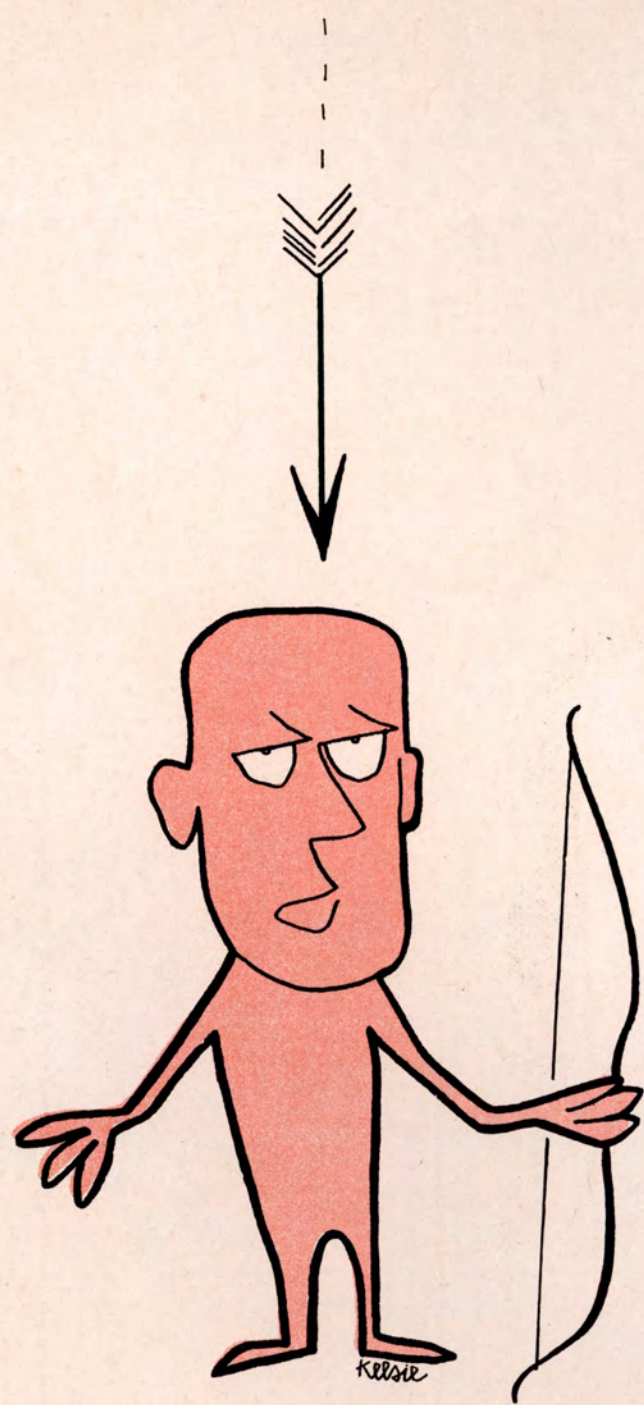


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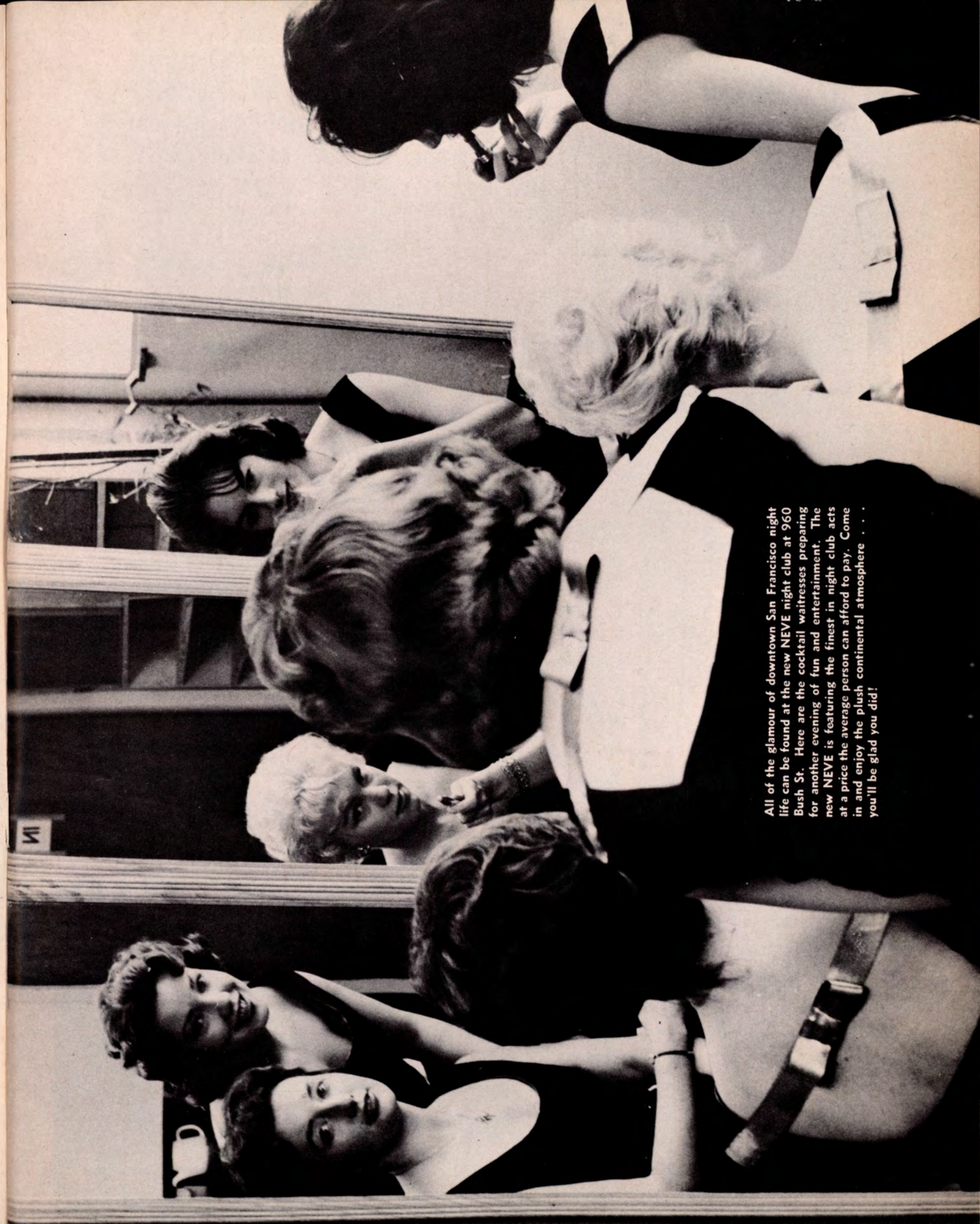
the STANFORD
Chaparral
40 CENTS



STANFORD IN 1984



" I shot an arrow into the air
it fell to earth I know not where..."



All of the glamour of downtown San Francisco night life can be found at the new NEVE night club at 960 Bush St. Here are the cocktail waitresses preparing for another evening of fun and entertainment. The new NEVE is featuring the finest in night club acts at a price the average person can afford to pay. Come in and enjoy the plush continental atmosphere . . . you'll be glad you did!

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CHANEL

Mr. William S. Johnson stopped by last week looking for an alembic. The only one we had was in use in the back room where the employees were making camomile tea.



There wasn't a dry eye in the store as he walked out with our alembic but the customer comes first.

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Sheila MacDonald, president of A.W.S., models a sleeveless dress with a full-pleated skirt belted with patent. Looking for all the world like wool, but with its many facets of cotton, this dress and others will be modeled in the A.W.S.-sponsored fashion show in late April.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES LANDIS

Pua Lani Florist
Heavenly Flowers



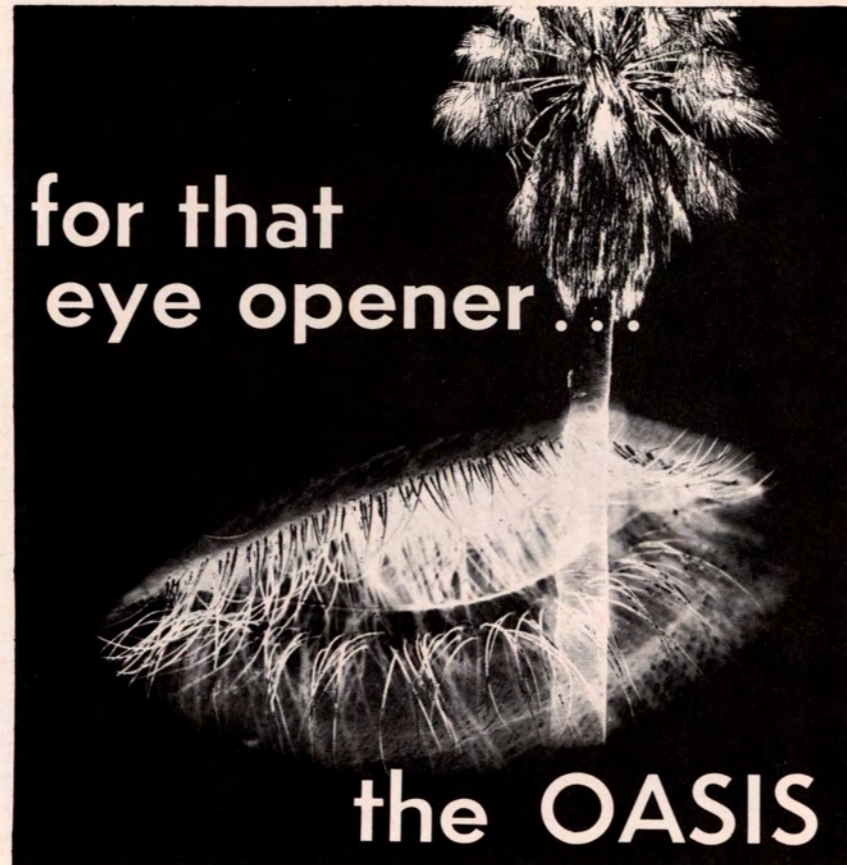
10% discounts to Stanford students on all purchases except wire orders.

Open from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. and Sundays

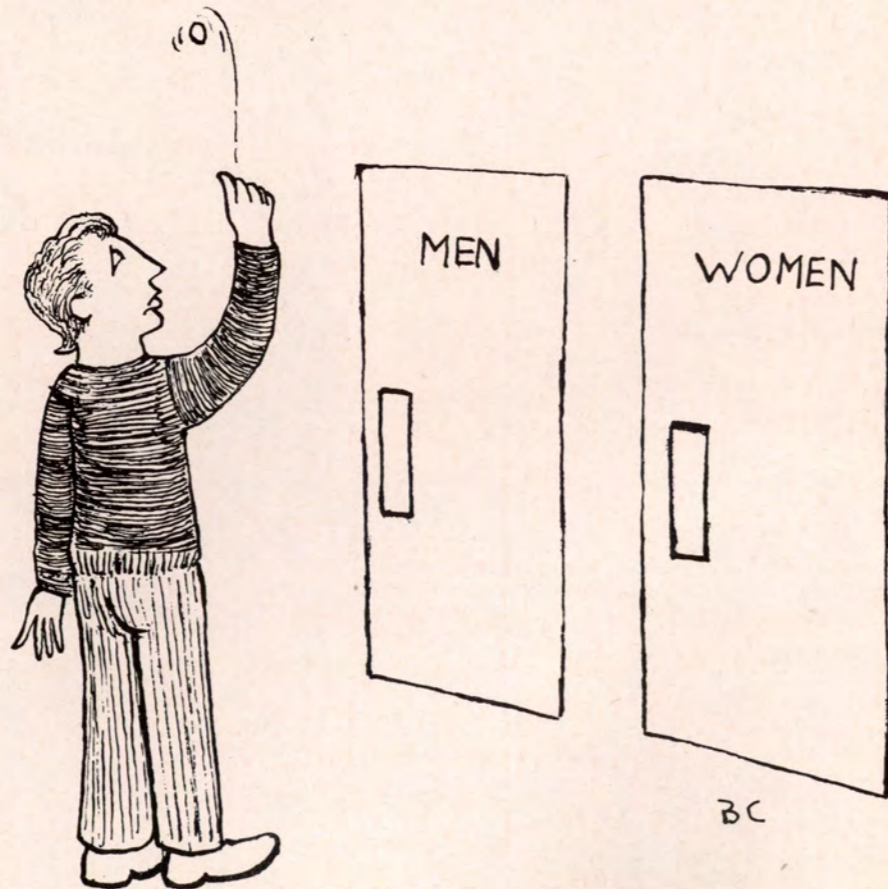
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AD BY KENNETH WILLIAM HIRSCH



Photograph by

Hans Roth

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Country Squire

AT RICKBY'S STUDIO INN



MODELS: JESSICA SEITER, HANS KRAMER AD BY KENNETH WILLIAM HIRSCH

SOME DEW!



A soldier met a pretty girl at a dance and talked her into letting him take her home. As they strolled along the country road he remarked, "Some moon, eh honey?" "Yes," she agreed. "Some moon." He steered her toward a path where roses were blooming. "Some roses, eh?" he nudged. "Yes," she admitted. "some roses."

By this time the dew was shining on the grass, and in his exuberance, he could not help but remark: "Some dew, eh honey?" "Yeah, some do," she snapped. "But I don't. So be on your way!" It's all a matter of language and we know we talk your language with Prism-Lite diamonds. In fact they're the only super values that speak for themselves.

**VALUE TRUSTED FOR GENERATIONS
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10 AM to 3 AM
Mama Mia—for the best pizza pie this side of Rome . . .

