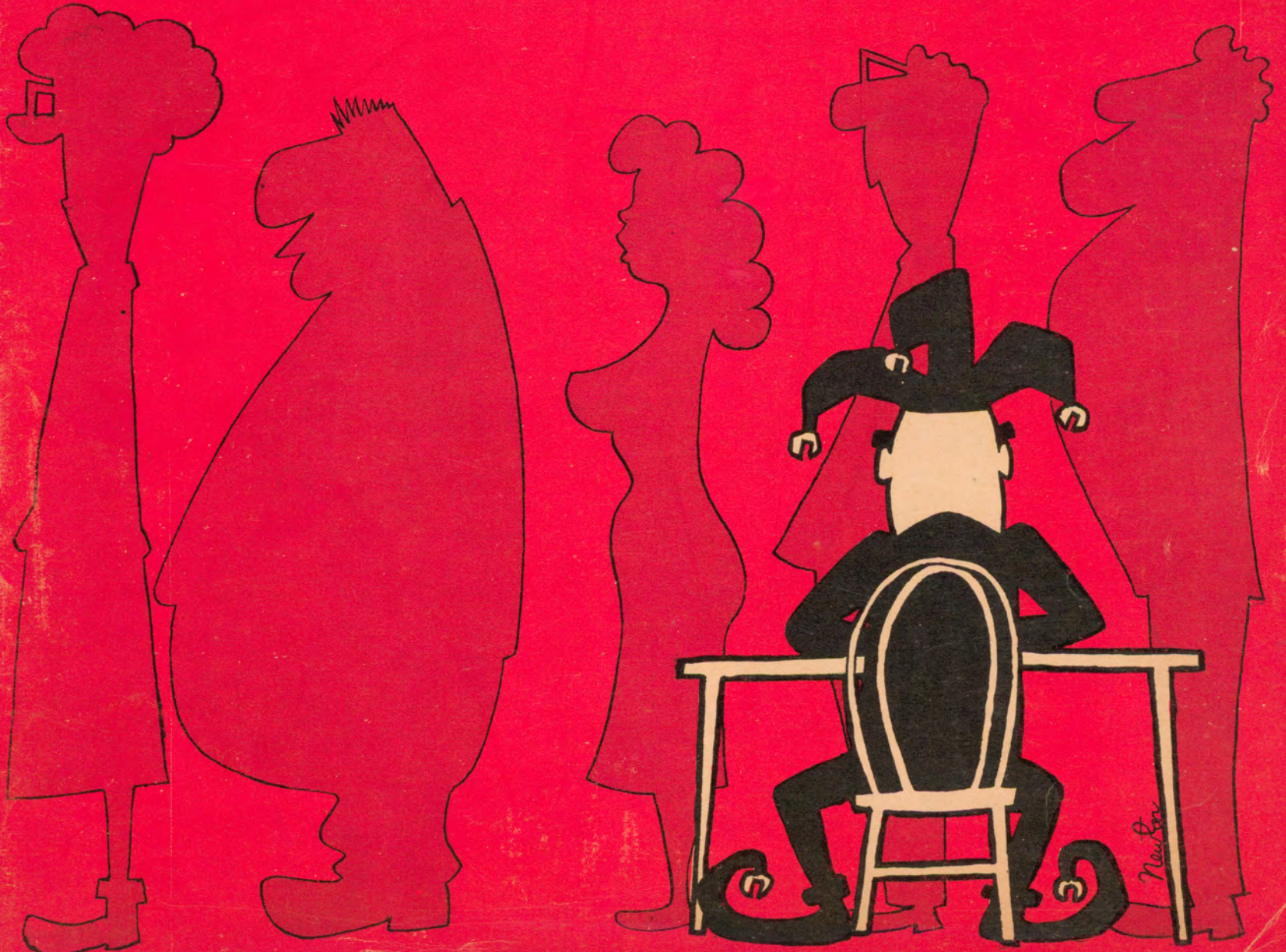
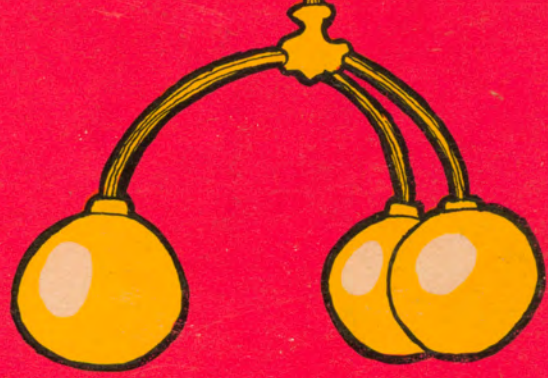
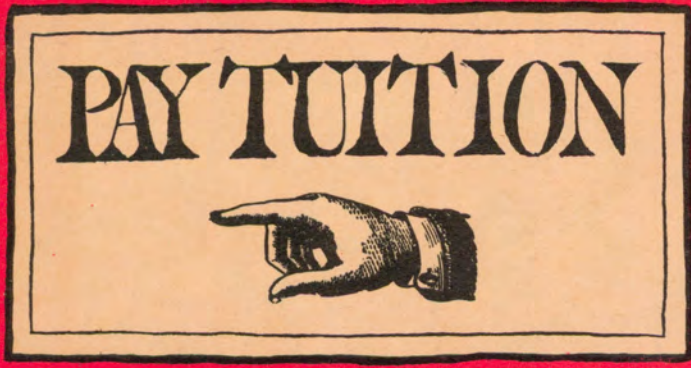


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"There only exists what I perceive."



"If I did not believe you were
there..."



"... you would not exist!"



Gesecke

"Sometimes this makes me lonely."

—Ranger



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An American tourist was in a London
cafe recently sitting at one of the tables.
Presently a waitress strolled over and
gave him a menu.

"What's good today?" he asked.
"Rhubarb, ravioli, rutabagas, roast
and rice," she answered.
"Baby, you sure do roll your r's."
"Yeah, it's them high heels I'm wear-
ing."

Girl: "I'd like to see the captain of the
ship."
Gob: "He's forward."
Girl: "That's all right. This is a pleas-
ure trip."

"What sort of a toothbrush do you
want?"
"Let me have a big one—there are
thirty fellows in our fraternity."

"I see you are not a gentleman,"
scorned the woman on the street corner
as the wind swept her skirts overhead.
"No," he replied, "and I see you aren't
either."

Did you hear about the deaf mute who
said so many dirty words that his mother
had to wash his hands?

Johnny (six years old): "Daddy, the
little girl across the street and I are going
to get married."

Daddy: "That's quite a step to take,
son. What are you going to use for
money?"

Johnny: "Her daddy built her a play
house. We're going to live in that."

Daddy: "Well, that's taking care of the
housing problem. But what about chil-
dren? Have you thought about that?"

Johnny: "Yes, her and I have talked it
over. If she lays any eggs we're going to
step on 'em."

Coach: "Say, what's our star halfback
look so down-in-the-mouth about?"

Quarterback: "His old man keeps writ-
ing him for money."

"Don't you hate to be old, Pop?" the
student asked the patriarch.
"Huh-uh! if I wasn't old I'd be dead."



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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL



The Chappies

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NOW THAT the Old Boy begins his fourth score of years in the hammer swinging business, it is beginning to dawn on him just how much or little "good" can be achieved thereby. There have been times when the hammer hit the university where it stung; Old Boys have been shown the door. There have been times too, when no one much cared where the hammer blows were sent. But there has never been a time when LSJU was free from some sort of ridiculous humbug.

Now the nice thing about humbug is that even when no one really cares if it is exposed or ridiculed, the humbug itself provides a marvelous joke for relief from the more inclusive joke of living. Perhaps no one laughs at the joke, but it is always there, when necessary, to prevent mental stagnation. When reality becomes just too complex or ironic to be believable, the humorous point of view remains as the best vacation.



Now that the discussion is waxing toward the confused end let me digress to an example. Exhibit A; the Daily. Friends, where can you find a more wonderful bit of humbug than this: by-lined integration stories which are more than 90% student quotes, lace-lined editorials soberly hoping someone will think before signing up Our Team, oozy-newsy headlines like "Single Men Fraternalize," and "University Life 'Exciting' Says Sterling." Pure Humbug! But I wouldn't miss an issue. Though I am in pain with laughter as a result, every page is worth it. Now everyone knows that the Daily should not be allowed to print since any alumni who thinks is likely to have money, and is just as likely, thereby, not to let the University benefit from same if he should see what kind of news literature the students read. But the joke is on the University, and *we* profit, in this one way.

Perhaps now that you have seen an example of what I mean, you can appreciate the assets of humbug, even in light of the awful drawbacks. When the hammer is swung and the humbug exposed, in these next nine issues, keep in mind that although any person in his right mind would never allow the situations so exposed to exist, they do have the single advantage of comic relief. While the Daily is an awful scar on the campus scene we would be less for laughs without it. And this goes



"No, I won't go back and fill it out in ink!"

—Columns

for most every major University policy such as admissions and "the curve." Remember the Old Boy's slogan! "'Tis better..."



ceptable to Dean and Student alike. If you are a freshman, you will discover that when the stars leave your eyes about University life, when the professor or administration or student bureaucracy imposes its will upon you, the *Chaparral* will be your single retreat. Laugh. There is ample reason my friends. And to get you started, allow me to present Volume LX, Number 1.

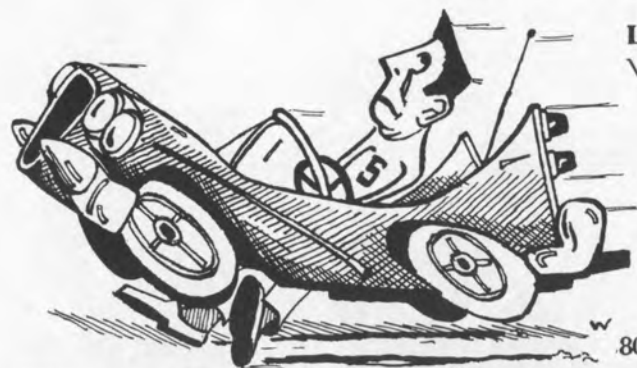
—The Old Boy

Now in this first issue we are trying to show you how economical and valuable our little monthly package of wit can be. See, we know that if you are made suddenly aware of the marvelous humor and satire that is the lives you and I lead, then you will become addicted to our publication rather like a patient falls in love with his analyst. This is good for both of us.

