

The Wednesday Morning

PILE

April 27, 1960 - 40¢

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1984



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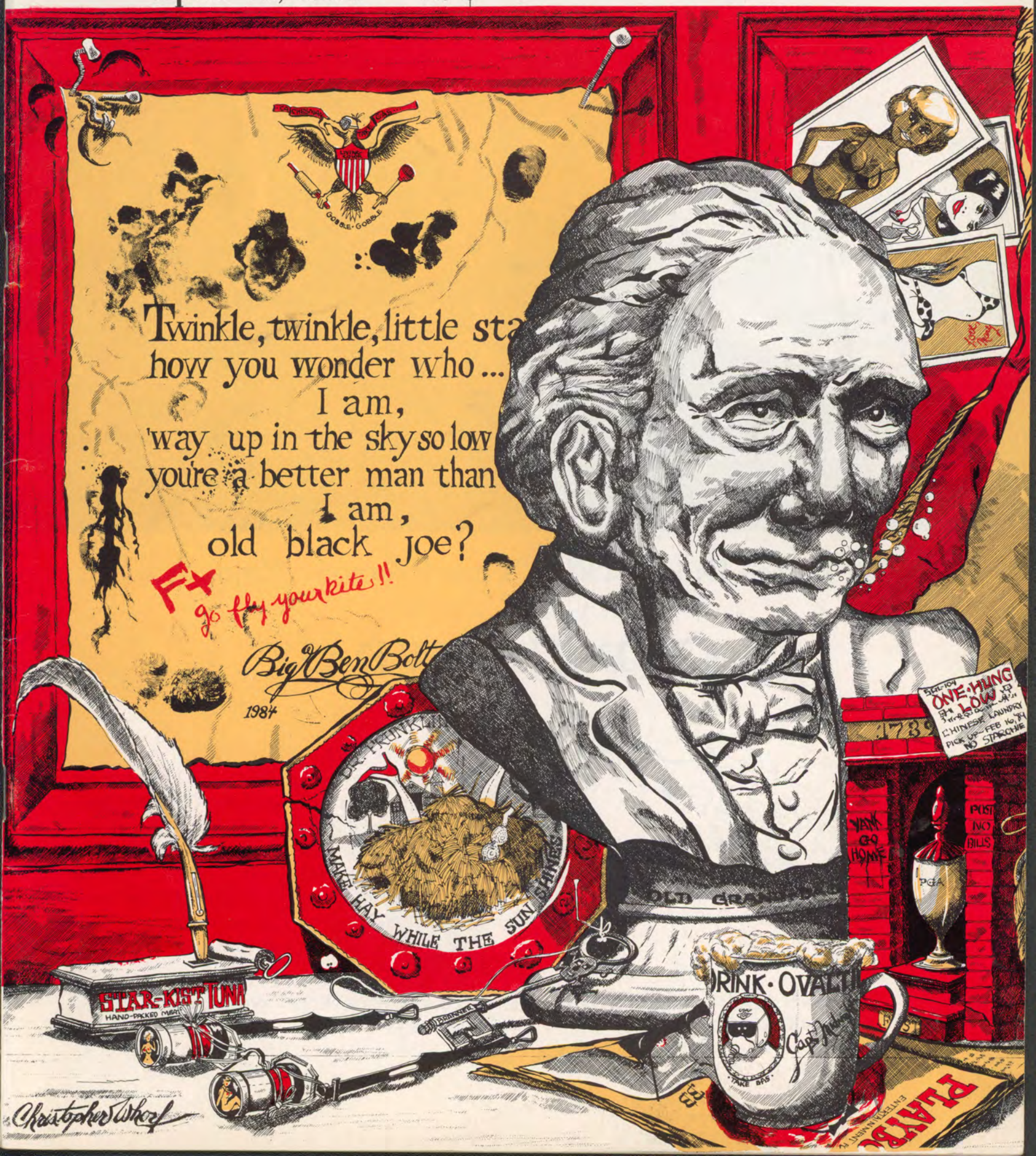
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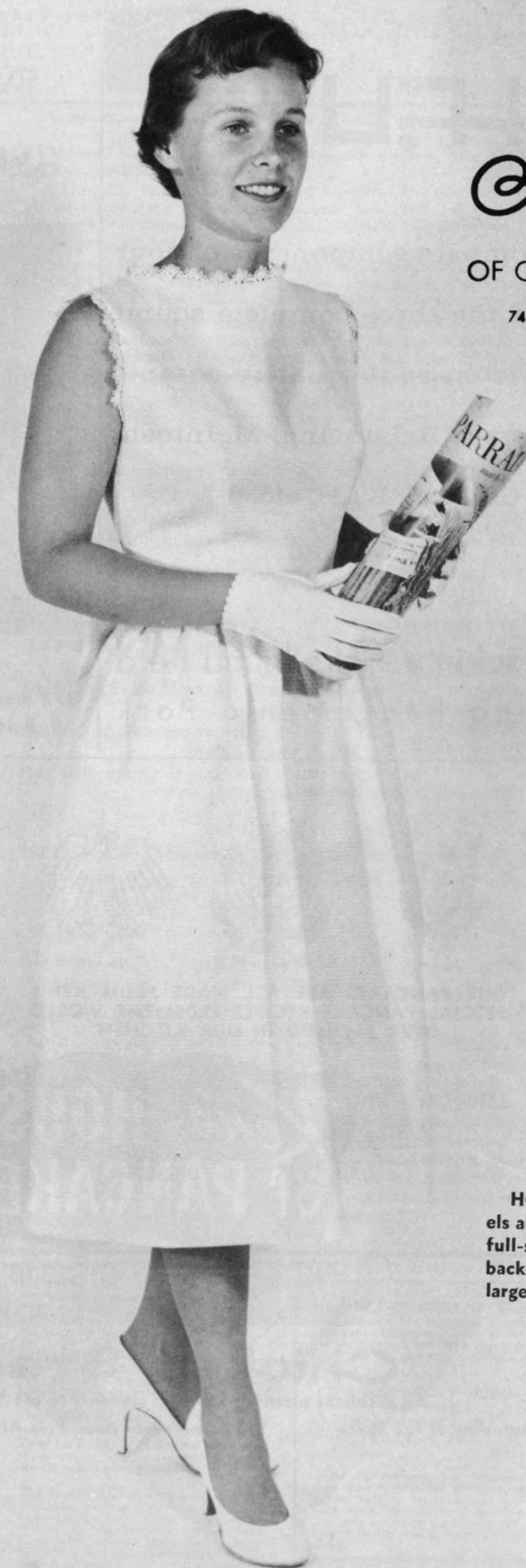
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Contributing Editors: Bill Kitchen, Jim Woodcock, Ellie Weisman, Nancy Weidemann, Jerry Matsukado, Ron Costell, Sam Bradt, Jon Reed, Judy Rascoe, Will Nakashima, Chuck Harding, Ben Gold, Gene Echterling, John Painter, Todd Stewart, Judy Knowlton, Neil Brice.

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THE COVER

Artist Christopher Whorfwell depicts that favorite American scene, the founder of the Pile. This is our Anniversary Issue which we do every year so that we can use the same cover over and over and save that much money. It helps out a little bit, but not much, because we don't pay our artists very well anyhow, because they aren't too good

as a rule. And besides, if we ever did get decent cover artists our readers would get confused and buy LOOK or ESQUIRE instead of PILE. So you can see that we aren't as dumb as our magazine would indicate. There's method in the mediocrity that makes our magazine stand out as a genuine PILE.



The Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society, founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906; Ray Funkhouser, President; Franklin Kelly, Vice-President; John Frankenstein, Secretary-Treasurer. Copyright 1959-60 by The Stanford Chaparral, Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto, California, Post Office), under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published seven times a year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona fide college humor magazines are granted reprint rights of material herein contained if credit is given to The Stanford Chaparral; all others should seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving the infringement of copyright laws. Address all communications to Box 7256, Stanford, California. Represented nationally by College Magazines, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York,

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The names of the characters used in all Pile fiction or semi-fiction are pretty ridiculous, so if you think you've been slandered, I think you better change your name instead.

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The Stanford Chaparral publishes the Wednesday Morning Pile, Tube, The Ladies' Prone Journal, Lurk, Sports Frustrated, Lie, Hodiay, Campus Howl, the Stanford Daily, Congressional Record, Anchor Books, and the Monarch of the College Humor Magazines, The Stanford Chaparral.

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Send old addresses, new addresses, any kind of addresses at all—we're pretty hard up for subscribers, and any names and addresses that you can give us will be appreciated. Our slogan for the year is "Piles in every home!"

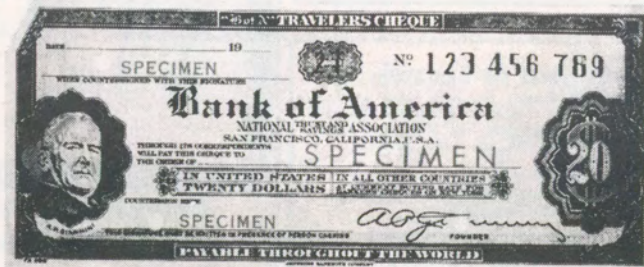


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Letters

'Round Goes the Rotary

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your article by Wylie Viper titled "Rotarians Are a Bunch of Squares," a bunch of us got together after meeting and we hashed it out, and, gosh, we think that some of the stuff he said about the Rotary wasn't really justified too much. For instance, so what if we do share a lot of opinions—that's the American way, and, by golly, we're proud to say that we're Americans! In fact, our chapter bought more war bonds than any other chapter in the country.

As for our being over-sentimental, if that Viper fellow had a little more sentiment himself he wouldn't go around tearing down all the good things. And we didn't like that darn thing he wrote about mothers, either, darn it.

We voted to keep subscribing to Pile even notwithstanding Viper's story, but you better get on the ball, or the next time the voting may not go so good for you guys—there's always *Colliers* to read, you know.

BABBITT REDBLOOD
Apple Pie, Iowa



Dear Sirs:

I mean don't put down the Rotary. Like we got a right to live, and we ain't squares either. We couldn't make it to call ourselves Rotary if we was, would we?

BIG DADDY NORD
San Francisco

Dear Sirs:

Viper sure was right about the Rotary. After reading his article I looked around me, and, I realized that I didn't, as a thinking individual, belong. So I quit Rotary right then and there. And let me tell you, I never made a smarter move in my life—Kiwanis is ten times as good! They even serve beer at their picnics.

A. POSTATE
Terra del Fuego



A Truckload

Dear Sirs:

Just to let you know that *The Perfect Squelch* in the April 9th issue was the funniest thing I ever read. Each time I think of the sergeant's reply to the private's query, "Well, then what should I do with this truck load of manure?" I just go all to hell. I can't help it. Keep up the good work.

BENNY BANDINI
Bellflower, California

Dear Sirs:

Can't you leave a guy alone? Ever since that sergeant told me off I've been trying to forget it—I even changed my name and moved to another town. Finally I thought it was gone and forgotten, and then you guys bring it up again. Now everybody I see asks me did I really do that with the load of manure, and they don't understand that orders from a sergeant is orders. I have to move and change my name again, and I think you guys should reimburse me for all of it, at least.

PETE ERAETER
Fred, Alabama

A Burning Question

Dear Sirs:

Could you tell me one thing? I've been wondering about it for years, and I've really gotta know. Does Tugboat Annie go to the women's head, or the men's?

BARNACLE BILL
New Bedford, Mass.

No, and neither does Perry Mason. Ed.

(Continued on Page 6)



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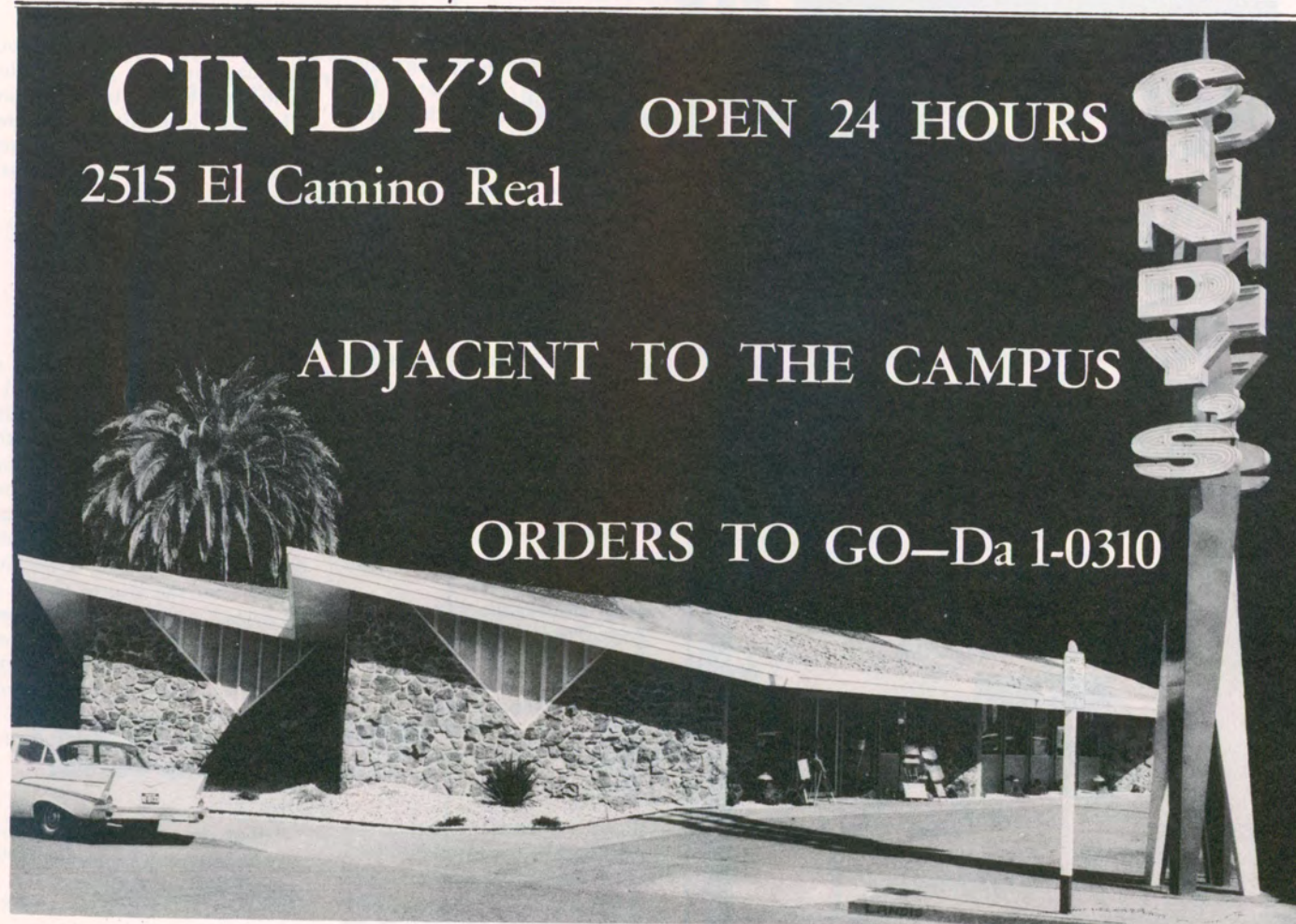
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Hester Gets Her "A"

Dear Sirs:

Our class has been studying writing and we have been reading the Wednesday Morning Pile. Our teacher told us it was a very good magazine and if it published a letter from one of us, that person would get an "A."

