

the stanford

# CHAPARRAL

march 1950



SPRING ISSUE, featuring  
STANFORDBURY TALES

*Christopher & Hop*

## HERE THEY ARE, THE MARCH WINNERS OF LIMERICK LAUGHTER THESE LIMERICKS WON \$5, YOURS CAN, TOO!

They said it couldn't be done--  
Nix the tars and leave the fun.

L&M licked it,  
Now hopes you have picked it.  
'Cause this project has cost them big mon.  
-Wolcott Schley

There was a young rough from Detroit.  
At limerick writing adroit.

When penning one day,  
Was heard to say,  
"I wish dirt were spelled 'doit.'"  
-F.Q. Howe

"Put the fraternities all in a quad,"  
Say the Deans with a smile and a nod.

"Regard as absurd  
The talk you have heard  
Of resembling peas in a pod."  
-James S. Michael

**WIN A FIN**

from

## LIMERICK LAUGHTER

Each month, the *Chaparral* will award \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty L&M cigarette pack. Another \$5 will be paid for the best limerick submitted with an empty Chesterfield pack, and a third \$5 for the best limerick submitted with an empty Oasis pack. Ten (10) honorary mention limerick winners each month will receive Happy Talk game, the new hilarious word game.

Write your limerick on any subject you choose. Enter as often as you wish, but be sure to accompany each limerick with an empty pack of L&M, Chesterfield or Oasis cigarettes.



**L & M** is Low in tar  
with **More** taste to it.  
Don't settle for one without the other.

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Nothing Satisfies Like the  
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Delightfully Different  
— a Refreshing Change

Enter NOW for the April contest! All entries must be accompanied by the entrant's name and address. Entries may be mailed to box 3013 or left in the big Limerick Laughter entry box at the Chaparral Office by the IIR.

Livy Barclay wears  
one of the Colony's  
beautiful new  
Spring fashions.

the colony  
TOWN and COUNTRY CLOTHES

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER  
HILLSDALE





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456,302  
tranquilizer pills  
to calm the nerves  
of all the  
frustrated admen  
on Madison Avenue

but it takes  
nothing but a reg card  
to get up to 6 months  
to pay at R/A.



**ROOS/ATKINS**

THE STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER  
and The Shack on Campus

A freshman signed up for ROTC and the first thing he did was fail to salute the commanding officer.

"Do you realize who I am?" the officer fumed. "I'm in command here. I command a thousand men."

"You got a good job," said the freshman. "Don't louse it up."

Did you get that fur coat to keep you warm or quiet?

Customer: Have you been to the zoo lately?

Waitress: No, why?

Customer: Well, you ought to go sometime and watch the turtles whizz by.

"Why do I drink so much? I'll tell you! I've got a bad case of amnesia and I drink to forget it!"

City Slicker: I thought you said you were going to send us a chicken for dinner Sunday.

Farmer: I was. But it got better.

The campus cops raided a fraternity house where four students sat around a table, apparently playing cards. They questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of University regulations," they told the first student.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk."

"You're playing cards in defiance of University regulations," they shouted at the second student.

"Oh no," he replied. "I'm just a stranger here myself."

"And you're playing cards, too," they told the third.

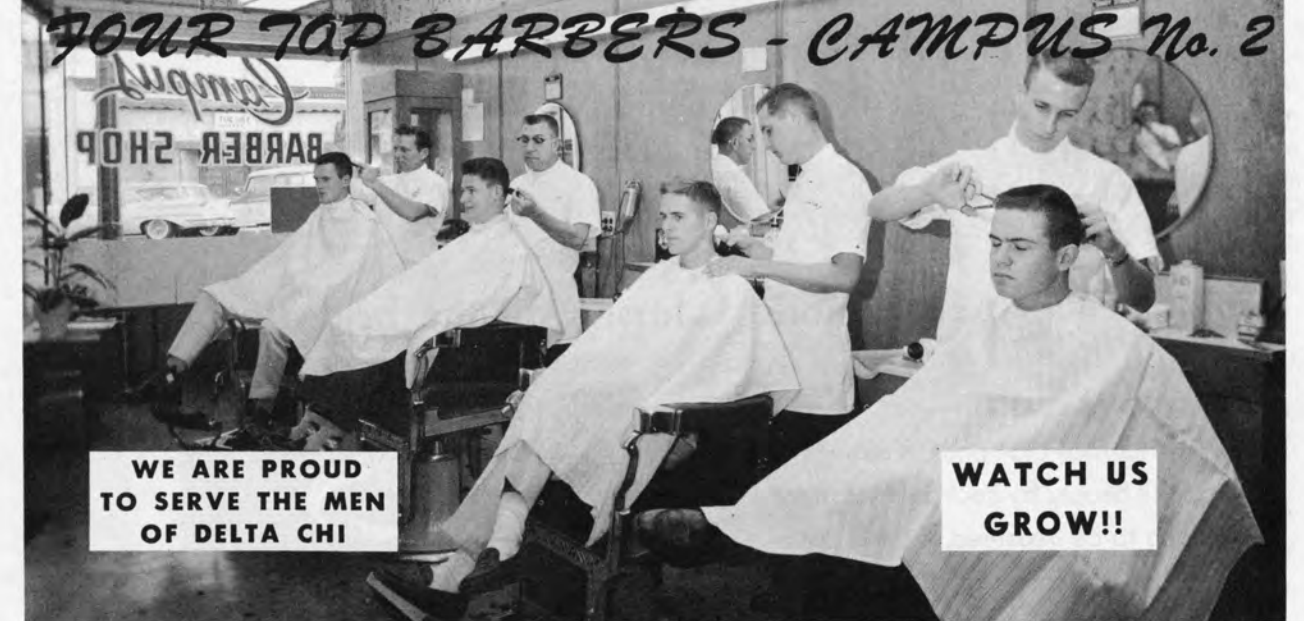
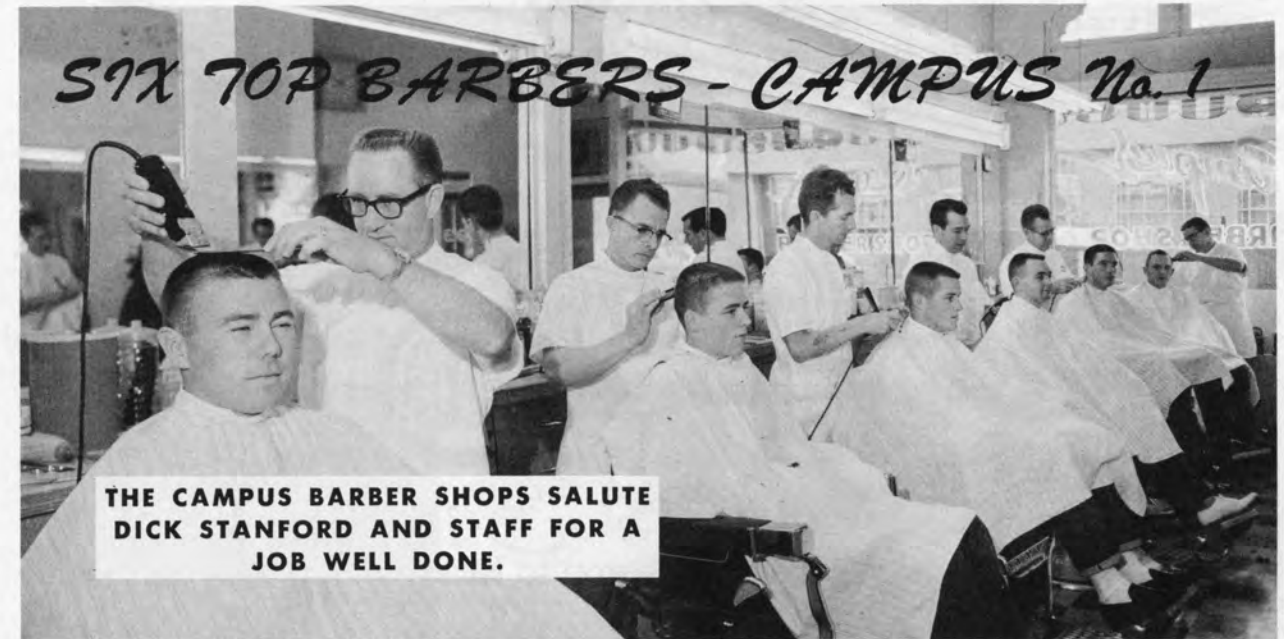
"Not me," he answered. "I'm just watching the other fellows."

The campus cop stared at the fourth student who was holding a deck of cards in his hands. "Well at least we know you're playing cards."

"Me, playing cards?" he replied. "With whom?"

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts right in working the moment you wake up in the morning, and doesn't stop until you are called upon in class.

