

STANTON
STANTON

Chaparral



OUR FOREFATHERS ISSUE



B. S. C. CLEANERS
237 CALIFORNIA AVE.
Cleaned and Pressed

SHIRTS	PLAIN DRESSES
SWEATERS	SUITS
SLACKS	O'COATS
SPT. COATS	

49¢ **89¢**

Complete Laundry Service—Shirts 20c

BEN FRANKLIN STORE
Locally Owned • Nationally Known
5c to \$1.00 store
R. E. COOPER
415 California Ave. • Palo Alto

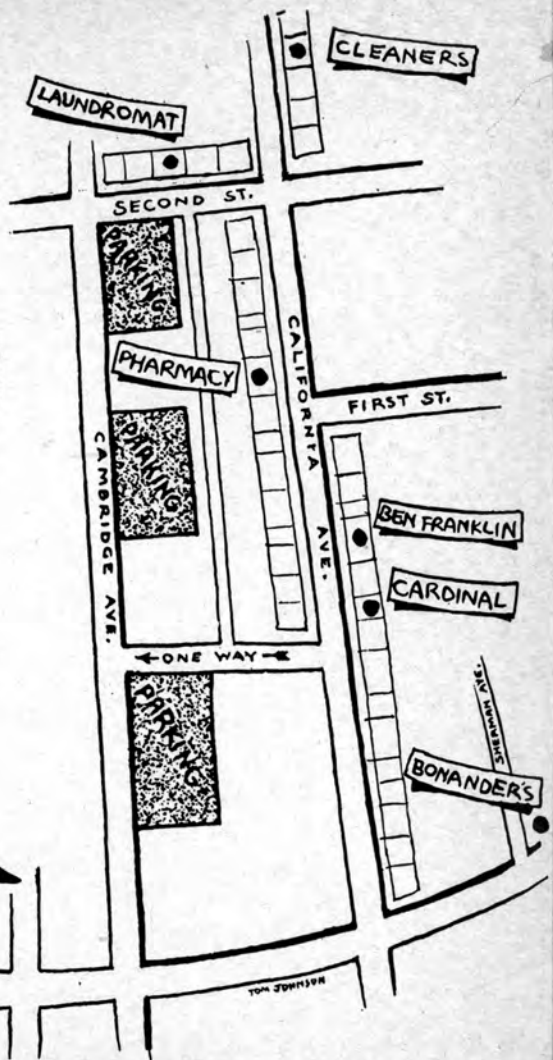
"WASH TODAY; WEAR TODAY"
MAYFIELD LAUNDROMAT
2343 Second Street
DA 5-1952



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

Always a Good Show
at the
CARDINAL THEATRE
*Distinctive films just
minutes from the campus*
429 California Ave. So. Palo Alto



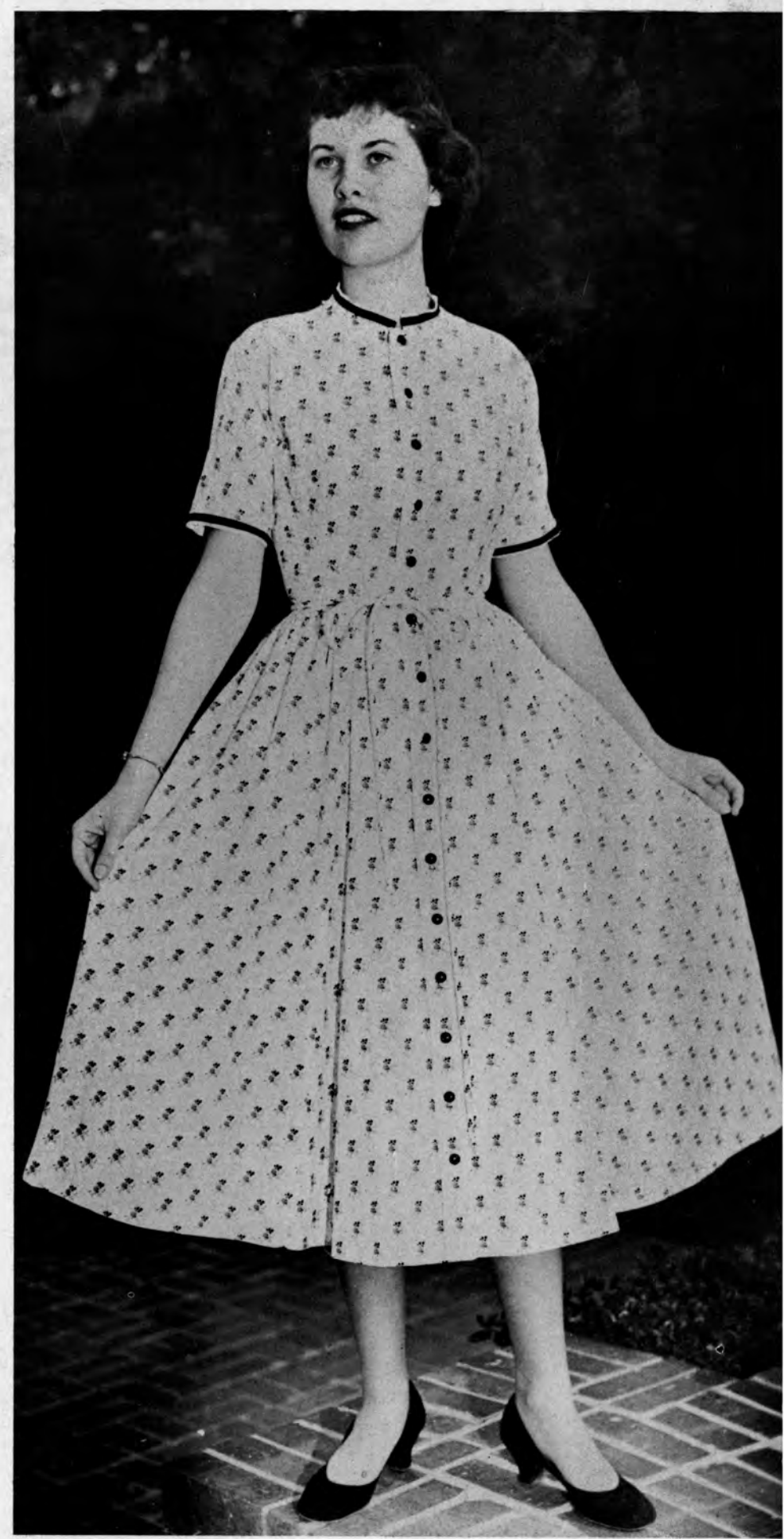
STOP & SHOP
SOUTH PALO ALTO

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



Miss DOROTHY KOOKEN of Lagunita selected this provincial printed piqué from a tremendous selection of cottons with all lengths of sleeves—from sleeveless to wrist length. Prices start at \$10.95

the colony
TOWN and COUNTRY CLOTHES



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 55, 1953-54
 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

Al Ambler Editor-in-chief	Mark Farmer Al Hayes Coco Brown Associate Editors	Dub Helsing Business Manager
Tom Timberlake Managing Editor	John Gordon Photo Editor	Tom Johnson Art Editor
Bob Gable Circulation Manager	Bob Sprague Staff Cartographer	Noel de Nevers Secretary-Treasurer

HAMMER AND COFFIN

Stan Norton	Roger Parkinson	Lee Andrews
Ed Brennan	Jim Stockton	Ralph Buchwalter
Bill Corr	Fred Ashton	Ross Pyle
John Kookken	Hal Treacy	Henry Lee
Ted Hughes		Bill Matson

HONORARY

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the Old Boy finds time enough to break away from the beer gardens, he celebrates with glee the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington. The Inquisitive Soul wonders what would be their opinion of the world today, if they could see what a sad mess it's in. It would seem that the valiant troops who perished at Valley Forge and those who met their end at Gettysburg have died in vain unless the world can mend its ways and stay at peace.

NOW THAT this is the time for hearts and flowers, the Favored Fellow sends a large valentine to the weatherman in hopes that he

will take pity on our dry souls and fill the lake with enough water for spring-quarter activities. Lake Lag has to be filled, for the Savant Seer has already purchased his pink orlon trunks from Roos Bros.

NOW THAT the hectic season of glad-handing and good fellowship called rushing has long since formally terminated, the Ever Alert One would like to see rushing continued strongly for the rest of the scholastic year on an informal basis. The Comical Fellow knows that there are too many potential fraternity and eating-club men accidentally passed over during the short, concentrated push.

Contributors' Staff

Literary

John Woehler
 Bill Hindle

Photography and Art

Al Riordan
 Doug Van Orden
 Ron Poze
 Bill Davis

Office

Mari Fathauer
 Dorothy Kookken
 Tom Dant

Business

Cres Cole
 Promotion Manager
 Bob Rogers
 Tal Lindstrom
 Rich Humble
 Eck von Esdorff
 Martin Herzstein
 Bob Swain
 Mike Rodrigue
 Walt Parks

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY HAMMER AND COFFIN

Harriett Bauman
 Women's Manager
 Jean Bashor
 Secretary-Treasurer
 Jo Johnson Thyra Tegner
 Maureen Maxwell Wanda Herrington
 Nancy Stone Audrey Williams
 Marion Brennan Marjorie La Pierre
 Eileen Conaghan Jere Hamilton

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
 VOL. 55, NO. 5 FEBRUARY 1954
 Copyright 1954 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 3-0686.

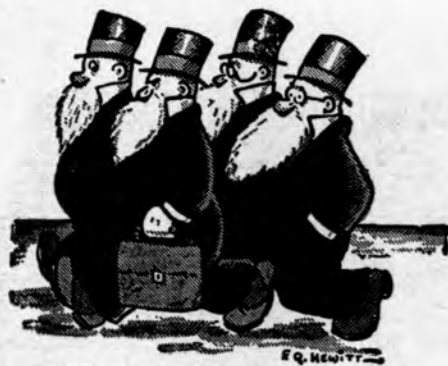
A great ten-goal player McGee,
 whose pony was stung by a bee
 said brushing the dirt
 from his Roos Polo Shirt,
 "From now on it's ping pong for me!"



Roos Bros

PALO ALTO 125 University
 CAMPUS "The Shack"

RUDY'S
 Alpine Inn
 Excellent Foods -
 German Dishes
 Imported
 Beverages
 4139 Alpine Rd.
 behind the campus



"It's three o'clock at the water works, Professor."

They laughed when I stood up to sing—how did I know I was under the table.

—Aggievator

An elderly lady, afraid she would miss her stop, poked the bus driver with her umbrella and asked, "Is this the public library?"

Driver: "No, lady, that's my sacroiliac."

