

LAYBOY

MAY 40 cents

VICARIOUS THRILLS FOR YOUNG DILETTANTES

SILVERSTEIN
AMONG THE ZETES
LOVE WITH FEAR
THE DOLLIES
DOWN
ON THE FARM
A STANFORD
CHAPARRAL PARODY



SHUMATOFF
1964



Gentlemen of distinction, playboys and gourmets of all kinds can be found almost any time in the kitchen of Chef William Tweedy trying to discover some of the secrets of his superb cooking. However, if you are the kind of layboy who doesn't particularly dig the "do it yourself" aspects of culinary art, bring your baby rabbit to the outside at the inside. You'll be glad you did. We'll see to it she goes away well fed and happy.

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LAYBILL

Greetings Buffs! Well, we here at *Layboy* have finally been forced to admit that we run a pretty swell mag. Far be it from us to toot our own whistle, but we can't conceal one minute longer the results of *Layboy's* first annual all-stars' all-stars sophisticated magazine buffs poll. College students across the nation were asked to answer this one simple question: "Which popular American magazine would you most like to pattern your life after?" The results

Layboy	492
Redbook	217
One	62
Farm Breeders' Journal	4946

(Due to an unfortunate error, the contest forms at Leland Stanford jr. University read "Which popular American magazine would you most like to pattern your wife after?" In the interests of fairness our judges felt it necessary to disqualify the *Journal* from the further competition.)

This world-wide unswerving devotion to *Layboy* magazine is no surprise to that sophisticated cadre of cads who regularly thumb through our thrill-filled pages. Look what we've dished up in the line of suave titillation during the past few months alone:

For you sports-car buffs, Ken Purdy scored a Grand-Prix with his "Bugatti—the alltime wagon" in the January number. In this same issue, Hi-Fi buffs tweeted and woofed to the tune of Dick Clark's "200 watts and she's yours." Then came February and the short-story buffs won twice with Hemingway's "Here's Hair on Your Chest" and Herb Gold's "Like Click, Chick, There's a letter from Nick," a tender devotional spot-lighting the dichotomy between man the sensual animal and man the sex-starved beast.

"*Modern American Theatre, a Better Than Average First Date,*" was *Layboy's* March tribute to you culture buffs, with playwright Arthur Miller doing his usual fine job at the pencil. I'm sure

none of us will watch *South Pacific* again without marveling at Ezio Pinza's Layboy-slick seduction of Mary Martin.

April was a BIG month, both for jazz buffs (*Give Her the Bird*) and hero-worship buffs (*Sinatra: Little Man With a Big Idea*). Hugh Heiffer, editor and publisher of *Layboy*, wrote both these fine articles in his first try at the word-game, and to him goes *Layboy's* \$1,000 award for the most promising new talent of fiscal year 1960.

Does this rich assortment of mental sweetmeats mean we've been ignoring the physical basics of Life? No indeed! Aren't we all sex-buffs at heart? Every month *Layboy* is delighted to present bevys of the world's most bountifully endowed beauties. In addition to our monthly Laymates, we've recently ogled *The Girls of Tiajuana*, *The Golden Bares of Berkeley*, and *Nuns Can Be Fun*, an educational pilot essay for the enterprising young rape-buff. Completing our yearly coverage, this month's *Go Breast Young Man* should kindle even the hearts of those misguided Layboys whose personal fetishes lead them down other paths. (Yes, despite *Layboy's* best efforts a few such perverts—"legmen"—remain outside the cult of the cow. Can any American Woman sleep soundly knowing that these fiends

JUDY SKINNER



JAMES WOODCOCK



AL DODWORTH



are free to roam the streets, their breast-envy mechanism totally out of whack?)

So what else is new this month? Big fiction by Big Mike Datisman rings the realism bell with his *Love With Fear*, erotic realism from the never-never land of Stanford. Entranced by Datisman's description of the good sandstone life, we dispatched ace photog Lou Padulo with orders to bring back our center-spread Laymate. This he did, at the cost of his honor and very nearly his life. Al Dodworth's *Classical Music is OK* explores a hitherto unknown realm of cool sounds and hip clicks. Congratulations, Al, on a fine research job. Of course there's more, much more, within this month's slick-paper covers: Skinner, Cobb, Tippy, Efron, to mention just a few of the big names awaiting your pleasure. So happy buffing, Layboys, and keep a suave upper lip!



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PLAYMATE GAIL EDLUND of Branner Hall is photographed by Quintero Studio. Whether you wish something simple, or glamorous, casual or formal, a portrait by Roland Quintero is unsurpassed.

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LAYBOY



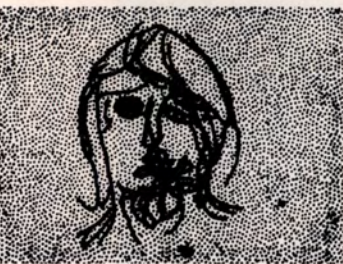
Go Breast P. 42



Music P. 25



Dollies P. 30



Liker P. 15

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FOR YOUNG MEN ON THEIR WAY UP WHO LIKE

YOUNG GIRLS ON THE WAY DOWN	0
LAYBILL	1
DEAR LAYBOY	7
LAYBOY AFTER OURS	9
LAYMATE MADE GOOD	11
LAYBOY CLUB NEWS	12
THE LAYBOY ADVISOR	13
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LIKER—smut	BRAD EFRON 15
A FABLE OF THE FARM—I	ROGER TIPPY 17
SILVERSTEIN AMONG THE ZETES—pity	DOUG NEWTON 20
LOVE WITH FEAR—erotic realism	21
WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?—science	23
CLASSICAL MUSIC IS O.K.—culture	AL DODWORTH 25
A FABLE OF THE FARM—II	JUDY SKINNER 29
THE DOLLIES DOWN ON THE FARM	LOU PADULO 30
LAYBOY PARTY JOKES	36
RIBALD CLASSIC	39
SON OF TEEVIE JEBBIES RETURNS TO PEYTON PLACE	40
GO BREAST, YOUNG MAN	42
THE CAVE MAN	SHARON COBB 46
LAYBOY FLUNKS OUT	60

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DEAR LAYBOY

✉ ADDRESS LAYBOY MAGAZINE • LAYBOY BUILDING, LAYBOY

SINATRA

When the dust has settled and the chips are down, Sinatra will still be the greatest. So versatile! Singer, yes. Actor, yes. But philosopher and physicist? I wouldn't have believed it possible before the April issue. Keep up the good work.

Bill Dean
New York, New York

Who wouldn't want to "Frolic with Frankie" after that April build-up? You can count this little chick in. Keep the mags coming.

Jerrie Bilt
Dallas, Texas

Sinatra's great! The girls are great! But who's that little Negro in all the pictures?

Dill Jerkin
Scopes, Tennessee

Ed.: See the next letter.

DIRTY JOKES

Have you heard all the dirty jokes about Sammy Davis Jr. and Mae Britt? I think they're great. Print some.

O. Faubus
Little Rock, Arkansas

PRUDERY

Ben Hecht's nostalgia article, *The Golden Bare at Berkeley*, was horridly gross and inaccurate. When I romped over the Berkeley campus back in the twenties the girls were as proper as any girls in the world. They were fine young women, searching for knowledge and casting a disapproving eye on the lascivious activities which exist everywhere, not just at Berkeley as you imply. I'm sure the girls there now are just as pure as when I was a student. You, gentlemen, are cads!

Billy Rose
Newark, N.J.

Ed.: 23-screw you, as they said in the twenties.

LAYMATE

If the same good taste and restraint Layboy displays in photographing its Laymates were applied to world politics, there'd be a great deal less tension and missiles all around. Keep up the girlie pics.

Burly Brice
Chicago

Please settle this dispute once and for all! Was the April Laymate blonde or brunette? It's driving us boys at sea batty!

Willy Southland
Kirk Rambles
Mordeci Wong
care of the S.S. Dakota

Ed.: Neither—she's a green pepper pepper (see cut). Worse than that, she's an UNDER-AGE green pepper, and Layboy is being sued for contributing to the delinquency of a sprout. Next time we check I.D.'s.



As an amateur photographer myself, I know just how hard it is when you take those glamour pictures, and I have to admit that your last Laymate was the greatest ever. She now occupies the place of honor on my darkroom wall.

Harry Snicker
Wimbelton, Mass.

Your last Laymate was pretty good, but I don't think she was quite as good as the one before. I think that maybe a 56-inch bust is getting just a trifle top-heavy. But I still think you have a great mag. Keep up the fine work.

Larry Flogeus
New York, New York

Ed.: You guys in the East are getting more effeminate all the time. It's a damn good thing us mid-westerners aren't trying to undermine the American way of life, too, or there wouldn't be anything left for the Russkis to take over. What we're trying to say is: get lost, pansy!

MY SIN

... a heinous
crime against nature!



LABOY

rabbit strikes again

YOUNG FELLOW going down to sausalito

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PLAYBOY AFTER OURS



An old friend recently returned from a de-soaking period at an AA center in Wisconsin, and he had some interesting tales to relate, garnered from a well-known anthropologist who was also enjoying a lay-off. The professor had just finished a large and unpublishable work on the Solsti Indians, who formerly inhabited upper and central Mackinac Island. It seems this particular tribe, now extinct, was known throughout the nations of Manitou for its intense and varied rituals and rites. What impressed our friend was the great similarity between the devices of the past and the methods of today.

One vital game was the practice of squaw swapping, in which the braves would toss their moccasins into a loving heap, and the girls would then each grab a pair and make the fit. Sort of Cinderella-ish, but with a more realistic ending. An off-beat frivolity enjoyed by these noble, happy, un-neurotic unrepressed savages was twiddle-the-arrow. A brave would twiddle the arrow until it struck a comely squaw, and then the two of them would comply with whatever the phase of the moon dictated. Fascinating. We wonder what could have brought this happy group to their end. Could Father Marquette have passed them by?

Many of our Layboy readers have recently expressed interest in particularly intimate eating out spots. Happily, we know of several such stimulating and inducing places, which we will now touch on briefly.

In the hot, humid Lushmore Valley just south of Springfield, Illinois, the better residents have found the *Makin' Whoopee Cafe* most compelling. Crab Louie de Luxe and Oysters au gratin are house specialties, along with

whipped parsley roots imported from Indiana via the Wabash River.

The Wabash happens to be the spawning ground for Channell Catfish, which is served on a plywood plank at *Jesse's Fryery* in East St. Louis, Mo. We can't say too much about *Jesse's*. Our favorite dish there is Tessamina Grandé steaming hot on a plank of black oak. Do it. Down in those parts they say you're not a man until you've eaten a hotly sauced dish at *Jesse's*.

For the lover of the exotic and erotic, try the parboiled fetal pig at *Durand of the Delles*, a few miles south of San Francisco. Unfortunately the atmosphere is reminiscent of Mayo Clinic, and the hostesses are generally indisposed.

As a last resort for a last ditch effort, don't forget the *Lumumba Barracks*, formerly the *Belgian Privvy*, close by Gizenga City, formerly Stanleyville. It's an excellent place for eating out, but you may get more than you can handle. The dark meats are tastiest, but at the moment there's a surplus of white.

RAPID RANDOM JOTTINGS

A rather nasty rumor to the effect that the recent shooting-down of a B-52 was due to a hot triangle twixt an AF major and a buck private in the National Guard. A certain Wac in the Pentagon is under speculation.

Our old college roommate suggests that the proposed requirements for Peace Corps recruits makes it highly improbable the kids will get in it!

It's come to our attention that at his press conferences JFK's been saying *Lay-ose* instead of the correct, *Lah-ose*. Thanks for the plug, Jack, but we feel it our duty to remind that *Lay-ose* means "booze" in the Laotian tongue. Of course, Papa Joe Kennedy did make

a neat profit off scotch in WW II.

In line with the above, our neighborhood beer distributor remarked that a number of prominent Republicans have quit their jobs hoping to make the president look bad on unemployment. Or is it just those fat relief checks?

The unfortunate crackdown on Parisian brothels and their entrancing employees brings to mind Mendes-France's pushing of milk. Better watch it, Charlie. You may lose out to Vallejo.

Not a damn thing's impressed us since Marlon Brando showed up for a matinee of *Streetcar Named Desire* in a non-rip, elastic Tee shirt.

