

the stanford

\$.40

CHAPARRAL



LAYBOY

REVISITED

LAYBOY

FEATURING:

SHEL PEWTERMUG

IAM FLAMING

KEN PRETTY

HUGH BETCHA

JULES FLUFFER

J PAUL GETMORE

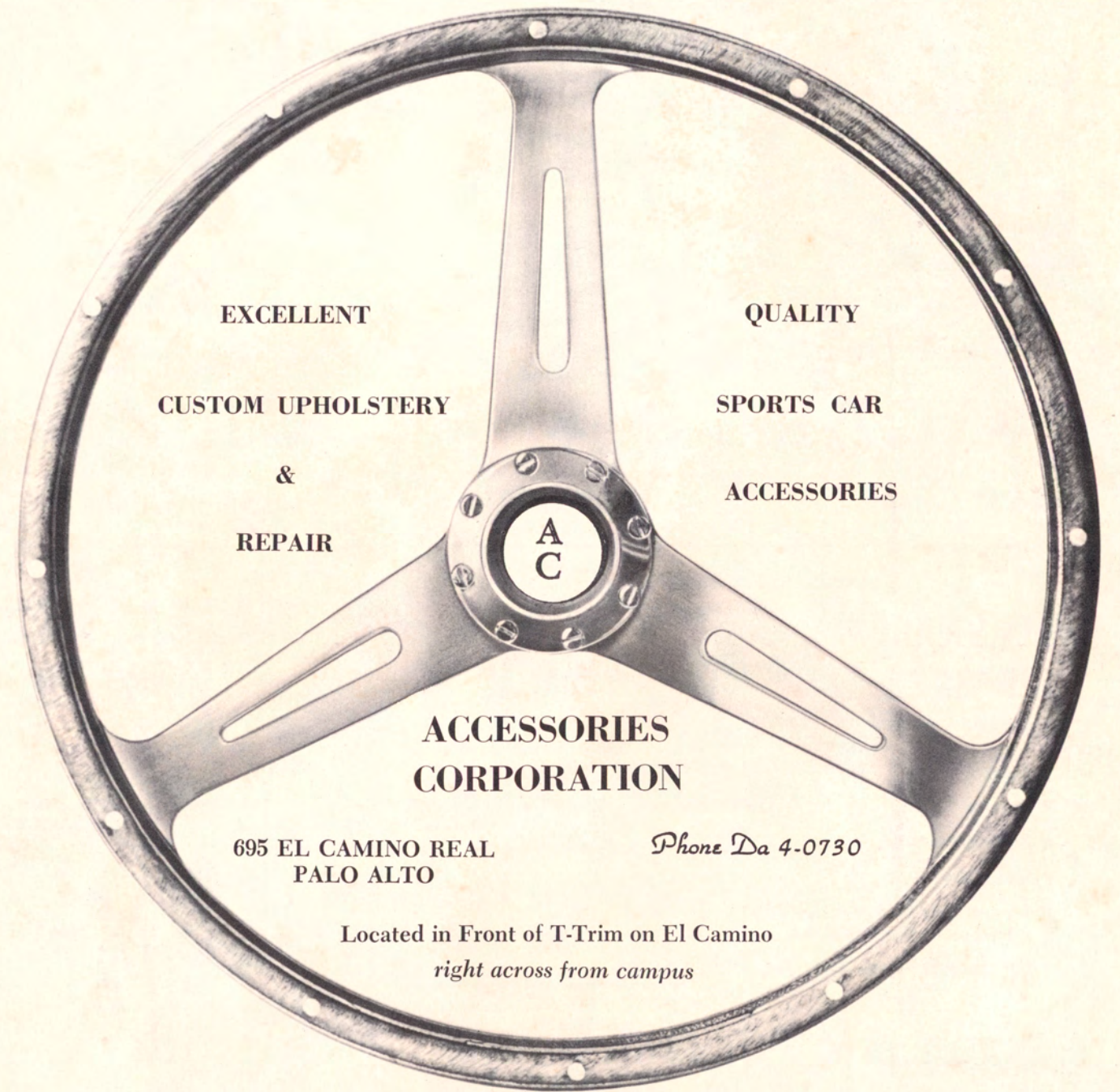
MERKIN MUFFLY

RAY BADBERRY

LOTSA BODSLIKETHIS



NEXT MONTH





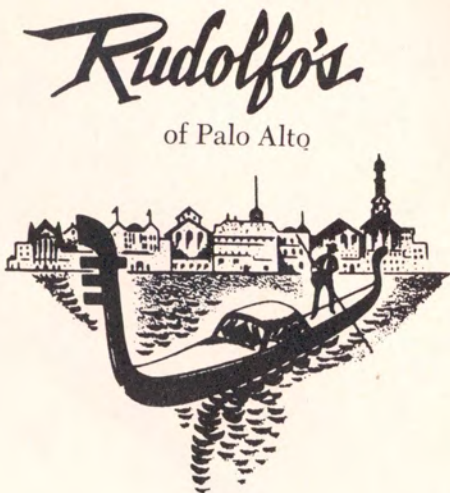
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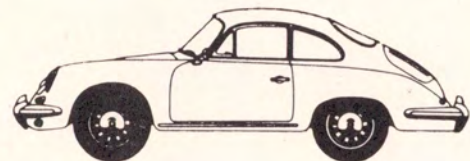
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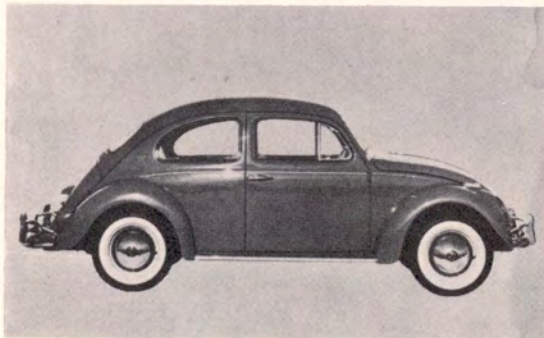
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ONCE [1]

there was this OGRE



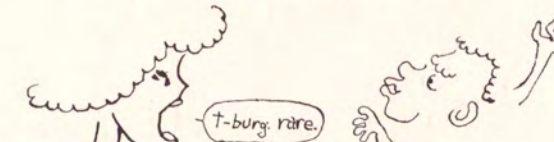
who sold pot in tresidder

.....disguised in a t-burger

one day She walked in



asked the ogre for a rare t-burger.



surprise! she got high on it

(ed.note: asking for a rare one was the secret phrase used by the In-Group.)

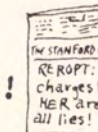


then of course she ratted

.....bad scene, newspapermen, state cops, all.

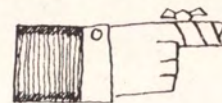


BUT an Interested Student Report criticised the way ogre was maligned; the charge was false!



"nobody in their right mind asks for a RARE t-burger."

not in tresidder.



even the well-done ones are bloody.

the moral:

dont make waves

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not in our pool
not in our pool



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NOW THAT the free speech movement has subsided at Berkeley, and Mario has presumably committed suicide or fled to Argentina, another academic eruption has developed to prevent Cal students from attending the classes which we pay for. The "Filthy Speech Movement" has risen from the ashes of its predecessor to fill the idle hours of freelance demonstrators and to once again focus the nation's attention on one of California's greatest educational institutions.

The Old Boy, for one, would feel pretty silly tramping around Sather gate carrying a one word placard reading "F**K" or "FU**" or "UC" or however you spell it. He does feel, however, that a tip of the jester's cap is deserved by one lone Berkeley demonstrator. This fellow was seen, during the revelry, to be following one of the standard bearers with a placard of his own. On our boy's sign was one curt and impeccably grammatical word, "WHOM?"

SO MUCH for the shenanigans across the bay and on to our usual crisp, concise analysis of the happenings here on the Farm. It seems that we are suffering a rapid defoliation . . . in the department of Deans, female. For one reason or another, none of them very clear, the Dean of Women and two of her assistants have abdicated, leaving a great gap in the moral guardianship of our young lady students, especially since Women's Council seems to have thrown it in as well.



In order to avoid the necessity of rehiring personnel and in keeping with Stanford's trend towards IBMization, redoubtable E.E. major and theatre-critic, Svelton Suetos has come up with a gadget called the Electronic Deaness. It consists of a wafer-thin microwave transmitter, to be worn next to the skin of the individual coed at all times. Electrodes, attached to the device, will constantly measure body temperature as well as pulse rate (normative pulse and temperature measurements will be determined at the health center upon first registration). Each girl's transmitter, according to Suetos, will be set to a frequency and signal corresponding to that girl's Alpha Sort Number in the central computer-receiver, located in what used to be the Dean of Women's office.

The system, Svelton tells us, works as follows. When the transmitter indicates a pulse and temperature rise to a certain percentage above the girl's norm, indicating sexual excitation, a light flashes opposite her A.S. number, a form letter is automatically printed out informing the girl's parents of her dis-

missal, and a message is beamed to her RA indicating that the student's belongings are to be packed and placed in her residence's lobby within thirty minutes. Similarly, when pulse and temperature drop below a certain percentage of the norm, indicating alcoholically induced metabolic depression, the central computer reacts in the same fashion. Removal of the device from one's person or any attempt to tamper with it produces of course, the same results. Neat, eh?

By the time this magazine reaches your hot little hands, the issue of Social Regs for Women will have been decided one way or the other. If the proposed changes were defeated, it was probably due to the efforts of Ralph Palmer. Ralph was the ringleader of a grass-roots movement to prevent the approval of unlimited overnights, and thus continue to provide the beleaguered Stanford male with a legislated excuse to resist the onslaught of lycentious females upon his precious hours of sleep. Ralph was well known as the founder of the Associated Stanford Studs for Maintenance of Existing Norms.