—Showme

Definition of a professor:

One who talks in other people's sleep.

—Shaft

Son: Let me have some money, Pop.

Dad: What did you do with the dime I gave you last week?

Son: I spent it.

Dad: What are you doing—keeping a woman?

—Shaft

Robert Burns wrote, "To a Field Mouse."

Did he get an answer?

—Showme

Deep Southern boys like to neck and Hector was no exception. "Honey, would yo' mind if ah kissed yo' all?" he asked softly.

"Ain't my lips enough?" angrily snapped his date.

—Kitty Kat

Teacher (warning her children against catching cold): I had a little brother seven years ago, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow when it was too cold. He caught pneumonia and three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

A voice from the rear: Where's his sled?

—Green Gander

Hattie (in bank): I wants to put this heah money in the bank.

Bank Teller: Hattie, where did you get all that money; have you been hoarding?

Hattie: No, sah, I got that money taking in washing.

—Sundial

Freshman chemistry classes can always be counted on for a few misguided daffynitions, for example:

Chlorine: a dancer in a night club.

Carbon: a storage place for street-cars.

Barium: what you do with dead people.

Catalyst: a western ranch owner.

Boron: a person of low mentality.

Electrolyte: a thing which when it is dark, you can turn on and it gets bright.

Fehling: below 2.0 for the quarter.

Oxide: an ox's outer covering.

—Green Gander

Famous for ROAST BEEF

DINAH'S

PALO ALTO SINCE 1926 · DA 3-9595

KING OF THE
Renato PIZZA
Italian Dinners

Private rooms available for Stanford students
in our two convenient locations

REDWOOD CITY

Open 7 days a week
Hours: 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.
EMerson 6-9762
2899 El Camino Real

SAN MATEO

Open 7 days a week
Hours: 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.
Flreside 5-9940
2230 So. El Camino Real

NOW THAT FLICK



KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, etc., bring us this stirring saga of the Squares around the Round Table. It's amazing the way Taylor cuts a man in half without getting a drop of blood on him. Enough people get killed, maimed, or hacked up in this opus to keep all but the hungriest date from wanting any chow after the show.

BENEATH THE TWELVE MILE REEF

Terry Moore kisses better under water than a ballpoint pen. At least this is the feeling you get in this hour and a half of dripping scenes. This picture might make you just a bit seasick, but imagine how the sharks and manta rays feel. Let the tide carry this one out to sea.

SO BIG

So what!

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY

Wumpy, the fighting Great Dane, co-stars with Rock Hudson in this epic of the North. In this technicolor splash the villain tries to bump off the hero and make out with the hero's wife. There is even an exciting chase à la Western, only this time it's on dog sleds. Better bring your dark glasses, kiddies; the snow might blind you.

THE CRUEL SEA

This is a beautifully photographed sea story about men on a submarine chaser in the North Atlantic. The acting is good, but the shots of the ocean completely steal the show. Jack Hawkins gives a sensitive performance and the Wren is a real wren.

HONDO

John Wayne kicks a man in the stomach with more gusto than Alan Ladd ever did. It's too bad he isn't shot in the first fifteen minutes by the heroine, but you can't have everything. As usual the mean ole Indians catch hell in this one, and Wayne rides off into the sunset in the best tradition of Western screen.

VEILS OF BAGDAD

Hold onto your hats, gang! Victor Mature flexes all the way through this technicolor production. Two gals occupy his leer this time. Scimitars and daggers flash, and when the bodies are buried we find ol' Vic with Native Dancer (a real one!).

FANFAN THE TULIP

This is a real picture show. Just wait till you get a load of the doll that plays the heroine in this spoof of swashbuckling movies. Even with the French dialogue (English subtitles) this movie is good for kicks.

"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, with those holes in your trousers?"

"Now, with the kids across the street."

—Kitty Kat

Prof. of Economics: "You boys of today want to make too much money. Why, do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Voice in rear: "No, and I'll bet you didn't either."

—Shaft

You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams—it's All men are created equal, not All men are made the same way.

—Aggievator

"There's a man outside with a wooden leg named Smith."

"What's the name of the other leg?"

—Showme

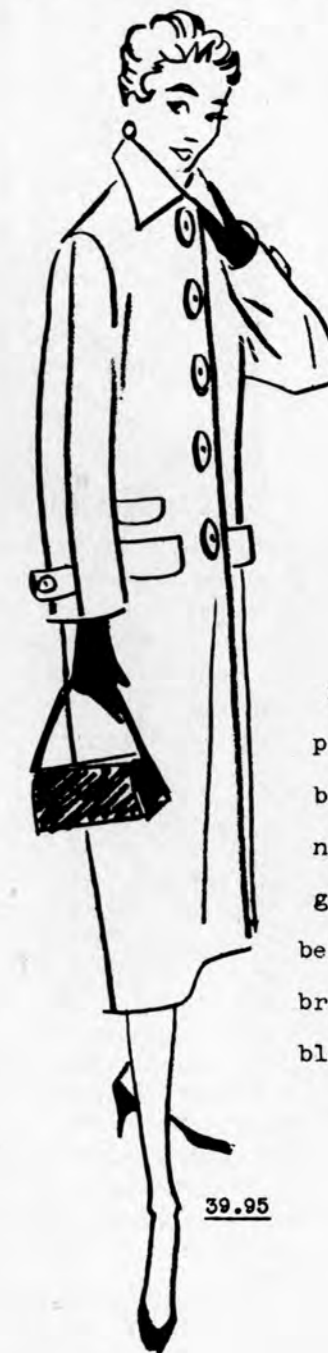
"Jack, you've been making love to some other girl!"

"How do you know?"

"Because you've improved so!"

—Pennpix

Livingston's



red
pink
blue
navy
grey
beige
brown
black

39.95

our popular

"boy coat"

in the newest

fabrics and

exciting Spring

shades...sizes 5 to 15

Young World . Fifth Floor

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

He only drinks to calm himself,
His steadiness to improve.
(Last night he got so steady,
He couldn't even move).

—Aggievator

When teaching a girl to pucker for
a kiss, which is better to have her say
—"prunes, peaches, or alfalfa?"

—Green Gander

"Aren't you getting tired of this
bachelor life all the time?"

"Of course not. What was good
enough for my father is good enough
for me."

—Widow

In the dark of night two safecrack-
ers entered a bank. One approached
the safe, sat down on the floor, took
off his shoes and socks, and started
to turn the dial with his toes.

"What's the matter?" said his pal.
"Let's open this thing and get out of
here."

"Naw, it'll only take us a minute
longer, and we'll drive those finger-
print experts nuts."

—Green Gander

Heard in an English political ora-
tion: "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 un-
mistakable accent came the ques-
tion: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"

—Flatiron

Ed: Joe has a false tooth.

Ned: Did he tell you?

Ed: No, it just came out during the
conversation.

—Showme

A gentleman, on being informed that
he was the proud father of triplets,
was so overjoyed at the news that he
rushed immediately to the hospital,
where his wife and newly acquired
family were, and dashed pell-mell into
the room.

The nurse, being out at the time,
was irritated upon her return and re-
monstrated with the father.

"Don't you know better than to
come here in germ-filled clothes?
Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her for a moment and
then said: "Lady, are you telling
me?"

—Froth



This bridal set is a duplicate of
our most popular setting that is
priced much higher. The smart
arrangement of diamonds—the
modern design of the mount-
ing—will catch every eye. Set
in 14K gold and platinum.



—and—

The official Stanford class
rings (similar to the one
pictured above) are avail-
able at Carlyle's at these
prices that all can afford
to pay.

Heavy weight \$30.00
Medium weight \$25.00
Miniature ring \$20.00

Silver rings: The above
prices less \$7.50

218 University

Across from Stanford Theater



"As I gaze into my crystal ball,
I see ... Hmmmmm ... I see ... !"

Ira Nagel

124 University Avenue

Palo Alto

DA 2-1133

Modeled by
JANELLE DUNCAN
An original by Lucinda of
California
Quilted denim skirt—
\$12.95
Denim blouse to match—
\$5.95



Photograph by

Hans Roth

173 University Avenue
Palo Alto · California

534 Emerson
KROGH & POHLMAN TAILORS DA 3-7733

- ★ **All Nylon Windbreakers**
 - Fully Lined
 - Washable

\$20.00
- ★ **Mens' Slacks**
 - All Sizes
 - Gabardines and Flannels

\$15.60

**TAILOR
MADE
SPORT
COATS
SUITS**
Alterations and Restyling



Arnold Mertens

BRITISH IMPORTS

SPORTSWEAR
FOR
MEN AND WOMEN

ALLIED ARTS GUILD
Arbor Road and Cambridge Avenue
Menlo Park
DA 5-7671

1484 EL CAMINO REAL
BELMONT
LY 3-5911



"Hello, Acme Taxidermists?"

A drunk, sitting at a local bar, had been eyeing a voluptuous blonde for some time and finally summoned enough courage to approach her. "Shay," he mumbled, "how about spending the night with me, baby?" "Fine," she replied, "shall we go to your place or mine?" "Hell," responded the drunk, "if you're going to quibble, we'll jusht forget about it."

—Leer

A bustle is like a historical romance —both are fictitious tales based on stern reality.

—Profile

CONSISTENTLY THE BEST FOOD
DINAH'S
PALO ALTO SINCE 1926 • DA 3-9595

Model: DEBBIE MORGAN
Hat by Carol Carlyle

COME ACROSS



By John Woehler and Jack Fort

"What do you mean, I have to go? I just got here."

"I know, darling, but Dick has heard some of the rumors and is returning posthaste from Philadelphia."

"Now, look here, just because the man is your husband doesn't mean that he has to be obnoxious about this. Doesn't he know this is the dead of winter? Doesn't he know that . . ."

"I know, darling, but he isn't the most patient man in the world and you know what a good shot he is . . ."

"Uh, well I think I see the necessity for moving out. Not that I'm afraid of the fellow, you understand, but . . ."

"Of course, darling, but you are so important to the Cause. If you got hurt what would happen to us?"

"Quite right. After all, he can't appreciate what I go through around here. Furthermore . . ."

"You're absolutely right, dear. And I'm sure . . . Hark! Didn't someone just turn into the drive?"

Well, it's time for me to check on those sentry posts again. Don't bother to get up, dear, I'll just go out the back way to save you the trouble. If I had the time I'd show that husband of yours a thing or twol That's what comes of serving one's country."

"He just came in the front door, darling; you'd better go now."

"Er, yes, of course. Good-bye. Parting is slupctch sleet borrow. Damn these new false teeth, anyhow!"

"Call the men together, Captain. We're pulling out tonight."

"But Sir, we can't cross the river in this kind of weather. It's impossible!"

