

STANFORD

Chaparral

NOVEMBER 1952

30c



BIG GAME
ISSUE

STOCKTON



Get a Load of Pinhead, The Great Sniffling Pyramid

Under that woolen tent, Pinhead has two sweaters, a flannel shirt and long winter underwear. He's got a pair of gloves under the mittens and he's wearing three pairs of socks under his waterproof boots. All set for any old thing!

Like a two-legged cow!

Look, Pinhead. Take a barrel full of water, see. Chop a hole in the bottom and what happens? The water comes out. Sure, 99 per cent of the barrel is still there, but the water comes out anyway.

Okay, so let's mix the metaphor up a bit. You got yourself all bundled up except for the hole in the barrel. *Your hat, George!* You can stick yourself in an oven but leave your bare head out and you're still going to get cold.

Your head needs a lot of heat. So help me. If it gets cold, the rest of your body works like mad trying to heat the thing up. So you catch the sniffles and all the rest of you might just as well be wearing white ducks as far as keeping warm is concerned.

Plug up the hole, Pinhead. Get yourself a hat. Keep the wind and the rain out of your hair. You'll *feel* better—and *look* better, too!

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.



Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

Hicks was a tall angular lad from the backwoods who had never before seen a train. As he stood with his city cousin in the long station shed and watched the puffing engine and long string of cars roar in, his face turned ashen.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the cousin.

"My gosh!" gasped Hicks. "If that darn thing had of come in sideways it would have wiped us all out."

—Yale Record

The inspector was extremely annoyed by the amount of noise coming from the adjoining room while he made his usual rounds of the school. Unable to stand it any longer, he opened the door. Seeing one boy taller than the others and talking a great deal, he grabbed him by the collar, dragged him to another room and stood him in the corner.

"Now you stand there and be quiet till I tell you to go back to your room!" the exasperated school inspector commanded.

A quarter-hour later a small head appeared around the door and a small quivering voice asked:

"Please, sir, may we have our teacher back now?"

—Yale Record

Lectures are like steer horns—a point here, a point there, and a lot of bull in between.

—Spectator

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
VOL. 54, NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1952
Copyright 1952 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 monthly during the school year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society.

An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University.

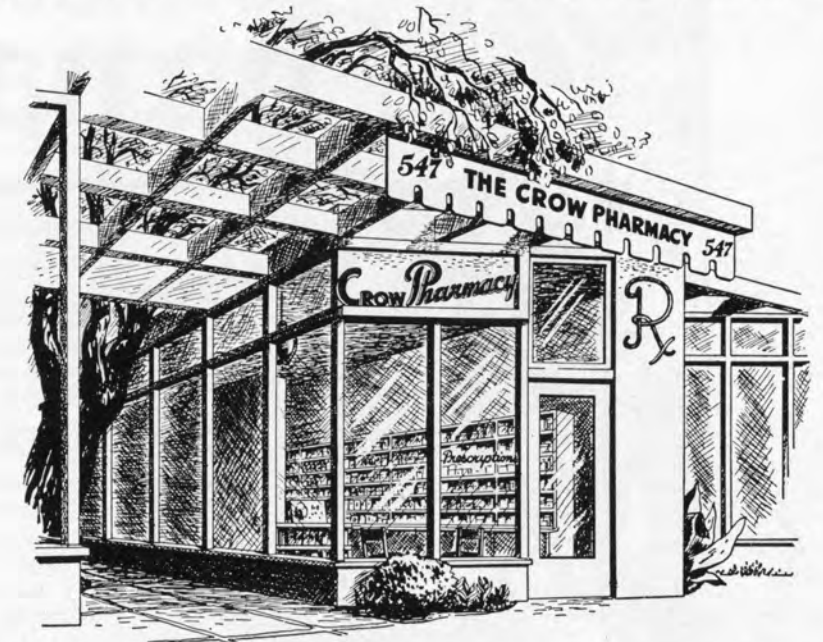
Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California.

Represented nationally by the W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York 17.

Telephone: Palo Alto DA 3-9411, Local 297.

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

Open till 9 p.m.

547 Bryant Street

PASTORE'S BARBECUE PALACE



Specializing in Barbecued
Game Bird, Spare Ribs, Steak

Dancing in the Continental Room

Catering, Banquets at Moderate Prices

Volume 54, 1952-53
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

| | | |
|---|--|--|
| Dunny Clark Editor-in-chief | John Kooken Business Manager | Roger Parkinson Managing Editor |
| Al Ambler Art Editor | Bob Sprague Assistant Art Editor | Jim Stockton Noel de Nevers Tom Timberlake Associate Editors |
| Henry Lee Photographic Editor | Dent Hand Associate Business Manager | |
| Bill Matson Circulation Manager | Fred Ashton Secretary-Treasurer | Tom Lowry Literary Editor |

HAMMER AND COFFIN

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
| Stan Norton | Russ Lapham | Ted Hughes |
| Ed Brennan | Hal Treacy | Tom Johnson |
| Bob Simons | Tom Allen | Fred Simpich |
| Bill Corr | | Dick Fowler |

HONORARY

| | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| André Frelier | Roger Frelier | F. H. Brennan |
| Harold Quiram | | F. O. Girard |

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT Old Boy leans back on his Silver Hammer and prepares to watch another Big Game Week unfold. To the Ancient One, each Week is like the one of the year before with a few exceptions. There are new faces, both in the stands and on the field; there are new celebrities making the same old speeches at the rally; there may be a new skit or two in the *Gaieties*; but, above all, there is new spirit.

This year there are no Thanksgiving festivities to draw the attention of the student body away from the real problem at hand—Beating Call! This year we can beat the turkeys one week and eat turkeys the next—a system well to the liking of the Jocund Jester.

In the last five years, the symbol of our rivalry, the Axe, has been forgotten. Each year the senior class prays that the Axe will return to Stanford before they leave, but each year the hope seems to grow fainter and fainter. Each new freshman class knows and cares less and less about the symbol; some doubt that it even exists except as a figment of some old alum's alcoholic imagination.

The Wise Fool remembers well the years that the Axe resided in its rightful place—the Farm. He knows that at some future date, perhaps not this year or next, the Axe will return to the campus. We're not the only ones robbed of such a trophy; how long has it been since

(Continued on page 4)

Contributors' Staff

Literary
 Nancy Simms
Exchange Editor
 Ron Poze
 Don Nichols
 Maureen Maxwell
 John Woehler
 Virginia Palmer

Office
 Jean Bashor
 Dorothy Kooken

Photographic
 Don Lawrence

Art
 Charlie Best
 Jerry Serene
 Thyra Thener
 George Brothers

Business
 Dub Helsing
 Otis Winters
 Lee Andrews

A biology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which he explained to his pupils was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard boiled egg, and a banana, he was non-plussed and ruminated, "But surely I ate my lunch!"

—Pen

In 1830 a merchant in Springfield, Ill., put a sign in his window, "Boy Wanted." That day a lanky youth came into the store and applied for the job.

"I just came from Kentucky, he said. "I've been helping my father split rails down there. I taught myself to read and write in front of the fire-place. And now I'd like to get a job here in Illinois, work real hard, and maybe someday be President."

"What's your name?" the merchant asked.

"Everyone calls me Honest Abe."

"What's your last name?"

"Humperdinck."

—Spectator

Bars are something which if you go into, you are apt to come out singing a few of, and maybe get tossed behind.

—Yale Record

Nobody but ROOS is First in California Sportswear!



Roos Bros



America's **FLAVOR-ite**
from coast to coast

"Rift, Ga. to
Reno, Nev."
submitted by
Ruthelma Quinn,
Wichita, Kansas



OMEGA

the precision
automatic
watch
—
the dream
watch
of
all men



Hofman JEWELER

261 University Ave.

DA 2-4906

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

Minnesota's had the "Little Brown Jug?"

More and more students are regarding the Big Game as just another game, the last one of the season, granted, but just another game, another Saturday afternoon away from the books, another chance to have a party. They have lost sight of the Axe, the traditions, and the rivalry of the contest. The Ancient One has seen more and more of them turn away from the bonfire and rally each year with disparaging remarks about "rah-rah" or "strictly for freshmen."

This year there is no reason to "kiss-off" the pregame activities. There is no reason to let the work of the men of '56 go unappreciated. There is no reason to fail to get your spirits up for our competition. It may not be considered "sophisticated" to indulge in such activities, but why not drop that front for a few days and just let yourself go?

The Ancient One doffs his traditional cap and bells and Silver Hammer, places on his hoary locks the rooster's cap, clasps his hand around a cowbell, and heads for Berkeley with the rejoinder, "BEAT CAL!"

An Econ professor distributed a copy of the examination to his class. One student read it and exclaimed:

"Sir, this is exactly the same exam you gave last semester."

"That's all right," said the professor, "I've changed the answers."

—Yale Record

"Are you going to the clambake?"

"Yes, I'm going to the clambake."

"Oh. You're going to the clambake."

"Certainly I'm going to the clambake."

"Gosh."

—Keats

A professor, coming to one of his classes a little late, found a most uncomplimentary caricature of himself drawn on the board. Turning to the student nearest him, he angrily inquired, "Do you know who is responsible for that atrocity?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied the student, "but I strongly suspect its parents."

—Yale Record

BLIND DATE

ENCINA HALL
Nov. 26, 1952

Dear Jerry,

Well, Jerry, I heard all about the Big Game before I came here, but I never thought it would be anything like it was. At first I hadn't planned to go to the game since I was pretty much behind in my work. I was going to stay here and study. Things started booming around here the week of the game, and I began to feel kind of sorry that I wasn't going, but I didn't have a ticket or a date so there wasn't much I could do.

It was Larry, my roommate, who finally talked me out of studying. He said to leave everything up to him and he'd fix me up with a ticket and a date. He said that most of the girls were dated up from last year and that the freshmen girls were particularly hard to get dates with. Larry gets around, though, and promised to get me a blind date with a sophomore girl. He told me that the soph he had a blind date with was a real queen, but that mine might not be so cute seeing that it was two days before the game. I told him to go ahead and line me up anyway.

The girl sitting next to me in Western Civ the next morning looked pretty fair and since it was Friday, I thought I might as well be turned down by a girl who wasn't too bad-looking. When she said that she would go with me, well, you could have knocked me over with a pompon.

I told Larry about it. He asked me who she was, and when I finally remembered her name Larry really went wild. It seems that she is considered the best-looking girl in the class of '56. Not only that, but Larry said that one of the varsity football captains was going steady with her. Actually he had taken her out once at the beginning of the quarter, and since then everyone had assumed that she was either going steady or too popular to ever be free. Everyone thought she had a date for the game, that's why she didn't.

Then I had to get a ticket and a car for Saturday night. Larry really was helpful. He said that he could get hold of a ticket for me for only twenty dollars—that's a good price so close to the game. I was going to take it when one of the guys offered

(Continued on page 7)

ITS . . .



