

Stanford CHAPARRAL

May 1953
30c



SENSUAL SPRING



IMPORTANT FACTS ABOUT A TOUCHY SUBJECT

REAL TOUCHY. Touchier than what may have occurred to you, even. It's the problem of How To Get A Job, and it's touchy because nobody in the history of employment has ever figured out a solid, cut and dried formula that anyone else would agree on. The truth is that often there *isn't* any formula, because you can't measure many important qualities by a slide rule, and even experienced employers admit they have to rely on their own impressions to guide them.

And mister, whatever you do, don't underestimate the power of your appearance when it comes to making a first impression. The way

you take care of your appearance indicates how you'll take care of other things. We sell hats. We know hats make you look better. We know, because we've taken the trouble to find out, that bosses want their junior executives to wear hats. And while your hat is only one part of your appearance, *it's as important as anything else you wear*. So when you hit the road for your first job, dress to make that good first impression.

Incidentally, even if you *never* get a job, that hat will be a good friend. It protects your head, and that means protection for your hair and your health.

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

DOBBS • CAVANAGH • BERG • BYRON • C&K • DUNLAP • KNOX

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

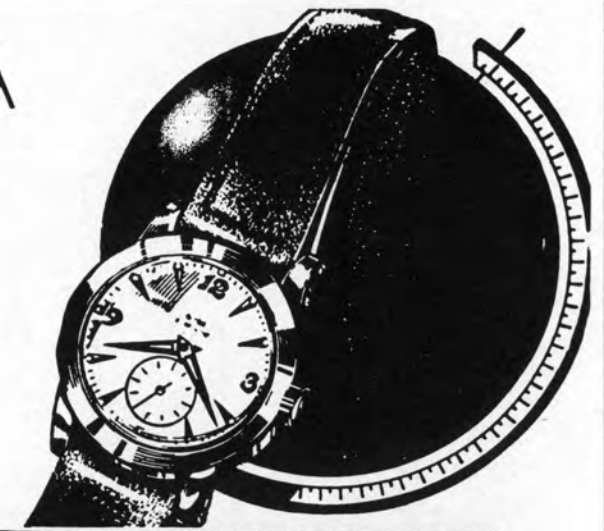


JOHNSON

OMEGA

the precision
automatic
watch

the dream
watch
of
all men



**Hofman
JEWELER**

261 University Ave.

DA 2-4906

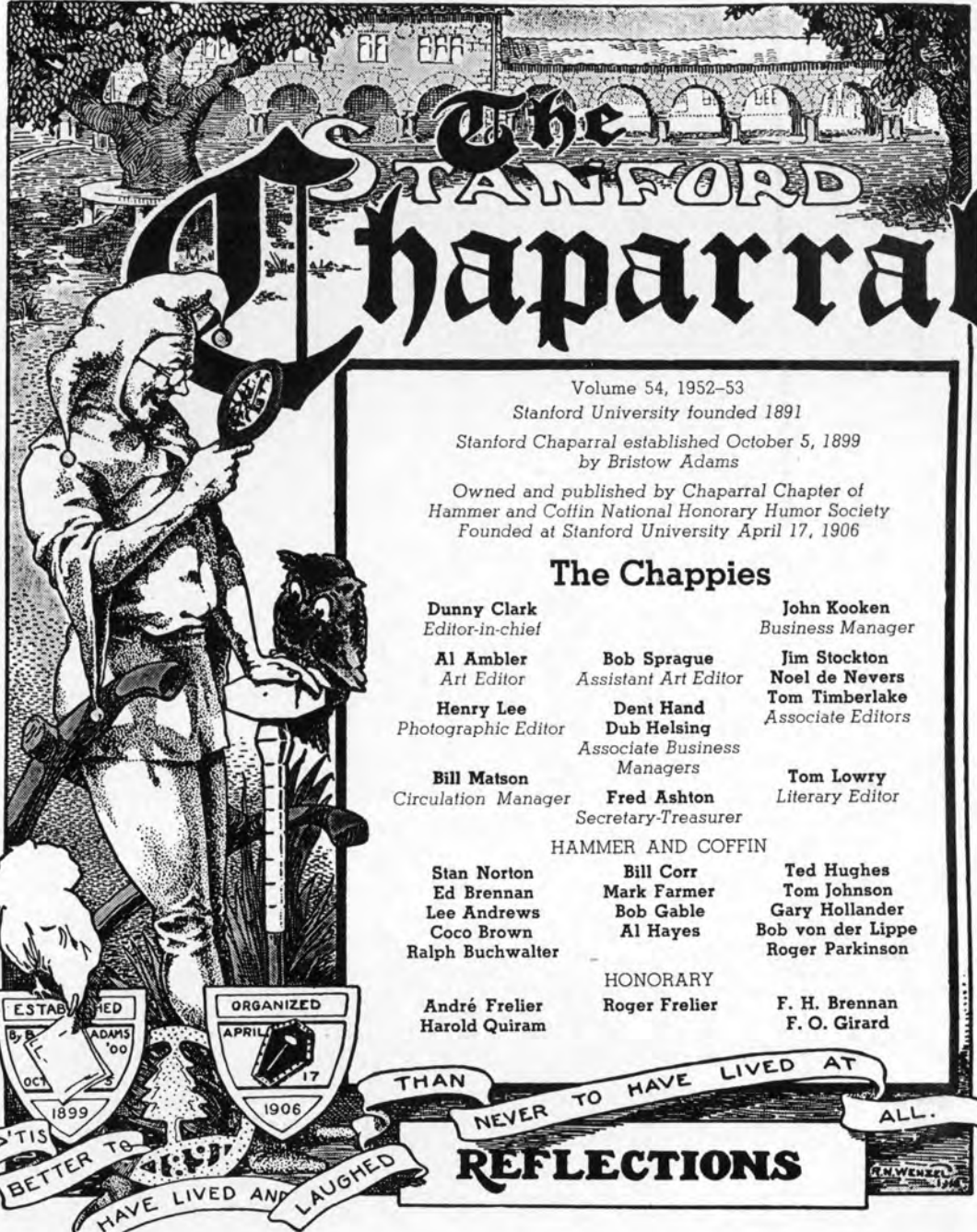
MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



"ADJOINING THE CAMPUS"

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!



The Stanford Chaparral

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
Al Ambler Art Editor	Bob Sprague Assistant Art Editor
Henry Lee Photographic Editor	Dent Hand Dub Helsing Associate Business Managers
Bill Matson Circulation Manager	Fred Ashton Secretary-Treasurer
Stan Norton	Bill Corr
Ed Brennan	Mark Farmer
Lee Andrews	Bob Gable
Coco Brown	Al Hayes
Ralph Buchwalter	

HAMMER AND COFFIN

André Frelier	Roger Frelier	F. H. Brennan	F. O. Girard
----------------------	----------------------	----------------------	---------------------

ESTABLISHED 1899
ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT question of research vs. teaching ability has raised its academic head on campus. It swept its controversial eye over our fair campus and finally focused blearily on the Geography Department.

The whole question, as the Ancient One sees it, is one of faculty politics. The head of the department states that one of his associate professors has not done sufficient research to remain at Stanford. The professor, on the other hand, states that he has several magazine articles already published or on the fire. One of these articles was printed in *National Geographic*—one of the better publications in the geographical field.

The students, of course, are truly perplexed. Those who have taken any of his courses or watched him on the recent Stanford TV show wonder how the University could afford to cut him from the faculty. Those who believe in the research theory of education wonder why the University ever took him on the staff in the first place.

Now the Old Boy wonders just what constitutes research in geography. If your particular area is inner Africa, naturally the professor would have to spend hours of deep concentration in the archives of the Stanford Library. However, this professor's particular geographical interest is the United States and the Pacific

(Continued on page 5)

Contributors' Staff

Literary

Mike Braverman
Tom Anders
Virginia Palmer
Mike Connell
Dave Guard
John Wohler

Photo

Bob Scott

Art

Bill Hindle
Pete Whorf

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY HAMMER AND COFFIN

Audrey Williams
Women's Manager

Marion Brennan
Secretary-Treasurer

Harriett Bauman
Promotion Manager

Jo Johnson

Marilyn Rabinovich

Joannie von Briessen

Sandy Collins

Jackie Miller

Marjorie La Pierre

Nancy Sims

Maureen Maxwell

Jean Bashor

Jere Hamilton

Wanda Herrington

Nancy Stone

Thyra Tegner

Eileen Conaghan

Nancy Jane Ashby

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
VOL. 54, NO. 8 MAY 1953
Copyright 1953 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.

Nobody but ROOS is First in
California Sportswear!



Roos Bros



"I don't care what you say, madam. the term crude oil does not refer to pictures in a gallery."

At a convention in San Antonio a professor of economics from the University of Texas was speaking. The group included a large number of Oklahomans. When he generously mentioned the neighboring state as an "outlying province of Texas," a husky Oklahoman jumped to his feet and shouted back, "Brother, there ain't no state that can out-lie Texas!"

—Pelican

"What do you think of the Museum of Arts?"

"Oh, the pictures are O.K., but there ain't no good jokes under them."

—Showme

Pretty Thing: "Doctor, I think I've got a splinter in my finger."

Doctor: "Well, remove your clothing and I'll take an X-ray."

—Tab

A very shy, studious type young man found himself sitting next to a very glamorous, sophisticated type debutante at a formal dinner. In the midst of the main course he could stand it no longer and dropped his fork and picked up the bowl of succotash and clapped it over the debutante's chic coiffure. The young lady rose indignantly, knocking over her chair. "How dare you throw succotash at me?" The young man blanched. "Good heavens," he stammered. "Was that succotash? I thought it was spinach!"

—Columns

"Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?"

"Well, we were sitting on the sofa, talking, and all of a sudden she turned out the lights. Well, I guess I can take a hint."

—Sundial

Wife modeling new suit: "If you remove the bodice from this you have a play suit. If you remove the skirt you have a sunsuit."

Husband: "Yeh, and if you remove anything else you have a law suit."

—Turn-Out

SPRING, IT'S WONDERFUL!

... AT "L'OMELETTE" ...

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

Coast. He has been over this area on foot or by air, observed crops in the San Joaquin Valley, and brought all his knowledge of this country to life for his classroom students. In the feeble estimation of the Idiot Child, this is better research than musty manuscripts.

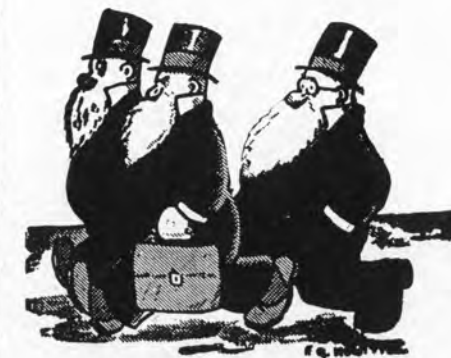
The Ancient One feels that the administration of the University should reconsider and recant. If the University dismisses this professor, they will be losing one of the best classroom men on this campus and the Geography Department will sorely feel his loss.

NOW THAT Old Boy welcomes to his staff ten new Chappies and eight new Auxiliary members. To his sorely depleted ranks he welcomes ad men Dub Helsing and Lee Andrews; writers Coco Brown, Al Hayes, and Jean Bashor; veteran photographer Gary Hollander; artists Ralph Buchwalter, Mark Farmer, Pete Whorf, Thyra Tegner, and Eileen Conaghan; circulator Bob Gable; and general all-around good folks Nancy Jane Ashby, Nancy Sims, Maureen Maxwell, Jere Hamilton, Wanda Herrington, Nancy Stone, and Bob von der Lippe. The Ancient One knows that they will do much to carry on his tenets of wit and good humor and knows that you will be hearing much of them in the Chaparral in years to come.