**LOOK, STANFORD MEN!**  
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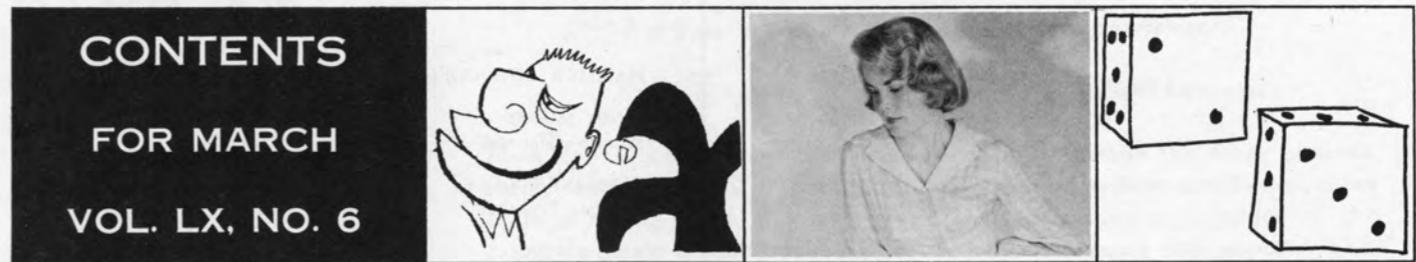
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the stanford  
**CHAPARRAL**



**CONTENTS**  
FOR MARCH  
VOL. LX, NO. 6

page 10

page 17

page 31

page 10	Stanfordbury Tales
page 17	Marianne Magers . . . . . Spring Queen
page 24	Steve Berry . . . . . Venda
page 29	Lifted Laughter
page 31	Monogamy

Cover by Chris Whorf

Stanford University founded 1891; *Stanford Chaparral* established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society, founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906; Barney Gilmore, president; Robert d'Alessio, vice-president; Bill Sater, secretary-treasurer. © 1959 by *The Stanford Chaparral*, chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto, California, Post Office), under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published monthly nine times a year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society; subscription price, \$3.00 per year. An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona fide college humor magazines are granted reprint rights of material herein contained if credit is given to *The Stanford Chaparral*; all others should seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving infringement of copyright laws. Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California. Represented nationally by The National Advertising Service Inc., 420 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

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



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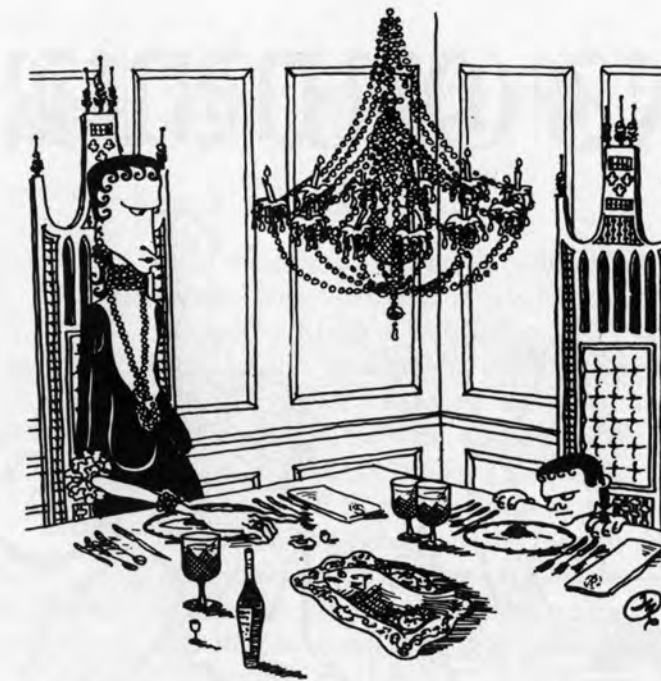
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**NOW THAT** love is our theme, and spring our rational, let not this madness blind us to the folly that is so often behind such states. Spring breeds humbug like pollywogs. And like pollywogs, such humbug can be perceived as unimportant, or spineless, or transient, or comical, or plain fascinating. A fine case in point is the *Daily's* analysis of the causes of the Los Altos fiasco. How like a pollywog! Half Fishy!

Thus we see that even the *Daily* is not immune to such madness. No one is. This is shown by our admirable parody, which the coming pages will unveil. For, what can satirize madness better than pomp and preposterousness? What better to satirize the pollywog, than the pompous frog? Let not this statement convey the impression, which the *Daily* is all-to-erroneously likely to perceive, that Stanfordbury Tales is sheer madness; it is the illuminator of sheer madness. But enough. The important point to keep in mind is that this is the time of year to be on extra heavy guard for the symptoms of spring fever, i.e., love, daydreams, and other forms of silly sickness.



It should be noticed that guarding oneself against these things is next to impossible, and achieved most closely by the reclusive, thoughtful, person. The Ancient One, for instance, is especially susceptible to a rather engaging form of madness, to wit, daydreaming on the library lawn, in full sunlight. Recently, the warmer part of the early afternoon was spent trying to decide if really, secretly, the San Francisco Symphony knew all along when to hit an important downbeat or begin an important passage, and they just let Jorda do as he wished, gesturing wildly, slightly ahead of the real beat, only so he could get his kicks.

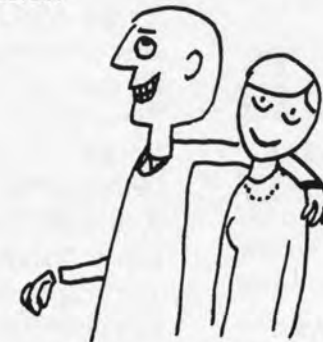


"Eat your olives dear, they make you passionate."

—Jack-O-Lantern

Such trivia! But alas, everyone seems susceptible to at least one form of spring trivia. For many it takes the form of boathouse bathing.

The Stanford boathouse bather is a curious animal who puts a tan before almost any other form of self adornment. This statement isn't quite fair. It is true that there are a few people who are boathouse bathers and are not seeking the deepest tan on campus. But these people are those which the season has blessed with the strange idea that they look good in direct proportion to their lack of clothing. Springtime has an unusual effect of causing many members of the opposite sex to agree, however, and so little harm is done. But what trivia!

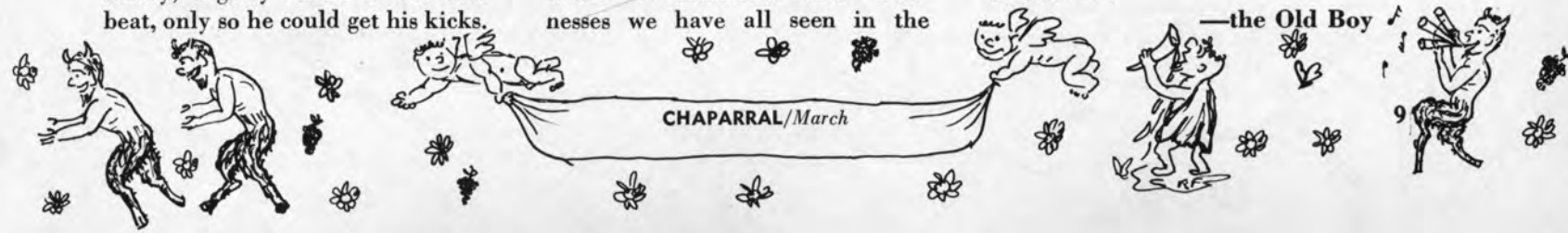
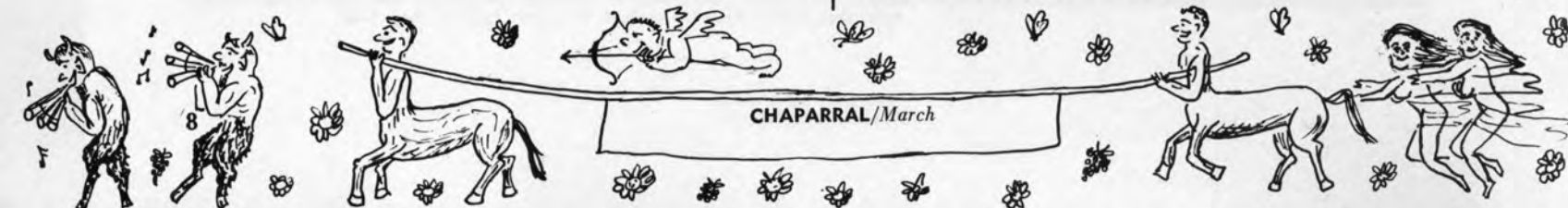


There are numerous other madnenses we have all seen in the

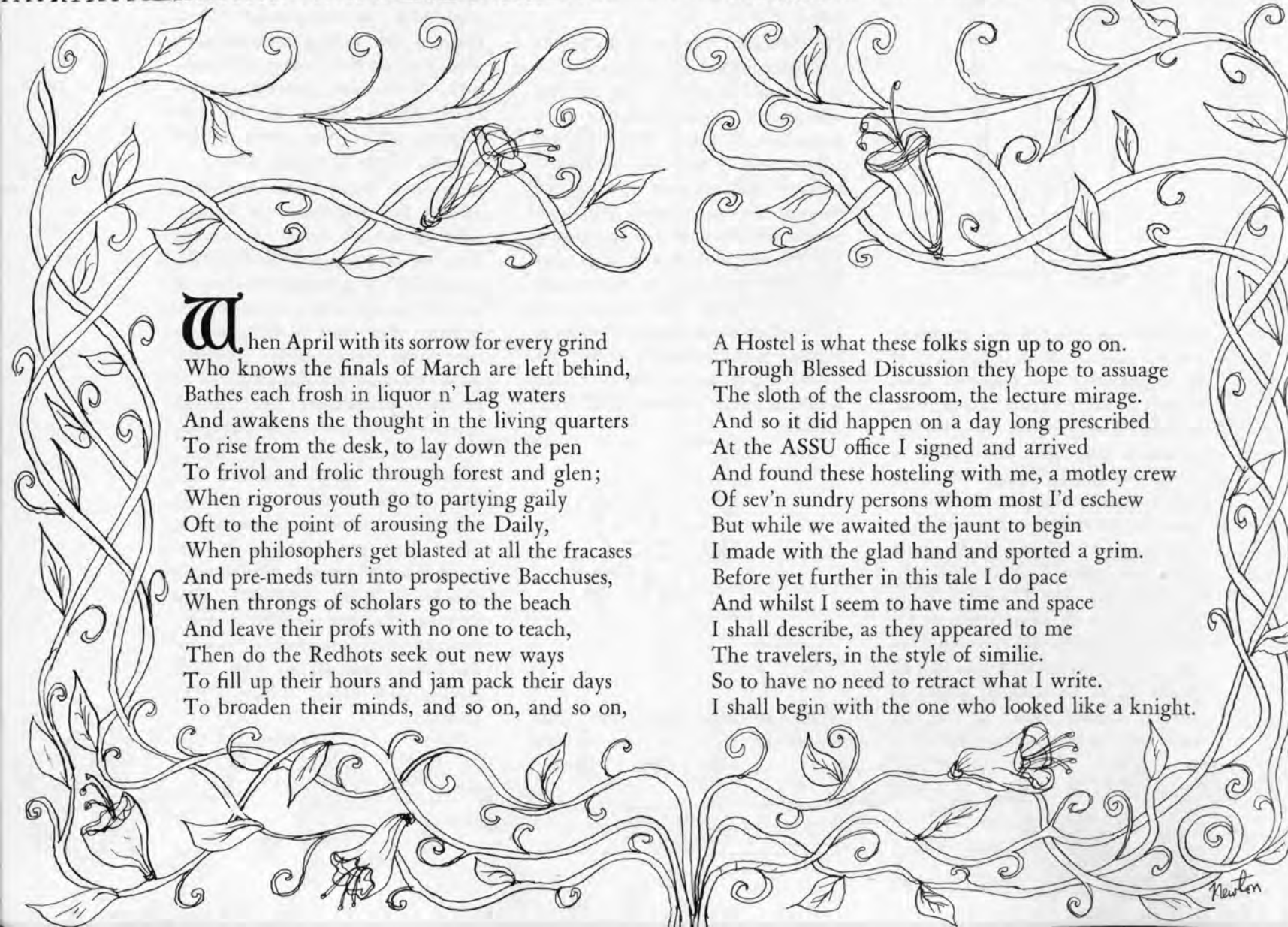
Spring. Beside the more obvious, and those we have mentioned, there is the sudden appearance of the psuedo income tax expert. This man may be dangerous! Then there is the spring housecleaner, who, if given the chance, will carefully throw out everything one holds dear. There is the fair weather golfer, who must be delirious. There is poison oak.

