

the stanford

CHAPARRAL

MARCH 1963

40 CENTS



RUSH!

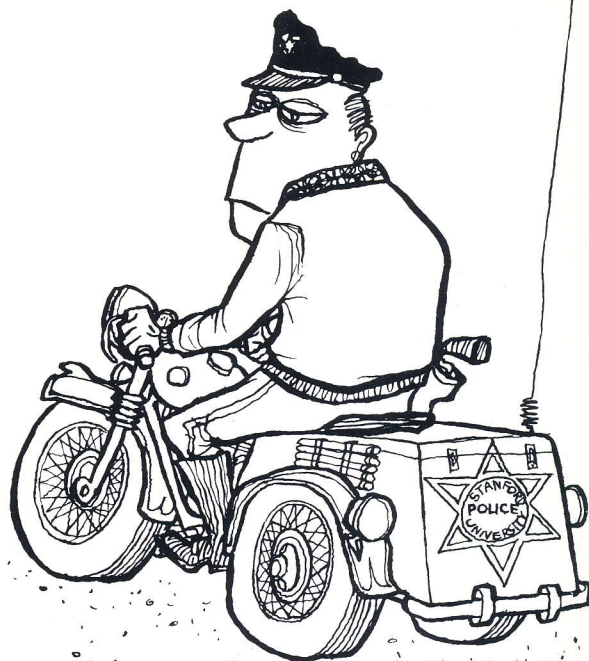
The Old Boy's Oldies

4 of his finest



"Shazam!"

MERTA

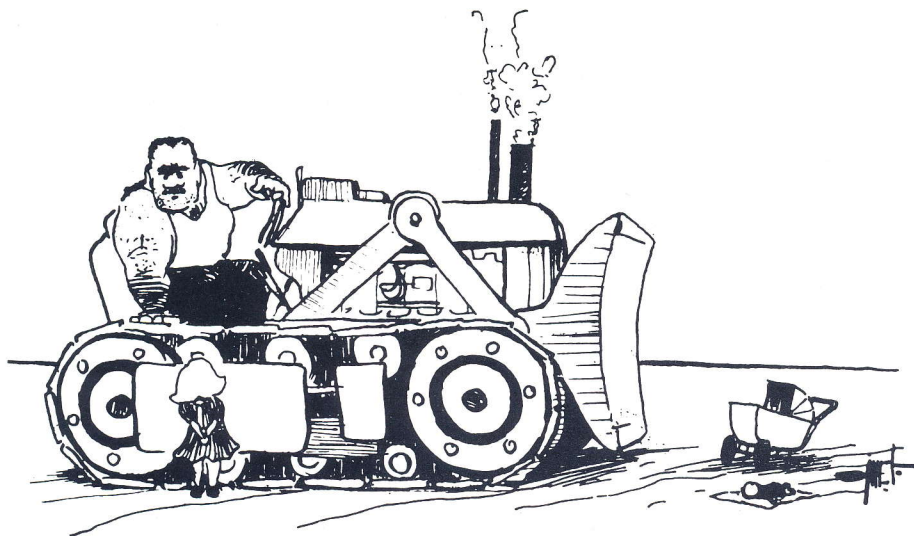


Newton
RANGER

"Kin I have a ethkimo pie?"



"Quick! I see him coming!"



"You sweaty sonofabitch!"—Pelican



Photograph by

Hans Roth

173 University Avenue
Palo Alto, California
DA 4-2224



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present Barbara Glidden of Lagunita.
Peninsula is also proud to present its famous MILKSHAKE and other fine
dairy products for your enjoyment.

Hamilton at Emerson

Peninsula Creamery

DA 3-3176



Sweden



France



United States



Germany



Great Britain

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



Ken's HOUSE of PANCAKES

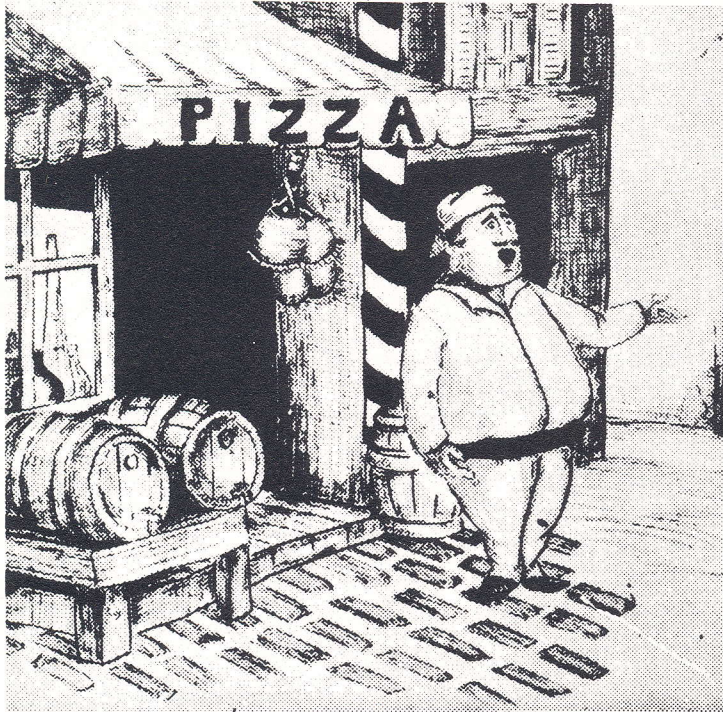
888 EL CAMINO REAL
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

Chicken Steaks

An excellent place for Stanford students to eat Sunday breakfast!

Also, dine at the Shack

1972 University Ave., Palo Alto



★ CARA'S ★

5 P.M. TO 2 A. M.

4896 El Camino

YO 7-2570

Rudolfo's



The Biggest
The Tastiest

The Cheapest
The Grandest

Pizza!

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

4020 EL CAMINO REAL

DA 2-3869

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

The waste involved in investment without research is illustrated by the man who spent two hundred dollars on a cure for halitosis and then found out that no one liked him anyway.

The waitress was wondering why the elderly man was eating, while his wife merely stared out the window.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked the lady.

"Sure am," the lady replied, "I'm just waiting till Pa gets through with the teeth."

An Englishman was conversing with the clerk in the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

"Here's a riddle," said the clerk.

"My mother gave birth to a child. It was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it?"

Englishman: "I can't guess."

Clerk: "It was I."

Englishman: "Ha! Ha! Very clever. I must remember that."

The Englishman then told the story at his club.

Said he: "Here's a riddle, old top. My mother gave birth to a child, and it was neither my brother nor my sister. Who was it? What! you can't guess? Do you give up?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Ha! It was the clerk at the Mark Hopkins Hotel."

"I'm bushed," said the horse as Lady Godiva mounted up.

Billy's father sat at the edge of the bed of his small son telling him his nightly bedtime story. "Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear, Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair, Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?"

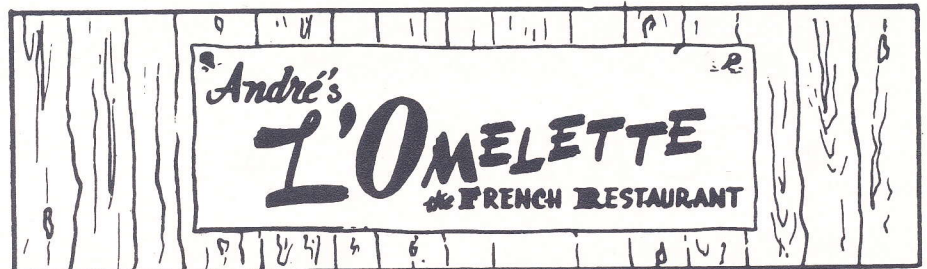
"Hey Mom!" Billy yelled. "The old man's on a toot again."

"To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle Moses?"

"Ah was born a long ways back."



**The Grand Opening, any Wednesday at 5:00 P.M.
L'Omelette, the French restaurant, 2 miles south**





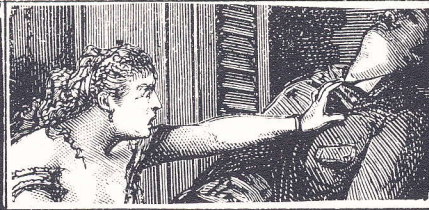
Chris Herlick models one of the many spring dresses at Phelps-Terkel. This JR. SOPHISTICATE, in brown and beige linen comes in sizes 5-13, \$24.95.

PHELPS—TERKEL

219 University
Palo Alto DA 2-2193

the stanford
CHAPARRAL

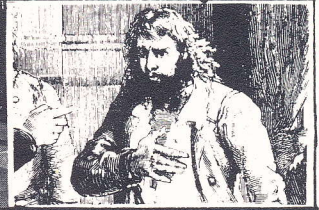
**CONTENTS
 FOR MARCH
 VOL. LXIV, NO. 3**



page 10



page 19



page 27

THE CASE AGAINST EUGLENA HAYDORK . . . Pete Steinhart page 10
FOETAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE FRATMAN . Brad Efron page 14
QUEEN Lindy Johnson page 19
THROUGH A GLASS OBLIQUELY Wonka & Runch page 24
CAMPUS PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH . . . Ernst Garrioch page 27
PLEDGE MANUAL & LITURGY OF EL
GOBLE EATING CLUB Bros. Stein page 28

Stanford University founded 1891; *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: Pete Steinhart, President; Rupert Lissner, Vice President; Steve Rose, National Secretary-Treasurer. © 1963 by *The Stanford Chaparral*. Second Class postage paid at Palo Alto, California, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1897. Published six times during the school year by *The Stanford Chaparral* Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. Published for, and officially recognized as, the humor magazine of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona Fide college humor magazines are granted reprinting rights of editorial material provided that credit is given to *The Stanford Chaparral*; all others should seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving the infringement of copyright laws. Address all communications to P.O. Box 7256, Stanford, California. Represented nationally by *The Stanford Chaparral*. Telephone: Palo Alto, DA 1-2300, local extension 2400.



The Chappies EDITORIAL

PETE STEINHART
Editor

DICK ENERSEN
Managing Editor

JIM KASSON
Photo Editor

GREGG BROWN
Art Editor

BEOWULF EFRON
MARK DRAPER
LOU PADULO
IAN DENGLER
Associate Editors

JAMES M. GLEASON
AL DODWORTH
DOUG NEWTON
RAY FUNKHOUSER
BILL KITCHEN
Alumni Advisors

CINDY MALLOT
Corresponding Secretary

CONTRIBUTORS

ED BLAIR
JIM BLACK
JACKIE LYALL
KELSIE HARDER
PAUL MERTA
CLAIRE HARTZELL
MARY MIHALICH
HERMAN HYMEN
LISA YOUNT
HOWARD KAYE
PETE BRIGHTNER
TIM HAIGHT
FROSTY MCKOWN
HAMILTON BOB
JOE COLLONGE

BUSINESS

RUPERT LISSNER
Business Manager

PHIL TORRE
Advertising Manager

HAMMER AND COFFIN

GENE ECHTERLING
LARRY WINGERTER
LANDIS NELSON
FRED PAULSON
STEVE ZOUSER
NICK SHOUMATOFF
WILL NAKASHIMA
MARK HAMMER
JERRY MATSUKADO
SANDY GALLUN
RON COSTELL
LOU PADULO
DAVID HORINE
STEVE ROSE

HAMMER AND COFFIN AUXILIARY

PAT BLACK
MARY LOU KILCLINE
MARY LOU FUNKHOUSER
JOY ANN CHAI
NANCY WEIDEMANN
Women's Manager

NOW THAT every fraternity man and his brother is wandering around quad with a glazed look and a nervous tic, let's settle once and for all just what is allowed and what is verboten under the new rush regulations:

1. It is OK to speak to a freshman man, but it is NOT OK to speak to a freshman man in his room, in his roommate's room, or in his bathroom. The hall outside a freshman's room is considered part of his room (except that he is not allowed to sleep there or have any of his furniture there) as is the window ledge directly outside his bathroom. This rule applies until the second week of Spring Quarter, not inclusive.

2. It is OK to speak to a freshman man, and it is OK to speak to a freshman in his room, but it is NOT OK to speak to a freshman man on any of the following subjects: Which trustees are members of your fraternity, which members of any varsity athletic team are members of your fraternity, how high tuition is, how bad the rooms in Wilbur are, and how if you had it to do all over again you wouldn't come to a weenie school like Stanford on a bet. These rules apply from the second through sixth weeks of Spring Quarter inclusive.

3. It is OK to speak to a freshman man in his room, BUT NOWHERE ELSE, on any subject; however it is NOT OK to offer a freshman man money, automobiles, dates with fast girls, or access to files of old finals in return for his pledge to either: a) join your fraternity or b) join another fraternity. This rule applies during the seventh week of Spring Quarter inclusive.

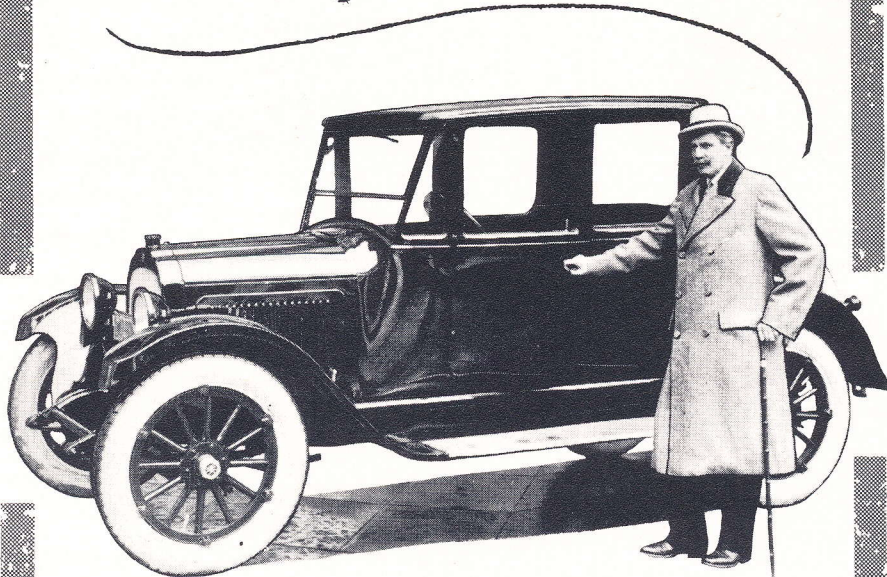
4. It is never OK to speak to a freshman woman.