"Do you mean to tell me," said the judge, "that you murdered your own grandmother for a paltry three dollars?"

"Well, judge, you know how it is. Three bucks here, three bucks there—it adds up."

—Fang



"He didn't do enough research."

IT'S . . .



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 17 STREET



denims

for those denim days!

We're ready with separates

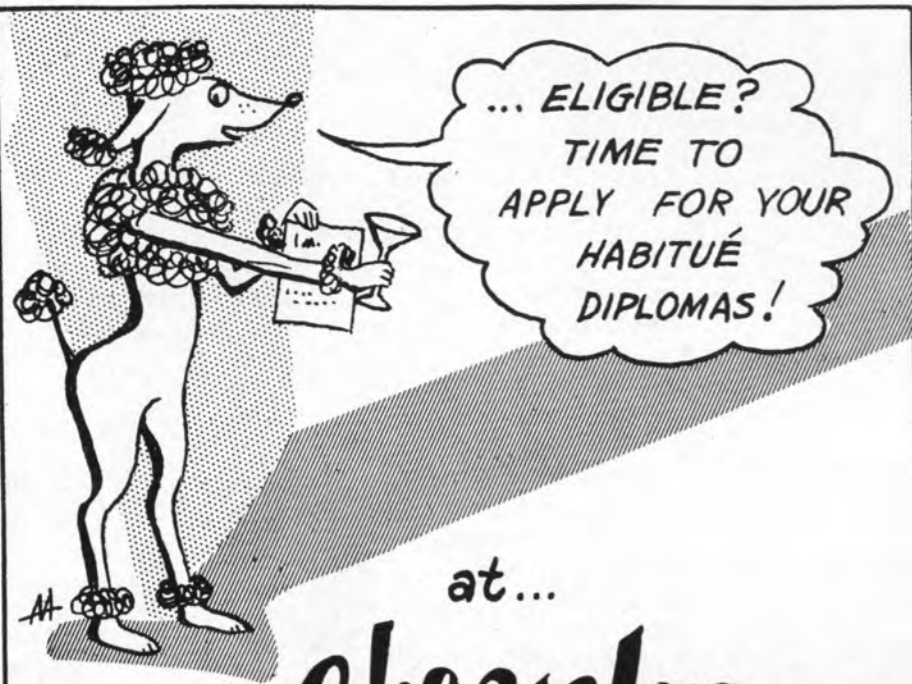
to mix or match...

plaid or plain...you'll

wear all summer long!

2.95 to 7.50

1st floor




... ELIGIBLE?
TIME TO
APPLY FOR YOUR
HABITUÉ
DIPLOMAS!

at...
chez yvonne


BANQUET
FACILITIES

LONGFELLOW

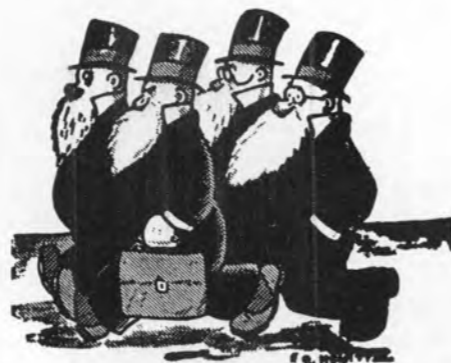


on Life Savers:

"Feel the fresh breathing..."
from "Tomorrow," line 8



Still only 5¢



"Dig you at the Con Home, cats."

In a certain countryside of Merrie Olde England, a prominent and respected lord took sick and was confined to his bed. The dear man was so seriously ill that he was allowed to receive no company. One of the neighboring nobles made it his habit to call occasionally at the estate of his sick countryman and inquire of his butler as to the condition of his lord's health.

He came one day.
"Hawkins, how is your mawster getting along today?"
"Oh, sir, my mawster is a sick man—a very sick man. Why, sir, he's so sick that they're feeding him nourishment through his ear, now."

The noble departed and returned some weeks later.
"Hawkins, how is your mawster today?"

"Oh, sir, my mawster is so much better today—so much better today. Why, sir, it'd just do your old heart good to see his ear snap at a bit of buttered toast, sir."

—Pelican

"So you want to kiss me! I didn't know you were that kind."

"Baby, I'm even kinder than that."

—Kitty Kat

In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope I shall die an Englishman."

From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"


—Voo Doo

He: "Give me a kiss like a good girl."

She: "All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it better."

—Octopus

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

Two gentlemen were involved in a discussion of their favorite brews. One claimed the merits of Flitz were unequalled. The other insisted that Flatz was of unprecedented excellence. The argument grew into such bitter dispute that the two had to find some easy and impartial judge in order to save their friendship. A sample of each beer was sent to a chemical analyst for an unbiased test. After some time identical verdicts were returned for each specimen, "We suggest that you do not overwork the horse."

—Shaft

"Great stuff, those electric signs on Broadway. They've got one advertising Wrigley's gum, runs a whole block, 250,000 electric bulbs."

"How many?"

"250,000."

"My word. Isn't that a bit conspicuous?"

—The Hucksters

Prof: Open your books to page 64. (Rustle of books all over the room.) Dunby, start reading at the top of the page.

Dunby: Send five dollars, check or money order, for special album of French photographs.

—Showme



"It's too late to agree with me. I've changed my mind."



One of our complete selection of cotton co-ordinates
Skirt 8.95
Halter 2.50
Matching shorts 2.50

Elwoods
222 University, Palo Alto
86 South First Street, San Jose

Model: JEAN GREENLEE, Roble

FROM A CO-ED'S MIND . . .

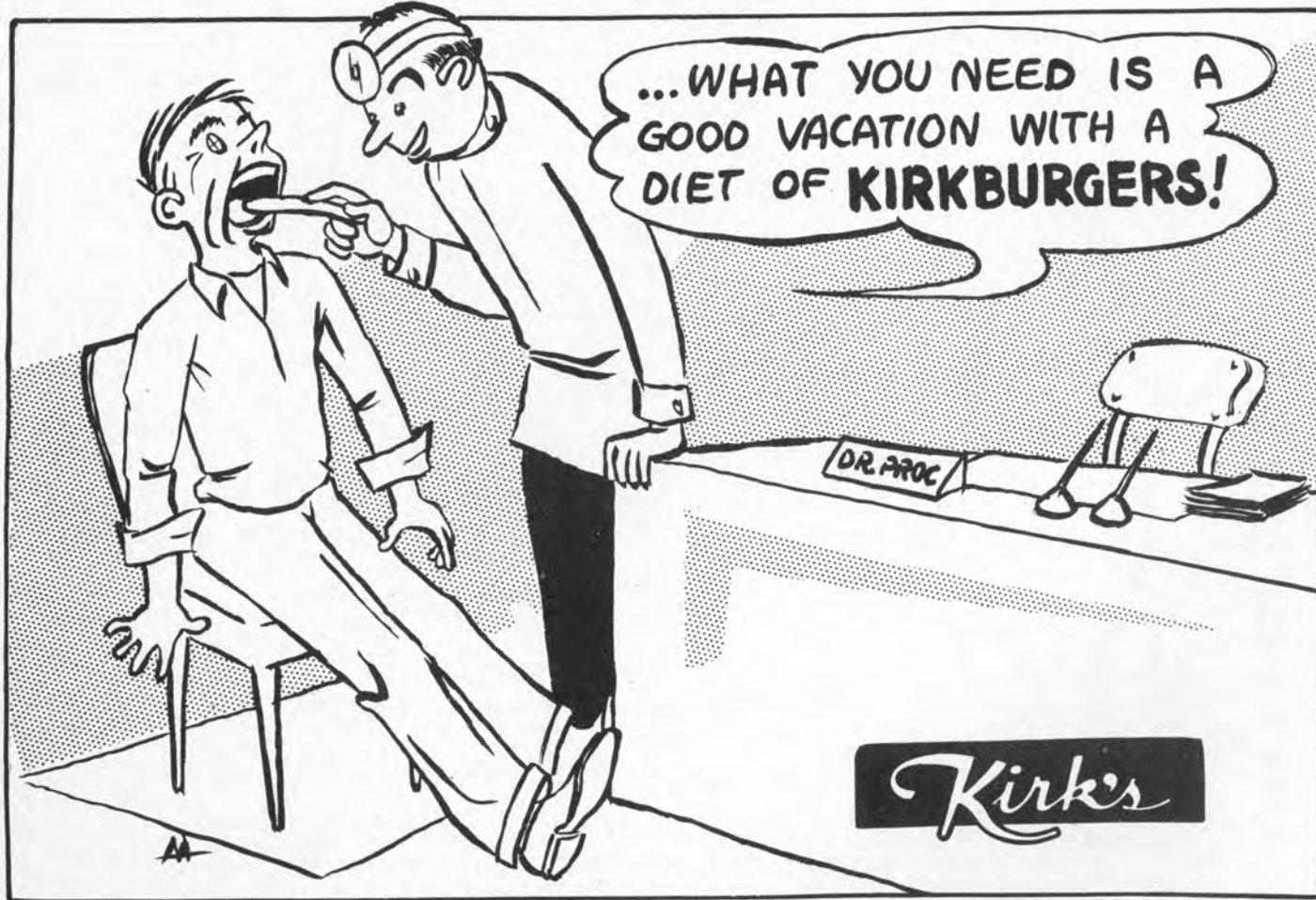
BLIND DATE

by John L. Woehler

Well, here I am, out with yon fine hunk of 100 percent college man. "Oh, yes, Bill, I'd just love to go out to the Oasis for a beer before the Prom." You cheap snog, that dive is just about your style. Such a wonderful place to appear in a formal. "Oh, that's all right, Bill, I'll slide out on my side so you can lock the car. No, it's just a little mud spot. How could you know about that puddle?" As if you gave a damn, you crumb. You couldn't be expected to help a girl out of a car and waste all that effort. Your father probably raised you out in the barn to keep you away from the human children, if he had any. "Oh, you're absolutely right, Bill. This is really a

wonderful place. I just love the characters." Characters is right. You belong out here roaming around in the woodwork with the rest of these cretins. Why, oh why, did I let my roommate talk me into going out with you, anyhow? I could have had such fun studying amoebas at the lab. At least they are better-looking. "Dance? If you don't think we'd be too conspicuous. After all, I'm the only girl here and . . . well, all right." Conspicuous is right. Where in that little dim brain of yours did you ever latch onto the idea of that maroon and orange plaid vest under your charming powder-blue dinner jacket? It is your obvious idea of perfect taste. How could we stand out? "Yes, Bill, that was such fun. Yes, it was funny when that old drunk came up and cut in on us. Of course I'm not mad. Ha, ha." It sure was fun to have that old lecher wrestle me all over the floor and breathe last week's gin in my face. At least he was honest about his intentions, anyway. You have to dress them up in phony party excuses. "Why, Bill, what do you mean what's holding my dress up? That's not very nice, you nasty boy." Oh, brother, not

this old routine again. Maybe I ought to tell you what's holding it up. I'll bet you'd lose interest in a hurry. I should have lined it with barbed wire. "Yes, Bill, maybe we should get to the Prom. Oh, do you really think I am? Well, thank you. I think you're pretty good-looking yourself." Ugh, should I really bother to keep from throwing up in his lap? I'll cut Joanne's throat when I get back to the dorm tonight. If I get back. He has that animal gleam in his little pig eyes. "Oh, Bill, sure is a wonderful Prom. Do you mind if we dance in this little anteroom? I don't want all those other girls to steal you away from me." Gawd, if Nan and the other girls see me with this I'll never live it down. Well, that pleased him for a minute. Look at his greasy profile light up. He's probably already trying to decide upon the motel. "Oh, how cute. You brought a flask. No, I really don't want any more than a sip." That stuff would turn a dead man's stomach. I hope he chokes on it, but he hasn't got enough awareness in that pile of tissue to have it bother him. I never realized how good that little dorm would look to me at times. "Yes, we should be leaving for the dorm. It's so



crowded and stuffy in here." Gees, look at him trying to keep that dirty leer off his face. Well, is he in for a surprise! "Well, Bill, here we are in front of the hall. Well, no, I haven't really thought of my life as frustrated and empty. No I really don't plan to live an enclosed life." He sure is working hard, I'll have to give him credit for that. He looks like a spaniel apologizing for messing up the floor. "Oh, Bill, I had such fun tonight. Now, really, please, Bill, don't you think this is rather soon for that?" Soon! For what he has in mind I'd have to know him for five years and have a really sordid background in the slums of Los Angeles. "Oh, that was wonderful, Bill! But I do have to get in now." God, now I am sick. But he sure looked scared. I bet if I gave him some real encouragement he'd climb the wall. Not that I'd want to. Oh, great, there are the girls in Pam's room, waiting for the horrible details. I'll have to make up a good story for this one! Thank heavens no one knows who I went out with. "Did I have a good time? Oh, I had the most marvelous date you ever saw! Handsome, romantic, and so smooth. . . . Fix you up? All right, I'll get you a date with him tomorrow night. You'll really be surprised. . . ."

