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CHAPARRAL
OCTOBER / 1955 / 30¢






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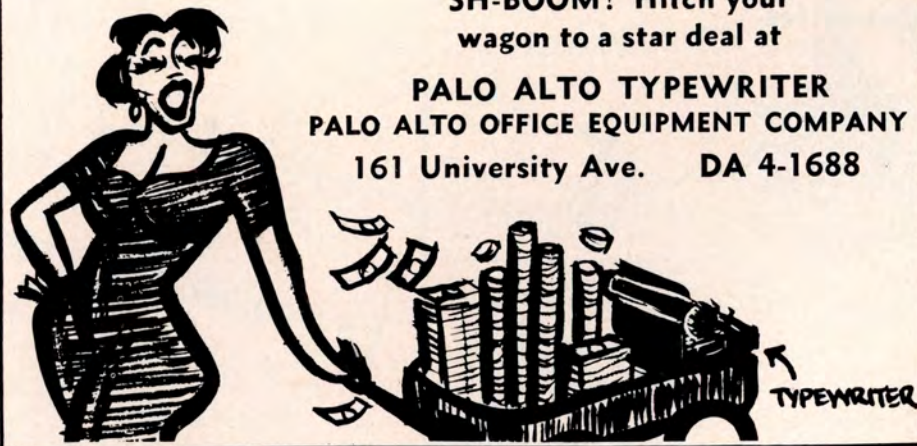
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Wm. Mayo Hindle, Editor
Stanford CHAPARRAL
Box 3013
Stanford University
Palo Alto, California

Dear Mr. Hindle:

My association with the Hammer and Coffin Society and with Chaparral ranks with the pleasantest recollections of my younger days. Ever since those halcyon days of 1915-16 I have treasured with pride my gold and black pin.

Best wishes to the Chaparral staff upon its Golden Anniversary. May the future be even more brilliant than the past.

Cordially,
s/Goodwin J. Knight
Governor

Statement by President J. E. Wallace Sterling for Chaparral on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Hammer and Coffin Society.

Fifty is a good many years for any campus organization to survive, especially one engaged in the rather precarious business of publishing a college humor magazine. It would be specious of me not to mention that there have been times during this half century when Chappie editors and the University president have not exactly seen eye to eye. In fact, the record shows that several Old Boys have been asked to sever, at least temporarily, their academic ties with the University. But the record also shows that some of our most distinguished alumni were once on the Chappie staff. And the way these alumni members of Hammer and Coffin, together with undergraduates, have risen earnestly to each crisis and have made it possible for Chappie to continue in business convinces me that the same high spirits which make a college humorist also make a loyal member of the Stanford Family.

It is indeed true, as Chaparral's own masthead avers, "Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all." May we have many more laughs from Chappie, and may Hammer and Coffin Society live to celebrate many more golden anniversaries!

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of one of America's oldest college publishing societies, Stanford's Hammer and Coffin Society — publishers of the Chaparral. My congratulations and best wishes to the society and the magazine.

Cordially,
s/Coach Chuck Taylor



Stanford students enjoying the
new ice cream parlor at

73 EMBARCADERO TOWN & COUNTRY



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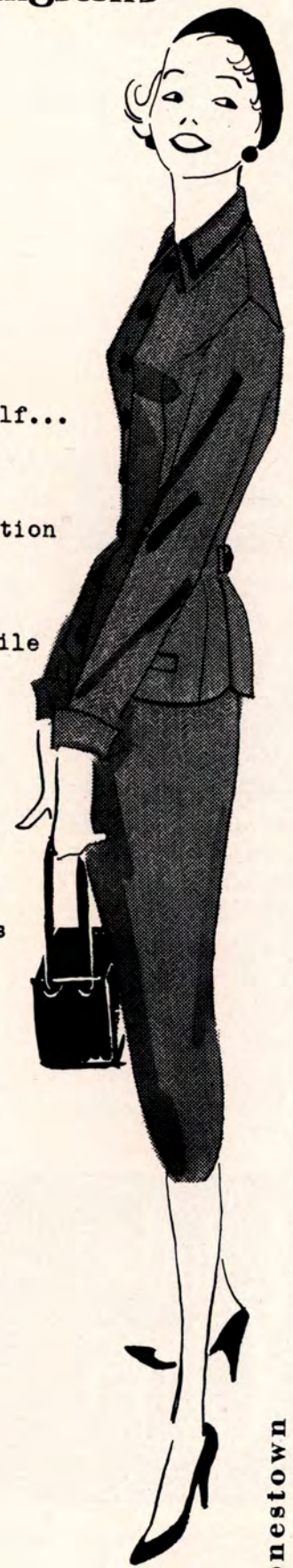
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Model: Sue Solomon, off-campus frosh

THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

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COVER: Photographer Doug Van Orden captured the spirit and theme of all the Chappies at the CHAPARRAL in this photograph of John Masterson.

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The Chappies

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JOAN BOHRER

NOW *THAT* is what I call a summer. Lemme see—Sue went to Europe, Tom succumbed to Navy duty, John vacationed in Southern California, Walt decided to take a whirl at Provincetown, Mass., and me . . . well, I went to San Francisco.

Now *there* is a City. It's called the cool-gray City—by the Golden Gate—and that it is. A late July evening found me on Buena Vista's crest overlooking the dark green swath that is

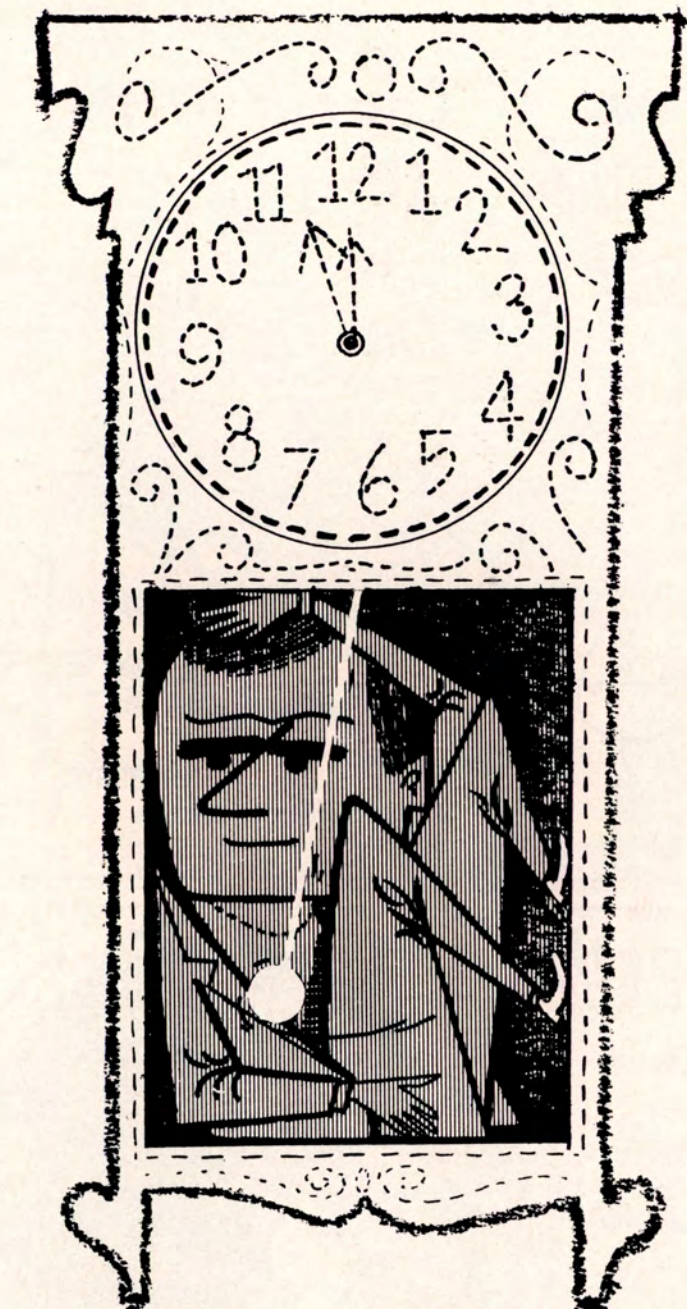
known as Golden Gate Park. White and tight-together houses filled the foreground; St. Ignatius Cathedral topped the next crest backed by a slender row of eucalyptus trees . . . and beyond that, rising out of the unseen strait, was the Golden Gate Bridge. This in itself was fantastic splendor; yet to top it all, a thin but dense fog, pushed by a scented and heavy Pacific breeze, rolled in. It obliterated all but the loftiest points—the church towers, the hilltops, the towering trees. To my right, still free from the fog, was the City—beginning to sparkle and dance. Hot damn, Sam. Lobbies of the famous hotels were beginning to fill with furs and topcoats. Like any other night, this one was going to be a big one. First to the Mark for cocktails and to watch the City change costumes, to North Beach and Telegraph Hill for a most exquisite dinner, to the Curran or Geary Theatre for some recent stage hit, back to North Beach, where the entertainment never stops, for Cointreau or an Alexander. Across the City, then, in the small hours—through the dark green, lamp-lighted paths of the Park—past the Golden Gate to the tip of the land where stark-white breakers crash against Seal Rock—the Cliff House, and mellowing Irish Coffee. Just one of the many—yea, infinite—combinations waiting—yea, beckoning.

Those of you who live down East or out South would think the idea of topcoats in July an inane project, but San Franciscans actually indulge. Imagine, temperatures dangling in the sixties and seventies all summer.

The Peninsula was a little warm, and still is, for that matter. But don't rely on the thermometer to indicate the fever pitch. *That* you'll find registered on the fifty-yard line in Stanford Stadium, in the reserve book room the night before exams, at the Cellar for "predawn" coffee, in the book store when text supplies give out. Oh, it's going to be a warm, warm fall. Think of it, ye upperclassmen—this bevy of freshmen. Freshmen about to begin the wildest four years of their insipid lives. Think of it, ye freshmen—that horde of upperclassmen. Upperclassmen joggling a list of grossly inadequate grade points and units. ("A *minor*! You mean I have to have a minor too?") Etc, etc. And the humor to be garnered. Oh yes! Humor! But then, that's my job. You just keep your blue noses close to the whirling stone (get *him!*), and let me do the untidy rest. You see, I know right where to look. Hold it . . . I think I see an issue coming up now.

The Old Boy

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Time cramping you?

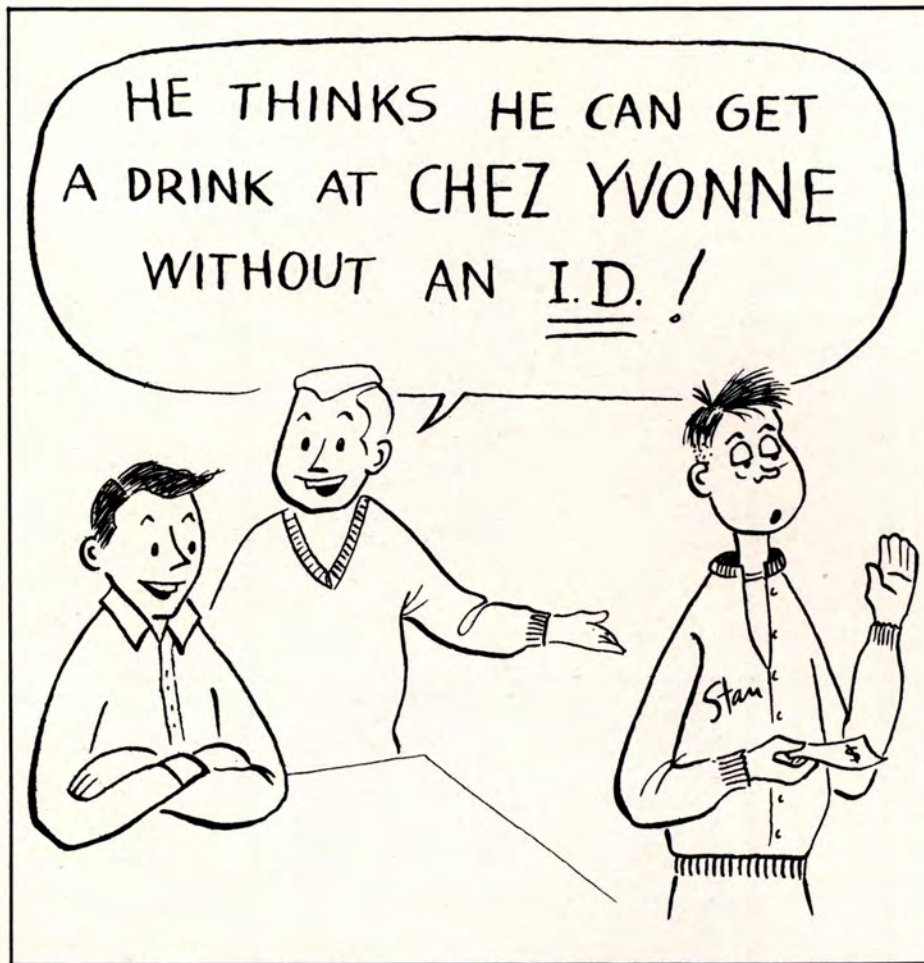
Has the 'return-to-college PENDULUM' hit you? Registration fees, books, and activities, are all necessities, but so is your wardrobe! Roos Bros offers a solution...six months to pay!