In a sense there is no defending against the madnenses of Spring. Like almost all forms of campus humbug they provide the participant with an irrational feeling of security or, at least, a sense of belonging. But it can be dangerous to take them too seriously. The Ancient One has seen the survivors of previous springtimes. They are left relatively intact, it is true, but there is a small scar (or is that scare) somewhere about their person. The best defense for all Spring's humbugs, from pollywogs to poison oak, is the sharp eye and the well exercised sense of humor. Perhaps we should do more homework. But that goes for our studies, and for love too. But that contradicts what we have been saying. Ah dear, Spring does funny things to the reason . . .

—the Old Boy



# THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY TALES



When April with its sorrow for every grind  
Who knows the finals of March are left behind,  
Bathes each frosh in liquor n' Lag waters  
And awakens the thought in the living quarters  
To rise from the desk, to lay down the pen  
To frivol and frolic through forest and glen;  
When rigorous youth go to partying gaily  
Oft to the point of arousing the Daily,  
When philosophers get blasted at all the fracas  
And pre-meds turn into prospective Bacchuses,  
When throngs of scholars go to the beach  
And leave their profs with no one to teach,  
Then do the Redhots seek out new ways  
To fill up their hours and jam pack their days  
To broaden their minds, and so on, and so on,

A Hostel is what these folks sign up to go on.  
Through Blessed Discussion they hope to assuage  
The sloth of the classroom, the lecture mirage.  
And so it did happen on a day long prescribed  
At the ASSU office I signed and arrived  
And found these hosteling with me, a motley crew  
Of sev'n sundry persons whom most I'd eschew  
But while we awaited the jaunt to begin  
I made with the glad hand and sported a grim.  
Before yet further in this tale I do pace  
And whilst I seem to have time and space  
I shall describe, as they appeared to me  
The travelers, in the style of similie.  
So to have no need to retract what I write.  
I shall begin with the one who looked like a knight.

A man like Knight there was, a bitchin' guy  
Who, if not on men's row could live, would rather die.  
In Autumn plied his trade as quarterback  
As others of his ilk made crew and ran about the track.  
Loved not liberty and equality as much as fraternity,  
Studied on week-nights, saved weekends for debauchery,  
During finals week dwelt in Panic City,  
Was renowned throughout Roble and Branner as *really* witty!  
Spent Friday afternoon at Mama's in ritual drinking beer,  
And held that those not with him were strictly zere.  
Had snowed the dollies, tubed the tests,  
B.S.'d the profs and all the rest,  
Had been on Rally Com, had thrown four of the brothers in the Union fountain, had been aced out in the race for cheer leader, had used his fake I.D. since he was 15 years old, held the house chug-a-lug record (4 seconds flat for a full quart can), had dumped Oxodol and yellow dye marker in the fountain in front of Mem Libe 37 times, had taken Spanish four times before he finally passed the course, had led the panty raid on Roble Hall in his freshman year, and, in short, if anything screenish happened on campus during the time he was there, it was a pretty safe bet to say that he had made it happa'  
He was Napa!!

A prioress from Roble's cloistered halls was with us on the trip  
The sacred vow of temperance but lately left her lip  
Despising all our worldly joys, this maiden knew them not  
Indeed if she'd but taste of them she'd find them sweet,  
I wot.  
The Wife of Bath made sport of her, saying, "Honey, can that bosh!  
Your fall from place will come apace; even I was once a frosh."

A bold woman was there, with rosy red lips,  
Who had a small bottle from which to take nips,  
Whose eyes seemed most worldly and highly proud  
And her laugh it was dainty but much too loud.  
A great vulgar bauble she wore on her breast  
And her feet were in canvas and her hair in a crest.  
A simple sweatshirt she wore with a very short skirt  
Which showed pretty knees and that she was a flirt  
She came, so she said, from a place name of Row,  
A marvelous place where many men grow.

Partying always, but studying never,  
For one more quarter and she'd be through for ever.

There was a clerk out of Stanford town,  
Draped with the Emperor's clothes, the academic gown.  
He wore a haughty look and mad  
For cloddish students, he in his classes had,  
Who every year knew less and less  
For they were not with his intellect blessed.  
He could speak in terms of infinity  
And knew all England's kings by memory  
And knew the distance to the furthest star  
And could quote Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"  
And knew that the world was practically through,  
But that he could save it if someone would just ask him to.  
Yet though he was philosopher, his coffer  
Indeed but scanty bank account could offer,  
Which made it difficult for this living piece of data  
To live as befits the upper-middle strata.  
Harmonious with virtue was his speech,  
But, because of his research, alas, he had no time to teach.

A summoner there was along who knew the wheat from chaff.  
Indeed he lived most virtuously and never did he laugh.  
A journalist this noble summoner as well,  
And with his fearsome foursquare pen he limned the fires of hell.  
Outspoken he did write and righteously spoke out;  
He stood for good and justice, this fellow true and stout.  
His name was Etaoin Shrdlu, his countenance was meek,  
And when we laughed about his name he made a little squeak.  
He may have spoken softly but he caused his pen to shout,  
And give echo to the Pardoner's cry of "throw the rascals out!"

And a Pardoner was also along on this jaunt,  
A man not exactly among the *garde, avant*,  
But a truly great fellow of independent mind,  
Who looked all the while for something to find  
Wrong with the world and sinful behavior  
So he could, for a price, be a great savior.  
A tall man was he, with light golden locks  
That might have come from the Argos' flocks.  
Drab dress did he wear to be inconspicuous  
So he could look in on action promiscuous.

Now I have told you briefly to a clause  
 The state, the array, the number, and the cause  
 Of this good group of travelers, all but one  
 Of he, the host, who would not leave the "Nun."  
 The Chairman, the Leader, the driver was he,  
 He had chosen the topic, the speaker to be.  
 He had chosen the topic, the speaker to be.  
 He was dressed all in red from his head to his toe.  
 He said he was a Jester (we questioned this though).  
 He had brought us together, this leader of men,  
 The reason we knew not, nor thought of again.  
 The end of our journey, he had all arranged for,  
 Said he, of this place, we'd have no disdain for.  
 And as southward we turned and went on our way  
 He thought of a sport which would help pass the day.  
 "Friends," quoth he, "let us all tell a tale  
 Of something we've done, seen, or heard of prevail,  
 And at the end of our travels, a flagon of beer  
 I'll buy for whomever is easy to hear.  
 Of course, for the ladies," (at the prioress he smiled)  
 "A soft drink I'll make it, as not to beguile."  
 "The hell you say!" was heard from a voice full of wrath.  
 'Twas the girl who looked like the good Wife of Bath.  
 The thing was agreed to, we started right in,  
 The Knight drew the short straw and had to begin.  
 The Jester seemed glad, the gladdest of all.  
 I saw him lean back and sort of guffaw.  
 To himself he did whisper and sigh all throughout,  
 "At last I'll get copy, the mag will come out."  
 The Knight began to speak, with right good cheer  
 His tale is anon, as it is written here.



The Knight's Tale

I don't dare drink any beer now—but I'll tell a story  
 anyhow.  
 A couple of weeks ago the house had an all time

function with a couple of the other groups on the row,  
 you know, a really screenish blast. Sort of a hold-over  
 from an inter-house drinking club or something like  
 that before the Dean's office sent it down the tubes. But  
 really a party from Neat City!! And one of the brothers,  
 really a bitchin' guy, had a term paper in some required  
 philosophy course due the following Monday, a twenty-  
 pager—I mean, there was no possible way, because Buzz  
 (really a good man) had a date the next night for the  
 flicks and he always sleeps late Sunday mornings, and  
 then he usually spends most of the weekends with this  
 dollie from Durand. So he didn't know how he was  
 going to hack this paper—it was out the question.

So what does Buzz do but take all of his books and  
 paper and his portable typewriter and a folding card  
 table and chair to this party. It was really an amazing  
 RF, with Buzz out in the middle of everything typing  
 on this paper and really looking like an absolute baff;  
 you know, left fieldish. He was just doing it for grabs  
 anyhow, because he didn't really think he'd get any-  
 think done, but just thought it would get a giganto  
 laugh. I think he was planning on copying one of the  
 papers we had in the files, anyhow, because we've used  
 it for years and it always gets a B.

But anyhow, here was this out-of-the-question scene  
 with Buzz just swinging like crazy (he always was  
 one helluva drinker) on his typewriter and everybody  
 around him dancing and swinging and balling it up  
 and some chick from Lag did the Can-can on top of  
 his typewriter and then somebody spilled beer all over  
 his typewriter and books and then hosed it off with the  
 fire extinguisher and somebody else blew out all the  
 keys of the typewriter with a cherry-bomb, but it was  
 okay because it wasn't his typewriter anyhow, and then  
 to cap it all off three of the brothers lifted him and the  
 table and the chair and everything up and dropped it  
 all out of the window. And the really amazing part  
 was that Buzz came right back and set everything up  
 and started right in again like nothing happened.