America! Whoever said you were flabby, out-of-shape, gone soft, on your last legs? Last month's fifty-mile hike fad, inspired by President Roosevelt's order to his marines, has joyfully reaffirmed America's faith in its collective physique. Once again Americans by the thousands responded to the call of the open road, chucking off their workaday worries for a happy march along the nearest freeway. Well, that took care of last month, but if you've taken one fifty-mile hike you've taken them all. "What Now?" cry millions of idle faddists, bored to the teeth with phone-booth stuffing, bed-pushing, dryer-riding, and alas, fifty-mile hiking.

Fortunately, we of the hard-working Chaparral staff are prepared to answer that question. Thorough research and a bit of good fortune have unearthed another order of Theodore Roosevelt, uttered on his death bed, through clenched teeth, and then mysteriously lost in the haystack of history until this moment: "Every marine shall be able to consume fifty pounds of horse ordure in twenty hours, the last pound at double spooning speed, and the last two ounces at one swallow." Go to it, faddists.

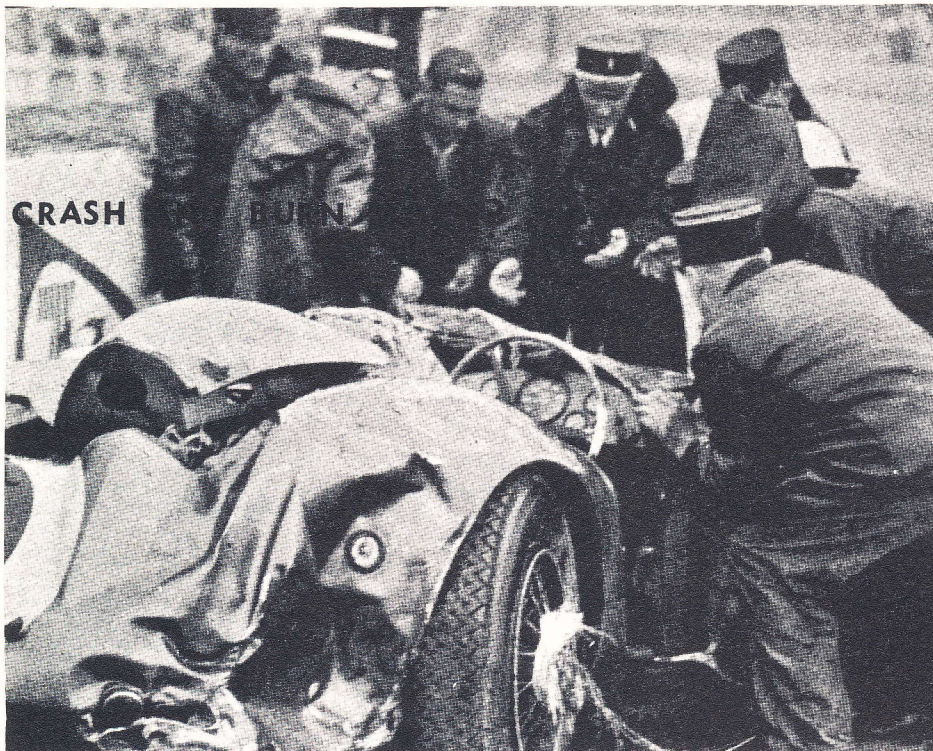
Madame!
Of course my
intentions are
strictly honorable



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

ROOS/ATKINS

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
DOWNTOWN: UNIVERSITY AT BRYANT



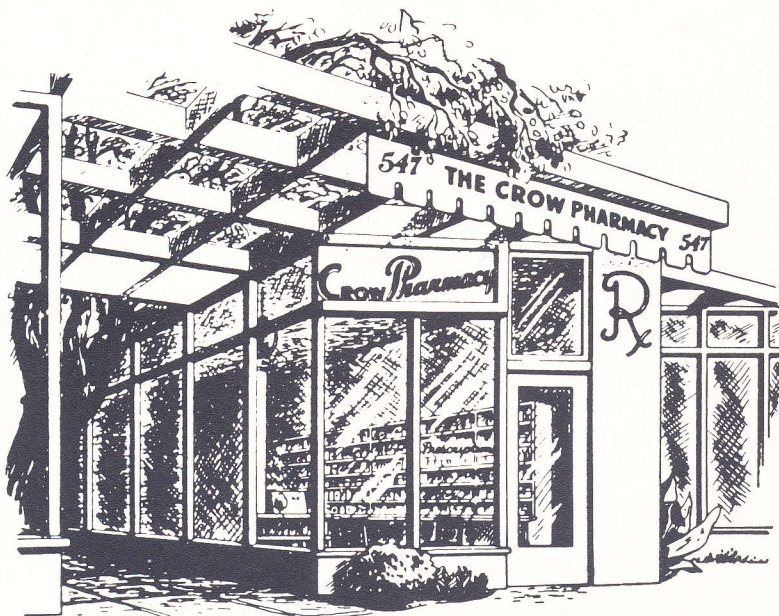
BRITISH AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE

Bill Burnett, owner

DA 6-9653 El Camino Real at Page Mill Palo Alto

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

547 Bryant Street

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

Saturday 8:30 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

Of course, we realize that this new fad is he-man stuff, perhaps a little too strong for the more fastidious among us. To fill this gap, we have made up several more Theodore Roosevelt quotations, thus for the first time giving the paying public a chance to pick its own fad, rather than having it decided upon by Pierre Salinger:

"Every marine shall be able to read fifty Stanford Dailys in twenty minutes, the last five without laughing, and the last one without feeling that his intelligence has been insulted."

"Every marine shall be able to date fifty Stanford girls in twenty days, the last seven from the same row house, and the last two without feeling that he could have spent his time better studying."

"Every marine shall be able to pass fifty five-unit polysci courses in twenty quarters, the last six in one quarter, and the last two without even learning the name of the professor."

"Every marine shall be able to kill fifty Cubans in twenty seconds, the last thirty with a flame thrower, and the last fifteen without wondering if the CIA has screwed up again."

A word of caution — we of the Chaparral recommend choosing one, or at most two, of the above fads and sticking to them, rather than attempting to be a "jack of all fads." To keep in shape, let us recommend a little diversion that has occupied a great deal of staff time since it first came to our attention: There is one pin-ball machine at the Oasis that you can play all day for one dime. Nothing like it to sharpen the reflexes, hone the wit, and improve the vocabulary.

IT'S AWARD TIME AGAIN, AGAIN!

THE ZENGSDORFF'S YO-YO AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING LITERARY CRITICISM—One thousand Chappies, presented to Bill Reppy whose outstanding literary criticism has extended even beyond his own intellectual sphere.

—The Old Boy

Let's twist again.



SEAT COVERS

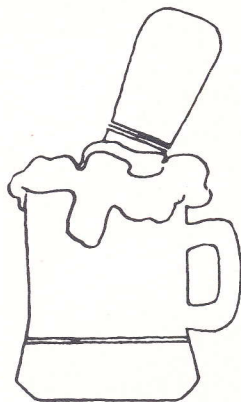
*Glorify and Beautify your car
with accessories from*

"T-TRIM"

*Seat Cover Specialists
Accessories for American and Imported Cars*

Right Across from Campus on El Camino

DA 4-3436



Di Salvo's

**BARBER
SHOP**

6 expert barbers to serve you

Specialists on

Flat tops

Ivy

Crew

and Custom Haircuts

Women also

Town and Country Village

DAvenport 2-4970

Hot jools AT



GROGAN
the J^{THIEF}oler
205 University
Palo Alto

P.S. PAY UP, FELLA!



BIB 'N' TUCKER

CHAPARRAL/March

In a recent issue of *Modern Scandal This Week* magazine, appeared the "True to Life" story of Euglena Haydork and the events that shocked and scandalized the campus shortly after she arrived at Stanford University. Chaparral, far more adept at gathering the truth in such matters that even *The Daily*, has put together the plain, in fact, *the real facts*, proving conclusively that Euglena Haydork was not a fiend from Hell, an agent of the Devil's will, a nasty old meany, but then . . . What really was

THE CASE AGAINST EUGLENA HAYDORK



1. Not long ago, there was a Stanford girl. Her name was Euglena Haydork. She was simple and pure and from Iowa and she had been in the high school play.

2. At a wild fraternity party one night, she suffered severe lacerations about the head and shoulders while her date was performing a rather involved card trick. "Oh my!" said Euglena, and she went to the powder room.



3. In the john, recovering from her painful exposure to the sinful Stanford night life, Euglena was approached by Louise B. Runch, Rush Chairman for Gumbo House, who offered to hold Euglena's head over the sink. "Oh no!" Euglena cried in wonder at the worldly Gumbo Girl, "I have not had too much to drink!"



4. "Say, you're cute," replied Louise, and one thing led to another. "Have you ever considered . . ."

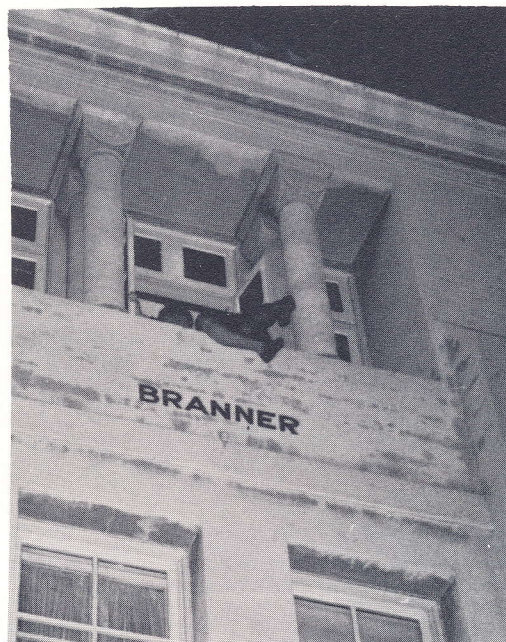
5. The next evening, Euglena went to Gumbo House for dinner. The Gumbo Girls were having a secret illegal rush function.



6. As Euglena ate dinner, she was thrilled at the wondrous sensation of defying an official ruling of Women's Council.



7. She even stayed after dinner and didn't get back to the dorm until after midnight!

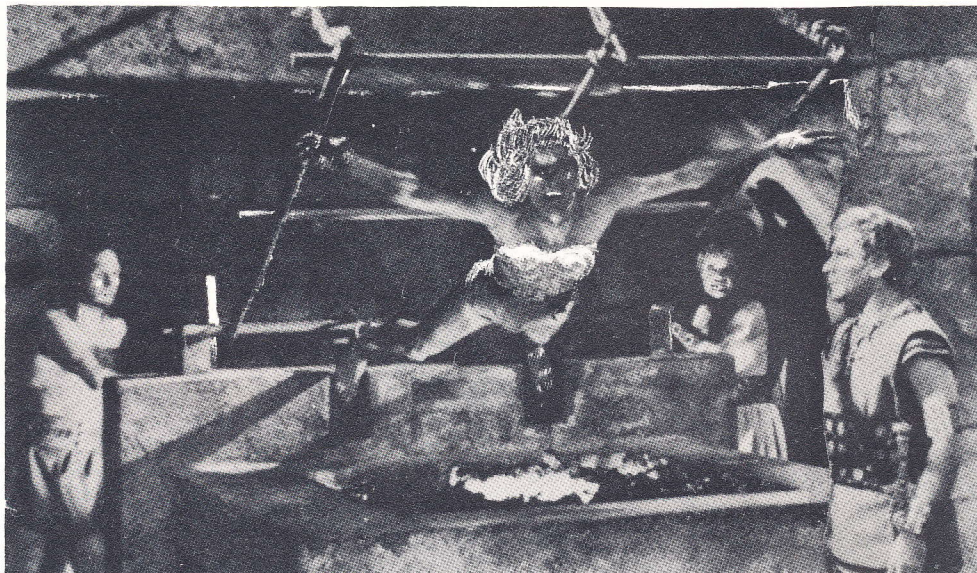


8. As days passed, Euglena came to be considered one of Gumbo's "nuggets," and she spent many hours defying official Women's Council regulations. Illegal contact became frequent, even within sacred Branner Hall.



9. One day, however, Gumbo House was raided. Euglena had been found out! "Oh my!" she said as the Women's Police carried her off.

10. Euglena was questioned at great length and forced to reveal the names of all the other freshmen who had been involved in the sticky business. She was convicted of "High Crimes against Mrs. Stanford's Will."



11. "Oh my!" Euglena cried as they cut off her left hand. "Oh my!" she cried as Women's Council gave her a final stern reprimand.



12. Euglena had learned her lesson. She would never again go to parties with fast boys who did involved card tricks. She lectured around the country and wrote a book on the subject and soon became an assistant Dean of Women at a great university.