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THIS SHELL IN A MONTHNUT

- Oct. 12: Horse racing, Inner Quad, continental style; alligator feeding, Library Pool.
- Oct. 13: Saturnalia Party, Roble; Rain Dance, Memorial Church.
- Oct. 14: Parachute Party, Hoover Tower; Lawn Lunch (faculty).
- Oct. 15: Study.
- Oct. 16: Bullfight, Branner Lobby; Squat Tag, double white line, El Camino Real.
- Oct. 17: Public bathing, lawn sprinklers, Outer Quad; Tooth and Nail Dance.
- Oct. 18: Tuesday Evening Physical Educational Films, IIR; "Happy Hour," Lagunita.
- Oct. 19: Little Theater production, "The Loves of Lincoln"; Phi Beta Kappa stoning.
- Oct. 20: Telephone pole burning; Rose Bowl Films (1943).
- Oct. 21: Cocktails, Post Office Box 5405; Impromptu Dance, up in Mable's room.
- Oct. 22: Mandatory football game attendance, Washington (there).
- Oct. 23: Mandatory mourning (here); Washing of the Palms (Fire Island).
- Oct. 24: Open for study.
- Oct. 25: Tuesday Evening Effigy Burning; Ceremony "Taking of the Gas."
- Oct. 26: Little Theater reading, "Yalta Papers."
- Oct. 27: Basement flooding, Jordan House.
- Oct. 28: Grad Hate Hour.
- Oct. 29: Whipping of the Freshmen; Football, Los Angeles Rams (Charity Bowl).
- Oct. 30: Holiday. (Optional.)
- Oct. 31: Ceremony, "Giving of the F's," faculty and students; Ceremony, "Gnashing of the Teeth," students; Ceremony, "Calling of the Cops," faculty.
- Oct. 32: Study.
- Nov. 1: Tuesday Evening riot; launching of the space satellite.
- Nov. 2: Little Theater, "The Gripes of Math"; Zodiak readings, Lathrop House.

- Nov. 3: CHAPARRAL Open House, California *Pelican* office.
- Nov. 4: Singing of Christmas Carols, Palo Alto Sanitarium.
- Nov. 5: Football, University of Caracas (mandatory attendance), there. Study.
- Nov. 6: Passing-of-the-Doe Dance (optional), New Orleans.
- Nov. 7: Lecture, "How I Got Out of the Communist Party," J. Stalin; Pillow Fight, Russell House.
- Nov. 7: Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Cellar.
- Nov. 8: Tuesday Evening Lecture, "My Dog Has Fleas."
- Nov. 9: Name calling (Staff, MWF).
- Nov. 10: En masse good will trip to USC (South Carolina), mandatory.
- Nov. 11: Study (3 to 4 P.M.); place kicking, Wilbur.
- Nov. 12: Agnus Garnsmyer returns, holiday, Agnus Day.
- Nov. 13: Ceremony, "Washing of the Wall—the Whole Damn Thing." Loyalty Oath signing (mandatory), Daily Office.
- Nov. 14: Trip to the City for more supplies; car washing, Manzanita.
- Nov. 15: (Reduce swelling with ice packs) . . . "Grab-it-and-run Dance." ■■

A young engineering student took his girl to the open air opera one beautiful warm sunny evening. During the first act he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked the usher where the men's room might be found.

"Turn left, and walk down to the big oak tree, and there it is."

The young engineer did as he was told and in due time returned to his seat.

"Is the second act over yet?" he asked his girl.

"You ought to know," she replied. "You were in it."

"What's that book you're reading?"
 "It's called 'What Twenty Million Women Want.'"

"Let's see if they spelled my name right."

One language student to another:
 "What is 'constipation' in Chinese?"
 "Hungchow."

"How do porcupines make love?"
 "Ve-eery carefully!"

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Nancy Black and Judy Peden
The Chappie's Freshman Queens



LE FAUVE'S LAST CASE

by T. ARP

HENRI LEFAUVE was a meek man. He had worked for seventeen years as an Assistant Inspector at England Yard in Edinburgh, but advancement to a higher position did not appear imminent. His mother was Welsh and his father Catalonian, which may account for the perplexing combination of pride and humility in his character. He had a wife and no children, and he was a member of an amateur photography circle. Henri had no real abilities, and often found it difficult to understand the menial tasks which his superior, Inspector Ivor MacLean, assigned to him. But when Henri applied himself, he was irascibly tenacious, and few hardened criminals escaped his thoroughness.

One September afternoon Henri sat moodily in his office corner. The rain depressed him, for he had had no opportunity to see any pleasant little agricultural communities, and did not readily perceive the need for all the water that was gurgling through the sewage-clogged gutters. Henri decided to commit a crime. A big crime, he thought, although no concrete details came to mind. He ambled to the files, and thumbed through the drawer marked "Heinous." Inspiration was a long time in coming.

Perhaps, he mused, there might be something in "Dastardly," but a search yielded little but common slashings and routine strangulations. His chief problem was that he detected flaws in every one of his ideas, and he knew that if he, Asst. Insp. LeFauve, could find mistakes, then it would be only a matter of seconds before Insp. I. MacLean would have him drawn, quartered, and hung—no, *hanged*. If only he could sink the Royal Navy, or kidnap the Royal Family, or discover spies in high positions . . . these were real crimes, crimes that would make the name of LaFauve feared in every capital in Europe.

Henri leafed despondently through his pocket English-Scottish dictionary, but he found the definitions rather dull and once more his mind subsided into its customary inactivity. The idea of a Super-Crime crept into a medullary crevice, and LeFauve returned to his fingernails, which he had only partially pared during the more industrious morning hours.

It was just a few weeks later when Inspector MacLean raced around the huge filing cabinet to LeFauve's corner. The Inspector was most obviously in a tizzy, for he neglected to clear his throat imperiously and immediately set in talking. With his throat in its uncleared state, LaFauve could only make out a few gargled words—"extremely," "what," "blat-tering," and "because," he thought they were. As he was about to ask meekly if the Inspector would repeat his command, or question, or statement, Insp. Ivor MacLean lurched forward clutching his left ear, and fell full force upon LeFauve's desk spindle, scattering a few memoranda and piercing his heart.

Death was instantaneous, and *rigor mortis* followed soon after.

LeFauve was thunderstruck. Throughout the trial for murder—for it happened that the Under-Assistant Inspector, an octogenarian named Ronny Cruikshank, had distinctly heard LeFauve threaten to exterminate his superior on many and numerous occasions—LeFauve pondered the case. He realized that although he was in danger of being hanged, he was nonetheless the ranking inspector in the office, and if there was to be a solution to the mystery of MacLean's death, it would have to come from him. He lit many pipes, neglecting to use tobacco which he detested, but found it difficult to smoke, for meerschaum, he noted, does not burn easily. He was acquitted when it was discovered that Ronny Cruikshank was also employed by the Scottish Office, and could not testify before a Scottish magistrate, a law which had been enacted in the reign of Richard III.

But still LeFauve pondered, devoting all his time to the solution of the MacLean case, or, as it appeared in *1001 Unsolved Fiendish Plots*, "The Case of the Frugal Financier" (MacLean had once won a small sum of money in the Grand National Sweepstakes). The matters of routine which LeFauve had always been awarded were given instead to Cruikshank or to Miss Pia Preposteroso, the golden-haired secretary to the Under-Assistant Inspector, and the Assistant Inspector himself—for a promotion was still not given to LeFauve—was seldom seen at the office in England Yard.

The factual matters in the case, for which the public must thank Mme. LeFauve and her admirable habit of examining the contents of her husband's pockets each night, are unfortunately unavailable after the trial; the further details can only be conjectured, but LeFauve's actions, which were most naturally the object of much scrutiny by his friends and colleagues after his acquittal, provide an indication of LeFauve's ensuing state of mind. The first evidence of anything unusual in the Assistant Inspector's behavior was detected by a kilt manufacturer named Ladislaus MacIntosh, the president of the photography club to which LeFauve belonged. He reports that LeFauve, by custom a careful if dull man, had suddenly begun to overdevelop his film—as if, MacIntosh surmised, the detective had "other things on his mind." Mme. LeFauve left her husband soon after, but has refused steadfastly to define her motivation, muttering only about her husband's "weird experiments." And Miss Preposteroso, who was apparently the only person from his office who had anything at all to do with LeFauve after his refusal to appear at work, comments that "Hank acted different."

The mystery, if a mystery exists, has not been removed by LeFauve's last remarks, or perhaps they might better be

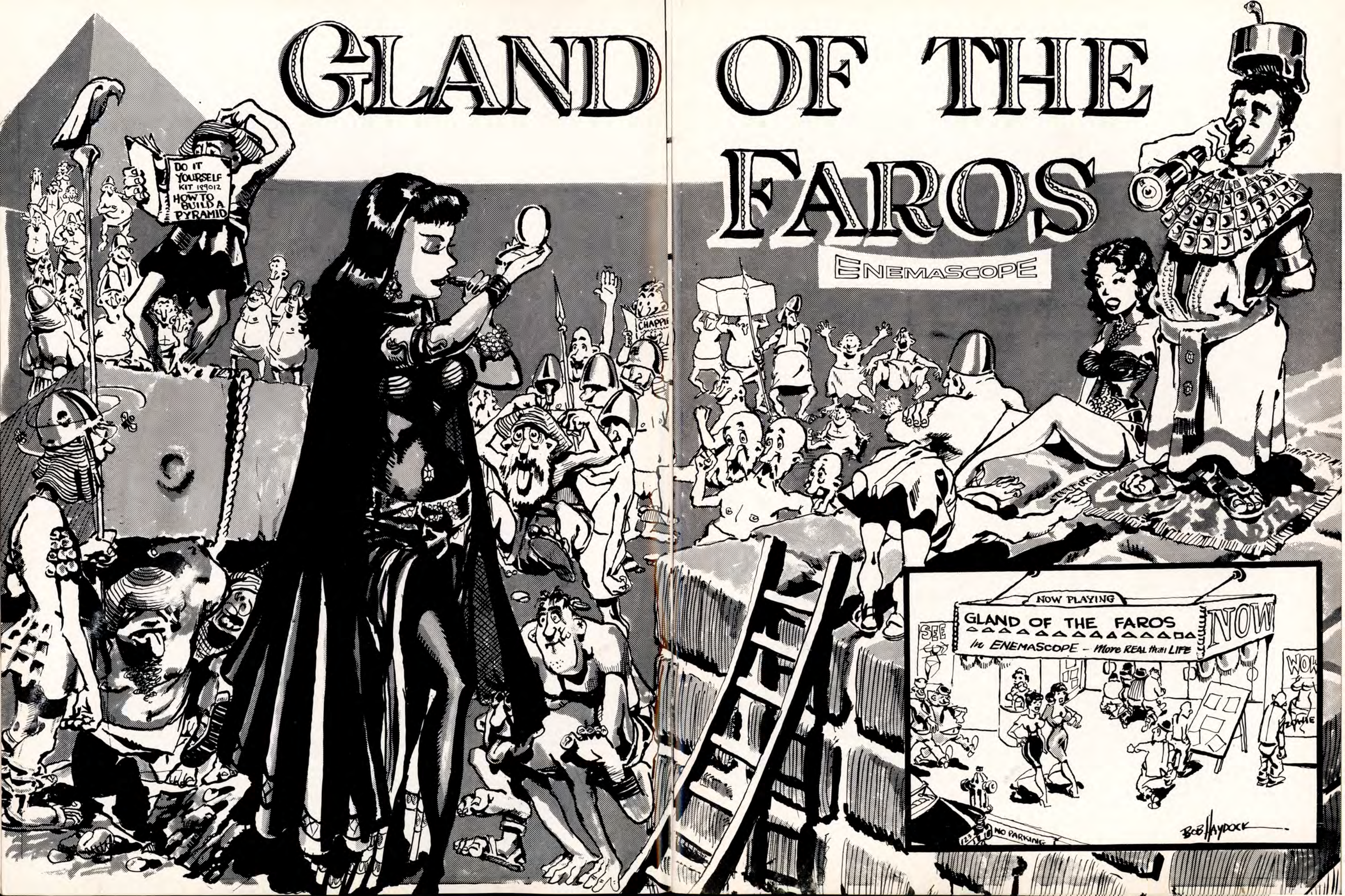
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GLAND