"I said we're leaving tonight, Captain! I have important news that makes it imperative that we do so. The Delaware River won't stand in our way. Our country calls! See to it at once, Captain."

"Yes, Sir, General Washington."



Betty & Lee's TOWN HOUSE STEAKS

"Not World Famous, but a truly fine Steak House"

Special student dinners on Sunday
afternoon from 3:30 to 5:30

- 8-oz. Top Sirloin Steak, U.S. Choice
- Southern Fried Chicken (disjointed)
- Roast Turkey

Any one of the above complete dinners
for \$1.75

1605 Bayshore Highway
DA 3-8655

East Palo Alto



NEXT SUMMER,

Travel and study **ABROAD** VIA **TWA**



A wonderful way to earn full college credit and enjoy
a thrilling trip through Europe or around the world!

Roam abroad in leisurely fashion seeing all the famous sights and cities . . . study at an accredited university from 2 to 6 weeks in an educational center such as London, Paris, Rome. You can do both in one glorious trip on a university-sponsored tour via TWA—world leader in educational air travel. Thousands of students and teachers have taken these trips in the past five years, enjoying a fun-filled jaunt while earning full college credit. You can take a tour dealing with a special field such as music, art, languages . . . attend the World Educational Conference in Geneva . . . arrange a visit to the Orient.

The cost in time and money is surprisingly small. You'll speed to Europe overnight via TWA. And thrifty TWA Sky Tourist fares stretch your budget. Mail the coupon today!

Fly the finest . . . **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 TWA Air World Tours
380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. CM-FE
 Please send me information on the Flying Educational Tours being offered in 1954.
 Name _____ Position _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____
 State _____ Phone No. _____

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!

Only at
Chez Yvonne
can you receive a
diploma of taste and
distinction

The medical officer was testing the water supply.

"What precaution do you take against infection?" he asked the sergeant in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant replied.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."

—Aggievator

"Mama, daddy isn't like other men, is he?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"Well, he just got tired waiting for an elevator and went down the shaft without one."

—Green Gander

"My little boy ate half a dictionary the other day, and we gave him a whole bottle of castor oil."

"How is he getting along?"

"We haven't had a word out of him since yesterday."

—Kitty Kat

The excited young mother called to her husband: "The baby has swallowed the matches!"

He called back: "Here, use my cigarette lighter."

—Showme

A young lady, telephoning a music store, was connected by mistake with a garage.

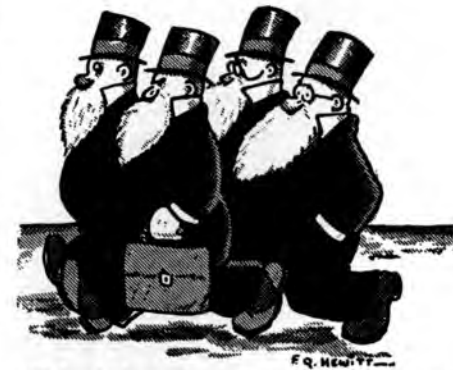
"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" she asked.

"No," answered the garageman, "but we have two tom cats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?" she asked.

"Well, lady," said the garageman, "we think it is."

—Leer



"I had them rolling in the aisles at my lecture on Free Love."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DEAR EDITOR,

I think you should have more stories about athletics. Take baseball; it is a real all-American pastime. It will keep college kids out of trouble. It's done wonders for me.

Yours for indoor sports,
JOE DIM.

DEAR OLD ONE,

I am 20 years old, very attractive, my father has loads of money, I drive an Olds 138, and I'm very passionate. Please find someone who will take me out on week ends. Since there are so few social functions this quarter, I would like to spend the week ends at different ski lodges or winter resorts in the near-by area. I will be happy to pay all expenses.

Your lovable friend,
CUDDLES

P.S. I have bad breath.

DEAR EDITOR,

I have heard several rumors that some Stanford students who saw my performance in "Miss Sadie Thompson" have said that I am fat. The Prince didn't think I was fat. You don't think I'm fat, do you? Please say I'm not fat.

Please,
RITA

DEAR OLD BOY,

I just wanted to tell you how great last quarter was.

I made 4 units of A.

I made 11 units of B.

I made lots of new friends.

I MET some wonderful women.

Yours truly,
A. FRESHMAN

DEAR CRUDE ONE,

Please print more pictures of those lewd queens. I like 'em. You must come over and see my collection sometime.

Your most avid reader,
EX-KING FAROUK

DEAR EDITOR,

I would like to work for your magazine. I can do anything! Please give me a try.

Hopefully,
JINX

BURGER BAR

5 19c

Thick Milk Shakes

Hamburgers

100% government inspected beef

Self-service Drive-In

2755 El Camino, Palo Alto DA 2-8755

the gay liltng spirit of spring is reflected in this 3 piece wool suit in petite sizes. Pink or light blue, 10-16, just \$59.98. From a collection of young fashions for spring now in stock. Come see. . . .

Lundin McBride

650 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Model: PAT SILER



Edith Hansen
Town & Country Village

Edith Hansen presents a preview of spring fashions: snappy cotton swim suit by Gantner—\$10.95

Model: JOAN BLAINE

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

Webbs

479 University Ave. • PALO ALTO



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Stories

Bill Hindle has created a political fantasy concerning the presidential election campaign between Lincoln and Roosevelt. Brown—H. L., that is—delves into his ancestral background with "Lazarus Grundel." John Woehler "Comes Across" again.

Movie Review

The entire staff closed down the office long enough to present a pictorial review of "The Middies' Paradise."

Features

T. Point Johnson and "Doc" de Nevers have combined their talents in a huge center spread about our first President. Cactus Sam has inspired the *Chappie's* Jan. inventory sale.

Cover

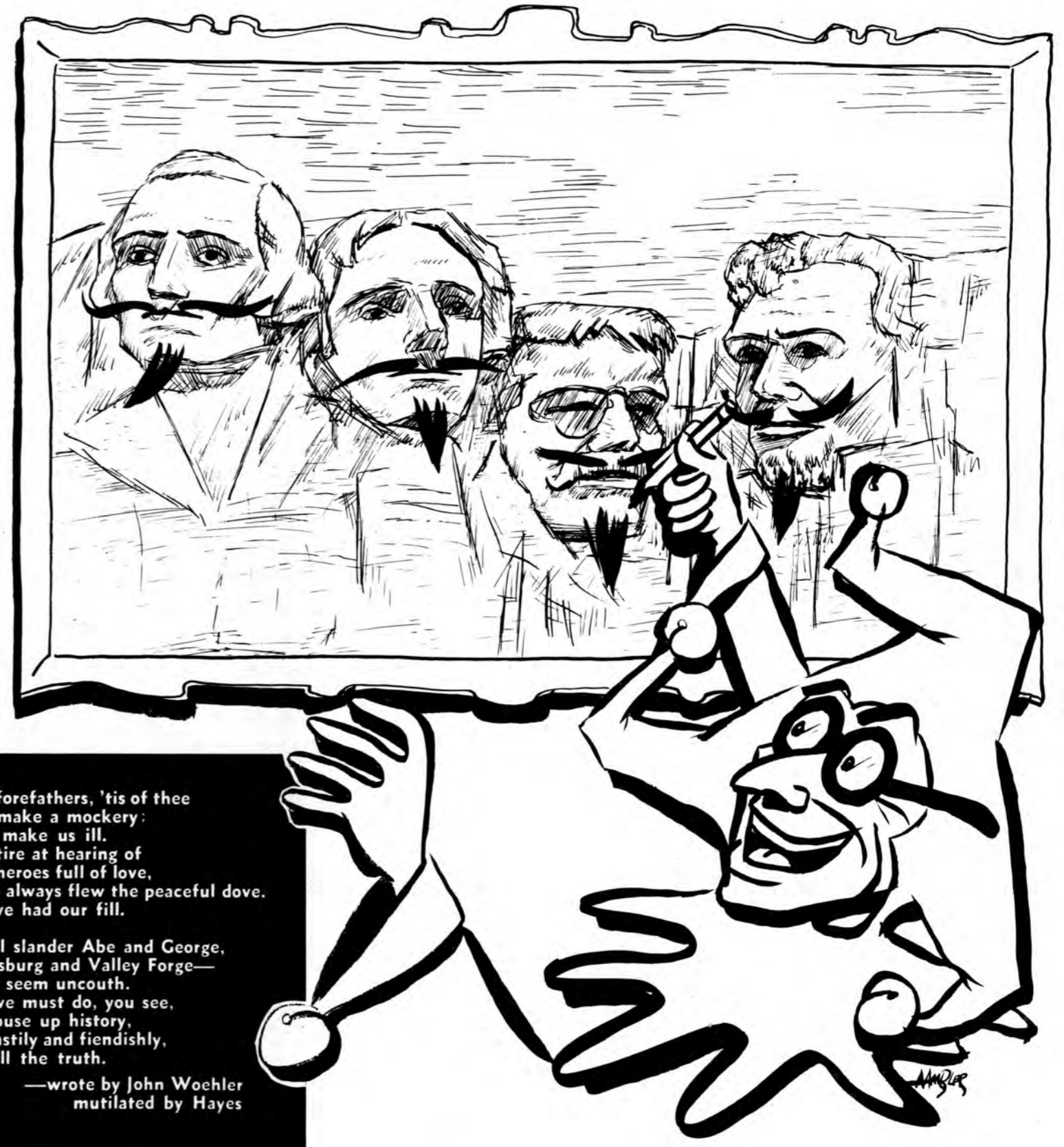
Repeating his success with the Christmas Issue cover, Bill Hindle arts up this masterpiece. We suspect that George and Abe are spinning in their graves.

Queen

A special Valentine Calendar to warm your hearts. This luscious dish was served up by John L. Gordon.

Other Things

More Fables of the Farm concerning real things that happened to real people. Also included in this issue, Now That Flick presents the low-down on the current movies playing in the area.



Our forefathers, 'tis of thee
We make a mockery;
You make us ill.
We tire at hearing of
Our heroes full of love,
Who always flew the peaceful dove.
We've had our fill.

We'll slander Abe and George,
Vicksburg and Valley Forge—
They seem uncouth.
All we must do, you see,
To louse up history,
So nastily and fiendishly,
Is tell the truth.

—wrote by John Woehler
mutilated by Hayes



Chappie Presents
BARBARA WHITSETT
 Queen of the Month
 Photo by John Gordon

1954		FEBRUARY						1954
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT		
	1	2	3	4	5	6		
7	8	9	10	11	12	13		
14	15	16	17	18	19	20		
21	22	23	24	25	26	27		
28								

LAZARUS GRUNDEL Discovers His Forefathers



By H. J. Brown, Jr.