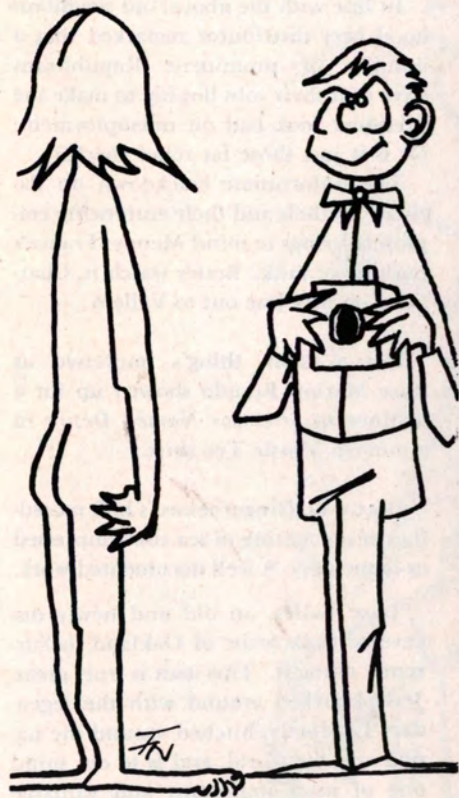
Doctor O. Gingerheimst's hi-fi recordings of the mating of sea cows impressed us immensely. A well documented work.

Jesse Fuller, an old and newly discovered Folk artist of Oakland, is currently doing it. This man is truly great. Jesse knocked around with the legendary Leadbelly, hitched around the nation and the world, and is to our mind one of most important and valuable proponents of The Blues still alive. All kidding and parody aside, Jesse Fuller is something very very special. Catch him!

"*The Lemmings Return*" by Ian Knudenkoff is both obscene and inspiring. Tragedy is turned into a weak sort of friskiness.

"*Room to Room*" is a delightful tale of sex in the steerage. Gigi Beauvoir's characters race from "room to room" aboard the S.S. Stimulation and sleep in timing to the waves. Sort of the thing adolescents read in private.

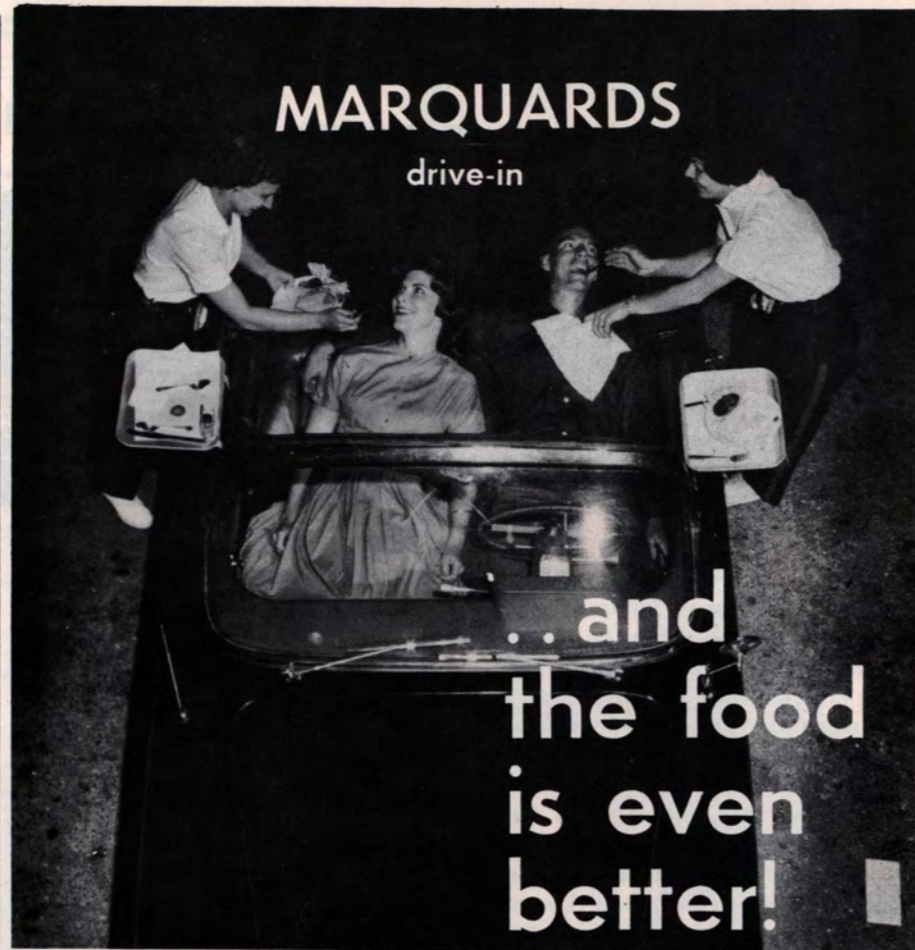
By MIKE DATISMAN



How do you like my new box camera, dear?

WEBBS

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AD BY KENNETH WILLIAM HIRSCH

Delectable Dotty is a former Laymate who made good. Dotty learned her shaking ability at our martini parties, where she mixed the best drinks and provided a "tantalous" chaser. She was the object of the chase, of course. Unfortunately, we never quite could catch her, and she went on to wilder and more profitable pursuits at the

Twenties. She first appeared in these pages some few years ago, in our all-time largest-selling issue. We're glad Dotty finally made it, and more glad she's come back to us again. When this lovely lady first arrived at our office, she was a nice little frosh lassie with but a touch of Scotch on her breath. Nowadays it's mainly beer,

'Twenties' beer, but the exhilarating effect is much the same. Our photo editor sure isn't. Last we heard, he's down in Peru photographing native idols, the neuter kind. Ah, well, all's well that ends. And Dotty is the living end. When she hops on the stage the noise stops and the roar begins.

ANNOUNCING THE EXCLUSIVE LAYBOY KEY CLUBS

We at Layboy Magazine are pleased to announce the "opening" of exclusive Layboy Key Clubs in major cities across the nation (actually, the "closing," since Layboy Key Clubs will be closed to the nonsophisticated, nonkeyholding public.) The Layboy Key Clubs will be exclusive in the sense that they exclude people who don't have keys—that is, keys to the club. Of course, they have to be your own club keys, since even some sophisticated key-clubbers might be clubbed into loaning their keys to nonsophisticated clubfooted nonclubbers. And we don't want the Layboy Key Club turning into a turkey shoot.

What can you, the young dandy-about-town, expect to find when you're finally allowed within the portals of the Layboy Key Club? As you pass through the perennially locked doors, you will be greeted by a host of beautiful "bunnies." As a matter of fact, our girls have some of the most beautiful bunnies in town. A poshly furnished interior and

a mammoth hi-fi stocked to the eight-foot ceiling with stereo jazz albums will complete the "scene." Most important, you will be surrounded by the leaders of your community, the men who make the wheels turn, the gears grind, and the flagpoles salute in Yourtown, U.S.A. You'll be able to mix, mingle, integrate, and brownnose into the wee hours of the morning.

Throughout the club an aura of subtle sophistication will waft lightly, impressing upon your guests, female or otherwise, that you are a young fellow who "knows the ropes." Outside, the rabble will beat pitifully upon the reinforced door stoop, while you, safely ensconced within, enjoy fully the privileges only money can buy. We believe that the Layboy Key Club will fully justify its ambitious motto: "Where the effete meet to eat."



Layboy Key Club members discover an Esqueer Keyclubber in their very midst.



James McNeil Gleason, young Palo Alto sophisticate, makes the scene at his local Layboy Key Club.

THE LAYBOY ADVISOR

One of my most sophisticated friends insists on drinking his Scotch from tumblers and his bourbon from snifters. What's the difference between Scotch and bourbon?

None, as long as they're both over eight years old and served in a bucket of ice. '52 is the best year now available in the States.

I am a big party-goer but a poor drinker. Every now and then I find myself in the middle of the dance floor suffering the effects of excess alcohol. After I have thrown up, everybody looks at me and I feel called upon to say something. "Pardon me" and "That's how the cookie crumbles" don't seem too appropriate. What is correct?

A sly laugh and a suave "Mud in your eye, isn't it?" is the most debonair response.

I am a thirty-year-old man interested in your advice about colleges. Could you tell me a school that has a good program in motel management. At present I manage very poorly in motels, and I'm getting old.

If you don't have it now, you'll never have it. Buy a tent.

My girl friend has a very annoying habit. She always snaps my suspenders. I get furious. What can I do?

Suspender snapping is indicative of a much taxed emotional structure, manifesting itself in the most infantile illusory misconceptions and self-engendering to an extent of extreme mental torment. But if her weakness bears you any irritation, it would not be imprudent to beat the hell out of her.

I am a janitor in an expensive, high-class New York apartment house. When I make the rounds each Sunday morning, there are parties in every apartment. Everybody insists that I have a drink. After half a dozen apartments I inevitably throw all the garbage that I have collected over the side of the building from one of the penthouses. I am in danger of losing my job. What should I do?

Quit your job and go to the parties earlier.

I have a lavish bachelor apartment, outfitted with a stereo and a cool set of records. But my pad is in danger because of a young woman who visits me nightly. She gets drunk and makes like the discus thrower with my records. What should I do?

When she starts with the discus, it is time for you to put the shot.

I recently asked a beautiful young lady up to my apartment to look at my stamp collection (that always gets them). I had a few stamps lying around and I said they were my collection. She said she was disappointed with the quality of my stamps, and delivered a lecture on the decline of philately. She attributed the poor quality of my collection to a world-wide disinterest in stamps and the failure of colonial governments to issue a sufficient variety of commemoratives. She cried with discouragement and went home. In the future, how am I to avoid such women?

When she bends over, discreetly check her postmark. Also, there are better places to find women than in the post office.

I am a heel and a cad.

Keep up the good work.

I find myself in a most embarrassing position. My investment in Layboy clothes, car, condiments, and cuff links has paid off handsomely—the femmes are beating a steady and relentless path to my posh doorstep. The problem is this: I don't have the least idea what to do with them once they get there. Does kissing make babies?

Look at it this way: the bees flit among the trees while the birds . . . the daddy kitten and the mommy kitten . . . Maybe kissing does make babies. It certainly is something to look into.

My wealthy spinster aunt, having retired some time ago to her secluded country estate near Hollister, recently gave me a horrible shock by announcing that the bulk of her estate would be left to her dog, King. She claimed King, whom she raised from a puppy many years ago, was the only thing she really loved. With King as her only com-

panion for many years out there in the country, could there be something the matter with her? Since I have managed to pile up some considerable debts in my Layboy-style living, which I had expected to pay off with my inheritance, I find this to be somewhat of a "sticky wicket."

R. F. U.

San Francisco, Calif.

From what you seem to imply, this "sticky wicket" may be the result of a game that isn't exactly cricket. A lawyer could advise you as to your best course of action.

I'm an old hand at playing the field, and I generally know how to handle a situation, but here's a toughy girl that's new to me. A while back I met a truly fabulous girl. We got along great and everything went along fine up to a point. I tried every technique I could think of, including empathy, psychological approaches, intellectual approaches, and the gay, carefree, Layboy approach—but to no avail. My overpowering natural charm, keen wit, and true modesty seem to have failed me. This has become a tremendous challenge to me and haunts me night and day. I will try anything other than marriage. What do you suggest?

J. B. H.

New York, N.Y.

This situation is certainly not unique. Even if all else fails, we still have the one great answer to all problems, that substance whose mystical power we all believe in—money. Should even this fail, we can only recommend that you invite the girl to a private picnic at some cozy hideaway. Take two of your truest and strongest friends and a can opener. . . .

I've driven my fawning relatives into the poorhouse in order to purchase the necessities of my Layboy penthouse. But somehow things still don't seem to click. Even the chocolate-covered grasshoppers haven't had the effect you ascribed to them. I thought at first I wasn't giving them enough time, but last week I mailed my date the "hoppers" four days early, with explicit instructions to take one every ten minutes right up to the big night, and still no soap! What should I do? I'm beginning to feel a little insecure.