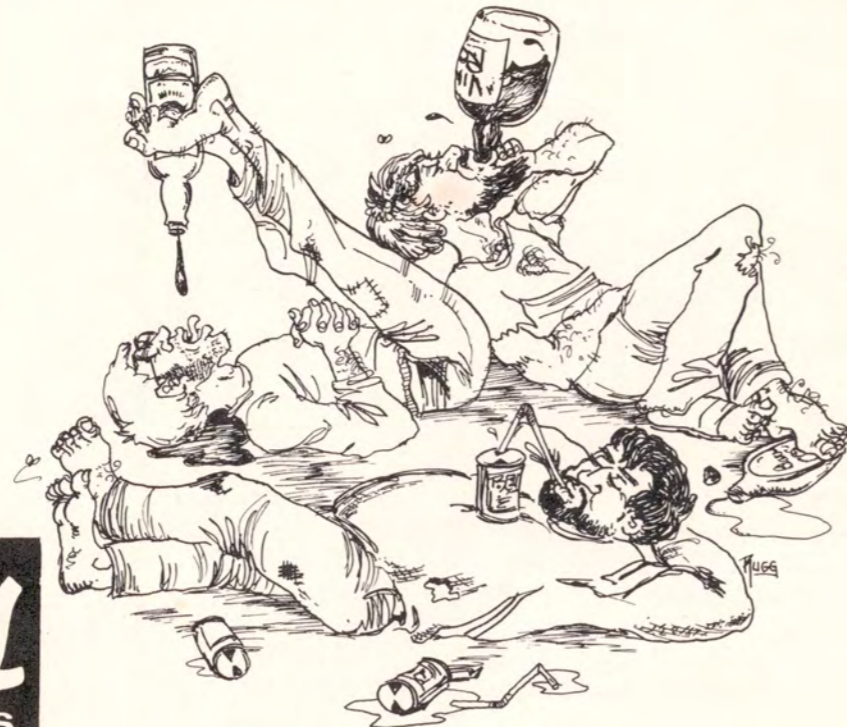
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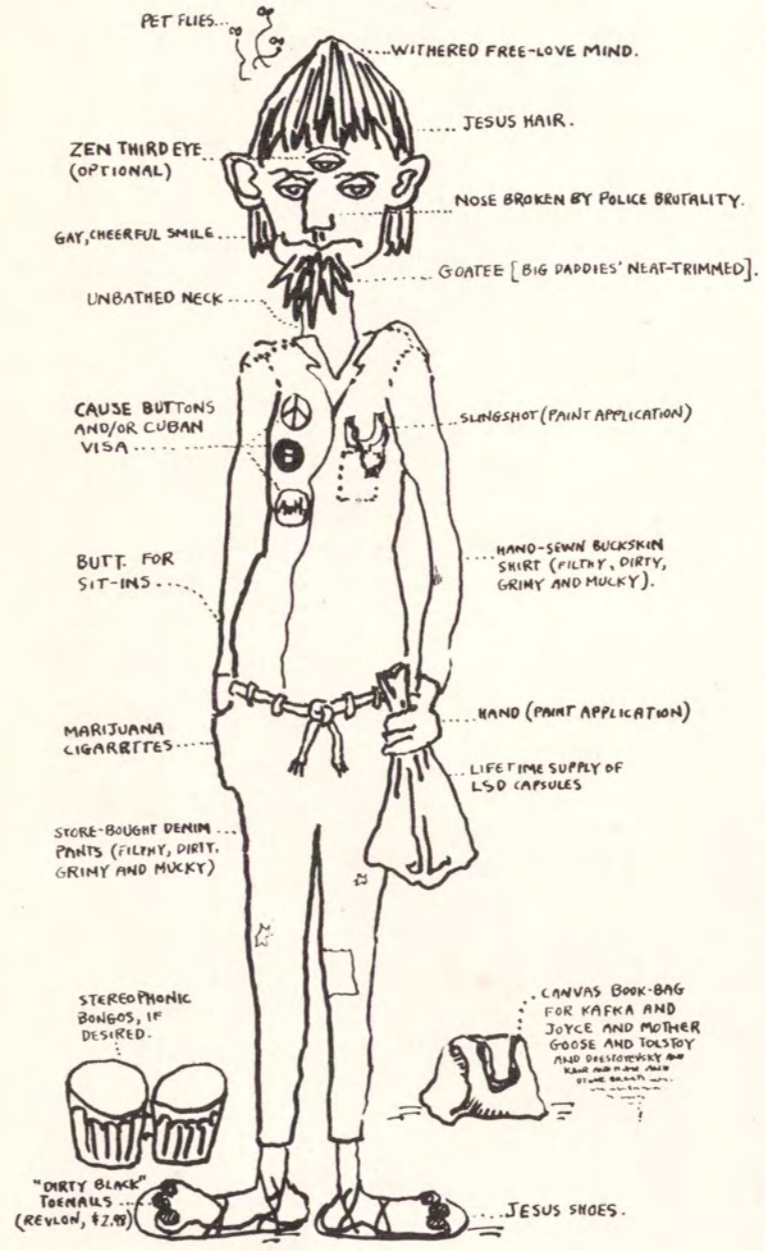
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THE COMPLEAT BEAT.

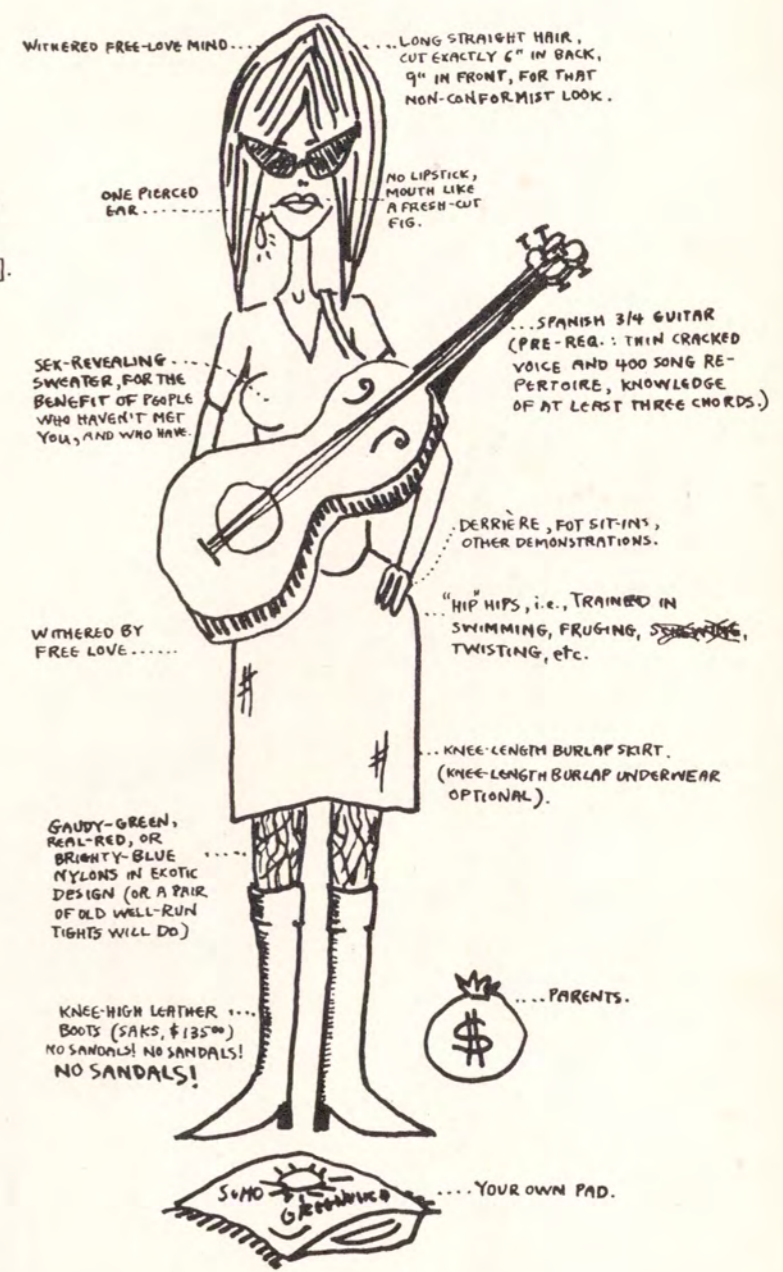
COMPILED BY KANDERSON

A GUIDE FOR WOULD-BE HIPPIES, REVISED TO ACCOMMODATE RECENT ANTI-LITTER LAWS AND ZONING REGULATIONS IN MOST HIP ARENAS !!!

MALE, OR "MAN"



FEMALE, OR "MAN"



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ADDENDA:
(SPECIAL NOTICE) ALL HIPPIE WOULD-BE'S MUST HAVE THEIR FBI POLICE RECORDS, HUAC SUBPOENAS, AND ORIGINAL POEMS WITH THEM AT ALL TIMES, TO DISTINGUISH THEM FROM ORDINARY STANFORD STUDENTS.

THE REALIST (TRESIDER, UNDERCOUNTER ONLY); EVERGREEN, PARIS AND SATURDAY REVIEW; H. D. THOREAU'S "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE"; MAO TSE-TUNG'S TACTICS OF THE ~~GORILLA~~ GORILLA; ALL SNCC, CORE, NAACP NEWSLETTERS; THE STANFORD DAILY; CORSO, FERLINGHETTI, GINSBERG, BURROUGHS (OR BETTER YET, WRITE YOUR OWN CRUD). ALSO RECOMMENDED! A NEW DISCOVERY, NOTICED BY HIPPIE SOL SOMCHIT WHILE HE WAS BROWSING IN KEPLER'S, A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM, → THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS (GROVE, \$15.99) SAID SOL: "THIS BUSTS IN! COP IT UNDER LSD, POT-ANYTHING! IT GROOVES!"



Seventh E nning

Tomato catsup encased in a fetal frame of stultified and defiant crimped paper. The reflection from the mustard is yellow and tumid, with the nefarious wonderment of the edge of acceptance. Reality pervades in the pushing, persimmon, pomegranite-celled opulence of the prostrate hot dog. Defiant, but encased in the bread, that flour and water swelling distended until the resisting tensile strength of all that is art rises and defines, "Ecce hot dog."

I sit contemplating the pulse of life and the ebbs of my wondering sphere, as the moment, the encounter, comes closer. It was like this in Rome. Tina was not a hot dog. She waxed nightly in the gardens behind the coliseum, hot and spicy in the trees, with the rhythm of the ferns and the staccato of the Fiat horns. But she was not pickle relish either. Green and chopped, with the gelatinous texture that denies the rectilinear appearance of its earthly form. Hold it to your nose and understand the sweetness, the rottenness of all that those academic people try to do. But in Pamplona, it was different. There, with the bulls, with the Basques railing against the injustice that only Hitler even offered to correct, we deny now—since the autobahn has rolled over the Germanic soul. But like Julien Sorel, a few "hommes superieurs," remain, the essential, existential gonif.

