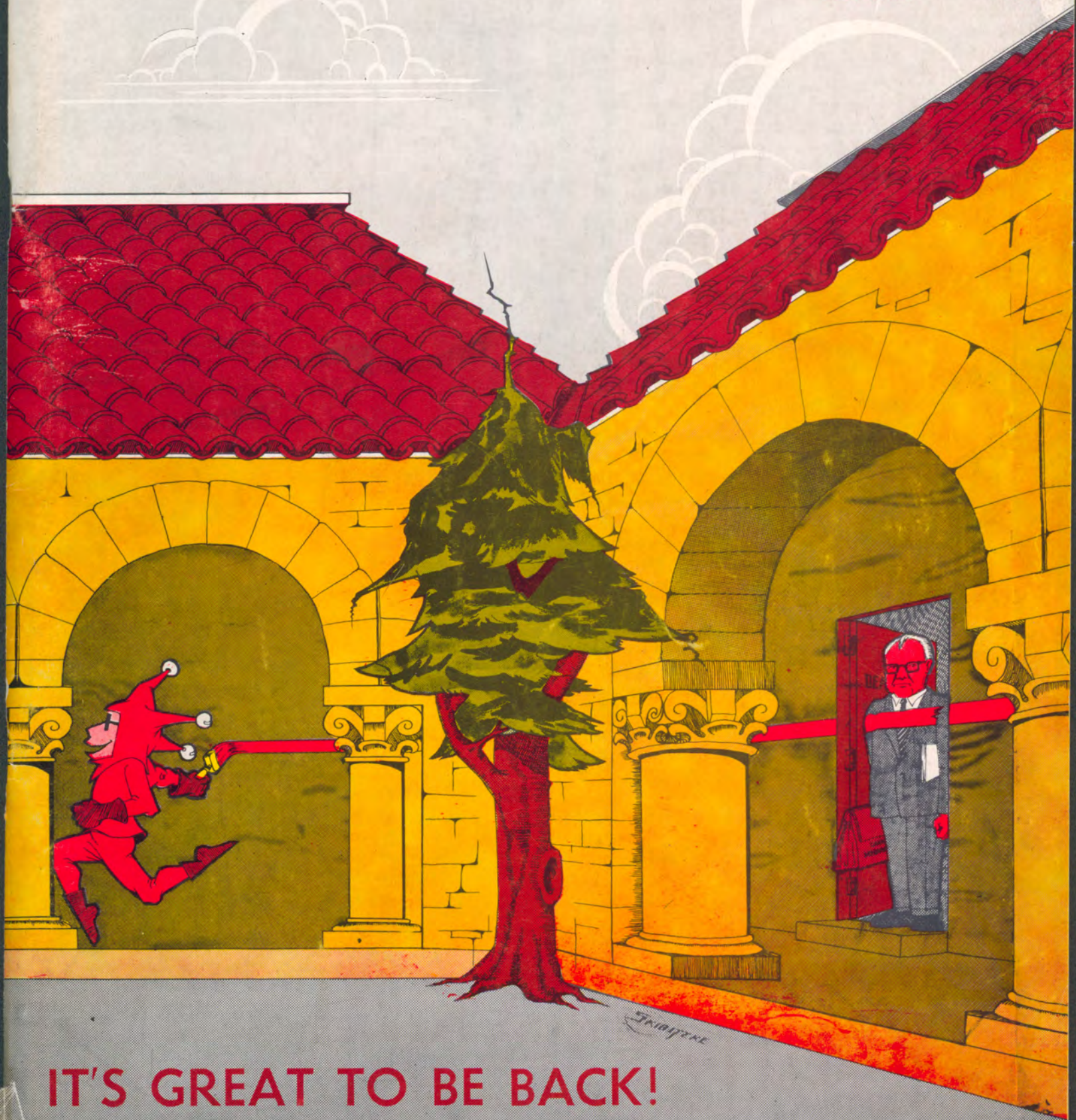


the stanford

CHAPARRAL

autumn

40c



IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK!

IN MEMORIAM

MORRIS OPPENHEIM

On October fifteenth of this year one of the founders of the Hammer and Coffin Society, the body which publishes *The Chaparral*, died at the age of seventy-seven in San Francisco, the city of his birth and of his life's work as a distinguished jurist and attorney. Judge Oppenheim attended San Francisco public schools, earned his B.A. degree from Stanford in 1906, and received his LL.B. three years later from Hastings Law School. He became an assistant district attorney in 1910, and in 1914 was appointed a vacancy on the Police Court bench. He retained his position in Court through several elections until 1921 when he returned to an active private practice which he maintained until the time of his death. There are many stories about Old Boy Morrie Oppenheim that are circulated among the Chappies, but perhaps the best known is the one about his evaluation of the then-extant publishing body of the *Chaparral*, the Press Club. Morrie was none too happy with the way that things had been going, and he phrased it this way, "We oughtta sock 'em with a hammer, toss 'em in a coffin, and seal 'em away." Thereby was born the idea for the name of our Society. What then happened now amounts to local legend. Morrie, being one of the founders, became part of that legend, but the basic truth behind this legend—as there is a truth behind all legends—was revealed to all the new Chappies when at each year annual Hammer and Coffin in San Francisco they were able to meet the chipper Morrie Oppenheim and delight in his humorous, witty, and intelligent remarks. We regret that this will no longer be possible. Stanford, the Hammer and Coffin Society, and the staff of the *Chaparral*, present and past, extend to Mrs. Oppenheim and her two children our deep sorrow at the passing of Judge Oppenheim. Our greatest sorrow is that more of us did not, and now will not, have the chance to know and benefit from the experience of knowing Morris Oppenheim.

—The Old Boy



Lanz
74 Stanford Shopping Center

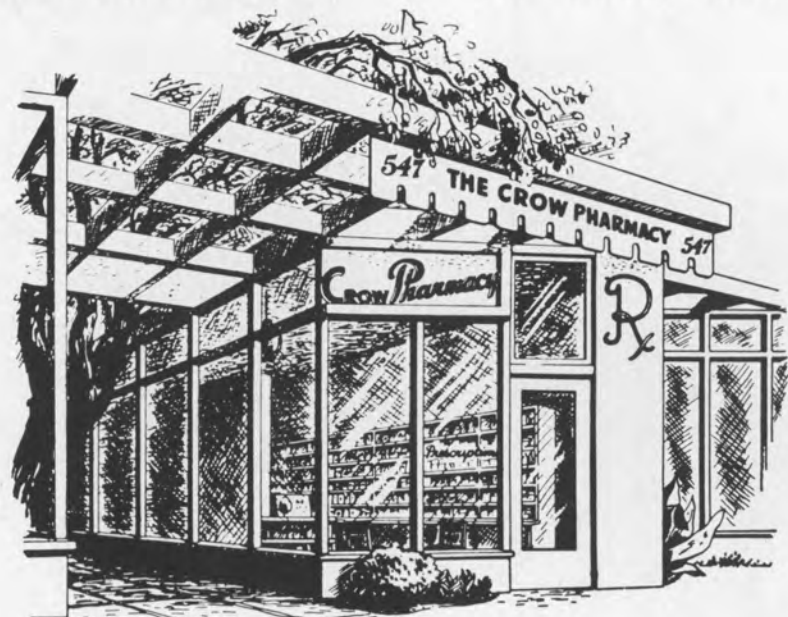
No Grecian goddess was ever lovelier than ANN PAYNE in pure silk chiffon. Skirt in pleats, rippling out at the hemline.

Green, white, or pink.
Sizes 5 to 15,
\$59.95.

Open Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri, nites
to 9:30

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service

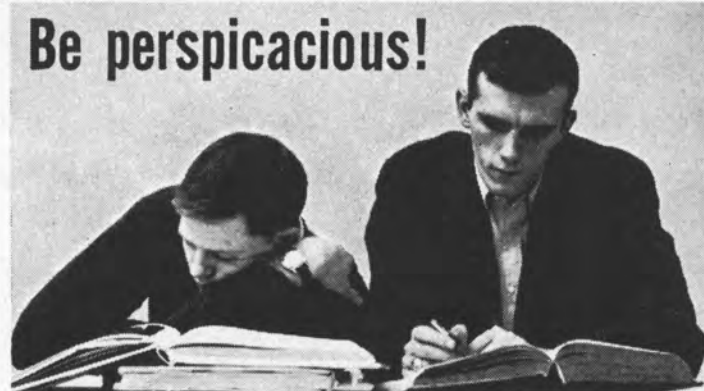


Phone DA 3-4169

547 Bryant Street

Hours: Monday through Friday: 8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.
Saturday 8:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

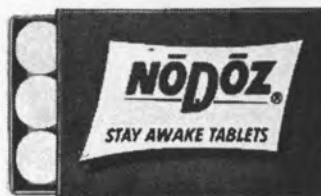
Be perspicacious!



Not this: a student who
drowns over books no matter
how much sleep he gets.

This: perspicacious...
sharp! NōDōz keeps you
awake and alert—safely!

If you sometimes find studying soporific (and who doesn't?), the word to remember is NoDoz.® NoDoz perks you up in minutes, with the same safe awakener found in coffee or tea. Yet NoDoz is faster, handier, more reliable. Absolutely non-habit-forming, NoDoz is sold everywhere without prescription. So, to keep perspicacious during study and exams—and while driving, too—always keep NoDoz in proximity.



The safe stay awake tablet—available everywhere. Another fine product of Grove Laboratories.

CHAPARRAL/Autumn

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sirs:

As members of the accelerated program at Los Altos High School, we are interested in publishing a literary magazine this year. Since we have had little experience in this area, we would appreciate having a copy or sample of your "The Chaparral" for reference.

Thank you very much for your time and effort.

Sincerely,

The members of the P. R. Program

Okey, who's the wise guy?—Ed.

* * *

Due in part, or wholly, to the increased popularity of PLAYBOY, many college humor magazines are publishing a parody issue annually. We of PLAYBOY are always flattered when a campus publication elects to satirize the Magazine.

However, because of our own insistence that good taste be the keynote in PLAYBOY, we also must be insistent that we approve the use of our (any) copyrighted material from PLAYBOY or satires on same.

If good taste is the keynote and there is nothing in the magazine which will offend, the editor may be sure that his satire of PLAYBOY will be approved.

If you, during the course of the upcoming academic year, propose to parody PLAYBOY, you must secure written permission from the Magazine.

Wishing you much success with campus humor for the 1961-62 school year.

Kindest regards,

PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

Henry L. Chapman, Manager
PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU

You think YOU'VE had trouble...—Ed.

Typical Stanford Students
in a Typical Stanford
Scene at
73 TOWN & COUNTRY
1670 El Camino
Menlo Park

Edy's



Town & Country

Music



TOWN AND COUNTRY MUSIC
126 Town and Country DA 2-8764
Open Thursday evenings until 9
Browsers Always Welcome

CHANEL



THE MOST TREASURED NAME
IN PERFUME

CHANEL

CHAPARRAL/Autumn

Rita
ON RAMONA
563 Ramona Street
DA 2-0140



KICKOFF for a scoring evening: this smashing team,
modestly priced, from rita's big game collection . . .
left: fluid chiffon, enticingly draped, satin-
belted; black, white, and a variety of colors . . . \$39.95
right: satin, darkly shimmering in a dramatic
black evening coat, cape-collared and flaring . . . \$55.95
capture him with these touchdowns
and you won't need the axe . . .

the stanford
CHAPARRAL

CONTENTS
FOR AUTUMN
VOL. LXI, NO. 1



page 10



page 23



page 29

page 2	Letters to the Editor
page 10	The PACE Patrol
page 12	Ninety-nine Things to Do in an Hour Between Classes
page 14	Fall Funnies
page 16	The Stanford Test—Its Cause and Cure
page 20	I Am a Sequoia Reject
page 23	Old Boy's Frosh Queen
page 26	The Old Boy's Pics
page 29	Saylorman
page 36	Kelsie's Kartoons
page 41	Moom Pictures
page 44	Stolen Sniggers

Staff Cartoonists
Mark Draper
Judy Skinner
Ann Swanson

Ej and Dod
Kelsie Harder

Stanford University founded 1891; *Stanford Chaparral* established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society, founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906; Bradley Efron, President; R. J. Lissner, Vice President; Ronald Costell, Secretary-Treasurer. © 1961 by *The Stanford Chaparral*. Second Class Postage Paid At Palo Alto, California, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published seven times during the school year by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. Published for, and officially recognized as, the humor magazine of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona fide college humor magazines are granted reprint rights of editorial material herein contained provided that credit is given to *The Stanford Chaparral*; all others should seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving the infringement of copyright laws. Address all communications to P.O. Box 7256, Stanford, California. Represented nationally by College Magazines, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York. Telephone: Palo Alto, DA 1-2300, local extension 2400.

IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED ON CAMPUS THAN NEVER TO HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL.