CARDINAL MOTORS

for your

AUTOMOTIVE PROBLEMS



DeSOTO-PLYMOUTH

and all

CHRYSLER
PRODUCTS

SERVICE and PARTS

CREDIT?
GLADLY!

CARDINAL MOTORS

QUINCY DAVIS VERNE STEVENSON

Palo Alto

623 Alma

DA 3-3173

Livingston Bros.
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



WHEN YOU

THINK OF GALA

DATES...THINK OF

LIVINGSTON'S YOUNG WORLD

DATE DRESSES!

25.00 and 29.95

SIZES 7 TO 15

FIFTH FLOOR

HEINECKE'S CAMPUS SHELL STATION

We do everything in the automotive line
CREDIT CARDS FOR STUDENTS AND FACULTY

- Gasoline
- Lubrication
- Batteries
- Oil
- Tires
- Accessories
- Washing
- Polishing

20 YEARS ON CAMPUS

Next to Firehouse

DAvenport 3-8846



"\$220 is 880 beers!"

SLONAKER'S Printing House

The Home of Thoughtful Printing

Complete printing service

Recognized Leader in Quality Printing
for Stanford

643 Emerson Street

Palo Alto

◀

I think I shall never see
A girl who's good enough for me;
But that's all right. I've no complaint;
I much prefer the ones who ain't.
—Widow

▶

Barbara: "Why did you park here
when there are nicer places further
on?"
Bob: "This is love at first site."
—Spectator

DON HAMPTON, INC.
Dodge-Plymouth Dealers

511 Alma Street DAvenport 3-3179

BLIND DATE

(Continued from page 5)

me his for cost. He had to go home for the week end.

Larry suggested that I should rent a car, since I didn't have one. I figured that was a darn good idea. Larry said that he and his date would ride along with us, just to keep us company.

The week end was pretty wild. I didn't have to rent the car after all because Sally let me use hers. She had heard that girls were supposed to "go Dutch" and insisted on paying her half of the evening. It really didn't cost much though. Her parents live in Atherton, and they threw a small party for Sally's high-school friends.

Poor Larry, though. He had to rent the car. Then his girl insisted on spending the evening at the Mark, and she didn't pay half either. Also, Larry was looking at the wrong picture in the Quad—the girl he finally wound up with looked like a bedraggled octopus.

Well, buddy, I have to go now and pick up Sally. I keep her car over here now.

Your pal,
ROGER

P.S. Larry moved out of the room. He thought he could study better in a single room. It's a shame, he's such a swell guy.

—Ron Poze

Voter: "I wouldn't vote for you if you were St. Peter himself."

Candidate: "If I were St. Peter, you couldn't vote for me. You wouldn't be in my district."

—Spartan



801 Alma St., Palo Alto

DA 3-3928

Brakes

RELINED

ADJUSTED

"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

AGARD ELECTRIC CO. DORN'S SAFETY STATION

established 1926

GENERATORS—STARTERS—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WHEEL ALIGNING—BALANCING

Rita
ON RAMONA

563 Ramona Street
DA 2-0140

Model: Gail Hollister, Lagunita

Your Stanford Station.....

**K
Z
S
U**

880 Kilocycles
7 to 11 Sunday through Friday




"Rally Com turned her down—too pretty, you know."

Columbus was the first Democrat: he didn't know where he was going, he didn't know where he was when he got there, and he had to ask for money before he started.

—Pen



Don't spoil a good typewriter for lack of a little expert service ... Call

THE  SHOP
524 Bryant Ave.
O. E. Rosenberry
DA 2-3114

Fables of the Farm

Ugh!

The "voice from the rear" came through again this fall when the incoming freshmen were gathered in Frost for a welcoming address.

"Hi, Injuns!" cried one of the welcomers.

"Hi yourself, white man," came the lone VFTR.

It's Fundamental

One of the more dapper roughs walked into a row house a couple of weeks ago and called for his date. He went into the living room to wait for her and there spied an attractive young thing watching TV.

"Hey, babe," quoth our hero, "care for a drink?"

"You can't get one around here," was the shy reply.

"Sure you can. I've got a bottle." "But we can't drink here. It's against the Fundamental Standard."

"Who's to know?" said he. "Is the housemother here?"

"We don't have a housemother," she replied.

"Well, the RA then, is she around?"

The girl smiled sweetly and paused a moment.


"I'm the RA," she purred.

Completely Unrehearsed

One of our ex-staff members recalls the Big Game of 1940 when Stanford refused to be denied in more ways than one.

Money-mad UC had put up new steel goal posts in a reinforced concrete base that year—probably in anticipation of their loss. However, a few days before the game some clever freshmen sneaked into Strawberry canyon, cut halfway through the hardy uprights, and painted over the saw marks.

After the game had ended with a smashing Red victory, the radio announcer was summing it up when he commented in sarcastic, Bill Stern tones, "I see the Stanford rooters are gathered around the goal posts trying to tear them down, but they can't do it, folks. The silly kids, don't they know that they're case-hardened steel in reinforced concrete? Those kids haven't a chance. . . . They're just wast—And there they go, folks!"



GOT THE WOBBLES? . . .

SEE . . .

BERGH WHEEL ALINEMENT

745 Emerson **DA 3-3727**

I LOVE KIRK'S

HOT DOGS

HAMBURGERS

KETCHUP **PICKLES**

PEPPERS **ONIONS**

MUSTARD **RELISH**




Young Colony Separates:
The versatile full-circle skirt of 100% wool flannel . . . \$22.95, combined with an imported cashmere short-sleeve slip-on . . . \$16.95, and a matching cardigan . . . \$22.95. The result: a perfect ensemble for any occasion.
Model: Pauline Kilin, Lagunita

young colony
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

World Famous **BROOKDALE LODGE** Welcomes You

The brook runs through the dining room!

- We specialize in private parties
- Dinner dances, weddings, birthdays, etc.
- Between Boulder Creek and Ben Lomond on highway 9

Famous for Stanford dinners since 1924

Phone Boulder Creek 8-6433



FRANK'S SLACKS

2127 El Camino, Palo Alto—DA 5-2454

Gabardine Zip Jackets \$12.95

Grey, Beige, Brown, Navy
Maroon, Green, Gold

Fully Lined—Hand-Picked Collar and Pockets

A wonderful buy at this price.

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Stories

A bunch of goodies whipped up between football games by our staff. Marjorie La Pierre gives a firsthand account of Cal in 1999 (she just got back from there yesterday). Rog Parkinson and Don Nichols ganged up to produce a detective that would give the whammies to Mickey Spillane. John Motheral returns to the fold after cleaning up in the field of education with some interesting sidelights on the *Gaieties*. Finally, Maureen Maxwell wrote up a story for wee ones which you will find further on. Also on the literary side we find Ron Poze, John Woehler, and Marion Brennan.

Art Feature

Map-mad Bob Sprague, he of the Los Angeles monstrosity last year, did it again. Rand McNally may disagree, but Bob shows you how to get to Berkeley.

Cover

Ex-art editor Jim Stockton produced his third Big Game cover in a row. Being firm believers in tradition and all sorts of stuff like that, we printed it. We're glad we did.

Cartoons

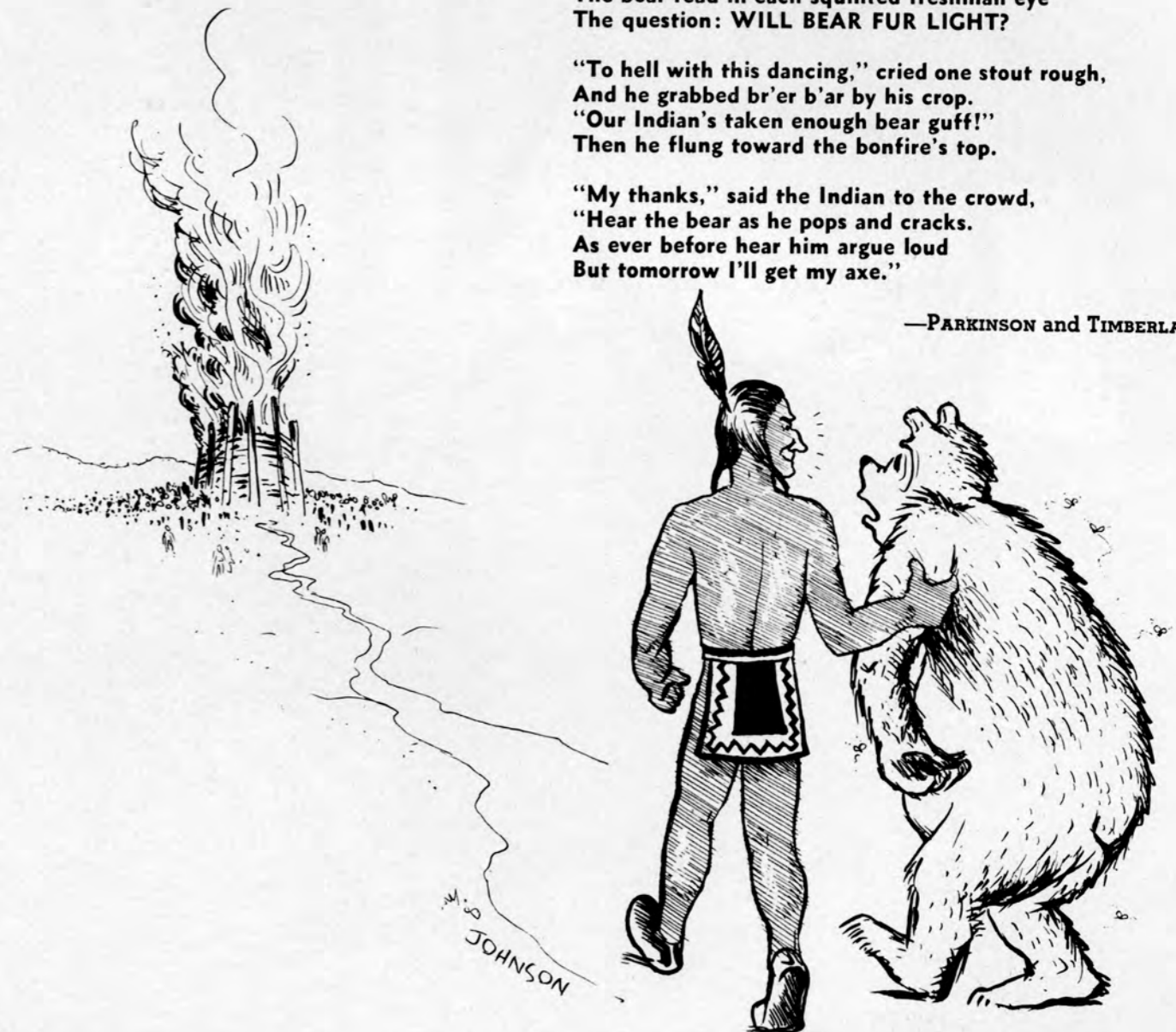
Present Art Editor Ambler and his merry men of mirth and things, Tom Johnson, Tom Allen, Jerry Serene, et al., are at it again. They run the gamut of emotions from big game to dogs for your pleasure.

