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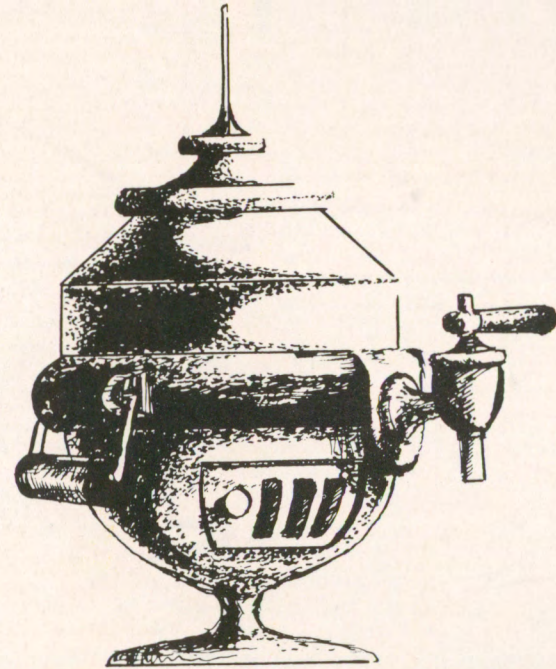


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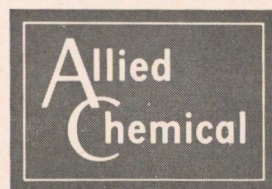
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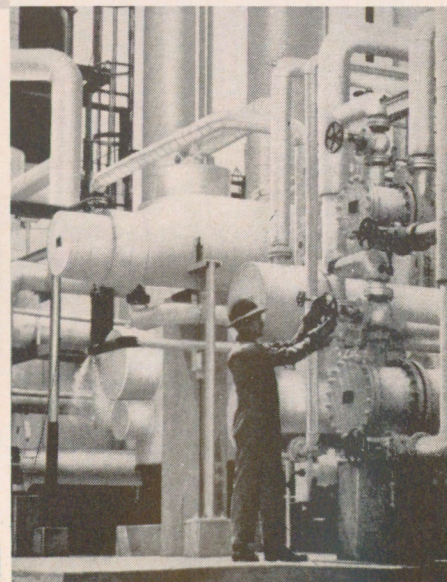
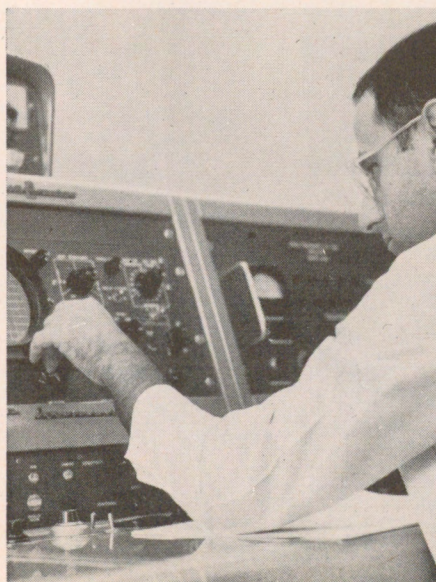
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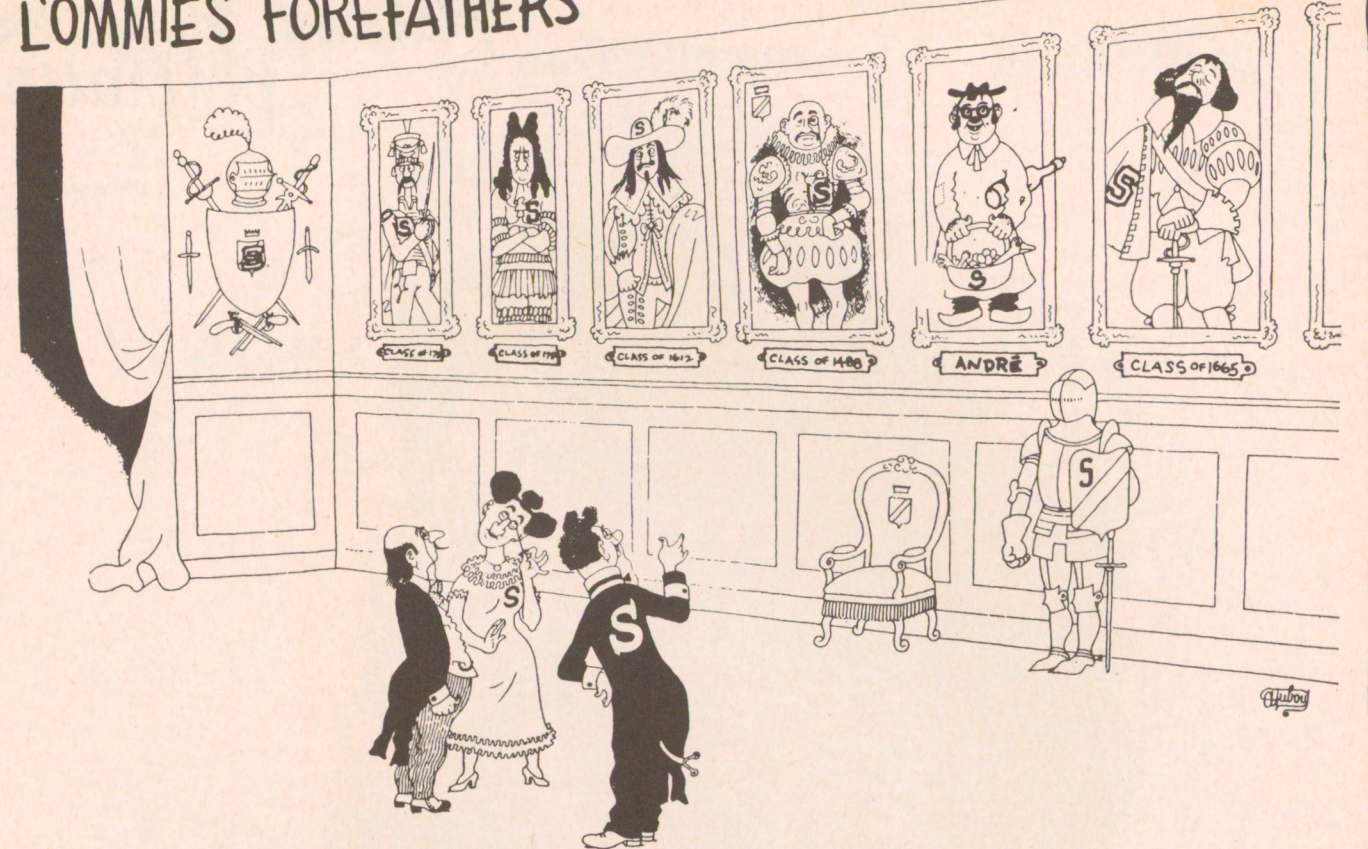


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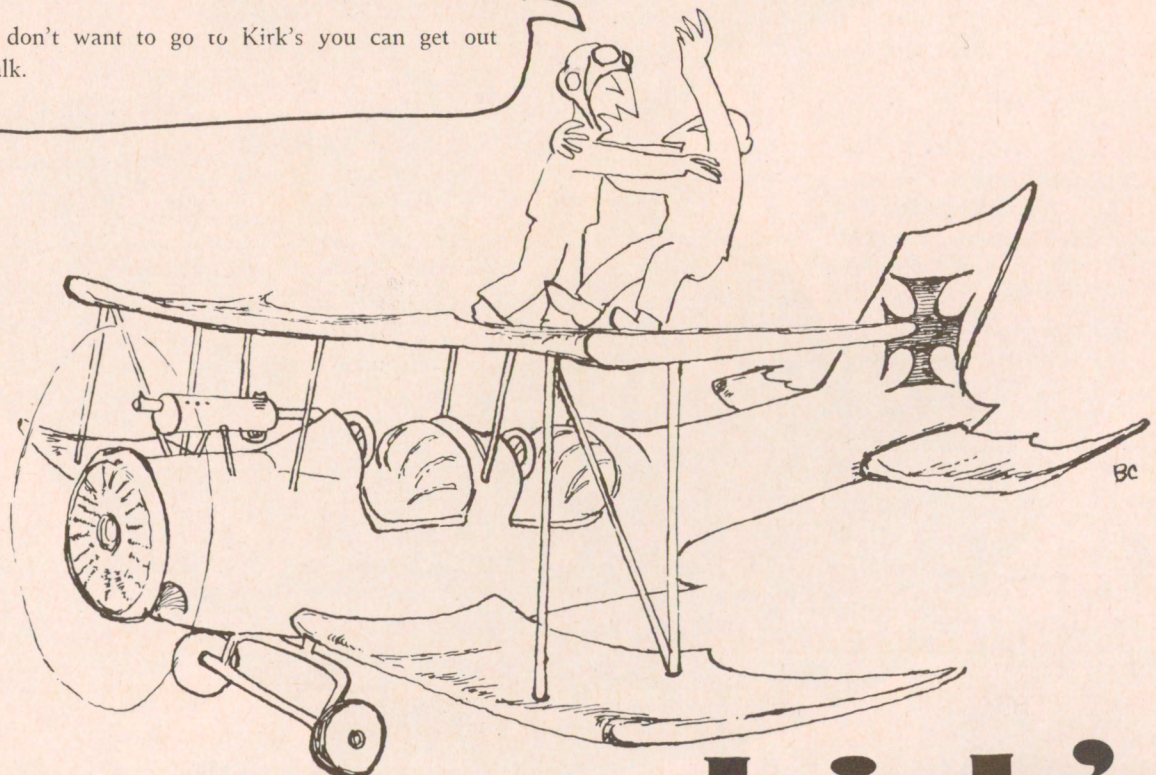
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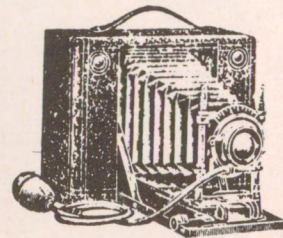
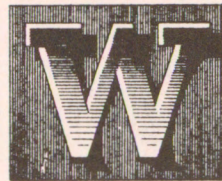
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EATING OUT

by John Frankenstein

It has often been observed that American foods have American names: New England boiled dinner, Boston beans, etc. But I find it odd that the most American food of all has a distinctly German name, if we overlook its numerous bastard *noms de fourneau*. This, of course, is the hamburger.

In San Francisco, the king of the hamburger palaces—and incidentally, this is a palace of a sort, with two large paintings by Wolo on the walls—is The Hippo, at the corner of Van Ness and Pacific. They can and they do do everything you could imagine possible with a piece of chopped beef. And a couple of extra things you probably never thought about. In the back is the famous Monkey Inn, complete with beer and peanuts; they've recently added a coffee house. This is a pretty fancy place, all in all, and one that really shouldn't be missed.

The Feed-Bag, at 3401 California—out by Pacific Heights in the Laurel Hill area—is not so far away from the foreign film theaters that you couldn't go there. And well you might; it isn't as fancy as the above-mentioned place, but it's head and shoulders above the rest of the hamburger joints in town. They also have excellent fountain service.

Finally, if you're in a hurry, but need something to eat, you could drop in at any of the Mel's Drive-Ins and get a "Poor Boy." Mel's has about the only management that advertises the use of French bread and then really uses French bread. Quite good really.

Of course there are many other hamburger joints as well: Miz Brown's on Lombard's motel row, etc. Take your pick.

chaparral
vol. lxii
no. 4
contents



CHAPTER FOUR
IN WHICH THE OLD BOY
AND THE LITTLE MEN
OBSERVE OUR MILITARY
PLIGHT AND BECOME
FRIGHTENED.

Sue Barber and Bill Kitchen

have attempted to write a satire of *The Republican Digest* for the enjoyment of all who appreciate that magazine's powerful mouthful. Miss Barber is a transfer from Middlebury (in Vermont), her friend is an eccentric kite flyer from Buffalo. pages 14 and 15.

Jane Clifton

is a resident of a small cabin in the woods north of Berkeley. She was brought to Stanford by a friend of ours who chanced upon her house while hunting. page 19.