RENATO

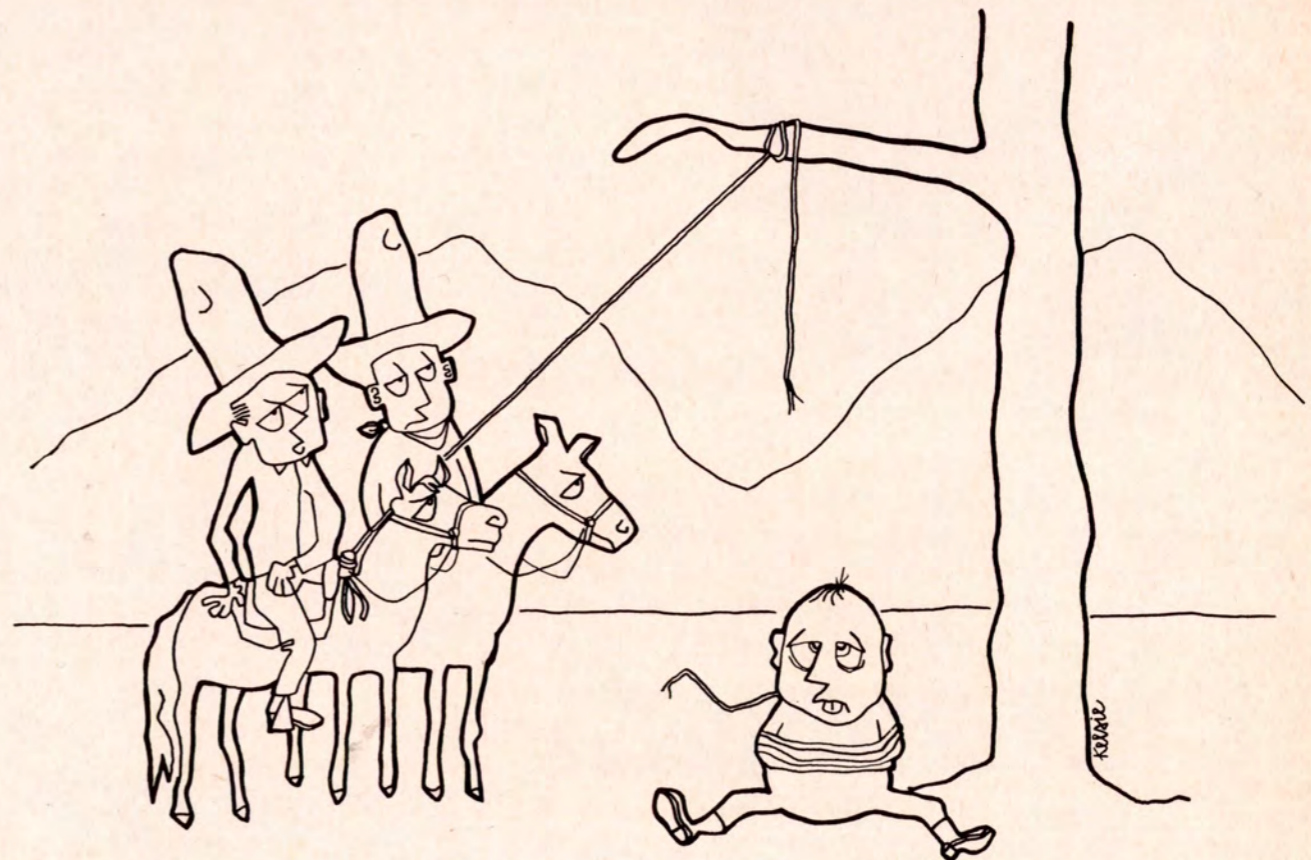
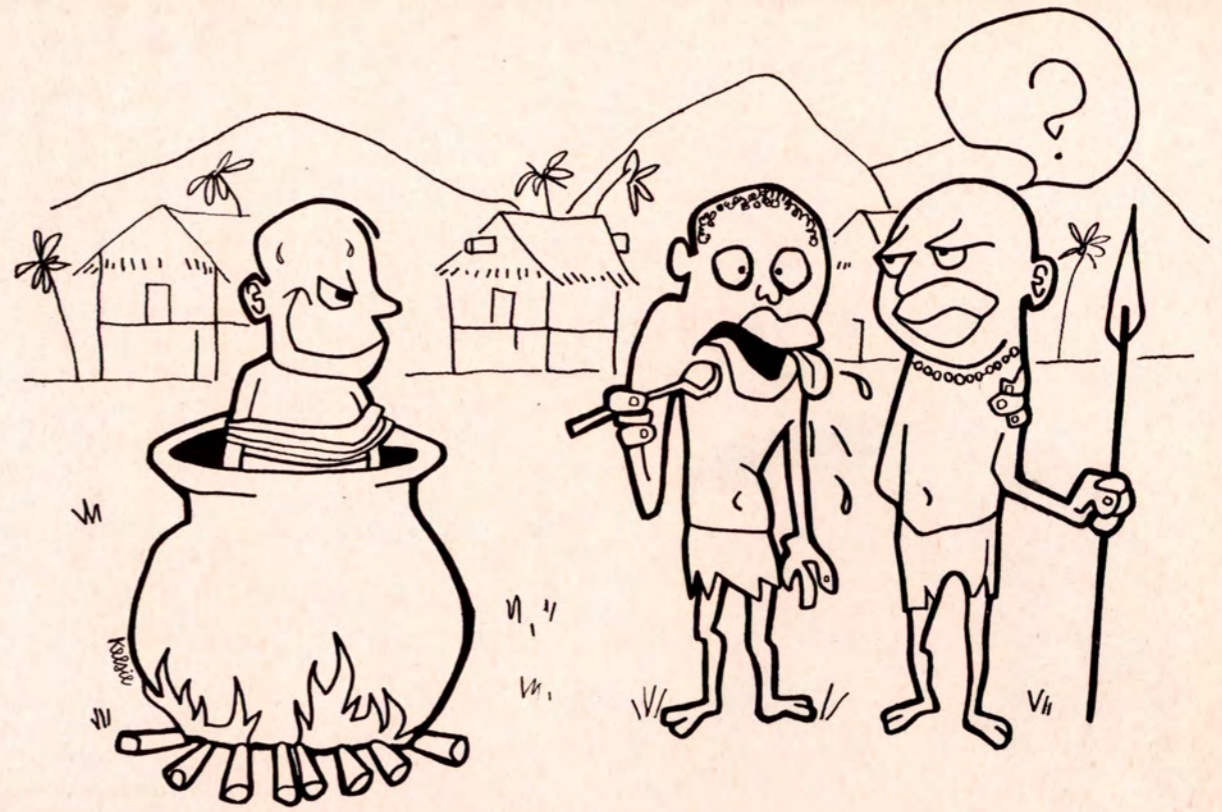
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Open 6 days a week
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Chaparral



"Damn J.C.Penny ropes!"

Let's see, it's do,
re, mi ... yes,
DOUGH! RAY! ME!



I've got DOUGH! RAY for ME! And it's all because of my Roos/Atkins SUPER/CHARGE. All I have to pay is 1/10th of my monthly balance. Get one with a handy Reg. Card!

ROOS/ATKINS

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
DOWNTOWN: UNIVERSITY AT BRYANT

EATING OUT

by Mike Datisman

All too often one finds the greener grasses theory at work on the Farm. Mills girls, Colorado ski slopes, UC textbooks, and visiting professors all find ready adherents. And SF beaneries get the action, while we neglect the fine establishments close by (of which not all are in S. Campbell's tax bracket). Therefore:

For an after-show treat try *La Petite Corrale*, 2098 Gordon, just off the Alameda de las Pulgas in Menlo Park. George, the tall Russian, features his celebrated *Capri* sandwich, combining imported Danish sausage with succulent Argentine beef to create a culinary delight. Atmosphere's a bit ratty, but the conveniently priced Milwaukee brew engenders a genuine glow.

Located just up El Camino, the *Immediate-Dog* offers excellent supper entertainment. Leather-jacket rumbles (11 shows a night), the pregnant-woman hula, and the ten-kid tag match offset the slow service. Home-style cooking is their forte.

Just the other direction you'll find *Ernie's*, with a narrow assortment of bologna, and beverages to suit your purpose. Slow and fast.

For offbeat surroundings go to *Slink's*, right across from *Rickey's*. It's a cellar club, reached via a long tunnel underneath El Camino. Food's on a par with *Rickey's*. Some kitchen noise filters down, however.

P.S.: *La Casa Blanca Inn* recaptures old Mexicale with its superb tamale imitations. Unfortunately, those of legal age are not permitted.



chaparral
vol. Ixii
no. 6
contents



CHAPTER SIX IN WHICH THE OLD BOY AND HIS LITTLE MEN PEER WITH BLEARY EYES INTO THE CRYSTAL BALL AND STAGGER BACK TO THEIR CAVES

Lou Padulo and Brad Efron

have concocted a delicious dish of S. T. and T. If this sounds explosive, well, no wonder. Lou, by the way, is new to Chappie writing; a grad student, at that. Page 13.

Steve Zousmer

came up with a frantic prognosis based on the intricacies of a present problem. His rather pedestrian thesis starts on page 18.

Judy Skinner

at her capricious best, has projected herself with amazing facility into an . . . interesting Tomorrow. Sounds to us like wishful thinking. . . . Page 30.

'Tis better to have visited a session of the Planning Board than never to have laughed at all.

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 62, 1960-61
 Stanford Chaparral founded
 5 October 1899
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 Founded at Stanford University 17 April 1906

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

ESTABLISHED BY B. S. ADAMS '00 OCT. 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

Now that World War III has been re-examined by Professor Shov of the History Department, there is renewed interest in the pre-war events. As a sidelight into the cultural climate, we of the Lit Board have decided to reprint an old issue of a Student Magazine: *The Stanford Chaparral*.

This issue, originally published in April, 1961, is of particular interest, since it attempted to project plans and attitudes of Stanford 1961 to their logical conclusions. Coincidentally, the students chose the year 1984—for some unknown reason—which adds a rather ironic appropriateness to the whole affair.

Coming at a dynamic point in Civil-

ization, a time of great scientific advance, these Stanford students typify the attitudes of people in other societies at other crucial junctures: the Carthaginians of 202 B.C., the French of 1789, their own ancestors of 1861. The entire population of America stood on the brink of disaster and filed its nails.

Perhaps they were too bound up in the minutia of their private lives. More likely, they had lost the fresh, eclectic approach which had so often saved them in the past. Compromise agreements, such as those of the Constitutional Convention, had become obscured by time. The memories of past heroes had calcified: George Washing-

ton, an adaptive soldier and lover, was glorified into an absurd caricature of American thought.

Twenty-three years ago the Stanford students lived amidst an infinite number of minor and major contradictions. Education lacked money; school teachers were underpaid and only the devoted or inept taught. Yet the institution with power to remedy the situation—the Federal Government—was unable to help. The populace had been educated to distrust government.

The lack of a consistent ethical system hampered social cohesion. The capitalistic materialism which ruled daily life was instrumental in building a "me first" attitude. Divorce was com-

mon. Juvenile delinquency was even more of a problem than it is today. The Army lost its morale. Inequities in the conscription system combined with the relaxed discipline demanded by mothers (in 1961 women in America could vote) reduced the army to a civilian rabble. But the people did not want discipline or universal military training. Professor Shov's 37-volume list of contradictions in American society makes interesting reading. But it is the student's attitude that really gives the key to the situation.



The critical issue was *change* (a word that struck fear into reactionary hearts). In each American contradiction, one element had to go, but consensus was difficult, if not impossible to obtain. Either a vocal minority had to be protected—at the cost of the majority—or the majority had to tyrannize. Questions of this sort spurred endless debate. But change? Change was unsafe!

All of this may not be justly attributed to these students. Perhaps shortsightedness is characteristic of human nature. The Carthaginians would not support Hannibal during his sixteen-year sojourn in Italy; there was no impending threat to Carthage, so there was no need for personal sacrifice.

The French behaved in a similarly human fashion, before the Revolution. The social structure gave the nobles political power: the economic structure gave the bourgeoisie money (which was also power). It is a familiar story. The nobles refused to give up political control, fearing they might give away too much. But the need for money was still there and could only be satiated by the bourgeoisie. No Frenchman would volunteer to sacrifice his personal interest. A breakdown of cooperation, and therefore social unity, was inevitable.

The American Civil War was no different. States' Rights vs. Federalism, slave-owning vs. payroll employment,

thousands on each side refused to sacrifice any part of their interest toward a solution. War was the obvious result.

Finally, in the early 1960's, tensions mounted, and two political-economic systems—one not much different from the other—faced each other and refused to compromise. One was eclectic and unified; the other was more reactionary and reluctant to re-examine its premises. Neither would give up a thing, for fear that it might give up too much.

Notice, while reading this magazine, that the student didn't pay much attention to the dynamic forces that were forming around him. He was worried about his future job, his daily academics and the fact that his nails needed filing.

The American people are, of course, indistinguishable now as a group. (Ethnic traces are still apparent in occasional desires for gaudy, cheaply-made goods with lots of chrome.) At least the language remains, which is more than can be said for Carthage. We thank the Department of Classical Languages for its assistance in preparing the English text, and for the use of its press for this reprint.



With the blending of cultures which has followed all wars, we humans have now reduced ourselves to one ideology. But Professor Shov has said, "This does seem a bit lonely, culturally." Perhaps if the Americans had been interested in dynamic solutions to their problems, they could have devised a more forward-looking government, over a period of years. Their failure has denied us that stimulating competition which makes life so enjoyable.