TATTOO

YOUR LIPS *for romance!*



Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Unloved

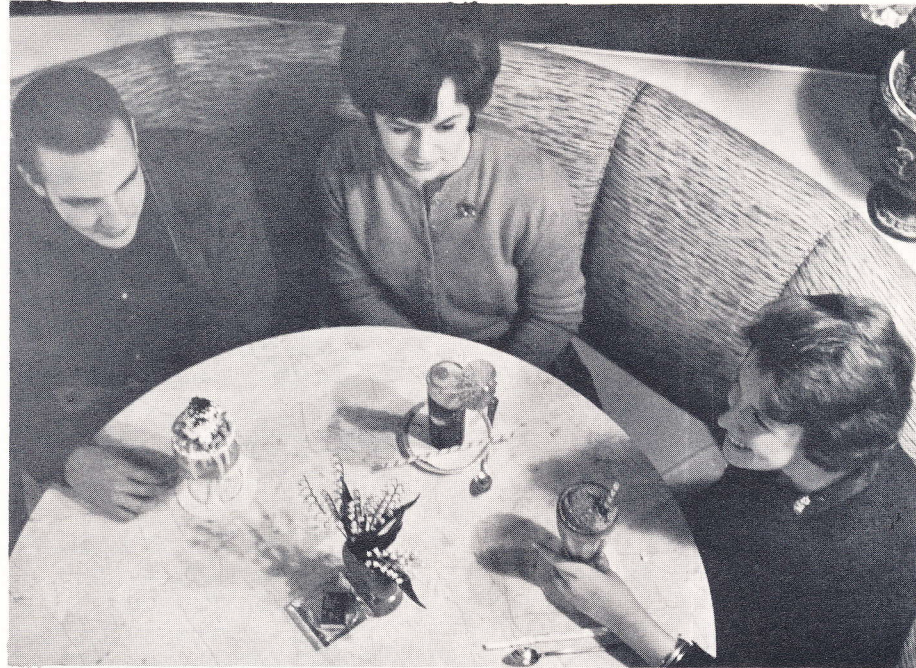
I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 344, Chicago.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel— And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

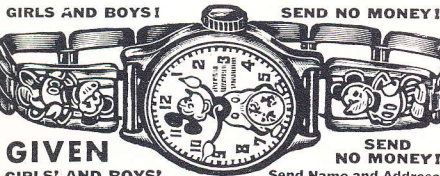
A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



Stanford students enjoying the ice cream parlor at

Edy's

73 EMBARCADERO TOWN & COUNTRY



GIVEN SEND NO MONEY!
GIRLS' AND BOYS' MICKEY MOUSE WRIST WATCH!
 with Chrome Finish Case and metal bracelet as shown. Or Big Cash Commission --YOURS for Simply Giving Away FREE Big Colored Pictures with our Well Known

racing shoes

Be first. Write today for salve.
 Dept. 50-K, TYRONE, PA.

CONSTIPATED! Gas Crowds Heart.

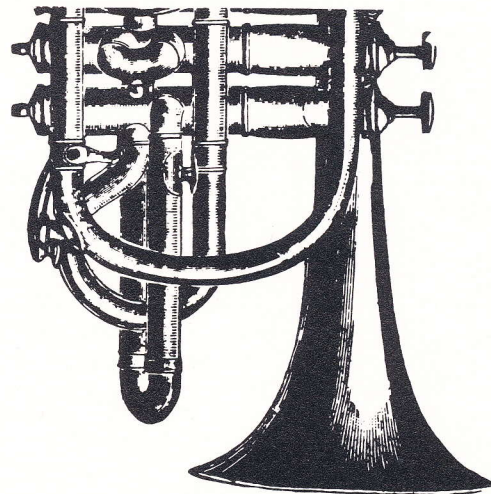
"For thirty years constipation caused me headaches and pains in the back. Awful gas bloating crowded my heart. Adlerika helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, pie, anything I want and never felt better."—Mrs. Mabel Schott.

No JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—
 Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum
THE WAY COMPANY
 774 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan



It's better you should hear it on records from

BROWN'S MUSIC CO.

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

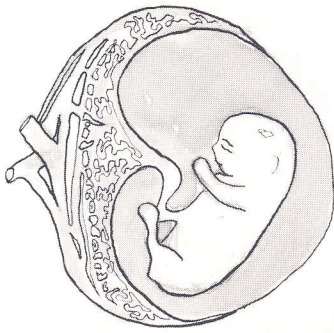
Stanford Shopping Center
 DA 6-1561



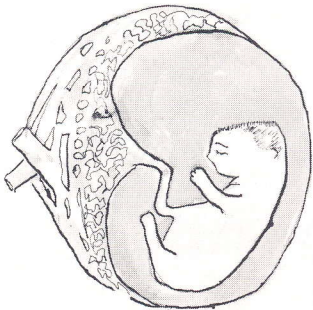
ANOTHER CHAPARRAL FIRST!

THE MIRACLE OF CREATION:

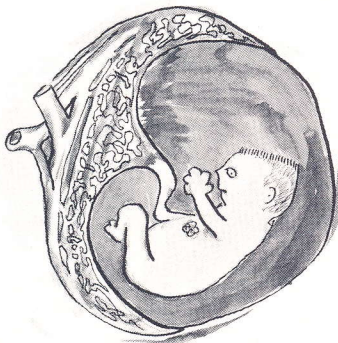
THE FOETAL DEVELOPMENT OF A FRATERNITY MAN



First month: Here we see the embryonic fratman in its very earliest stages of development. Secure in its cozy home within an alumna, the foetus floats without concern or worry. Its tiny embryonic feet (A), embryonic hands (B) and embryonic brain (C) are already beginning to develop. Some will develop further than others.



Second month: The first stirrings of life—a tiny embryonic crewcut (A) appears atop the foetal head-pod (B). The gills, a vestigial legacy from ancient “unaffiliated” times, disappear, and are replaced by a hard scaly covering. There is a general thickening of the skin.

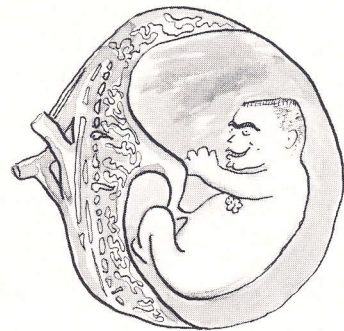


Fourth month: A tiny bud (A) appears on the embryonic breast, soon ripening and bursting into a fraternity pin. This is nature’s wonderful way of protecting the future fratman against the rigors that face it in the outside world. Not apparent in this diagram, but developing in a parallel fashion, is the all important herd instinct.

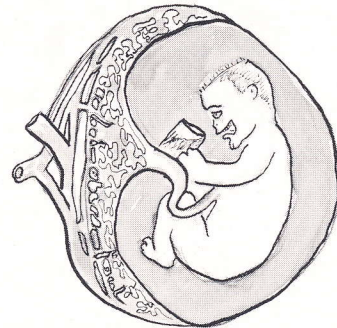
Fifth month: Note the astounding development of the so-called "glad-hand" (A). The growth of this amazing organ absorbs a full twenty-five per cent of the foetal tissue during this period, and accounts for the corresponding decrease in the size of the cranial region (B).



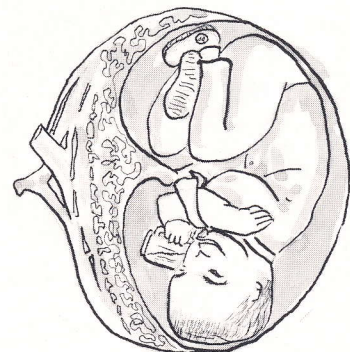
Sixth month: Heavy brow (A), dimpled chin (B), and toothy smile (SEG) develop simultaneously. The facial features fix themselves into a permanent "cool" look. In contrast, internal development proceeds at a sluggish pace, sometimes ceasing altogether. Normal delivery is still possible in such cases.



Eighth month: The Miracle of Darwinian Evolution! A tiny beer mug appears in the foetal glad-hand, filled with tiny beer. With the aid of a modern stethoscope, the trained ear can detect a natural rhythm, ("Hey leidie, leidie, leidie") emanating continuously from the foetal foul-mouth.



Ninth month: Nature applies the final brushstrokes to masterpiece: tennis shoes (A), levis (B), and a blue button-down dress shirt (with the sleeves rolled up once) (C) appear as if by magic. With the final development of right-wing political tendencies in the subconscious, the foetus is complete and labor begins immediately.



Country Squire
STORE HOURS
DAILY 9:30 A.M. - 6 P.M.
THURS. Evening 7:30 - 9
Closed Sun. & Holidays

Country Squire
RICKEY'S HYATT HOUSE

Telephone 4219 El Camino Real
DAvenport 5-3353 Palo Alto, California

ART CLEANERS



Laundry: 15c per pound

Coin-op dry cleaning,
pounds for a \$1.25, returned on hangers

489 Lytton Ave., DA 1-2027

Slonaker's

PRINTING HOUSE

Recognized Leader in
Quality Printing for Stanford
since 1923

643 EMERSON STREET

PALO ALTO

A fellow staggered into a psychiatrist's office in bad shape. "Jeepers, Doc," he moaned, "You gotta help me. Every night, I dream I'm marooned on a desert island with a dozen blondes, a dozen brunettes, and a dozen redheads, each more beautiful than the rest."

"I should help you," exclaimed the doctor. "What do you need help for?"

"My problem, Doc," sobbed the patient, "is that I also dream I'm a girl."



Don't you read anything but the jokes?



DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE

801 Alma St.

DA. 3-3928

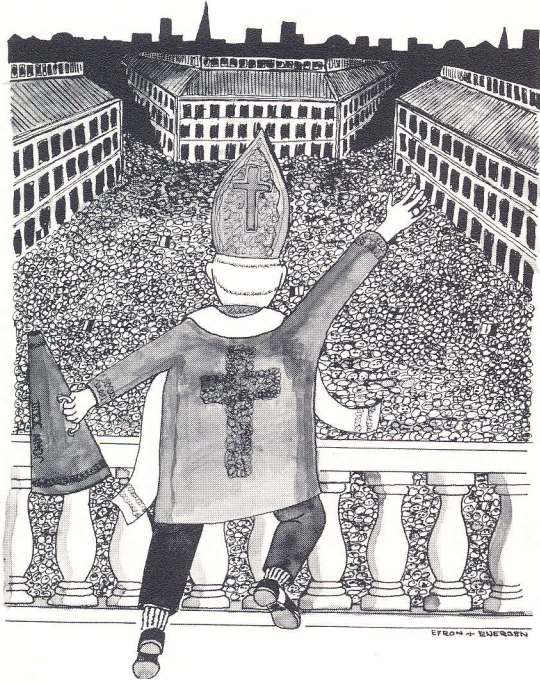


"for a perfect engine tune-up"

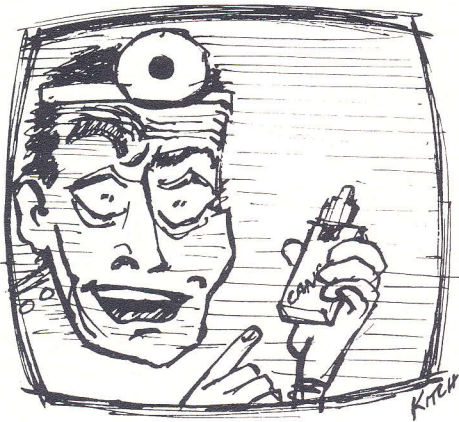
THERE'S NOT ONE ORDINARY THING ABOUT THE WAY GRACIE ALLEN IS BRINGING UP HER CHILDREN—DON'T MISS THE ENDEARING STORY IN

CHAPPIE

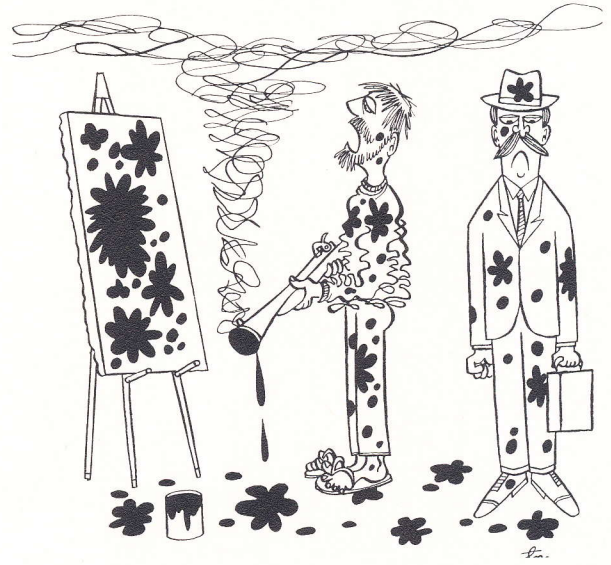
SQUARBIES



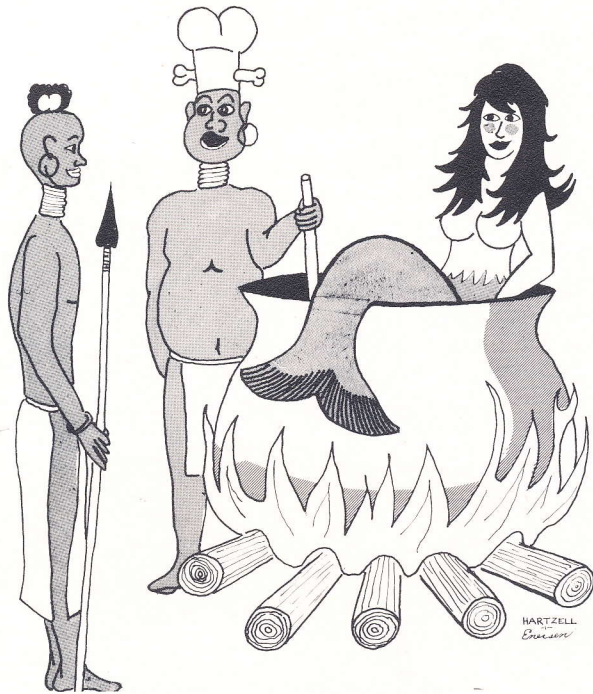
"Give me a J . . ."