Judy Skinner

became ensnared in a bad military situation while registering this quarter. She explains the implications on pages 26 and 27.

'Tis better to have thought about what the Bomb will do to Hoover Tower than never to have laughed at all.

SUE BARBER

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dent budget, fear not! The total wage you would have earned during your two years as a private is about two thousand dollars. The total wage you could earn for two years work at any union-wage job is about eight thousand. You could support your child for ten years on the difference.

Considering the caliber of the draft legislation in this democracy, it is not only expedient to become a family man, it is almost a duty. In fact, if everyone got married at fourteen we would have the perfect solution to the nation's military problem. Not only would the entire post-adolescent population be converted to staid and virtuous parents; the national character would be so transformed that the Russians would have to respect us.



hard struggle just to keep alive. Forcefulness and the desire to excel and succeed were the attributes of all bright young men; however, Horatio Alger is long since dead. Today, ambition drives men to college—and college deprives them of girls they love, material goods they want, and stability they need. The pressures are exasperating and the reward often seems distant and unsure. But the worst sight of all is the awesome spectre of two additionally frustrating years in the eighty-dollar-a-month Army.

It is much harder to avoid the draft after four years of college. The student deferment extends the years of draft eligibility. Bachelors with bachelor's degrees are in demand out of proportion to their small numbers—after all, says the government, we can't draft the non-college boys. They're married.

Now some might say that draft-dodging is unpatriotic, but they are foolish. It is trivially obvious to even the most casual observer that the United States Congress would not have made married life an attractive alternative to army life if any still consider it unpatriotic. They simply have good reasons for wanting everyone to get married as soon as possible. Perhaps there's nothing wrong with rewarding the complacent and unambitious, but it hardly seems reasonable to construct additional obstacles in the path of the more energetic, intelligent, and therefore the more valuable men of our society.

PLOTTING

The Old Boy has a plan, and any male student in good and vigorous health should be able to pull it off with little if any trouble. Draft-dodging can be made easy and profitable for everyone. First, you avoid the ROTC; you don't want any of the services to know your name. Second, you fail to register for the draft; when they write you their nasty letters you just cross out the address and with your left hand write in "moved." Third, you get married. (Drastic, but necessary.) It won't be any good unless you have a child, of course, but any reasonably intelligent student—in a moment of inspiration—could father a child without too much effort.

If you think that it might be reckless to get married on a small stu-

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

H.A. WENZEL 1916

TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

Now that the Military ball has crossed the social horizon we may reflect on the power and glory of the ROTC. "Rotsie" is probably the best way to fulfill a military obligation, but draft-dodging is so common these days that the use of the word "obligation" is somewhat anachronistic.

Military service is one of a series of black cancelled years in a short youth. Four years of college, two years in the Army, perhaps two

years in a grad school, and a man of eighteen becomes a man of twenty-four or more, looking for his first job. There would be no complaint to be made if this were a democracy where each man served his allotted time in the service and where each was set back an equal time. But the lawmakers have not seen fit to distribute the load evenly, so each man must dodge for himself.

The non-college-educated man is

the furthest ahead of the draft board. He often gets married at age twenty or so. A few months later his draft exemption is delivered and he goes merrily on through life. It's not a bad life, the raises keep on coming as long as he pays his union dues. His son will be in kindergarten when the college-educated contemporary is getting a discharge from the Army.

During the nineteenth century a man without ambition found life a



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United States



Germany



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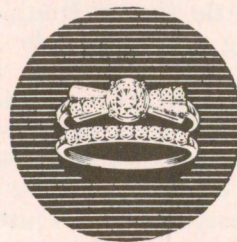
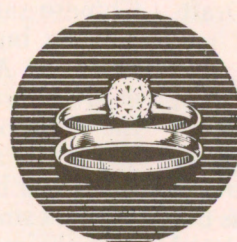
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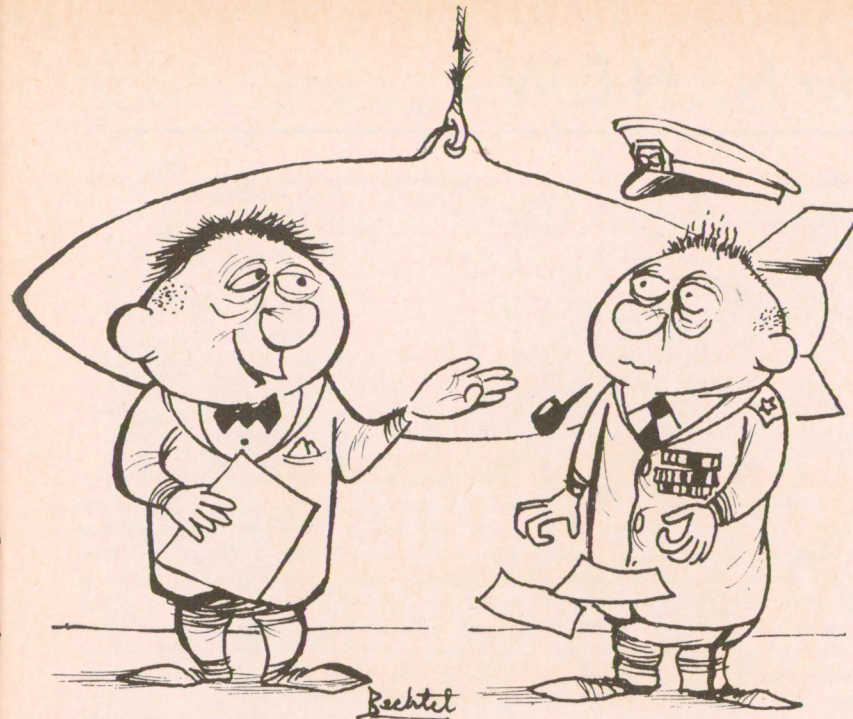
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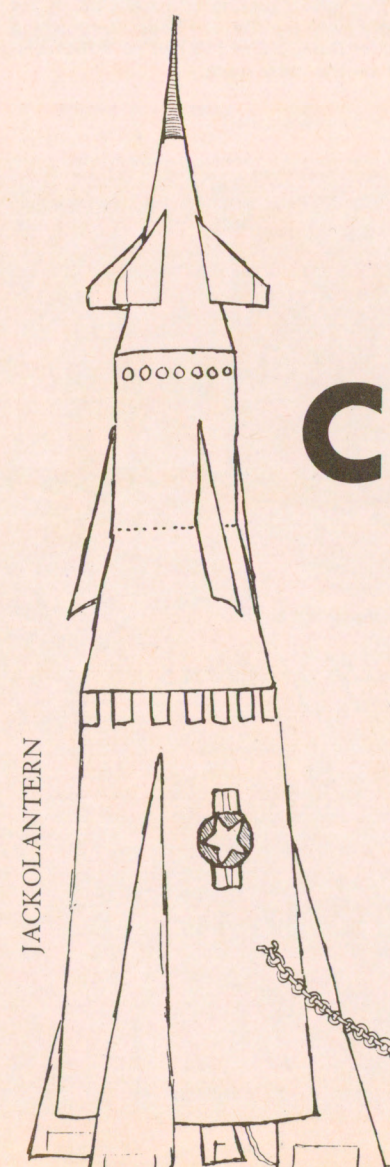
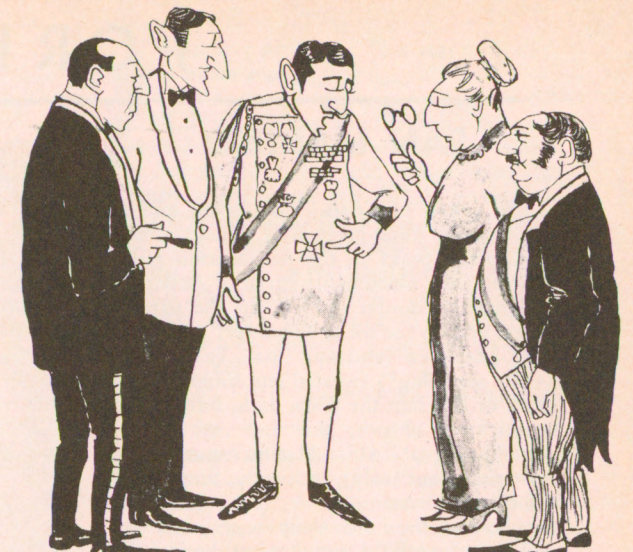
Rechtel

The CALIFORNIA PELICAN,

"The great thing about this bomb, General, is that we can drop it in Kansas and still completely destroy Russia!"

"... And this one here ... holds up my pants"

Emory Phoenix



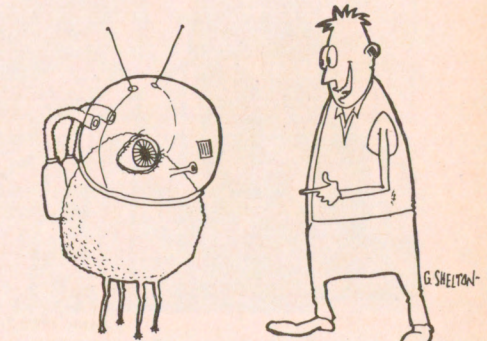
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CLIPS



GARTER

Wortfendau



G. SHELTON

Oh, really? Then you must know. . . .

TEXAS RANGER

"Whad'ya mean you changed your mind?"

HOLBROOK

SAN MARINO

The Creep of Crisis. Like giant, excited bedbugs, the forest-green 6-By Trucks scrambled to the peaks of the San Marino Hills, spewing their bloodthirsty cargo of Andorran light-motorized-infantry-men. In the narrow valleys and on the rocky slopes, 471 Andorran F. Q.-Unit men (and one small, but vicious, woolly sheepdog*) sweated and fought to the death or fled into the deep, dark, foreboding, nearby-forest of oak, pine and .0001% imported kumquat. A San Marino communique has tersely (but sadly), taciturnly, simply, unembellishedly communicated . . . That 299 members of the home-troops were slain. "!!"

This last week the war that has shocked the world for seven years raged on. The San Marinans, as they have all along, claimed they were withstanding the invasion well. They say . . . that their valiant, peasant-solid troops number (close to) 2,976 at present, and that provisions within the besieged city walls are holding up admirably. This is the seventh annual invasion from Andorra.

Ruthless Raiders Raid and Ravish. Blood covered the city walls this afternoon when a band of 23 Andorran Generals led by Juan Politico Imanez Marina Andore, 28, attempted to storm the ancient old oak-brown, moss-covered, initial-carved city gate. Repulsed and unable to renew the action under the hot-midday sun, Imanez wheeled his horse and headed back to his trailer. All in the city was quiet.

The End of Patience. With a simple, hard-rubber comb, aging San Marino leader Sergio



Associated Press

Andorran soldier
Can 5,940 women be wrong?

* Phuriceskie: (pronounced FREE-skee.)

UNDER THE BLOOD-RED FLAG

Andorra, tiny, sheep-herding co-principality snuggled in the heart of the Pyrenees,* has a long history of intermittent warfare. The socio-politico-economic reasons for this pugnacity are rooted in a strange custom which dates from the period of the Great Will, 891 A.D. The Great Will (as it is called) is a seemingly purposeless collection of singularly useless maxims and edicts, among which is the famous 69th Decree that: "Four out of every 5 female children shall be sold at birth." This decree, while serving to support an otherwise starving economy, has created an obvious ratio problem, which the doughty Andorrese are presently solving in a characteristic manner. (See Foreign News.)

The situation was summed-up admirably last week in a speech delivered by Andorra's President Stirring, in broken Esperanto, to the monthly meeting of the ASSUC. (Asso-

ciated Shepherds of Small, Underdeveloped Countries.) Said President Stirring:

☞ "Andorra have population of 5200. Andorra have . . ."