We have made our theme, then, a kind of general back-to-the-rut number. Our queen is lovely and the jokes are ac-

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Deke: "I hit a telephone pole last night."

Chi Phi: "It's a wonder your neck was not broken."

Deke: "Well, it wasn't broken, but it was interrupted."

For years, the bum slept under bridges and in ditches. Then one day he switched to culverts and became a man of distinction.

What is ethics? Well, I will show you. Suppose a lady comes into the store, buys a lot of goods, and pays me ten dollars too much when she goes out. Then ethics comes in. Should I or should I not tell my partner?

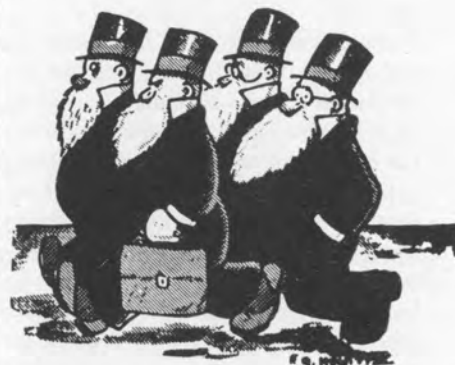
They tell the one about the cute coed who flunked economics last semester. She thought assets were little donkeys.

"Mother, can I go out to play?"
"Yes, daughter, but not with little boys; they're too rough."
"But, Mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?"

"Do you drink?"
"No."
"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoestring."

Lady: "Are you the young man who jumped in the river and saved my little son from drowning when he fell through the ice?"

Man: "Yes, ma'am."
Lady: "All right, where's his mittens?"



"Wonder if the Chappie will run that pregnant girl cartoon this year?"

Trying to rest after an exceedingly hard day at the office, poor father was being bedeviled by a stream of unanswerable questions from little Willie.

"What do you do down at the office?" Willie finally asked.

"Nothing," shouted the annoyed father.

After a thoughtful pause, Willie inquired "Pop, how do you know when you're through?"

It's remarkable what some women can get by with and still keep their amateur standing.

Changing a tire?
No, I just get out every few miles and jack up the car to give it a rest.

"Do you think you're Santa Claus?"
"No—why?"
"Then keep your hands off my stockings!"

Newsboy: Extra, extra! Read all about it, two men swindled!

Alex Seconk: Give me one . . . say, there isn't anything about two men being swindled!

Newsboy: Extra, extra, three men swindled!

A boy took his dog to the movies with him to see "Giant." The dog sat in the aisle next to the boy, and an usher was going to throw him out. The usher noticed that he was enjoying the picture, though; so he let him stay. After the show the usher said to the boy: "I was certainly surprised to see your dog enjoying the movie so much."

"It suprised me too," answered the boy, "he didn't like the book at all."

Joke magazine editor No. 1 steals a joke from joke magazine editor No. 2. Joke magazine editor No. 3 sees it and steals it for his own publication. No. 1 sees it again, thinks it is new, and steals it all over again. And that, dear friends, is why you never see a new joke in a humor magazine.

"I've got a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Freshman: "Is he cute?"
Sophomore: "Can he dance?"
Junior: "Does he drink?"
Senior: "Where is he?"

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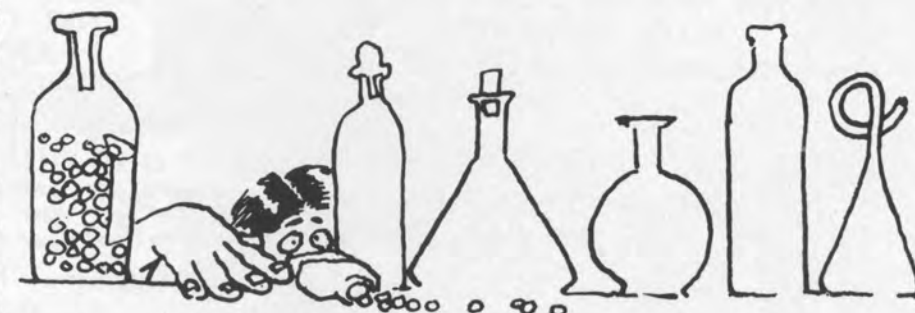
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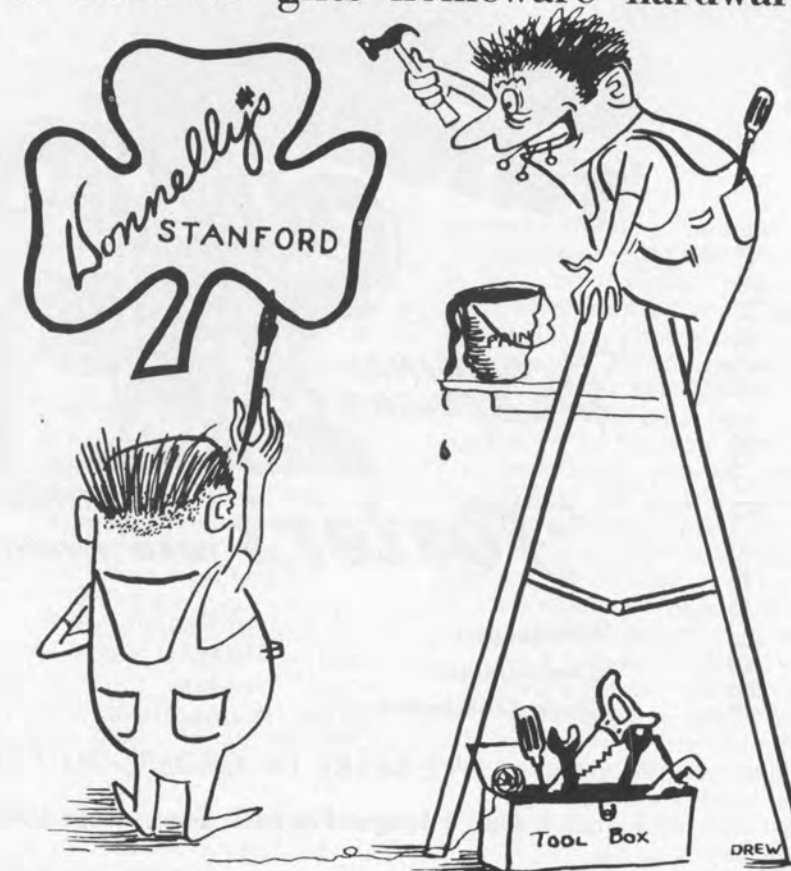


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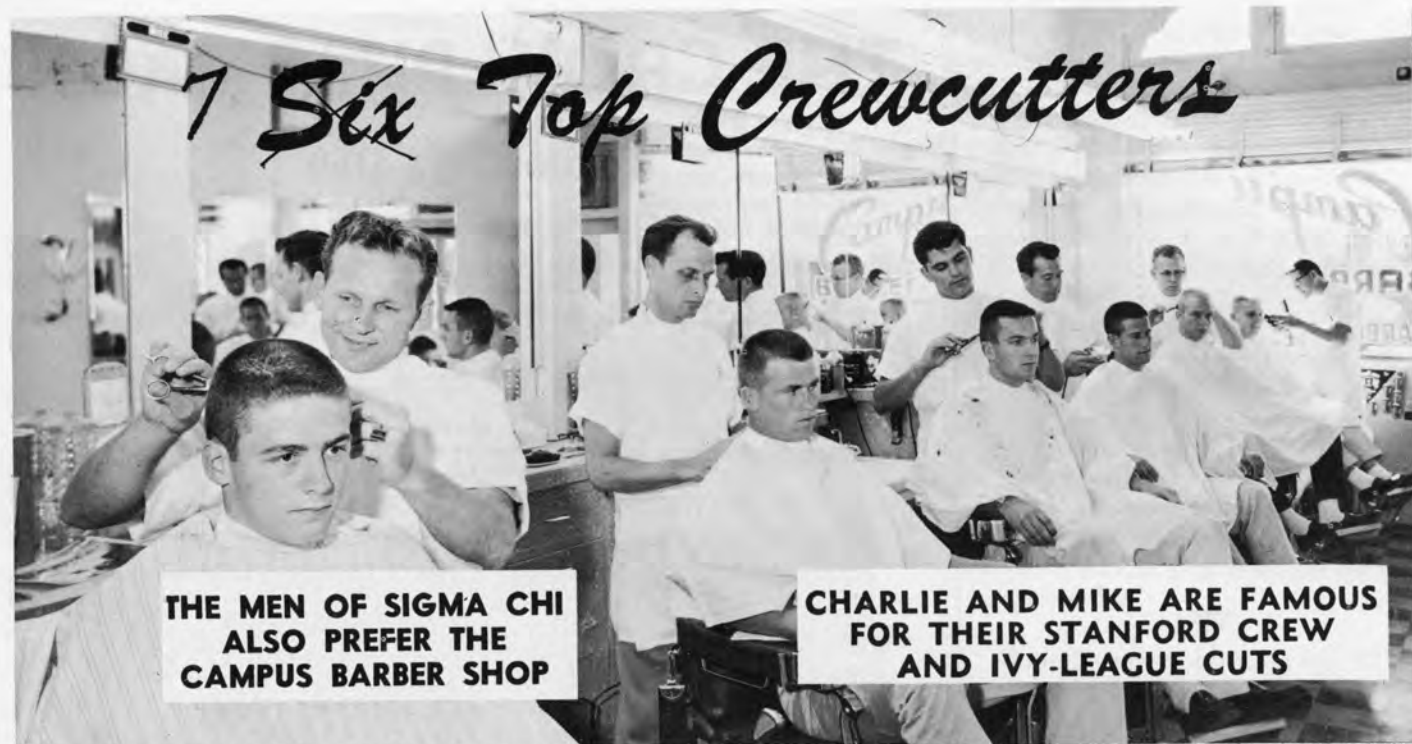