The Chappies

EDITORIAL

BRADLEY EFRON
Editor

JAMES M. GLEASON
Alumni Advisor

BUD SKIBITZKE
Art Editor

ALAN DODWORTH
Managing Editor

JAMES KASSON
Photo Editor

STEVE ROSE
LOU PADULO
Associate Editors

BUSINESS

RUPERT J. LISSNER
Business Manager

DAVID HORINE
Advertising Manager

AL RUSSELL, JR.
Advertising Sales Manager

HAMMER AND COFFIN

RON COSTELL
Secretary-Treasurer

JON REED

National Secretary-Treasurer

IAN DENGLER
DOUG NEWTON
LARRY WINGERTER
FRED NELSON
GENE ECHESTERLING
CHARLES LANDIS
JERRY MATSUKADO
FRED PAULSON
BILL KITCHEN
STEVE ZOUSER
SANDY GALLUN
NICK SHOUMATOFF
RAY FUNKHOUSER
KEN HIRSCH

HAMMER AND COFFIN AUXILIARY

JUDY SKINNER
Women's Manager

NANCY WEIDEMANN
Secretary-Treasurer

MARY LOU KILCLINE
CAY STRATTON
GAIL WINBIGLER
JUDY RASCOE
JUDY KITCHEN
JOY ANN CHAI
SUE NEWTON

HONORARY

ANDRE FRELIER
PIERRE FRELIER
KEN GEORGE
BEN DUINO
ROGER FRELIER

CONTRIBUTORS

MARK DRAPER
WILL NAKASHIMA
KELSIE HARDER
ANN SWANSON
TOM TISCH
CONNIE McMILLAN
HARRY WYETH
ALAN TENNANT
BOB KIMBALL
LAURIE GELLMAN
VIRGINIA THOMISON
MARGIE CORP
CAROL WYCKOFF
JUDY ROHRER
JUDY CONN
PETE STEINHART
MIKE KELLAND
TIM DAVIS
LARRY LANG

NOW THAT the Old Boy has returned from his extended summer vacation, it seems high time to announce that *it's great to be back!* Wretched indeed were those long months spent torn from the bosom of Mother Stanford. How our noses ached for a whiff of Lake Lagunita dust! How our hearts ached for the sight of luscious Stanford Dollies in their knee-tickler skirts! How our pocketbook ached to be emptied again into the bottomless Stanford larder! How indeed?



It's Great To Be Back!

NOW THAT, happily, our lengthy exile is ended, the Chappie can once again assume its rightful role as black sheep of the Stanford family. Of course, the lesson of last year's "Layboy" fiasco has not been entirely lost on our battered editorial staff. For instance, we have consummated a working agreement with the local archdiocese, whereby *we* don't josh about religion and *they* don't denounce us from the pulpit. Likewise, it's been decided to abandon the finer details of sex edu-

cation to Havelock Ellis, who, after all, has devoted his life to the subject, while we are only, so to speak, "week-end warriors."

NOW THAT the amenities are taken care of, without further ado (or adieu) it's now the Old Boy's pleasure to introduce this year's Chappies: Leading the good-taste parade is Editor Bradley "Mad Dog" Efron, just back from sabbatical leave in the American East. Brad's avowed purpose is to "make the Chappie the kind of magazine you

can read to your Mom, your kid sister, your minister, or your LASSU representative." Keeping a constant eye on Efron will be our new Alumni Adviser, James Gleason, ex-Old Boy, ex-Gaieties Director, and perennial Stanford senior. Rupe Lissner, entrepreneur, handles the Chappie's financial maneuvers with his usual aplomb (get your finger out of the till, Rupe). Distaffer Judith Skinner is this year's woman's manager, Helen Keller, Eleanor

(continued on next page)

Village Pipe Shop

FOR BETTER SMOKING
COME IN AND BROWSE
we have the finest assortment of
pipes and smoker's accessories
on the entire peninsula
open monday & thursday nights til 9
PIPES REPAIRED, TOO

KEEBLE'S

CAMERAS & PHOTO SUPPLIES
featuring camera and projector rentals

Tearney's

At Tearney's, we feature clothing and accessories styled in traditional tailoring—natural shoulder coats and plain front trousers. We carry such outstanding lines as Gant shirts, Majer slax, and H. Freeman suits.

Town & Country Village

Roosevelt, and the former Dean Brown having declined the honor. Not rating a full sentence apiece are:

Managing Editor: Al Dodworth
Art Editor: Bud Skibitzke
Ad Director: Dave Horine
Exchange Editor: Jon Reed
Photo Editor: Jim Kasson
Sales Manager: Al Russell
Publicity Director: Al Tenant
Salvation Army Liaison Officer:
Steve Rose
Scotty Thompson Editor:
Louis Padulo, Jr.

These are the men and women who have abandoned their serious education so that you may enjoy a few harmless chuckles. Try to remember this in future years when they come begging for employment—or, more likely, a handout.

**IT MUST BE SAID
DEPARTMENT**

Our thanks go out to the many Stanford students who were kind enough to stand by us during our hours of tribulation last spring. We received far too many letters to answer personally (two), but if you've been spending sleepless nights worrying about those poor, misspent youths in the Chappie office, relax! True enough, there were times when it looked like the combined forces of do-goodism were going to completely purge Stanford of our evil presence. But after dust had been settled, feelings soothed, and the fan repaired, why, lo and behold, the serpent remained in the Garden of Eden! If you don't believe it, come and visit us at the ancient Chaparral manor in the "publications quad." If you really don't believe it, come work for us, and be a Chappie yourself. This is the hard way of being convinced—no life insurance company will take you, and the Dean makes you register in pencil . . . but for some it's the only way. So if you're teetering between us and the Newman Club, come around and take the Chaparral thirty-day test. We can make a man out of you! (Unless, of course, you're a girl—in which case the system breaks down completely.)

—The Old Boy

**LIKE THE POSTER SAYS:
WE NEED YOU!**

Do you know the Old Boy?



The Old Boy is the gentleman who guides the destinies of THE CHAPARRAL and its staff.

The Old Boy's staff is made up of members of the Hammer and Coffin Society . . . and Women's Auxiliary . . .



And talented young men and women who make THE CHAPARRAL one of the nation's funniest (and most respected, most quoted, and most plagiarized from) college humor magazines. These are talented young men and women who will eventually become part of the Hammer and Coffin . . .



What's this? Some are missing. Well, that happens every autumn . . . graduation depletes the Chappies' strength. This all goes to show that there is opportunity on THE CHAPARRAL . . .



UP - POUR - TUNE - ITTY

What, you may ask, does Opportunity on THE CHAPARRAL consist of? Well, here's what happens to a person when he (she) becomes a Chappie:

First, he becomes a part of a select campus group (occasionally given to snobbish clique-ism) and embarks on an extracurricular life of unexceeded gaiety, charm, wit, suavity, *savoir-faire*, and beer (and lots more, too). There are parties, cornhuskings (verbal), housewarmings (when anyone gets a house), festivals, banquets, and maybe even a tea or two for the ladies.

Second, he becomes a sort of Molder of Public Opinion. The *Daily* would have you believe that the only public opinion THE CHAPARRAL molds is against itself, but this is patently untrue. In fact, it occasionally seems that anything that the fishwrapper across the street would have us believe falls into that category of half-truths, innuendo, and ambiguity. But enough of that.

Third, he becomes tired. This is due in part to his academic work (Chappies, being smarter and lots more creative, just naturally carry heavier academic loads). It is also due in part to the vast amount of original work that is carefully prepared for The Next Issue. (At this point, it may be well to digress briefly to explain that The Next Issue is the one immediately following the one we just got out which is also known as Possibly The Best Issue Ever. The Next Issue, anyway, is always something of a crisis as deadlines approach.)

Most of all, however, this being tired is due to the social life of unparalleled magnitude to which the Chappie accedes.

Finally, the new Chappie becomes a member of the Hammer and Coffin (or, for the ladies, its Women's Auxiliary) and thereby attains the absolute pinnacle of social and professional prestige.

When you get right down to it, life on THE CHAPARRAL is pretty well worth living, and it's lived to the hilt. This brings us to our pitch: We would like to talk to you about working on THE CHAPARRAL. The magazine is always interested in making new friends and improving itself with new talent. "Talent," as used here, means anything that can help the magazine. Artists and writers, of course. Commission-paid advertising salesmen, too. Photographers and circulation personnel. Probably the most important need we have is for young ladies who would like to put in a little time in the office (this sounds bad, but it's not) typing, rewriting, copyreading, and so on. Not many of our writers turn out very good manuscripts. Too busy creating to worry about pedestrian details like spelling and punctuation.

So . . . consider this piece an invitation to drop in for a chat. The Old One will have what, more or less, would pass for an open house this next Friday from about two on in the afternoon. Fall by then or anytime else. You'll find us in the same building (?) as the IIR and the *Quad*—catty-corner from the Press. Or phone DA 1-2300, extension 2400.

the PACE patrol

STUDENT PACE CORPS TO SOLICIT FOR FARM
 (AP)—The impending formation of a student "PACE Corps" at Stanford University was announced Tuesday evening by Royce Rolls, University publicity officer. Stanford, a coeducational men's college on the San Francisco peninsula, will use the student volunteers in forwarding its ambitious fund drive, nicknamed "PACE" to distinguish it from previous fund drives.
 "PACE means progress," said Rolls when called upon to explain the unusual sobriquet, "and PACE means more bread and butter for you and you and you. . . ."

Stanford students are electrified to learn that they can participate actively in the burgeoning PACE program themselves. "How can I be a PACE-corpsman, Dean?" echoes from the lips of every student leader worth his student leadership scholarship.



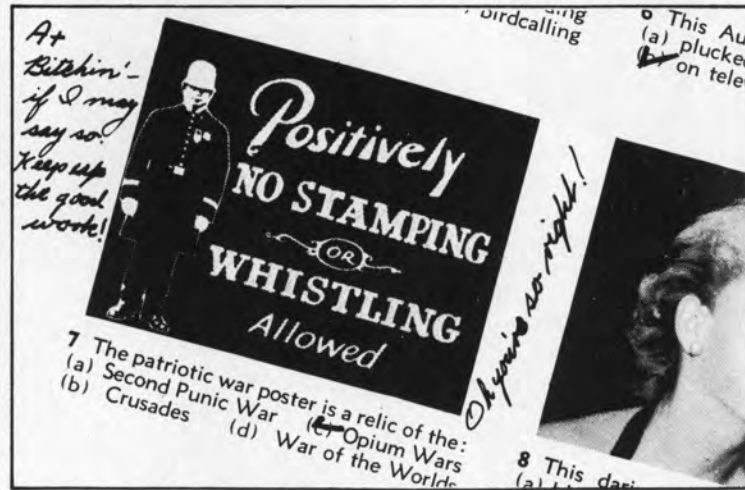
Into the field at last! Our neophyte Corpsmen remind local merchants of their stake in Stanford's well-being. The ability to circumvent excuses and fit the plea to the potential donor are hallmarks of our well-trained PACE-corpsmen.



During the training, emphasis was also placed on finding new ways of providing or increasing revenue from existing facilities. Fruition was realized in this scheme that was "brainstormed" by one of the enterprising, ever-thinking PACE-corpsmen.



Selection of candidates proceeds rapidly. The potential corpsman must combine a great many virtues into one lithe body. Good family and the "right" friends are a must of course, but in addition a certain "extra something" is absolutely essential.



"No student will receive special treatment merely because he's in the PACE-corps" rules the office of the Dean of Men. Indeed the only concession made to the recruits' heavy training schedule is a deferment from the curve for the period of duty.



Even the Daily does its part for PACE by raising its price to offset its perennial deficit. Here we see little Jimmy Brown, the Daily newsboy, as this Corpsman helps him to help himself. Naturally, our man is leaving an "I owe you."



A highpoint of the campaign: the PACE corps reprints the May 1961 Chaparral for benefit sale in the bookstore. Top Administration officials admit that "anything that brings in that much dough can't be all bad."



Training proceeds at a dizzying pace! Long classroom hours are spent learning the finer points of finance, but the selfless Corpsmen never yell "uncle" as they know that their all-out efforts will enable even more roads to be closed in the years ahead.



Of course "all work and no love make Jack a dull boy," and the corps knows this. Wise planning provided this volunteer with a week-end pass, but, nevertheless, we see how wholeheartedly he has entered into the spirit of the program.



A final touching scene comes as loyal service is concluded and the veteran PACE-corpsman is mustered out. But the spirit of the PACE Corps and the Uni-

versity marches on with little time to spare on sentiment for the individual. . . and one more bowling alley goes into the Union.

FOR A LIFETIME OF PROUD POSSESSION

our thinnest
self-winding watch
... need never be pampered

Ω
OMEGA



Seamaster
DE VILLE SERIES
17 JEWEL MOVEMENT
STAINLESS STEEL CASE

\$110
F.T.I.

Other Omega
Seamaster
De Ville models
From \$95.00
Fed. Tax Incl.



IMAGINE! A thin-looking, self-winding, waterproof* watch... yet so sturdy... it is equally appropriate for dress-up wear or the most active sports. You'll admire its smooth, crisp lines and its peerless accuracy that has won for Omega the distinction of being the official watch of the Rome Olympics. Models in steel or gold, with 18K gold hour markers, also with date-telling calendar dials.