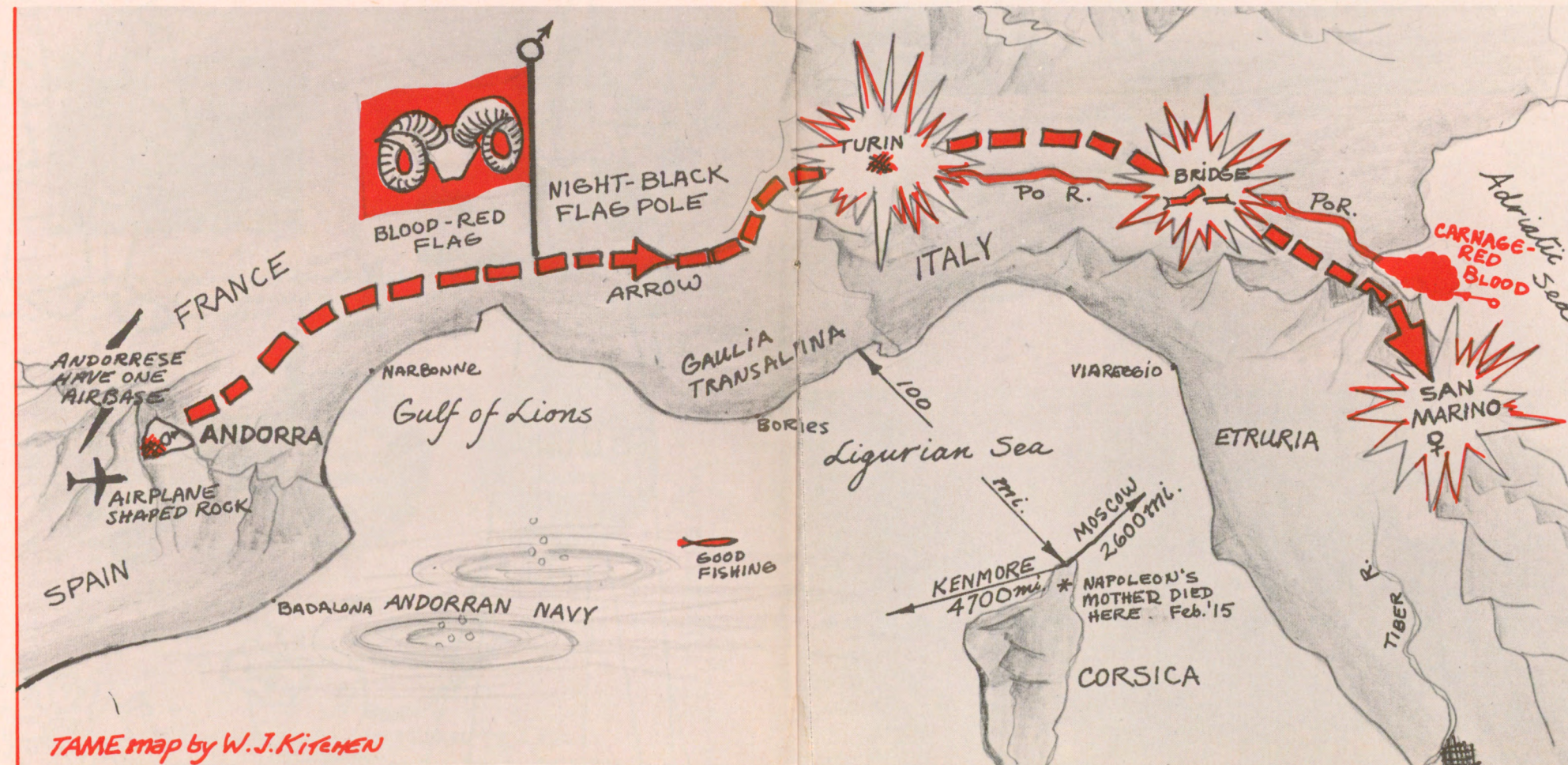
☞ "... 5000 men. Andorra have 199 women and one small dog. Andorra men . . ."

☞ "... horny. Sheepdog—insane."

Unable to take out accumulated frustrations on their powerful neighbors to the north and south (France and Spain, respectively), unable to change the terms of the 69th Decree, the Andorrese have received no sympathy or understanding from the disapproving world. The ASSUC itself remains adamant in refusing to endorse either the claims or the motives of the starving shepherds. It has put Andorra on probation and awarded France and Spain one demerit each for going along with the "fealthy scheme."**

** This great gesture is paralleled in recent history only by the symbolic re-renaming of Boulder Dam, but it has had no noticeable affect on the baby trade.

* A mountain range situated between France and Spain.



TAME map by W.J. KITEMEN

Lorenzo Andorre Marina, 97, combed his well-oiled, dust-covered hair. This reporter asked directly the questions on the minds of all Re-

publican-Americans. His chief-of-staff, Leonardo Andorus Marrin, 17, answered: ☞ "This is one of the best fights the 'Dor-



London Daily Express

Alarmed

Turin citizens are fornicating in the streets. ††

ries' have ever given us. This year their cavalry is much more spirited . . ."

☞ "The damned dog has got to be stopped." ☞ "Last year we lost and they made off with 609 of our best marrying stock. If it wasn't for our ability to buy girl babies from the French and Spanish our female population would rapidly diminish to a dangerous level."

☞ "The 'Dorries' have been warring on us for years . . . Seven years ago they started this annual January attack bit, but before that they sent over raiding parties to grab our girls. We just happen to have a . . . reasonable ratio and they don't."

☞ "Yeah, I've never seen such horny bastards!"

Invidious Invasion. This yearly invasion by the hard-bitten Andorrese has formerly been conducted by sea, but the recent loss of the entire Andorran navy in a storm, which sent both ships to the bottom, forced them to resort to the elephant-worn trails of the Alps.

Placid Turin, perched poignantly on the precipice of carnage, was unprepared for the events which followed. Racing through the streets, wild-eyed, half-savage shepherds sped in mechanized columns. Eleven 6-By trucks, 2 jeeps, 8 civilian cars and a stolen taxi-cab plummeted through red lights, stop signs, and white picket fences. From their houses, aghast, streamed the people of Turin.

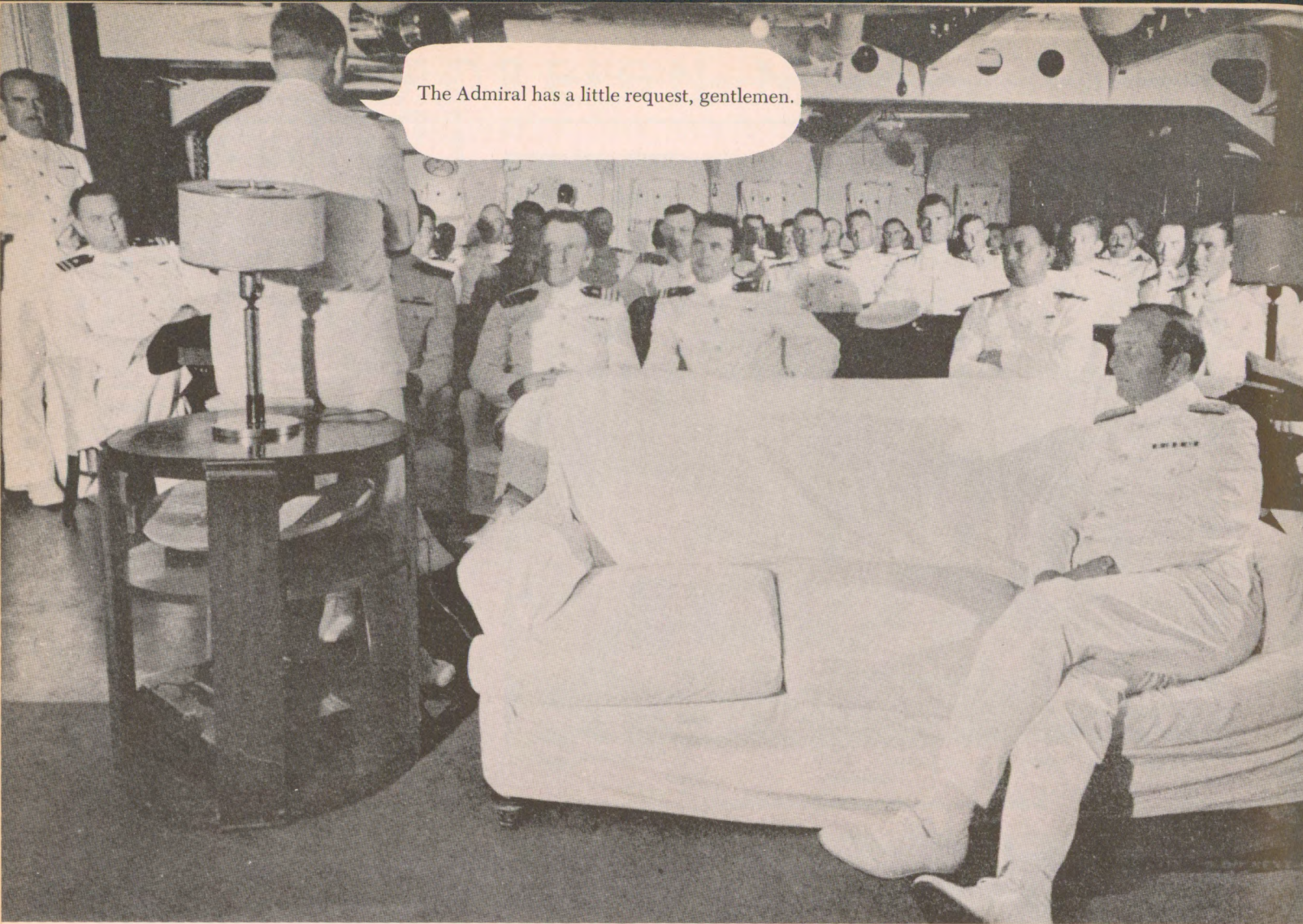
Hysterical citizens, horrified by the lawlessness of the invader, and by the grotesque ramshorn on their bloodred flag, could think only of forming militia units, and marching to repel the foe. The populace swarmed to the town square. (See Photo.) Meeting there in an enormous throng with parti-colored banners, they mistook one another for the Enemy, and bloody riot ensued. One hundred and 7 Turinians were killed, maimed or otherwise affected by the catastrophe, as the Andorrese, whose alacrity had carried them 10.7 miles past the scene before the riot began, watched the glowing city, amused.

Down the River. Having reached the banks of the swampy Po, they smashed through the toll gate at El Mordeno. Unfortunately, a large ship was passing under the drawbridge at the time, and the gaping chasm in the middle of the bridge impeded the progress of the troops, to the extent that they found it necessary to retreat. Their withdrawal was attended by twenty-seven machine-gun-armed gendarmes, who charged them \$7.23 a man for the toll, \$2 hundred for repairs and 50 points for the insult. They continued on their way.

Hapless Maids Made Happy. Their approach to San Marino met with a calamity sufficient to stop-cold the invasion. Miss Maria Marina, 23, of North San Marino Hills, was conducting a class in clothes-washing at the local well. The class was composed of the entire female population of the village between 14 and 20, and the resulting desertion depleted by 1/3 the Andorran ranks. Thus, 429 men and one small, but vicious, woolly sheepdog, arrived at the crest of the grassy knoll overlooking the sleepily little walled city of San Marino. (See Foreign News.)

† See Sports.

†† Left to right: John Woehler, Max McCollough, Charlie Brown, Peter Havetinia, Fred Cone, Chas. Stivers, Clint Beulman, A. J. Tweeksbury.



The Admiral has a little request, gentlemen.



Blow your nose, dear.



Stop that, you old devil.



So I said to my wife, Bruce . . .



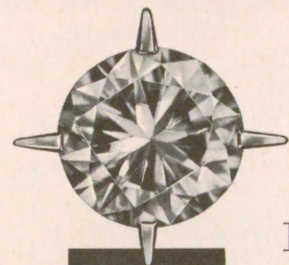
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Chaparral



Come in darling, I've a surprise for you.

JANE

Ron Costell was hunting this past vacation, or at least that's what he claimed upon his return. We only

doubted him because his story was unique—he met a girl.
“I was hunting Hephalump north

of Berkeley,” he said, “and the snow was getting a bit deep. My go-aheads served me poorly but there

25 January



She was lovely. More lovely than any other . . .