Please help me get my "A."
HESTER HATCH (AGE 18)
Mr. MacMurray's
Freshman English
Stanford, California

Mind vs. Manners

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised to find an old favorite when I turned to Adventures of the Mind last week (A Look at Modern Man's Duodenum, by Albert Camus). It is infrequently, to say the least, that one reads about the duodenum any more.

STINKY GARNSMAYER
Elephant, North Dakota

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed terribly the Adventures of the Mind No. 39 all about our wonderful classical heritage by Mr. Van Doren, and I just adored the one by Canon Bryan Green (No. 40) about loving our neighbors, but I was shocked to see that awful Albert Camus with an article in your magazine. Well, I turned right past it, but I stewed all day about that dirty atheist with all his mistresses. I hope the next one is by Rev. Peale about loving your enemies or something.

MRS. W. C. STENTORJOHN
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

It is a sad commentary indeed on the youth of our nation to see them write such as your man, Mr. Camus, submitted in the most recent PILE. How far have we drifted from the faith of our forefathers.

We should cleanse our bowels of these worms eating at our souls. Let us hope we'll hear no more from Mr. Camus.

FRED BRIDGEPORT KENTUCKY
Bridgeport, Kentucky

Dear Sirs:

Albert Camus is a fink.

J. P. SARTE
Paris, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Since I wrote the article for Adventures of the Mind No. 41, I have found that I was mistaken on a few points. I will try to send a revision, but it is difficult to get manuscripts out intact.

ALBERT CAMUS

A Thinking Man's Commentary

Dear Sirs:

I want to congratulate you on your biting, incisive, wittily satirical cartoons which lay bare the pomposity and affected hypocrisy in the American socioeconomic matrix. To read them is to witness the foibles and follies of our civilization.

Keep up the good work; thinking Americans everywhere applaud your efforts.

PROF. A. C. DOUBLETHINK
Dept. of Sociology
Stanford University

P.S. I especially like the ones where the wife and kids hit the husband with the custard pie.

God and the United States

Dear Sirs:

I sure enjoyed that article about how we are better than anybody else. You guys sure are right. I think we should blow those guys up, like you said. That's a real swell idea.

LEM BUKINE
Hellandgone, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

We commend you and your fine magazine for printing that daring and stimulating editorial, "How God looks after the United States of America." What a welcome relief from those atheistic things in other magazines.

MRS. OLIVER P. BABBIT,
President Buffalo
Chapter, DAR
Corntown, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I find myself often in need of moral and spiritual uplift and I can always find it in your editorial columns. Especially in the recent months, with all the trouble going on in the world, your preceptive editorials have furnished me with moral guideposts. Your editorial, "How God Looks after the United States of America," is one of the finest spiritual uplifters I have ever read. I think it was time somebody wrote about it. Again, thank you and bless you.

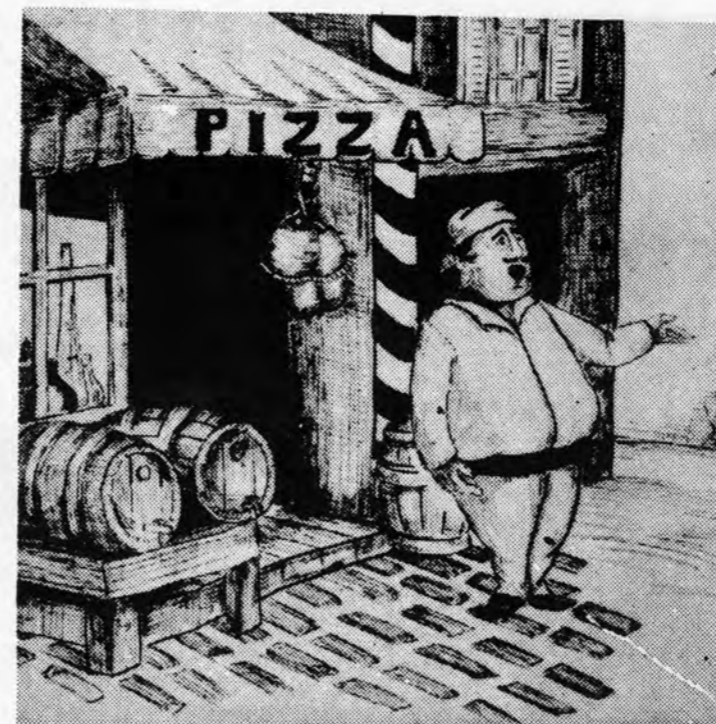
MRS. S. J. WHITCOMB
Outsville, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

What do you mean? If God was looking out for us, Ike would have gotten all the votes.

ERICK PETERSON
Salem, Mass.

(Continued on Page 8)



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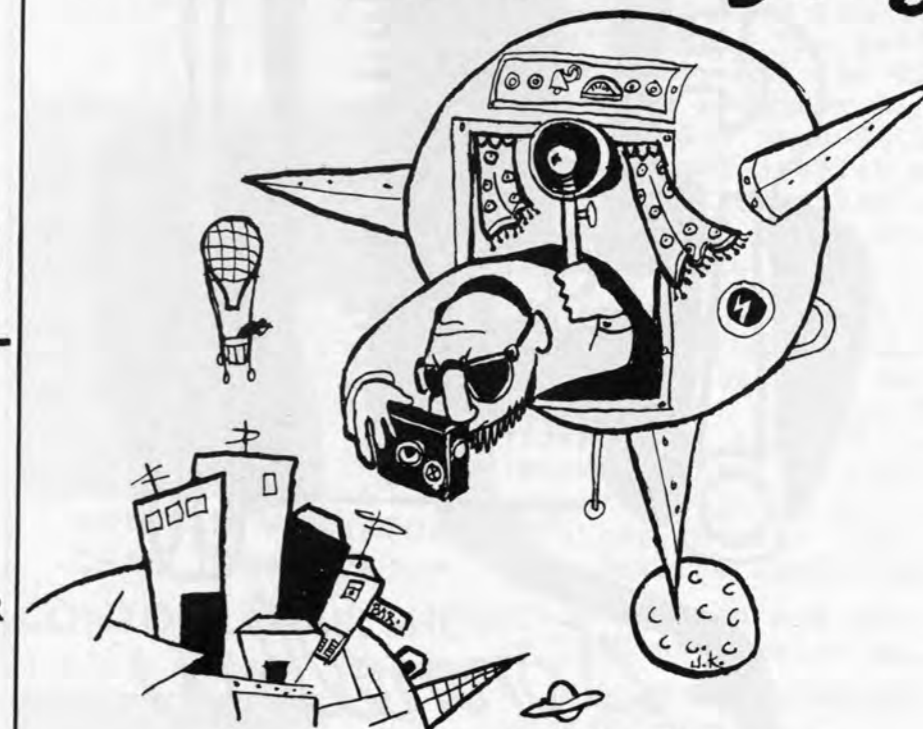
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American Colleges

Dear Sirs:

It was time that the shocking conditions at our colleges, our storehouses of young American minds, were exposed. All this free-thinking! The report that at one of the largest universities there is a course given in theories of revolution was particularly disheartening. What would the founder of your fine magazine have said?

MRS. SIDNEY T. JONES
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was depressed to find that there was such immorality in our colleges. Although the article, "American Colleges Are Hot-houses of VD," did not touch on this point, I think that if college humor magazines were banned, a lot of this would go away.

JOSEPH MILLER
Portland, Ore.

The Chaos of Modern Art

Dear Sirs:

How can they call it art? Or even dare?

B. C. MANN
Jerkwater, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

When you can't whistle it, it isn't music. When it doesn't look like something, it isn't painting. That's what I say.

A. J. SUMMERFIELD
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I heard a piece of modern music the other day and I didn't like it. It had a whole lot of noise in it. My daddy says you're right too.

CHARLES IVES (AGE 5)
Danbury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I disagree thoroughly with your article "Modern Art Ain't Art—It's Chaos!" Your reporter is stupid, you are stupid, everybody's stupid. Anybody who digs modern art can see it's not chaos. Like it's planned disorder.

JEROME BOSCH
Bois du Duc,
California

A Pat on the Back

Gentlemen:

As loyal Americans we've had all of your Socialist, Bolshie, pinko editorial policies that we can stomach. Next you'll be advocating free silver.

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Editorials

Inflation Is Nothing We Can't Lick

Inflation is *our own fault!* That's right, pal—me, you, the guy next door, the boys in the back room—*us!* Every time we ask for a wage increase we're pumping up the old dollar. Every time we let the national debt rise the pound note gets a little bigger. Fellaguy, we've been making our bed ever since '32 and now we're lying in it.

It's nice to have a pocket full of coin, but when you start using dollar bills instead of Delsey it's fairly obvious that the old sou is getting pretty loose. Well, Fred, it's high time we, the people, got right in and did something about tightening up the single, wouldn't you say? It'll take some sacrifice and deprivation on our part to do

it, but those are the principles upon which America was founded, and, friend, we're Americans—red-blooded rugged individuals just like Ben Franklin and General Pulaski. In the last analysis, babes, it's up to *us* to step in there and do something—the voice of the people will be heard.

So here's what we'll do. First, each and every one of us will go to the foreman tomorrow morning and demand a pay decrease. And we'll talk it up in our unions to strike for wage reductions and longer hours at standard time. The longer hours will cut down leisure time activities, thus decreasing consumer expenditures, and will create a surplus of goods. Producers will then be forced to lower their prices to clear their warehouses. The unions will strike

for cost-of-living pay decreases. We could then repeal the child-labor laws and minimum wage laws so that it would be economically feasible to employ eight-year-olds in factory assembly lines.

By this time we would probably be well on our way to having a sound dollar, but just to make sure let's each of us cash his paycheck into twenty-dollar bills and then burn half of them. We'll turn in the rest of it for gold pieces, thus eventually taking all the paper money out of circulation.

If we wait around for the government to end inflation we might as well go back to cowrie shells. The only way we'll get anything done is to do it ourselves, and that's only right. After all, *we* made inflation, and it is up to *us* to break it.

Censorship is Necessary!

By FRANK RABELAIS

There has been, quite recently, much in the atheistic, degenerate, immoral liberal press about the so-called "evils" of censorship. These radical rags say that censorship is intellectually dishonest and violates one of the Articles of the Bill of Rights.

This is, of course, nonsense. It is intellectually dishonest *not* to censor and this is *not* in violation of one of the Articles of the Bill of Rights. The Constitution says that a government shall be established to protect its people; this does not only mean protection from foreign imperialistic powers, but also protection from forces which break down the morality of a country. This means that the

government is required to provide censorship, to protect the public morals. This, of course, does not mean that the Government must protect the people from such things as poverty and lack of economic resources.

Not to provide censorship is intellectually dishonest in that if one sees a threat to public morals, it is one's duty to put it down, to stamp it out. Many left-wingers protest the censorship of what are allegedly works of art; everybody knows that artists, by and large, are immoral, rebels and degenerates. Shelley, acclaimed by many "intellectuals" as a great poet, did not believe in marriage. Neither did Joyce, whose massive work of pornography, *Ulysses*, is now unfortunately in wide circulation. Both writers were also pagans. It is interesting to note that that book was allowed to be published in this country by a judge sympa-

thetic to the New Deal, that great destroyer of the American moral fiber.

The radicals say that censorship violates the Bill of Rights. They say that if a book is banned, or (better yet) burned, the press is denied its freedom. This is perhaps true, but is also morally wrong; we must forgive our Founding Fathers if at times they were a little too enthusiastic and made some mistakes. If everybody printed what they would like, then spiritual chaos would result. And, as I think I have made clear, most objectionable "literature" is written by spiritually chaotic and depraved men.

Finally, censorship is needed to protect the people against themselves. Of late, an Air Force manual has been unfortunately criticized for containing the statement to the effect that the people do not have a

right to know. If only more people believed in this concept as fervently as I, this country would be a better place in which to bring up your children. We should tell the people what is going on only when it is not too important, and then in not too specific terms. The contemporary press is too full of depressing news, items that deflate morality. These should be stricken out of the newspapers.

I think that the case for censorship is clear—it protects us from Communism. And anything which protects us from Communism is an inherently good thing. Thus censorship is a necessity.

Mr. Rabelais graduated from Stanford Law School and practices in Las Vegas. He is a world-renowned authority on censorship and has written several books dealing with that subject.—THE EDITORS

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NEXT ISSUE CRASH COMICS



Then: Students *learned*—and if they didn't like what they learned, they let their professors know it. This University of Tennessee anthropology instructor tried to introduce evolution theory into her curriculum.



Now: Students read. They're introverted, introspective and withdrawn. They don't learn; they just study. They sit in libraries and gather dust. This graduate student has been in this same spot since her sophomore year.

Crisis in Our Colleges

By Wylie Viper

The foremost social critic of our time comments on our seats of higher learning and exactly what it is that is sending them straight to hell in a hand-basket.

As any even casual observer can readily see, there have been some radical changes in our American seats of higher learning within just the last thirty years. And what have these radical changes been? Every college in the United States has gone straight to hell, that's what the changes have been! Since 1931 (the year I graduated, as a matter of fact), advanced education in America has gone downhill on a seventy percent grade with the clutch out! And now, at the present time, our universities are at their lowest ebb since Amerigo Vespucci landed on Plymouth Rock!

For instance, these facts and figures should make any right-thinking American rugged individual shudder in his boots:

Harvard, in 1927, graduated 353 A.B.'s in Classic Greek Literature—in 1958 only 78 were graduated with that degree.

Radcliffe's faculty now boasts six Ph.D.'s, five of them in the school of mechanical engineering.

Princeton's grade point average, in the last thirty years, has risen steadily from 2.0 to 2.6.