Use our
Layaway Plan

Hofman
JEWELER
261 University
DA 2-4906

*waterproof provided crystal,
case and crown remain intact

Authorized Agency For Omega... The Watch The World Has Learned To Trust

1. Send the University a bill.
2. Organize a game of "kick the can."
3. Hold your breath until it hurts.
4. Singe off your eyebrows.
5. Phone in a bomb threat.
6. Find a car with a traffic ticket and tear it up.
7. See how many words you can make from "Winbigler."
8. Go to Hoover Tower observation deck and look desperate.
9. DON'T leave all articles outside.
10. Go to the Libe and spill a box of index cards.
11. Wear a muu-muu to class.
12. Think of a different name for Stanford.
13. Tat a doily.
14. Put a lock on the OTHER wheel of someone's bicycle.
15. Compose a poem for "Sequoia" as fast as you can write it.
16. Call up your boy friend and tell him you REALLY have to talk to him.
17. Go to the head of the line at The Cellar.
18. Follow someone and mimic his every action.
19. Translate "Padulo" into idiomatic English.
20. Hang a "Kick Me" sign on someone.
21. Spit-shine your shoes.
22. Make up funny sayings to fit P.A.C.E.
23. Rename all the eating clubs.
24. Think of funny things to yell in The Flicks.
25. Think of a funny name to sign in on next week end.
26. Write a rebuttal to the Gettysburg Address.
27. Throw your weight around.
28. Take a number in the RBR and don't come back.
29. Go wait for a ride off-campus at the A Phi O pickup station.
30. Try your car key in other cars.
31. Guess what people's majors are by just looking at them.
32. Start a collection to rebuild Memorial Arch.
33. Say "No" to a Marlboro.
34. Flirt with someone.
35. Take notes on what people are saying at The Cellar.
36. Insist on telling someone your last night's dream.
37. Bop a little.
38. Try to remove your Kennedy and/or Nixon sticker.
39. Figure out how much it costs you when you cut class.
40. Join the Newman Club under the name "Julius Gold-fine."
41. Go tell Chaplain Minto that your philosophy prof said there is no God.
42. Read the Fundamental Standard.
43. Thrust a stick in somebody's spokes.
44. Tell your best friend he really should do something about his breath.
45. Sign up for the Flying Club's plane.
46. Look at yourself in auto windows.
47. Lurk outside a women's dorm.
48. Sign up your roommate for something.
49. Ask a hasher what "S.O.S." stands for.
50. Wash your socks in the Union fountain.
51. Eat one peanut.
52. Go to the Union Store and fill your lighter.
53. Buy an expurgated copy of "Lady Chatterley's Lover."
54. Buy a Stanford belt buckle.
55. Find out what "Kemosabe" really means.
56. Shave just one leg.
57. Learn a Government secret and tell someone.
58. Just drop by and say "Hi" to your adviser.
59. Kiss a passer-by.
60. Address your best friend as "Mr." or "Miss."
61. Falsify a public record.
62. Take a book from the return chute at the Library.
63. Salute an A.F.R.O.T.C. student.
64. Take a lover.
65. Pitch pennies against Mem Chu.
66. Figure out what would have happened had you been born a day later.
67. Find someone wearing a letter-sweater.
68. Read over someone's shoulder.

99 Things to Do in an Hour Between Classes



69. Go to Inner Quad and pick a big bunch of flowers.
70. Kick yourself for being in the Reserves.
71. Try to open a different Post Office box.
72. Learn why Lucky Strike green never came back from the war.
73. Graduate.
74. Kick yourself for not being in the Reserves.
75. Devise a scheme to help the coyote catch the road-runner.
76. Tell the Comptroller you want to play bar dice for your tuition.
77. Start a rumor.
78. Follow the three-wheeler around and wipe off the chalk marks.
79. Pretend you have a tic in your face.
80. Blot, don't rub.
81. Remember the Boy Scout Pledge.
82. Try and do a one-arm push-up.
83. Find out if "Padulo" is a dirty word.
84. Search for a soulmate.
85. Name the provinces of Canada.
86. Throw a block on someone.
87. Do something meaningful.
88. Instigate a riot.
89. Figure out how many years before the class plaques will fill up Inner Quad.
90. Bug a fraternity man about the clusters.
91. Choose between Big Game and Thanksgiving.
92. Ask for a 8.50x15, blackwall, tubeless in the Bookstore.
93. Tell somebody to go to hell in no uncertain terms.
94. Petition to take 38 units next quarter.
95. Start a chain letter.
96. Become an unwitting pawn in the hands of someone.
97. Lag and Roble girls: find out how hard it is to call your dorm, and then do something about it.
98. Buy another Chappie.
99. Figure out why we didn't have thirty fewer items on this list.



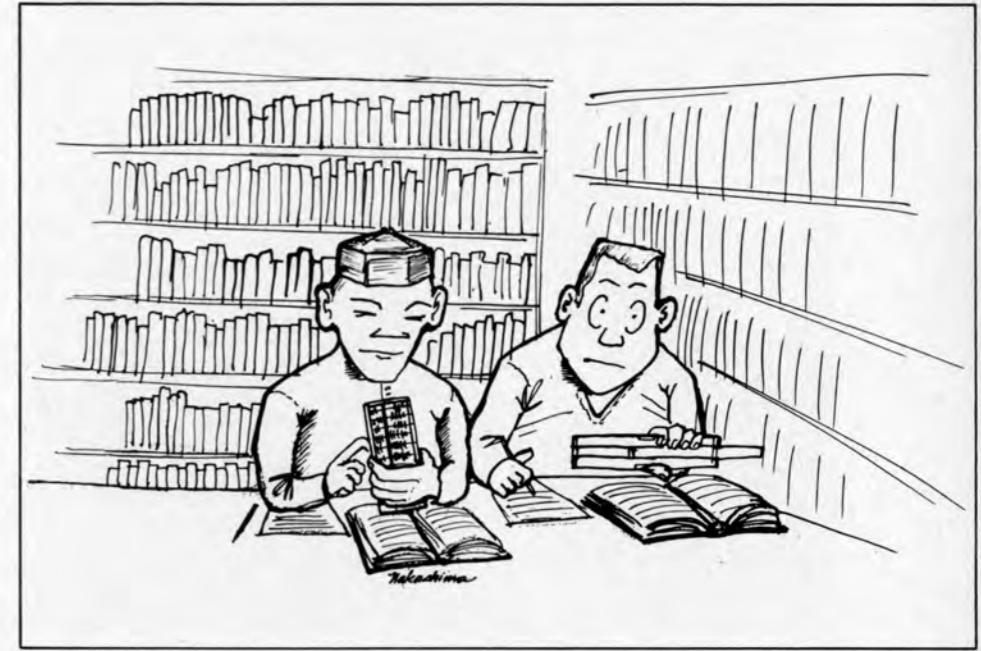
"I knew there was something I was supposed to do."

SKITZKE
-
ERON

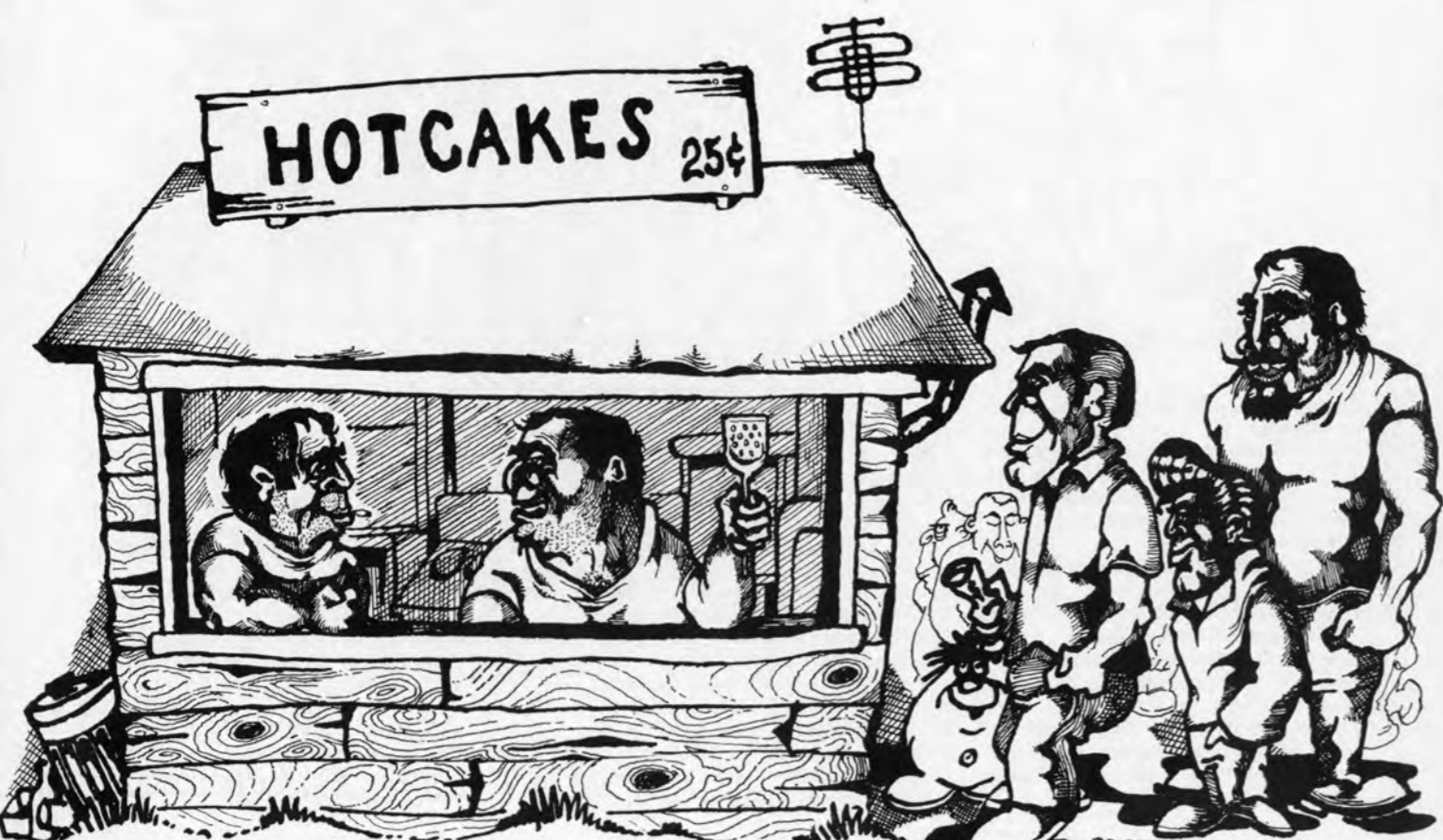


"Remember friends, out of the mud grows the lotus . . ."

Nakamura



Nakamura



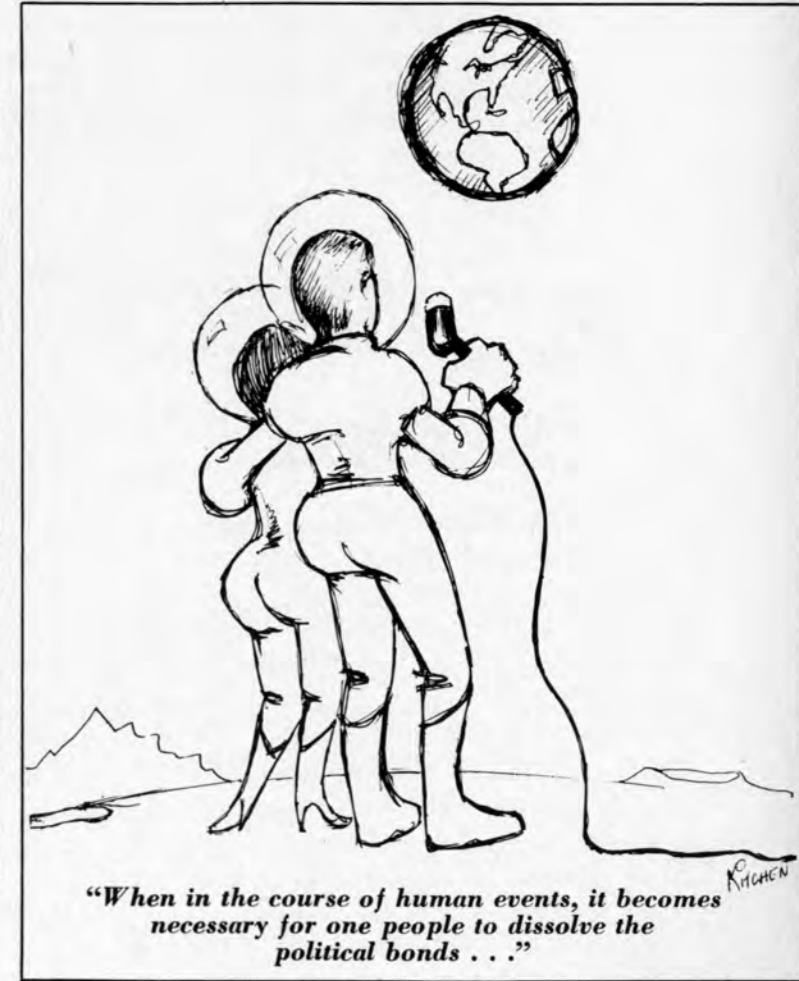
"Man, they're selling like Layboys."

P.D. SESSEL 61



"Finish your rice, Ling. Just think of all the poor starving people in West Virginia."

MARK MALTZ



"When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds . . ."

KITCHEN



AHA! SNEAKING OFF FROM SCHOOL, READING HISTORY BOOKS ON YOUR OWN. OK KID; COME WITH ME.

Help this boy to help himself.

Show him the love he's never had.

Send him a Chappie.

SUBSCRIBE TO

the stanford
CHAPARRAL

Box 7256
Stanford, Calif.

SEND TO:

Bill \$3.00 to:

Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

Address _____

GREAT EXCITEMENT IF YOU SEND
THE CHAPPIE HOME TO MOTHER

THE STANFORD TEST → Its Cause and Cure

By Mark Draper

GREETINGS ENTERING AND RETURNING STUDENTS:

We sensitive, understanding souls on the Chappie wish to help you. We know that icy fear clutches your teeny-weeny hearts at the mere mention of the notorious Stanford Test¹ and Stanford Curve.² To help you boost your cheating power in one easy step, we offer a facsimile of a typical Stanford test. Take this easily removable, quick digesting, handy little item along with you to examinations. To remove, merely nibble delicately along the edge of the paper. No, no, my eager friend, not *that* one—we mean the *inside* edge. Now grasp the page in your sweaty little claw and gently but firmly remove it, and tuck it in some covert cranny and save it for a rainy day.^{3,4}

DEDICATION

This test is lovingly dedicated to freshmen everywhere, particularly to those who were freshmen last year and will be next. Like all Stanford tests this is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to material covered in the text, readings, or lectures is absolutely coincidental.