Curious old lad: "I see that you've lost your leg."
Cripple: "Well, damned if I haven't."

—Froth



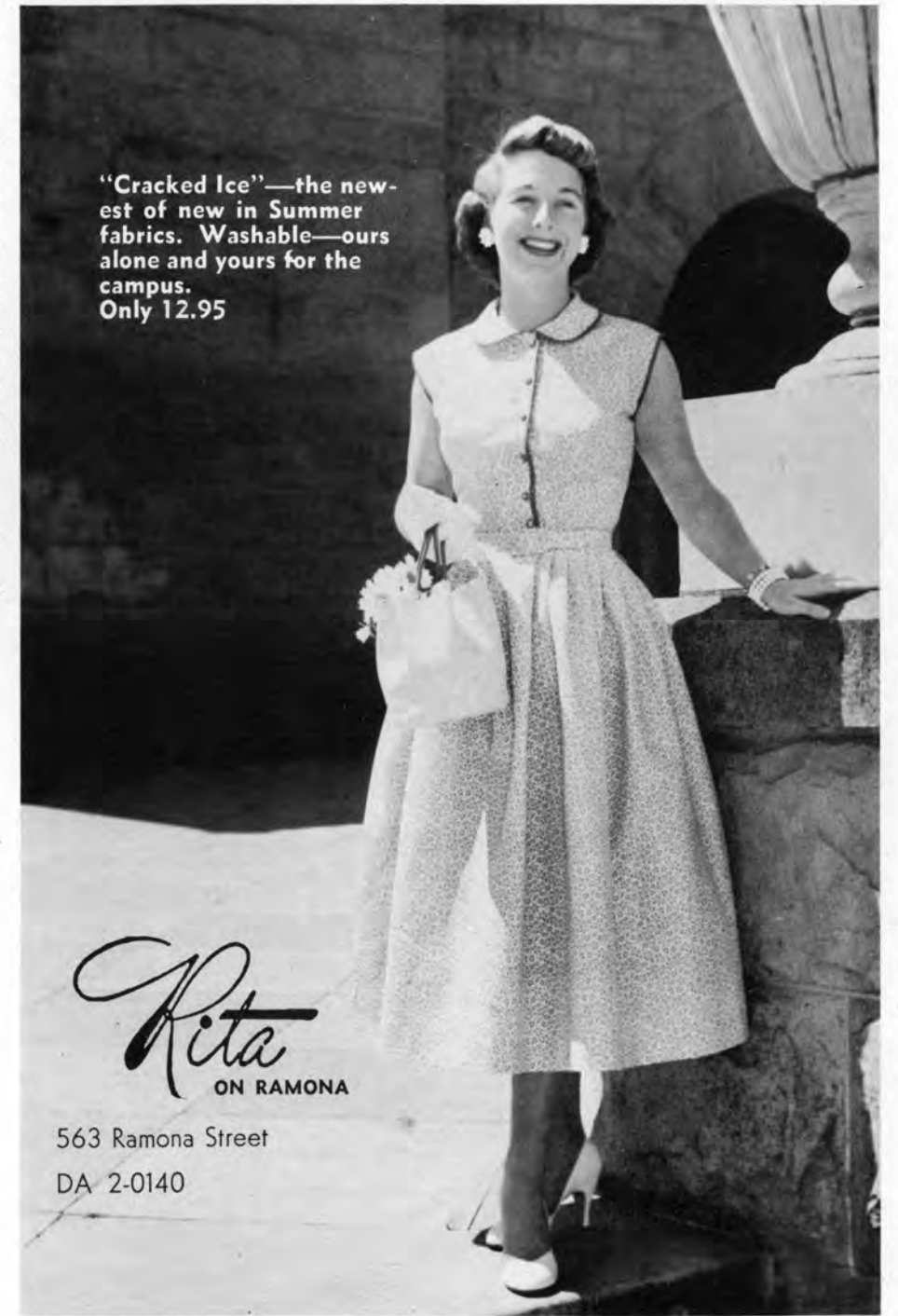
"—and a little off the sides—"



The original Stanford
PIZZA
●
ROCKY'S

5 miles south of Stanford
on El Camino

"Cracked Ice"—the newest of new in Summer fabrics. Washable—ours alone and yours for the campus. Only 12.95



Rita
ON RAMONA

563 Ramona Street
DA 2-0140

Model: JOAN BENNY, Hurlburt

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

One of our afternoon dresses suitable for teas and luncheons. Diana Davis is wearing a print pique. 22.95

the colony
 TOWN and COUNTRY CLOTHES

THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



To aid in your enjoyment of what he has dubbed "Sensual Spring," the Ancient One gives you:

Art

There's all kinds, all shapes, all sizes. Noel de Nevers and Tom Johnson ganged up to show you what the new Encina will undoubtedly be like. Mark "Now That Cup of Cellar Coffee" Farmer brought us a page of real gone bop yuks. There's a centerspread on how to behave at a beach party. If you don't like any of these, check the cartoons throughout the magazine or the art on the ads. We try to please everyone.

Photofeatures

The Old Boy went to the flicks and came back with his interpretation of the movie that should have won the Academy Award, *High Noon*.

You will also find a page of the latest sports shots. The *Daily* didn't have the guts to publish them. We didn't have the guts not to.

Stories

Yes, we've got two, but you'll have to look hard to find them. Mike Braverman makes like a tough detective writer and takes you inside the slime-blackened underworld of Stanford. John Wohler turns on his stream of consciousness and lets us in on the mind of a trapped Stanford woman.

Queen

Naturally. Upon seeing this, the Editor decided to resign and give the Photo Editor some competition. Can you think of anything nicer than slaving over a hot "Rollie" with this in the viewfinder? Hand me my light meter, Jack.

Next Issue

Hold on to your hats, gang, and save that thirty cents—it's CRASH COMICS!

STANFORD

Chaparral

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

—Sexy Sam Shakespeare





Chappie Presents
DALLAS DIETER

Queen of the Month

Photo by Henry Lee

"I'M GLAD I DIDN'T WRITE THIS"—MICKEY SPILLANE

MY GUN IS JAMMED



by Mickey Braverman

I don't know how it happened, or when, or even why. It's still not clear in my mind, but I'll try and give you the straight facts. I'd been called down from the City to prevent panty raids at Roble Hall. I was to shoot if necessary.

It was one of those fresh spring days, just after a rain, when even northern California can look beautiful and green. The sky was powder blue, with only one or two clouds in sight. Everything had that clean appearance, like fresh-washed lingerie hanging on a line. It was morning. As I walked down Quad, I pulled out a weed from my deck of Luckies and lit it. I tried to make myself inconspicuous. I knew that Stanford was a rich man's school so I wore a conservative brown suit. Two students walked by and stared at me. One said, "These stupid Easterners—no?"

"Nah, it's just a damn biz student. They all dress queer."

Realizing that I looked like an overcoat salesman in a nudist colony, I decided to change clothes. An hour later I walked down Quad in a pair of faded denims and a T-shirt that I had stripped from some punk. A little squirt yelled at me, "Hey, freshman, get rid of that damn cigarette."

I let him have it across the face with the butt of my .45. He bent down to pick up his teeth. I ground my heel into his hand until I heard the bones crunch. Then I gave him a kick in the rear that sent him flying head on into a palm tree. He collapsed in a heap. I watched his blood seep slowly into the earth around the tree giving it much-needed nourishment. I tramped on his pasty face for good measure, took another Lucky from my pack of butts, and walked slowly away. Then I saw her.

Five-foot-four, stacked like Hoover Tower, and with that kind of walk that pulls your eyes along and makes you oblivious of everything else. Blonde—honey blonde. Her eyes! Keerist, her eyes—beautiful blue! Then I realized that something was wrong—something didn't figure. It was all there—way back in the recesses of my mind a little detail was gnawing its way through, screaming to be heard, but the more it gnawed, the greater were the defenses erected to prevent its escape.

What was it? I had it! No—yes—no—Yes! I remembered—a small, trivial fact, now of paramount importance. I knew this girl couldn't go to Stanford. They don't accept beautiful girls. She looked back and smiled,

and I started to get that feeling again. It started slow, from the pit of the stomach, and worked its way up; there was no stopping it, even if I had wanted to. I sneezed!

She laughed, one of those gay, frivolous laughs that makes your knees melt into your shoes and walked toward me with a smile that showed her beautiful white teeth.

"Gesundheit," she said. I felt like I was going to sneeze again. She told me her name was Joan. We walked off together.

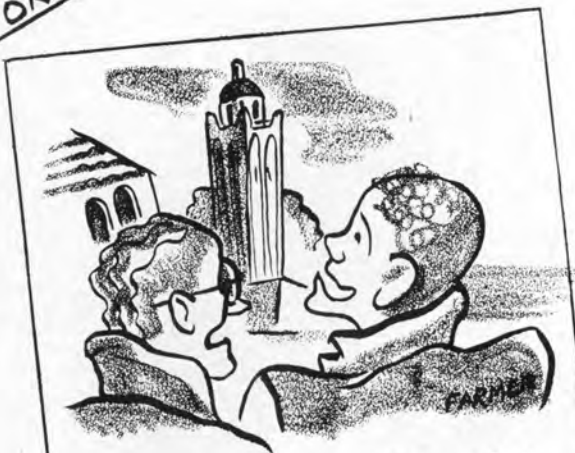
As we walked she reached up and slowly peeled the fraternity pin from her billowy blouse and threw it away with a laugh. "Nice guy," she said, "but innocent."

Strolling to Roble, I found out how she had been accepted at Stanford. She sent in another girl's picture, but, after many intimate, secret conferences with the higher-ups in the school, they let her stay. They gave her expense money too. Grant-in-aid they called it. The more I looked, the better I liked her. Joan was a very well-rounded girl. She was beautiful, exciting. She made me glad that I was a man. I wanted to love her—hard. Her beautiful eyes held the promise of a wonderful future. I could hardly wait to be alone with her.