BUFFORD BALLOON

Bribane

Ed.: Layboy Adviser has been swamped with letters complaining that
(continued page 49)

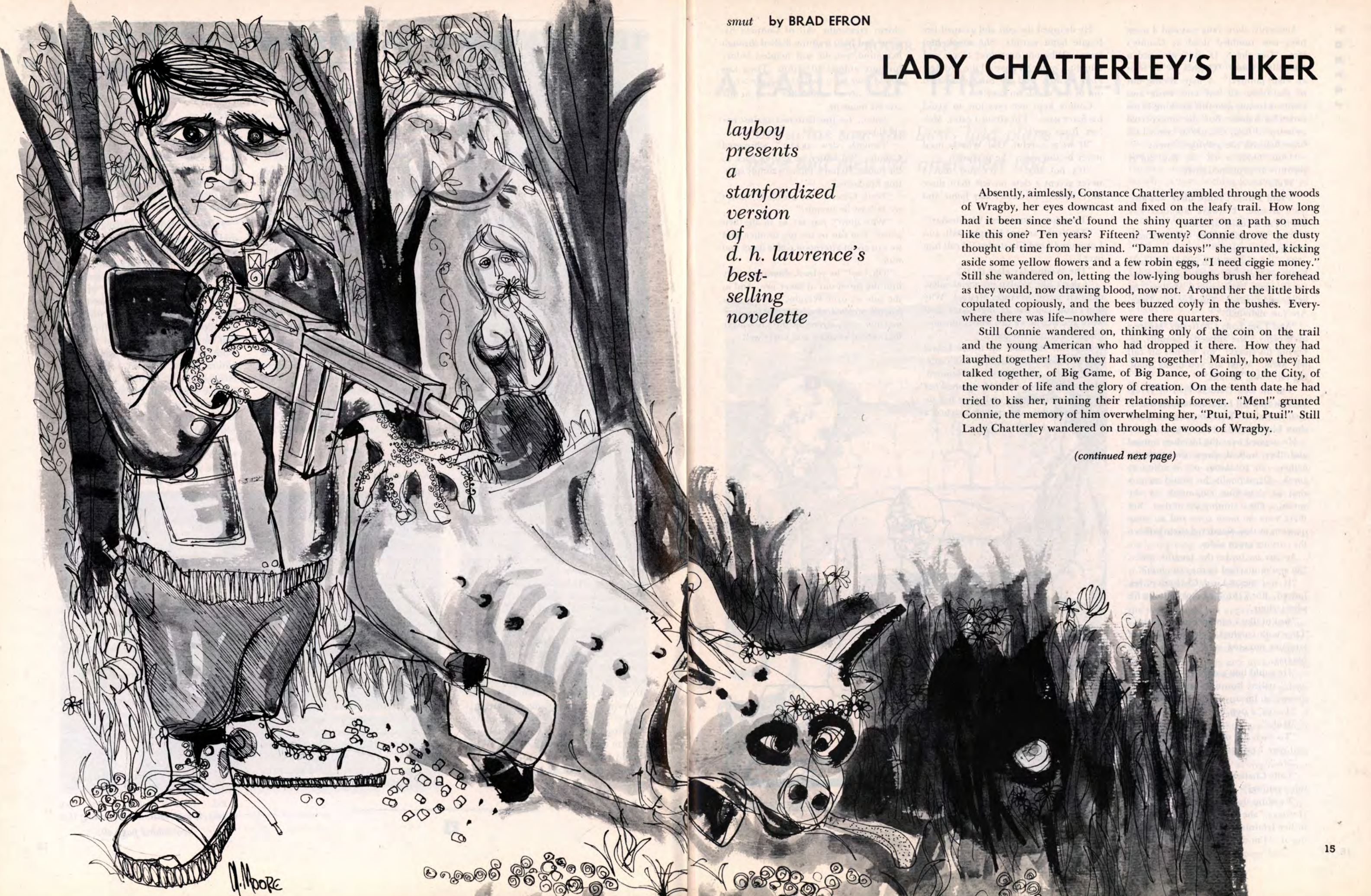
LADY CHATTERLEY'S LIKER

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Absently, aimlessly, Constance Chatterley ambled through the woods of Wragby, her eyes downcast and fixed on the leafy trail. How long had it been since she'd found the shiny quarter on a path so much like this one? Ten years? Fifteen? Twenty? Connie drove the dusty thought of time from her mind. "Damn daisys!" she grunted, kicking aside some yellow flowers and a few robin eggs, "I need ciggie money." Still she wandered on, letting the low-lying boughs brush her forehead as they would, now drawing blood, now not. Around her the little birds copulated copiously, and the bees buzzed coyly in the bushes. Everywhere there was life—nowhere were there quarters.

Still Connie wandered on, thinking only of the coin on the trail and the young American who had dropped it there. How they had laughed together! How they had sung together! Mainly, how they had talked together, of Big Game, of Big Dance, of Going to the City, of the wonder of life and the glory of creation. On the tenth date he had tried to kiss her, ruining their relationship forever. "Men!" grunted Connie, the memory of him overwhelming her, "Ptui, Ptui, Ptui!" Still Lady Chatterley wandered on through the woods of Wragby.

(continued next page)



Suddenly, shots rang out and a pregnant cow tumbled dead at Connie's feet. "Got the S. O. B.!" whooped a masculine voice. "Oughta be at least an eight-pointer!" A man sprang out of the bush, all tall and virile and tawny, a Tommy-gun still smoking in his powerful hands. But the unexpected presence of Lady Chatterley creased his brow beneath the graying crewcut.

"Oon 'Oont a ca' ax hast no'by arout," he explained shyly.

"Huh?"

"I said I didn't think there was anybody around. I always talk that way when I'm sexually aroused."

"Oh. It sounded like you had marbles in your mouth."

The two looked each other over carefully, tenderly, the dead cow lying between them. "My name is Mellors," he explained further; "I used to be a Deke. Are you affiliated?"

"And I am Lady Chatterley, Mistress of Wragby," she answered proudly, ignoring his query; "my friends all call me 'Mam.' What are you doing shooting our cows, Mellors?"

"I'm the new Gameskeeper of Wragby, at least until I find something better. Too bad about Elsie, but I guess that's show biz."

He stepped over the bleeding animal and they walked down the path together, not speaking, not needing to speak. Occasionally he would snap a shot at a passing chipmunk, or she would scuffle a shining bit of dew. But there were no more cows and no more quarters as they wandered silently down the curving green aisles.

At last he broke the lengthy quiet: "So you're married to the cripp, huh?"

"If you mean Lord Chatterley, yes, indeed. But I think he looks cute in his wheel chair."

"Sort of like a compact car with ears." They both laughed at his jest and their laughter mingled with the cries of the bluejay.

"He could buy and sell you ten times over," trilled Connie, "and besides, he doesn't go for any of that nasty S-E-X."

"Ta' ea' a oon."

"Huh?"

"To each his own, Lady Chatterley, and may I call you 'Connie'?"

"No."

"Lady Chatterley, what are you doing this evening?"

"Reading back issues of *American Heritage*," she answered shyly, knowing in her feminine way what he was driving at. "I'm three years behind."

He dropped the gun and grasped her fragile hand warmly. She shook him loose. "Why not drop over to my pad tonight, Connie? I have all the *Brothers Four* records, and we can get blasted out of our minds on beer!"

Connie kept her eyes low to avoid his fierce gaze. "I'm afraid I can't, Mellors; I just can't."

"If we're careful, Old Wheels need never be the wiser," he persisted.

"It's not that . . . it's just that I never accept a date on less than three days' notice. I'd rather stay home and study."

"Then how about next Wednesday?"

"That's the annual Wragby Ball, and I promised Lord Chatterley I'd roll him over."

"The Wednesday after that?"

"I don't like to plan my social calendar that far in advance, Mellors. Why don't you call me at the house next week and maybe we can work out something if I'm not too busy."

Suddenly he stood up tiptoe before her, all proud and masculine and virile. "H-E-double toothpicks!" he shouted. "I can't take no more!" He crushed her in his powerful arms and drew her toward him, while the crickets reached a

chirpy crescendo. All of Connie's hygiene and judo training flashed through her mind, yet she was helpless before his pure animal attraction. Their kiss would have been perfect, had not a tiny flash of silver turned her head at the crucial moment.

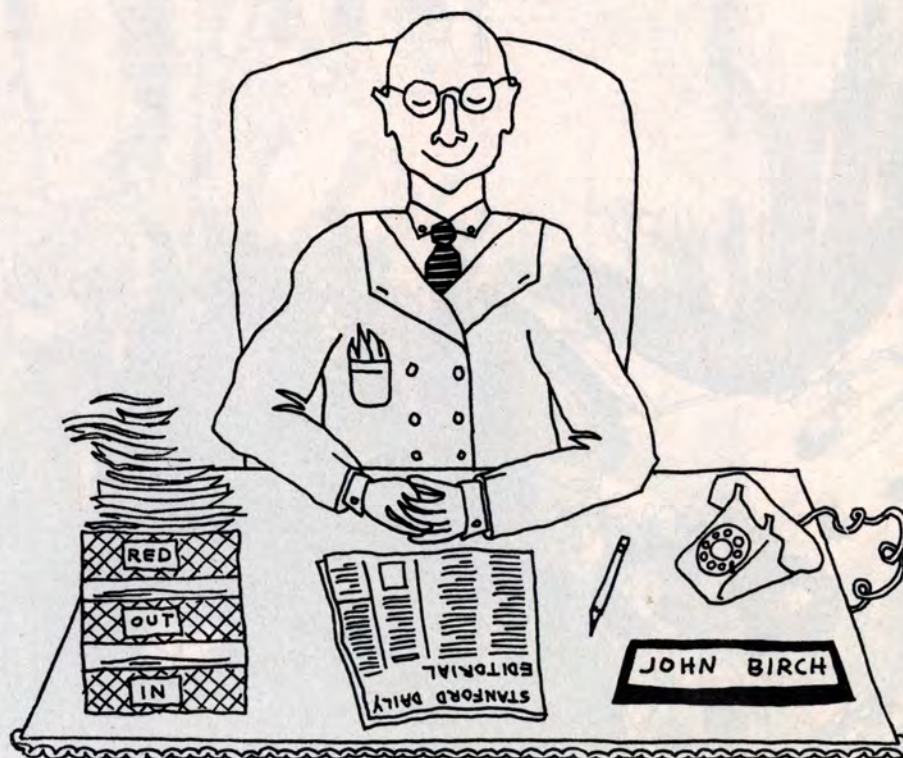
"Splat," his lips flattened against her cheekbone.

"Dammit, dew again," whispered Connie. "I'd better be getting back to the house, Mellors; I have a simply splitting headache."

"Wait, Connie," he pleaded. "Can't we at least be friends?"

"Why didn't you say so in the first place? You can be my big brother, and we can go on afternoon coffee dates and stuff."

"Oh, boy!" he yelped, shooting wildly into the forest out of sheer joy. And as the sun set over Wragby, the two new friends strolled slowly down the trail together, each serene in the knowledge that the other liked him fairly well.



b. s. By ROGER TIPPY

A FABLE OF THE FARM--I

confucius say: the best-laid plans of mice and men are often best laid



You hear the weirdest stories in bars sometimes. . . .

The other night I stopped in at my favorite neighborhood pub, intending to down a couple of quick ones before my usual nightly tussle with the babes. Such was not to be the case. I noticed this guy at the bar—not one of the regulars—nursing a tremendous triple Scotch. A real nothing-looking guy in a nothing-looking coat; the type I'd ordinarily look right through.

Except for one thing—he was wearing the all-time-winner ring on his right hand. It had a dull red stone—uncut, yet glowing and flashing like a live coal. I, being the frankly curious type, sidled in next to him, ordered my usual twelve-to-one martini, and prepared to launch a light tidbit on the weather.

He spoke first: "I suppose you're frankly curious about my ring here. Well, it's brimstone—straight from Hell. How did I get it? That's a long story, but if you've got the time I'll tell it." So then he told it. . . .

It was some years ago (he began), back when I was in college. A bunch of us were sitting around, having one of those typical bull sessions—you know, complete with surreptitious bottle of booze (this was in the dorm). The conversation turned to religion. I was never too hot for this, because I was the only R.C. on the hall. But a lot I could do about it.

"Hey, Ralph," somebody said, "what are you giving up for Lent?"

"Oh, I dunno," I replied. "I'd been thinking of giving up talking to you dumb bastards for a while."

"Ha, ha," my friend said; "but I fear the padre would not appreciate the full extent of your sacrifice. Now, come on, Ralph; I'm interested in seeing you get a lot of those heavenly brownie points back. Why don't you give up something you'll miss, like drinking or smoking?"

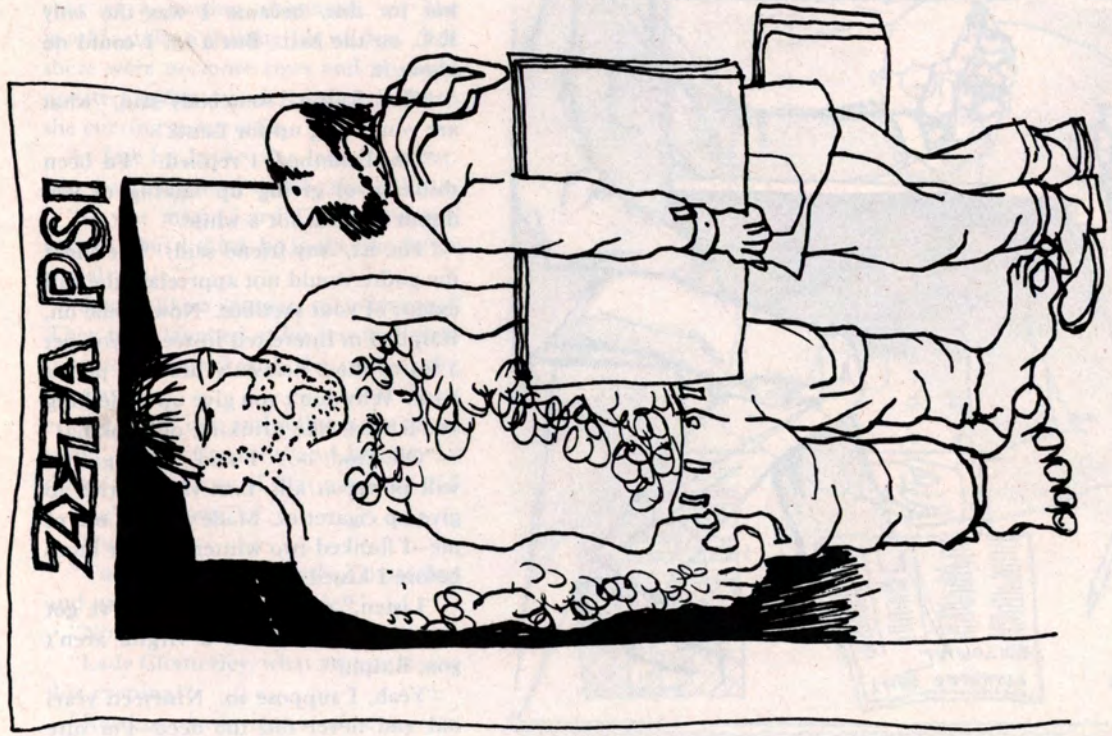
"Oh, God, no!" I said. "I've got no will power at all. Last year I tried to give up cigarettes. Made a wreck out of me—I flunked two winter quarter finals before I kissed it off."