And then the next thing you know, the cops and the  
 A.B.C. all come in. It was nixworthy—boy, we'd like  
 to get our hands on the guy that called them up, be-  
 cause they busted up a napa heat. But anyhow, one of  
 them goes over to Buzz and asks Buzz what he's doing.  
 And Buzz says, "I'm typing a philosophy paper!" And  
 everybody around just went out of their minds and  
 somebody hit the cop with a beer and the cop really  
 got beaked at that and hauled Buzz off to jail, except  
 Buzz wouldn't go unless he could take his typewriter  
 and stuff.

So we went down the next day to see Buzz and there  
 he was with his typewriter and everything all set up in  
 the corner of his cell. So we went back to the house  
 and got the paper from the files to him and he typed it  
 up and we handed it in to the prof on time, and it turns  
 out Buzz got an A—on it! Boy, did Buzz show those  
 cops what's what!

### The Prioress' Tale

Oh, is that what beer looks like? Thank you, but I  
 don't want any. Have you got any cokes? I guess I'll  
 tell one about a thing I went to too. It was terrible. Some  
 of those things with Wilbur were nice, but freshman  
 boys are so childish, you know. So I was really snowed  
 when this Phi Phi Pho called me up and said that they  
 were having a party that night in ten minutes and could  
 I go? Of course I said yes because he always sits next  
 to me in Bio lab and copies my notes so I knew he was  
 interested in me. So I put on my red net formal that I  
 bought to wear on really special occasions and my black  
 tights because they're so Bohemian you know. So he  
 came in his Levis and called me a real Rfer or some-  
 thing, I guess he liked the dress. We got there and it  
 was awful, everybody was doing crazy things like shout-  
 ing and laughing and shooting cap pistols and I asked  
 him were they drunk and he looked kind of funny and  
 gave me a glass of awful stuff but he said he'd go see  
 if they had any cokes for me but he didn't come back  
 with one, in fact, he didn't come back at all. So I called  
 daddy, he's a policeman there you know, and asked him  
 to come and get me at this party, because people were  
 drinking and shouting but he didn't want to so I told  
 him some more stuff that wasn't really happening but  
 that I saw in an anthropology movie and he said he'd  
 be right there and hung up kind of fast. Then my dae  
 came back and said he wanted to leave, it was kind of  
 dull and he was tired. So we went home and I didn't  
 even have to use my 1:30.

### The Wife of Bath's Tale

Hell yes I wanna beer!! A story? Get serious!! Oh,  
 all right. Well, there was a party a few weeks ago. Is it  
 okay if I tell about that? It was all right, the party—  
 sort of sem-napa, I guess, but I've been to better ones.  
 Now, get me right, it was screenish, but there seemed  
 to be a lot of baffs around—one guy was even doing his  
 homework—really baffish. My date wanted to take me  
 out to the car for a while, but I nixed him. I mean, he  
 has an M.G. like, I couldn't hack that. Oh, it got really  
 rough, but I've been to some parties that were wilder.  
 Nothing much happened except that I spilled some beer  
 on my freshly starched sweatshirt, and then there was a  
 riot, but sort of a drag. You know—real draggish. Now,  
 how bad is that? Say, how about some more of that  
 beer? So I can't tell good stories—I still get thirsty!!

### THE SUMMONER'S TALE

I really don't care for any beer, I'm only 20, thank you  
 very much though, but I really would like to tell a thory  
 anyway, if I might? Thank you.

Once upon a time there was a Knight who didn't al-



ways keep his armor shining. This was a terrible thing  
 and indicated a failure of the Monarchy to develop  
 knights who knew that it was best to always keep their  
 armor shining. But the King and the Prince and their  
 Advisors weren't really professionals at running a Mon-  
 archy and sometimes they behaved a little irrationally.  
 Thus it happened that they foolishly gave the Knight  
 another chance to prove himself by assigning him a task.  
 This task was to hold a banner outside the castle such  
 that they could see it from the Throne Room. The ban-  
 ner was inscribed "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht." This is  
 of course meaningless, since it is in some foreign lan-  
 guage. The purpose of the banner, however, was to en-  
 able the King and the Prince and their Advisors to look  
 out and see which way the wind was blowing while they  
 discussed problems of state. While he was holding the  
 banner in the approved fashion and doing his best to  
 be a good knight, some fellow knights came by and  
 weakened his resolve by telling him of a Mead-Bust  
 with Fair Ladies and much Good Sport. They so weak-  
 ened his resolve that he dropped the Standard in the  
 mire and went off to the party. Unfortunately, some-  
 one ran to tell the king that they saw him at the blast  
 throwing beer on an ABC man. Needless to say, the  
 King, the Prince and the Advisors were righteously in-  
 dignant. They took away his armor and told him to  
 stay away from the castle for a while. The moral is cer-  
 tainly clear: the Monarchy had failed to produce indi-  
 viduals who were capable of developing an acceptable  
 set of moral standards. This is a terrible thing to realize.  
 Of course this never actually happened. It's too awful.

### The Clerk's Tale

The other day after one of my classes (or was it last  
 week?) I overheard a pair of the students talking, a  
 couple of the poorer students, I might add. Or, at least



I *think* they were students in one of my classes: but let us assume for now that they *were* a pair of my students. And one of them was relating a rather humorous tale, I thought. Let me see—I think he must have been from the Classics department; he seemed to have a most excellent command of the Greek alphabet. Oh, but back to my story. It seems that one of them had gotten into a scrape with the union (or was it that his union had gotten into a scrape?)—at any rate, there was some involvement with some sort of union, and the police and the A.B.C. (or was it the B.A.C.?—but that's over by the football stadium, isn't it?) had something to do with it too.

But I digress. This student, it happens, had for some reason been evicted from his house (is that right? I thought all of the students lived in Encina Hall)—but, assuming for the sake of the story that this student had at one time lived in a house, he had been apparently recently evicted from it. And he made some reference to “Russian” and the possibility of “dirty Russians,” but I scarcely see what connection the Russians have with unions any more—I was of the opinion that the I.W.W. was an impotent force now in the unions. Or did they re-elect Debs or whatever his name was?

But once again I digress. The jocular aspect of this incident was the distance the student apparently would have to commute to school from now on, for having just been evicted from his house, as he was, he had to find a new place to live. And this is what he was relating to his companion. And I must chuckle every time I think about it (the distance he will have to commute, I mean), because his friend asked him about his new dwelling, and he said that it was Napa. And that's at least eighty miles away!

### The Pardoner's Tale

Well, all right—I'll have some beer. But keep it quiet—don't let it get around. Let's see—it seems there was a traveling salesman and it was raining, so he goes up and knocks on this farm-house door and . . . oh, a story that happened to *me*? There was a mass debauch with which I was recently connected. It was disgraceful! Children drinking, people shooting guns, men taking advantage of helpless girls, shouting, carousing, murder, people rolling on the floor in the clutches of Demon Rum—it was a throwback to the worst of the Roman Orgies!! Of course the civil authorities put an end to this disgraceful display of the evil in man, but they had a fight on their hands, let me tell you! And then I pinched myself and woke up. I was in a cold sweat and the covers were all on the floor. God, what an experience! It could only happen in a nightmare.

When the pardoner the end of his story did reach  
 Our journey had ended, and each  
 Of us did espy emblazoned on the wall  
 “Welcome to the Los Altos Union\* Hall!”  
 “Bitching!” said the Knight.  
 “Thith ith the very plathe I wath alluding to!” thaid the  
 Thummoner.  
 “Isn't this the place that draggish party was at?” said  
 the Wife of Bath.  
 “Where's the phone? I'm going to call daddy again. I  
 don't like this place!” said the Prioress.  
 “This must be the place where those fellows held their  
 union meeting,” said the Clerk.  
 And the Pardoner didn't say a damned word. He just  
 looked ill.



\* Pronounce “un-i-on” or the meter will be all messed up.—G.C.

Photograph by *Hans Roth*  
 173 University Avenue  
 Palo Alto, California  
 DA 4-2224



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**UNIVERSAL**

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AT YOUR CAMPUS SHOP NOW!




Spring certainly seems to bring out the nicest blossoms. A case in point is Miss Marianne Magers, our spring queen. We learned that come springtime Marianne can be found canoeing or swimming on Lake Lag. This, no doubt, accounts for the crowds which gather over by the boathouse come spring. And this accounts for the blossoming interest in tennis, another sport which Marianne enjoys. And, as you perhaps already know, Miss Magers

enjoys singing, and helps attract audiences for the University Choral. Of more vital interest, however, is the fact that our blonde queen lives in Moore Hall. Her home is down in Hollywood, although Denmark is the land of her birth. Marianne tells us she hopes to teach history somewhere in this state when she graduates. We hope she does too. We find her five feet seven inches a most pleasant addition to the state.

Photography by Rusty Williams



CHAPARRAL/March



**Foster's** "OLD FASHION" freeze AND HAMBURGERS

A RICH ICE MILK PRODUCT

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Cheeseburgers  
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Shakes  
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CHAPARRAL/March

the old boy presents  
*Marianne Magers*  
his spring queen



**ANYBODY  
CAN SKI**  
—with  
ski equipment  
from  
**SKERRY'S  
SPORTING  
GOODS**  
Head rentals



**SKERRY'S**

270 Main St. (near theater) Los Altos



Well at last we have hit on a theme that can at least reasonably be said to fit in with the jewelry business. You see our theme is (in case it has slipped by you) Spring, Love & Easter.

So GROGAN says, "If you are going to spring into love at Eastertime, Be sure and come into GROGANS for your diamond." Now do you see what I have to put up with each month?

For those of you who have never seen him, that is a picture of GROGAN at the top of the ad; for those of you who have seen GROGAN, - shut up, or we'll get something on you too.

