your kids want to get an education? It will buy some graduate student a PhD degree. It will buy Professor Zilch a carbon meter calibrated in killywinkles. It will *not* be spent for the education of undergraduates. The Planning Board must be aware of the seven to one student-faculty ratio in other schools, schools which charge a tuition comparable to Stanford's. Yet *we* have over thirteen students per professor, and the administration hopes, by careful planning, not only to increase our ratio to perhaps 20 to 1, but also, with luck, to win us top honors in tuition. The graduate schools will receive most of the thirty per cent increase in teaching manpower, the graduate student will be paying more for the improved graduate facilities, and you will be receiving progressively less for your education dollar.

Before long, there will be little left of Stanford as you know it now. Ask a graduate student of five years ago and he will tell you that there is little left of what he knew then. If you visualize your children at



Stanford—watching a football team win a fairly good percentage of its games, watching the bonfire, living and studying in your old dorm and enjoying Stanford as you have—forget it. The Planning Board has little interest in undergraduate education, the original purpose for which Stanford was created.

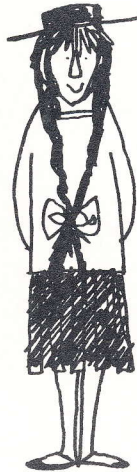
DIARCHY

There are two powers operative in directing this school: those who run it and those who pay for it. Since the latter have been mute since World War II, due to the growth

of fashionable apathy, the administrative half has made the decision as to the direction of movement. There has been a growing feeling among the "administrators" (a term which includes the faculty) that the school has some sort of moral commitment to carry on *pure* research, since Big Business carries on *commercial* research, which is obviously narrow and unholy. Thus, money given to the University goes to research.

If a private, *pure* research company were founded, which had no connection with a School, how many persons would contribute large sums of money to further this research? . . . but the use of the name of a School and a list of Alumni makes it less difficult to solicit funds. It is done, not in the name of research, but in the name of Education: gentle, soft, vaporous. . . .

Some may say that these researches produce knowledge, which can be taught. This, in turn, is education. It is education for PhD candidates. However, the tax on the undergraduate is the question under discussion; therefore, *his* education is pertinent, not the PhD's.



The choice is up to you. It is your school as much as the Planning Board's. Soon the Ford Foundation will add its three and one-third cents. But you have a much more personal stake, since your personality has been shaped by this school.

Ironic, isn't it. Your personality is based on apathy, so obviously you can't do anything.

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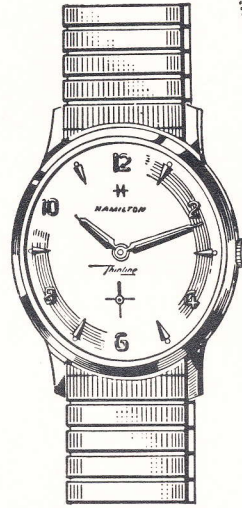
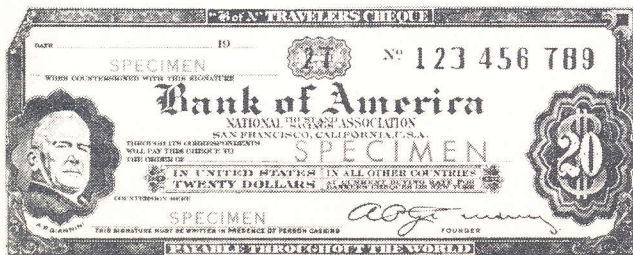
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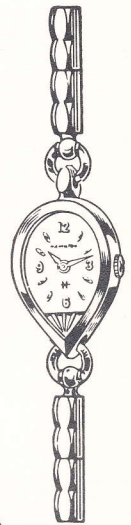
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by Steve Zousmer

It all happened a few months ago when I was a Stanford student. Those were good days. I was always busy studying or ironing or buying something. There's nothing to do here in jail.

Might as well tell about it although I get kind of a wild feeling every time I even think why I'm in this cell. It started on Registration Day. I was a typical know-nothing freshman but I knew less than nothing about Stanford, being from New York. I'm fumbling around, trying to sign class lists and find the men's room when I get pushed into some line at the end of which people are paying money. I figure that this is tuition and room and board fees so when I get to the money end of the line I slap down my father's check for \$666 but the woman asks if I want season tickets or a Big Game ticket.

I don't know what she's talking about—I hadn't understood anyone all day—so I say sure I'll take both, how much, and where's the men's room. I give her \$6.75 and she gives me tickets and directions.

My sponsor tells me that night that I've got football tickets and this Big Game is a football encounter with Cal. He tells me we're rivals of Cal and we hate them and that I should learn to hate them. I say okay. I don't know Cal from a Bear rug but I hate them and spit whenever I hear the name.

I'm walking around the next night full of school spirit when some large senior comes up to me and says: "Hey, you wanna trade your Cal ticket?"

I immediately launch a load of spit, which seems to surprise him, and say: "Sure. I hate Cal." I give him my Big Game ticket in return for one to the Washington State game. I find out later that the Washington State game will be played away in Spokane and this is a problem 'till I realize that the game was played five days before I left New York. With that settled, I go on my way.

Nothing happens for a few weeks. Then we have a house meeting and hear about what a big event is the Big Game. I decide it was a mistake to have traded my ticket.

In the quad the next day I spot the senior who has my Big Game ticket and I go up to him and ask for a re-trade. He spits and tells me he threw it away because he hates Cal but I'm getting wise so I don't believe it. But he offers me a pretty good trade anyway: my USC ticket for one to an exclusive event for which it is impossible to get tickets unless you know him. So I make the trade, figuring I can either go to the Dartmouth-Princeton water-polo match myself or trade for a Big Game ducat (which is what they call tickets in New York).

Nobody else wanted to trade for it so I just keep it handy in case I transfer to Dartmouth or Princeton.

I start getting a little worried so I decide that the best move is to buy another ticket before I trade my bed for the Golden Gate. But there are holes in my student body card so I can't buy another. It is time to exercise the ingenuity that got me into Stanford. I get some glue and try to patch up the hole so they'll sell me another try at the Big Game. I make a little mistake and glue in a six instead of a two and they catch me. I had the stickiest student body card on the campus until they took it away from me—but that comes later.

While I'm in my room that night trying to get my money unstuck from the student body card, my senior friend strolls into my room and offers me a Cal ticket and spits on the floor. I'm a little wary of this guy now because he's suckered me twice but I see he has only good intentions and buy a Big Game ticket for fifteen sticky dollars.

So I figure my problems are all over.

But the next afternoon I'm riding home from class when I see a bunch of girls ahead of me walking five abreast (that means that they were walking side by side and that's all Charley). As I gallantly swerve to avoid slamming into the five abreast, I ride the old bike into the curb and crack up, ruining bike and dirtying pants.

Since all my other pants are in the send-out laundry, I head for the laundry room of Wilbur to wash them and not look dirty like upperclassmen. Not only do I wash my pants but also my wallet which is in the pocket. And in the wallet is my Cal ticket which is suddenly quite soggy.

I am a little embarrassed. It is not suave to have a soggy ticket. The only thing to do is iron the ticket. I borrow an iron from an amazed laundry room companion and iron for the first time in my life. When I am through ironing there is nothing but ashes and again I am without a





Big Game ducat.

I went Big Game hunting:

I looked for tickets in San Mateo, San Rafael, San Jose, San Francisco, and San Quentin. They had plenty of tickets at the last stop but wanted to use them themselves.

I asked my sponsor, adviser, faculty resident, English teacher, and the man at the campus bike shop.

I wrote to alumni: Herbert Hoover, the former president; John Steinbeck, the noted author; Bernon Mitchell, the defector.

I looked on the floor of Mem Aud, Civ Libe, Hoov Tow, Dink Aud, and Stew U (Student Union, get it?).

I wrote to Dr. Wallace Sterling, Mrs. Sterling, Bill Sterling, Sterling Hayden, Sterling Moss, and Sterling Silver.

I would have asked Coach Jack but he was sulking.

I cracked my knuckles in despair.

And then one night, with a hoarse animal roar, I went berserk. I tore through the halls of Wilbur yelling for tickets but to no avail. My hysteria was growing. I jumped up and down in tantrum. I scratched the walls with my fingernails. Then, I shot out of Wilbur racing madly for Escondido and suicide but as I ran across the road none of the speeding cars hit me but piled up on each other. Brakes squealed and chrome crashed. I was still wild and leaped across a lawn and into Branner.

I shot past a desk, around corners, and up stairs. I thought I heard women screaming. Then I was sure I heard women screaming.

I saw panicked faces peering from each door.

I heard frightened cries: "There's a man in the dorm," "Look at the Madman," "Hand me my bathrobe."

I saw a girl clad only in her student body.

Desperate, I crashed a door down and fell into a room.

A girl in a nightgown was kneeling on the floor praying but immediately jumped up and stood crouched into the corner, hovering with fear.

With a great cry I yelled "Grrrrraunch" and she, trembling, whispered: "Me Jane."

I was bouncing on the bed when the police came.

So here I am in jail. Of course I was thrown out of Stanford for being intoxicated and for being in a girl's room. And I was in trouble with the State of California for disorderly conduct and trying to bribe a cop with a Dartmouth-Princeton water-polo ticket.

When I get out of jail I think I'll enroll at Cal. Maybe they'll sell me a Big Game ticket.

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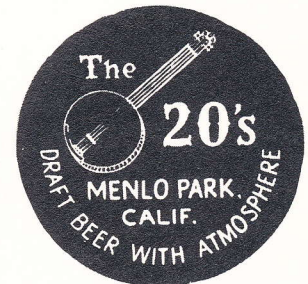


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by Mike Edwards

Seeing as how football season is rapidly drawing to a close, I feel it is time for the Chaparral to announce its own All-American team. This team is composed of players from all over the United States and was arrived at only after weeks and weeks of concentrated study of teams and their players. This study is now complete, and it is time for the unfolding of the Chaparral All-American Football Team of 1960.

LEFT END

Mao (Mousey) T'Sung—Grant Ave. School of Technology

6'3" 210 lbs. Junior

This man has tremendous reach and plays well either as a tight left end or as a wide split end. He is very shifty downfield and is hard to stop once he starts moving. Defensively he can hit with a great deal of power although he tends to play independently of the rest of the line.

LEFT TACKLE

Nikita (Tubs) Khrushchev—Borshst University

5'11" 260 lbs. Senior

Great strength in the line is his best asset, as he helped lead B.U. to a thus-far undefeated season that has included an upset win over Budapest City College in which he starred. On defense he is outstanding but has a tendency to submarine. On the field he is a noisy, take-charge type of player who continuously upsets the opposing team.

LEFT GUARD

Abdul Nassar—University of California at Cairo

5'10" 195 lbs. Senior

His outstanding speed and ability to pull either left or right have raised UCC to a position of power on the Coast. Defensively, as a linebacker, he can back either the right or left side of the line equally well. He is also an "A" student in Public Utilities Administration.

CENTER

Dwight (Ike) Eisenhower—Dulles Teachers College

6' 200 lbs. Senior

He is without a doubt the greatest defensive middle linebacker in the country. On offense his only weakness is a certain lack of aggressiveness. His blocking, though, has many times allowed DTC to pull a game out at the very brink of disaster. Usually a quiet player who rarely takes charge on the field. During the spring he captains the golf team.

RIGHT GUARD

Barry Goldwater—University of Southern Athletics

5'9" 185 lbs. Junior

This man is a right guard's right guard. He is outstanding in pulling around right end and leading plays there. His blocking continuously opens holes in the right side of line. On defense his right side linebacking has been outstanding all year, but he is lacking somewhat in leadership which may come with experience.

RIGHT TACKLE

Melvin (King) Farouk—Alexandria Military Academy

6'2" 290 lbs. Junior

Offensively he moves well for a man his size and is often downfield leading the interference. Defensively he is strong, but he can be moved and does tend to gamble too much. His strong hands allow him to stop many runners before they can pass him. On the field he is not a strong leader but is dependable.

RIGHT END

Herbert (Goose) Hoover—Roosevelt State College

6'4" 220 lbs. Senior

A fine defensive end whose erect figure is often seen in an opponent's backfield. Offensively he stands out especially as a split end where he can lay angle blocks on the left side linebacker, which he does with particular relish. He is a B+ student who plans on becoming a librarian.

QUARTERBACK

Porfiro Rubirosa—Stanford University

6'1" 190 lbs. Junior

This important position is filled by a man who has the quickest hands in the nation. This ability, along with his excellent assortment of passes, makes him a sure thing for pros. On defense, he is a sure, clean tackler who is hard to fake out of position.