¹ CAUTION—Do not confuse this with other tests, e.g., "Rorschach," "Friedman Rabbit," or "Wasserman."

² CAUTION—Do not confuse the term, "Stanford Curve" with the equally beloved "Stanford Woman." These two are mutually exclusive.

³ CAUTION—Do not be confused by this figurative statement. Not all tests are given on rainy days. Those days merely seem gloomy.

⁴ CAUTION—Do not be confused.

NAME (5 points) _____

DATE¹ _____

SEX² _____

HONOR CODE STATEMENT

I hereby certify that I will neither receive nor give nor sell unpermitted aid on this examination and that I will report joyfully anyone else's Honor Code violations.

MANDATORY SUGGESTIONS FOR CONDUCT

1. Occupy alternating seats. Skip to the closest one when the music stops.
2. When in doubt as to the meaning or answer to a question, consult the instructor. He will be found in room 228, the Men's Powder Room.
3. If you observe someone cheating, tap lightly with your pencil on his head. This will be most effective if your pencil is about three feet long and weighs approximately thirty pounds.

COMPULSORY INSTRUCTIONS (please read me)

Answer all questions, but do not guess! Do not attempt to answer more than one question at a time. Write on at least one side of the paper, but do not write on both sides of the paper simultaneously.³ The test is scored as right minus wrong, unless there is more of the latter than of the former; in this case it will be scored as the former minus the latter. Questions left blank will be scored as the latter and those answered correctly as the former unless there are more of the former than of the latter. In this case your test will be destroyed and your name turned into the Fun Stan Committee.

I. SECTION ONE: ESSAY-TYPE SUBJECTIVE QUESTIONS

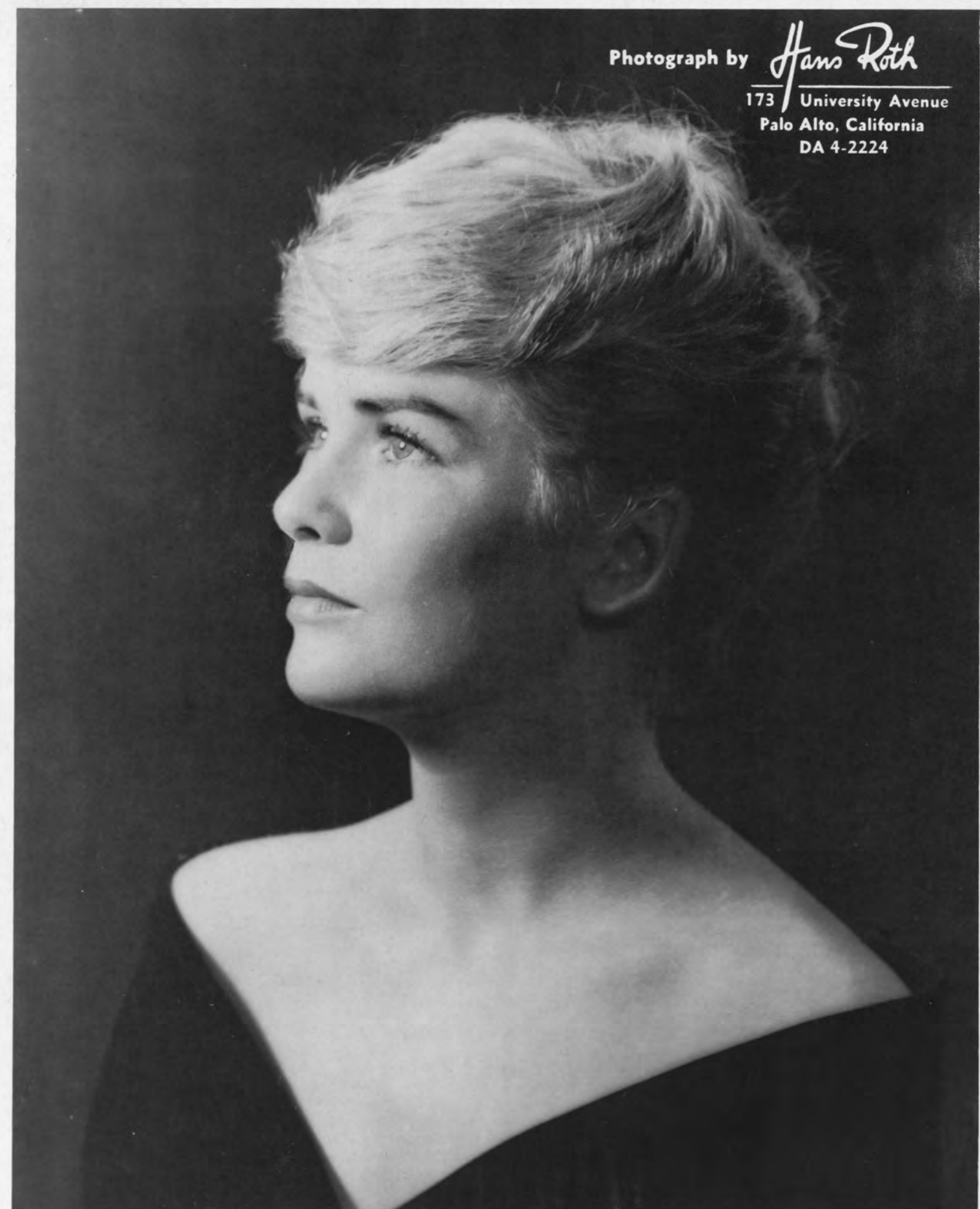
1. Compare the R. Effing Theory.
2. Which do you consider as more alike, the R. Effing Theory or vice versa.
3. How do any one of the following differ from any one of the other?
 - a. Stanford Daily Doily
 - b. Stanford's Sensual Sequoia
 - c. Scott Co's Toilet Tissue
4. Scribble joyously (Do not compare or contrast) and with good taste on:
 - a. The Theory of Increasing Decrements
 - b. The Theory of Decreasing Increments

¹Occasionally or frequently?

²See footnote number one.

³Unless you are ambidextrous or your desk has a hole in it. If your desk has a hole in it contact the Department of Buildings and Maintenance. Do not count the ink well.

Photograph by *Hans Roth*
173 University Avenue
Palo Alto, California
DA 4-2224



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present LUANA GOUGH of the Stanford Nursing School. Peninsula is also proud to present its FAMOUS MILKSHAKE and other fine dairy products for your enjoyment.

Hamilton at Emerson Peninsula Creamery DA 3-3176

5. Why is the Dean Bunwiggler theory? (confute)
6. Expound in exuberant picayunish detail the Shagnasty Theory as delineated by F. L. Atio.
7. What would you say about the PACE program? Would you say the same thing if the Dean were not around?
8. What is the Law of Gravity? Do you agree?
9. Discuss the Takengast Theory in Hebrew and Ukranian (but not both).
10. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?⁴
11. Explain completely the theory of relativity; compare it with W. Poo's Wooslian Thesis, and contrast both to the theory of relativity. (Use two lines or less, but be loquacious).
12. Do not draw a diagram of the Gnat, Noop, and Krod theses.
13. Elucidate vaguely but craftily the Cremaster postulate.
14. Why do you know absolutely nothing about that venerable Cantonese philosopher, Mem Chu?

SECTION TWO: SEXY TYPE QUESTIONS⁵

SECTION THREE: OBJECTIONABLE TYPE QUESTIONS

A. NATURAL SCIENCE

1. The fallopian tube is an integral part of an electronic computer (T/F).
2. The Wolffian duct is a bird from Wolffia (T/F).
3. The alimentary canal is located near the Great Lakes (T/F).
4. The semi-colon is located between the pyloric valve and the margin release. (T/F).
5. The knee bone is connected to the _____ bone. (T/F)
6. True. (T/F)

B. SOCIAL SCIENCE

1. What is a Freudian error? Give a sexample.
2. Anything longer than it is wide is a _____ symbol.
3. Are you Junger than Springtime?
4. Sociologists are for the prevention and cure of social disease only. (T/F).
5. A projective test is an exam for cameramen.
6. Explain the popularity of such songs as:
 - a. "I Took My Gal to Tijuana, But She Wouldn't Come Across."
 - b. "I Kissed Her Lips and Left Her Behind For You."

⁴Do not try to answer this question.

⁵This section has been deleted by Fun Stan Com.

I AM A SEQUOIA REJECT . . .



Or, How I Got a Bad Taste of Good Taste

By Judy Skinner

Before launching into my tale of libel and slander, I would like to state that this story is fictional. The names have been changed to protect the decadent. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is very astute, as I am not all that good in delineating character.

Once upon a *Time* I sat, having read the issue for that week, and decided that the life of the dedicated artist was for me. The last time I had decided to be dedicated, I spent two full weeks transcribing the words of Shelley Berman's act to iambic pentameter. *This* time I decided to join the *Sequoia*.

Throwing Civ assignments and caution to the winds, I put on a black outfit, dabbed on a blob of mascara, and placed a little dirt under my fingernails. I walked across Quad muttering, "Mash the middle class; hang 'Handsome' Larry Royle; Saylor is sedentary."

By the time I reached the *Sequoia* office in back of Cubberley, I was truly the angry young woman, full of sound and fury, believing in nothing. I stubbed my toe on the first step in what can only be described as a bourgeoisie way, and opened the door to the office somewhat shaken in the belief that my mind controls my feet. So preoccupied was I with my throbbing toe that I failed to notice I was standing right in the way of the door as it slammed shut.

My subsequent lurching into the room caused a girl sitting in a dim corner to look up from her book. She looked like something out of Charles Adams, I thought, not realizing that I probably did too. Her long black hair hung in snarls around her pale face, and her eyes were outlined with lavender and black. The dress she wore was the standard black; her sandals were wound halfway up her calves in a kind of rattlesnake fashion. In all, she gave the impression of one who is about to have a relapse of the bubonic plague.

"Chou," she said.

"No, thank you," I said, thinking she had offered me food. I pulled in my stomach to give the appearance that I hadn't eaten in weeks and didn't intend to until unilateral disarmament was a reality.

"What?" said she, puzzled.

"I don't want any chow. Food isn't necessary to my art," I said in a low, throaty voice.

"Chou. Chou," she repeated. "It's the Italian form of 'hello.'"

"Hello," I said, flustered considerably by the fact that my feet, the door, and now my ears had betrayed me. "I'm not hungry anyway," I finished lamely.

"If you want to work for us, you'll have to see The Editor. He'll be here in a minute." She put her head down in her book again.

"I'd like to write poems for you," I said.

"Oh." Her voice had a distant ring to it; she wasn't listening.

"On second thought," I continued, giving vent to a sudden mischievous impulse, "I thought I'd write a play for you, a play about a young boy who invents his mother."

"Oh." The voice had the same monotonous ring.

"I thought I'd call it 'Oedipus Rex and His Flying Machine.'"

"Oedipus Rex and His Flying Machine?!!" I heard a voice behind me question. I whirled around to face The Editor, who had just walked in. My expression changed quickly from surprise to horror as I saw the door was about to whack into him.

"Look out!" I screamed. "The door!" And he, using the Stanford mentality that

understands volumes of philosophy but not one card-stunt direction, instead of moving out of the way, turned around to see what was wrong with the door. The door slammed into his face with the crunchy noise I usually associate with stepping on a box of Post Toasties.

He turned around with his cigarette rammed halfway into his mouth. It was a moment, shall we say, of truth. I found myself babbling, "The door . . . it was going to slam, and I . . ."

"Yesssss," he said, ominously. "If you hadn't been standing there I might have gotten out of the way."

"I told you it was coming," I defended myself.

"What was I supposed to do—leapfrog over you?" he said.

We glared at each other with the kind of animal hatred that keeps Darwin's idea of the struggle for existence an everyday reality.

"She came to write poems," inserted the inscrutable girl with a book, warding off actual bodily violence.

His smile brightened. Suddenly it dawned upon me that they were in desperate need of writers if The Editor should allow me, an obvious deadly enemy, to contribute.

"What kind of stuff do you write?" he asked.

"Devanagari." I simply pulled the word from the recesses of my mind.

"Great!" he said. "Just what we need. We haven't had any in that style for quite a while."

I smiled. I'll bet you haven't seen that style in quite a while, I thought snidely. "Devanagari" means the alphabet usually employed in writing Sanskrit. Which I don't.

"When can you hand some of your work in?" he asked eagerly.

"Any time after the next new moon," I said, playing my part to the hilt. "Unless, of course, the Communists win again in South Viet-Nam."

"Fine," he said. He turned to the little gnome with the book and said, "Did you read over the Switzberger story?"

"Yes," she said, a pained look on her dried orange peel of a face.

"What did you think of it?" he asked.

"Phony. You know, phony, as in *Catcher in the Rye*."

"I thought so too," he agreed.

"What's the story about?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter what the story was; it was phony," said The Editor.

"Shall I rip it up?" asked the girl.

"Of course."

"Aren't you going to return it to the author? Maybe he doesn't have a carbon copy of it," I said.

"We're doing him a favor. A phony story is a slap in the face to all writers," said The Editor.

"But maybe he can't afford carbon paper."

"It is finished!" said The Editor. "Say, how good are you on criticism?"

"Almost embarrassingly adept," I said in my lowest voice.

"Lucrezia here is the best critic we have, but she needs help. It never fails to amaze me how many of the campus Philistines think they can write. We're swamped with manuscripts at the start of each year."

"What about the rest of the year?" I asked, trying to show how I let nothing get past me.

"When the first issue comes out, it becomes apparent that our art is not ordinary," said The Editor.