GROGAN THE JEWELER  
205 University Palo Alto

**CLEAN CLOTHES**



Smart Appearance

**VILLAGE  
SUDSETTE**

85 Town & Country  
Village  
Palo Alto DA 2-6432

An old lady was talking to the undertaker. "Oh, you have made Mr. Jones look very nice lying there in his coffin, but he never did look right in brown. I wish he didn't have to wear a brown suit."

Mrs. Smith, in the other room overheard this and was thinking just the opposite about her husband. She did not think Mr. Smith looked good in blue suits.

Overhearing Mrs. Jones, she went over and talked to her about the possibility of switching suits. They talked to the undertaker and the whole thing was arranged.

The next day, they commented to the undertaker on the good results of the switch.

"No bother," he said softly, "we just switched heads."

A wealthy Detroitier, returning from his grand tour abroad, was asked by an artistic friend whether he had managed to pick up a Van Gogh or Picasso abroad.

"Naw," said the traveler: "They're all righthand drive there and besides I got three Buicks anyway."

His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city with loathing. All it had brought him was unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was part of nature and not just a shadow in the city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly, he took his foot out of the flower pot.

The aging sports writer, veteran of perhaps thirty World Series, sat in the press box filing a story to his paper after the final game.

An extremely young sports writer, enmeshed in the throes of creation, looked up from his rapt gaze at the blank sheet of paper in his typewriter, pointed to the setting sun, and asked, "It that the West?"

"If it isn't," the old-timer answered, "You've got a hell of a scoop on your hands."

You can lead a Stanford man to water but why disappoint him.

Kindly Clergyman (pinching little boy's knee): "And who has nice chubby pink legs?"

Little Boy: "Betty Grable."

She: "How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

He: "About twenty minutes."

She (proudly): "It only takes me ten."

He: "I wash."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Would you cry if I died?"

"Yes."

"Show me how much you would cry."

"Die first."

From our files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on whether your goldfish is a boy or a girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she's a girl.



"You want to play king of the mountain?"

—Ranger



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The All-American tom cat made 45 yards in one night.

"My shoulder blades are sure tired this morning!"

"How come?"

"Last night I dreamed I was a duck and migrated from Louisiana."

"How do you spell chrysanthemum?"

"Pink or yellow?"

"Pink."

"P-i-n-k."

The sweet young thing was complaining about a stiff neck and sore arm after a weekend. "How come?" she was asked.

"We were necking at a drive-in."

"Why should that give you a stiff neck and sore arm?"

"We were in different cars."

Doctor: "You're in bad shape. You'll have to give up wine . . ."

Joe: "All right, Doc."

Doctor: "And women."

Joe: "Okay."

Doctor: "And . . ."

Joe: "Stop, Doc, stop! I can't live without my banjo."

Young Steve had been at kindergarten for four months, and his mother was anxious to know about his current loyalties.

"Honey," she said, "whom do you love the best?"

Stevie thought for a moment and then said: "Well, I love you the best. And then comes Daddy. And teacher last. But in between come a lot of dogs."

A diamond bedecked movie star, last to leave the theatre after a gala film premiere, was heading up the aisle when she noticed one of the cleaning women staring after her. Suddenly, a cry of "Mother!" filled the empty theatre and the two women rushed together in an embrace. When, minutes later, the star, dabbing her eyes, finally tore loose and disappeared into her waiting Rolls Royce, the cleaning woman proudly turned to her fellow workers. "You got to admit it," she smiled, "Ma sure is a good lookin' woman."

"A couple of weeks ago I was completely mad for Charlie," confided a teenager to her friend. "And now I can't stand him at all. Isn't it funny how changeable men are?"

A Texan arriving at the gates of his eternal home remarked, "Ah ne'er thought heaven could be so much like Texas."

"Son," replied the gatekeeper, "this isn't Heaven."

Ad in a local newspaper: "For sale cheap: my son's collection of bee-hop and rock-and-roll records. If a fourteen-year-old's voice answers the phone, hang up and call later."

Dean (to co-ed): Are you writing that letter to a man?

Co-ed: It's to a former roommate of mine.

Dean: Answer my question.

Little boy: "We have a new baby at our house."

Neighbor: "That is nice; did the stork bring him?"

Little boy: "No he developed from a unicellular amoeba."



"And what did YOU give up for Lent?"



"Traditional Shop" where brides' gifts are a tradition.

Miss Judy Muller and Miss Pat Ogden

A cordial welcome awaits you at the Allied Arts Guild.

—a delightful place to shop

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School Suppliers & Stationers  
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# Rossotti's

Donald Horther  
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# VENDIA

... A FABLE ... by STEVE BERRY ...

In the farthest corner of hell, there dwelt three women, whose function it was to give pleasure to the damned. These women, being of unusual beauty, and gifted with all voluptuous characteristics cherished in the upper world, were instructed by the Prince to give freely of their special talents to all of the male population, for the purpose of keeping the lost souls from their endeavor of gathering silver from the fiery floors; for it was known that Charon, old and corrupt, could be bribed to navigate shades back across the Styx to the world of light. The women were therefore created, and instructed not to allow the shades to bring silver into their presence, therefore making silver unpopular, and also protecting themselves from the Lethal temptation. At first all went as planned—the shades came in great numbers to find pleasure in the three new arrivals, and the digging for coin stopped entirely; for most forgot the outside world, and those who remembered had no desire to leave their present situation. The young women, however, having heard of the luxuries of the other world, soon fell to discussion.

"It seems to me," said Venda, who was the fairest and most wise, "that the best way of preventing these damned from accumulating money would be to demand silver from them. In this way we will do much good, and when we have enough silver, we may buy our fare to the land of the sun, for the opportunity of having propagated goodness in two worlds."

"This is a very noble idea, sister," agreed the other two, for the idea was not new to them.

"I shall give each man affection and sensual satisfaction in direct proportion to the frequency of his visits and the magnitude of his gifts," continued Venda, "and it will require much silver and many visits for any shade to get the greatest pleasure from me; however, all spirits may have some pleasure from me, to maintain my popularity."

The second sister, not to be outdone, related her plan as follows: "I shall be expensive for all who wish to see me. However, I will be erratic in the reward I give; to a few I will give all of my pleasures, to many I will give some pleasures, and to the rest I will give nothing, for all their gifts and visits."

"That is a good idea," mused the third sister, "but you are somewhat extreme. It is true that you will create a certain mystery about you that will fascinate many, but I believe that I have a better way of doing this and still maintaining friendship with all. I will give satisfaction to all who bring me silver, and upon occasion I will give pleasure for no silver at all."

The three informed the spirits of their decision, and soon their good work was begun. In a few months, they had amassed great quantities of silver; one quiet day, therefore, they filled their skirts with silver and hurried to the boat-house of Charon. Seeing the money, he immediately consented to transport them, but with the warning that always, in changing from one world to another, one assumes a more true form of himself.

"This is good," said Venda, "for we are agents of good, and we shall doubtless be even more attractive on earth."

So the three underwent the journey, which is a journey of sleep, and when they woke, they were indeed on earth, and, following Venda's prediction, none had lost her popularity. One had become a slot machine in Las Vegas, giving all to a few, some to many, and none to the rest. Another found herself to be a pinball machine, pleasing all who tried their skill, and rewarding some with a free game. Venda, alas, suffered the gravest indignity of all, for it was her earthly station to emit Spearmint chewing gum from her lowermost orifice, in direct relation to the amount of silver given her.

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



Renault La Dauphine \$1795.00 delivered Model: Ginger Buckhorn

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palo alto office equipment co.

171 University — DA 4-1688

A young man about town approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing, said: "Do you keep stationery?"

Said the cute young thing: "Yes, up to a certain point, then I just go all to pieces."



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



The bartender noticed that his customer had a big carrot behind his ear, but he decided not to mention it. "Probably just waiting for people to ask him what it's for. I'll fool him," he thought.

For 27 consecutive days the customer appeared always with the carrot behind his ear. Then on the 28th day the man appeared with a banana instead of a carrot. The bartender could stand it no longer.

"What's the big idea of that banana behind your ear, fella?"

"Couldn't find no carrot today," explained the customer.



Childish scrawl chalked on a New York City wall: "Robert Smith is a Boron Isotope."



A bandage covered Bostonian who lay in a hospital bed, spoke dazedly to his visiting roommate.

"Wh-what happened?"

"You absorbed one too many last night, and then you made a bet that you could jump out of the dorm window and fly around the block."

"Why," screamed the bruised lad, "didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you, hell—I had \$25 on you!"



Did you hear about the hypochondriac who had a birthday and the guests brought germs?



Two fish on a Sunday's swim down the English Channel were suddenly blacked out by a tremendous shadow.

Said Archie, "I say! What was that?"

Said Reggie, "Don't fret, old chap, it was only the Queen Mary's bottom."

Said Archie, in an awesome tone, "God save the King."