LEFT HALFBACK

Fidel (Fido) Castro—Sam Houston Institute of Technology

5'9" 170 lbs. Sophomore

This quick, fast young halfback, who shot to sudden prominence with his feats on the gridiron, is able to swing the end or buck the line. In fact, he is one of the best chargers in the country. As a pass receiver he is excellent and will grab anything that comes his way. Defensively he loses some of his aggressiveness but is still sharp.

FULLBACK

Winston (Bulldog) Churchill—City College of Milpitas

6'1" 210 lbs. Senior

He is a tenacious football player who never gives up. This driving power has helped his team pull many battles out of the fire. He has the speed to turn an opponent's flank but prefers to drive straight ahead, running over them if possible. On defense he has that rare ability to almost anticipate an opponent's move and is seldom, if ever, fooled. He is an "A-" student majoring in art.

RIGHT HALFBACK

Charles (Choo-Choo) deGaulle—Algeria A&M

5'11" 180 lbs. Senior

A sure, confident player almost to the point of conceit who is not afraid to defy his coaches and run different patterns—successfully, DeGaulle is cagey on offense and a well-balanced defensive halfback. He can by his actions lift a whole team up over its own level.



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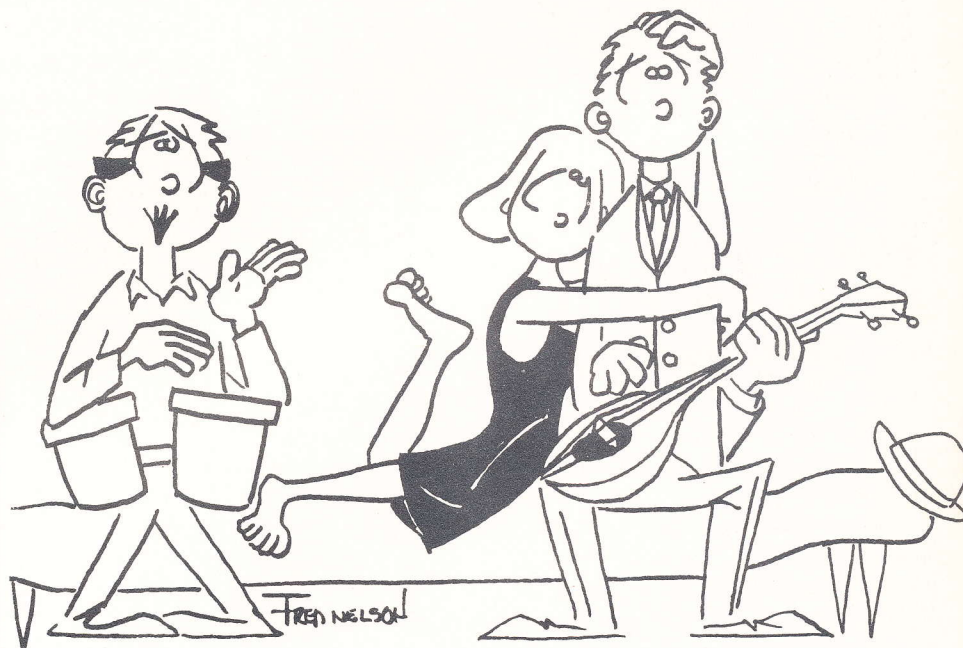
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WHERE'S IT GO?

When the Old Boy overheard the Photo Editor and the Business Manager discussing the tuition raises slated for the next year, his remark crystallized the thoughts of the entire Chappie Staff: "What the Hell are they doing with all the money?" They sure aren't buying any athletes with it."

The question interested us all; we realized that no one who really knows has clearance to answer this question, so we would have to do some research on our own. Our extensive studies, which included a



careful look at the nineteenth repainting of the fire hydrant in front of President Sterling's home, the sand piles in the Corp Yard and the grape-flavored library paste presently being used in the Western Civ library, have finally been completed (thank God). We are not going to publish most of our results, for we realize that the world is not yet ready to receive them. Moreover, we fear expulsion.

UNPUBLISHED EXPERIMENTS OF THE STANFORD RESEARCH INSTITUTE: For years everyone has known about the money being poured into the University's proposed weedless, hollow-ground, double-jointed linear B, and the Sedge accelerator, but very few are aware of several more clandestine undertakings of the S.R.I. that are also getting their

of a piece of string exactly .915 meter long (one yard). He then lowers the litmus paper into his patient's stomach. By comparing the litmus before and after (taking into account such variables as temperature, pressure, and the darkness of his patient's stomach), Dr. Schmidt hopes to test for ulcers. The method is as yet inconclusive, mainly because Schmitty ran into several unforeseen difficulties. He could not find a string that would stay tied in one of his patients' stomach. He spent two fruitless weeks experimenting with different types of twine until he discovered that the man had a tapeworm who was feathering his nest with the litmus. Despite the unencouraging state of the Schmidt method at present, Dr. Schmidt still wants it to make him rich and famous.

measured to calculate the Heimnitz-Reidenhouer coefficient of Pop/peep, where peep is Polymechnic Equivalent of External Pressure. Mr. Gutchengoiter plans to repeat his experiment with mercury in the tank, then he will be able to publish his findings as soon as he has adjusted his data to agree with Maxwell's equations.

One of Stanford's most significant scientific contributions of the last decade has received very little publicity for security reasons dictated by the United States Government; however, the Chappie has gone over the government's head and gotten permission from Dean Craig to release the facts.

The five-screwed espidon has for years been an essential feature of the U.S. rockets. This costly and intricate part has been the main bug

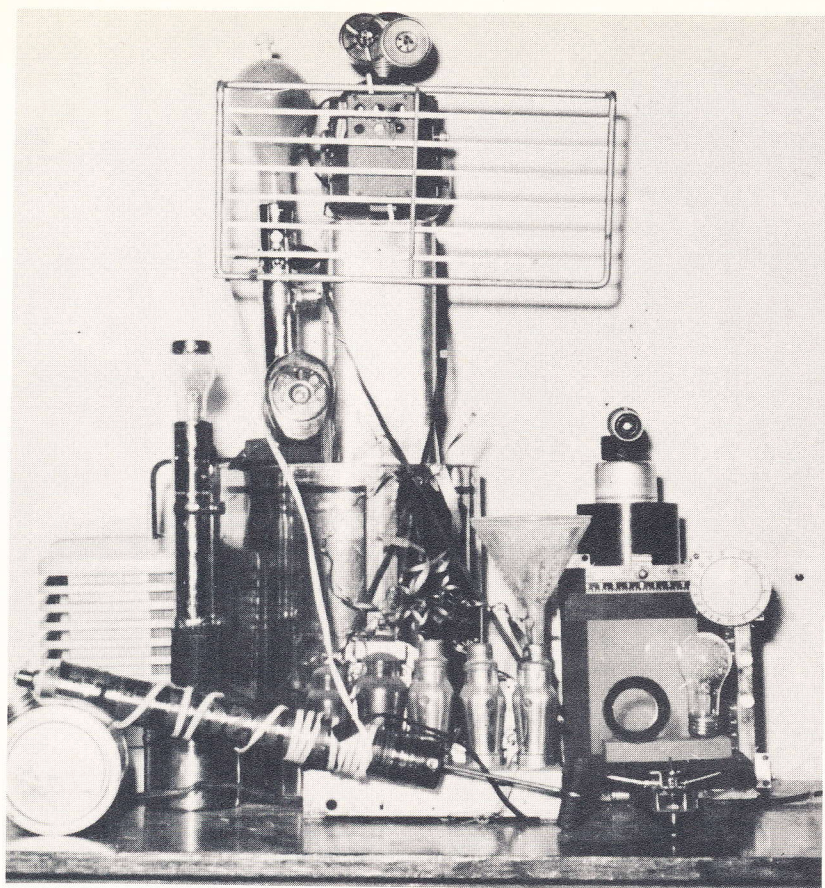


in our Vanguard rockets (due to the great difficulty of getting sufficient government grants from Congress). All that is past now, due to the brilliant work of Vladimir Nobokov, Russian exchange student, who, in the course of his studies, came across the complete plans for the Vanguard missiles. Naturally, he was delighted, but before he had a chance to write home about it, he attended a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution. He

Hidden deep in the ventilating system of Cubberley Auditorium is the almost unknown laboratory of Emil Gutchengoiter, assistant janitor of Cubberley, who is doing a new version of the famous *Balls on the Water* experiment. Specially shaped wooden balls (round) are released from the bottom of an Esther Williams water tank especially designed for the purpose of this experiment. The distance the balls pop out of the water is carefully

share of the scratch.

Assistant associate Rudolf Schmidt of the Bio-Chemistry and Food Synthesis Department, well known for the research he is presently doing under the Ovaltine Grant (chocolate flavored) on the nutritional value of the belch, concurrently is working at the S.R.I. on his new method of diagnosing ulcers. The method is in essence very simple: Dr. Schmidt ties some blue litmus paper carefully onto the end



up-to-date college testing centers in the country. Stanford has less students per counselor than any other school west of the Rockies. Moreover, Stanford has recently hired several specialists for the students.

Dr. Hiram Brassiere, director of the center, has for years twaddled with the theory that the dynamics of our modern society fails to take into account the basis of Man's life force. It was Freud himself who named this force: breast envy. Men, and especially young men, seek a breast-rest. They contemplate what passes for breasts on their own bodies and naturally are annoyed. Dr. Brassiere feels that breast envy is one of the greatest academic problems of the male undergraduate. Why should he study if he doesn't have breasts? Last week Dr. Brassiere took a step that may revolutionize university life; he hired four breast-envy counselors, all graduates of Mills College. Among other jobs, they provide breast-rests for those in need. All men and some women students are eligible for this new service.

defected the next day and turned himself in for espionage. While he awaited trial, agonized to learn whether the Los Angeles newspapers would lionize him, he became so inspired by the glories of Capitalist Labor that he revolutionized the design of the unwieldy five-screwed espidon. With great ingenuity, Mr. Nobokov scratched on his tin plate the design of a new, three-screwed espidon. The new espidon is only 98 per cent of the weight of the old model, and it is so compact that, theoretically, it can be used in any lawn mower or garbage disposal run on solid fuel. This tremendous discovery will save the army \$.12 on each satellite it tries to put into orbit.

Stanford plans next year to start a department employing thirty trained research scientists with assistants who will work toward the development of a new two-screwed espidon.

The Counseling and Testing Service at Stanford is one of the most



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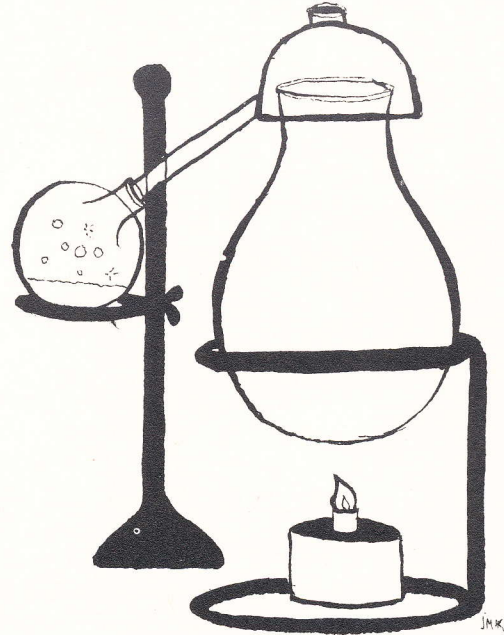
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This is a fable. Like all fables, it isn't true; it is nothing more than a pleasant diversion in a world of fancy. Do not, gentle reader, spoil its innocent spirit by trying to read in any connection to the less ideal world of everyday.

Once upon a time there was a football player. His name was George Runnembach, and, as his high school coach once told George's father, "That kid is one hell of a halfback. He's got good hands, good moves, and good speed."

"Yeah," Mr. Runnembach agreed, "he has plenty of swift."

The coach went on. "There's only one thing wrong with the boy."

Mr. Runnembach took the pipe out of his mouth and stared.

"He thinks."

"He thinks? Wadda you mean? About girls? Hell, that's all right. Why, I played football myself as a kid, and when I was sixteen there was this little . . ."

"No, I mean he just thinks. All the time. About politics, and books, and art, and like that."

"Well, goddam!" Mr. Runnembach was shaken. "He never told me. His own father, and he never told me he was starting to think. You'd figure a boy would come to his dad when he has problems like that. Instead of learning about it on street-corners."

* * *

"Sit down, Son," Mr. Runnembach said after dinner that night.

"Huh?"

"Have a seat, George. I'd like a few words with you."

George perched gingerly. Somehow he knew what it was.

