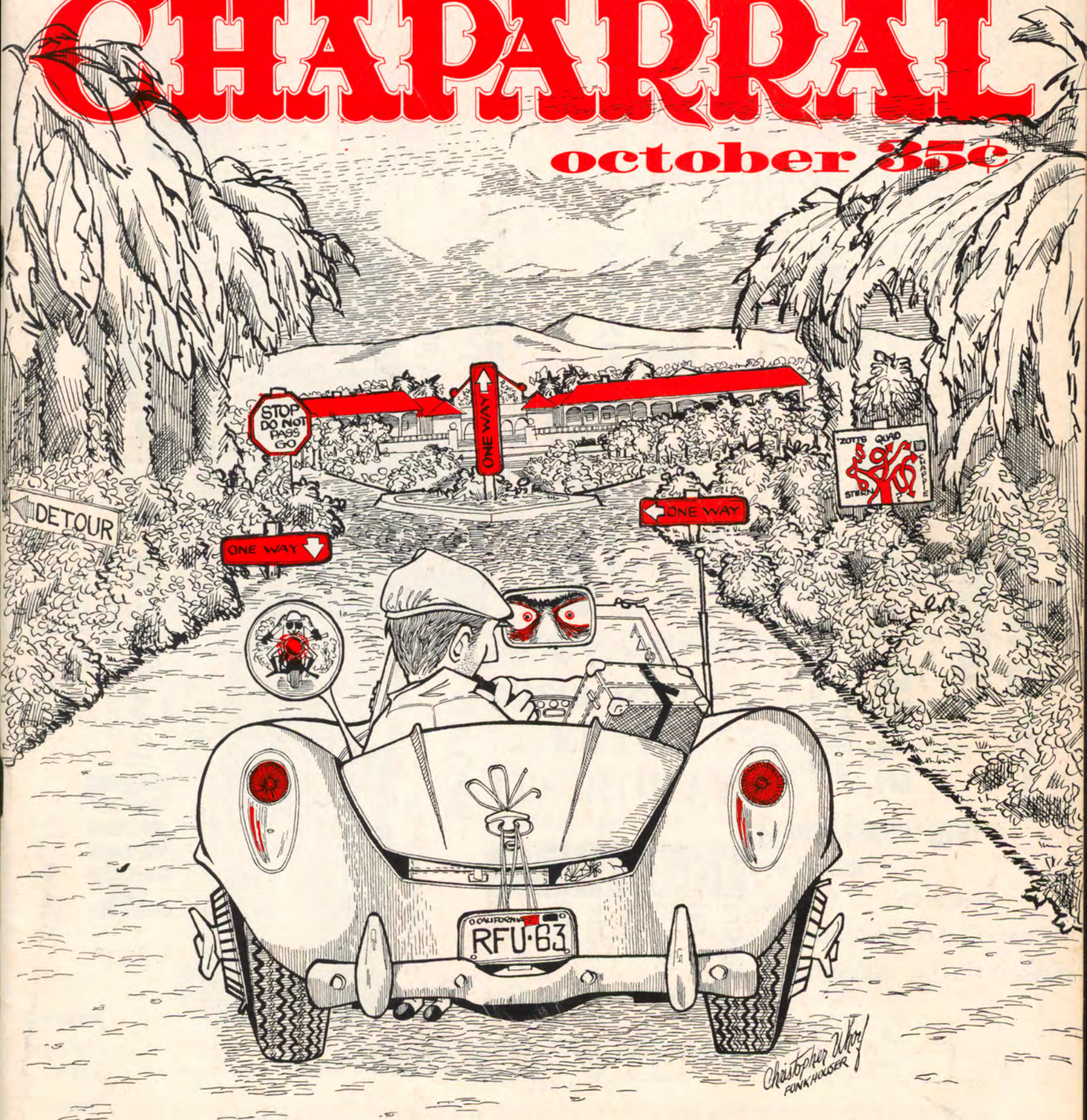


the stanford

CHAPARRAL

october 35c



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Carnibals
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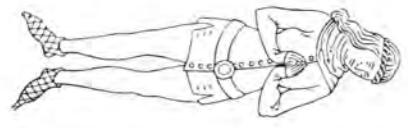
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Catch 'em
Web Feet?
Come Out of the Mud
makes the big difference

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FOR THE MAN WHO WON'T SETTLE FOR AVERAGE
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ANYWAY YOU LOOK AT IT - IT'S

IT
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"FABULOUS" IT - IT'S
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AT LAST!
Thousands now find it a cinch to *Get Over the Hump*
INSIDE THE LIVING BALD SCALP!
AT LAST!

The one feature most women want most

BUM
peddled?
?peddled?
?peddled?
?peddled?



NOW WHOOSH WOMEN GO
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Go After the Human Figure
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GOVERNMENT CONTROL
OF Sex
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How to Avoid
Velvet Pile
promise her anything... but give her
GAS
Goof
KEEP KOOL, KOOKIE!
Wolmanized
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REDUCE the size of your wall-to-wall
Be our *Guest*
REDUCE the size of your wall-to-wall

BUM
peddled?
?peddled?
?peddled?
?peddled?

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FABLES



All the fellows in one fraternity on campus thought they had about the most hard up guy on campus as a brother. This guy was almost a legend because of the extent to which he avoided spending money. Never bought a thing—borrowed the books that he could and went to the libe to borrow if he couldn't find anyone who had already bought the books for the courses he was taking. Hardly ever dated—"it took just too much money"—although the few girls he took out would vouch that it took HIM no money at all. Never seemed to change clothes—there were bets going as to whether he owned two or just one pair of levi's which he wore constantly and never washed. And no one was ever known to have gotten him to chip in for anything; on the contrary—when approached he complained of how little money he had and could he borrow a buck or two for a week.

Necessities that any self-respecting college man had, no matter how poor, a Hi Fi, L.P.'s, rooter's jacket, electric shaver, subscription to Playboy, this insolvent soul was completely without. There were only two things that he did have—one, a racing car which was his pride and joy but which he seldom drove and especially not when someone was going his way. The other, was a possession which puzzled everyone, a private telephone in his room which he kept padlocked and used himself only once a day.

One day the phone rang. The seemingly indigent brother was not around and . . . the padlock was OFF the phone. One of the curious many answered. He stood for a moment. He answered a weak "Thank you." He hung up with a glazed look on his face. It was a private line to a stockbroker.

Stanford girls are just damn hard to impress and anyone who doesn't believe that needs to hear about the limit to which one rough had to go to impress one. This fellow had met a girl in one

of his classes whom he decided he had to take out. Each of the many times he asked her for a date he knew in the back of his mind that it was not going to be for cheap because the only thing that would do for this girl would be dinner at some swank place in the city and then a musical or something—with the best seats of course. Yet in spite of this he just *had* to take her out, and the most important thing was to get her to say "yes" and he could always worry about getting the money to go through with it after she had accepted him, which she was sure to do eventually, he thought, because no girl could be busy for eight straight weekends. And she finally did.

His biggest problem over, our hero then began to worry about getting some money for The date, and he needed a lot because he was going to impress her "out of her mind." But he was dismayed to find that every guy in his house was as flat as he was, that his father would send him another check "over his dead body" (only his father was pretty healthy), and that most of the hockable stuff that he owned would net him only some ten dollars; and as for working—well, there *are* limits. Finally student employment told how he could get some money easy. And he did. He went down to the Blood Bank and ate his donut and drank his coffee and stretched out on the white table and sold a pint of his Stanford red.

He rented a tux (he'd snow her the minute she saw him). But she didn't. See him that is. All evening if she happened to look at him at all she gazed at a spot two inches from the side of his left ear. He took her to the Mark for cocktails before dinner—and she yawned and asked him dryly if he thought he would get his white coat dirty if he were to jump off. And he took her to Ernie's and bought her the most expensive dinner in the place and she mused on how she was missing her favorite dinner of hash at the dorm tonight, and then he took her to South Pacific and sat her in the exact center in about the best seats he was able to get and she told him afterward that it was really a kick—she'd fallen asleep after the first scene. And finally she had a one-thirty she told him. He pondered this all the way home, because he thought it was strange that a junior girl still had to have one thirties. When the girl got out of the car the moment he drove up in front of the dorm this fellow decided he had to do something fast to impress her if he ever wanted to get another date with her and so he yelled out after her—"Hey wait!

(Continued on page 5)

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(Continued from page 3)

Didn't you have a good time?"

"It was—nice . . ."

"Nice! Nice! Do you know I sold a pint of my blood to get enough money to take you all those places! And she looked at him and laughed all the way into the dorm. "I guess I snowed her after all," he said to himself, fully satisfied, as he watched her disappear into her dorm.