## CAMERA HEADQUARTERS

for Stanford

**KEEBLE'S**

Town & Country Village



**KEEBLE & LOHMAN**

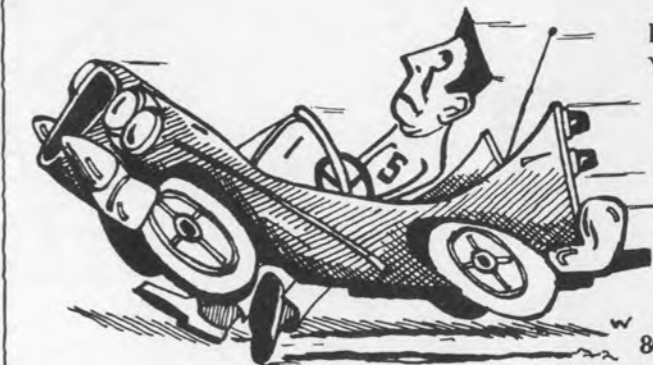
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Dawn Dyer  
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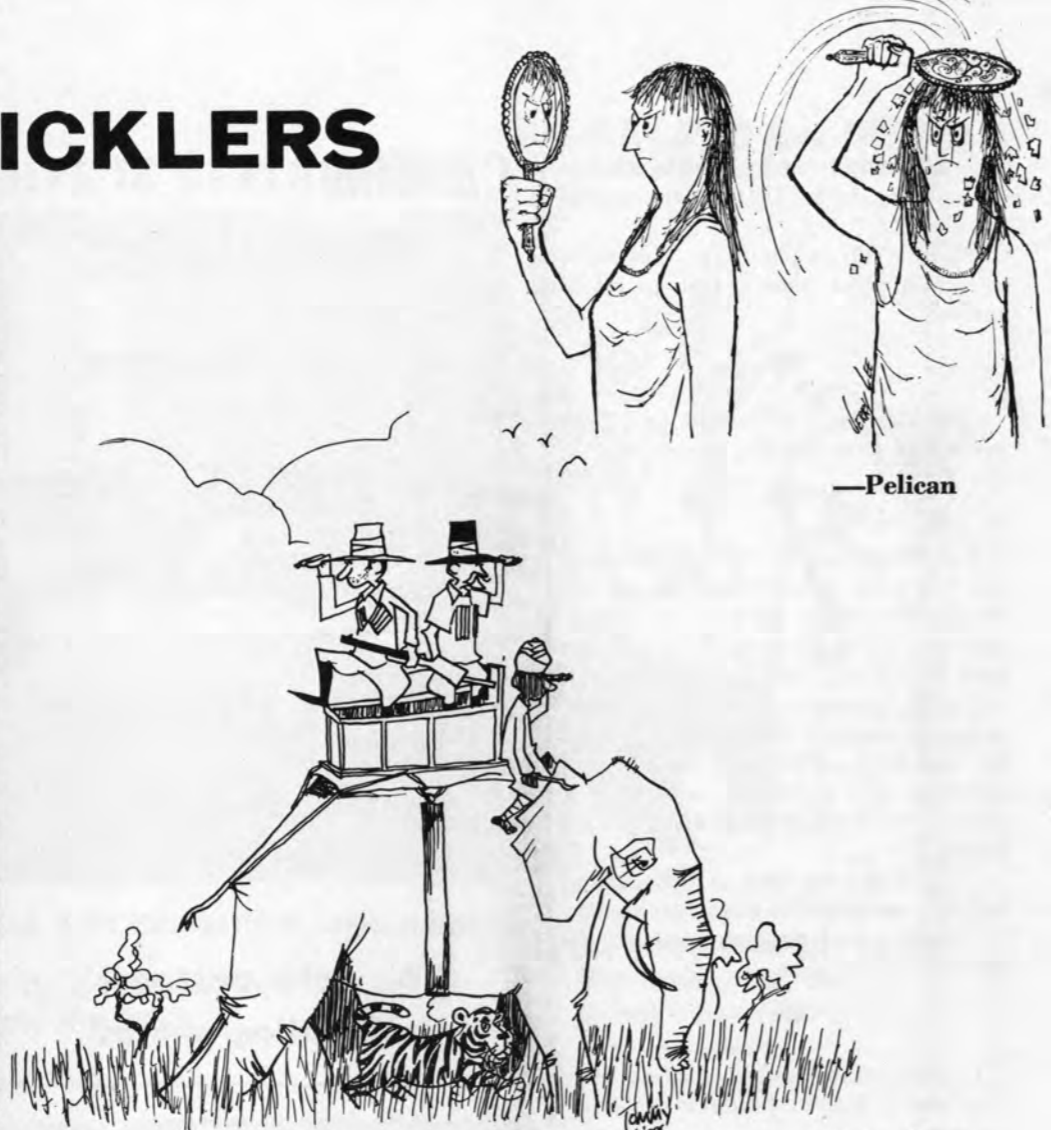
Behind Stanford Shopping Center

CHAPARRAL/March





# RIB TICKLERS



—Pelican

—Green Goat



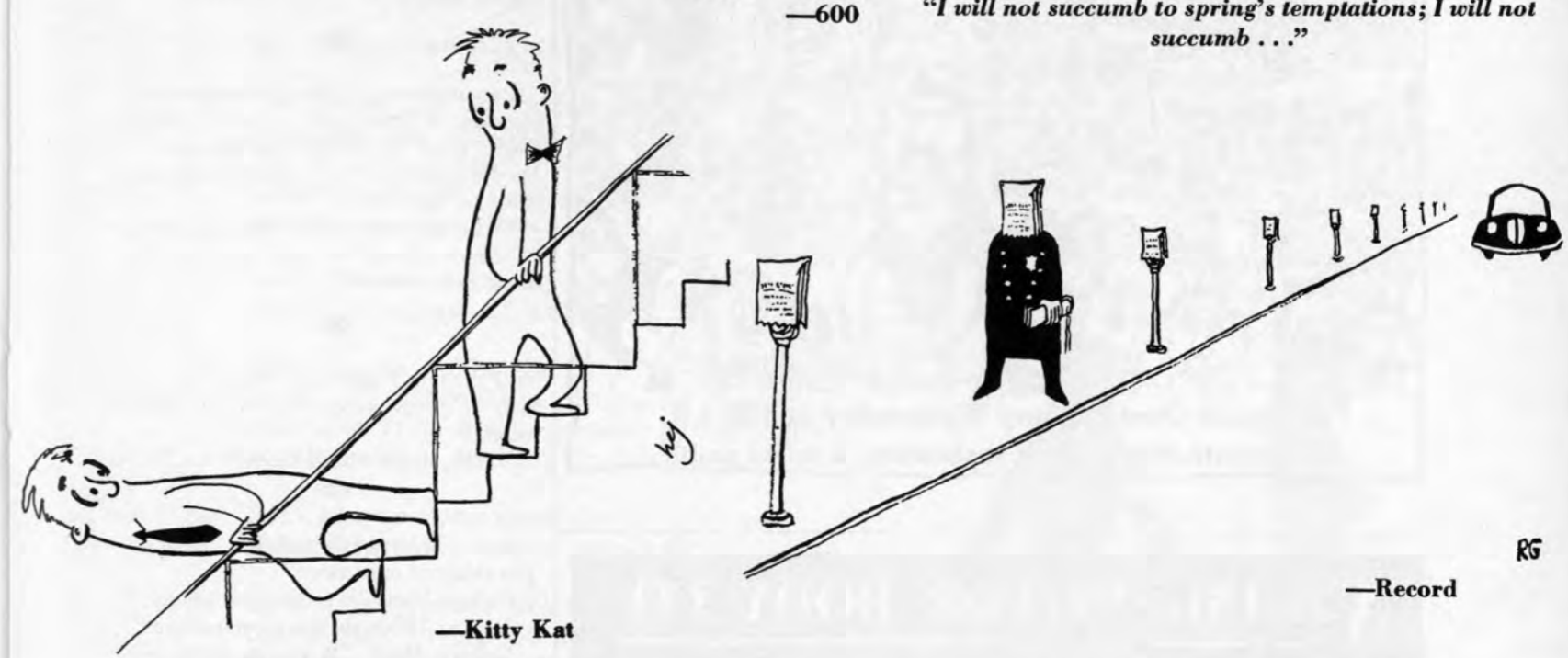
"You'd stutter t-t-too if you h-h-had pebb-b-bles in your m-mouth."



—600

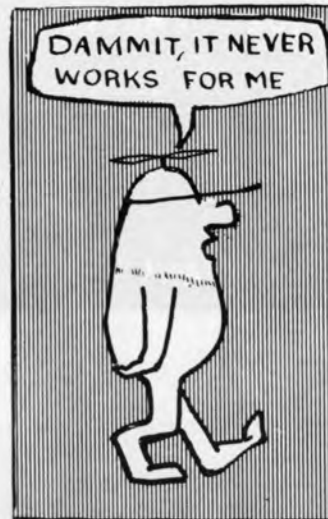
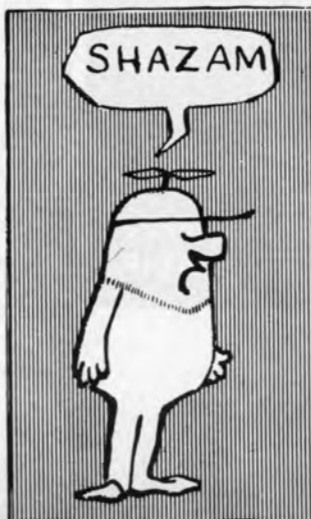


"I will not succumb to spring's temptations; I will not succumb . . ."



—Kitty Kat

—Record



—Voo Doo

RIB TICKLERS



—Pelican



—Green Goat



"You'd stutter t-t-too if you h-h-had pebb-b-bles in your m-mouth."