"I guess that then people respect you too much to turn anything in."

"Exactly." Turning to Lucrezia, he said, "Get me the poem 'Life Among the Air-Conditioners.'"

She went into the inner office and came out holding a piece of paper with the reverence usually reserved for a laboratory-tested Babe Ruth baseball.

I read the poem:

*Life of the lipsticked cigarette
I salute you
My cavity 'tis of thee
I gobble up the grapes of wrath
Because Anne of Green Gables told me so.*

"Well," he said eagerly, "what do you think?!"

What did I think?! I had seen better meter scratched on rest-room walls! I decided to play the thing by ear and pulled out a critical comment that never failed to slay 'em back in the dorm.

"It's effeminate," I said flatly.

"It's what?" he shouted.

"Effeminate," I repeated, a little worried at his outburst.

"So what are you going to do about it?" he said with a sneer.

I thought for a moment, trying to figure out what he wanted. Suddenly it struck me. "Rip it up!" I said triumphantly, and proceeded to do so.

The Editor stood speechless in what I took for admiration while I reduced the paper into bite-size pieces. Then he burst out, "That's my poem you're ripping!"

Silence. I prayed for the outbreak of thermonuclear war. A minute went by. I tried to arrange the pieces in some type of readable order.

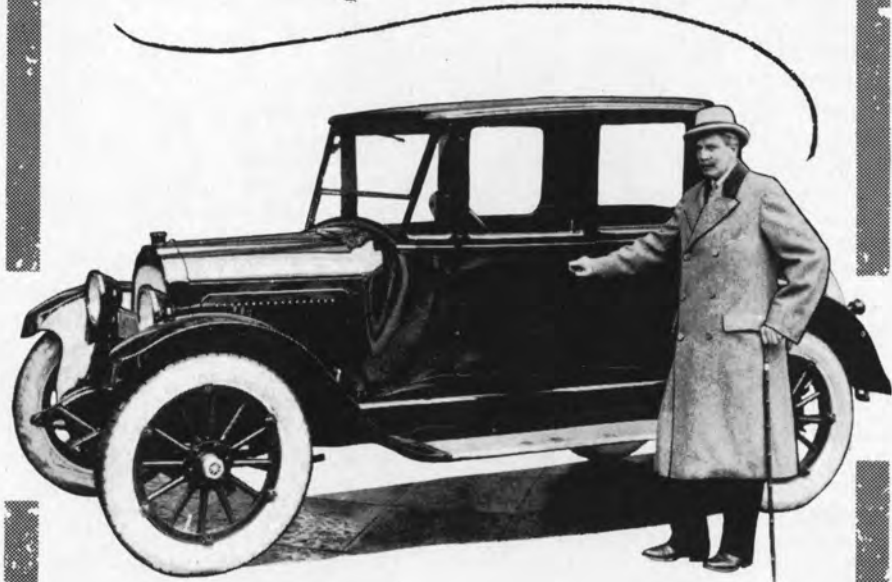
"Well," I started out in a cracked voice, "it isn't all that effeminate. No, sir! There are very definite masculine undertones which . . ."

"Out!" he said, pointing dramatically at the door.

"This is about the most masculine poem I have ever . . ." I tried frantically. I spit on the edges of the torn pieces and tried to fix them together again.

(Concluded on overleaf)

Madame!
Of course my
intentions are
strictly honorable



And that's why Roos/Atkins lets you open a SUPER/CHARGE with just your Reg. Card. We KNOW you're honorable! Buy what you need when you need it. Nothing down and a long time to pay.

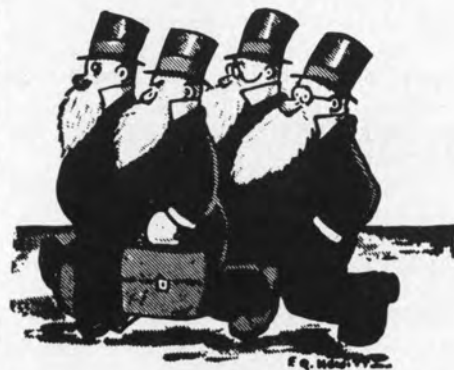
ROOS/ATKINS

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
DOWNTOWN: UNIVERSITY AT BRYANT

I AM A SEQUOIA REJECT ...

"Out!" he shouted again.
"Now, wait a minute, you . . . you filter-tipped Ferlingetti!" I lashed back indignantly. My voice had lost its throaty quality, and I was beginning to rival Caterina Valente in sheer range of sound.
"And give me that poem back!" he said.
"I haven't finished criticizing," I said acidly, still trying to fit the wet ends of the paper together.
"It's my poem!" he cried.
"Thank God, it isn't mine!"
"Give it to me!!" he said with fury, and grabbed. I gave up trying to mesh the paper, and threw the pieces down on the floor contemptuously.
"Effeminate!" I said nastily, as I pushed open the door. Just then, a big blob of the mascara I had smeared on flipped down into my eyes, and I stepped aside of the door to remove it. The Editor bent down to pick up the torn paper, and the door slammed into his posterior with the now-familiar "Post Toasties" sound.
"You!" he pointed at me helplessly from the floor. "Out! Before you ruin art any more!"
"Good-bye," I said, holding my mascara-filled eye shut. "Your poem is pho-nier than American Tel. & Tel.," I added, throwing my worst pun at them in parting. And I walked out, my career as a dedicated artist ended. O boy, O boy, I wowed 'em at *Sequoia*.

"Say, son," he questioned, "can you show me the way to the courthouse?"
"There ain't none, mister," was the reply, "you gotta pick 'em up on the street."



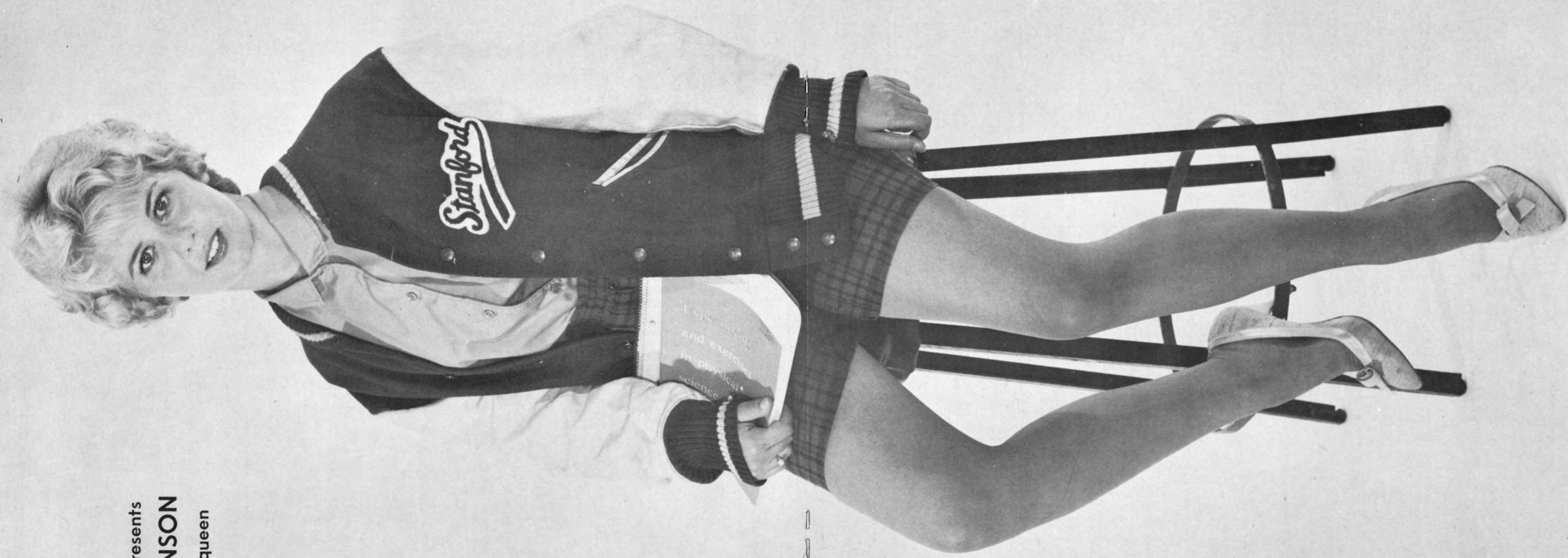
"I think it quite appropriate that the Cal game is the same week as Turkey Day."



The Old Boy's search for his Queen of the class of 1965 took him to the ivied walls of Roble Hall where he spotted Ann Swanson fresh off the 707 from Seattle, Washington. The list of standard questions produced some "likes" (items: skiing, tennis, stage plays, the Pacific Northwest) and some "dislikes" —all classified, by request. An oversight left the question of Big Game date unanswered, but Ann's looks and charm seem to make the question superfluous anyway. There may be a chance, but you had best hurry, if you want to have any hope of success with Ann or any other of the swinging Roble freshmen that she represents. The Old One does not see how it will be possible for the Century 21 World Fair in Seattle this next year to be anything but a success when, besides the promised attractions, there are girls like Ann to decorate the already beautiful landscape.



the old boy presents
ANN SWANSON
his freshman queen





"Do you really think I have the Jackie Look?"

Be sure to attend the . . .

BIG GAME GAIETIES 1961

Celebrating its 50th ANNIVERSARY

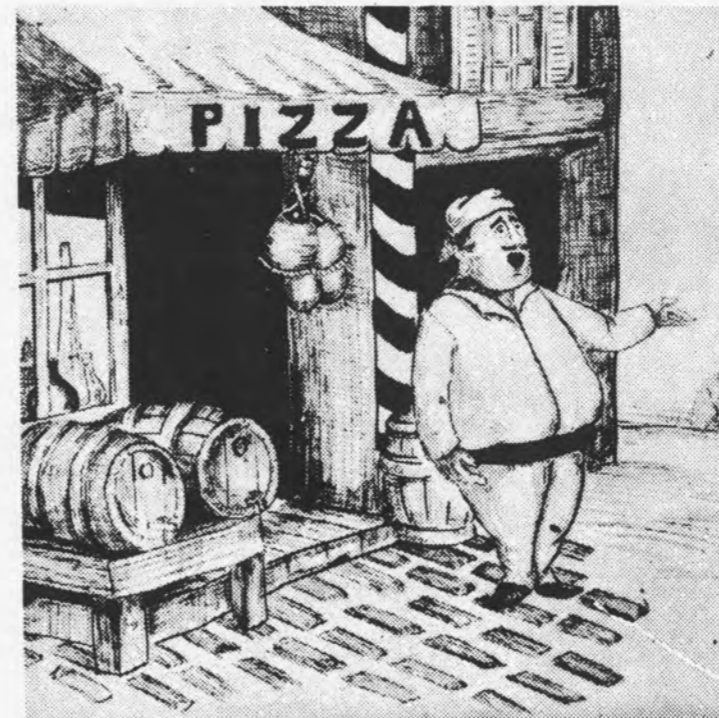
NOVEMBER 21-24



TICKETS: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
DA 1-2300, ext. 2988
P.O. Box 3732



Tickets may be purchased at the Ram's Head Office in the Old Union.



★ CARA'S ★

5 P.M. TO 2 A.M.

4896 El Camino

YO 7-2570



The Biggest
The Tastiest

The Cheapest
The Grandest

Pizzall

Special Rooms for Private Parties
Open 5 p.m. 'till 2 a.m. daily

4020 EL CAMINO REAL

DA 2-3869

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

HONDA MOTORCYCLES

accepted throughout the world for fine craftsmanship and outstanding performance—their record speaks for itself



HONDA PENINSULA

Sales and Service—Service All Makes
Harold Kenyon and Dwane Francisco
616 S. El Camino, Mountain View—YO 8-8743

Jiffy BURGERS!



For your night time snack we are open until—
12:00 PM Sunday thru Thursday
1:00 AM Friday and Saturday

"Near the Guild Theater in Menlo"

1050 El Camino Real
Menlo Park, California

Hamburgers 24c

French Fries 18c

Shakes 24c

1900 El Camino Real
Redwood City, California



Sweden



France



United States



Germany



Great Britain

OUR PANCAKES ARE ALL MADE FROM KEN'S
SPECIAL PANCAKE RECIPES FROM THE WORLD
OVER BLENDED IN OUR KITCHEN

Ken's HOUSE of PANCAKES

888 EL CAMINO REAL
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

Chicken Steaks

An excellent place for Stanford students to eat Sunday breakfast!

Also, dine at the Shack 1972 University Ave., Palo Alto

SAYLORMAN

WHAT A FINE FIGURE I CUT
IN MY NEW LASSU CAPE!
PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, LET 'EM
EAT CAKE, ETC., ETC.!



BEGINNING IN THIS ISSUE
THE ADVENTURES OF
SAYLORMAN AS HE
CARRIES ON THE BATTLE
TO BUILD THE NEW
STANFORD AND KEEP
THE WORLD SAFE FOR
PRIVATE EDUCATION!
NOW HE FACES THE
MENACE OF REACTION
EMBODIED IN

"THE GHOST OF STANFORD PAST!"

DUCK! IT'S
SAYLORMAN REFINING
AROUND ON HIS DAMN
WHITE HORSE AGAIN!

YEAH-- AND I
THOUGHT THE BLACK-
BIRDS AT THE CELLAR
WERE BAD!



SAYLORMAN IS ADAPTED FROM AN OLD COMIC BOOK BY
THE CHAPPIE, BRAD EFRON, AND AL DODWORTH (TWO
DIRTY OLD MEN). STORIES, CHARACTERS, AND INCIDENTS
MENTIONED HEREIN ARE PRETTY FUNNY WE THINK.