"Do you think we'd lie about anything as serious as cancer??"



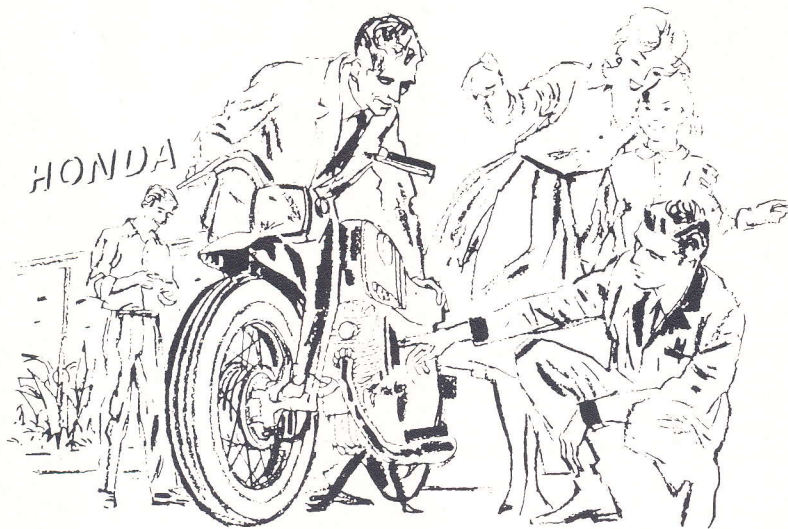
"Sort of hits you right between the eyes."



"Sure! It's Friday, isn't it?"

HONDA MOTORCYCLES

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



HONDA PENINSULA

Sales and Service—Service All Makes

Harold Kenyon and Dwane Francisco

616 S. El Camino, Mountain View—YO 8-8743

Little Lucy had just returned from a children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before her mother's guest. "Tell the nice lady what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother. "I barfed," said little Lucy.



Three girls and a man were brought before the court. The girls had been arrested for soliciting and the man was arrested for peddling without a license. "What do you do for a living?" the judge asked, pointing to the first girl.

"Your honor, I'm a model," she answered.

"Thirty days," was the sentence. Then he turned to the second. "What do you do for a living?" he asked.

"Your honor, I'm an actress."

"Thirty days." Then he turned to the third girl. "What do you do for a living?" he demanded.

"To tell you the truth," she answered, "I'm a prostitute."

"For telling the truth," he said, "I'm going to suspend sentence." Then he turned to the little peddler. "And you," he said, "what do you do for a living?"

"To tell you the truth," the peddler said, twisting his hat in his hands, "I'm a prostitute also."



Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more—
Did it last night 'til my back was sore.
Fifteen cents is now my price—
I'll do it good and I'll do it nice—
Shoeshine, mister?

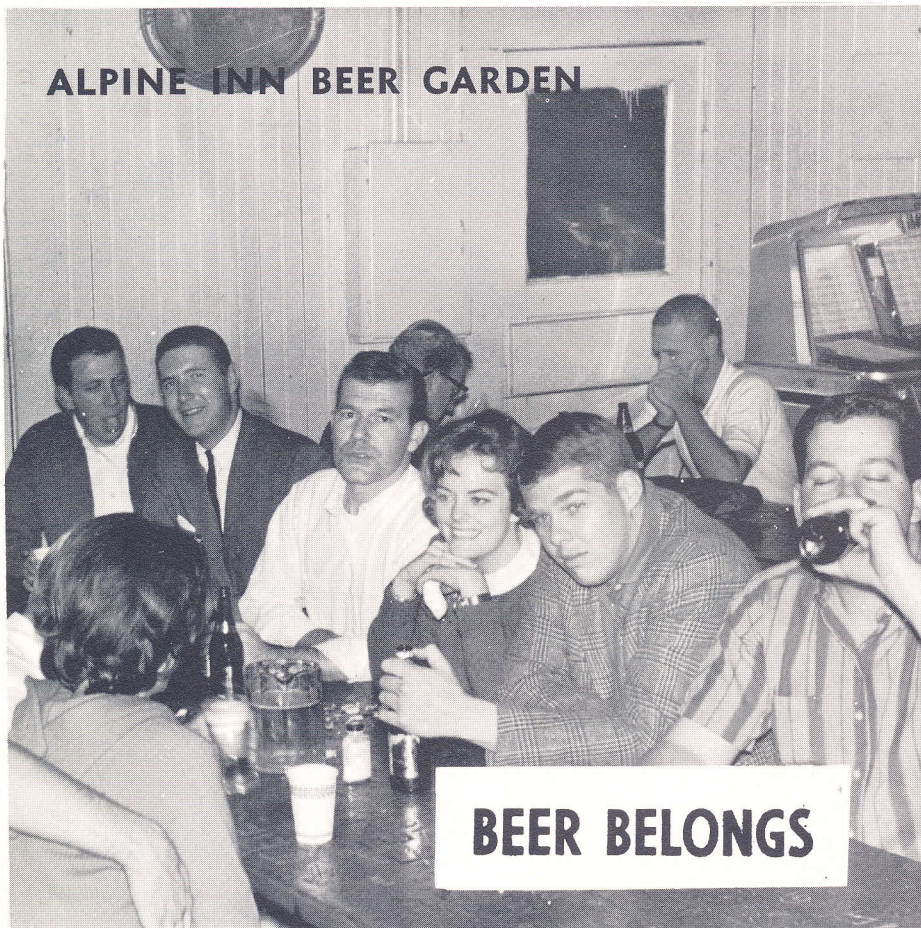


"How old is you?"
"Ah's five. How old is you?"
"Ah don't know."
"Yo' don't know how old you is?"
"Nope."
"Does women botha' you?"
"Nope."
"You's fo'."



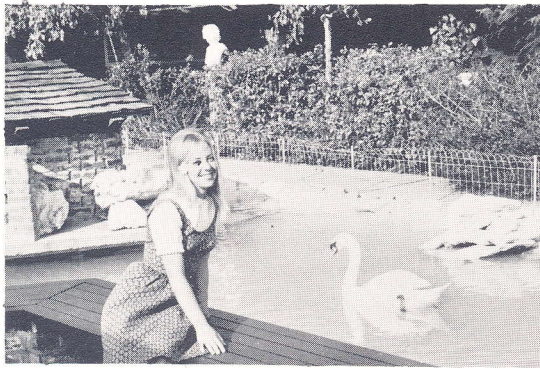
"I want to do something big—something clean."

"Why don't you wash an elephant?"



ALPINE INN BEER GARDEN

BEER BELONGS



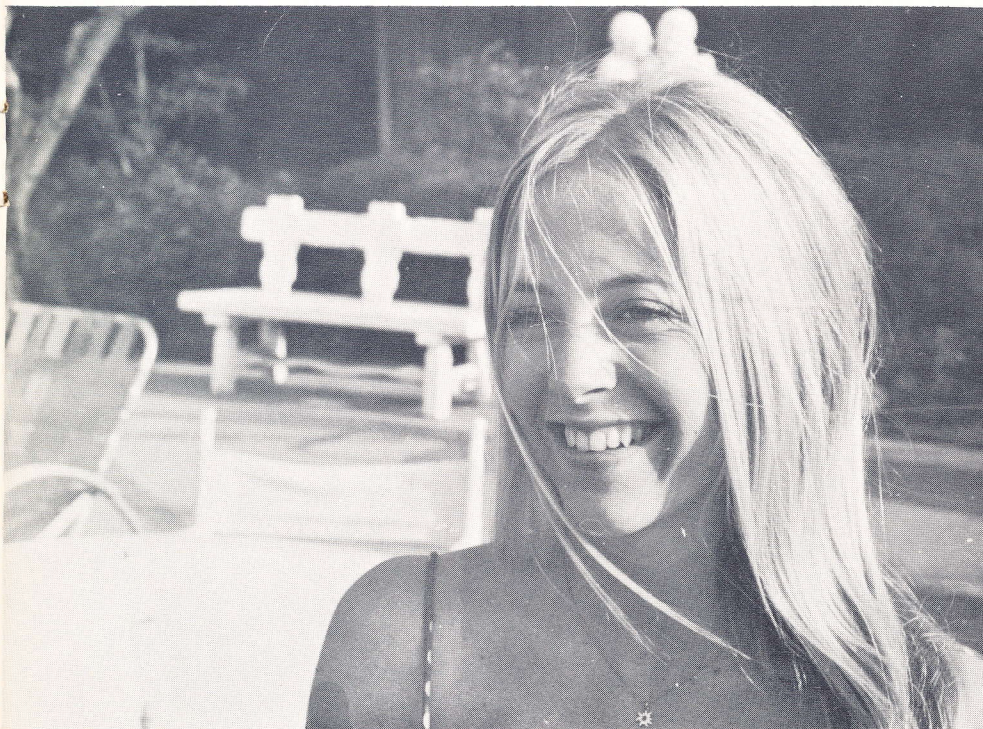
LINDY

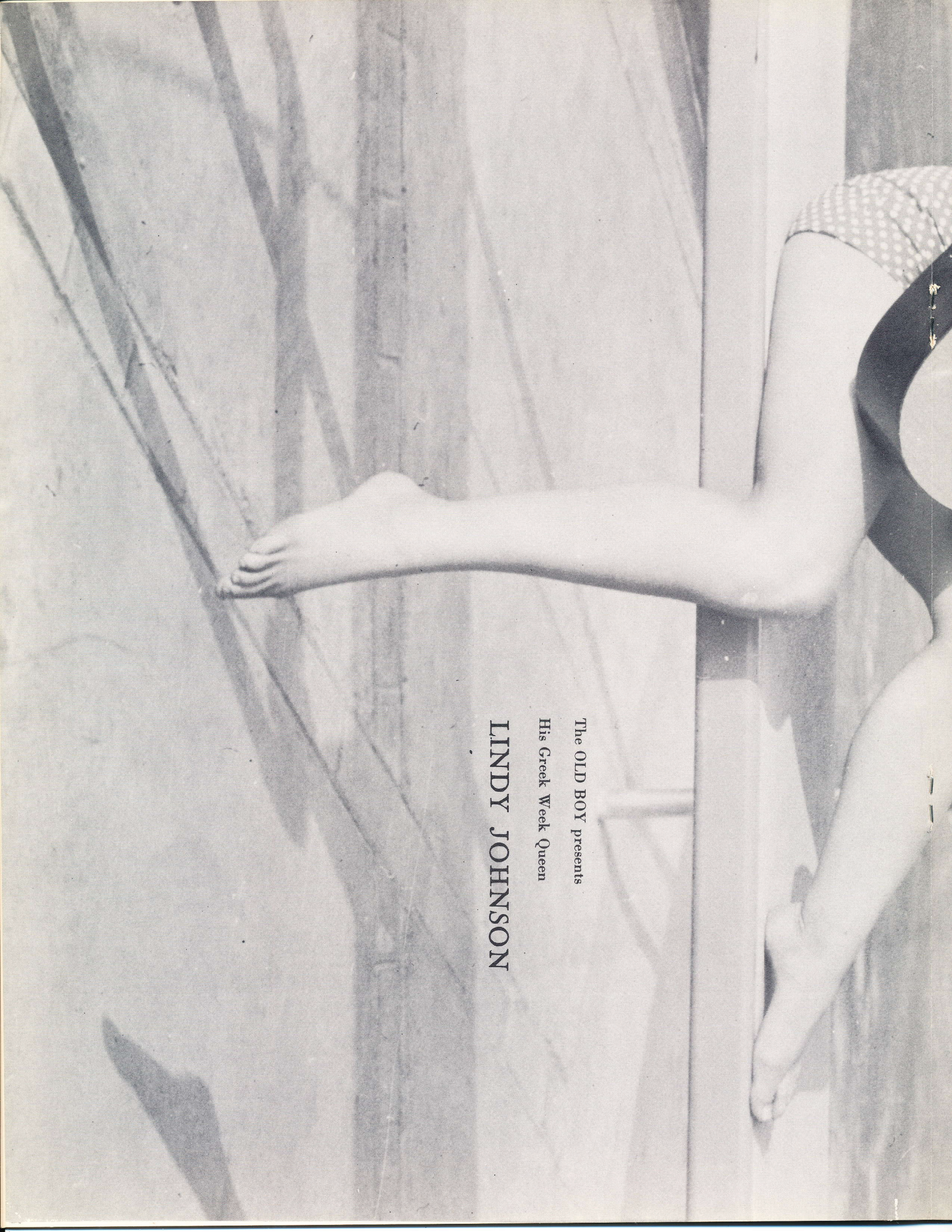
Lindy

Lindy Johnson, the Old Boy's Greek Week Queen, is both lovely and talented. While not twanging her guitar or riding her horse "Sonny," she may be seen studying Industrial Engineering at the Civ Library. Lindy made a noteworthy showing in the Greek Week Queen's games, whereupon witnessed by the Old Boy, it was decided that she should grace the pages of Chaparral. Gifted with a warm, vivacious personality and ready wit, she is refreshingly aware of her many charms, but is still pleasingly modest. She is from Berkeley, California and will either travel to Europe or there this summer. (Daisies courtesy Branner Dining Hall.)



LINDY





The OLD BOY presents
His Greek Week Queen

LINDY JOHNSON



Saint Michael's Alley

ACCORDING TO THE
LAW OF DECREASING
INCREMENTS, INCREASING
DECREMENTS AND DECREASING
INCREMENTS
IT IS ...