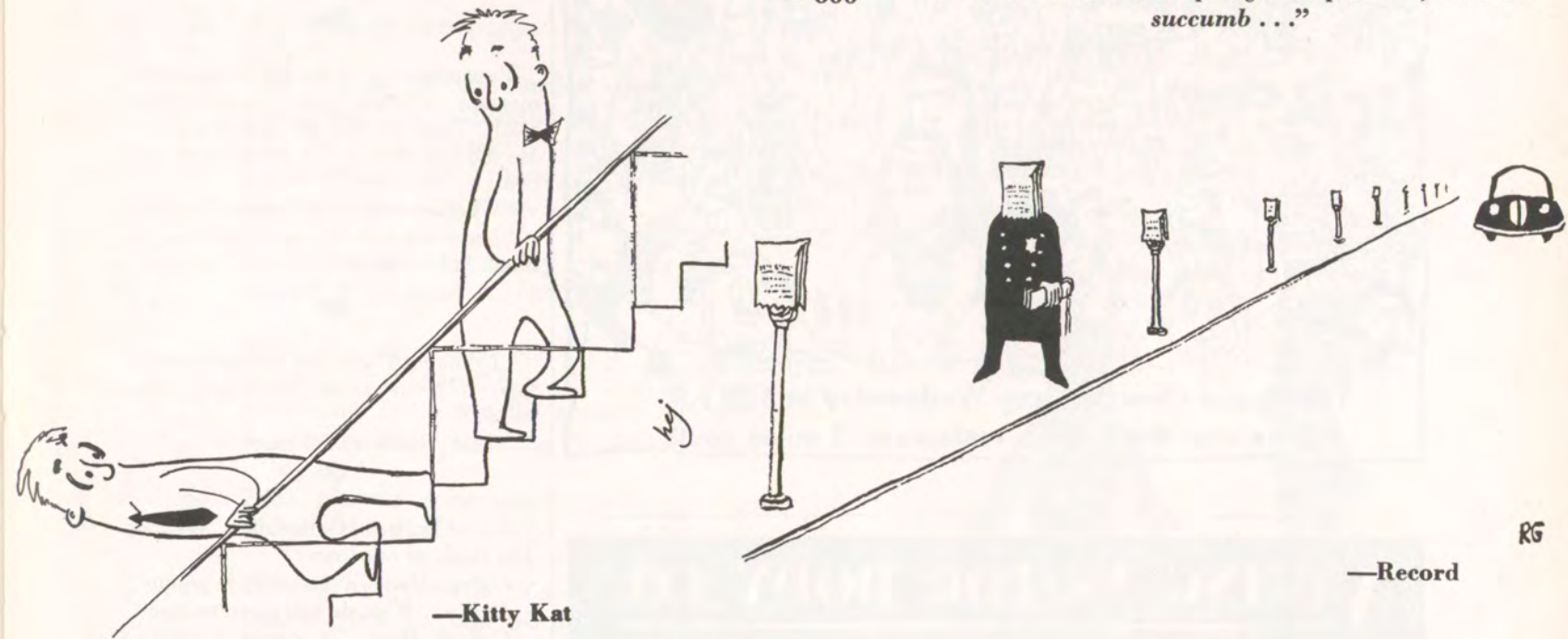
#FWIES

—600



Rich Garbino

"I will not succumb to spring's temptations; I will not succumb..."



—Kitty Kat

—Record

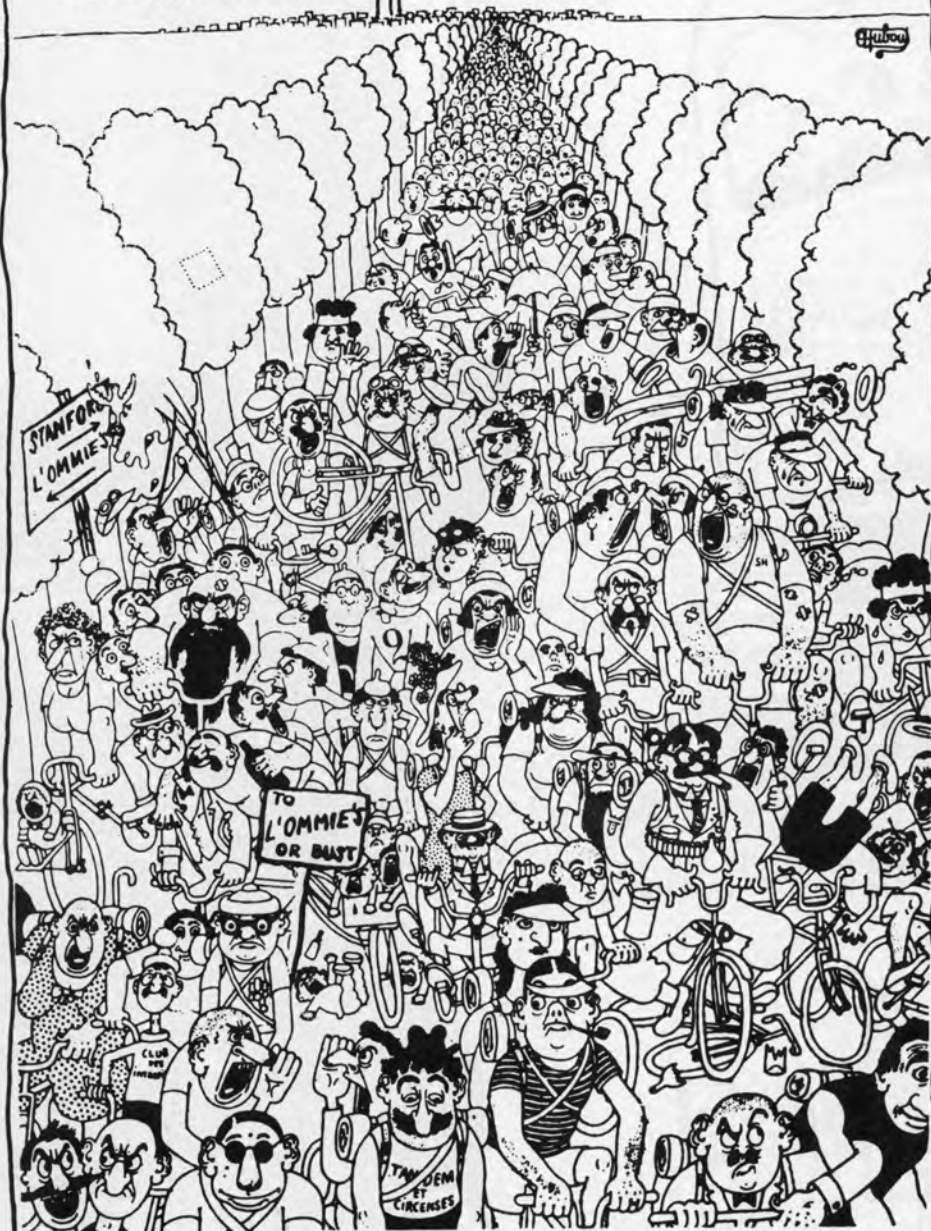
RG



P. M. Rubinstein

—Voo Doo

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BATTERIES—TIRES—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WASHING  
POLISHING—SEAT COVERS

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PALO ALTO, CALIF.

DAvenport 3-6222

"What are you doing in the cellar, children?"  
"Making love."  
"That's nice. Don't fight."

Tiny daughter: "Mama, what are men?"  
Mother: "Men are what women marry?"  
T.d.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

Judge: "You admit that you drove over this man with a loaded truck. Well, what do you have to say in your defense?"  
Offender: "I thought he was dead."

During the holidays, two students from the same town met back in the old burg. "Say," asked the first, "aren't you working your way through school?" "Yes," replied the second. "I'm editor of the college humor magazine, but don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm bootlegging gin."

Passing a door in the wee hours of the morning, a drunk noticed a sign which read, "Ring the bell for the caretaker." He did just that, and a sleepy-eyed man came to the door. "What do you want?" asked the man. "I wanna know why you can't ring the damn bell yourself."

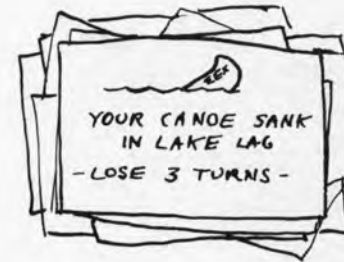
"I thought I saw you taking a gentleman to your room last night, Miss Smith."  
"Yeah, that's what I thought too."

Proud Native of Gainesville: "What do you think of our town?"  
College Man: "It certainly is unique."  
Native: "What do you mean unique?"  
College Man: "It comes from two latin words—'unus' meaning one, and 'Equus' meaning horse."

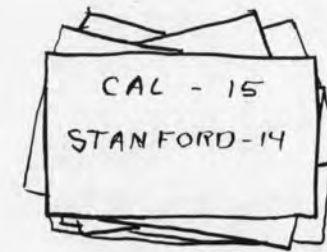
Three elephants were washing themselves in a stream when a stork who happened by said, "Say, would you fellows like some soap?" Whereupon the jolly three, in chorus, replied: "No thanks, we've got a telephone."

MONOGAMY

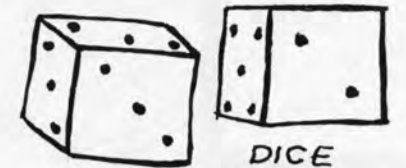
THE STANFORD SPRING PARLOR GAME



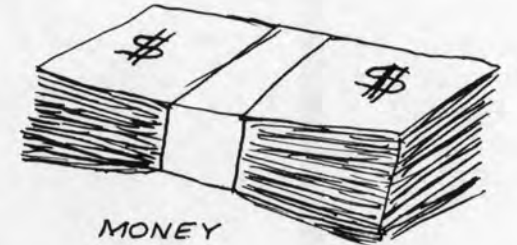
DUMP CARDS



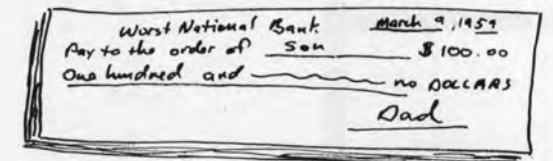
SCORE CARDS



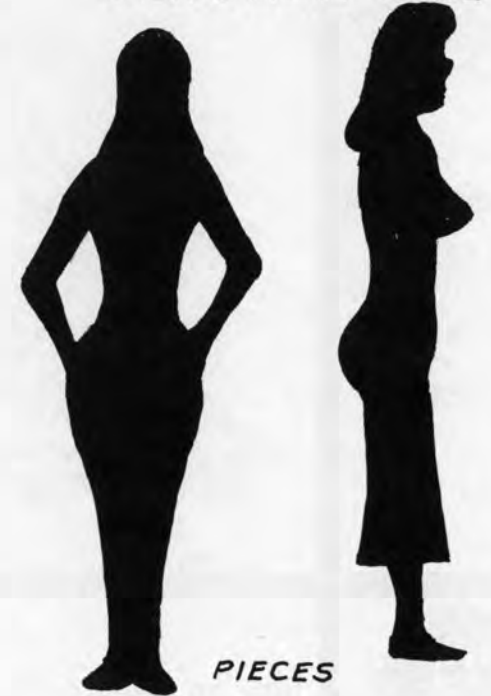
DICE



MONEY



CHECKS FROM HOME



PIECES

RULES:

1. Any number can play.
2. One player is the Bank. He pays all premiums and collects all penalties (he is also Trader Vic, irate curio shop proprietor, etc.). This player usually wins.
3. Each player starts by cashing his check from home at the Bank.
4. Each player rolls the dice in turn and moves his piece in a clockwise direction starting from the GO square according to the number showing on the dice.
5. Each player does what the square upon which his piece rests says to do.
6. If a player moves his piece around the board back to the GO square and still has some of his check from home left, he wins MONOGAMY. He must continue around the board until he lands directly on the GO square.
7. Players are eliminated as they flunk out or are disinherited. To win, a player must land directly on GO.
8. Any disputes as to these rules are to be settled by force.