This here chronicle is the story of my life, and it is the true story in the main. I was given birth to in Mildew County, Dakota, in bout 1985, and I am going to pass over my childhood since all I ever did in my early years was to indulge in erotic sex play (mostly with my sister Rosabelle). I received my higher education at Farm U., where I took their liberal arts course, which gives you a general education, generally. I majored in flower-picking, and minored in English and sleuthing methods. I took these courses because the old man wanted me to, and he was paying for it. Pap wanted me to follow in his footsteps, and he begun life as a keyholer in New York City. He finally quit and came to Mildew County when he one day discovered that his secretary had had to leave town on account of him, but before he quit and left New York he done his duty and killed off most of the people in town, again saving the world from the Mafia and those damn Communists. He then retired to this pretty little flower farm, where his secretary, my Ma, gave birth to Rosabelle and me, all in one litter.

The old man had ideas about me following in his footsteps, but he was sort of a slob, and I had ideas of my own. From early youth I had a driving determination to save the world. While I was at Farm U., I took English 2A and 2B (which accounts for my erudite style of writing down). My teacher was a real thinker, a graduate student. One day he turned to me, private, and removing his horn-rimmed glasses he says in his impressive voice, "In this year of 1998 the only thing that all mankind has not discovered is—" and here he paused and his voice became

real hushed, "the secret of life and death! The man who discovers that secret shall make all men happy, and he will make this world a better place to live in. I intend to discover that secret or perish in the attempt." Well, poor old Bean perished in the attempt all right, but I never forgot his words, because right there and then I discovered what my mission in life was. No one knew better than Pap what a powerful evil place the world was, so I knew he wouldn't object none if I wanted to change it.

When I came home from college I told the old man my mission, and he said he was glad I had decided to save the world, and then we had a real tender parting. I remember it like yesterday. I said, "Good-bye, Pap."

A tear glistened in his eye, and smashing me in the teeth (Pap was always joking around), he said to me, "Bless you, boy." That one sort of stumped me cause I hadn't sneezed or nothing, but I didn't say anything, and Pap said, "Remember one thing, boy, don't let them push you around." With that he shoved me out the door, and I was at last on my own, alone in the big wide world.

I started on my way down Peony Lane, carrying the tools that would help me solve the mystery (my magnifying glass, a jiffy fingerprinter, and my textbook for sleuthing methods 160). Suddenly, a swarthy little guy popped out from behind a peony, and said "Pst." I crept over stealthy-like, and he shoved a lamp into my hand, saying, "Rub it and you shall find what you seek, courtesy of the Aladdin Lamp Company."

The lamp was pretty moldy, but I rubbed it anyway. Then, quick as Jack Robinson, there I am standing on this

(Continued on page 26)

FATHER OF THE COUNTRY

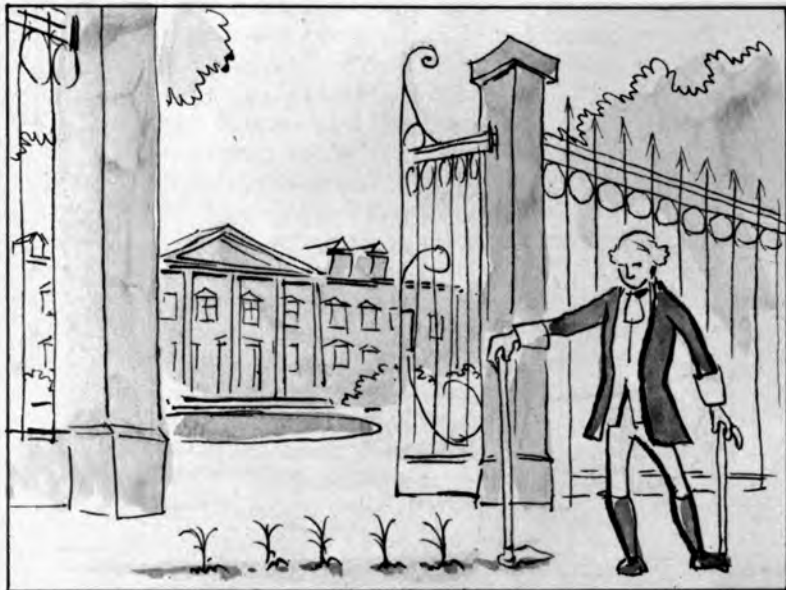
By Noel de Nevers and Tom Johnson



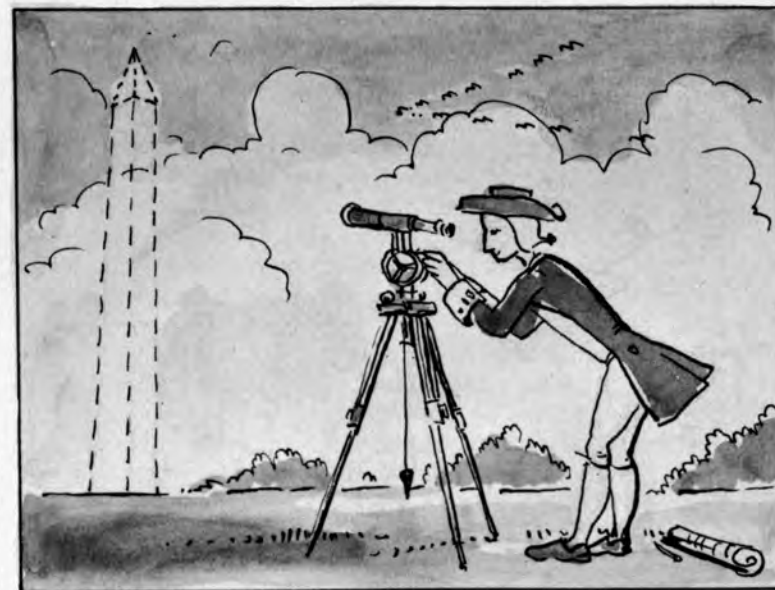
Unknown to most students, Washington was a great naval strategist. Here we see his small but gallant fleet daring the U-boat-infested waters of the Delaware, in quest of more wine for a Christmas celebration.



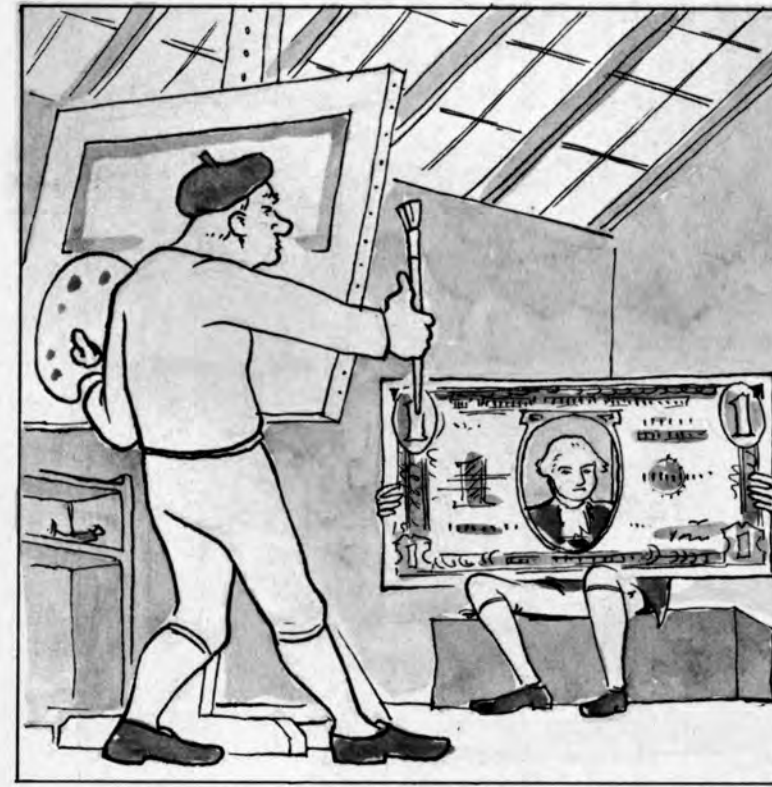
In one of his frequent visits to Betsy Ross, he once suggested that she sew up one of her unmentionables so that he might take it along to inspire his fellow officers in their fight for peace.



Shocked when a supporter suggested that he become king, Washington replied that he preferred to retire to his small farm at Mount Vernon and grow old with his wife, tending their crops.



Washington's early experience as a surveyor served him well as a general. Here we see him at work in the Potomac Valley, modestly helping lay the groundwork of the nation's capital.



First in war, first in peace, and first to get his hands on the dollar, Washington posed for the famous etching by Rembrandt van Rijn, requesting only a few million copies for his services.



Washington traveled extensively during his lifetime and left reminders of himself wherever he went. The historical purists of New England have carefully preserved these venerable relics, scrupulously avoiding any change in this Early Americana.



The greatest surprise in modern warfare (save, perhaps, Pearl Harbor) was Washington's Christmas raid on the Hessians at Trenton. In later years the general referred to this incident as "The night he sleighed the enemy."



His unswerving loyalty to his principles and his country was as unquestioned in his day as it is in ours. No other American has so held the public confidence. Wisconsin at the time was not a state.

LINCOLN CONFIDENTIAL...



By Bill Hindle

Take a good look at a five-dollar bill, the one daddy sent you last week for your vodka reserve. See that 'face, those eyes? Can it be told at what he was looking? The bearded gentleman was looking at an 1860 newspaper headline which read, "Roosevelt to Try for Another Term." And thereby hangs a tail.

"What?" Abe leapt from the photographer's chair and plunged his fist through a windowpane. "He's been in since Washington, and Winchell's predicting he'll stay in till the 1940's. There ought to be an age limit. Really!"

After removing his pancake make-up, Abe stepped out into the crowded capital boulevard and headed for Republican headquarters. On the way he flipped through the bannered

newspaper and found the comic page. Just as he thought . . . Uncle Tom had sublet his cabin to pay off those racing debts to Grimacing Jacques.

Abe touched his mole for luck, and ducked into the Rubbit Inn, underground hideout of the GOP.

"Have you seen this?" He threw the newspaper into a gathering of cigar-smoking men. There was a large sound like retching and three men left the room. Someone in the corner was singing the party fight song:

*They're not going to get back in this year
Wish they could hear
Not even in Senate or House this year
Wish they could hear
For when Abraham takes the oath
They'll be exiled, he and Eleanor both
Oh what a year
Free-flowing beer
Wish they could hear
There'll be pachyderm marks on the Mall this year
Plan to be near
Positions for one and all this year
Plan to be here
Down comes the dynasty flag too
We're restoring the Red, White, and Blue
Plan to be near
E-lection year
Wish they could hear.*

Abe patted the bard on the head . . . gave him an autographed penny.