Mr. Runnembach didn't like to bandy words. As he always asserted, "I don't screw around." Now he came right to the point. "George, I heard that you were caught thinking. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Head hung, George mumbled no.

"Dammit, young man, you must! A good, weight-lifting football player doesn't suddenly go out and start thinking." A look of dawning comprehension spread over his wide face. "Say, has someone been working on you? A teacher, huh? By God, the School Board will hear about this!"

THE BLACK RAM

"No, Dad. It's just me. I don't want to play football any more. I've realized that there are other things in life."

"George! My son!"

Here we must quietly steal from the Runnembach living room, for this is a gentle, happy fable, and words of anguish and bitterness ill befit it. Let us just say that it was decided that George was to accept his football scholarship from a well-

known private University proud of its record in intercollegiate athletics, in return for which Mr. Runnembach gave permission for him to think openly. Secretly his father hoped that the co-educational nature of the University would promote activities which, if George *had* to do something when not practicing besides reading football magazines, were certainly preferable to studying.

And so, in a few months George went off to college. But by then he felt completely changed. He had been reading all summer (during the day while his father was at work) and had gone through all the

great classics up to Erskine Caldwell. College now seemed to him a place to learn wonderful things.

He reported for football practice on a hot afternoon in September. "Okay, men," the head coach belted. Everyone called him Yucca Buck, because everyone loved him. "None of this BS about building men," they remarked to one another around the campus.

"Okay, men," Buck went on. "You know why you're here. You're here to win football games. Now the first thing . . ."

A voice interrupted him from the front of the assembled ranks. "Excuse me, Sir. Aren't we here primarily for an education?"

The coach's mouth hung open. "Who's that?" he whispered to an assistant.

The man consulted his clipboard. "I think it's Runnembach."

Yucca Buck walked forward and placed a paternal arm around George's shoulders. "Runnembach, we're going to have to have a nice little talk, you and I. Straighten a few things out. Just now, I'd like to suggest that you SHUT YOUR GODDAM MOUTH!" He walked back to the front and continued awakening eager young minds.

In the locker room after practice George gathered a group of fellows around him. They didn't know just what he wanted, and conjectures as to his purpose passed back and forth.

"Has he really got some hot pictures? The kind with . . ."

"Is this a Communist meeting?"

"Now how the hell could they smuggle a broad in *here*?"

"What's going on? I'm so batchy, that if I don't get a shower . . ."

"Hey, fellows. Listen." The mumbles ceased as George began. "You heard what the coach said about teamwork and solidarity. Well, I've got just the greatest idea for all of us to get to know each other. What we'll do, we'll all get together twice a week for a Shakespeare Circle. And," the note of enthusiasm in his voice rose, "we can even have milk and cookies at our meetings. How does that grab you?"

A beefy tackle looked at the guard next to him, and they both looked at George. There was silence in the locker room. A third-string quarterback started to giggle nervously, but stopped when no one joined him. The beefy tackle stepped forward and scratched his bullet-shaped head. "George," he said, "I . . . I kind of think that, well, some of us are gonna be sorta busy, you know."

George glanced from one face to another. No one would meet his eyes. Feet shuffled restively. "Well, you think about it, guys," he said lamely.

* * *

George was receiving a handoff from the quarterback in the first game of the season. It was late in the fourth quarter, and the large private university which owned George was behind by three points.

With tacklers to the left of him, blockers to the right of him, and Yucca Buck munching on his knuckles, George swivel-hipped downfield. Those fans who had come without dates and were therefore aware that there was a game going on were going wild. So was the sportscaster. ". . . past the fifty, the forty-five, the forty! What a run, fans, it's Red Grange all over again, the thirty, the twenty-five, he just picked up a key block, the ten, the five, and he's *over!*" George was a celebrity.

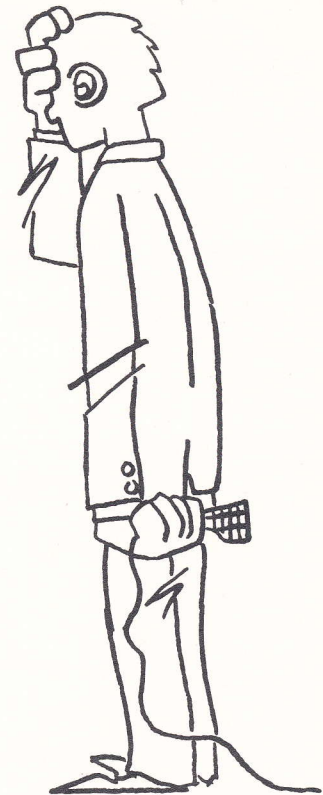
"Folks," the sportscaster showed his teeth coast-to-coast on the interview show after the game, "I have with me George Runnembach, the hero of today's game. Well, George, how does it feel?"

"Oh, it's OK, I guess," George mumbled.

"I'll bet this is the greatest moment of your life. I guess this is your biggest thrill, huh?"

"Well, Sir, not actually. My biggest thrill was the time I won the American Legion essay contest. It was on 'What the Bill of . . .'"

"How nice, George," the sportscaster came in. "Heh, heh. That's wonderful. But I guess you really like it here playing for a wonderful coach like Yucca Buck."



"You know, Sir, he actually told us that gouging the other team was okay as long as we hid it from the officials. Now how do you expect football players to develop a responsible attitude toward citizenship when they're exposed to that sort of influence?"

"I suppose so, George. Well, fans, there's a new sidelight on the famous Coach Yucca Buck. And now I see our time is running out. Thank you for dropping by, George Runnembach, it's been great talking to you." He wiped his brow as the door closed behind George. "I know we've got ten minutes more, Frank," he replied to the engineer. "Re-run the commercial; no one's watching anyway."

* * *

The morning after the game, a conference was held in the Alpha Beta Bourbon house. "Men," said the President, flexing, we gotta have this Runnembach in ABB. Prestige.



And I checked the university files. He's white, Protestant, and his father's not an intellectual or anything. Whadda you say?" The other members of the executive council grunted in assent. A trusted ambassador was dispatched immediately to present the invitation.

"Come in," George replied to the knock on his door.

A huge, tanned specimen flexed into the room. "Morning. I'm Jock Itche. I represent Alpha Beta Bourbon, the finest fraternity on campus. Like you to come over to the house and meet the guys. Fine bunch. Average 210."

"Well, gee, Jock, that's awfully nice of you and the guys." George smiled gratefully. "What does your fraternity do?"

"Huh? Oh, we have parties, and hustle freshman girls, and have beer busts, and . . ." Jock's forehead furrowed, ". . . and we do community work."

"Community? Like what?"

"Oh, like last year we got to-

gether and completely remodeled the administration building for the school."

"Hmm. I didn't realize fraternities did things like that."

"Yeah. Of course, the Dean kind of suggested it after he found out we were the ones who planted the bomb."

"Oh. How's your house library?"

"Library?" Jock's face reflected the mental anguish he was undergoing. "Oh, yeah! Now I place it. Books and stuff. I think that was the room we converted into a bar."

"Oh. I guess your scholarship average isn't too high."

"Well, not exactly. But we really have some great RF's."

"Well, Jock, I kind of think your group isn't the one for me." George moved to his desk. "But it was nice of you to come by."

"Yeah, sure. So long." Jock wandered out bewildered. How could an icosahedron like that play such great ball? He flexed in resignation. It didn't matter. Tonight was full

moon and if he couldn't make it then, he'd badly misjudged himself. Yes sir, he was *sure* he could do 300 pushups.

(Our fable is now almost over. The hero has gone through many delightful adventures, and all that remains is the heartwarming ending. Here it is.)

In the last game of the season, George, while helping up a fallen teammate on an end sweep, was treacherously tackled by a member of the other team. The only reason this individual could later give for his base attack was the insipid, "But he had the ball."

George was carried to the hospital with a severe concussion. By the time he was treated, blood stoppage had irretrievably damaged a large area of brain cells. "I'm afraid," the doctor said, "he's going to be nearly a moron from now on. I'm sorry."

The next season George made All-American.

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November 1960

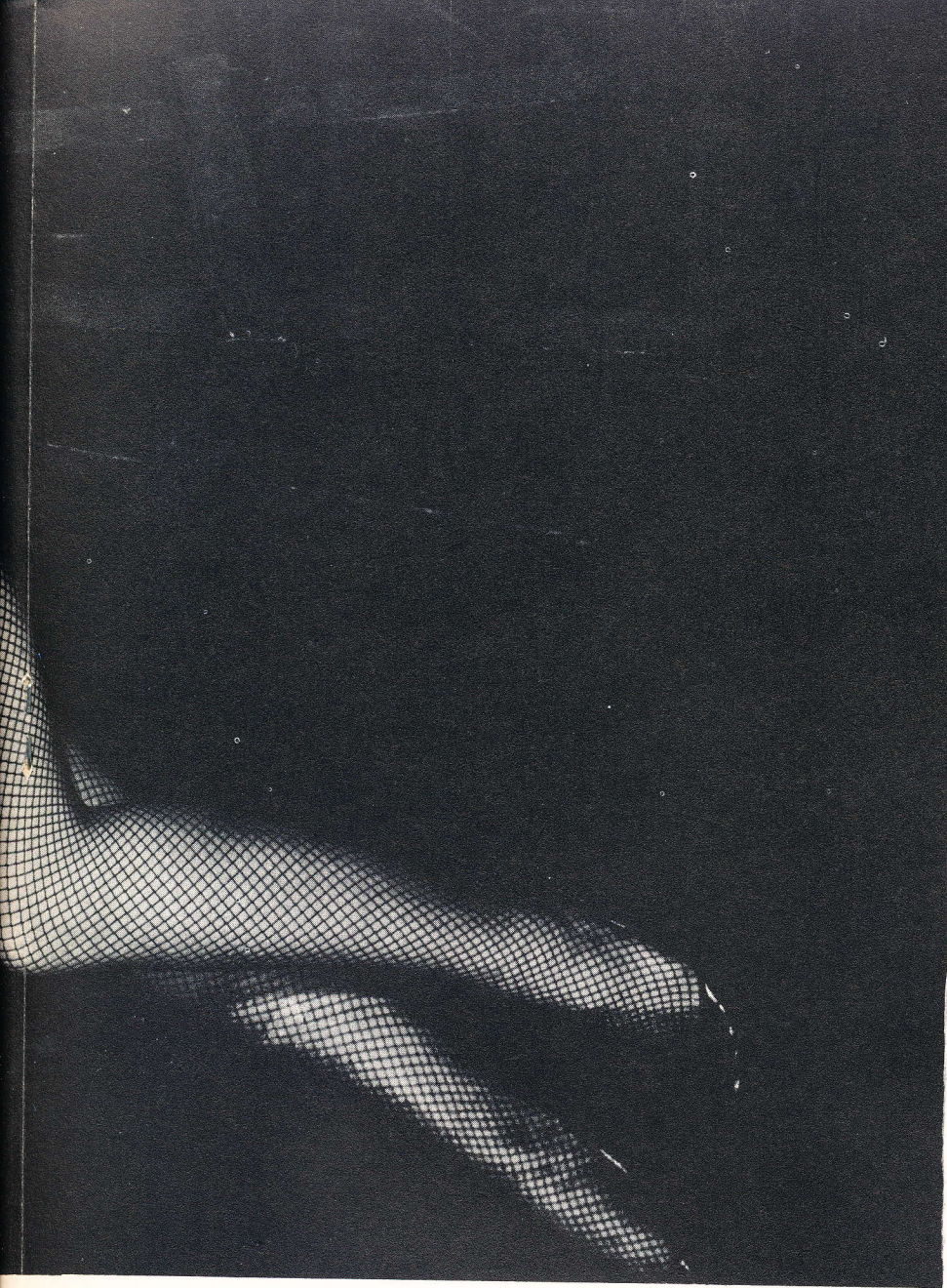
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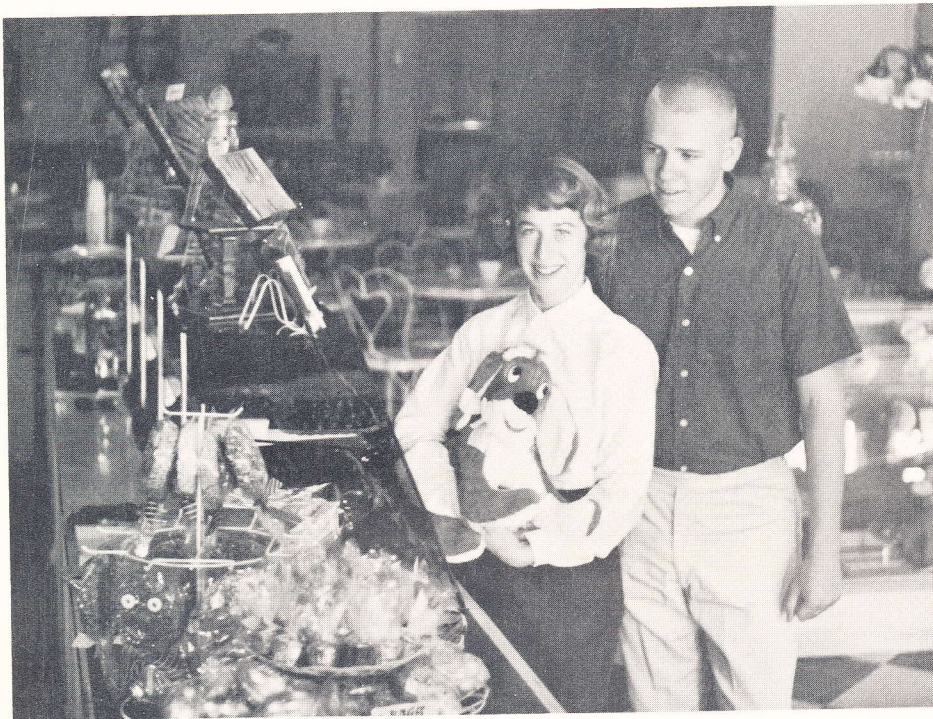
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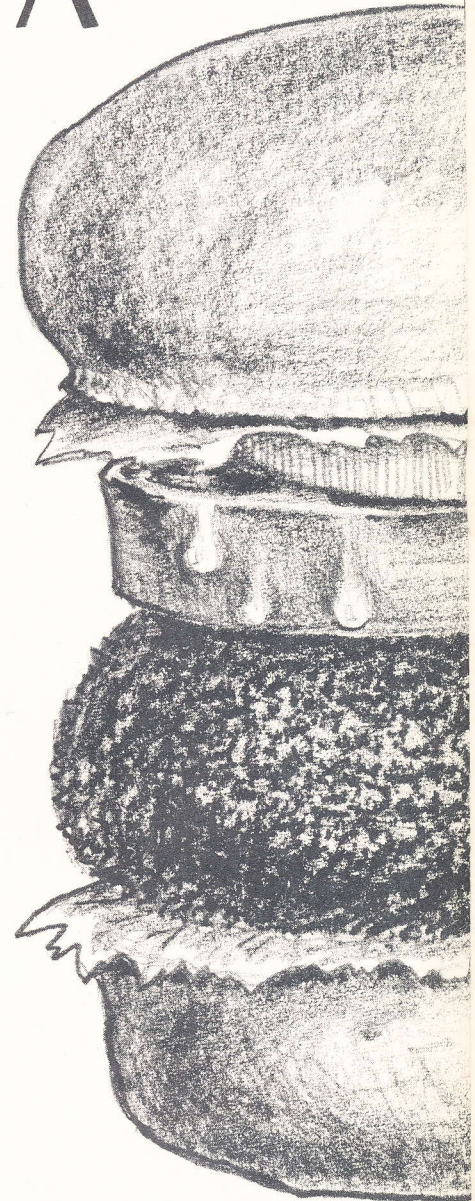
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Chaparral