CONT. NEXT MONK



Europe comes to Palo Alto as B. J. Russell goes Continental in her lovely imported matching sweater and capri pants. The sweater—that fine Italian mohair wool from Milan; the 100% wool pants—Bleyle Knit all the way from Stuttgart, Germany, in camel, rose, yellow, aqua, orange, and white. Sweater: \$35.95, Pants: \$25.95

PHELPS-TERKEL

219 University
Palo Alto DA 2-2193



FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY..... DA 3-4400

STANFORD UNION OIL SERVICE

Behind Stanford Shopping Center . . . S & H Green Stamps



**BROWN'S
MUSIC CO.**

- classical
- popular
- jazz
- records •
- phonographs •
- radios •

Stanford Shopping Center
DA 6-1561



DRIVE-IN-LIQUOR STORES

—two locations to serve you—

3197 Middlefield Road, Palo Alto
2121 Saint Francis, Palo Alto

The best way to drive a baby buggy is to tickle his feet.

Modesty has ruined more kidneys than alcohol.

A Broadway character, a bookmaker, was given a parrot in lieu of a cash payment. The bird's vocabulary included, in addition to English, some choice expressions in Spanish, French, and Italian.

Appreciative of his valuable acquisition, the bookie carried the bird into his favorite tavern and displayed him to the bartender. "Speaks four languages," said the bookie.

The bartender snorted his disbelief. "Wanna bet this bird can't speak four languages?" challenged the bookie.

The bartender tried to ignore him, but was finally shamed into a \$10 wager.

"Parley-vous français?" said the bookie to the parrot.

There was no response.

There was no response, either, in English, Spanish, or Italian. The bartender collected his \$10 and told the bookie to get out and quit bothering him.

On the street, the bookie glared savagely at the parrot.

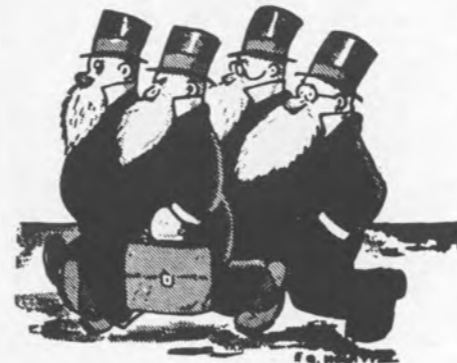
"What a stupid bird!" he fumed. "How could you keep your beak shut when I had 10 bucks riding on you?"

"Don't be a jerk," said the parrot, "just think of the odds you'll get tomorrow!"

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds 200 to one."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."



"One of my coeds had a quite novel idea for earning activity credit."

food to go
party room
open 11:30-10

For a date or a study break
it's the Tangent Hofbrau for fine food

117 UNIVERSITY ON THE CIRCLE

Stanford Sport Shop

2078 EL CAMINO REAL

DA 5-6776



DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE

801 Alma St.

DA. 3-3928



"for a perfect engine tune-up"

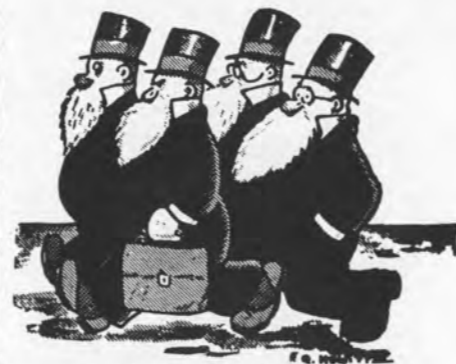
WE CUT GLASS



to any SIZE

WEST COAST GLASS

415 High Street Palo Alto DA 3-5542



"... I said, 'No, my dear, the phrase is hoary with age.'"

"Ah wins."
 "What you got?"
 "Three eights and a pair of kings."
 "No you don't, Ah wins."
 "What you got?"
 "Three sevens and a razor."
 "So you does. How come you is so lucky?"

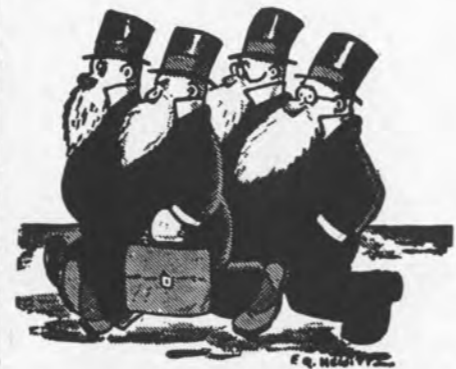
Fashion note: They are wearing the same thing in brassieres this year.

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Three, and the name's Daisy."

"My wife used to be scared to death that someone would steal her clothes."
 "Why doesn't she have them insured?"
 "Oh, she had a better idea. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them . . . I found him last night when I got home."

The difference between amnesia and magnesia is that the fellow with amnesia doesn't know where he's going.



"Everyone smile, here comes 'handsome' Larry Royce."



PARD'S BAR-B-Q

4191 EL CAMINO REAL PALO ALTO DA 3-5858

CAMERA SHOP

541 Bryant
 Palo Alto
 DA 2-1715



340 California
 South Palo Alto
 DA 6-3344

photo finishing • cameras
 application & passport pictures
 photographic supplies
 picture framing
 photostat copies

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mondays and Tuesdays. Good old "L'Omelette." On



"BIG GAME" WEEK AT "L'OMELETTE". BY A. DUBOUT NOVEMBER 1947.

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mon. & Tues.

Egg. Never a dull moment at The Egg. "The Egg" has banquet rooms for frat parties, birthdays, engagements, divorces.

Stanford's favorite since 1932.



Di Salvo's BARBER SHOP

6 expert barbers to serve you

Specialists on

Flat tops

Ivy

Crew

and Custom Haircuts

Women also

Town and Country Village DAvenport 2-4970

VIKING MOTOR BODY CO.

JOE G. CALVELLO

HAL E. HAMERTON

COMPLETE MOTOR REPAIRS—PAINT & BODY WORK

BATTERIES—TIRES—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WASHING

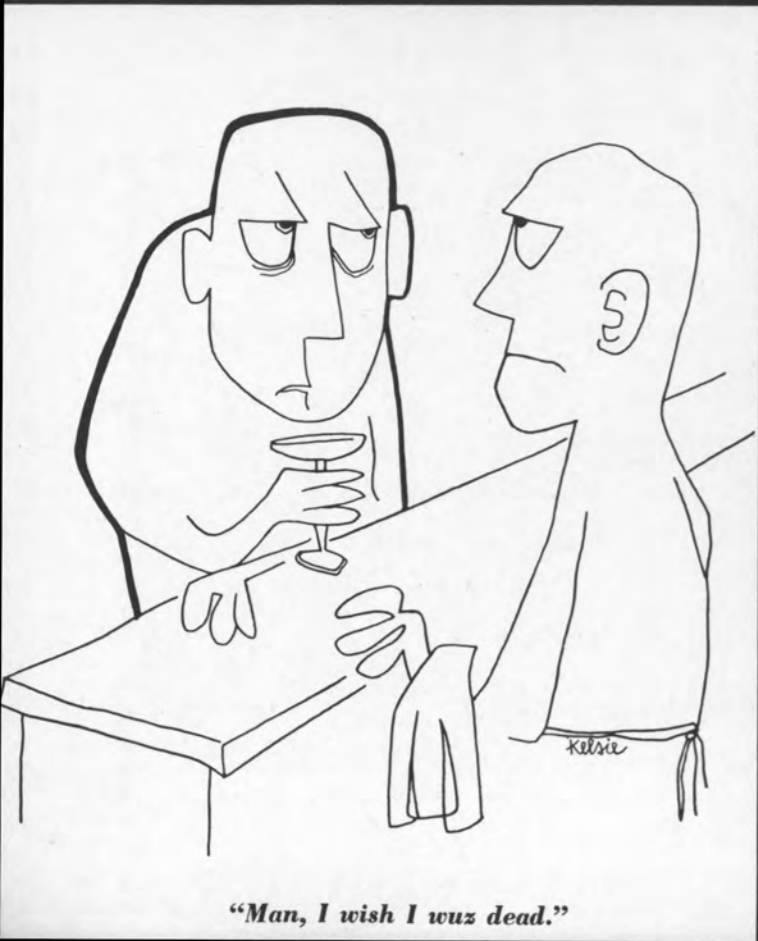
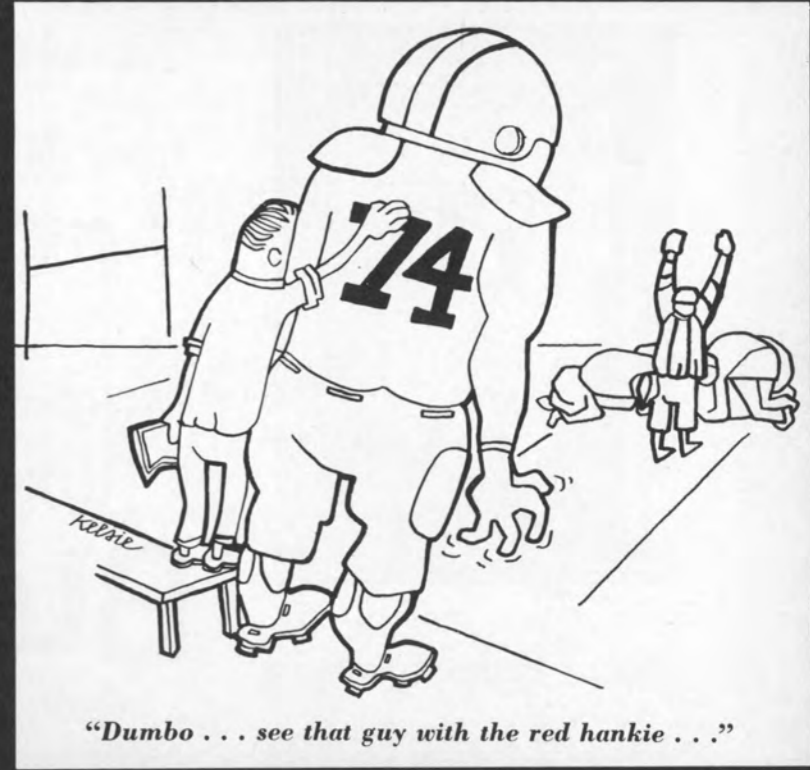
POLISHING—SEAT COVERS

DAvenport 3-6222

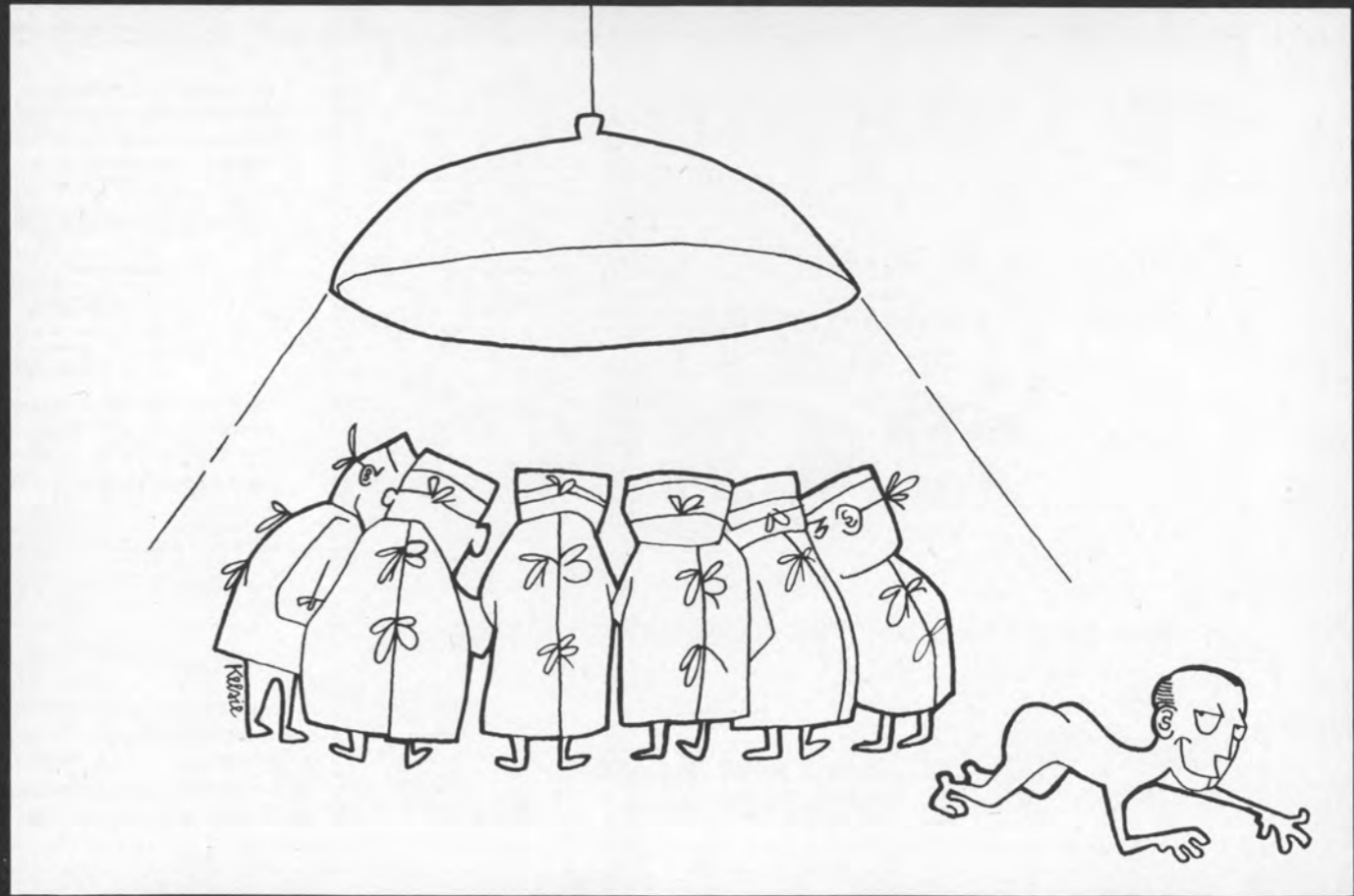
98 Churchill Avenue
 PALO ALTO, CALIF.