A vested spokesman rose and addressed the tall man from Illinois. "Abe, we've decided to back you in the election with all we've got. You'll have a busy schedule. By the way,

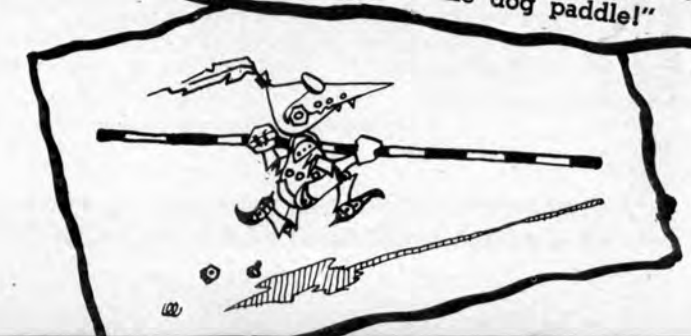
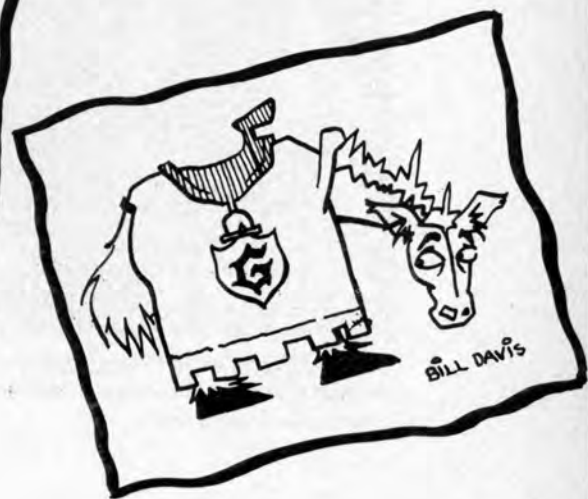
can you split a rail?" Abe said he'd try, and the man went on. "We'll begin with a series of telegraph appearances, chariot races, and banana-squeezing contests. Your name must become known from the rocky coasts of verdant Maine to the shores of Pismo Beach. And the Solid South must be split. Can you split a Solid South?" Abe said he'd try, and the man went on. "We'll make press releases to the effect that you were born in a log cabin you helped your father build, studied law by the glow of burning philosophy books, and later ghost-wrote for Ben Franklin. We'll play you up as the greatest man since Adam was separated from his rib. By the way . . . can you split an Adam?" Abe said he'd try.

The campaign went well. Buttons were distributed advocating "Go Ape with Abe," "Falla Wears Falsies," and "Put Down That Cord of Wood, Mother; Abe's Coming Home with a Load."

Across town the opposition was just as busy. Banners were hoisted, stating, "Why Change Chiefs in the Middle of the Century," "Don't Think, Vote," and "Roose, Roose, I Love You."

Election Day came. It was a painfully close race (as close as Glendale and Pasadena; Berkeley and the Oakland sewage disposal plant). After days of ballot-stuffing and honest effort, the last vote was received by telegraph from a mental institution near Eugene, Oregon. (It was not a deciding vote, however . . . no one named Harding was on the ballot.)

(Continued on page 30)



THE MIDDIES' PARADISE

(Or Who Sunk the Admiral's Dinghy?)

with ALEX FINESSE, star of
Crumb's Head and Half-Acts

Preview of
The Week



Alex, captain of "The Conqueror," on the run from the Boathouse to the Stables across the beautiful waters of the Straits of Lag, is ably assisted in his duties by his side-kick, Speedy Gonzales (right).



Alex has discovered a perfect existence. Every other afternoon he makes the wet journey, leaving behind his Roble girl, Miltrude (left) and his sedate manner of campus life. . . .



. . . to venture to the opposite side of Lag where awaits him a wild sordid affair with a native of the stables, Wanalaya (right). No one of the crew is allowed ashore here, not even the trusted Speedy Gonzales.



Everything went well for two years. Then in the spring the Straits of Lag dried up for some unknown reason. So Wanalaya wandered from her grass shack to the opposite shore where she caught Alex and Miltrude playing Scrabble.



Alex, faced with this sudden crisis, his double life threatened to exposure, solves the problem in his own inimitable way.

This is a fairy tale and could never really happen. Any resemblance to real persons or places is purely experimental.

giant WAREHOUSE Inventory Sale Sensational Clearance!

30TH AND SALVATIERRA FURNITURE
WAREHOUSE. THE NAME IS THE ADDRESS.



Oh Brother Doll—"It pulsates in your grasp." Just the gift for that little niece. Based on the now obsolete "Mama" doll. Hold doll close to you and it sighs, "Oh Brother!" Big and little girls love it!



Portable Window Stand—For standing or sitting on window ledges. Saves wear and tear on the fingers and toes. Facilitates peeking in high windows. Should go great with Peeping Toms.



Portable Siphon-Sip — With Roto-Flask. Complete unit can be carried in pocket. Flask straps on arm of desk. Rubber hose (flesh-colored) leads from flask to mouth through hollow-stemmed pencil. Just the thing to keep you going while taking notes in class.



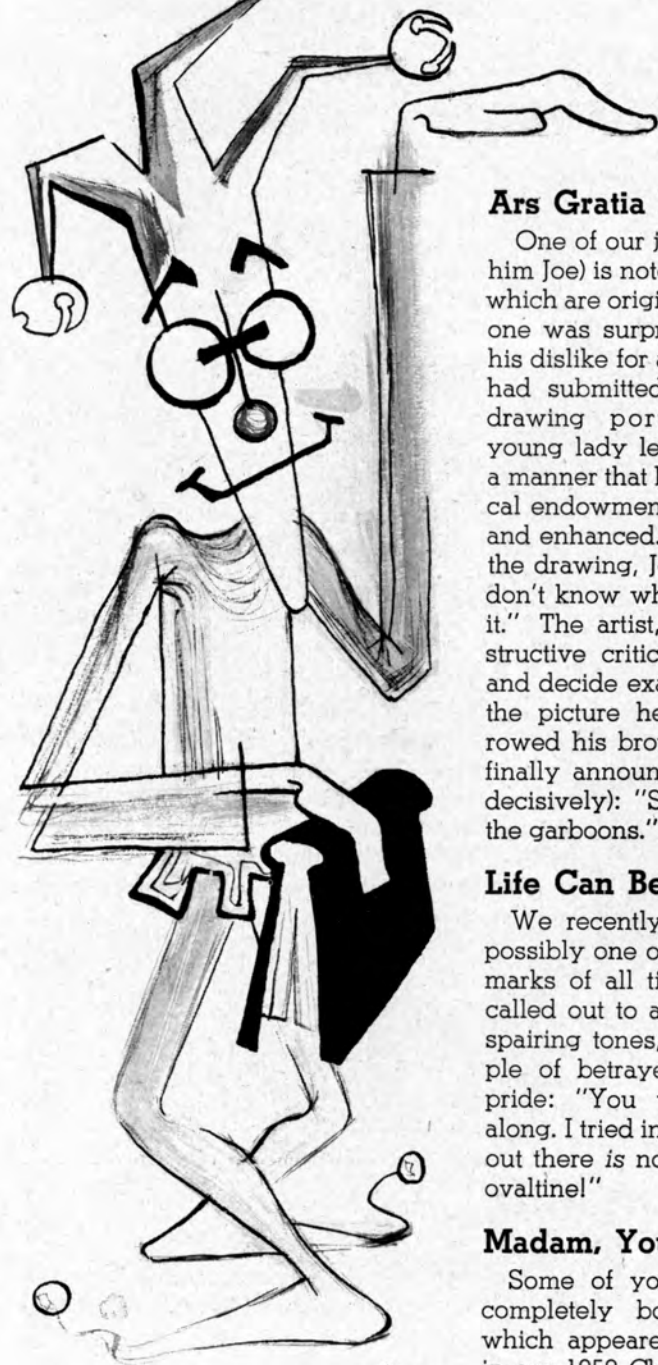
Double-seated Rocker—For you older, more reserved lovers. Replaces the old type love seat. Now grannie and gramps can sway back and forth to such dreamy music as Ravel's "Boléro."



Naughty-Naughty French Swim Suit — A bathing suit that dissolves in the water. Give it to your girl and see if she was kidding you all along.

SAVE

FABLES OF THE FARM



B. DAVIS

Ars Gratia Libidonis

One of our junior editors (we'll call him Joe) is noted for his artistic tastes, which are original. Because of this, no one was surprised when Joe voiced his dislike for a drawing a contributor had submitted for publication. The drawing portrayed an attractive young lady leaning forward in such a manner that her considerable physical endowments were both amplified and enhanced. In a discussion about the drawing, Joe kept maintaining, "I don't know why, but I just don't like it." The artist, wanting a more constructive criticism, asked Joe to try and decide exactly what it was about the picture he didn't like. Joe furrowed his brow for several seconds, finally announced triumphantly (and decisively): "She needs more 'V' in the garboons."

Life Can Be Trying

We recently overheard what was possibly one of the most plaintive remarks of all time. A friend of ours called out to an acquaintance, in despairing tones, this saddening example of betrayed trust and offended pride: "You were kidding me all along. I tried in three stores and found out there is no such thing as vanilla ovaltine!"

Madam, Your Slip . . .

Some of you might remember a completely bogus driver's license which appeared as a Christmas gift in our 1950 Christmas Issue. A loyal reader snipped it out upon seeing it, and ever since then has had inter-

esting times presenting it to bartenders for an I.D. Although it is the same size and shape as a regular driver's license, it is filled in with gags like "Race . . . yes," "Height . . . blue," "Sex . . . student," "Age . . . 112," and is made out to a Mary Bremlousen, who lives at Ruble Hall, Brackley.



B. D.

Amazingly enough, the license has worked time and time again, although the birth date is hopelessly scrawled over. Anyway, our friend took the license to a local bistro and ordered a glass of wine along with his pizza. The waitress demanded to see his identification, and she took the bogus license from him and disappeared into the back room. A full five minutes later she returned with the license and said, "The birth date on this is all crossed out, and, besides, you're no girl. If you're 21, I'm 22." (She was pressing 70.)

(Continued on page 24)



Portrait by
Hans Roth
173 University Avenue
Palo Alto, California

Peninsula Creamery proudly presents JUDY BABB of Branner Hall as its "girl of the month." Peninsula Creamery also continues to present its FAMOUS MILKSHAKE for the enjoyment of all its Stanford friends.