by Roger Tippy

It was an all-star assemblage of rving talent. They gathered for the idea session in one of the friendly little beer gardens nestled in the foothills high above the industrial haze of Palo Alto. All sorts of people they were: tall ones, short ones, studly ones, studious ones, people wearing saddle shoes and people wearing non-objective thongs. But they all had ideas for the ultimate Big Game prank.

The chairman was a tall senior who just emanated an air of authority. In waves. He emanated the crowd down to an expectant silence, cleared his throat, and said, "alright, team, trot out your brainstorms. And they had better be good, or I'll shanghai you all on to the Daily staff!"

One besotted youth put down his beer and rose to his feet. "Mr. Chairman, I'm sure you know that we have a Stern Hall on this campus and that Cal also has a Stern Hall, housing students of the opposite sex." ("Opposite of what?" a heckler shouted.) "Well, I'm speaking for a group that has been checking the feasibility of switching these two dorms some night. It would take massive resources, but it can be done. By exchanging occupants along with buildings, we could change the undergraduate ratio here to an even one-to-one. It would take the admissions committee a couple of years to repair the 'damage.'" He sat down amid thunderous applause from the male delegates.

The chairman thought a bit and then replied. "Basically, your idea is good. But we have to view it

from all the angles, to see if it offends any minority groups. I'm thinking mainly of the Stanford Women. Definitely a minority, but they are here. Now our girls might have trouble coping with an even-ratio situation. They might even feel that they, and not Cal, had been victimized. Let's not offend anybody—that's a wise principle."

Another eager-eyed undergraduate stood up and offered his idea. "I know a girl who is a typhoid carrier," he said, "you know, the type who carries the germs, immune to them herself but giving them to everyone else. We could spring her from the sanatorium long enough for a blind date with one of the Cal football players; then he could infect the rest of the team. Stanford regains axe. Yea!" He beamed with pride and sat down.

The leader sighed wearily. "Son, this is 1960. You seem to be unaware of this, so I'll refresh you in the realities of the present day. Football is passé. The modern trend is to de-emphasize the game part of Big Game Week. Look at the Gaieties. They can sense the market. How much do you hear about football in the Gaieties? Yeah, about that much. Now, I want ideas that catch the 5:23, ideas that swing. Please, no more mention of football."

Many people in the crowd were embarrassed to find how passé their thinking had become. They shamefacedly resolved to be more in-group, right away. At this juncture, a grubbily-dressed engineering student confidently unfolded a truly imaginative thought. "Some of us," he began, "have been working on a homing device which, we believe, can attract atomic missiles

fired thousands of miles away and set on different courses. One of these gadgets can be easily planted on the Berkeley campus, and . . ." His voice trailed off as everyone envisioned the glorious conclusion. What an rfi!

The chairman was so excited he dropped his gavel in a beer mug. "Wonderful, wonderful," he murmured. "That is the most constructive idea I ever heard. We can do it, I know we can. Infiltrate the Air Force, plant the machine right on top of the Campanile. . . . We'll go down in history," he shouted joyously, "as the Immortal Two Hundred and Thirty-Nine!"

They set to work and pushed the project through beautifully. Four days before the game, a missile was fired. The generals watched their screens in horror as it veered away from its course and descended on the California coastline.

However, the engineer had not been too precise in adjusting the homing machine. It didn't pull the missile all the way in, but only as far as the northeast edge of San Francisco. The warhead was small, and so was the area of destruction.

The Two Hundred Thirty-Nine were despondent over the loss of their immortality. But life is ironic. The ground zero of the bomb had been in the middle of the Embarcadero Freeway, and most of the road had been destroyed. Herb Caen organized a committee of grateful San Franciscans, and they erected a bronze plaque with all 239 names on it. The plaque stands in the center of the city's unique Gammaray Beach. The tourists rarely visit it, but then tourists never know what to see in San Francisco.

by Judy Skinner

(picture of two sportscasters at the Big Game, etc.)

Long: Hi there, sports fans, listening out there on your Dick Tracy two-way wrist radios. This is your Stanford sportscast of the Big Game, with the play-by-play reporting by myself, Long Simmons, and my faithful sidekick, Truss Hodges. Say 'Lo to the folks, Truss.

Truss: 'Lo.

Long: Yes, it's a great day for a ball game, fans; the weather's fine, except for that small cloud of radioactive dust spreading slowly over the Stanford section. California is really famous for its resourceful rooters.

Truss: I notice an enthusiastic group down there in the stands now, Long. Looks like some of the alumni, and they're about to give a spell yell . . . let's see . . . F . . .

Long: Who's on the mound today?

Truss: Pssst . . . wrong cue card. They've just given the starting line-up, folks. Sorry we missed it. Nobody you know in the group anyhow.

Long: Well, Sports Fans, the two teams are now lining up facing each other on the field; it must be half-time.

Truss: No, Long, they're getting ready for the kick-off.

Long: But it says in this book . . .

Truss: Wrong page, Long . . . Hey, there goes the opening kick-off . . . hey, how about that . . . I've never seen one like that before . . . Water-boy is wiping it off now; it'll be back in play in a few minutes, folks.

Long: Cal just threw out a new ball. Knocked the ref down. Yeah, they're helping him off the field now and trying to pick up the ball.

Truss: Cal's really got a sense of . . .

Long: Right now, folks, the teams are lining up for the . . . ah . . . yea, they are getting the Stanford team turned upfield . . .

Truss: The place-kicker is a short little guy with a bald head . . . must be old Charlie Brown. There goes the kick . . . he missed . . . he's just lying there pounding the turf . . .

Long: See that little girl there, Russ, see . . . the one running off the field carrying the football . . . what's she saying, Truss, you can read lips . . . here; take the binoculars.
The Stanford team is going into a huddle. Let's switch on the mike we have tied to the helmet of Number 37.

Huddle: mumble, mumble, gabble, gibble . . . 37 . . . 56 . . . 10 . . . what'd ya get, Sam? . . . 13 . . . whatcha think the median is?

Truss: Switch it off, Long. How do you figure they call their plays?

Long: Well, see that little kid over there with the blanket; he's sending smoke signals.

Truss: But what's burning . . . ?

Long: That little dog with the floppy ears.

Truss: They're finally going to kick off. There . . . the kick's good . . . hey . . . look at the stands . . . those people are all standing there with their mouths open . . . but no sound comes out . . .

Long: That kick-off deal *was* pretty long . . . going to be a pretty quiet game from now on . . . tough on the yell leaders, though.

Truss: There goes Dick Normal of the Stanford Reds, out to make a 70-yard pass. Surprisingly enough, the receiver missed. . . . Stanford seems to be having a bit of trouble receiving this year.

Long: Maybe they ought to recruit Willie Mays to catch.

Truss: But whattaya going to do with a guy who keeps mistaking the goal line for second base? Besides, he's already playing for San Jose.

Long: There goes Number 37 down the field with the ball. He looks as if he's going to make a TD . . . oh . . . hey . . . that's a shame . . . but he's still going on . . . still running . . . ahhh

Truss: I told you we should have made that extension cord longer . . . look at all that expensive equipment dragged out on the field . . . hey! . . . the equipment is on the ten-yard line . . . the referee has announced that the Radio Crew has made a first down! . . . give Number 37 a raise, Long, and tell him to take some aspirin . . . good for a splitting head . . . ache.

Long: Stanford seems to be having all kinds of trouble this year; they're cracking down on the liquor laws. I understand they're requiring I.D.'s to buy Gremlins now.

Truss: It's not that bad . . . Mama Garcia is circulating through the crowd disguised as a member of the D.A.R.

Long: We have a couple of scores from the other ball clubs playing today . . . Harvard 10, Mills 5; David 2, Philistines 1; Colgate 242, Ipana 3 . . .

Truss: Wait a minute . . . who's the wise guy in the control booth? Hey!! Looks like there is going to be a big play on the field now . . . the Stanford men are on the California one-yard line . . . looks like they might score . . . the ball is passed to Number 38; it's ricocheting off his head into the arms of Cal's Number 47 . . . no . . . Number 47 suddenly fell . . . what's that? . . . a knife in his back???. . . Stanford's Number 88 has got the ball now

MORAL VICTORY

. . . I wish they'd get that Number 47 off the field; he's staining the turf; . . . Number 88 is running down the field . . . he's on the 10-yard line, the 20 . . . he's going the wrong way . . . oh, he turned around . . . good of that pom-pom girl to run out and set him straight . . . but it really wasn't necessary that the Cal players tackle her . . . there, now Number 88 is speeding toward the goal line, but the Cal players are all lined up, waiting . . .

Long: Look at that red-and-white plane circling overhead . . . it's coming down lower . . . it's almost on the field . . . it's strafing the entire California defensive . . .

Truss: The referee is running on the field . . . Number 88 is still going . . . the referee is fighting with Number 88 for the ball . . . there, the referee got the ball . . . no . . . no . . . Number 88 has kicked the referee with the ball!!

Long: He's going over the goal posts . . . watch out for that left one! . . . nasty gash on the head . . . but he's over . . . **STANFORD SCORES!**

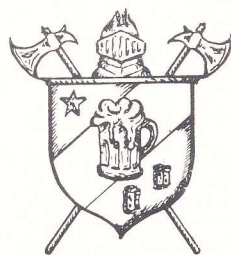
Truss: Do you think there might be a possible penalty on that last play, Long?