A small cannibal child on a South Sea island pointed to an airplane flying overhead and asked his mother what it was. "It's a little like lobster," she explained. "You only eat what's inside."



Wife: "Darling, tell me, how did you ever get Junior to eat olives?"

Husband: "Simple, I started him out with Martinis."



Grace: You gotta hand it to Marvin when it comes to petting.

Stella: Why, is he that lazy?



Superman is really keen,
 Batman's really swell.
 I just don't like old Mary Worth
 She can go to hell.



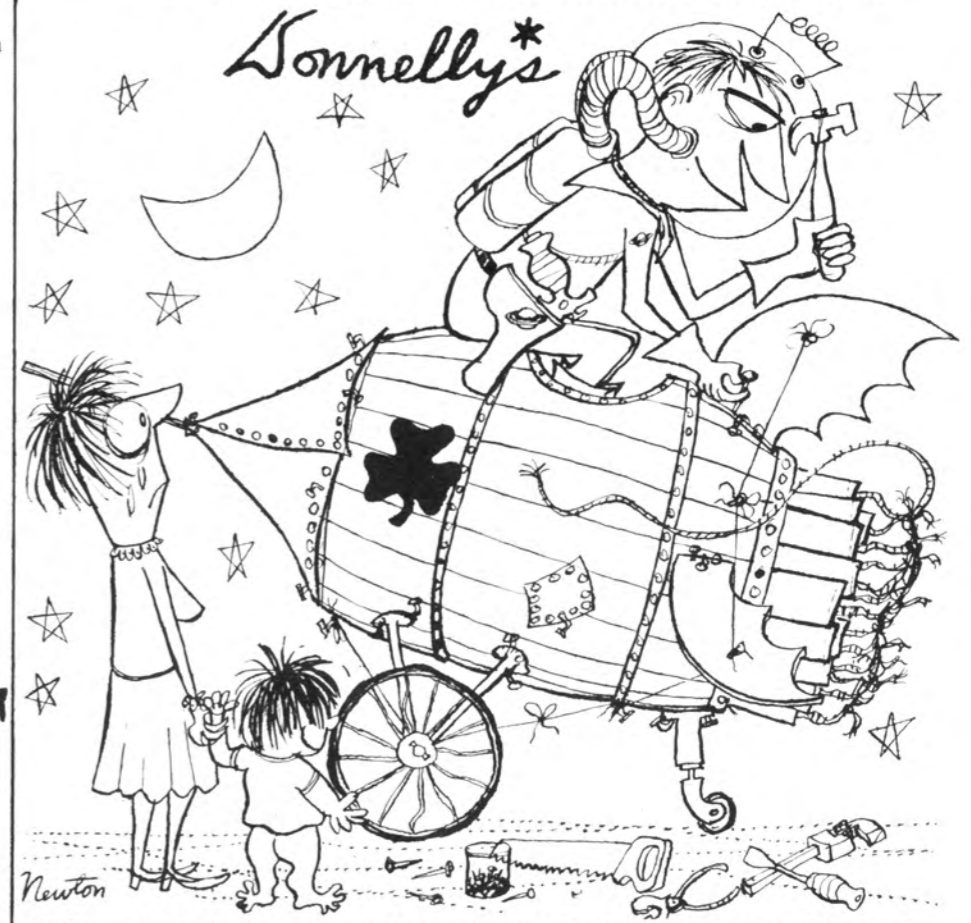
"I used to believe in Fundamental Standard until I left my bike unlocked one day on quad."



Geary Wright wearing one of many models of bulky knit sweaters. The above shown, \$29.50.

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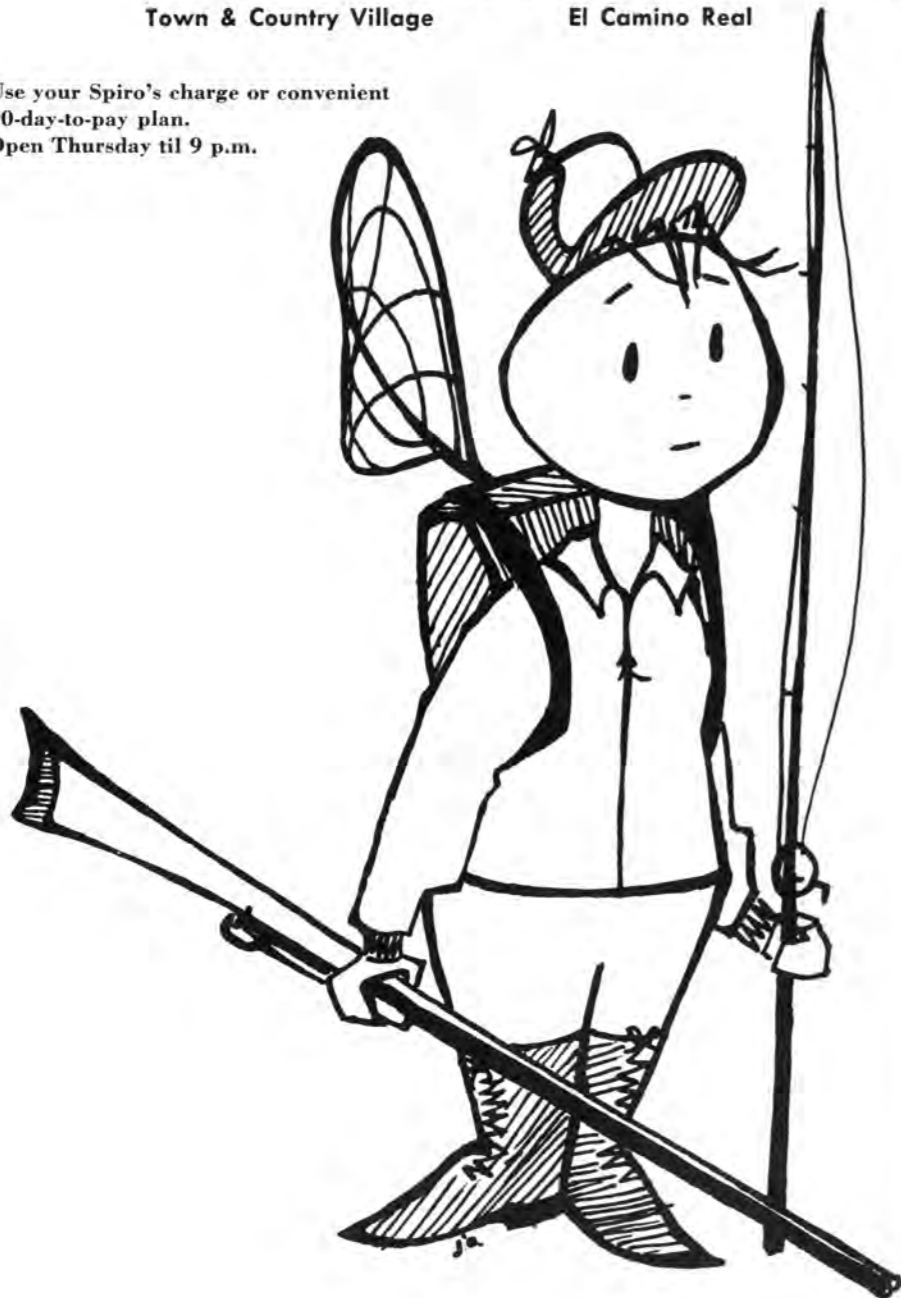
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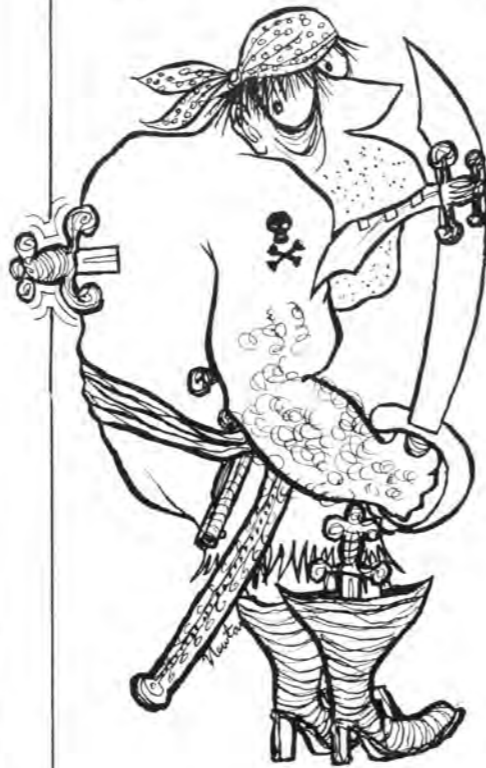
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the stanford CHAPARRAL

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VOL. LXI, NO. 1



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"Just think of it, J.E.! Stanford-at-Large!"