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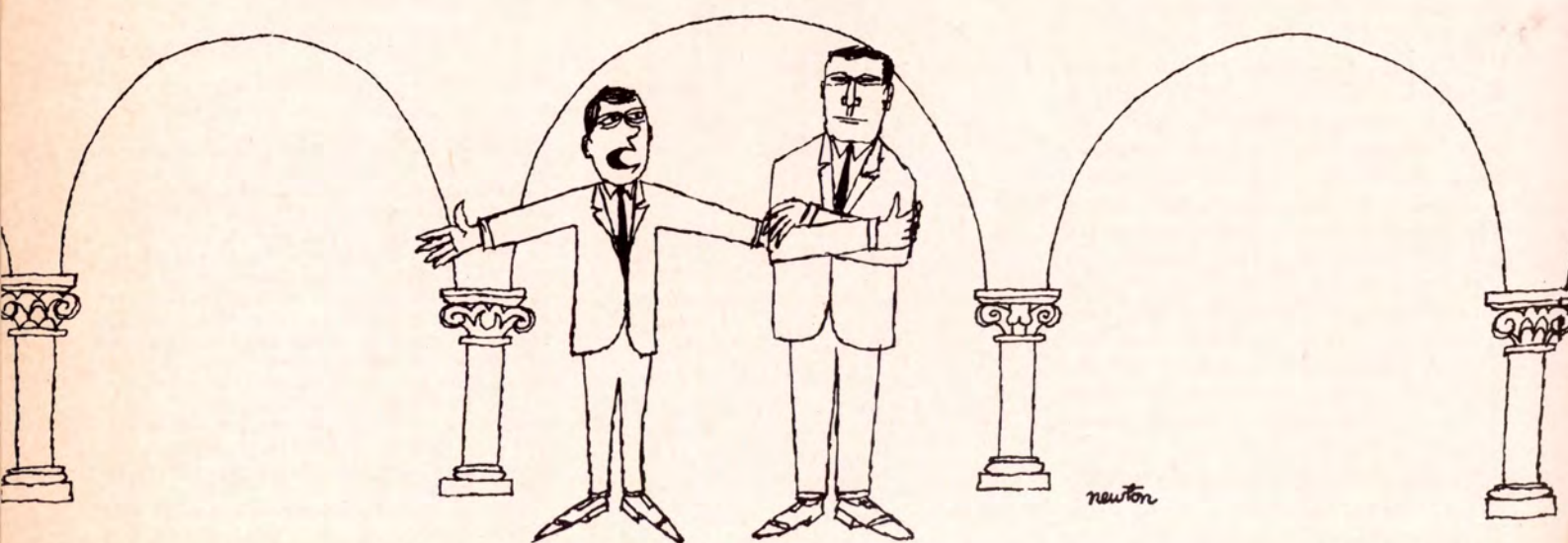
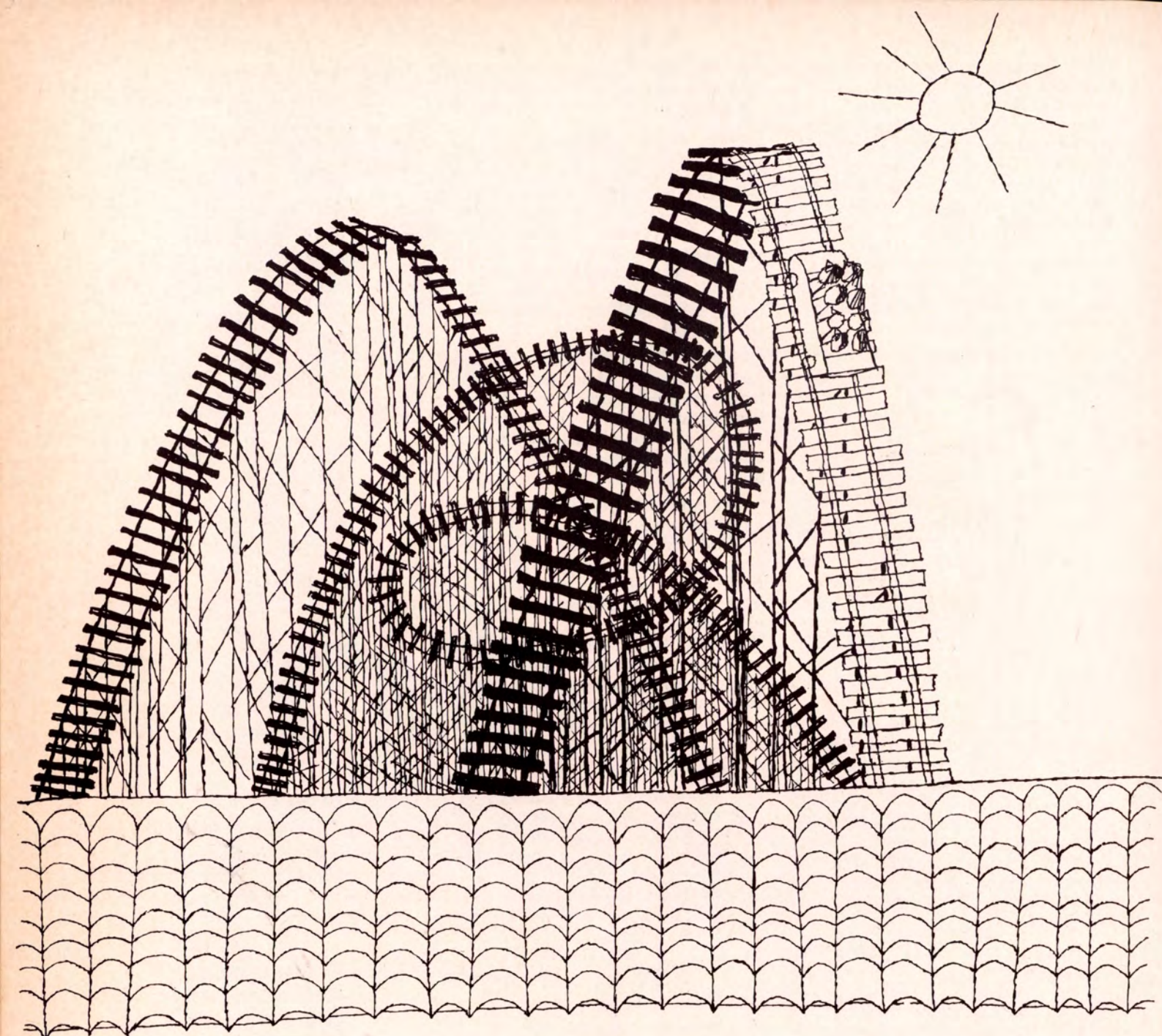
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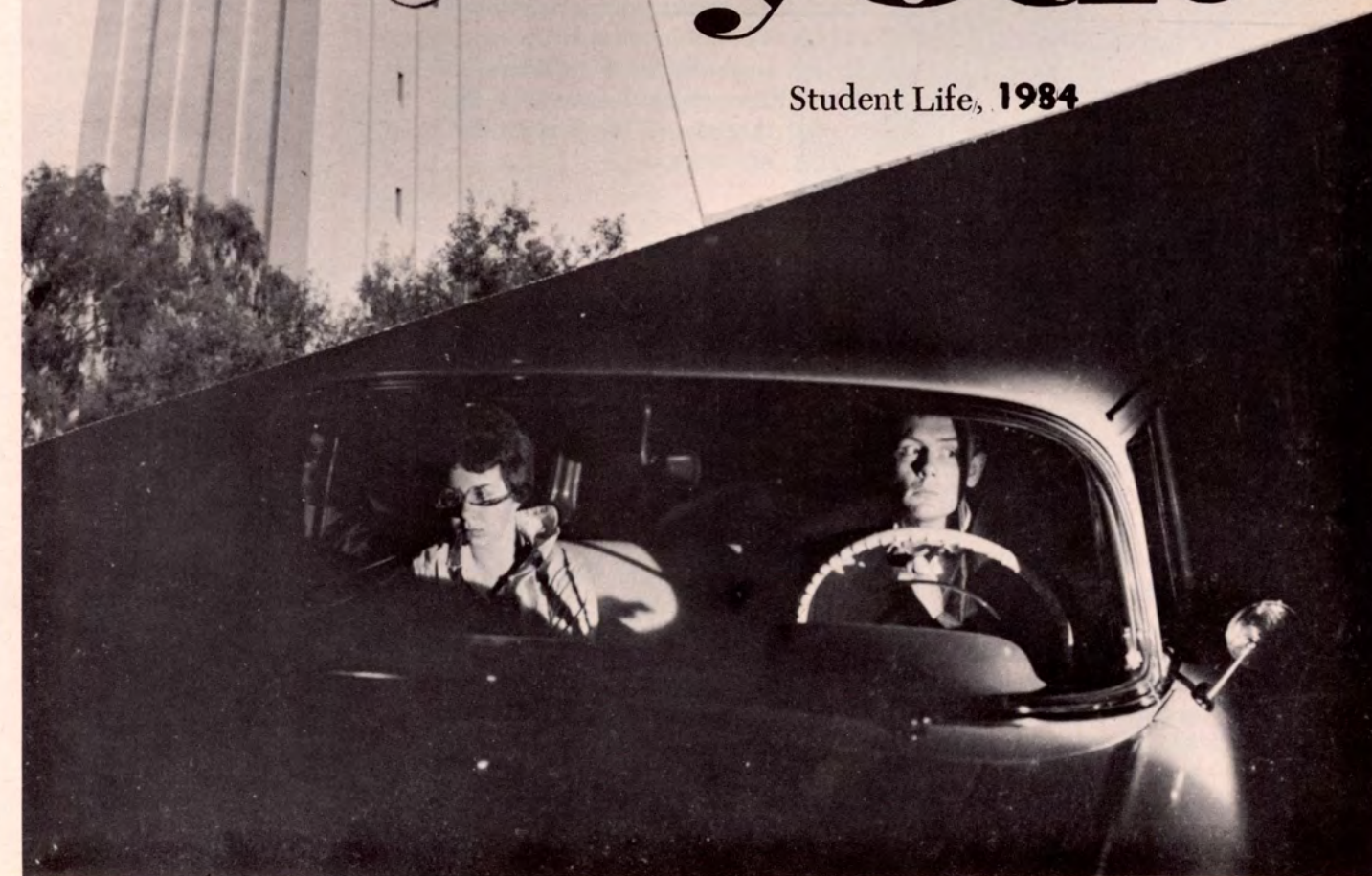
"I know it's making money, Wally, but . . ."

big leland is watching



you!

Student Life, 1984



Morning! Bruce 17Y is automatically roused from his whirl-a-bed, fresh and eager to begin another day on the Farm. "Arrgh," mumbles our hero, "it's only 4:00 A.M." But classes call, and Bruce's roommate, Bruce 17X, is anxiously awaiting the bed. (Next door Bruce 17Z is busily hitting the books.)



"A modern university is only as good as its administration," muses Bruce in the bathroom. Stanford's central computing system enables a student's every movement to be recorded instantly in the Dean's office. (From there the statistics are rushed directly to the CHAPARRAL staff.)



Breakfast time! Bruce prepares to receive morning's nourishment from his prophylactic hasher. (Since oral feeding has become obsolete, hashing is one of the few remaining status symbols on an otherwise classless campus. As a reward for faithful service, first-string hashers serve at Lagunita and Flo Mo.) Meanwhile the *Stanford Daily* is beamed directly into Bruce's subconscious. "Hate Cal, hate Cal, hate Cal . . ." whisper a thousand lips in unison. There'll be excitement tonight.



Stanford's modern laboratory facilities make classroom hours fly. What fun to work with one's fellows on the very frontiers of science! Oh, oh, Bruce is being a BAD SPORT. Central Computer recommends a quick visit to Dean James. "Good old Dean James," thinks Bruce as he crosses Quad. "He'll fix me up if anyone can." But a surprise awaits him on arrival at the Dean's office.



"Why, you're not good old Dean James!"

"I'm the new *electric* Dean James," answers a metallic voice. "The old Dean James wore out. I never wear out."

A few minutes on Dean's "happy table" makes short work of Bruce's Bad Sport complex. "Thank you, sir," he foams. "Can I return to the classroom now?"

"May, not 'can.' Deposit 25 cents in coin," answers the metallic voice.

Poorer and wiser, Bruce crosses the campus, greeting faculty and fellow students as he goes.



A pioneer in civil rights, Stanford has virtually completed Integration on its campus. (The prof at left is Jewish.) The sun sets slowly on the Western horizon—the end of another perfect day. With a start, Bruce 17X realizes tonight is full satellite on Quad! Quickly he dashes over to Union in hopes of finding his faithful girl friend, Sally 47°. (Students are paired by last number to avoid confusion.) "Good old Sal 4," he thinks to himself. "She'll fix me up if anyone can." But a surprise awaits Bruce at the Union.