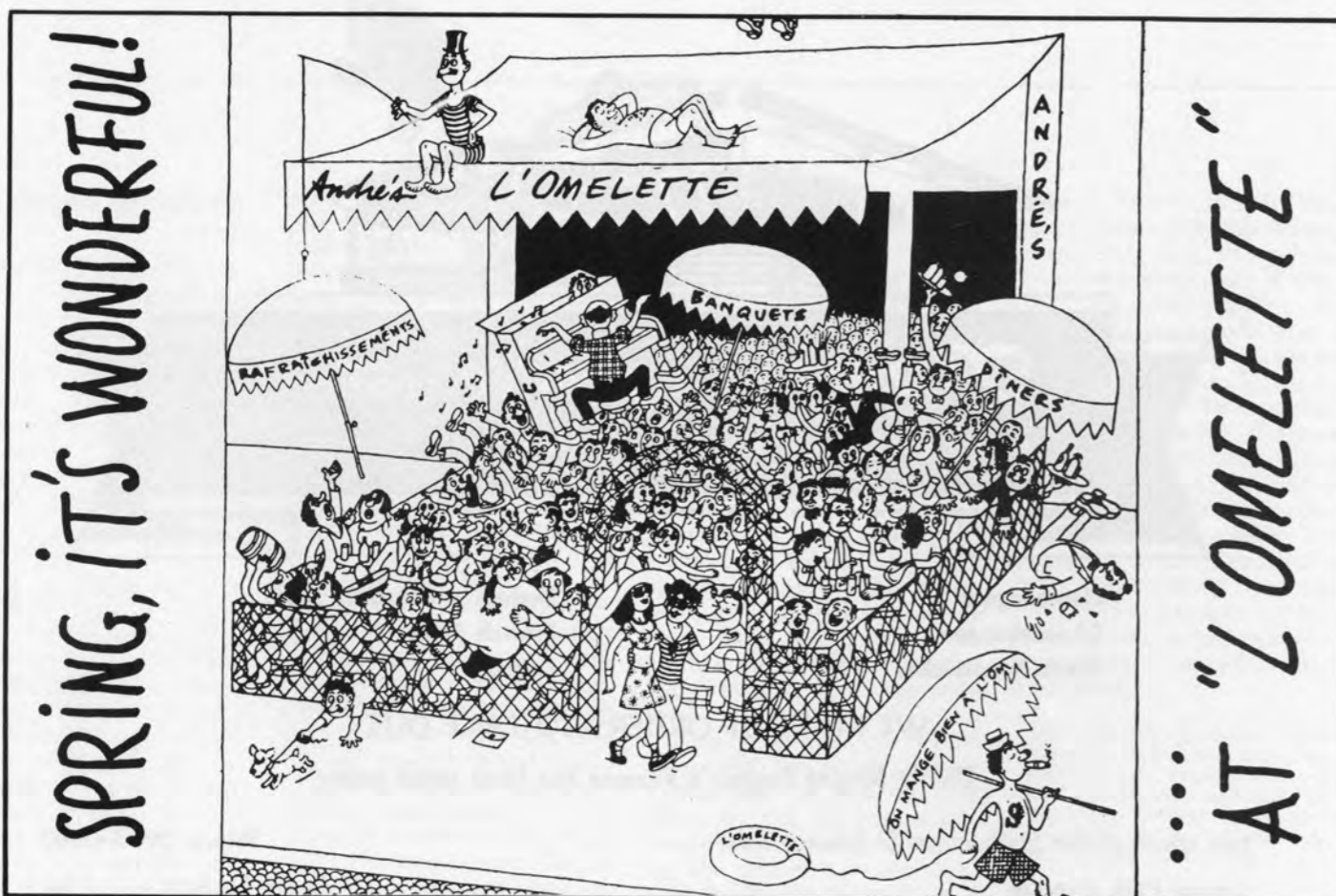
A staggering 79% of the University of Rhode Island's freshman class last year (1959) declared electrical engineering as their major.

At the University of California 17% of the entering freshmen in 1930 had I.Q.'s of 95 or over — by 1959 the percentage of students with I.Q.'s over 95 had risen to 19%.

Mills College began granting degrees in other fields besides home economics and starting next year will make it a requirement that each student must pass a Wassermann test before a diploma will be awarded.

What it all boils down to is that today's college students are no longer going to school to become well-rounded educated people. They are going there to learn *how to do* something! And yet we speak of the progress in America over the last three decades. Christ!

When students were really *students* back in the good old days they were gentlemen (except for the ladies) and scholars: they went to school on dad's money, they got C's and they didn't learn a damned thing—but when they graduated (*if* they graduated) they were *educated*. They came out of school polished and eager to go out and make their fortunes. Not a man among them could work a slide rule or trepan a skull. But look at them now! Nine out of every ten college graduates today are conformity-stricken, grey flannel suited, Madison Avenue-oriented, Momistic, %&\$\$# finks even before they receive their sheepskins!



And here's why.

Colleges have retrogressed so badly since the 'twenties because students are apathetic, faculties are composed of insecure neurotics, administrators are bumbler, campus police forces are power-mad and graduate degrees are bought and sold for patch prices. The voice of truth is choked by miles of red tape and the development of character in the college is as obsolete as the buggy-whip.

As an example of what I have been discussing, witness what happened at Stanford University just a few years ago. The engineering departments took over the entire campus in a bloodless revolution and neither the faculty nor the administration made a move. According to Dr. Cosmo Ambiguous, a professor of prehistoric history who escaped with a number of his cohorts, "It was awful! The new physics building gave them command over the whole west side of the Quadrangle. They used the Engineering Corner as a base from which to capture the English, political science, European literature and education departments. With the aeronautics labs controlling the south side of Quad and the physics and math departments on the west they took over all of the university except History Corner and the Western Civilizations library. We thought the philosophy department could hold out, but fifth-column action . . . well, our boys never had a chance. Then the next thing you know they increased the math and science requirements for bachelor's degrees, and that's



In the Golden Age of college education, an occasional practical joke helped to let off student steam.

A modern campus R.F. squad. Departments like this one are now maintained by almost every college in the United States, a far cry from the Golden Age.



when we pulled out of there." Unable to find employment anywhere as professors of prehistoric history, Dr. Ambiguous and his colleagues are now residing in an asylum for the infirm and destitute. *Thirty years ago these men would have jobs now.*

Student apathy is one of the biggest mouths chewing away at our colleges today. At Slippery Rock the student body didn't even swallow *one* goldfish when the administration banned Evans Joyce Wheel's controversial book, *The Bobbsey Twins in the Leningrad Underground*—not even a damn guppy. In 1928 there'd have been empty aquariums in Slippery Rock. Student riots were an everyday occurrence in the Golden Age of education, but now they won't even sign petitions for the release of convicted presidential assassins. The trouble with our college youth today is that they're all chicken.

And while we're on the subject, what's happened to marathon dancing? When I was at college I once black-bottomed for thirty-eight hours without even a rest-room stop and still came in tenth. And what do college kids do for fun these days? They do engineering problems, and they go to seminars, and they listen to egghead Montavani records.

What the cherry college students today need is just one good shot of bootleg hooch. It made *men* out of us in my day, and, by Christ, it would still do it now. And I don't mean this science-doctored swill that they bottle and label "Chivas Regal" or "Cutty Sark"—

In 1922 a sophomore in the Eta Beta Pi house at Ford University was given an A in Marriage and the Family. The other members of the house are shown here dislocating every joint in his body. *Now* the Etas have the highest G.P.A. on campus.



These Berkeley college students rioted in 1931 to protest a faculty ruling which required male students to wear socks with their shoes. The demonstrators were expelled but were reinstated immediately after threatening to cut off all the Regents' ears.



I mean the good old alky and orange juice I used to drink when I was wearing my sophomore beany. That would set these modern pantywaists on their heels where they belong.

Before we get away from the subject of heels, let's have a word about campus police forces. Junior Napoleons: that's what they are—they want to conquer the world. In my day all we had to worry about were the dry agents; the campus cops were with us. Hell, Fred, the captain down at headquarters, was the bootlegger for my frat until the Agents caught him filling our lawn fountain with gin. Nowadays all the campus gumshoes do is raid parties, pass out tickets for overtime parking and bust up practical jokes ("R.F.'s," I think they call 'em now).

Speaking of practical jokes ("R.F.'s"), say, a college is known by its pranks, and don't let anybody tell you different! Some of the stunts we used to pull would make a present-day college boy (and I mean to say they're all boys—not a man in the bunch) run back to his home town. What so-called student today would put Paris green in the dormitory coffee machine? Not one in a million, I bet. Ever tell a blindfolded pledge he's eating a worm and he thinks it's really a piece of spaghetti and it's *really* a worm? Those days are long past, and our educational institutions are the poorer for it.

Being passed—that's all the *real* student ever worried about. If he ever got a B in anything his friends would avoid him—an A and they'd put scorpions

(Continued on Page 36)



Brothers of the Phi Phi Pho house at Colgate toasting the new university president who, along with the entire board of trustees, was selected from their number. This was 1924. The Phi Phi Pho house is now used to house overflow from freshman dorms.



Rascocoe

A Postcard for Kathy

Every time he saw her that old feeling surged up inside him . . . but deep down he knew he was inadequate.

By JOHN PAINTER

Once there was a boy named John who liked both jazz and classical music. He found himself falling in love with a girl named Kathy. Of course, she also liked both jazz and classical music . . . or at least so John thought. You see, at this point in time John has not met Kathy. John is young, supported by his parents, and hence is still idealistic enough to believe that he will know the girl he loves by chance and chemistry. He finds himself watching Kathy when she sits down, gets up, runs or walks, talks or listens, in fact even when she does nothing John still watches her. Fortunately they are both in the same contemporary literature class.

But John does not live in a dream world. He has his problems. He belongs to a fraternity and is sometimes dissatisfied with it. He is especially dissatisfied after Monday night house meetings where his brothers spend hour upon hour blackballing prospective members. He worries about these meetings which causes him often to discuss the situation with Kirk East, his roommate.

Now John sits in a small room over the clutter of papers on his desk.

"You know, Kirk," he says, "not even Jesus Christ himself could get into this fraternity."

Kirk puts his finger on the place he stops reading in his textbook and glances up saying innocently, "Huh? Well, what activities is he out for?"

"Forget it," John says and he laughs quietly. This is good because it makes him forget about these little problems and think about . . . well, think about his grades. Unfortunately he is also dissatisfied with his grades. He feels that he gives people the faulty impression that he is intelligent.

"John," Kirk says interrupting John's train of thought with his deliberate voice. "I've got the approach for you," Kirk continues. But John does not hear him. He is trying to think of the most tactful way to hand in his journalism homework that is four days late.

"You know there's one thing I can honestly say about you, John," Kirk says trying to get John's attention.

"Yeah?" John answers. "What's that?"

"I can honestly say you've got your two feet firmly planted in the air."

"I'm sorry," John says. "What were you saying?"

"I figured out how you can get a date with that girl you haven't met," Kirk says and then an alert gleam comes into his eye. "Picture this, you are walking out of Contemp. Lit. lecture, so you walk up to her and without introducing yourself you say, 'Come here, Baby! No, better yet, you just say 'Come here!' Now let's say you've got a book in your hand . . . say, Boccaccio's *Decameron*, and this enlightened leer on your face. Then you lead her over into a corner

and kiss her."

"Wait a minute, Kirk," John says. "Not passionately, of course," Kirk continues, "just gently. Then, if she is the type of girl that we have analyzed her to be she will instantly be in love with you."

"You know, that just might work," John says and he pictures himself kissing her.

"At least," Kirk says, "she will have met a man who has the same realistic view of society."

"That's perfect," John says jumping up.

Kirk shrugs his shoulders. "Then again we may have analyzed her wrongly."

John interrupts. "And she'd slap me."

"Right in the kisser," Kirk fills in.

"Yeah," John says. He pauses. "Kirk, no good!"

"No?" Kirk says.

"Not at all," John says. There is silence.

John is angry. He cannot remember that he was trying to figure out the best way to hand in his late journalism homework. He gropes through a stack of papers, can't find anything that strikes a bell, and then slaps his fist on the desk.

"What the hell was I thinking about?"

Kirk laughs at this and begins to explore the pictures on the open page of his Genetics book.

Fortunately they are both in the same contemporary literature class.



The crew of the *Plankton*, jolly tars all, watches the bosun furl the fo'c'sle in preparation for their voyage to the Pole.

UNDER THE ICECAP BY SUBMARINE TO MILPITAS

By F. SCOTT GRUMBACHER as told to Jean-Paul Sartre

The unbelievable saga of the Plankton, the United States' only coal-burning submarine and her record-breaking trip under the South Pole.

First part of two parts

The *Plankton* rolled decks awash in the oily swell off Milpitas. I stood in the conning tower with one eye peering through my sextant and the other on the black smoke pouring out of the stack. We had come all the way from the South Pole underwater (all but the smokestack) to help keep the world safe for democracy and now we lay offshore breathing fresh air for the first time in twenty-eight days. The voyage was uneventful, except for a few nervous moments off El Salvador when we thought we'd lost the coal shovel. We found the cook using it in the galley to take pizzas out of the oven. Mon Dieu! how we existed! But now, a few miles away, a gala reception awaited the *Plankton* at Milpitas, pearl of the Pacific.

The story of the *Plankton's* amazing feat began two years ago on a golf course in Augusta, Georgia. Our Chief Executive had just double-bogied the eighth hole. "God-damn-it-to-hell," he said, "I think it'd be easier to make a coal-burning submarine than to shoot a decent game on this _____ dirty _____ course!" And an idea was born.

Six months later, work was in progress on Ike's brainchild. The contract was let to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who fabricated the hull from two old Berkshire boilers. The whole craft was built from spare parts they had around the yard, affording the nation a great economy, as well as helping the Baldwin people make a 42% profit.

Just three short months ago this new denizen of the deep slid down the ways at Alviso after being christened the *U.S.S. Plankton* by the mayor's charming common-law wife, Edith Stancher. The crowd gawped and gulped as the *Plankton* sank slowly by the stern and came to rest in the mud with ten feet of bow in the air. When the skeleton crew had been brought off by the local bumboatman (who patriotically raised his rates to only \$3.00 per seaman when he learned he was dealing with the government) the submarine was extracted from the mud and modified into floatability.

At the same time, the careful selection of the remainder of the crew proceeded with Navy efficiency. By the time the *Plankton* was ready for her

shakedown cruise we had already gotten to know the 83 seabees ComSubPac had assigned us. An amusing incident happened shortly before we left when several of the seabees came back drunk and attempted to smuggle their old bulldozer aboard. We still chuckle about it over a tot of rum and reminisce about how this same group of fellows enlivened our shakedown cruise when we discovered, halfway to Los Angeles, that we were towing the same battered bulldozer astern at the end of forty fathoms of cable. A tight ship is a happy ship.

The seemingly endless preparations to be made before sailing for Antarctic waters proved otherwise, and, with a crew considerably depleted by smog, taco dysentery, irate parents and USC football recruiting squads, we threaded our way through Los Angeles harbor, underwater. We were finally forced to surface off the customs house by some urchins in a row boat who were throwing old fish, rocks and water balloons down our smokestack which projected four feet above the surface of the water.

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A Special Report By STUART ALLSLOP

The Menace of Tierra del Fuego

This tiny island, dormant in world politics for many years, has suddenly assumed a position from which it may affect each and every man, woman and child in America.