Queen

Another campus beauty hits the best page in the magazine. What's she doing? Painting the town red? Nope, this talented gal is putting her time in painting scenery for the *Gaieties*.

STANFORD

Chaparral



—PARKINSON and TIMBERLAKE

An Indian danced with a bear one night
To the tune of the drum and fife
Said Bear, "It's a shame that we have to fight";
And the Indian said, "That's life."

From near came the strains of a raucous mob
(From the shores of a lake called Lag)
"Are those," asked the bear with a stifled sob,
"Fatal signs from out yonder bog?"

As they danced toward the blaze in the twilight haze
Said the bear to the Injun strong,
"You don't need an axe for morale these days
And besides, we've not had it long."

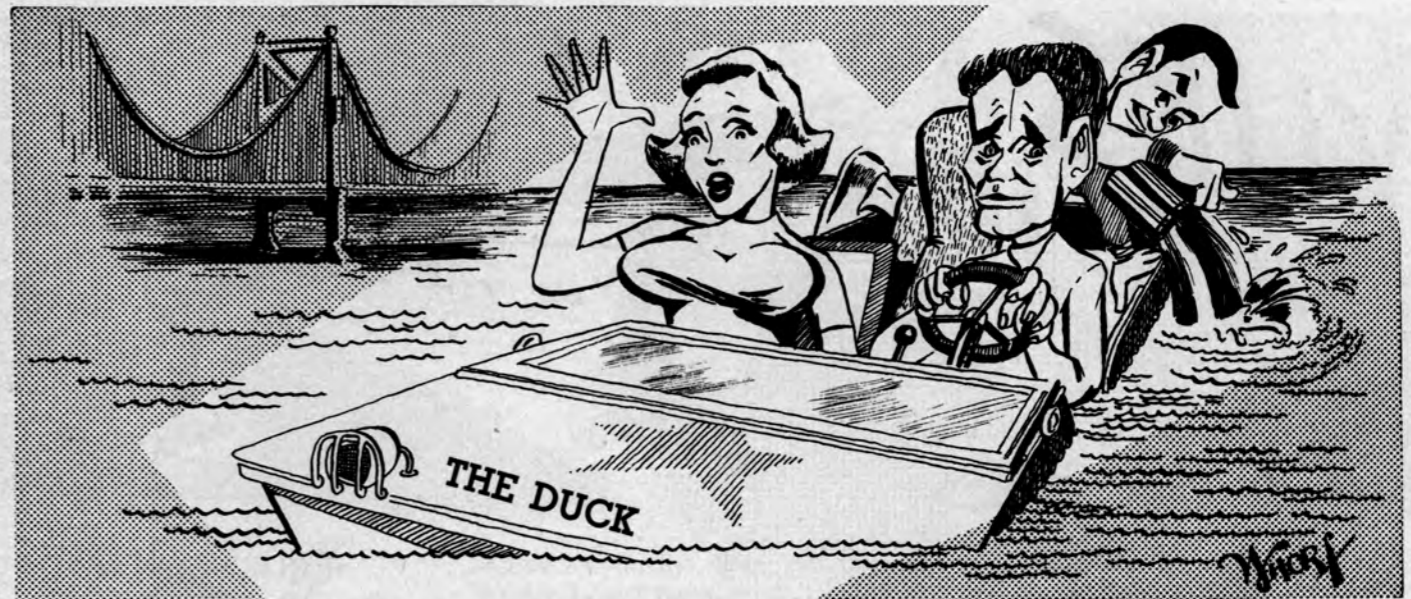
The Indian guided his partner on
To the midst of the screaming throng.
"Friend Bear," said the redman, "you'll soon be gone,
And it won't be so very long."

Though Bear couldn't quite meet the Injun's eyes
From his throat came an, "Aw now, pard,
I know from your voice you're just being wise,
You must not take it quite so hard."

By then they were nigh to the bonfire high
And the freshmen whose eyes burned bright.
The bear read in each squinted freshman eye
The question: WILL BEAR FUR LIGHT?

"To hell with this dancing," cried one stout rough,
And he grabbed br'er b'ar by his crop.
"Our Indian's taken enough bear guff!"
Then he flung toward the bonfire's top.

"My thanks," said the Indian to the crowd,
"Hear the bear as he pops and cracks.
As ever before hear him argue loud
But tomorrow I'll get my axe."



by J. Arthur Raunch
 (based on characters created by
 Edwin Plank Brennan)

"You're taking Smedla St. George to the Big Game!" exclaimed Toddy Wimple dropping his bio book on the floor.

"That's what I said, Toddy boy," replied Norval Tinkham with a smile that a banana could slip through sideways. "I told you that your old roomie could move in on that wench any time he wanted to."

"But, Norval, she's got half of Fraternity Row after her. She's the finest thing the class of '56 has ever seen."

"Oh, she had to kiss off all the frat cats—her mother wouldn't let her go to any overnight parties. I just happened to be the first good prospect that came into view."

"That fake baby will milk you dry, you turkey!" snorted Toddy.

"Don't talk that way about the light of my empty Encina life," said Norval. "Besides, you're going to have to help me out."

Toddy groaned. "Not again, Norval. True, I drove the steam shovel last time, but never again."

A tear came to Norval's eye. "Toddy, I never thought you would turn your back on a friend. I never would have expected you to turn

your back on me in such a time of great emergency." He fell sobbing to his hard bed.

A twinge hit Toddy's conscience. He went over and placed his hand on the sob-wracked, padded shoulder of his roommate.

Norval rolled over and looked up, smiling. "I knew I could count on you, Toddy."

"What do we have to do to impress that saddle-shoed fraud this time?"

"We've got to find a new, thrilling way to get to Berkeley. Smedla expects it."

"We could leave now and go by way of Siberia."

"That's impossible. I've got tickets for the Friday night performance of *Gaieties*. Be sensible. What can we do?"

"Well—I suppose I could get the steam shovel. . . ."

"Petty and puerile," scoffed Norval. "She's been in that before. We've got to find something really different."

"We could get the Phi Delt's car, hire a chauffeur, and really go in style."

"You fool! That's what Smedla's used to at home," shouted Norval.

"Born with a silver carburetor in her mouth," muttered Toddy.

"Think, you muttonhead, think!" ranted Norval. "My whole social life is at stake!"

"Personally, Norval, I don't think you're going to have much of a social life with that little walking falsie, but I'll do my best for you. What about a helicopter?"

"Hackneyed!"

"A chartered train?"

"Old-fashioned!"

"A duck?"

"Don't be silly. How could you go to Berkeley on a duck?"

"I don't mean a duck," explained Toddy. "I mean a duck—an amphibious jeep. I think I know where we can get one. We could drive her right up the bay!"

"And save the bridge toll!"

On the morning of the great event, Smedla St. George walked out of Roble Hall escorted by Norval Tinkham, who was dressed in appropriate yachting attire.

"Norvie, honey," simpered Smedla, "just look at that big, square, funny-looking red thing parked over there."

"That, my dear, is how we are going to the game," replied the captain of the U.S.S. *Beat Cal*, for such was the inscription of the bow and stern.

They got into the duck and rolled down University Avenue straight to the bay. There the little craft splashed into the water accompanied by the delighted squeals of the cooing coed.

An hour later the little craft was approaching the solid piles of the Bay Bridge.

"Let me take the tiller, Toddy," asked Norval. "I'll show you some fancy navigating."

Norval banked the amphib in and out of the massive posts. Suddenly the ship veered out of control and started for the center of the bay.

"Ooooh—Norvie, what's happening?" asked the frightened Smedla.

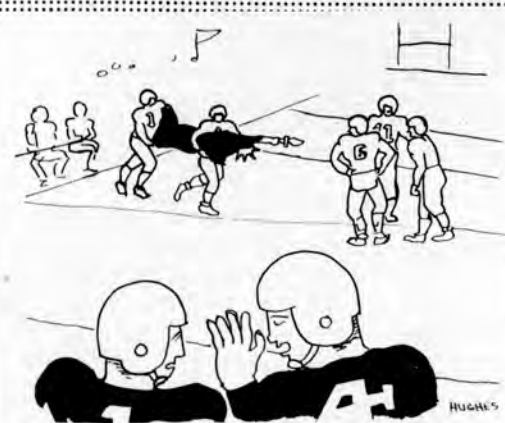
"We're caught in a tide or something, I think," answered Norval fighting with the controls.

Suddenly a *zwooting* sounded past the boat. "Damn bees are everywhere," muttered Toddy, helping Norval at the controls.

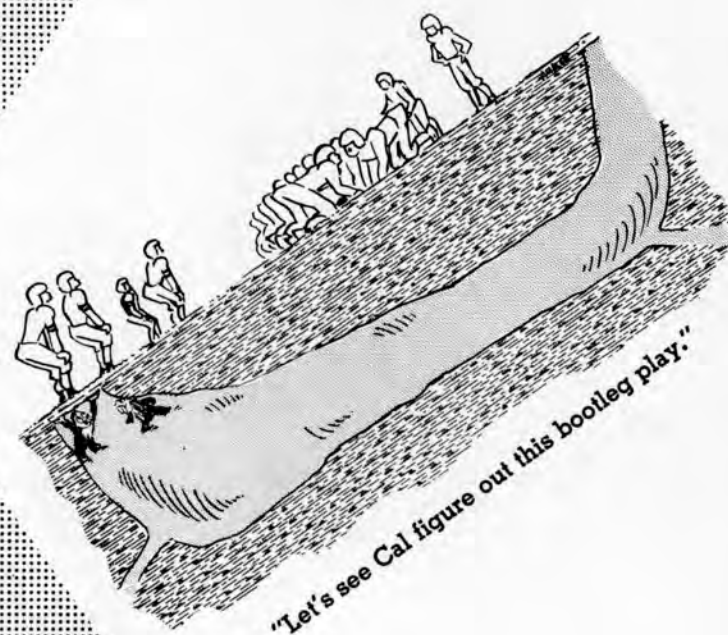
(Continued on page 22)

Chappie Presents
MELBA WEISER
 Queen of the Month
 Photo by Henry Lee and Richard Fowler