She eyed the umbrella stand nervously.

was no place to sit and warm my feet. Suddenly I chanced upon a cabin tucked into the mouth of a cave which was all but obscured by dense foliage. I knocked upon the door and a soft voice cooed, 'Come in darling, I've a surprise for you.' I stepped inside, wondering at the time if I wasn't being a little bold; she obviously wasn't expecting me.

"'Oh,' she said, 'I thought you were my husband. My! you have awfully blue toes; do come in and warm yourself a bit.'

We talked for almost an hour.



"I slipped the muzzle of my .550 Webby Express into the umbrella stand and sat by the fire. She was lovely. More lovely than any other girl I'd ever met in the woods.

"The house was charming and so was she—we talked for almost an hour. Luckily, I had a camera and I took some good pictures of her. She offered me porridge and I just could not refuse. I was hungry.

"She eyed the umbrella stand nervously and said that her husband—who didn't like guns—would be mad at me if I didn't put it in the wood shed. I did put it out there and found that the exercise and the warm house and the digesting porridge made me drowsy.

"I must have slept a long time, but when I awoke I really awoke. She was kissing a huge bear. I pinched myself so hard that I made a startled yelp. The bear, who evidently hadn't seen me, turned, growled and started toward me. He grabbed me and just about broke my camera.

"Realizing that perhaps this was an enchanted bear I kissed him on the nose. Lo and behold, the bear turned into a guy about six feet tall who gave me this black eye."



I was hungry.

When I awoke . . .



He grabbed me . . .

The sorority girl had just received an engagement ring, and wore it down to breakfast the next morning. To her exasperation, no one noticed it. Finally, after fuming and squirming throughout the meal, a lull came in the conversation, and she exclaimed loudly, "My goodness, it's hot in here. I think I'll take off my ring."



The countess rose. She lifted her silver goblet and proposed a toast. "Wine is the essence of humanity. Its delicate smell fills my nostrils with sensuous aroma. When I put the chalice to my lips I have the thrill of ecstasy, and when the wine touches my lips and trickles down my gullet, I get a warm, tender feeling. On the other hand, beer makes me belch."



The Broadway chorus girl was exuberant over receiving a role in a forthcoming play. "I was made for the part!" she crowed happily. "Shhh," cautioned her friend, "you don't have to tell everybody."



"Drink broke up my home."
 "Couldn't stop it?"
 "No, the damn still exploded."



A wolf lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive young lady passed by. When his standard "How-de-do" brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he sarcasmed, "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

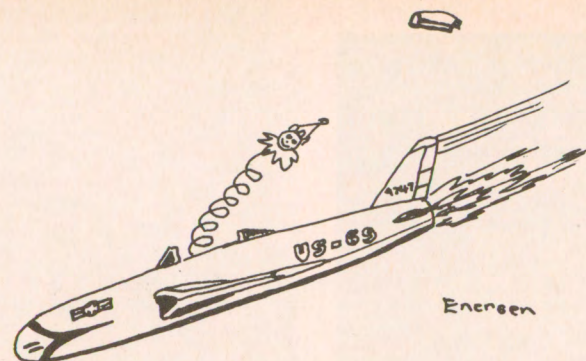
"I couldn't be," she iced. "I'm married."



"I say, Pete, your girl looked quite tempting in the Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know, sort of low and behold."



Pard introduces his burger to a San Franciscan.



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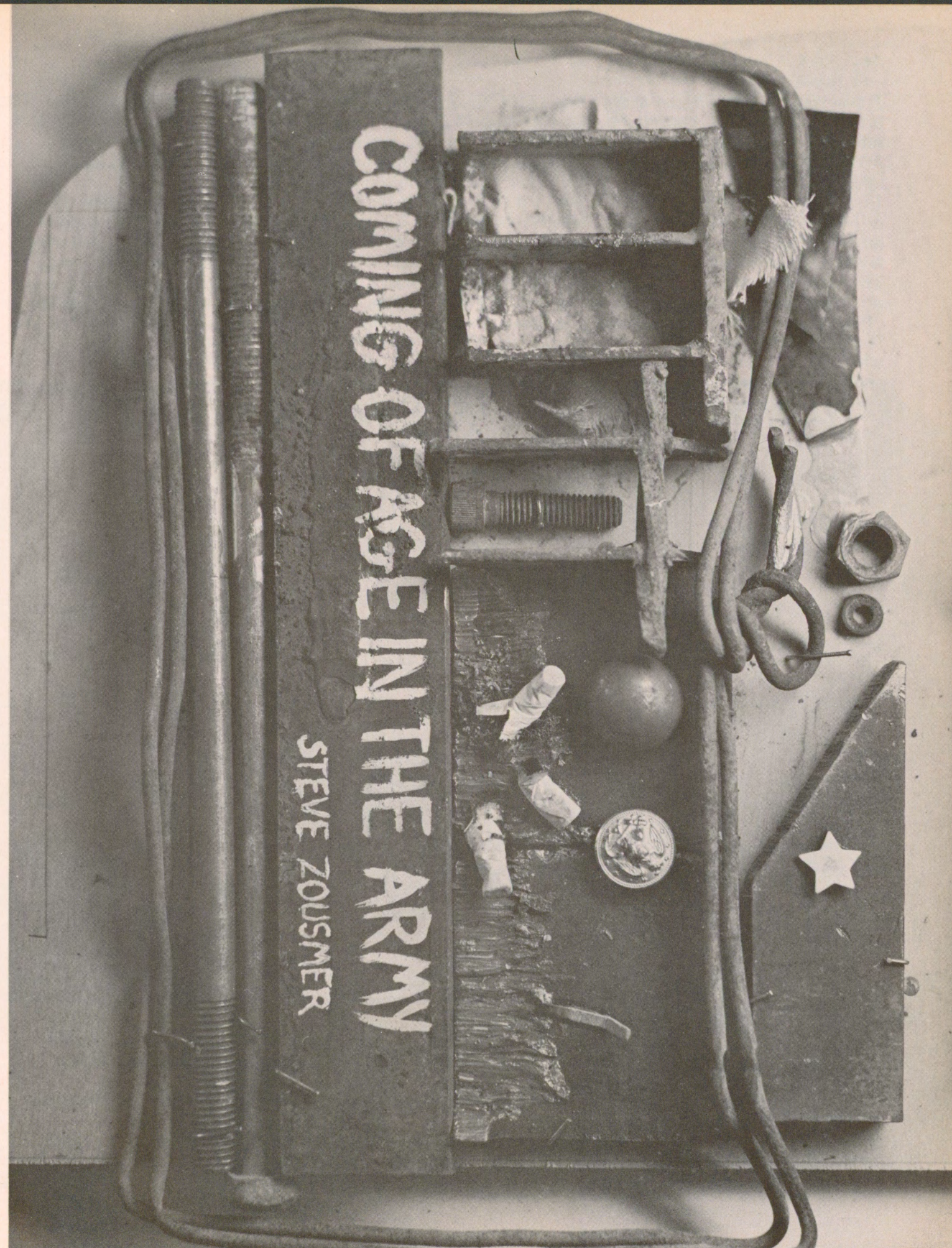
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One good thing about the Army is that it trains you for a successful future. I'm a good example.

I'm not so famous as some other soldiers like George Washington, Ulysses S. Grant, Benedict Arnold, or Jubilation T. Cornpone, but I've achieved much more. And I've been in the Army only for a dozen years. The Pentagon is denying my place in history—my file is classified as "Top Secret." In fact, they wrote "Ladies" on the door to the room where my file is, in order to discourage spies. They've even put in some toilets, which are scarce in the Pentagon.

I'm a Stanford man. I started my Army ROTC career at a time when the whole country was in a state of consternation. People were running about saying that the only thing we had to fear was mononucleosis. Some German wimp with a mustache was pretty worried about it, too, until he found that four out of five Berlin doctors recommended starting a war. This made it a poor year, Army-wise.

I'll tell you about my beginnings in ROTC. The first day I went out to march I was wearing a U.S. Drinking Team sweatshirt, sunglasses, my beret, and high heels (just for laughs). This outfit got me off to a bad start, and I never did improve much.

We right-faced and about-faced and I did everything wrong. The poor guy that was trying to show me how to right-face (his name was Leer) stared me down, and I got so flustered that I couldn't even start marching with my left foot, which I should have been good at because of cha-cha lessons. I did an about-face pivoting on the wrong foot but still came out right, and Mr. Leer couldn't believe it. He smiled. Another cadet officer, a Mr. Horny, came over and he couldn't believe it either. Everybody in the squad stopped and watched me, and a

dozen other officers left their squads to watch, forming a circle around me. They laughed. I was feeling quite the whirling dervish and turning around gaily on the wrong foot and then making a little bow as the officers choked with laughter: "I can't take it any more," "It's too everlovin' much," "King's X."

Finally they got serious. I'll never forget Mr. Horny saying, "Hey, whasamatta you?" and adding, "You oughta step off with your left foot. No! Not that foot, your *other* left foot."

I wound up the afternoon with a carefully executed right-face as 200 other cadets turned left. I gave them a suave wave.

ROTC summer camp is tough and hard, and I decided to skip it. I got my bodyguard to go in my place. My bodyguard, Harmony, had been the strongest and stupidest student at the famous San Jose School for the Cool. He was a real animal. On his record I became a Distinguished Military Cadet.

The War was raging when I graduated and there was a desperate need of manpower in Europe so I disembarked for Fort Royse in Birmingham, Alabama. Harmony, who was born in Alabama, came along too. He and I had some trouble getting to know our way around. Particularly bothersome were abbreviations. I figured out G.I. and M.P., but Harmony couldn't understand even when I explained: for instance, he insisted that A.W.O.L. stood for "Ah wanna orange leopard." (Really.) I couldn't understand A.W.O.L. either, but I managed to get V.D.

I was pretty cheery about teaching recruits how to march. I got them all mixed up with commands like "Zep to the rear, NORDS" and "Curleycue left." They bumped into each other and all walked in different directions and some disappeared. Learning to confuse large

groups of people gave me a sense of power and confidence (just like it says on the "re-up" posters.)

I had a girl in Birmingham named Anna-Lu Lu-Anna. I sort of liked her for her southern name. I called her Little Ann-Ann. She called me "Hoover Tower." Because I am tall and have red hair. We had great dates going to the silent pix and then climbing up the mountain to her Big Daddy's still, which was called "Birmingham Booze." When we left the still, she'd roll me down the mountain, which was the only way to get down after being Birmingham Bombed. One night she insisted that I roll *her* down the mountain and when I rebelled she stalked off out of my life. Peeved, I got some soldiers to steal the brewery and put it in Fort Royse, which was as illegal there as it is at Stanford, where I learned how. But stealing a brewery is chicken shill compared to what came later.

A serious crisis arose. I was called in to be interviewed by the general about going overseas to take part in the Normandy invasion.

"Soldier," he said, "They need you over there."

"Nonsense" said I.

"Son, Uncle Sam needs you."

"Shove Uncle Sam," I articulated.

"You must defend France, which is in the area of peace," he preached.

"Sorry, General," I apologized, "just can't make it."

"Why the hell not?" he asked, finally looking up from his comic book.

I was in a tough spot. "I have crossfocal vision," I said.

"No good."

The tension became tense. He belched. "I have to keep an eye on my backbone," I tried.

"Good enough," he said, "that's my excuse, too."

I had learned the benefits of a quick lie.

The War was over and Harmony

and I were bored and felt we weren't getting anywhere. Birmingham Booze was empty and everybody had gone home. We decided to do something big.

"Let's rob Fort Knox," said Harmony.

"How trite," I said. "Nobody's ever been able to get a cent out of the place, let alone a golden bar." (This was before we revitalized the European Economy.)

"But" said Harmony, "I mean to

steal *Fort Knox*, the whole thing. Dig?"

I dug.