"Listen," said another guy, "I've got the idea. You're still a virgin, aren't you, Ralph?"

"Yeah, I suppose so. Nineteen years old and never did the deed—I'm sure not proud of it."

(continued on page 58)

SILVERSTEIN AMONG THE ZETES



"Sure, Mac, we'll be glad to show you what Stanford fraternity life is really like. C'mon in and meet the brothers."



"Hold it, guys, you've got me all wrong! I'm not a fink from the Deans' office, I'm good Old Shel Silverstein from Layboy magazine.... PLEASE FELLAS, NOT THE RAZOR!!



"And one for Dean Craig, and one for Dean Brown, and one for Dean Winbigler, and one for old Wally...."



"But I don't even know the girls in Flo Mo. Why should I want to flip them the big...."



Shel Efrom & Lou Silverstein & RT. Doug Newton

"Now that's what I call a restrictive clause!"



"This is one hell of a double date: you want to 'A' English, I want to 'A' history, and they want to collaborate on an historical novel."

erotic realism By MIKE DATISMAN

LOVE WITH FEAR

The morning sun streaming in the windows framed her face and ruffled hair upon the pillow and emphasized the shadows beneath her tight shut eyes. Slowly, as if resisting the intensity and heat of the solar rays, her eyelids slid open revealing grey specked blue irises rising out of bloodshot redness. The lids opened, widened, then slammed shut as she groped her way out of bed and into a less bright spot. One pretty little hand shot to her forehead. "Damn, oh damn! It hurts; I got to have an aspirin."

She turned around and started toward her bureau, when she first noticed the bulky form on the bed. She gasped and ran over and began to shake that inert form. "Jerry, you stupid ass, get up, damn you, get up!" Jerry's head jerked up from the pillow and he foggily said: "Go get some more brew."

"Don't you know where you are? Roble, my room, my bed, get up, damn it!"

"Christ!" he exclaimed. "What the devil do we do now?"

"Quiet, you idiot. Do you want a half dozen girls coming in here?"

"Why didn't the alarm go off? What time is it? And lock that door quick."

She ran to the door and flipped the night lock. "It's nine o'clock and I forgot to set it you got me so darn drunk."

"You dumb bitch, do you realize I missed my psych midterm?"

"Psych midterm!" she screamed and then sank to a whisper. "How are you going to get out of here? If they find you we'll be bounced for a quarter and my dad'll take away my convertible."

"Your convertible! What about my sloop? Anyway I'll just go down the rope same way as I got in. Where's my pants?"

"Under the bed. But you can't go down the rope; someone would see you."

*the
face
was
familiar
but
jerry
couldn't
quite
place
the
place*



"Well, I can't stay in here all day, I have to take a book back to the Libe. Do you want me to get fined?"

"I'll return the book for you. There's just no way you can leave without being seen until tonight. You can stay under the bed till then; they never sweep there."

"That might work; where's my socks?"

"I don't know. It's the only way." She thought for a moment. "Yes, that's what we'll have to do. Go on and get under the bed and I'll put a couple boxes down there to hide you."

"OK, but bring me something from the Cellar later on. Hey, just a minute; when's your first class?"

"At eleven o'clock. Why?"

He looked at her for a moment and then said, "We've got over an hour still."

"Doesn't anything ever bother you?"

"No, not very often."

He continued to look at her and after awhile she shrugged her shoulders and said, "All right."



Bud Skibitzke
+
EFRON

The Ratts

...SO HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE'D COUNT THIRTY PERCENT OF THE MIDTERM ON TWO LOUSY LECTURES THAT MY ROOMMATE DIDN'T EVEN GO TO...

...ANYWAY THE DAMN LECTURES ARE RIGHT OUT OF THE BOOK EXCEPT FOR THOSE TWO THAT I...

YOU CAN'T TELL MUCH BY THEIR FIGURES

...HAPPENED TO MRS. EXCUSE ME FOR A SEC.

SURE



WHAT A CLOD. DOESN'T HE EVER SAY ANYTHING?

HARRY! YOU OLD MOTHA HUNCH!

HAVE TO GO TO THE CITY, DINNER, THE WHOLE BIT, WHEN I COULD BE OUT WITH GLORIA WHO AT LEA.

SO SO. HOW'D YOU DO ON THE MIDTERM?

FLUNKED IT COLD.



SIT DOWN AND HAVE A BEER, JOE! HOW IN HELL ARE YA?

I'LL SEE YA. GOTTA HIT THE HEAD.

WHY HELLO JOE! HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT MIDTERM TODAY? BOY! WHEN I SAW THAT FIRST PAGE I...

...SO HOW WAS I TO KNOW HE'D COUNT THIRTY PERCENT OF THE MIDTERM ON THE TWO LOUSY LECTURES THAT MY ROOMMATE DIDN'T EVEN GO TO...

SO'D I.

HI ANN!

I WONDER IF ITS WORTH A TRY?



JULIES PFEIFFER

HEAT.



"Sorry Ma'am, but bar dice is bar dice."

Interludio

CLASSICAL MUSIC IS O.K.

there's no denying that layboy sets the trends



Jazz musicians like Hetman (The Muscle) Cremaster are looking more and more favorably on classical music. Mus (in hat) is discussing the relative merits of their music with Isaac Stern.

Now that Layboy has set jazz on the glory road and made knowledgeable jazz buffs of our readership, we shall turn our glim on a set of cool sounds previously neglected: classical music. So as not to be considered anything less than hairy-chested and suave, it should be made plain that Layboy is not alone in looking favorably on classical music, though we certainly are individualistic and pace-setting enough to go it alone if necessary, just as we did with jazz. But in fact, many jazz musicians are coming more and more to recognize the classics as a very vital outgrowth of music and as a truly indigenous European art form.

The origins of classical music are even dimmer and more diversified than those of jazz, reaching far back into European antiquity. These exciting sounds found their real "New Orleans," however, in the Catholic church (Roman). Classical music progressed from the monophonic chants of the mass through the polyphonic baroque era (Vivaldi) to the homophonic periods and the present, which utilizes all three forms. Jazz, of course, has included the three basic divisions since its inception. It may be seen just how slowly classical

music has progressed when we realize that it has taken jazz only 60 years to reach its present refinement, while classical music has required over 1,300 years to attain its current level.

Greater and greater numbers of far-out buffs are making the classical scene these days. Just walk into any record shop and you'll find large amounts of shelf space devoted to Classicsville. Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*, Dukas' *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, Ravel's *Bolero*, Rossini's *William Tell Overture*, and Grofé's great *Grand Canyon Suite* stand side by side with Cannonball, Bird, Diz, and Hank Mancini.

Obviously, if our Layboy readers are ever to become discerning classical buffs, it is up to us to show them the way. Here, then, is a brief guide to these fine tones, the leaders and sidemen who blow them, and how to know who really swings on what sides.

The first rule is: if it's Beethoven, it's all right. A good starter for any Layboy's classical record collection would be the Boston Pops waxing of *Wellington's Victory*. (The flip side has a real bonus with Ed Sullivan reading a brief history of the Napoleonic Wars.)

Baroque music is very important, as

it is closely tied to much modern jazz. Bach and Vivaldi are the big men to remember here. Check out Bach's *Art of the Fugue*, Lew De Foto at the organ. (And compare it to a little jazz polyphony, the Hetman Cremaster trio's *Just Fugueing Around*.)

Wagner is big—very big. The difficulty here is that he wrote so much—all of it big, exciting sound—that even the most discerning buff just doesn't know where to begin. So the best bet here would be a sampler, maybe selected arias of André Kostelanetz's new *Singing Wagner Strings* (possibly the definitive *Ride of the Valkyries* on this platter).

Ravel and Debussy are musts, and just about anything by them goes; but most important for every Layboy is Ravel's *Bolero*, the dirtiest piece of classical music ever written. Two or three discs of this are recommended: it saves getting up to reset the needle at crucial moments.

Modern music is a sure bet. The Layboy can show his discerning views here by nodding smugly and saying, "I really make this 12-tone scene." Big in this field are Stravinsky, whom everyone

(continued next page)

knows is good; Honnegger, whom nobody understands except that they know he's supposed to be good; and John Cage, whom nobody has ever heard play, but who is so far out that he's got to be good. Many strange new exciting sounds to be dug in this area!

Warning: snapping your fingers, tapping your toes, and rhythmically slapping your thighs are *out* with the classics! Save these for your next bout with the Bbird.

Layboy introduces here its first Annual Layboy Classical Music Poll. It is understood that most Layboy readers at this stage aren't too hipped on classical music. But vote anyway, since the final results will be determined by the efforts of the recording company promotion representatives.

Get out and dig the classical sound. It is *big* and the coming thing. Send your completed ballot to Layboy Classical Music Poll, Inside at the Inside, Chi. The results of the first Annual Layboy Classical Music Poll will be advertised profusely by the various record manufacturers.

LEADER

- André Kostelanetz
- Enrique Jordá
- Arthur Fiedler
- Mantovani
- Camarata
- Lumumba

(Please check one)

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

- Beethoven Quartet
- I Solisti di Zagreb
- Sextette from Lucia
- London Baroque Ensemble
- Schubert Quintet

(Please check one)

MALE VOCALIST

- John Charles Thomas
- Ezio Pinza
- Mario Lanza
- Francis X. Aborigine

(Please check one)

PIANO

- Liberace
- Dick Hyman

(Please check one)

ORGAN

- Liberace
- G. D. Wurlitzer
- Dorothy Sexauer
- Eddie Duchin
- E. Power Biggs
- Albert Schweitzer

(Please check one)

VOCAL GROUP

- N.Y. Metropolitan Opera
- Norman Luboff Choir
- Robert Shaw Chorale
- The Dorothy Sexauer Six
- The Russian Army Chorus

(Please check one)

FEMALE VOCALIST

- Anna Maria Alberghetti
- Risé Stevens
- Dorothy Sexauer
- Yma Sumac

(Please check one)



Sweetheart of the opera stage is Maria Callous, shown here performing in the work *Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer*.



Mrs. Wilma Fingerdo plays first trombone with the London Philharmonic (*the Phil*) despite her unusual height of over twelve feet.



Modern classical music is much concerned with experiment. Here Dorothy Sexauer mans a twelve-tone trombone. Dorothy is a transvestite.



Ballet often involves music.



Classical music is often the road to popularity.



"I'm not falling for that one, Lady. As soon as I get my boots off you'll be half way down the road."