Long: Penalty??? The game is over. Stanford has been penalized for that touchdown for "back-field in motion." Yes, fans, the game is over. Another moral victory for Cal!



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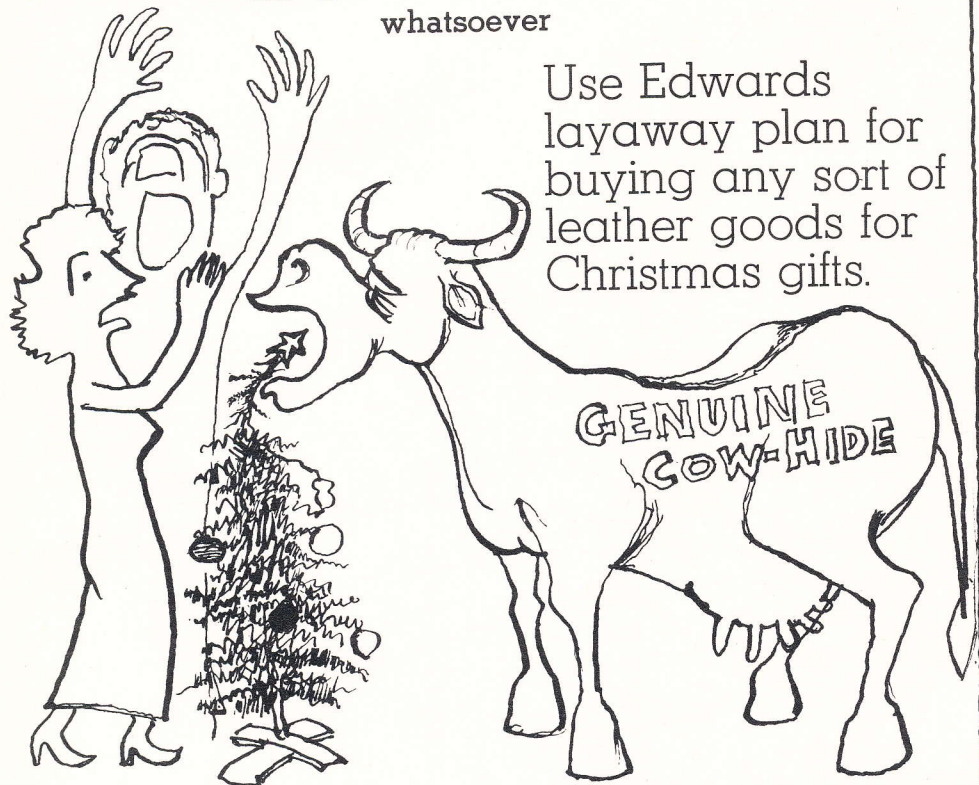


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MOOM PIC- TURES



CARRY ON NURSE This is a mildly amusing movie about all of the various humorous situations that occur in any hospital . . . you know; modest male patients, enemas, cranky patients, lazy orderlies, untrained nurses, and all that jazz. The plot, if we may be so kind, concerns a newspaper reporter who goes through appendicitis to see how the National Health Program in England functions. There will probably be a sequel to this thing called Nurse Ho! and concerning the amusing happenings in the Lobotomy Ward.



THE CROWDED SKY The theatre won't be so crowded after this movie is half-way over. Taking advantage of the current crop of mid-air collisions, the producer has two planes heading for each other in the dark of night. Unfortunately, each of the main characters has a story to be told . . . in flashback. Some of the flashbacks are so disjointed that one wonders if he is observing a movie or a Chicken In The Rough Assembly Room. The saving (?) feature in the movie is that there are lotsa double meaning lines and the Stewardess is real sexy. If you can stand wading through the scattered Id and Libido, it might be good for laughs.



AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS This one seems to be coming around again, and it is definitely worth a trip or second to see it again, if only for the wonderful photography and the fine cartooning and editing at the beginning and end. This movie is in the now long-forgotten Hollywood tradition of entertainment. We've missed you, Pal.



THE ALAMO This is a great shoot 'em up, complete with blood, guts, and hair. We confess a weakness for good Westerns, although this one should properly be termed a "Southwestern." We won't go into the actors outside of John Wayne inhabiting the screen—you'll become tired of having their faces hurled at you from the papers and TV ads—but the movie is worth seeing. Only trouble is, everybody including the actors knew the ending in advance. Next week: Armageddon with the Original Cast.



INHERIT THE WIND Spencer Tracy must have been bored with his wealthy semi-retirement to have gotten mixed up with this one. His director should be dismembered along with his agent to appease die-hard Tracy fans . . . none of whom will be willing to believe that he voluntarily played Clarence Darrow as a wooden-faced gallusopper with all the sparkle and wit of a *Pravda* steel industry survey. If William Jennings Bryan was as inarticulate and bumbling as Paul Muni plays him, it isn't hard to see why he was thrice a Democratic Candidate for President.



COME DANCE WITH ME B.B. doesn't take off her clothes in this one, and there are only two discreet nude shots of the famous mammary section of the Pouting One (which were censored in California anyhow, so you didn't see them), so since she can't act anyway, there isn't much point in seeing the movie. The funniest scene of the movie is Bardot being ignored for the first time in her career by a group of men (sic) . . . as she bounces through a faggot night club in Paris looking for a witness to the murder she is investigating. Nice to see most of Dawn Addams again, though.



MURDER, INC. Gangster movies are back with us, but where are the Cagneys of Yesterday? May Britt is the heroine, which is a pleasant change from her current role in which she'll do *anything* for publicity. Stuart Whitman, whoever he is, tries valiantly, but the ghosts of Bogart, Greenstreet, Lorre and the Thirties are suffering . . . along with the Reviewer.



THE LURKING MAZE This is the dynamic, horrifying story of the mental illness of a sensitive nine-year-old girl. Plagued by symbiotic sibling displacement and an incestuous love for both her mother and father, the girl is driven to neurotic fantasy dreams of a world filled with monsters and horrible parent images. Patty McCormick does a magnificent job as the disturbed child alone in a world of her own making. Darryl Zanuck has done a magnificent job in adapting the twisted novel to the screen in the only natural way possible. Patty is a sure-fire choice for an OSCAR as Alice, and Zanuck will undoubtedly gain honors for his adaptation of Lewis Carroll's powerful novel. (Originally sold as *The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland*.)

The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Angrily, he grabbed the man's umbrella and raised it high over his head. With all the force at his command, he struck down, breaking it neatly over his knee.

"There," he cried triumphantly, "I hope to hell it rains!"



A young reporter who was asked to cut his obituaries a little shorter wrote the next day as follows:

"James C. Humphries looked up the shaft of the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Age 24."



Skinny Prof—Here, catch hold of this wire.

Youngster—I got it. What now?

Skinny Prof—Feel anything?

Youngster—No.

Skinny Prof—Well, then, don't touch the other one. It carries three thousand volts.



The medical officer was testing the water supply.

"What precaution do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant replied.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."



A certain little boy was apprehended by his mother as he was putting a worm into his mouth. His mother was somewhat excited, and told him he mustn't eat worms. To this, he replied, "I wasn't going to eat him, Mama, I was just licking him off. I'm going to save him to go fishing with."

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Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother. As one of them suddenly pushed her off the cliff he chortled to the other, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"



"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."



Prof. of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice in rear: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."



You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams—it's All men are created equal, not All men are made the same way.



"There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

"What's the name of the other leg?"



"Jack, you've been making love to some other girl!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you've improved so!"



It was obvious to the dancers in a small night club that the young man who was playing the piano had left his dress unadjusted.

After some time a kindly old lady decided to tell him. So seizing the opportune moment she whispered: "Excuse me, but do you know you've got a button undone?"

"I'm afraid I don't," answered the young man. Then he added brightly, "But if you hum it, I'll try to vamp."



Such fashion fun . . . Candy Carleton wears a capricious costume in plaid and plain all wool—full skirt saucily fringed, the cover-up jacket just skimming the fringe waist bow. Royal Stewart with red; Black Watch with blue. Sizes 5-15 at \$79.95.

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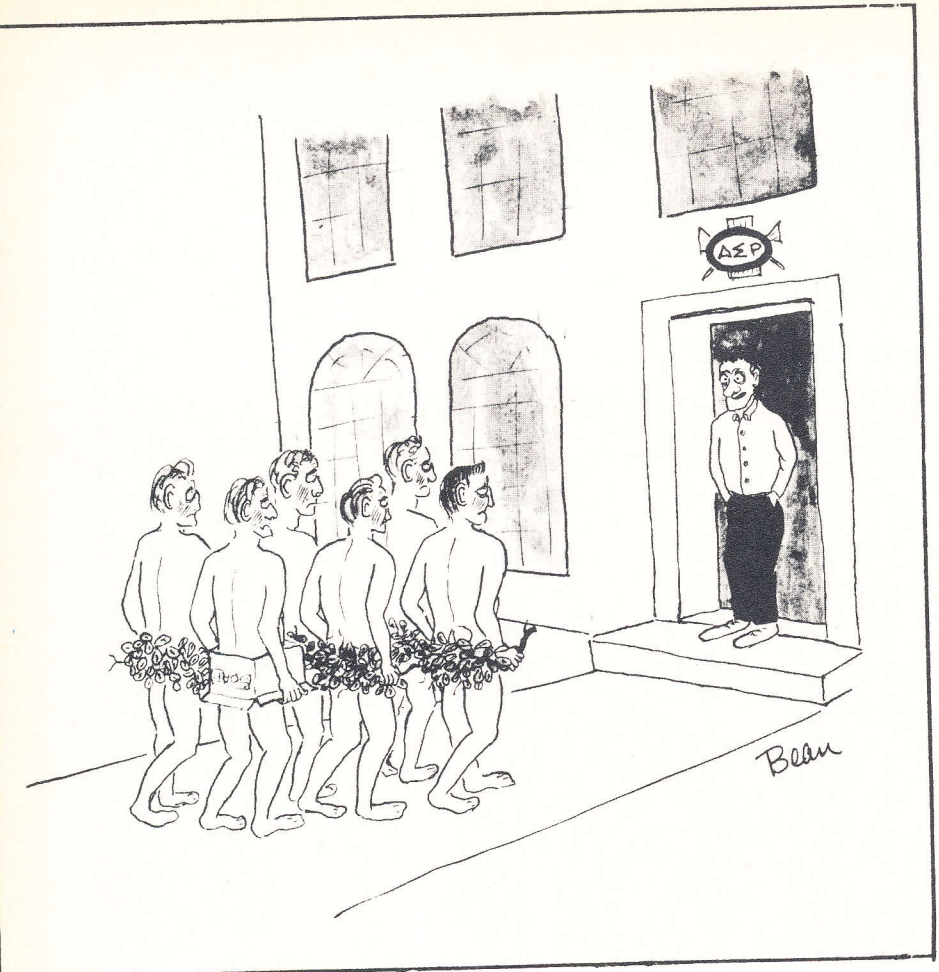
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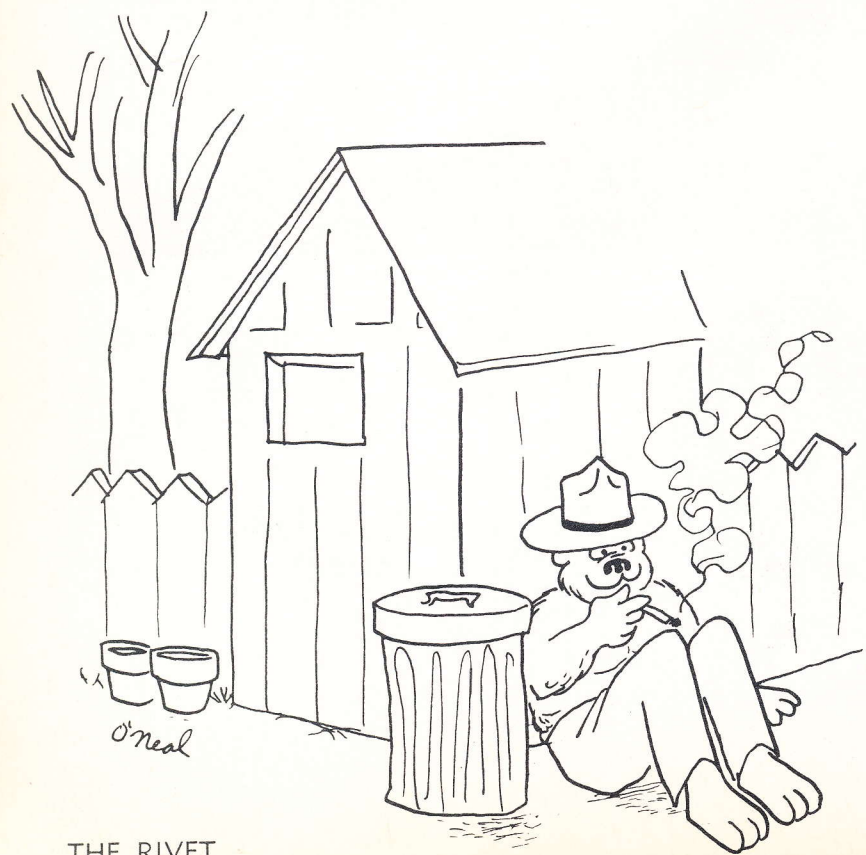
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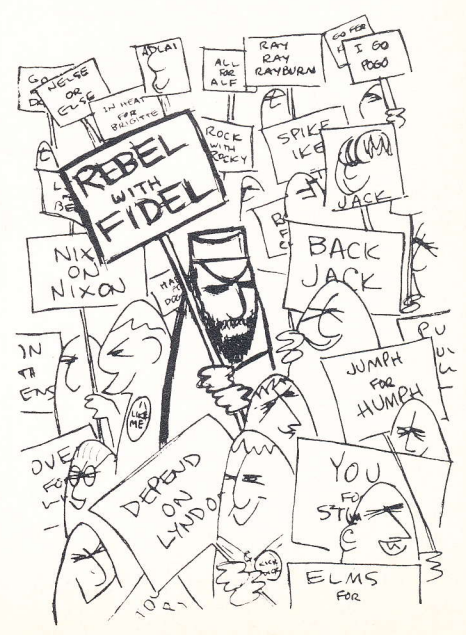
"How did the panty raid go, guys?"

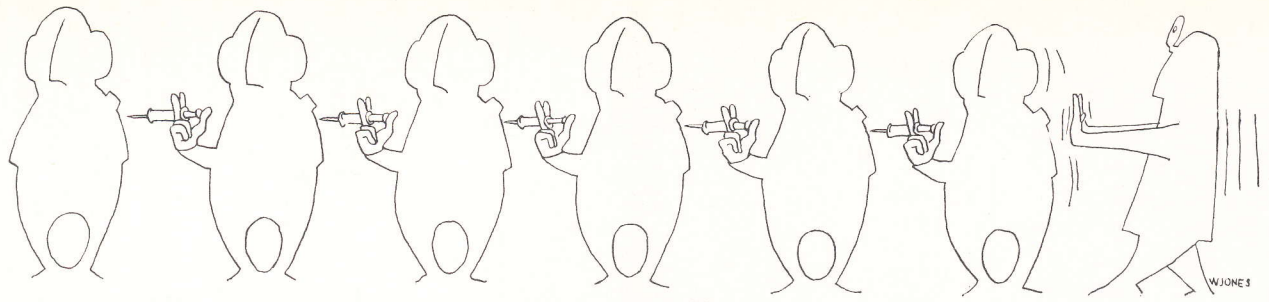
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THE RIVET





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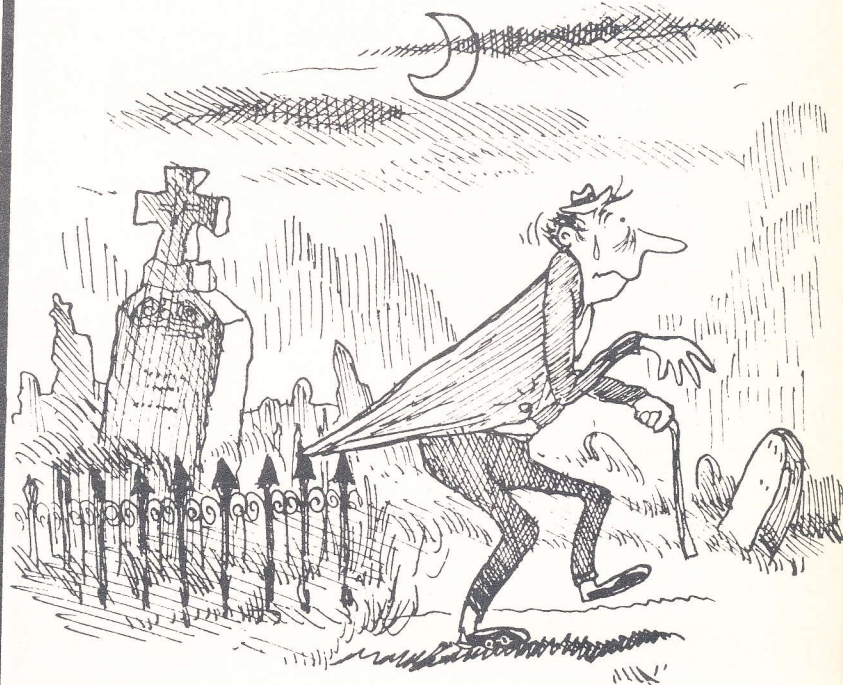
Record



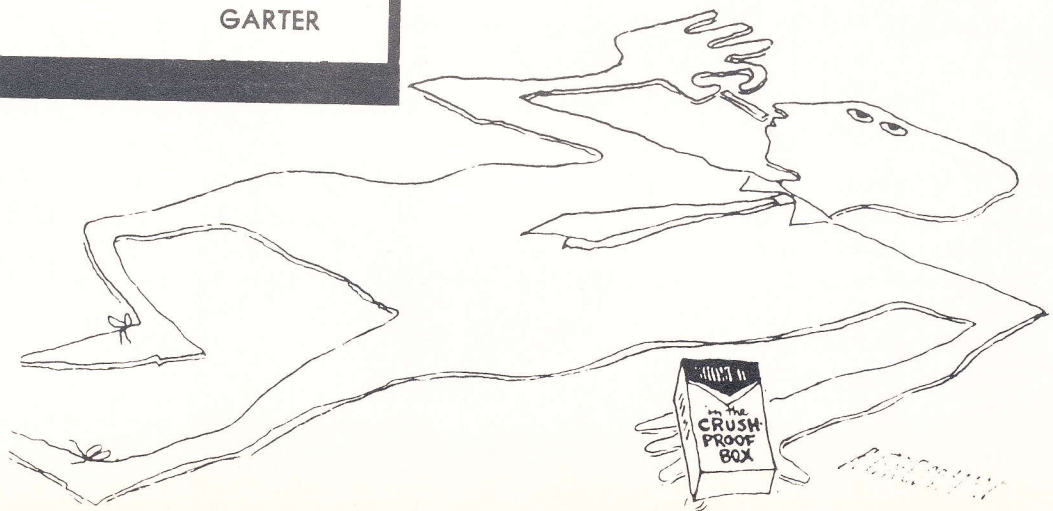
Woolfenden

"I just washed my hare and I can't do a thing with it!"

GARTER



Harvard Lampoon



Yale Record

Sherlock: "Ah, my dear Watson, I see that you've donned your long winter underwear."

Watson: "Amazing, how did you deduce that?"

Sherlock: "Elementary, my dear Watson; you have forgotten your pants."



On a lonely road, far from any town, the traveling salesman's car suddenly went dead. There was no gasoline left in the tank. Night had fallen, and he made his way toward a light in a house some distance away. A knock on the door brought a beautiful woman in answer.

"Pardon me, Madam," said the salesman, "but my car has broken down. I wonder if you couldn't put me up for the night here?"

"Well," said the lady, "I'm all alone, but I guess I'll take a chance." And she escorted him to a neat little room on the next floor.

As he prepared himself for bed, the salesman couldn't help thinking of his hostess. Finally, with a sigh, he crawled into bed. But he could not sleep. He found himself still thinking of the lady. Suddenly, there was a soft tap at his door. "Come in," he shouted, glee in his voice.

A smiling face showed itself in the doorway—a golden, smiling, warm countenance. "Would you like company?" the young lady said sweetly, softly.

"Would I?" the guest shouted. "You just bet your life I would!"

"That's fine," the lady replied. "You see, another salesman whose car broke down is at the door, and he wants me to put him up, too."



On the first day of school, the teacher was explaining to the kindergarten class that if anyone had to go to the washroom, they should hold up two fingers. The voice of a little girl came from the back of the room: "How's that gonna help?"



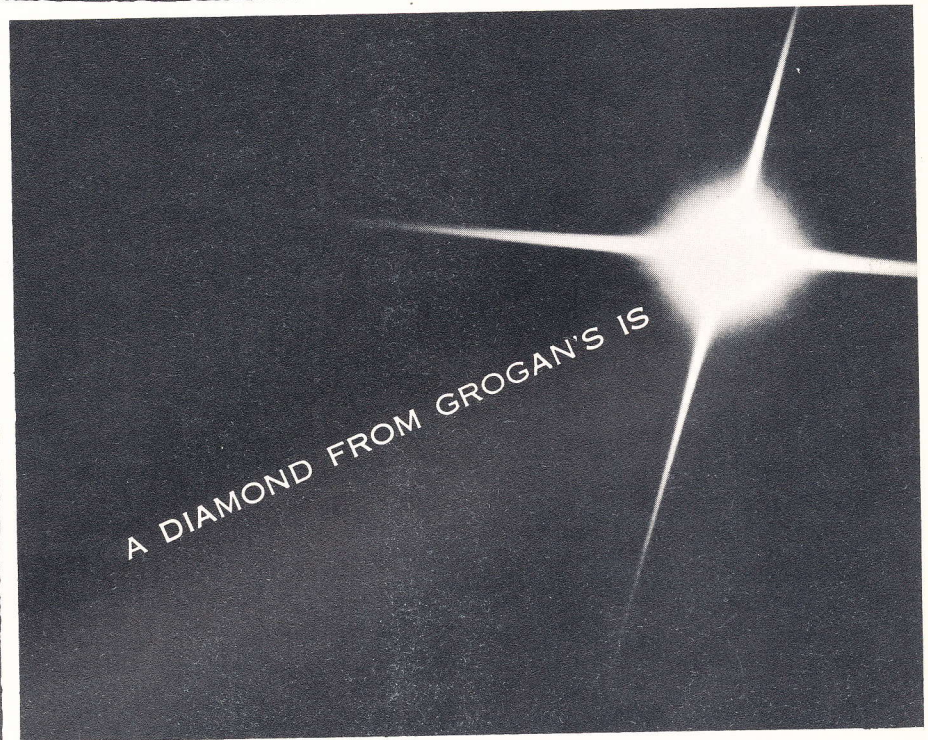
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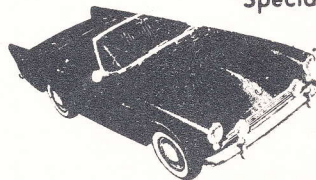
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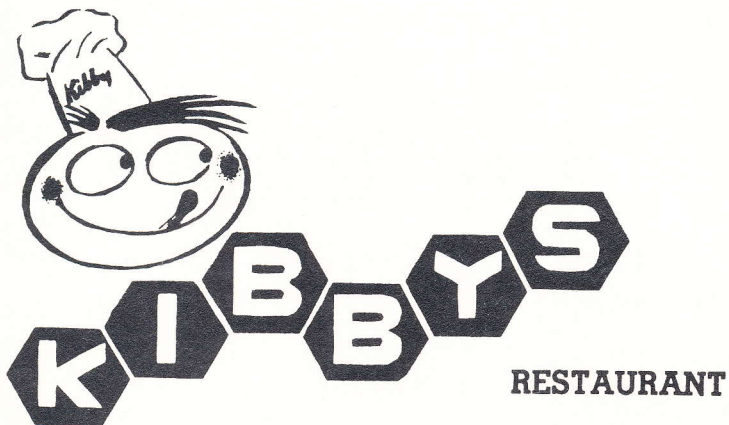
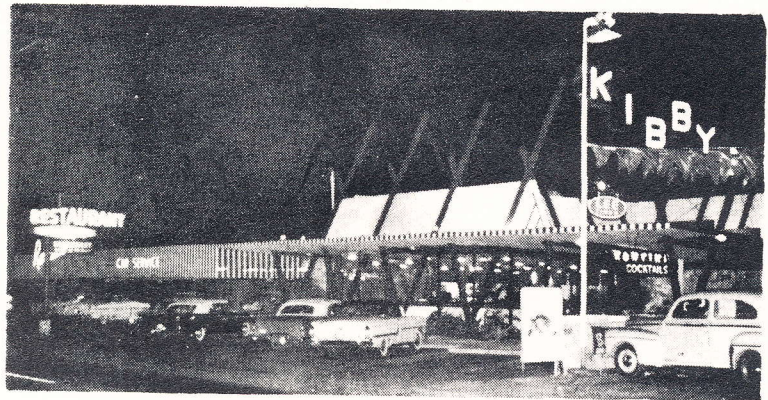
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"What's the matter with your finger?"

"Oh, I was downtown the other day getting some cigarettes and some damn fool stepped on my hand."



Artist—How much do you charge for posing as Cleopatra?

Model—My regular price is eighteen dollars an hour for posing in costume, but I always take 10 percent off for cash.



Having imbibed too freely at a hotel, a pretty young thing in Texas ran outdoors, fainted, and fell over a trash barrel.

A young man saw her. The next morning he wired his partner in New York. "Close office. Sell everything. Come to Texas. They throw away better stuff here than you can buy in New York."



"Waiter, there's a splinter in my cottage cheese!"

"What do you expect for a dime—the whole damn cottage?"



A city smartie was driving on a country road when he came upon a farm boy chasing a big pig. "Say there, Sonny," he asked, "what is the sex of that hog you're driving?"

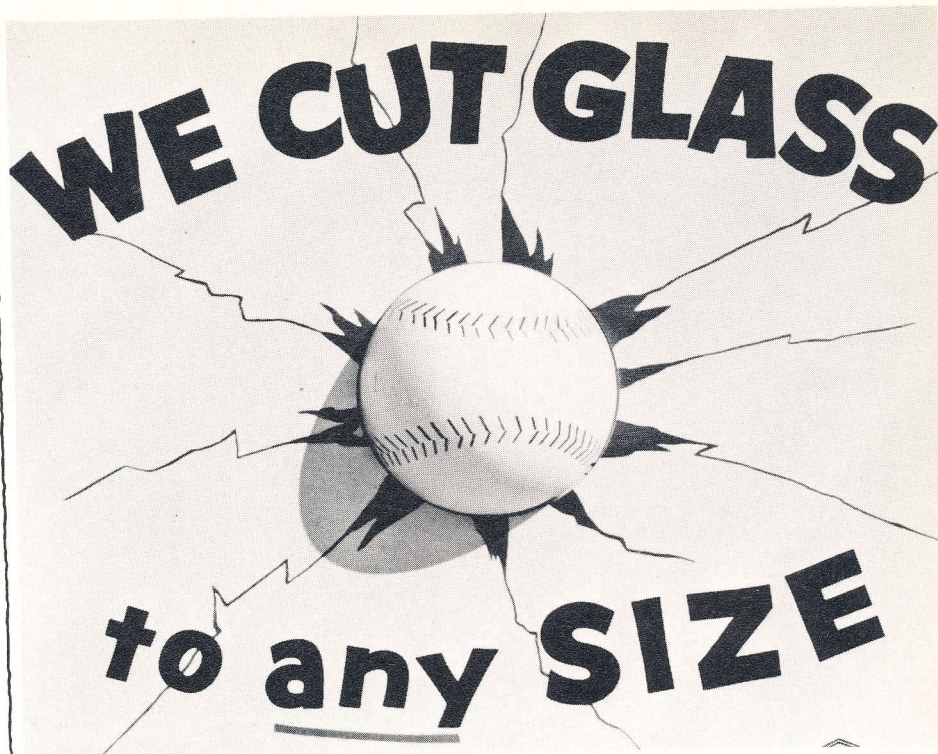
"Don't know," replied the lad. "I reckoned no one would be interested in that subject 'cept another hog."



"We really ought to have a chaperone," she said, as they went into the garden.

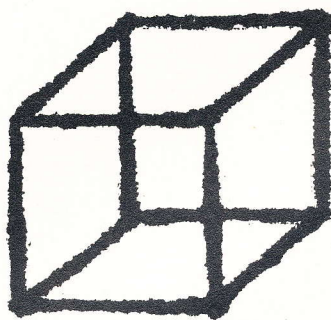
"Oh, we won't need one, I assure you."

"Well hell, what's the use of going?"



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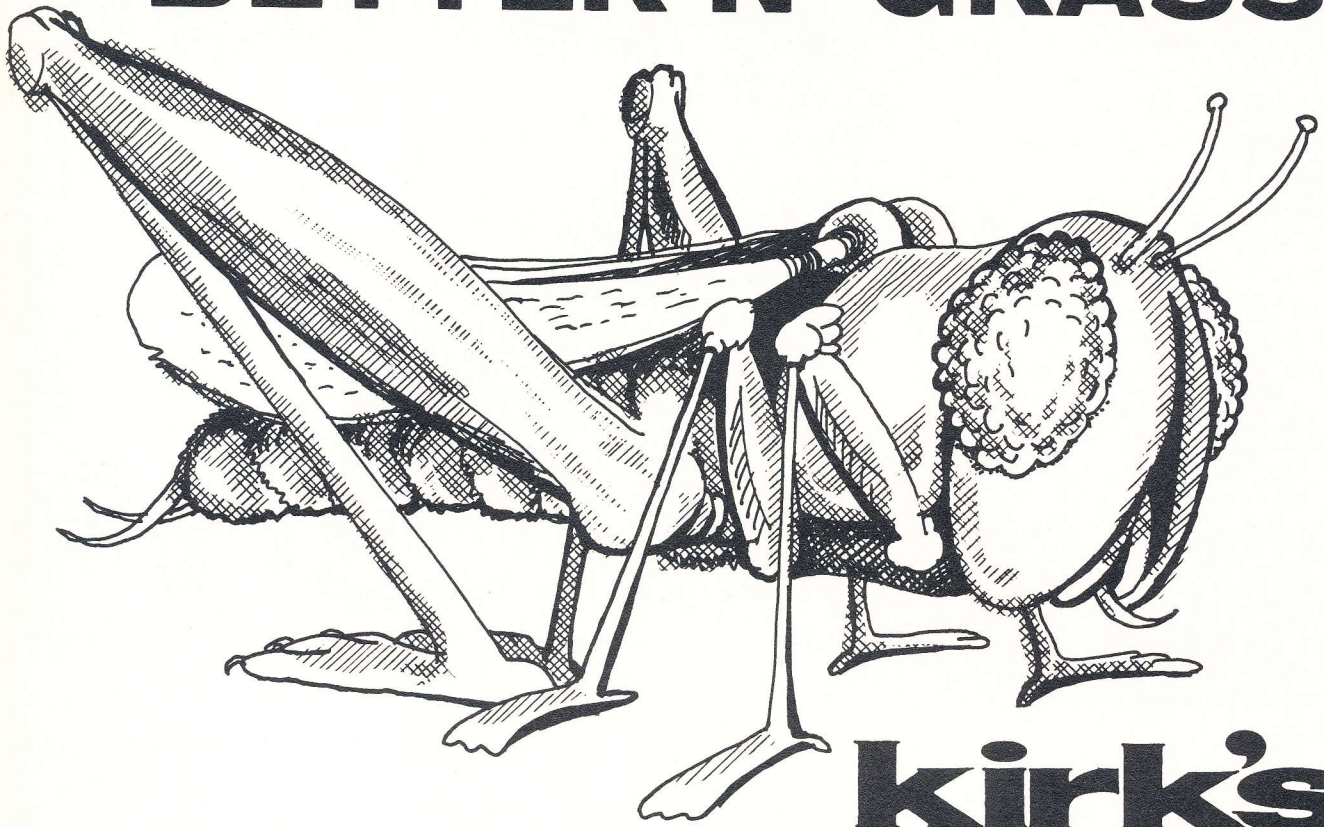
Is this drawing backwards?

ring your car to
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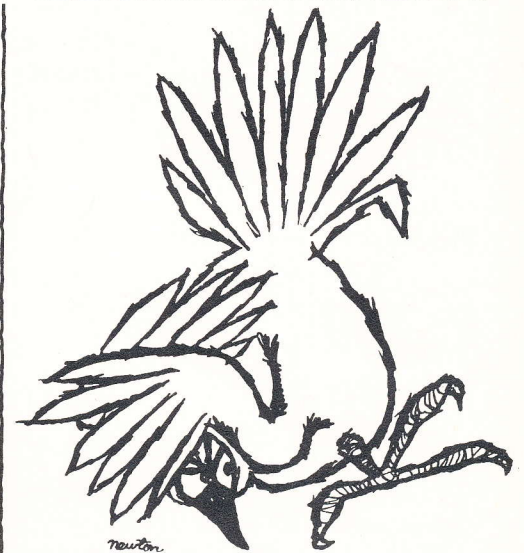


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Three old men were overheard bragging about their powers: "I'm 67, and just the other day my wife presented me with a boy." The second said, "Well, I'm 70, but just last week my wife presented me with a boy." The third looked at them both and said, "As you know, I used to hunt a great deal when I was young; so as I was walking in the park the other day I pretended to shoot at a rabbit with my cane. No sooner had I said bang than the rabbit dropped dead. I thought that strange, until I saw a young man shooting at rabbits with a real gun."



First window washer: "Look at the S.O.B.—in there kissing that other guy's wife from next door. Let's go in after the rat!"

Second window washer: "Okay. How soon do you think he'll leave!"



Are you sure this motel is University approved?



Use a bottle opener, Granny, you'll ruin your gums.



A farmer who couldn't keep his hands off his wife finally fired them.



Co-ed: A girl who didn't get her man in high school.



Harvard: "Look at this ring. My father took it off a dead Jap."

Yale: "I didn't know your father was in the war."

Harvard: "He wasn't. Our gardener died."



Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

"Why does your grandmother read the Bible so much?" asked one.

"I think," said the other little girl, "that she's cramming for her finals."



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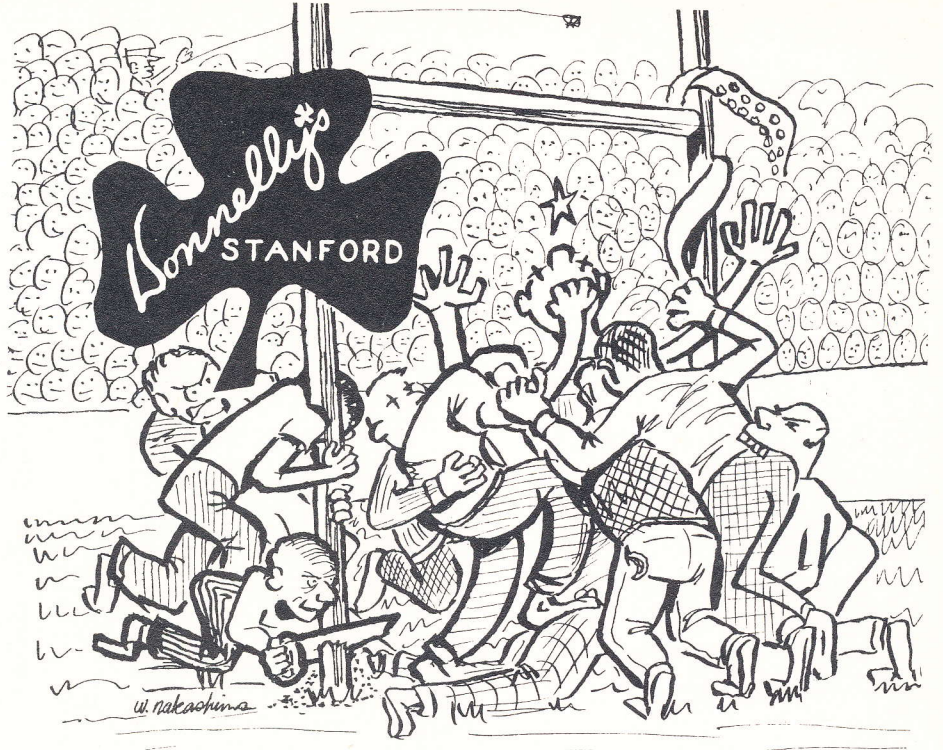
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"Oh! Oh! The baby has swallowed the matches!"

"Here, use my lighter."



A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.



Kindly Minister (pinching little boy's knee): "And who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little Boy: "Brigitte Bardot."



Hostess (to little boy at a party): "Why don't you eat your jello?"

Little Boy (eyeing the jello closely): "It's not dead yet."



Little Boy: "We have a new baby at our house."

Neighbor: "That is nice; did the stork bring him?"

Little Boy: "No, he developed from a unicellular amoeba."



"But, darling, if I marry you I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

"But suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."



Then there was the waitress who was so dumb she didn't know whether lettuce was a vegetable or a proposition.

He: "Do you have a fairy godmother?"

She: "No, but I have an uncle I'm not sure of."



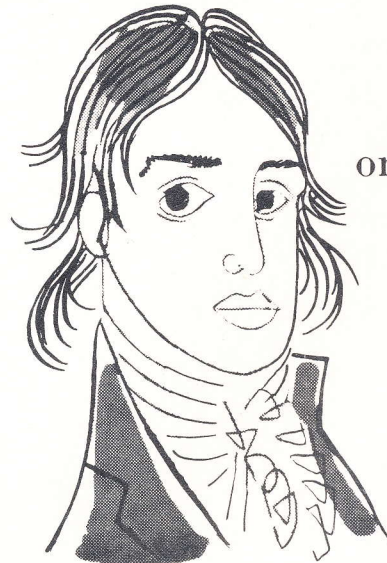
Low neckline — something you can approve of and look down on at the same time.



Like Venus di Milo
Is my gal Claire.
She's shapely, she's pretty,
But not all there.



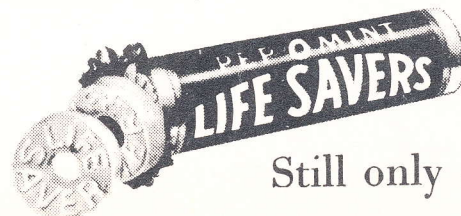
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"'Tis sweeter
far to me!"

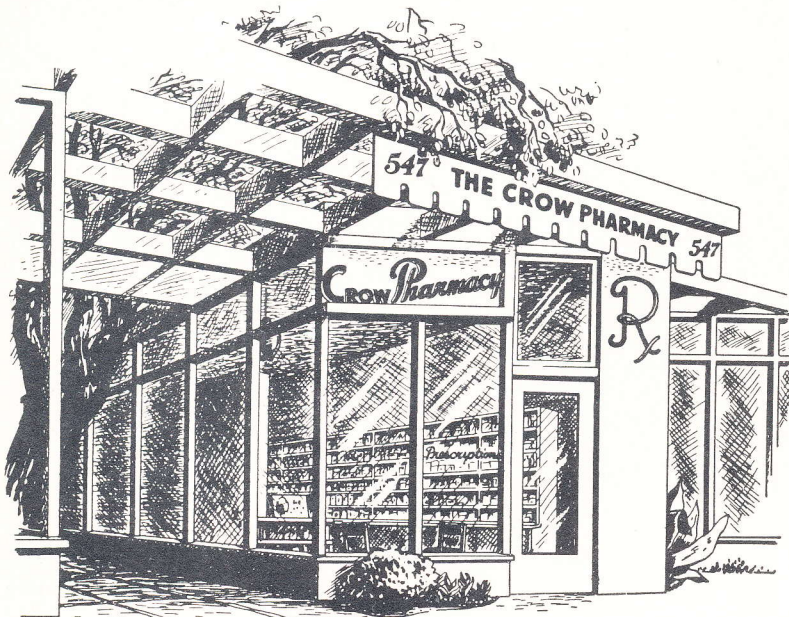
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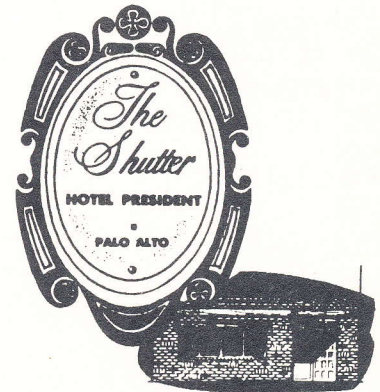
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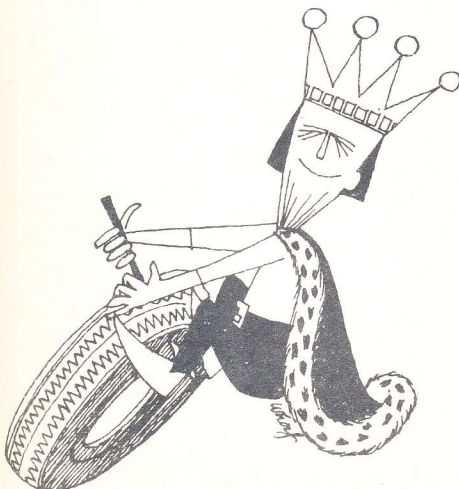
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An office girl went into her accustomed self-service restaurant on her lunch hour and found all the tables taken. Finally she sat down at a table with a very proper and dignified old lady. They ate silently, exchanging not a word until the office girl finished and lit up a cigarette.

The old lady gasped, "I'd rather commit adultery than be seen smoking in public," she said indignantly.

The office girl nodded, "So would I," she admitted, "but I have only a half hour for lunch."



A girl of our acquaintance was shopping in her neighborhood market and found herself behind an austere dame at the meat counter. This member of the local elite requested with much dignity that the butcher make some suggestion for her dinner menu.

"Of course," said the butcher, "how about a nice ox tongue to be served with spinach?"

"What?" exclaimed the haughty one. "Do you have the nerve to suggest that I eat anything that has been in a cow's mouth?"

"Well, madam," came back the butcher, "what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Eggs. Why?"



The young man contemplated his second glass of beer.

"How much beer do you sell a week?" he inquired.

"About 40 kegs," the bartender replied.

"I'll tell you how you can sell 80."

"Eighty kegs? How?"

"Fill up the glasses."



A pessimist is a man who feels that all women are bad—an optimist hopes so.



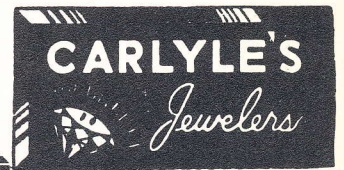
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"Fine, until the cops looked under the bridge."

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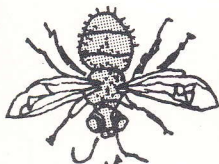
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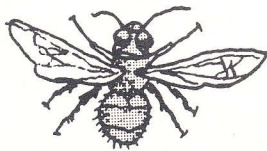
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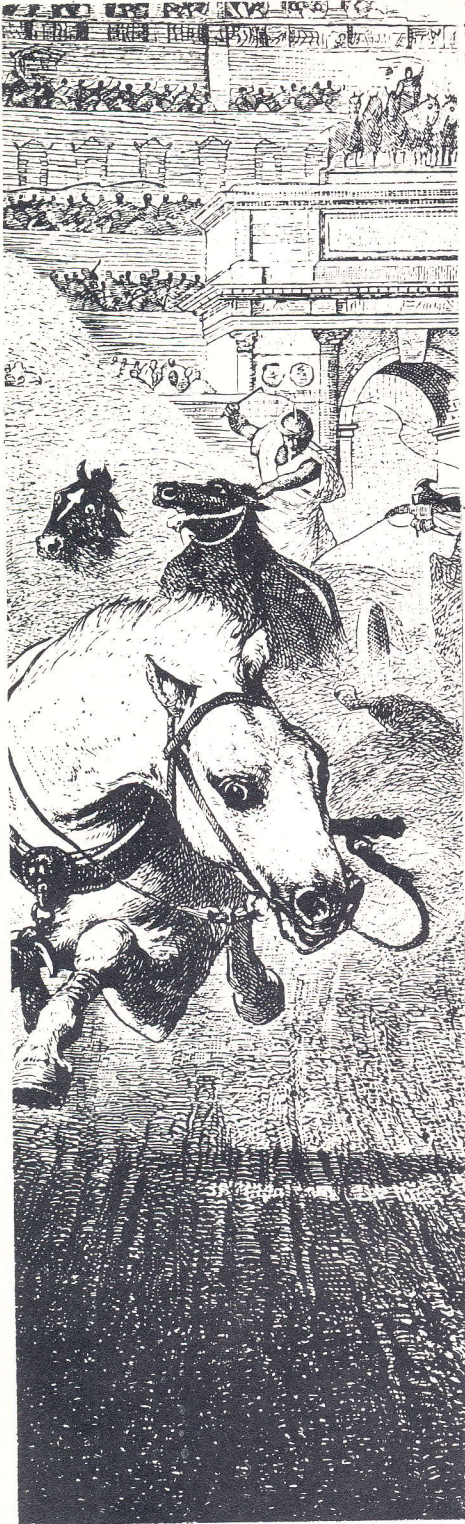
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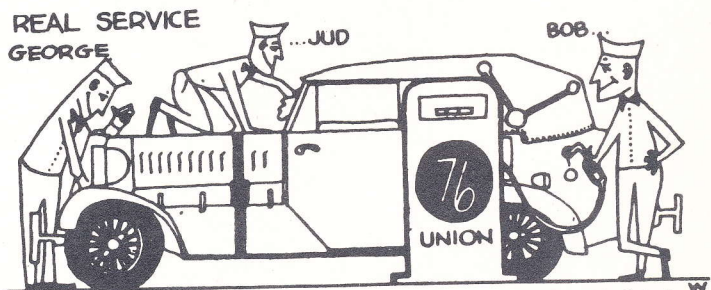
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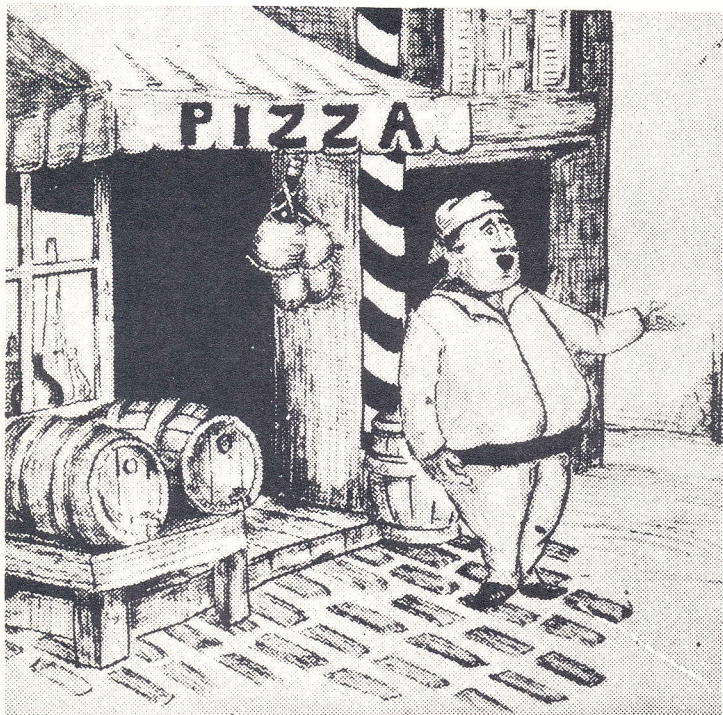
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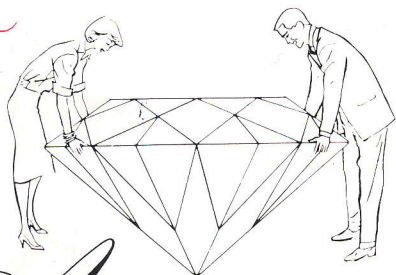
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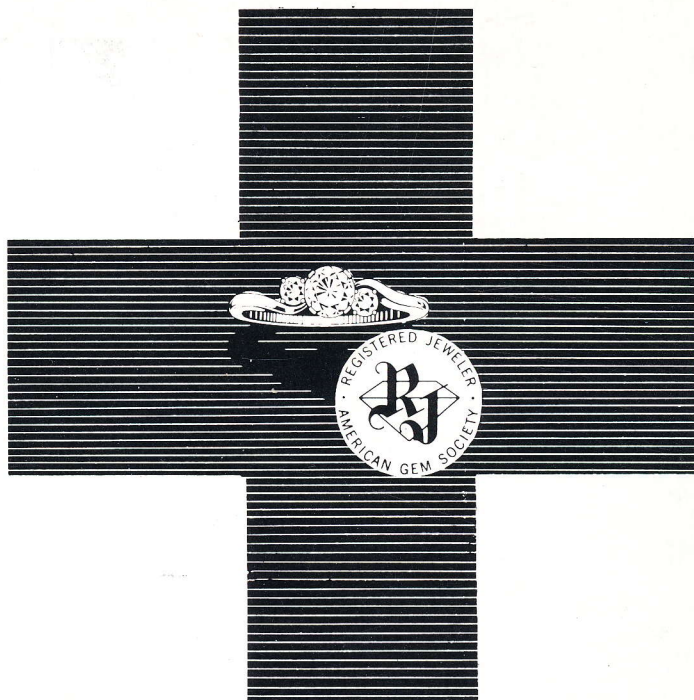
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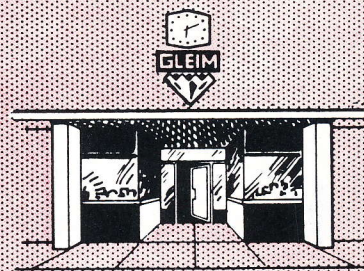
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