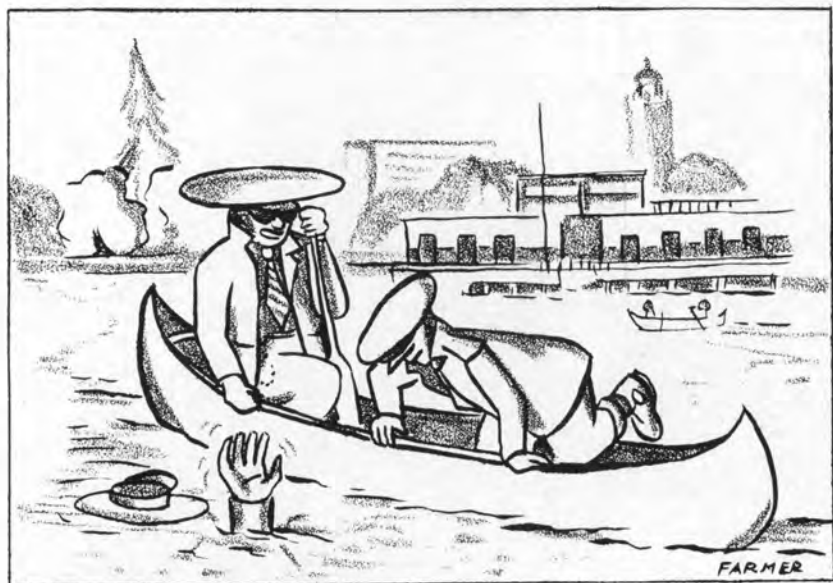
(Continued on page 30)

CATS ONLY!

NOW THAT BOP YUK!



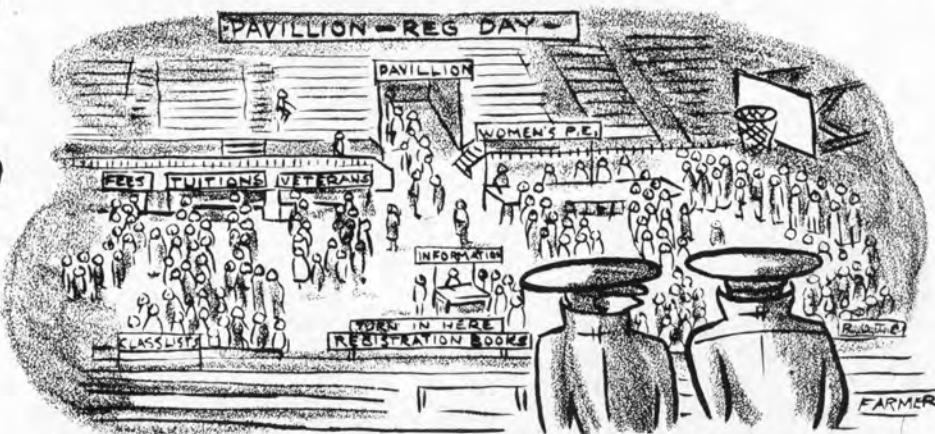
"Man, if dis place is de 'Farm,' that sho' am a crazy silo!"



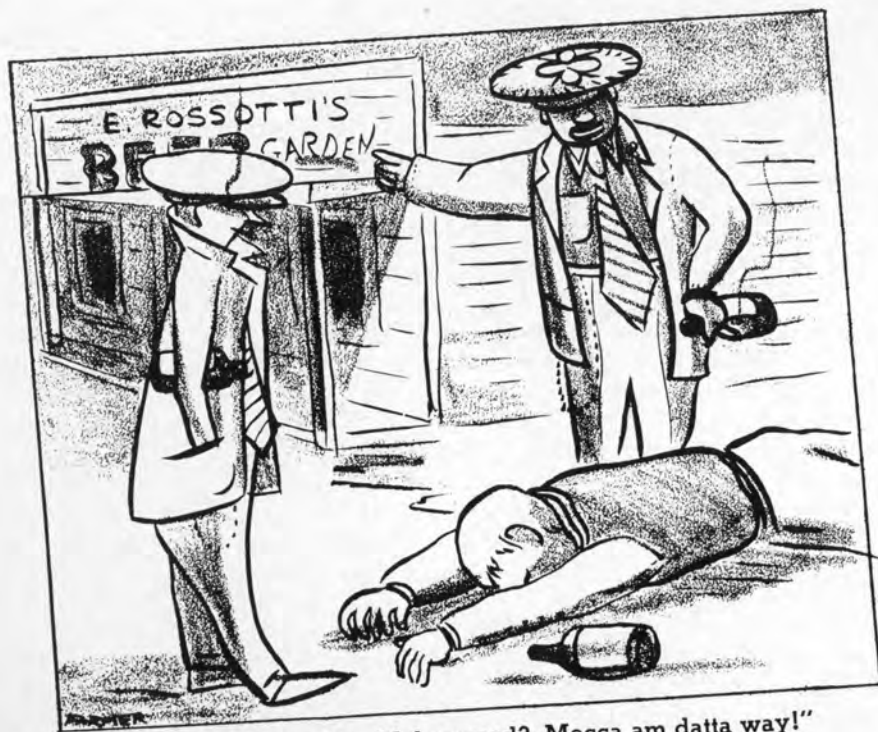
"Son, dat Cat am really gone!"



MAN, I'M REALLY NOWHERE!



"Cat, dis sho' am a crazy basketball game!"



"Hey, wha's a matter, Mohammed? Mecca am datta way!"



"Hey, Cat, grab a glance at dis frantic slumber party!"

SPORTS FOR SPRING QUARTER



Last year's recipient of the trophy for the best contribution to the world of sports, Professor Ludwig V. Grumhoggen is perhaps the most highly thought of member on the board of directors for the Olympic Games. Athletic adviser to the Stanford Board of Athletic Control, Grumhoggen has seemingly no end of inspired ideas. Already twelve of his modernistic sports have swept the country with their appealing originality. Below are given a representative sampling, printed here for the first time. The complete portfolio, just published, will appear soon at your bookstore.



Realizing the popularity of track at Stanford, Grumhoggen devised this fascinating new race which can be enjoyed by those who prefer bowling.



A new Swedish import, the labyrinth, provided Ludwig with inspiration to build the first obstacle golf course.



For tennis enthusiasts thwarted by foul weather, the Professor designed this new type of indoor court.



Sympathizing with the crew's lack of funds to pay the rent for use of the bay in which to practice, benevolent L.V.G. let them use his bathtub.



Always come well equipped. Pipe organs, portable showers, and croquet equipment are a must. A sun lamp is often very handy, too.

If you have a "good bod" wear as few clothes as possible. If not, the "I've-got-leprosy" excuse will enable you to stay dressed.

Take pictures of anything of interest. If you didn't bring anything of interest, pretend you're a Chappie photographer looking for a Queen of the Month. You'll be very popular, to say the least.

Eating at the beach is a pleasant break from university cooking. The invigorating atmosphere makes everything taste good, even cold hot dogs and sandy potato salad.

Not everyone desires to be gregarious, but there are caves and coves for them. A fire is nice for keeping warm, but a blanket covers more. Don't put your blanket near the fire, it's too light. If someone turns up unexpectedly, you can always say that you're training her to be a lady wrestler.

Don't be a 98-pound weakling—you might have some big slob kick sand in your face and steal your girl. Send for Charles Fatlas's muscle-building course and kick sand yourself.

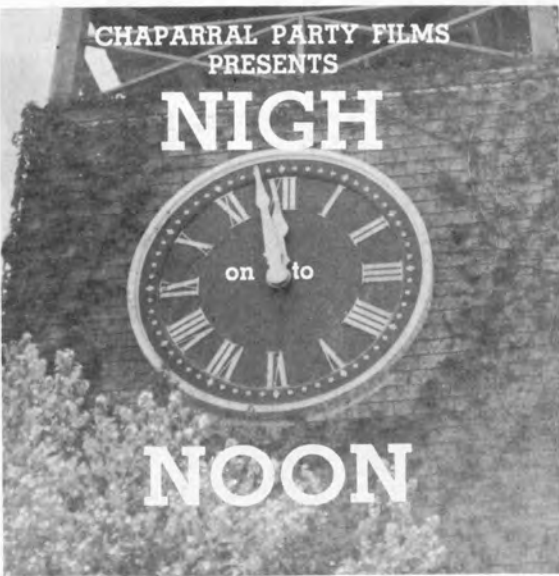
THE OLD BOY'S GUIDE TO BEACH ETIQUETTE

Springtime and Beachtime are synonyms at Stanford, but too many uninstructed men and maids have had a black mark scored against their names for blundering social conduct on beach parties. The Ancient One has come up with several easy-to-follow rules that will prove a real help to the unenlightened. Remember that many a girl's popularity has gone down the tubes for putting on her bathing suit before coming to the beach and that many a boy's fraternity pledge has been broken for breaking up a beach party before 11:00 p.m. So don't be half safe! Know what is expected of you before leaving for Santa Cruz or Half Moon Bay; don't let yourself be known as an "Octopus," for this is a fate worse than death!

The beach is a friendly place. You don't have to stick with the girl you brought. It's also a place to impress people with your wit and charm. A sure icebreaker with any chick is to throw her into the raging surf. She will be impressed with your strength—if she can fight the undertow.

Great quantities of liquid must be absorbed to combat heat exhaustion and avoid the dehydration brought about by exposure to the sun. If you forgot to bring some, dig around.

The beach will bring out the athlete in you, so don't try to fight it. Volleyball, softball, and football are great co-educational sports, particularly if the beach is crowded. The "God, Chuck would die if he saw that" ploy will impress the freshmen whenever you drop a pass, and what better way could there be to meet a girl than through a shaking shoulder block or flying tackle?



1. Wilberforce C. Kane III, popular head of Men's Council, about to leave for Carmel to consummate his recent pinning to Amy Getchurman, is warned that Frank-babe Miller, campus marijuana pusher, whom he suspended, is coming back to school. Amy pleads for Willie to leave, but Willie resolves to fight it out.



4. Willie seeks the aid of Milotrude Twoquarters, chairman of Women's Council and part-time stable girl. She sees Willie's abdication as a chance to merge the two councils into one big body and urges Willie to leave.



5. But Willie's time has run out; Frank-babe hits the campus in his hot rod. His henchmen prepare him for the great battle that lies ahead to clear the way for their return to the marijuana monopoly.



6. Alone and scared, at nigh on to noon, Willie enters Inner Quad.



2. Willie, now forsaken by Amy, who decided to go to Carmel anyway, attempts to arouse opinion in his favor. "Hell," said one, "since you suspended Frank, I've had to go to Milpitas to get my T."



3. Meanwhile, Frank-babe's gang of loyal pushers await his return at the foot of Palm Drive. Frank had sworn to "paint the Quad red" with Willie's blood when he was reinstated in Stanford.



7. Willie puts up a great fight, but is finally trapped by the ruthless gang of hoodlums. Only the sudden reappearance of Amy, who ran out of gas on Bayshore, saves him from death.

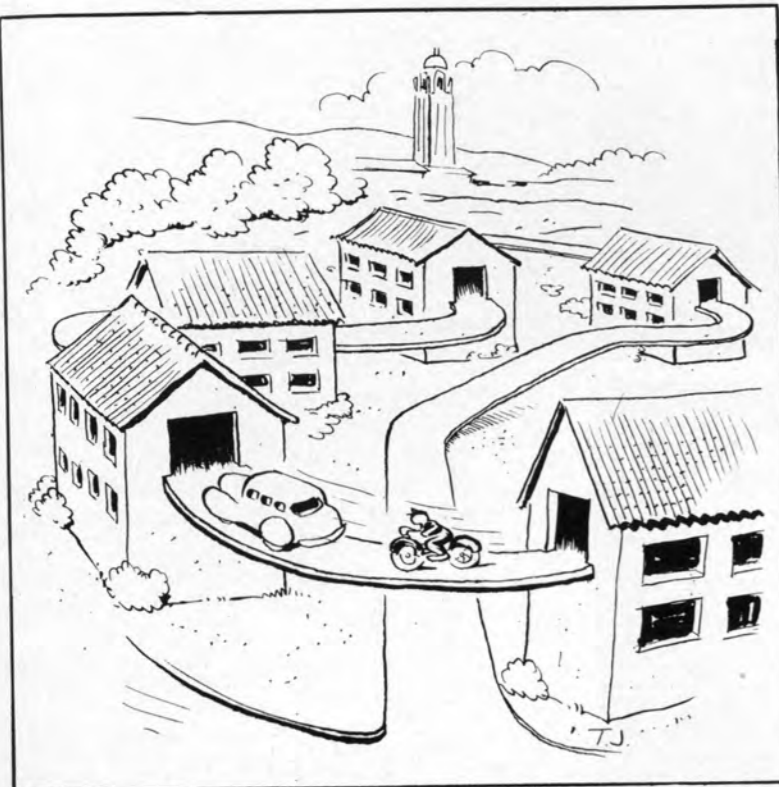


8. The fight ended, Willie dumps the limp bodies and his Cardinal's ring on the Excom table, and the happy young couple leave for their delayed Carmel week end by the most expeditious means.

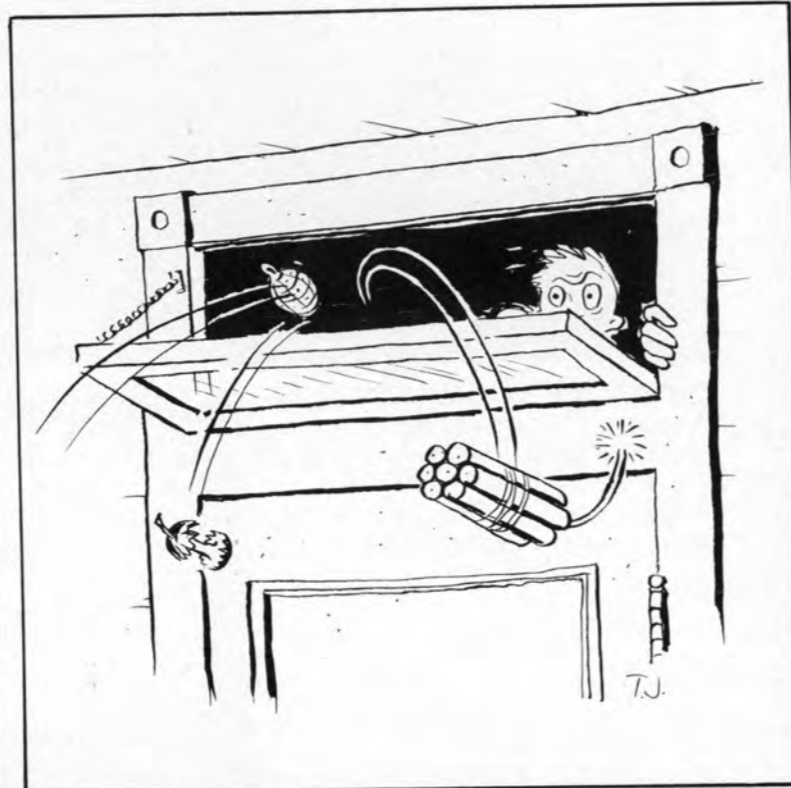
NOW THAT NEW ENCINA

Advance Publicity by Noel de Nevers

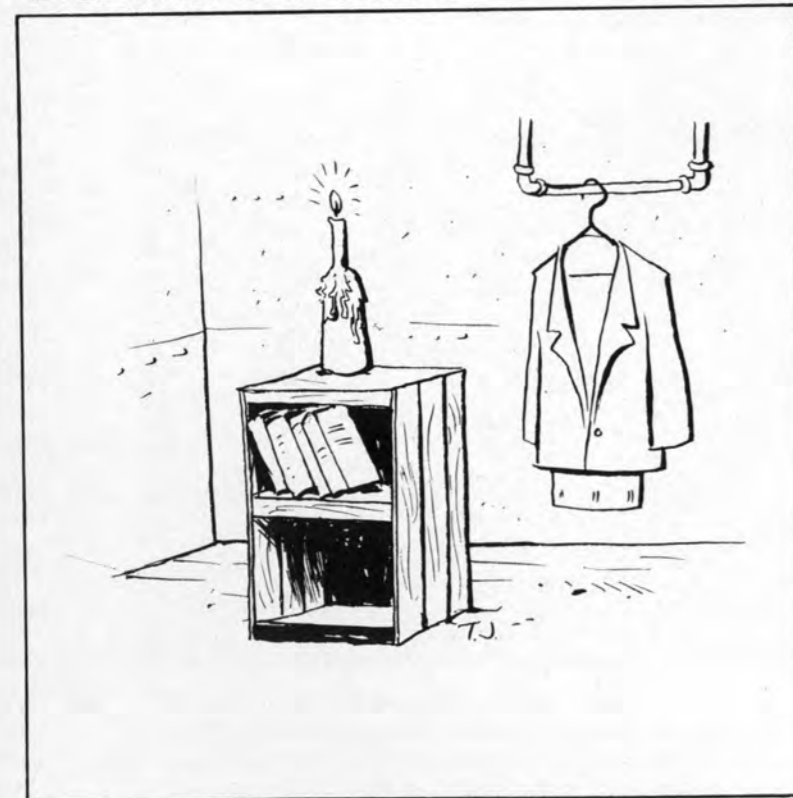
Architecture by Tom Johnson



The utility of the dormitory will be preserved by having upstairs runways join the various sprawling units. These will preserve the "long-hallway" tradition of the old Encina. Standard Oil will have the gas monopoly.



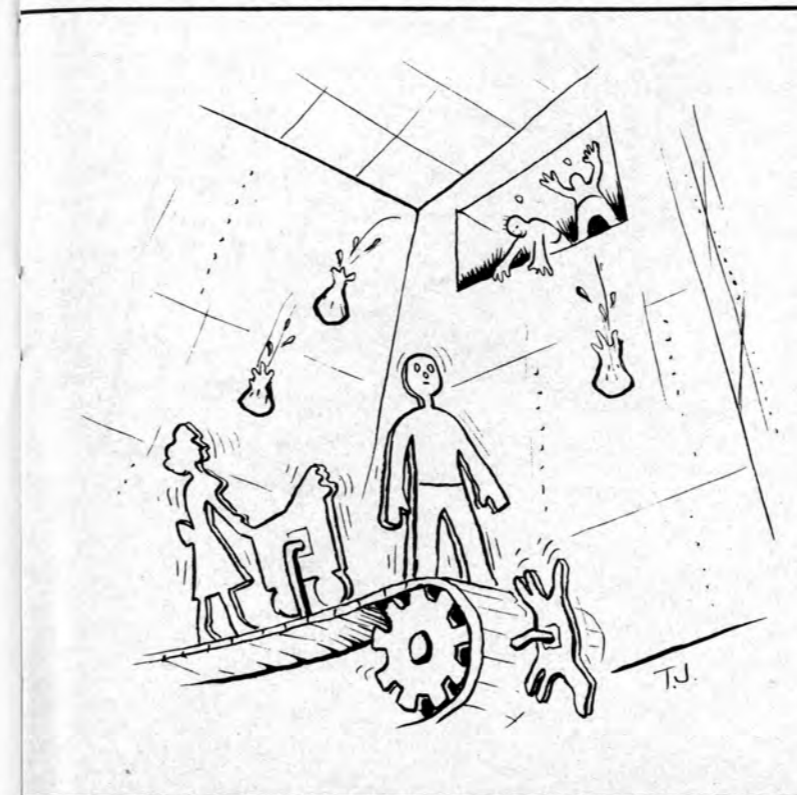
The trend away from transoms in the newer housing units will be reversed in the new Encina. It has been discovered that the transom is very healthy for the tenant as a source of light and ventilation.



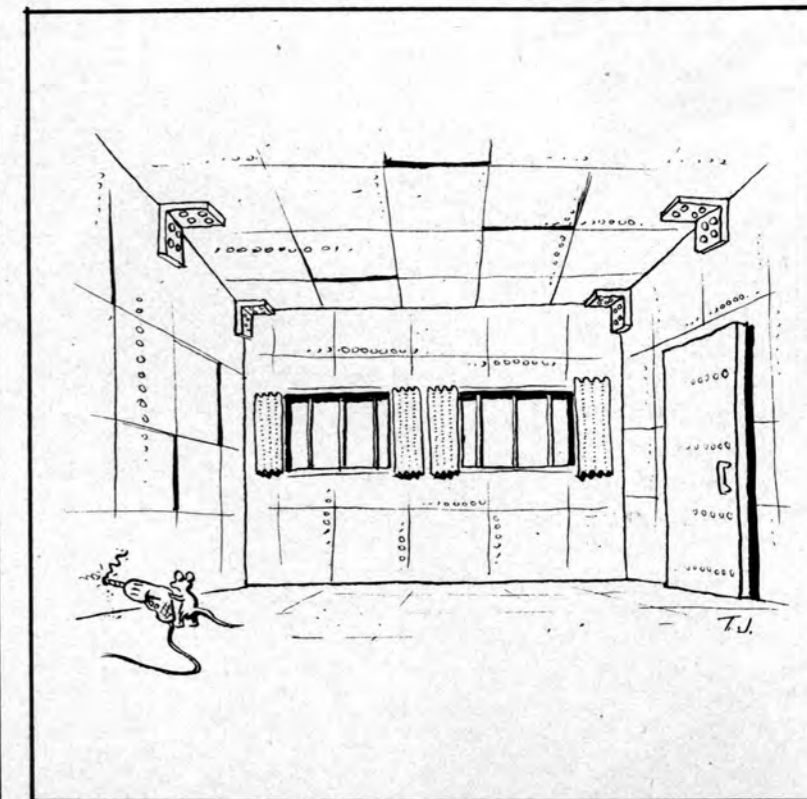
In line with long-standing tradition, the luxurious accommodations will be preserved. Emphasis will be placed on fine furniture, expansive closet space, and glare-free, indirect lighting.



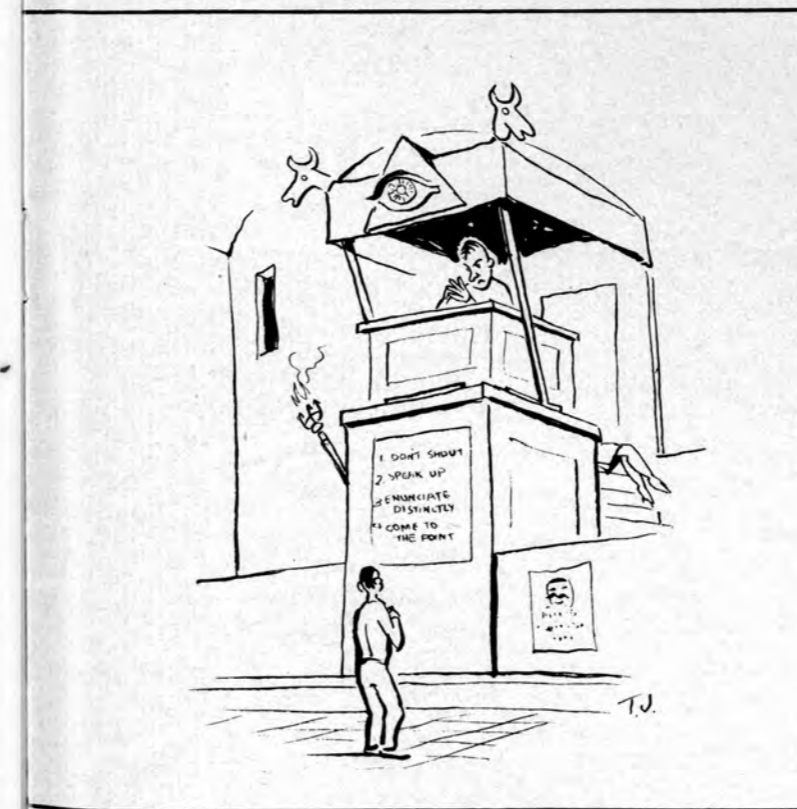
Rooms will be designed along a modern and functional line. A new type of cantilevered, form-fitting bed will add to the décor. The floor, of latest design, is built for easy, quick drainage.



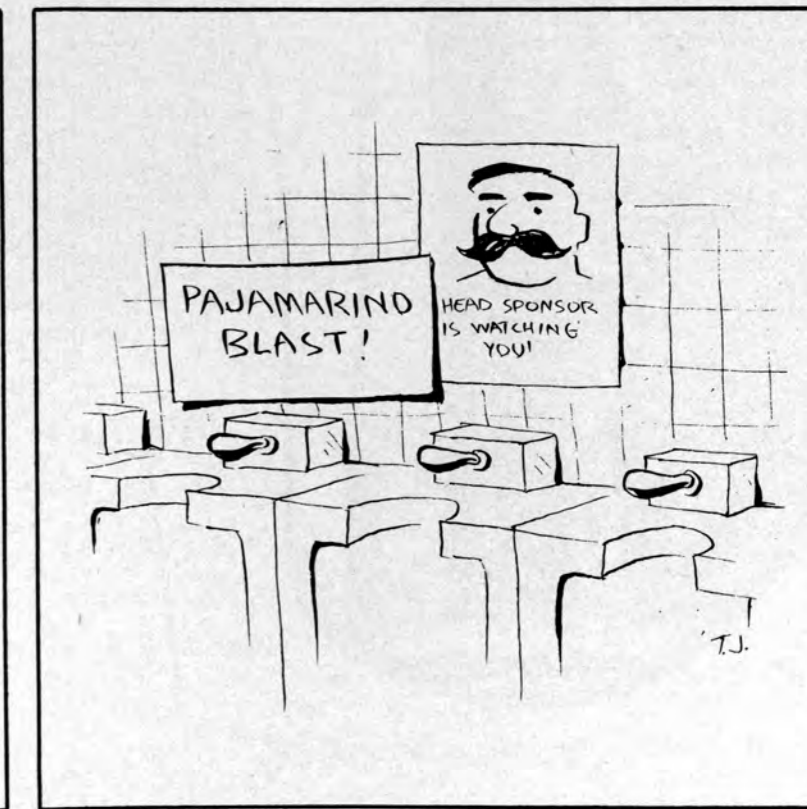
The new, three-story-high game room will give the freshmen every chance to express themselves and work off their little frustrations. Special prizes will be given to outstanding competitors.



Sturdiness is the word in the building. Walls and ceilings will be of stainless steel boiler plate, with doubly reinforced concrete floors and corrugated tin drapes. The University plans for replacement every three years.

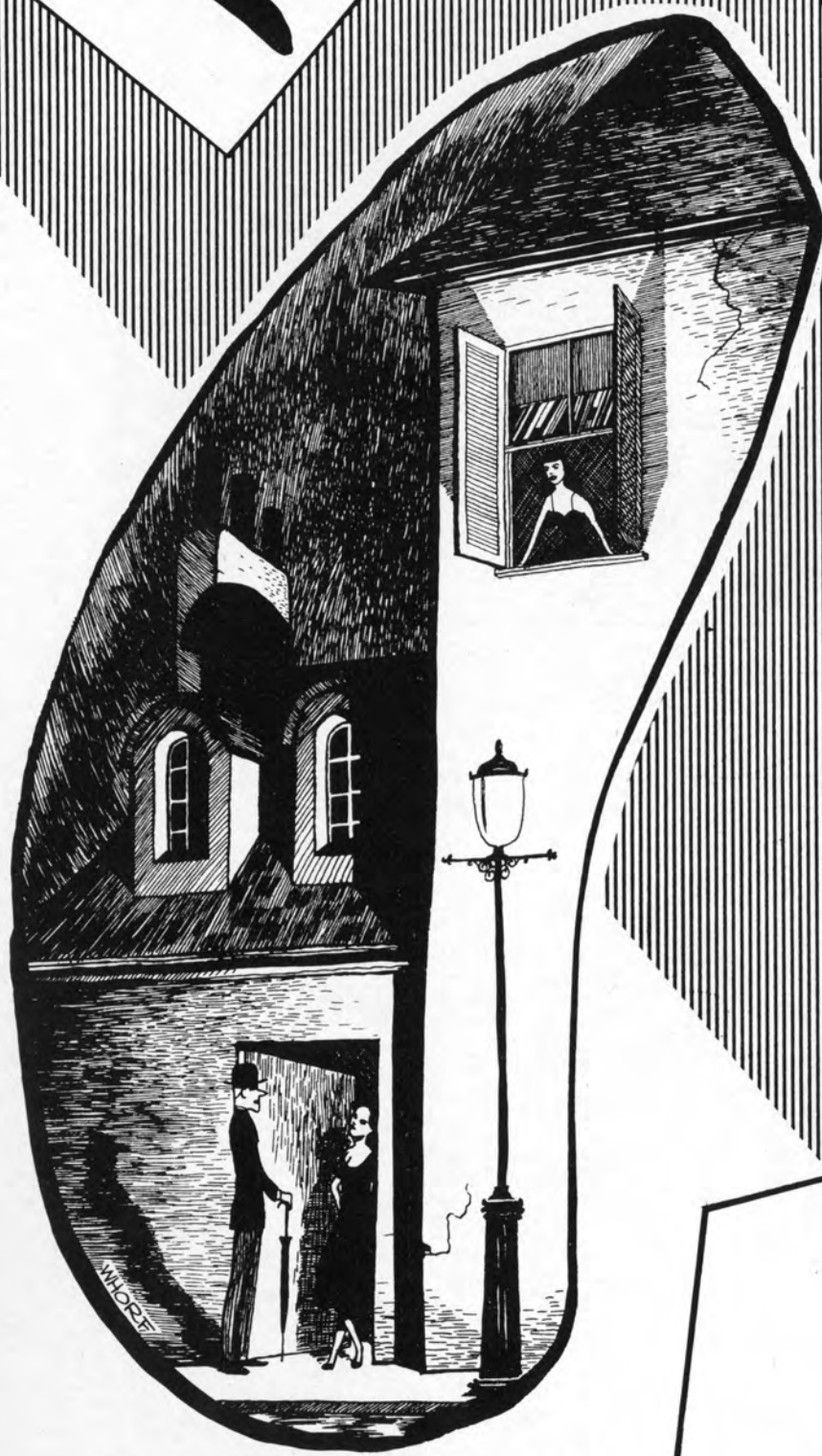


Sponsors' rooms will be designed with an air of casualness to promote closer relationships between the sponsor and his men. Still, a few concessions will be made to the upper class status of the sponsor.



Bulletin boards are to be placed in central locations to keep the student informed of the well-balanced social activities which will keep the freshmen from having any dangerous idle time.

Yeks



"How much is that dollie in the window?"



Portrait by

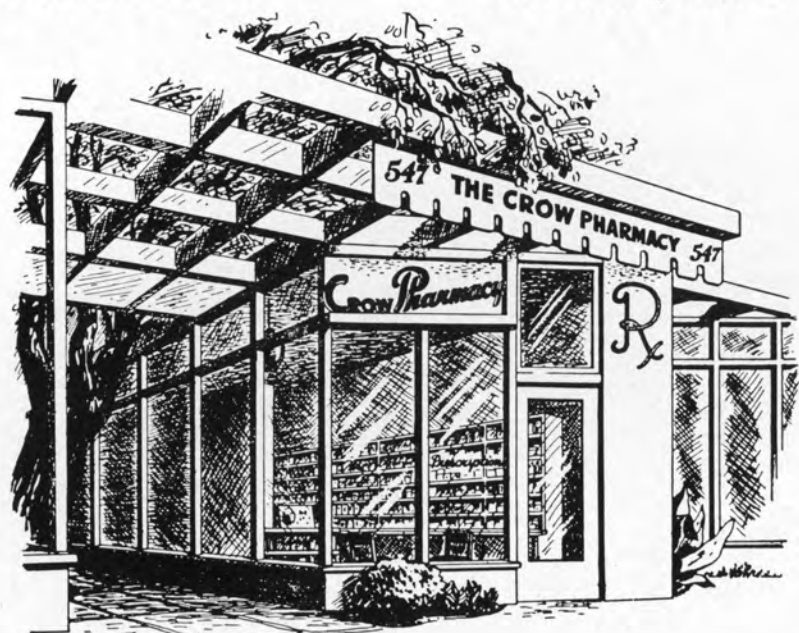
Hans Roth
173 University Avenue
Palo Alto, California



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present as its girl of the month JEAN BOBIS, Union, newly elected ASSU Vice-President. Peninsula also invites you to cool off on these warm Spring days with one of its FAMOUS MILKSHAKES or any of its other fine dairy products.

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

Open till 9 p.m.

547 Bryant Street

HAGEN and BELL

Lincoln-Mercury

Sales Service

217 Alma St.



"Don't worry, kitty, you'll soon be through."

It was a tense moment in the colonel's life. What with Russia getting more uppity each day, the mock maneuvers they were on might turn into the real thing any moment. When their field radio was silenced almost ominously, he was certain that something was up. Nervously he and his staff paced up and down on a small hill near their command post. Finally a small scout plane zoomed high overhead, and from it came a carrier pigeon.

Powerful field glasses followed every flap of the pigeon's wings till it fluttered into a nearby coop, and the colonel raced over to get the message. He opened it with trembling hands, read it, cursed, and threw it on the ground, then walked off with his face a bright purple. A young staff lieutenant waited until he was out of sight, then picked up the message. It said, "I have been sent down for being naughty in my cage." —Record

A new model agency is under consideration. It is to be called the National Broadcasting System. —Leer

They were quite a distance from the shore when the canoe tipped over and sank.

"Do you think you can swim to the buoy?" he asked.

"If I can't," she replied, "it will be the first buoy I haven't made!"

—Voo Doo

Joe—I see that in New York a man is run over every half-hour.