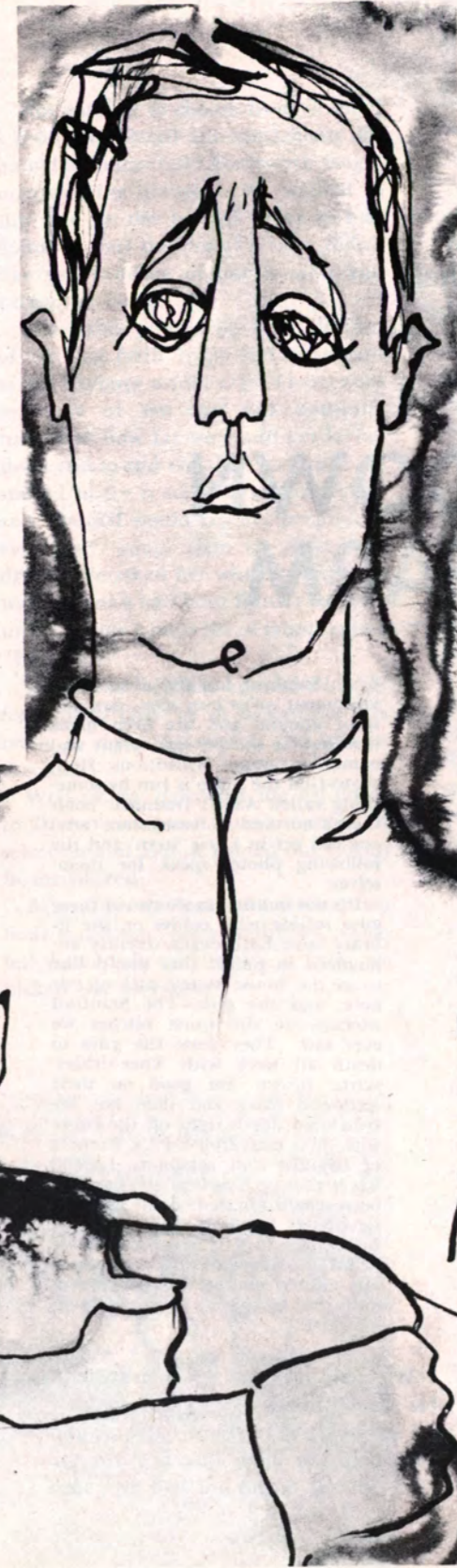
A FABLE OF THE FARM--II

tragedy By JUDY SKINNER

The sky is the color of blue-books and it is Spring quarter. I know it is spring because I am still getting re-oriented to my go-aheads. And while I am talking like David Copperfield and Holden Caulfield I may as well tell you that I am a hasher in a Girls' Dining Hall. You know all the stories they tell you about the way girls look in the morning—their hair is tied up with metal, their clothes are on inside-out, their eyes stare out of flacid, unwashed faces—well, I can tell you it is all true. But I like girls. Under this outer crust of sheer ugliness and indifference, I am perhaps the most passionate man on campus. Ask anyone—except my mother. . . .

*man
does not
live by
hash
alone,
but it's
dangerous
to put
all
your
eggs in
one
coffee
machine*

You ask me why I am telling you all this, and the reason is simple: it is the best therapy my psychiatrist has thought of to date. The whole story is a lurid and complicated mess, and I certainly



shall not bother you with it. It all started yesterday when I was pouring coffee from the great, shiny coffee machine in the kitchen. I noticed something very strange. As I filled each cup, a small white word appeared on the steaming liquid. The first cup said, "listen"; the second said "stupid." The next eleven cups said, "This is the coffee machine speaking I am your fairy godmother."

I kept pouring the coffee with all the aplomb I could muster in such a situation. The coffee machine instructed me to pick up an unobtrusive white box on the floor, and I read the label: "This will make them love you!" I clicked my heels with joy, which is a very hard thing to do in go-aheads, and embraced the machine. It gurgled with mother love and I began to pour more coffee. More cups revealed that I must carefully place a bit of the powder in each cup and repeat five times, "Coffee is quicker than liquor."

I took the coffee into the dining room, served it to the girls, then stood back wearing my sneer-smile expression, learned from the countless Clark Gable movies I'd seen on my dateless weekends. Clark doesn't do it as well as I because people's attention is distracted by his unfortunate good looks, while with me, people just notice the suave expression. I waited for a reaction from the girls, but nothing happened. Panic swept through me. I wondered if I could have possibly read the instructions wrong. Stealthily, I crept around the dining room snatching coffee cups right and left and assembled all the "message cups" in order on the floor. A couple of people were watching me, but I just flashed back my sneer-smile at them and they looked away.

I had gotten the instructions right, so in desperation I ran back to the kitchen to talk to the machine. The machine greeted me with the now-familiar gurgle, and I asked it where I had failed. As I poured more coffee, the machine spelled out, "Everything is okay, dear boy, I told you I am your fairy godmother." Just then the head hasher came up to me, drinking out of one of the spiked coffee cups. He put a hairy arm around my shoulders and said "Hi, Handsome."

I hate coffee machines. I hate fairy-godmothers. My psychiatrist says that now I am hopelessly repressed, and I agree with him. I am repressed because I am a turkey and I can't gobble.

bitchery and abomination

By LOU PADULO

You're invited to tag along as the editors of Layboy seek their May laymate down among the legendary Stanford women.

DOLLIES DOWN ON THE FARM

It is news to nobody that the editors of this journal are out to make a buck and, as is the case with all peddlers of smut, we keep pretty close tabs on the opinions of the buying public so as to better give 'em what they want. Occasionally tastes change in some segments of our market, but one particular group of subscribers has never wavered from their course. The undergraduate men of Stanford University always request the same things:

"Why don't you show *everything*?" they demand;

"How come she always got a towel or stands sideways or has her legs crossed??" they ask;

"Get girls with bigger breasts!" they plead.

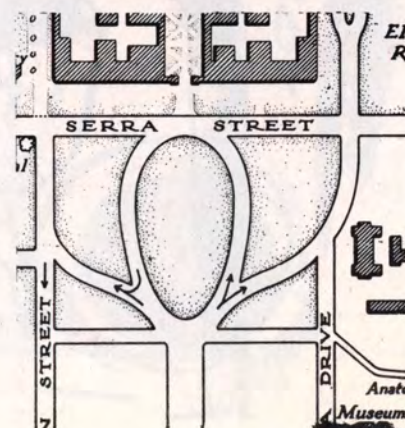
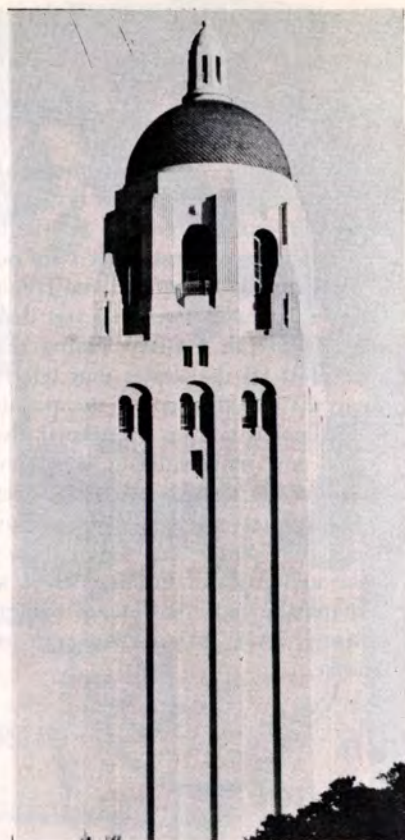
Hell, as all you sophisticated steady readers know we don't fool around when it comes to showing breasts—Rubens would blush at our hefties—but still these creeps want more! We've often wondered while lounging around in our swanky, sophisticated penthouse how on earth anybody could be so consistently horny as those Stanford guys and how on earth we could get everybody to become just like them.

We had our researchers do a little checking around and this is an excerpt from the report on their findings:

"... Stanford has the dirtiest environment we've ever seen. Sex and smut abound and are even made manifest in the physical plant and names for campus institutions. Honest-to-God the place is run by something called ASSU; freshmen boast there's no need to 'rush' since 'anyone can get in Lucie Stern' and the following photos speak for themselves:

It's not unusual to see two or three guys rolling with collies on the library lawn; Both deans recently announced in public that they'd like to see the 'house' system pick up out here, and the girls—The Stanford women—are the worst bitches we ever saw. They tease the guys to death all week with 'knee-tickler' skirts, brown 'em good on their week-end dates and then ace the frustrated dopes right off the curve with their incredible GPA's. Rumors of frigidity run rampant. Legend has it that no Stanford girl has ever been seen undressed. Some guys believe that Stanford girls are born fully clothed! The new president of ASSU (no ess chief, that's its name) was elected on the strength of rumors that he kissed a Row girl open-mouthed! . . ."

We could print more of this incredible report but it was right here that we accepted the obvious challenge and girded up our loins (hee hee) for the "job" ahead. So no one had ever seen



a Stanford Dolly naked, huh? Well, nobody ever thought we could get a nun for a playmate either until they saw our Christmas Issue. Thus, your suave, roguish *Layboy* editors resolved to visit the farm and come back with a Stanford Dolly for a Laymate to arouse the rest of our readers into buying LAYBOYS like the Stanford roughs.

Unfamiliar with the lay of the land (chuckle) we sweet-talked the dean of women into letting us run a big Layboy contest right on the campus. Full page ads in the DAILY and the program of MEM CHU brought forth only the thirteen hopefuls shown below.



Not wishing to choose from so small a group we placed announcements disguised as extra-credit homework assignments in the libraries. We wanted to slip one in the box of every girl at Stanford, but the postal service didn't like the wording of our request and turned us down.

The babes poured in, boy! Zillions of 'em just rarin' to go and hot-to-trot as we Layboys would say. There were so many of 'em that talk naturally turned to how far we could get laying them end-to-end etc., but everytime we started to try it some fink from Women's Council would tap her pencil and everybody would clam up tight as a drum. We asked her what the big idea was and got a half-hour lecture on some unbelievably wimpy list of taboos called "Fun Stan."

We had to jolly her up in the bushes for a good hour or so before she was ready to chuck her pencil and join in the fun.

Well sir, we narrowed the list down to fifteen using our usual method of selection and almost ruined our health in the process.

At last, on the basis of a seventy-two hour marathon "talent audition" which left yours-truly sobbing like a baby, we picked our Laymate.

Exuberant contestants celebrate selection as Laymate finalists.



Laymate finalists indulge in a little horseplay to break tensions.

Just when we're ready to go to press with our little find, two brutes from Stanford's police force and three lawyers pay us a little visit informing us that we unwittingly signed some pledge to live up to Fun Stan when we first arrived at Stanford and we've got to do whatever they say. Besides, they pointed out, our little winner is only 17½ and a freshman choral-music major and not a Lagunita junior in French poetry as she maintained in the final session! Hell's Bells, we were only too glad to donate to the Ford Fund and buy ads in *Sequoia* when we found all this out, but we *never* would have consented to the censoring and covering-up of the Laymate photos if them fancy pants lawyers hadn't mentioned "paternity suit."

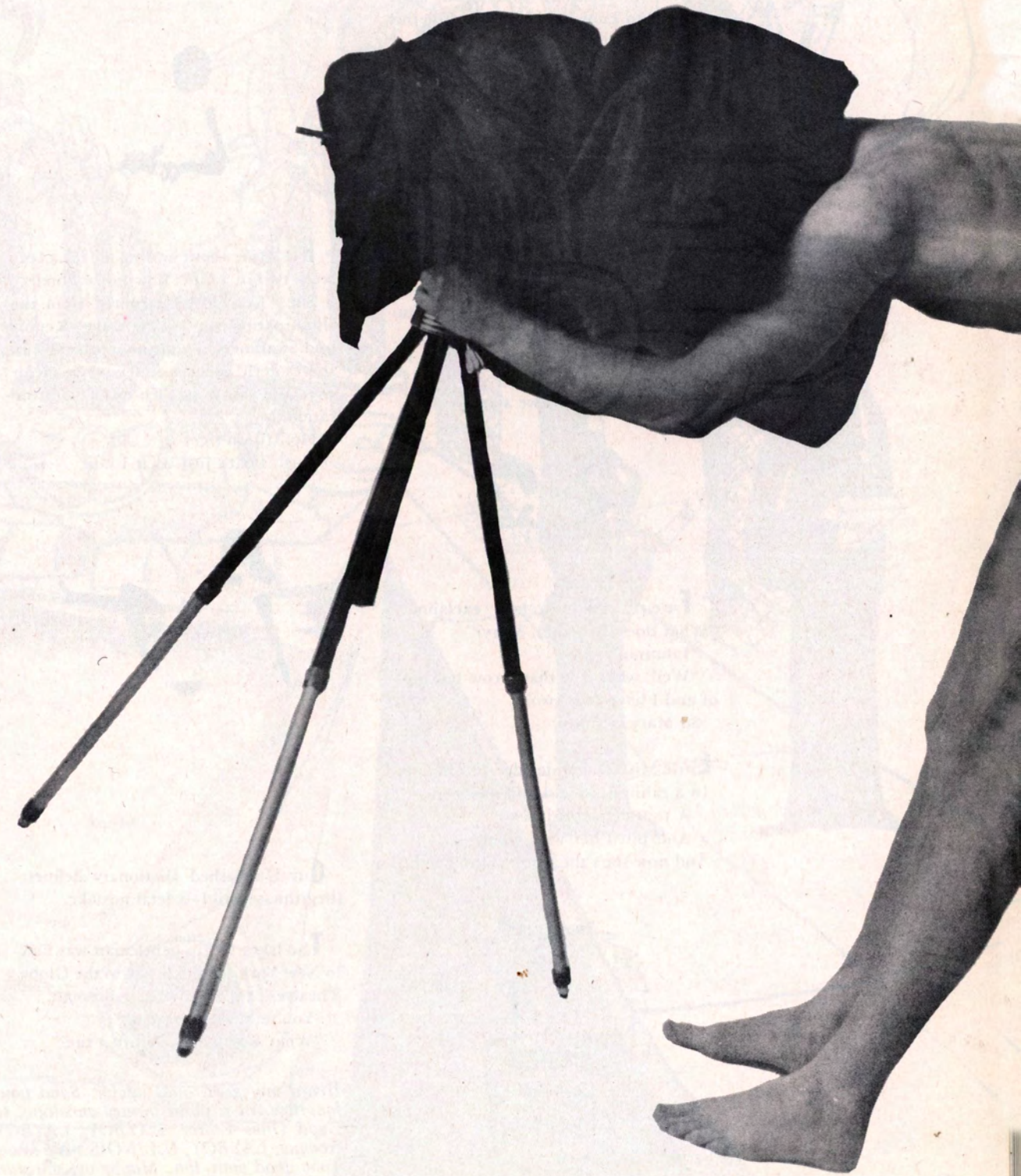
Can you imagine what would happen if it ever got out that we worldly sophisticated, Layboy editors got sucked in on a jail-bait rap? We'd be laughed out of the pornography trade, that's what.