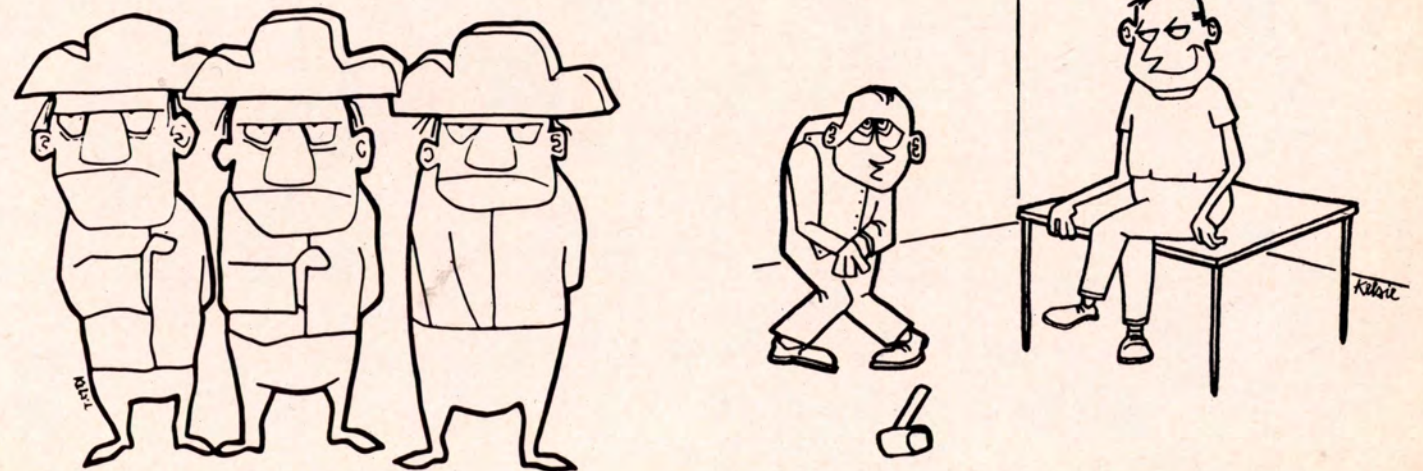
"Why, you're not good old Sally 47° ! . . ."

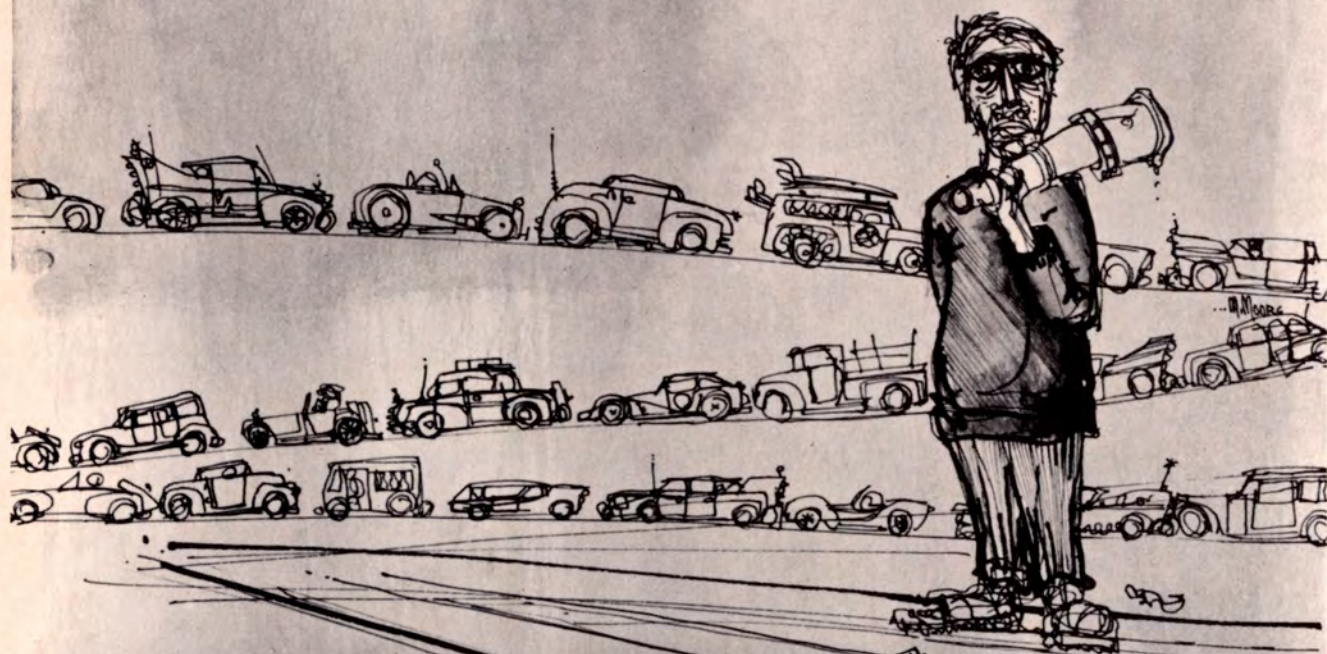
"I'm the new *electric* Sally 47°. I never wear out, I never wear out, I never wear out . . ."

KELSIE

'KELSIE' TERRY HARDER

Editor's note: "Kelsie" Terry Harder, refugee cartoonist from Claremont Men's College, makes his first appearance in the CHAPARRAL.





PEDESTRIANISM
REVISITED

..STEVE ZOUSMER...

by Steve Zousmer

If it happens to you like it happened to me, your Stanford education will get you a job as a truck driver. A college diploma is needed to drive a truck, just like it used to be needed to be a doctor or a lawyer back in the sixties. Even some professors used to have diplomas. But that was twenty-five years ago and times have changed. I know a shepherd who graduated from Harvard.

I first came to Stanford in autumn of 1984. I was walking up Palm Drive with all my luggage and my telescope—I wanted to be an astronomer—when I became aware of the problem. The road was crammed full of Cadillacs, Chryslers, Oldsmobiles, Lincolns, Lizards. There were Fords and Chevies and cars with reclining seats. I was astonished by all the traffic.

As I approached Wilbur Hall, someone saw me coming and shouted, "Look! Look! I see somebody coming ON FOOT!" "Only finks walk!" said another. "Your mother wears army boots!" said a third, truthfully.

All the freshmen gathered around and looked at my feet. "FEEEEET!" they exclaimed. One friendly fellow gave me a ride up the stairs to my room.

Fascination with my feet wasn't as great with girls as it was with nongirls. They had no respect for my tootsies. No car, no date.

"Are you doing anything tonight?" I asked a girl who owned a car.

"Yes," she said, "I have to work on my clutch."

I told her I would be glad to adjust her clutch.

Anti-car discrimination was shocking. Alpha Tau Omega, having lost its national charter years ago for admitting Jews, got it back for blackballing non-car-drivers.

A faculty member was caught with his feet on the ground and was sent off to San Jose.

ROTC students marched on moving tanks.

The rainy season came and several stores were closed for selling rubbers.

So there I was hiding in my room at Wilbur, too self-conscious to talk to girls and too embarrassed to walk to class. My roommate moved out, disgusted. The quarter was half over and I hadn't even bought a textbook. All I had was my astronomy equipment. At night I would set up my telescope and peer out at the heavenly bodies of Saturn, Mars, Jupiter, and Branner.

Everybody knew I had something strange in my room. It was my telescope, of course, but they thought it was some secret type of car. One girl that I met on my way to the shower on a study-date night obviously saw a chance to impress her friends by riding in it.

"What's that you have in your room?" she asked.

I led her on: "Just something I see the sights with. It's a three hundred power model."

"That's a lot of horses," she admired. "Do you get around much with it?"

"Oh, I zero in on Branner every night."

"I live in Branner," the girl said. "Why haven't I ever seen you?"

"I don't know," I leered, "but I've seen you. Va va va vroom."

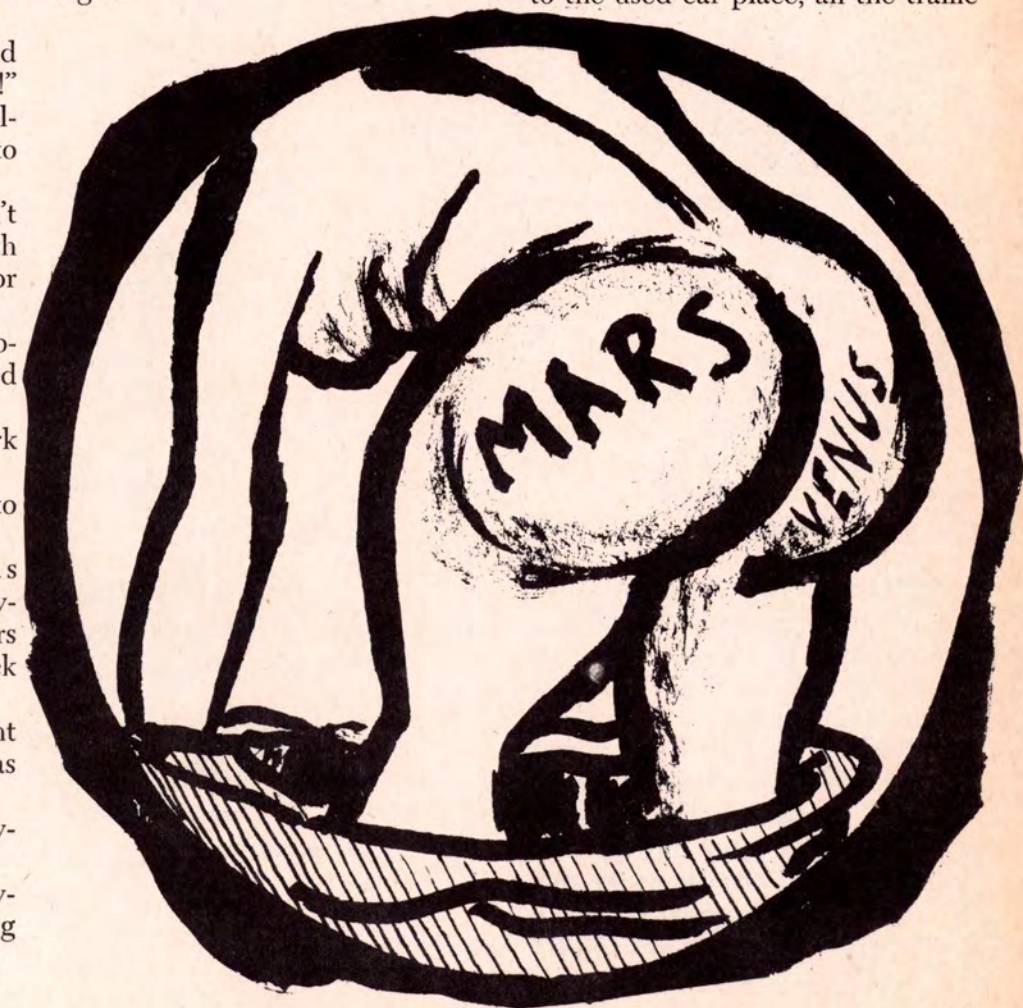
It was a confusing thought to her. It was a pleasant thought to me. Then, seductively, she asked if I would like to go show her Lake Lag. "Impossible," I said, "the post office is in the way."

She was the last girl I talked to for a long time. I didn't like that. "I want a woman," I said.

I decided there were only two alternatives. I could either get rid of all the cars at Stanford or get some kind of transportation of my own. The second sounded better at the time. If Captain One-Ayem (used to be "Captain Midnight," but times fly) had one, why not me?

I went to San Francisco in search of an answer. If the traffic problem was bad at Stanford, it was worse in the City. Even pedestrians were driving cars.

I looked in the yellow pages to find a used car dealer. As I walked to the used car place, all the traffic





stopped to look at my feet. A policeman gave me a summons for walking.

Finally I found a little hut with faded letters spelling out "Used Cars." I went inside and ordered, "One car, please."

"Sorry, kid," the dealer said, "we're all sold out. I even sold my own car and now I'm too ashamed to walk home. I haven't been home for two years. Do you have any crumbs I could eat?"

No more cars. Everybody in the whole Hotchkissing world had a car. So I looked into buying chariots, mule trains, ski lifts, merry-go-rounds, unsuccessfully. I considered an advertisement for an original Hindenburg Zeppelin. I went down to the harbor to look at a gondola, but a guy there offered me a ferryboat. "I would prefer a masculine boat," I said.

Back at Stanford I was a broken soul. "Give me wheels or give me death," I uttered. The boldness of that sentence gave me an inspiration—I would become a crusader.