Moe—Poor fellow. —Kitty Kat

Harryman's

of California Ave.
Men's and Women's
apparel
featuring brand names
440 California Ave.
DA 2-4055

KELLY'S DONUTS

Special rates for
Stanford parties

2231 El Camino
DA 3-9886

MAYFIELD LAUNDROMAT

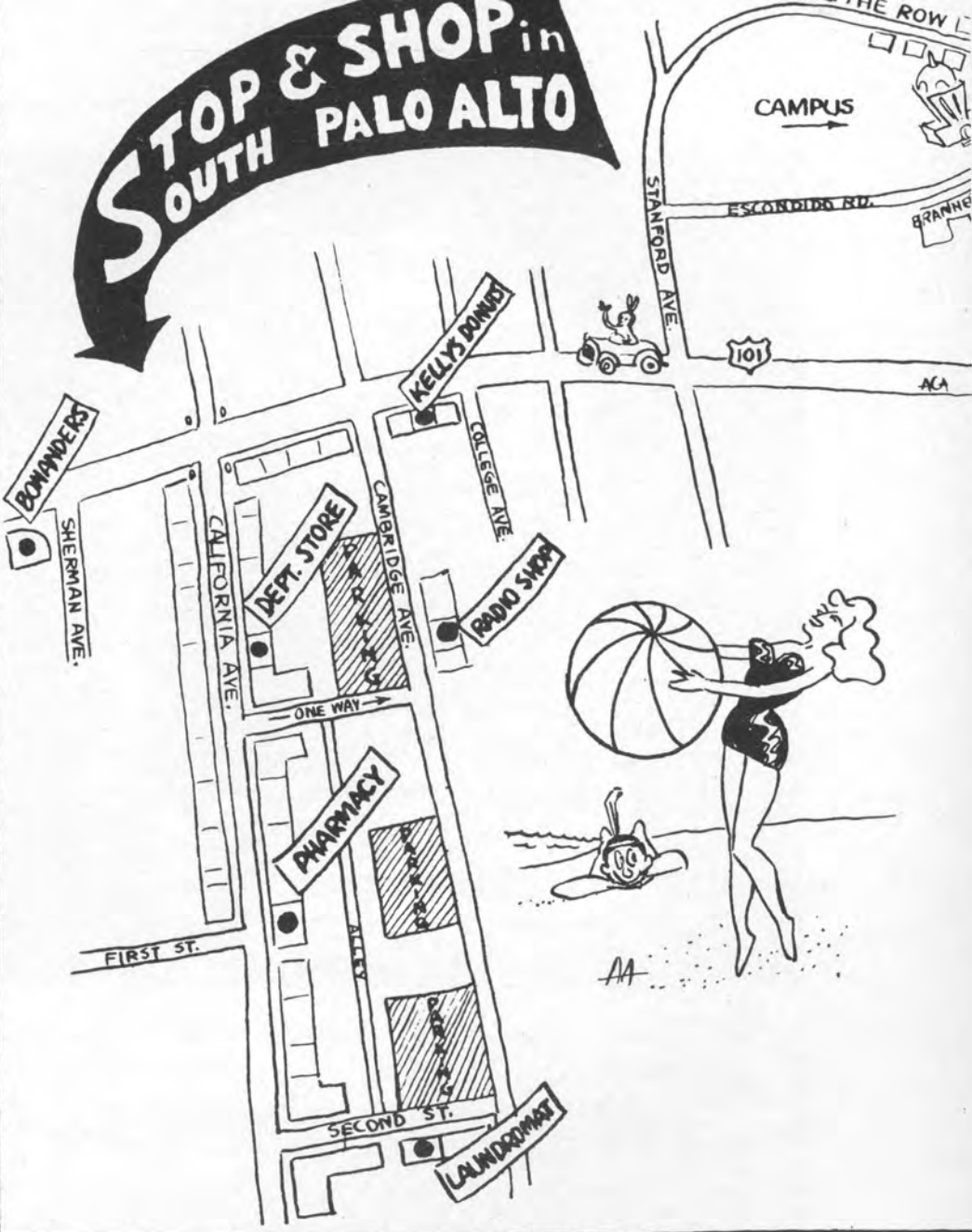
2343 Second Street
DA 5-1952

BONANDER'S

"At the Sign of the Lamp"
CALIFORNIA AVE. PHARMACY
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS
STANLEY BISHOP
392 CALIFORNIA AVE. DA 3-1373
FREE PARKING AND REAR ENTRANCE FROM CAMBRIDGE

Campus RADIO SHOP

Everything in radios and phonographs
Featuring radio repairing
458 Cambridge Ave. DA 5-1571



- ★ No parking meters
- ★ Large free parking areas
- ★ No traffic problems
- ★ Easily accessible to the campus

RUDY'S
A Bit of Bavaria
 Excellent Foods —
 German Dishes —
 Imported Beverages —
 2821 El Camino Real
 Redwood City
 Phone EMerson 6-9871

YUP-WE'RE QUACKING!

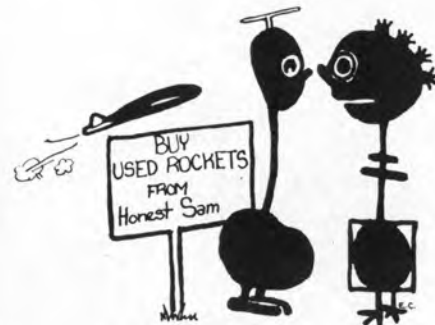
That's because we at Webbs are proud of the fact that we have been serving the photographic needs of our customers for more than 40 years.

At Webbs you'll find all the photographic equipment that is available today and for developing and finishing films Webbs' service is tops! Bring your next films to Webbs for better pictures.

EVERYTHING
 PHOTOGRAPHIC



479 University Ave. • PALO ALTO



"But is it hydramatic?"

The sergeant called his platoon to attention. Then he said, "All college graduates fall out to my right."

After he looked the balance of the platoon over he said, "High school graduates fall to my left."

Then with a knowing smile he said, "The college graduates can police the area; the high school graduates can sweep the walks."

Turning to what was left of the platoon, he said, "The rest of you men can stand around and learn something."

—Voo Doo

A footsore hobo was walking along a highway thumbing his nose at the cars speeding by. In time, another hitchhiker coming from the other direction spotted him in some amazement.

"Hey, bud," he cried when they met, "what's the idea of thumbing your nose like that? You'll never get a ride that way."


The member of the willingly unemployed made a cynical gesture. "Who cares?" he shrugged. "This is my lunch hour." —Shaft



"No, we can't sing 'Roll me Over!'"



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

CAMERA SHOP



Passport Pictures
 Picture Framing
 Photo Finishing
 Photostats
 Stationery

541 Bryant St.
 Palo Alto

And then there is the story about the woman who married four times. Her first husband was a millionaire, her second was a famous actor, the third a well-known minister, and the last an undertaker.—One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go.

—Splinter

A captain and a lieutenant were dining at the Stork Club when a corporal entered escorting a ravishingly beautiful damsel. The captain sent a note to the corporal: "The Lieutenant, who is a Princeton man, and I, who hail from Williams, bet a fin we could guess the college you come from. May we stop at your table and see who was right?"

Back came the reply: "Please don't bother, gentlemen. I am from the Audubon Institute of Ornithology and I intend to classify this pigeon myself."

—Spectator



"So what? You're horny, too."

She was sitting in a dark corner. Noiselessly, he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you!" she shrieked. "Pardon me," he bluffed readily, "I thought you were my sister."

"You dumb ox. I am your sister." —Urchin

The strong man at the Residence Halls' County Fair had squeezed the juice out of a lemon. Holding it up before the crowd he shouted, "I'll give \$5.00 to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a demure little coed. She gripped the lemon and, to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed out several drops. "It's easy," she murmured. "I work at the comptroller's office."

—Fang

FOR GRADUATION

GIVE A

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
 the most perfect gift



LONGINES—Beautifully designed watch to impress your fair lady. Lovely dome-design, 14K gold case. \$100. FTI



LONGINES—Meticulous styling, unsurpassed accuracy. Hand-lapped 14K gold case. 18K gold markers. Genuine alligator strap. \$125. FTI

For that very special present, there is nothing to rival a Longines—The World's Most Honored Watch.

Come in and choose from our fine selection.



CARLYLE'S
Jewelers

218 University Palo Alto
 Across from Stanford Theatre

Your Stanford Station.....

K
Z
S
U

880 Kilocycles
7 to 11 Sunday through Friday

A bunch of fellows were discussing what the most important part of the body was.

"Why, the brain is," said Graham. "Without a brain, you wouldn't be able to see. You'd have no nervous system. In fact, you wouldn't be able to live."

"No," said Anderson, "the heart is the most important. Without a heart, you'd have no circulatory system, and you wouldn't be able to stay alive for a single second."

"You're all wrong," said Jones. "The most important part of the body is the navel."

"How come?" was the immediate question.

"Well," he answered, "without a navel, I'd have no place to put the salt when I eat in bed."

—Froth

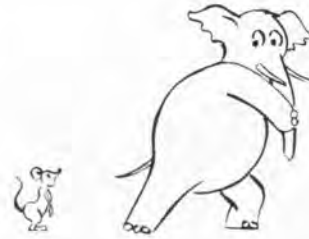
Her (at Prom): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"

Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."

—Octopus

Why?



Renato

KING OF THE

PIZZA

Italian Dinners

Also to take out

Open 2 P.M.—3 A.M.

2899 El Camino Atherton

Style-setter

for the 1953 season — with 41 "Worth-More" features



A '53 Ford Sunliner Convertible has been selected as the OFFICIAL PACE CAR of the 37th Annual Indianapolis 500-Mile Race.

Ford THE NEW STANDARD OF THE AMERICAN ROAD

LUTZ FORD SALES

160 Forest Avenue

DA 3-5161

Palo Alto



"He's a four-letter man... D-R-I-P."

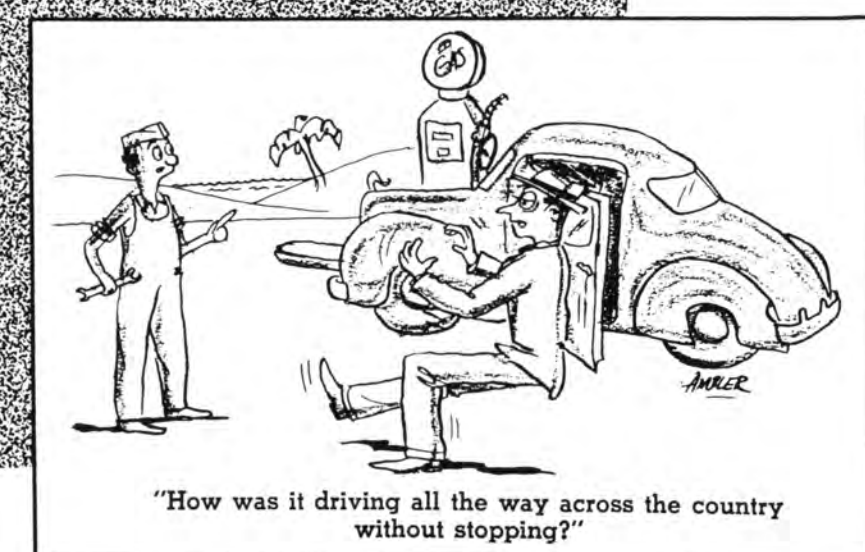
more yuks



"How sweet of you-um to bring a bone for my l'il ole Fido!"



"I guess we'll have to call it quits, John. Heaven knows I've tried to see things your way."



"How was it driving all the way across the country without stopping?"

MY GUN IS JAMMED

(Continued from page 13)

We walked into Roble. She went to pack an overnight case and sign out while I waited in the lobby. I cased the joint. Three or four girls sitting on a sofa, someone at the piano, and a few guys around the switchboard. That was all. The place was quiet, too quiet. It was the calm that precedes the thunderstorm—thick, oppressive, formal. Something was going to break soon. When it did, I'd be ready, and I wasn't afraid. I've been in trouble before, lots of it. I like trouble. The underworld knows it. I've shot up a few people in my time, and I'll shoot up a few more if necessary. That's why they were out to get me. They wanted to get me before I got them. But I'll take a few of them with me before I go. That's why they'd try an unusual angle. Something different, unexpected. It could come from any direction. It would come fast, but I'd be ready.

A strange, sexy woman, about fifty, was standing by the switchboard watching me intently. She had a letter opener in her hand. I could see

the outline of a gun in the pocket of her dress. I blew a set of smoke rings and pretended to watch the smoke rise toward the ceiling. She glanced at me, at the letter opener, then at me again. She said something to the switchboard operator and started to walk toward me. I put my hand in my pocket, feeling the cold steel of my .45. I clicked off the safety and waited for her to get closer. She stopped three feet away.