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AN EXCLUSIVE TO YOU

Alarmed by the dictatorial measures being enacted by the Stanford bureaucracy recently, the Old Boy set the Chaparral Secret Service into action. They scouted around in classified university files, tapped a few phones and took some pictures. Many of them didn't come back from their mission, but they took some of the bad guys with 'em, by God.

The Old Boy presents the findings of these heroes (to whose memory a shrine called "Hoover Tower" will soon be erected) to you readers in this issue. If you get beaked by such minor things as ten dollar parking fees, women's housing, fraternity quads and such, relax—your troubles have just begun. Here is what is in store for our beloved Farm when the administration completes

THE STANFORD TWENTY-FIVE YEAR PLAN

Abolish all schools of Humanities and liberal arts—these do not contribute anything practical to the university

Abolish all schools of Engineering—these do not contribute anything intellectual to the university

Abolish all schools of pure science—in twenty-five years these will be obsolete because science will have solved all the problems in the universe and will therefore no longer be needed

Retain the Graduate School of Business: in twenty-five years, this will be the only thing that counts, and:

Charge admission to Biz school

Get rid of Quad; the architecture is ridiculous; however;

Keep some of Quad so that the nostalgic old alums will keep sending money—charge admission

Convert Hoover Tower into an amusement park—charge admission

Retain some of the rural atmosphere around Stanford—charge admission

Buy a bigger safe for the controller

Abolish men's and women's rows, and;

Abolish faculty housing on campus—the land from these will be needed for industrial expansion.

Abolish the present dormitory system—too inefficient

Abolish off-campus living, both for students and faculty members—too immoral

House all students and faculty members in one huge, efficient dormitory—this will improve faculty-student relations—also, charge admission

Abolish the Stanford Curve—install a new one by which the middle 15% will get A's, the outer 15% F's—this will prepare students for the mediocre outside world.

Construct an airfield for jet-airliners to commute between Stanford-at-Stanford and the branches at Stuttgart, Florence, Nepal, Vladivostok, Kilarney, Dallas, Terra del Fuego, Easter Island, Molokai and Disneyland

Replace the entire administration with Univac machines—they are no less human and ten times as smart—charge admission

Buy a new axe—we'll never get the old one back

Abolish freshmen—they're not worth the trouble they cause

Abolish sophomores—they're just going to slump anyhow

Abolish Juniors—they aren't serious enough about their studies

Abolish Seniors—as long as we're going to abolish everyone else, it hardly seems fair to let the seniors stay around

Retain Grad Students—their tuition is higher; and,

Raise graduate tuition.

Convert all roads into campus to toll roads; and

Abolish automobiles on campus (but put the signs saying so where people can't see them until after they've paid their tolls)

Abolish bicycles and scooters on campus

Abolish pedestrians on campus

Install a tram system to be operated by the university—charge admission

Reconstruct Memorial Church along more modern lines—it's the school's largest tourist attraction and we might as well make the most of it—and charge admission.

Enlarge the library—it's the second largest tourist attraction—and charge admission

Abolish all extracurricular activities except varsity football

Expand varsity football—my god, how the money rolls in

Convert Frost Amphitheater into a drive-in theater—charge admission

Lengthen the two-mile accelerator—charge admission

Sell the Med Center either to the Kaiser Plan or to Johnson & Johnson for a research center

Convert Lake Lagunita into a public aquarium—charge admission

Convert the Masoleum into a picnic ground—charge admission

Rent the sunken diamond to the government for a guided missile base—charge admission to the ROTC classes to observe it

(overleaf is a top-secret drawing of Stanford-of-the-future—one of our commando squads micro-photographed it, tied it to the homing pigeon and got the bird in the air just before the campus cops moved in. Our boys never had a chance.)



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 or George's Just off the Alameda on Gordon in M. P.

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Welcome Back, Stanford

He's the Masked Marvel, the greatest brain in the world!

He'll take on any man from any land in any course he cares to name for any amount he can count—and flunk him right off the curve.

Take him on if you dare—see if you can stay on the same curve with the Masked Marvel. He'll even give you two-to-one odds.

Come on, you Phi Betes, what's one flunk to risk on a chance to test your mettle against the Masked Marvel? He'll even spot you forty-five minutes on the midterm—and still write a test so good that the prof will have no other choice than to flunk the rest of the class.

To warm up, the Masked Marvel sits in on doctoral oral examinations and laughs at the answers.

In his younger days once, on a dare, he flunked the entire philosophy department, undergraduates, graduates, faculty and janitors, at Cambridge out of school in two semesters.

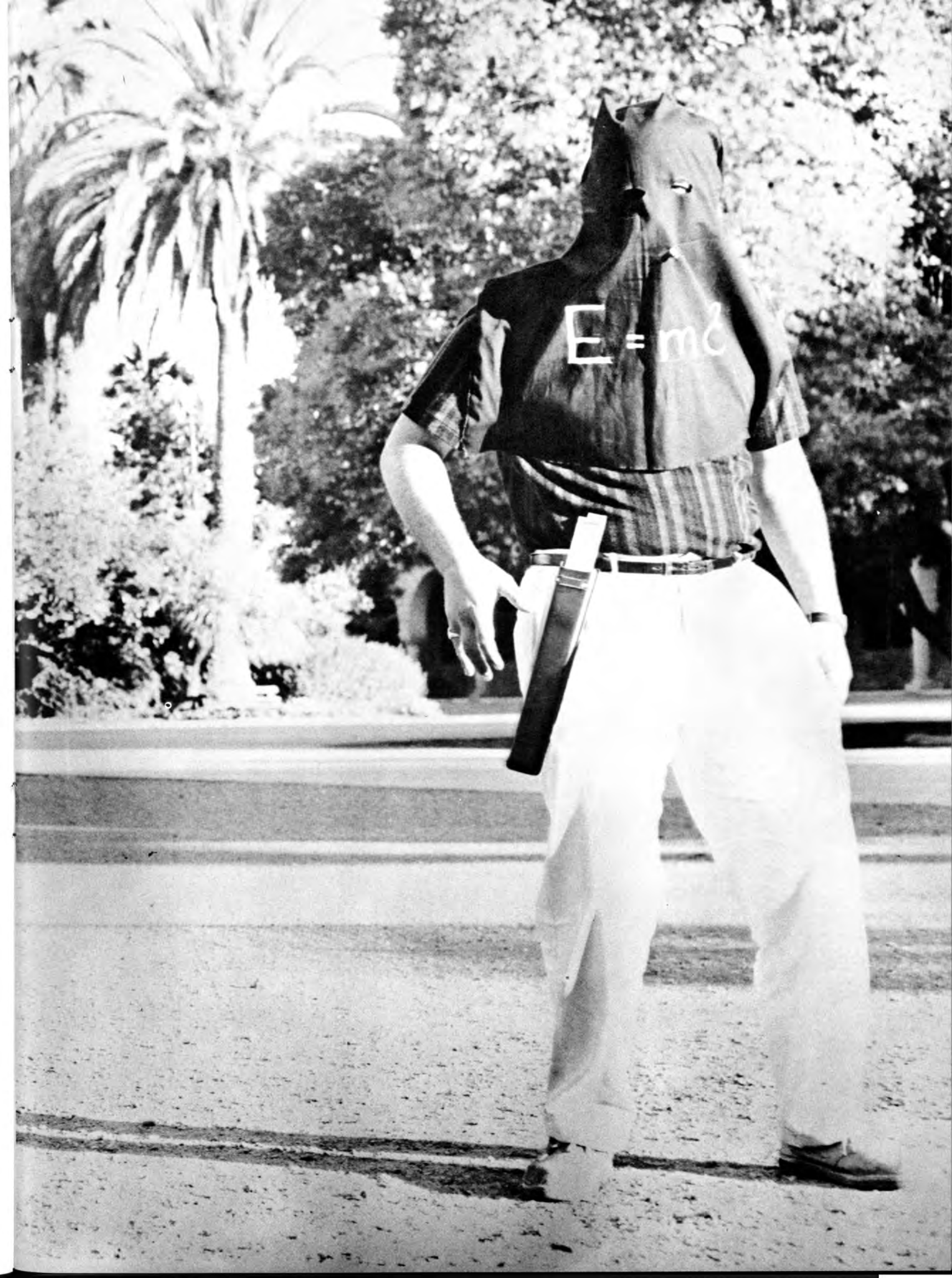
(At a request from the United States Government, the Masked Marvel will not accept challenges from any students majoring in aeronautical engineering or nuclear physics.)

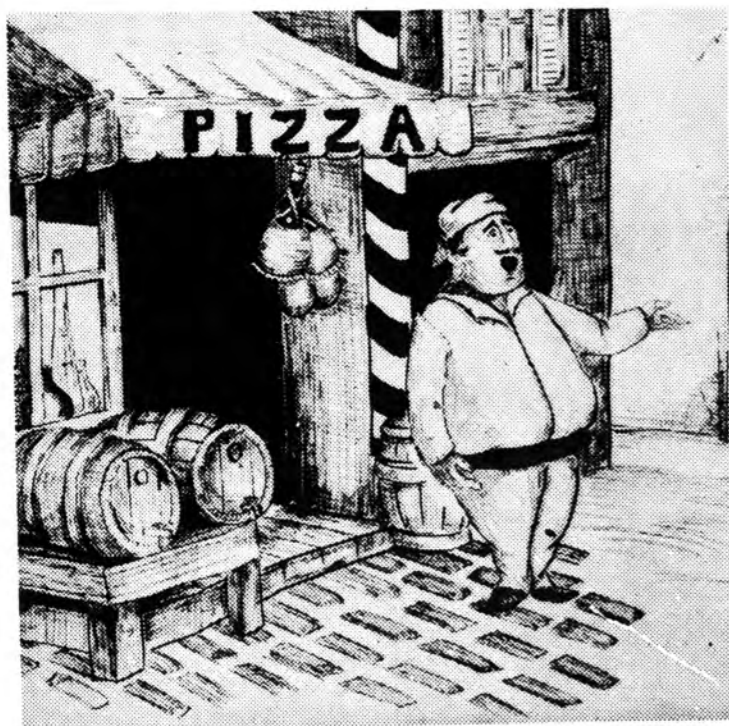
He's just finished a triumphant tour of the Ivy League schools—Brown lost half its junior class, Harvard's English department was decimated, and four of Princeton's Phi Betes left school.

The Marvel's past record:

*3572 flunks
854 conditionals
79 incompletes
15 suspensions
6 expulsions*

Only one man has ever stayed on the same curve with the Masked Marvel, and he was reduced to a babbling idiot from that day on.





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Go, you Stanford Red
Go out and kick their shins and pull their hair
Go, you Stanford Red
Go trip 'em up and leave 'em lying there.
Indians, trample on their toes
Act real brave and tough, you rowdies
Act real brave and tough, you rowdies
Act real brave and tough
For the glory of the Stanford Red.

HELMET YELL

H - E - L - M - E - T - U !
Helmetu Helmetu Helmet - U !

RALLY COM IS ROOTING

Oh, Rally Com is rooting
Throughout the stands.
Our men are yelling
For the boys with the big glad hands.

Farewell old Berkeley
Our team can't lose
Just because our Rally Com
Wears whiter saddle shoes.

COME JOIN THE FUN

Come, join the fun
And have a keg of Mama's Brew;
After the game
They'll have to carry me and you
Expulsion for me,
When they call the A.B.C.
This I'll say as they cart me away:
"Who the hell was using my I.D.?"

THE TAX YELL

Give 'Em—The tax—The tax—The tax
Give 'Em—The tax—The tax—The tax
Give 'Em The Tax
Give 'Em The Tax
Give 'Em The Tax Where?
Right—where it hurts—it hurts—it hurts
Right—where it hurts—it hurts—it hurts
Right where it hurts
Right where it hurts
Right where it hurts THERE!

(This is a favorite yell of Cal and U.C.L.A. at Stanford games—the Stanford counterpart is "We pay your tuition!")

★ WANTED ★

DEAD OR ALIVE




→ PARD ←

Reward 40¢!!!

(By an odd coincidence, the exact price of one of his PARD BURGERS!) The culprit was last seen heading down El Camino. He is armed with a Goop Bar and a charcoal broiler, so be careful! Make sure you get the right man. Once again, his name is Pard. He is wanted all over campus because he sells bitching burgers.

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They say that our present freshman class is the smartest bunch ever to enter Stanford. We don't know about that, but if our frosh queen is any indication, we are convinced that her class is the prettiest (who cares if they're smart?).



She is Suzanne (Sue) Horney from Roble Hall. She hails from Atherton, but even though she is from so close by, she tells us that being a Stanford student gives her a whole new outlook on the familiar surroundings (does freshman indoctrination include brain-washing now? or what?). We can only take this to mean that she likes it here. This deduction is further supported by the fact that she is always smiling.

Sue is majoring in French, likes to swim, and her interests are "anything that's interesting." If you don't call early enough, she'll probably have a date this Saturday night.

the old boy presents
SUZANNE HORNEY
his frosh queen





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Rinehart's Guide

THE DOG

See the happy dog.
See it romp through the fountain.
Students are not allowed to romp in the fountain.
This is the president's dog.
See it romp through the fountain.



THE STUDENT

See the student.
He is studying.
He likes to study.
For \$335 he'd better.



THE TOWER

See the pretty tower.
See the students laugh.
The students have dirty minds.
See the professors laugh too.



THE STUD

See the stud.
He has no trouble getting a date.
We do.
We hate the stud.



THE UNIVERSITY

See the university.
See the smart professors.
See the happy students.
See the pretty girls.
See the gay carefree life.
This is a nice university.
Its name is UCLA.



by R.B. Sprague '54

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During the holidays, two student 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."

If you drink a glass of milk every morning for 1,200 months, you will live to be 100 years old.

A lawyer, a doctor, an architect, and an ardent American communist fell to arguing over which profession had been established first in the world.

"A lawyer, of course," said the first. "Man could never have survived without a few simple laws to govern him."

"Nuts," said the doctor. "Without a gynecologist, how could Cain have been born?"

The architect sneered. "Long before that my friends, before Adam and Eve, some architect must have been on the job to bring order out of that chaos."

"Ah, ha!" beamed the communist. "And who created that chaos?"

"Hey Mrs. Noah, your husband wants to know how long is a cubit."

A fellow who had had a couple of drinks with the boys was driving the wrong way against traffic on a one-way street when a cop stopped him.

"Just where in the hell do you think you're going?" the furious cop growled.

"I dunno," he replied, "but I must be late. Everybody's comin' back."



"\$335 is 22340 cigarettes!"

Earnest Swain: I've loved you more than you'll ever know.

Indignant Co-ed: Well next time, let me mix the drinks.

"May I see the Loan Arranger?"

"He's out to lunch. Would you like to see Tonto?"

A man was standing on a corner when he was approached by a gentleman who was tighter than a tick.

"Watch out, there's a dragon behind, heesh gonna get me!"

"You're seeing things," the other replied. "There's nothing here."

"Halp, heesh got muh leg. Halp! heesh gonna get me." With a screech the drunk fell down on the sidewalk.

In a moment the drunk began to sob bitterly.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the onlooker.

"Whatsh matter? You'd cry too, if a dragon ate you up."

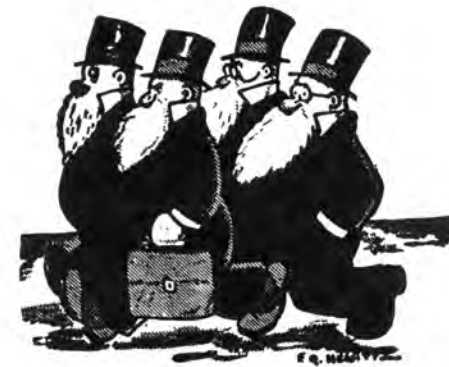
Prof: "Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Econ. Student: "No, sir; it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Prof: "Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary."

"Do you mean," said the judge, "that you murdered that man for a paltry three dollars?"

"Three bucks here, three bucks there, Judge. It adds up."



"You should have seen the dollie I picked up at the Jolly-up."