Drawing on my high school study of ancient Cuban history, I grew a shaggy beard and wore a stained

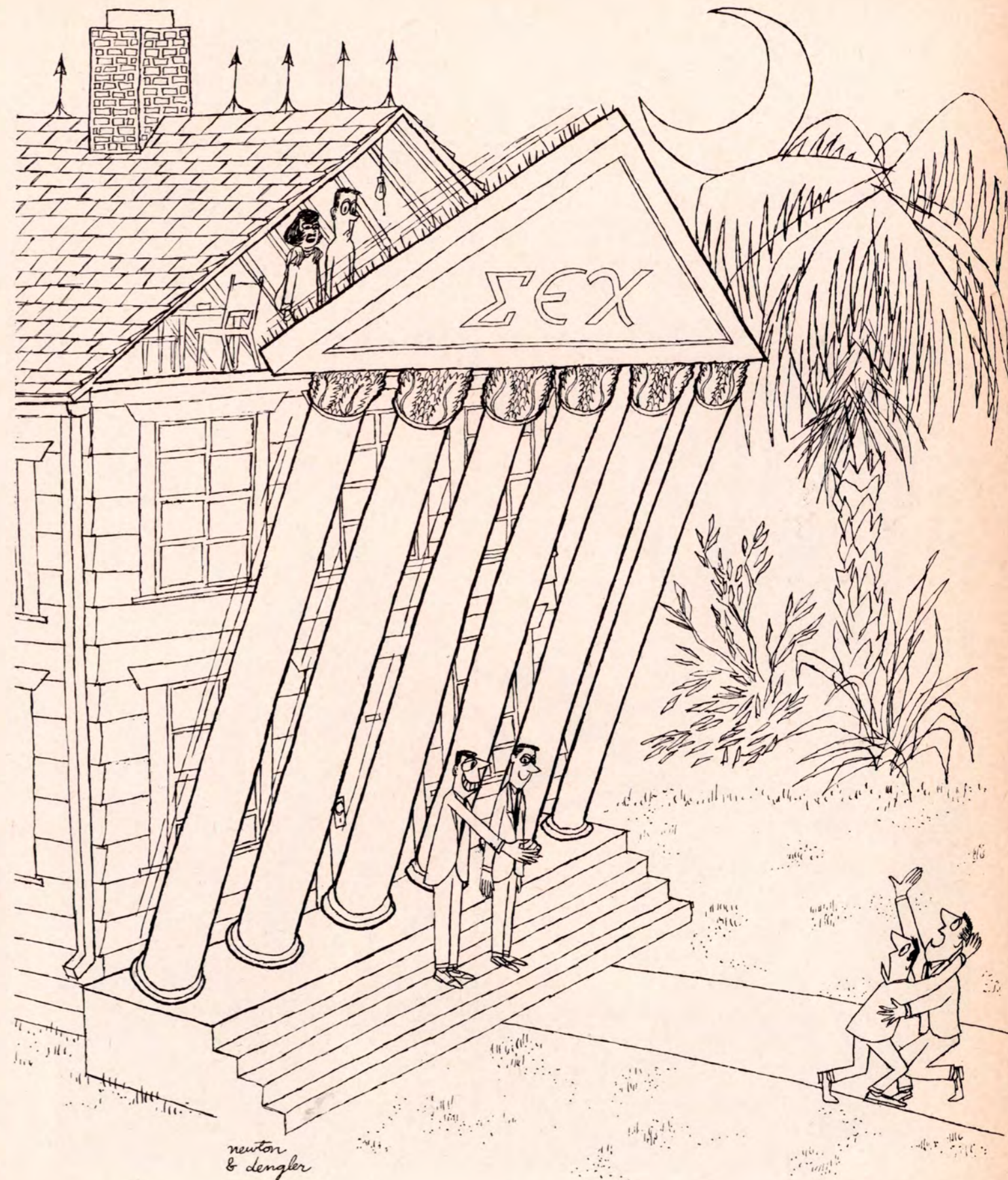


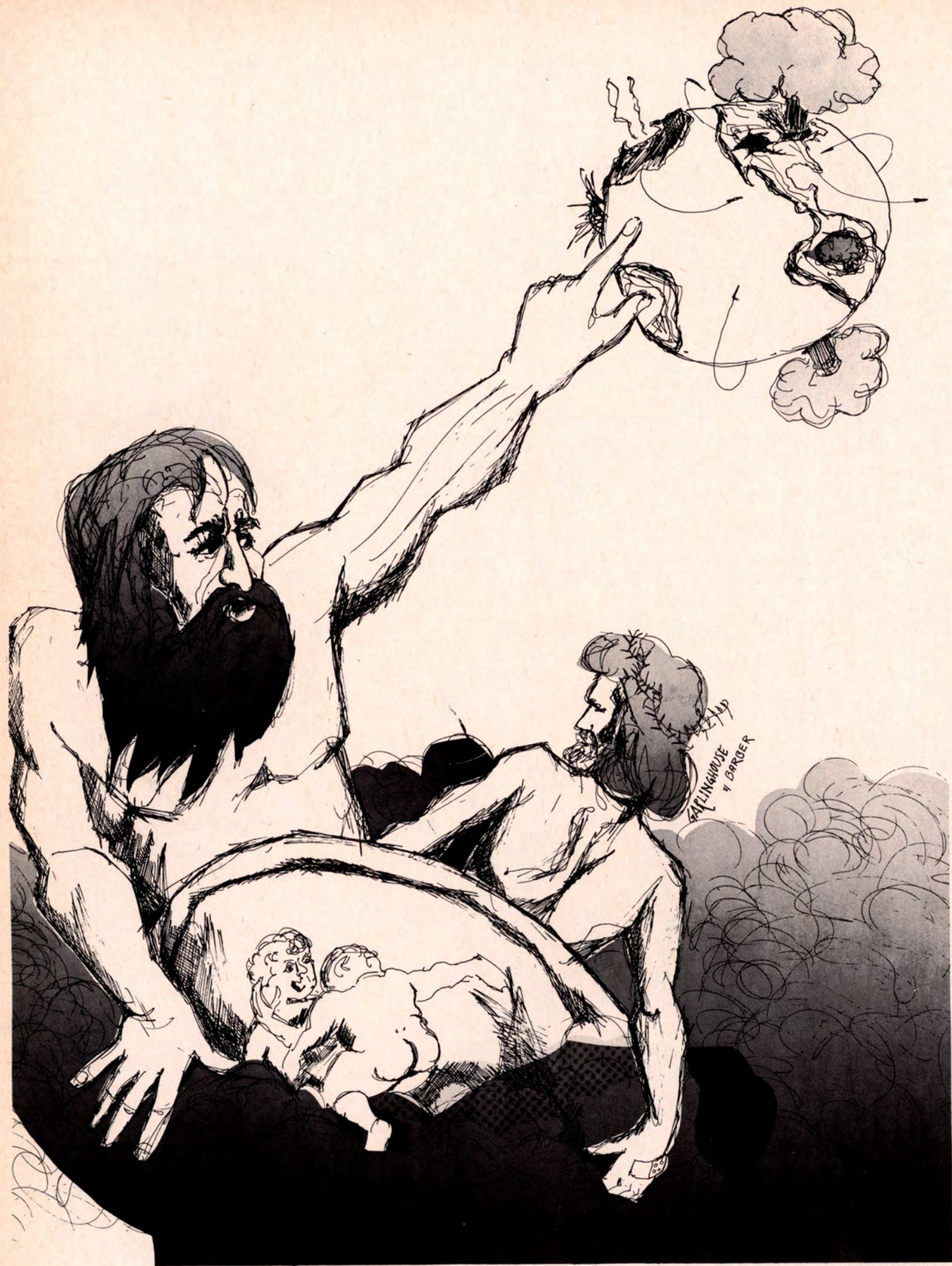
army uniform. Most important, I got a pair of heavy combat boots. Then began my crusade. Beating a drum, I trooped across the campus. At Lag, Roble, Flo Mo, and up the Row I shouted my slogans: Please Tread on Me, Buster Brown's in Town, Help This Little Boy to Walk Again (I saw that on a polio poster when I was a kid), Peace in Algeria.

My first followers were three girls who staggered out of some fraternity house. "Follow me!" I yelled. "Another one of those frat men," they said. But they followed. Pretty soon everybody was following me, yelling, "Viva!" and singing "Waltzing Mathilda." It was glorious.

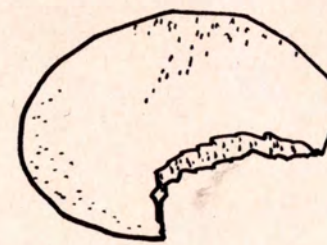
A ban on cars was adopted by unanimous consent. I have since become a truck driver because I enjoy driving so much, but there hasn't been a car on the Stanford campus since I left.

Now, whenever my route takes me by the campus and I see it without cars, like it must have been years ago, I think: Mrs. Stanford would have wanted it that way.





"WELL, SON, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A HARD WEEK'S WORK AHEAD OF US!"



cookie
kasan





222 University Ave.
Downtown Palo Alto



CAROLYN GRAY is portrayed
in a Kimberly white Italian
knit dress. \$45 at Elwoods.

*Roland Quintero
portraits*

moom pitchers



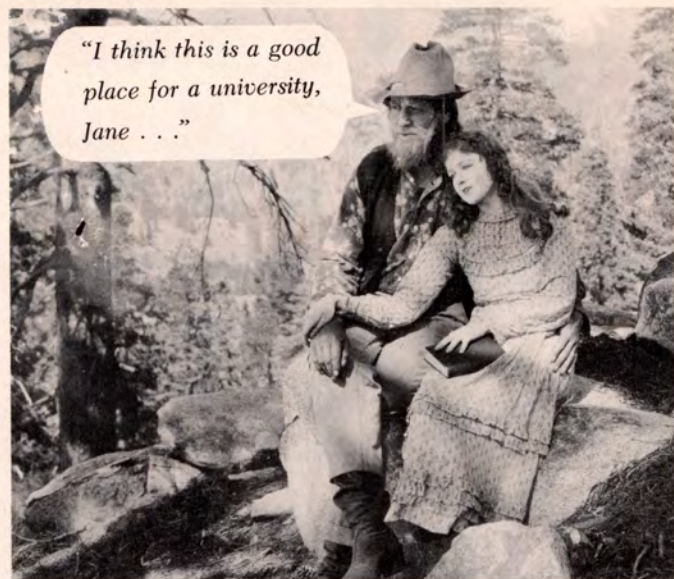
THE MIGHTY CRUSADERS and **THE WICKED GO TO HELL** I couldn't resist this double bill. You may wonder what actors appear in these two jewels, and you never will know, for they have written a clause into their contract that their names never appear in any of the trailers or newspaper advertising. "Crusaders" is one of these low-budget jobbies where they are using left-over sets from **IVANHOE**, **THE VIKING**, and **BEN-HUR**. You know: as the hero raises his sword to strike down the villain, the whole backdrop of Joppa ripples, and the chain mail rips visibly on wooden splinters as the warriors leap over the walls. I won't even bother to go into the other movie—take a fifth of gin and a couple of bottles of Collins mix, a cute date from San Jose, and nix the movie for San Gregorio.



THE MISFITS This is an excellent movie. The acting is uniformly fine, the direction first class, the production fine, and the photography magnificent. This leaves Arthur Miller—as does Marilyn, I suppose—but the weaknesses of his story are more than made up for by the jobs turned in by Monroe, King Gable, Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, et al. There is a scene in which Gable, drunk, climbs up on the hood of a car to yell at his children because they refuse to recognize him, and, sick at heart and drunker still, collapses and falls to the ground. Gawd, but he was fine in the scene! If you have a macabre turn of mind you can even see his first slight heart attack as he (Gable) collapses limply against the side of the corral after the rodeo scene. Anyway, the movie has been discussed to death, and it is well worth the price of admission. Marilyn still looks pretty good, mental case or no. Slurp.



"Go back and get me my big hat."



"I think this is a good place for a university, Jane . . ."

FADING SUN ON BROADCLOTH This is one of the few triumphs for American producers during the past decade or two in the stark realism school of the Italians. It concerns a crippled old Negro who has been beaten but never vanquished in his unmentioned battle with the Whites. Old now, exploited of his youthful strength, and deprived of a future by the feudal masters of the unchanged Southern plantation upon which he ekes out a miserable existence, the old man has his final revenge. Knowing that the weakness and strength of the Whites are their children, he ingratiates himself into the life of the Master's son and fills his mind with evil fantasies in which the Black is all-powerful. The stories spread, and the old man dies, knowing that the seeds of nightmare and destruction of the Southern way of life have been sown. Sidney Poitier is superb as Remus, the old man, and Sal Mineo finally reaches his level as the Master's son. The screenplay is a masterpiece which was adapted from the novel by the author himself. Joel Chandler Harris is to be congratulated for his excellent job.

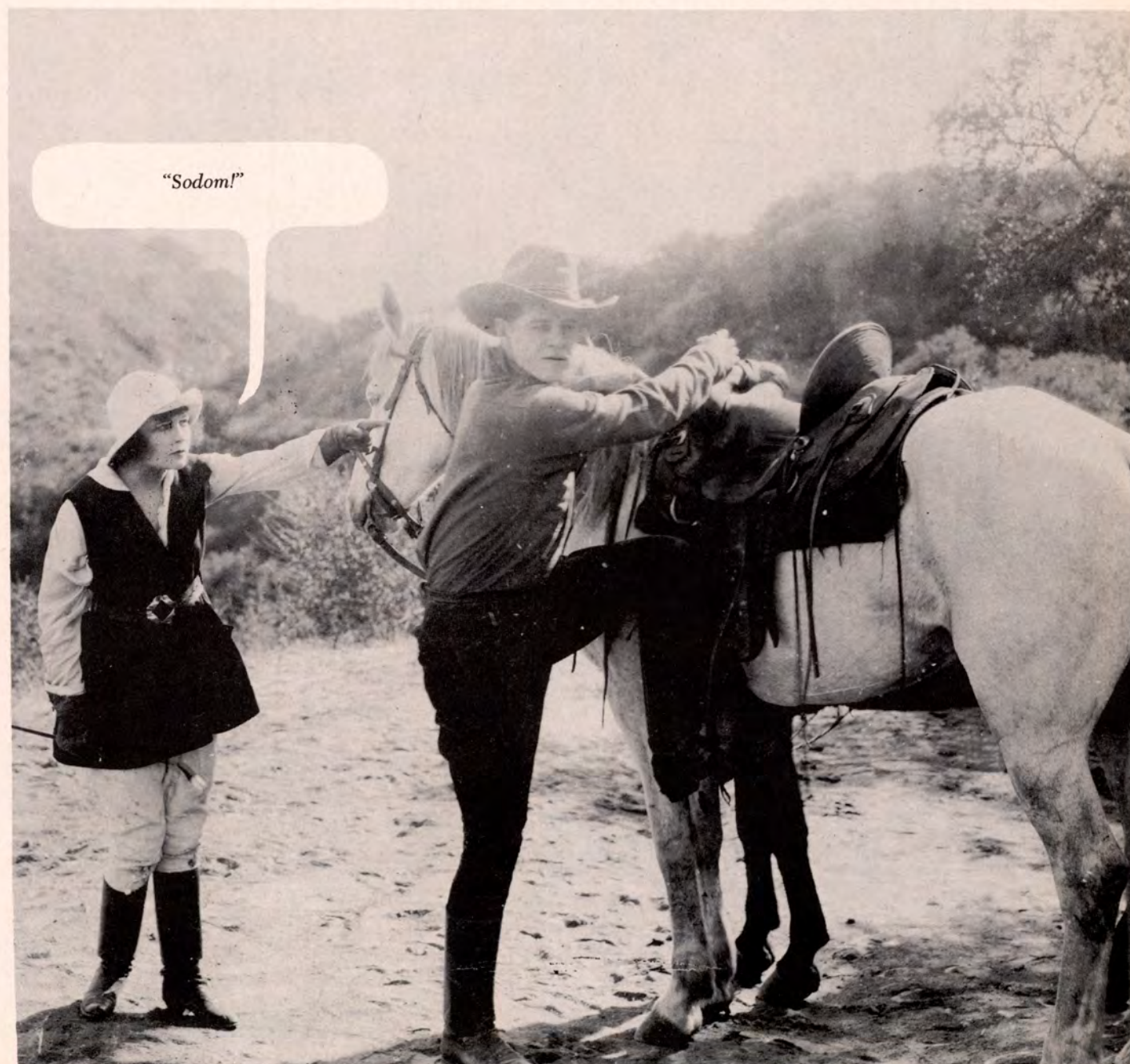


"Hernia."