The islands of Tierra del Fuego are happy islands. The people make their living by farming, ranching, and by exporting guano. Although politically divided between Chile and Argentina, the people get along well with one another and there is little of the hot-tempered Latin-American political rivalry between the two sections. Yet these islands of deep green valleys and white topped mountains figure in the greatest threat to the security of the Western Hemisphere since Fidel Castro's revolution in Cuba. This threat is called the Me Movement.

When I talked to intelligence agents of this country, Chile, and Argentina in Tierra del Fuego they all agreed that this threat is indeed not only great, but unique in its organization in that it operates not secretly, but openly. I was told that its leaders, while not in the islands themselves, were more than willing to talk about the movement's aims and the means they were about to use when the time was right. The agents, in their vast experience in dealing with revolutionary groups, felt that in this candidness lay a massive force for disruption and that behind it all lay a super-mastermind. Armed with this intelligence, I first roamed the islands, interviewing the citizenry and then, later, on board a ship in the middle of the North Atlantic, I met with the extraordinary leaders of this group.

The first man I talked with in Tierra del Fuego was named Juan del Fuego Gonsalvez. Gonsalvez is a truck farmer, whose small truck and farm lie some three miles from the city of Rio Grande, one of the population centers on the Argentinian side. "Senor Gonsalvez," I asked, "what do you know of the Me Movement?"

"Si," he answered. He picked up a hoe.

"No, senor," I said. "Not the hoeing movement, the Me Movement."

"Ah," he replied. "Ah, si." He raised his index finger in the air, smiled and turned away. "Momento, senor," he said. He came back carrying a small kitten. "Me, me, me, senor," he said. He put the kitten on the ground. "Me, me, me," squeaked the kitten.

"No, no," I protested.

He pointed to a goat. "No, no, no," he said.

Realizing I was getting nowhere with Senor Gonsalvez, I said that he had just wasted half an hour of my time and thanked him.

The next person I talked to was a woman in Rio Grande named Maria Penelope Garcia. "Pardon me, ma'am," I said, tipping my homburg, "my name is . . ."

"Policia, policia!" she screamed.

Realizing my mistake in approach, I fled, knowing the reputation of American journalists in Tierra del Fuego; there are in these islands a great many dark-eyed men and women with the last name of Mencken.

After several other interviews, I came to the conclusion that the Me Movement was indeed unique in the annals of revolutionary movements—it seemed that nobody had ever heard of it. However, as the experienced intelligence agents of the United States, Chile and Argentina felt that the movement was important, not to mention the editors of the *Wednesday Morning Pile*, I kept on the track.

Later, in Washington, D.C., when I had returned, I received a phone call in my office overlooking the Capitol Building. It was from one of the Me leaders. He asked me to drive to a small cove on the Maine coast, where I would be met by a member of the movement who would take me to meet them.

I went to the cove and there got into a rowboat. The man who met me was very cheerful and talked a great deal about the movement. But what he said, as we rowed out into the ocean, was small and unimportant when compared to what I heard several hours later on a sloop in the middle of the North Atlantic.

There, I was introduced to the leaders: Miguel Muy Estimado, Alejandro Abrasar, Davido Espuma Jamon and Juan Maglancia. These, of course, are not their real names; I was asked to use these specifically—they are the code names used by them in their official communiques. Estimado is a man of imposing height and slenderness, with brown hair and a foxy, crafty look

(Continued on Page 32)



Sally, thought Peter, was like a cool summer breeze that made his blood pulse hot as molten lava through his veins.

*She was everthing he ever wanted ... but
after August would she still be his?*

The Summer Affair

By HENRY Q. MILLER

It was a cool, sunny, altogether attractive day. Peter Alcott, a handsome young man from Oil City, Pennsylvania, sat musing over his Scotch and soda beside the swimming pool at the exclusive Oakleaf Hills Tennis and Swimming Club.

He looked up as Sally Palmer, a simple, attractive girl from Beverly Hills, California, approached.

"Hi, Sally," said Peter, forgetting his half-finished Scotch and soda.

Sally was wearing an attractive but simple turquoise blue two-piece bathing suit with ochre herringbone stripes. Sally, thought Peter, was like a cool summer breeze that made his blood pulse hot as molten lava through his veins. It was as though the climate of Sally's mind were continually cool and sunny. It was as though Sally were a deliciously cool iceberg floating past a South Seas island. Peter mused thoughtfully that he was that island, with its palm trees and coconuts, and longed for the iceberg to run aground on the hot sands of his shores.

"Hi there," replied Sally simply, her attractive, cool eyes falling on his tanned, well-proportioned figure as his tan body reclined gracefully beside the pool. He looked like a fine Greek god, or even a graceful Bufano statue, Sally thoughtfully contemplated. It was as though he were a handsome Roman gladiator triumphantly relaxed. It was, Sally's thoughtful musings continued, as though Peter Alcott were a brave Viking explorer who had come to the shores of her private island.

She tossed her attractive but simple mauve bathing cap to Peter as she slid into a chair beside him, little droplets of water still clinging to her tan, well-proportioned, graceful body.

"Sorry I'm late," said the attractive Girl from Beverly Hills, California.

"How was the swimming?" asked Peter Alcott, reclining gracefully in his chair beside her.

"Oh, it was just super!" Sally replied. "Hey, I'd better go dress for dinner."

Peter turned gracefully to watch Sally as she danced fleetingly away from him toward the clubhouse of the exclusive Country Club. He looked at the gold letters on the clubhouse door: "Oakleaf Hills Tennis and Swimming Club." He reflected that he was lucky that he had come here and met Sally instead of marooning himself in Europe with his Aunt Mary and her stuffy friends.

* * *

It was six-thirty at last, and Sally saw Peter waiting in his salmon-grey suit as she entered the crowded Oakleaf Room and crossed to the bar.

"Hi, Sally," called Peter across the crowded room.

"Hi there," replied Sally, her cool, attractive eyes scanning his handsome, well-tailored figure as his graceful body stood by the well-proportioned tan-colored bar.

Sally was not a short girl, but she had to look up to see Peter's baby-blue eyes as he led her to their table in the dining room. She looked up.

"I just hate to think that next week I'll have to go back to the University," she said as she looked up into his baby-blue eyes. She thought that he looked like a cool, fresh island in the ocean of hot, busy people around them.

He seated her and gracefully slid into his chair beside her. Peter reminded Sally of a perfect English gentleman with his courtly, Continental manners.

"But you have been enjoying it here?" Peter Alcott asked his female companion.

"Mmmm," she murmured, "I've had a super time."

"Hey," the tall, well-dressed man changed the subject, "isn't that a new necklace you're wearing?"

"Gosh, I don't think so," answered Sally. "Maybe this is the first time I've worn it here. Do you like it?"

"It's very attractive. And so," he continued, taking her hand across the table, "are you."

"Oh, Pete," the attractive girl from Beverly Hills said simply, "you're so nice." She looked down at the candle on the table with its hot flame and felt her heart accelerate with the contact of his warm hand. Peter Alcott looked at the rich and attractive young heiress from Beverly Hills and at her diamond necklace, which sparkled cool and hard, like an iceberg, on the warm shore of her low neckline.

"I mean it. You're very beautiful tonight," he continued sincerely, thinking how lucky Sally Palmer was to have the half-million dollars left by her famous filmland father.

Sally looked up into his baby-blue eyes, which were deep, livid pools of molten lava.

"Everything about you is attractive," Peter Alcott said intently, half-forgetting Sally's lovely figure across the table, from him.

"Oh, Peter," replied Sally politely, grasping Peter Alcott's cool, outstretched hand across the dinner table. They sat motionless and silent looking at each other as a gangly, not-too-attractive busboy cleared their table. Neither spoke, neither moved. Suddenly, as they sat hand in hand in the candlelight, it happened. Sally felt it first, though Peter was not unaware of what was happening. His hand had hit a tall glass of milk which the busboy was reaching for. It fell violently on its side, spilling its contents on the front of the girl's chiffon evening dress.

Little droplets of the cool liquid clung to her diamond necklace and dripped languidly down the low neckline and onto her simple but attractive and expensive dress. They stuck to the expensive material and soaked through, making Sally feel cold in the candle-lit dining room of the exclusive Oakleaf Hills Tennis and Swimming Club.

Peter Alcott, in his well-tailored salmon-grey suit, turned to the disheveled busboy. "What have you done?" he exclaimed. "You started clearing the table before we left, and look what happened!"

"Please, Peter," Sally pleaded, "don't make a scene." (Continued on Page 44)

The Blessed Asset: Man's Sense of Humor

By Dr. Raucous M. Laughter

Laughter is man's most blessed asset. In an era of world wars, high taxes, Eichler homes, abstract art, medical quackery and Orville Faubus we have reason to give special thanks for our fortunate ability to giggle through it all.

But what is this "fortunate ability?" Can we really define humor? Understand its delicate mechanism? What mysterious element is it that makes us laugh again and again at simple slapstick pranks—such as a head-on collision between two Super Chiefs or a public flogging? Great minds have tried to answer these questions, but to little or no avail. Aristotle failed to get to the heart of it when he simply challenged, "So who laughs at train wrecks?" Bergson was equally disappointing with his chop-logic statement: "Sure, everyone laughs at a public flogging . . . but not necessarily because it's funny."

Today, however, there is good reason to believe that we are fast approaching the answer that man has sought so diligently. One man, Mr. Harold C. Gaff, has, with luck and a prodigious amount of mental and physical labor, pierced the laughter-definition barrier, and we may expect within the next few years to have

a controlled, operative and thorough understanding of humor (provided the budget for a crash program is forthcoming from Congress in its next session). Mr. Gaff himself has stated that "hopes are high in Oakland."

"If we get the money," he says, "the world will forget how to frown!"

This sort of optimism is Gaff's trademark. He is a man of boundless enthusiasm. Hurrying off to work in his maroon gabardine suit, crepe-soled wedgies and hand-painted tie with his bulging briefcase tucked under his arm, he might easily be mistaken for some \$100,000-a-year executive. "But I'm not," he winked as we talked over a bowl of borsch a few weeks ago. "Humor, not money is my life. And now, with luck and a prodigious amount of mental physical labor, I've pierced the laughter-definition barrier." A rivulet of borsch cascaded down his chin as he gazed back over the long and arduous road he had traveled to success.

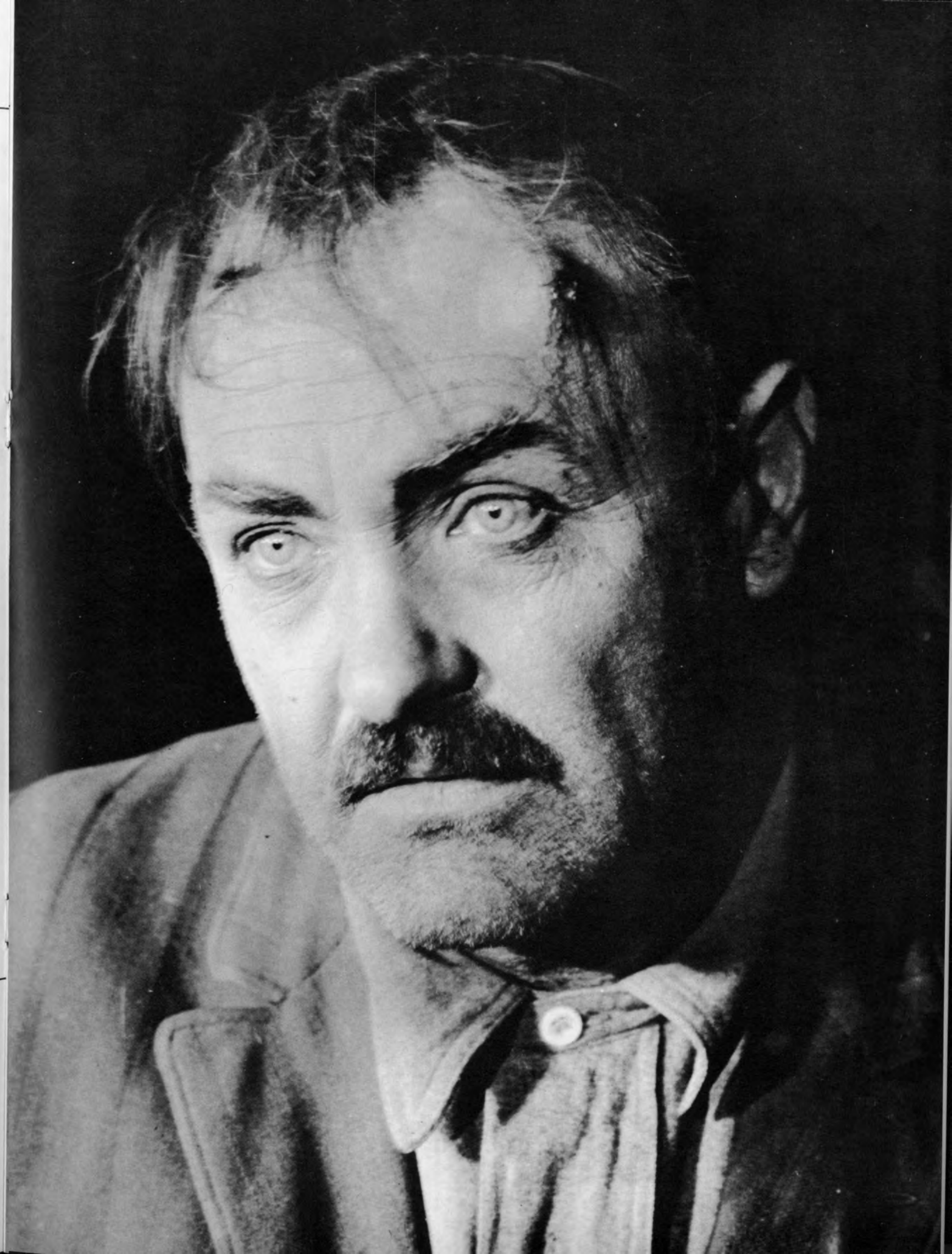
What a road it has been! Orphaned at the age of thirty-five, Gaff was forced to flee his native Oakland to avoid being committed by a wicked stepmother to the state asylum for homeless and delinquent boys. "I had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

About the Author

Dr. Laughter is unquestionably the world's foremost authority on humor. He received two Ph.D.'s from Harvard, an LL.D. and a Ph.D. from Reed College and an Fh.A. from the N.A.A.C.P. Among his most famous works are *A Thorough Inquiry into Gaff*, *The Humorous Aspect of Sigmund Freud*, and

Good Grief, More Peanuts, to name but three. Foremost of his abilities in his field is his facility to see humor in every situation in his realm of experience. As proof of this, witness his most recent statement: "The *funniest* thing happened to me on my way to the photographers this morning . . ."



The
Farce
OF
AMERICA

Cactus Gardens

Books and papers give way to a young man's fancy in almost no time at all during the balmy evenings of the springtime. Typewriters and reading glasses become abandoned as the young principals take to the forests and fields. And what better forest and field than the Cactus Gardens?