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THE ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGE COMMISSION

(Continued from page 9)

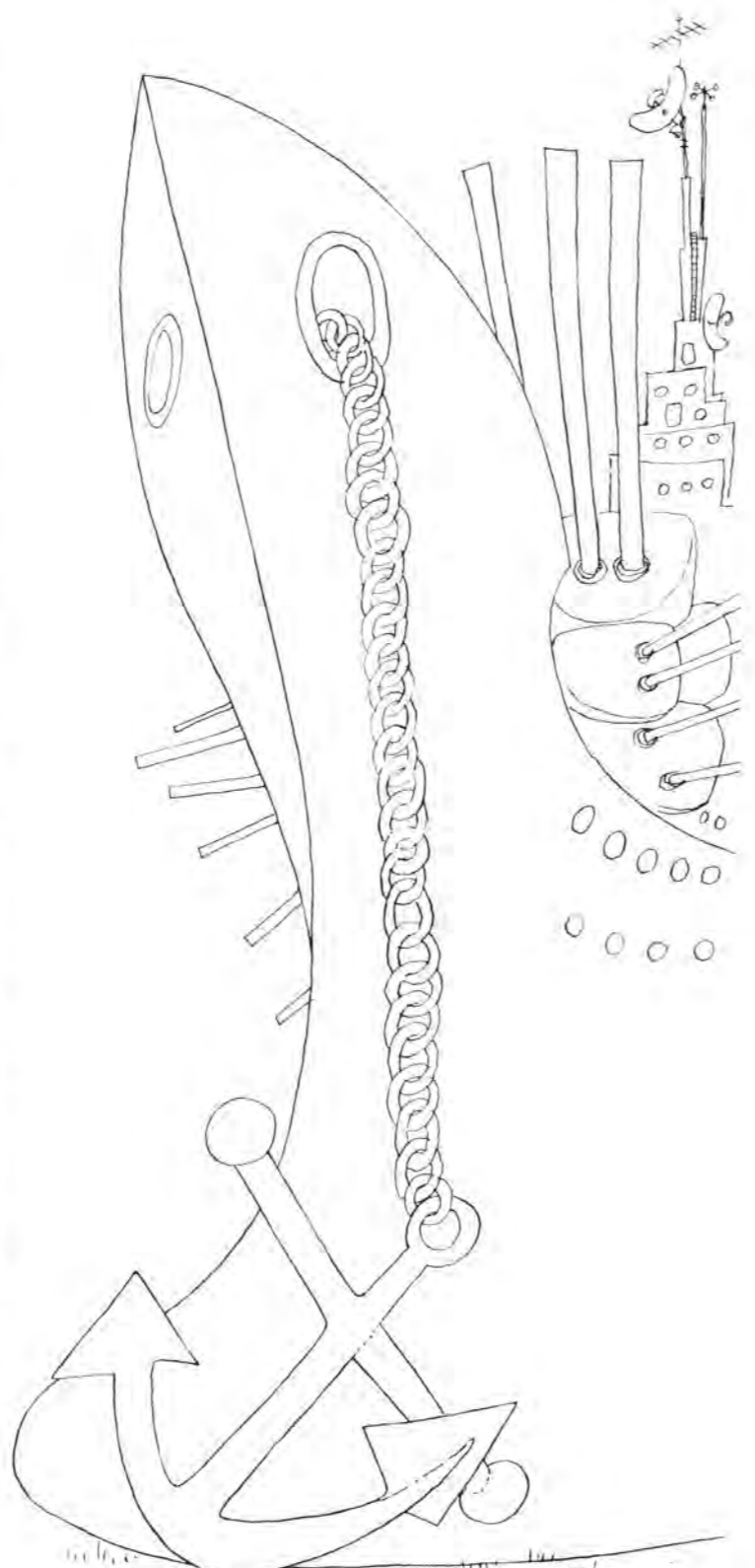
declamation at the end of last year, the Chappie is back this year, but with not quite as many issues as in former times—like seven this year instead of the usual nine. In view of advertising troubles, apparent waning of student interest and the decreasing amount of time which everyone can afford to devote to extracurricular pursuits and still pass courses, Hammer and Coffin Society has decided to put out fewer issues this year in an effort to improve the situation for both our staff and our readers (you, for instance)—an improvement for us because our advertisers are more willing to run for seven issues than for nine, and a lot of pressure is taken off the staff in general by not having to put out two issues—an improvement for you because the Chaparrals we put out will, we hope, all be better because of the extra time which we will be able to devote to each one.

If it turns out that fall-out, or sharks, or Khrushchev, or something is causing our, and your, troubles, we can easily enough put out as many issues next year as you this year indicate that you are willing to buy and/or work on.

Besides the change in the number of issues, the connoisseurs among you will notice that the design and layout of the magazine have been improved and that the tone of it has been shifted a little more to the light side. The Chaparral has one main aim this year—rugged individualism; meaning, don't read your roommate's Chappie—go out and buy your own. This aim we plan to accomplish by putting out a magazine that you'll want to buy. It's your mag—no strings attached. We aren't trying to psych you out; we're trying to give you a humor magazine you'll enjoy reading. If you don't like the way we're doing it, don't tell your friends, tell the Old Boy.

Now That the Old Boy has been standing here all this time, he is getting damn tired of holding this hammer over his head in readiness to swing it—it's heavy, for one thing, and for another, he can't wait to bring it crashing down upon his first (and favorite) stuffed shirt—the University. With all the changes, not only those mentioned above, but the other ones—women's housing, admissions policies, fraternity quads and the like—the Ancient One became concerned with where it would all end. He spent no end of time searching around in classified University files and safes and finally came up with what appears to be the master plan. He presents it to you in this issue so that you may know what is in store for you and your children at Stanford in the future before it is too late (oh, shades of C. Wright Mills). And now it is the time. So if the readers will all join hands and come on like the Norman Luboff choir with a chorus of "John Henry," the Old Boy will . . . no, he won't appreciate it in the least, nor will he die with the hammer in his hand—he'll just laugh at all the silly fools holding hands and singing "John Henry" as he swings his hammer.

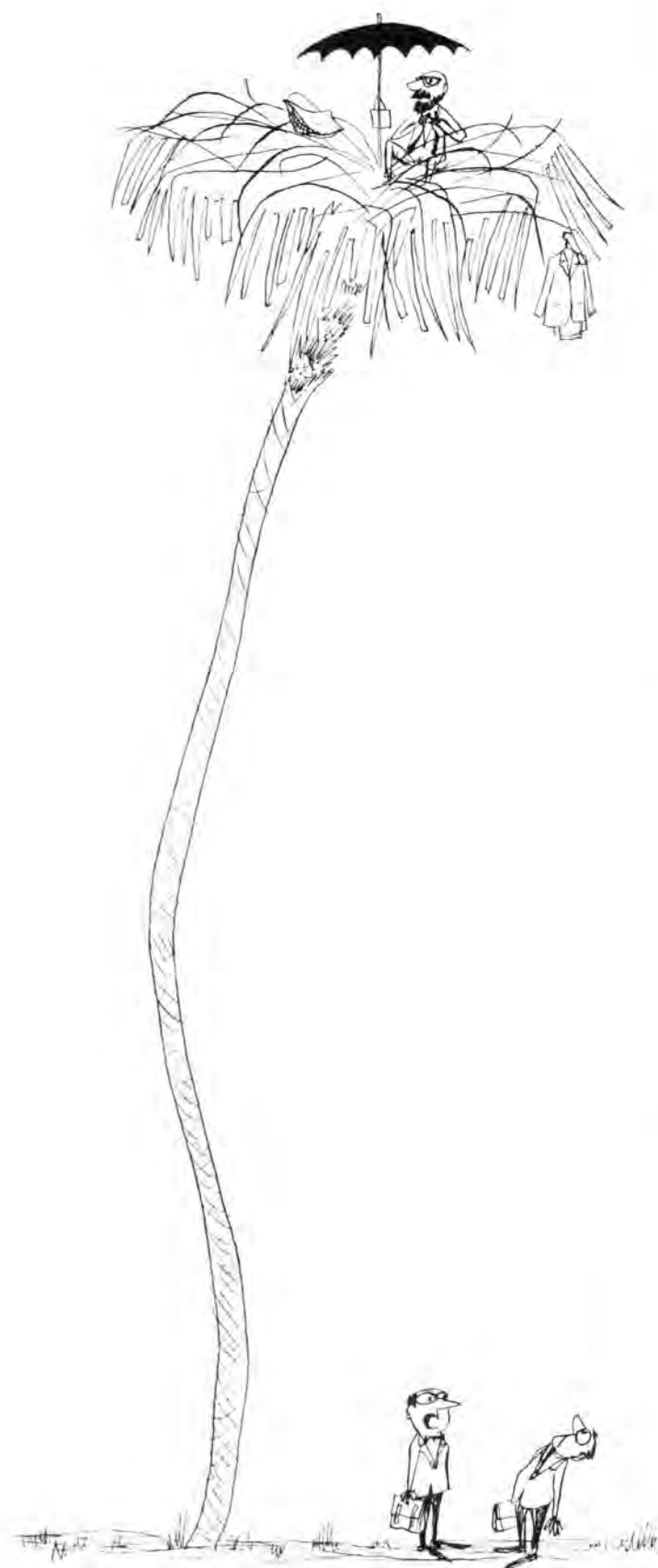
The Old Boy



YOUNG MAN!
I LEFT EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS
THAT THERE WAS TO BE
NO SMOKING
ON INNER QUAD!!



"All right, dearie, walk to campus then."



"Yeah, the housing situation is really tight this year."

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mondays and Tuesdays. Good old "L'Omelette." On

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mon. & Tues.



"BIG GAME" WEEK AT "L'OMELETTE". BY A. DUBOUT NOVEMBER 1947.