Well anyway, following our usual format, here's our Stanford Dolly Laymate, Miss May. Her measurements are 36-21-36, she's a choral music major, and when she's not banging away at the keyboard in Dink Aud she can be found studying in Civ Libe. Good in high school, she went down her first term at Stanford, but last quarter she went 4.0 in spite of an unsightly hickey which prevented her from wearing short in physical-ed. Her hobbies include molesting Zetes and gelding stray sheep. Upon graduation she hopes to go to Europe. (We hope she goes to hell!)

If only I hadn't insisted on taking that photo the way I always do. . . .



FUN STAN



LAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Woman to dentist: I don't know what's worse—having a baby or getting a tooth pulled.

Dentist: Make up your mind, lady; I've got to know which way to tilt this chair.

How old is you?
 "I is six. How old is you?"
 "I don't know."
 "Does a woman botha' you?"
 "Nope."
 "You is four."

They dragged the student down to police headquarters and took him before the sergeant.

"What am I here for?" asked the student.

"For drinking," the officer sternly replied.

"Good. When do we start."



F-e-e-t!" the teacher exclaimed. "What does that spell, Mary?"

"I dunno."
 "Well, what is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"
 So Mary told her.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it in a cabin quite old and medieval; A rounder espied her, And plied her with cider, And now she's the forest's prime evil.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines: Nursery—a place to put last year's fun until it grows up.



He: How about joining me for a cozy week end in a quiet downtown hotel?

She: Knowledge garnered from the illuminating pages of the Kinsey Report and awareness of your pejorativeness in the esoteric aspects of sexual behavior preclude you from such erotic confrontation.

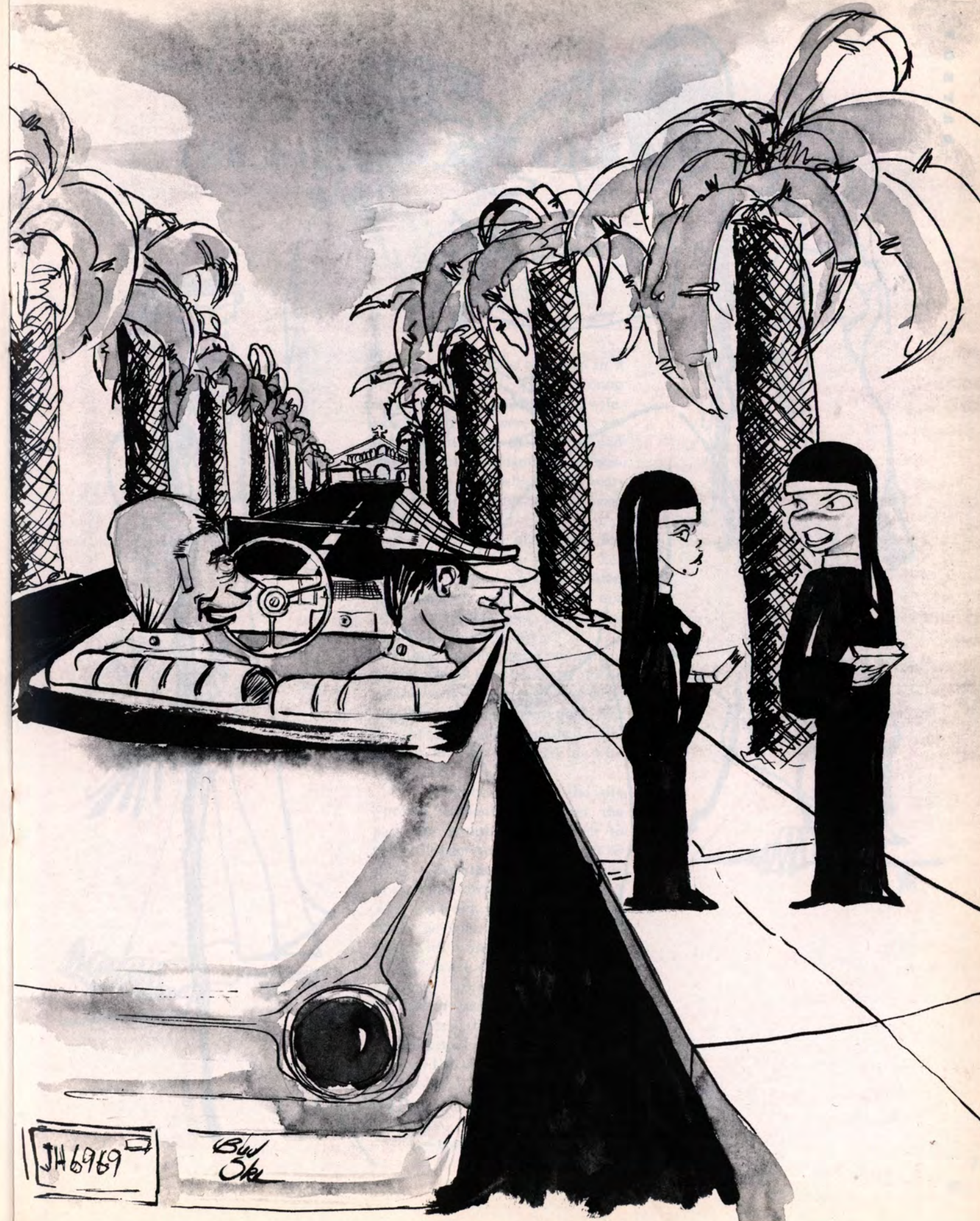
He: I don't get it.
 She: That's just what I said.



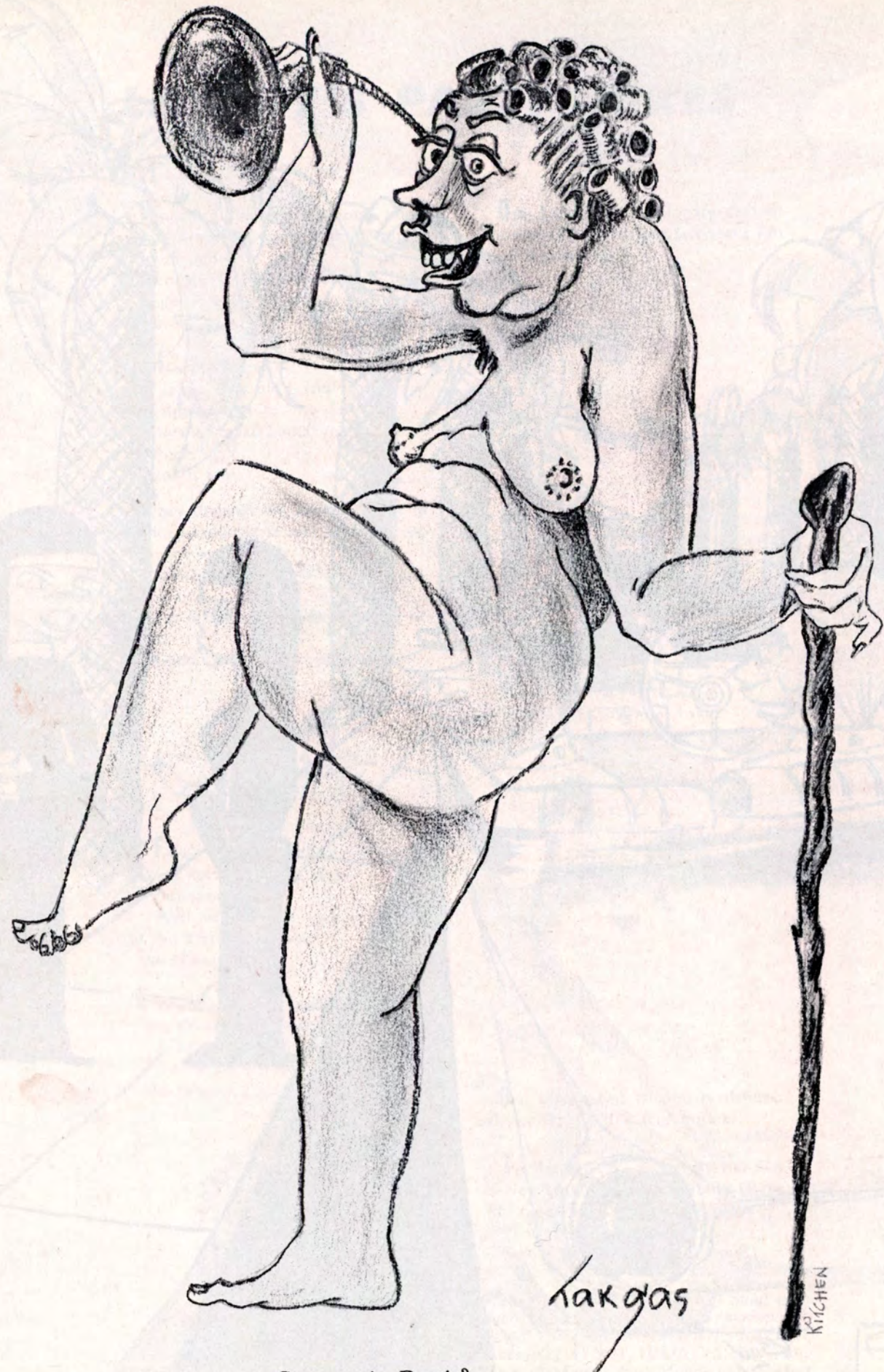
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines: Illegitimate child—a fetal mistake.

The large Negro gentleman was new to New York. "Which way to the Globe Theatre?" he asked the policeman. "You're a block past it."
 "What was that you called me?"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites, in a plain brown envelope, to Good Ones Editor, LAYBOY, LAYBOY Avenue, LAYBOY, ILLINOIS. We know some good ones, too. Maybe we can start a dirty pen pals' club.



"Well, here goes nothing!"



Come again, Dearie?

Ribald Classic

THE ASS AND THE CUCKOLD

A new translation from
*The Thousand and One
Arabian Nights*



Once, a very long time ago in a very ancient land, lived a young man and woman, husband and wife. But though they were married, yet they were not—for the wife refused to grant her husband those husbandly privileges which make marriage so enjoyable for rich and poor alike.

"You are a very nice young fellow," she would say, combing her comely hair, "and a good provider. Yet I cannot sleep with you, nor with any mortal man, be he even the King himself."

This made the young man so angry he would kick his ass, a docile creature whose only error was to be employed in such a household. Yet he (the young man) remained faithful, for in truth he loved his wife very dearly.

One December morning, the wife—grown suddenly stout over the past nine months—spoke thusly to the no longer young man: "Let us climb aboard the docile ass and ride toward yon town. Quickly, please." This they did, and when they arrived the wife presented her husband with a fine baby boy.

"So," cried the much put upon husband, "no mortal man is good enough for you! I suppose then that God is the father of my son?"

"You guessed it," replied the wife.

"Now I've heard everything!" said the husband, kicking his ass.

—translated by B. Efron



snickers By MARS

SON OF TEEVIE-JEBBIES RETURNS TO PEYTON PLACE



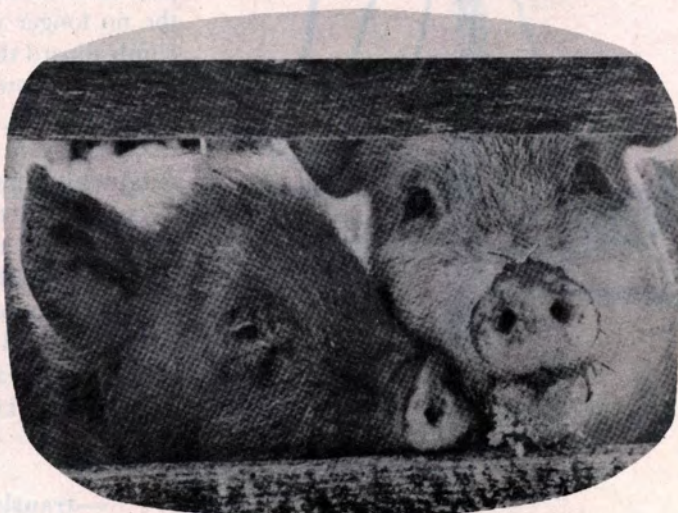
"With straight A's in high school, he ought to cool Stanford."