DEAN'S OFFICE



OUT OF GAME

SCORE!!  
(Take card)

Check from home--  
got lost in the  
mails--sorry

Drunken date  
insults longshore-  
man for you on  
Fisherman's Wharf  
--pay dentist \$145

Date grabbed by  
octopus in Golden  
Gate Aquarium--  
\$75 fine for  
feeding specimens

Tax refund--  
collect \$37

Had a really  
enjoyable evening--  
you cheated--Go  
to Men's Council

Drink too much at  
party--pay \$27.49  
to Cardinal  
Cleaners for suit  
and cocktail dress

BIRD DOG



PASS GO~ COLLECT  
NEW DATE

Cinch note in  
Marriage and the  
Family--Dad stops  
payment on check  
from home

Collect poison oak  
on walk in country  
--\$12.82 for 20  
bottles of  
calamine lotion

Date falls off  
cable car--  
collect \$500 from  
damage suit

Los Altos Union  
Hall party--Go  
to Dean's Office



Rich uncle died--  
collect \$1,000,000  
inheritance

Dump  
(Take card)

Revenue Bureau  
catches up with  
you--  
pay \$999,931  
inheritance tax

BOARDWALK

AF 1 AD

MEN'S  
COUNCIL  
IS CON HOME  
HOURS



Get in fight at  
Bagel Shop--lose  
wallet and watch,  
pay \$100 fine for  
disturbing the  
peace

Date breaks jade  
sculpture in  
Chinatown curio  
shop--pay irate  
proprietor \$250

Lab deposit  
refund--collect  
\$2.69 from  
Encina Cashier

Date "just simply  
famished tonight"--  
pay Trader Vic  
\$25.32

Caught in  
Rudolfo's with no  
I.D.--\$500 fine  
for you, Women's  
Council for date

Flat tire in  
Roble drive-way  
--pay \$5.00 to  
Campus Shell

If you roll 1,  
you cheated--Go  
directly to Men's  
Council

GO

ROBLE

LOBBY

Stanford students  
enjoying the  
new ice cream parlor at

**Edy's**

73 EMBARCADERO TOWN & COUNTRY



And then there was the Roble girl who phoned her steady date to report, "We girls are playing a cutthroat game of poker. Tell me once more: does two pair of straights beat a flush house?"

Then there was the family who named their dog Carpenter because he did odd jobs around the house.

Acrobat: "Where's the trapeze?"  
Saint Peter: "You missed it, Son. You missed it."

She: There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further.  
He: What's that?  
She: Don't go any further.

"I've named fo' mah parents. Pappy's name was Ferdinand and mammy's was Liza."  
"And what's your name?"  
"Ferdiliza."

There's a new game among the Berkeley men. Three of them go into a room and each one brings a bottle of Smirnoff's with him. They sit and drink for an hour, then one of them leaves. The other two have to guess who left.

"What would you do if I kissed you?"  
"I'd yell."  
Silence. A kiss. Silence.  
"Well?"  
"I'm still hoarse from last night."



"I don't care what the blueprints call for Nick, it's quite obviously wrong."

—Green Gander

# MOOM PITCHERS



## Outstanding Movie Lines

### LOVE DRAMAS

"I have my career to think of."  
"Mary, come back, the children all need you."  
"Please, Louise, you've got to understand."  
"George . . . George, you're hurting me."  
"Yes, mister."  
"Helen, we've only a little longer together."  
"And somehow I feel he's still with me. Even now . . ."  
"I've got to find her, she's all I have left in the world."  
"Oh, Tom, it's beautiful, but . . ."  
"Then Walter and I saw quite a lot of each other in the ensuing months."  
"We all thought you were dead."  
"Don't send me away, Alice, I couldn't stand that."  
"You'd better go now."  
"But, what about your husband?"

### . . . Scenes That Shouldn't Be Heard

#### WAR MOVIES

"You mean, Chaplain, *everyone's* afraid?"  
"We'll wait here 'til daylight."  
"All right, saddle up, we're moving out."  
"Some of you guys won't make it back."  
"Now remember, boys . . ."  
"You can't go out there alone, Sarge, it's suicide!"  
"You better let the General decide that."  
"Why don't those Nips *do* something?"  
"I'm sorry, Grizfinger, no letter for you today."

#### ANIMAL PICTURES

"You can keep the puppy, but you'll have to take care of it yourself."

"Here, ol' fella."  
"Look, up there on the mountain, it's Black Fury."  
"And I say your boy's dog's been killing my sheep."  
"And when spring comes to the valley the beaver chooses his mate."  
"That's a new course record, or my watch is crazy!"  
"I give up! I give up! Just call off your dog!"  
"Jack, I'm afraid you're going to have to sell the cow."  
"Mush . . ."  
"Son, you've got to understand, Spot doesn't belong to us."  
"Nobody can ride that horse."  
"Strangely enough the elephant never forgot my . . ."  
"Stand back, he's crazy with pain; no telling what he'll do."  
"Only as tiny as minnows, lady, but they'll eat a man alive."

(continued on next page)



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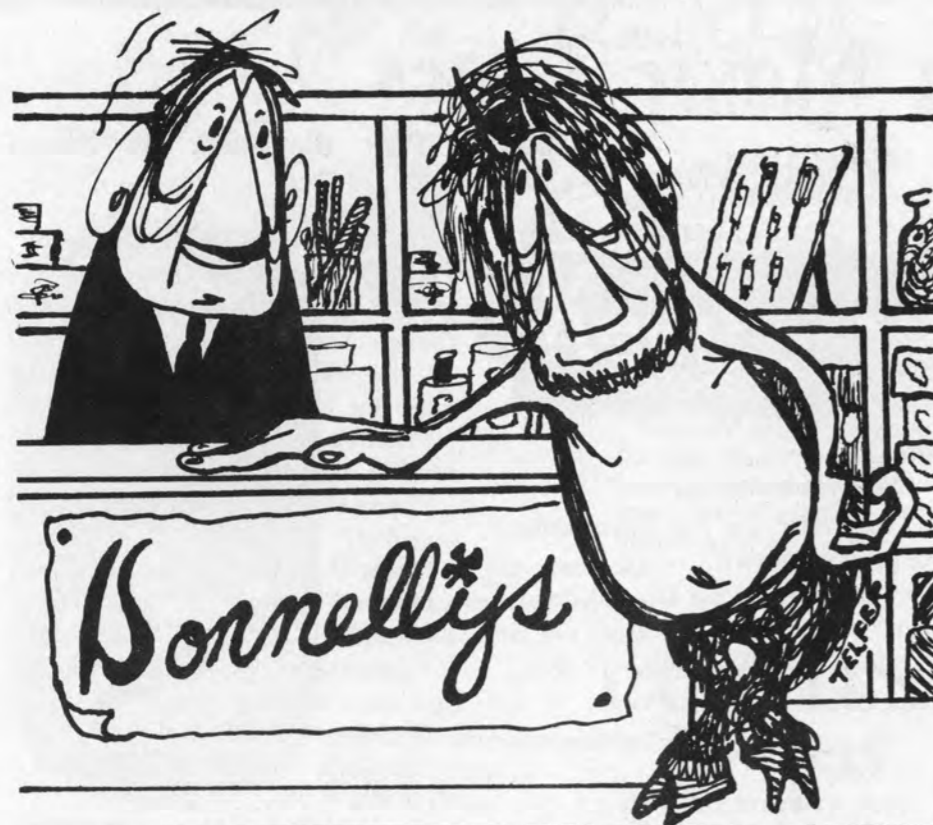
Rings enlarged to show details  
Prices include Federal Tax

CHAPARRAL/March

CHAPARRAL/March



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STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER DA 5-0176

**WESTERN FLICKS**

"Draw the wagons into a circle!"  
 "The scout should be back by now."  
 "Now, Son, you take good care of your Mother while I'm not here."  
 "They're down at the corral now."  
 "I know of eleven men who tried to outdraw him and they're all wearing marble hats."  
 "Let's hang him."  
 "From the shape of the feathers I'd hazard a guess they're Apache."  
 "Indians, Harry, thousands of them."

**GANGSTER FILMS**

"Lay off my canary, punk."  
 "And, Maxie, you'll be the driver."  
 "C'mon outta there, Sturdley, we know you're in there."  
 "Ten thousand G's, whew! That's a lotta greenery."  
 "The police are running down all possible leads now."  
 "Nothing's too good for you, Ma."  
 "I didn't know the old guy was gonna croak."

**—Record**

After a wild night the senior looked down and asked, "Do you tell your mother everything you do?"  
 "Certainly not," she answered. "It's my husband who's so inquisitive."

A Stanford freshman was forced to go to the Campus Police Station and when asked his name, replied it was Smith.  
 "Give me your real name," he was ordered.  
 "Well," said the applicant, "put me down as William Shakespeare."  
 "That's better," the sergeant told him.  
 "You can't fool me with that old Smith stuff."

Mother: "Well son, what have you been doing all day?"  
 Son: "Shooting craps, Mother."  
 Mother: "Well that must stop, son. Those little things have as much right to live as you do."

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in tar

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**MORE TASTE:** L&M's rich mixture of slow-burning tobaccos brings you more exciting flavor than any other cigarette!

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ON THE INSIDE COVER

Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.