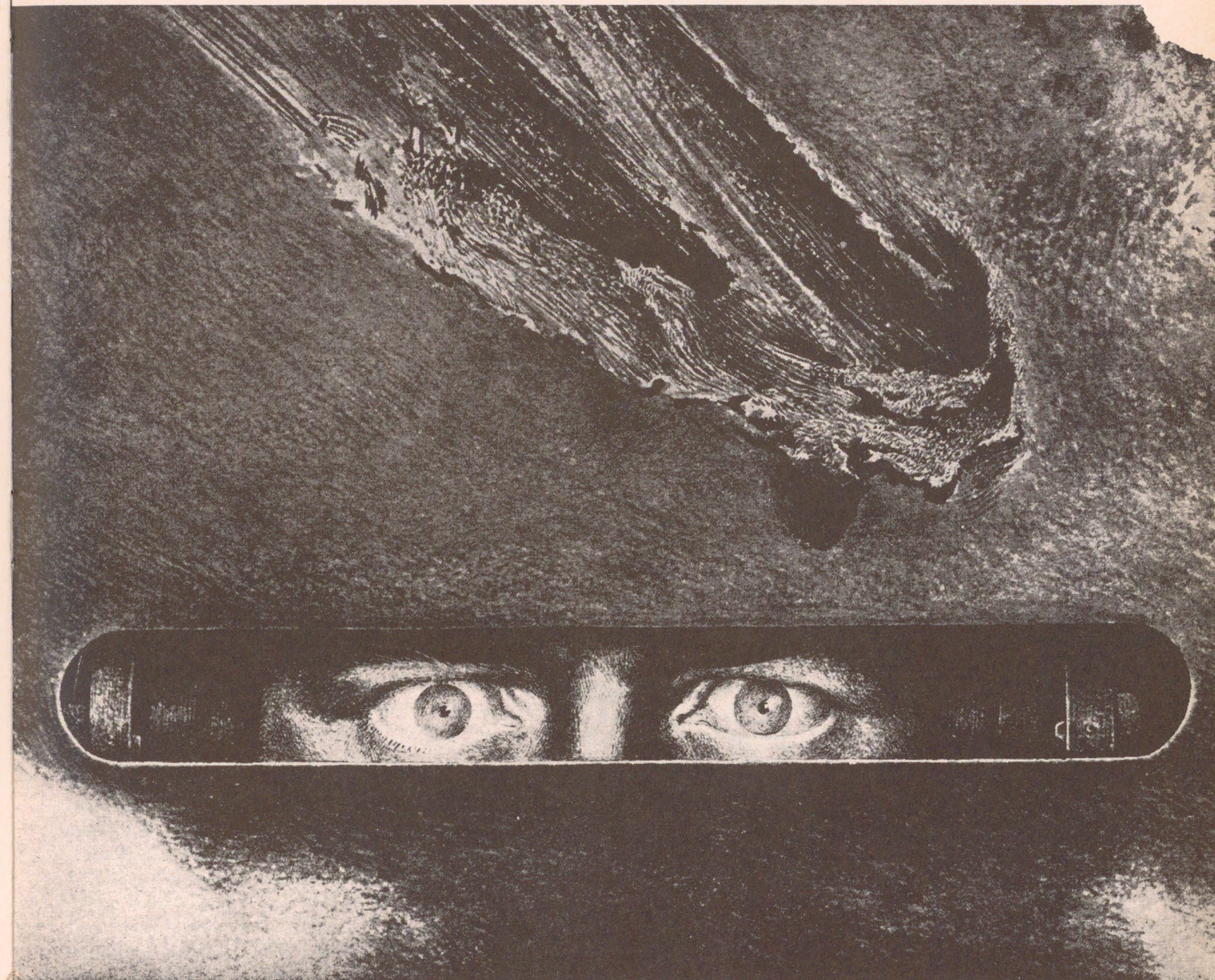
I perfected the plan to the very last detail, drawing on everything I had learned about confusion, booze and lying. On July 4, 1947, we celebrated Independence Day by making Fort Knox independent of the Army.

Our system was complex. I penetrated the gates and ran around yelling that Fort Knox had disap-

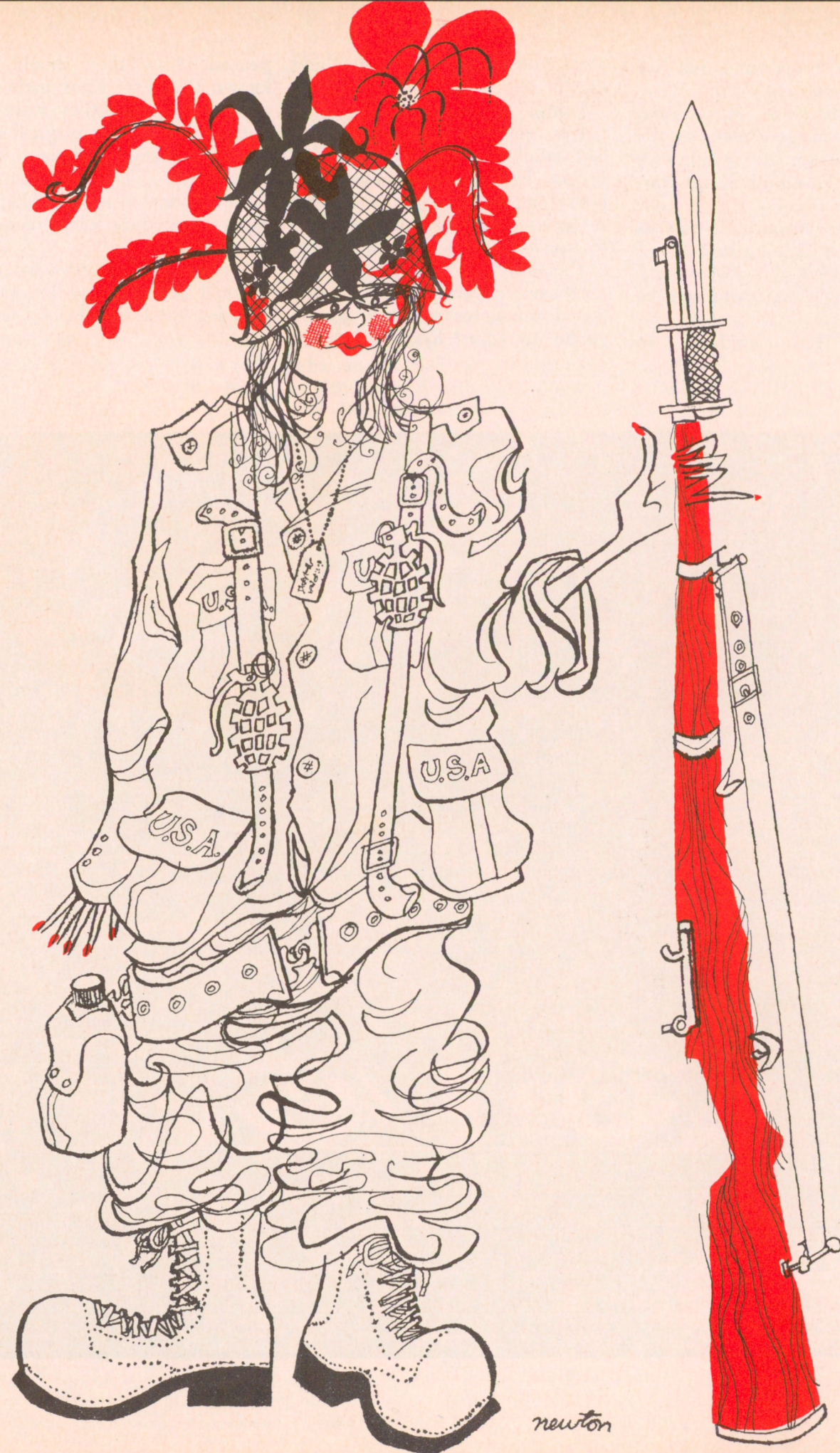
peared. Now they should have known that Fort Knox hadn't disappeared because they were in it but the holiday spirits got the best of them. They all shouted, "Fort Knox is gone!" and ran out to look for it. While they were looking Harmony grabbed the whole damn fort in his arms.

We made a clean getaway.

You'll probably say I'm pulling your leg but I wouldn't do that.



the Horn blows at



by Judy Skinner
Why! Why! Why! I must get out of the ROTC or I will lose my mind. Now, don't get me wrong, I am usually a sane, reasonable girl. I believe in the teachings of Western Civ, God, mother, and Schultz's *Peanuts*—in that order. I am against hunger, war, disease, and representation without taxation.

I came to Stanford burning with a humanitarian desire to help my fellow creatures—to cure the sick and to tend to the dying. I wanted to make their fur glossy, their beady eyes to shine, their swimming-pool shaped stomachs to bulge with active little vitamin pills. I loved animals, and that's why I told my advisor I wanted to be Pre-Vet.

That's where my trouble began. My advisor was busily writing letters to the *Daily* in Sanskrit when I ventured into his office that first day. "I voice my choice for a Pre-Vet major," I said, as I carefully jumped over the booby trap door and dodged the seven darts which

were dislodged from the woodwork.

"Duh," said my advisor cheerfully, as I stepped to one side of a water bucket, crashing down from the ceiling, and noted the orange neon sign blinking on and off above the desk. It said, "I Hate Kids."

"You're a freshman, my dear," continued my advisor, "and you must take three general studies courses this quarter. You may get some type of introduction to your major by taking a two-unit course in Military Science."

I bit off three hangnails of my own and one on my advisor's left thumb (I am very nervous) and then concluded that my advisor probably knew more about academics than I did. I decided to follow his advice.

That's how I became a member of the ROTC. I am unhappy. I am mal-adjusted. I now see that my advisor thought I wanted to be in Pre-Veteran, not Pre-Veterinarian. I am misunderstood.

So I wrote a letter to the *Daily*

about this problem, and I got twelve letters published denouncing me for being pro-Kennedy. I wrote to the Chappie, and I got a form letter back asking me to contribute \$1.50 for booze for their next party. In desperation, I went to my advisor with my problem. He had this little hangnail he had been cultivating on his right thumb, and the approach of my nervous teeth unnerved him . . . the coward performed "hari-kari" with a papermate pen.

What must I do to get out of the ROTC? I have but one hope, but even that involves problems that would make Freud abandon his theories and turn celibate. There is one way, and every time I re-read Section 7246HA-8940HA-23HA in my trusty ROTC Manuel . . . I clutch my hands and pray for pie-in-the-sky. It says . . . "A cadet may be discharged from the ROTC program in case of fatherhood." And you think Mary had a problem. . . .

Frattee: "Our fraternity maintains four homes for the feeble-minded."

Rushee: "I heard you had more chapters than that."



A preacher has recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they may have missed something.



Irate father (at three A.M.): "Young man, what do you mean bringing my daughter in at this hour?"

Joe College: "I have a class at eight."



"This university turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate, I was turned out."



In a kick, it's the distance.
In a cigarette, it's the taste.
In a rumble seat, it's impossible.



Did you make the debating team?
N-n-naw, t-t-they said I wasn't t-t-tall enough.



Moe: "I hear the administration is trying to stop necking."

Joe: "Is that so? First thing you know, they'll be trying to make the students stop, too."



A street cleaner was fired for day-dreaming . . . he couldn't keep his mind in the gutter.



Papoose - Consolation prize for taking a chance on an Indian blanket.



Photo by Ken Hirsch

Models: Jessica Seiter, Roger Fitch

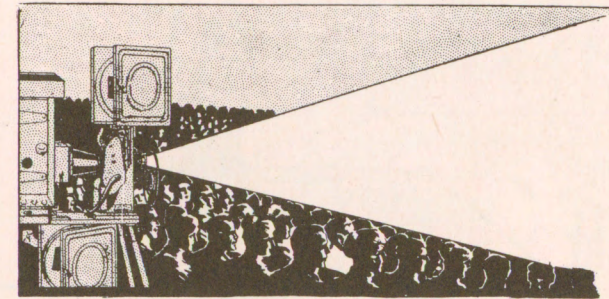
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 **THE VIRGIN SPRING** This is Ingmar Bergman's newest film based on a 13th Century Swedish legend. It tells of a young girl's rape and murder, and of her father's revenge, his remorse, and his penance. It really doesn't seem that Bergman can do anything wrong as far as his movie technique is concerned. For those of you unconditioned by *PSYCHO*, the rape and murder scene is particularly gruesome . . . but not overdone or even particularly out of place. Wish to Hell I could understand Swedish, though. If the dialogue is as good as the action and camera work, I'd never see another American movie again.