"It's about that gas bill, Eichmann."



"Passive resistance won't work here, my dear."



"Maybe I can take an overnight."

Layboy takes another quick look at our old friends, the old movies of television.



"And I say it's my RIGHT not to sing 'Rock of Ages.'"



"But darling, I'm a Catholic."



"Now hold it, Dad; she IS my girl."



"Next time he says that, hit him with your slide rule."



"Don't worry; if you don't like him you can always say you haven't signed out."



"Dad's getting suspicious."

GO BREAST YOUNG MAN!



FIGURE ONE, INCORRECT



FIGURE TWO, CORRECT

*legmen,
your days
are numbered,
as Layboy
presents a
portfolioette of
the best queens
from the
Stanford Chaparral*

Occasionally some crackpot will accuse Layboy's editors of being unduly preoccupied with the upper torsos of young ladies. They may even go so far as to say we're suffering from rampant bust-fetish and rampaging breast-envy. As we sit around the office smoking our cigars, drinking our Pepsi's, and sucking our thumbs, such accusations seem more than ridiculous—they seem downright disloyal. Every good Layboy knows it's what's up front that counts—and the more the merrier, at that. (See figures 1 and 2 at right.)

However—and there's no getting around this point—America is the land of opportunity, and every Layboy certainly has the right to choose his own personal obsession. To facilitate this choice, we now present a bevy of beauties from Leland Stanford Junior University—the best of best of past queens from *The Stanford Chaparral*—a magnificent sampling of the women of The Farm.

Who are these women? They are the pink-skinned coeds gliding over the campus in plaid skirts; the laughing, smiling blondes with hair ruffled by a spring breeze; the intellectuals whose charm shows through heavy glasses and baggy sweaters; the silly and the serious; the sexy and the sexless; the scintillating and the soporific; the seductive and the solemn; the smart and the stupid; the saucy and the sincere; the shy and the sensuous; and, above all, the stacked.

Each year more and more female variety makes a home on The Farm. They are beautiful, they are brainy, they are bovine; tall and short, fat as farmers' wives, and scrawny as shepherds' sticks; and some —oh, yes, some—good 'n' plenty.

What is the source of these magnificent creatures? A tasty eye in the frolicking Admissions officer has looked for them from the blue grass of Tennessee to the rocky peaks of Kansas, from the sun-bleached Nebraska beaches to the rain-soaked Arabian desert, from the crowded roads of Arizona to the dust-swept prairies of Massachusetts, from the bustling city of Zanesville, Ohio, to the placid village of Cape Canaveral, New Mexico. From twenty thousand leagues below the majors, they have come to the big league.

At the moment of their arrival a charm alarm is sounded on The Farm. The men, gushing forth to eye them, are not disappointed. These new women are the finest of females, supreme in splendor, the best in breast.

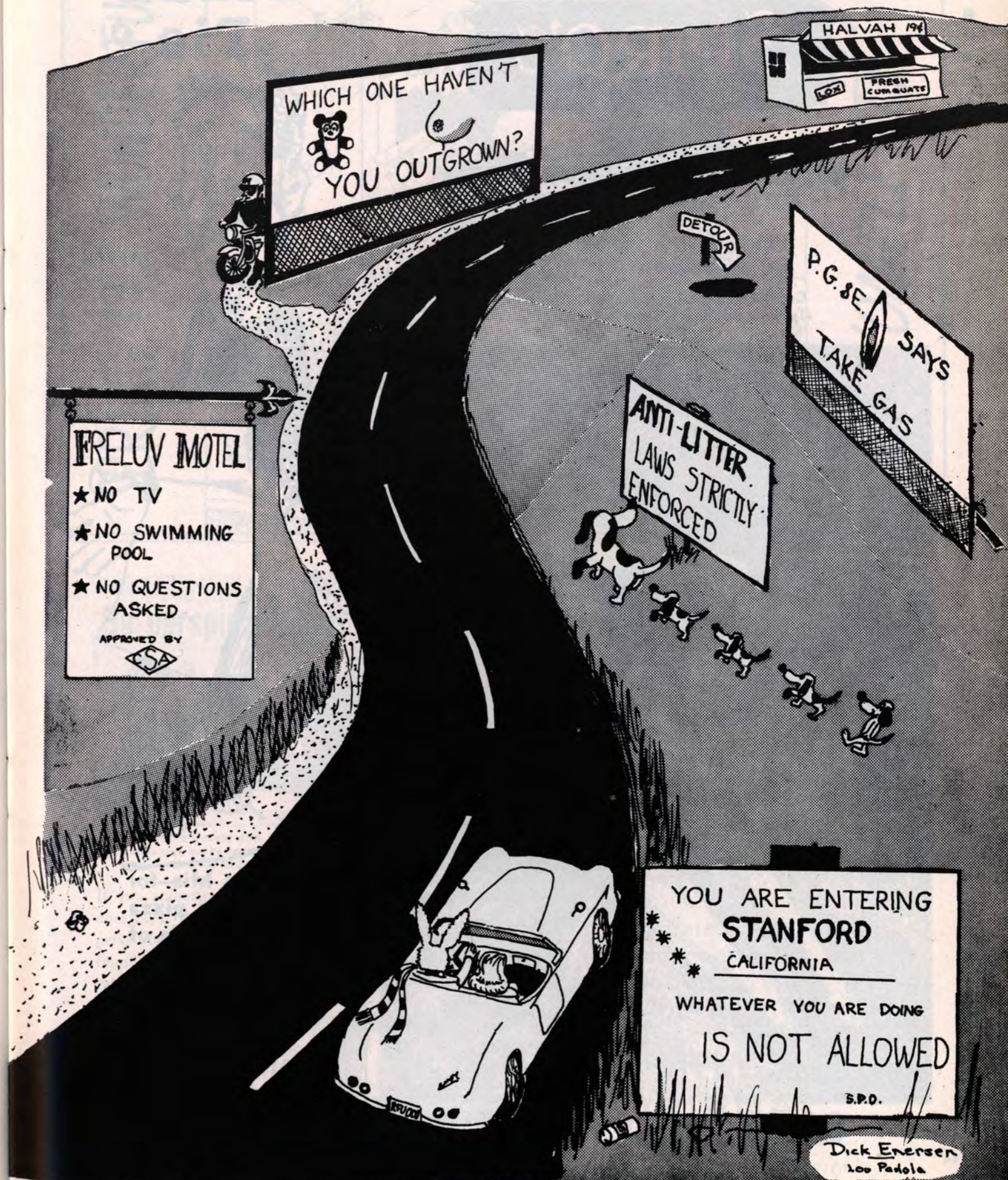
Spring is the most exciting season on The Farm. A tall Stanford man is passionately envied by his average-sized colleagues. Why? Simply because of his elevated vantage point, his bird's-eye view as the young women stepped out in their low-cut best.

The Stanford woman. Pictured here we see her at her eye-popping, tree-climbing, bulging best. Appreciate her while you can, young man; you might marry one and find out the truth.





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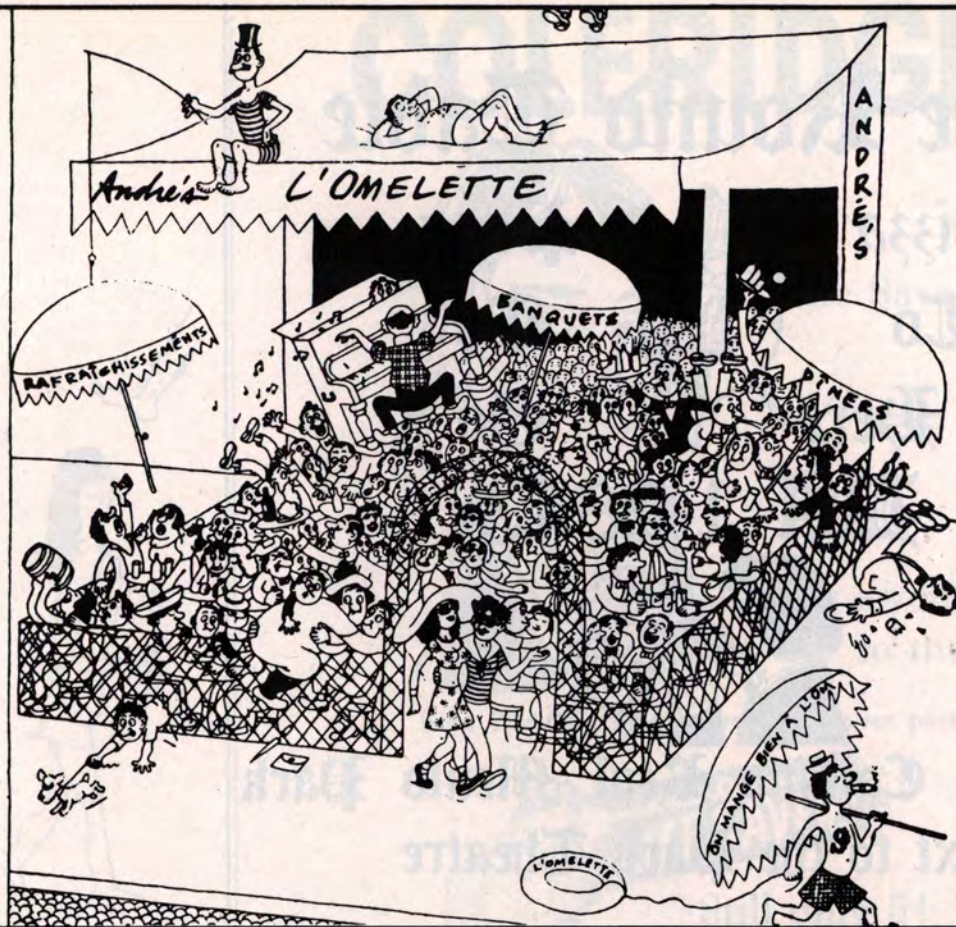
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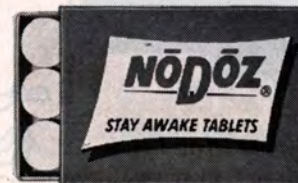
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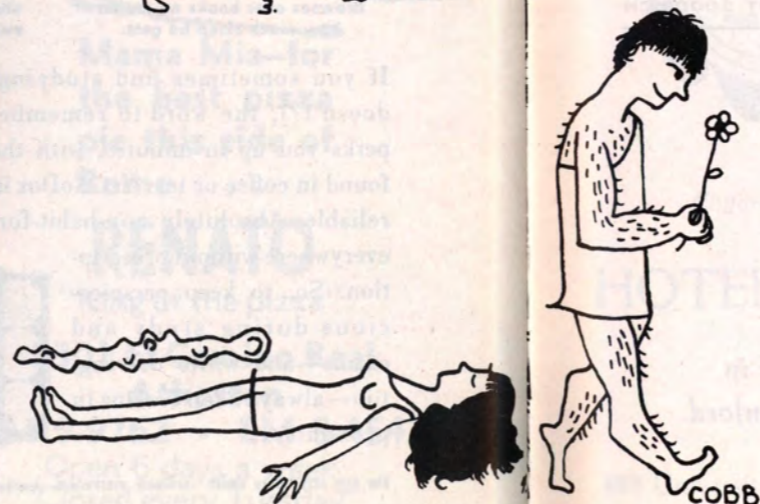