On mange bien at "L'Ommie's." Stanford's favorite since 1932. "The Egg" has banquet rooms for frat parties, birthdays, engagements, divorces. Never a dull moment at The

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mondays and Tuesdays. Good old "L'Omelette." On

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SPORTSWEAR OUR SPECIALTY

330 University DA 3-9342

"Don't you go out with that Freud boy any more, Gertrude, he has a filthy mind."

"Mother, remember what you told me about the shortest way to a man's heart?"

"Yes, dear."
 "Well, last night I found a new route."

She was only a truckdriver's daughter, but she could really dump on you.

The two young newly-weds, Eddie and Sally, had just entered the bedroom of their little motel bungalow. Eddie gathered Sally into his strong arms, gave her a mischievous wink, and said, "Well, I guess we'd better get ready for bed." Blushing a little, she answered, "Yes, you're right. You change in the bathroom, and I'll use the bedroom." "OK," he said, and disappeared into the bathroom.

When Eddie emerged in his silk pajamas, he discovered Sally in a sheer black negligee already in bed. A bit nervous, he slid into the bed also. The two lay there quietly for a minute, and then Sally reached over and softly touched his arm with her warm hand.

"Eddie," she said tremulously, "I've been thinking about this night for a long time, and there's something I'm just dying to do . . ."

"Yes, what is it?" asked Eddie in a half whisper.

"Let's have a helluva pillow fight!" shouted Sally, kicking him smartly onto the floor.

Motorist: "Officer, officer, come quickly. I just hit a Stanford student."

Campus Cop (casually): "Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty until tomorrow."

A drunk stared at a homely passenger on the bus. Finally he blurted out: "My God, but you're ugly!"

"I can't help the way I look," answered the woman.

The drunk looked at her for a moment and then screamed, "Well, at least you could stay home!"

PHELPS-TERKEL 219 University Palo Alto DA 2-2193

Linda Harrison wearing navy blue flannel dress by Jr. Sophisticate—removable turtle neck dickey, \$55.95



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SUCCESS IS A FRAME OF MIND



BY JOHN PAINTER

(A word of explanation before everybody strains his eyes looking for the usual low-brow grubby writing that students like; this story isn't it. Always striving to raise the quality of the magazine, the Old Boy is giving you this issue some *high-brow* grubby writing that students like.)

Samuel McBaine's family owned an old house isolated in the outskirts of Red Bluff, California. His father, Thom R. McBaine, had been a collector of rare books since the twenties, a time, so I have been told, when many people turned to books and public libraries were often crowded. But with Thom R. this interest turned into a passion for unique books or books that were not necessarily popular. He spent most of his salary on a book of one kind or another. Sometimes the family would skip dinner in order to save \$2.50 toward the purchase of a book. And when they did eat, there was always talk at the dinner table about "corrected galley proofs," "unexpurgated tomes," "first edition James Branch Cabel," and so forth. It was quite out of place for anyone to say "please pass the potatoes."

It was natural that young Samuel went to the university convinced of the importance of his father's pursuit. During registration his advisor suggested that it might be a good idea to broaden his interests, so in addition to his English major and Biology minor he began to study the use of the slide rule.

Samuel knew where he was headed, and for moral support he turned to a motto printed on a yellowing card two feet square. It read as follows:

Your knowledge is a drop,
Your ignorance a sea,
Desire to know the contents of books
For in them is found goodness, truth, beauty,
love, wealth, and happiness.
.....Mosys Oppenhyman

He often read Oppenhyman's motto and had it sealed in plastic to protect it. It hung above his desk in the dormitory. The other boys thought the motto somewhat amusing hanging on the wall next to the colored portrait of Anita Ekberg and the other photographs of unknown nudes. And one afternoon Samuel walked into the dorm to find similar mottoes above the desks of his roommates. One of them read:

Oh thou belly
Stinking pod of dung
And foul corruption,
That can't send thy filthy music forth
At either end.
...Chaucer

He could not see what was behind these mottoes, in fact he thought he noticed something trite about a couple of them. The unfortunate thing about Sam was that he believed his own motto literally. He was convinced that he could find beauty, love, and wealth in his books. As a result he spent at least thirteen hours a day in study over one book or another. Many of these were biology books. Often he would look up at Oppenhyman's motto and it would make him feel more secure. "Someday I'll find love, wealth, and all the rest," he thought.

One night he was studying a book on the genealogy of dogs. It was about midnight then. He paged through the uninteresting parts and came across a five color facsimile of a cocker spaniel. He leaned back in his chair and rested his eyes and then a voice said, "Hello, there!" He looked around him. Nobody was in the closed room. "I said, 'hello there,'" a voice said. It seemed to come from the picture of the cocker spaniel. "What does this mean?" Samuel said. "Nothing," the dog said. Samuel didn't know what to say. "Regi-

nald's the name," the dog said. "Reginald? Oh," Samuel said, "my name is Samuel McBaine."

"I know," the dog said. "I just came to tell you to cheer up and have a little more faith in yourself."

"Well thank you," Samuel said.

"It's nothing really," the dog said. "See you later."

"All right," Samuel said.

"All right," Samuel said a few seconds later, thinking that Reginald had not heard him the first time. But the picture of the dog remained quiet. As he studied more diligently during the next few days he kept the book open hoping Reginald would speak again. He never did.

When the other boys in Samuel's dorm found out that he actually believed that he would find beauty, love, and wealth in study they became more interested in him. One boy asked, "Found any girls in the books yet?"

Samuel knew he was joking, but he said, "You'll see!"

One day Samuel was reading *Through the Looking Glass* by Lewis Carroll whom he knew to be a clever logician. That night as he read on he came across a passage where one of the characters said, "I say what I mean and I mean what I say." "Is that possible?" Samuel questioned himself. And with that he turned the page. There was a water color drawing on the next page of "Alice in Wonderland." "Here I am," Samuel thought as he looked at the picture. "And I'm puzzled about so many things. It seems that the more I study the more confused I become. Perhaps I am having hallucinations from believing in a false motto." And with that Alice sat up in the picture and then stood to a full six and a half inches. Samuel stepped back and then Alice grew until she became 5' 2 1/2" tall (which was just the right height for Samuel, who was 5' 11"). She came forward, kissed him, and in fact showed in every way that she liked him. Samuel was very pleased. He was now both confident in his motto and happy with life in general. Samuel sat down and Alice sat down in his lap, and he began to recite Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and even some of the later T. S. Elliot which he thought she might like. When it got later Alice told him that she had to go back. "Please don't," Samuel pleaded.

"Well, I can't let your roommates find me," she said.

The next day Samuel rented a room off campus and moved in. This evidently made Alice much more at ease for she came out of the illustration almost immediately. They sat down in the small room and again Samuel recited passages from famous literature to entertain her. By eleven o'clock Alice began to yawn and show signs of being quite tired.

"Shall we go to bed?" she suggested.

"Yes," Samuel said.

Being modest, of course, she turned out the lights and undressed in the dark. But she found that this was really unnecessary. After they were in bed side by side, Alice turned to him and said, "Good night!"

"Good night," Samuel said. After a few minutes, Alice rolled over and said again, "Good night!"

"Good night," Samuel said. And so it went this way night after night. Soon Alice became bored with Samuel's long recitations. She felt sorry for him.

"You want to become wealthy and successful, don't you?" she finally asked him. He said that he wanted that more than anything. She then asked him what he wanted to make of himself.

"More than anybody," Samuel said. "I'd like to be as big and important and well-liked a man as Henry Folgate, builder of Green Lawn Meadows." He went on describing the Folgates' beautiful house and their 97-foot yacht. "I'd certainly like to be in his place," Sam said.

Alice laughed at this. "You could be a much bigger subdivider than he is," she said. But then she told him that he would have to improve himself. First she said that he should never openly say all that was on his mind. And then if he did say what was on his mind, he should absolutely say no more than half of what was on his mind. And furthermore, he should preferably say what was on the mind of the person to whom he was speaking.

Samuel found not saying what was on his mind a very hard thing to do. And saying what was on the mind of the person to whom he was speaking was almost impossible. But he began to practice.

Alice then started to teach Samuel poker, a game which she said Henry Folgate knew how to play quite well. "I'll try," Samuel said, but all the new rules in games were very hard on Samuel, and occasionally when Alice turned her back he would pick up a book and lose himself in reading. Once she caught him reading. "You have to stop this," she said. "You want to be as important as Henry Folgate, don't you? I'll give you one reading period every day and if I catch you reading other times, I'm going to go back where I came from."

Samuel kissed her many times and said he was sorry and promised to do as she said if she would stay with him. Then he hid the copy of *Through the Looking Glass* under several stacks of volumes.