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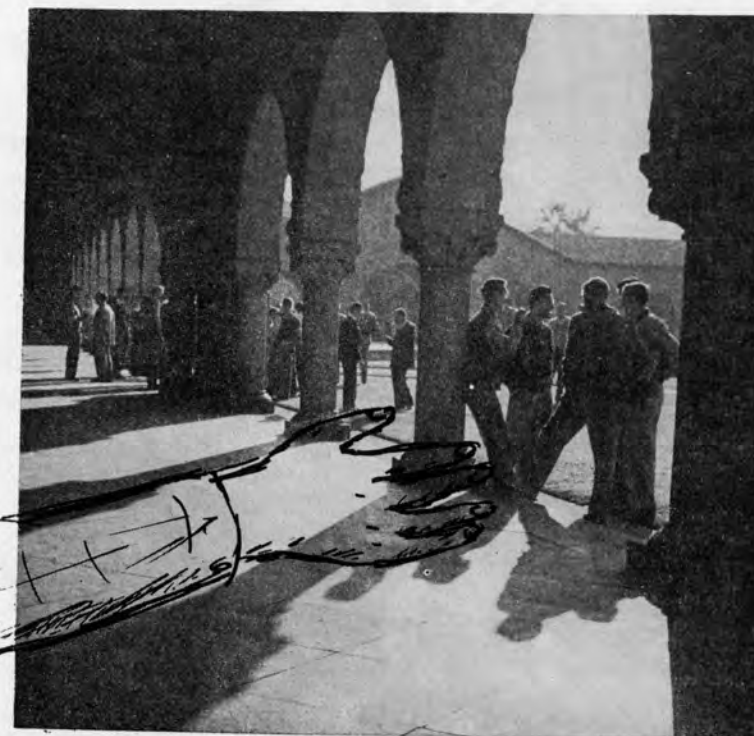
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STANFORD PRE-REG PRIMER



WHAT "PRE-REG WEEK" IS
"Pre-reg week" stands for "pre-registration week," the week immediately before "reg week" ("registration week"). "Pre-reg week" is for freshmen (you, for instance); reg week is for everybody else. This does not mean that freshmen are better than everybody, nor does it mean that everybody else is better than freshmen. No indeed—at Stanford, *everybody* is better than everybody else. The reason freshmen have a week all to themselves is because freshmen are not "normal" and "adjusted" (that means, "like everybody else") yet, and they have their own week in which to become "normal" and "adjusted." That is pre-reg week.

The first and most important step to being normal and adjusted is being *friendly*. It is not easy to learn how to be *friendly* in just one week, and the new freshmen (you, for instance) should practice being *friendly* before pre-reg week if he

expects to become adjusted on schedule (with everybody else). *It is most important to be friendly, because if you are not, you can never become normal and adjusted.* Here is how you can practice at home:

Boy Freshmen practice one hour every day

- 1/4 hour smiling at your mirror
- 1/2 hour shaking hands with your doorknob
- 1/4 hour repeating sayings like "Glad to meet you!" "Where are you from?" "What is your major?"

Girl Freshmen practice one hour every day

- 1/2 hour smiling at your mirror
- 1/2 hour repeating sayings like "Neat!" "Fabulous!" "I'd love to..."

Then if you have practiced like you were supposed to (and the administration knows if you didn't) you can be *friendly* during pre-reg week like everybody else. It is hard

to make the new freshmen (you, for instance) learn how important it is to be *friendly*. You should learn this poem by heart and follow it during pre-reg week if you want to be a *good* freshman.

If it doesn't have feathers or leaves or wheels too, Give it the big glad hand and say "How's your old wazoo?"

SOME LITTLE HINTS
Here are some little hints on how to be a good freshman just like everybody else:

1. Write your name on every piece of paper you see—it will help you to get ready for pre-reg week (which you will be allowed to take part in), and if you are very lucky, you may get your name on a sign-up sheet for a "com," and this is best of all, because if you are on a com you get to be very, very friendly and get to meet lots and lots of people.



2. Every time you see a line of people, go and stand in it long enough to meet everyone there. Then move on to the next line.
3. Freshmen girls should be charming. You can be charming by wearing nice clothes and smiling prettily.
4. Boy freshmen should be casual (studly). You can be casual by wearing nice clothes and smiling prettily.
5. Every freshman should be nice to his sponsor. This will be easy to do because your sponsor looks like your father. He was chosen for you because he looks like your father. Even the girls' sponsors.

THINGS YOU WILL DO

These are the things you will do during pre-reg week. And here is how to do them the right way.

MOVING INTO YOUR LIVING GROUP

All freshmen will stand in a line at their halls. The boy freshmen (you, for instance) will meet a nice lady who will give you each a key and say a word which sounds

like, "Montoya," or sometimes, "Tamale." The girl freshmen (you, for instance) will meet a nice lady who will give you each a key and say a number which you will not quite hear because the other girl freshmen will be talking. Then you go and pick out the room that you would like to live in. Then you sit on the bed for the rest of the day telling anybody who comes to claim the room that their room is just upstairs and to the left.

CAMPUS TOUR

In the afternoon you will be taken by your sponsor with a bunch of people and shown where everything is on campus, like the "quad," for instance. You can go with your own group and meet people, if you want. Or you can stand on engineering corner and meet all the groups as they go by. Or you can talk louder than your guide and lead your group around by yourself. Then the upper-classmen who are there early will be impressed and will want to meet you. You will have no trouble taking over your group because your guide is a "nice guy" and will not

try to stop you. And you know more about the campus than he does anyhow.

FRESHMAN CONVOCATION

This is where all the teachers wear dresses—but don't laugh, because, after all, teachers have feelings too. You want to have a friend save you a seat in the front row so that you don't miss anything. And be sure and get there late so that you can walk down the center aisle all the way and have everybody see you. And be sure and shout to all the people you know. And they will stand up and shout back at you, and other people will shout at them, and still more people will stand up and shout at them, and then you will see some more people to shout at, and pretty soon everybody will be shouting at everybody else and waving and saying hello, and then the teachers will come in wearing their dresses—but don't laugh.

LIVING GROUP MEETINGS

The first meeting will be good for a laugh, but after the first one they don't seem very funny any more. This is where you have to

elect your living group officers. You should go to all the meetings or you may get elected social chairman. And that would be too bad, because then you would be so busy that you wouldn't have time to meet anybody.

PLACEMENT TESTS

Brown 'em.

FROSH FLICKS

This is where they show an old movie and make you sing songs. You should take your alarm clock, bird call and whoopee cushion to make noise with because everybody else will. If anybody yells "The hell with '62," you should yell the first thing that comes to your mind. And yell it very loud.

CO-REC DAY

This is where everybody plays games and dances and stuff. You have two things you can do. If you are not good at sports you should stand off to the side and make funny remarks about the people who are taking part. Then everybody will think you are a wit. Or, if you are good at sports (all-CIF tackle or lady wrestler, for instance) you should join in the games and cream everybody. Then the people will think you are a jock (an athlete). Or you can stay home. Then everybody will think you are smart.

MEN'S PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

All the men are supposed to stand in a line with their clothes off. And you too. This is where you

get examined and the medical students get disgusted and switch to law. This is a good place to meet people, but do not be too friendly or your good intentions might be taken wrong.

ADVISOR

Your advisor is a man who has nothing to do with your major. He will try to keep you from getting any good classes because he wants them all to himself. Just fill in your class card in pencil so that you can erase it after he signs his name to it and write in the classes you want.

JOLLY-UP

This is where you have to get a date for the "reg dance," which is like the "Jolly-up," except that nobody goes to it. This is also where you will meet everybody. If you do not think big you can meet people by stepping on their feet and then introducing yourself to them when they notice you. Or if you want to get done fast and go home early you can stage an epileptic fit in the middle of the dance floor and, when a big crowd gathers, get up and introduce yourself to them all. The Jolly-up is pre-reg-com's big party and you should force yourself to look like you are enjoying yourself or their feelings will be hurt.

WHEN YOU FINISH

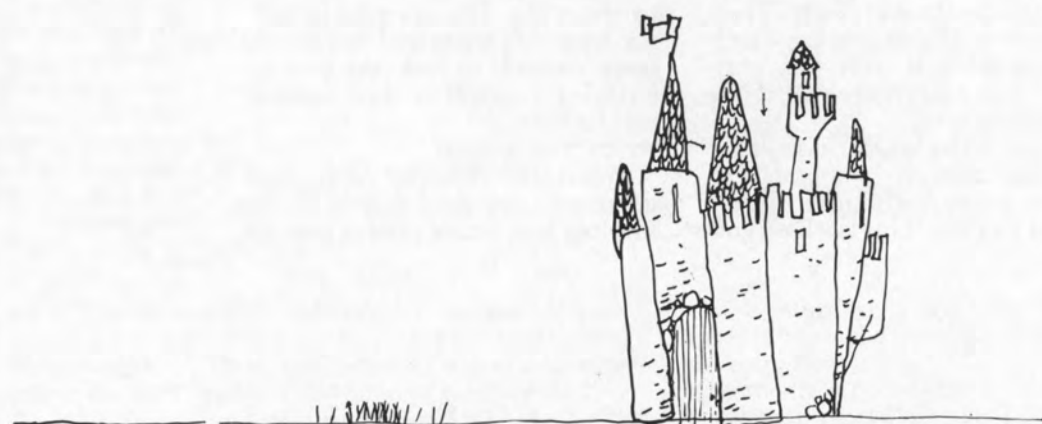
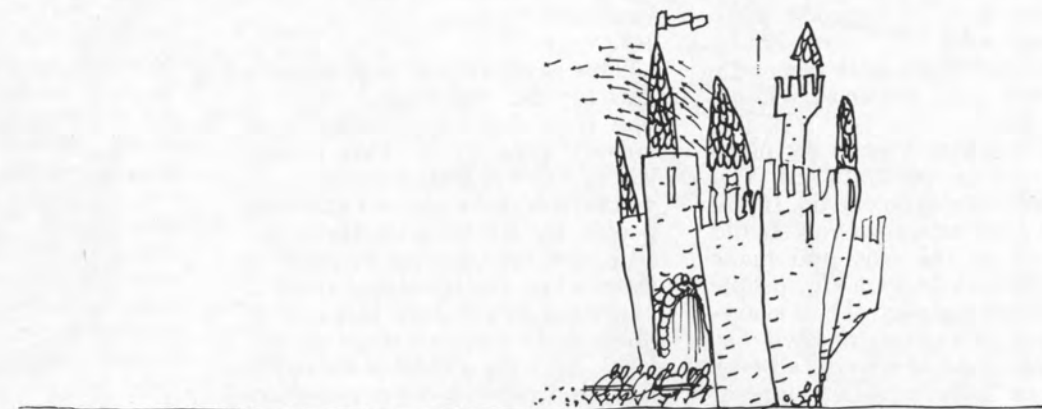
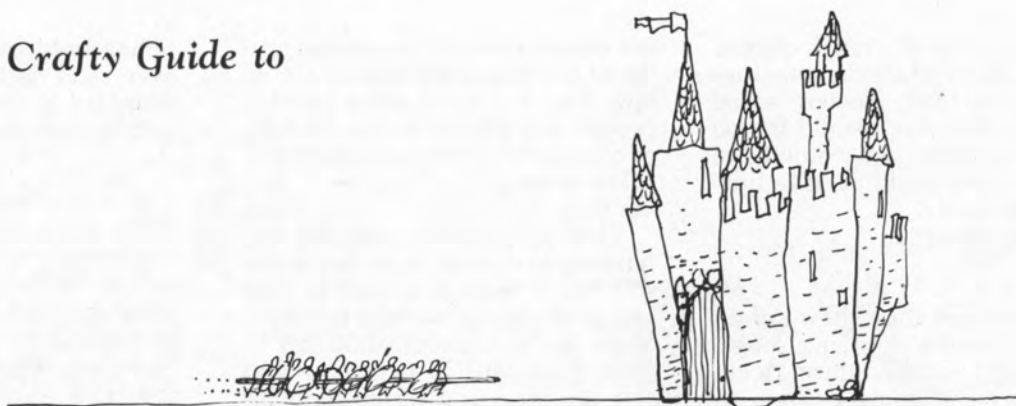
When the door in Mem Aud opens and the first person in the first reg line walks in and gets his

honor code card, pre-reg week is over. And as far as everybody at Stanford is concerned, you can go to hell, just like everybody else.