From the cradle to the cathedral it is rising. Onions spew from the impacted musky warmth of the connection of the Ketchup. Reds, pinks, yellows in phosphorescent remains of pot and peyote. The first turn on was wild. I remember wetting the joint to keep in the smoke and smoking down the roach until my fingers burned almost as much as my throat. Inhale to the "N," to the point where all bursts and the eternal lightness occurs. We jumped. We were there. But straight, still straight. And then Nardo, in his inimitable way, said, "The last drag daisy chain this butch ever saw was not bag." Bag bag nickle bag dime bag, buy an ounce and . . . but people used to kid about the way Nardo held his head and wore his ring. But the exploding and the imminent and lonely and driving imposition that we accept, for it is not in the telling but in the seeing. And now we face the wall, after the Royal Way, after Bandung, after North Beach, and we say, and hear, and it goes up and up and into this moment. . . .

It rises, the protruding and slightly obscene end that attacks my consciousness, the red flows toward the intersection of the bun; the yellow oozes with the green jelly chunks and the mayonnaise separates in the chemical form that life has followed since Bah'hul'lah first discovered the golden thread. And I eat the hot dog, and the baseball game of life goes on.

Tim Haight

INTERNATIONAL

• Coup in Viet Nam

SIGHGON—A bloodless coup brought about a sudden change of leadership in Sighgon today. Without firing a shot military commander U Pu Paduh and his followers ousted former President Ba Pshu Bomchubam and quietly assumed control of the governmental machinery.

The coup was accomplished in a rather novel way. Improvising on recent American war strategy, U Pu Paduh threatened to release a new gas which would render the entire population of South Vietnam impotent unless Baruf should capitulate immediately. Paduh claimed his motive was to "introduce a stable government."

Baruf, in exile in Formosa, expressed his doubts. "His 'stable' government will be filled with asses, not thoroughbreds," he said. "This man has hit our nation below the belt, so to speak. I felt it best for my people's welfare that I act as I have."

American Ambassador Maxwell Coffee com-

mented only, "One after another after another. This whole mess is about to drive me coup-coup." Said President Johnson, "I knew something was just bound to happen. Little Beagle has been munchin' grass all day long, and whenever he does that, well then I know something's wrong."

• U.S. Leads in Space Race

CAPE KENNEDY—The U.S. regained its waning space prestige by orbiting three Guernsey cows in a space capsule today. To demonstrate Yankee cleverness, while aloft technical apparatus in the capsule milked the cows, pasteurized the milk and bottled it, marked Grade A, ready for consumption upon landing.

Due to a crucial miscalculation—the weight of the cows bags was not checked prior to take-off—the capsule on returning to earth sank somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. The only item recovered was one of the milk bottles, which turned up on the shore of Pago Pago with a hoofed HELP note inside.

Despite the capsule loss, elated American scientists heralded the flight as the "herd shot

NEWS IN BRIEF

Compiled from the Associated Press

round the world." Meanwhile Moscow dismissed the affair as "utterly ridiculous."

NATIONAL

• White Muslins Demonstrate

SMELMA, Ala.—The infamous Brand X, Super Duper Witch Doctor of the White Muslins, led this sheeted subgroup of the Ku Klux Klan in a brief march through downtown Smelma today.

Brand X explained that this was no physical fitness hike but a rightful protest. First, he said, the negroes "raised a big rucus so they could get on T.V. and sing that damn 'We Shall Overcome' they've been practicing for the past two years. Even Ed Sullivan wouldn't take them and this was their last resort." Second, President Johnson had envisioned un-

warranted ulterior motives in the death of Mrs. Liuzzo which had led to his war on the Klan. "It was just like with Thomas a Beckett," Brand said. "I made a passing remark that I thought all women drivers should be shot so a couple of the boys got excited and bagged me one. It was all a mistake, really." Finally, he added, "now Martin Luther King, boon to all mankind, is claiming that calling the presidential residence the 'White House' is being hypocritical with U.S. integration policy. We think they've gone too far."

The demonstration lasted a short two hours until noon when the Muslins abdicated demonstrating for the town bar. Oddly, the usually alert local militia were unable to mobilize in time to halt the marchers.

Commented Governor Wallace, "Damn good parade. Made that scraggly previous negro affair look just plain ordinary sick."

• Linda Bird Goes to the Toilet

WASHINGTON—The acute constipation of Linda Bird Johnson, sweetheart of the nation,

has been a source of general consternation at the White House and throughout the nation for the past week. Now the country may rest in peace; physicians have announced that Linda Bird has had a movement and is well on her way to her normal regularity. She expresses her surprise at and gratitude for the millions of "get-well" cards she received in her recent crisis. "Gosharootie," she said happily, "I'm just plain boweled over."

SPORTS

• Elizabeth Tailer Taken, Ill

GUNGA DIN—Elizabeth Tailer, now on set in Zuzuland for her starring role in the ABC Multimount film, "Candy," has been stricken by a tropical malady whose symptoms she described as "a nasty fever. I feel just hot all over." Physicians have treated her with aspirin and have instructed her to rest and stay out of bed for a while.

WEATHER

There will be no weather today. Slightly less chance of more weather tomorrow.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT APPROACHETH

—See Page 13

THE STANFORD DAILY

EDITORIAL; BA 1-2300, EXT. 0001; BETTY; HH 4-5626

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY 12 NEVER

VOLUME 3, FREQUENCY NVO

Stanford-In-Mississippi To Open Near Jackson

By ALLISON WUNDERLAN

"We have recently purchased the site for a new Stanford-in-Mississippi Campus," Dr. Robert Walker, head of the Stanford Overseas Campuses announced today.

The new campus will allow the student to acquaint himself with the mores, and lesses, of a different ethnic group without necessitating all the fuss and brother of having to go over seas. More important, it will enable him to attend the university while indulging in civil rights activities such as registering negro voters, participating in the NRCC (New Remodeled Children's Crusade) and

the like.

"The idea was proposed to me by a student," Walker admitted. "Here at Stanford I feel impotent," the boy said, and I could understand why. 'All I can do is just talk about civil rights. I just want to get down to Mississippi where I can fill my bookbag up with rocks and smash some of those bigoted, prejudiced, irrational, emotional racists right in the head, or at least stab a few with my ban the bomb pins, now they're passe. An experience like that would give meaning to the nada of my lift. And there's some others feel the same way I do.'"

"We felt such a constructive spirit must be catered to," Walker concluded.

The campus will be located in a renovated antebellumplantation just outside Jackson.

"The place was supposed to be haunted. We got it for a song," Walker laughed, lapsing into a proficient rendition of "Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte."

Already field trips to the Tomb of the Unknown Negro, the Restored Churches of Ripley and Jackson, Miss., to Praise, Ala., Payure, Texas, Shangri, La., and

Computers Si Sponsors No

The administration has announced that Wilbur sponsors will be replaced by IBM computers next autumn. The confused freshman will have only to submit his query and in but seconds an official answer will appear, plus five complementary copies of the Fun-



SLEEP OUT—A Stanford policeman gently carries away passively resisting coed.

Stanford Dollies Stage Anti-Regs 'Sleep-Out'

By WARREN PEASE

Last night large number of Stanford coeds staged a massive sleep-out in White Memorial Plaza in protest against the present "restrictive" social regulations. The demonstrators, who arrived complete with sleeping bags and other bedding, were clad only and often briefly in typical night apparel. The movement centered around the memorial fountain, where several guitar infested girls offered somewhat unusual renditions of songs by Joan Baez and other popular folk artists, plus several Hot Nuts and Oscar Brand ditties "to keep everyone interested." The mass of girls hollered, howled, hooted and nannied to the joyous strains of the music, which was, indeed, quite strained.

The movement was initiated and organized by Maria Salvia, a senior in Union Residence. Said Maria, "Here at Stanford, life creeps on in this petty PACE from day to day. They try to improve the physical plant, or weed, should I say, but simul-

taneously they ignore the student. The administration simply represses our most basic needs.

"We staged this protest to demonstrate our maturity," she continued. "To show those groty lock-out wombats that we can protect ourselves just bitchen' without the boogie man or even the frat man getting us. We chose the fountain as our rallying point because we thought it sort of symbolizes our frustrations.

"Besides that," she offered, "I think we've done the university a favor. This campus needs a little publicity. We've played second fiddle to Berkeley for long enough. Our prestige just won't take it. We'll be demoted to the 'Penn of the West'; the whole school I mean, not just the girls dorms."

President Sterling was awakened at three A.M. by alert campus policemen who discovered the demonstration, which had begun only shortly before at midnight. Upon his instructions the Stanford Fire Department was aroused and hurried to the plaza. Num-

erous aroused fraternity men also hurried to the plaza, to witness the spectacle. Pulling out their hoses the firemen gently attempted to dampen the demonstrating girls' ardor, continuing until both girls and bedding were quite thoroughly drenched. But they remained, undaunted.

Said Sterling later, "These girls speak of maturity. I'm no expert on Freud, but I believe the massive bet wetting I observed offer conclusive evidence that they aren't quite so mature as they would like to believe." Sterling is reported to be biased against more liberal social regulations.

Previous measures having failed, a huge squad of paddy wagons arrived. The girls, passively resisting, were carried away and forced into the wagons, accompanied by the policemen, one of whom was heard to shout, "Paddy-type cheese cake, baker's man. Make me a . . ." The wagons then drove off into the night.

Trials of the girls involved will begin next Tuesday. Trials of the policemen involved will begin im-

Rumors and Rumblings Revisited

by Just Beckon

The overwhelming response to our "Round-up of Rumors and Rumblings" (*Daily*, April 4) has encouraged us to run a daily column to be written by that illustrious purveyor of pungent gossip, Just Beckon. We hope that you will enjoy this new addition to *The Daily* and will also support our efforts by sending in, anonymously if you prefer, any information, no matter how sordid or trivial, that you think will contribute to the edification of our readers.

Rumor has it that the recently deposed Dean of Women has recently accepted a new position at a small ranch located just outside of Carson City, Nevada. Though the nature of her new duties remains a mystery, our informants tell us that she enjoys her new work and that it suits her special talents more than her old duties here at Stanford. Ranching is more in her style than Farming, it seems.

None but the least perceptive of observers could have failed to notice Heidi, the President's Golden Retriever, in the company of a small Freshman yesterday. Spring, apparently, is finally with us.

FRATERNITIES AND RUSH

One fraternity member reports that his house is spending approximately \$1,000 on Rush this year. Let's see: if there are 22 houses on campus each spending \$1,000, the cost of Rush this year totals \$22,000. If each fraternity pledges roughly 440 new members, each fraternity spends approximately \$50.00 per pledge.