After a while Alice began to teach him how to tell humorous anecdotes and told him to call himself Sam instead of Samuel. Sam began going to cocktail parties with Alice and then he went to a couple on his own. One evening after Sam had been to a beer party he asked Alice why babies came into the families of other men and women who lived together. Alice graphically described the process of making babies. After he thought this over for a few minutes, the whole thing seemed logical as well as most pleasurable and happy indeed. As a result, Alice became more fond of him.

All went well until summer quarter of his sophomore year when a son was born to Alice. Talk soon spread about Sam and the woman with whom he was living and the child who was born to her. Many of the fellows Sam had met in the meantime through drinking parties and poker games began to think of him as quite a daring and remarkable fellow to carry out such a venture. Women spoke of him as a romantic and clever young man. But when the president of the university heard of this he expelled Sam. Then Sam was evicted by his landlord. In moving out quickly Sam left behind him things that were no longer important to him. Many of his books were left behind and among them was the copy of *Through the Looking Glass*.

After he moved into the dingy room he had rented, he realized that Alice and his son were not around. In the hurry he thought he must have left them behind. He went back to

his old apartment but it was empty, and in the back yard Sam saw his landlord stirring a huge bonfire of all the books he had left behind. He knew that Alice and his son were gone for good.

Sam decided he should get a job. He found making up unusual and clever advertisements enjoyable and he found a number of people who were willing to pay him for this. It seemed to him that the more he let his imagination run wild the more people paid him. His business grew rapidly, and all the time he remembered not to say what was on his mind and to say what was on the mind of the person to whom he was speaking. Every week he would go to parties or dinners or poker games and often he would tell amusing anecdotes. In just a matter of a few years Sam McBaine had built a large advertising agency in San Francisco, with branch offices in Portland and Los Angeles. He received a large account from the prune growers association and soon had a girl named Prunella singing a jingle on coast to coast TV about the benefits of prunes. On the radio he released another jingle that went:

Prunes for you
And prunes for me
Will make us spry
When we're 83.

Through this campaign he became famous and wealthy. He invested in a huge tract of land, much of which was under water. Then he had it filled in and began a subdividing project with modern prefabricated houses in seven individual colors. He erected several office buildings to carry out his operations and named his tract Green Hill View because all his houses which were built on the flat had a distant view of a small green hill. A huge billboard read, "Sam McBaine, creator of Green Hill View."

One day an old man entered Sam's chromium and orlon-paneled office. At first Sam did not recognize him, but then he realized that this was the man who had been president of his old university. Out of the goodness of his heart Sam gave him a job as vice-chairman of recreational control.

One Friday, as Sam stepped out of his office building, he decided to walk home for a change so that he could go among the people living in the beautiful little city he had created. On the way he approached an old man and a dog on a leash who were standing on the corner.

"Good morning, Mr. McBaine," the man said.

"Good morning to you," Sam said. Sam bent over and petted the little cocker spaniel on the head. "Hello, Reginald," he said.

"Why do you call him that?" the owner asked.

"I don't know," Sam said. And he walked briskly on down the street toward his mansion, which was the only house he had built on a wide cement road named Folgate Street.

MOLDED FOR REST



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Bell & Howell

"We take passport
identification photos"



WHEN SHE COMPARES HER DIAMOND...

(and you can bet she will) ...

... think you'll feel like hiding ... ?

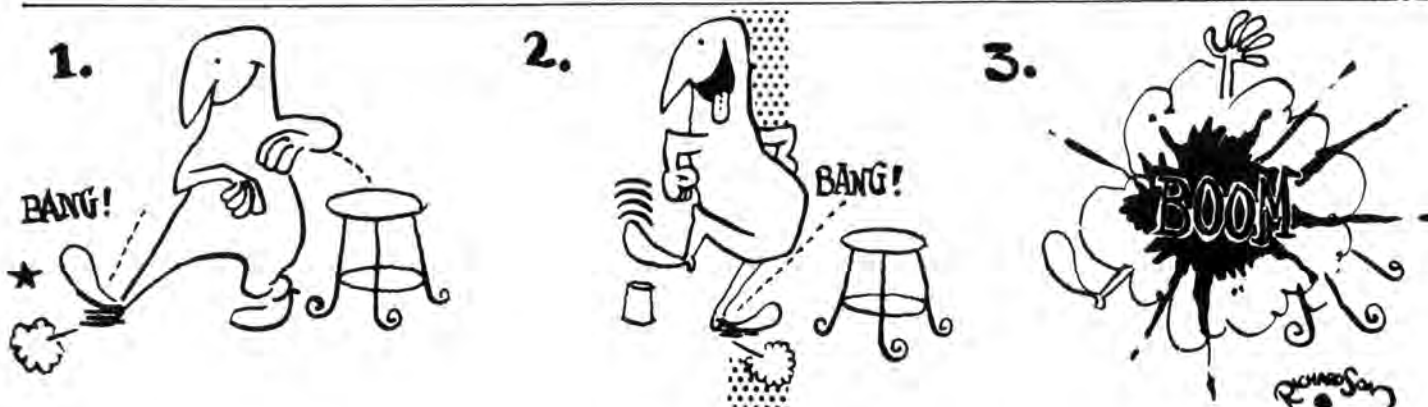
Or proudly share her thrill ... !

Why is one diamond so *much* more brilliant than another ... ? What ARE the factors that determine the true value ... ? A pleasant visit with our qualified experts will answer these questions ... the TRUTH costs NOTHING ... it WILL save you TIME ... MONEY ... and EMBARRASSMENT ... ! (She'll thank you ... !)

Hofman JEWELER

261 University Ave.

DA 2-4906





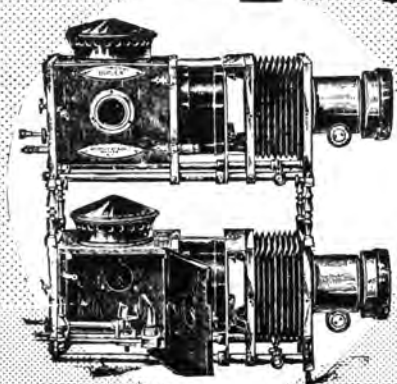
Gerald's
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Mr. Jon Andrade, Manager of the "Ivy Circle" on the Mezzanine at Gerald's, is on hand to advise and recommend your needs in natural clothing and sportswear. Model-Frank Penglase.

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301 University

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"everything photographic"
497 University
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An engineering prof was lecturing his eight o'clock class on the virtues of being wide awake.

"I've found that the best way to start a day is to exercise for five minutes, take a deep breath of air, and then finish with a cold shower. Then I feel rosy all over."

Just then a sleepy voice came from the back of the room: "Tell us more about Rosy."

A preacher has recently announced that there are 726 sins.

He is being besieged with requests for the list, mostly from students who think they're missing something.

A flea frolicking in a meadow was swallowed by a bull. "I'll revenge myself on this nasty beast as soon as I have rested up," vowed the flea to itself, and took a nap. When the flea awoke the bull was gone.

"Mother, I was away for three days on a business trip. Yesterday I wired my wife I'd be home last night, and when I got home I found her in another man's arms. Why? Mother, you're a woman. Tell me . . . Why?"

His mother was silent for several minutes . . . then she turned and said, "Maybe she didn't get your telegram."

"But Winnie, don't you make a 'V' with two fingers?"



"I saw a freshman who wasn't being friendly!"

"Here's a picture of my father at a Sunday School picnic."

"Which one's your father?"

"How should I know?"

An eagle-eyed mortician noticed an old crone shuffling away from a funeral service at his parlor, and asked her how old she was. "One hundred and one," cackled the old lady proudly. "Well, well," said the mortician suavely. "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

Reporter: To what do you attribute your old age?

75-Year-Old-Woman: I've eaten moderately. I work hard. I don't drink or smoke. I keep good hours.

Reporter: Have you ever been bedridden?

Old Woman: Yes, many times, but don't put that in the paper.

Men seldom makes passes in eight o'clock classes.

Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow along a country road, the parish minister stopped her and asked her: "Little girl, where are you taking the cow?"

"To the bull," replied the young lassie. "Can't your father do it?" questioned the clergyman.

"Nope," answered the little girl, "only the bull."

And there was the tugboat that committed suicide when it found out that its mother was a tramp and its father was a ferry.



"All these freshmen—year after year—when will it ever stop!?"

cards and gifts for every occasion . . .



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for the unusual in
toys, stationery, party goods

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Bring your car to . . .

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—Finest Wheel and Under-body work on the Peninsula
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Palo Alto

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it's
time
for
a
real
watch

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next month
BIG GAME ISSUE



"They laughed when the waiter insulted me in Yiddish!"

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middle!

borrowed

Pierre een boffs

Lucky Pierre

Go ahead, it's your heifer.