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176

A par shooting golfer named Hackett,
Developed a slice like a brackett
'Till advised by beholders
To allow room for his shoulders
in a ROOS BROS

**DRIZZLER
JACKET!**



Roos Bros
PALO ALTO 125 University
CAMPUS "The Shack"

FABLES OF THE FARM

(Continued from page 22)

Our friend was equal to the occasion. Mumbling something like, "Oh yeah, that's that girl's license. I oughtta give it back to her someday," he gave the waitress his real license. His birth date on that one was November 1933, making him just 20.

Again, the waitress disappeared for the full five minutes and took the license into the back room. She returned with both his license and his glass of Burgundy.

Our friend is contemplating giving the poor, harried woman an adding machine for Christmas.

The Army Is Tops

Many of our illustrious Stanford male students find themselves whisked into our good Uncle's army shortly after graduation, and unvariably they wind up at Fort Ord. One of our more brilliant friends was sent to Fort Ord last fall as a draftee, and he was amazed at the intelligence displayed by some of the individuals in Uncle Sam's fighting force.

Our friend tells us that one of these individuals was noticed one morning standing at attention just outside the officer-of-the-day shack. Officers and messengers passed in and out. Some noticed him, but no one gave him more than a casual glance. Finally, a particular 1st Lt. went out from the office to take some papers over to the commissary officer. When he returned, almost an hour later, he saw this individual still standing at attention outside the door. So the 1st Lt. asked him what he was doing there standing at attention. And the answer he got was, "Duuuuuh, I don't know!"

Mama: This is our new neighbor, Mrs. Jones. Kiss the pretty lady, Junior.

Junior: No! I'm afraid.
Mama: Why, Junior, what an awful thing to say!

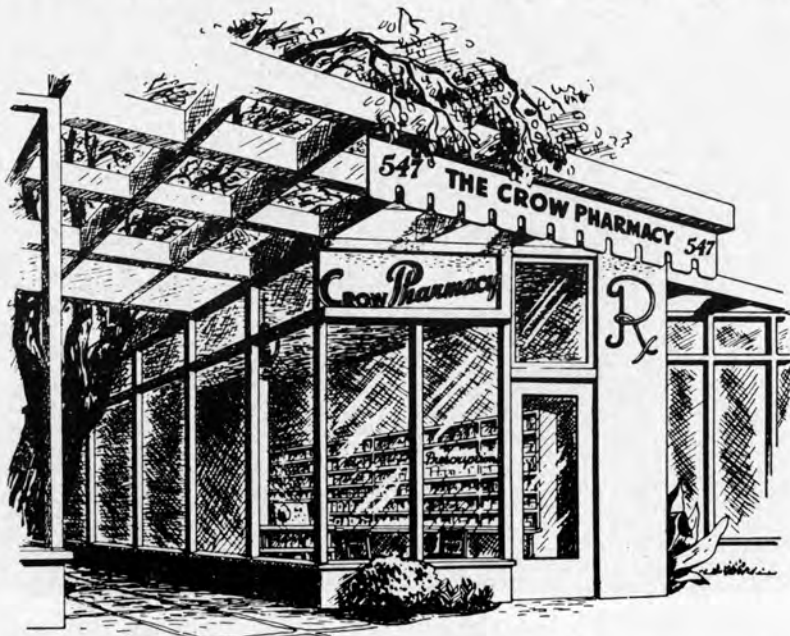
Junior: Well, she might slap me like she slapped Papa.

—Turn Out

There was a young girl from Peru,
Who decided her loves were too few,
So she walked from her door,
With a fig leaf, no more;
And now she's in bed with the flu.
—Green Gander

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

Open till 9 p.m.

547 Bryant Street

Mother (putting Junior to bed): Shh—the sandman is coming.

Junior: Fifty cents and I won't tell Daddy.

—Leer

Some people would live on strictly a liquid diet, if it wasn't for a few pretzels.

—Hoot

"Business ethics," the car dealer told his son, "is something you couldn't do without. Take today, for instance. A man comes in and pays me a hundred-dollar bill to clear up his account. After the man leaves, I find two bills stuck together. He has paid me \$200 instead of \$100. Here, my son, is the question of business ethics. Should I tell my partner or shouldn't I?"

—Aggievator

She: I see by the paper where nine professors and a student were killed in a wreck last night.

He: Poor chap.

—Leer

"Just because my eyes are red is no sign I'm drunk. For all you know I may be a white rabbit."

—Widow

She was the kind of girl who wore dresses which kept everyone warm but her.

—Jack o Lantern

She: If you try to kiss me, I'll scream.

He: Not with all these people around.

She: Well, let's find a quieter spot.
—Green Gander

One fraternity man to another fraternity man: Where's your pin?

2d Frat Man: Haven't got it.

1st Frat Man: Lose it?

2d Frat Man: Nope.

1st Frat Man: Broken?

2d Frat Man: No but I guess you might say it's busted.

—Surf and Storm

Famous for FRIED CHICKEN
DINAH'S
PALO ALTO SINCE 1926 • DA 3-9595

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

Davenport 3-6222

98 Churchill Avenue
PALO ALTO, CALIF.

L'OMMIE'S FOREFATHERS



"... YES, OURS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A STRONG STANFORD FAMILY"

LAZARUS GRUNDEL

(Continued from page 15)

cloud, without falling or nothing. Before me are some massive pearly-white gates, and keeping the gates is this gorgeous blond dolly, and she isn't wearing a single stitch of clothes. I was blushing a little, but I gave her the lookover with my magnifying glass. She turned to me and said in a real pretty voice, "Can I do something for you?"

"What did you have in mind?" I says quick, kissing her hard, twice, on the mouth.

"Okay," she said, "thou mayest enter, wise guy."

So I entered the gates, neglecting consulting my book on sleuthing methods. Once inside I didn't see any harps or cherubs or any of that stuff. Instead there is a tremendous classy administration building with more telephones and bureaucrats than when the Democrats used to be in power. A minor official came over carrying a big brief case. "Mightest thy name be Lazarus Grundel?" he asked.

"That's right chum, whatsittoya?"

He smiled and said, "We have been expecting you, Mr. Grundel. You have been selected tele-space contact between us and the lower world. We will give you two hundred programs each day, each program starring one of your forefathers. You may select which of your forefathers you wish to appear on the show. I have the contracts all arranged."

Well, the whole thing sounded all right by me, so without even finding out what advertising agency he was with, I signed the contracts and went out to select the forefathers that were to appear on the show. The official took me to a place where there was a real high marble wall, and by the door in the wall was a sign that said, "Be-

ware! American Forefathers at Large!"

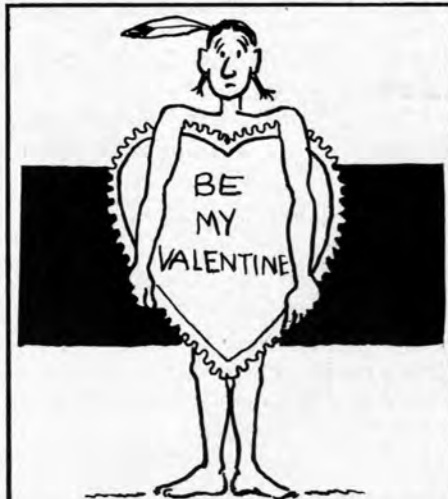
No sooner do we get inside the door than we find ourselves in the midst of a terrible battle. Everyone is dressed in funny old-fashioned costumes, and nothing was making too much sense to me. One guy keeps shouting, "Give me liberty or give me death," while another guy keeps shooting him. In another part of the field a general kept repeating to him men, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," but he was getting stomped 'cause the other guys were wearing dark glasses.

Then a fat old bald guy, all dressed up, comes galloping up to me and says, "I presume that you are looking for me, sir." Well, I told him he presumed wrong, but then he said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am General George Washington, commander of the Revolutionary troops. Every Wednesday we get to play Revolutionary War, sir."

I said I didn't know, and I apologized for not knowing him without his toupee, and him the father of our country. Washington introduced his eight illegitimate kids to me — they were cute little bastards — and then I asked him about that cherry tree story. "That was a lie about me cutting down that cherry tree, though few people know that I chopped up my mother-in-law," he said. I signed him up and a lot of other guys too, and as I was leaving Washington whispered to me that though the cherry tree was bunko, that stuff about him sleeping all over was true enough.

We walked a little farther when this queer-looking bird, with a beard and moustache, came up to me and said, "Pardon me sir, but what is justice and what is goodness?" I smashed him one, 'cause right away I knew that he was a damn Communist. I was giving him the once-over with the magnifying

(Continued on page 28)



Need Clothes?

Varsity
Men's Shop

135 University at High
Palo Alto DA 3-7817



TO SEE MORE
IN '54

EUROPE—"OPERATION CARDINAL"

\$895 for 76 days. From New York.
June 21, 25, 28, July 4

EUROPE BY PRIVATE CAR

\$1,235 for 56-65 days. From New York.
8 departures—May, June, July

HAWAII SUMMER SESSION

\$495 for 7 weeks. June 19.
From San Francisco—coeds only.
Chaperoned by sorority housemothers

MEXICO STUDY-TOUR

\$545 for 53 days. June 20

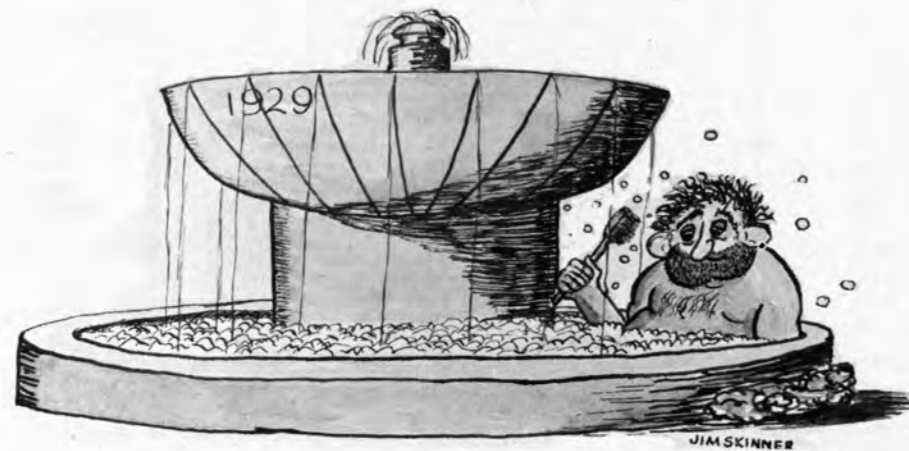
JAPAN STUDY-TOUR

\$1,365 via American President
Lines. June 20. 6 units of credit
through S.F. State College.
Dr. Lyle Gibson, conductor