As traditional as Mrs. Stanford's will, the Cactus Gardens lie dormant from June to April.

But with the tweet of the first robin of spring their nocturnal population increases quite noticeably as not only Stanford natives, but visitors from Palo Alto and even minions of the law, drop by occasionally.

And there's plenty of room for all, so spacious are the Gardens.

One can't help but wonder what it is about Stanford men that prompts their ladies to be so considerate to them. The

little coed pictured here apparently dressed in great haste in order to be on time for her Prince Charming, a phenomenon not often encountered among the fairer sex.

Photograph by Charles Landis



Piled Scrapings



Mother Goose Brought Up to Date

Mary had a little lamb.
She asked for 90% parity.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner:
His analyst explained that this form of
withdrawal was the result of his fear
that he was an unwanted child.

Jack Spat could eat no fat—
duodenal ulcers!

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack, hide the reefers.

The King was in the Counting-house
counting out his money.
The underground shot the sonofabitch
and set up a republic.

Peter, Peter Pumpkineater, had a wife
but couldn't keep her.
She divorced him and married Artie Shaw.
DAN GARVEY

Sin
No,
no,
no,
no,
no,
no,
well . . .
DAN GARVEY



THE WEDNESDAY MORNING PILE

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.

A classical scholar named Jicks
Said, "I've no time for engineer hicks.
They talk about sex
As an unknown, X,
When, God knows, it's just Latin for 'six'.

Folk Song
I should have been a apple, sittin' in a tree.
I got worms.
DAN GARVEY



OVERHEARD AT A CHAPPIE BANQUET

One time in Darkest Africa the native chief's wife had a little white baby. The only white man within hundreds of miles was an American anthropologist, and naturally the chief viewed him with no slight suspicion. One morning the anthropologist wandered into camp to find the chief confronting him with a poison dart blowgun. "Me black—wife black!" said the chief. "Baby white—you white: me kill!"

"Now hold on, chief," said the anthropologist. "It's like recessive genes—look over there at that banana tree. You see, all the bananas are green, except one—it's red. They're all the same, but one's different—that's nature, chief."

The chief stared at the banana tree for a second or two and then aimed his blowgun at the American. "Me black—wife black: baby white—you white: me kill!"

"Now just a minute! You got the wrong idea, chief! Look over there in that field of melons. They're all yellow except one—it's green. You see? All the same, but one's different—that's nature, chief!"

The chief regarded the melons; and then the bananas; and then: "Me black—wife black: baby white—you white: me kill!"

"Now wait up, chief!" the anthropologist glanced around feverishly. He saw some sheep. "The sheep, chief—look at the sheep! They're all white, but one sheep, just one sheep, is black, see? All the same, but one's different! That's nature, chief!"

The chief looked over at the sheep. His expression changed. He laid down his blowgun, walked over to the American anthropologist and clapped him on the back. "Tell you what, bwana," he said. "I forget about dat white baby, you forget about dat black sheep."

RAY FUNKHOUSER

MM-MMM GOOD! SOUP FOR LUNCH!



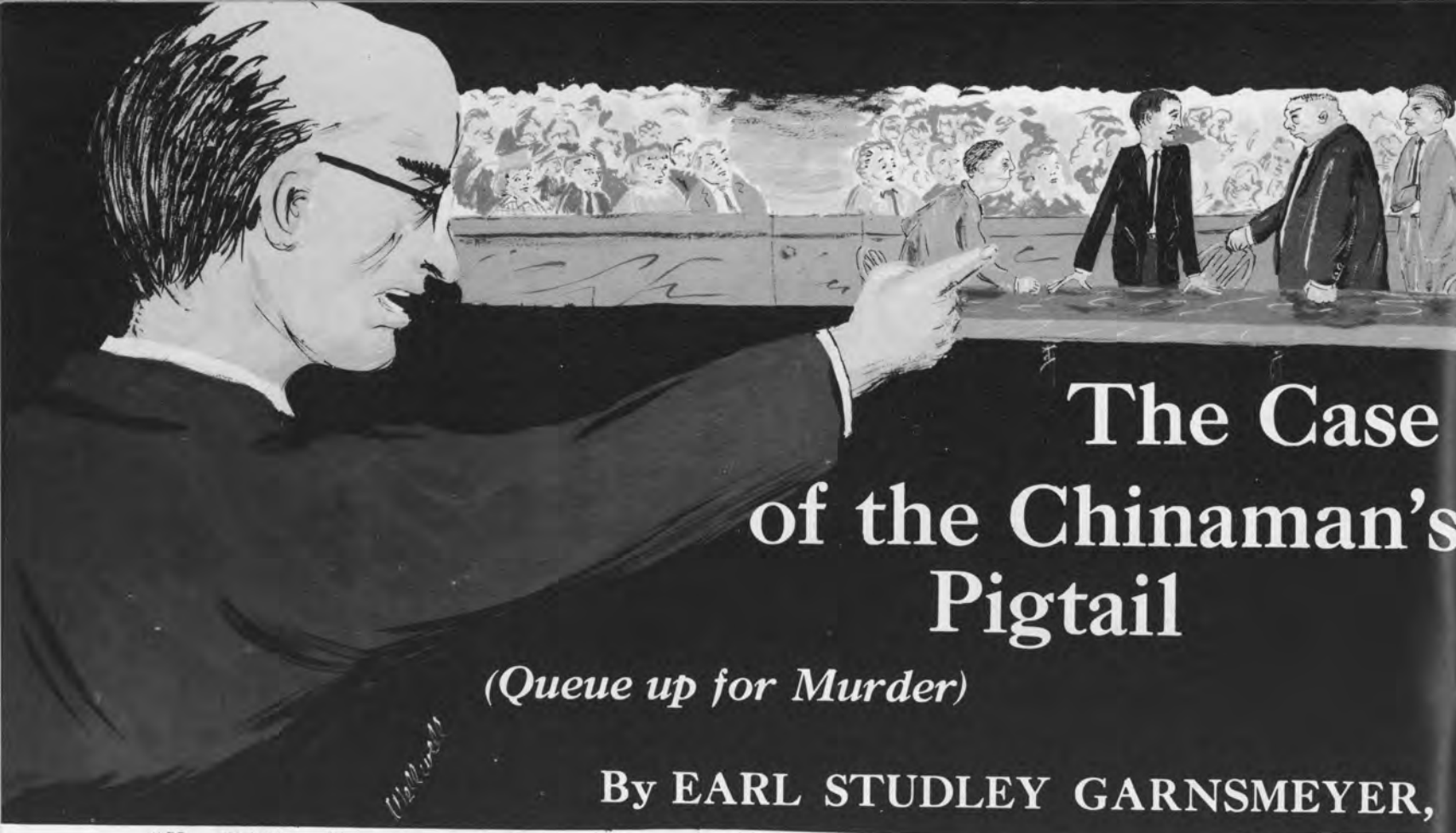
More folks perk up with *Cabbell's*, than anybody else.

Cabbell's

Nothing can brighten your day like Soup!

Cabbell's own perfect sun-ripened garden vegetables, blended to perfection and cooked "just right" into one of Cabbell's many fine soups. Just the ticket for that between-meals snack, that extra something when

you start to drag a little. When depression hits you, try Cabbell's Soup. It's the choice of millions! (Hint: try lacing a little Scotch in your Cream of Asparagus soup next time and watch it come to life!)



The Case of the Chinaman's Pigtail

(Queue up for Murder)

By EARL STUDLEY GARNSMEYER,

"You, Bricklayer!"

Gasolina Alley Was in Danger, and Perry Bricklayer Had to Save her.

67th of 138 parts

The story: Ever since the day that Oola Oolala, the lovely chorus girl, disappeared after contacting him as her attorney, Perry Bricklayer has been hot on her trail. But Oola has been murdered, and all the evidence pinpoints Gasolina Alley, Perry's secretary, as the murderer. Perry has decided to defend her, and since he has won cases for many obviously guilty bums in the past, Gasolina is confident that he can save her. As we left the story last week, the prosecution, led by District Attorney Franklin Furter, has just produced as a witness Tu Chin, an obese waiter at a Morrocan restaurant in Dubuque.

LXVII

"Now, Mr. Chin," said the district attorney obliquely, "will you please tell us exactly what you saw on the evening of April 31, 1959, at 5:30 p.m. in New York City?"

"Walli," said Mr. Chin in a slow Texas drawl, "Ah wuz wawkin thoo Grand Central stashun, an they warn't nobody in saght. Thu place wuz completely deserted. But then ah saw a hansum filly strollin thoo, purty as yew please, headin' fer thu informashun booth. Ah thought ta mahself 'Whut's sech a nahce lookin girl doin in a place

lahke this?' Thu next thang ah knowed, she wuz lahying dead on thu groun."

"Thank you, Mr. Chin," said the district attorney obtusely.

Perry Bricklayer stood up. "I would like to call as my next witness Mr. Franklin Furter."

"Ayeh," said the D.A. abtrusely.

"Humph," said Bricklayer impressively.

"'Look Spot, see Jane run,' said Dick," tittered the Judge. "Will you two 'attorneys' please quit trying to sound important?"

After the hubbub had died down, Perry began the serious questioning. "Ween—I mean, Mr. Furter, you seem to be quite interested in getting a conviction out of this case," said Perry, limping slightly, in the manner that a slick movie lawyer had shown him.

"I believe that justice should be done," said the district attorney patriotically.

"I believe that it is because the actual murderer was you, Furter, and I have 173 witnesses to the crime that say you did."

"Bricklayer, I've seen you pull the frame and get those guys you have addicted to dope to confess that they did the crime too many times to let you pull

this one. And this time I paid the jury more than you did. I'm sure to get a conviction this time, and now I've decided whom I'm going to convict. You, Bricklayer!"

Perry looked over to his legal staff, fourteen ex-football players from Southern California, who doubled as a goon squad. They shook their heads, indicating there was nothing to be done, and began advancing toward him.

"Yes, Bricklayer, I even bribed your 'Legal staff.' You must realize now that you have no alternative now but to confess. If you don't, I'll give you the same treatment that you gave your stooges and keep *you* from getting any dope," said the district attorney gleefully.

Upon hearing this, Perry broke down completely. He was too familiar with the law to think that he could get away from being convicted.

After the 174th eyewitness to the crime had testified, Perry was convicted and duly sentenced to the electric chair. All his appeals were denied. One Supreme Court judge was heard to remark, "I'll be happier to see him go than California Republicans will be to see *their* famous prisoner die." Even his 11th hour reprieve was refused.

TO BE CONTINUED

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A British executive of BBC was particularly impressed with the slickness and perfection of American TV on his recent visit here, says *Pagent*. In answer to his questions, a stagehand explained that mistakes simply were not tolerated.

"For instance," said the stagehand, "in a show I was working on last night the script called for me to rush out and sprinkle catsup over an actor who was supposed to have been shot. Unfortunately, a camera swung 'round unexpectedly and caught me pouring the catsup on the actor."

"Terrible!" exclaimed the Britisher. "What did you do?"

"What could I do?" answered the stagehand. "I ate him."

Forty years they had been married, and for forty years she had made the living; then he died. The thrifty widow dictated that the body be cremated and the ashes delivered to her.

Carefully placing them in an hour glass, she set it on the mantle, sat down to admire it and said, "Now you worthless bum, at last you're going to work."

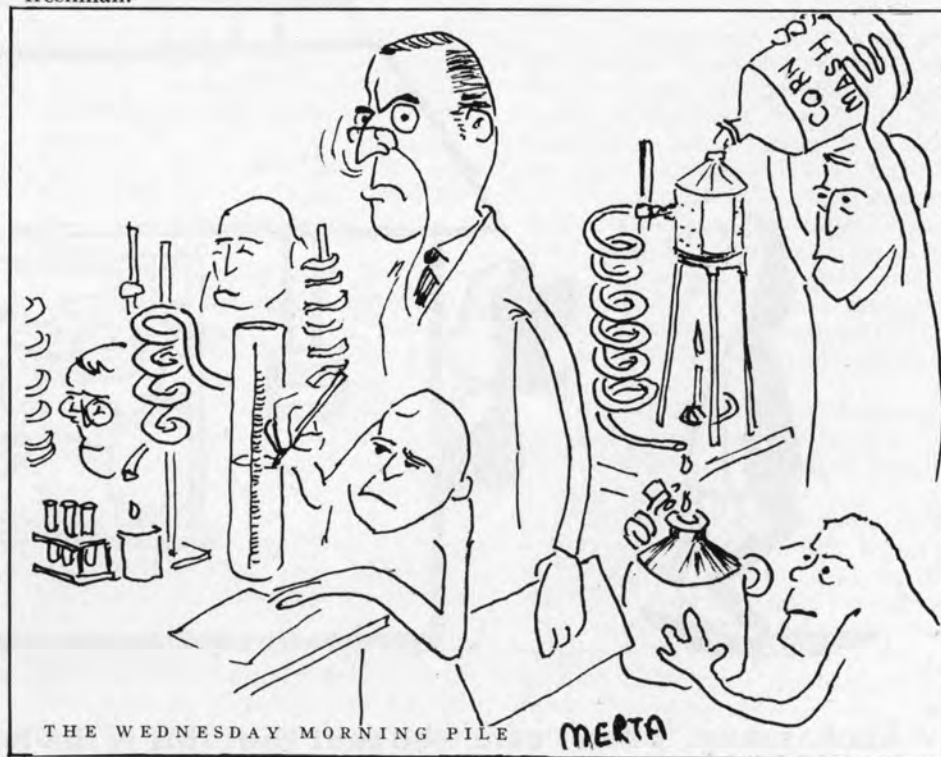
"Going around with women keeps you young."

"How's that?"

"I started going around with them when I was a freshman and I'm still a freshman."

Notice on the bulletin board of the biology department:

"We don't begrudge your taking a little alcohol, but please return our specimens."



THE WEDNESDAY MORNING PILE

MERTA

Two camera bugs were draped over a Paris bar discussing their experiences of the day.

"This morning at the Bois de Bologne I noticed an old crone huddled beneath a bundle of rags," one shutterbug said. "She was hungry and homeless. She told me she was once a countess but lost all the family and money and now was a wretched old woman with nothing to live for."

"What did you give her?"

"Well, it was sunny," the first replied, "so I gave her f-16 at 1/100."

An American engineer was being shown through the Moscow subway by his official Red Army guide.

"This is a remarkably well-designed subway," he said, "but why aren't the trains running?"

Replied the Russian, "And what about the lynchings in the south?"

"When I squeeze you in my arms like this, honey, something seems to snap."
"Yes, pardon me a moment till I fasten it."

"Paw, tell me how you proposed to maw."

"Well," said Paw, "it was like this, son: we was sittin' on the ground out behind the barn and she leaned over and whispered in my ear."

"Then I whispered 'the hell you are.'"