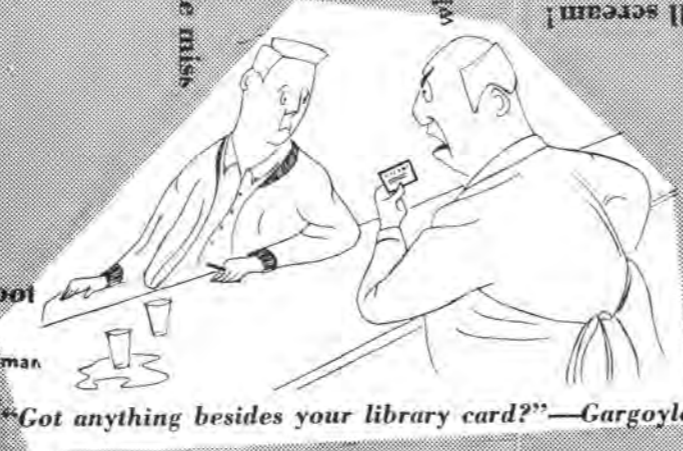
You say nothing about black sheep, I say nothing about white baby.



"I don't know, Betsy, let's run it up the flag pole and see if anyone salutes it."—Lampoon

A minute later and it would've broken my neck—I'm the luckiest man in the world!

That night, it's your turn in the barrel.



"Got anything besides your library card?"—Gargoyle



—Record

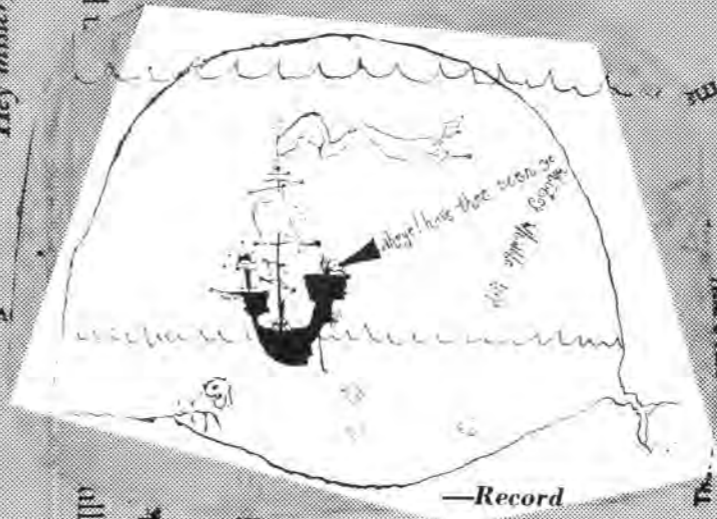
and see if you done miss anybody.

Go ahead, Lucky Pierre

How else you gonna open up them bottles?



Listen!! here's my plan.—Ranger



—Record

I couldn't stop, it was all on one string!



"It's funny you should ask me about that—"—Harlequin



"Well, we know who wears the pants in that family."—Orange P

A minute later and it would've broken my neck

Go ahead, it's your heifer.

You say nothing about black sheep, I say nothing about white baby.

Standing on my head in a hammock.

in the world!

What!

No, Jane, the vine! Pierre een boffs

r sign fell down!

I'll scream!

Look

all

we else you gonna open up them bottles?

If you're gonna open up them bottles?

It's your turn in the barrel.

Hey mister, your sign fell down!

He never did find out what a sleeve job was.

The Chinaman doesn't like the idea any better than you

If you're gonna open up them bottles?

no WHEELS!

Tarzan sign his overalls.

Now, m'sieu', ze wallet.

Harlequin cut across the middle!

I couldn't stop, it was all on one string!

How else you gonna open up them bottles?

Now, m'sieu', ze wallet.

with that thing, I'll scream!

what a sleeve job was.

see if you done miss anybody.

Because it belongs to the man behind me.

If he put his foot on it, you can get him for it.

If you show me another trick with that thing

The whole shovelful?

This is no time for loving. I'm really mad!

I can't

na

by mite

CC

all

na

In Pierre go down, he go down in flames!

... am fo' trespassin'.

KEATS



on Life Savers:

"Why not live sweetly?"

from *The Dove*, line 10



Still only 5¢



G. SHELTON

—Ranger

LIKE THE POSTER SAYS: WE NEED YOU!

Do you know the Old Boy?



The Old Boy is the gentleman who guides the destinies of THE CHAPARRAL and its staff.

The Old Boy's staff is made up of members of the Hammer and Coffin Society . . . and Women's Auxiliary . . .



UP - POUR - TUNE - ITTY

What, you may ask, does Opportunity on THE CHAPARRAL consist of? Well, here's what happens to a person when he (she) becomes a Chappie:

First, he becomes a part of a select campus group (occasionally given to snobbish clique-ism) and embarks on an extracurricular life of unexceeded gaiety, charm, wit, suavity, *savoir-faire*, and beer (and lots more, too). There are parties, cornhuskings (verbal), housewarmings (when anyone gets a house), festivals, banquets, and maybe even a tea or two for the ladies.

Second, he becomes a sort of Molder of Public Opinion. The *Daily* would have you believe that the only public opinion THE CHAPARRAL molds is against itself, but this is patently untrue. In fact, it occasionally seems that anything that the fishwrapper across the street would have us believe falls into that category of half-truths, innuendo, and ambiguity. But enough of that.

Third, he becomes tired. This is due in part to his academic work (Chappies, being smarter and lots more creative, just naturally carry heavier academic loads). It is also due in part to the vast amount of original work that is carefully prepared for The Next Issue. (At this point, it may be well to digress briefly to explain that The Next Issue is the one immediately following the one we just got out which is also known as Possibly The Best Issue Ever. The Next Issue, anyway, is always something of a crisis as deadlines approach.)

Most of all, however, this being tired is due to the social life of unparalleled magnitude to which the Chappie accedes.

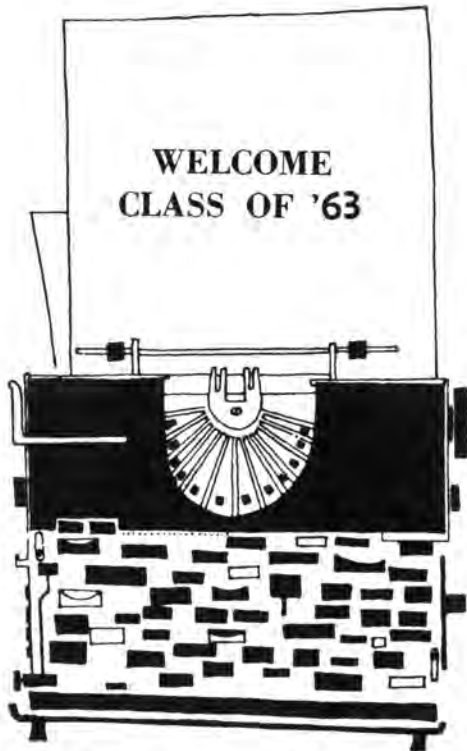
Finally, the new Chappie becomes a member of the Hammer and Coffin (or, for the ladies, its Women's Auxiliary) and thereby attains the absolute pinnacle of social and professional prestige.

When you get right down to it, life on THE CHAPARRAL is pretty well worth living, and it's lived to the hilt. This brings us to our pitch: We would like to talk to you about working on THE CHAPARRAL. The magazine is always interested in making new friends and improving itself with new talent. "Talent," as used here, means anything that can help the magazine. Artists and writers, of course. Commission-paid advertising salesmen, too. Photographers and circulation personnel. Probably the most important need we have is for young ladies who would like to put in a little time in the office (this sounds bad, but it's not) typing, rewriting, copyreading, and so on. Not many of our writers turn out very good manuscripts. Too busy creating to worry about pedestrian details like spelling and punctuation.

So . . . consider this piece an invitation to drop in for a chat. You'll find us hiding behind the Institute of International Relations, across the street from the Press, and a short stone's throw from the Women's Gym. The telephone number is DA 1-2300, extension 2400. Drop in . . . or give us a ring.



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MY FRIENDS WORRY ABOUT ME BECAUSE I SPEND SO MUCH TIME AT ST. MIKE'S



MY ANALYST SAYS IT'S ALL RIGHT. WHY SHOULD I LISTEN TO THEM? / MAYBE I'M COMPULSIVE...



BUT, LIKE THE REAL REASON IS THAT I DIG THE COFFEE



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from
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THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE...

But L&M does it!

When you're in New York, be sure to see Miss Liberty. And right now, enjoy an L&M - Low in tar, with More taste to it. That free-drawing, pure white Miracle Tip is so advanced, L&M can use the light, mild premium quality tobaccos you need for full, rich tobacco taste. That's why L&M is Kindest to your taste!

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KINDEST
TO YOUR TASTE!



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