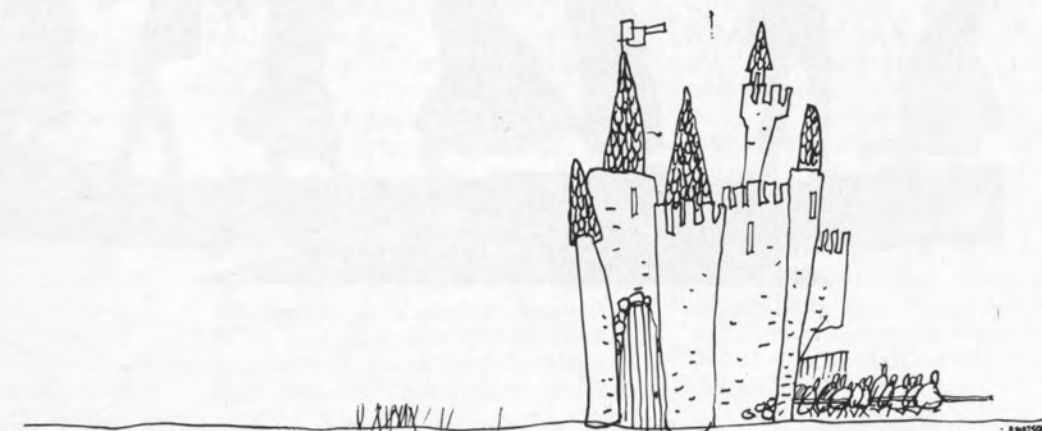
A note of thanks:

The **Stanford Chaparral** would like to express its gratitude and indebtedness to the following individuals and organizations for making this primer possible: The Ford Foundation, for its very generous grant which financed this entire undertaking; the Stanford School of Humanities and Sciences, and in particular the sociology department, for the great amount of time and energy which they devoted to the project; The Hoover Library, for the three floors of their tower whose use they allowed us for the duration of the project (and to the tower elevator operator for being such a good sport about the whole thing); Pre-Reg Com, for allowing our researchers to pre-reg with the freshmen; our researchers, for pre-regging with the freshmen (and, in memoriam, Stanley Grumf, who choked on a coconut macaroon during the jolly-up); Donnelly's Hardware, for the fifteen gross of doorknobs; The Old Barrel, for the beer; Fleishacker Zoo, for its anteaters; and Dean Winbigler, for leaving us alone. It is our sincere hope that these unselfish contributions have not gone in vain, and that this primer will assist the freshmen in the years to come in getting the utmost out of pre-reg week.

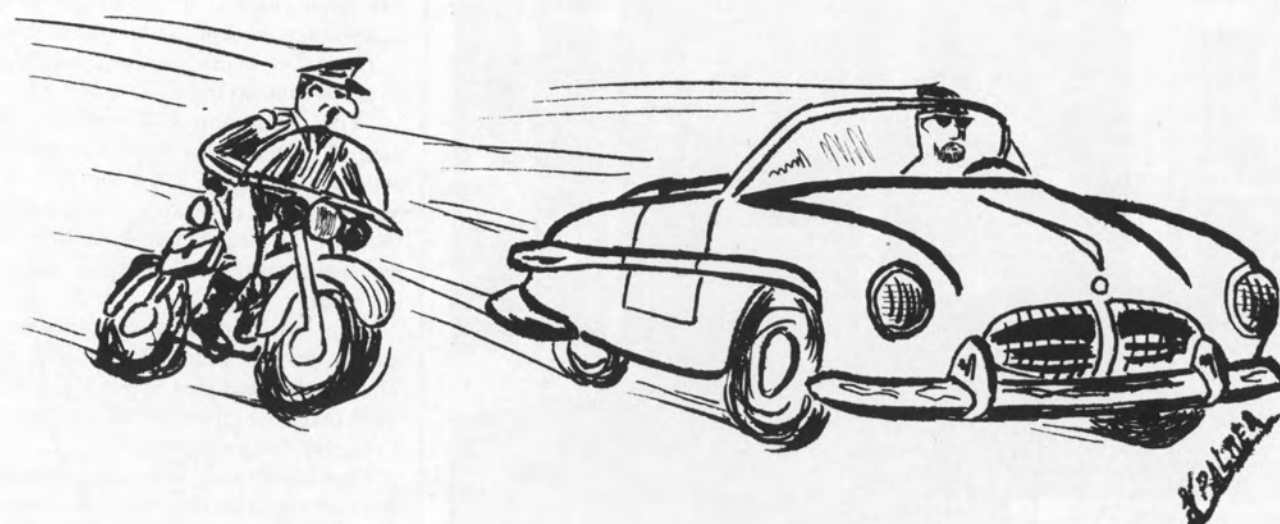




BATTERINGRAMSMANSHIP



—Record



"Like pull over, buddio."

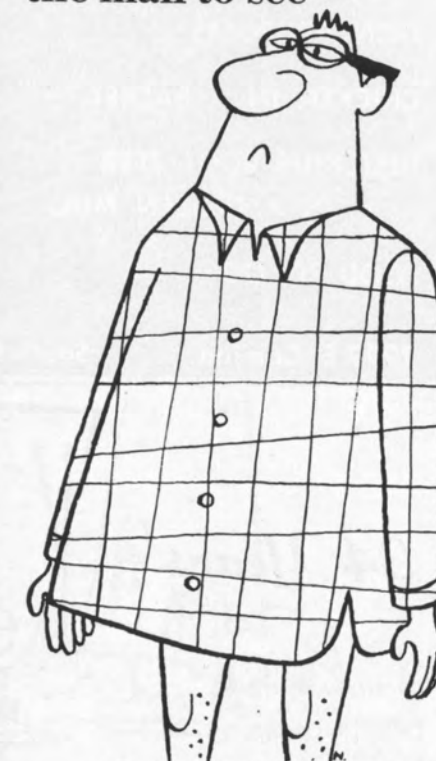


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A shipwrecked man whom we'll call Benjy had lived alone on a small island for many years.

One day he excitedly noticed a raft, with a man and woman on it, approaching the island. When they landed, he made a mad dash for the woman. After all, it had been years since he'd been so close to a woman, except in his wildest dreams.

The other man, however, forcibly restrained him saying:

"You must control yourself, my good man. You see, this woman Florence happens to be my wife."

A deep look of disappointment clouded the face of Benjy, but in a little while he became more composed and said to the husband:

"Our only hope for rescue is to be constantly on the watch for passing ships. The best lookout spot is this tall tree, and we'll take turns perched at the top of it. I suggest you go up now."

The other man was understandably hesitant about leaving his wife alone with the eager Benjy, so he answered:

"I am agreeable to your plan, but you go up first."

"O.K.," said Benjy, and up he went. After a short time Benjy, from his high post, yelled down:

"Hey, stop that love-making down there!"

From below, the man shouted back:

"We're not making love."

After another period of time, Benjy again yelled down:

"Stop that love-making down there!"

Once more, the reply came:

"We're not making love."

Then the time came for the men to switch their positions. No sooner had the husband gotten himself securely set, when he looked down. He seemed puzzled. He looked down again, then scratched his head and said to himself:

"Isn't that strange! Benjy must have been right all along. From here, it DOES look like they're making love down there."

Once upon a time there were three bears. One morning they came down to breakfast and Papa Bear looked at his bowl and cried, "Someone's eaten all my porridge."

Baby Bear looked at his bowl and cried, "Someone's eaten all my porridge."

"Sit down and shut up," said Mamma Bear. "It ain't been poured yet."

Never try to keep up with the Joneses — after all, they might be newlyweds!

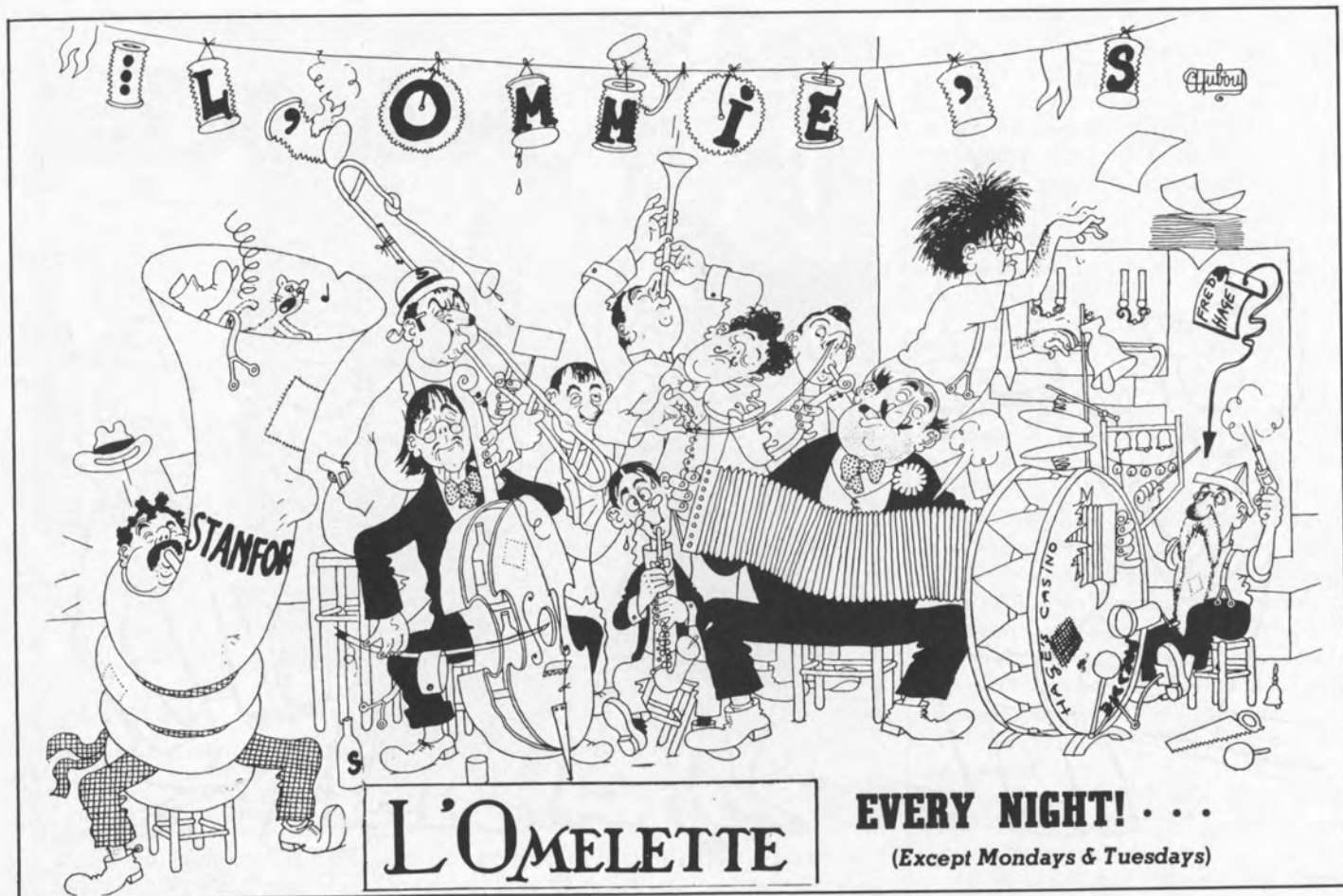


"Gawd, I'm worried."

—Kitty Kat



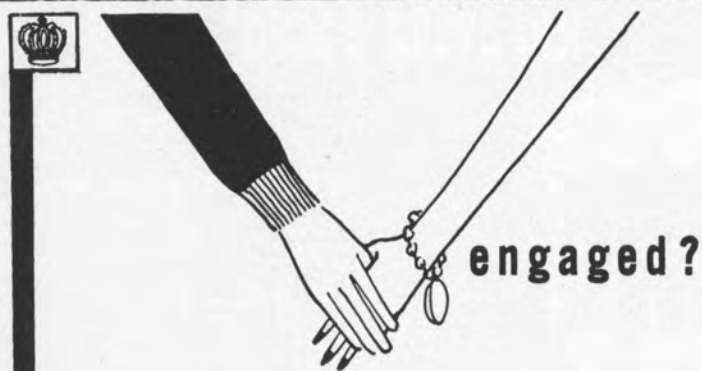
—Chaff



The Old Boy, completely overcome with the wonderful and momentous decision that is choosing the traditional freshman queen, gathered photographer in tow and set out for Roble and points east. His difficult, beauty-ridden path finally led him to Branner Hall where lives a blue-eyed, sandy haired lovely in the person of Miss Nana Weinberg. Miss Weinberg is five feet seven and one-half inches tall, and seventeen years old. And, to nobody's surprise, she tells us she hails from the warm burg of



Los Angeles. Even the ancient one was surprised, however, when he learned she is majoring in Physics (sic). Miss Weinberg tells us she plans to work in rocket research when she leaves Stanford. For the present her interests are in her studies, music listening, and boys ("no, that's facetious," she added). The old one later found that she doesn't plan to get married for six years. Those of you who would put in your bid early are best advised of one finale fact. Miss Weinberg has a date for this Saturday night.



engaged?

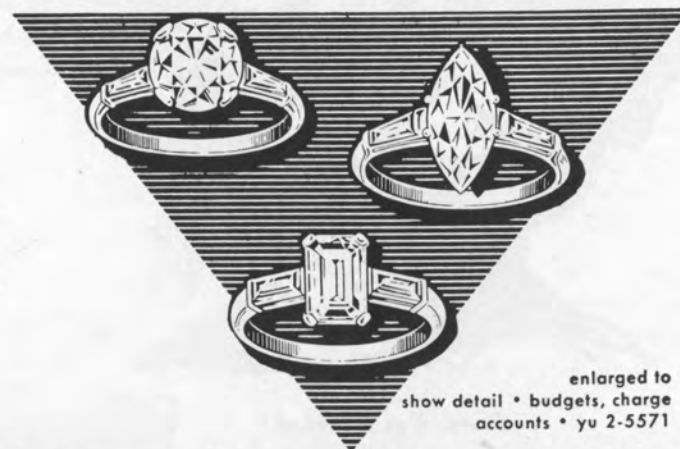
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show detail • budgets, charge
accounts • yu 2-5571

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A male nurse in a mental hospital spotted a patient with his ear to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a warning finger, then beckoned the nurse to come over quietly.

"You listen here," he whispered.

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened for a few moments. Then he turned to the patient and said, "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient knowingly, "and it's been like that all day."

In the dark of night two safecrackers 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."

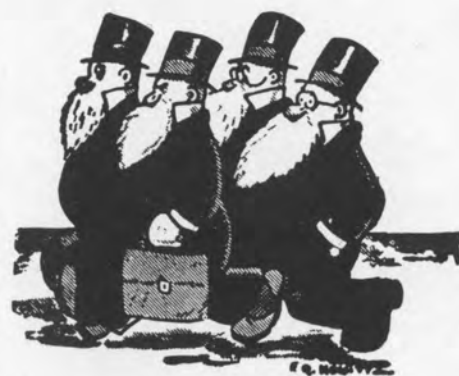
"Naw, it'll only take us a minute longer, and we'll drive those fingerprint experts nuts."

Little Johnny came home from school one afternoon and asked, "Mama, where did I come from?"

His mother was shocked. Johnny was awfully young to be hearing about the facts of life. But she knew the children at school had been talking. Now was the time.

"Sit down, son," she said. "I want to tell you a story about the birds and the bees . . ." She proceeded to describe the facts of life to little Johnny.

When she had finished Johnny remarked, "Well, I just wondered where I came from. Suzie Smith told me she came from St. Louis."



"\$335 is 670 martinis!"



—Record



"Hello, Reverend Peale?"



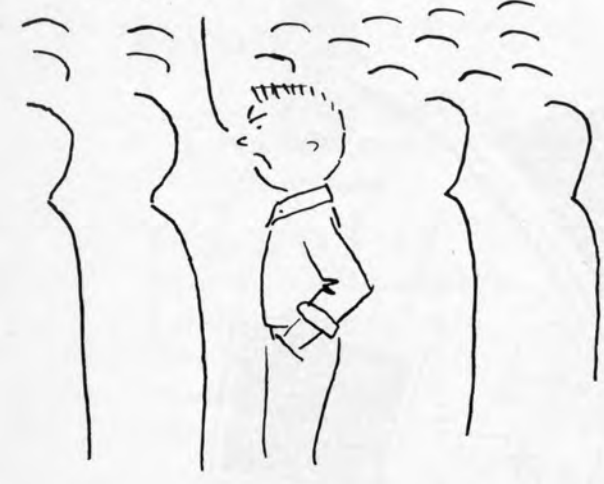
"Because we couldn't find a gun. . . . Now open the vault!"

—Kitty Kat

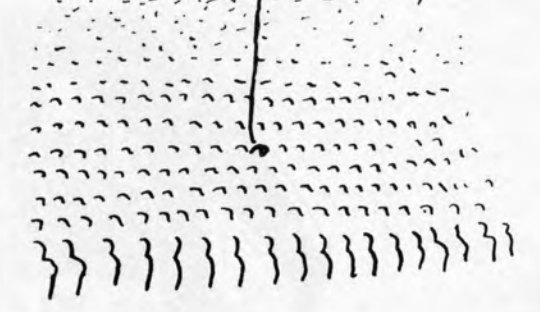


—Goose

GOD - ALL THIS
STANDING IN LINES



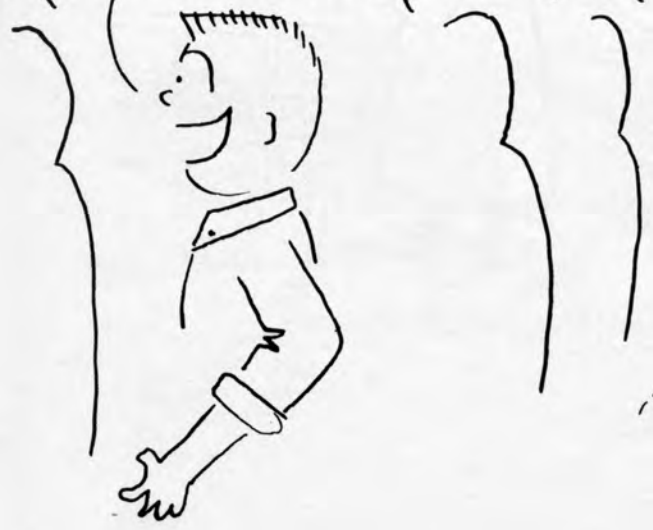
2. FLICKS - REG - MEALS -
BOOKSTORE - CLASSES -
MAMMA'S -



3. GOD



4. HEY - THAT LINE'S
SHORTER THAN THIS
ONE!



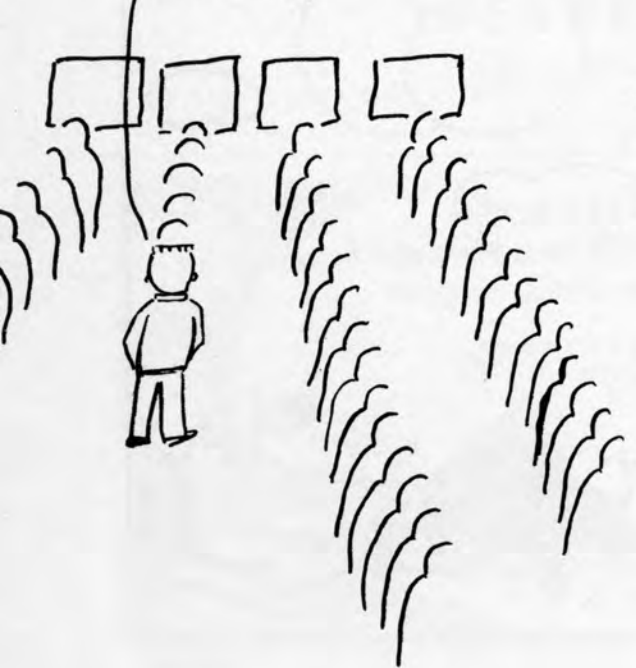
5. GOD



6. HEY - THAT
ONE'S SHORTER
STILL!



7. GOD



8. SLAM!
THIS WINDOW
CLOSED



9. I CAN SEE
THAT MY
FOUR YEARS
AT STANFORD
WILL BE
UNFORGETTABLE



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- Proprietors



*With an I.D. you can
see the label

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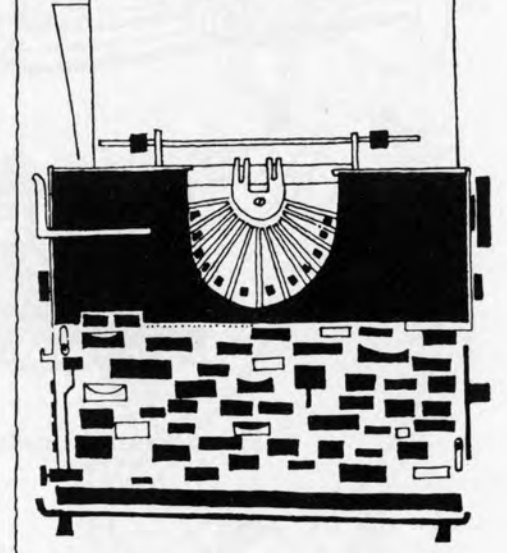
Clifford J. Shea, Manager.

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CLASS OF '62

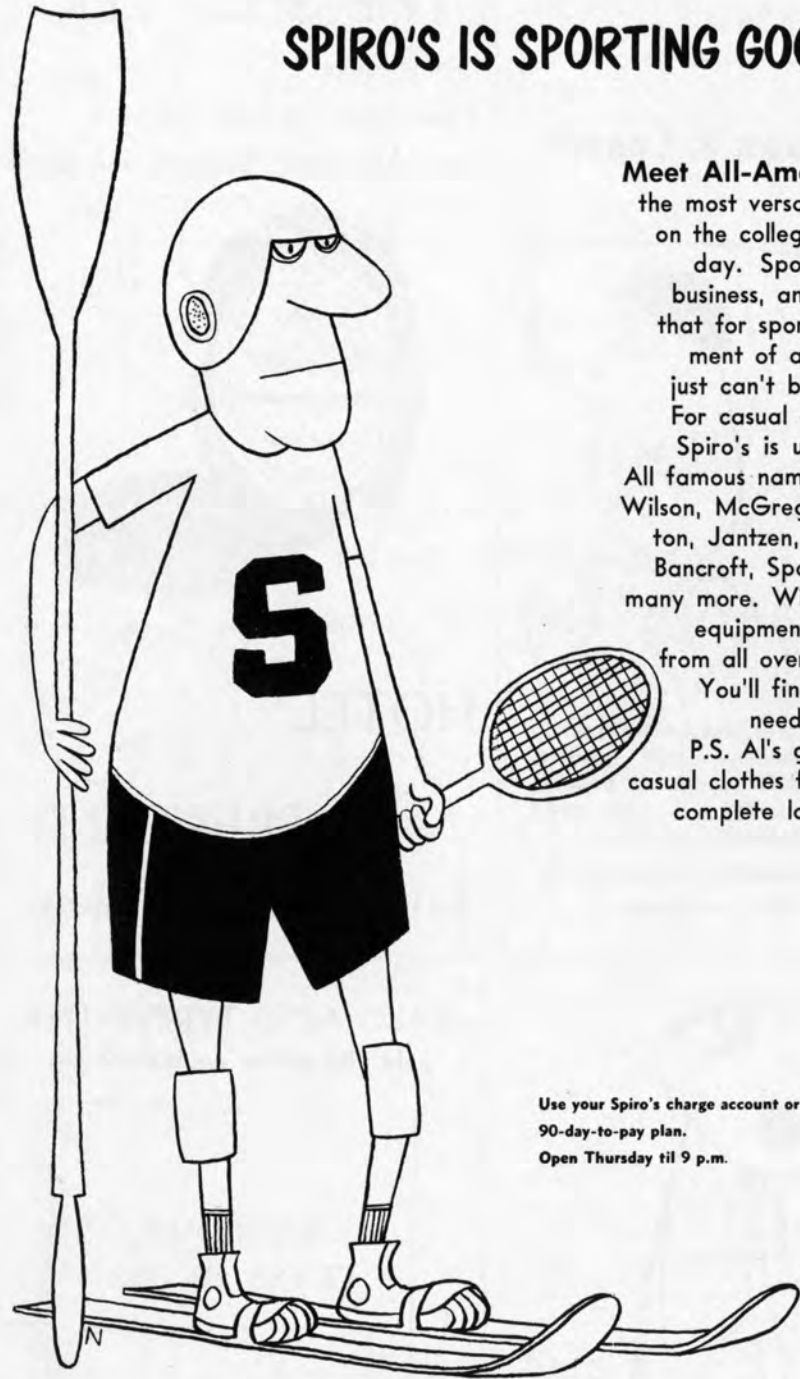


171 University—DA 4-1688



"Oh Johnny's gone to heaven to live forever more,
for what he thought was H₂O was H₂SO₄."

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Town & Country Village El Camino Real

next month BIG GAME ISSUE

THE RABBITS WHO NEEDED PROTECTION

A Fable by BARNEY GILMORE

Not so long ago there lived in a little meadow a group of rabbits. The rabbits were carefree and irresponsible and spent the greater part of their time eating carrots, drinking beer and hopping around with gay abandon. Some foxes who lived nearby took a dim view of the rabbits. "Anyone as frivolous and irresponsible as they are is surely inviting trouble," said one of the foxes. "It is our duty to protect the rabbits from themselves."

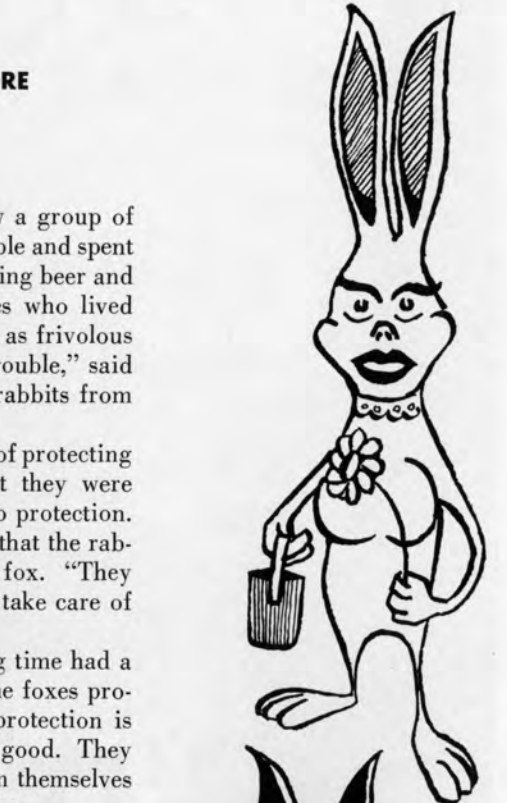
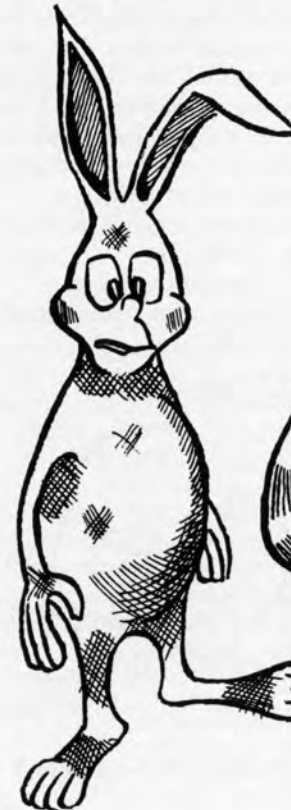
So the foxes took upon themselves the burden of protecting the rabbits. The rabbits protested, saying that they were quite happy as they were and that they needed no protection. "Living in such ignorance as that, it is a wonder that the rabbits have lasted as long as they have," said a fox. "They should be thankful that we troubled ourselves to take care of them before it was too late."

Some wolves who lived nearby had for a long time had a benevolent eye on the rabbits. When they saw the foxes protecting the rabbits they reasoned that if some protection is good, then twice as much protection is twice as good. They immediately set about protecting the rabbits from themselves because they too felt that it was their duty to do so.

It soon developed that the foxes and the wolves could not reach agreement as to who should protect the rabbits the most. The wolves thought they should because it was their birthright. The foxes thought they should because they were there first. Finally they called upon the owl to settle their dispute. "Let the rabbits decide," said the owl.

The wolves and the foxes both thought this a capital idea, and so that nothing might disturb the rabbits while they were making their decision, all the wolves and all the foxes moved in with the rabbits to protect them. One night some of the wolves came in stoned to the ears and called the foxes names. The foxes retorted and a terrific brawl ensued. When it was over the wolves all had hangovers, the foxes were all bruised and nobody was very happy, especially the rabbits, who had all somehow been eaten.

MORAL: A fool and his bunny are soon parted





Fundamentals Skirt—grey flannel—back panel detail—sizes 10-16 \$29.95
 Bernhard Altmann ribbed Knit Cardigan Sweater—duo-color, rose and grey—also
 royal blue and white—sizes 36-40 \$27.95
 from our outstanding group of bulky sweaters
 model — Mary Smith

PHELPS-TERKEL 219 University Palo Alto
 DA 2-2193

The new method of catching elephants requires a piece of paper, a milk bottle, a pair of tweezers, and binoculars. Go to the elephant country, find a pool of water and write on the paper: "For Elfants." When the first elephants come up to drink, they will see that their name is spelled wrong and start laughing. When the other elephants hear them laughing they will come up to see what they are laughing about.

At that point you look at the elephants through the wrong end of the binoculars. The elephants look so small that you pick them up with tweezers and put them in the milk bottle.



Mamie had been looking all night for her wandering husband—from bar to bar. She finally found him at two in the morning, seated in front of a tall glass in a tavern. She sneaked up and sampled his drink. "Brr!" she spat, dropping it very quickly. "That stuff is awful." He eyed her sadly. "See that! And you thought I was out having a good time."



The despondent old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed stiffly into his limousine.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur respectfully.

"Drive off a cliff, James," the old gentleman replied. "I'm committing suicide."



The quiet little freshman coed from the country was on her first college date, and thrilled beyond words. She didn't want to appear countrified; she had put on her prettiest dress, got a sophisticated hair-do and was all prepared to talk understandingly about music, art or politics.

Her hero took her to a movie, and then to the favorite college cafe.

"Two beers," he told the waiter. She, not to be outdone, murmured: "The same for me."



—Record



FRATERNITY LIVING: QUEEG TAKES A HAND

by ANTHONY WHITE

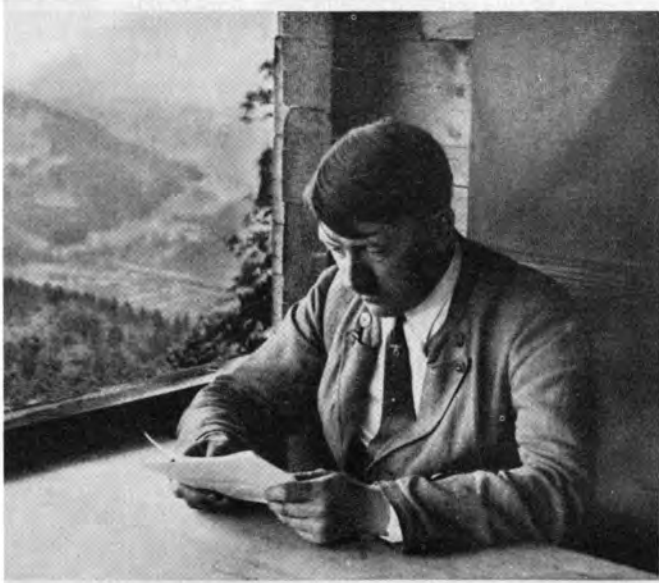
Photos courtesy of Bruce Anderson, MSU, '57

Fraternities have long been a thorn in the side of a large university's administration. The problem of how to deal with organized student groups has grown along with the growth of the super-college. Faced with this challenge to the discipline of the young, the nation's educators have come forth with their answer: The Traveling Dean of Disciplinary Action, w/out portfolio. Symbolic of their efforts to combat student hedgemony is Dean Thaddeus P. Queeg*. Students will recall that Queeg was first noticed by U.S. college officials after his handling of the lacrosse riots at Vassar catapulted him to national fame. After this he signed *carte blanche* contracts with the Ivy League and the riot-ridden Big Ten. At Stanford the problem was traced to the existing fraternity system. Aware of their weak local control and needing a scapegoat for their plan to reorganize the fraternities, university officials reached a decision . . .



Queeg was called.

*The Spartan, January, '55 and May, '57



"Stanford . . . haven't been there since I liquidated the sororities. We'll strike at dawn."



Queeg's Bayshore motorcade at speed.



Builder Queeg, who keynoted theme of campus remodeling with his immortal phrase, "Students are cattle," is shown here approving his model of new Unity Farm.



Idle students, unaware of Queeg's mission on campus, follow him Pied Piper-like across Quad.



"We trustees can be positive this leaves no loopholes for the fraternities? . . . Fine Queeg, we'll take it."



"Tonight we'll raid all unauthorized housing."



"With pledges to take over after this ceremony, we can save about 29% on costs."



"Whoever heard of indoor heads for students?"



"This is fine boys. Now plant a little ivy around the place."



Dean Queeg gives farewell speech on "Conformity; a Positive Force in Fraternity Living" from the spacious steps of the newly remodeled SAE facility.



"This cluster living sure beats off-campus."



At his private testimonial dinner, Dean Queeg summed up his homely philosophy of life, "A rich, full life, especially among young people, consists of an equal balance between conformity and servility"



"We were lucky to be assigned to this cluster . . . this is the best kitchen I've worked in since I rolled tacos at Mama's."

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For your nighttime snack we
are open until 11 p.m. Sunday - Thursday
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1050 El Camino Real

"Near the Guild Theater in Menlo"

Three hermits lived in a cave and spent all day staring at the wall, never speaking. One day a stallion ran past the entrance of their cave. Six months later, one hermit said, "That was a pretty brown horse."

Two years later another hermit said, "That wasn't a brown horse, it was white."

About a year later the third hermit got up and stalked toward the entrance of the cave. "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he said, "I'm leaving."

The man walked into the doctor's office with the worst case of trembling hands the doctor ever saw.

"Tell me," the doctor said, "how long have you been shaking like this?"

"For years, Doc," he said, "but it's been much worse lately."

"Perhaps you drink too much," the doctor said.

"I don't know," the man answered. "What's too much?"

"Oh, say about a quart a day," the doctor replied.

"A quart a day!" the man exclaimed. "Good gosh, Doc, I spill that much."

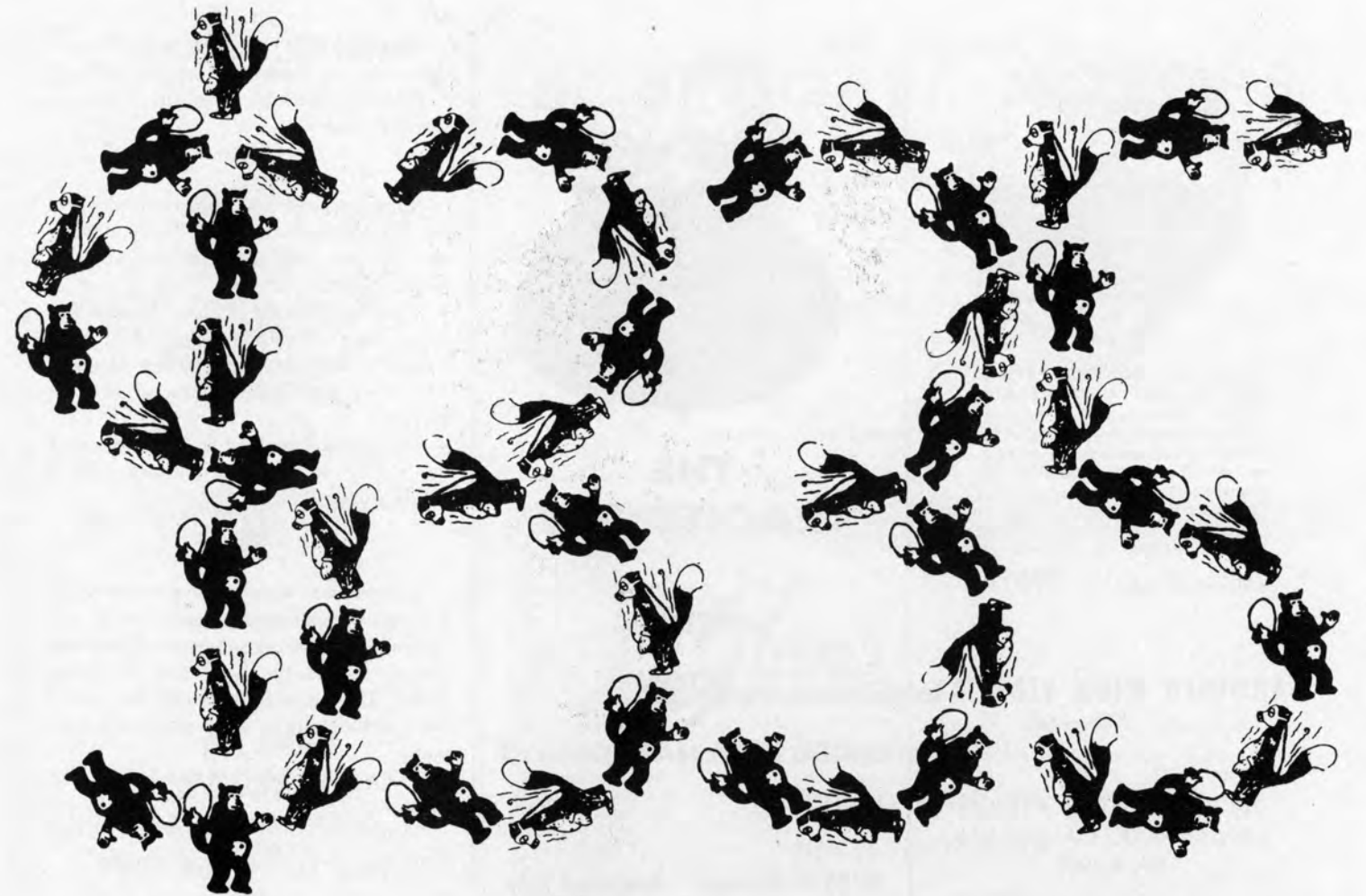
A tourist walked into a rustic barroom deep in the heart of the Belgian Congo. As he was sipping some potent native concoction, in walked a minute individual, about one foot high, sparkingly dressed in a British uniform.

The tourist couldn't help gaping at this apparition when the bartender said:

"Evidently you haven't met the Major before. Speak up, Major, tell the Yank about the time you called the witch doctor a bloody fake."



"Well if it doesn't mean Really Fine, what does it mean?"



"WHAT
LARGE
EARS . . ."



Time was, guys had etchings—now gals get asked up to hear the latest STEREO RECORDS

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Melody Lane
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Palo Alto

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CORNER OF EL CAMINO REAL AND CAMBRIDGE, MENLO PARK

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LOWEST COST MOTOROLA® STEREO PORTABLE HAS 2 BIG SPEAKERS
 Small price tag, big sound! Plays stereo, plays LP's. Deluxe 4-speed automatic changer. Dual sapphire styli. One speaker in detachable lid—one in the phono. Acoustinator tone control. Leather-textured miracle fabric in Brown or Blue. (Model SF11) **\$9995**

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 DA 6-3902



THE CRACKED POT

OPENING SOON

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

2785 El Camino Redwood City

Tearney's
MAN'S SHOP
 20 Town and Country Village Palo Alto
 DA 3-1795



George Walker is wearing one of Tearney's new eight and one-half ounce Blazers. This wonderfully light weight orlon and wool coat comes in grey, brown, and red.

Captain: "I'll bet you wish I were dead, so you could spit on my grave."
 R.O.T.C. student: "No sir, I hate to stand in line."

After passing his induction physical the draftee was taken in tow by a burly sergeant who inquired if he had completed grammar school.

"Yes," replied the draftee. "I also finished high school, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Yale, received my Master's from Columbia, and my Doctorate from Harvard."

The sergeant nodded and then stamped the young man's questionnaire with a single word: Literate.

A Texan was standing in a crowd when a gigantic Republican parade came along. While it was passing someone rapped him sharply across the head and lifted his wallet. He chased him through the crowd but lost the culprit. He went to a policeman.

"Why didn't you yell for help?" the cop asked.

"And have somebody figure that I was cheering a damn Republican parade?"

Home is where you can scratch any place it itches.

A bop band was booked down in Louisiana and one morning two of the musicians went fishing in the swamps. They were standing in slimy water hip-high when one of them said, "Hey, man, an alligator just bit off my leg!" The other musician asked, "Which one?" The first musician said, "How do I know which one, all these alligators look alike."

Suitor: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Father: "Nothing doing! That's a helluva trade."

The Sunday School teacher was somewhat taken aback by the sketch that one of her students had submitted toward the end of class. "Why, DeWitt," she exclaimed, "that looks like a cowboy going into a saloon!"

"It's okay," he assured her. "He's not going to drink anything. He's just going to shoot a guy."

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For sound advice—solid reputation—finest diamonds

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Palo Alto's Oldest Jeweler
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SUGESTNS FOR SVNG PAPR

Mch has bn wrtn abt svng papr. If we sav spc we sav ppr s y nt try abbrvtns. Possbly ths wld be a gd pln.

If a systm of abbrvtns wr adpdt as mch as 40% of spc cld b savd. It isnt as hrd as u mgt thnk.

U cn rd ths, cn't u?

Clergyman: a man who works to beat hell.

"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."

A tomahawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake up without your hair there is an Indian with.

"Grandma! For goodness sake, use the party wrench. You'll ruin your gums."

Brave Toreador: "Ah Senorita, tonight I will steal beneath your balcony and sing to you."

Beautiful Senorita: "Do, and I will drop you a flower."

Brave Toreador: "In a moment of love?"

Beautiful Senorita: "No, in a pot."

Akin to the sailor who takes a boat ride on a holiday and to the mailman who takes a walk on his day off is the college student who spends his vacation loafing.

Little Johnnie, being reprimanded by his teacher for being tardy for school, remonstrated with the following excuse:

"Ma woke Pa up in the middle of the night saying she heard something in the hen house. Pa, who sleeps in the raw, grabbed his loaded shotgun and ran out into the yard. Pa stood there, with his gun pointing at the chicken house waiting for something to come out when our old hound dog came up behind Pa with his cold nose . . . and we've been cleanin' chickens since three o'clock this morning."

"You say his breath is bad?"

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

Well here we are back at school again for another year, and here I am again back to writing these ads for GROGAN THE JEWELER. I tried to do my best last year to wipe out his business - and I came pretty close, but not completely.

So, GROGAN - poor, stupid idiot that he is - has gone and given me another year to complete the job.

This feeble mental state of GROGAN is once again reflected in the ridiculous prices he is letting diamonds go for - of course these diamonds are HOT and may land your finace in the jug, but this may be just what you want.

GROGAN'S, when you care enough to send your future wife up the river.

GROGAN THE JEWELER
205 University Palo Alto

Slonaker's
PRINTING HOUSE
Complete Printing Service
Home of Thoughtful Printing



643 Emerson Palo Alto

The veteran battleship was in port on exhibition to the public; on its deck was an inscribed bronze plaque. "And here," said the guide solemnly, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"Well, no wonder," said a spry little old lady. "I nearly tripped on the thing myself."

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.
Well what do you want me to do—put a zipper on it?

Then there was the Egyptian princess who was laid in a tomb. Now she's a mummy.

He: "How did you like Venice?"
She: "Oh, I only stayed a few days. The place was flooded."

She: "I am a good girl."
He: "Who asked you?"
She: "No one."
He: "Then no wonder you're a good girl."

A frightened householder reported to the police that he'd been struck down in the dark outside his back door by an unknown assailant. A young policeman was sent to investigate and soon returned to headquarters with a lump on his face.

"I solved the case," he muttered.
"Amazing fast work," his superior complimented him. "How did you accomplish it?"

The young cop explained, "I stepped on the rake, too."

She: "You know I'm 5 ft. 6 in. stripped?"

He: "But you don't have to strip to have your height read!"

She: "That's what I told the doctor."

Committee—a group that keeps minutes and wastes hours.

A persuasive Texas real estate man had just finished a glowing description of the opportunities to be found in West Texas to a prospect from Chicago. "All West Texas needs," said the realtor, "to become the garden spot of the world is good people and water."

"Huh," replied the prospect: "That's all Hell needs."



THIS FELLOW HAS JUST MET THE OLD BOY. HE AND A GRAND BUNCH OF OTHER MEN AND WOMEN HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST BIG STEP ON THE ROAD TO FAME. NOTE THE IMMEDIATE RECOGNITION AND RESPECT HE NOW COMMANDS WHEREVER HE GOES ABOUT CAMPUS. THIS COULD BE YOUR ROOMMATE



Who is the life of the party in your circle of friends? Has he or she met the Old Boy? Who is "the man who is going places" in your class? Has he met the Old Boy? If he hasn't he is as passing a fad as amateur football or introverts on quad. If she hasn't she isn't. Meeting the Old Boy is the first easy step to good friends, lasting fame, excellent scholarship, talents beyond measure, and in general, fine relaxed humor. These are the marks of the staff of the *Chaparral*; these are the traits evidenced in those who take time to meet the Old Boy.

This coming Friday, October 24, many new students of superior wit will be taking time off to start their social

advance in the literary world by meeting the Old One in his handsome new offices over by the IIR. They will then be the guests of Hammer and Coffin society at a gay and relaxed malt-fest to be held near by. They will never regret this afternoon off. It will begin about 2:00 p.m., adjourn off campus circa 3:00 p.m., and last till about 5:00 p.m.

Perhaps your roommate (or even you) will plan to be there. If so, then be assured of our welcome. The business, secretarial, and editorial staffs of the *Chaparral* want you to meet the Old Boy.



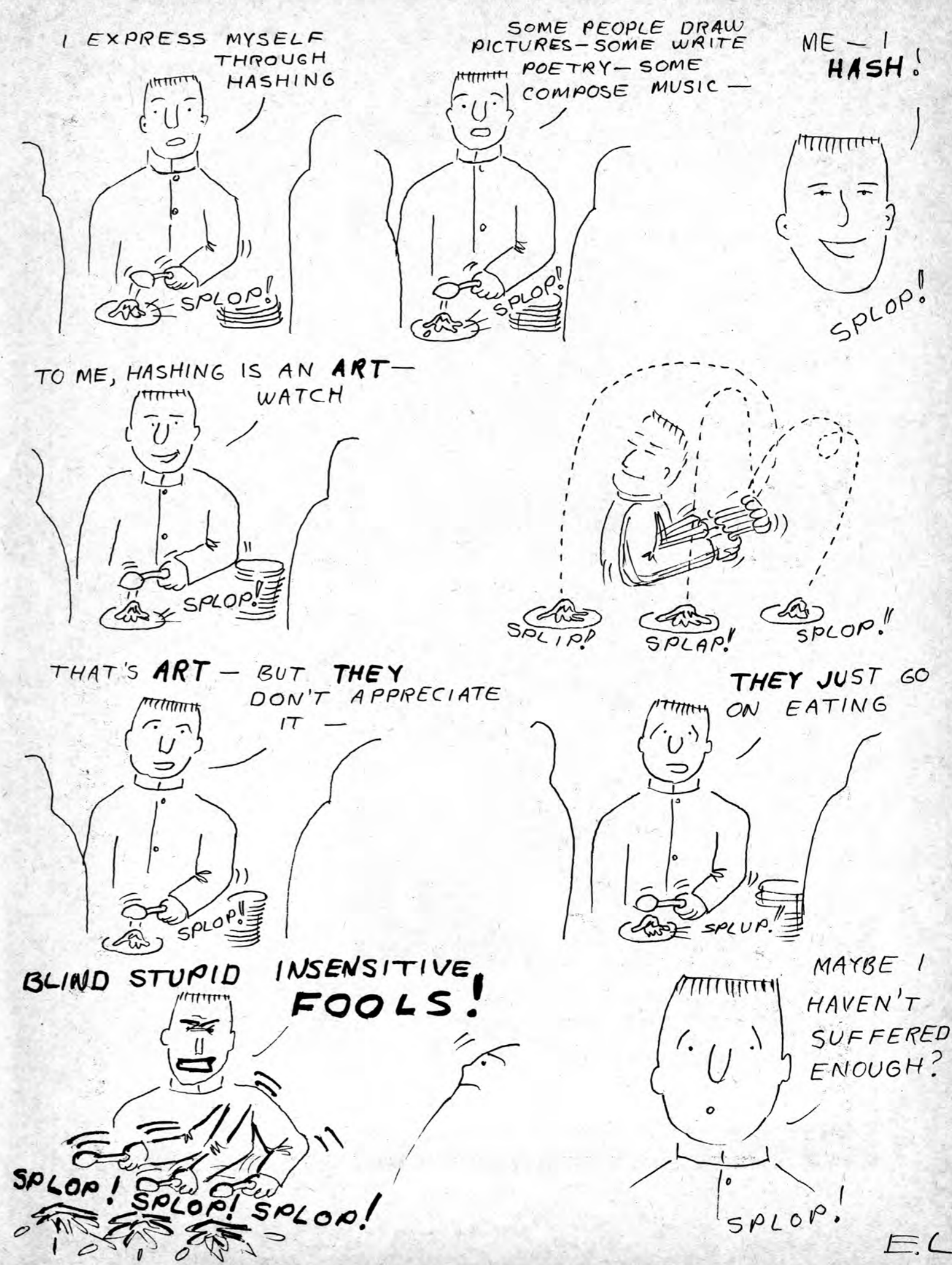
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