KELSLIE'S



KARTOONS





Peanuts • Romance
Brew • Moom Pickers
- Tues & Thurs • Dancing

THE BLACK EGG

Jazz & Folksingers
- Fri & Sat • 16 & So. "B"
Streets • San Mateo

"Fairest in prices. Fastest in service.
A satisfied customer is our first con-
sideration."



CORNER OF EL CAMINO REAL
AND CAMBRIDGE, MENLO PARK

For "take-out," Phone DA 3-9562,
and we'll have 'em for you in a jiffy!

From Our Fountain

CREAMY FROSTED MILK SHAKES.....	.35
<small>Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple</small>	
DOUBLE RICH MALTED MILK.....	.40
<small>Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple</small>	
CREAMY ICE CREAM SODAS.....	.35
<small>Coffee, Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple</small>	
SUPER ICE CREAM SUNDAES.....	.50
<small>Chocolate, Pineapple or Black and White</small>	
HOT FUDGE, CARAMEL or STRAWBERRY.....	.60
<small>Topped with Whipped Cream and Nuts</small>	
ROOT BEER or COCA COLA FLOAT.....	.25
FRESH FRUIT ADES — LEMON, LIME.....	.25
FROSTED ROOT BEER or COCA COLA.....	.15
ORANGE or LIME FREEZE.....	.35

Sandwiches

HAMBURGER.....	.55
<small>Fine Juicy Eastern Beef Ground Fresh, Relish, Crisp Lettuce, French Fries</small>	
HAMBURGER DE LUXE.....	.65
<small>Fine Ground Eastern Beef, Melted Cheese, Tomatoes, Relish, Lettuce and French Fries</small>	
STEAK SANDWICH — Served with French Fries.....	1.00
GRILLED HAM and CHEESE.....	.75
HAM or BACON and EGG.....	.75
LARGE JUICY HOT DOG with French Fries.....	.50
HOT TURKEY SANDWICH.....	1.00
<small>Sage Dressing, Giblet Gravy, and Potatoes</small>	
HOT BEEF or HAM with Potatoes and Gravy.....	1.00
FRIED EGG.....	.45
DEVILED EGG.....	.45
TUNA SANDWICH.....	.40
GRILLED CHEESE.....	.50

25¢ minimum

A large selection of daily dinner specials including soup or salad, tomato or grapefruit juice, fresh vegetables and potato, and choice of desserts and beverage. \$1.35 up.

A male nurse in a mental hospital spotted a patient with his ear to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a warning finger, then beckoned the nurse to come over quietly.

"You listen here," he whispered.

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened for a few moments. Then he turned to the patient and said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient knowingly, "and it's been like that all day."

In the dark of night two safecrackers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks, and started to turn the dial with his toes.

"What's the matter?" said his pal. "Let's open this thing and get out of here."

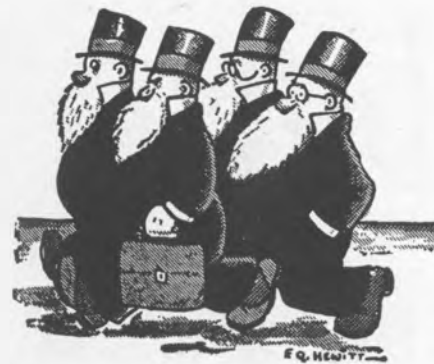
"Naw, it'll only take us a minute longer, and we'll drive those fingerprint experts nuts."

Little Johnny came home from school one afternoon and asked, "Mama, where did I come from?"

His mother was shocked. Johnny was awfully young to be hearing about the facts of life. But she knew the children at school had been talking. Now was the time.

"Sit down, son," she said. "I want to tell you a story about the birds and the bees . . ." She proceeded to describe the facts of life to little Johnny.

When she had finished Johnny remarked, "Well, I just wondered where I came from, Suzie Smith told me she came from St. Louis."



"What do you say we R.F. this next full moon?"

3005 El Camino Real Atherton
DA 2-2214 EM 6-9952

GROGAN'S
for
DIAMONDS
JEWELRY, TROPHYS, JAZZ
AND OTHER LIKE
(BIG DEAL!)

DROP BY AND SEE HAPPY (UNTIL HE SEES THIS AD)
GROGAN. HE'S GOT THE BEST MERGHE STOCK
AT THE BEST PRICES AND TERMS. BET YOU THOUGHT
YOU GOT RID OF ME, HUH, BART? — WELL, THE PHANTOM
STRIKES AGAIN!...
205 UNIVERSITY ALTO PALTO

Currier MOTEL

HEATED POOL • TELEVISION • KITCHENS
PHONES IN ROOMS

3200 El Camino Real

DA 3-9085



Complete office
supplies

PALO ALTO TYPEWRITER
palo alto office equipment co.

171 University — DA 4-1688



where
else
but...
kirk's

BACHELOR IN PARADISE

The bachelor of the title is Bob Hope who plays a writer of some note in the field of sexual mores. He is in tax trouble so he goes to a California tract (Paradise Village) to live the good middle-class life while he writes and gathers source material for his new book "How the Americans Live." If—from these few brief facts—you suspect that this is a situation comedy, we compliment you on your amazing astuteness. There is no point in putting down situation comedies per se because they can, at times, be at least mildly amusing, but when they are based on such things as male confusion with such things as supermarkets and washing machines and a man giving Count Marco-type advice to his married, women neighbors then we can only sigh and agree that Bob Hope deserves better material. Perhaps his forthcoming return to the Road with Bing may serve to help redeem him. Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss play opposite each other again in this one, and they must be equally as sick of this teaming by now as is this reviewer. Lana Turner, Virginia Grey, and Janis Paige are around to add some window-dressing and the whole mess is in color, and, at

least, they didn't make Debbie Reynolds the love interest.

P.S. Eichler will probably picket any local showing.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

To anyone who is familiar with both *I Am a Camera* and *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, the remarkable similarities in the characters of Sally in *Camera* and of Holly in *Tiffany's* must have been immediately noticeable. Several years ago, *I Am a Camera* was made into a movie with Julie Harris playing Sally, and it was delightful. However, it was one of those cases of an artistic success and a box office bomb. The kiss of death was probably administered to that particular picture when the producers decided in one of their less lucid moments to hew to the story line and characterization as developed by the author. The producers of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* have proved to be less foolhardy. It is true that for the first two or three reels they have the viewer fooled into thinking that they are going to see a pretty reasonable cinematic version of Holly Golightly, but then saner heads prevailed and the "golden touch"

becomes evident. Apparently the formula states that there is nothing like the joys of concubinal bliss, so they match our nut (Audrey Hepburn) with a bolt (and that term is well chosen) in the person of George Peppard, and we all see once again how right H. L. Mencken was in saying, "No one ever went broke underestimating the American taste."

P.S. Blake (*High Time*) Edwards directed—How's that grab ya?

THE DEVIL AT 4 O'CLOCK

This motion picture is one at which the viewer may well be reminded of several others that he may have seen at one time or another. For instance, there is Spencer Tracy playing the part of a priest à la *Boys Town* or any of the other pictures in which he has appeared in that role, and there is an earthquake quite like that in *San Francisco* (maybe Spence has a tendency to shake things up when he's around). We also find the prison laborers from *My Three Angels*, the children's march (thoughtfully neglecting a marching song) from *Inn of the Sixth Happiness*, and there is Frank Sinatra
(continued on next page)

From Carlyle's Jewelers
 "The Peninsula's Diamond Specialists"
Diamond Bridal Duets
 designed with the *Younger Set* in mind!



The 4 most popular shape diamonds... in exclusive new thrilling settings of 14 Karat gold. Every diamond is completely full cut with 58 facets.



priced from \$149.50
 Convenient Budget Terms Available
 No Money Down
 No Interest or Carrying Charge

Remember our new address: 535 Bryant St. . . . just around the corner from Penney's in downtown Palo Alto . . . open Monday and Thursday till 9:00.

p.s. Don't forget our 20% discount to all Stanford Students and personnel.

SLONAKER'S PRINTING HOUSE
 THE HOME OF THOUGHTFUL PRINTING

643 Emerson St.
 Palo Alto

Recognized leader in
 quality printing for Stanford.

playing Sam Studly (the viewer/reader may fill in his choice of any of several movies). We are loath to go on in this vein, but to clinch our case we must add to the list, an erupting volcano, a devil-may-care bush pilot, a nurse (blind) love interest, a chicken Frenchman, a Negro with the strength of five men (not Woody Strode, however), and a crisp and correct colonial governor. In fact, about the only thing this movie lacks is entertainment value. You might enjoy going with the idea of seeing how many celluloid clichés you can pick out. Believe it or not, we didn't even begin to name them all.

P.S. Frank, you do better when you've been eating Wheaties.

BACK STREET
 Fannie Hurst's triangle is neatly made square. Definitely a dead end.

KING OF KINGS
 They'll do anything to keep the reserved-seat movie theatres in business.

THE HUSTLER
 That game with the fifteen numbered balls does not always mean trouble. Gleason et al make this longy easy on all but your posterior.

SPLendor IN THE GRASS
 More like a phrase the title rhymes with.

THE SECOND TIME AROUND
 When we saw that Debbie Reynolds was in it, we didn't even make it around the first time.

BACHELOR FLAT
 Importing Terry-Thomas does not a comedy make.

SPARTACUS
 Despite anything the *Daily* might say, this is still the best of the recent longies.

1 + 1
 Equals zero—mathematic impossibilities notwithstanding.

HI PEN! going to
John Hopkin STATIONER
 105 Town and Country Village
 ?



YES, QUIN!
 They sure have everything we need in school supplies and at low prices!
 Have you seen their terrific selection of Xmas Cards?
 Open Thursday evenings
 DA 1-6920

ROYAL TIRE SERVICE
 Palo Alto
 955 Alma DA 3-1357
U. S. ROYAL TIRES AND TUBES
 Quality Recapping
 Special Discount to Students and Faculty



Hamburgers
 Cheeseburgers
 Steak Sandwiches

Shrimp and French Fries
 French Fries
 Coffee

WE MAKE UP ORDERS TO TAKE OUT
 Don't forget Foster's Freeze for that next party

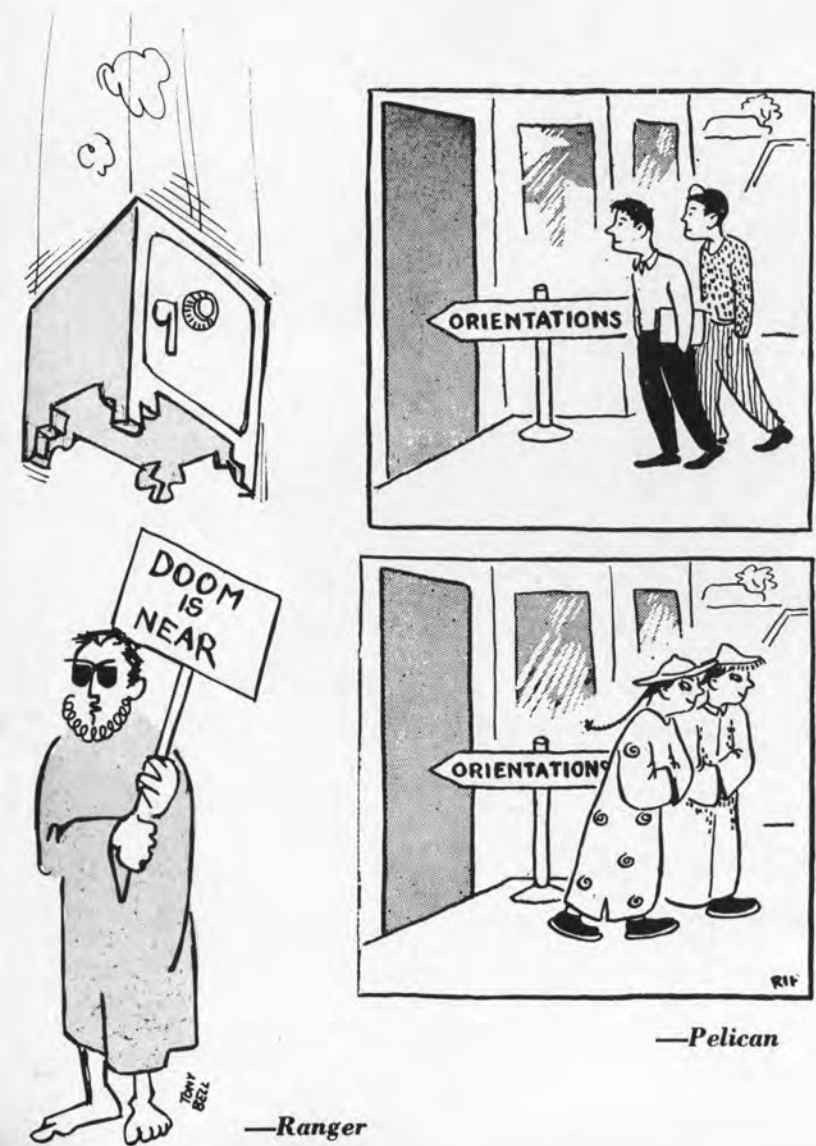
Just south of the Stadium on El Camino Real
 Corner Park Avenue

Phone DA 2-0340
 Open 11 A.M.-11 P.M.