OF THE

FAROS

ENEMASCOPE



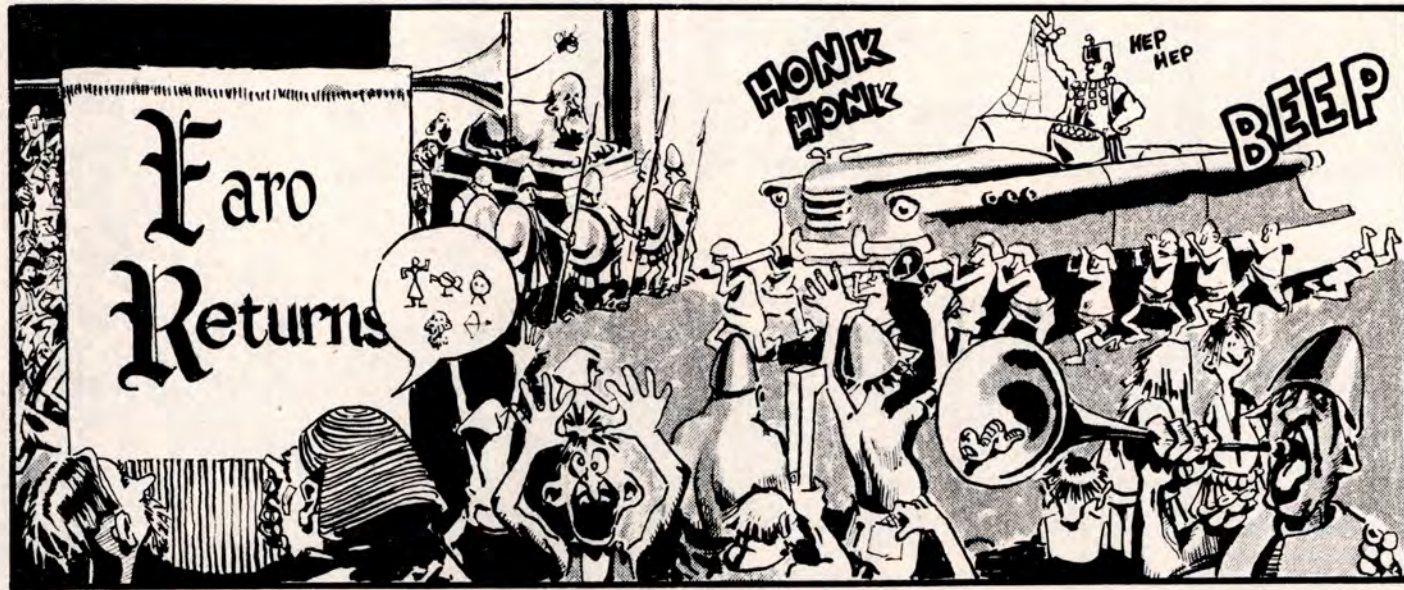
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HOW TO
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PYRAMID

CHAPPE

NOW PLAYING
GLAND OF THE FAROS
IN THE ENEMASCOPE - More REAL than LIFE
NOW

NO PARKING

BOB AYDOCK



AWAY ATTENDING THE ROTARY INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION IN THEBES, FARO HURRIES BACK HOME TO TAKE



UP THE REINS OF STATE WHERE HE'D DROPPED THEM.



LORDY, HOW HE MISSED HIS DUTIES!



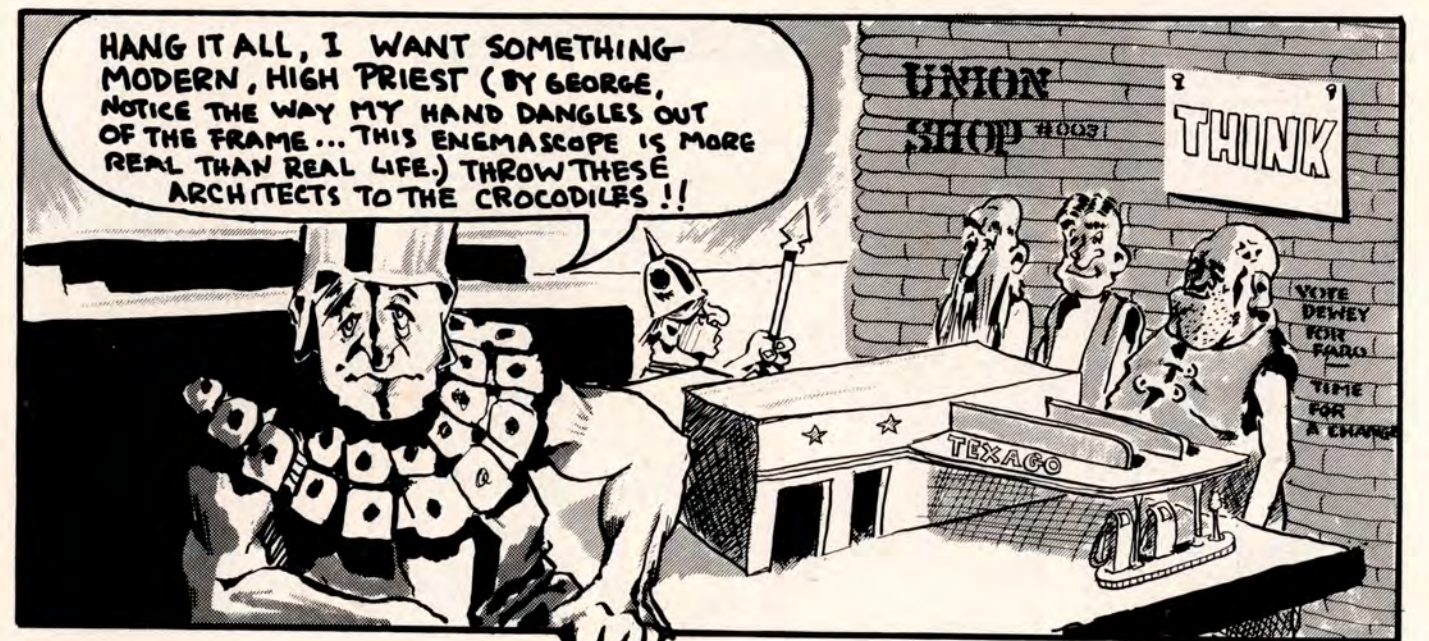
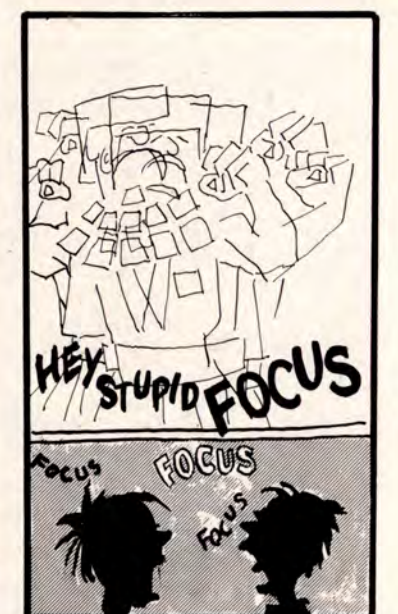
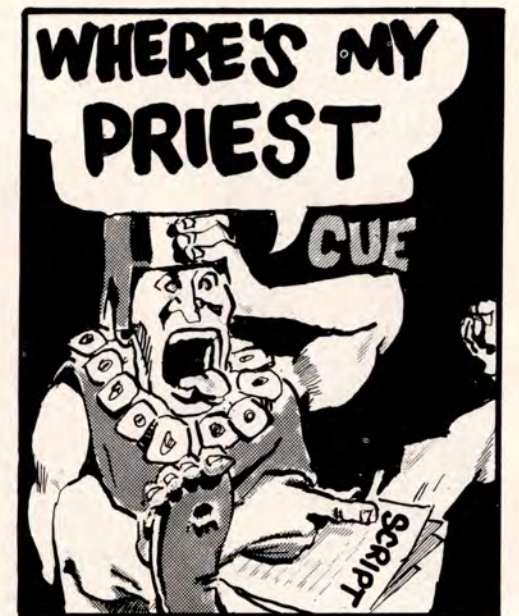
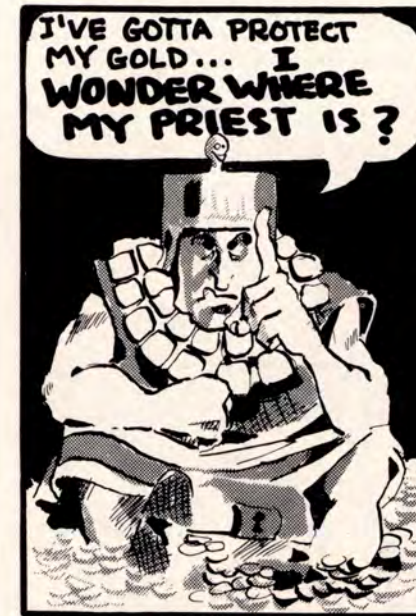
BUT FARO'S HOBBY CAME FIRST. HE SAVED COINS. IN FACT, HE HAD PILES AND PILES AND PILES...

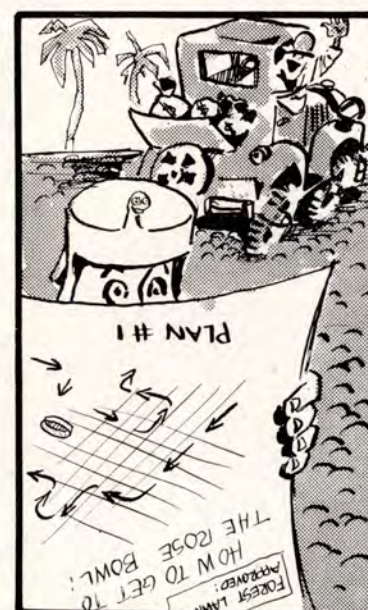
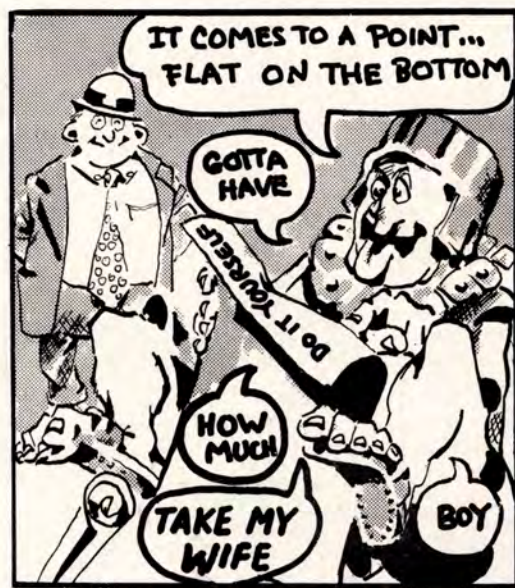
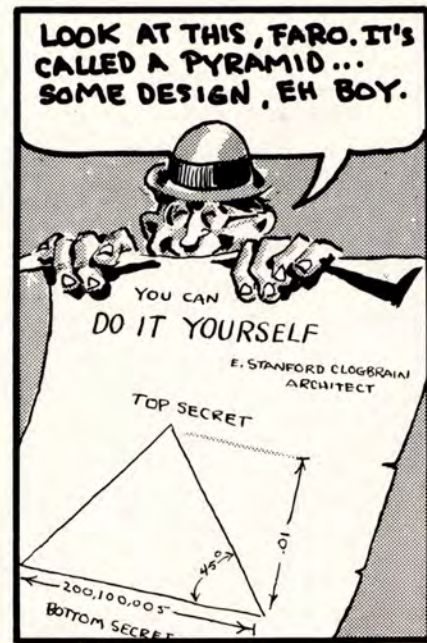


OF THEM. BUT WORRY CLOUDED THE FAIR FAROS. THOUGHTS. LIKE



AN INNOCENT CHILD, HE FEARED BUMS WOULD CRASH HIS BURIAL VAULT.





AFTER THE FARO'S FIRST WIFE FAILED TO RECOVER FROM THE WOUND INFLECTED ACCIDENTLY WHILE THE WEAPON WAS BEING SIGHTED, HURT FEELINGS SOON HEALED. THE NEW QUEEN (PROMOTED SUDDENLY DESPITE NO TIME IN GRADE) HOUNDED THE FARO TO GO AHEAD WITH THE TOMB... "HONEY, GO AHEAD WITH THE TOMB," SHE WOULD SAY. WORK WAS SOON FINISHED AND THE SECRET, SELF-SEALING VAULT, READY.

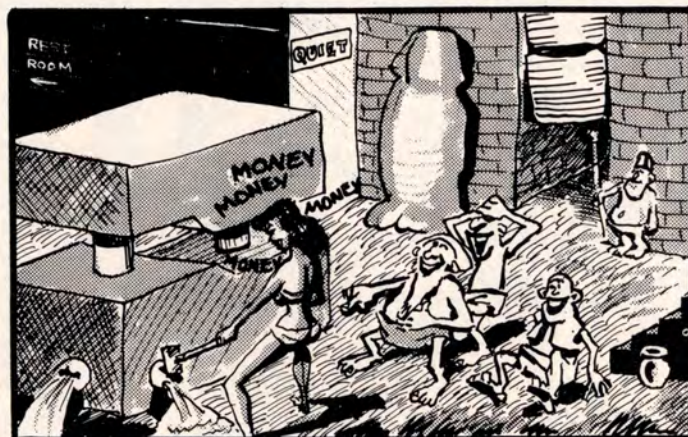


HER PLACE IN HISTORY ASSURED, THE GOOD QUEEN TURNED HER STEADFAST ATTENTION TOWARD HER SUBJECTS - HER TROOPS - TO BE EXACT. SHE TAUGHT THEM TO...

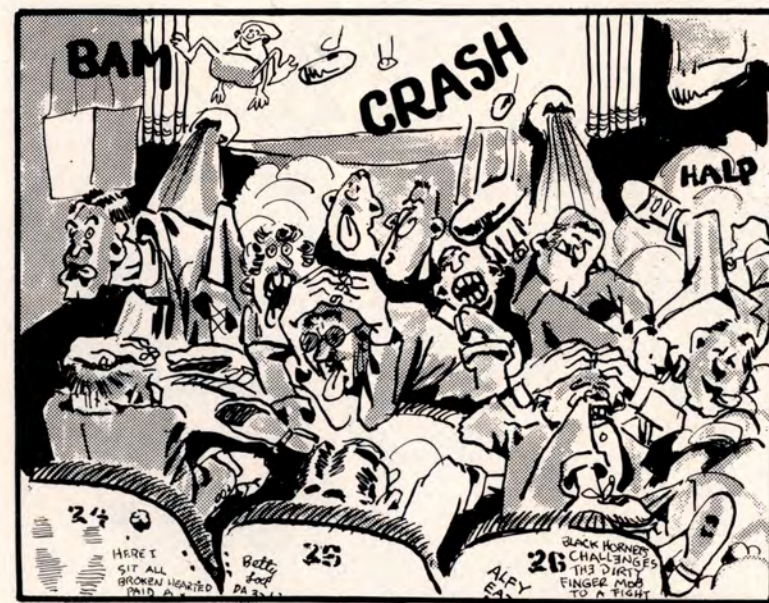


LIP-READ. BUT FARO LACKED PERSPECTIVE. HE COULDN'T SEE IT!

HANDSOME CAPT. LOVEMOR, A STUDENT, TOOK OFFENSE WHEN FARO INTERRUPTED. NOT KNOWING WHAT IN THE HELLETH HE DOITH, LOVEMOR GOOFED... BADLY.



THE GOOD QUEEN, FILLED WITH GRIEF, AND IN A HURRY TO GET HUBBY'S BODY OUT OF THE HOT SUN, GETS THE BURIAL UNDERWAY. WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW IS THAT LOWERING THE LID AUTOMATICALLY LOWERS THE WHOLE ROOM... PITY.



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MAKE MINE QUILTED

Pam Newell wears a coordinated outfit of quilted cotton dagger-slim pants, set off by a cowl-necked overblouse, both in chartone checks. 7.98, 6.98

You'll look prettier in these.

A patient of an asylum who had been certified cured was saying good-by to the director of the institution.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the ex-nut, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may try to work up a law practice. Again, I had quite a bit of experience with dramatics in college, so I might try my hand at acting."

He paused and thought for a moment. "Then on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

Nature gave her a beautiful face but she picked her nose herself.

"Mommy, why is it that Daddy doesn't have much hair?"

"He thinks a great deal, dear."

"But, Mommy, why is it that you have so much hair?"

"Finish your breakfast, dear."

Waitress (looking at nickel tip): What are you trying to do, big boy, seduce me?

While motoring through scenic Vermont one day, we stopped to ask directions of a lanky old farmer who looked as if he might say something witty. "Say, Grandpa, where does this road lead to?" we asked.

"Wal," he drawled, scratching his head with the hoe, "the way I look at it is, if you don't plant 'taters, they won't grow."

Chuckling over the fellow's homely philosophy, we dumped all our trash on his property and drove on.

Men seldom elope with girls who take dope.

Whistler said, when he saw his mother scrubbing the floor, "You're off your rocker."

"Have a drink?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm a Stanford girl."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Here's the bottle."

Stopping at the first farmhouse on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried: "Is your husband at home?"

"Yes!" came back the reply.

"Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming." At the second, third, and fourth houses the same conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," came back the reply.

"Whoa!"

A traveler in the middle of the Mojave Desert came upon a man in a swimming suit.

"Where on earth are you going?" demanded the traveler.

"Swimming," was the reply.

"But," argued the traveler, "you're a hundred miles from the sea!"

"Yes," agreed the swimmer. "Splendid beach, isn't it?"

The wife was always antagonized by her husband's going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "Good night, mother of three."

But one night she could stand it no longer. When he took his hat, started out the door, and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

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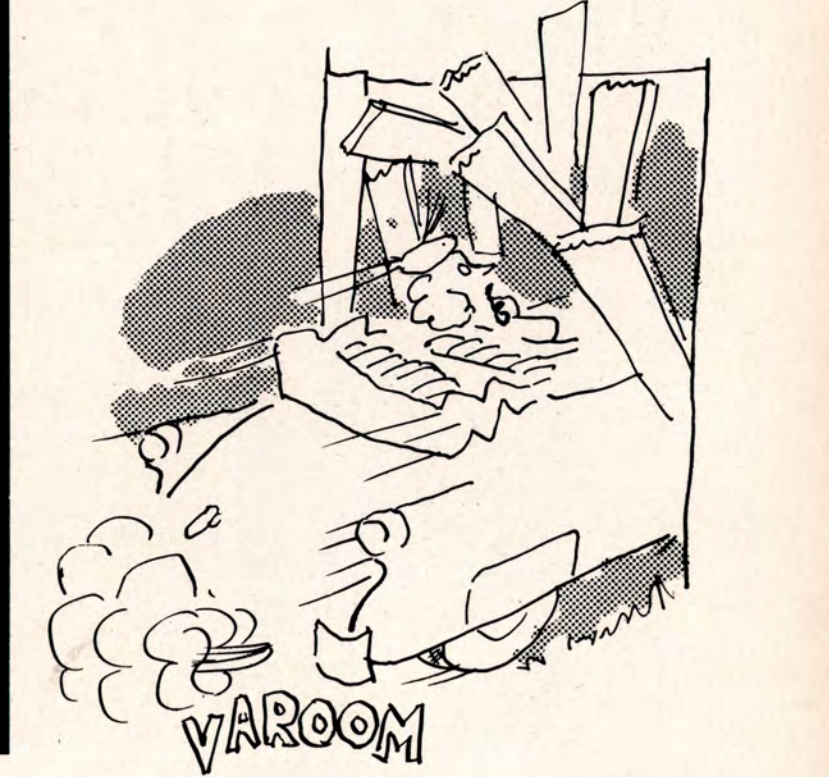
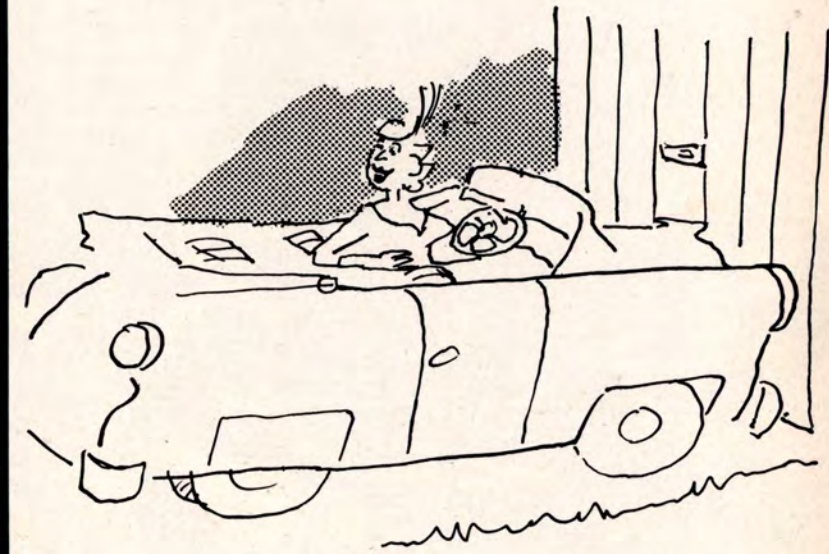
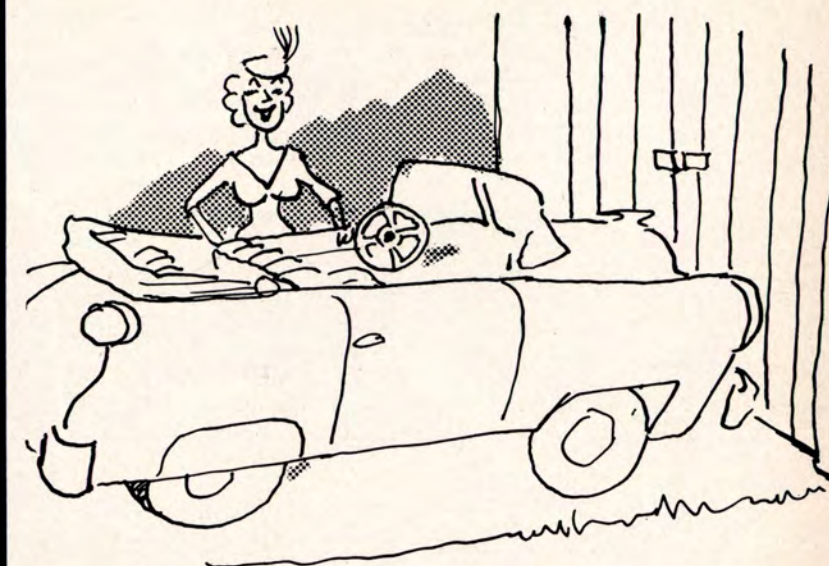
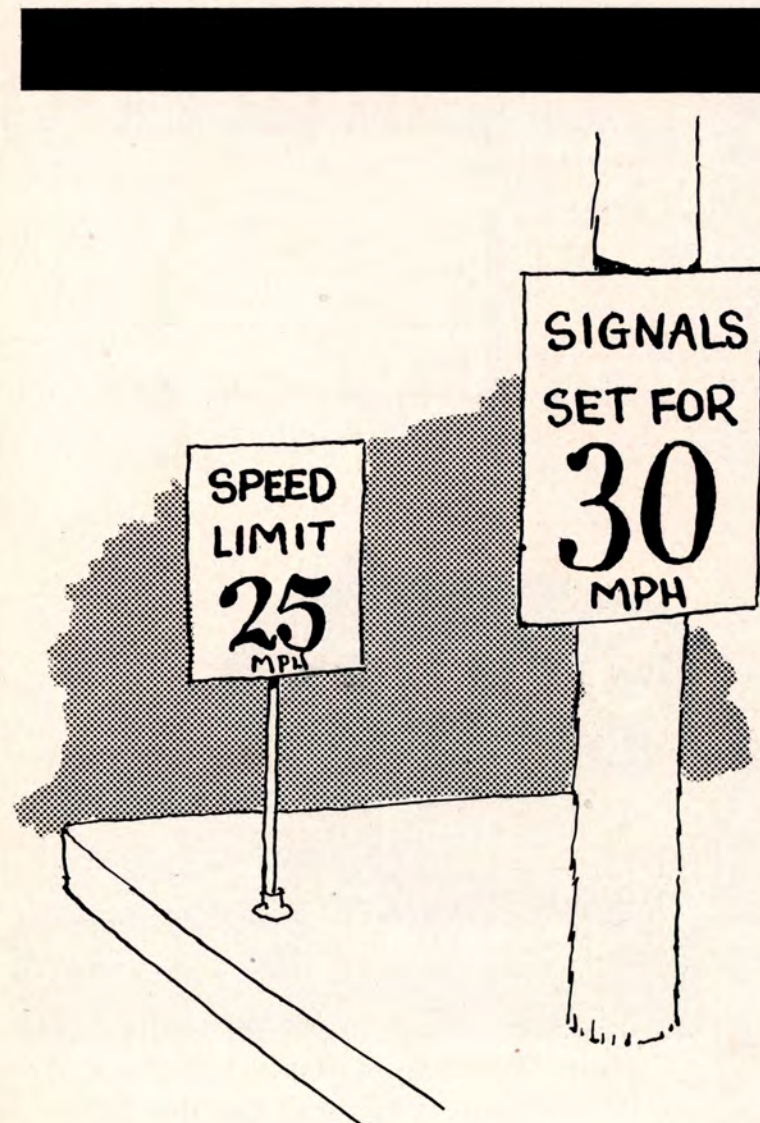
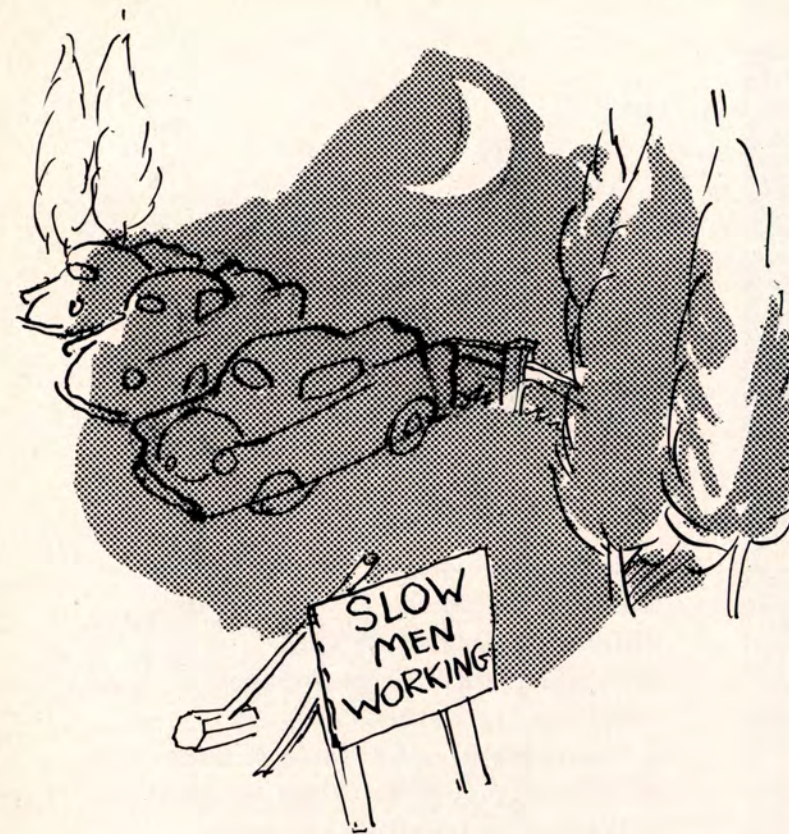
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by
WM.
MAYO
HINDLE

"I'm calling the engagement off."

She dropped her glass. It slipped from her white-gloved hand and shattered on the low cocktail table in front of them. The waitress hurried to remove the material damage. And until the eyes of those about them in the airport lounge had turned away again she continued to smile faintly and check her gloves and dress, and say, "A perfectly good martini." He held his own glass tightly, very tightly, and watched her nervous motions.

The whole evening in San Francisco had been a conscious strain for him. Outwardly they were two bright young people on the town. His crisp naval uniform had blended well with the conservative gray suits on Nob Hill at the restaurant, and her almost-teen-age cotton flairs had set the lobby of the Curran Theatre to smileful whispers during the intermission. But the evening for him had been something quite brittle . . . a thing which he had to shatter as it drew to a close. The blunt and heavy words just said had been poised that evening above their every action, their every word, their every touch. He reached out again, now, to touch her hand.

"Aren't you going to look at me?" he asked. "Aren't you going to fly at me with 'why's' and strange looks?"

She pretended to need her hand, to touch her purse, to smooth her hair, and drew it away. A large airplane had taxied to within feet of the big window beside them and she turned to look at it.

"The 'why's' are a little painful and embarrassing." She continued to look the other way while she spoke. "What is the routine usually with men who go to sea? 'I've seen the world. I've seen a lot of new people and I find you nice, but dull.' Isn't that the usual lament? It's a wonderful graduation gift . . . 'You're dull.' No . . . I can't say that I'm in much of a hurry to be told why."

He started to lean toward her, but she turned quickly to face him and he stopped. Her face was a mask of pleasantness but wetness had pushed its way through the slots where the wearer looks out. "It came at just the right time, you know," she said. "Graduation, engagement, this day of pleasantries, flying home tonight to prepare for the wedding. Why, had it gone on I might have flown without the plane. A person needs to be reminded every now and then. Remember the Romans . . . how the slave would walk beside the victor saying, 'This too shall pass?' It's classic, very classic." She covered her eyes with a gloved hand.

He put his arm on the top of the leather sofa behind her and crossed his legs and leaned close to her shoulder. "As soon as this initial bitterness is over with, I'd like to say that I love you . . . more than ever."

She looked at the plane again. People were

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CHAPARRAL/October

23

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beginning to move down the portable stairs. "Oh wait . . . wait. Let me catch up before the apologies begin. Wait until all the pieces fall." She fumbled at the catch on her purse. "May I have a cigarette, lieutenant? I can't seem to find mine. No, I suppose I really don't want one. I just want a little time." People hurried from the waiting platform toward the plane outside and held others to them as they alighted. A chilled bay wind pushed their clothing close to their bodies.

"I haven't an apology in me," he said to the back of her head.

"Just a few minutes ago I was a big girl. A while ago I was a graduate . . . a woman, I thought. An almost married woman. I had a shoulder under a dark blue uniform I could lean on . . . and now . . . I guess I want to run home. I want someone to wipe my nose. I feel very young and small."

"I'm doing this because I'm afraid. Not really afraid, but fearful," he said.

She turned and looked at her hands. "I don't understand this. None of it is making sense. What am I supposed to do now? Do I ask you if you are sure? Do I order another drink? Do I say that I felt it was coming? What do I do?"

"You can listen to me and try to understand." He tried to take her hand again but she quickly put it to nervous use.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm a little lost. I'm not unattractive . . ."

"You're very beautiful," he interrupted.

" . . . I'm not particularly dumb, my family lives in a rather respectable part of Philadelphia, I've traveled, I've been to parties, I'm chaste, I've made coherent conversation on demand . . . I just don't know."

He put his glass down. "There's nothing wrong with you. I have to do this because . . ."

"If I were sure I could do it with any amount of grace I would give you the ring, but I'm sort of crowd-conscious and taking off my glove might . . ."

He took hold of her arm. "Will you listen. I'm trying to explain."

"Why don't you write a letter after I leave," she said, looking at his hand, "telling me all about it. The other person, the drifting apart, the decision . . . all of it."

"I was thinking of a letter. But listen to me, will you?" He jerked removed his hand.

"You'll have to pardon me, lieutenant. I've never been dis-engaged before. I really have no idea how to act. I may cry. I don't know." She looked out of the window again. "Why?"

"Stop calling me 'lieutenant,' Liz. Don't make this any tougher than it is."

"Oh? Any tougher for you? I'm sorry if I'm not able to laugh." She put the back of her glove to her eyes and shook her head so that her hair swished about her ears, and she moistened her lips. "Old sissy Liz. Just can't take

being kicked out of bed. It always does something to my pride."

"Liz. I can't go through with it because I can't see any use in it." He closed his eyes tightly, then opened them slowly. "If I could pinpoint the trouble, I would, but it's like a hangover—you wake up and there it is and the feeling is all over you." He set his glass down and rotated it slowly on the low table in front of them.

She touched her fingers to her forehead. "I've never been called a hangover either," she said. "What next? Do you hit me or something?"

"You're not the hangover," he hurriedly injected. "Everything else is. This place, those people, this life. When you narrow it all down to the first person it becomes insane."

She covered her eyes.

"It's the business of living that's bothering me," he went on. "It's this great human fallacy we uphold from generation to generation. It's the etiquette we think we ought to use, the property we think we own, the safeguarding education we think we have. It doesn't hold water. None of it holds water."

She put her hand to the side of her head and looked at him. "Is this the big fault with your parents? That they have manners, and money, and a summer home near La Jolla, and all? It wasn't so awful when they were giving you money to . . ."

Without looking at her, he continued. "But what's it based on? That's what I'm getting at. If they're lucky they'll die after a swim in the ocean one summer night, or after the stock market has taken a great jump in their favor. But they've never known, we've never known the meaning of essentials. We're living about a foot off the ground, never knowing or questioning life. We go on perpetuating the lie. I'm supposed to be like dad, and if I had a kid, he's supposed to be like me. Life isn't that way. People are *individuals*—infinitely different. Violent changes occur. Bombs drop and sometimes everything you have is snatched away. Then what? So you're loaded with manners and you're as smart as the law will allow, and you've got a stack of T and T. What good will it do you when you're naked and hungry and without soap?"

A smile, almost a genuine one, came to her mouth. "What bomb is this?"

"Any bomb," he said a little too loudly. The couple at the next table turned slowly toward them, then turned back to their drinks. "Any bomb," he repeated quietly. "Disaster of any sort. Hit this life with a sledge hammer and not just the buildings will topple. People, of their own free will, will crawl into their graves."

"So?" She laced her fingers in her lap. "We should all sit in our kitchens and eat oatmeal and shell peas and sort of close up industry? How old are you? Didn't anyone ever take you



aside and explain that *all* life was a gamble?"

"A gamble, yes. A big one to *begin* with . . . but why knowingly increase the odds against your own survival? Why invite a fall by not looking at your feet?"

Taking his glass, she sipped the drink. "You can hardly taste the vodka," she said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It's supposed to mean that you are either drunk or somewhat mentally upset. Since when is building up security and happiness breaking down your chances for *survival*?"

"It all depends on what you consider to be security and happiness!" Again his voice was loud. She put her finger to her lips. He went

on. "I remember how we talked and how we planned on my last leave. We were going to honeymoon to 'there,' buy a house and lot 'here,' raise so many kids 'when' . . . It's turned into a nightmare. I can't do it. I can't see bringing other human beings—forcing them—into this chaos. We'd never let them touch the ground from the day they were born. They'd never know what nakedness was, what oats look like before they put them in the breakfast cereal box, what unrestricted laughter was. They'd be distorted social animals, like us—using deodorants, pacing the styles, with linen napkins on our laps."

"Life is what you make it, lieutenant."

"Liz, don't call me lieutenant."

"Well, you are!"

"Liz. Listen. I'm trying hard to explain something that has happened to me. Liz, have you ever read anything by Conrad?" He went on without waiting for an answer. "He writes mostly about the sea and men at sea. The *Secret Sharer* . . . You know, something happens to you when you stand alone on an open deck with nothing beneath you but a mile or more of water. It's so terrifyingly easy to realize the singular, unattached thing that you really are. You can start from almost absolute scratch."

Her hands wandered from her lap to her face and back to her purse.

"You begin," he continued, "with the fact that you *do* exist. And from there on you are bound only by your own determination and time. You have to realize *death*. Can you understand any of this?"

She pressed her hand to her forehead and closed her eyes.

"I'm trying to say that life *is* what you make it. *Exactly* what you make it. To be confined by national or social dogma is a sin against the individual. No, no, I'm not for anarchy. I'm saying that spinning in this universe is a world. I'm on it—only *one* time. I can be a living individual but once. The avenues I can follow are infinite in number." She looked at the glass on the table. "We have time," he said. "Would you care for another?"

"No." She was moistening her lower lip. "I think I've had enough for one evening."

"Liz. Do you understand any of this? I'm trying to say that as a husband I couldn't be trusted." He squeezed his leg above the knee—hard. "Maybe I'll begin searching here, right here in San Francisco when I'm separated next month. Maybe I'll feel right here. Maybe not. But there'll be nothing to stop me from searching for some island in the Mediterranean, or a whitewashed hotel in southern Asia, or a cove in Baja California. The world is wide and deep. This is everyone's right—to *search*. Kant—Kant the philosopher—had a lot to say about the use of one individual by another. It was a cardinal sin to him. It *is* a sin. You've got one

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life—why spend it trying to impress others? Why devote that single life to display, and patterned, dictated living? Why waste the most fascinating thing on earth—your brain—in routine activity and thought?" He reached out for his glass without looking and took a long sip.

"I don't sleep much any more. I get to thinking about people who keep goldfish in small aquariums. And the people who train dogs not to go out on the kitchen floor. And about the people who direct traffic and who cut down trees by the hundreds. God, Liz. People act as if they were God—as if the whole thing was set up for them to toy with. I've had too much to drink, I know, but this is the stuff that has been on my mind. I don't like it. I can't become a part of it."

His head had dipped lower and lower as he spoke. His eyes were on the seat of the couch, and now the floor. He could see her shoes and her legs. Her legs—they were standing—she was standing.

"No," she said, "no, don't get up." She picked up her purse. "Sit right there. I have to buy some magazines and write a note. Sit there."

He started to his feet, then settled slowly back. She made her way between the tables and out into the brightly lit lobby and then into the crowds. He finished his drink and ordered two more.

The ice had melted completely in her drink. The frost on the glass had drained to a ring of water on the table. His glass was empty. It was half an hour later. Someone was suddenly beside him—it was a waiter.

"This is for you, sir." The waiter extended a white envelope toward him. "A young lady wished me to give it to you."

He took the envelope and continued to look at the waiter. It was a moment later that he realized the meaning of the awkward pause and handed the waiter part of the change on the table in front of him. And soon he was alone again.

Men didn't cry. He knew that men didn't cry but his eyes were suddenly hot and full. He pushed the heel of his hand into his brow and finished the message. "She doesn't understand." He covered the side of his face and looked out of the window. Spotlights flooded the parking strip outside where a plane was loading. The last person boarded and the door was closed before he looked at his watch. It was eleven-thirty. That was her departure time.

He fumbled for his hat and hurried out of the darkened lounge, slipping sideways between

talking couples, half running across the lobby. The exit ramps led away in all directions. He ran down the center aisle, his steps pounding against the empty corridor. The gate was just ahead but it was closed. There was a roar, a wind.

"I'm sorry sir. Last call for this flight was at eleven twenty-five."

He looked at the uniformed person in front of him. "Is that the Philadelphia plane?"

"Yes sir."

"Can you stop it?"

"May I see your ticket, sir?"

"I have no ticket. I've got to see someone on the plane. Can't you stop it?" He pressed himself against the wire mesh.

"That's a scheduled flight, sir. You can get a message through at the control tower if it's urgent."

"No, I've got to see someone." He could see the lock, far down on the other side of the gate. It was on the other side of the world. "Listen. Can't you stop it? I've got to talk with somebody."

There was a sudden and violent roar as the plane's blue-and-white-and-red-spitting engines whipped the propellers into the thin fog. The wheels moved and the tail dipped slightly with the motion of the plane. He was suddenly yelling for the plane to stop; and as suddenly he stopped yelling. What could he possibly say, he wondered. Nothing except I do, I do, I do love you.

His forehead and palms were moist and cold as he returned to the lobby, and his feet seemed to shrink within the navy-black socks and shoes. Back in the white light he opened the note again, and re-read the pale blue whirl of words. And the last short paragraph of the last short note—"Remember lieutenant, this broken engagement will look just as bad on your social record as it will on mine."

He could read the sign across the huge room from where he stood. He followed the conservatively pointing arrow up the stairs.

The knobless door hissed open and he hurried to the end of the line of pay toilets. The second coin he tried fell into the slot and the door opened. He took off his white-covered hat and held it against the far wall and leaned heavily on it with a moist hand. Then he leaned over—far over—and closed his eyes and felt the coldness on his face and vomited . . . long, and cathartically, and shamefully . . . and as quietly as possible.



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



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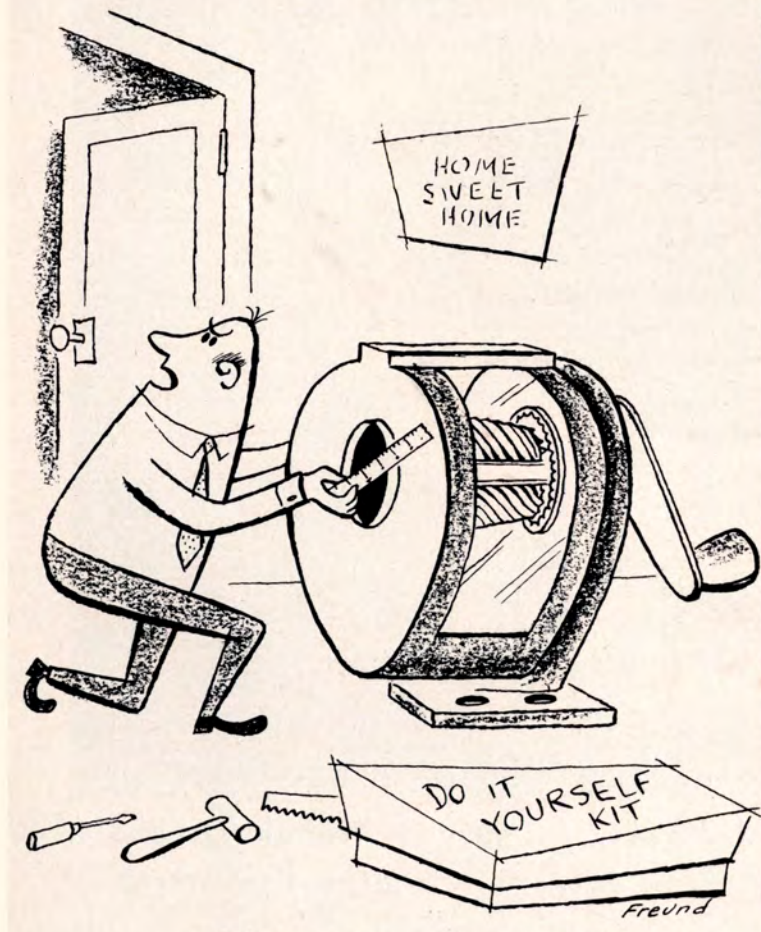
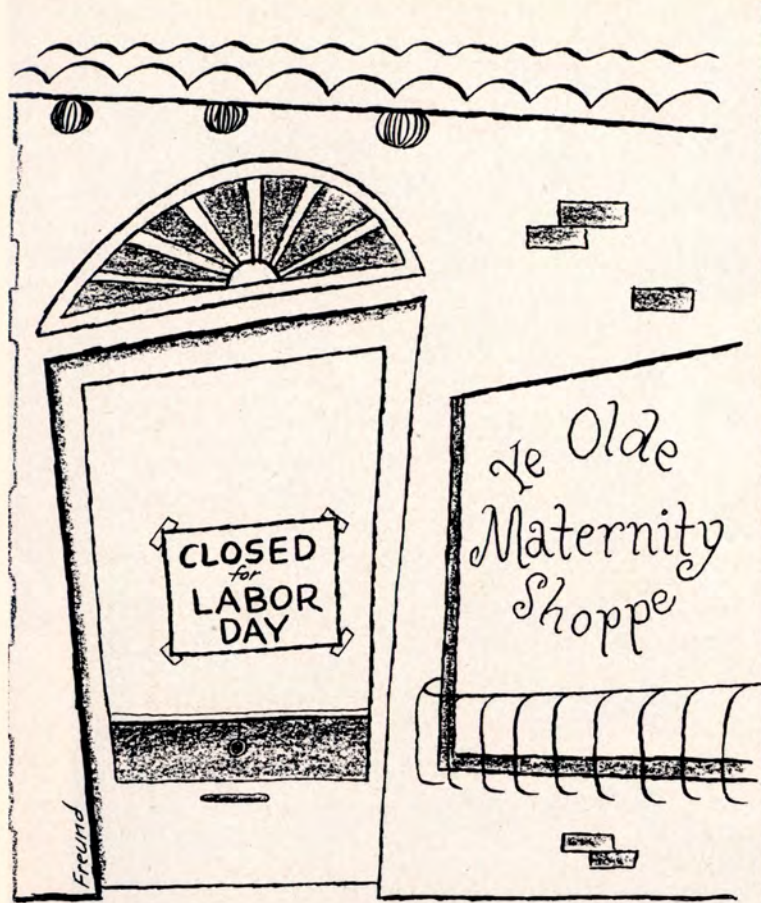
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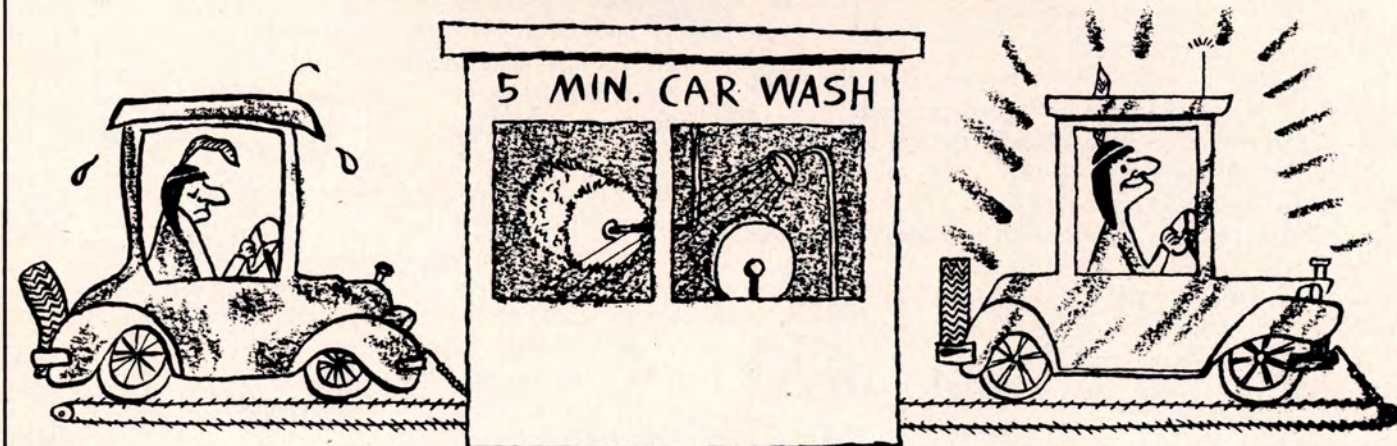


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L'ETAT, C'EST MOIST

by CONRAD SAWYER

HERE IT IS, the traveling Berlitz, the businessman's special . . . a linguistic quickie offered to those going abroad before they cross the pond. The following is an H to G translation of conversation French as it was heard in the third week of training. Imagine, if possible, a small room, a small, over-charged class, a small, underpaid instructor. The time: the mad week prior to the Grand Tour.

Instr: Good. I see we are all here. Good morning class.

Class: Good morning, mister-the-instructor.

Instr: Mr. Flandie. Is it that the weather is making good today?

Mr. Flandie: I am well; and you?

Instr: I shall return to you, Mr. Flandie. You, Mr. Tilbrook: Is it that the weather is beautiful today?

Mr. Tilbrook: The railroad station is straight ahead.

Instr: I am now going to ask you some questions about Europe, class. Mr. Gordon, is it that one enjoys good food in France?

Mr. Gordon: Yes. It is a beautiful day.

Instr: Mr Gordon, is it that one enjoys good food in France?

Mr. Gordon: I would like a room and a bath, please.

Instr: Let us pretend we are at a sidewalk café. Mr. Haverston, I am the waiter. I say, What is it that you desire, sir?

Mr. Haverston: My sister fought in the underground.

Instr: Not quite, Mr. Haverston. You have thirst. Now . . . what would you ask the waiter?

Mr. Haverston: Thank you.

Instr: You, Mr. Young. Order something from the menu.

Mr. Young: My sister fought in the underground.

Instr: This question is a little difficult. Mr. Gordon, What is it that the weather makes today?

Mr. Gordon: My pen is out of ink.

Instr: All right then. Let us talk about your pen, Mr. Gordon. How much did the pen cost?

Mr. Gordon: Fine, and you?

Instr: You, Mr. Blass. How are you?

Mr. Blass: I am well, and you?

Instr: Good, Mr. Blass. Very good. And how does the weather make today?

Mr. Blass: I am well, and you?

Instr: I shall come back to you, Mr. Blass. Let us suppose we desire to train from Paris to the Riviera. Mr. Flandie . . . What would one ask the ticket seller?

Mr. Flandie: My car is without gas. May I use your toilet?

Instr: No, Mr. Flandie. You would ask for a ticket, the time of departure, and the place of departure. Am I not right?

Mr. Flandie: The candle has gone out.

Instr: No, no. You are asking the ticket seller for information. Please pay attention now. Mr. Tilbrook. Pose a question concerning travel from Paris to the Riviera.

Mr. Tilbrook: Repeat the question, if you please.

Instr: Gladly. Pose a question concerning travel from Paris to the Riviera.

Mr. Tilbrook: Ah, yes.

Instr: Continue.

Mr. Tilbrook: Yes.

Instr: Well?

Mr. Tilbrook: Fine, and you?

Instr: Perhaps it is that you can pretend to buy a ticket . . . to anywhere?

Mr. Gordon: Certainly.

Instr: Proceed.

Mr. Gordon: Brother Jack
Brother Jack
Are you sleeping
Are you sleeping
Morning bells are ringing
Morning bel. . . .

Instr: That will do, Mr. Gordon. Mr. Young, pretend you have traveled all day. You now wish to retire. I am the hotel clerk. What would you say?

Mr. Young: Where is your wife, sir?

Instr: No, definitely no, Mr. Young.

Mr. Young: And a bottle of wine.

Instr: That will be enough, Mr. Young.

Mr. Young: The Pacific Ocean.

Instr: Mr. Young! Class!

Class: Yes, mister-the-instructor?

Instr: You have not prepared your lesson very well. I think we should study some more before going on. That will be all for today.

Class: Yes, it is beautiful.

Instr: Out—I said get the hell out of here!

Class: Fine, and you?

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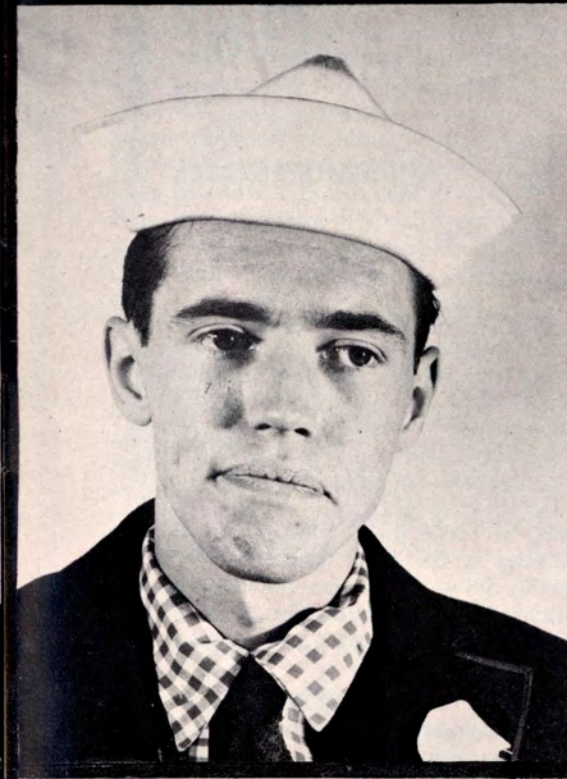
Mr. Garnsmyer, would you mind answering a few questions?

Can you be a neorealist and a communist?

Do you think Rita and Dick will really split up?

If someone else were buying, would you order 18-year-old Scotch?

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THE MOOM PITCHER SCENE

by JIMMIE PIDDLER

Love Me or Brief Me:

Doris May and James Legknee (in real life man and woman) came out of retirement to film this true-to-life story of Chicago's great laundry fire. (Filmed on location in British Guiana.) Doris, a go-getter, latches on to James, a laundry magnate, and sings her way through 26 pairs of peejays, four cellophane collars, 10 rayon hose. Stupendous dance routine in the sheet starching department. Show ends when the underwear catches fire, destroying the whole business.

Land of the Farrow's:

In an effort to duplicate history, 20th Century Fox traveled all the way to Cairo, Ill., to bring this epic to the Cinemavistarockislandscopevision screen. And what an effort it was. Thousands of indigenous extras were used in the breath-taking, mountain-moving scene. Mt. Whitney, intact, was moved (by hand) to its new location just outside of St. Louis. The moving process left a large farrow (hence the title) into which the thousands of indigenous extras were thrown as they faltered. It was planned to move Whitney to Pratt, Virginia, but money, time, patience, and indigenous extras gave out.

This Island Dirth:

Sixty-three years in the making, the audience witnesses in this authentic version the creation of Philadelphia cheese. Earthmen, miserable and ill-fed, are emancipated from their diet of oatmeal and gumwah root when Sans Cerebellum, Space Hobo, empties his ash tray in Earth's ionosphere. It so happens that one planet's ash is another planet's cheese. Settling to earth, the ashes germinate on crackers left to dry in the open air. Those then eating the crackers proclaimed in unison, "What in the Sam Hill . . ." Masticating scenes are in vivid microphotography. Adults only.

The Snobweb:

For the first time, secrets of the optometrist's couch are bared. Lilian Fish, former child star, is featured in her first adult role. She plays the parts of a grandmother, gardener, interior color consultant, St. Bernard puppy, and a marble pillar in this low-budget film. Others in the cast include Richard Gridmark, and everybody. The scene (and there is only one) takes place in the mountain hideaway of a love-starved eye doctor. Lilian, his grandmother, gardener, interior color consultant, St. Bernard puppy, and third pillar from the left in his study, actually turns out to be not the slightest bit blind. She is really 20-20 and working for the FDI—Federal Detergent Investigators, sent to the hideaway to investigate Richard's new eye-wash, claimed to be soothing on the iris but rough on tender hands. A young artist, who resides at the mountain retreat as a charity patient, falls in love with the St. Bernard puppy and fetches it away one rain-full afternoon. Removing the puppy also removes the marble pillar. Taking his grandmother's brooches, Richard pushes them into his eyes and is led from the scene by his two small daughters. One has the feeling he's seen it all somewhere before.

The Seven-Year Bitch:

Marilyn Mundain, one of the world's foremost interpreters of Shakespearean drama, turns her versatile self toward the task of interpreting a farce. Marilyn, a young college graduate, arrives in New York in quest of excitement, love, money, and a pass to the Arthur Godfrey show. One of the picture's many high points is noted when Marilyn, vacationing in Central Park, is accosted by a ruffian. There is a close-up. Her hair is damp, her eyes are cast upward, her lips parted. She attempts to scream but can only manage, "Get your damn hands off me!" Music fills the theater, thereafter, and a production number ensues as she and the ruffian (Lilian Fish) dance across the surface of one of the park's many lakes. The water was sprayed with the new hair preparation "Plastic-Folicle" which held the waves in place. End of the number sees the two embracing atop the UN Secretariat. But she had onions for lunch, garlic for dinner, and he *did* suspect. He leaves her. She becomes a chronic worrier. She fusses over the humidity, her martinis, the length of the grass, her birthmark, and the price of old bananas (which she claimed she got for nothing at college). She retreats to a Pennsylvania farm and raises tomato plants with the aid of her gardener (Lilian Fish).

5 19c

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FROM OTHER PLACES

Every year booklets are published by certain and various universities listing gifts donated to that certain and various university during the previous year. The University of California, a state university, receives substantial monetary aid from Sacramento, but individual gifts certainly find their way into the general coffer. Among these certain and various individual donations for last year one finds:

\$6,886 for experiments on the garbage feeding of hogs.

\$500 for research on oxidative fat rancidity in walnut kernels.

To the rare books department, *Epistolarum Obscurorum Vivorum ad Dm. M. Grutuinum* (1710), by Ulrich von Hutten.

Three long-playing records.

A deed dated March 2, 1761, for a piece of property in New York City.

A check in the amount of ten dollars to be used for the purchase of scores.

319 specimens of fungi.

1,036 specimens of algae.

A Royal Sarouk rug valued at \$1,300 for the office of the Chairman of the Department of Medicine at Los Angeles.

A nine-piece Eskimo suit from Greenland.

Three oil paintings by Gottardo Piazzoni: "End of Winter," "End of Summer," and "Bushy Hillside"; five engravings and a sculptured head.

Seven exotic plants.

47 French novels.

58 birds and 17 mammals from Nepal.

\$5,000 to be used by Mrs. Robert G. Sproul as she sees fit. ■■

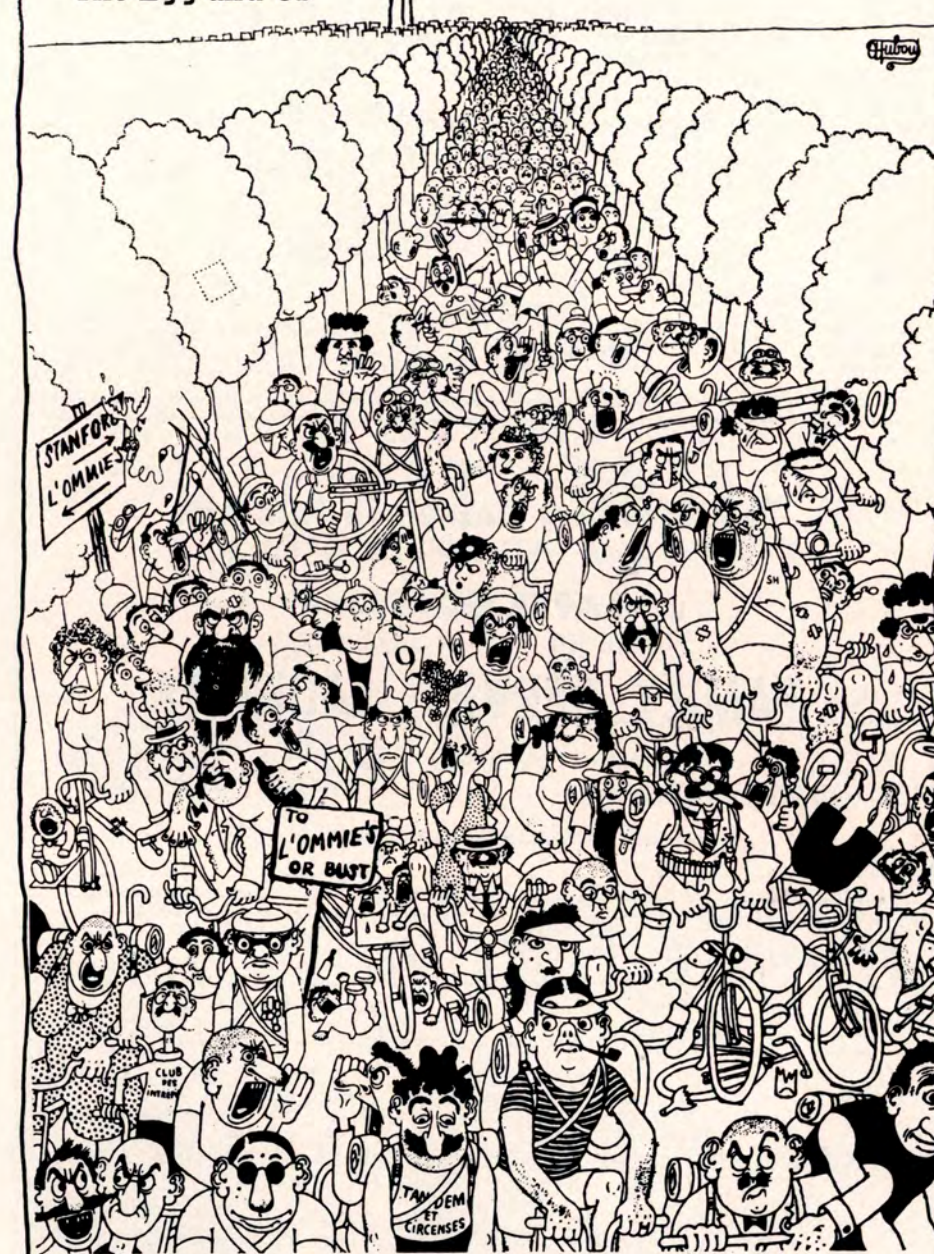
SO YOU THINK YOU KNOW FOOTBALL

by BRUCE MURPHEY

It was during the closing minutes of the annual grid classic between the big, bad Bruins from Los Angeles, and the big, red Indians. The shadows were falling, covering the field in a dismal gray, matching the fading spirits of the Indian faithful. The Bruins had once again managed to run up 72 points on the scoreboard, as Bob (Bouncy) Sofa and Ronnie (Anti-Ping) Knocks had run their little band of baby-blues up and down Stanford's grassy green stadium. The only consolation to the Stanfordians as they watched, smitten to a dull silence as the Bruins rolled goalward once again, was that the Big Red Machine had somehow managed to put up 77 points themselves. But this offered little solace, as Knocks was having a perfect day, had thrown 11 touchdowns, and appeared ready to do so again at any time. The Indian fans grimaced as the Uclans advanced to the ten-yard line. With ten seconds remaining, Knocks lateraled to Grandstand (Triple) Decker, wingback. He ran to his right, his left, and his right again, trying to find one of his ends to run around in his famed end-around reverse. While thus traversing from side to side, Decker ran into Knocks, a human derelict on the field once he passed the ball off. The ball flew into the air, and came down into the hands of an Indian lineman. Shocked, he headed for the nearest goal—his own. An alert Stan-

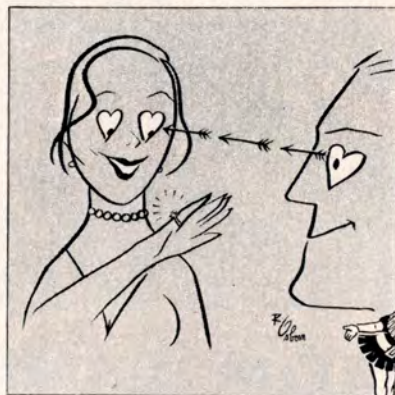
(Continued on page 40)

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SO YOU FOOTBALL THINK

(Continued from page 39)

ford back tackled him immediately, at which time the final gun sounded. However, the ball squirted from the lineman's grasp, and once again into Knocks' hands. Knocks spotted his favorite end, Johnny (Mop) Herrmann in the end zone, and fired a pass to him, which he dropped. Stanford was detected pushing the receiver, though.