By our calculations, this is enough to: send 11,000 care packages to the starved monks of Shangri La,

OR

pay for roughly 9½ hours on Radio Free Europe for an Americanese Pep talk to the down trodden peasants behind the Iron Curtain,

OR

support 1,000 Asian orphans for one month on the foster parent plan in the style to which they are accustomed,

OR

finance the medical services of the good ship HOPE in Nepal for three days.

Considering that the biological value of the human body amounts to but a trifling sum of under one dollar, was this money wisely spent?

KEEPING DOWN WITH THE JONESES: We understand further that one fraternity during the past rush hired the daring young lass

on the flying piano at the Condor Club to titillate prospective pledges with a topless bottomless swim exhibition, performed in the house pool room. Not to be outdone a second fraternity the next night hired the entire entertainment staffs of Tijuana's famed Blue Note, Blue Fox and Brown Beaver night clubs to show their rushees the kind of function a real man's fraternity could put on. You can't beat a good 'dirty' rush. It seems the libidinal bond during the rushing season outdoes the traditional 'brotherhood' bond in snatching 'nuggets.'

Which brings to mind the rumor that perhaps these organizations of "brothers" are quite similar to organizations of "comrades;" or, to be blunt, which I seldom am, preferring subtlety, clever analogies and unparalleled wit, that fraternities are breeding grounds for future communists just as are bogs for malaria-ridden mosquitoes. Should we allow such dangerous organizations to persist and 'bog' down our university system or should we not rid the campus of them immediately? We believe the answer is self-evident.

A student recently overheard Dean Bunwiger utter the following cryptic remarks about Fraternity men who are sadly deficient in their sense of responsibility. "Fraternity men just don't exercise leadership or responsibility these days. Why, when I was in a Fraternity, we used to take our responsibility seriously. Once, when we found that we had pledged a queer, we roughed him up and threw him bodily out of town."

RHODES SCHOLAR

We have it from reliable sources that Rhodes Scholarship winner Tom Cotten was seen frantically scribbling "Graduating Senior" all over the pages of his bluebook in the last minutes of an Engineering Exam last quarter.

ASSU PRESIDENT

Last but not least we understand that ASSU President Snott McPride reads a Bible nightly which he keeps by his bedside. This boy scout moralism would be admirable were the Bible not marked "Placed by the Gideons" and abducted from a motel by our erstwhile President during one of his recent forays to Washington. We might also suggest that a copy of Patrick Suppes' "Introduction to Logic" might provide more appropriate bedside reading for Snott, at least from LASSU's point of view.

SIN AND OMISSION

Do you have feelings of remorse from last week-end? Is there a voice deep inside you that cries out, a pulsating, hammering, ceaseless clamoring that chides you for your behavior? What sin did you indulge in, or do you even know?

How about those people you were with? Do you suffer from deep periods of despondency during those perplexing hours when you worry about their salvation, and yours? Do they feel the same as you? "Yet there is hope for the wicked, even in Hell," writes the Reverend Mr. Black in his new best-seller **Hope For the Wicked in Hell**, (Grave Press, \$3.95). Ponder this. For it is a fact that few realize that all of us are guilt-ridden. Even the most guilty often overlook this crucial fact of our lives. "And he that knows not, and knows not that he knows not; it is he that knows not. (Trojans 5:13-6). Further, not only do we feel guilty for what we do, for those everyday cruelties and petty atrocities, but we also feel guilty of not doing those things we know that we ought, "These are, I say unto you, the so-called Sins of Omission," said the Reverend Mr. Black in his new best seller, **I Say Sins Of Omission**, (New Directive Free Pres, \$3.95). Ponder this, also.

We down at the Consumptory Christian's Office believe that there is hope for all of mankind if it takes to heart just two simple elementary, common, ordinary, mundane, and minute little things: first, the eschatological redemption of mankind and, second, the ineluctable santification of the castigated soul. Ponder these, for just these two simple things can open new vistas to you, can add new dimensions to your despicable, miserable life. Last weekend's orgy (that second beer was a little excessive, wasn't it?) and those sins of omission (do you really think God didn't notice you ignoring that Negro across Quad today?) can be forgiven! Redemption can be yours and we can help you attain it, you grovelling sinners.

So why go around with a dirty conscience? Why be an ethical weakling when we can add auras of solid morality to your flabby mental constitution? Come down to our office and in teneasy lessons we'll teach you to believe. Just a few minutes every day and you, too, can be redeemed. We guarantee satisfaction, or your money back.

CONSUMPTORY CHRISTIANS OFF CAMPUS
(CCC is a non-prophet organization)

Letters To The Editor Skeletons In The Closet

Editor, The Daily:

Speaking representatively for the row as a right invested whole, and not a rat infested hole, as our chief antagonist would claim, I would quietly and unobtrusively suggest that Just Beckon, your executive editor, go straight to hell. Quite frankly, we frat men are tired of having this gobbling gadfly emulator on our backs. Simply because he was dinged by a good percentage of the fraternities here gives him no right to hurl unqualified anathemas and mainly sour grapes at our activities and practices. The only 'skeleton' to be found in our closet should our 'illegitimate' practices be investigated would be his — if we ever get our hands on him.

BILL McGEWHIZ
IFC President

• GCC Protests

Editor, The Daily:

We (I speak for all good, dedicated card-carrying members of the GCC, otherwise known as the Generally Chaotic Committee) have come to notice an unfortunate theme prevailing in **The Daily's** editorials. A subtle suggestion has been made that we are overextending our operations, usurping the prerogatives of others, and violating the hitherto sacrosanct boundaries of student affairs. I refer specifically to a statement by Editor-in-Chief Nancy Stuffer and I quote, "They are trying to put their finger in every pie."

Speaking for the GCC, I would like to deny once and for all that we are trying to put our fingers

Once Around The Quad

SPEECHES

CLARK KENT: 3:30 p.m., Small Men's Lounge, TMU. Speaks on telephone booth cramming and the development of better study halls.

MELVIN FURD: TMU janitor explains the Theoretical Foundations, Technical Intricacies and Sociological Manifestations and Ramifications of the TMU automatic Urinals. RBR, 10:00 p.m.

TRYOUTS

OFFICE OF THE DEAN: New deans of women needed. Bring pedigree and other qualifications.

ART DEPARTMENT: Models needed for posing for Art 69, Life Drawing and Anatomy. Tryouts to be held at the Chaparral Offices, 1 a.m.

AXE COMM.-EX-COMM.-IN-COMM: April 10-9; Axe Comm. Desk. Comm. one, comm all.

RAMMED HEADS: Interested in theatre production? Come join our happy funny group. Wheel Activity credits given. Rammed Heads Office, TMU.

STANFORD DAILY: New Business and Operations Managers needed as previous ones have been tarred and unfeathered, maimed and strung up by irate Chaparral members for 'losing' several pages of Chappie script, namely the Daily parody. Placement, or should we say, misplacement, tests will be given candidates, Storke Publications Building, 4-6.

PUB BOARD: New bartender needed. Pub Board Office, 4-6.

ORGANIZATIONS

KARATE CLUB: Girls! Learn to dismember your date when he starts getting gross. Thirty imported Mexican sleazies available for practice dissection. Don't miss this opportunity. Men's gym, 7:30.

BUSH LEAGUE: Short meeting, 4:30.

GRADUATE COORDINATING COMMITTEE: Preliminary placement tests for spasticity rating, 3:30, New Undergraduate Library. Reflex-improvement course available for graduates only.

ALPHA PHI OMEGA: Cub Scout Patrol Leaders needed for unorganized children groups in East Palo Alto. You, too, can be "Leader of the Pack."

STANFORD BEAT MEETING: Round Table Pizza Parlor, 9:30 p.m. All comers welcome.

STANFORD BELLYDANCERS: Whyte Memorial Plaza, 12 Noon.

TUBE WATCHERS: I-Center, 8:30. Shindig.

STILLMAN HOUSE: All Campus spread, 8-10 p.m.

HEALTH 160 LAB: 8-10 p.m., Frost Memorial Amphitheatre.

LATIN CLUB A GO-GO, GARE, GAVI, GATUM: 8:45, Basketball Pavilion. Declension Dance.

ASSOCIATED STUDS OF STANFORD: All ASS men asked to attend the pre-party at the Ratt's prior to San Jose KAT house function. Sousa's, 7:30.

KYA: Band shack, 2:00. Meeting of all lieutenants in Emperor Nelson's Commandos. See "Big Daddy" Tom Donahue and Russ "the Moose" Syracuse in person!

EX-ZETES: Reunion, Huddart Park, 3:00. Easter Keg Hunt.

SURF BOARD: The heavies are in. Grab your board hop in your woodie and make it to Santa Cruz, baby. Pier Shooting, 3-5 p.m.

STANFORD DUELERS: Meet today. Peer shooting, 3-5 p.m.

into anybody's pie. We do not have any interest in putting our fingers anywhere. And if we did, we would be least interested in sticking it in somebody's mungy pie. Accordingly, we suggest that Miss Stuffer eat her words, or as were, her "pie." We'll stick to Cheesecake.

B. SANDALED
B. BEARDED
B. WILDERED

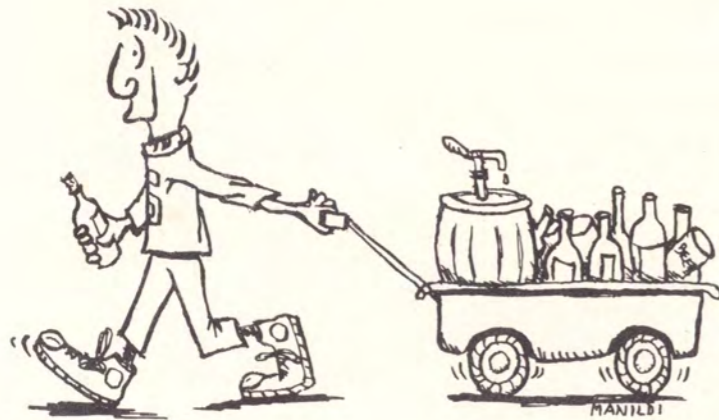
kirk's

for old fashioned GLUTTONS



ROLLY 'N' NORM'S

EM 6-9952
DA 2-2214



WE DELIVER COMPLETE BARS FOR ANY
SIZE PARTY

Sign on a Scotland golf course:
"Players will refrain from picking up
lost golf balls until they have stopped
rolling."