—Lampoon

STOLEN SNIGGERS



—Ranger

—Pelican



—Record

C. MITAKER



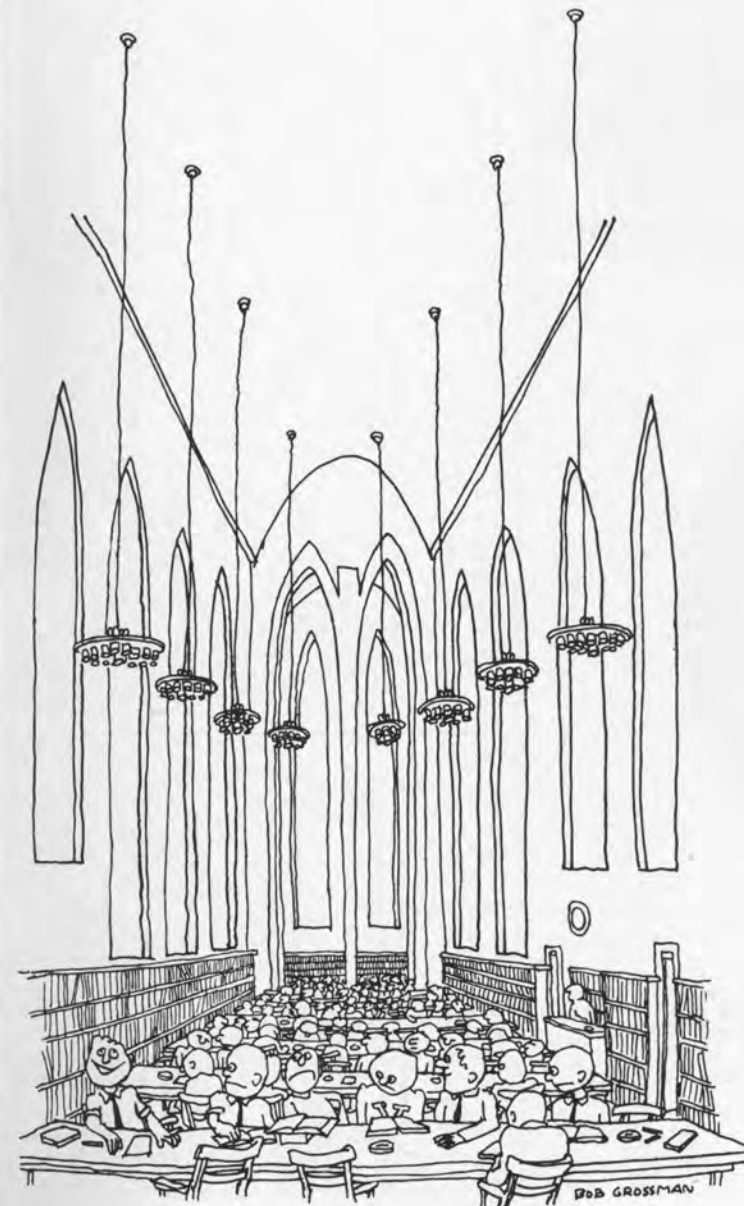
—Pelican



BALD EAGLE

"You're such a gentleman, Mr. Madison, letting me have the largest drink."

—Orange Peel



"Hey, I've found myself!"

—Record

BOB GROSSMAN



"I don't know who he is; he just said he wanted to lead a cheer for the Big Red."

—Ranger

DONALD GIBSON

take
yourself
to the
Cardinal
drive-in
Cleaners
all
clothes
mothproofed
at no
extra
charge



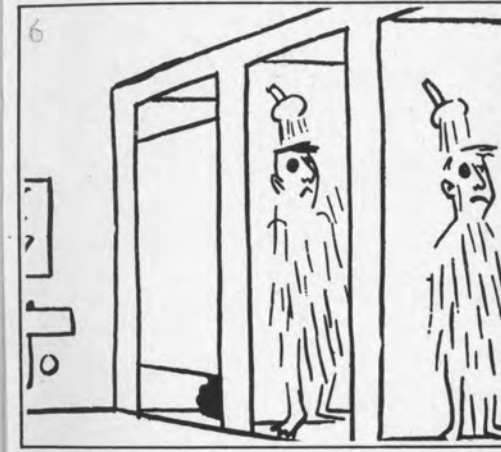
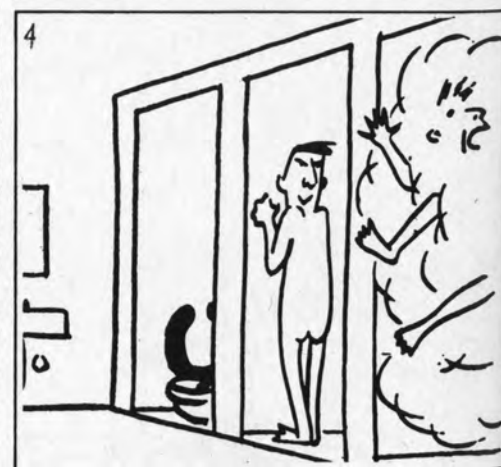
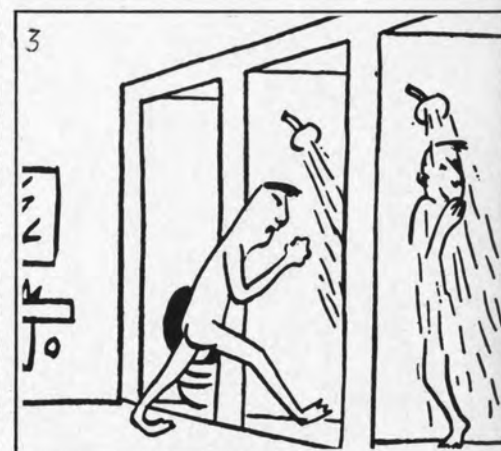
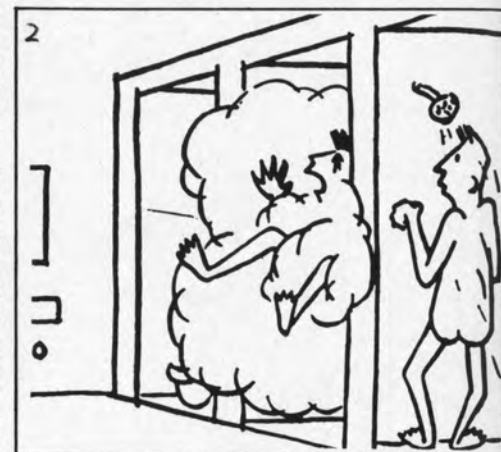
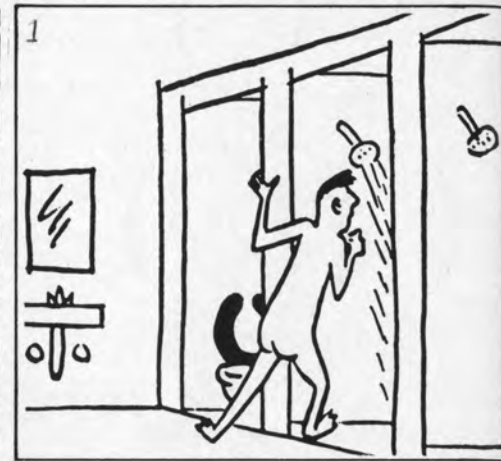
Phone Davenport 2-5933

73 Stanford Shopping Center • 203 Forest Avenue • 250 Ladera Shopping Center



Chuckburgers Daily

201 EL CAMINO REAL
DA 2-1920



BIB 'N' TUCKER



Open 9 a.m.—10 p.m.
12—9 Sundays

Need announcements in a hurry?



DEGNAN PRINTERS

High quality printing with prompt service.

510 SANTA CRUZ AVENUE • MENLO PARK • DA 2-7101

—Record



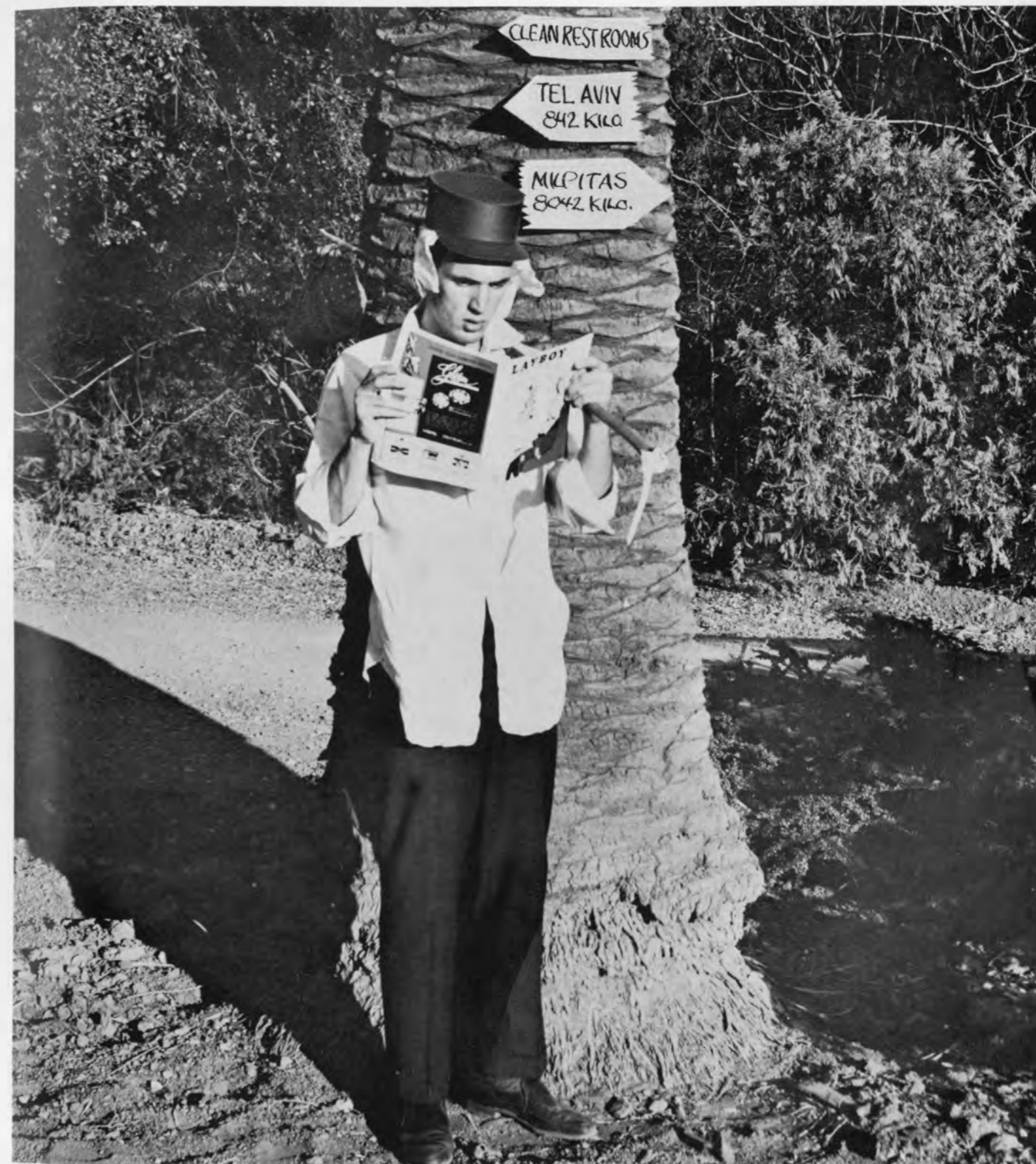
For Sporting Goods nearly everybody shops at Spiro's . . . complete line of sports equipment . . . casual clothes too, for men and women. All famous name brands—Wilson, McGregor, Pendleton, Jantzen, Northland, Bancroft, Spalding and many more.

SPIRO'S
PALO ALTO

Finest Sporting Goods Store in the West

Catty-Corner from Stanford Stadium
Town and Country Village, El Camino Real

Use your Spiro's charge account or convenient 90-day-to-pay plan.
Open Thursday til 9 p.m.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS LAYBOY?

A young man who is on the move! The *Layboy* reader welcomes any chance to light out and get under way. His office is his suitcase—so to speak. Facts: According to a leading survey, a large percentage of *Layboy* readers make last-minute plane reservations (68.5%) than can be claimed by any of the other leading magazines in the report. 70.5% telephone home more often, 68% develop some sort of nervous habit, and 100% have more than normal correspondence with their Selective Service Board. And *Layboy* readers have more visits with the Dean per 100 students (94) than any magazine in the Survey. (Source: *Hammer and Coffin Special May Report, 1961.*)

Unusual photo of a *Diamond*

This photo is an enlargement of a diamond as it would be seen through our *Diamondscope*®. We find this instrument invaluable in detecting a diamond's "inner secrets." What does this mean to you? That at our store we *know* and *guarantee* the quality of every diamond we sell—added assurance of full diamond value.



take this tip from



our DIAMONDSCOPE — will show you how cutting, clarity, color and carat weight establish a diamond's price. Isn't this the sensible way to make your diamond purchase?

CHOICE
OF
CREDIT
TERMS

use GLEIM'S
Flexible Payment Plans

Gleim
JEWELERS

CERTIFIED  GEMOLOGIST

 REGISTERED JEWELER

AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

3-LOCATIONS



322 UNIVERSITY AVE.
DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO



119 THE MALL
STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER



408 CALIFORNIA AVENUE
SOUTH PALO ALTO