 **BUTTERFIELD 8** This movie is a good example of what can happen to a perfectly good novel by a top-notch author. If John O'Hara ever thought Hollywood might do justice to his novel about Starr Faithful, the Nymph With A Message, he was horribly mistaken. Dina Merrill plays the Injured Wife like a one no-trump, and Laurence Harvey should have stuck with Simone Signoret. Oh yes, Liz Taylor is there, and Eddie Fisher is in it too.

 **SONG WITHOUT END** You'll think so, as you sit through the two hours of this super-saturated sugar solution. For awhile there I was really hoping they had something . . . Franz Liszt's favorite Russian Mistress (played by and like clothing model Capucine) smoked cigars, wore pants, and swore like a trooper. Needless to say in this version for the Saccharine Set she does nothing of the sort. Or anything else, for that matter. Dirk Bogarde is a kind of formal-evening-dress Elvis, and the only matter of merit in the movie is Liszt's music, which not even Hollywood could ruin.

 **HEROD THE GREAT** Bible stories seem to be the rage these days. This is because you can show all the sex, blood, cruelty, schmaltz, and slash-'em-up you want to and if anyone objects . . . "Look, it's right there in the Old Testament." This one is kind of a bad Italian imitation of a bad De Mille imitation of a French Historical scenario. Edmund Purdom, of whom rumour says that his facial expression changes only upon receipt of his pay check, is in the movie. Alberto Lupo is in the movie. Sir Lupo behaves as though he had wandered into the movie by mistake and was too polite to apologize . . . pretty much the same way this reviewer felt after ten minutes. . . .

 **CINDERFELLA** I dunno why the Hell this "movie" should be reviewed. Judith Anderson has the grace to be embarrassed visibly for appearing in the thing, and Ed Wynn apparently will do anything to get into a movie these days. Anna Maria Alberghetti has an iron-bound contract which keeps her in things like this. And then there is Jerry Lewis. Mr. Lewis is not funny. He is energetic. You know, like a man dancing at the end of a rope is energetic. Mr. Lewis has never been funny since he gave up Dean Martin, Blue Humour, and the night club circuit. He is kind of an epileptic Dondi with advanced Muscular Distrophy. **GIVE**, but not to this picture's box office receipts.

 **BRIDES OF DRACULA** You know, this Hammer Films Ltd., of London has got a pretty good thing working here. They've been dusting off the old classical horror movies (Frankenstein, Dracula, et cetera) and jazzing them up with modern color, technology, sets, and putting in some pretty good actors. The results have been a boon to those of us who have a weakness for horror movies. This particular jobbie features Peter Cushing as the nemesis of the wicked Baron, and a really bitching piece of French pastry as the heroine. Great Stuff. Playing with this epic is "The Leech Woman," not the saga of a Stanford Girl with expensive tastes, but of a dollie who is hot for a man because she wants his Pineal fluid. (You can look it up later.)

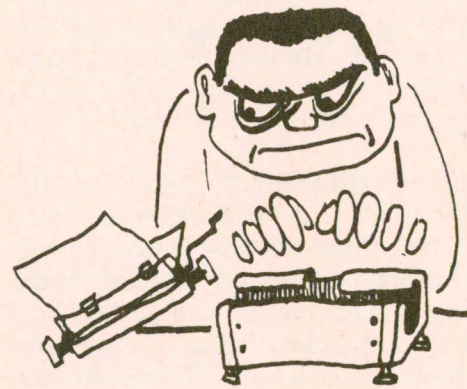
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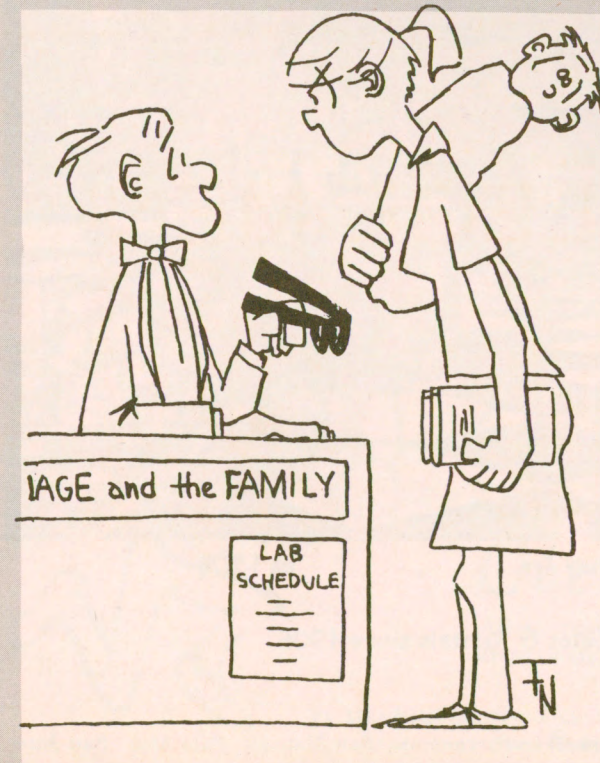
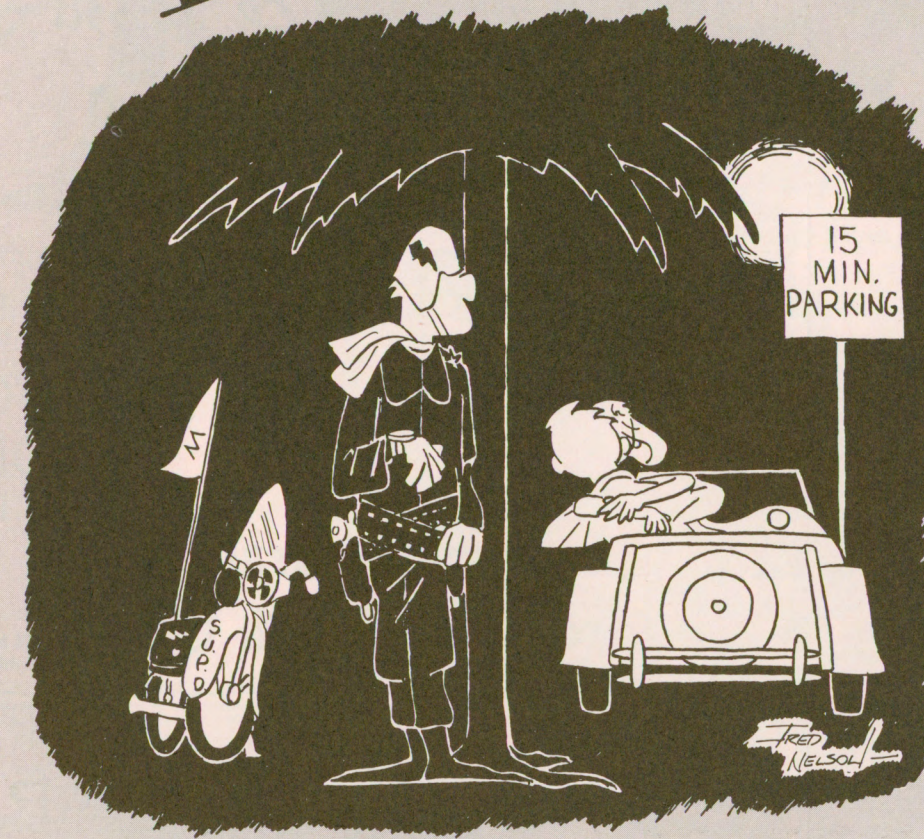
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Circus actress: "This is my first job. You better tell me how to keep from making any mistakes."

Manager: "Well, girlie, just don't undress in front of the bearded lady."



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do,
Evidently.



Mama, Mama! The puppies must be here!
Have you seen them?
No, but the dog is empty!



Mother: "What have you been doing all day, son?"
Son: "Shooting craps."
Mother: "That must stop. Those things have as much right to live as you have."



He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair,
He tried me on the window sill,
But he couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall,
I even sat upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried it this and that way,
Oh, golly how I laugh
To think how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.



Guide: "We are now passing the largest brewery in the state."
Student: "Why?"



If more than one mouse is mice,
And more than one louse is lice,
Then you must agree
Obviously,
That more than one spouse is spice.



She: "But I'm only thirteen!"
He: "This is no time for superstition."

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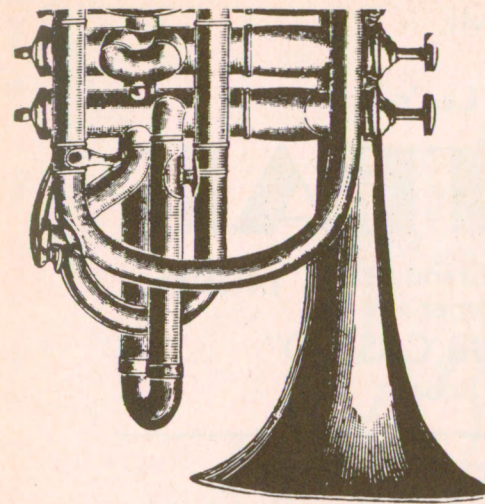
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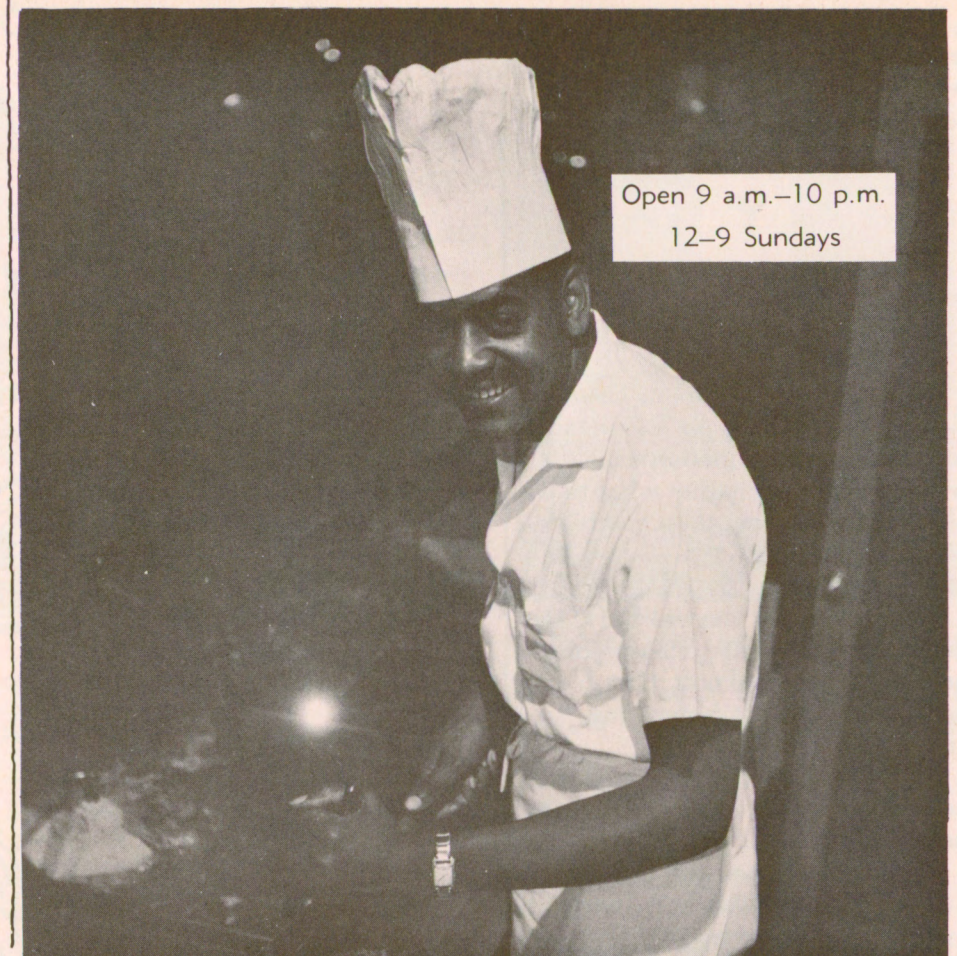