Lady: "I want to see some gloves for
my eight-year-old daughter."
Clerk: "White kid?"
Lady: "Sir!"

The will of a wealthy eccentric was be-
ing read and all the relatives listened ex-
pectantly. Finally the lawyer said, "And
to my nephew, Charles Brown, whom I
promised to remember . . . Hi there
Charlie!"

Two men were sitting in a bar. "Al-
bert," asked one, "After you drink a lot,
does your tongue burn?"
"I don't know, Sam," replied the other.
"I've never been drunk enough to light
it."



NOT MANY MONTHS AGO, the Old Boy was
striding through the yellow pages in the Palo Alto
phone book. But that is another story. What we are
about to talk about here is the radiant beauty of this
pie.

NOT MANY MONTHS AGO, the Old Boy was
chopping a fence at Angell Field, when he chanced to
fall upon lovely Euglena Haydork, laving her long
blonde locks neath a glittering Springtime sky, as it
were. Well, actually she was all tied up like a soggy
pretzel as she was practicing her Yoga exercise #1778
out there for Valeri Brummel. Valeri was too busy
eating and jumping around to notice, so the Old Boy
immediately made a hasty coffee date with this tender
beauty, this flower of womanliness, this inspiration to
Sexus.

EUGLENA





Well, one thing led to another, and pretty soon Miss Haydork came up all swathed in motherdom, and got kicked out.

But before Euglena made her hasty flight to the home, the Old Boy managed to get these pictures for his wallet, so as to show the boys out at the B just what he'd been up to, or down in, or whatever you will, or won't. "Some Dish, huh?" the Old Boy said, just last week in fact. "I was the first."



But, again, getting back to the radiant beauty of this pulchritudinous pretty, you gotta admit she's in the upper half. After all, she can do a handstand, and also, to say nothing of the Lotus position, the elephant position, the newt position, and the spanish inquisition. (Oh Jesus) She now lives off campus, in a smart, but modest cottage, which he jokingly compares to various row houses. There she sits, and plays the guitar, and drinks black coffee, and just gets bigger.

If you would like to see Euglena in person, you might drop around to the Stanford Players' production of "Once Upon a Mattress." She's the big star, ya know. (That's a plug.) You might also take that thing out of the bottom of the bathtub and let the water drain out. (That's also a plug.)

Euglena hopes to get back into school just as soon as she can. She hopes to become a Nuclear Physicist, and some day join the ranks of the great—Oppenheimer, Teller, and Shaw.





YE LUMPWOODS & YE FOXES
By Don Hendrie

Characters

Podley Unstrungman, King Wow!
Knee Cristal, Like Mythical Love Leaders
Catatonia
John Rombold, Sage
Daddy Vestal, Venerated Ancients
Mother Bethany
Fly, A Wanton Demon of Sixteen

ILLUSTRATION BY R. GARLINGHOUSE THE JOUGER

SCENE I

Podley *Enter Podley, Agitated*
O No, I am living,
And the sun is spotting and spitting,
And really living above my agitated
Head.
O NO!

Knee *Enter Knee,
Carrying a Demijohn of
Smallbeer*
Hello, MAN. Afternoon, Man. You liv-
ing?
I am fine and well and good and just
Arrived

And dear Catatonia lurks without
While I in here & casting these
Old Orbs upon . . .
but you look unstrung,
Ah, Pod,
And will we burn one or four soon or
Shall I in the interest of interval
Fetch dear Catatonia
From the hall while you fashion fair weed
Or shall we spoke of what was seen com-
ing
Here from where we were before, the
Fantasia of all
Fantastic?

Podley Wow! I am living. Yeah, yes, yeah,
y'dig.

*Enter Catalonia,
Dressed in Simple Weeds*

Catatonia

Knee O, babie, that's it! Yesyesyes. Bang-O.

Podley Something. Something. Something. It
flashed to me just yesterday tho
We surely know time, space, just every-
Thing,
DADDY, is, uhh, beyond something.

Knee Yes well uhh I dig your journey but What
after all is more good than this Essence of
everything which I have Designed to de-
sign for Everyone? Tell this to that, fair
Catatonia.

Catatonia

Podley Wow!
Knee Zing'awing!

*Enter Fly,
With Contraction
Stand arrears, kids.*

Fly

Knee
Podley
Fly

I've a new Billy Burro machine to shew.
Lovelovelove.
O No.
Heh heh. Let us not quibble with the
Quintessence of destructive art. Heh,
heh.
(Here a blinding flash of White Light
which fells all.)

SCENE II

*A Bedchamber Containing
Three Supines & One
Resilient Catalonia
Enter Daddy Vestal & Mother Betheny,
Dressed in Stately Weeds*

Daddy V. O how passive lies the light and These
four how quiet they lie with Smiles of
bliss visaged and rank Quackery is
quelled in the land,
eh?



Mother B. O how I sigh and dig the scene with The gentle eyes of maternal hang-up. They're in my bag and I in they and Together the Twain shall freight, neé fright.

Daddy V. O sure, we all know what we know & See what we see, but then do we,

Mother B. Zounds, sirrah, what a bum-kick. Look to Catatonia for the answer.

Daddy V. Let us will these cats into animate. With thought and will to trepidation eh?

(all rise and lounge about)
Podley Wow! Bang-bang. Talk-talk-arghh.
Knee Unspeakable, MAN.

Mother B. You have all gone through what the Daddy in all his wisdom calls—
Myopic Changes.

Podley Yeah! This chick is living.
Daddy V. Eh?

*Enter Rombold,
disguised as Shroud*

Rom. How do you do? Where is the john?
Podley Wow!
Knee My dear dad lost his cool in all johns.
Mother B. Sing a song to the sad cat, Prithiee.
Rom. My need is greater than love hath lost.
Podley O daddy, pleast play With me. Y'dig?
Catatonia

Rom. (screams)
Podley What would we be without living orgasm?
Nowhere, MAN.
(All freeze of a Sudden)

Catatonia

END

THE ALLEY



ON TAP—
Direct from our barmaids to you.

547½ EMERSON, P.A.

