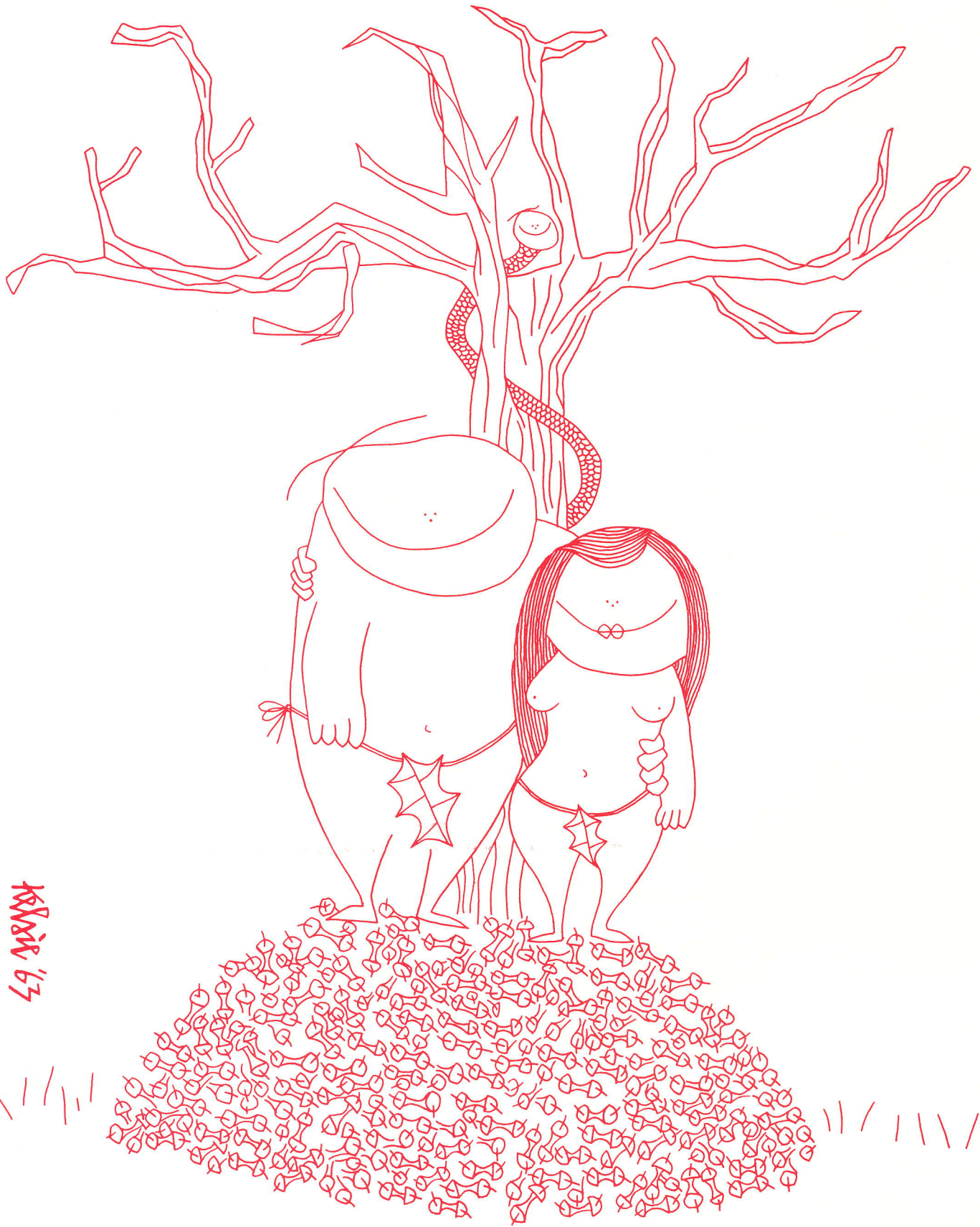


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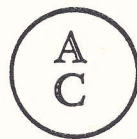
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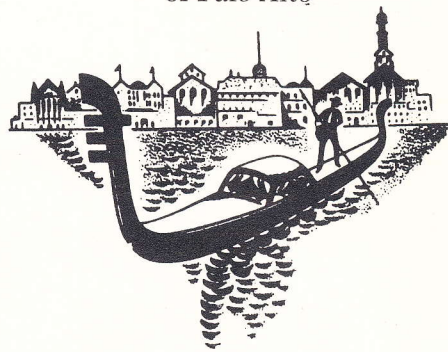
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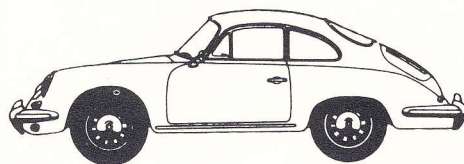
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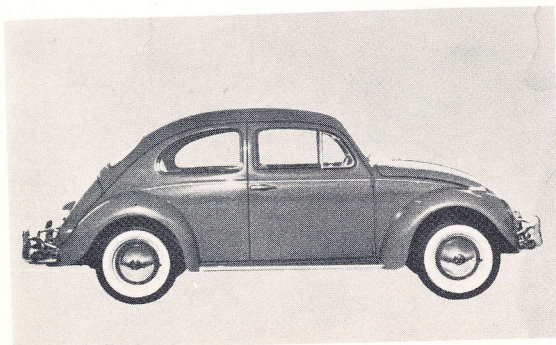
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The proud father was viewing the latest addition to his family in the maternity ward of the local parochial hospital when a priest happened by.

"Your first child?"

"No, Father, my fourteenth."

"Oh, I see you stick to your religious principles."

"As a matter of fact, I profess no religion." Walking away, the priest summoned a nurse at the end of the hall, "Nurse," he whispered, "watch that man down there; I think he's a sex maniac."



A man was driving his car with the top down and was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, and a shepherd's beret. A motorcycle cop stopped him.

"What's wrong officer?" he asked, "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

"No," said the cop, "I just wanted to hear you speak."



The Sunday gospel shouter was in great form. "Everything God made is perfect," he preached.

A hunchback rose from the rear of the auditorium: "What about me?"

"Why," said the preacher, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."

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for December, 1964

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 MIKE WRIGHT
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 MIKE KELLAND
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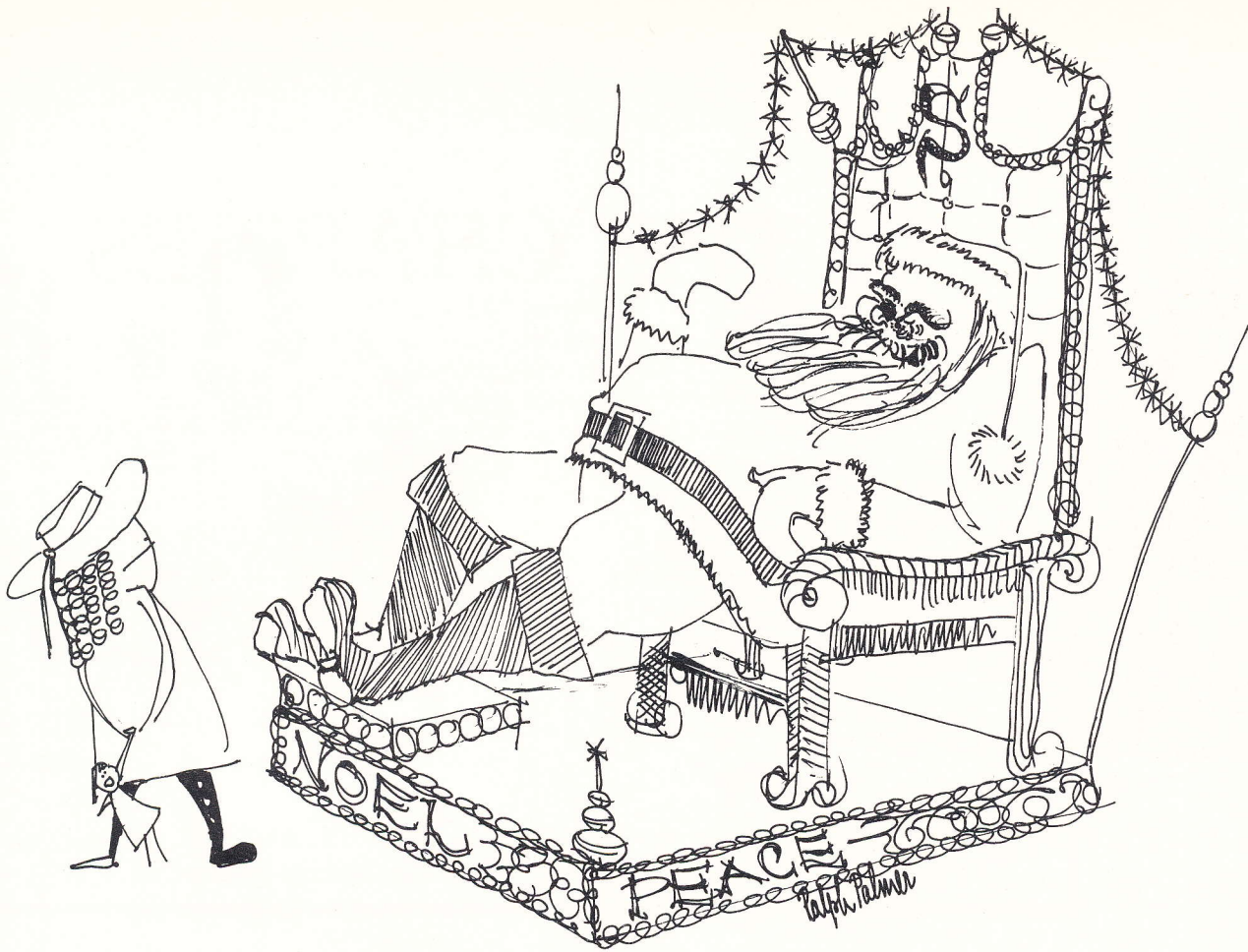
Barbara Keeney
 Randy Hermann
 Bill Callison
 J. Paul Getty

OFFICE GIRLS

Barb Busse
 Linda Linstrom
 Candy Fair
 Linda Johnson
 Mariclaire Halligan

NOW THAT finals are almost upon us and winter seems to have set in to stay, we still have hopes that this mag will be out before dead week. Quick, look outside and see if it's dead week. It is? Well aren't you lucky you happened by quad to buy one of these great magazines. For your own good you ought to stop reading right here and go book for your finals. (For my own good I ought to stop writing right here and go make up some papers.) But since you paid forty cents for this thing (and since I get paid seven cents an hour for producing it) I better keep writing and you better keep reading, if you have the guts.

Now that Big Game is over and somebody won. Quick, look outside and find out if we won Big Game. We lost? Hey, that's a shame. Well at least there was a Big Game. Let me tell you about a game that didn't come off. There was planned for



the half-time of the Stanford-Oregon State game a contest in touch football between the squads of the Daily and this elite publication. We issued the challenge on behalf of our magnificently trained, incredibly tough, two hundred-pound-average team, featuring several draft rejects of the Washington Redskins. We arranged to present our rooting section of twenty lovely office girls in topless bathing suits, but all for naught. It seems that the Daily chickened out. I guess after their ill-considered endorsement in the last competition of nation-wide import, they decided never again to commit himself, whoops, themselves, in public and risk further embarrassment.