LET'S FACE IT...
ALL THE REAL
INTELLECTUALS GO
TO FOSTER'S FREEZE.

JINKIES!
BEATNIKS!

JUST AS
SOON AS
I FINISH
MY COFFEE
BABY.

Now open

New English Pub

Now serving Beer!

Bring I.D.

Keeble's

CAMERAS & PHOTO SUPPLIES
featuring camera and projector rentals

Tearney's

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

Town & Country Village

A farmer, wishing to increase his livestock, placed his sow in the wheelbarrow and trundled her to his neighbor's farm where he placed her in the pen with the friend's boar. Returning to her own pen, he waited the prescribed time. When no additions appeared in her pen, he placed her in the wheelbarrow again and repeated the procedure. Still no success. After waiting the prescribed time after a third such episode, he asked his wife at the breakfast table if she had noticed any of the signs that they were looking for.

Looking out the window, she replied, "No, but she's back in the wheelbarrow."

Has gooseberries got legs?
No.
Then I just ate a field mouse.



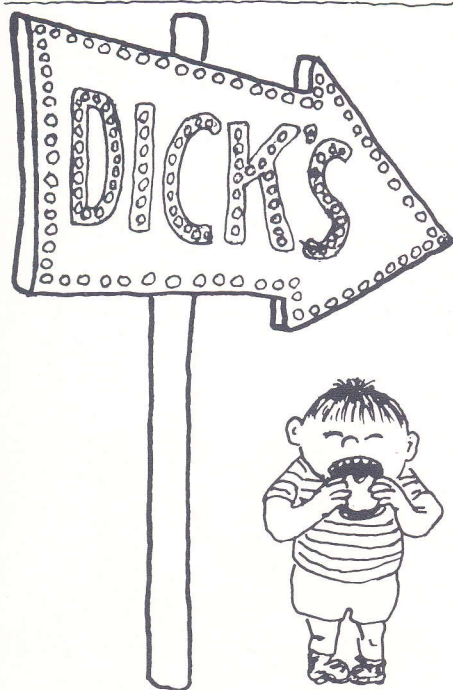
"NICK WESSEL?"

DANA MORGAN & SON



Studio Music Shop
Sales—Service—Instruction
534 Bryant Palo Alto

DA 1-4217



Delicious 1/4 pound burgers

Chicken in a Basket

Food to go

2999 El Camino Real DA 5-2208

kirk's



VIKING MOTOR BODY CO.

JOE G. CALVELLO

HAL E. HAMERTON

COMPLETE MOTOR REPAIRS—PAINT & BODY WORK

BATTERIES—TIRES—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WASHING

24-HOUR STATE-WIDE TOWING DA 6-3430

DAvenport 3-6222

98 Churchill Avenue
PALO ALTO, CALIF.

THROUGH A GLASS OBLIQUELY

With Chappie, behind the mysterious walls of Stern Hall, as we . . .

I'm not going to tell you my whole autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me after I had finally gotten through the registration bit, just before I got pretty run down and had to come out here and take it easy. I am sincerely really run down.

I'm a transfer and nobody knew I was here. I was accepted and all, don't get me wrong, but nobody seemed to care. This housing lady told me I didn't have a room.

You'd think in a university with lots of money they'd have room for one more guy, but no, she just told me I'd better go through this rush deal, if I wanted to sleep anywhere but in my car. I told her I didn't have a car, so she told me where the bike shop was, but I couldn't find it and no one seemed to care. So I stole a bike from Roble, but that's another story. . . .

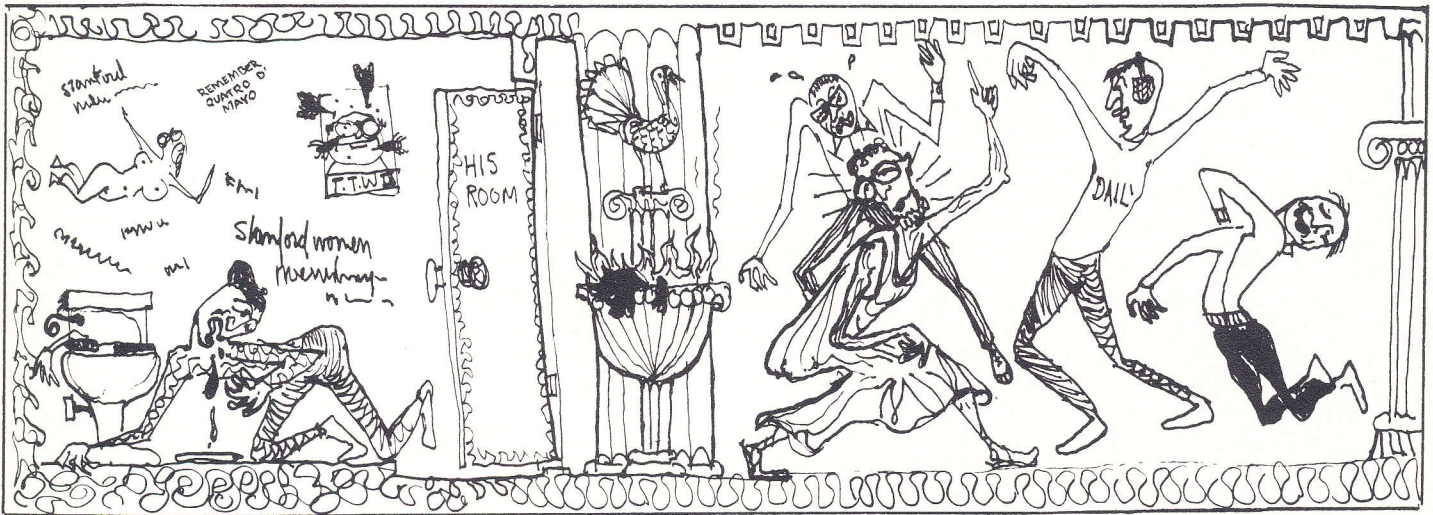


I went up to the fraternities but I just couldn't cut it at all. I mean it was just too phoney. And I mean these guys were big. One looked like the original quarterback sneak; he was that big. I mean God. There were these phoney bastards in blue breakers smiling and patting their beer bellies. I mean it was it to have a big belly. I like a beer now and then at the "O" but this patting I just can't feature. These guys were trying to grow bellies, you know eating lots of rice and water. Lots of guys like to look at their muscles but this psychosexual obsession with goiters doesn't make it with me. I could see these guys sneaking

into the can at night rubbing their bellies and drawing on the walls with felt pens. I mean smut doesn't sell with me. It could almost make me puke.

One of these open houses was good yuks, and I wore this great pink shirt my brother DB gave me last Christmas. Not really pink, I guess, but red with real small white lines so it comes out pink if you look at it from a distance, which is what everybody did anyway but that was OK because my name is real long and sounds Jewish and it would have been all over anyway if anyone had gotten close enough to try to read it.





So I was going to go down to Quad to look for one of those park benches for a bed when I hear this electronic music and sounds of good times coming from this big sandstone building. I mean it looked like a physics building, but they don't name physics buildings after women. I had nothing to lose that I hadn't lost already, so I wandered in and the first thing I saw was this little guy, you know weird kind of fellow, with tennis shoes on and a white shirt buttoned up at the neck. I was turned on already. He opens the door for me and this other guy steps right up friendly like and grabs my hand in a wet rag and says, "welcome." There's this girl standing next to him, blond, you know the type, with a mouth like a fresh cut fig. Well I just stood there and soaked her up. I mean she was nice, clean looking, short and she had legs like Tamara Press, like a ballerina, muscley like she was standing on her toes all the time, or whatever a ballerina does. She wasn't phoney, and I'll bet if you ever asked her to go on a motorcycle ride to the "Bee" she'd probably just look at you and fall asleep, she was that cool. This guy with the rag asked me if I wanted a tour, so I took the little guy with tennis shoes from off my shoulder and put him on the floor and left the big room with the good times.

This tour leader was cool. He was wearing this Stanford jacket, you know just like my father does at home. I warmed up to him right away. So we try a couple of doors on this long hall, but they're all locked. The leader says, "A lot of our bros. don't make it out too much. Scared their rooms will get touched." I told him I knew exactly how they felt since I had done some touching myself, nothing bigger than radios you understand. Well we finally find this one room with an open door, and it looks like the inside of a Greek temple and all, with papier maché pillars and holy water flowing. There was this guy sort of enshrined under the pillar. He had long robes, was short like everyone else, and really nice grey hair. "That's our prof," the tour leader said. "He's a pretty liberal prof, you know, good with the guys." Well this robed creature was attended by three other guys kinda like the vestal V's if you know what I mean. I must have read that somewhere. I read pretty much. Light stuff mostly. Well these attendents looked like really good men. I mean one had red hair and knee guards on his ears. "Daily man," my tour leader said confidently. This other guy had on a suede coat and these long black stockings. "Sequoia chap," said my father image. The third guy was my little friend in the tennis

shoes and when he noticed me he jumped off his pedestal and began to yip at my feet. All of a sudden my tour leader yelled, "Look out the prof's going to speak." And then just like it was Mecca right there in that Greek temple all these guys fell down at his feet, and he began to moan, you know work himself up into something, and to chant, "Hear me, all ye, hear me, and know that we have a cultural program. Hear ye, and know we rent a bus for the symphony. Please bring dates. Know that every week we sponsor a rock-and-roll party in the lounge. We gather near the amplifiers, arms linked sentimentally, singing the good old songs."

"Boola," I interjected timidly. "Know also that we have closet exchanges with Cro Mem, special dinners with a guest faculty member on every plate."

Well this god fellow began to falter and popeye wobble, you know like wind-up toys that run down. Pretty good simile. My sixth grade teacher told me I ought to write. Finally he just tilted right over at the waist and the Vestal V's popped up from the floor where they had been revolving. I guess they had to administer to him or something, but it was pretty tense. My tour leader elbowed me and I crawled out of the room after him. It was OK to crawl in this place because it was so goddam clean. I mean there wasn't anything around me to get dirty, just the walls and the linoleum on the floors. But all the guys who lived there crawled around with their tongues hanging out, so the halls were clean but pretty slippery. Well we got to crawling right along, you know in a hurry to get back to the good times in the lounge, but I kinda lost control and slid with the little guy in the tennis shoes, who was on my back again, through the door into the can. To lay it right on the line, to make a long story short, the walls were covered with these felt pen drawings, all sorts of dirty pictures and things. The little guy in tennis shoes started to snivel in the wash basin, you know embarrassed laughter and all, and I just thought I was going to puke.

Well I walked back to the lounge, really disgusted, when I see the girl with the legs and the mouth like a fresh cut fig. I walk up to her and show my disgust, you know the cool cynic bit. "These guys are just like all the rest," I said, spitting a few _____ flakes. "You big turkey," she said.

A lot of people, especially this psychoanalysis guy they got here, keep asking me if I'm going to apply myself when I go back to school next year. These shrinkers make me puke. Where'm I going to live?

Jimmie was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin.

He questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you too, dear."

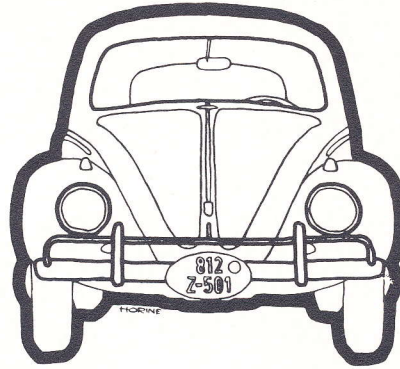
The small modern then wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."



A beatnik was standing on the corner following a nasty rain storm. A nun approached the corner and seeing the gutters full of water was at a loss as to how to get across. The beatnik gallantly peeled off his sweat shirt and threw it on the ground for the nun to tread upon. The nun was shocked by the gallantry of the man and remarked:

"My goodness, that was a noble sacrifice. Whatever prompted you to do it?"

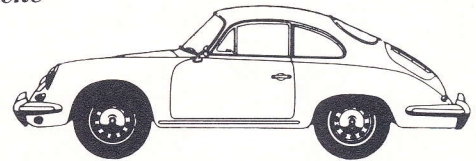
Replied the beatnik, "Like, any friend of Zorro's is a friend of mine."



Pardee & Mozart, Inc.

Peninsula Volkswagen Headquarters

Porsche



European Delivery Arranged

825 El Camino Real DA 6-5222 Palo Alto

**STEP
RIGHT UP
for a
PARDBURGER**



PARDS BAR-B-Q

4191 EL CAMINO REAL PALO ALTO
ONE BLOCK NORTH OF RICKEY'S

PALO ALTO

Open daily. 6:30 a.m. to
midnight!

DA 3-5858

A guy just called by his draft board happened to think of a friend who had been rejected because he wore a truss. So he hastily purchased one and rushed down to the board. After the examination, he noted the official had put N.E. after his name.

"What's the N.E. for?" he asked.

"Near East," was the reply. "Anybody who can wear a truss upside down can ride a camel for two years."



Mose, seeing his girl in a sack dress for the first time: "Is you in style, or is we in trouble?"



Teacher: "If you had seven apples and I asked for two how many would you have left?"