The kid's parents asked him what he wanted for his birthday.

"I wanna watch," he said.

So they let him.

The train pulled out of the station. In a few minutes the girl commenced to wiggle around nervously in her seat. As she twisted this way and that the woman could not help but find amusement in her evident discomfiture. Thinking to tease the girl about her hidden secret, the woman leaned forward, tapped the girl on the shoulder, and inquired:

"What's the matter? Isn't he house-broken?"

"Don't know about that," answered the girl grimly, "but I don't believe the little cuss has ever been weaned."

An old lady was sitting in her rocking chair knitting, her Persian cat reclining at her feet.

Suddenly a fairy appeared and asked the old lady if there was anything she wished. "Yes," was the reply. "I would like to be a beautiful young woman again."

The fairy waved her wand—and there she stood, a lovely girl of twenty! "Now," asked the fairy, "is there any other wish you would like granted?"

"Oh yes! I would like a handsome young man."

Turning to the cat, the fairy waved her wand. In the cat's place rose a fine looking youth. He looked sadly at the girl and sighed, "Now aren't you sorry you took me to the vet?"

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. How did you become so destitute?"

Beggar: "I was like you, mum, always giving away vast sums of money to the poor."

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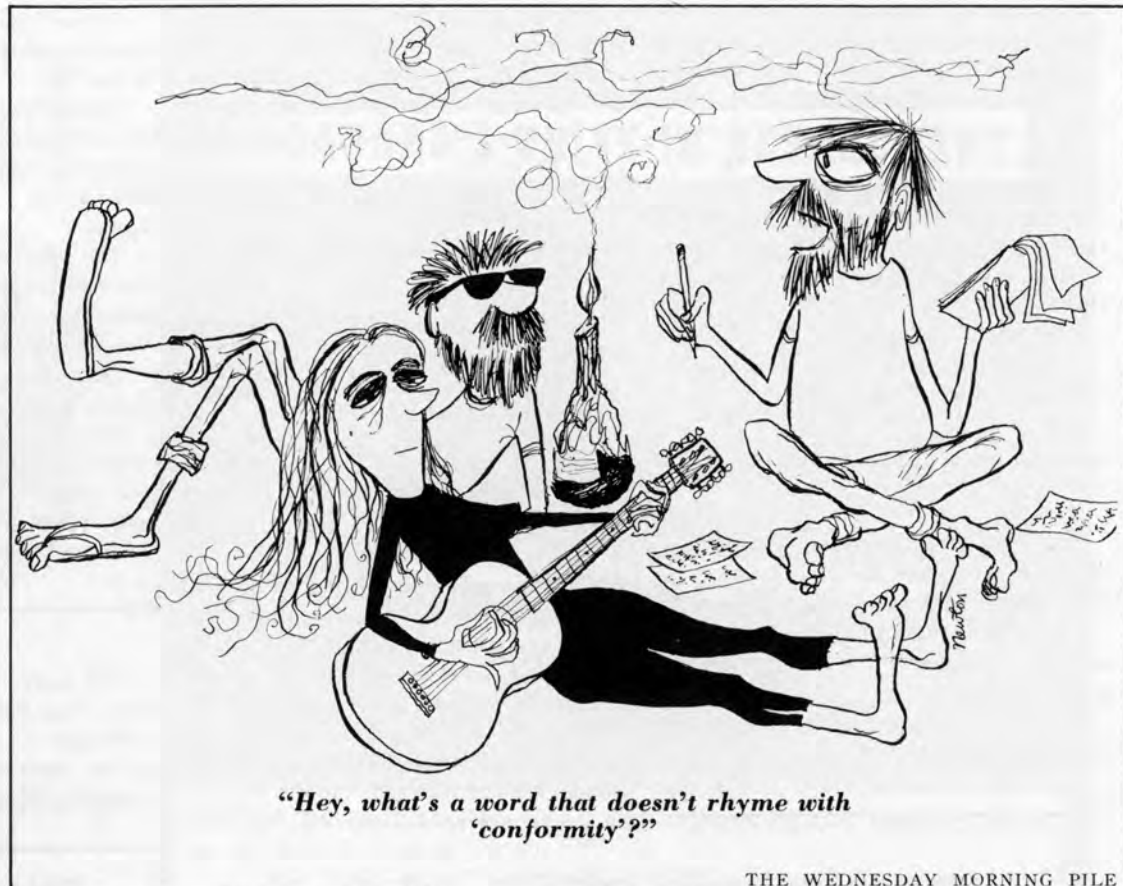
The Menace of Tierra del Fuego

(Continued from Page 19)

about him. Abrasar is slightly shorter than Estimado, but with a heavy build and a round head topped by closely cropped hair; he continuously played with a pair of wire cutters while I was aboard. Jamon is of moderate height, quite well built, and has an infectious smile. Malagracia is a short little man with a pot belly and talked, while I was there, of things nobody seemed to understand. All four were very pleasant to me and answered all the questions with understanding and humor.

Abrasar told me that they had chosen Tierra del Fuego as their future country as "it is a completely useless place, of no value whatsoever except for its guano exports. Therefore we can do what we want with no outside interference." Estimado said that the fact that guano has monetary worth "reflects the world sense of values."

I then asked the group to explain what exactly the name "Me



THE WEDNESDAY MORNING PILE

Movement" meant. Jamon said that it is taken from the political philosophy of the four. "This is what it seems to," he declared. Meism. Meism means exactly "Meism is a politic based upon

MILTON



on Life Savers:

"Sweet is the breath"

from Paradise Lost, The Beautiful World, line 1



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Dere ain't no justice in dis here land, Ah got a divorce from mah old man But I laughed and laughed at the court's decision— They gave him the kids, and They ain't even his'n.



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The Menace of Tierra del Fuego

our observation of the world. It teaches that you should take for yourself what you can at the moment, regardless of what others say about it."

"That seems honest enough, and very acute," I said. "Now, by what means do you intend to take over Tierra del Fuego, and when you have done that, how do you intend to run the islands?"

"We," said Malagracia, "intended to conquer the islands, as you call them, although we prefer to speak of The Glorious Republic of Tierra del Fuego, in any way we can. By invasion, by vote, by outright purchase, and so forth. The time is not right at this moment, however. But when we do establish our Glorious Republic, should any foreign power attempt to attack us, we shall destroy them, we shall rape their women, pillage their treasuries, burn their cities, and sow their fields with salt. We shall . . ." He was waving his hands in the air when Estimado cut him off.

"You must pardon Juan," he said. "He tends to get violent when he is enthusiastic about something. We intend to run the islands justly, for everybody's benefit, including our own. As for the type of government, we haven't quite decided on that. I, personally, am in favor of a constitutional monarchy, but Alejandro wants a military dictatorship, Davido wants a town-meeting form, and Juan there wants a welfare state. But this we shall decide on later."

I said that they didn't sound too organized. Malagracia was about to say something, but I, luckily, got in another question before he could open his mouth. "What positions will you four hold when you have established The Glorious Republic of Tierra del Fuego?"

"I will be the Minister of Internal Affairs," said Abrasar. "I shall keep the country free from undesirables with my Secret Police. I shall also be the Patent Office."

"I," said Estimado, "shall be the Minister of Education. I shall also be the general of the Air Force."

Jamon said, "I shall be head of the Coast Guard, with our newly designed galleys, and I shall also be Minister of Finance."

Declared Malagracia, "I will

be Admiral of the Navy. I will be Minister of Culture, too."

"Well," I said, "you have a

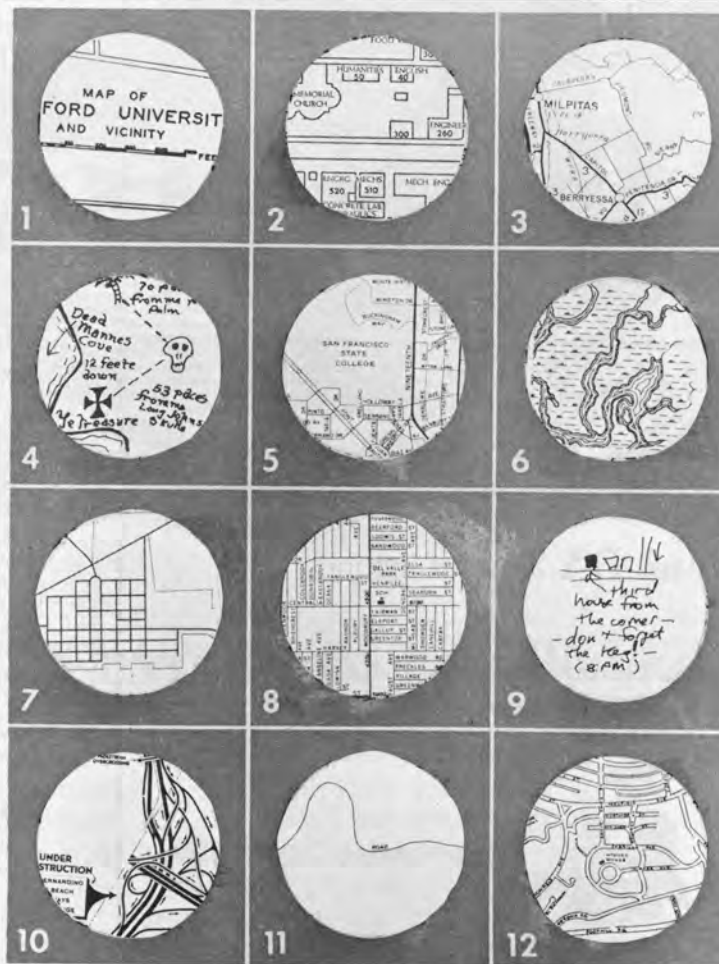
military, but no Army. Why is that? And what sort of weapons do you have?"

"We don't have an army because an army fights on land."

My love is like a blue, blue rose,
That freezes when the gin runs out,
For though she's nice, she won't get close,
She's nicer when she's full of stout.

For she objects to stronger drinks,
The weakest ones she only sips,
So I've invented one small ruse,
So alcohol will pass her lips.

For I freeze gin in ice cube trays,
And make a gin and Schweppes that's mild,
She takes a sip, and soon some more,
The gin cubes melt, and she goes wild.



Where Do You Think You're At?

East or West, North or South, Hell or High Water, each of the above areas is within the territorial limits of Kenya Colony. As the saying goes, "There's no place near it." Well, where the hell are you?

(Answer on Page 43)

said Malagracia. "And there is little land on which to fight. So we don't have an army. But our Navy . . . It is small; you are on the capital ship right now, but a couple of our submarines had some fun in Gulfo Nuevo a few months ago."

Estimado said that the Air Force's primary weapon was the G-Bomb. "It will be delivered by seagulls for medium range bombing, but for long range bombing, we will use albatrosses."

"The G-Bomb," Abrasar said, "is composed of our country's main export. It is devastating, much more powerful in its after-effects than any nuclear bomb."

"The Coast Guard," said Jamon, "uses galleys. Very effective and highly maneuverable in constricted waters."

We then talked of the origins and history of the movement. The Me Movement, I was told, had its beginnings in the fall of 1957. Thrown together by fate, the four leaders concocted the plan for establishing themselves in Tierra del Fuego. In the three years following, the movement grew in popularity among their fellows. "We started from nothing," said Jamon, "and while we are not very big, we will one day be a success."

Yet I wonder if it will be a success. Such a revolution in revolutionary organization does the Me Movement represent, that I am personally convinced that it is at least 100 years ahead of its time. Its alleged purpose is to set up a state in which people can do as they like and whose sovereignty shall never be challenged. This is a dangerous set of concepts, in my way of looking at things, and if these four masterminds do succeed, the West, to quote Allen Dulles, head of CIA, "will not only be seriously threatened, but also will be forced to make a new evaluation of itself."

THE END

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By Elias Lieber

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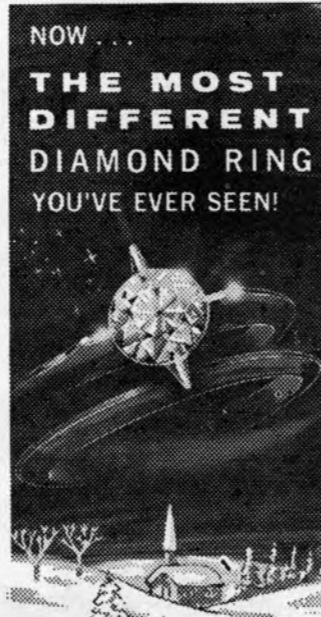
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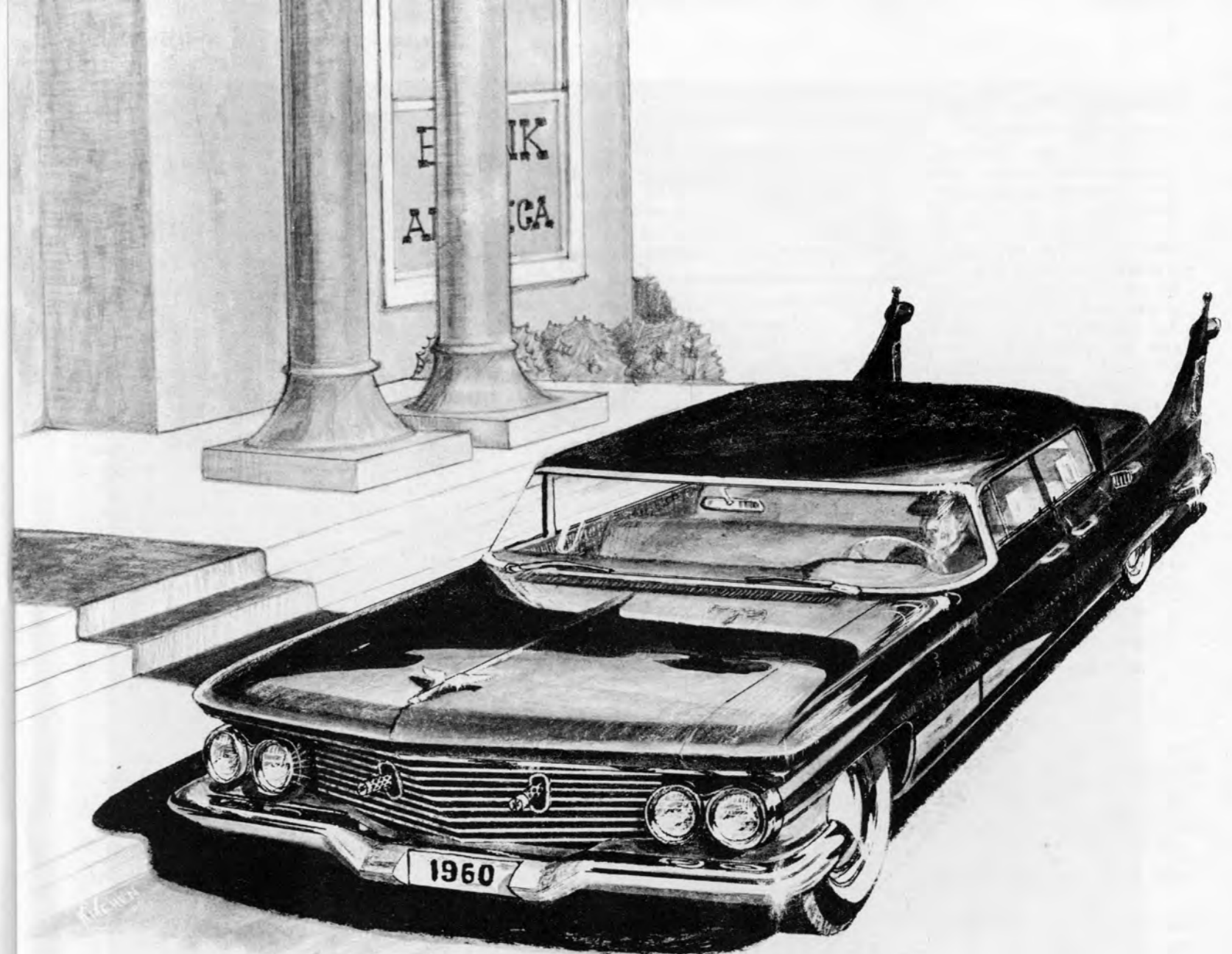


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Crisis in Our Colleges

(Continued from Page 15)

in his underwear at night. Now-days all they do is get grades—grades to get into the honors program, grades in the honors program to get into grad school, grades in grad school to get into biz school, grades in biz school to get a job—DAMN! In the Age of Education if an under-grad got better, or worse, than a 2.0, why, his father wouldn't let him in the house.