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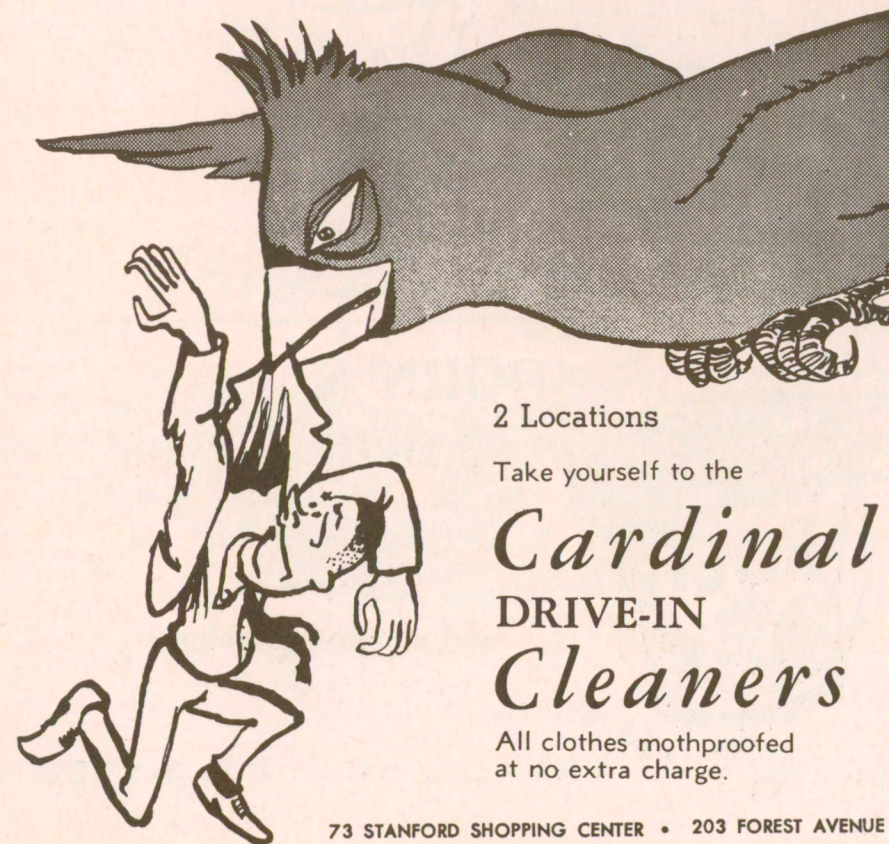
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Student: "You'll be a centipede."



Two's company, three's the result.



Three freshmen upon entering Rickey's to sit at their usual table found it to be occupied by an oldish woman. Upon debating what to do about the situation, they finally decided to embarrass the woman into leaving.

Sitting next to the old lady, the first frosh proceeded, "Say, John," he said, "did you know that I was born three months before my parents were married?"

"Why that's nothing," said the next one, "I was born six months before my parents were married."

"Fellows," replied the last of the hungry men, "I was born without my parents being married."

The old lady finally looked up from her table and pleasantly said, "Will one of you bastards please pass the salt?"



A Marine regiment was sent back for rest after a rough tour of duty at the front. At the base they discovered a contingent of Wacs billeted and awaiting assignments to various posts. The Marine colonel addressed himself to the Wacs commander, warning her that his men had been in the front lines a long time and might not be too careful about their attitudes toward the Wacs.

"Keep 'em locked up," he told the Wac commander, "if you don't want any trouble."

"Trouble?" said she. "There'll be no trouble. My girls have it up here." She tapped her forehead significantly.

"Madame," barked the Marine, "it makes no difference where they have it, my boys will find it. Keep 'em locked up."

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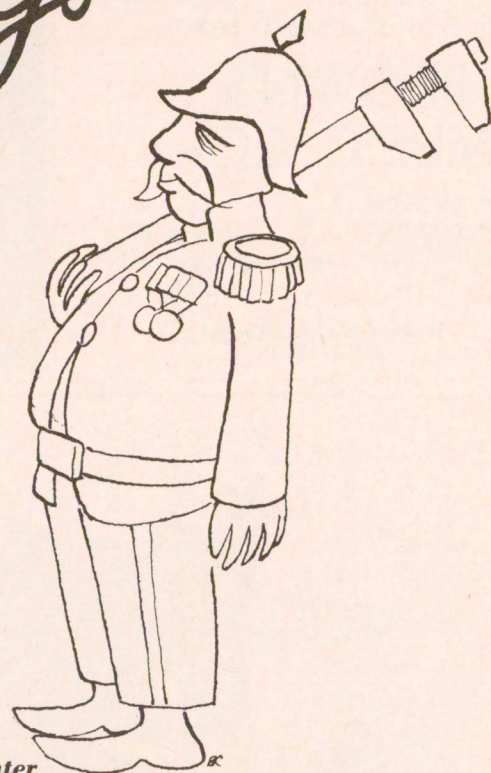
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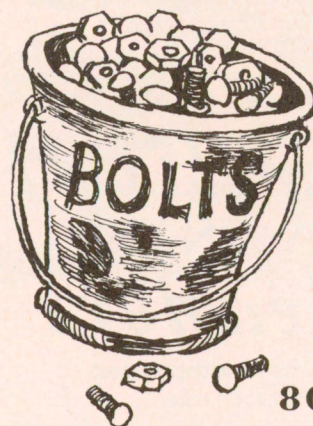
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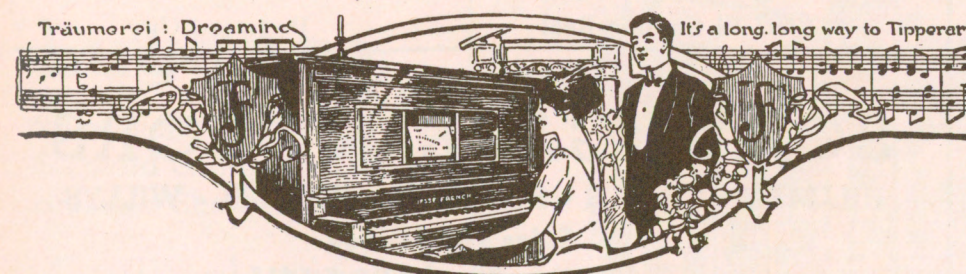


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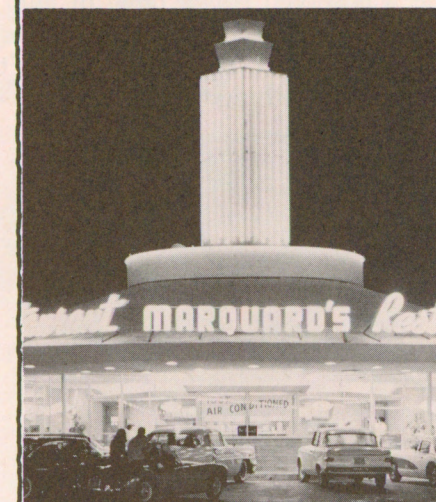
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An old man entered the hospital for treatment. One of the first meals he was served was a bowl of jello, which he refused to eat. Pressed for an explanation, he replied, "I ain't gonna eat nothing that's more nervous than me."



Question: "What's the best way to keep a horse from frothing at the mouth?"

Answer: "Teach it to spit."



"But, Henry, that isn't our baby."
"Shut up! It's a better buggy."



"How can you keep eating this dorm food?"

"Oh, it's easy. I just take a tablespoon of Drano three times a day."



A foursome was playing golf on an Augusta, Ga. course when a man ran up to them and asked, "Would it be all right if the President plays through? War has been declared."



An Easterner went fishing with a Texan and landed a huge tarpon.

"How big do you suppose he is?" asked the Easterner.

"About fifteen inches," replied the Texan.

"Fifteen inches! Why man, he's longer than that."

"Oh, that's the old way," replied the Texan. "Down here we measure the distance between their eyes."



A policeman stopped by a pool in the park. In front of the pool was a sign saying: "Positively NO Swimming!"

A man was swimming about so the officer walked to the edge of the pool and shouted: "As soon as you come out of there you're under arrest!" The man screamed with laughter: "I'm not coming out—I'm committing suicide!"

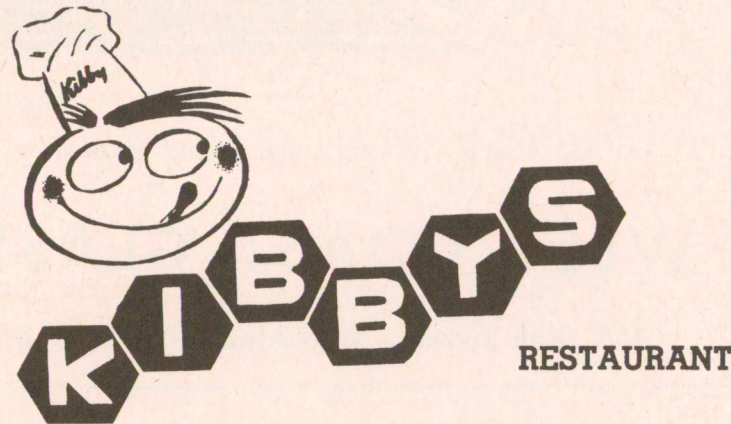


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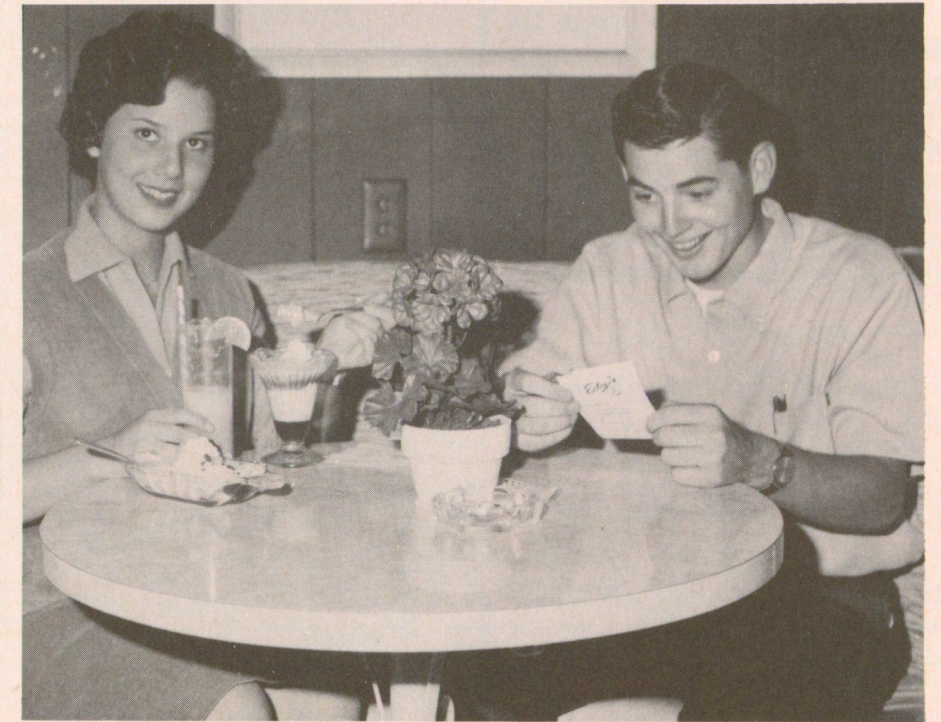
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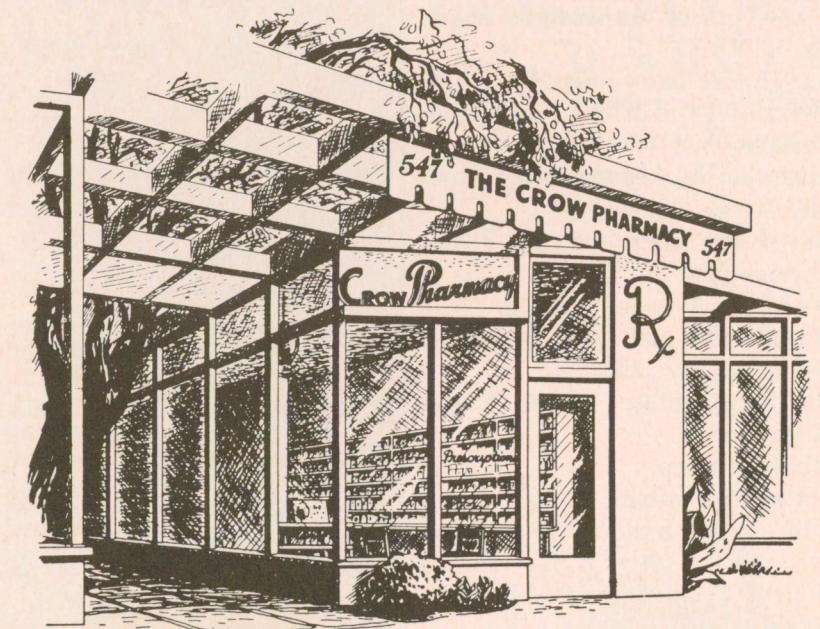
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Rookie: "Something you put on grass, Sir, to make it green."



A navy recruit lost his rifle on the firing range. When told he would have to pay for it, he protested. "Suppose I was driving a jeep and somebody stole it. Would I have to pay for that, too?" He was informed he would have to pay. "Now," said the recruit, "I know why the captain always goes down with his ship."



Chaplain: (To prisoner in electric chair) "Can I do anything for you?"

Prisoner: "Yes, hold my hand."



Nurse: "I think that student in 212 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine."



You can lead a soldier to water, but why disappoint him?



Dictionary for Drunks
Fizz—Type of hat worn by Asiatics.

Bar—Large hairy animal.
Swizzle—Type of chair that executives use.

Absinthe—Makes the heart grow fonder.

Gin—Place where we take Physical Education.

Whiskey—A facial growth.
Drunk—The main part of a tree.
Goblet—Baby sailor.

Hennessey—State where Memphis is located.

Mix—Irishmen.
Bottle—A combat.

Rum—What a house is divided into.

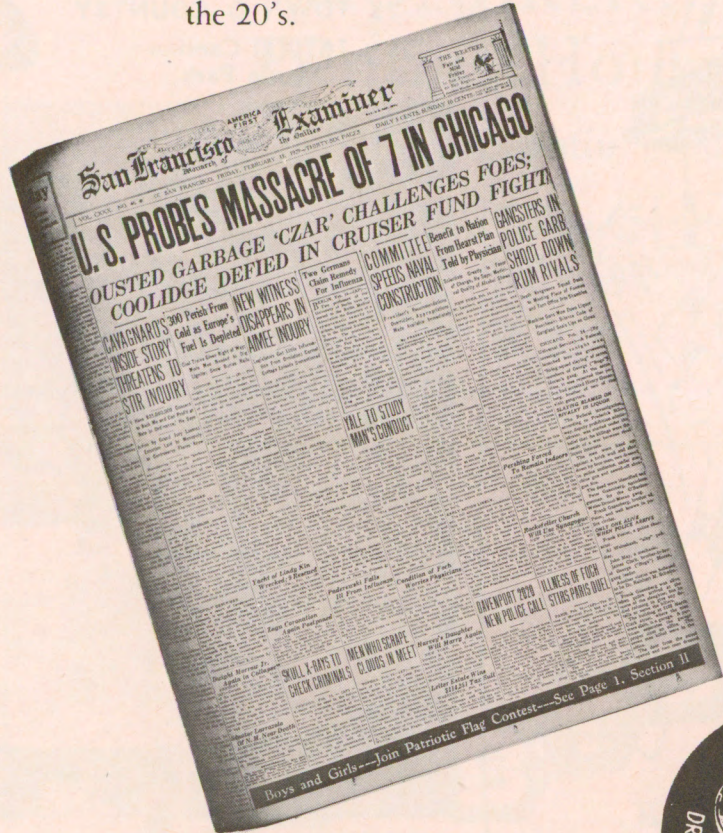
Sherry—Type of tree Washington chopped down.

Set-ups—Morning exercises.

Kummel—Large animal with humps.



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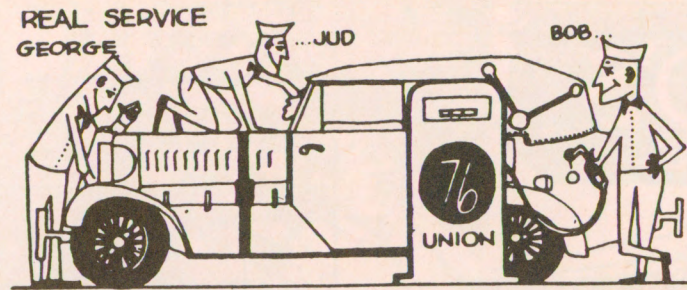
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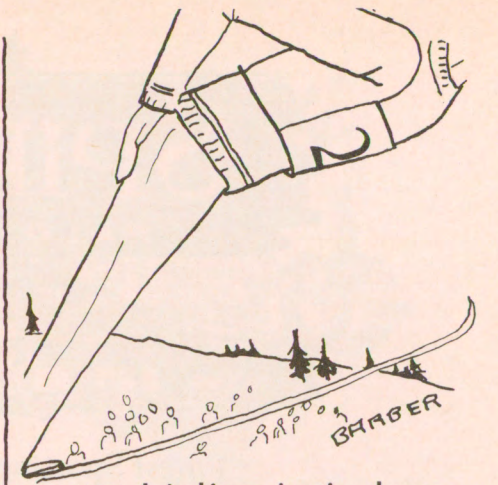
Behind Stanford Shopping Center



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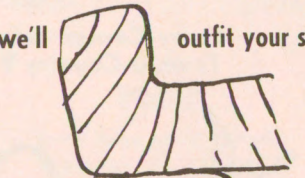
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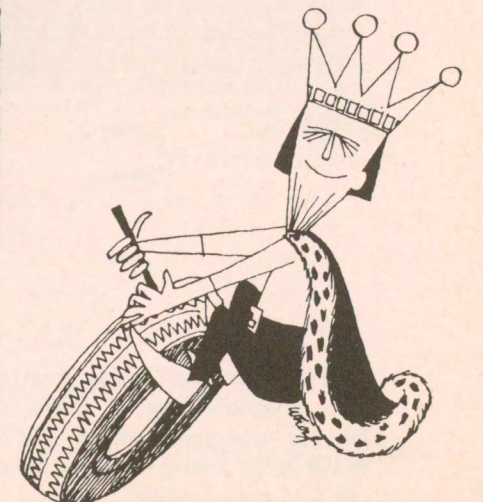
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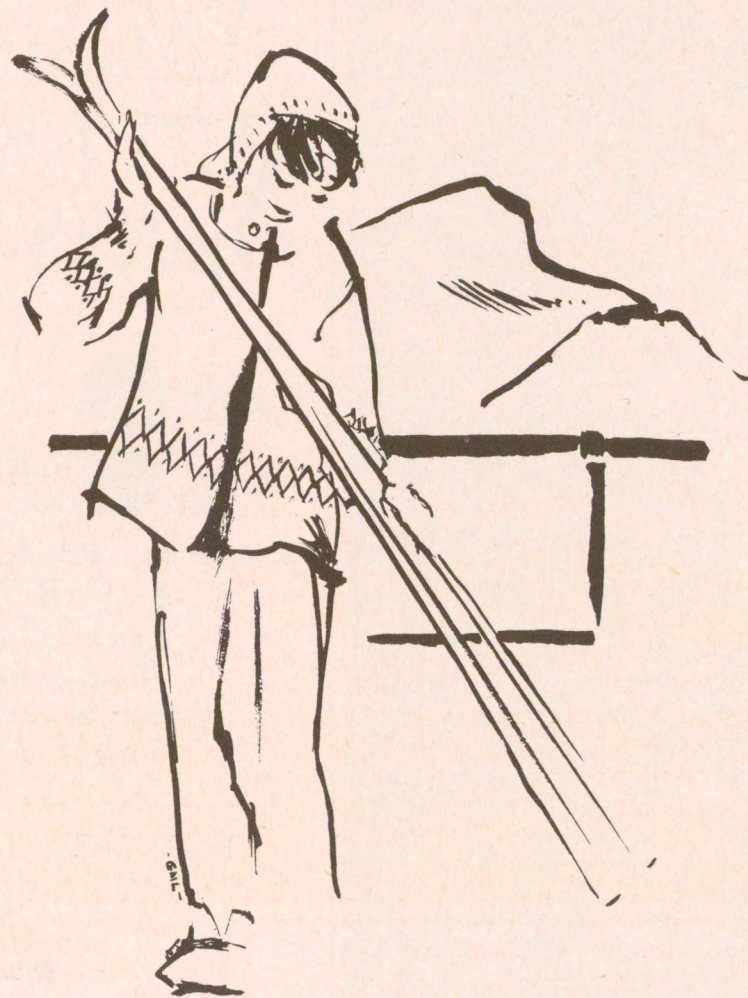


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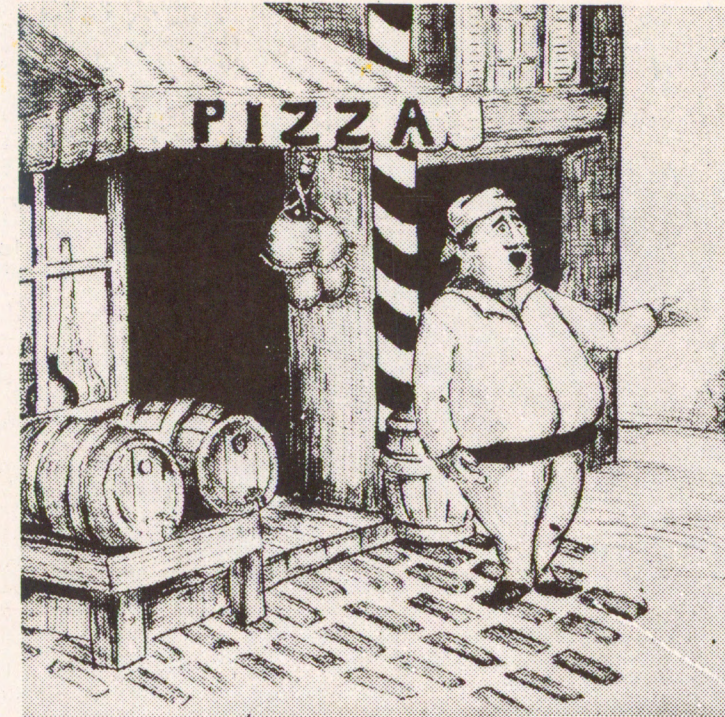
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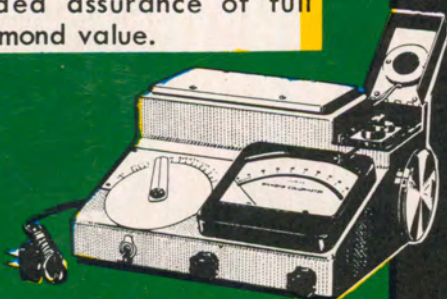
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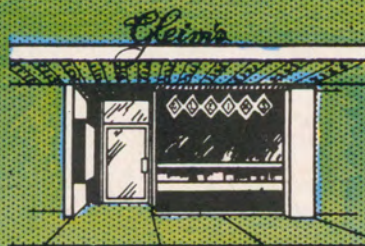
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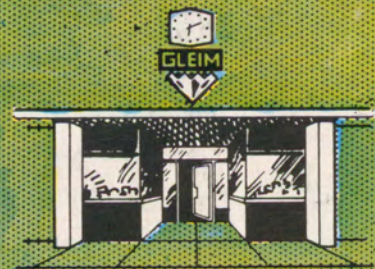
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