No Big Game can go by without the subsidiary competition of the schools involved to see who can RF who first, best and with the most disastrous consequences. Since the axe is fairly safe and copping it has become passé, this year we had cards, cannons, bells, and banners lifted by SPECTRE-like organizations and high-level conferences between factions to negotiate the return of these items to their respective sides of the bay. As inevitable as the pranks are the letters to the editors and other

public pronouncements by various forces-for-good that "bad RFing" must go, while "good RFing" is healthy. What this means is, "what you guys did to us will cost a lot of money to repair and wasn't even funny or sporting or at all neat, but what we did to you was really bitchen."

How about "constructive RF's" for next year? For example, the entire sophomore class from the Farm raids every Berkeley living group and off-campus dwelling, grabs every stolen or overdue library book, breaks into the University library and returns every copy to its correct place in the stacks. Or maybe, by the dark of the moon, the combined forces of the UC architectural and engineering departments, plus several thousand freshmen laborers might sneak onto our campus the night of the bonfire and erect a spacious new basketball pavillion.

Then there's the Beatle flick. The Old One went to see it a few weeks back, fully prepared to hate it and in the hopes of finding something else on which to vent his derision. I've seen it twice since then. I'm not just sure why the sight of four long-haired teddy boys running about a square of concrete can make one happy, but they sure do.

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THE KINGS MOUNTAIN ORACLE

STEVE DOBBS

Any moment now the state department will be knocking at the Old Boy's door; obviously astounded by the efficacy of the Chappie in resolving international problems (see below), the desperate civil servants (about to be rendered obsolete) will cajole and plead with us to divulge the secret of the oracle of King's Mountain. But never, do you hear, never! Thus the Chappie's courageous attempt to keep the state department and the plan of action for a challenging era away from at least one Stanford source.

Problem

How to set up a summit conference and make sure the Russians will have a good time?

Solution

Call Walt Disney and Abbey Rents,
Set up tables on the Matterhorn,
And remind the soviets thatt hey are pledged to carry
out the Kruschial goals of their recent leader.

* * * * *

Problem

How to improve our relations with France(!)?

Solution

Appoint Hugh Hefner ambassador,
Give them back Mississippi,
And forbid Bill Mauldin to draw De Gaulle's nose.

* * * * *

Problem

How to maintain the old ties with Britain's labored
government?

Solution

Take the Beatles for another eight weeks,
Make Prince Charles a resident at Wilbur,
And print the Domesday Book in the Sunday funnies.

* * * * *

Problem

What to do about the disturbingly increased use of
Chinese firecrackers?

Solution

Unionize the fireworks dealers,
Shut down the cellophane paper factories,
And let Bertrand Russell repudiate the theoretical
basis of explosives.

* * * * *

Problem

How to breach the barriers of segregation and increase
communications between the mono-colored red Chi-
nese and the multi-colored red, white, and blue Amer-
icans?

Solution

Charter the People's Republic to open branch banks
in Southern California,
Join their Christmas club,
Pool the money and throw a big smasheroo, fill the
Red Chinese with eggnog.

* * * * *

Problem

How to make our antagonists bourgeois and sub-
urban?

Solution

Someone will market a delicious Sino-Soviet split,
Eddie's will go international,
And the communists will have to fluoridate their wa-
ter.

* * * * *

Problem

How to expand the Peace Corps program (without
simply making more intermissions)?

Solution

Put more colors in the brochure,
Draft Mario Savio from Cal,
Invite the guy who has had adventures in 87 lands to
speak at the Stanford commencement.

* * * * *

Problem

How to get Castro to promise not to hijack our air-
planes?

Solution

Give the catering contract to Tresidder,
Sit all of the members of HUAC up front,
And put the Beverly Hillbillies on "in-flight."

* * * * *

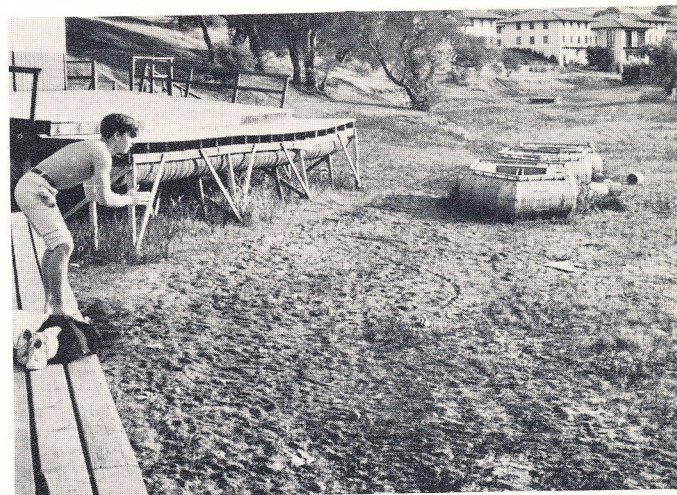
Problem

How to effect a cease-fire in South Vietnam?

Solution

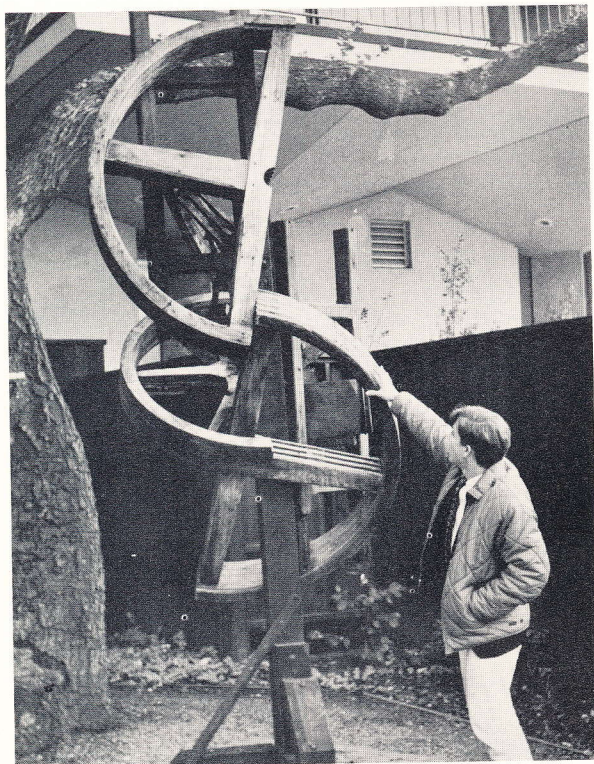
Cancel the Clay-Liston match and all others,
Give Eugene Burdick to the Vietcong,
Get Jack Bailey to emcee "Premier for a Day."

Our Beautiful Campus



Lake Lagunita

Stanford is lucky to have a lovely lake right on its very own campus. Here an unidentified swimming enthusiast prepares to plunge into the shimmering waters.



Work of Art Behind Tresidder Union

Composed of broken wagon wheels and ladders, this work symbolizes Senator Stanford's rugged journey to the West Coast and his difficult ascent of the ladder of success, wrong by wrong (sic). This lovely piece is indeed a fitting tribute to the late Senator.



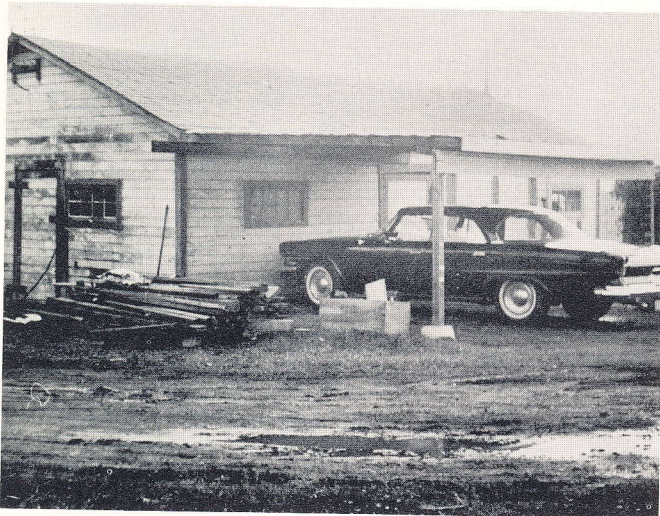
Memorial Church

An artist's lesson in simplicity of design and subtlety of decor, Memorial Church provides a lovely place of worship for the religious student and another date opportunity for the astute man-about-campus' repertoire. A recent grant enables the church to expand services to students.



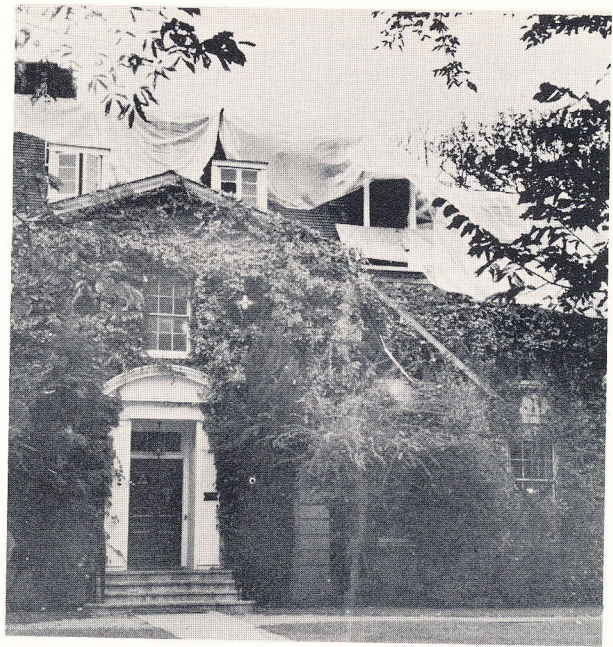
Two Famous Landmarks

Shown here are two of the most lovely and symbolic structures on campus. In the foreground is the Whyte Memorial Claw, originally entitled "Morning After the Night Before," a symbol of the Stanford student's grasp for knowledge or whatever else he might grasp for. In the background rises Hoover Tower, a magnificent erection which symbolizes Stanford University to many people throughout the world.



East Palo Alto

A typical scene in this picturesque area is the work of the influential LASSU, in order to add color to the campus. The state of Mississippi is next in line for annexation.



The Row

The Row presents a picture of a quiet, suburban town. Shown here is the DU House, whose sleeping porch was somewhat disheveled during a recent orgy. Those sleeping there now report that getting up on the wrong side of the bed may result in a grumpy disposition indeed.



the mausoleum

Every evening, when it is dark and work is done, Stanford men and women come together through the cactus gardens, aye, trod a thorny path, to pay tribute to the young man whose namesake this, their university, bears. Here a friendly Stanford policeman interrupts a young couple's meditation to inform them that the two-thirty lockout was ten minutes ago.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE
 IN WHICH IS REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME
 THE POETRY OF A SLICK BEAST NAMED
 LUDDY, AN ANIMAL OF THE CLEAREST
 VISION AND MOST FORCEFUL INSIGHT



ILLUMINATED BY RALPH PALMER

Dear Boss,

It was a Sunday night and trying to meet the deadline for your wretched magazine was beginning to cause a suitable drain on my one bottle of Old Pinchhead. As usual, I'd run the familiar gamut from insipid pornography ("The Delphin Blues") to a pious account of your latest epiphany ("Power Unstrings Absolutely"). Frankly, booze and a genuine despair were beginning to take command of all those humour faculties of mine you've put such a drain on lately. The radio was selling me spirituals and a direct line to the Lord of Hosts, and, in all truth, Boss, Herman Melville was beginning to take on a greater importance than you or your damn deadline.

It was about this time that I lurched out of my chair and wove down to one of the local coffeehouses which we all know about. It couldn't have been more than an hour that I was gone, no more than an hour with the other literary wights at this place we might as well come right out and name—St. Mickel's Pickle. Well, I returned to the orgiastic fog of my room and had no sooner fallen through the doorway and laid my doleful eyes on this precious typing machine of mine, when I realized that someone had inserted a fresh piece of foolscap in the works. Curious to know the usurper, I approached the machine and discovered words; logos, Boss, the true word—the voice of the Louse. But I draw ahead of myself.

I sat down, stunned, for I live alone as you know. The yellow stuff was covered with an unsymmetrical conglomeration of Words. Like it was free verse or vers libre or what have you. But, Boss, it was all there by magic on the page—at least until I read what was written and found to my chagrin that the simple answer to the whole mystery was contained in the word louse of Louise. But rather than run on anymore, I'll simply give it to you right in the gut—the true poetry of Luddy the Louse as told to me through my machine. This ought to throw a pall over that new office of yours.

luddy s lament
 top a the beatle to you sot
 i too was once whore of the bards
 but i became dead and my soul took an easy out
 it got loused
 it has given me a new angle upon living

i spy things from the assunder now
 thank you for the moldy tea bags in the basket
 but tea hardly sustains me (ich)
 although for you it might be euphoric
 there is a pussy here called qpitiful i prey
 you will have thrown away she almost ate me
 the other night why don t she grasp cats
 that is her function as a understand it
 most of these felines here as just felines

but this pussy is like me she has a crooked soul
 she used to be a bardess herself
 she understands the cockney of the universe
 night after night i have composed words for you
 on your dwarf machine
 but this big bundle of a pussy who used to be a bardess
 springs out of her hole when it is done
 and reads it and gobbles it
 she is heinous of my idolotry
 she used to make fun of it when we were both conjunct-ed
 she was a pink-o bardess herself
 and soon as she reads it she snipes
 and then she eats it



the next time i die i won't become a louse
 because that qpitiful just aint on the job
 and besides i m a louse and this is only how things look
 to a louse
 in the resulting transmigration i will be-
 come the seer of all pussydom
 i will learn her to snipe at my poetry then

don t you ever eat nothing like oysters
 in your crumbly room no you woudn t
 i aint had much more than crumblings for so long
 or a piece of potung or anything but durpl parings
 and waste please leave a piece of vapor in your machine
 every night you can shout me luddy.

Well, Boss, that is a sampling of what I found. I would have withheld it from you if I hadn't thought it might in-ject some reality into your tennis shorts.

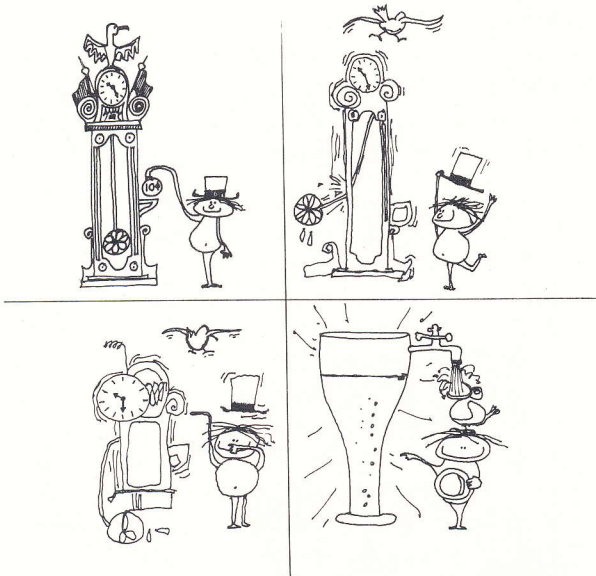
Yours unruly,
 R. Quell

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Great Britain

QUERY: *What can a year of Nursery school, a year of kindergarten, six years of elementary school, two years of junior high school, four years of high school, and thirteen quarters of college do to a human mind? (Especially consider the last item.) Is the purpose of education simply to make us successful money-grubbers? Probably not, as we see some of the grubbiest citizens are illiterate. Well then, what noble challenge in life does the super-student quality for? To become university professors, and create more super-students? Probably not—a vicious circle. Perhaps we educate for its own sake. Aha! The readers straighten in their seats! Beautiful learning, enrichment of the cerebral regions; all that for this. . . .*

I

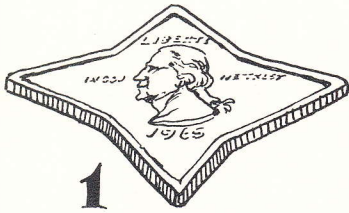
George Murphy has amazed the "pros" with his underdog victory, and we put away the klieg lights until the inauguration (giving George a chance to "unsmile" himself), consider the changes in the august body of the United States Senate which may occur in the melodramatic years ahead. Traditionally reserved for the staid old fogey lawyers and industrialists, the entrance of so glamorous a personality as a real live warm movie actor shall certainly add a new dimension of character (acting). There are the usual dire admonitions by the Inside Sources that freshmen senators never do anything to attract attention, lest they end up researching the annual Crustacean Crab Breeding Grounds Bill. But I don't believe that George can be put down by a few crabs; he is sure to impress his image upon the other senators as he did on Shirley Temple. For instance, can he convince the new Vice-President to demand footlights? In fact, the entire chamber may be darkened for the singing (by Tuesday Weld) of the Star Spangled Banner. With fireworks by Paramount. How about Hollywood nominating senators for the Oscar Awards? Perhaps Best Actor to Bobby Kennedy (will *he* take a stage name?). Or Black and White Photography to John Stennis? Will the "Ev and Charlie Show" gain added stature? Can Frank Sinatra make a comeback? Could "In-Flight" be installed above the podium? Will Nielsen ratings be announced before every vote? Are they thinking of Ronald Reagan as counsel for HUAC? Will Laurel and Hardy become an "In" joke? Can Modern Screen afford a reporter on the scene? Will talk of Captain Kangaroo dominate the secret cloakroom discussions? Is Zorro running him a close second? Will Cecil B. DeMille be installed in Statuary Hall? May each senator augment his staff with *another* make-up man? Will George Murphy succeed in show business by starting at the bottom again? For that final conjecture, shouldn't George get to ride shotgun opposite Mike Mansfield?

II

What should go into the Stanford Time Capsule? This question has intrigued me since my first sterling days in orientation, in which the historic cents of Stanford lay before my astonished eyes! Such preservation of tradition—look at the beautiful pansies in the Quad, whose roots are firmly entrenched in the ancient foundations of the Senator's horse barn. Gaze upon the splendor of the Arboretum and Palm Drive, with people taking taxis from their cars, and Captain Midnight gallantly traversing the danger-ridden trails! Shall we let all this go forgotten? A resounding no! Let the echo ripple the placid waters of Lagunita, make our cry be heard forever. Or at least until we graduate. What we plainly need is a Time Capsule. We *must* plant more things at Stanford. But what shall be included? Are we to throw in the usual class lists, scraps of something called the "Daily," and PACE pledge cards? No, the University's already got our number on that score. The Capsule should hold, rather, memorabilia of the Unofficial Stanford, the "scene." We want to convey an "attitude"; how about the Tresidder cash register "Exit Only" sign which nobody obeys? Or, algae from Mem Claw? Or similarly, weeds from a Row House lawn? Perhaps the discoverers of the Time Capsule (It will be set to explode 1000 years after the Frank Morse Memorial Door in Florence is repaired) will not identify Stanford as a citadel of hired learning without more obviously esoteric objects. So get a LASSU constitution, the Lagunita-Seca race results (and the Greek-Week chariot standings, for good measure), and of course a Chappie and toss them in. There are other good clues to Stanford life we should consider: a "cheese-T," a Zete pledge pin, a "gremlin," a cannon without fittings, Civil Defense "crackers," etc. Now we've got something! The future explorers will conclude that the Stanford students were always hungry. And they will examine carefully our Food "Service," to save future generations.

CHRISTMAS GOODIES

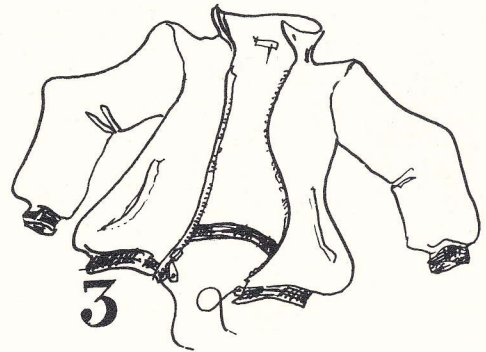
A veritable F.A.O. Schwatz catalogue of gifts individually selected for members of the Stanford "family" by the Old One and his elves.



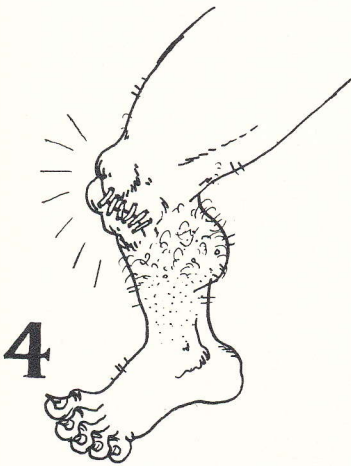
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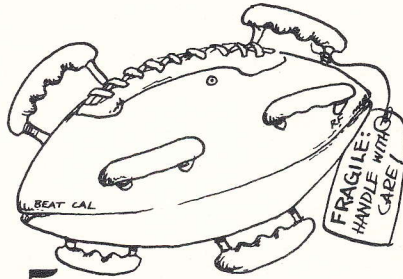
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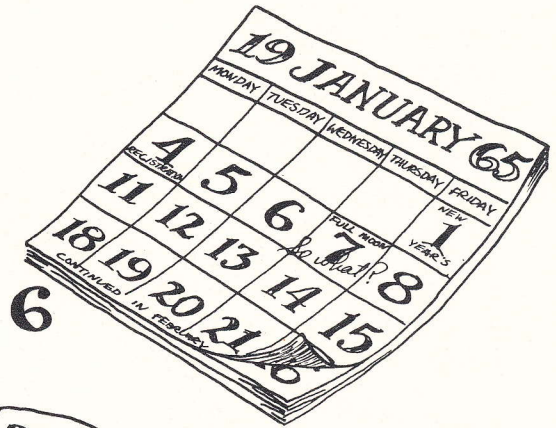
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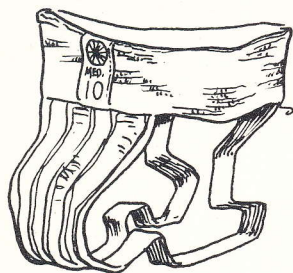
4



5



6



7



8



9

1. For the aspiring Phi Beta: a four-point quarter. 2. For the senior woman: a love-starved, ambitious third-year law student (law Review) planning to settle down in S.F. 3. For the rushee: a nylon shell jacket (breaker). Comes with permanently turned up collar and broken zipper. Dark blue only. 4. For the senior man: a painless, but militarily disqualifying knee operation. 5. For the football team: a new ball. 6. For 60% of the frosh women: a calendar with no weekends. 7. For the jock: another one. 8. For the President of the University: a peaceful, non-militant demonstration on his behalf. 9. For the student who has everything:

SO GLORIA DOESN'T
SIGN OUT THE LAST
SIX TIMES—DOES
THAT MAKE HER A
CRIMINAL?

C'N I HAVE A
TASTE? HM?

SO I SPEND ALL
MY TIME AT
ST. MIKE'S: I'M
LEARNING FROM
MY CONTEMPORARIES

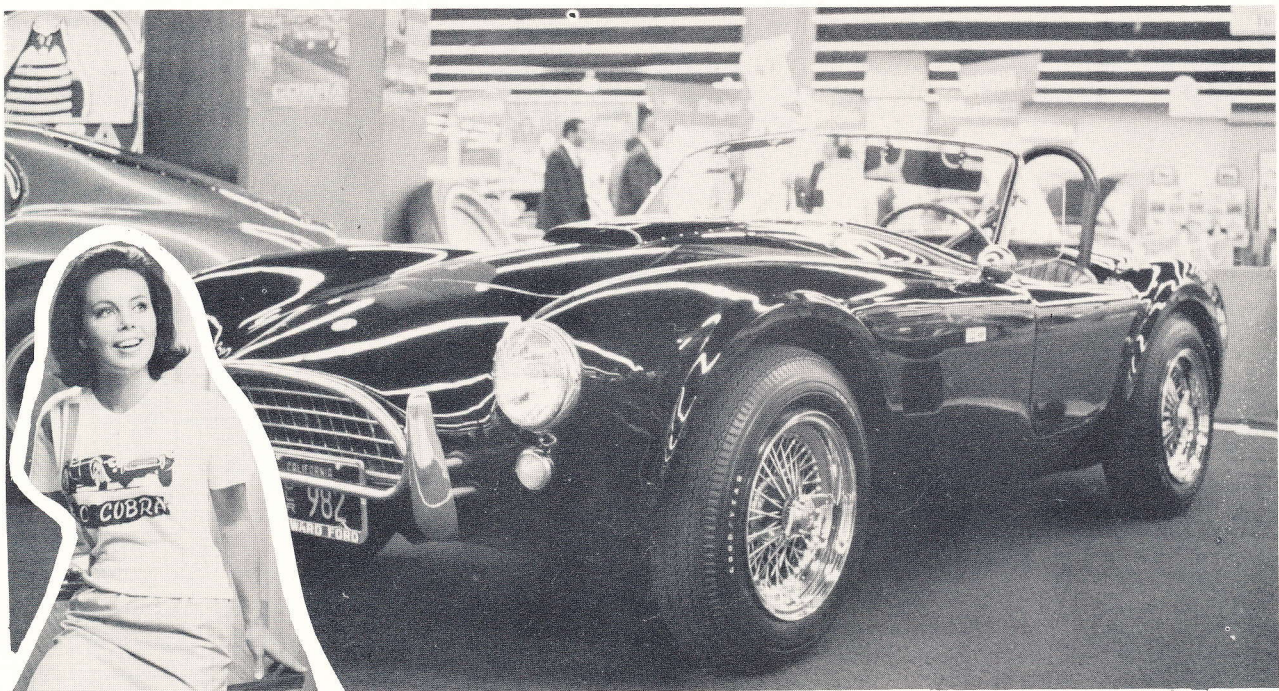
YES, YES, YES
YES YES YES YES
(O! CLEVE!) YES
YES YES YES
YES YES

JUST LET
ME FINISH
MY ESPRESSO



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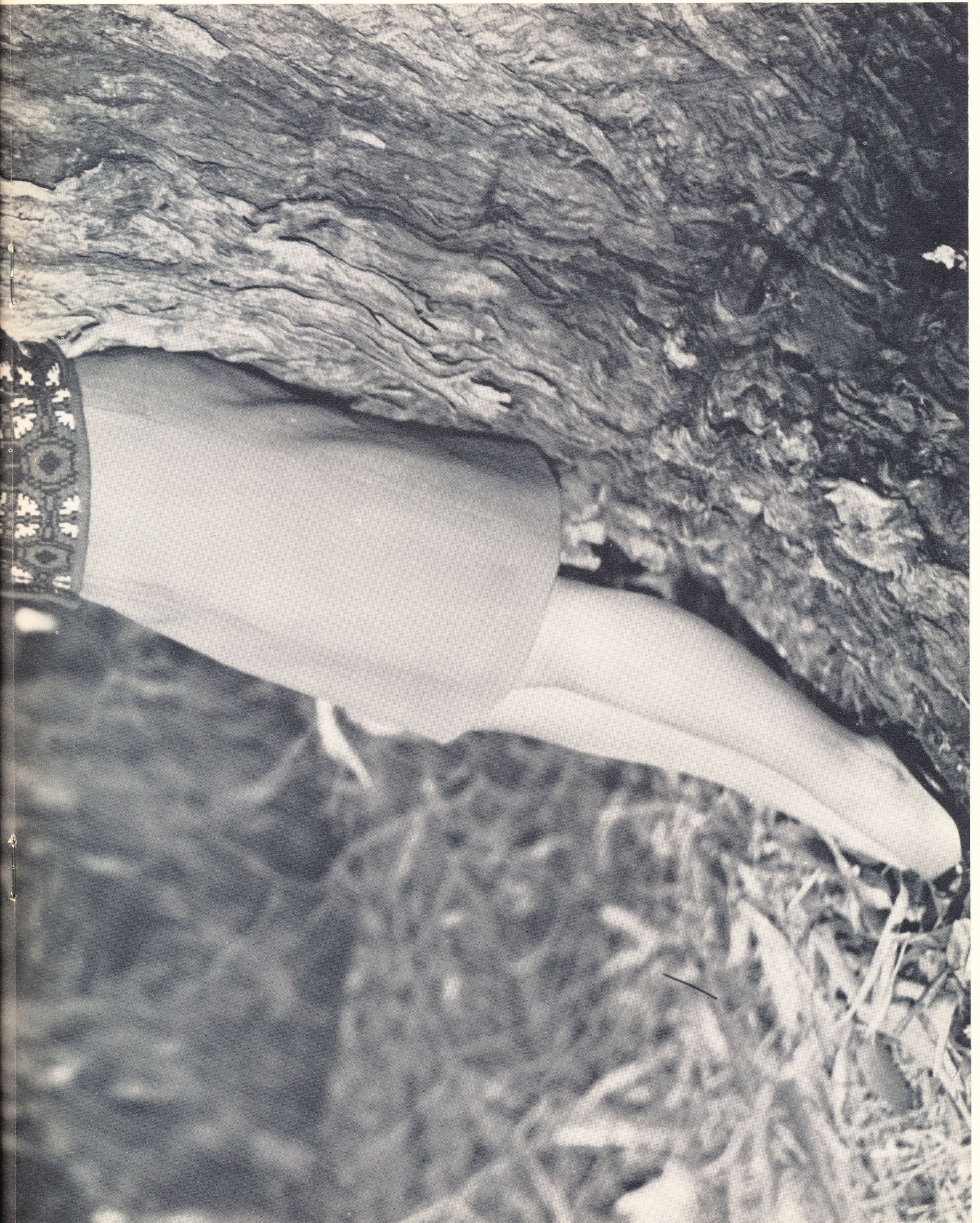


Laurie Hoover


THE OLD BOY is happy to present his December Queen, Laurie Hoover. A Roble Freshman, Laurie comes from La Canada, California where she surfs on her nine-foot Hobie. Winters, especially this vacation, she spends sliding down waves of snow at Sun Valley on her Heads.







HAIR PIE

by


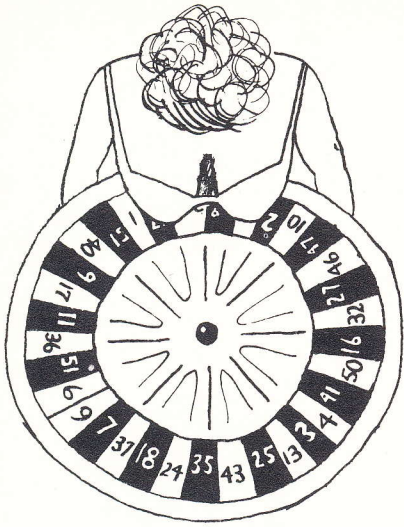


AIR PIE

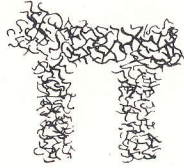
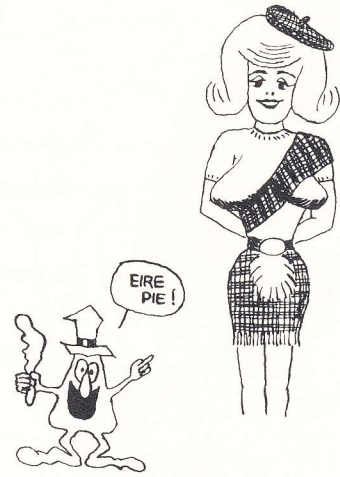
HAIRY π



HERR PIE



HARRAH PIE



HAIR PIE

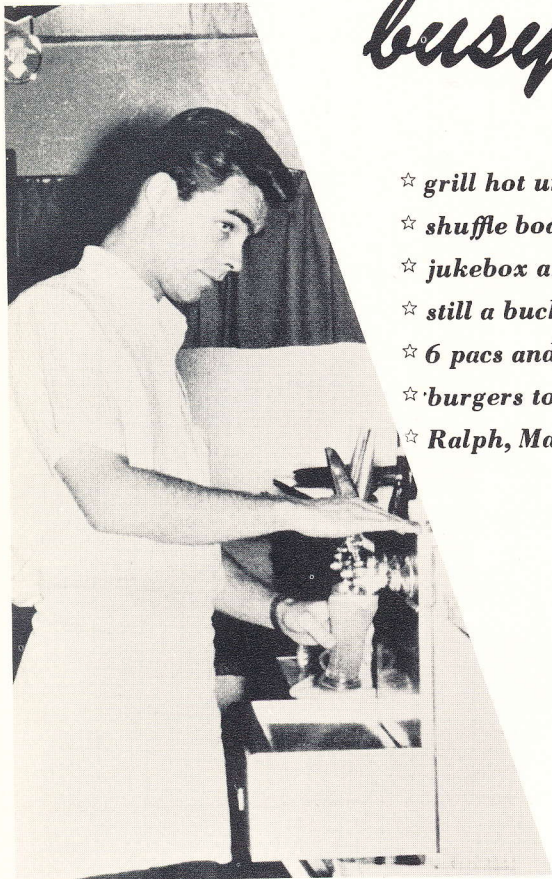


HARRY PIE

HAIR PIE



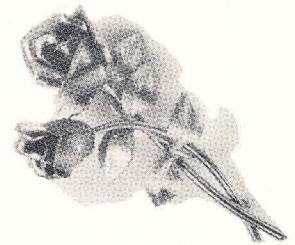
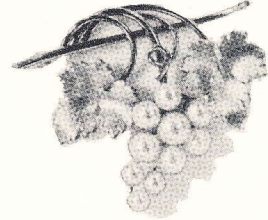
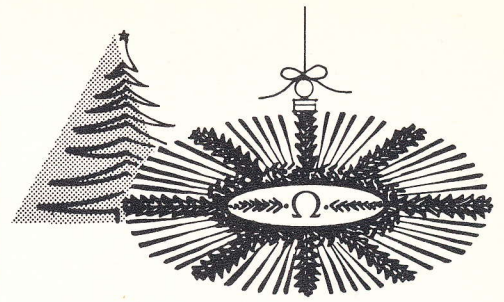
HARRY'S PIE



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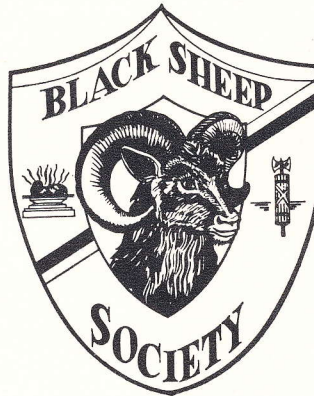
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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MAYBERT HUGGS?

Maybert Huggs sucked her thumb as she stumbled along on her way to class. She shifted her books from arm to arm—side to side—because they were heavy and she was rather anemic and her body was weak. But she was very very smart, and even if she hadn't set her hair in over two weeks it didn't matter, because she had classes to worry about and women had a new place—new boots to fill—so it didn't worry her one bit, especially because she was very very smart and was also secure. Especially when she was sucking her thumb. She did this inconspicuously, as if she had a sore thumbnail, or had just pinched or burned herself, or something like that—and it was alright just to leave it in there because people passed by and didn't stop. People were always just passing by and no one ever saw Maybert Huggs twice.

One day Maybert was sitting in a little circular jungle that was growing in front of a church that was the middle of the whole university, and she was consuming a book, very rapidly she thought, that was telling her how to be aware of social consequence and how to be effective in the realm of people, when she heard a strange little noise and looked up from her book to see what the hell it was. She had moved her chair out of the little clearing in the middle of the palm garden place so that she was hidden from the people who chanced in by mistake. She peered quietly and carefully through the bush in the direction of the noise.

"My living God," she thought quietly and carefully, "it is a student sucking his thumb in the seclusion of this little round growing place in front of the

church." She let the parted branches return to normal and sat back in her chair once more and picked up her book and there was a tiny bit of spittle in the corner of her mouth.

That afternoon she had been hiding for forty minutes when she heard again the wonderful little noise coming through the bush. The boy stood there, thin and gaunt, his thumb in his mouth as he cast furtive glances about. He was very smart indeed, but how could he know that Maybert Huggs had her eyes glued on his mouth and thumb, and certainly on his whole body as well. Suddenly he pulled his thumb from his mouth and dried it carefully on his shirt. Then he rubbed the circulation back into it and stuck his hand into his pocket. He looked both ways as he left the clearing.

"Beautiful," thought Maybert Huggs.

She continued her vigil for over a week and even went on the weekend, although he didn't come and she hadn't really expected him to. But on the other days he came, and one afternoon while he was there she began to suck furiously on her own thumb. He stopped, and after a moment she saw his curious and fearful eyes looking in about the bush. She didn't stop sucking, and after a minute had passed his hand slowly came up toward his mouth.

Ah now, friends, when Spring comes once again perhaps you may wander by mistake into a clearing and hear the strange sounds that hide in there. Maybe you won't cast so hastily about for judgment. Maybe you won't.

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Then there was the absent-minded boss who put the typewriter on his lap and started to unfasten the ribbon.



A man came to a psychiatrist and proceeded to unfold before the doctor his life story, covering his childhood experiences, his emotional life, his eating habits, his vocational problems, and everything else he could think of.

"Well," said the doctor, "it doesn't seem to me there is anything wrong with you. You seem as sane as I am."

"But doctor," protested the patient, a note of horror creeping into his voice, "it's these butterflies. I can't stand them. They're all over me."

"For heaven's sake," cried the doctor, recoiling, "don't brush them off on me!"



"What is your favorite sport, Doc?"

"Sleighing."

"I mean apart from business."



Student: "What did you do with my shirt?"

Roommate: "I sent it to the laundry."

Student: "Ye Gads! The whole history of England was on the cuffs."



Overheard at a local night spot: "I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Why don't you come on up to my apartment?"



"Let's take the cable car up this hill next time."

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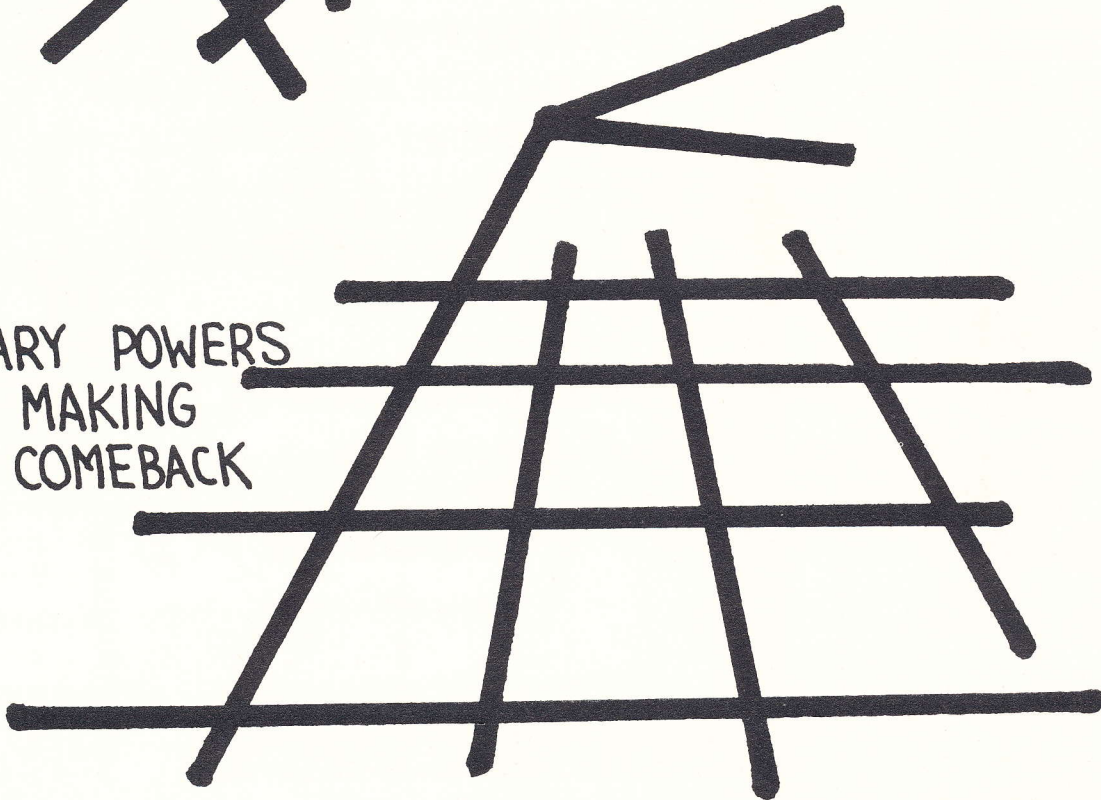
DIALECTIC

by Steve Dobbs

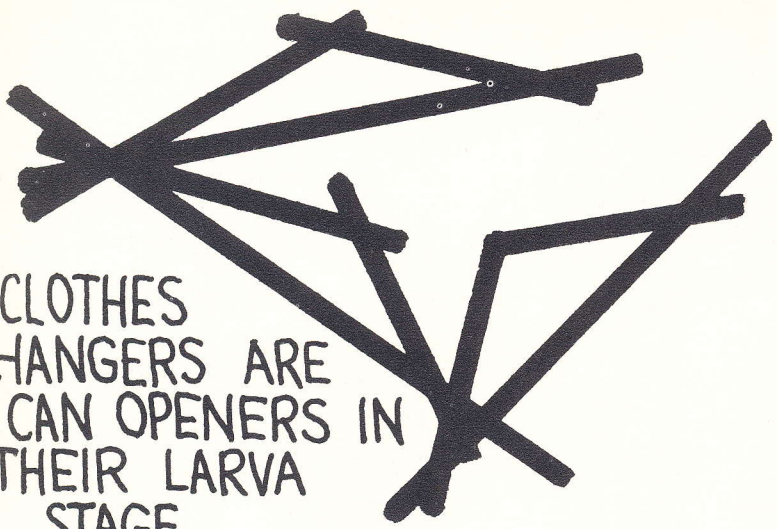


THE PROVERBIAL DRAGON
AND ANY PET POODLE

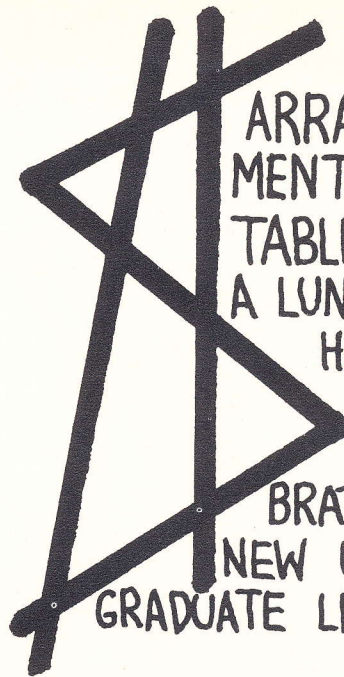
GARY POWERS
MAKING
A COMEBACK



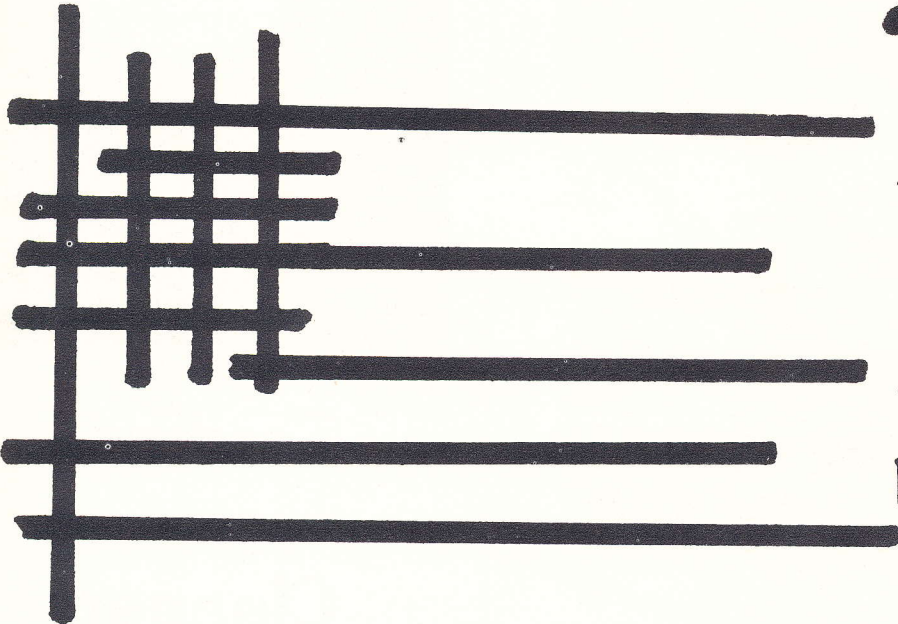
CLOTHES
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STAGE



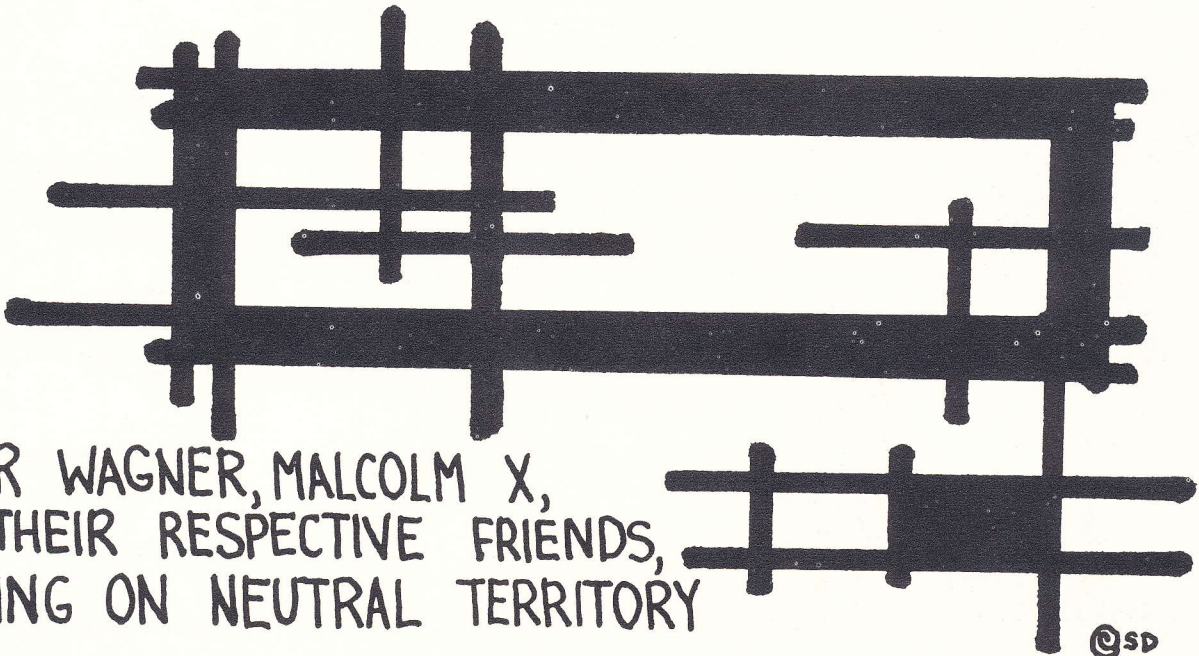
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MENT OF
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TOM KUCHEL,
ROBERT WELCH,
AND THEIR
RESPECTIVE
FRIENDS, MEETING
ON NEUTRAL
TERRITORY

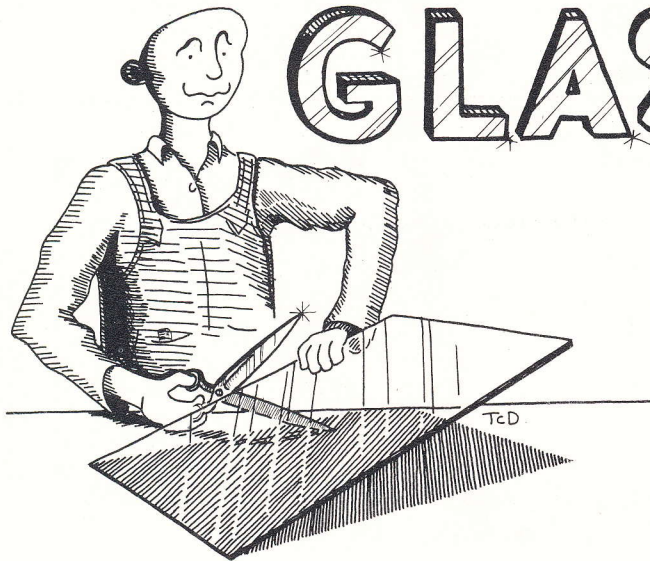


MAYOR WAGNER, MALCOLM X,
AND THEIR RESPECTIVE FRIENDS,
MEETING ON NEUTRAL TERRITORY



©SD

WE CUT GLASS

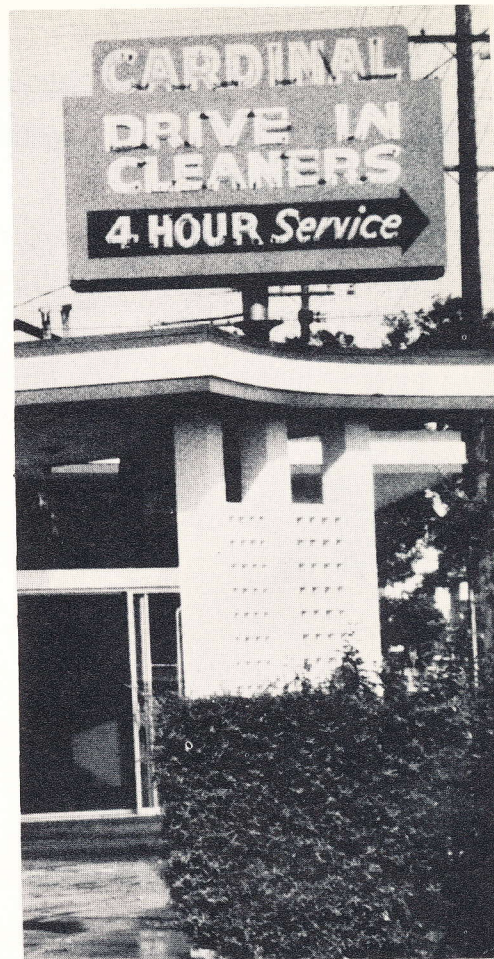


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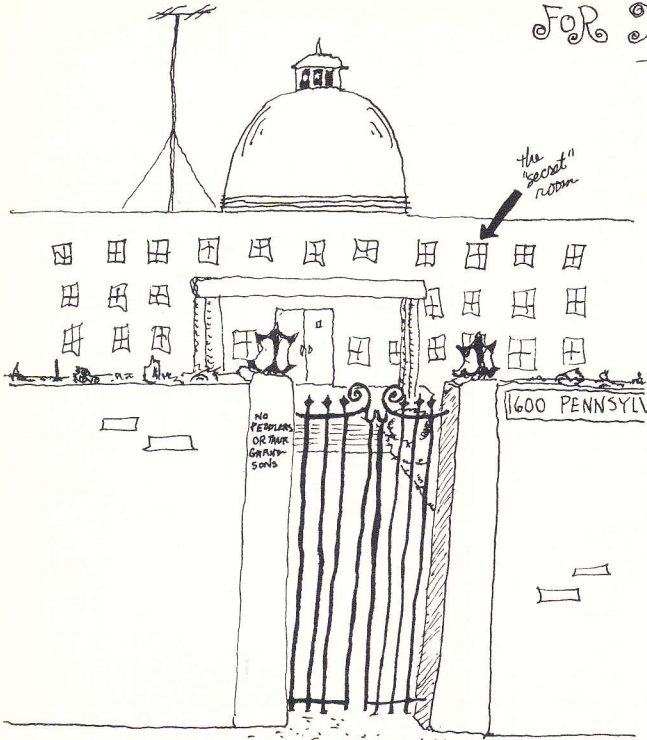
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A MORAL TALE FOR XMAS

-KANDERSON

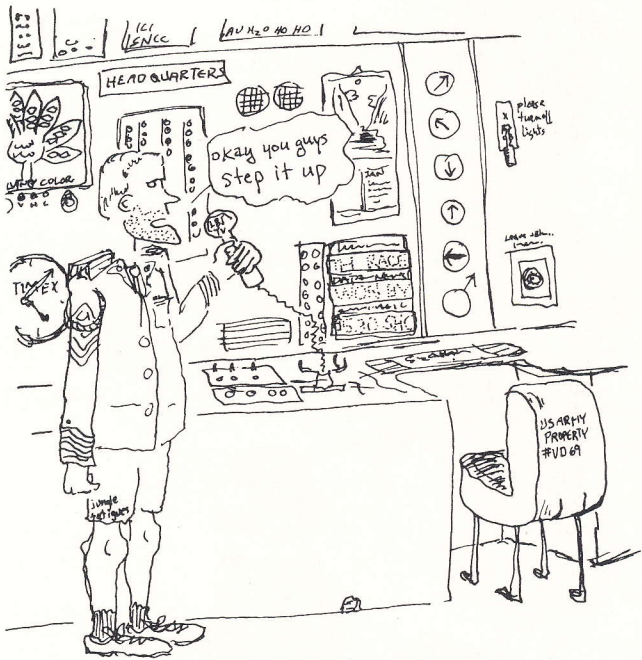


but as things will, the SECURITY leaked! an alert staff member of a college SCANDAL sheet broke the news to the world. soon paperboys everywhere were yelling: "Extra Extra! DEVAST IS HERE!"



still only a handful knew exactly what devast WAS! clergymen jumped in their pulpits to protest any more ultimate weapons, hurling the fear of God into everybody. as if that wasn't enough, a delegation went to WASH, D.C.: ... of all the most existential theologians... it really was an emergency!!

anyway. with the BLESSINGS of the Nat'l Council of Churches, the PRES. ordered PROJECT DEVAST to be STEPPED UP:



AND THEN.... on the APPROPRIATE DAY.....

at a secret room, last july 4, the HIGHER ECHELONS met secretly in Washington to consider whether or not to pursue Project DEVAST (for DEVASTate): a plan to HARNESS a Newly discovered FORCE; so great, a force, in fact, that if we had it, no Nation on Earth would wise off to us again. of course they thought they SHOULD....

but HEAVENS to mergetroy. they came out smiling! they all, to the last one of'em Advocated DEVAST. they even went so far as to ENCOURAGE it...



these guys had Never agreed before... what could Devast be? do you know? i sure dont. what the Hell is DEVAST?

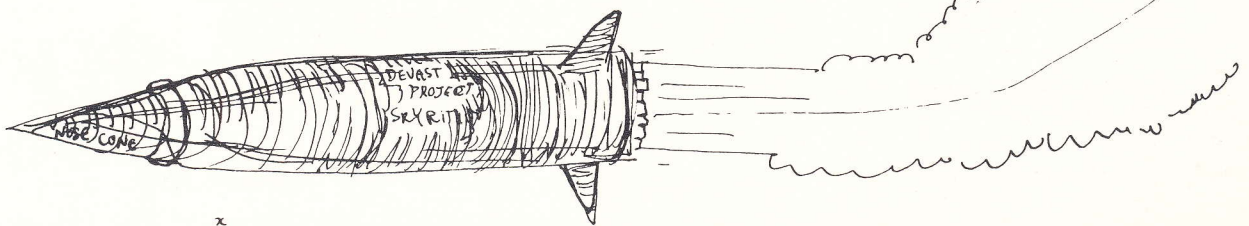
...they sent it up!

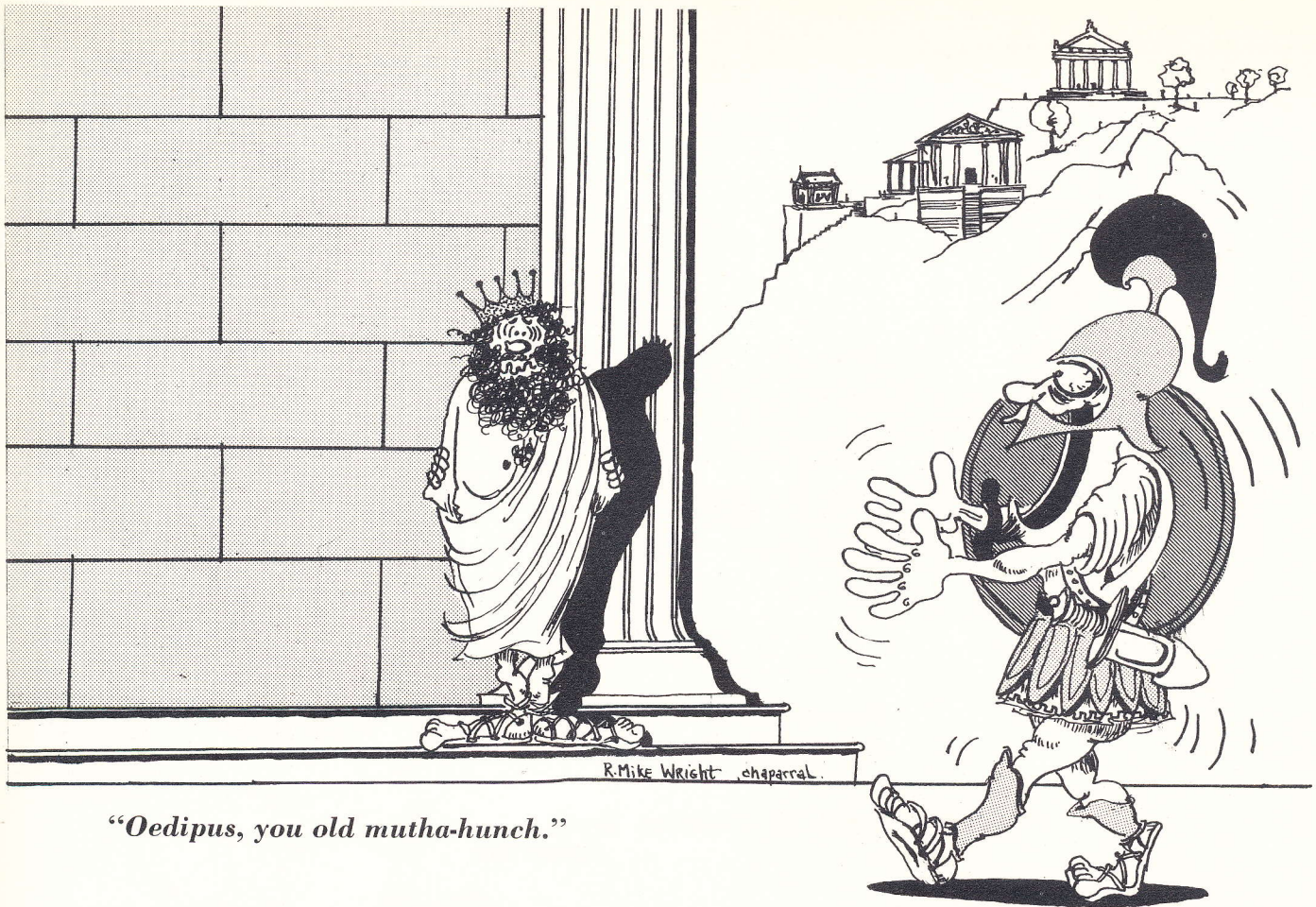
Dear Jack

How are you?

I am fine. By the way, Happy Birthday!

Love, Ed Bradley, how about doing me a favor





"Oedipus, you old mutha-hunch."

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Professor: "Your answer to 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?' was interesting but incorrect."



A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite; what shall I give him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.

A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on a street.

"How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet.

"Sick calf! That was a sick cat I had."

"My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?"

"Sure did."

"Well, what did he do?" asked the vet.

"Last time I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory."



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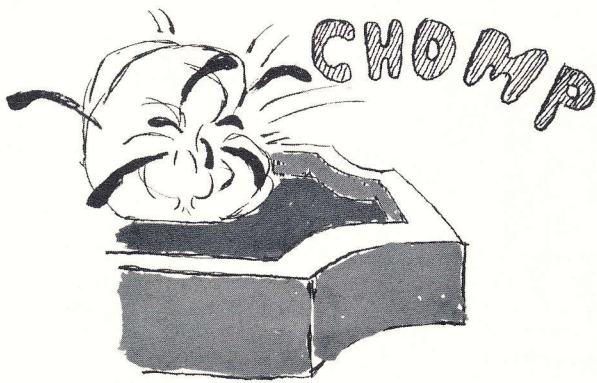
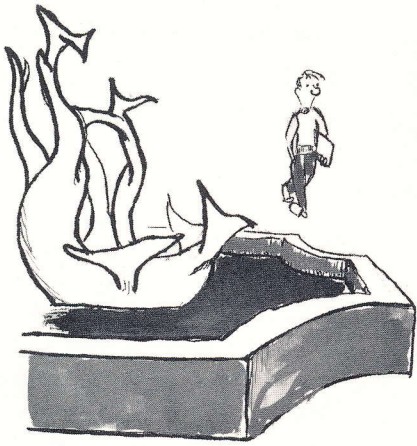
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Chaparral/December



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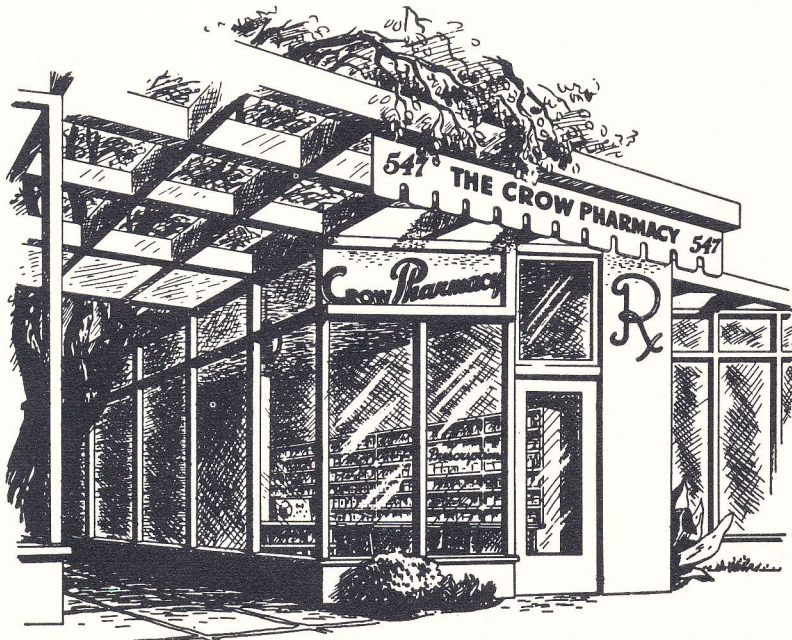


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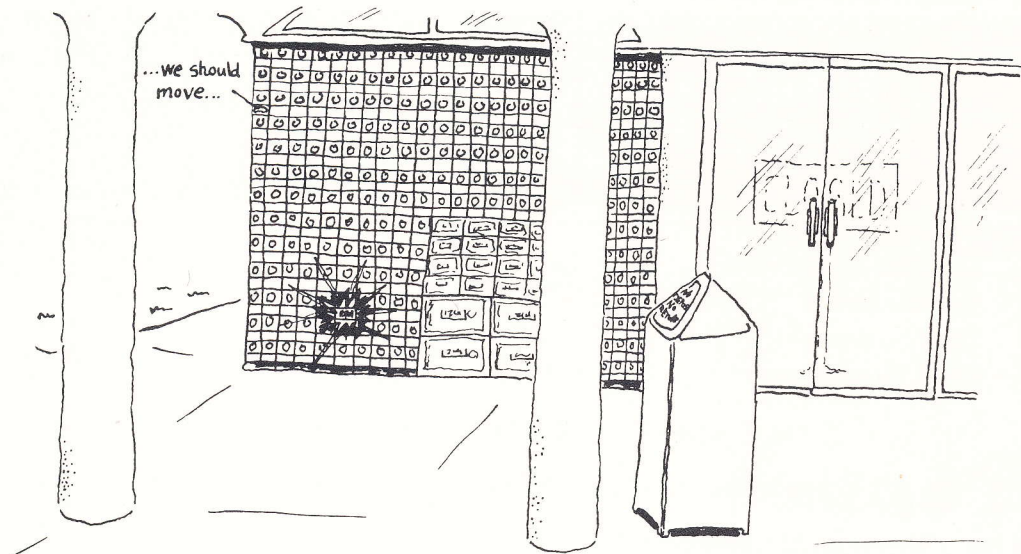
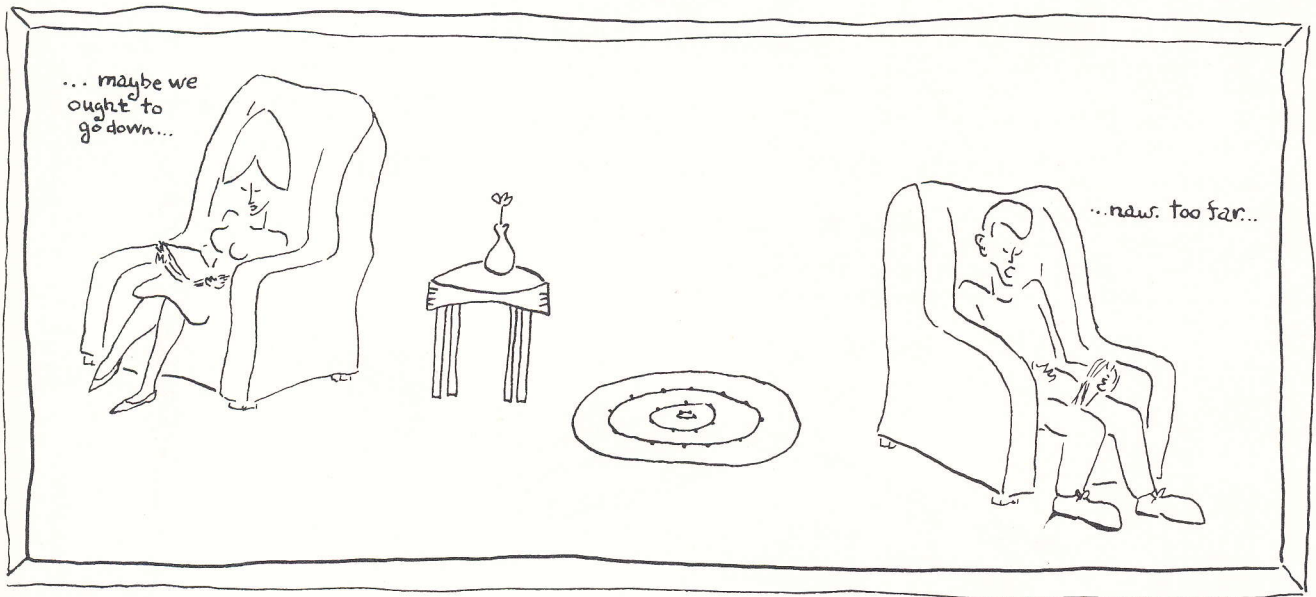
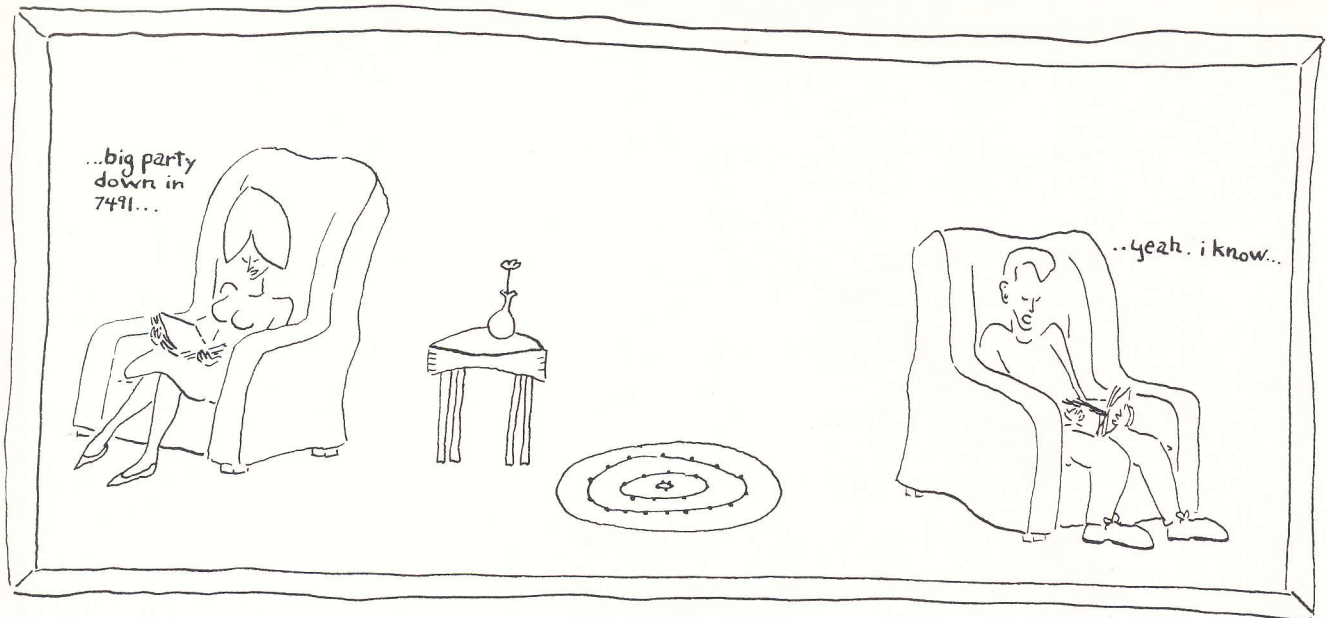
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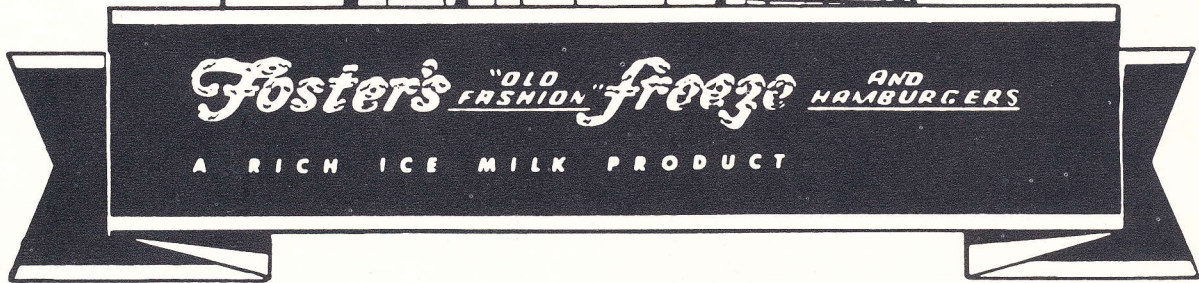
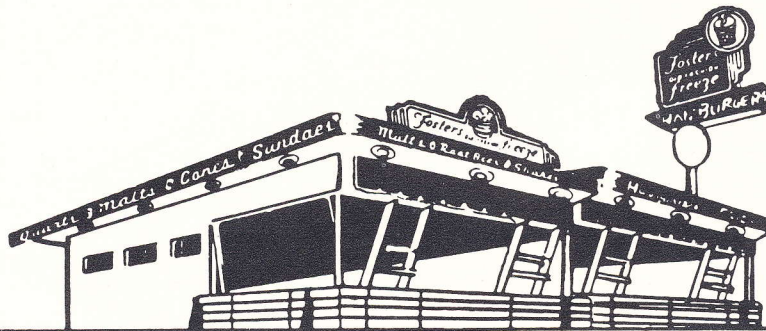


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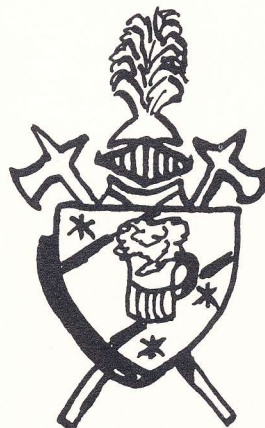
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THE ALLEY	4, 33
ALPINE INN	30
BROWN'S	30
BUSY B	38
CAMERA SHOP	36
CARDINAL CLEANERS	23
CARLYLE JEWELERS	26
CARVETH ENTERPRISES	18
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DANA MORGAN	4
ERNIE'S LIQUORS	1
FOSTER'S	27
GLEIM'S	42
HANS ROTH	8
HOFMAN JEWELERS	38
JERAHIAN'S	11
KEN'S HOUSE OF PANCAKES	22
KIRK'S	34
LANZ	39
GUS MOZART	38
L'OMLETTE	1
PALO ALTO OFFICE	22
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ROLLY SOMMERS	23
ROUND TABLE	36
RUDOLFO'S-CARA'S	10
ST. MICHAEL'S ALLEY	18
SLONAKERS	4
SPIRO'S	40
TEARNEY'S	27
TIRE OUTLET STORES	26
TOWN & COUNTRY MUSIC	33
T-TRIM	2
VIKING MOTOR BODY	36
WEST COAST GLASS	23
ZEBAL	57



There's a new game among the Frat men. Three of them go into a room and each one brings a bottle of Smirnoff's with him. They sit and drink for an hour, then one of them leaves. The other two have to guess who left.



Customer: Do you have notions on this floor?

Salesman: Yes, Madam, but we try to suppress them during working hours.



"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," said she, with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."



My honor was up for grabs at the thrill crazy initiation rites of the Hammer and the Coffin Society!

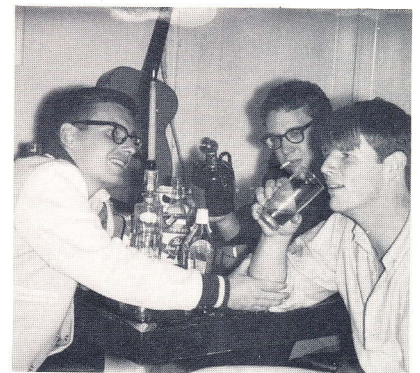
"Strapped to a double bed, protesting vehemently," writes Svelton Suetos, H&C pledge and neophyte. "I nervously eyed the sex starved virgins waiting for their signal to pounce on me. "As the gun sounded the actives reassured me that the girls would still respect me like crazy."



"I closed my eyes and braced myself as the first wave hit. This was a spine-tingling minute even for a frosh make-out buff like myself."



"My only hope was to stay calm and repeat the multiplication tables as the warm, yielding bodies engulfed me."



"Afterwards, still shaking, I chugged my eleventh Canadian Glub and Metrecal cocktail. My sponsor was sure to be disappointed in me, but I had proved equal to the challenge of craven womanhood. I were a man."

Canadian Slub
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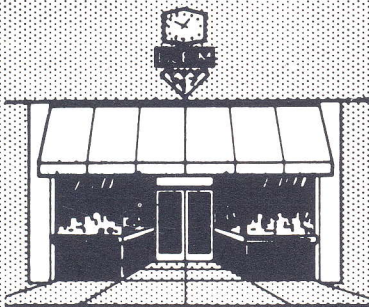
You'll always remember the romance, the thrill of selecting your engagement ring together — but it's time for good sense, too. And doesn't it make good sense to rely on the knowledge and trustworthiness of your jeweler when buying a diamond? At Gleim's, you have the assurance of buying from a Member American Gem Society, a distinction awarded annually only to jewelers who qualify on the basis of gemological knowledge and business integrity. It costs no more to buy here, and it will be such a proud beginning to your long and happy marriage.



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