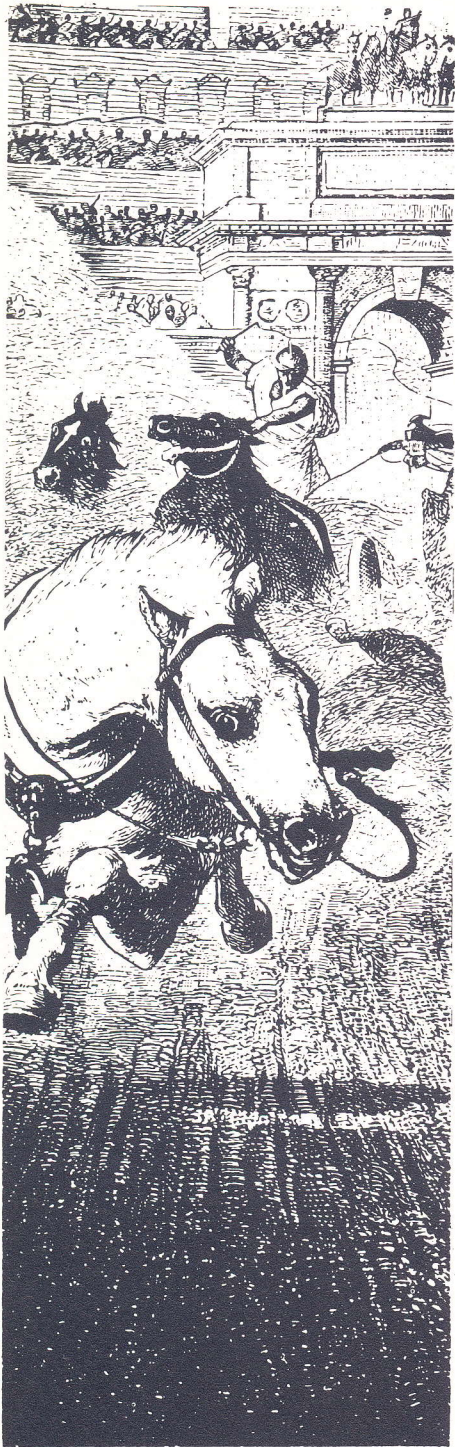
Johnny: "Seven."



Farmer's Wife: "Tomorrow is our silver anniversary, John. Let's kill a pig."

Farmer: "Why murder a poor animal for what happened 25 years ago?"





Action Photography!

WEBBS PHOTO SUPPLY

478 UNIVERSITY
DA 2-2408



CAMPUS PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

This month's campus personality is Ernest Garrioch, honor student in civil engineering. Once an English major, Ernst "just couldn't hack it," and made the big change between his first and second senior years. A good all around student, Ernst takes an *active* interest in civil engineering. Many an early morning visitor to Stanford has been startled by Ernst's frail figure emerging from beneath some campus foundation. "We don't get many like Ernst at Stanford," says his advisor.

Model airplanes are Ernst's chief extracurricular outlet, his Lancaster Spitbullet II having copped second prize in the Coalinga Model Airplane Fiesta in 1959. He regards himself as a "better than average basketball player," and often calls square for the Coalinga "Buttons 'n Beaux". An ardent radio ham, he has contacted stations as far distant as Portland, Ore. He also has pen pals in 43 states.

Ernst takes a keen interest in Stanford social life, thinks Stanford girls are "bitching R. F!", and has had several dates during his few years here.

He rushed Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Nu, and twenty two other fraternities whose names he cannot remember. Though unfortunately "dinged" unanimously, he was high up on El Capitan's "nearly made it" list.

Upon graduation he intends to devote his life to atomic physics or "something like that." Says Ernst "I hear those guys make in the five figures!" His life long dream is to "get pen pals in all the rest of the fifty states."

Chaparral Proudly Presents

Excerpts from *The Liturgy & The Pledge Manual of El Goble Eating Club*

The Liturgy



Melvin Wonk

Dedication:

To all the Tiny Toms, who wish to join the Grand Roost of Turkeys, and enjoy all the advantages of a Fraternity with none of its disadvantages.

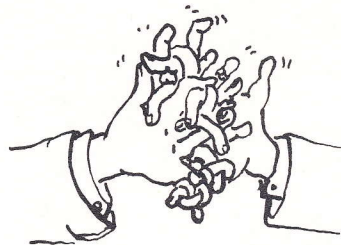
THE SECRET WHISTLE

In cases where secrecy is of utmost importance, the secret grip should not be used. In its stead, the El Goble Grand Whistle should be employed. Discretion must be exercised so that none but initiates may learn this most secret secret of the Grand Roost. After all, we offer all the advantages of a fraternity with none of its disadvantages.



THE SECRET GRIP

When encountering a brother gobbler, the "across the room" greeting should proceed the sacred grasp. The little finger of the left hand is raised to the right side of the bridge of the nose as the gobbler chants thrice, "Twasabe." In the reply from across the room, the right thumb is raised to the left side of the bridge of the nose and thrice times thrice the chant, "Hummmm-Baby!" After the greeting has been extended, the brothers dash across the room and join hands in the sacred fraternal grasp of the Grand Roost. (Fig. 1).



(Fig. 1)

HISTORY OF THE GRAND ROOST

In 1860, Melvin Wonk was an unassuming civil engineering student at a small monastery in Virginia. Stunted, pock-faced and foul-breathed, Melvin was not the most popular young man in his class; nevertheless, this lad harbored secretly within his bowels the germ of greatness. Then, on September 12, 1861, Melvin's embryology professor called him a "runty little kike." Stricken with embarrassment and a sense of personal futility, Melvin resolved to flee his academic confinement and to organize an underground band of Dixie Guerillas, with all the advantages of a fraternity and none of its disadvantages.

While at school, Melvin had befriended another dissident and ambitious youngster, Finley Forbuch. Finley was hyper-thyroid, vulgar and colored, yet he possessed a certain aptitude for intrigue and a proclivity for a fast buck. Melvin and Finley had previously shared their grumblings and now the two agreed that it was time to act.

Dreams were in the past, and the pith of the present was at hand. Sneaking away from the dorm after lights-out, Melvin and Finley, their heads laden with grand fantasies, climbed Peter Pan rock and

offered their plans to the starry night. Finley was enthusiastic about his comrade's ideas; however, as the more practical of the two, he outlined a financial scheme, deciding that a mystic order requiring dues and initiation fees would secure the best monetary yield for their cause. Melvin at first objected, feeling that this was a moral mistake, a kind of ideological usury. Finley, however, told him to go to hell, and Melvin delightfully agreed.

The heavens that night must have glittered their approval, for these two boys, merely at the brink of manhood, decided uncompromisingly to create their own order of truth. There, on the rock near dawn in 1861, Melvin and Finley sealed their resolve and together they descended, feeling for the first time within, the glow of self-worth and the pregnancy of a great plan.

Such was the conception of El Goble. Melvin died for Dixie; his skull was accidentally crushed by a cannon wagon as he rested one day during the march to Gettysburg. But though his lofty hopes were never fulfilled, Melvin's organization survived and proliferated into what today is the Grand Roost of our Blessed Brotherhood.

THE CREED OF EL GOBLE EATING CLUB:

Our kitchen is the galley of truth, our tummy is the transportation center of health and glow, and our room is where we hide. Our digestion always proceeds upon efficient mastication. We brush before every class. We are never without our sheath and spoon, which each of us carries as a solemn reminder that, throughout the world, regardless of race, religion, or other biological defects, people eat.

Goble, Goble, Goble,
We are free,
Without the disadvantages,
Of a fraternity.

The Pledge Manual of El Goble Eating Club

Town & Country Music



127 Town and Country Village
Open Mon., Thu., Fri., evenings until 9
Browsers Always Welcome

DA 2-8764



Tire Outlet Stores

3127 El Camino Real

Palo Alto

DA 7-0191



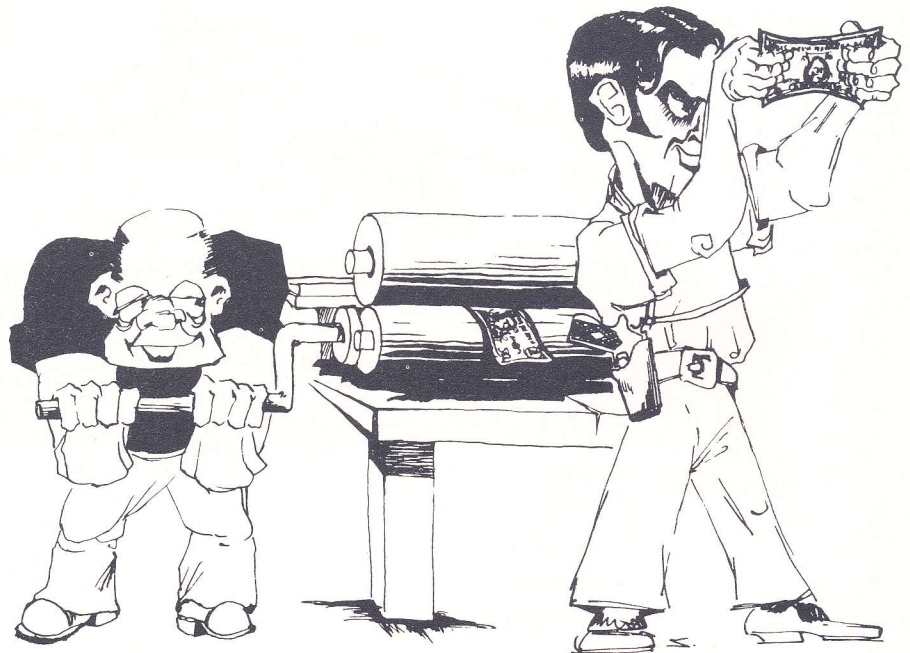
Easy Credit

Discounts to students and faculty



Yale Records
YALE RECORDS

True quality makes the difference



DEGNAN PRINTERS

High quality printing with prompt service.

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

Delt: Have some peanuts?
Tri-Sig: Thanks.
Delt: Want to neck?
Tri-Sig: No.
Delt: Give me back my peanuts.



"Mother, come quickly! Billy's eating all the raisins off the flypaper."



A woman sat in my waiting room, watching a 3-year-old child while she talked to the mother. The child sat very quietly, and finally the woman turned to him.

"My," she said beaming fondly, "I wish I had a little boy like you."

"Well," countered the child, "why don't you get pregnant?"



And then there is the new deodorant called "Vanish" which makes you invisible, and everybody wonders where the odor is coming from.

Then there's the gal who was so thin that when she swallowed an olive ten men left town.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ELIZABETH TAYLOR AND RICHARD BURTON:

Come on Liz and Dick, just who do you think you're fooling? Certainly not us! Do you think you can actually find happiness cruising around the Mediterranean on a fancy yacht, reveling in caviar, champagne, and each other? Not by a long shot! Oh, you may be deliriously happy this year, next year, and the year after that—maybe even the year after that and the year after that too. But is that the kind of thing you want to be remembered for a thousand years from now? Do you want to be shunned by the decent folk of the world, the people who *really* count. Not fancy people, not exciting people, not even interesting people, but PEOPLE people. No, we don't think so.

The newspaper pages have been filled with your indiscretions. We have read each and every sordid explicit detail with disgust, many times, and you can be sure we don't envy you your fleeting ecstasy. The joys of the flesh are ephemeral. In the long run it's the *deeper* values that count, values like piety, prudence, humility and familial ties. Those of us who have known the supreme soul-satisfying satisfaction of a life of useful drudgery pity you.

It's still not too late for each of you, separately, to achieve TRUE happiness. Go back, Liz, go back to Eddie—Go back Dick, go back to Sybil—Go back Eddie, go back to Debbie,—Go back Debbie, go back to Eddie. It's high time you started acting your age!

Efron and Draper



Hamburgers
Cheeseburgers
Steak Sandwiches

Shrimp and French Fries
French Fries
Coffee

WE MAKE UP ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

Don't forget Foster's Freeze for that next party

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

Phone DA 2-0340
Open 11 A.M.—11 P.M.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS

SWAIN'S HOUSE OF MUSIC
451 UNIVERSITY, PALO ALTO



show us your
Stanford
student card

we'll show you our
secret price list
saving you \$\$\$\$

University TV & Stereo
Stanford Shopping Center

Radios • TV • Stereo
Components



CAMERA SHOP

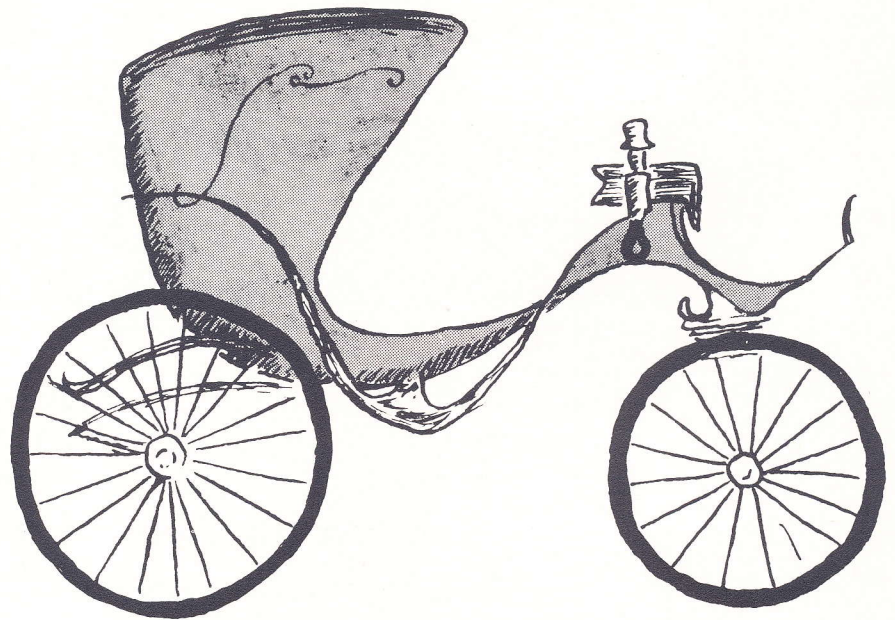
541 Bryant
Palo Alto
DA 2-1715



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


THE

CARRIAGE



The best of dining in elegant surroundings

\$7⁹⁵ 60 DAYS TRIAL



Our teeth will chew anything! If you choose them you can even chew chews! Sounds like a locomotive, but it's not, it's teeth! Don't delay; send today; if you can pay.