"Young man," she said. I felt my finger tighten around the trigger. "You can't smoke in here! Use one of the side lobbies."

She moved closer to me, the letter opener grasped in her hand. In the mirror I saw three girls sneaking up behind me. I pulled out my .45 and blasted, first the housemother, then the girls. I got them all. As the old dame fell, the letter opener fell first and went into her stomach. I saw her eyes bulge out; then she lay still. I looked at the other bodies on the floor. I knew I had shot the wrong people. The girls all had unopened letters in their hands.

The underworld would still try to get me. Now I was madder than ever. I had killed four innocent people. But I'd get those punks, or they'd get me.

They'd die slow and painfully—with their guts in their hands. But now I had to get out of there, QUICK!

Joan floated down the stairs and waved to me. She was lovelier than before. And that walk—enough to drive a guy crazy. She signed out and slunk over to me, gingerly gliding over the bodies, and kicking the housemother in the face. She opened her purse, looked at me, smiled, and pulled out an M-1. I stared at her. I realized who she was—the trigger man. Joan! Oh, how I loved her. Joan, how could you! But she was talking now.

"Thanks sucker, for killing them—it'll look better when I say I shot you in self-defense. One bullet, through the gut. It'll hurt. You won't die right away."

I opened my mouth to say something, but my tongue wouldn't move. What can you say in your last moment of life? I uttered some sounds, and tried to speak when I felt the slug rip through my stomach, carrying my insides with it. I've had it, I thought. I pressed my hands to the wound watching them turn red with blood. "H-how could you?"

She laughed again. "It was easy."



"Skip it, she's an exchange student from Denmark."

A country boy came to the big city for the first time. He decided to spend the night in a hotel and wandered around town looking for a likely place. Finally, he entered a hotel, which was in reality a house of ill repute.

"I'd like a room," he said to the woman behind the desk.

"Sure, deary, ten dollars."

"That sure am a powerful lot of money, ma'am," he drawled, slowly shaking his head. He thought it over and decided that because of the late hour he would take the room. He reluctantly removed his shoe and withdrew a ten dollar bill.

"Here. An' it sure is a powerful lot."

The woman took the money and said, "Upstairs. Third door to the left."

The country boy put his shoe back on and climbed the stairs slowly.

A minute later he came running down the stairs, very angry. "Lokey here, ma'am, jimhickies," he shouted. "You done me wrong. There's a girl in mah room. If I pay ten dollars for a room, I ain't gonna share it with nobody."

—Pelican

During a recent radio audience-participation program, the MC was interviewing a young lady contestant, who remarked, "My father and mother were in vaudeville. I was practically born on the stage."

"Aren't you glad you actually weren't?" quipped the comedian. "What would they have done for an encore?"

—Record

PALO ALTO LAUNDRY

Serving Stanford Since 1909

Easy on Your Clothes and Easy on Your Budget

644-648 Emerson Street

DA 2-3800



Russell Illig
PHOTOGRAPHY

456 CAMBRIDGE PALO ALTO DA 3-1646

CONTINENTAL CAR COMPANY

Meeting place of the Stanford sports car club



MG

RILEY

JAGUAR

HILLMAN

MORRIS

ROVER

Sales and Service

DA 3-9035

DA 2-8538



439 Alma St.

DODGE PLYMOUTH
DON HAMPTON

511

DON HAMPTON, INC.
Dodge-Plymouth Dealers

511 Alma Street DAvenport 3-3179

ACME GLASS CO.

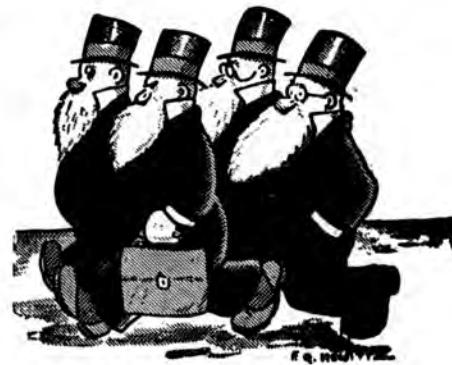
635 EMERSON
DA 3-4127

desk tops
windows replaced



mirrors

auto glass
dresser tops



"Bonfire at the Beta house to-night, Professor."

School was out and little Julius came bursting into the kitchen looking pretty disheveled and crying bitterly. "The kids beat me up, Ma; they said I have a big head." "Now, Julius, just don't believe them. It's not true that you have a big head." So, partly convinced, Julius returned to school the next day. That afternoon the scene was repeated, and again his mother repeated her words of consolation. "But now, Julius, I would like you to run down to the store and get me ten pounds of potatoes," she continued. "O.K. Ma, gimme a bag to put them in," replied Julius. "A bag. What do you need a bag for?" asked his mother. "Carry them in your cap." —Shaft



"What brought you here?"
"Two policemen."
"Drunk, I suppose."
"Yes, both of them." —Ranger



Professor: "Can anyone give the derivation of the word 'auditorium'?"
Student: "Yes, from the word *audio*, hear, and *taurus*, bull. A place where you . . ."
Professor: "That will do." —Record



"You mean that it's CRASH COMICS this year?"

Our Advertisers

Refer to this list whenever you buy!

Acme Glass Co. 32
Agard and Dorn Inside Back Cover

Brookdale Lodge Inside Back Cover

Camels Outside Back Cover
Camera Shop 27
Cardinal Cleaners 32
Cardinal Motors 5
Carlyle's 27
Chez Yvonne 6
Chinese Kitchen 10
The Colony 10
Continental Car Co. 31
Crow Pharmacy 24

Dale H. Thomas 32
Don Hampton 30

Elwood's 7

Fox Ltd. Inside Back Cover

Hagen and Bell 24
Hat Corp. of America Inside Front Cover
Hofman Jeweler 1

Illig Photography 31
Ivan's Inside Back Cover

Kirk's 8
Krogh and Pohlman 32
KZSU 28

Life Savers 6
Livingston Bros. 5
L'Omelette 4
Lutz Ford Sales 28

Marquard's 1

Palo Alto Laundry 31
Peninsula Creamery 23

Renato's 28
Rita on Ramona 9
Rocky's 9
Roos Bros. 3
Roth, Hans 23
Rudy's 26

Southgate Motors 7
South Palo Alto 25

The Typewriter Shop 27

Webb's Photo 26

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



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

625 Ramona Street

DAvenport 3-9240

SEAT COVERS

CONVERTIBLE TOPS UPHOLSTERING

Everything for the interior of your car

DALE H. THOMAS

635 HIGH STREET

DA 2-2330

Ask Us about Credit through N.A.M.A. We Honor
Oil Credit Cards or Charge-A-Plates

OPEN SATURDAY MORNING

SEAT COVERS

KROGH & POHLMAN TAILORS

TAILOR-MADE
SPORT COATS
SUITS



534 emerson
da 3-7733

from
\$79.50

Alterations and Restyling



Gentlemen's Apparel
Importers
Clothing—Sports Wear
Tailoring
Furnishings
DA 3-6464
162 University Ave.
Palo Alto

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

★ CUSTOM PERMANENTS

★ HAIR STYLING

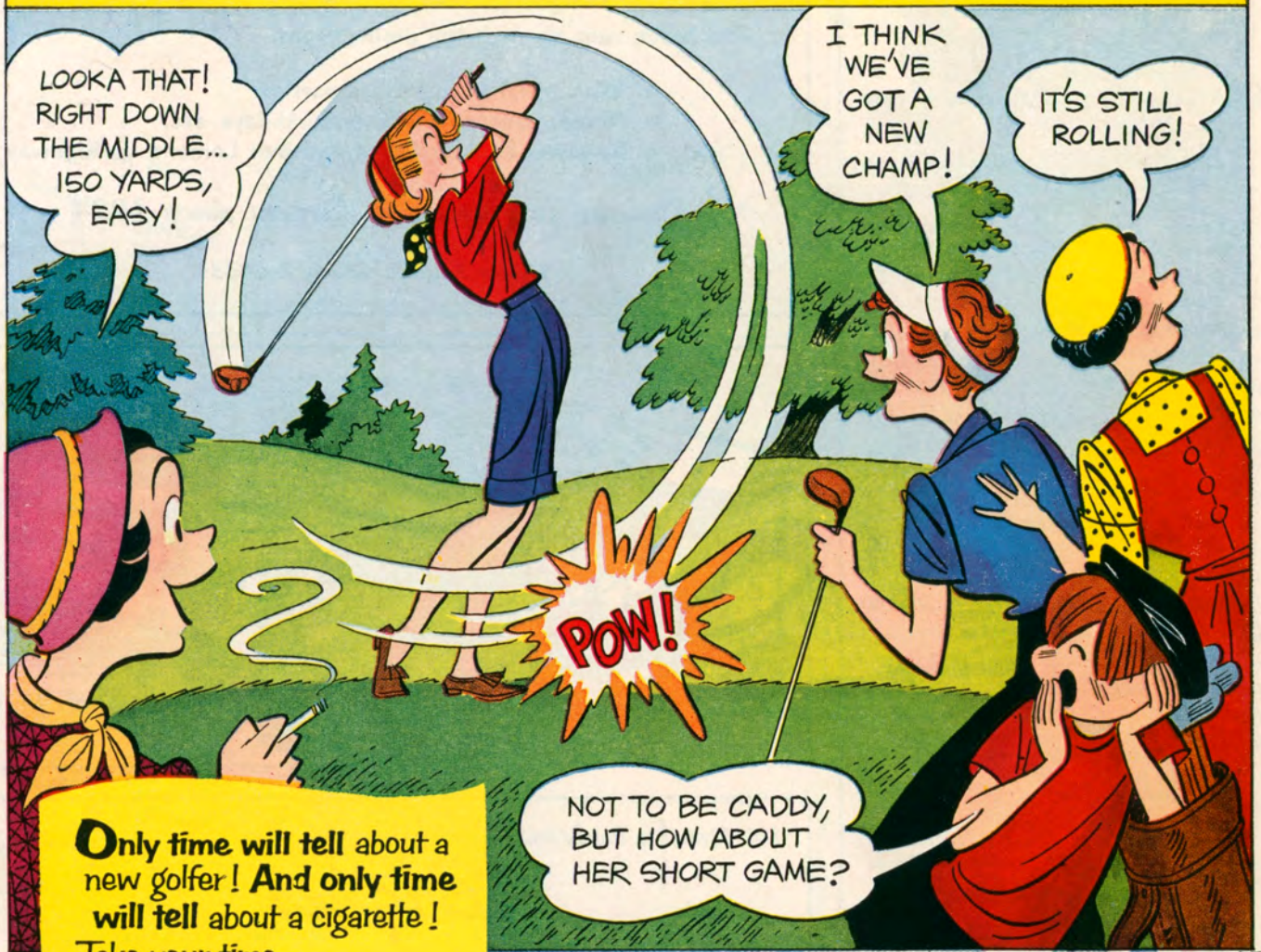
TELEPHONE DA 2-0769

Svan

COIFFEUR SALON

370 WAVERLEY STREET - PALO ALTO

...*But only Time will Tell*.....



Only time will tell about a new golfer! **And only time will tell** about a cigarette! Take your time...

NOT TO BE CADDY, BUT HOW ABOUT HER SHORT GAME?

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test *Camels* for 30 days
for Mildness and Flavor!



THERE MUST BE A REASON WHY Camel is America's most popular cigarette - leading all other brands by billions! There's a simple answer: Camels give you just what you want in a cigarette - rich, full flavor and cool, cool mildness, pack after pack! Smoke only Camels for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable they are as your *steady* smoke!

More People Smoke Camels than any other cigarette!