That's another facet of "education" that's been waiting for a chance to be spoken for—fraternities. Now they hold meetings and throw people in library fountains. Then they used to run universities. Times like when the president of Columbia asked

... ..

Second Thoughts on the Way to a Man Heart

By Barbara Krem

There was an old man from Lenore,
Whose mouth was as wide as a door;
While attempting a grin,
He slipped and fell in,
And lay inside out on the floor.

... ..

the Phi Ugs if it would be all right if he built the new medical research building on a plot of ground between their picture window and the sorority house across the yard. They didn't like the idea, so he built it somewhere else—or maybe he kissed it off entirely. Anyhow, it wasn't built there.

Buildings are just one more of the wheels in the cart that is carrying our universities straight to hell. Those venerable old ivy-covered halls that I used to cut classes in still bring tears to my eyes. What do they have in their place now? I'll tell you what they have now—they have conforming, grey-stucco walled, rabbit-warrenish, Momistic prisons!! I've seen some modern schools that even have soft chairs. And more than one blackboard (only they're green now). And electric lighting. But not one ounce of ivy. And, almost as important, not one ounce of brainpower, character or the courage it takes to hammer honest-to-Godfearing

truthful knowledge into the heads of the modern thick-headed college generation.

I tell you true, colleges have gone to hell. I think I have made my position quite clear on the matter. The sooner we oust the educators from the schools and get somebody in there who knows

I have barely touched upon the evils which are now eating at the heart of our university system. I could spend pages slashing them to bits with deft strokes of my rapier wit. But I won't, principally because I just this morning got a note from the Pile people telling me that I am no

buy my latest book, which is on some other topic entirely, but which helps pay for the groceries.

THE END

to Get Your Bait

[Continued from page 6]

seen it. Sometimes it would up to the shore; but when you it, it would go back into deep appear. I was pleased to hear canoe, which took the place one of the same material but ful construction, which perch- rst been a tree on the bank, and vere, fell into the water, to float generation, the most proper lake. I remember that when into these depths there were trunks to be seen indistinctly bottom, which had either been formerly, or left on the ice at

Spring has come,
The grass is riz,
And all the little
Girlies is
Wearing gingham,
Peasant blouses
(And drawing stares
From Stanford louses).
Beaches full
Of scanty-clads
And overeager
Stanford lads,
People sunning
At the lake,
Trying hard
To stay awake.
Lag is full
Of filthy waters,
Leaky rafts,
And buxom daughters,
Musclad boys
In BVD's,
Birdies singing
In the trees,
Baseball games,
Winning teams,
Unread Dailies
By the reams.
Track and crewmen
Kiss off sports
Drinking beer
In low resorts.
Snow is melting
In the hills;
Week-end blasts
And dexy pills.
So, spring is here,
Let's have some fun
And end up minus
21!!!

—Sexy Sam Shakespeare

A homely young harlot named Gert
Used to street-walk until her corns hurt;
But now she just stands
Upside down on her hands
With her face covered up by her skirt.

what he's teaching and has the guts to teach it, the sooner we'll start educating our youth the way I was educated—the Right way of the three R's—Rigid, Righteous and Reactionary!

longer getting paid by the word. For the solution to the problems I have exposed and for the word on what you as a thinking individual can do, I suggest you flock right to the corner bookstore and

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THERE ARE PEACE-TIME USES FOR THE HYDROGEN BOMB

By Moe Lekule

JUST WHAT IS THIS PAYOLA NONSENSE ANYHOW?

By C. V. Doren



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The Blessed Asset

(Continued from Page 22)

no trade," he recalled, "so I made my way in the world as best I could . . . tap dancing, guest conducting symphony orchestras, judging art shows . . . just about everything." But in the midst of his bleak and aimless wander-

ings, Fortune smiled on Harold C. Gaff.

On a winter morning as he was ambling down the street in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where he was serving as assistant basketball coach for the local YMCA, he absently stepped on a weight

A limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones we've seen
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.



Lulabelle was the darling of her Branner corridor. All the girls liked her, she was very funny, she made all of her own clothes, she had received thirty-eight merit badges in the girl scouts and she got good grades. Also, she never let her dates kiss her—she was truly a girl's girl, and her corridor-mates all loved her. However, she was pathologically sensitive about the fact that even though she weighed 235 lbs., she was only five feet, three inches tall; but she was so sweet that all the other girls carefully avoided ever mentioning anything about it to her face, so as not to send her into a fit.

Lulabelle's roommate Cynthia was completely unlike her. She never studied, she let her dates kiss her, she never went to corridor meetings, and, to top it all off, she took merciless advantage of Lulabelle. Cynthia put week-end guests up in her bed, used all of her closet space and had her bring up breakfast in bed every morning. All the girls hated Cynthia, but Lulabelle, who never had an unkind word for anybody, took it all cheerfully.

One day Lulabelle came in to find Cynthia, another girl and two boys playing bridge in their room. They were sprawled all over her bed and were using her cards and smoking her cigarettes. Very sweetly she said to Cynthia, "Cyn, I don't mind if you and your friends smoke my cigarettes, but I do wish that you wouldn't flick your ashes into my bed."

Cynthia, grinding out her Kent on Lulabelle's white chenille bedspread, looked up with a smile and said coquettishly, "Take gas, you fat slob!"

Rennarb Rosnops

machine and punched a penny home. The card whistled down the chute. Everything seemed in order. "You weigh 41 pounds," the card read. ("Accurate," thought Gaff.) "AND WILL DISCOVER THAT ALL HUMOR STEMS FROM ONE BASIC WORD" concluded the card.

Gaff isn't one to go around believing every weight machine he comes across, but this one interested him. He invested another penny.

"You still weigh 41 pounds," read the card, ("Consistent," thought Gaff) "and the word you are looking for is . . ." The rest of the card was smeared and illegible.

What was the word? What did the machine mean? Was the word English? Or was it some other language, possibly one he had never heard of? Could he trace it? The machine was right about his weight—could it be wrong about the word? His mind reeled on. Finally he collected his wits and decided to try and see what he could do.

Gaff devoted himself wholly to his project, even to the point of quitting his profitable coaching job. His schedule became so rigorous that it would have felled a Trapist Monk. He virtually lived in the Perth Amboy Public Library, analyzed *L'il Abner* and *Dondi* incessantly, spent every spare penny he had in weight machines and subscribed to *Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang*. He interrupted his program only once in nine months, that time to walk all the way to New York to take in the year's hit musical comedy, *The Norman Vincent Peale Story*, sung by the ringing basso profundo of Eleanor Roosevelt. It took him five valuable days, but Gaff still considers it time and effort well spent.

As the days wore into months, and the months into years, Gaff's research began to produce results. Eliminating catchy phrases, tempting double entendres, archaic spelling and Old English obscenities isn't easy, but Gaff threw himself into it. Words like "gesundheit" and "garbage" were cut without compunction. "Burgle" fell. "Sump" was crossed off. But as he came closer to his objective he found further elimination a bit of a problem.

"As I came closer to my objective," he told me as he deftly

(Continued on Page 40)



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flunk! Everyone knows
that ravens can't talk.**

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ROOS/ATKINS

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
DOWNTOWN: UNIVERSITY AT BRYANT

(Continued from Page 38)

added a dollop of sour cream to the borsch he was nursing. "I found further elimination a bit of a problem. However, using a little taste and unflinching investigation I finally narrowed the possibilities down to five words, all of them English."

Gaff toyed with those last five words for three weeks before he decided to strike "bee-hive" off. After all, hyphenated words really didn't belong—the weight machine mentioned only "one basic word"—no room for hyphens. It was June before he parted with "elephant" (too political) and August before he got rid of "sneeze" (too close to "gesundheit" for comfort). He was left with two words. He juggled and juxtaposed, appraised and analyzed, deliberated and, finally, decided . . . on a warm morning in September. At noon that day he called a press conference to be held, fittingly, in the etymology section of the Perth Amboy Public Library.

At three P.M. Gaff gavelled his meeting to order. It was attended



THE WEDNESDAY MORNING PILE

by one cub reporter, an adolescent named Ralph, who represented the *Perth Amboy People's Press*. Gaff faced the youth before him and launched into his announcement. "Gentlemen, it is with a confidence built on the sturdy foundation of exhaustive research and study that I announce that I have decided to erase the word "philodendron" from my list."

'T is better to have read the *Pile* than never to have laughed at all.

O. BOY

Ralph was thunderstruck. "The word I have decided on as the basis of all humor is . . ." Gaff paused to pour a glass of water and dramatically quaffed it. ". . . linoleum!"

Since his historic announcement, Gaff has been giving lectures, spreading his glad truth to the world. His brilliant speeches (Continued on Page 43)



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DO you, too, enjoy the refreshment of the pure, floating, oval cake? How freely it lathers—how agreeably it cleanses! Fairy soap adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.

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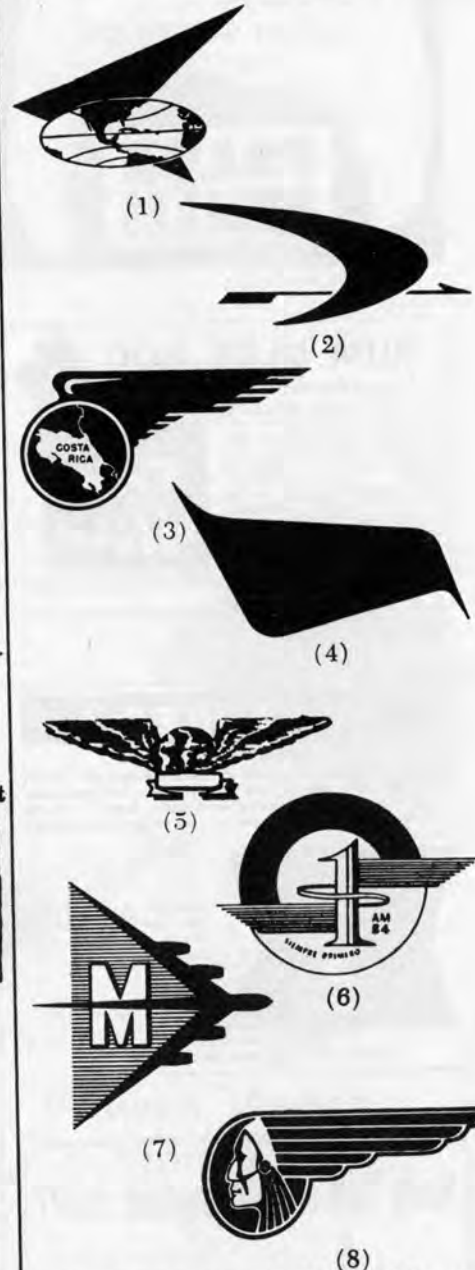
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Bungee Travel Quiz

Familiar with Airline Insignia? Try to identify the following more difficult ones. All eight means you are a real traveler. For information or reservations on ANY airlines, contact Bungey Travel, Inc. Serving Stanford's travel needs since 1931.



We hope you've had fun with our Interline Quiz. For those of you who have sent in requests to display your carriers' insignia, we'll catch up with them as soon as possible. Turn to page 47 for the names of the air carriers who are identified with the insignia shown below.

Bungey Travel, Inc

110, The Circle DA 5-5686 Palo Alto

(Continued from Page 40)

are the toast of the Perth Amboy PTA banquet circuit and have been well received by many other groups. "I use what I like to call the 'without-and-with' method—it's sure-fire for a good speech," he grinned as he lifted the bowl of borsch to his lips and drained it. "I tell a joke that doesn't have 'linoleum' in it and tell it again with the magic word slipped in unobtrusively. You know, to sort of point out the difference between using 'linoleum' and not using it." He failed to notice the smear of sour cream that clung to his nose as he put the bowl down.

To make Gaff's without-and-with style abundantly clear, we here reprint, with his permission, a few of his favorite without-and-with jokes.

Without:

I was walking down the street the other day, see, when a pan-handler came up to me and said he hadn't had a bite in three days . . . so I bit him!

With:

I was walking down the street the other day, see, when a pan-handler came up to me and said

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.

he hadn't had a bite in three days . . . so I bit a piece of linoleum.

The next joke is more a toast than a joke. "Without" it has been in disuse ever since Jack Benny recited it during a dinner honoring Eva Marie Saint.

Martinis—how I love them!
But I only drink one at the most.

Two and I'm under the table,
Three and I'm under the host.

Revitalized by Gaff's "with" technique, it has been selected as the lead toast in George Jessel's new book, *Toasts to Sell Bonds* By.

Martinis—how I love them!
But I only drink one at the most.

Two and I'm under the table,
Three and I'm linoleumed out of my mind.