—ask for free folders—

UNIVERSITY TRAVEL SERVICE

240 Hamilton DA 3-2468



JIM SKINNER

TOWN AND COUNTRY SHOPPING CENTER

El Camino and Embarcadero

"just a stone's throw from the campus"



Keeble's

- Cameras and Photographic supplies
- Passport and Identification pictures
- Picture framing
- Stanford sports pictures

DA 3-4204

Tearney's
MAN'S SHOP

one of the largest clothing stocks on the Peninsula

DA 3-1795

David Hinkley

FINE MEN'S WEAR
Imported & Domestic

DA 2-8051

Abrens PIES
TRADE MARK REG.
and Bakery Products

"the taste tells . . .
it's the finest made"

DA 5-0478

STICKNEY'S hick'ry house

Open 7 days a week
11 A.M. to 9 P.M.
EM 6-7695
also Redwood City

Sherree
COSTUME JEWELRY

earrings
bracelets
necklaces
pins

For all occasions

JOHNSON

Late Machines For Rental

Speedy student repair service
Complete typewriter sales

B. H. MOODY

524 Bryant Street

DA 2-3114

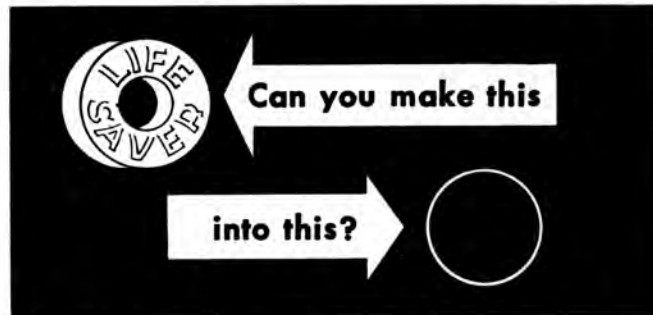


the TYPEWRITER SHOP

"PIZZA" AT Cora's

4896 EL CAMINO, LOS ALTOS
YOrkshire 7-2570
5 a.m. to 3 a.m. — Closed Wed.
1/2 Mile South of Los Altos Light
on Restaurant Row

Self-Control Contest



The Life Savers Corporation offers any student TREMENDOUS PRESTIGE for solving this fascinating question:

What are the smallest dimensions to which a Pep-O-Mint Life Saver can be reduced by oral hydraulics?

To enter the contest, simply submit your best experimental attempt to the Life Savers Corporation. All entries must be received unbroken and unwrapped.

(In layman's terms: let one of these goodies melt down in your mouth as far as you can. If it breaks—you don't have good self-control, but you've had a good time, anyway!)



Still only 5¢

This is not a real contest—we're just kidding. But, you've won anyhow! Think of the fun you've had!

LAZARUS GRUNDEL

(Continued from page 26)

glass when the official says, "Oh, do not heed this man, for he is only a mere escapee from the Greek grounds." Then turning to the guy he says, "Now go away, Socrates, and I don't want to have to tell you again."

After that we met a guy who kept saying, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." I took his fingerprints and signed him up after the official had told me that the guy was Tyler.

Next I came up to this midget, wearing tremendous elevator shoes, and a stovepipe hat obviously used for smuggling opium. "What say, ace?" I said.

"How do you do," he said. "My name is Abraham Lincoln."

"Old Honest Abe, huh?" I says, "Well, shake the hand of Lazarus Grundel." We shook and then I says, "Hey, tell me, Abe, is it true you once walked five miles to return three cents?"

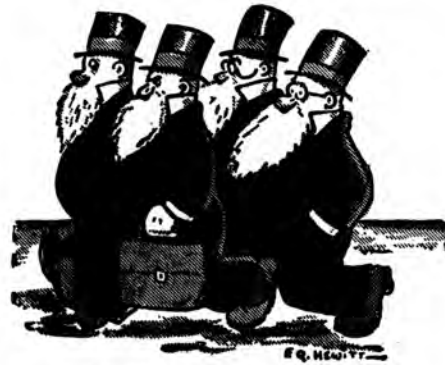
"I am afraid that that story has been a bit extended, son," he says, staring down at me from his elevated heights, "though I once traveled five blocks to return \$100,000."

I signed him up, saying, "Gee, Abe, you sure are honest!"

Then he says, "Honesty is the best policy, son. Excelsior!"

After I left Honest Abe I discovered that my fountain pen was gone, and when I went back to ask Abe about it I found that he had gone, too.

Well, I signed up a whole lot of people, including this crazy band that called themselves "The Keep Cool with Coolidge Cats," and finally later that night I returned to the lower world, carrying the coaxial cable with me. When I returned I was the biggest hero since General Dean got himself captured by the Koreans. I had a bit of trouble deciding on who to let



"How about a little nip before class, Professor?"

manufacture the telepace sets. Finally, I decided on the Daughters of the American Revolution. That was fine, but they made the set so as it couldn't be turned off.

You know what happened from there on in. Everyone got himself two or three sets, and for a while everyone got kicks out of his forefathers. But then the forefathers started trying to run the whole show, and they didn't leave anyone any peace. Not only that, but each one demanded that we do something different, until even the D.A.R. admitted that things were pretty impossible. Then Congress passed their famous Ancestor-Control Law, and all the sets were smashed, and everyone was happy once again.

As for me, well, at first I felt real sorry about my scheme blowing up the way it did. But now I am running Pap's flower farm, and I decided that it is almost as much fun as saving the world.

"I have a pain in my abdomen," said the basic ROTC cadet to the doctor.

"Look, cadet," said the doctor, "officers have abdomens, sergeants have stomachs—you have a bellyachell!" —Leer

Driver of the car (unfamiliar with the road): I take the next turn, don't I? Muffled male voice from the back seat: Like hell you do! —Kitty Kat

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, doctor. A fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up in the middle of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, sir, that's why we called. The room is full of them and he can't see any." —Green Gander

Two English gentlemen were standing waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that. Here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By jove, you took the words right out of my mouth." —Leer

THE Black Cow

SHAKES
SODAS
SUNDAES
SANDWICHES
SALADS

561 RAMONA ST.
Palo Alto

Mon.—Sat. 8 a.m.—10:30 p.m.
Sun. 11 a.m.—6:30 p.m.

Let us expertly cut your hair for the flattery and easy comfort required by students. We specialize in all the currently popular name cuts for curly, wavy, and straight and partially or full-permed coiffures.

Ira Nagel

BEAUTY SALON

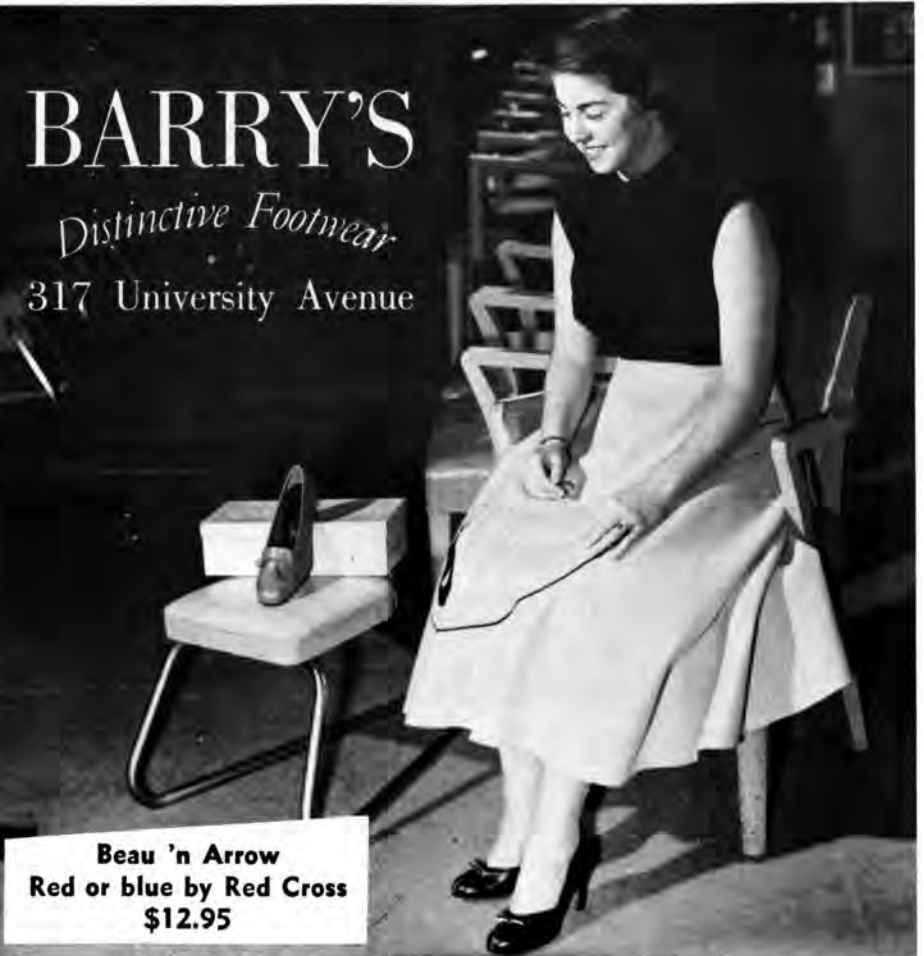
124 University

DA 3-2362



BARRY'S

Distinctive Footwear
317 University Avenue



Beau 'n Arrow
Red or blue by Red Cross
\$12.95

ACME GLASS CO.

635 EMERSON

DA 3-4127

desk tops
windows replaced



mirrors

auto glass
dresser tops

ART YOUNGS SOUTHGATE MOTORS

KAISER AND 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

OMEGA

the precision
automatic
watch
—
the dream
watch
of
all men



Hofman JEWELER

261 University Ave.

DA 2-4906

LINCOLN CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from page 18)

Way down South, a victory was being celebrated in the Little White House by a fireside, no less. Abe had lost!

The Rubbit Inn was a scene of tense activity. The vested gentleman quieted the disgruntled crowd. "It was the Solid South that did it, Sirs. There's but one thing left to do . . . the North must withdraw from the Union! Hail to the new chief—Unequivocally Unadulterated Abel!" In a burst of approval, hats were thrown into the air, and so was the vested gentleman by mistake. He was treated for lacerations by girl intern Molly Pitcher, of Carlisle Society. (It was rumored that she had died in the Revolutionary War, but in the excitement no one bothered to check.)

The capital trembled with the news. For miles about people flocked to hear what Abe was going to say in his acceptance speech. Setting an osseous hand to the Book, stroking his beard, he said in the virile voice of a born leader, "How much does the job pay?"