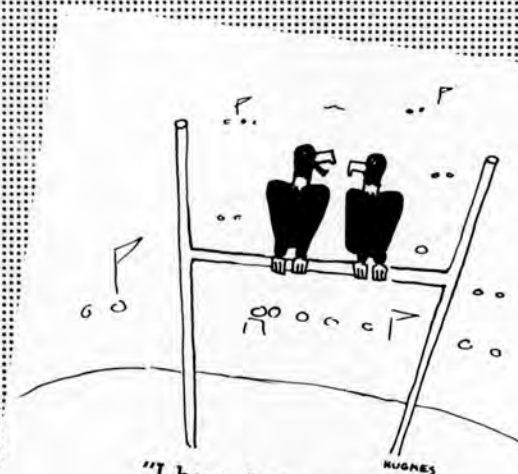
YUKS



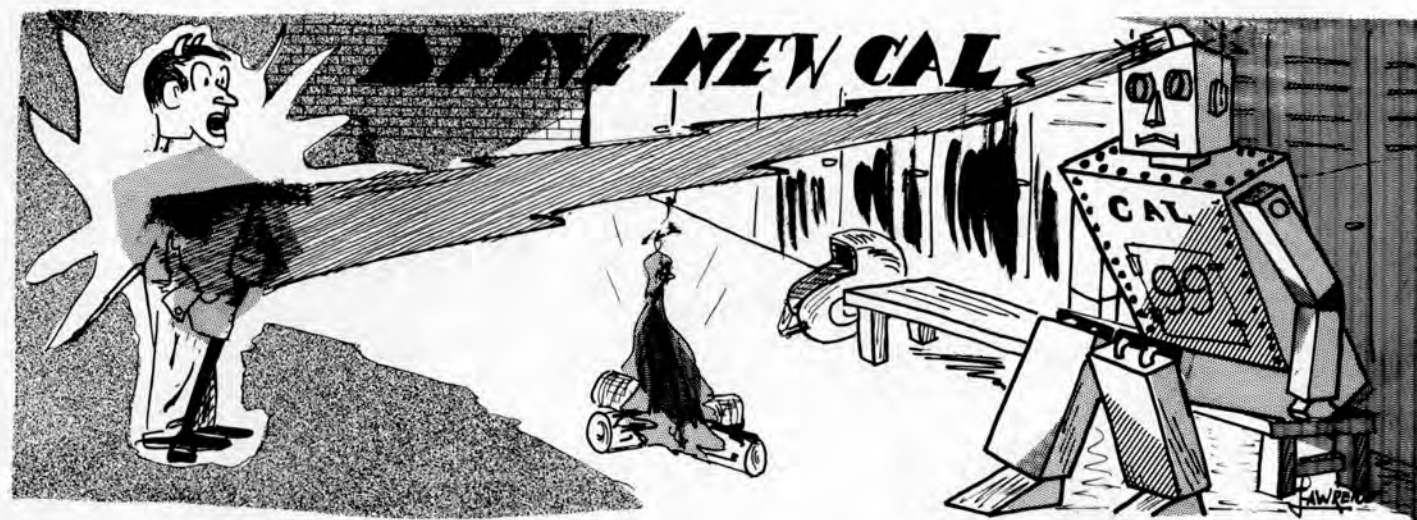
"What's your guess?"



"Let's see Cal figure out this bootleg play."



"I hear these guys play guts football."



by Marjorie La Pierre

"Givetheaxe,theaxe,theaxe," I repeated for the forty-fifth time, and an unaccountable lethargy overtook me. My book, *Ye Studie of ye Witchcrafter and ye Alchemie*, one of the more modern in the Stanford Library, fell from my hands, and the once clear sky became obscured by a melee of swirling pompons.

Then someone shouted, "Get out! Don't you know students aren't allowed in here between exams?"

I sat up. A man in a tight red suit was looking down at me. His forked tail bristled angrily, and his horns glared whitely above his coal-like eyes. "I beg your pardon?" I said.

"You are a student here?" he asked.

"I don't know. Where am I?"

"University of California at Berkeley."

"No, I go to Stanford."

"Ah!" His face shone with respect. "Then you're an educated person. I thought you looked too Homo Sapiens to be a Cal student."

"Thank you," I said, blushing at the unexpected compliment. Then, "What year is it?" I asked curiously.

"1999," he replied. "You mean you didn't know? Oh, of course, you must be a time traveler. Past or future?"

"Past," I said. "You know about time travel?"

"One of my professors here has developed an electronic time machine, based on the theory that the fourth dimension can be traversed as easily as the other three. He's tried it out on several hundred students, but unfortunately none of them have ever returned. He's rather absent-minded and probably forgot to make allowances for the movement of the earth through space. I suspect the time travelers are floating about some-

where among the stars, but then of course I can't mention my suspicion to him. That would be interfering with his work. My high moral standards won't permit me to do that."

"So he keeps on sending people away on time trips?"

"They're only students. Besides, it might work sometime. And science must be served. But I suppose you are anxious to see the university?"

"I'd like to very much."

"And who would be better qualified to show you around than California's noble president, yours truly?" He modestly patted himself on his back with his tail. "You are now in the examination hall. The hall is square, seven miles to a side, and the height is twelve feet."

I looked around. The walls were too far away to see, but the ceiling was interesting. Strange-looking gadgets hung down every few feet. They glowed wickedly with a luminous green light. "What are those?" I asked.

"Those are our automatic proctors. They see everything, and when one catches a student making mistakes, it sends out a disintegrating ray. The student dissolves instantly."

"Doesn't it every make mistakes?"

"We did have one unfortunate incident a few years back. There was a short at the main switch, and the whole class taking the exam was disintegrated. But that only happened once, and fortunately it was a small class. About 7,000, if I remember correctly. Yak farming isn't as popular as it used to be."

"Blazing rockets!" I exclaimed. "What did you do about it?"

"Yak farming? We took it off the curriculum."

"No, I mean about the accident."

"Oh, yes. We fired the electrician."

"I—I'd really like to see the rest of the university," I said, glancing nervously up at the proctors.

"Of course. Hop on the back of my supersonic bicycle, and I'll show you around."

After a few minutes' ride, we came to the door. When my guide opened it and daylight poured through, I noticed the curious composition of the hall floor. I examined it closely and found it consisted of tightly packed cigarette butts.

California's corneous president was glancing about impatiently, so I waved farewell to the proctors and joined him outside.

A piercing scream shattered the Berkeley fog. "What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, that comes from one of the sorority houses," the president replied. "We soundproofed the initiation chambers, but noise leaks through occasionally. The houses are a mile down that road. I don't think you can see them today."

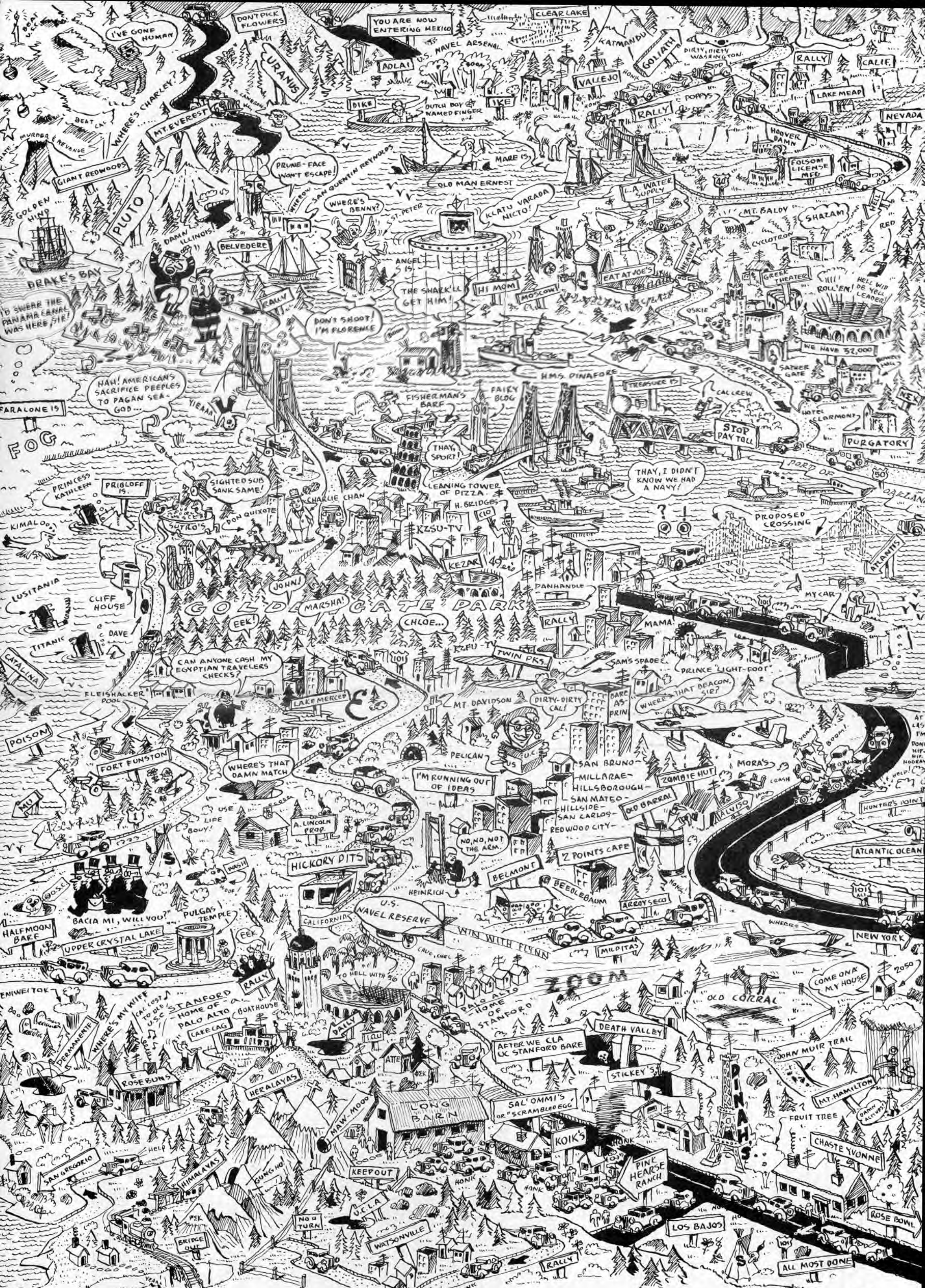
"Are the fraternities there too?" I asked.

"We don't have fraternities anymore," my guide replied. "During the last war there were so few male students on campus that the women got a bit out of hand. They staged a mass B.V.D. raid, and in the excitement all the fraternity houses were torn down and the men trampled to bits. Quite an evening! I enjoyed it tremendously from my helicopter. Anyway, the fraternities never started up again."

"I see," I said. "Where are the lecture halls?"