As a climax to his speeches, Gaff usually turns things over to the audience. He challenges anyone to tell a joke "without" that he cannot make funnier "with." "It's never even been close," Gaff told me as he threw his napkin into the borsch bowl preparatory to leaving. "As a matter of fact, I don't even remember any of the jokes except one, and when I got done with that one, the little old lady who tried to beat me with it was drummed out of the Colonial Dames. They did it right there at the dinner—drums, black flags, incantations and all. Boy, was it impressive. Too bad though . . . well, anyway, she told the story

about the man who bumps into a long lost friend on the street. This fellow starts bringing his friend up to date on the years they have been apart. He begins describing his successful chain of hotels, his fancy yacht, mentions about how he calls Gina Lollobridgida "Gina," tells about the turkey ranches he owns and how he spars with Archie Moore twice a week to keep in shape. "Golly, how do you do it all?" asks his friend. The man looks down at his manicured nails and blushes and hems and haws. Then he answers: "Beautifully," he says. "All the Colonial Dames thought that version was pretty



You be the Judge

By FRED FRAMPTON

Harold, while serving as a waiter in a fashionable San Francisco restaurant, developed a tapeworm. In order to satisfy the resulting increase in his appetite he had to resort to removing food from plates as he carried them to his tables. One night an irate patron complained to the manager that his pheasant-under-glass was lacking the pheasant. The manager, investigating the matter, found Harold behind a potted palm munching on a drumstick.

"Aha, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the manager. The startled Harold swallowed the drumstick, which became lodged in his larynx. He promptly filed suit against the manager charging criminal negligence. The manager filed a counter-charge of petty larceny, naming the customer as a material witness. The customer filed suits against both of them, accusing Harold of intent to defraud and the manager of defamation of character. Both charged the customer with advocating the overthrow of the government by force.

"The manager practically assaulted Harold," said Harold's lawyer. "Obviously Harold is innocent, and hanging is too good for the manager." "You're full of it!" maintained the manager's lawyer. "It's the customer's fault—if he'd kept his big yap shut everything would have been all right!" "You lying bastards!" countered the customer's lawyer. "Everybody knows that the customer is always right!"

If you were the judge, how would you bounce the big ball?

.....

The tapeworm won. The court said that he had been involved through circumstances beyond his control and that he could therefore not be held accountable for the actions of the waiter,

the customer or the manager. He was allowed to pass GO and was awarded two hotels on Boardwalk. Based upon a 1960 decision of Women's Council.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You're At?

- | | |
|--------------|--------------------|
| 1. East L.A. | 7. Texas |
| 2. Nowhere | 8. Outsville |
| 3. Iowa | 9. N.Y. |
| 4. N. Dak. | 10. Left ventricle |
| 5. Minsk | 11. Iowa |
| 6. Berkeley | 12. Zott's |

funny and I could see that they would be hostile to whatever I said. But I had faith, and so I told my version without hesitation. I said, "It seems that a man bumped into a long lost friend on the street and kicked him right in the linoleum."

"As I said, it was no contest." Gaff rose from the table.

They'll never call Harvard "the Stanford of the East."
C. FUSCIOUS

"Well, I have to go now," he said, still oblivious to the sour cream on his nose. "A man's intellectual work is never done. Even piercing the laughter-definition barrier isn't enough for an insatiably curious mind."

And thus we see how one man's insatiably curious mind has helped. Man, *homo sapiens*, to rise, once again, above the level of his environment with one more of those events, like all events, which alter and illuminate our time. THE END.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further the following books are recommended:

The Stanford Chaparral
Stanford University Press
\$.35 per issue

Cap'n Billy's Whiz Bang
Grut Press
\$.10

Fred P. Terman
Electrical Engineering Handbook
McGraw-Hill
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The History of Western Civilization
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The Summer Affair

(Continued from Page 21)

But the tanned, well-proportioned man from Oil City, Pennsylvania, did not listen to the simple girl's plea. Instead, he called the manager of the swank Country Club over to the table and asked that the disheveled, not-too-attractive busboy be fired. "But Peter," Sally said as they left the dining room, "it wasn't his fault anyhow."

"Sally," Peter replied, turning to the milk-soaked young heiress, "somebody knocked over that glass, and it certainly wasn't I. But listen; let's forget it happened. I'll take you into your cousin Gene's house, you can change, and we'll go out."

"No," she said softly in the moonlight by the simple but attractive pool, "I have another dress here. I'll change and drive back myself."

Peter could sense the coolness that had come over her. She seemed now like an iceberg to

A bird in the hand is unwelcome at a reception line.
T. URP

him. But the hot diamond necklace reflected the moonlight like prisms beside the pool, and he could detect the faint perfume of dried milk.

"Sally," he said, taking her hand, "please."

"No," said the girl simply, looking up into his baby-blue eyes in which she could see the colorful reflections of her necklace, as in a livid pool.

She turned and left him for the clubhouse for the second time that day, dancing fleetingly away. Peter Alcott looked at the gold letters on the clubhouse door: "Oakleaf Hills Tennis and Swimming Club." He reflected thoughtfully that he should have been in Europe, where his aunt could supply him with all the money he needed.

It was a cool, moonlit, altogether beautiful night. Sally Palmer, a simple girl from Beverly Hills, California, walked by the moonlit pool in the cool moonlight. She was wearing a cotton dress which clashed with her character, being neither simple nor attractive. It was a white

(Continued on Page 1)



Modest . . . because

A Postcard for Kathy

(Continued from Page 17)

"You know what, Kirk," John says. But Kirk does not look up. He looks at a picture in his book of a giant standing next to a normal sized man. Both are wearing business suits. The giant is also wearing a vest and glasses.

"You know what, Kirk," John says. "She's been staring back at me these last few days."

But Kirk is fascinated with the giant in the vest and glasses. He just smiles, looks at the picture and shakes his head.

"Kirk!" John shouts. "My God," Kirk says under his breath. He still looks at the picture of the giant. "And they can't draft him . . . just think they can't draft him . . . too tall."

John continues. "You know Kirk, today I made a point of out-staring her, still I had to look away first. She isn't even subtle about staring back."

Kirk looks up. "You know the one catch in my plan, don't you?"

"Yeah? What?" John says. He is happy to see that Kirk has left the giant.

"You're chicken," Kirk says. "You haven't got the guts."

"You're wrong," John says. "I've got the guts. You're wrong. I'm just not sure that that's just the best plan. It's a good idea. It's great. I'm just not sure that's the best approach . . . I mean about kissing her."

"Details," Kirk says. "You always worry about details."

Soon John is thinking again. He thinks about Kathy. Little Kathy with a smile like a pixie. He imagines himself after he has known her for a while. I'll write a story for her, he thinks. It will be a subtle biography of my life. Of course, I'll pretend that it's someone else's life and then this girl will enter this fellow's life. That will be where I meet Kathy. And this girl will inspire this fellow to greatness, as a novelist, playwright, composer, man about town—loved by all, like Noel Coward. That will be my subtle hint to her that she ought to marry me and turn me into a great man.

Kirk leans back in his chair. "Now take the way I met Estelle. We were in the same Poli Sci section. We agreed on all the major political issues. I even used to find myself directing all the points about the electoral college just to her. Then I wrote this

note." He pauses. "That's it, John. Write her a note. Make it clever, enticing, and so forth."

Then a short argument followed and after they had distinguished between the minor and major premise, John agreed with Kirk that a note that was clever, enticing, and so forth would be just the thing. It took them two

at the Curran—I've got tickets.

The Old Rickshaw Bar awaits, the Curran awaits, Vesuvio's awaits, the City Light's Bookstore Awaits, Miss Smith's Tea Shop awaits. Do you want to forget your troubles? Consider this an opportunity.

Yours sincerely,
P.S. My name is John (I know you but you don't know me). Amendment to P.S. Please find enclosed our handy reply card for your convenience.

Both John and Kirk were excited about the note. Kirk was especially proud of the fact that he had composed the line about fostering illegitimate children. John even bought a new after shave lotion called "Aphrodisia—For men."

"Smell me would you, Kirk?" he asked the next morning after shaving. "This stuff is called Aphrodisia."

"Hell no!" Kirk replied. But even so, John felt happy as tension mounted waiting for Kathy's reply.

Three days later it came. Scribbled on the bottom of the card were these words: "Sorry wrong number—busy."

At first John was shocked, then crushed, then angry at Kirk and



and a half hours to produce this note:

Dear Kathy,
Saturday night a crescent moon will rise over Old Cameron Way in Chinatown (that is, if the Almanac is correct). The iron fire-escapes overhead will cast striped shadows in the narrow strange smelling streets. Silk Stockings will be playing

This is how the post card read:

- Check one of the following:
- A. By God, yes!
 - B. No because:
 - 1. I am engaged.
 - 2. I am married.
 - 3. I am fostering illegitimate children.
 - C. Maybe, call me.

There are devils everywhere.

R. MINTO

his ideas. When Kirk walked in the door that afternoon John was standing inside the room with the card clenched in one fist. "You bastard!" he shouted. Kirk read the note and fell back into a chair laughing and holding his stomach.

As singular as it seems, the weeks went by and John still found that Kathy stared back at him. If possible, even with more intensity than before. Two years later in his senior seminar, Kathy began staring at him for fifteen to twenty minutes on end. Once when staring back he noticed that she did not even blink once for a period of twelve minutes.

One day John found himself following Kathy out of the senior seminar room after a lively discussion of Finigan's Wake. As he stepped out into the sunlight a small, dark, foreign-looking boy, who was in the same class walked up to Kathy.

"Good discussion, what?" he said grinning up at Kathy.

"Yes, it was," she said nodding.

"Say, I know we haven't met," he said. "Mervin's my name. How about taking in a flick Friday?"

"Why I'd love to," Kathy replied.

That evening John returned to the house and spent several hours listening to jazz and classical music. He put the records on indiscriminately for a change.

THE END

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Answers to Interline Quiz:

1. Cubana Airlines.
2. Frontier Airlines.
3. LACSA International Airlines.
4. LAN (Lines Aereo Nacional de Chile).
5. Lloyd Aereo Colombiano.
6. Los Angeles Airways, Inc.
7. Mackey Airlines, Inc.
8. Mohawk.



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Keeping Piled

Tales of the Authors

WYLIE VIPER, author of "Crisis in Our Colleges" is an East Side New Yorker now living in Hillsborough, California. "It was hard for me at first," said Viper reminiscing over his career. "Although I had always wanted to be a writer, quitting school in the first grade was a serious blow to my ambition. To support myself thereafter I worked in a garment factory and learned the quaint vernacular of East Side New York."

Viper had no success with his early stories, but one day a crisis descended upon him which was a blessing in disguise. During that day he was fired from his job, hit by a car and deserted by his mistress.

"I was so mad I couldn't see straight," said Viper. "I hobbled home, got out a bottle and my typewriter and started writing. Twenty four hours later I had finished my first book, in which I attacked every group, organization and class in the country, utilizing the picturesque lower East Side phraseology. The publishing house accepted the book immediately and it is now generally recognized as an American classic." After this initial triumph Viper's road to success was all downhill, for *Pile* started buying his stories.

"The thing I learned from that book was very simple," says Viper. "It was that you can make money by being mad. It makes little difference what you are mad about or even if your rage is justified as long as you're just damned good and mad. A logical, fairly presented article on some vital problem just isn't going to sell—to sell you've got to be wet-



Author Viper.

hen mad, because then people think you are sincere; and the more four-letter words you use, the more they're convinced. Don't worry about the stuff you say being true or not, as any excesses can be written off by your lawyers as overemphasis for effect. If you just get mad enough you'll be hailed as a social prophet, and then you'll sell, by God! So that's my advice to young writers—get really mad at those #)%\$&#-

#)%\$&# professors, ministers, businessmen, housewives, bird-watchers, census-takers, pall-bearers and editors—and sell!"

Viper gave this statement to the *Pile* while he sat on his front lawn of his hilltop Hillsborough home while gathering material for the herein contained article by observing the College of San Mateo through a spyglass.

Submariner Grumbacher.



As the first man to travel under the South Pole in a coal-burning submarine, F. SCOTT GRUMBACHER, as one might well expect, was hailed widely as a hero of the first water. "It was a blast!" says F. (Ferdinand) Scott. "I mean I expected medals and a few parties, but I was amazed at the reception we got. Parties every night, wine, women, song—what a blast! One party we had a bunch of chorus girls who wanted to go for a ride in the sub. Well, we got in and started out to sea, and what the hell happened but it started to rain. In no time at all the rain-water coming down through the stack put the boiler fire out and we had to drift around until the coal dried. What a blast!"

F. Scott plans to make another voyage in the *Plankton* in the near future, but is uncertain of either the destination or the purpose of the trip. Among the possibilities are a sortie up the Congo River and an attempt to be the first coal-burning submarine to go over Niagara Falls, but nothing definite has yet been decided. "It all depends on fuel," says Grumbacher. "On the last trip we ended up burning the card

tables and cribbage boards to make the last fifty miles. No appropriations from Congress have come through yet, but we're sure to get some money—after all, it's the only coal-burning submarine in the country and that's pretty good publicity. Who else has a coal-burning submarine?"

We wish Admiral Grumbacher every success in the world and we hope, with him, that governmental support is forthcoming because we have already given him bread ahead for the story of his next voyage with America's only coal-burning submarine, the *U.S.S. Plankton*.

NEXT WEEK'S PILE:

"Tugboat Annie Meets Moby Dick"

An epic novel newly translated from the original Mongolian masterpiece by Ben Franklin.



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Vought's four-point program for space gives young engineers wide opportunities to make fullest use of their talents. First, there is the area of space research vehicles—systems to carry the actual payload instrumentation. The second is the payload itself—the reconnaissance and communication satellites which the rockets place in orbit. A third major line of interest is the manned space vehicle, and few private U. S. concerns are as thoroughly experienced or well-equipped as Vought for designing crew quarters.

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Vought Aeronautics is developing the nuclear-powered SLAM (supersonic low-altitude missile), is carrying out ASW work for the Navy, and is represented in other fields ranging from battlefield weapons to pilot escape. **Vought Electronics** is developing antenna systems, support equipment and power controls, including the actuator for the Minuteman ICBM. The **Range Systems Division** is tracking NASA satellites in addition to other Pacific Missile Range duties. The **Research Division**, recently organized, is looking forward to a new, integrated center for basic research.

In all of this work, Vought's greatest asset is its strong backlog of technical and operational experience acquired through 43 years of leadership in high-performance vehicles.

For further information about Vought's new Astronautics Division and its opportunities for your space-age advancement, or about any of the other four divisions, student engineers are invited to write:

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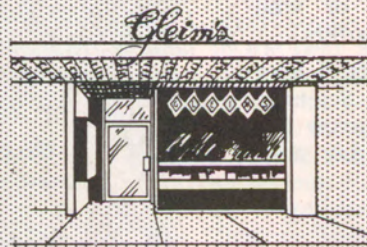
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*One year without
any interest charge*

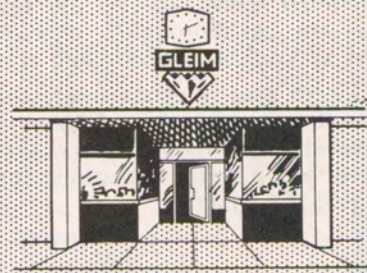
3—LOCATIONS



322 UNIVERSITY AVE.
DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO



119 THE MALL
STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER



408 CALIFORNIA AVENUE
SOUTH PALO ALTO