Plans were immediately drawn up to liberate the South. A European gentleman named Bismarck was contacted in the quest of war procedure. He advised the North to place its trust in a general called Grant. Files were searched but no general named Grant was to be found. However, a baker in Thesaurus, Ohio, was found to be of that name. One day the following week, in the middle of a batch of strawberry tarts, baker Grant was commissioned General and ordered to the front lines.

Things went badly. A hurried retreat followed every command the general proffered. One of his more stirring orders, shouted from astride his white steed, was, "Add two cups of flour and beat it." At Gettysburg the General changed recipes and the battle sifted into high gear. "Remove from oven and cut into small pieces." A Southern infantryman overheard the order, spread the tale among his ranks, and panic struck hard. The battle line quickly moved southward to the tune of "Diluted cream may be substituted for milk solids. Nothing, however, may be used in lieu of egg yokes." It was awesome.

Behind the lines, Abe was preparing to dedicate a hillside to those who

had fallen in batter. Laying his pen aside, he rose to quiet the cabinet. He was going to read the address for approval. Abe cleared his throat . . . "Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth . . ."

"Hold it," shouted one of the men. "Poor beginning, Abe. You've got to arrest the people's attention. Try something like, 'Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking.'" An hour and many pencil marks later Abe stood holding his revised Gettysburg Address. It read:

"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I cannot help but feel honored before you. May I say briefly, and with all humility, that nobody died for nothing here. They gave their all to preserve the American way of life. We owe them lots and lots, and must now snatch from their failing hands that bright torch of increased devotion which our fathers brought forth about eighty years ago. Yes, this is truly a government of, for, and by the people."

Abe felt sick and had to leave the room. Out in the hall an elder statesman caught up with him and thrust a pair of tickets into his hand. "They're to the Ford Theatre. You need relaxa-

tion. The show's a riot, according to the reviews. Do you good."

Abe thanked the bureaucrat, put his hat on, and stepped outdoors. He dropped the tickets in an envelope addressed to his twin brother in Alexandria across the river. "A good fellow," he mumbled. "He likes good comedy. This'll really kill him."



"Yes, she knows!"

Famous for THICK STEAKS
DINAH'S
PALO ALTO SINCE 1926 • DA 3-9595

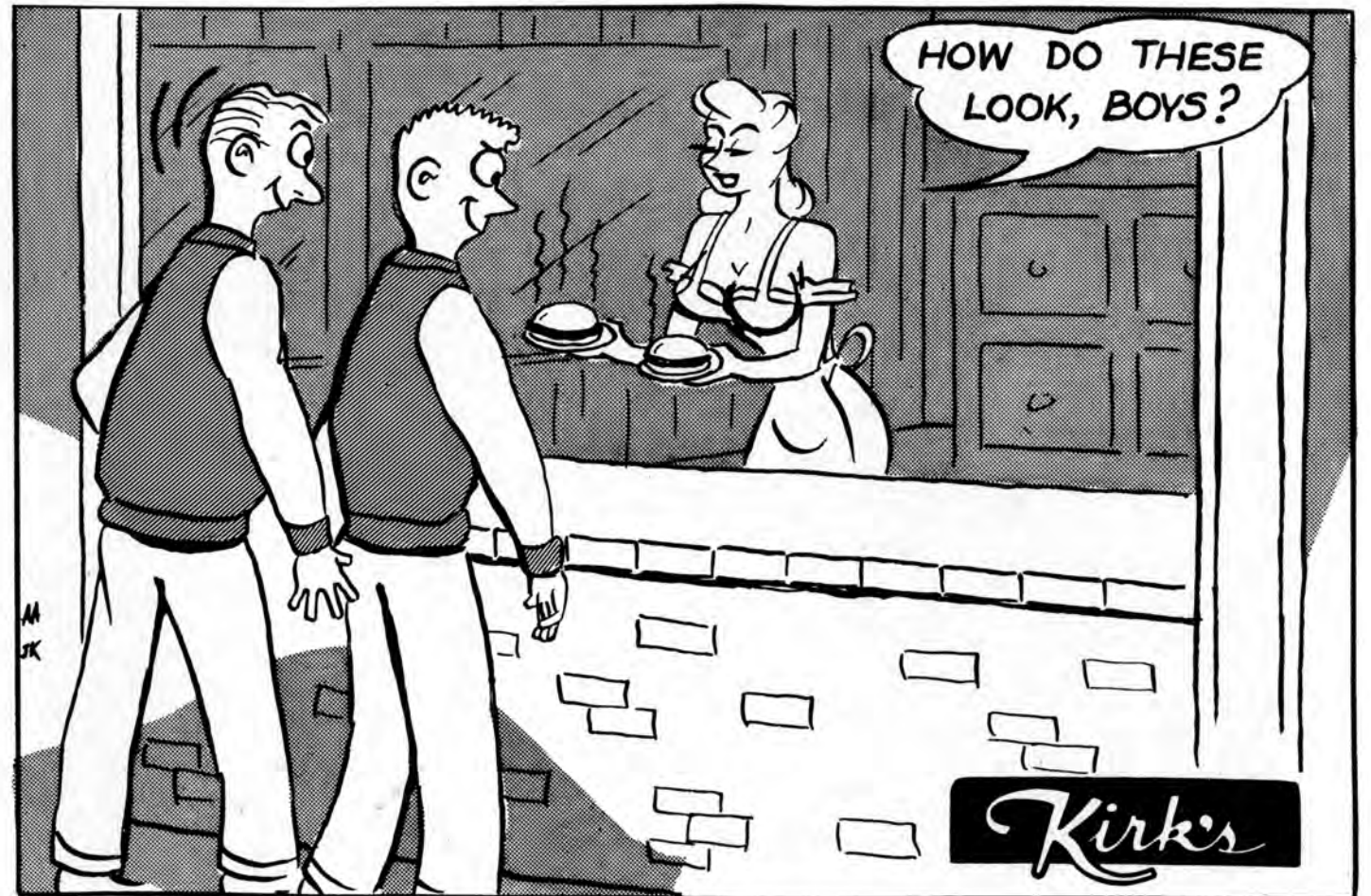


625 Ramona Street



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

DAvenport 3-9240



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what women have been thinking about all winter.

—Aggievator

A newly married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," meowed the wife, "but whose profession: yours or hers?"

—Leer



"They chained off the Quad again."

A singing bartender at a well-known New York hotel went to the Coast with his wife and applied for a job at the employment agency.

The conversation went like this:

Interviewer: Have you an occupation?

Applicant: Yes, I'm a bartender.

Interviewer: Well, we can't do anything for you in that line. Can you do anything else? Can you pick lemons?

Applicant: Can I? This is my fifth wife.

—Kitty Kat

Bob: What did you do when her strapless evening gown started to come off?

Mike McManos: I helped her out as much as I could.

—Surf and Storm

"What's the idea of stopping in the middle of Central Park?" came an indignant voice from the back of the cab.

"Didn't I hear the young lady holler 'Stop?'" said the taxi driver.

"Get on with it," said the voice. "She wasn't talking to you."

—Urchin

First Suzie: I said some foolish things to Robert last night.

Second Suzie: Yes?

First Suzie: That was one of them. —Showme

Outside it was a cold winter's night, but inside it was warm and cozy as Grandmother sat around the glowing embers on the hearth enjoying the serenity with her little children. Her voice was one of velvet as she related the favorite bedtime story.

When she had finished, little Julie nestled her golden curls against Grannie's leg and all the little brood pleaded for another tale. "What would you like to hear?" said Grannie in her usual softness. At this little Julie raised her angelic face and said to the sweet old woman, "Tell us about the time you were a prostitute in Chicago."

—Shaft

CHILDREN'S DINNERS HALF PRICE

DINAH'S

PALO ALTO SINCE 1926 • DA 3-9595

Our Advertisers

Refer to this list whenever you buy!

Acme Glass Co.	30
Arnold Mertens	8
Barry's	29
Black Cow	29
Burger Bar	11
Camels	Outside Back Cover
Cara's	28
Cardinal Cleaners	31
Carlyle's	6
Chez Yvonne	10
Colony	1
Cook's Casual Foods	Inside Back Cover
Crow Pharmacy	24
Dale H. Thomas	Inside Back Cover
Dinah's	4, 8, 25, 31, 32
Dorn and Agard	Inside Back Cover
Edith Hansen	12
Hans Roth	23
Hofman Jeweler	30
Ira Nagel	7
Ira Nagel Beauty Salon	29
Kirk's	31
Krogh & Pohlman	8
Life Savers	28
Livingston Bros.	5
L'Omelette	25
Lundin-McBride	11
Marquard's	10
Peninsula Creamery	23
Renato	4
Rocky's	32
Roos Bros.	3, 24
Rudy's	3
Slonaker's	Inside Back Cover
Southgate Motors	30
South Palo Alto	Inside Front Cover
Town and Country	27
The Town House	9
TWA	9
Typewriter Shop	28
University Travel Service	26
Varsity Shop	26
Viking Motor	25
Webb's	12

Official Brake and Headlight Station

DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE

AGARD ELECTRIC CO.

Since 1926

Automotive Brake, Wheel Alignment, and Electric Specialists

801 Alma St., Palo Alto DA 3-3928

SLONAKER'S Printing House

The Home of Thoughtful Printing

Complete printing service

Recognized Leader in Quality Printing for Stanford

643 Emerson Street Palo Alto

COOK'S CASUAL FOODS

Charcoal Broiled

Spareribs
Chicken
Ham
Roast Beef
Steakburgers

El Camino at Roble Avenue — next to Cook's Sea Food

DALE H. THOMAS

Since 1932

Seat Covers Upholstery

Convertible Tops

OPEN SATURDAY MORNINGS

635 High St. DA 2-2330

ROCKY'S

The original Stanford

PIZZA

5 miles south of Stanford on El Camino

HOW THE STARS GOT STARTED . . .



MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION met as schoolkids at dancing school. Their paths criss-crossed for years as each sought a career. Finally, Gower, back from Service, "teamed up" with Marge. After months of rehearsal, they were a sensation in TV, movies and stage. They are now Mr. and Mrs.



*Marge and Gower
Champion*

FAMOUS DANCING STARS



"SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS LIKE **CAMELS** BEST THAT WE TRIED THEM. **CAMELS'** MILDNESS AND FLAVOR SUIT US JUST RIGHT! WHY DON'T **YOU** TRY **CAMELS**?"

Start smoking Camels yourself!

Smoke only Camels for 30 days and find out why Camels are first in mildness, flavor and popularity! See how much pure pleasure a cigarette can give you!



C for *MILDNESS and FLAVOR*
CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE
 THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE !