

the stanford

CHAPARRAL

december 35¢





"... and a Miles Davis album, and ..."

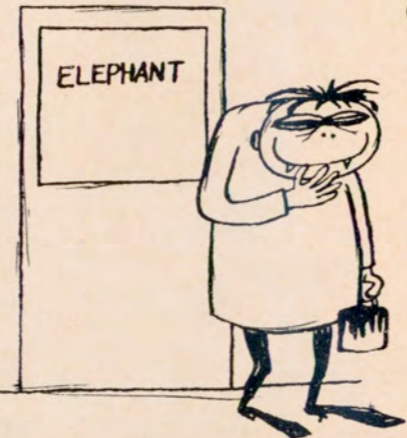
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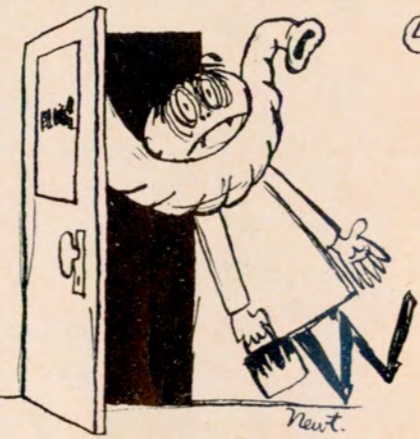
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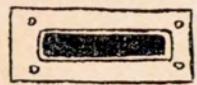
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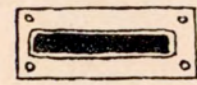
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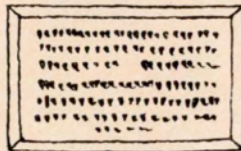
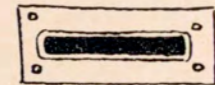
AIR MAIL
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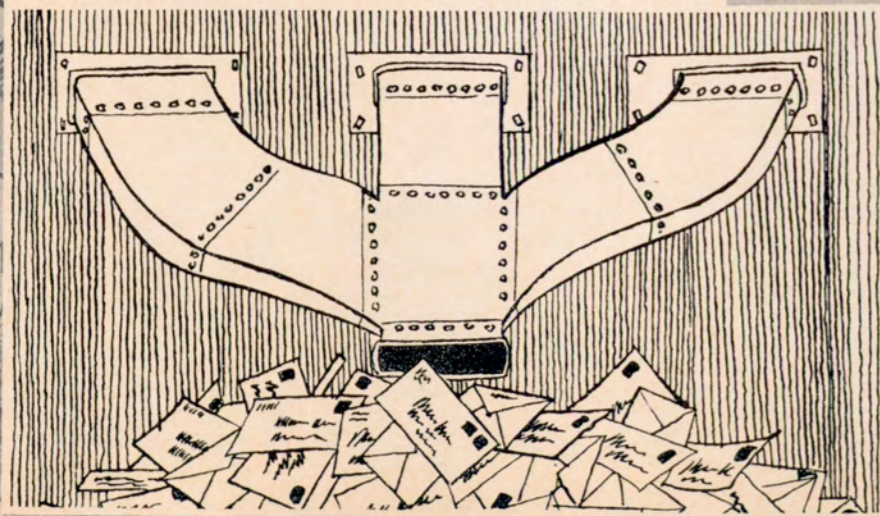
STANFORD
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VILLAGE



PALO ALTO
AND
OUT OF TOWN



Chapman



Lu Craig
wears a new
cocktail dress
from the Colony,
just right
for the holidays



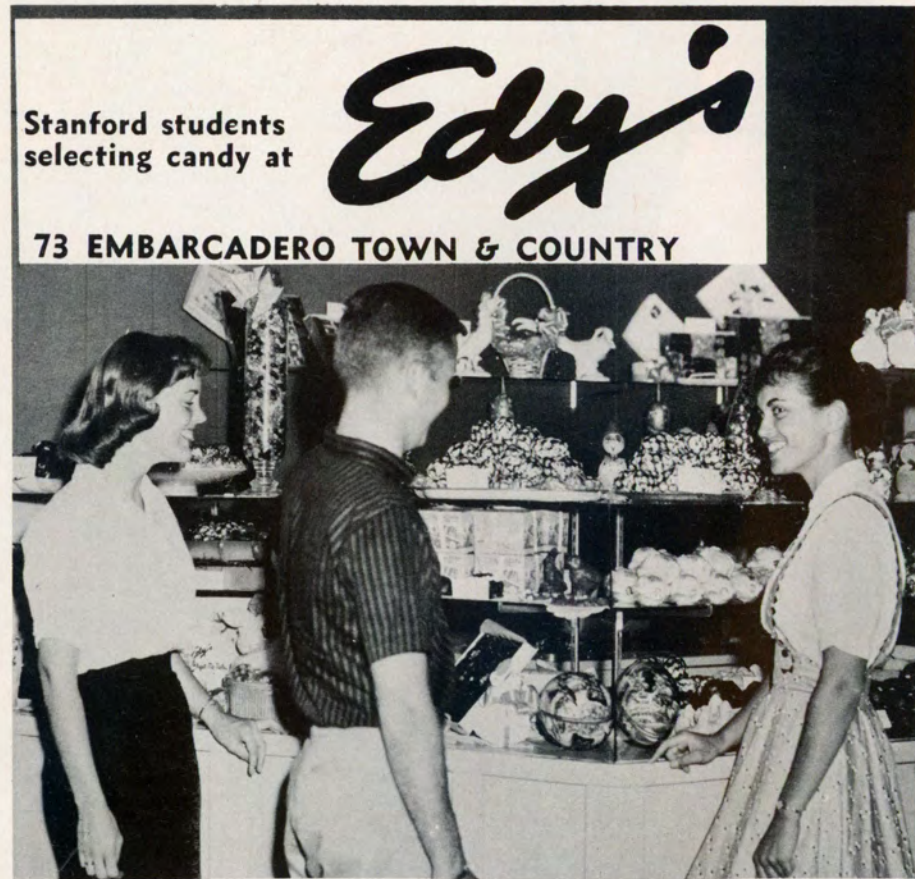
the colony
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Dick Gilchrist, wearing a cashmere sportcoat, also shows off a pair of good looking Majer pleatless slacks. Tearney's has these reasonably priced, quality slacks in almost any size and shade.



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Little Mary insisted that she be allowed to serve the tea when her mother was entertaining her club. Her mother, with crossed fingers, consented. However, she became annoyed by the long delay, and asked, "Why were you so long, my dear?"

"I couldn't find the tea strainer," said Mary.

"Then how did you strain it so well?"

"I used the flyswatter."

Arriving at a strange hotel, the fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape." Continuing her search, presently she heard the pat of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel. "Wait a minute," he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

Judge—Officer, what makes you think this gentleman is intoxicated?

Officer—Well, Judge, I didn't bother him when he staggered down the street, or when he fell flat on his face, but when he put a nickel in the mailbox, looked up at the clock on the church, and said, "My God, I've lost fourteen pounds! I brought him in."

"So your son had to leave college on account of poor eyesight?"

"Yes, he mistook the dean of women for a co-ed."

May I kiss you? May I please kiss you? Say are you deaf?

No, are you paralyzed?



"She's been a good sport though, I think I'll pass her."

"What's your name?"
 "I don't know, but I'm beautiful."

Prof: "This exam will be conducted on the honor system."

"Please take seats three seats apart and in alternate rows."

We overheard this one in the Student Union: A rather egotistical young man walked up to a seated coed and asked:

"What's the matter honey, didn't you see me wink?"

"Of course I did," she replied, "Didn't you hear my heart beat in response?"

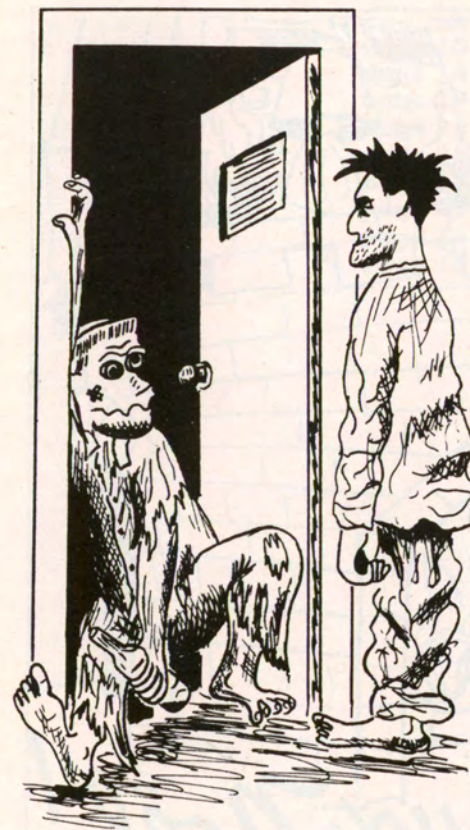
Grocer: "Yes, I'll give you a job. Sweep out the store."

Job-seeker: "But I'm a college graduate."

Grocer: "Okay, I'll show you how."

"Did you miss your train, sir?"

"No, I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."



"Did I understand you to say 'Dead Week be damned'?"

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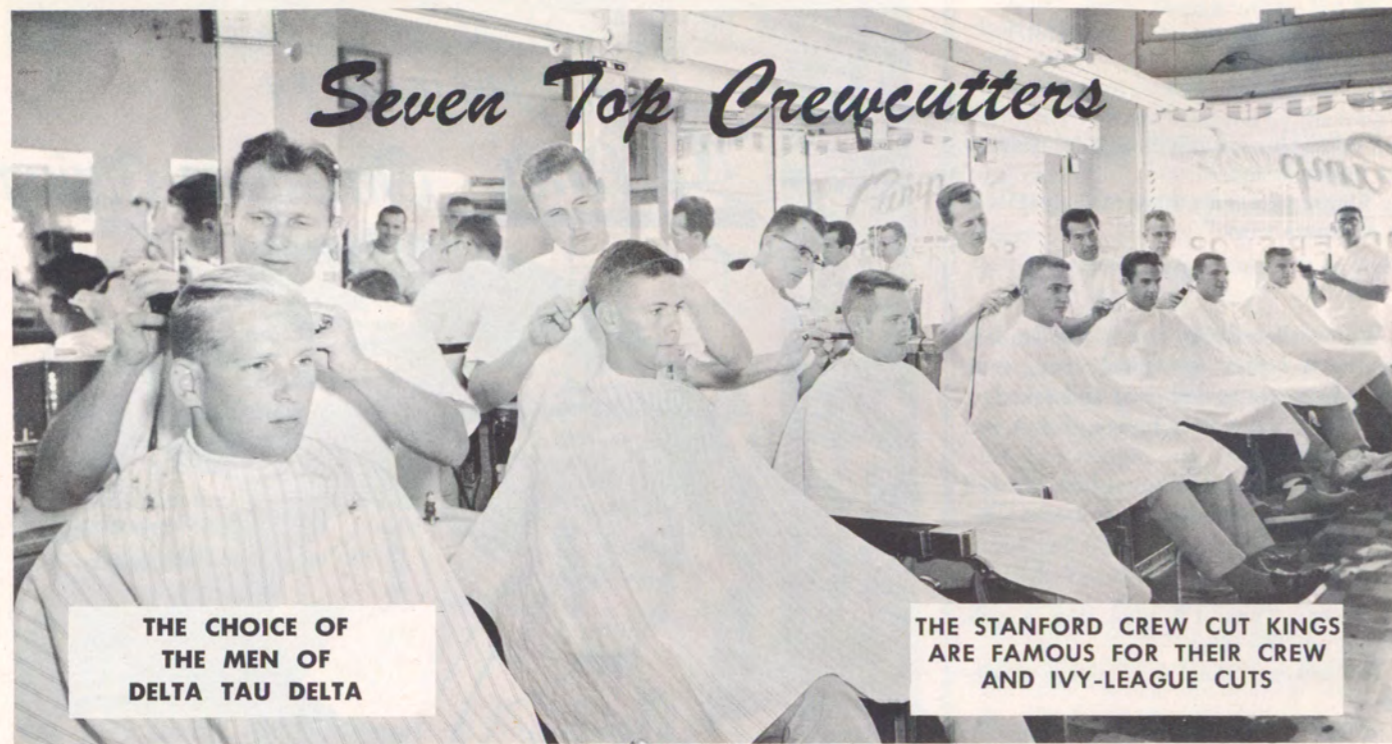
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the stanford **CHAPARRAL**

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TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND SEEN SANTA CLAUS THAN NEVER TO HEAR LAUGHTER AT ALL



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JOAN BOHRER

NOW THAT the year and quarter are drawing to a close there is evidence of a marked slow down in the happy trivia which this campus supports so abundantly. Of course this refers to such events as rallies and hill parties and lost weekends and the morning daily, to mention some of the more obvious examples. But, with dead week, these all give way to after dark activity; and everyone seems just as happy as before. Are you surprised? One might be surprised you know.

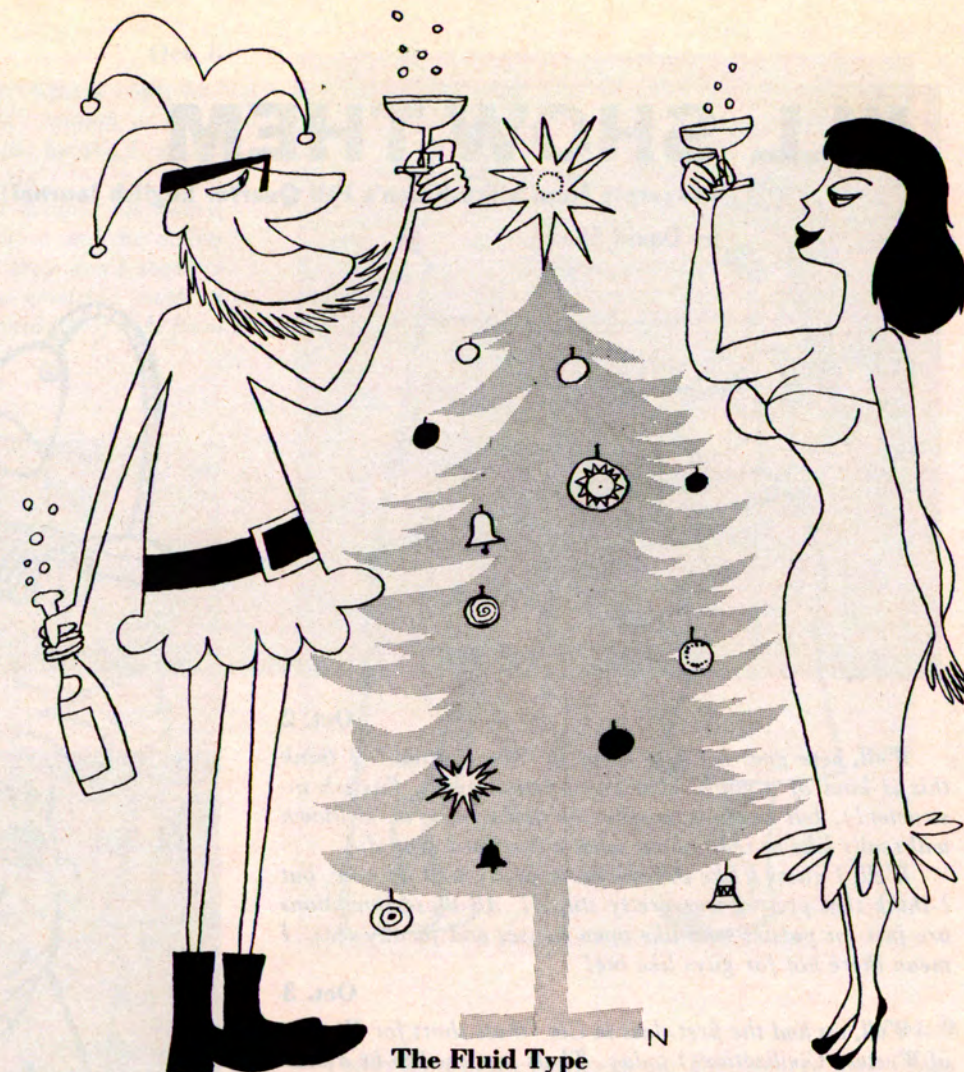
One might be surprised if one considers that Dr. Stone was right when he said (in *Sequoia*) that the dorms are, by far, best suited to be forts; and as places to attempt to relax and study they are excellent echo chambers. And when you realize that dead week is the time of year when there is, for all practical purposes, unanimous agreement that the individual student is the important element at Stanford, you would think the students here would get very depressed that they often count for so little, especially with the happy trivia unavailable as a means of forgetting same. But no. Students are grinning as they set their alarms for five a.m. and sigh "I'm taking complete gas." They smile when, on the last day of class, it is announced that they will be held responsible for all of reference twenty-six on that dittoed list of supplementary suggested reading.

Now if the university would eventually adopt Dr. Stone's suggestions perhaps the day would come when one would have no cause to expect that the students might be unhappy during dead week. But since there is, at present, such cause, let us endeavor to discover why it is that the students seem happy.

Fortunately, an eminent and respectful scientific team (consisting of Reed graduates, yet) just completed a vast depth-type survey of the happy dead weak student here and came up with what the Old Boy considers to be amazing findings. It seems that the students are happy because it is the Christmas season. Now this makes different students happy for different reasons. But the important thing to note is that Christmas time in America has served as a sufficient substitute for the campus trivia that we all thrive on during the rest of the year.



According to the results of the survey, 38.21% of Stanford students are happy at Christmas time because they are "enlightened individualists, delighting in evaluating, criticizing, and reordering the events of the past year." The report goes on to imply that these students look forward to making revolutionary resolutions for the new year.



(sic.) The ancient one was surprised at the large size of this group, although one member of the research team said that at Reed this figure is nearly 42.50%.

Then, it seems, there is a group of students comprising about 22.46% of the student body who are happy at the thought of Christmas because they realize the religious significance of the season and feel it involves, at a minimum, an almost ecstatic wonder at the miracle of The Birth. (Of a new year.) The ancient one was surprised that this group wasn't larger. The survey tabbed these people as "the smart, including the smart set."

A third group, containing 19.84% of Stanford students, is happy with the thought of Christmas because it represents a time of year when fellowship, good will toward men, and the art of hosting, are most in evidence. This is the so-called "fluid type of student who . . . enjoys . . . others." Often this type of person fits into one of the other categories too, however this study did not seek to differentiate between mononeurotics and bineurotics. The survey report indicates that to have made this distinction would have cost the ASSU

an extra \$28.50. It is plain that our legislators made a wise, thrifty choice here.

The report goes on to show a group of 9.49% who are happy because they are graduating at the end of fall quarter. A smaller group of 3.60% are looking forward to their twenty-first birthdays during vacation. 1.40% are anxiously awaiting the televising of the Rose Bowl game. The remaining five percent are scattered among categories such as "incurable optimist," "to be married," "Daily hater," and so forth. These are the type who would be happy during dead week of any quarter.

Now the Old Boy is all for happiness. This survey lights a candle in the cathedral of his heart (uh huh). Whatever your reason for being happy at Christmas time, the Ancient One hopes that you will treasure it intelligently. Happiness is a precious thing. Humor is synonymous with merriment and happiness. The treasure of the *Chaparral* is your treasure. We wish you a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

—The Old Boy

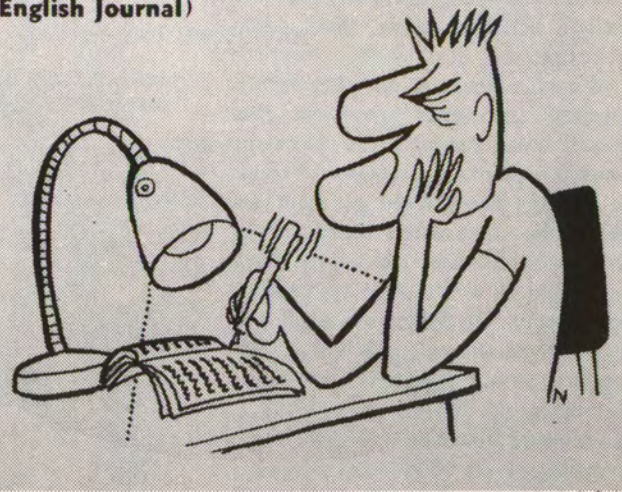
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I'LL SHOW THEM

(Excerpts from a Freshman's Fall Quarter English Journal)

by David Shane



Oct. 2

Well, here goes my first entry in "My Journal." I think this is kind of a goofy idea (no offense meant, English instructor!), but anyhow maybe the folks back in Milltown will really like to read about what a Stanford Man did.

Well, I guess I like the old Farm pretty well by now, but I think that pre-reg was pretty stupid! All those functions are just for patsies who like open houses and faculty teas. I mean there not for guys like me!

Oct. 3

Well, we had the first class in Civ (thats short for History of Western Civilizations) today. Thats supposed to be a bear of a course but I'm not sweating it, cause I talked with an upperclassman the other day (that was kind of daring I guess, since they have some No Contact Rule or something about frosh not being supposed to talk with frat men, and this guy was a frat man and I talked with him at his house). This guy said all you have to do is say something—just anything—every section meeting. Well, I said something and I guess I was a little nervous and no doubt will be again but I lived through it so think I will manage to do it again next section meeting.



Oct. 6

Today I got this letter from this girl I used to know in Milltown whose at Milltown State right now. She was kidding me about how the Stanford Admissions Office really pulled a boo-boo when they let me in the Farm. But I guess I told her off real good! I wrote right away back and said that those College Board tests never lie and the Office never makes a mistake. (Maybe thats not true, but honestly, I don't think they made a mistake when they let me in.) Geez, I can hardly wait to go home Xmas Vacation and wear my Stanford jacket and really show those clods at Milltown State whose going where in this old world! I mean Milltown State is just an advanced high school.



Oct. 8

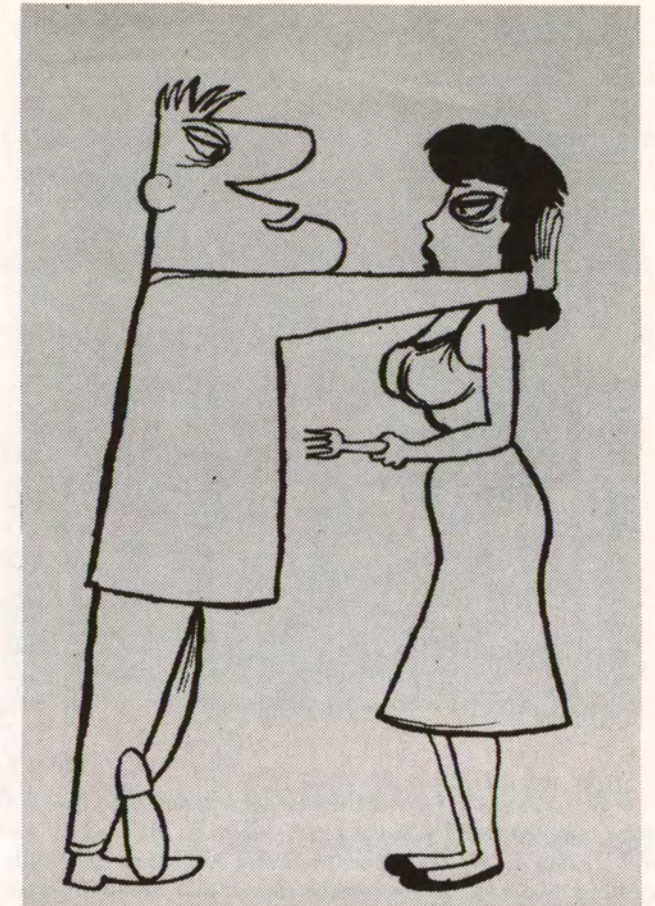
Tonight I went on this floor exchange. Geez, I really had a bitchin' girl. The other guys just didn't smooth in like I did I guess, and I got a date with this dollie for the flick next Sunday. I mean it should really be bitchin'.

That sure is a neat word (bitchin', I mean). Its funny, the guys use it in the precense of the dollies and the dollies don't think anything about it. I mean they don't seem to mind at all. I guess its just more of that good old southern Californy slang. (I guess there are an awful lot of kids from southern Cal at the old Farm.)



Oct. 11

Got my first theme back today and was quite surprized to get an F (I really think you made a mistake, Mr. Merryman). But I guess I'll have this talk with my instructor and then we'll get things straightened out, I hope. As a matter of fact, I thought that my first theme was a pretty bitchin' peice of work, and some of the guys that read it on my floor thought the same.



Oct. 9

Today some of the patsies on our floor went to some organ recite at good old Mem Church. This one guy asked me to and I almost belted him a good one—anyway, I really told him where to go! I wouldn't be caught dead at one of those things, cause if any of the guys at Milltown State heard about me going, I guess I'd never hear the end of it.



Oct. 27

Yesterday I saw this sign hanging from a window of Soto. It read "Zoroaster Saves." What a terrific sign! I mean it really seems funny. The other day this guy on the street was handing out some little papers and asked me if I was saved. I told him that Hell I didn't know and guessed he didn't either. I guess I really cut him down good!



Nov. 5
 Well, I've got back all my mid-term exams and guess I didn't do so hot. As a matter of fact I got nailed to the wall on three of them. My sponser handed me three sinch notices (I hear thats what they call them) today in Biology, English, and Civ. But I guess I did pretty good to get that C in that tough Math A course. But Geez, I hope my parents don't tell my friends in Milltown about my grades, cause I guess the folks will get a notice through the mail about the grades I got.

Well, I had this interview with this Stanford soshiologist and it seems that he's taking this poll to see what Stanford students are like. I guess I really faked him out of his underwear with some of my ansers. Like when he asked me why I chose Stanford as a school, I told him Hell I don't know, my counsaler in hi school just told me that it was a bitchin' school. He looked so funny that I could hardly keep from busting out with a great big old belly laugh.

Nov. 20

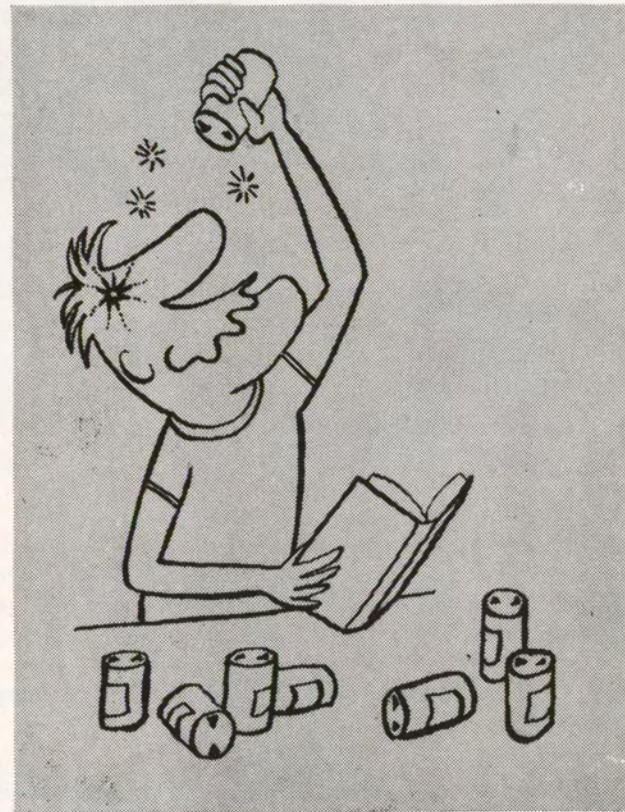
I had this coffee date with this broad tonight. Geez, what a cow! She must think she is some sofisticate or something, but she sure left me cold. I mean that she didn't impress me at all!!!

Dec. 1

Well, we had the second Civ mid-term today, and boy did I take complete gas! I mean I was nailed to the wall all the way! I went all the way down the tubes on these stupid little questions like what is the significance of this quotation then they have this obscure passage from some reading we had. It was really dumb! I mean thats not going to help me when I go out into the old world.

Dec. 9

I guess this would be my last entry since our English instructor said we didn't have to write in these things after today. But I guess I'll fake him out and write till the end of the quarter and maybe then I can pull a D in this course. (I'm not trying to get your simpathy, Mr. Merryman.)



Dec. 24

Well, I guess I didn't fake out my English teacher after all, cause I haven't written in this little notebook since before those finals. Geez, did I take gas on those finals! I mean I really got nailed to the wall! I got my last post card today—it was an F in Biology. That makes the old G. P. A. about 0.93. I went a cool minus 16! Well, I burned my Stanford jacket today and I guess I'll go to Milltown State next quarter. That's really not a bad school. I mean like I guess its not so good as Stanford cause you don't have to take the College Board test or anything but I know some bitchin' guys and dollies who go there.

A really "great" Christmas present ... particularly if you're collecting a trousseau ... would be some of those absolutely super Supercalc sheets and pillow cases. There's a new turquoise shade that couldn't be dreamier ... and have you seen the new gift set with applied scallops for the hems called "Petit Feston" ... they're heavenly! I'm

giving practically every girl I know a pair of those Supercalc cases that are ruffled all around and printed too ... trousseau or not ... don't you think they are really the living end?



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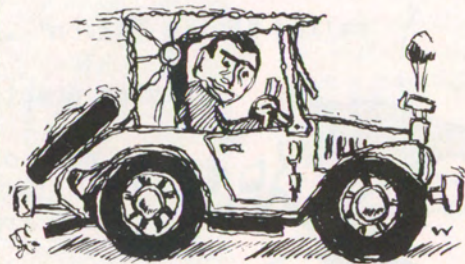
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Woman (opening the door of her refrigerator and finding a rabbit sitting inside: "What are you doing in here?")
 Rabbit: "This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?"

Woman: "Yes."
 Rabbit: "Well, I'm just westing."

A professor took his wife to a nearby airdrome and they watched the planes take off and land for a while. Although they both wanted to go up very much, they discovered that it cost \$25 to charter the only machine available for such purposes. They negotiated with the pilot for some time until the flyer, in desperation, finally agreed on a deal: he would take them up free on a wild and rough ride provided neither of them opened their mouths on the whole trip. If they did it would cost them fifty dollars. The three of them took off and the pilot put them through his whole repertoire. He dove and zoomed and spinned and twirled and looped the loop. Never a sound. When he finally landed he had to congratulate the professor. "I'll have to say you could really take it."

The professor, still a little shaken, remarked, "Came near talkin' when my wife fell out."



"I mean, never again! I lost ten hours of perfectly good study time over big game weekend."



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Fashions by Bernhard Altmann are popular this fall at Country Squire. Kit Nelson models a Cashmere two piece dress in a new holiday color, "Cranberry." Pete Bedford is wearing a 100% Cashmere sportscoat, also by Bernhard Altmann.

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"I do not agree with what you say,
 "But I will defend to the death your right to say it—
 "But please say it a bit louder,
 "The connection on the wire-tap is faulty,
 "And my stenographer's a bit hard of hearing." —d.g.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
 He was reelected.

the authors
 barney gilmore
 russ coombs
 thames williamson
 dan garvey
 stanley dearstyne
 (—Mahout)
 lewis turco
 (—Corkscrew)



I WONDER WHAT IS IRONY

"Do seagulls sigh?
 I wonder why,"
 mused a bearded solipsist
 (a gull had vanished in the mist;
 our hero watched it go.)
 "I wonder what is irony,"
 He pondered absentmindedly
 "And though I think,
 am I extinct?"
 (Our hero answered no.)
 And as his thoughts walked down the beach
 they traveled in and out of reach.
 "I must insist
 I do exist."
 (Our hero nodded low.)
 "Why bother with humility;
 for who, I ask, thinks bad of me?"
 And so he mused on seagull sighs,
 and musing thus, he closed his eyes.
 (Our hero stubbed his toe.) —b.g.



POME #19

If I've never loved you truly
 It's because the heart's unruly.
 But if I have loved you briefly
 It's because of hormones, chiefly.
 —l.t.

IF I WERE AN OYSTER

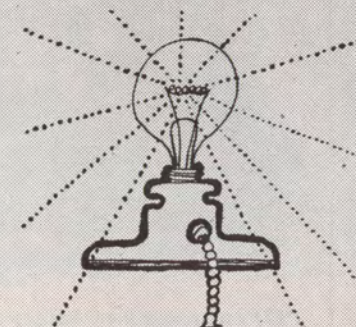
If I were an oyster,
 I'd sit upon the beach all day,
 And say,
 Jinkies, it's neat to be an oyster.
 —t.w.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A SHALL

I strode into the woulds (and shoulds)
 To brashly split infinitives,
 But trod with care that dark depth where
 The dangling participle lives.
 Yet, swinging down, I was encoiled—
 Oh, would (or should) I be its prey?
 I jumped to a conclusion then—
 That's how I always get away!

—s.d.



STORY OF THE WORLD FROM BEGINNING TO END

And he said, "Let there be light,"
 And there was light.
 "Very good," his teacher said,
 "Now clean up your mess and you are dismissed."
 And he cleaned up his mess.

—r.c.

some
people
can't



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Two privates were digging a hole in which to bury an animal. One swore it was a horse, the other was convinced it was a mule. Finally they stopped digging altogether and were arguing heatedly when a West Point captain snapped onto the scene.

"I don't care what it is, get busy and bury it," he said. "Besides, you're both wrong. It's an ass." The digging was almost finished when another private ambled by.

"Whatcha doin', diggin' a foxhole?"
"No-o-o."

"What would you have if you cut one thousand bras in half?"

"I dunno. What?"

"Two thousand beanies with chin straps."

It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."

A group of freshmen had just completed an evening of dancing. It was Friday night, and the parting feast was being served. Delicious fried chicken was brought in. One of the young ladies present was served the drumstick which happened to be her favorite piece. She looked at it longingly, and then remembered that it was Friday and she never ate meat on that day. "I'll pass it to my boy friend," she thought.

Leaning over rather shyly, she said to him, "Could I interest you in my leg?"

Needless to say, the freshman made a silly remark about the weather.



"Of course we're father images!"



While looking for the ideal Christmas gift for his December Queen, the Ancient One happened across Miss Judy Pascoe walking from her room in Lagunita clear over to history corner. Deeply disturbed that such a beauty should have to walk so far, the Old Boy began his Christmas shopping by purchasing her a spanking new vehicle. In appreciation, our five foot queen consented to pose with her gift. Miss Pascoe tells us she is from

San Marino, California. We already knew she had blue eyes, but we were forced to ask her how old she is. Our Queen is 19. She is, in addition, an English major, with hopes of joining the minority who are plus. She rates VERY plus with us, however. You see, she skis, and likes good music. A perfect combination for Christmas!



Photography by Jim Sutherland

Tricycle courtesy of

NORNEY'S

the old boy presents

Judy Pascoe

his holiday queen



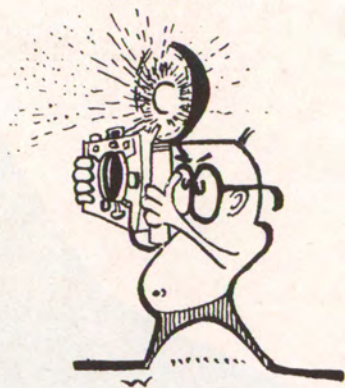


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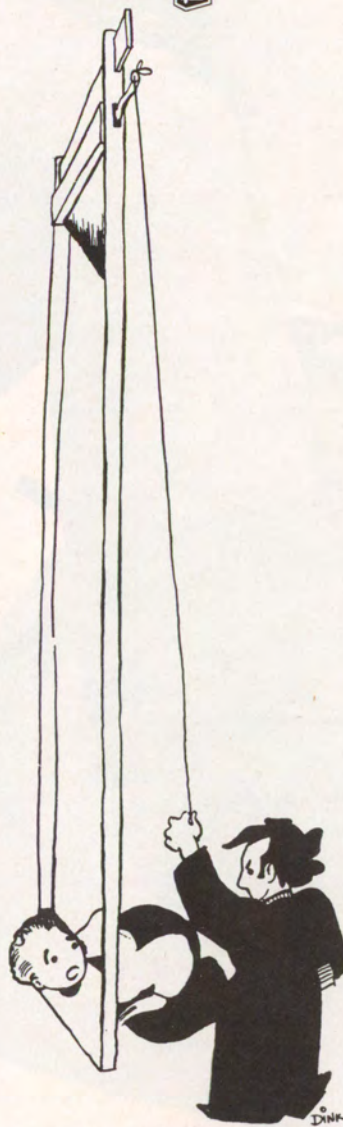
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John Eastman wears a hand-loomed Italian sweater-shirt by Oleg Cassini — \$27.50 He's admiring a hand-tailored goatskin jacket designed by the brilliant young designer, John Cobb. Satin lined — \$85.00 Mink lined — \$295.00

A new inmate checked in at the local asylum. Whereas most of the new arrivals have a sullen attitude, this fellow was all smiles. In fact, he was laughing uproariously. "Nearest kin?" asked the examining physician. "Twin brother," responded the fellow. "We were identical twins. Couldn't tell us apart. In school he'd throw a spitball and the teacher would blame me. Once he was arrested for speeding and the judge fined me. I had a girl. He ran off with her." "Then why are you laughing?" "Cuz last week I got even with him." "What happened?" "I died and they buried him."

A kind-hearted old gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach a doorbell. He rang the bell for the tyke, then asked: "What now, my little man?" "Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'd gonna do."



"Then how far apart are alternate seats plus one?"

"Oh, darling, I've missed you," she cried, and fired the gun again.

The ice man smiled as his glance fell upon this sign: "Please drive slowly. The child in the street may be yours."

Three football players at different schools had flunked their classes and were dropped from the team. They got together and talked about their misfortune.

The man from Stanford said, "That calculus was just too much."

The brawn from Notre Dame said, "It was trig that got me."

Then the athlete from Washington said, "Did youse guys ever hear of long division?"

"What does f-e-e-t spell, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

Johnny didn't know.

"What," persisted the teacher, "is it that a cow has four of, and I have only two?"

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

The meanest man in the world is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair.

A Scotsman was leaving for a business trip, and as he departed he called back, "Goodbye all, and dinna forget to take off little Donald's glasses when he isn't looking at anything."



"You mean to say parents see the Chappie!"

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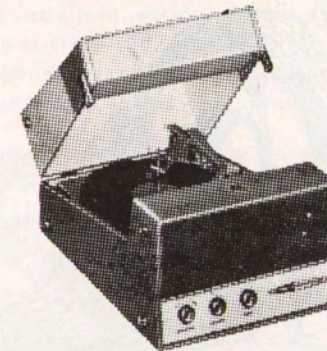
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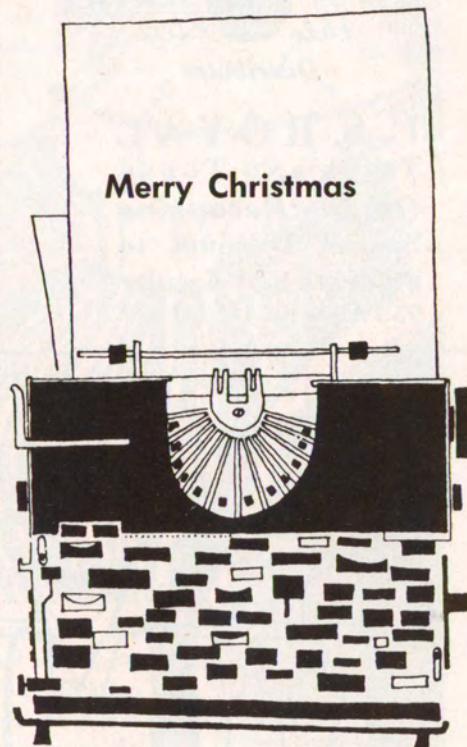


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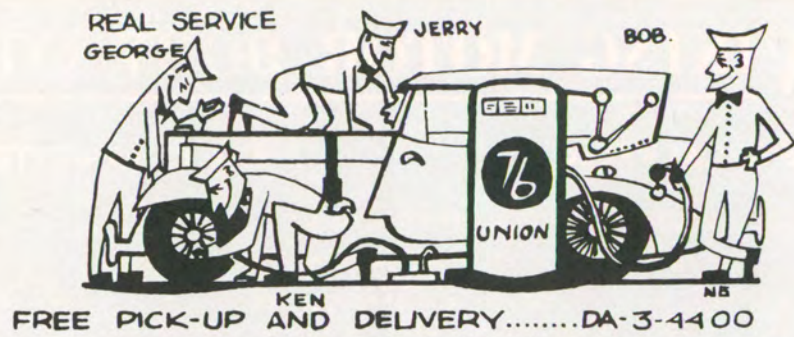


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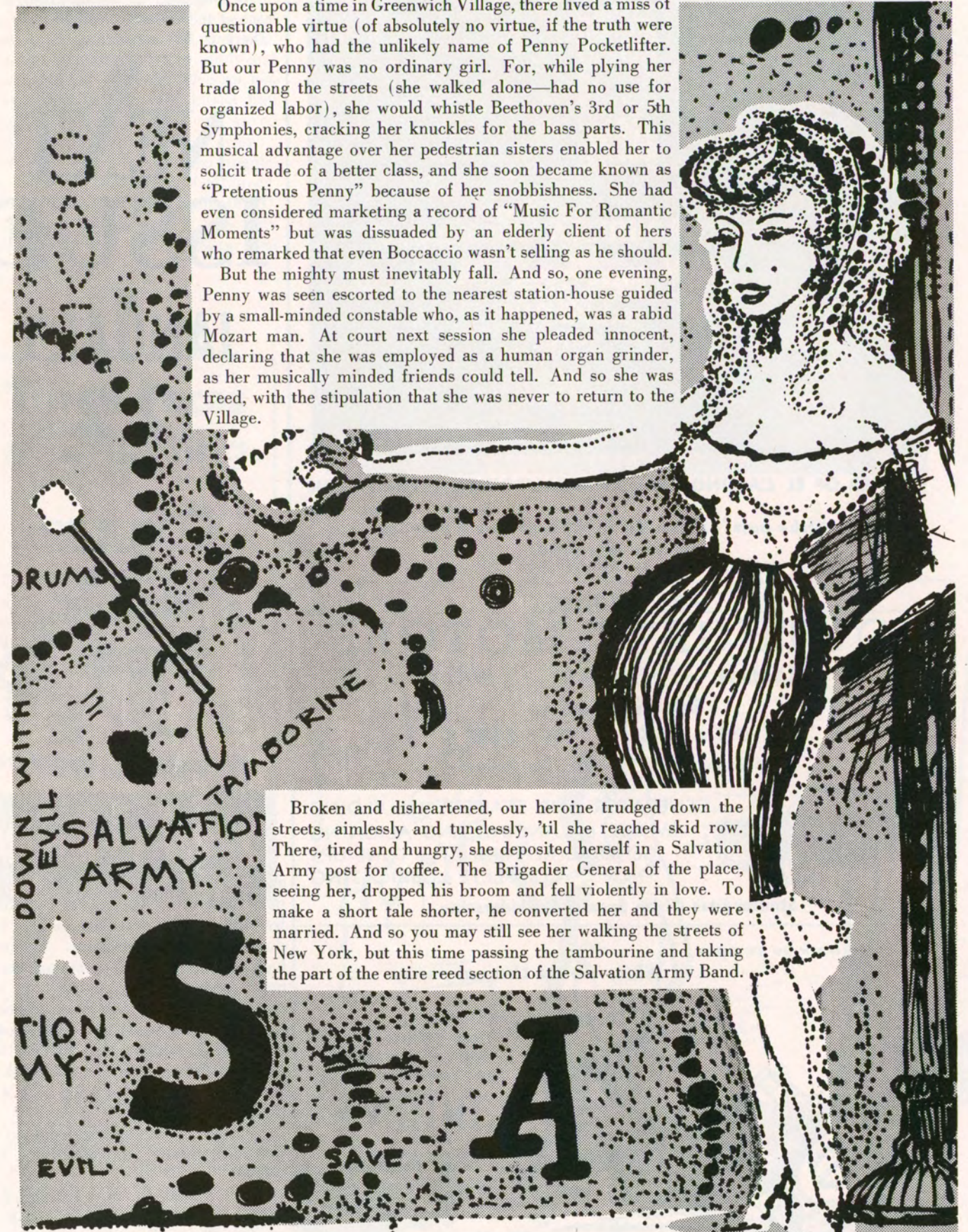
THE SYLPH AND THE SYMPHONY

A Fable by JERRY RODGERS

Once upon a time in Greenwich Village, there lived a miss of questionable virtue (of absolutely no virtue, if the truth were known), who had the unlikely name of Penny Pocketlifter. But our Penny was no ordinary girl. For, while plying her trade along the streets (she walked alone—had no use for organized labor), she would whistle Beethoven's 3rd or 5th Symphonies, cracking her knuckles for the bass parts. This musical advantage over her pedestrian sisters enabled her to solicit trade of a better class, and she soon became known as "Pretentious Penny" because of her snobbishness. She had even considered marketing a record of "Music For Romantic Moments" but was dissuaded by an elderly client of hers who remarked that even Boccaccio wasn't selling as he should.

But the mighty must inevitably fall. And so, one evening, Penny was seen escorted to the nearest station-house guided by a small-minded constable who, as it happened, was a rabid Mozart man. At court next session she pleaded innocent, declaring that she was employed as a human organ grinder, as her musically minded friends could tell. And so she was freed, with the stipulation that she was never to return to the Village.

Broken and disheartened, our heroine trudged down the streets, aimlessly and tunelessly, 'til she reached skid row. There, tired and hungry, she deposited herself in a Salvation Army post for coffee. The Brigadier General of the place, seeing her, dropped his broom and fell violently in love. To make a short tale shorter, he converted her and they were married. And so you may still see her walking the streets of New York, but this time passing the tambourine and taking the part of the entire reed section of the Salvation Army Band.



MORAL: A Penny saved is a Penny still earning.

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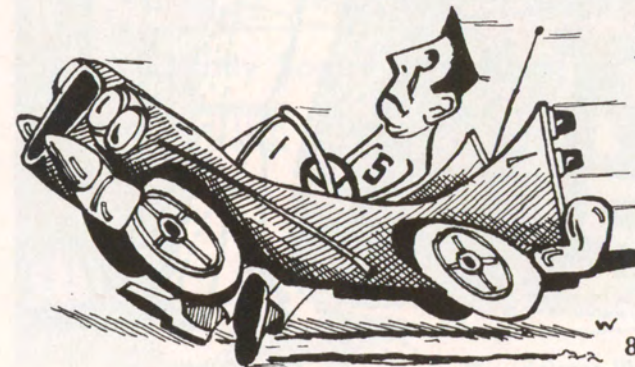


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A recent newspaper ad of the L.A. School of Accounting was headed: "Short Course In Accounting for Women."

Not long after the ad appeared, a note reached the school's president. It said: "There is NO accounting for women."

NEXT ISSUE

JANUARY 22

Our 'BEAT' Number

Watch for it

A young lad was leading a rather small, low yellow cur along the sidewalk near his house when he was confronted by a man with a ferocious looking bulldog of considerable statue. The man, looking at the little yellow animal snarled out, "Little boy, if you don't get that dog out of my way I am going to release my bulldog and he will tear your dog up."

Suddenly, without the slightest forecast, the little yellow dog reached out and bit off the bulldog's leg with a resounding 'chomp'.

"My God!" what kind of a dog do you you have there?" the astonished man yelped.

"Well, I'll tell you, mister, before I cut off his tail and painted him yellow, he was an alligator."

The scene was a street in a London slum. Three urchins, 8 to 10 years old, were playing in a gutter, when a Rolls Royce pulled up and out jumped a beautiful, expensively dressed blond. She picked up the youngest, hugged him, kissed him, gave him a box of candy and a parcel of toys. Then she filled his two grubby hands with money, kissed him again, jumped back into the car, waved her lily white hand, and drove away.

The other two boys watched goggle-eyed. Finally one said, "Gorblimey, Tommy, woz that yer fairy godmother?"

The beneficiary looked at him with scorn: "Naw, that woz my sister wot woz ruined."

Three Faces of Crippling



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TOWARD GREATER VICTORIES

Proud parent, on meeting the new first grade teacher: "I'm happy to know you, Miss Smith. I am the father of the twins you are going to have next September."

An impetuous student negotiated a date with a pair of Siamese twins one night.

"Have a good time?" asked his roommate later.

"Yes and No."



"Well, Sir, in Arkansas we don't have an A.B.C."



—Kitty Kat

THE BLACK OF DARKNESS

By Noire LeBlanc (who did not learn the English language until his 62nd birthday. There are still some doubts as to his success.)



The cruising yawl slipped eerily through the brooding gloom. The water was black. Ough! Was it black! I sat back in the darkness, staring profoundly outward into the gloom. The sky was black, the deck of my craft was black, the shadows were black. My tea was black. Immensely tired, I removed my white coat, pulled off my white gloves, and ran my hands meditatively through my white hair. I looked absently at my white coat. It was black.

Heavens! I reflected, with a sense of lugubrious profundity. I must indeed be approaching the black of darkness.

Forthwith several of the chaps of the voyage made their presence known to me, through several profound groans emitted gloomily in the darkness. Famous, I thought. It was evident that mad terror was reflected in their black eyes. With a glamorous audibility they shook their woolly heads in death-like despair. For indubitably they perceived that with every inch forward into the gloom of the black darkness, the closer we would be to Krulitz.

It was a rotten business, indeed unpleasant. But within their black hearts these cannibal fellows could never know why I could not turn back. It was a necessity that I find Krulitz; for to find Krulitz would be to find myself—to ascertain my own reality—for myself. For without seeing Krulitz, I could never know the truth of reality.

As the yawl drew ever more stealthily close to Krulitz' station, a frightful disturbance interrupted the serenity of my reflections. Black arrows whizzed extravagantly past my white shirt, zipped through the brooding blackness of the gloom and—lo! what a beastly business—snuffed out the lives of several of the cannibal chaps. In the prodigious profundity of the stillness that ensued in the following moments, I looked at the repulsive black eyes, staring up from the pools of dark-red blood. The cabin boy's voice announced astutely through the gloom, "Cannibal chaps—they dead!"

By Jove! I was on my own now, as the yawl sliced its way smoothly through the black of darkness.

As I felt around in the darkness for the familiar shapes of my teacup and plate of hippo meat, thoughts of Krulitz introduced themselves into my weary mind. I was so near to seeing this man—and yet there still remained before me a blasted eternity.

A blasted eternity later, as we edged through the gloom, a dreadful crash broke through the silence. Our yawl had hit the shore, but in the darkness it had hit too hard. Our craft began to sink, as my faithful cabin boy and I scrambled for shore with rather a bit of terror.

On shore, the voice of my cabin boy asked profoundly, "Yawl—still there?" Not having learned the English language until the age of sixty-two, I replied, in earnest, "Sho' is."

Onward through the darkness we trudged, this time on foot. Gratefully I acknowledged the fact that I had one last tin of hippo meat in the pocket of my white Bermuda shorts. Finding Krulitz in this darkness might become another eternity, and I had a deplorable appetite—for hippo meat.

Through the gloom we crawled. The gloom became mud, and even my white Bermuda shorts became black, until I knew that we had at last entered the very black of darkness itself. A voice crying out through the shadows confirmed this suspicion of mine. "The horror! The horror!" it moaned. Quickly I lit a match.



Heavens! It was Krulitz! And as I took one profound look at his pitiful wretchedness in the darkness, he expired.

"Mistah Krulitz—he expired," my faithful cabin boy informed me. "Blimey!" I exclaimed sorrowfully. And with this profound remark, my match went out, leaving me alone in the gloom. But I had now perceived reality. I had now ascertained truth and found myself. I could return to Liverpool.

At this pensive moment a black hand tapped me on the shoulder, and through the gloom I was able to perceive a pair of black, feminine eyes. "I once loved Krulitz," said a black voice. "If you have any regard for my black heart you will answer my request."

I bade her to continue, and, blackly, she continued. "You—you were the only person to see Krulitz in the light," she sobbed. "You must tell me—what color were his eyes?"

Properly horrified, I assumed a profoundly pensive attitude, reflecting upon the intense complications of this question. I knew the proper answer, the only answer that could fit in with this story. But I also knew that now I had found myself, and my first duty was to the truth that I had come to value so highly. I could not betray my noblest principles for the sake of a superior piece of literature.

"Hang it all!" I cried, looking out into the black heart of an immense darkness, "—they're GREEN!"

—Eric Wilson

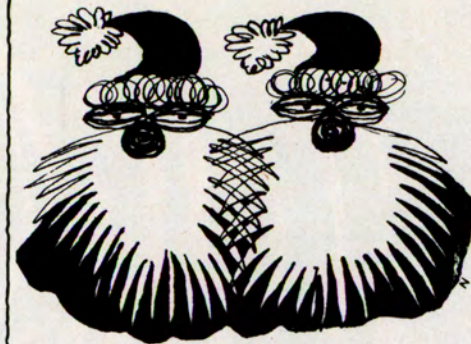
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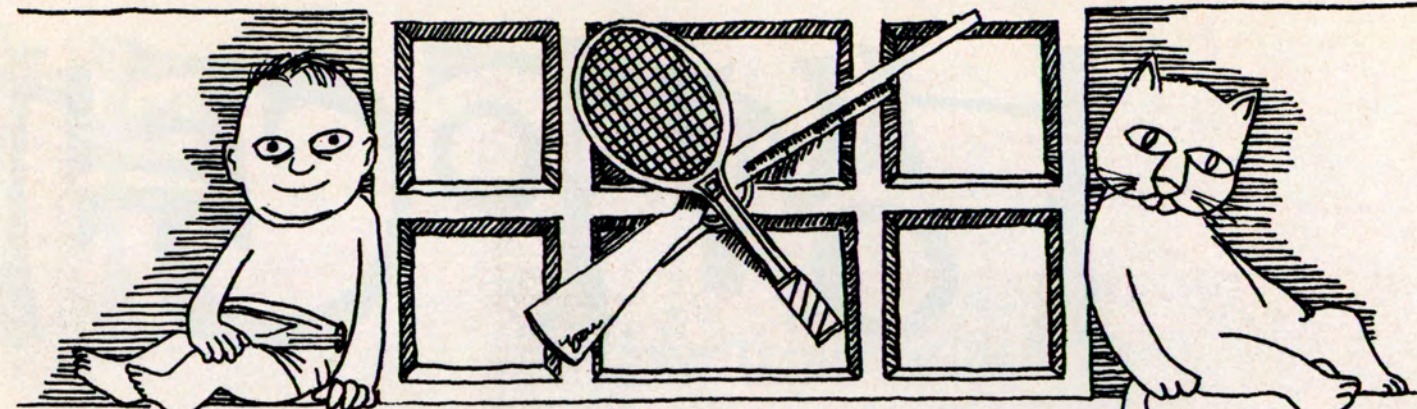


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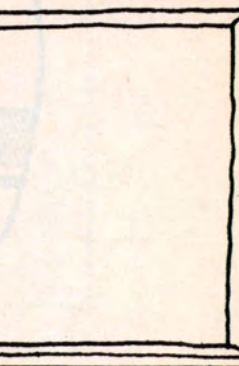
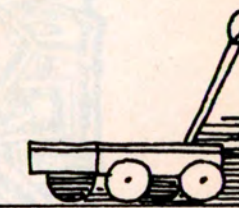
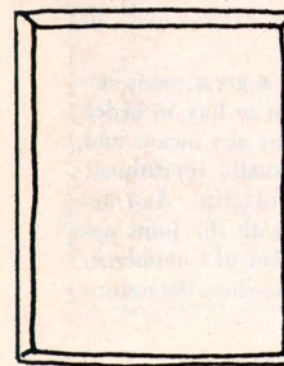
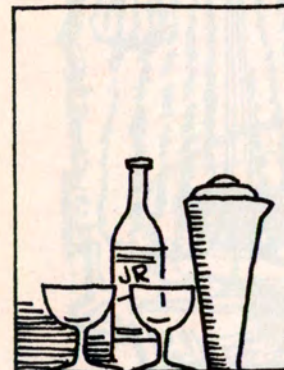
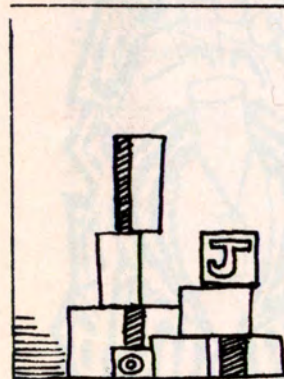
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CATS AND BROTHERS

A Tale by Thomas Bissinger



I guess every story needs an introductory paragraph, and mine is no exception. I lived in a large city in one of those neat white stone houses bordered by a smooth clip of green lawn. My family consisted of my mother and father and a younger brother. I once had a pet, an awfully furry grey cat, but one day, when I was with a group of my friends, I became careless with my air rifle, as young boys are wont to do, and I shot the cat. My younger brother felt the loss more than I, but mother and father remained cheerful and bought me another, which, as luck would have it, was run over by a car the very next day.

When my brother, he was a quiet lad of three, first felt the urge to scream, he would take up his rattle and flash it noisily in the air. At first we were quite attentive to his complaints, but later we took his shouts as mere signs that he demanded attention. It was into this state of mind that I decided to kill Flip, as he was called.

I chanced upon a moment when he was quietly chewing on his yellow rattle. I bravely struck him behind the ear with the frame of my tennis racket, giving him a sharp blow that quieted him instantly. Perhaps a slight gurgle fell from his already foamy lips; I do not remember. I do remember that he slumped over in his crib and was quiet.

I don't really know why I remember this small incident; it meant nothing. Certainly no one objected to his death as he was a noisy and annoying creature. I even think mother and father were pleased over the whole affair. It bought them quite a bit of prominence, which did father no harm as he is in the Organization where a bit of notoriety coupled with the sympathy that he got helped boost him several notches to ninth vice-presidency.

Well, this is besides the point. I only wanted to tell you that my mother had no more children after my brother's death. I felt that this was rather inconsiderate on her part because being the only child can be a terrific emotional strain, don't you think?

How To Get it

by John Frankenstein



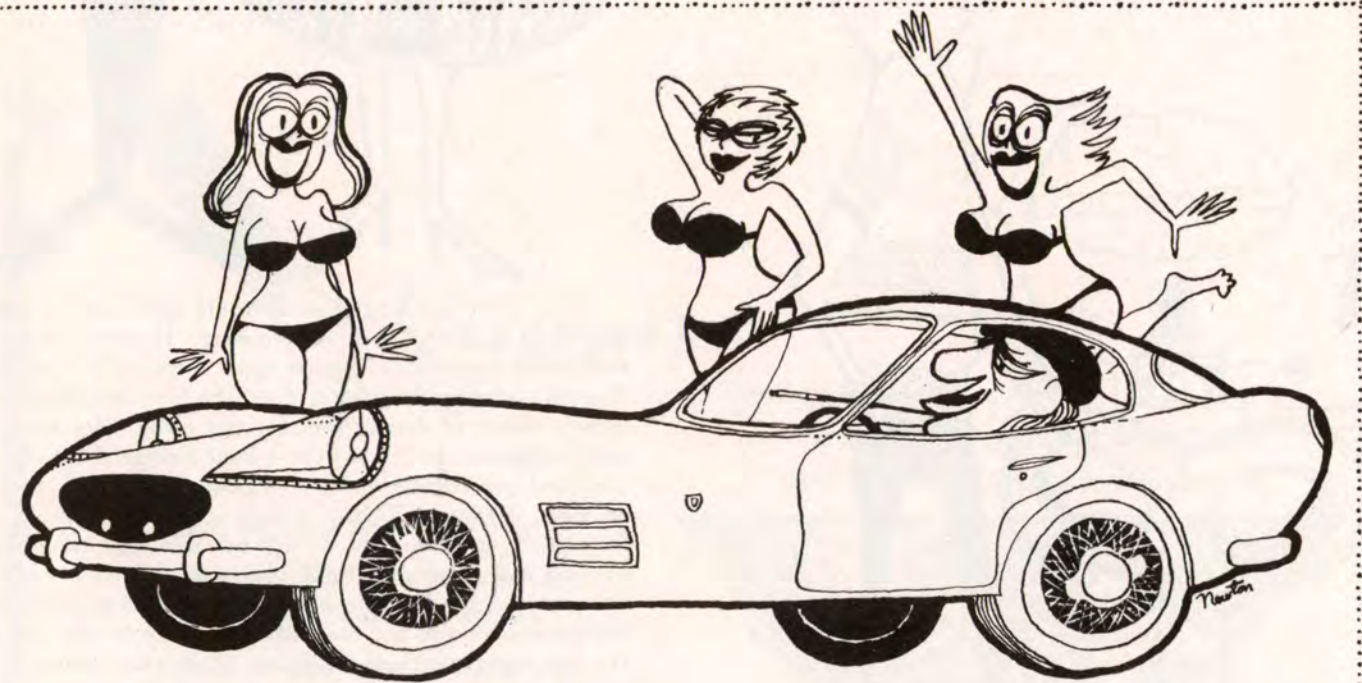
At Christmas time there usually appear a great many articles whose sole purpose is to tell you what to buy in order to give others. This is not a limitless field by any means and so most of the articles of this type are usually repetitious: after all, there are not an infinite number of gifts. And besides, most of these things are published with the joint approval of the NAM and the National Chamber of Commerce. Which is not bad, understand, but just goes to show the nature of these articles.

Now, what follows is the direct antithesis of The What To Give articles: it will tell you, more or less, How To Get. Lest I be called crass let me digress a bit and explain my situation. We are all told that to give is better than to receive. I agree with this statement but it will be admitted that it is pleasant to receive. I do not say to hell with giving, but rather, let us give but let us also endeavor to reap, to the full, the benefits of receipt. In a business age like ours such a statement is not horribly original.

However, enough of rambling. Let us be specific in this essay on How To Get. Let us take two examples of potential receivers ever so close to our hearts: The Stanford Man and The Stanford Woman. What do these people want most of

all? The answer is simple. The Stanford Man wants a studly sportscar, such as a Ferrari or 300-SL, and The Stanford Woman wants a studly husband, of which an example need not be given. Let us now see how our friends should go about getting these commodities.

The Stanford Man, in his quest for a studly auto, can, in several ways, get this given to him for Christmas. The first thing to do is to let the desire be known. But not blatantly. Do not say, "Gee, Dad, it's a 300-SL . . . and you know, my car isn't much good anymore." Be subtle. For instance, if you are an engineering major, you can insert this phony ad (which you can cut out of this page) in your father's favorite magazine: (cut.) This should do the trick.



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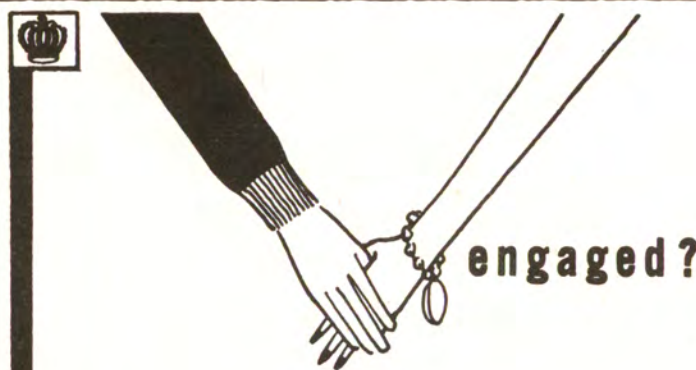
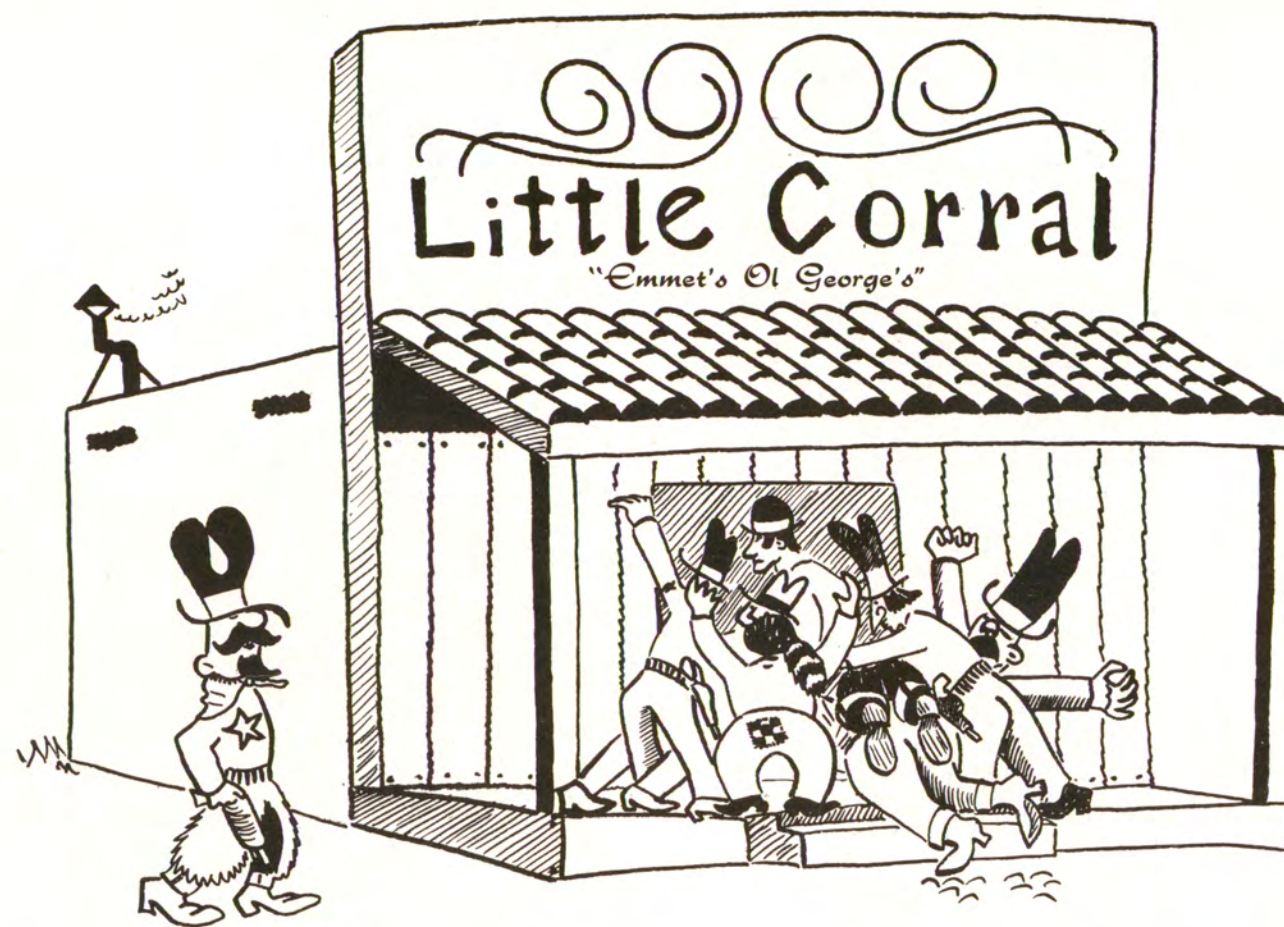
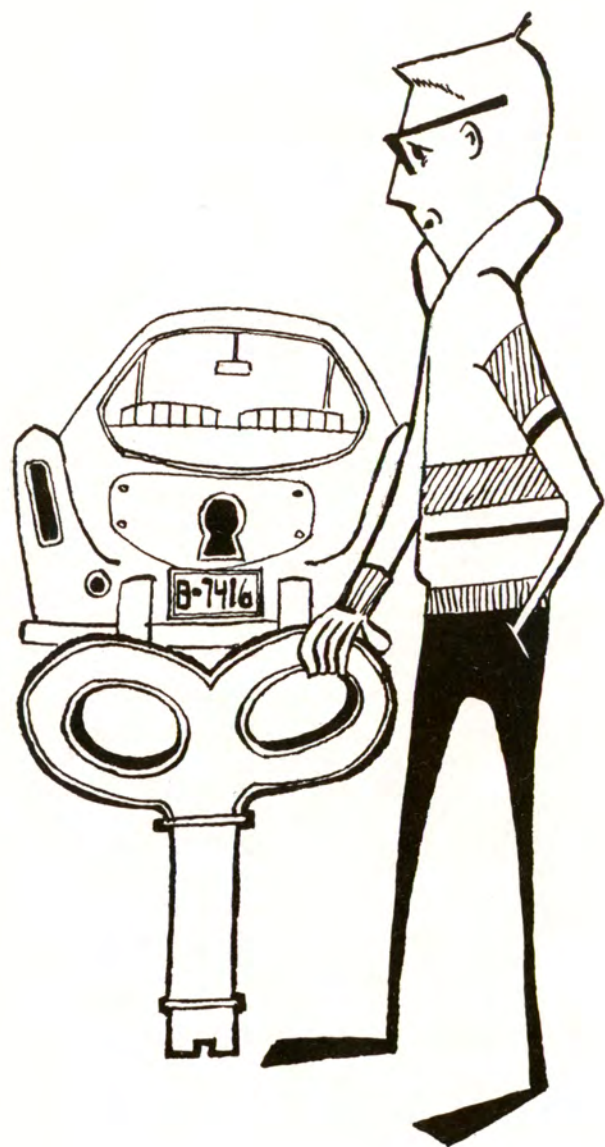
CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE.

Now, if you are what is grandiosely known as: "in Humanities," you are, of course, by nature more imaginative than engineers and so you don't need recourse to this ruse. Be creative. Use subliminal perception. In a word, persuade. Everytime you talk about cars, mention sportscars. Leave bits of paper around the house for your mother to pick up with "sportscar" written on them. The next time you show your parents the slides you took on that highly cultural trip to Los Angeles, put a slide of you in a sportscar on the screen (this picture does not necessarily have to be taken on the trip). Remark how well you look in a sportscar and how much more bitching your social life at Stanford would be if you had one (but only say this last part if you are most agile and thus can surmount the difficulties surrounding a sportscar and social life at Stanford). If your parents are at all considerate, and mainly if you drum this insidious stuff into them hard enough, you will find yourself the owner of a sportscar at Christmas time. For a more intense treatment of the methods of persuasion mentioned here, I recommend *The Value Twisters* by Benedetto Croce.



Now, every Stanford Woman would like to find a man in her stocking. Her Christmas stocking. However, this does not always happen. In a great many respects, The Stanford Woman's problem is greater than The Stanford Man's: the latter's object of desire does not run away. But there are some solutions. In this article, I shall disregard the obvious ones and concentrate on more legitimate answers. First of all, girls, if you are Rich, you have not problems at all. Unfortunately, most women do not fall into this category, so we must look elsewhere. Really, it is very difficult to candidly ask your parents for a husband. They, too, have been looking for one for you and most likely they are getting worried. Do not aggravate their condition. You can, though, drop little hints as to the sort of person you'd like to be married to, and this might aid them in their quest. Actually, the best way to go about this business is to let your parents go on their way and to make yourself pretty and learn to walk with great . . . *dignity*, I think is the word I want. Put your heart in it. You may win.

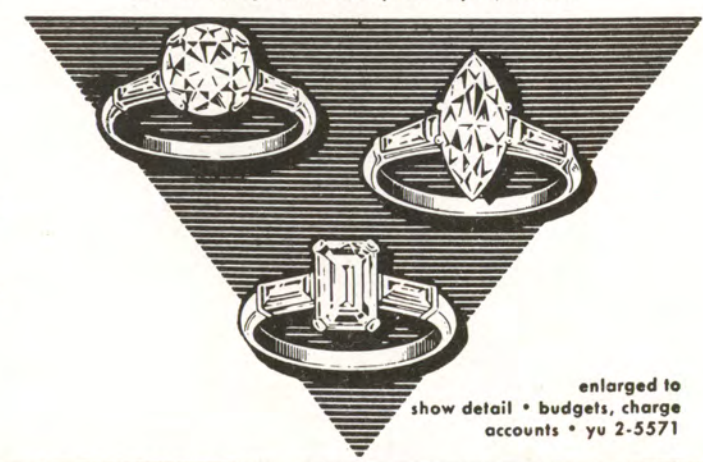
In conclusion, it is obvious that The Stanford Man's problems are more easily resolved than those of The Stanford Woman. But in both, persuasion and a little deception will usually bring results. Have faith in yourself. And remember, in this day and age, it is easy to exchange your presents.



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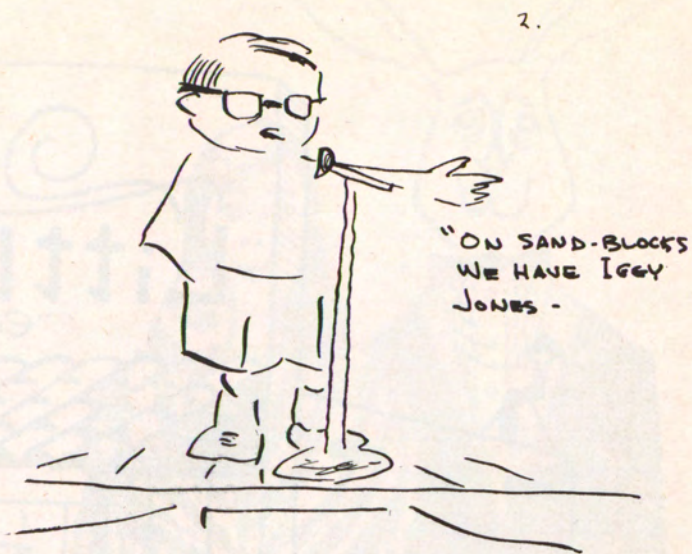
- PRICES INCLUDE FED. TAX
- brilliant cut blue white diamond ring, one carat, two baguettes. \$650.
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MOOM

PITCHERS



MY UNCLE

God! We didn't believe it until we saw it. The French are making movies that don't have Brigitte Bardot in them. Of course, the comic effect suffers from the lack of Miss Bardot, and then without her there are also a couple of other good things missing too, but somehow this movie seems to rise above this handicap and provide more than several belly laughs. The uncle of the title is none other than the Mr. Hulot of *Mr. Hulot's Holiday*, but this time, instead of bumbling about the seashore with the grace of a teenager on one roller skate and a ski, he has transferred his area of concentration to the city and a dwelling therein with all of its accouterment. The problems that Jacques Tati meets in the wonderland that is modern electrical convenience are truly classics of baggy-pants comedy and farce. The only fault with the movie is that, at times, these laughs are too far between, and the piece seems to drag just the slightest bit. Perhaps one of the funniest scenes is derived from the typical French frankness and insistence on presenting life just as it is. We all have seen and know dogs do this, but to see it on the screen is something again. The only question one is left with after seeing this picture is: where will Mr. Hulot strike next? Perhaps the Daily office.

P.S. Rugby's loss is the movies gain.

HOME BEFORE DARK

There's this chick, see. She's just been to the State flip bin where she came on real fine with eight kilowatt kicks. She splits with the bugs and makes the home scene once again. When she gets there, she finds this real fine selection of characters straight out of Grimm's: a mean stepmother, a stacked stepsister, and a hub that won't pad with her. This is the big thing that is bugging her, and she spends about the whole rest of the movie trying to find a sex substitute. She's got two choices, which is a euphemism if we ever used one. One is a boozy, jilted ex-suitor who "is still in love with her." The other is a boarder at her house while he is teaching at the Philosophy Department of the college where her husband is the acting head of the same department which tends to be anti-semitic and this fellow (the boarder) is Jewish and there is some doubt that he is going to cut it and stay on the faculty, but he tends lobster pots so all is not lost—except the plot. You and I may wonder what anti-semitism has to do with a movie about a buggy chick who can't get her hubby in the sack, but then we don't think along the same logical lines as that amazing breed of Americana known as a screen writer. It was about this time in the flick that we started wondering if there would be a Magoo cartoon to save the price of admission (there wasn't). Anyway, from

this point on, the movie shifts out of low gear and into reverse and grinds to a predictable ending that just goes to show that the chick, who was played by a grey-haired Jean Simmons, would not have made a good candidate for the Bund movement.

P.S. I hesitate to say.

MAN OF THE WEST

Gary Cooper rides across the West again, tall in the saddle, with Julie London sagging beside him. Gary, as Link Jones (a more masculine name never came out of Hollywood, excepting maybe Tab Hunter), rolls out of Good Hope (I swear I'm not making this up) on the Dixie Flyer with the town's entire gold supply in his suitcase. He is looking for a school-ma'am for the town but predictably enough he finds trouble. The train is held up and somehow Link (Gary) finds himself stranded in the desert with a gambler, a dancehall girl (Julie London), a clutch of bandits and Bobby Troup. Julie London gives Bobby the big nix and he dies. Gary (Link) takes over with Julie and is outwardly untroubled by thoughts of his wife and kids at home. Inwardly he is a seething mass of approach-avoidance conflicts. The gambler and the bandits watch the happy couple enviously until their leader (who somehow is also Link's (Gary's)

uncle (I swear I'm not making all this up) suggests they go rob the stage bank at Lassoo (honest I'm not). Link (Gary) is of course a straight shooter, but he shrewdly plays along with the gang and agrees to help them. To spare you additional discomfort, the startling ending follows: Gary (Link) kills every last member of the bandit gang single-handed (really), gets back the gold for the school teacher, nixes Julie London in her turn, and goes home to the little family, his simple, honest American smile outshining the Western sunset.

P.S. The popcorn needs salt.

A hangover isn't serious until you can't stand the roar of a Bromo Seltzer.

A certain radio announcer had charge of a daily Man-in-the-Street program, his duties, of course, being to chat with people on the streets of the town in which he was employed. One day a drunk staggered up to his microphone and said, "I wanna play 'Knock knock'." Seeing no harm in this, the announcer said that it would be all right.

"Okay," said the drunk, "knock, knock."
 "Who's there?" asked the announcer.
 "Argo," said the drunk.
 "Argo who?" said the announcer.
 "Argo to hell," said the drunk chortling gleefully.

Immediately the local gendarmes collected and carted the ill-fated announcer away to jail. He was sentenced to five years for permitting profanity to be broadcast over his program. During his five years in jail, however, he made it his business to learn every "Knock knock" joke in existence so that such a thing could never be pulled on him again. When finally released, he returned to his old job on the Man-in-the-Street program.

On the first day of his resumption of duties, a very sober, staid business man stepped up to the microphone and announced that he wanted to play "Knock knock." Sure of his ground our protagonist said that it would be all right.

"Knock knock," said the man.
 "Who's there?" asked the announcer.
 "Peggy," said the man.
 The announcer thought over every "Peggy" gag that existed and finally decided that they were all presentable.
 "Peggy who?" he asked.
 "Argo to hell," said the man.

NOEL NOEL NOEL NOEL NOEL

Well, here it is the old Christmas season again, and GROGAN would like to take this opportunity to express his most sincere good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year - even if you never came into the store ya lousy bum ya.

Now GROGAN can think of nothing worse to spoil your vacation than to get engaged but if you are so inclined, GROGAN can fix you up with a ring or some other expensive geegaw as well as any and better than most.

Don't forget your nickel for parking during the month of December. You could use it for gum or something and he would never know.

GROGAN THE JEWELER
 205 University Palo Alto

SMITH'S SPORT SHOP



Before you go and spend all those Christmas checks, come in and see us for your ski equipment.



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"What's so merry about it?"

Little Steve, five years old, was walking along the street with little Ellen, aged four. Crossing the street, Steve remembered his mother's teaching.

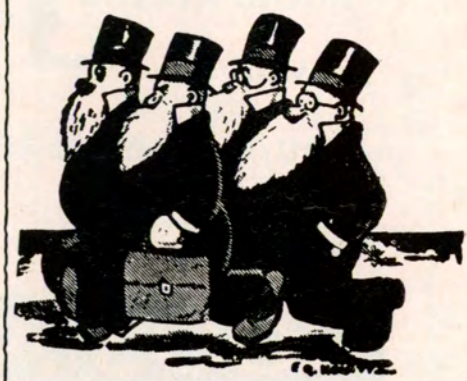
"Let me hold your hand," he offered politely.

"Okay," Ellen declared, "but just remember you're playing with fire."

For being naughty, the little girl got a spanking on the "this hurts me more than it does you" basis. Doubting the truth of her parent's statement, the girl walked into the bathroom, and shut the door. Undressing, she backed up to the full length mirror and exclaimed: "Aha! Just as I thought. He cracked it."

"Did you get home from the party all right last night?"

"Fine, thanks, except that just as I was turning into my street some idiot stepped on my fingers."



"Was looking over my last year's finals questions and I'll be damned if I can understand them."



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THE STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER/ and The Shack on Campus

Little Willie is distressed, he got a pair of pink pajamas and a military hair brush for his birthday. Now he doesn't know whether to go to West Point or Harvard.

Prof: Will you gentlemen in the back of the room kindly stop passing notes?
Student: We're not passing notes, sir. We're playing bridge.
Prof: Oh, I beg your pardon.

He: "Your husband is a brilliant looking man; I suppose he knows everything."
She: "Don't be silly! He doesn't suspect a thing."

A census taker in the country came upon a farmhouse and was greeted by a five-year-old boy.
"How many in your family?" asked the census taker.
"Four," replied the little boy. "There's my mama, daddy, sister and me."
"Where's your daddy?"
"He's gone fishin,' I reckon—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But he put on his rubber boots and it ain't rainin'."
"Where's your mama, son?"
"Well, I guess she's gone out—I don't rightly know. But the catalogue's missin', and she can't read."
"Well, where's your sister, then, little boy?" asked the census taker.
"I reckon she's down at the barn with the hired hand—I say 'I reckon'—I don't rightly know. But there ain't but two things she likes to do—and supper's waitin' on the table."



"It does not stand for Republic of France!"



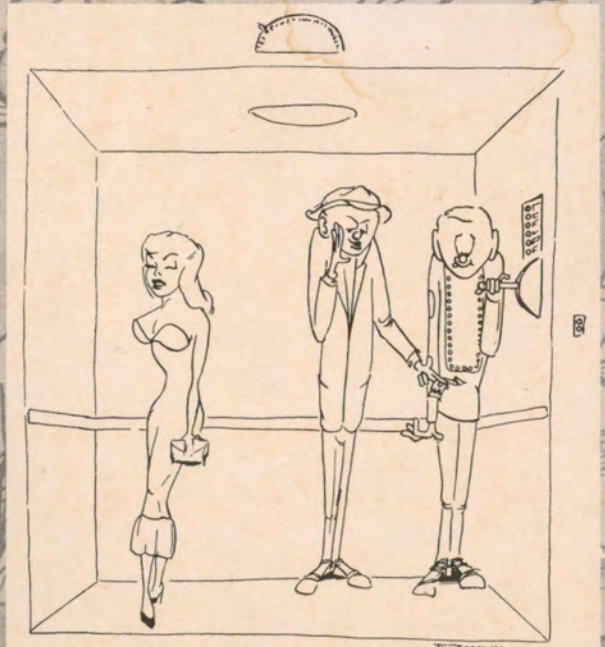
—Lampoon



"Did Steve Allen really invent jazz?"



God is love.



"If you can stop fast enough to do the trick..."
—Corkscrew

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