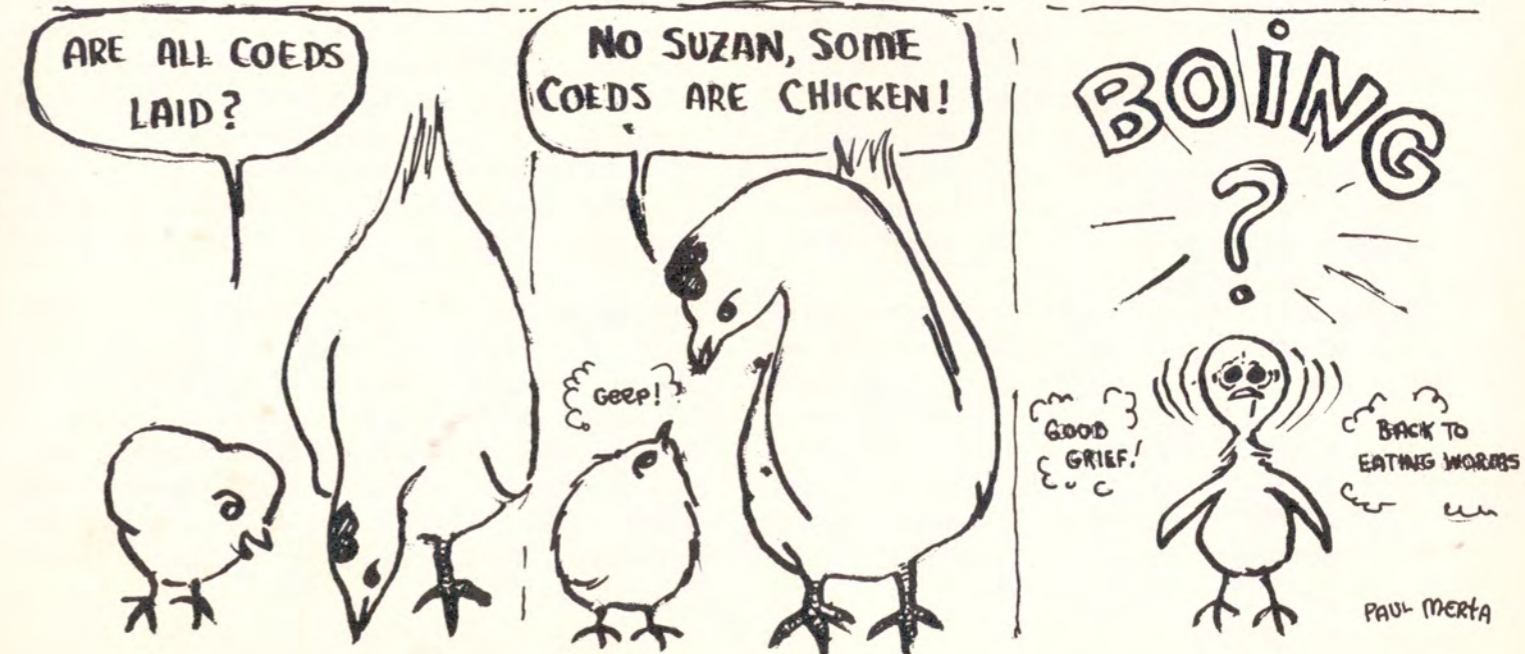
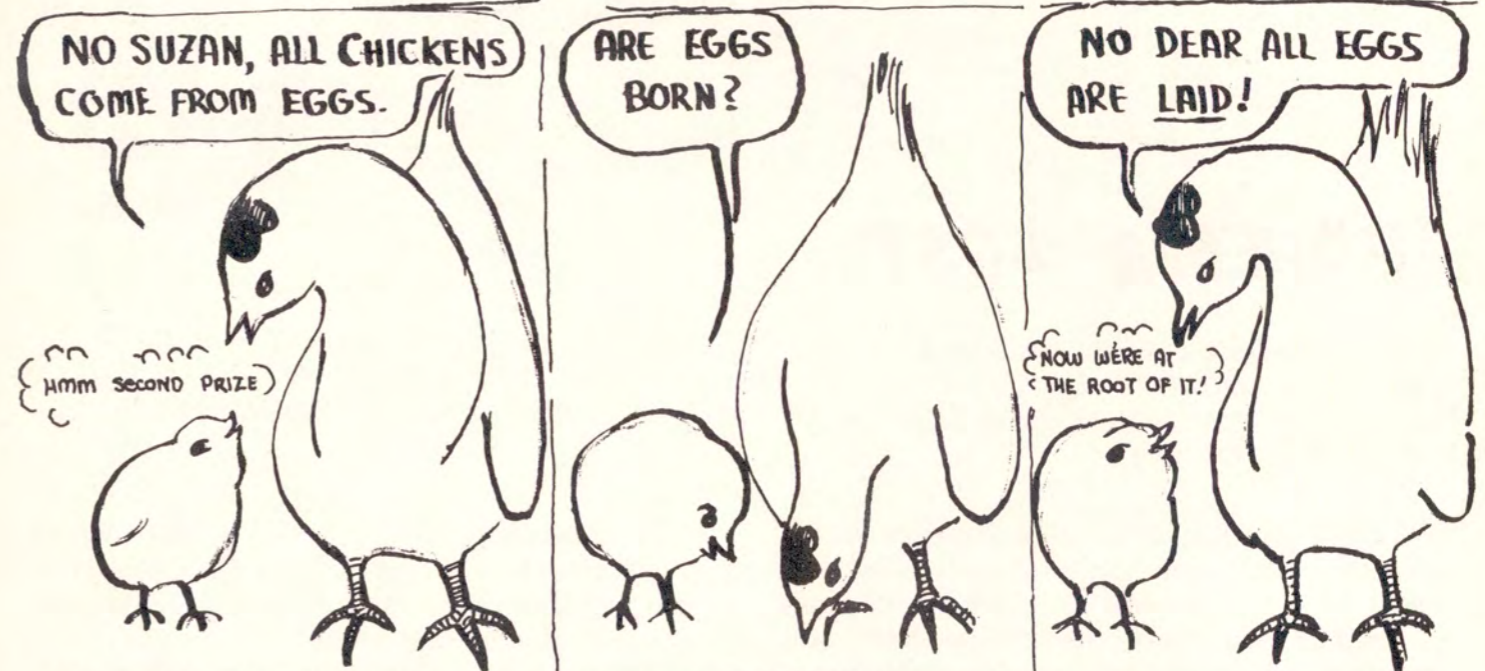
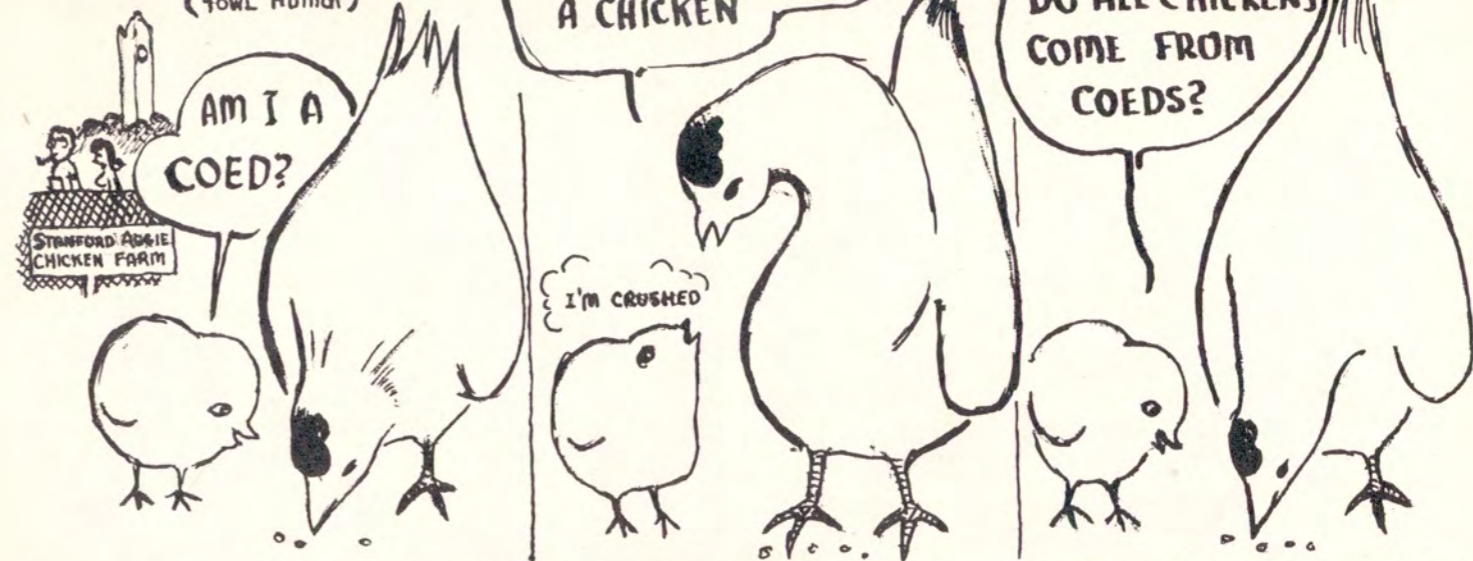
—the grill is hot till 1 A.M.

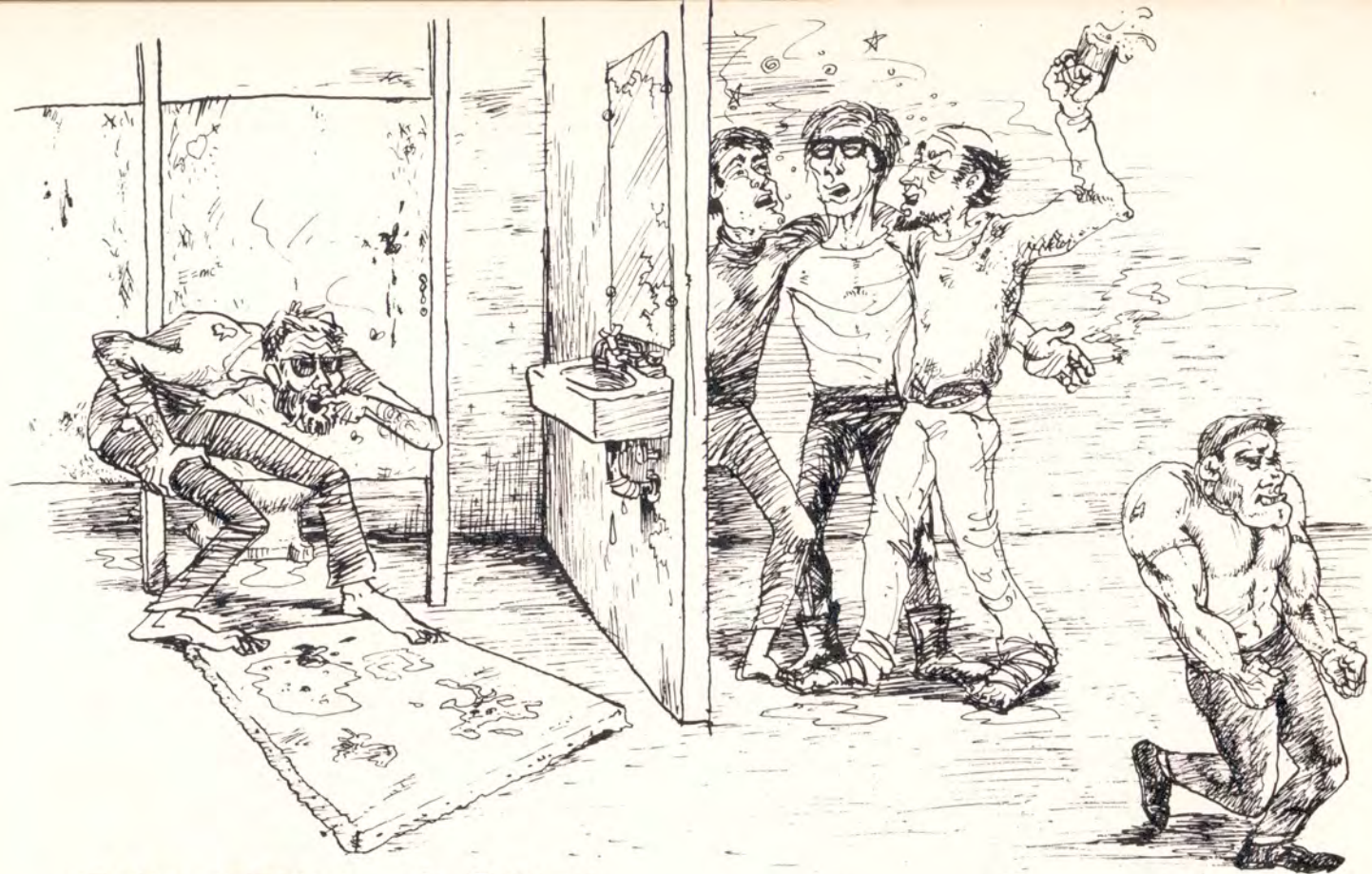
—bring girls and your I.D.'s

\$.10 a glass

(every night: 10:30-11:00 P.M.)

ON THE FARM.... (fowl Humor)





BOHEMIA LOST

ED NOTE: FOLLOWING MANUSCRIPT WAS SENT TO ME BY AN ITINERANT GARBAGE MAN WHO FOUND IT IN AN ALLEY IN SAN FRANCISCO AND IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THE HANDWRITING AS THAT OF OUR WORLD FAMOUS TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, SVELTON SVETOS.

I arrived early at the basement mission of the Salvation Army for the gala New Year's party. I had been invited by my old friend Charlie Brown, nationally known dope pusher and all around good guy, who could not make it due to a heartless parole board. However I spotted Tommie Swift, a successful young junkie whom I had known in college, and asked him to show me around. He immediately led me toward the men's room where he said the famous pop artist, Clark Kent, was working on a new creation. Upon entering I saw nothing but a dirty old man vomiting on a piece of gluey canvas. Thinking to be of consolation I asked if I could help.

"No tanks," he belched, "dis one's almost done." Then, apparently reconsidering, he added, "But you might pitch in onna next one. Wadja have for dinner?" Before I could answer, however, he was convulsed with a new flood of inspiration and I was forced to flee.

While looking for my friend Tom outside I noticed three strange men in earnest discussion and decided to listen in:

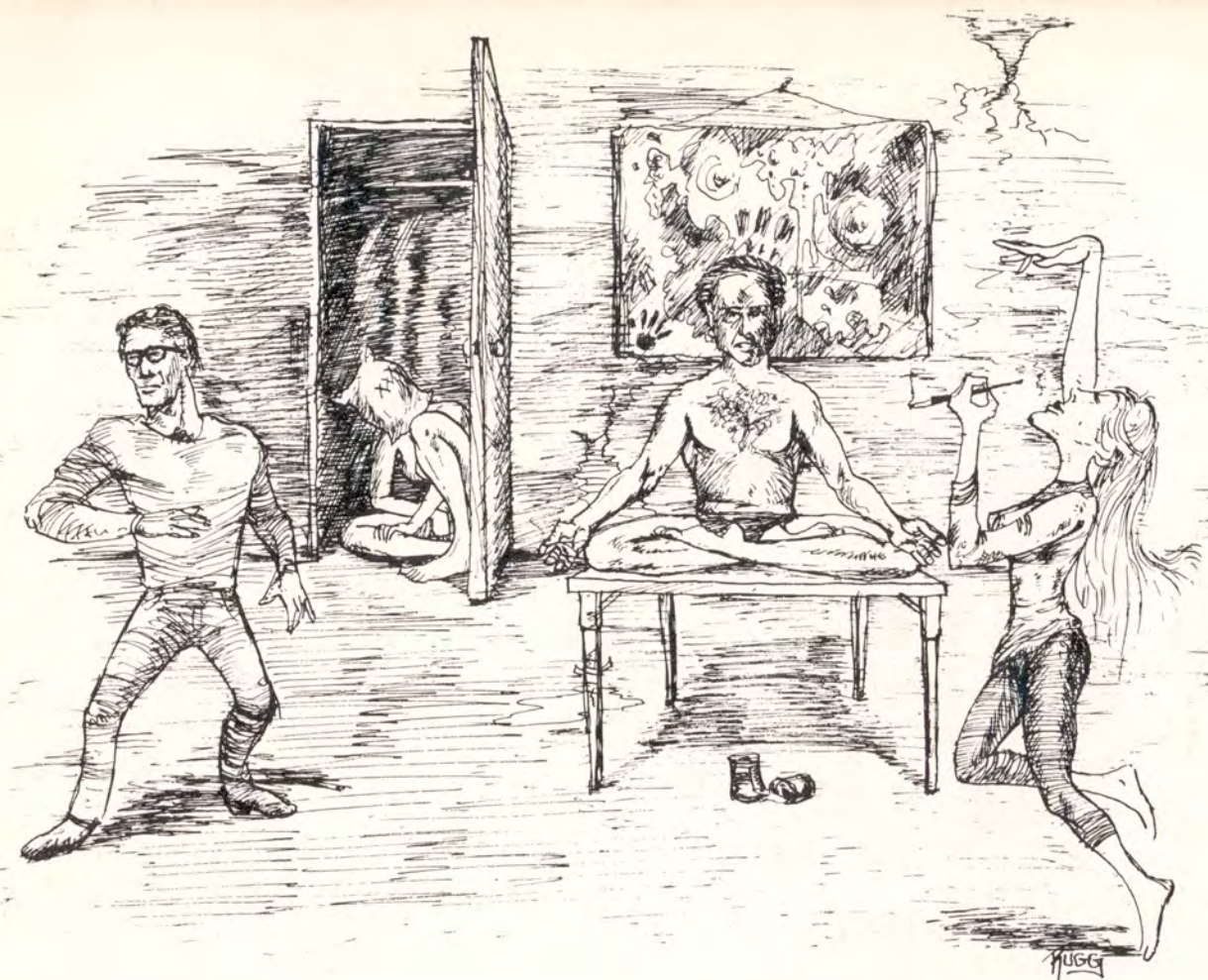
1st strange man: "... but the only way you can get pot cheaper is to make it legal. And to make it legal you've got to give it a new image. And new associations. And a brand name."

2nd strange man: "Yea man. Like fade in to tired young housewife stopping for a pot break and making everything alright again. Or the stately doctor explaining that pot reaches over 99% of the nerve endings in the body in less than 60 seconds."

3rd strange man: "And we need a huge national organization that can buy testimonials and suppress facts. And a pot lobby in Washington that distributes lots of free samples."

At which they all broke into their stirring anthem: "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the multicolored dream, Mine ears. . . ."

Unable to bear their dissonance, I escaped into a nearby closet which was rather crowded due to a naked girl with a sack on her head who seemed to be meditating on the floor. Immediately intrigued by the sociological implications of her condition, I asked her what she had in mind.



"I am revolting" she panted and before I could disagree she continued, "against the ridiculous standards of morality imposed on our society." Overwhelmed by the emotional vehemence of her statement, I gently kissed the end of her upraised finger.

"Isch, you filthy nasty man. You're all the same. Lecher, pervert. Yech. Get out. Out!" she screamed flinging me out the door before I could explain my actions.

Back in the party I encountered a bearded young man squatting on a table reciting:

"Horse feather monuments
To chicken fat
cause
Oldsmobiles
To fornicate forever."

I told the young man how much I enjoyed his poem and asked if he might explain its intricacies.

"Quite obviously," he simpered, "it is an epic portrayal of the condition of man. Horse feathers of course symbolize our loss of the Greek ideal of perfection while chicken fat clearly evokes our yearning for a realignment with the sublime. And the Oldsmobile is not an Oldsmobile at all, but violent death. You dig?"

As I wondered away, lost in digging, I inadvertently bumped into a short sallow character who squeaked:

"Don't accost me man, I'm non-violent."

When I protested that I had meant no harm he kicked me adroitly in the groin and delivered a neat karate jab to my kidney. As I was writhing on the floor an enchanting young waif asked me enthusiastically, "Wow man, how do you do that crazy position?"

As I tried to explain that it was unintentional she lit a thinly rolled tube and placed it between my lips.

"You look like you need this. Just inhale deeply and watch your inhibitions and desires float away."

Minutes later, my inhibitions and desires gone I slipped my hand gently under her sweater and began to understand what chicken fat really represents. You see. . . .

ED NOTE: THE REST OF THE MANUSCRIPT IS UNINTELLIGIBLE AND SVELTON SVELTOS CANNOT BE REACHED FOR CLARIFICATION DUE TO A HEARTLESS PAROLE BOARD.

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"What's the matter with your finger?"

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

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

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

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

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



"I don't know Jerome . . . somehow you just don't look beat!"

R.P.I. BACHELOR



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Owl: Why does an elephant ride a tricycle?

Bird: I dunno. How come, pray tell?

Owl: Because he is too poor to afford a new sport plum.

Bird: I don't get it.

Mary has a little car; —
She drives it very brisk.
Now isn't she a silly girl
Her little * ?

The girl from Louisiana was in the hospital for a check-up.

"Have you ever been X-rayed?" asked the doctor.

"Nope," she said, "but ah've been ultraviolated."

A party girl believes that children should be seen and not had.

A little mouse was playing in the back yard when he saw a bat fly over. At this point he ran into the house screaming excitedly, "Mother, I just saw an angel!"

It wasn't the apple in the tree that caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden, but the pair on the ground.

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

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

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

Found on fall registration card of freshman student: Name of Parents — MOMMY AND DADDY.

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

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

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

Are you sure this motel is University approved?

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

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

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

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

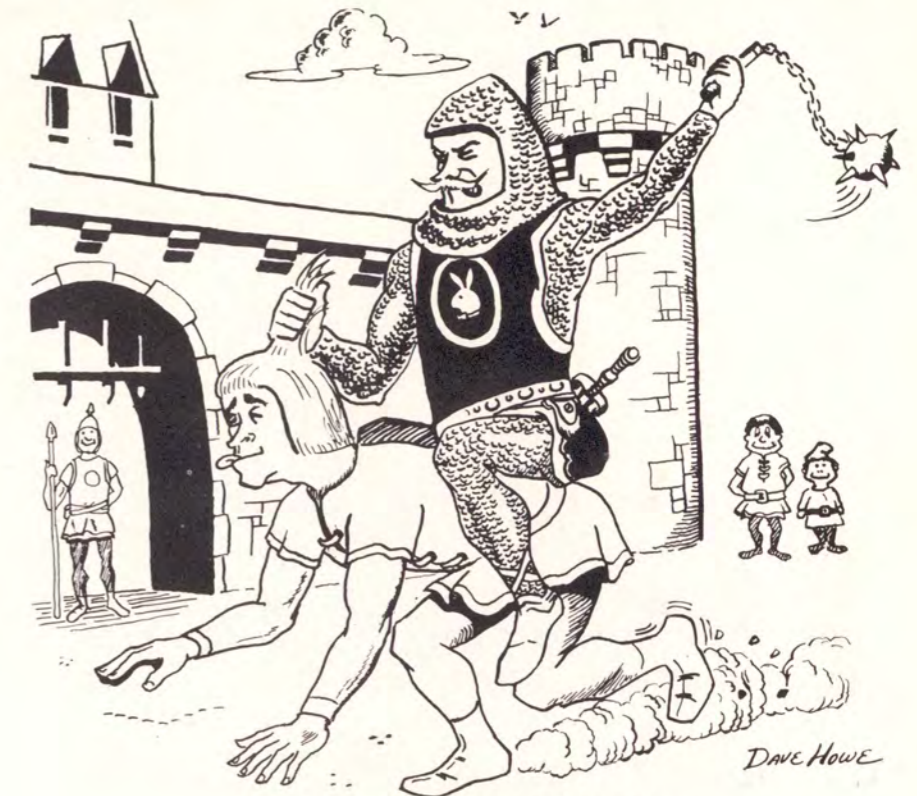
Yale: "I didn't know your father was in the war."

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

Two little girls were busily discussing their families.

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

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



"Ride, ride, ride the wild serf!"

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LOS ALTOS



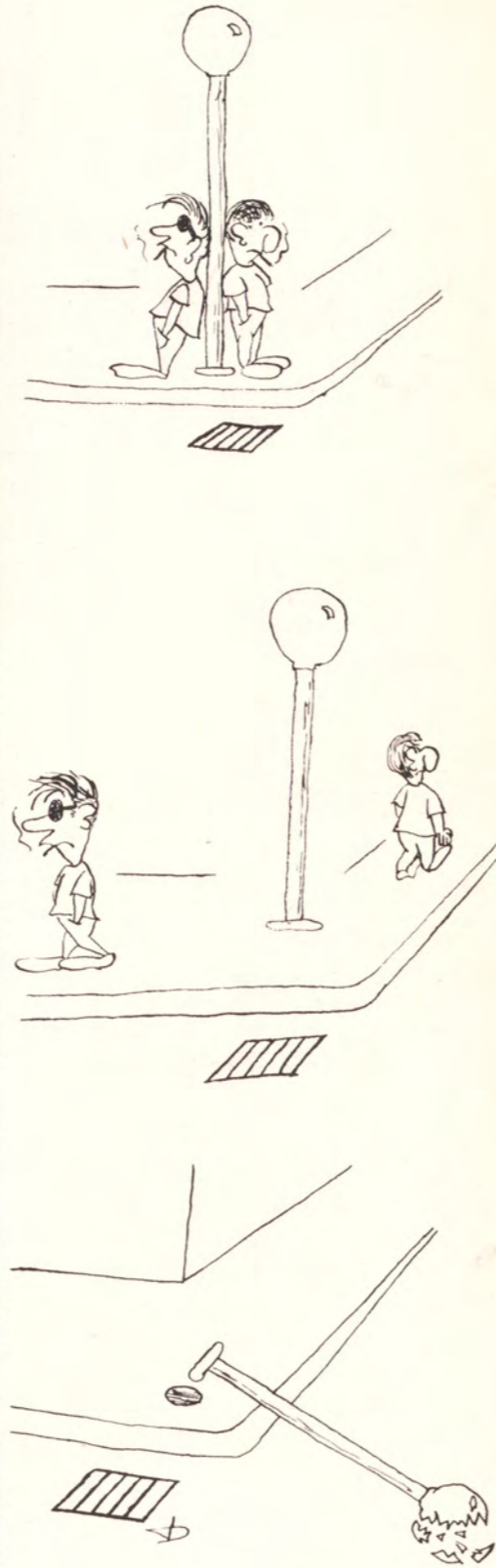
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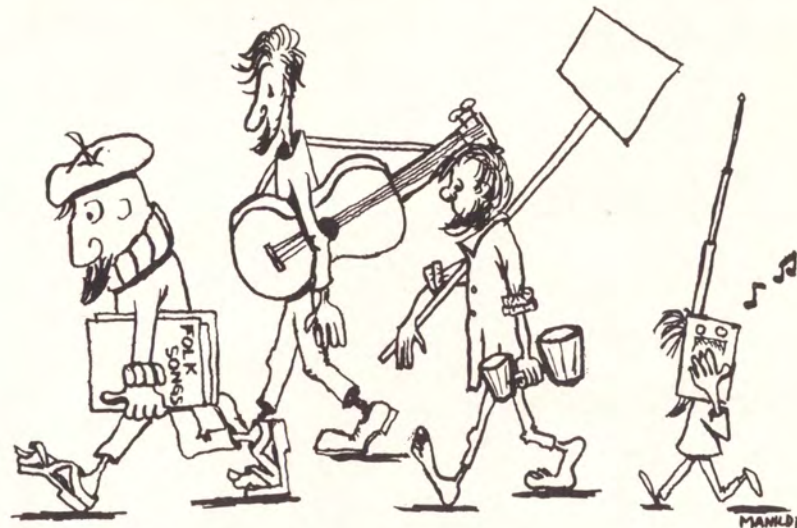
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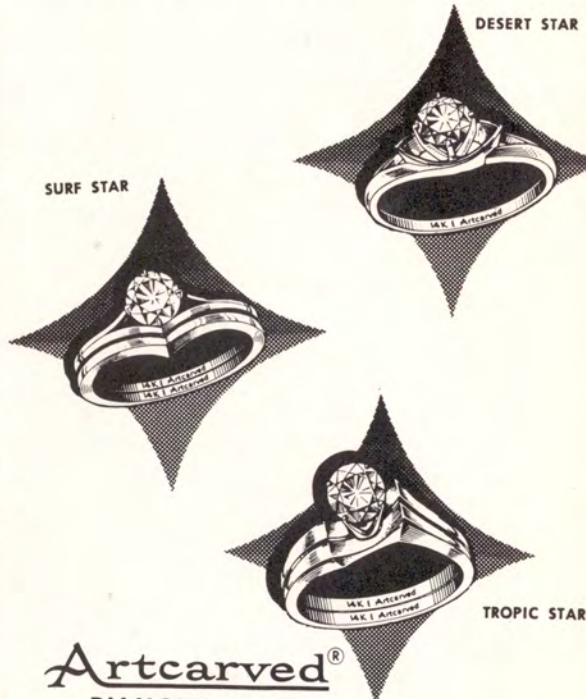
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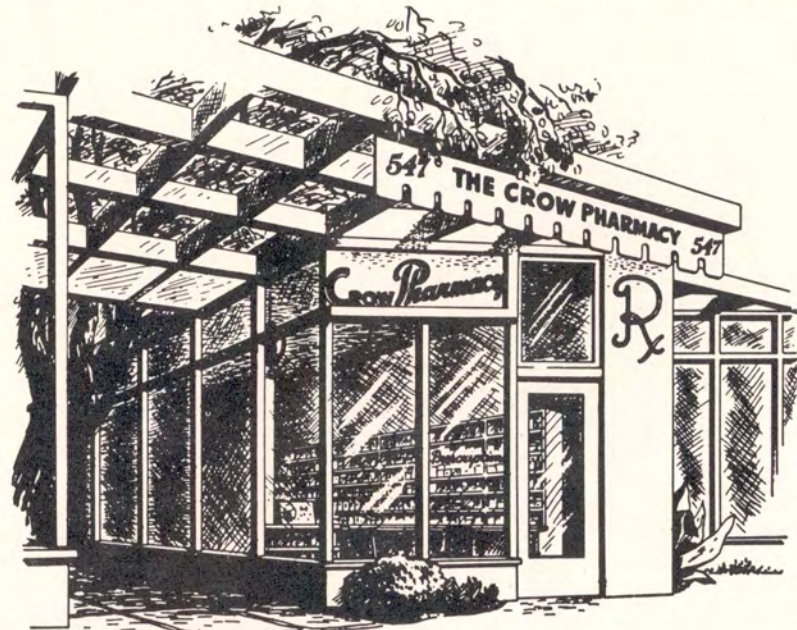
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The young couple came into the dining room on the fifth day of their honeymoon. The waiter approached them for their order.

"You know what I like, honey, don't you?" queried the bride.

"Yes, I know," stammered the husband, "but we have to eat sometime."

A group of prohibitionists looking for evidence of the virtue of total abstinence were told of a man of 103 who had never touched the stuff. They rushed to his house in order to get a signed statement. After propping him up in his bed and steadying his hand so that he could make a mark on the dotted line, they heard a violent commotion in the next room — breaking glass, furniture being smashed and running footsteps.

"Good heaven," said one of them, "what's that?"

"Oh," sighed the old man as he sank exhausted on the pillow, "that's Pa, drunk again."

Mary: I'd love to go to a fraternity dance.

Elizabeth: That's the way to get there.

Earlier that day an elephant had escaped from the Barnum and Baily circus as it passed through Winstonville, Utah.

That evening a foreign-born old woman, who did not know what an elephant even looked liked, telephoned the police station, very much excited.

"Come over right away," she gasped. "One big animal is in my garden. Is pulling up cabbages with his tail."

"What's he doing with them?" the policeman asked.

"If I tell you," she answered, "you will not believe me!"



.. LIKE THEY SAID IT WAS A BIG MOVEMENT AND ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS SIT AND STALL AROUND..

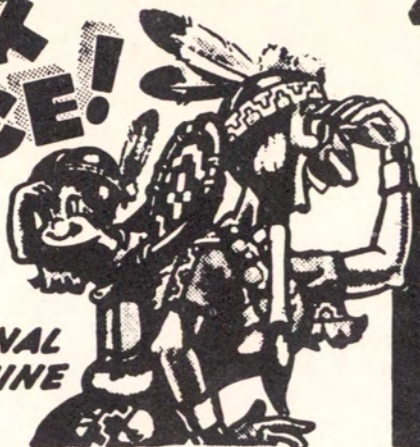
THEY DID WARN ME (TD RAISE A BIG STINK, BUT MAN, THEY SAID, PSYCHOLOGICALLY IT'S IT! YOU CAN IDENTIFY WITH THE MOVEMENT AND RELIEVE INNER TENSIONS. LIKE MY PROBLEMS WOULD JUST FLOAT AWAY...



...BUT SOMEHOW, I THOUGHT OF A SIT-IN AS SOMETHING SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT....

Woody
&
Hi

LOOK TWICE!



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Fifteen years ago Volkswagons were nothing. Even we Germans didn't want them. Aesthetically they were grotesque. They had no class.

So we decided to pawn them off on rich Americans. Because we knew you people had no taste anyway.

That's when they hired me. To write hundreds of clever, cute, subtle ads. To brainwash the American public. To convince you these metallic tinkertoys were worth the gold bullion we were spiriting out of your country as fast as we could get our hands on it.

And I did it. I manipulated your psyches to perfection. I sold you millions. It was pitiful.

Now we have a new model. The Comon Rhea. You think the first one was bad. Try this one out. It's as if someone put the thalidomide in the assembly line.

I'm supposed to sell you this one, too. A few ads and you'd love it. And it would serve you right. It's two-faced. It puts on a false front. It doesn't quite know whether it's coming or going. Just like all Americans. It suits you perfectly.

But I've had it. I'm throwing down. Or up, one. One more ad in this pseudo-sophisticated lingo and I'd barf. And one more lode of B. S. and I'd suffocate from ethical strangulation.

Wise us, suckers. Buy a Honda. I did.

You'll love it.

謝

shibui

A Japanese expression to describe that which is quietly correct, tasteful. You might say it is shibui to acquire your jewels from a jeweler with gemological knowledge and high business standards. Our staff includes two Certified Gemologists who are pledged to the vigilant protection of the buying public. A completely equipped gemological laboratory is maintained to test and evaluate gems.

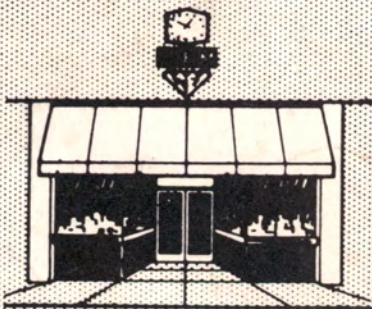


We invite you to stop in and let us show you the diamonds you select through our gem microscope.

Gleim

JEWELERS

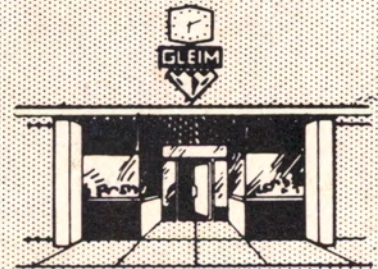
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