"Lecture halls!" my guide exclaimed. "Say, you must be from the past. Only old-fashioned, tradition-ridden universities like Stanford still have lecture halls. The more up-to-date schools broadcast all lectures by

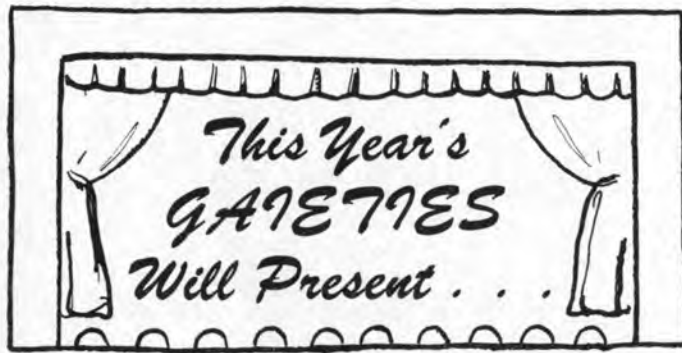
(Continued on page 24)



"GUIDE TO BERKELEY BOWL"

(OR "FOLLOW THE YELLOW-BRICK ROAD")

by R.B. SPRAGUE



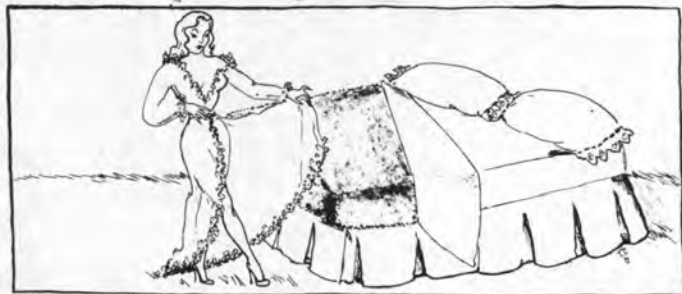
by J. Ziegfield Motheral

An intrepid disciple of the Old Boy recently had occasion to browse through a garbage can in the Ram's Head offices, in search of dinner. He ran across the following assorted skits submitted by students as offerings for this year's *Gaieties*. The final exhibit in the collection our spy gleaned from the script which was finally approved. Our correspondent informs us that the italicized comments were made by the Ram's Head Vice-President in Charge of Separating the Wheat from the Chaff.



1. Curtain rises to disclose boudoir draped with silks, carpeted with the softest of fur rugs, and commanded by seven-foot double bed turned back in anticipation of immediate occupancy. Lanky, smoky blonde enters from left, begins slowly to remove filmy negligee. . . .

Comment: "Nix. Prop room has no beds that big."



2. As curtain rises, stage is pitch-black, except for spots of eerie light shining dimly in gloom. Human heads slowly appear in spots of light; nothing can be seen of bodies supporting heads. Suddenly all faces meet in center stage and merge into one, which then revolves violently and grimaces. . . .

Comment: "Any summer theater could pull this one off."



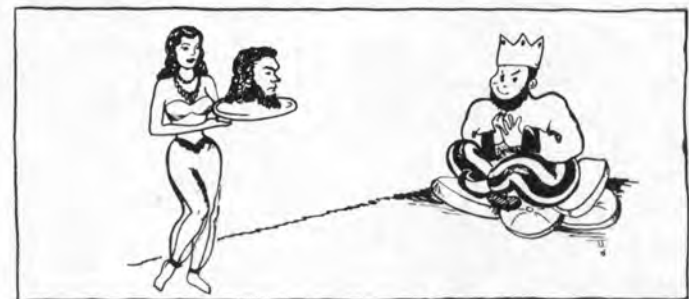
3. Curtain goes up as a thousand Babylonian soldiers march on stage carrying flaming torches. Another thousand Babylonians riding chariots drawn by jet-black stallions charge down the theater aisles, brandishing lances, and chasing Nubian prisoners. The Nubians are caught between the two bodies of soldiers and slaughtered. Torches are then applied to scenery and Babylonians embark on orgy of pillage and rape, shouting "Beat Call! Beat Call!"

Comment: "Can't do it. University has strict rule against horses in Mem Aud."



4. As curtain parts, scene in Herod's castle is revealed. Herod, surrounded by dancing girls and dark slaves bearing rare viands for the king, is staring hungrily at Salome, who undulates toward him bearing head of John the Baptist. Suddenly a commotion is heard off stage, and Estes Kefauver bursts into the room. . . .

Comment: "Beautiful and truly symbolic. Could use this if only John had some dialogue."



5. Two underfed ballerinas in multicolored leotards leap to center stage, throw their hips and backs out of joint, grimace horribly, thrust their hands heavenward in ancient supplication for fertility. Orchestra, consisting of seven snare drums, eighteen unmuted trumpets, and a tuba, plays music with sultry, sensual delicacy as girls open curtain, revealing two men dressed in long coats and outsized Panama hats, singing:

"Oh, all you roughs and every gal,
Golly, gang, but let's beat Call!
Poop-te-doop, poop-te-doop, poop-te-doop!"

After song, two men mutter joke which orchestra drowns out, then squirt each other with water pistols. The men are referred to in program as "Pat" and "Mike," and are followed by 163-lb., 5' 9", baby-faced girl in pastel formal singing, "You're the Bee in My Coffee" to 110-lb., 5' 1" boy in tuxedo and tan shoes. After the song, they exit, followed by the audience.

Comment: "Socko! Just what we want. Has traditional Gaieties format and class!"

Did you ever wonder what the team did the night before Big Game?

From the Files of
PAL HERMISH

#1117131

by Don Nichols and Rog Parkinson

Yeah, I'm Pal Hermish, and no push-over, either—been taking Law Enforcement at Stanford two years. So you're finally getting around to asking about what happened at the Woolfington Arms that night. You're right, Kirschpilm was marked long before it happened. Well, quit your blubbering. I'll cut you down from there and tell you, if you promise not to run away until I finish. . . . There—ankle hurt a little? They use that jobbie in Malaya. C'mon, we'll pick up the junk from outa your pockets.

I'd just phoned Professor Kral that my rounds had been as dead as a Hollywood church, with the team tucked away and snoring, when I got a glimpse of Perry, the varsity manager, barreling out of the coach's room exclaiming foul play. After I cornered him on the fire escape I wrested the news from him.

Coach Karrot had planned to view, after the team sacked out, last year's game movies for the final time. But he had made the mistake of bringing the reel with him to the Press Club banquet where he sat next to Pappy Slappy. Somehow the films got switched. When Karrot owned the projector that night—Paris Productions' *Feelthy Love* (Margaret O'Brien and Peter Lorre)—Perry walked in while the coach was running it backward.

"Look, Varse," I said to Perry, "you're playing right into their hands. Now get on the phone and get rid of those boys' tickets. It's going to be an all-night job. And don't take a lower price than they're getting at Berkeley!"

It worked; Perry picked up his marbles and strode toward his room. He realized, as did I, the ticket-scalping racket is the essence of big-time football. I giggled. But then I started to get the true picture of things. First I saw Kwazzit, a linebacker, hoofin' it down the hall in a lampshade and a pair of girl's step-ins. Next, a young lady dashed out after the lampshade, backed up by Kampbust wearing a "23 Skiddoo" hatband. The door to the next room was slightly ajar. Reflected in the bathroom mirror was the second-string backfield tossing cards at the water closet. As I turned into the next hall Kampbust, in a "Keep Cool With Coolidge" hatband, jumped out from behind a potted palm and screamed, "I knew damn well she lied like hell," then disappeared into 4-C.

Two gents carrying violin cases stepped out of the elevator and grabbed me by the stacking swivel. "Where's this Kirschpilm hang his hat?" I pushed my hat sailor-like, doubled my fist, and snarled, "4-D." Their exit was a quick one.

I found Perry in the powder room. "There's a whitehead on the Kirschpilm pimple," I said. I explained the incident of the two mugs—that I had hoped it wouldn't happen until after the Big Game. Perry fainted.

Kee-rist, how could Kirschpilm have done this to us? If only his old man

had been a Buck of the Monther. Kirschpilm was the first to overlook his duty.

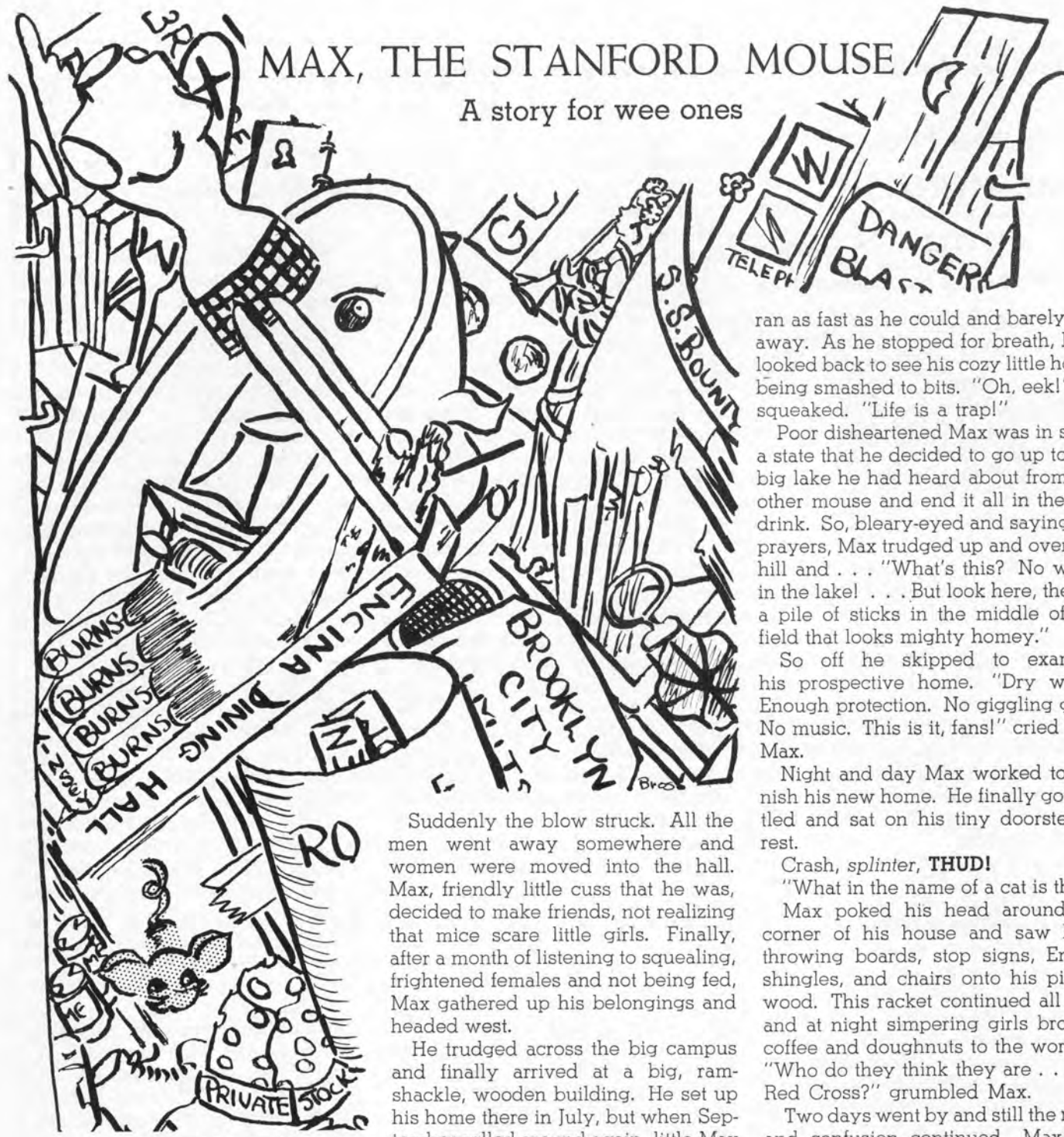
Never before had a player tried to send his "comps" home free to his parents. If he were allowed to get by with it the team might as well play its games on the Paly High field.