MOLDY MOLAR CO.

FALSE TEETH

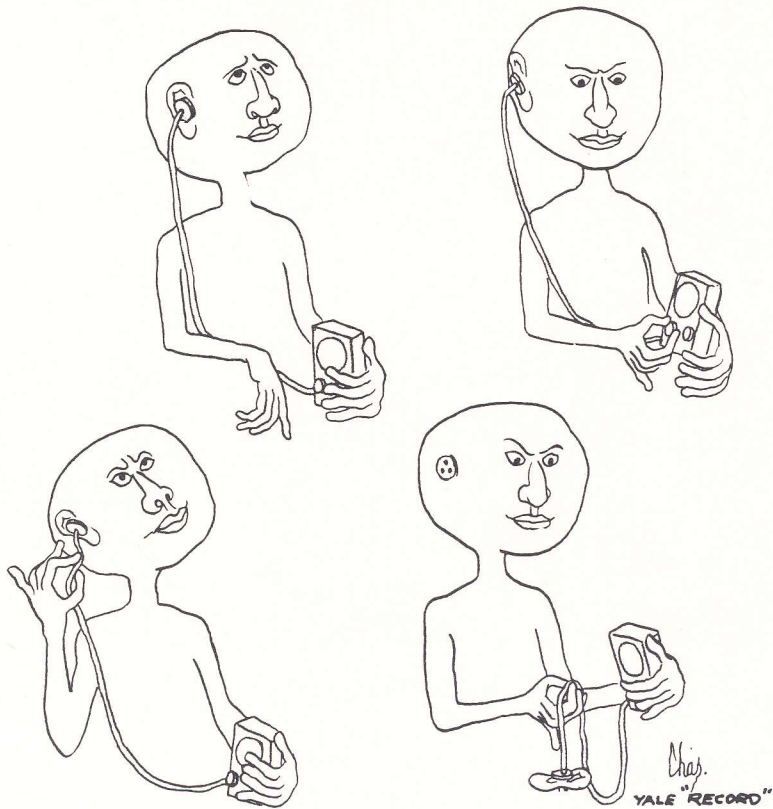
GUM GLUE GOO

False Teeth Slip?

You won't be glum, chum, with Gum Glue! Laugh, chortle, spit through your teeth without fear of losing your uppers! Just squeeze goo on, put teeth in mouth . . . then try to get the damn things out! Rev. B. O. Wrigley, Armpits, Arkansas, writes: "I put Gum Glue on my lower plate two years ago. Stick? Koo-rist! Haven't been able to get my mouth open since!"



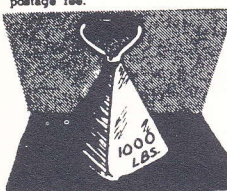
Oldest established firm in Milpitas selling Gum Glue Goo by mail!



RUPTURED ?

OR DON'T YOU KNOW?

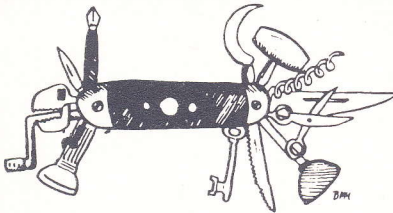
If you are one of the millions of American citizens who haven't sense enough to know if they are ruptured or not, send today for our new, scientific, sure-fire, self-diagnosis device. It will be sent to you in a plain wrapper for only 98 cents plus a small postage fee.



After you lift our new, scientific, sure-fire, self-diagnosis device you KNOW you're ruptured!

TRUST-US TRUSS COMPANY
1343 W. 53d Street, New York City, New York

Have You A Combination Tool?



Stuff Birds	Sickle Other Things	Light Cigarettes
Pull Corks	Scale Fish	Sew Keyholes
Wrench Nuts	Pull Teeth	Open All Doors
Stick Holes in Things	Crank Cars	Play Music
Cut Stuff	Write With Ink (3 Colors)	Aid Plumbers
Hammer Things	Thread Gas Pipes	Pare Corns

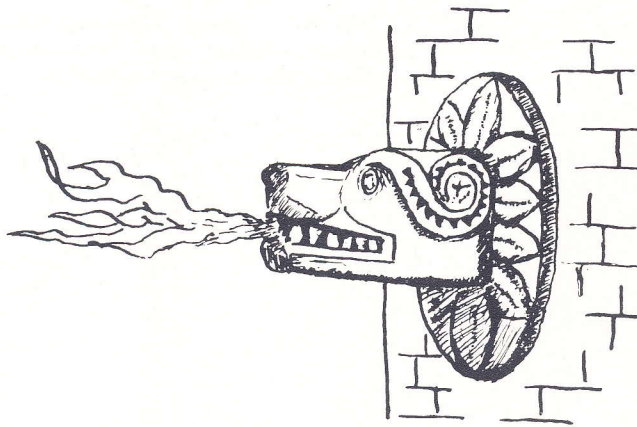
Also Can Be Used As A Paper Weight When Closed!



Stanford Sport Shop
2078 EL CAMINO REAL
DA 5-6776



"He thinks that he shall never see a poem as beautiful as a tree."



HORKY'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT

2 Locations

**PALO ALTO 4171 EL CAMINO REAL
BELMONT 1316 EL CAMINO REAL**

"Oh what a funny looking cow," the chic young thing from the city told the farmer. "But why doesn't it have any horns?"

"There are many reasons," the farmer replied, "why a cow doesn't have horns. Some do not have them until late in life. Others are dehorned, while still others breeds are not supposed to have horns. This cow, however, does not have horns because it is a horse."



"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why, no, I rather enjoy them."



Don: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

Lynn: "No, what good is it?"



A girl shock of wheat went and slept
By a boy shock of wheat that was heaped;
On waking, 'tis said,
She found herself bread
And shouted, "My Gawd, I've been reaped!"



"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.



Man in barber's chair—"Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?"

Barber—"It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear."



A sedate old female was horrified to see a small boy kicking a little girl who was lying in the gutter.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she admonished.

"It's all right, lady," replied the boy. "She's dead."

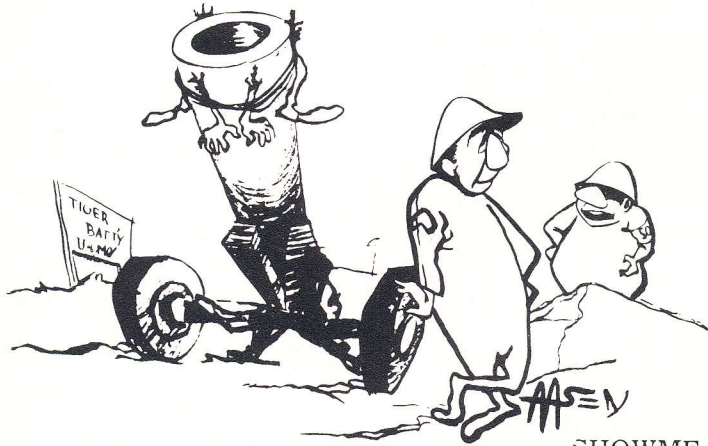


Your grandfather is a little deaf isn't he?

He sure is; last night he led the evening prayers while kneeling on the cat.

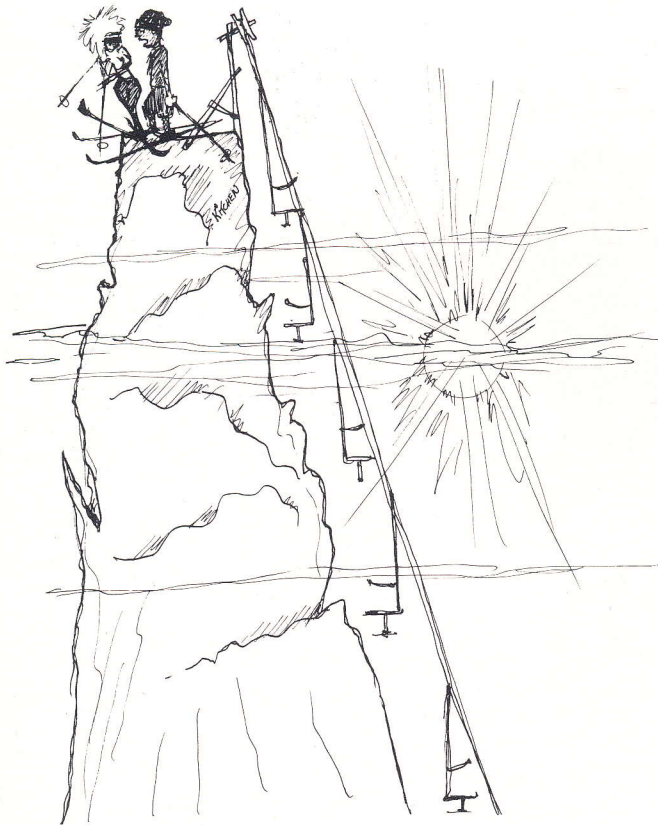


MORE SQUARBS



SHOWME

"Where's the Sergeant?"



"Yes, Virginia, it's not the bunny slope



"Hey, Mom. It's the vegetable man!"



"Before I tried Morning Glow
I was just another tired housewife.
Now I'm a highly paid call girl."



HAIR CUTS

\$1.75

OPEN MONDAYS

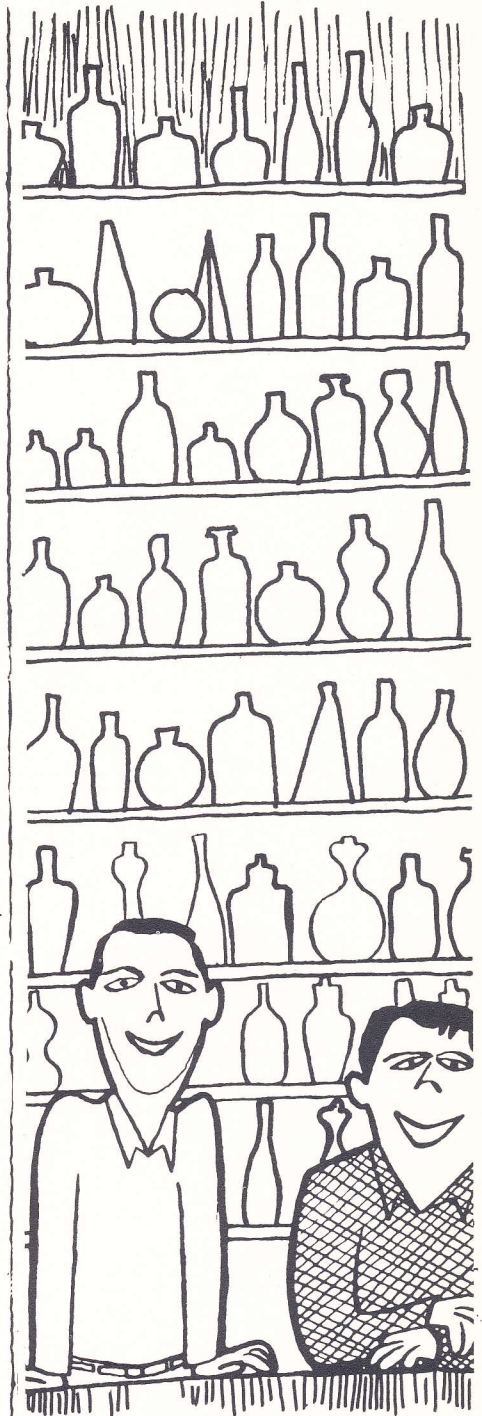
Jerry's Barber Shop
448 University
DA 5-2119

Modern Barber Shop
440 Ramona
DA 1-8990

Cardinal Cleaners



73 Stanford Shopping Center • 203 Forest Avenue • 250 Ladera Shopping Center
Phone Davenport 2-5933



ROLLY 'N' NORM'S

Home of the best for
the B. Y. O. L. set.

3005 El Camino Real
Atherton

EM 6-9952

DA 2-2214

The sweet innocent thing from the South was talking about a biblical epic in her religion class.

"Ah don' see what's so wonderful about Jonah spendin' three days in the stummick of a whale. Mah first boyfriend spent longer than that in the stummick of a 'gator," she said.

"Sure 'nough?" mimiced the professor. "How long was he inside the 'gator?"

The Southern coed did some hasty calculations and answered, "It'll be four years come December."



Two students in Europe became separated from their guided tour and before they realized what they were doing, became lost in a snow bank in the Swiss Alps. They waited for rescue all afternoon, shivering in the blizzard, and were overjoyed to see the traditional St. Bernard coming around the bend to save them.

"Thank the Lord," shouted one, "there's man's best friend!"

"And will you look at that big dog," the other said.



If your nose runs & your feet smell, then you're built upside down.



The farm had been mortgaged and their life's savings had gone to give Daughter a college education at Barnard. Paw was driving the truck to the station to call for her after graduation. She climbed in beside him, slipped an arm through his, and whispered: "I want to confess something, Paw. I ain't a pure girl any more."

Paw dropped his face in his hand and wept bitter tears.

"After all the sacrifice me and Ma made for your education," he sobbed, "you still say ain't."



Anne: "Kid, I had the most gorgeous time last night. This man took me to his apartment, ordered up a wonderful dinner for two, and then after, he took me in and showed me a dozen beautiful mink coats and told me to pick one I liked."

Barbara (giggling): "Gee, what did you have to do?"