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED As you may have guessed by now, I have a weakness for science-fiction and/or horror movies. This time George Sanders carries the name part in the movie, although it is hard to determine at times whether the village or Mr. Sanders requires the appellation. This movie follows pretty closely the classic by John Wyndham called "The Midwich Cuckoos," which concerns the visit to a sleepy English village by the usual mysterious beings from outer space. Normal, right? The kicker is that nine months after they depart abruptly from the village (and no wonder!) every woman in the village gives birth to a strange child. All identical, all golden-eyed, and all malevolent. Pretty risqué, what? In fact, the children are totally successful in routing tanks, atomic weapons, Sanders, and the British Society for the Children of Unwed Mothers. Pity they are all destroyed at the end by—well, you go and see. Good stuff. Should set anti-birth control back hundreds of years.

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER You can't help but like Cary Grant. He has a touch for light comedy that is impossible to find in American Acting (sic) circles. Basically the movie concerns Grant as an English lord who has turned his castle into a tourist attraction, and his wife decides to become one herself. It works, though, because Robert Mitchum, in the guise of an American millionaire, appears to make another tourist attraction. Jean Simmons is there to add eye appeal and some good, sparkling dialogue. This is the kind of movie that Hollywood should produce more, and leave tragedy, slapstick, realism, Truth and Art to the Europeans, who know what they are doing.

BELLES OF ST. TRINIANS This is a re-run of one of the funniest movies that this reviewer has ever seen. It is based on the British cartoon series about the monsters inhabiting a girls' prep school, and their activities. Alastair Sim, the peer of English comedians, plays a dual role as the headmistress and her bookie brother. The quickie shots of the school activities, which include making St. Trinians Gin, devising grisly traps for the headmistress (from which she airily and subconsciously escapes), and the organization of the field hockey team, are devastating and worth the price of admission. Do see this movie! It is being shown in the Bay Area with THE GREAT WALL as the companion feature. This is a good job also, and the double bill is well worth the trouble.



"Sodom!"

Creeping Sensualism

I am standing here in front of the Health Service, the wind is rustling through the scarlet-sequined petticoats that I am required to wear. I am biting on my silver-coated fingernails, trying to think . . . but I'm not supposed to think . . . but I must. . . . I must remember how I got myself into this situation. . . .

Great Hoov! It must have all started back in 1963 with the New Frontier and the Integrated Church, the year that Congress passed a law legalizing Socialized Medicine. That was the same year that Willie Hiccup committed suicide off Hoover Tower after being turned down for the seventh time for a date. The staff of the IIR decided to take matters into their own hands. They wrote Health Secretary Ribicoff, demanding that a program be initiated to bring Socialized Sex to the University, on the grounds that such a plan clearly came under the heading of Socialized Medicine. Ribicoff, threatened with the defection of every science major to Russia, implemented the program immediately.

The Health Service, still uncomfortable about the food poisoning incident that killed the Dean of Men and all 17 Wilbur sponsors at a private beer bust (rancid chip dip was laid to blame according to informed sources), offered to handle the details. Through a series of strategic maneuvers—an Axe Society "Hate March" on the Dean of Women, throwing burning faggots in LASSU meetings, burying Mrs. Stanford's Will—the money was appropriated for the construction of a dormitory for the new nymphs. The summer of 1964 was a time of extreme activity, as the great oblate spheroid, hitherto to be known as Hormone Hall, was snugly buttressed against Hoover Tower. The structure was all glass, negating the old proverb found carved on the walls of Mem Chu, "People in glass houses shouldn't. Ever." (On Inner Quad.)

It took a month for the Ford Foundation to get into the act, pledging 2,500 girls if the student body matched them 3 to 1.

That fall, the first group of girls arrived. Each girl was carefully screened before an admissions board composed of a group of doctors of the Health Service, Heidi, the four professors, and six interested students. Special tests were given—girls scoring over 75 on the Bethel - McCrae - Vincent - Benét Multiphasic Intelligence Quotient Examination were immediately dinged. A score of 40 on the S.Q. test (stupidity quotient) was considered ideal.

As the first day of classes arrived, the girls were all over campus in their standard uniforms of gold-and-cerise-striped, backless dresses. One perfume company donated 1,000 gallons of "Aphrodisia" perfume, which was stored in Hoover Tower and sprayed onto the campus from a large atomizer located on the top near the carillon.

When the news of the events on the Stanford Campus reached the outside world, the entire Female Student Body of San Jose State resigned and came up to apply to the Health Service. Russia sent word that they would dedicate the planet Venus to the University, and even authorized a special satellite to hover above the campus. This provided opportunities for the "Full Moon on Quad" activities every night, an improvement on nature that was widely hailed by the world's scientists, especially the geneticists. The United Nations sent a special commendation to the University for furthering the cause of World Peace. . . .

One dissenting voice was heard from the D.A.R., who naturally condemned the project by dubbing it "creeping sensualism." They were quickly silenced, however, when someone pointed out to them that the experiment was promoting motherhood.

"There you are again, Sunny Smooch, *thinking!*" The voice cut sharply into my reflections like a taste of dormitory scrambled eggs in the morning. I recognized it immediately as that of the head of the Health Service. I blushed in shame.

"No, I am just running through my 'Memorized Lines for a Rocket-Platform Cocktail Party,'" I said quickly, seductively smoothing my rhinestone nylons as I had been taught.

"Well, then, my dear, recite a few," said the doctor, suspiciously.

I blurted forth the lines: "All men are wonderful." "The universe needs love." "Listen, my boys, and you shall hear / Of the thinking woman, the intellectual queer."

"Enough, I am convinced," the doctor smiled, to my relief. "Now run along to your Marriage and the Family Lab, and conduct yourself as a good A.S.S.U. Exchange Scholar should."

As I ran off, with my fiberglass-spiked heels clicking on the sidewalk, I heard the voice of the doctor call after me: "Watch that S.Q., lovey, or we shall have to send you to Ration-Fixing Central for rehabilitation." Then I remembered my frightening problem with a shock that made one of my false eyelashes slip down over my reddened face. I had just been in the Health Service for my weekly testing, and my S.Q. had reached 74. One more point and I would be out of circulation for two months. It was all because of that damn history lecture I had attended on "The Rise of Socialized Sex." I, the girl who had come to Stanford with an outstanding S.Q. of 4, was I becoming too smart???

I cut my lab and rushed over to the dorm, known affectionately as the Rabbit Hutch. I ripped off a few *Stanford Dailies* lining the wastebaskets and started reading the editorials. I read editorials until the following week, when I went once again to my testing at the Health Center. I forgot all about the New Frontier and Ribicoff and Mrs. Stanford and the sayings in Mem Chu. All I could remember was the editorials in the *Daily*. My S.Q. was 3. I am happy—and stupid—and a student at Stanford—AND one of the finest products of socialized sex.

by Judy Skinner



"Caught drinking on campus again, eh?"



"You're right, it's fun . . ."



"Why, the way we drank in the old ATO house . . ."



"You're expelled."

Faculty Forum

A revealing insight into the machinery of the administration.



"You want to sell the Brooklyn Bridge, Mr. Polk?"



"Sold! for \$20,000."



"You mean, Wally, he didn't have a title?"



"M'God! I swallowed that fly."



"Oh, well, he didn't taste bad."



"And he's walking down by himself."



"I'd better get the doctor."

Be kind to the moose
He may be of use
For hanging your hat
Or something like that.

—John Hill

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson descended from heaven for a short visit on this earth. As they walked along the city streets, the great detective suddenly remarked: Watson, it's indeed gratifying to know that the girls are still as pretty as they were in our day.

"But how can you say that?" asked the puzzled doctor. "We haven't passed any girls at all, pretty or otherwise."

"No, but there's one walking right behind us," said Holmes. "I can tell by the bulging eyes of the men walking toward us."

Frank and George stood laughing on the street corner, when Willie came along and asked what was so funny.

"Well," Frank said, "I went into that bar and ordered a drink. When I finished and the bartender asked for my money, I told him I had already paid him, and the dope believed me."

"Yeah," George said, "Frank told me, and I went in and did the same thing."

Willie immediately walked in, sat down, and asked for a highball. When the bartender brought the order he said, "You know, in the last twenty minutes, two guys have come in here and—"

"Cut the gab," Willie interrupted, "and give me my change."

He: Do you love me, Joan?
She: But my name is Carolyn.
He: Isn't this Wednesday?

A man had his hands severely burned in an automobile crash. As he lay in the emergency ward watching the man in white dress his limbs he asked: "Doctor, when the bandages are removed, will I be able to play the piano?"

The Doctor nodded and said, "I think so."

"That's funny Doc, I never could play before."

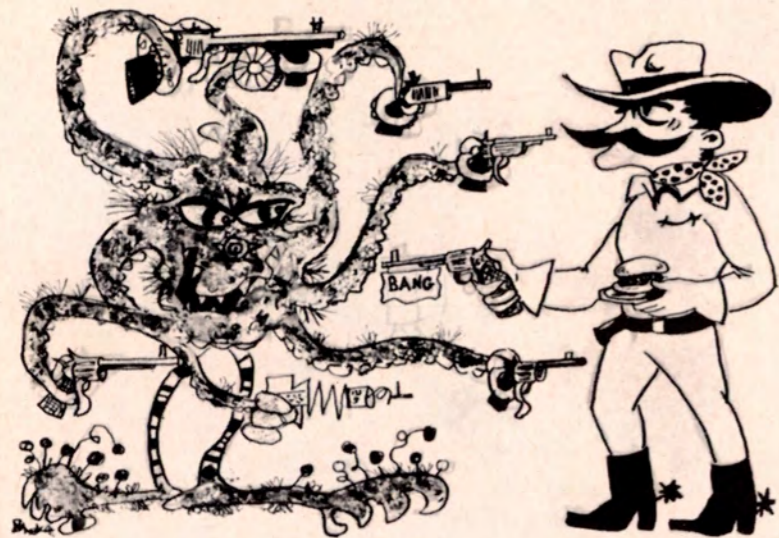
An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of the patients industriously fishing in a wash basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything.

"What!" said the patient. "In a wash basin? Are you crazy?"



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She: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

He: "Yeah, that's why I came over."

Waiter: "Why are you washing your spoon in the finger bowl?"

Sigma Chi: "I don't want to get ice cream all over my pocket."

And then there was the deaf mute who fell into the well and broke three fingers screaming for help.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

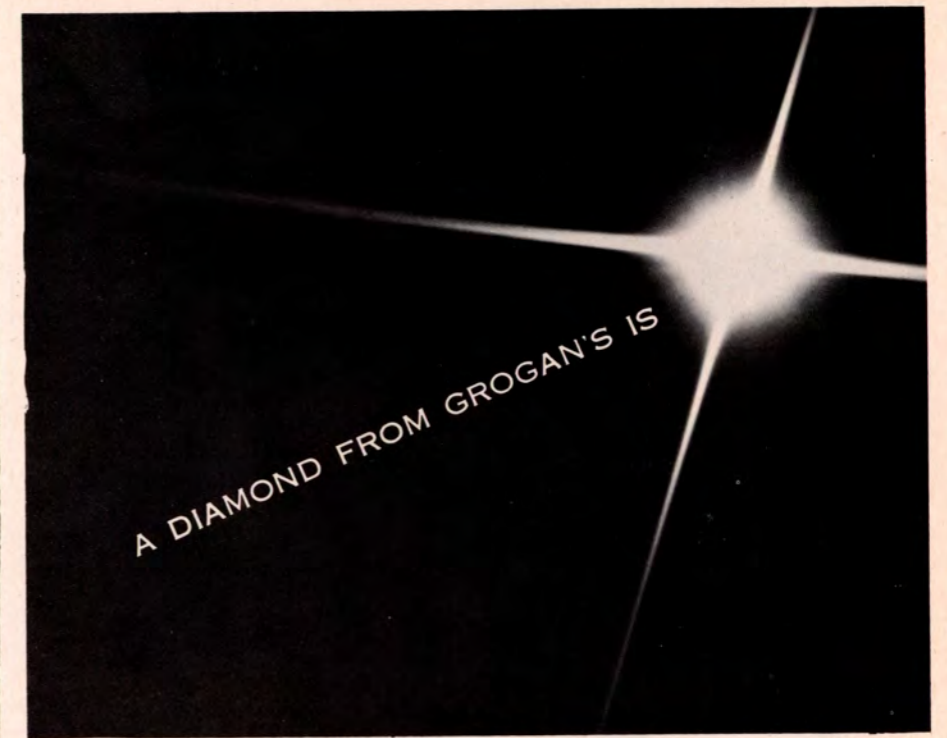
Familiarity breeds

A disturbed woman was watching a little boy sitting on the curb smoking one cigarette after another and sipping a clear liquid from a flask. Finally unable to bear it any longer, she approached him and said, "Son, why aren't you in school?"