But we also needed him in the Big Game. A murder was a handy, but not adequate, solution. There was still the letter chute. I made for it.

I was in the lobby, hoping that Kirschpilm had an ounce of grey matter. I had bored a hole in the glass chute, stood there with my penknife poised. If only Professor Kral had been there. . . . It came fluttering down. Kirschpilm had made his one last attempt. Oh, but that rectangle looked white and purty—I was intrigued; but not entranced. So I speared the envelope, and Kirschpilm was safe. Next I raced back upstairs and dispatched the hoods with a crucifix and a bottle of grease cutter. After securing Kirschpilm's promise against a repeat performance next year, I left my post next to a gorge-ee-ous red-head on a Salvation Army sofa. Just as I had spread my etchings on the ceiling, Kampbust shows up from under the sofa, whispers in her ear, and off they go arm in arm. He sporting an "I Love My Wife But Oh You Kid."

What's that, you say you didn't come to ask me about that night? You came to ask me about what? Well you can just tell Dr. Kinsey that what I do for candy money is my own business. Really!





MAX, THE STANFORD MOUSE

A story for wee ones

by Maureen Maxwell

As Max, a little mouse at Stanford University, gave his new house a final lick and swish with his broom, he leaned against his door and swore, "May all the cats in the country crucify me if I have to move one more time!"

Max was abandoned many years ago by a wandering mother. He made his first home in the warm cellar of a men's dormitory called Branner Hall. It was a jolly time then. He made friends with all the Roughts, and they supplied him with cheese and companionship all winter long.

Suddenly the blow struck. All the men went away somewhere and women were moved into the hall. Max, friendly little cuss that he was, decided to make friends, not realizing that mice scare little girls. Finally, after a month of listening to squealing, frightened females and not being fed, Max gathered up his belongings and headed west.

He trudged across the big campus and finally arrived at a big, ramshackle, wooden building. He set up his home there in July, but when September rolled around again, little Max had to move out. Culture-minded Stanfordites decided to become Chopins. Then the Chorus commenced their wailing, and Max almost became a raving maniacal mouse.

This time he took shelter in a field near the tennis courts and built himself a neat little home of sticks and stones.

Max grew to maturity. He had to forage for his own food, true, but he had peace and quiet.

One day, as he was entering his home with a piece of a snail he had taken from the Cellar, he saw a giant bulldozer headed straight for him. He

ran as fast as he could and barely got away. As he stopped for breath, Max looked back to see his cozy little home being smashed to bits. "Oh, eek!" he squeaked. "Life is a trap!"

Poor disheartened Max was in such a state that he decided to go up to the big lake he had heard about from another mouse and end it all in the big drink. So, bleary-eyed and saying his prayers, Max trudged up and over the hill and . . . "What's this? No water in the lake! . . . But look here, there's a pile of sticks in the middle of the field that looks mighty homey."

So off he skipped to examine his prospective home. "Dry wood. Enough protection. No giggling girls. No music. This is it, fans!" cried little Max.

Night and day Max worked to furnish his new home. He finally got settled and sat on his tiny doorstep to rest.

Crash, splinter, THUD!

"What in the name of a cat is that?"

Max poked his head around the corner of his house and saw boys throwing boards, stop signs, Encina shingles, and chairs onto his pile of wood. This racket continued all day, and at night simpering girls brought coffee and doughnuts to the workers. "Who do they think they are . . . the Red Cross?" grumbled Max.

Two days went by and still the noise and confusion continued. Max was getting no rest at all, besides having been overcome with an attack of asthma from dust.

Suddenly, he smelled something burning. "Oh, no!" squeaked Max.

He looked outside and saw the huge stack alive with flames. Soon the fire would reach his home and if he didn't hurry—CRACK!

A stick from the bonfire hit his house, but Max didn't stay long enough to collect for the damages. He picked up his sack of cheese, and with tears of weariness and disappointment he started off down the hill muttering, "To hell with '56!"

HAF YUKS



"Say—now those are what I call a nice dress!"



"Ya, we know . . . drinking's illegal here too."

DIRECTIVE No. 136-74-B
FROM: ASSOCIATED WOMEN STUDENTS
TO: ROBLE SPONSORS

It is of great importance that you read this material to the incoming freshmen women in their first corridor meetings. These young girls are bewildered and scared. Severe misunderstandings might ensue if they are not oriented to the social scene here at Stanford. Our traditions must be kept alive at ALL COSTS. It is your duty and responsibility as Roble Sponsors and Stanford Women to see that they are.

To: Entering Freshmen Women
 Re: Big Game Night

You have probably already heard of the Big Game and the preceding round of activities. Forget them! The bonfire, rallies, and fraternity parties are little more than a waste of time. As Stanford Women your sole concern will be Big Game Night. Remember, Big Game Night!

You will probably be hearing quite a bit about Big Game Night in the next few weeks. Listen critically. Use the intelligence which made you eligible

for admission to the University to seize, inspect, and discard.

First of all, never, never accept the first date offered, particularly if he is a freshman. Tell him that you will let him know and then drop any classes you have with him. But, always keep in mind, as a freshman your time is limited. Sophomores, juniors, and seniors had all last year to get Big Game dates. You have two or three weeks at the most, for a girl who accepts a date within a month of the Great Event has little respect for herself, the Fundamental Standard, or Leland Stanford Junior University. Even if you slip under the wire 32 days prior to Big Game, you should have some valid excuse such as the fact that you had a date until yesterday and that it is exceptionally lucky that the man in question called so late. Your date was suddenly called to Washington to participate in some secret government work which you cannot reveal at that time, and you will condescend to go with him instead.

There is a falsehood and misconception which is fostered and circulated every year by the cheerleaders. It is the absurd notion that respectable

Stanford Women are obliged to subordinate their pride and offer their escorts financial assistance. This is idiotic.

If you do not manage to hook yourself a date, resign yourself to fate. Maybe next year. Last-minute or blind dates are always unsatisfactory, and the pair will probably end up drunk. The best thing to do is to indicate an admirer at UCLA or Idaho and then take off Friday to Los Angeles or Moscow to attend their big games.

Make sure you go to an overnight party. These are always good. Remember, you are away from home for the first time. Make the most of it!

When the Big Night arrives, dress strategically. Stay away from the game so you will be fresh and sparkling. Bathe in your roommate's bottle of Tabu. This is your night.

Be gay, be scintillating, drink only Scotch, spend your date's money liberally. This is what makes him happy. If it is a successful evening, you may have a Big Game date lined up for next year.

To your corners, girls, and come out fighting.



THE DUCK

(Continued from page 13)

The *zwing* sounded again and another time followed by a thump. The duck quivered.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Toddy. "It's Alcatraz! They're shooting at us!"

A line of machine-gun slugs raked the side of the boat. "They must think we're helping out in a jail break," said Norval.

"Your nasty old boat is leaking," complained Smedla, "and my shoes are getting all wet. Do something about it, Norval, or I'll never speak to you again!"

"My god!" cried Toddy. "We're sinking!"

"Norval! If we sink and my new suit gets all wet, I'll just hate you to death," warned Smedla.

"Don't just stand there, Smeddie," pleaded Norval. "Bail!"

The three bailed as hard as they could, but to no avail. The little ship stuck its stern into the air and slid beneath the torpid waters of San Francisco Bay.

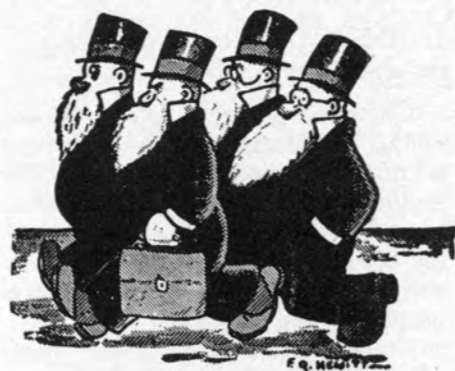
Norval coughed a wracking cough and turned to the wall.

"Don't take it so hard, Norval," said Toddy. "It could happen to anyone."

"My life with Smedla is no more," moaned the miserable Norval.

"Good riddance, I say. Gee, I wonder how the game came out? This damn rest home—no radios, no newspapers, and a nurse who never heard of Mathias. What a way to spend Big Game week end!"

"Maybe next year," sighed Norval, "maybe next year we can see the game."



"Now if the Western Civ libe were in Roble . . ."

Register Now

For your **EUROPEAN** trip
next summer

Early registration for Steamship, Airline, and Tour reservations means a wider selection and a possible savings in cost.

No charge for information or registration of your requests.

**UNIVERSITY
TRAVEL SERVICE**



537 Ramona St.

DA 3-2468

Portrait by

Hans Roth

Palo Alto



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present its girl of the month—lovely JOAN WILSON, president of ROBLE Hall. Peninsula is also proud of its FAMOUS MILKSHAKE and the many other fine dairy products which it presents for your enjoyment.

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176

Once upon a time there lived a farmer who owned a big hay field. The farmer's son decided that he would go into the city to earn his living, so one day he packed all his bags and left home. But when he got to the city the best he could do was a job as a bootblack in a railroad station. Now the father makes hay while the son shines.

—Shaft



Prosecuting Attorney: "It's my duty to tell you that everything you say will be held against you."

Defendant: "Jane Russell, Jane Russell, Jane Russell . . ."

—Rammer Jammer



An insurance salesman tells about a valuable wardrobe which his firm had insured for a client during a European trip. Upon reaching London, his client's wife cabled, "Gown lifted in London." After due deliberation he sent his reply: "Madam, just what do you think our policy covers?"

—Spectator

BIG GAME

|||
|||
|||
|||
SHOW YOUR
COLORS

FREE

Streamers! Confetti!

Friday and Saturday
before Big Game at

**STAR BAR
STATION**

Corner Forest and
Emerson, Palo Alto

Perotti's NIPA HUT
Specials: Southern Fried Chicken, Barbecued Ribs
Private parties and Catering by arrangement
Open from 4 P.M. except on Tuesday
2550 El Camino, Redwood City

BRAVE NEW CAL

(Continued from page 15)

radio. Much the better method, don't you think?"

I remembered once getting up for a Saturday eight o'clock and walking sleepily a half mile through fog and drizzle, only to discover, when I reached the classroom, that I was still in pajamas. "I agree," I said, "but what happens when a student wants to ask a question?"

"It has always been our policy to discourage such impertinence."

"Oh. But how about labs?"

"The only function of a lab is to permit students to make mistakes. We have always discouraged mistakes."

"Where are we going now?" I asked.

"Thought you might like to see our football team." He walked up to a huge cement building and murmured something. A door slid open. "Electric eye opens the door when the right password is said. Ingenious, what?" And he walked into the dusk-filled interior. I followed, and the door shut behind us with a heavy thud.