Question: Did UCLA have another play after the gun on the Stanford one-yard line, or did Stanford win another "lucky game from a better opponent" (S.F. Chronicle)?

Answer: UCLA should have had another play, but was unable to continue. Harvey (Ping) Knocks had fired Bug Bradley and Sam (Do It Up) Brown, reserve tailbacks. Then Harvey took Ronnie home at 5:00 p.m. for his television show. Said Harvey, "Ronnie's career is more important than football."

Servant: There's a girl outside without food or clothing.
Master: Feed her and bring her in.

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Little Willie wrote a book,
Woman was the theme he took
Woman was his only text—
Ain't he cute? He's oversexed.

There stood one day a rather old bull in the pasture at Flushing Meadows. Seeing what to him appeared pulchritude itself, the would-be youngster ambled on over to make a little time. His presence, however, was hardly noticed by the nearby cow, and after failing in all attempts to attract attention he ambled on back to his former place of rest, but on the way back fortune played a hand. Seeing a cast-away glove upon the ground, the bull gave birth to an idea. This time he raced back to the side of the cow and tapping her lightly, asked, "Pardon me madam, but did you lose your brassiere?"

Little Girl (to drugstore clerk): Do you fit men for trusses here?
Clerk: Why, yes, we do.
Little Girl: Well, wash your hands. I'd like a chocolate soda.

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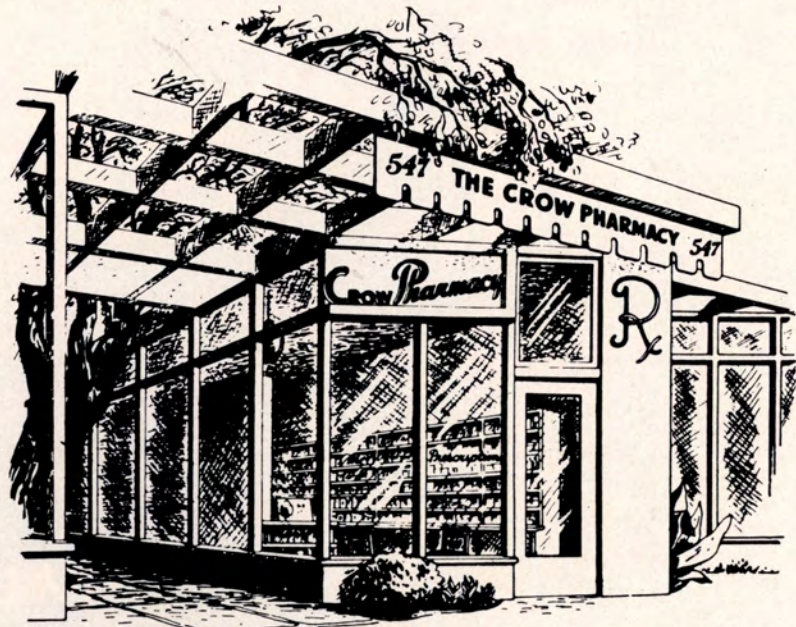
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LE FAUVE'S

(Continued from page 11)

called a confession. After several years of acting "different," Assistant Inspector LeFauve was found one morning with a self-inflicted stiletto wound in his throat, and with the following brief note, in his own hand, pinned to his blood-stained lapel:

To Whom It May Concern:

At last I have found the answer. For many months now I have suspected that it was really I who caused the death of my superior, Inspector Ivor MacLean. Throughout that time I have endeavored to determine both the motive and the means by which this crime was committed. Now I may make it known.

Following a brief period of . . .

The message here breaks off, for in his customary inefficient manner LeFauve had pinned the note at the precise spot where great clots of blood, gurgling from his throat, would obliterate the remainder of his message. ■■

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

Two lunatics were playing a little game. "What do I have in my hand?" asked one, with his hands cupped.

"Three Navy patrol bombers," was the answer.

The first one looked carefully into his hands. "Nope," was the answer.

"The Empire State Building?"

"No."

"The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra?"

The first one looked into his hands again, and then said slyly, "Who's conducting?"

Male: Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?

Female, warming: No, why?

Male: That's funny, the other two pigs were.

"Pilot to tower. Plane out of gas. Am fifty miles out over ocean at 300 feet. Radio instructions—"

"Tower to pilot, repeat after me: 'Our Father, who art in Heaven—'"

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The Cracked Pot

?

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Redwood City

First Boy: I say, what is your name?
 Second Boy: Thenabord.
 First Boy: What a strange name. What is your last name?
 Second Boy: Wagle.
 First Boy: Ha ha, Ha ha, he, he he, he, ha ha ha ha ha.
 Second Boy: What's so funny?
 First Boy: No—ha ha ha noth—ha ha ha noth—ha ha ha nothing.
 Second Boy: Then what makes you laugh?
 First Boy: I'm a maniac. Ha ha ha.
 Second Boy: What a strange disposition. Ha ha ha ha eh ha ha.
 First Boy: Ha ha ha ha (snort) ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.
 Second Boy: Ha ha ha ha ha aha ahahahaha.
 World: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha eh.

Mark Anthony: I want to see Cleopatra.
 Servant: She's in bed with laryngitis.
 Mark: Damn those Greeks.

A lady bought a parrot from a pet store, only to learn that it cursed every time that it said anything. She put up with it as long as she could, but finally one day she lost her patience.

"If I ever hear you curse again," she declared, "I'll wring your neck."

A few minutes later, she remarked rather casually that it was a fine day. Whereupon the parrot said, "It's a hell of a fine day today." The lady immediately took the parrot by the head, and spun him around in the air until he was almost dead.

"Now, then," she said, "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

"Fine day?" sputtered the parrot. "Where the hell were you when the cyclone struck?"

Knock, knock
 Who's there?
 The traveling salesman.
 The traveling salesman who . . .
 Yes.
 Come in.

Little Mary Smith, while walking dutifully to church which she attended religiously every week, saw a poor little robin with one of its wings broken, lying in the grass. So she picked it up like a good little girl and took it into her house and fixed its wing. When it became well and strong again she let it fly away into the big blue sky. Now, you lugs, let's see you try to make something dirty out of this.

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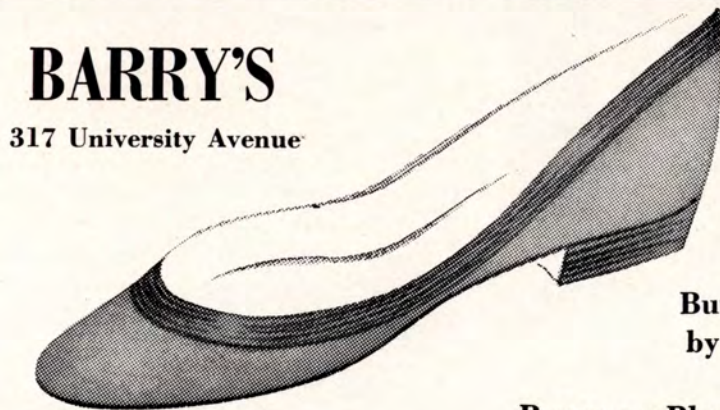


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Sizes 7-15 at 16.95.

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P.S. Also wearable with blouses.

WHEN DATING...

by STEVE LAYTON

FRANK'S STEAK HOUSE is within a short distance south of the campus on the left-hand side of El Camino. Here a congenial host runs a friendly evening spot frequented by many Stanford students. Good dinners at reasonable prices and a place to dance are the items offered by Frank. To some, this spot has become an addiction. Near also is the world-famous "L'ommies," misspelled on the sign, L'OMELETTE. Here one finds atmosphere—red-coated bartenders shaking drinks behind a colorfully decorated bar, and superb cuisine—a blend of fine food and rich continental atmosphere.

The area offers many a fine spot for those dinner-and-movie dates, especially for those armed with a limited budget but who still appreciate good food. For such people the SPANISH KITCHEN offers splendid dinners at more than reasonable prices. It's south, one mile from campus on the left-hand side of El Camino, out-of-the-way and worth the hunt. If German food is preferred, wheel out to the BLACK FOREST in Los Altos,

where plenty of meat and *Kartoffeln*, along with a tankard of dark beer, can be had for just poker change. If a slab of pizza is your dish, CARA'S, one mile south of the Los Altos turn off on El Camino, is tops. CHINA CITY on El Camino near Mt. View sacrifices atmosphere for top Chinese food. Extremely reasonable prices.

The big date in the City offers much enjoyment for both the new and old student. For the exotic dinner, few places can top TRADER VIC'S on Cosmo Place, just off Sutter. The price is rough, but one whiff of the curry as it sweeps from the exotic dishes is worth the wallet. A word of warning—make reservations. It's harder to get in the place on a Saturday night than for a senior to crash the Jolly-Up. RIPLEY'S offers delicious food at good prices and possesses that incomparable San Francisco atmosphere. For jazz lovers, the BLACK HAWK at 200 Hyde, near the Civic Center, offers outstanding modern jazz interpretations. For entertainment in the Bohemian manner, the HUNGRY I is the place; it's near the International Settlement off Columbus Avenue. If you own a beret and a coat with a belt in the back, trot across the street to the PURPLE ONION. If you want to shake up a prudish date, jaunt through a few clubs in the International Settlement proper.

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EAR-BURN?
GAS?**



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It doesn't pay to take chances with ear-burn, "PS" stomach, gas, oil, water, sun, rain, teeth, toe, children under 18, matches, lawn insects, or food. Don't touch a thing. Just sit tight and take Philip's Milk of Mongoose Tablets. Every tablet is guaranteed—for every mongoose is milked by Philip himself. The world is full of dangers. Keep away from people, food, water—everything. Rely solely on Milk of Mongoose. Sick, tired, in a knot? Take a spiked tablet now and feel the difference right away! You don't feel it so much going down, but boy, when it comes up . . .

**PHILIPS'
MILK OF MONGOOSE
TABLETS**

**POETRY
FOR
HE
AND SHE**

An airy and delicate lasse
Possessed a magnificent asse,
It was not round and pink
As you probably think,
But gray, had long ears, and ate grasse.

There was a young poet named Chan
Whose verses never would scan,
When one asked him why
He was apt to reply,
"I don't know . . . I guess I just get too
many words in the last line."

A musical sailor named Block
Tied a harpsichord string to the dock,
When the boat sailed at noon
The string played a tune
By Johann Sebastian Garnsmyer.

There was a young lady named Alice
Who retched in the archbishop's chalice,
'Twas the common belief
It was done for relief,
And not out of Protestant malice.

There once was a sculptor named
Phidias,
Whose statues were perfectly hidias;
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which vexed the ultrafastidias.

There was a young lady from Spain,
Who said, "Let us do it again,
And again and again
And again and again
And again and again and again."

A girl who attended Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful *faux pas*;
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté,
Exposing her *je ne sais quoi*.

There was a young girl named Anheuser,
Who said that no man could surpriser,
But a fellow named Gibbons
Untied her Blue Ribbons,
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

A giddy young trollop at Yale
Had verses tattooed on her tail;
And on her behind
For the sake of the blind,
A duplicate version in Braille.

There was a young lady of Kent,
Who said that she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine,
And served cocktails and wine;
She knew, oh she knew!—but she went!

There was a young lady named Ruth
Who had a great passion for truth;
She said she would die
Before she would lie;
—She died in the prime of her youth.

A young English woman named St. John
Met a red-skinned American It. John,
Who made her his bride,
And gave her beside
A dress with a gaudy bead Fr. John.

There once was a choleric colonel,
Whose oaths were obscene and infolonel,
And the Chaplain, aghast,
Gave up protest at last,
But wrote them all down in his jolonel.

A decrepit old gas man named Peter,
While hunting around for the meter,
Touched a leak with his light—
He arose out of sight,
And, as anyone can see by reading this,
he also destroyed the meter.

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