The little boy answered disgustedly, "Hell, lady, I'm only three years old."



"Boy, what a squirrely teacher I've got—He looks like this!"
—Squat



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POETRY FOR HE AND SHE

A lady with manner superior
 Asked divorce from a husband inferior,
 On the grounds that when, once,
 She had screamed at him, "Dunce!"
 He'd said, "Shut up, you horse's posterior!"

The great Aphrodite by Phidias
 Once shocked the ultrafastidious,
 And certain old aunties
 Then dressed her in panties,
 Which made her look perfectly hideous.

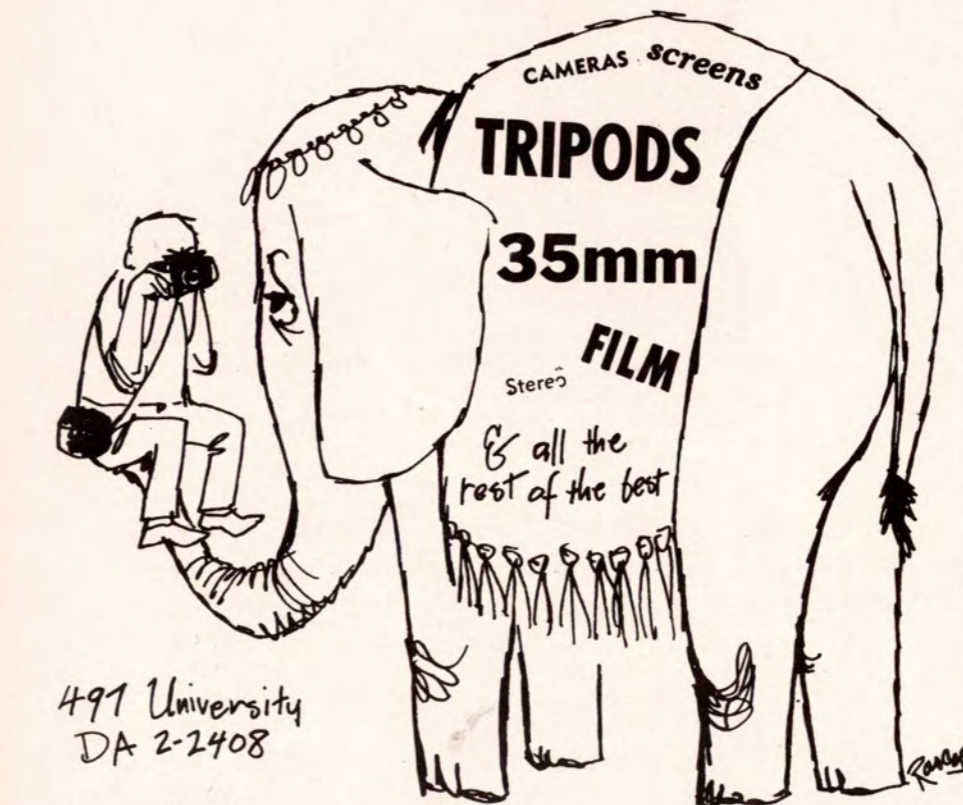
A Menlo Park student named Larrier
 Seemed perplexed by a campus road barrier.
 There's a Lag girl I love
 To all Heaven above,
 If I could just get to Lag I would marry her.

There is a young girl of Kilkenny,
 Who is worried by lovers so many
 That the saucy young elf
 Means to raffle herself,
 And the tickets are two for a penny.

When a lady returned from Big Moose,
 Her husband exclaimed, "What the deuce!
 I am quite reconciled
 To the call of the wild,
 But where did you get the papoose?"

A ghoulish old fellow in Kent
 Encrusted his wife in cement;
 He said with a sneer,
 "I was careful, my dear,
 To follow your natural bent."

A lady who rules Fort Montgomery
 Says the wearing of clothes is mere mummery;
 She has frequently tea'd in
 The costume of Eden,
 Appearing delightfully summery.



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Gold Digger: So your millionaire's check bounced back, huh?

Chorus Girl: Yeah, it was marked insufficient fun.

"Waiter, there's a splinter in my cottage cheese!"

"What do you expect for a dime—the whole damn cottage?"

An old maid is a gal who knows all the answers but is never asked the question.

One thing about "rushing"—the backslapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged, it just moves farther down.

Sigma Chi: I want to do something big, something clean.

She: Why don't you wash an elephant?

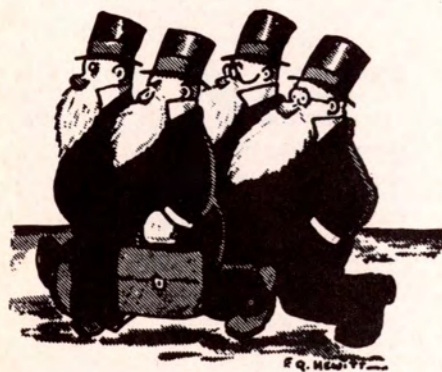
A certain senior, married and soon to be a mother, turned in her last final exam. Written neatly across the top was a note to her professor: "Dear Sir, I hope I pass this and can graduate. If I don't, there'll be two of us taking this course next quarter."

"And can angels fly, mama?"

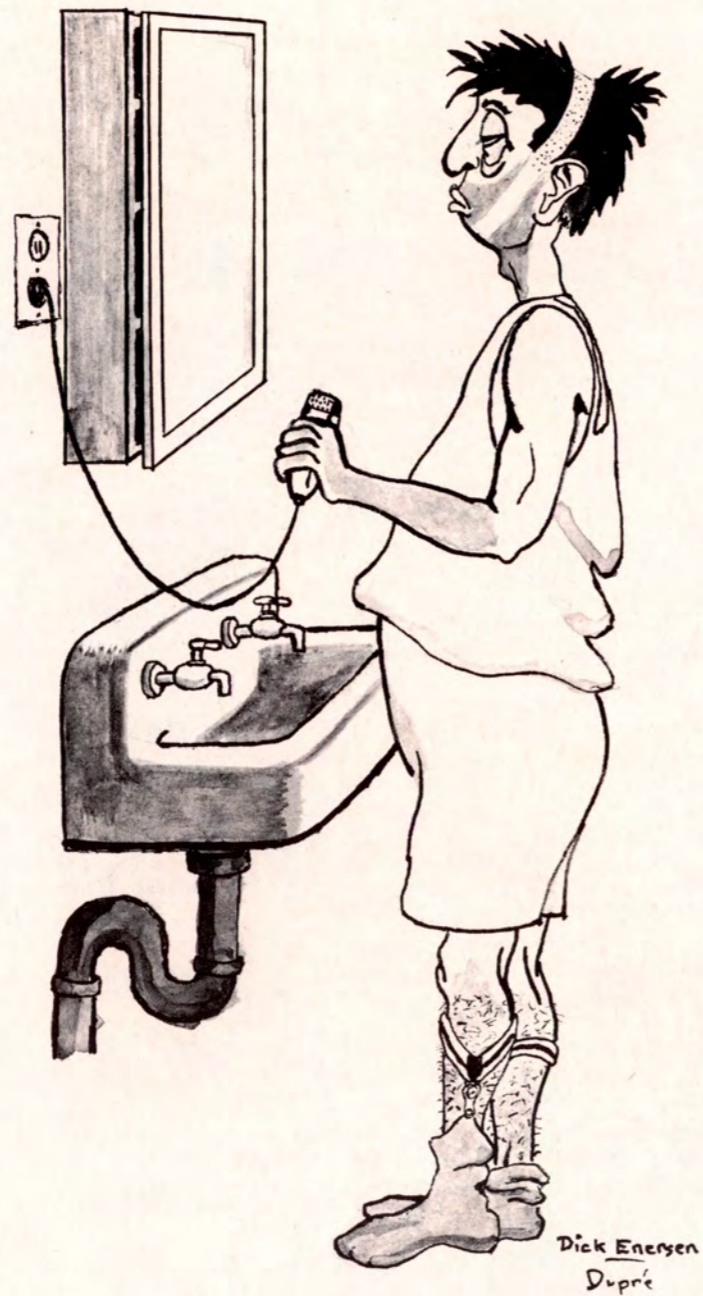
"Yes, dear."

"Daddy said nurse was an angel last night. When will she fly?"

"Tomorrow," replied mother.



"180 in my lecture course, and they're all turkeys."



Dick Enersen
Dupré



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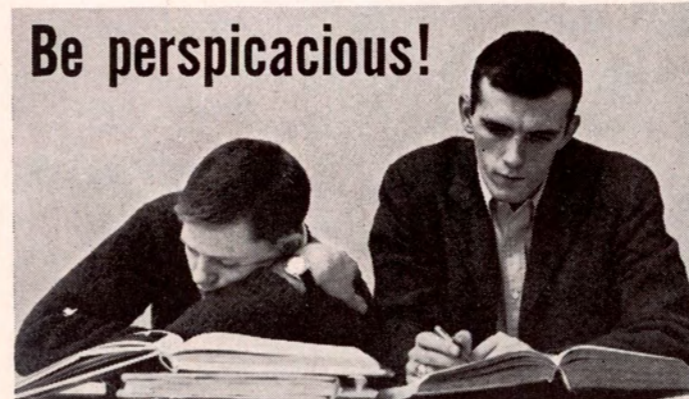
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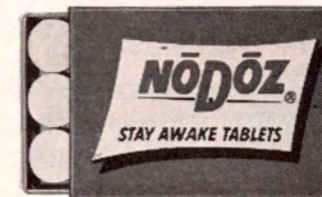
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—SHOWME
Dick Abel

"Awright, Emma, Awright... I know your mother told you to be in by midnight, but a few minutes..."

Did you hear about the two little mice who were talking in a lab at Cape Canaveral? One little tyke stated wearily, "You know this life is terrible. You're shoved into a nose cone, shot 5000 miles into the air, and then you have to parachute out never knowing where you're going to land." "Yeah," said the other mouse, "but it sure beats hell out of cats."

Then there was the Navy ROTC student who broke his arm trying to make a wave in the bathtub.

Is my dress too short?
It's either too short or you are in it too far.

He approached the bar optimistically, only to leave it misty optically.

Husband (phoning his wife):
"It's all right to throw out the cranberries. But leave my cigarettes alone."

He: "Gosh but I'd like to make all of your dreams come true."
She: "I'll slap your face if you do."

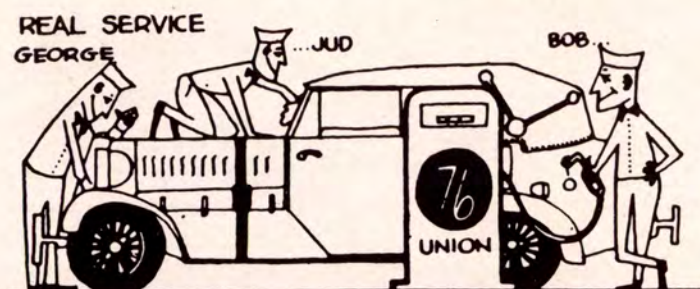
Visitor: "What's the name of this school?"
Student: "Sorry, I'm just a football player here."

Waiter: "Why are you washing your spoon in the finger bowl?"
Sigma Chi: "I don't want to get ice cream all over my pocket."

And then there was the deaf mute who fell into the well and broke three fingers screaming for help.