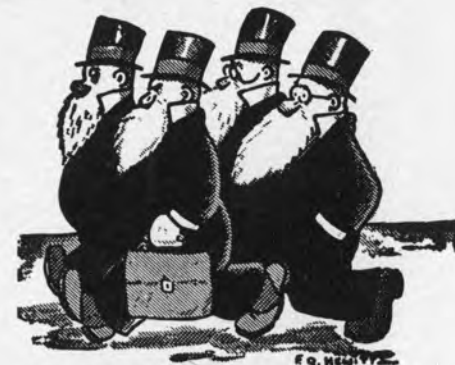
"This is the trophy room," he said. The glass cases lining the walls were filled with shrunken heads. "The heads you see in the cases," he said, "are those of the football captains whose teams we have vanquished."

"Quite an impressive record," I said, hoping I sounded enthusiastic.

"The uranium chalice in the large center case," my guide continued, "contains the blood of Stanford's last star halfback. The plutonium one next to it contains the University of Illinois."

"The whole university?"

"Quite. You know, there is sometimes a bit of intercollegiate vandalism before a football game? Well, one year just before New Years we were scheduled to play Illinois at the



"You're going to paint the Cal campus what color?"

Rose Bowl. Several of our nuclear physics majors went down to Illinois and dehydrated the campus by removing the space between all the atoms. Quite simple, really, and a good stunt, don't you think? We gave them all doctors' degrees for it. Of course Illinois didn't show up at the game, and we won by default."

"What about the students?" I asked.

"They were quite sorry when they learned that the game wasn't to be played."

"No, I mean the ones who were around when the school was dehydrated."

"Most of them were home for vacation. I don't know if the ones who were still at school got dehydrated or not. If you really want to know, I suppose I could ask one of the physics majors, but it's a frightful bother to make over such a minor detail, if you ask me."

"Please don't go to any trouble. I just wondered."

"Yes, of course. The football team is in the next room. If you'll follow me."

"You keep them in here? Don't you ever let them outside?"

"We can't. If we did they'd get rusty."

"I should think they'd get rustier sitting around in here."

"Oh, no. The air in the players' room is demoinsturized especially to prevent such a calamity. All the parts have to be dried after each game, however. Well, here we are. What do you think of them?"

We walked into a room, and I saw a pair of huge legs in front of me. I looked up. Ten feet from the floor a horrible ape-like face grinned down at me. I stepped back.

My guide laughed. "Don't be afraid," he said. "They can't operate without their motors, and the motors are being fixed up for Saturday. Sorry I can't show you the mechanics shop, but that's top secret. Quite a bunch of boys, aren't they? This is the country's only fully mechanized football team. It took twenty years and millions of dollars to develop these football robots. Quite a feat, too. You know football players have to have brains as well as strength."

"Isn't a million dollars an awful lot to spend on football?" I asked.

"Who cares about money? We never need to. The governor of Cali-

(Continued on page 26)

ART YOUNGS SOUTHGATE MOTORS

WILLYS SALES AND SERVICE

999 Alma St. • DA 5-5611



GENERATOR AND STARTER REBUILDING
WHEEL BALANCING AND ALIGNING
GENERAL REPAIRING TUNE-UPS
COMPLETE LUBRICATING

Stanfordites Given Special Consideration

Perfect for that Big Game date and holiday parties ahead: nylon lace over taffeta with velveteen trim, gracefully topped with a nylon lace stole . . . \$29.95
Model: Katie Leonard, Russell

Elwoods
222 University, Palo Alto
86 So. 1st, San Jose

BRAVE NEW CAL

(Continued from page 25)

fornia," he said, winking, "is an alumnus of Cal."

"I expect Cal wins all of the Stanford-Cal games now."

"Well, no," the president replied. "As a matter of fact, when Stanford was still playing football, theirs was the only team we couldn't beat, even with our most expensive robots. Stanford's quick-thinking men (They actually used real men! Probably because they didn't have the funds to develop

robots) were able to outwit our boys at every turn. Finally in desperation we developed a special robot for use against Stanford. Would you like to see it?"

He led the way into another room where a twelve-foot robot towered above a little fire burning in the floor.

"This is the Big Ape," my guide said, "California's greatest hero, the one that vanquished Stanford forever."

"Forever?"

"Yes, forever. You know the disin-

tegrating ray used in the automatic proctors? This robot has one in his head, and whenever he comes up against any interference, the ray goes on and the interference disintegrates. Unless of course the interference is made of the rayproof material we use in our own robots. The first time we used the Big Ape he disintegrated the entire Stanford team in three blasts."

"What happened the next time you used him?"

"Stanford cut out football after that game. Most unsportsman-like, we feel, but then if a school wants to turn chicken, we let them. It's not our funeral. We never used the Big Ape against any other school. We never needed it. Our ordinary robots are always sufficient, and we don't like to use violence when we don't need it to win. Gives the school a bad name."

"What's the fire in the floor?"

"Oh, that's the eternal flame. It never goes out, but burns forever in the memory of the Big Ape, the greatest hero the world has ever known."

"Amen," I said automatically. By that time I had got over my fear of California's substitute men, I walked up to the Big Ape and shook his hand, to congratulate him for being the greatest hero the world has ever known.

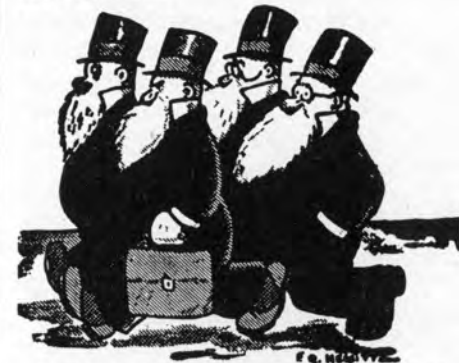
"Don't do that," the president shouted. "You're obstructing him!"

"Huh?"

"He still has his motor. You're obstructing him!"

Just as I realized what the president meant, a brilliant flash of light engulfed the poor man, and he melted away. Again the light flashed more brilliantly than before, and the room around me dissolved into a dark melee of swirling pompons.

Thunder crashed. I looked up. Above was a scowling black sky threatening murder by drowning. I raced for my dorm and got to the front door just as the first fat drops fell to the sidewalk.



"25c to cross the Bay Bridge? Outrageous! Let's swim."

DINAH'S SHACK

 SINCE 1926

VIKING MOTOR BODY CO.

JOE G. CALVELLO

HAL E. HAMERTON

COMPLETE MOTOR REPAIRS—PAINT & BODY WORK
 BATTERIES—TIRES—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WASHING
 POLISHING—SEAT COVERS

**98 Churchill Avenue
 PALO ALTO, CALIF.**

DAvenport 3-6222



625 Ramona Street

DAvenport 3-9240



4- to 24-hour
 service
 clothing stored
 cash-and-carry
 or deliveries



NOW THAT FLICK

THE GOLDEN HAWK



This one would be more appropriately titled the *Golden Turkey*. Sterling Hayden romps after Rhonda Fleming across seven seas, six ponds, and through ten reels of stark Technicolor. You don't need many pages to understand this one. Shots of the rolling seas fill in for plot lags—and believe us it does! Hawk, I've been peopled!

TIGER SHARK



At last Hollywood produces a film worthy of high honors! This fast-moving story of hidden treasure aboard an abandoned tramp freighter keeps the audience on the edge of their seats till the last minute. The supporting roles are superbly handled by an alcoholic bartender and an agile Jap knife thrower. Bring the family.

LES MISERABLES



The title speaks for itself. Victor Hugo's novel of a poor snog who is sent to the slave galleys for heisting a crummy loaf of bread is better off in manuscript form. A cast led by Robert Newton, who plays the evil Javert, really lays it on thick. Incidentally, this film contains the most stinkingly realistic scenes of the Paris sewers since *Phantom of the Opera*. If you don't have time to read the book, see the flick.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE



Mario Lanza gobbles his way through this one with a minimum of acting and inferior singing. This one certainly isn't Hollywood's answer to better film entertainment. The flick is somewhat buoyed up by Doretta Morrow and James Whitmore. Don't waste your time or money.

(Continued on page 28)



The original Stanford

PIZZA

ROCKY'S

5 miles south of Stanford
 on El Camino

Grey flannel pedal pushers . . .
 Toreador-tapered leg, with black
 shoe lace trim . . . \$16.95. Grey
 tweed jersey overblouse, matching
 shoelace trim . . . with three-quarter-
 length push-up sleeves . . .
 \$14.95. "Calderon" black leather
 contour, belt with glass stone trim
 . . . \$9.95.



PHELPS-TERKEL

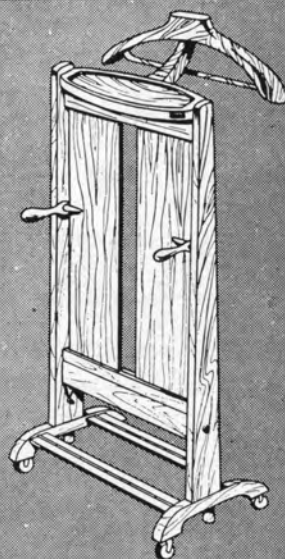
219 University, Palo Alto

Model: Brynhild Grasmoen

Practical ways to S-T-R-E-T-C-H your college closet

HENRY "SILENT VALET"

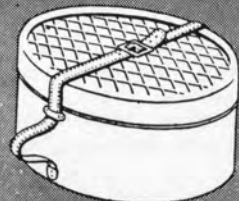
A Valet... no less. When retiring, your "Silent Valet" awaits you... keeps clothes neat and orderly, wrinkle-free. Holds jackets, pants, shoes, ties, jewelry, change, keys, papers - actually contains a presser for your trousers. Lifetime hardwood construction. Colors, Walnut, Mahogany, Blonde. **\$47.50**



it presses pants!

TRANSPARENT "RAINBOW" PLASTIC CLOSET HATBOX

For week-end trips or around the campus—a carry-all—a neat place for the new chapeau—a practical item for men and women. Solid, rigid transparent plastic with carry-all strap. In transparent crystal, amber, ruby, green and blue. **\$5.95**



Postpaid—Check or Money Order. No COD's.
HENRY HANGER COMPANY OF AMERICA
450 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

NOW THAT FLICK

(Continued from page 27)

SPRINGFIELD RIFLE



This is the latest of the gun movies. It was preceded by such bam-biffos as *Winchester .75* and *Colt .45*. No doubt it will be succeeded by *Howitzer 105*. Anyway, we are inclined to think that anything Gary Cooper is in is worth the price of admission. Check your Hopalong cap guns at the door.

NEVER TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER



Let this be your motto when you ask the theater manager for your money back.

THE QUIET MAN



Bring your earmuffs to this one. John Wayne clobbers the hell out of Victor McLaglen for close to half an hour. Pleasant scenes of the *Ould Sod* are probably stolen from a Fitzpatrick Travelogue. If you like your movies with a touch of the blarney, then this one's for you.