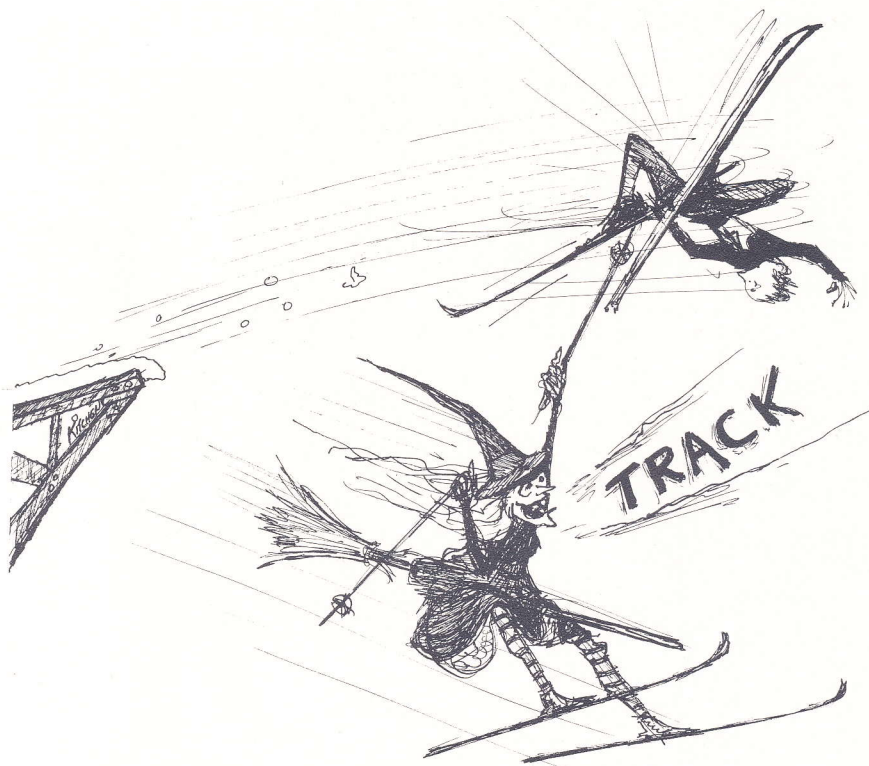
Anne: "Just shorten the sleeves a little."



Ω
OMEGA

Hofman
JEWELER

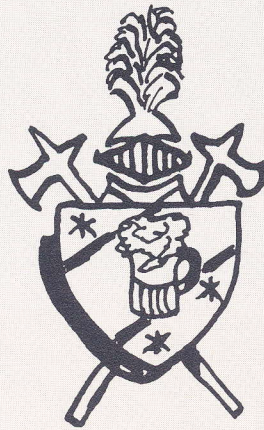
261 University
DA 2-4906



The Round Table

Pizza parlor & pub
14 varieties of delicious pizza

Italian salami	P	Bill's special
Italian sausage	I	Linguica
Pepperoni	Z	Black olives
Lean beef	Z	Plain cheese
White mushroom	A	Anchovies
Combination		Shrimps
Friday special		Pizza Supreme



EAT IT HERE OR TAKE IT OUT

Have a pizza party!
10 pizzas or more, 10% off.



1235 El Camino
Menlo Park
Phone 324-2250

399 First St.
Los Altos
Phone 941-0237

The Round Table

An elderly couple, interviewed by their doctor, complained that they believed they were becoming impotent. "When did you first notice this?" asked the doctor. Replied the man, "Twice last night and again this morning."



A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of those here, you'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotta those too, you'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith.'"



OVERHEARD IN A PARKED CAR:

"But how did you know I was wearing my roommate's?"

"That isn't a farmer coming; that's a cow, and it's going the other way."

"Well, turn off that dash light. Do you want everybody in ten counties to see us?"

"Why didn't you tell me there was grease in the back seat?"

"No soap. My mother soldered my zipper shut before I left the house."

"Just because I know how to close the window with my toes, don't think I do this with every fellow I go out with!"

"Of all the jerks! Why did you have to park near an airplane beacon?"



Frosh: You say our head resident's breath is bad?

Experienced Counselor: Is it bad? Why, last Hallowe'en they pushed him over three times.



"But Winnie, don't you make a 'V' with two fingers?"



Don't you read anything but the jokes?



Camino Cycle Center

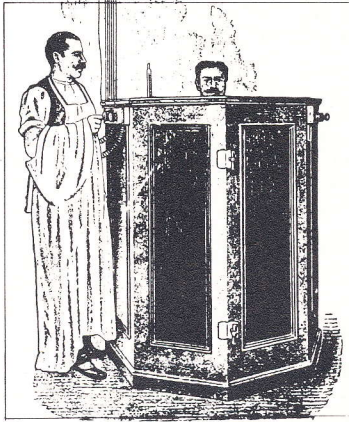


SALES

SERVICE

3720 EL CAMINO REAL
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA
DAVENPORT 1-7875

Menlo Square Launderette



wash * Fluff dry
folded * blankets, spreads
and pillows * Electric blankets
* shag rugs—all sizes
washed, dried, dyed
Dry cleaning * finished laundry

Hours: 7:30 to 6:00 Mon thru Sat Closed Sun.

Ample free parking
1018 Alma Menlo Park

DA 5-8908



STICKNEY'S FIVE FINE RESTAURANTS

Redwood City—1852 El Camino EM 6-8486
Palo Alto
Town and Country Village DA 4-0317
Flamingo Motor Lodge DA 6-3470
Stickney's Golden Chicken—2515 El Camino DA 1-0310

SPIRO'S

PALO ALTO



Finest Sporting Goods Store
in the West

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

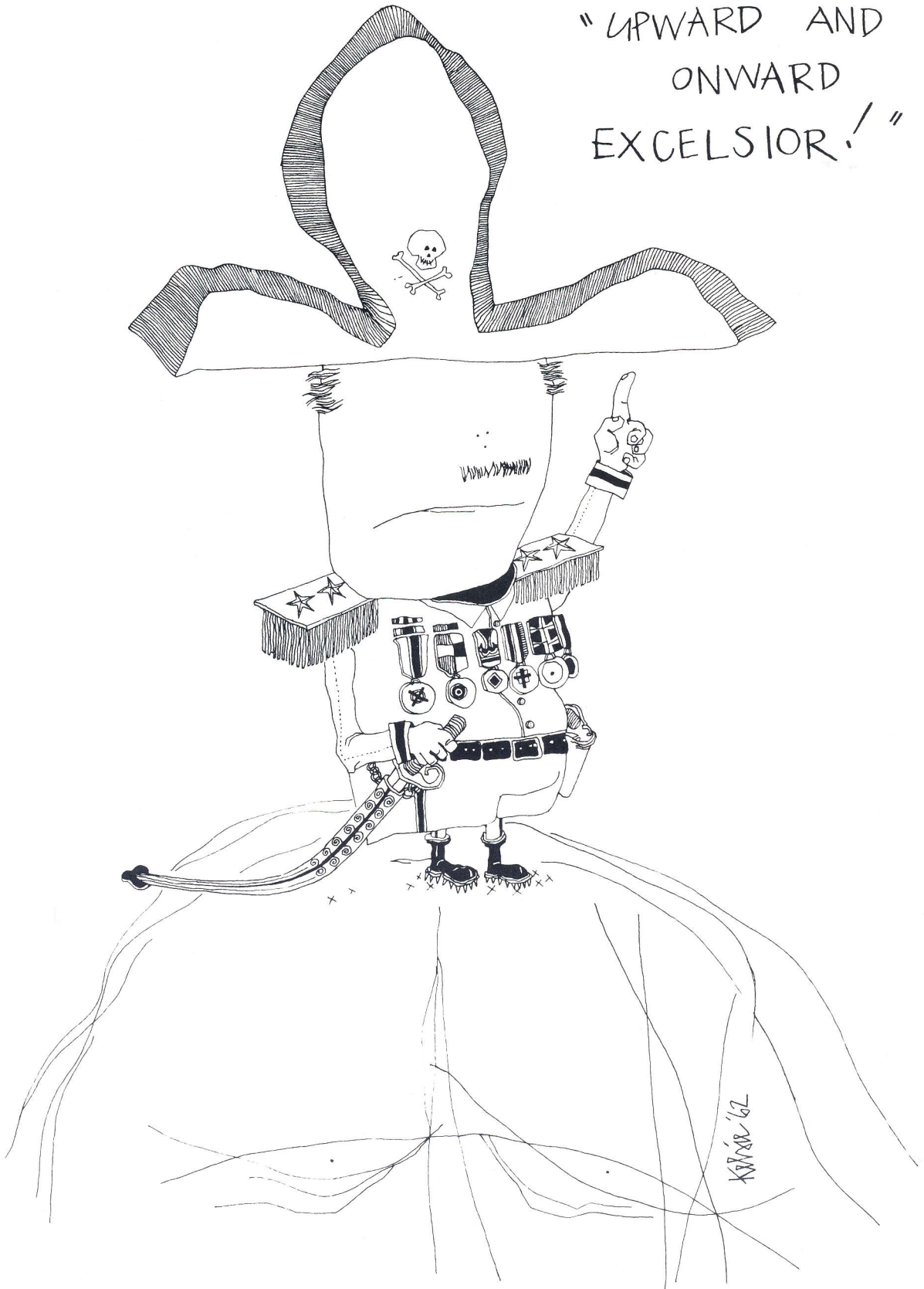


For Sporting Goods nearly everybody shops at Spiro's . . . complete line of sports equipment . . . casual clothes too, for men and women. All famous name brands—Wilson, McGregor, Pendleton, Jantzen, Worthland, Bancroft, Spalding and many more.

Our Advertisers

ALPINE VILLAGE	18
ART CLEANERS	16
BARBER SHOPS	36
BIB 'N TUCKER	9
BRITISH AUTO SERVICE ...	8
BROWN'S MUSIC	13
CAMERA SHOP	32
CAMINO CYCLERY	39
CARDINAL CLEANERS	36
THE CARRIAGE	32
COUNTRY SQUIRE	16
CROW PHARMACY	33
DANA MORGAN	23
DEGNAN PRINTERS	30
DICK'S BURGERS	23
DI SALVO BARBER SHOP ..	9
DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE ..	27
EDY'S ICE CREAM	13
FOSTER'S FREEZE	16
HANS ROTH	1
HOFMAN JEWELERS	37
HONDA PENINSULA	18
HORKY'S	34
KEN'S HOUSE OF PANCAKES	2
L'OMMIES	3
MENLO SQUARE LAUNDERETTE	39
PARDEE & MOZART	26
PARD'S BURGERS	26
PHELPS-TERKEL AND OLAN MILLS	4
ROLLY 'N NORMS	36
ROOS/ATKINS	7
ROUND TABLE	38
RUDOLPHO'S AND CARA'S	2
ST. MIKE'S ALLEY	22
SLONAKER'S	26
SPIRO'S	40
STANFORD SPORT SHOP ...	8
STICKNEY'S	39
SWAIN'S HOUSE OF .. MUSIC	32
TIRE OUTLET STORE	30
T & C MUSIC	20
T-TRIM	9
UNIVERSITY TV & STEREO	32
VIKING MOTOR BODY	23
WEBB'S PHOTO	27

"UPWARD AND
ONWARD
EXCELSIOR!"



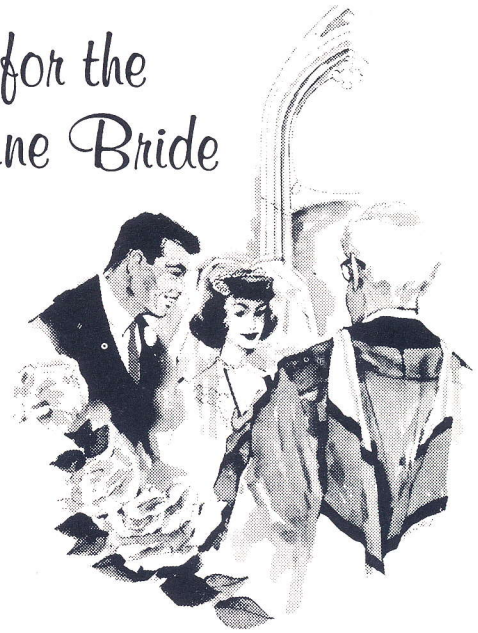
A Diamond Ring
Duo From

Gleim
JEWELERS

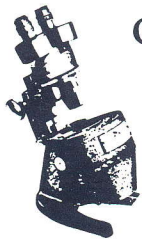
CERTIFIED  GEMOLOGIST

 REGISTERED JEWELER
AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

for the
June Bride



It's a tradition to choose the bride's rings from our wide and varied stock! The years have proven that our name is an *unfailing guarantee* of diamonds that live up to the highest standards of quality . . . settings that are always in good taste . . . and value that cannot be surpassed. Let us help you make your selection . . . *now!*

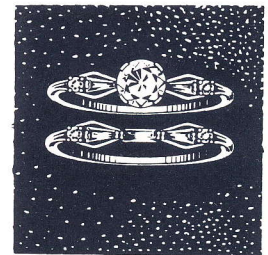


our

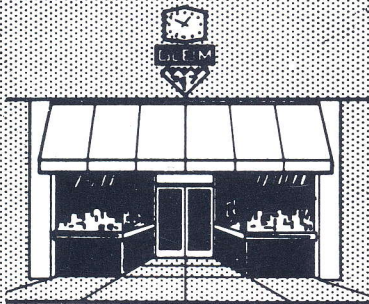
Diamondscope[®]

helps you make a wiser
diamond purchase

CHOICE
OF
CREDIT
TERMS



3-LOCATIONS
TO SERVE YOU



322 UNIVERSITY AVE.
DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO



119 THE MALL
STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER



408 CALIFORNIA AVENUE
SOUTH PALO ALTO