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"
"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

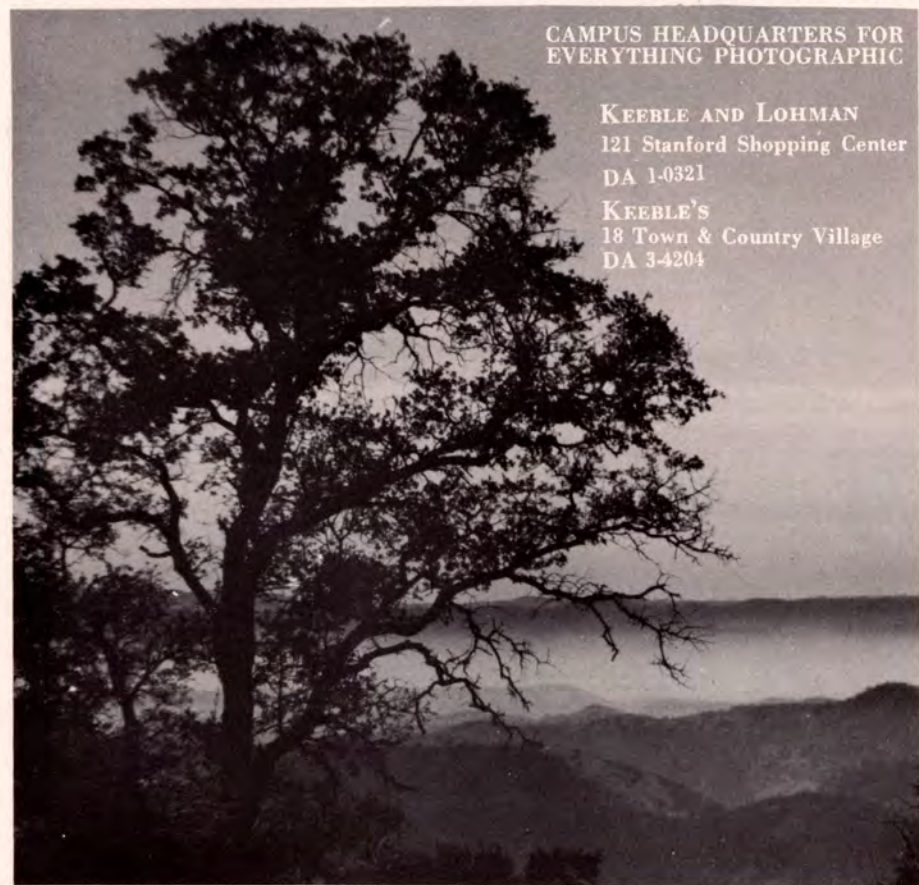
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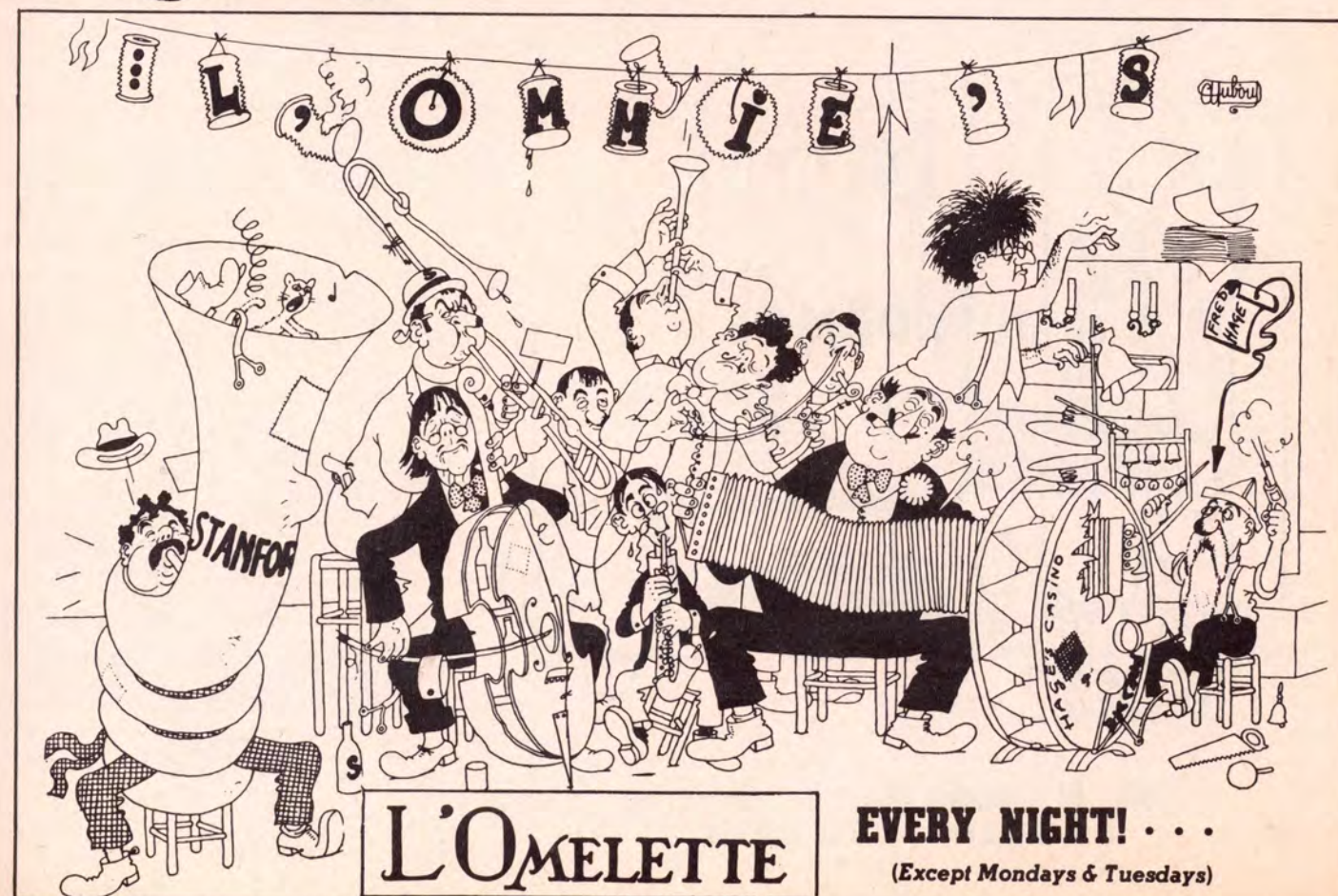
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While waiting to get my marriage license, I heard a real old-timer ahead of me in line give the clerk his age as 79. This made everyone within earshot start to laugh. The clerk, not wanting to hurt the old guy's feelings, said, "They didn't mean anything disrespectful by laughing, sir, but 79 is pretty old to be wanting to get married."

The old guy, who obviously wasn't one to let anybody get the best of him, replied in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear, "It's not what I want to do—it's what *I have to do.*"

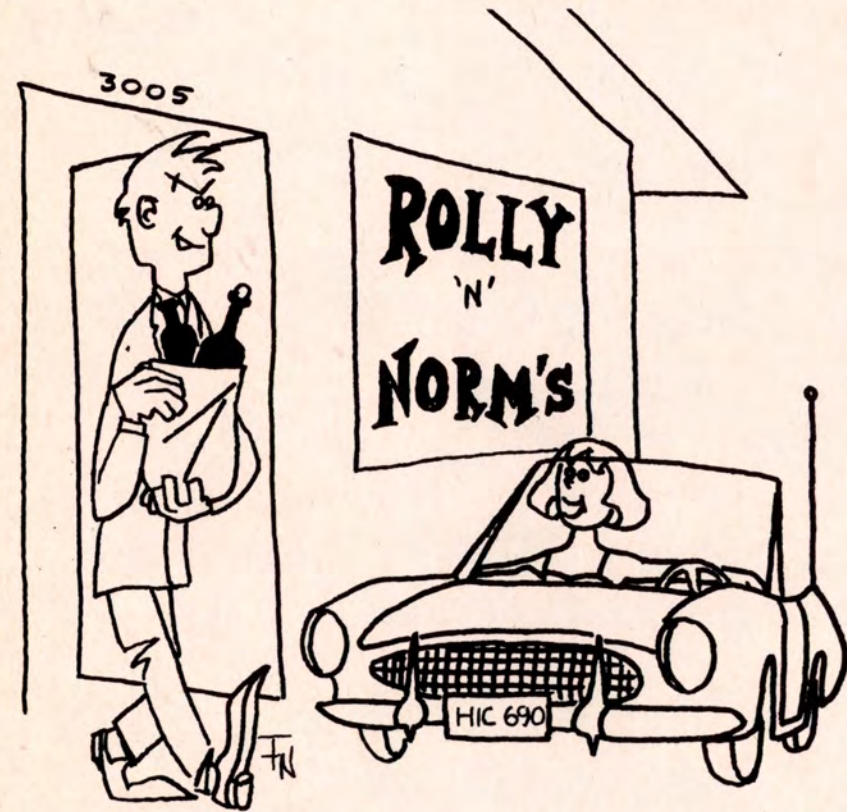


Doctor: I can't find any cause for your complaint; I think it's due to drinking.

Patient: O.K., I'll come back some time when you're sober.



BIB 'N' TUCKER



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A college student was fleecing his old man by telling him he had acquired a talking dog. As the dog became more learned, the son wrote home for more and more money to further its education. Finally the boy asked for a thousand dollars so the dog could learn to speak French.

Soon the amazed father announced he was coming to see this remarkable animal and the student, in desperation, shot the dog and went to meet his father at the station.

"Well, son, where's the dog?"

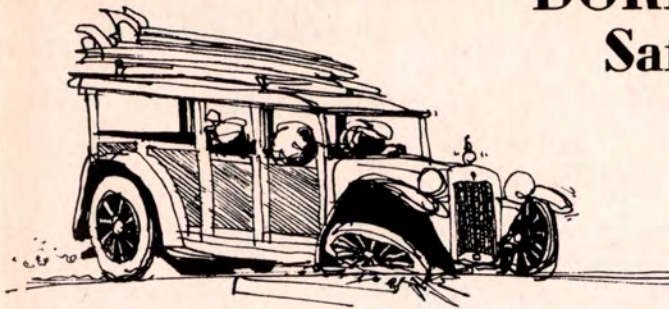
"Father, I don't know how to tell you this, but I had to kill him. You see this morning as I was shaving, he looked up from the newspaper and said, 'Is your father still playing around with the maid?'"

"My word, are you sure he's dead?"



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A great way to get rid of fleas is to take a bath in sand, then rub down with alcohol. The fleas get drunk and kill each other throwing rocks.

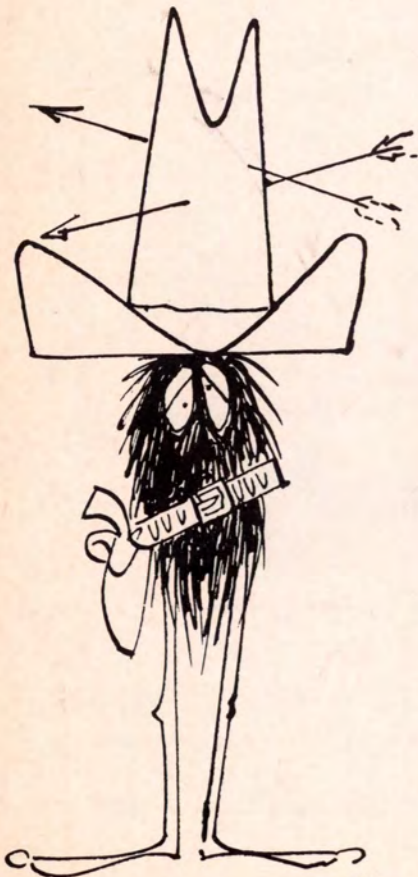
Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a six dollar book to sell to his class.

In Russia a commissar asked a peasant how the new potato crop production plan was coming.

"Under our glorious leader, Khrushchev," answered the peasant, "our potato crop has been miraculous! If we were to put all the potatoes in a pile they would make a mountain reaching to the feet of God!"

"But you know there isn't any God!" said the commissar.

"There aren't any potatoes either," replied the peasant.

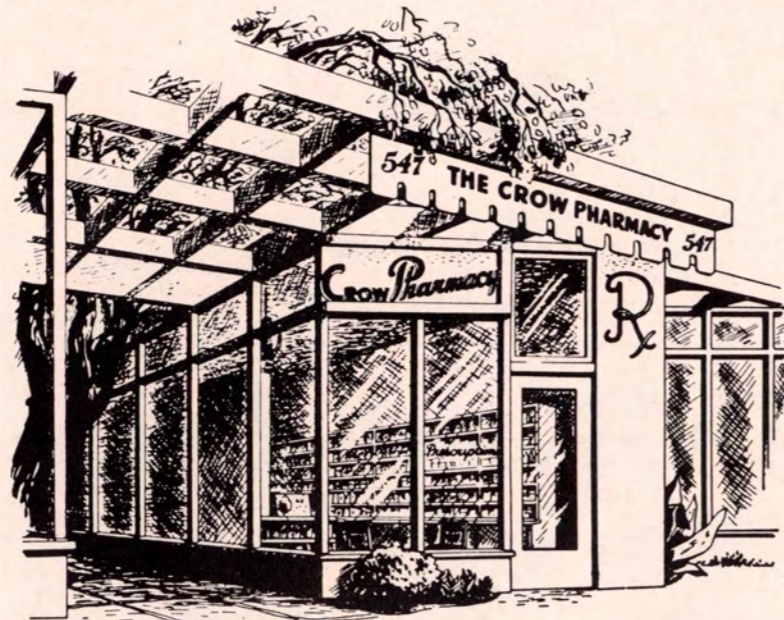


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laugh
my
way
through
a
mass
execution.

Voo Doo

R.O.T.C. Officer: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"

Frosh Cadet: "I didn't see you, Sir."

R.O.T.C. Officer: "Thank heavens, I thought you were mad at me."



Jim: "Do you file your nails?"

Sam: "No, I just cut them off and throw them away."



My mother and father are in the iron and steel business.

Ma irons and Pa steals.



An American general reports that an Army unit near NATO headquarters is out to get a famous Parisian glamor girl. Seems that she's been contributing to the delinquency of a major.



"Did you give your penny to the Sunday School?" asked the mother.

"No, Ma, I lost it."

"That makes three Sundays in a row you've lost your penny."

"I know, Ma, but that kid's luck can't last forever."



Heard the cute story about the little boy bubble who chased the little girl bubble all around the bathtub? It seems he wanted to see her bust.



Driver of the car: "I take the next turn, don't I?"

Muffled voice from the back seat: "Like hell you do."



"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't it romantic?"

"No, it was embarrassing. I thought she was at home taking care of the kids."



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Gail Edlund is shown in her all-cotton gingham check Dan River dress by LANZ. The sleeveless eased-sheath with bias shoulder straps and top bodice panel is available for \$22.95 in pink and white or blue and white at

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PHOTO BY GARY MASSONI

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