I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl whose hungry eyes aren't fixed
Upon a drink that's being mixed;
A girl who won't forever wear
A bunch of junk to match her hair;
A girl who looks at boys all day
And figures ways to make them pay.
Girls are loved by jerks like me
Cause who would want to kiss a tree!
—Profile



If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told;
if it hasn't been told it's too clean;
and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh,
the editor gets kicked out of school.

—Green Gander



"Di'ja shее me come in da door?"
"Yes."
"Never shaw me before in ya life did'ja?"
"No."
"Howja know it was me?"
—Yale Record

PIZZA

BY

Renato

KING OF THE

PIZZA

Italian Dinners

Also to take out
Open 2 P.M.—3 A.M.
2899 El Camino Atherton

"Porter, get me another glass of water."

"Sorry, suh, but if I take any more ice that corpse in the baggage car ain't gonna keep."

—Yale Record

What would you say is the difference between a modern car and a coed?

Well, the modern car has something under the hood.

—Spectator

"Say, Bob, can I borrow your pen?"

"Sure."

"Got a sheet of writing paper?"

"Reckon so."

"Going past the mailbox on the way out?"

"Uh-huh."

"Wait a minute till I finish this letter, will you?"

"All right."

"Want to lend me a stamp?"

"O.K."

"Much obliged; say what's your girl's address?"

—Widow



A festive wool knit embroidered in red and gold—all new for your Big Game Week—End pleasure. The finishing touch—a hand-made, gold-trimmed, drawstring bag.

helen hartmire

538 ramona street

Model: Irene Matthews, Ventura

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



"ADJOINING THE CAMPUS"

Open Daily Around the Clock

CORNER OF EL CAMINO REAL AND CAMBRIDGE, MENLO PARK

For "take-outs," phone DA 3-9562, and we'll have 'em for you in a jiffy!



Save those thrilling moments!

"He's away!" Relive the thrills of the game a thousand times. Webb's will help you capture it permanently and beautifully with the proper photographic equipment. Expert developing and finishing too.

Webb's

EVERYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC

479 UNIVERSITY AVE. PALO ALTO

Chinese Kitchen

WE DELIVER
authentic Chinese food
da 2-6247
4160 EL CAMINO REAL
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

PALO ALTO LAUNDRY

Serving Stanford Since 1909

Easy on Your Clothes and Easy on Your Budget

644-648 Emerson Street DA 2-3800

The only completely modern car in its field!

the BIG NEW '53 FORD



Designed to outperform—outride—outlook—and outvalue any car in its price field, bar none

You can pay more . . . but you can't buy better

Lutz FORD Sales

160 Forest Ave. DA 3-5161 Palo Alto
SALES AND SERVICE

THE RAVIN'

Once upon a midnight weary
As I staggered weak and beery
Over many a long-forgotten store
Of old beer bottles, cans and stottles
Left outside Rossotti's store,
There came to me a wild roaring
Breaking up the drunken snoring
Sounding like the crowds before.
From afar the noise resounded,
Echoes through the thin walls sounded
Causing drunks to greet the floor.

The sky above the lake was glowing,
Not a single star was showing,
As from the crowd there came a roar,
Figures leaping, figures stumbling,
Figures glued together fumbling,
Just plain figures, thousands more.

Suddenly no one was talking
As on the platform there came stalking
A hulking figure, nothing more,
Speaking loud, with deadly aim,
Yelling, screaming, all the same,
Is Cal gonna win the game?
Just these words and nothing more.
And from the crowd a muted grum-
bling
As though the very earth was crum-
bling,
Swaying, screaming, as of yore,
Jumping, frothing, ranting, raving,
For a long sweet victory craving
Quoth all Stanford
Nevermore!!!

—JOHN WOehler

"Fight, fight!" a thousand lusty voices
cried,
As flame flared up above a blazing
pile
And cast a light whose bloody crim-
son vied
With homicidal shouts. And all the
while
Befeathered savages slashed at
the air
And chased a man dressed up
to be a bear.

"What means this scene?" a stranger
asked of me,
"This wild and bloody chant? Some
pagan rite,
A fiery dance to please the powers
that be?
For hunting prowess do they pray
tonight,
Or do they soon at some dread
foeman sally?"
"Oh, no," I said, "it's just the
Big Game Rally."

—MARJORIE LA PIERRE

VIGNETTE



by John Woehler

She was all and more than John had hoped for. Slender but well formed, with long blonde hair which fell over her shoulders like summer honey. Her lips were sweet and moist; her eyes were limpid pools of sparkling Burgandy. Her walk was the gentle swaying of a thousand island palms; it had a kind of consciousness, a warm, provocative determination all its own. But most of all she was a lady. She was endowed with grace, culture, an exquisite masterpiece of pure, exotic, virgin refinement.

It had been a wonderful Big Game evening. One of those rare sketches of priceless eternity. A shower of sweet joy and sublimity. John was entranced; the show, the dinner, the winning of the Big Game, all had been perfection. She had laughed with demure and unspoiled abandon and dimmed the pseudo-social crowds. She laughed with meaning and surfaced every subtlest current. When she had ordered it was with that touch of aristocratic simplicity. It was unbelievable that he had found such culture, the ultimate in breeding at such a place as Stanford University.

At the door he stopped. He must not shatter the perfection of the moment; he must not reduce it to plebian vulgarity. But with that sureness of intrinsic right she leaned against him, barely touching, and gave him her cool lips. Her kiss was more the fragrance of some exotic flower than the manifestation of human biology.

"Come in, John, for a moment. . . . It will be all right . . . just for one glass of wine."

The apartment was very soft and subtle. It was all her . . . all the beauty of her in the furnishings and arrangement. Never had anything seemed more right to John than this.

"Sherry, John, or port? I'll have sherry myself, please . . . I do prefer port . . . but, well, port makes me barf."

ACME GLASS CO.

635 EMERSON
DA 3-4127

The Feed Bag

We never close

Lunches from 85c

Dinners from \$1.25

Damburger
BEST DAMBURGER ANYWHERE

1709 El Camino
Four miles south of the Campus

SALES SERVICE

SIMPSON MOTORS

C. H. SIMPSON
R. A. SCHMITT, '35

Palo Alto's BUICK Distributor

DA 3-4111 440 Emerson St.

KROGH & POHLMAN TAILORS

TAILOR-MADE
SPORT COATS
SUITS

from \$79.50

534 emerson
da 3-7733

Alterations and Restyling

Want to study and travel ABROAD?



Plan now to take a university-sponsored tour via TWA next summer and earn full college credit while you travel



Again in 1953, TWA—world leader in educational air tours—will participate in the travel-study programs that have proved so enjoyable to thousands in the past four years. Itineraries will include Europe, the Mediterranean, the Middle East and a tour around the world. Two to six weeks of resident study can be arranged in foreign universities. Other study tours will deal with special fields such as music, art, languages, political science, etc.



Whichever tour you choose, you'll discover just how near you are to the rest of the world only when you fly. For 300-mile-an-hour TWA Constellations will whisk you to Europe overnight. And when you travel by TWA Sky Tourist, you save time and money. So start planning now for that thrilling, profitable vacation next summer. Mail the coupon below today.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS... **FLY TWA**
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

I am interested in:

- University credits
- Resident study at a foreign university
- Special countries or areas

(Specify) _____

John H. Furbay, Ph. D., Director Air World Tours, 80 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. GT-NO
 Please send me information on the Trans World Airlines Educational Tours to be offered in 1953.
 Name _____
 Position _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____
 State _____ Phone No. _____

"I'll see you," said our hero as he laid down four aces in a game of strip poker.

—Ranger

Him: "Why is it you have so many boy friends?"

Her: "I give up."

—Spectator

For that afternoon or evening "LIFT" stop by for a refreshing milkshake



Foster's

"OLD FASHION" freeze

A RICH ICE MILK PRODUCT

California's FAVORITE DESSERT

JUST SOUTH OF STANFORD STADIUM ON EL CAMINO REAL • OPEN 11 A.M. TO 11 P.M.

RALLY-COM GIRL

AS SEEN BY



HERSELF



THE CROWD



THE TEAM

Our Advertisers

Refer to this list whenever you buy!

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------|
| Acme Glass Co. | 31 |
| Agard & Dorn | 7 |
| Bergh Wheel Alinement | 9 |
| Brookdale Lodge | 10 |
| Camels | Outside Back Cover |
| Cardinal Cleaners | 26 |
| Cardinal Motors | 5 |
| Chez Yvonne | 22 |
| Chinese Kitchen | 30 |
| Crow Pharmacy | 1 |
| Dale H. Thomas | Inside Back Cover |
| Dinah's | 26 |
| Dividend Service | 24 |
| Don Hampton | 6 |
| Elwood's | 25 |
| Ernie's | Inside Back Cover |
| Feed Bag | 31 |
| Foster's Freeze | 32 |
| Fox Ltd. | Inside Back Cover |
| Frank's Slacks | 10 |
| Hat Corp. of America .. | Inside Front Cover |
| Heinecke's Shell Service | 6 |
| Helen Hartmire | 29 |
| Henry Hanger | 28 |
| Hofman Jeweler | 4 |
| Ivan's | Inside Back Cover |
| Kirk's | 8 |
| Krogh & Pohlman | 31 |
| KZSU | 8 |
| Lifesavers | 4 |
| Livingston Bros. | 5 |
| Lutz Ford Sales | 30 |
| Marquard's | 28 |
| Nipa Hut | 24 |
| Palo Alto Laundry | 30 |
| Pastore's Palace | 1 |
| Peninsula Creamery | 23 |
| Phelps-Terkel | 27 |
| Renato's | 29 |
| Rita on Ramona | 7 |
| Rocky's | 27 |
| Roos Bros. | 3 |
| Roth, Hans | 23 |
| Simpson Motors | 31 |
| Slonaker's | 6 |
| Southgate Motors | 25 |
| TWA | 32 |
| Typewriter Shop | 8 |
| University Travel Service | 22 |
| Viking Motor Body Co. | 26 |
| Webb's Photo | 29 |
| Young Colony | 9 |

Try one of those
Fabulous
Red Hot
Coney Islands
at
ERNIES!

★ CUSTOM PERMANENTS
★ HAIR STYLING

TELEPHONE DA 2-0769

Suam

COIFFEUR SALON
370 WAVERLEY STREET - PALO ALTO

SEAT COVERS
CONVERTIBLE TOPS
UPHOLSTERING

Everything for the interior of your car

DALE H. THOMAS

635 HIGH STREET DA 2-2330

Parking Space in Front Available to Our Customers

OPEN SATURDAY MORNING

SEAT COVERS

Gentlemen's Apparel
Importers
Clothing—Sports Wear
Tailoring
Furnishings

DA 3-6464
162 University Ave.
Palo Alto

"I'd walk a mile for a
CAMEL"



*So Mild—
So Flavorful!*