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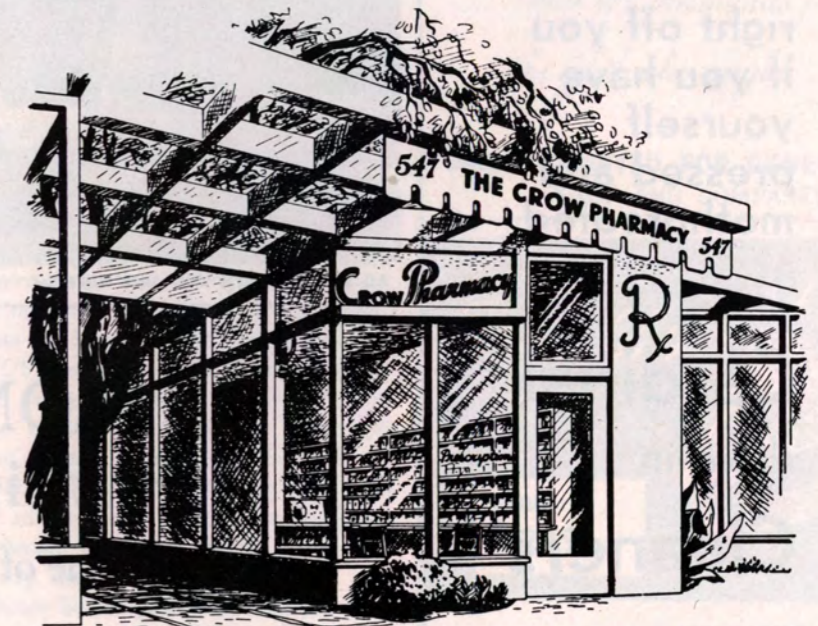
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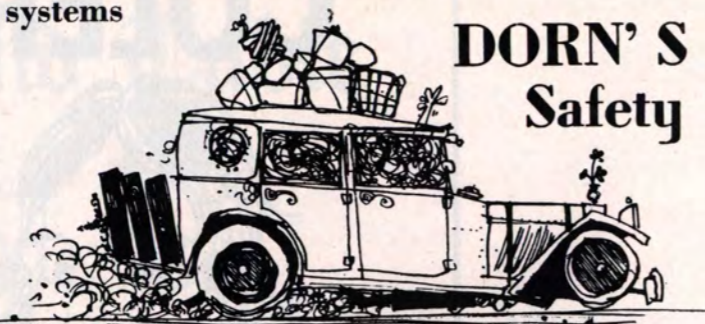


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(continued from page 13)

even their solid gold Layboy cuff links aren't earning them any "soap," as Mr. Balloon so graphically puts it. In order to avoid refunding cash for the cuff links, the editors have compiled a set of rules which must be followed religiously from date to date, until the novice feels he is sophisticated enough to play "it" by ear. For a beginner we feel that three dates are necessary for "soap," and in some stubborn cases as many as four or five may be needed. (Warning: the cuff links are still a necessity!)

First Date: Impress your chick with your sophisticated worldliness, especially concerning liquor and food. One ploy that seldom fails can be used when the waiter arrives with your platter of spaghetti. As soon as it's on the table you casually remark, "There are one hundred and six yards in a pound of uncooked spaghetti. That's longer than a tapeworm, and so" — you whisper huskily as you lean forward, being careful to swing your tie around the spaghetti—"is my love for you."

Later in the evening, inject the subject of raw sex into the conversation, being careful to keep your remarks on a completely impersonal level. Sigh deeply and say, "It would be wonderful to have a WARM PERSONAL relation — you know, a really frank relation — where neither of you has a SELF-CENTERED VIEW OF HIS OWN DIGNITY. But people are so PHONY now, I don't really ever hope to find one." If she sighs and says, "Yeh, yeh," go immediately to the instructions for the third date.

Second Date: Reinforce the idea of your sophistication by taking your date to the Layboy Key Club. (Too bad if you live in Omaha, but those prairie tigers are pushovers anyway.) Be sure to mention, as you prepare to leave, how sad it is that some people feel they MUST belong to such an organization. On the way home tell your date that she is different from any other girl you've ever known. Tell her you are going to take her to bed some day, and be sure to say it as if you're doing her a favor. If she laughs for more than thirty seconds, push the suicide seat ejector button you've had the foresight to install on the dashboard. She's a meat ball.

(continued page 57)



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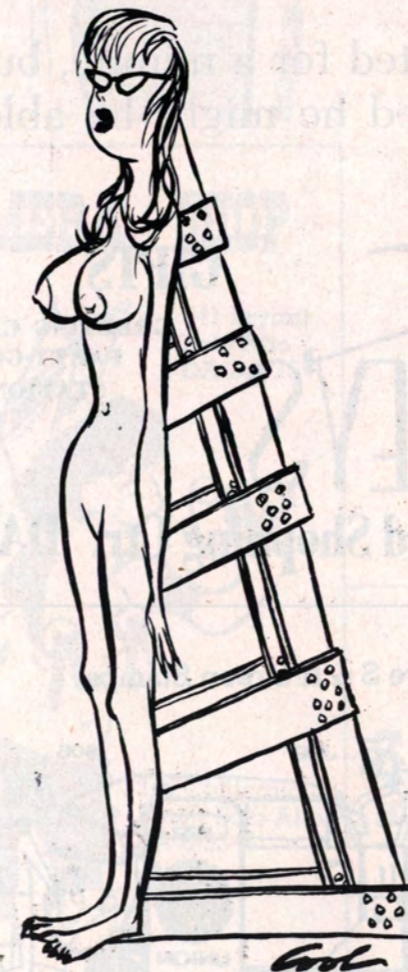
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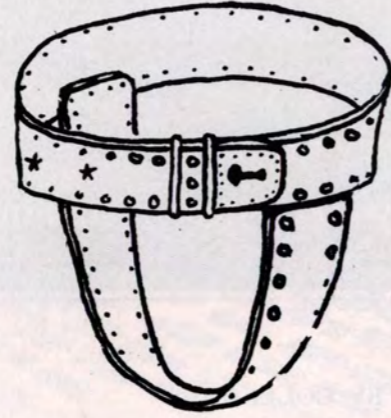
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for that night when everything must be perfect . . .



A man wearing a tuxedo walked into the store and inquired where he could purchase a chastity belt. After a frantic search we located a Mr. Hefner who collects them.



He hesitated for a minute, but finally decided he might be able to get by.

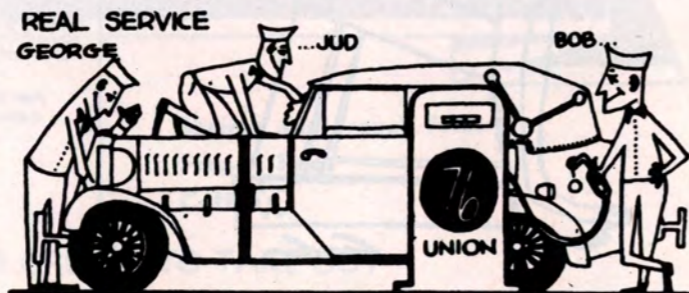


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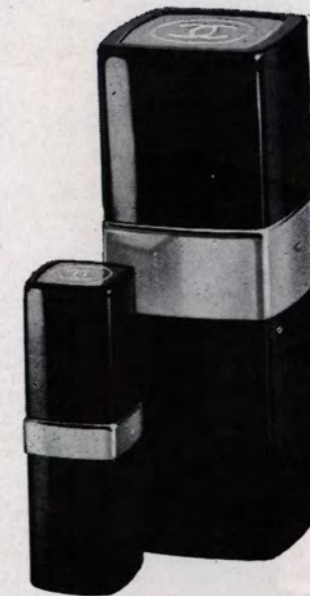
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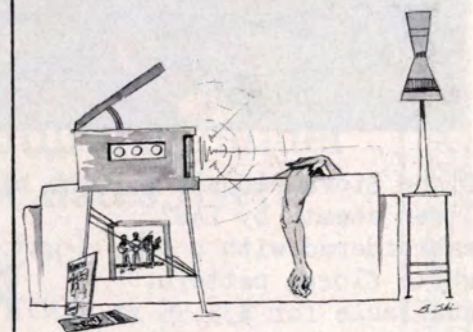
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(continued from page 49)

Third Date: If you get one, you're home. But it is advisable to proceed with some caution anyway. A good idea is to ask your date if she would like to drive for a while, and then, while she is at the wheel, casually suggest a visit to your apartment—to finish off the noontime truffles. Your little truffle will forthwith drive herself to virtue's doom, with absolutely no nasty twinges of where-is-he-taking-me doubt.

Above all, don't become discouraged if success is not immediate. It takes time, patience, and money to develop a workable technique.



An old lady was sitting in her rocking chair knitting, with her Persian cat reclining at her feet. Suddenly a fairy appeared and asked the old lady if there was anything she wished. "Yes," was the reply, "I would like to be a beautiful young woman again."

The fairy waved her wand—and there she stood, a lovely girl of twenty! "Now," asked the good fairy, "is there any other wish you would like granted?"

"Oh yes, I would like a handsome young man."

Turning to the cat, the fairy waved her wand. In its place rose a fine looking youth. He looked sadly at the girl and sighed, "Now aren't you sorry you took me to the vet?"

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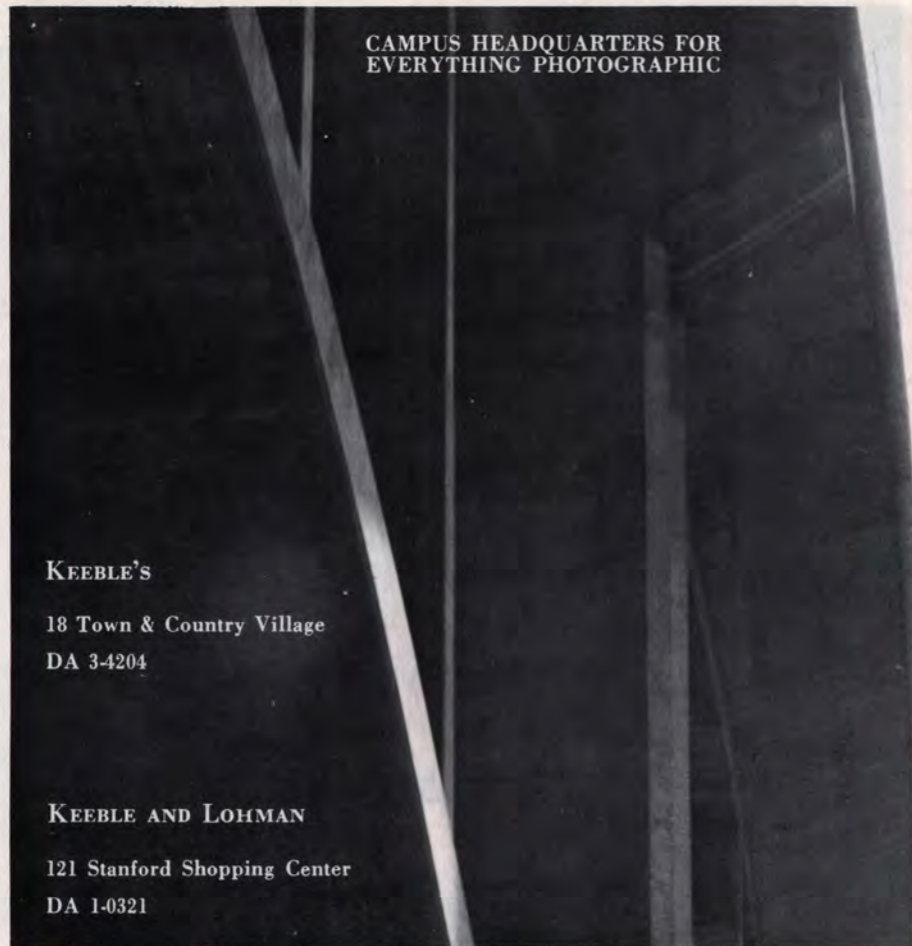
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73 TOWN & COUNTRY
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you never outgrow your need for malted milk.

(continued from page 17)

"Well, then," he continued, "just make a vow of chastity for Lent. That'll snow the priest, because it's a real sacrifice for most people. But you can live for another forty days plus Sundays the way you've been living for nineteen years."

Yes, it was a brilliant idea. I made a real double-barreled vow: "May the devil take me if I am false," and all that jazz. And I was just going great until . . . The last week before Easter was our spring vacation that year. I went down south to one of those warm, sunny beaches to get a sun tan.

Well, I got a little more than a sun tan. We were sitting around drinking one night with some girls we had met. I was having cuba libres, mixed in a rather potent proportion which I enjoy. One well-endowed girl came over beside me, and I offered her some to drink, and she gave me something she had been drinking, and the next thing we knew . . .

It was not yet late when I sobered up enough to realize what I had done. I jumped up, put on my clothes, and left without so much as a thank-you. I hadn't walked far when I heard the bell in the nearby town strike midnight. Suddenly, blindingly, and predictably, there was a flash of light, and this formally dressed character appeared. Immaculately formal—even a top hat and tails (one of which was his own).

"Ralph Carpenter," he stated in a suave voice, "I have come to claim you for my own."

"Just a minute, Luce—or Lucifer, if you're going to stand on formality," I said in an equally suave tone (for I was still too smashed to be scared). "We've heard you're a gambler. What do you want to bet I can talk my way out of this rap?"

"Fool," he sneered, "you waste my time. My forensic abilities are far greater than those of any mortal man. But, just to keep my reputation up, I'll wager this ring I wear against your arguments. It comes from home, and has one very great power. . . ."

"And that's how I got this ring," the average-looking barfly said to me. "Do you know what its power is?"

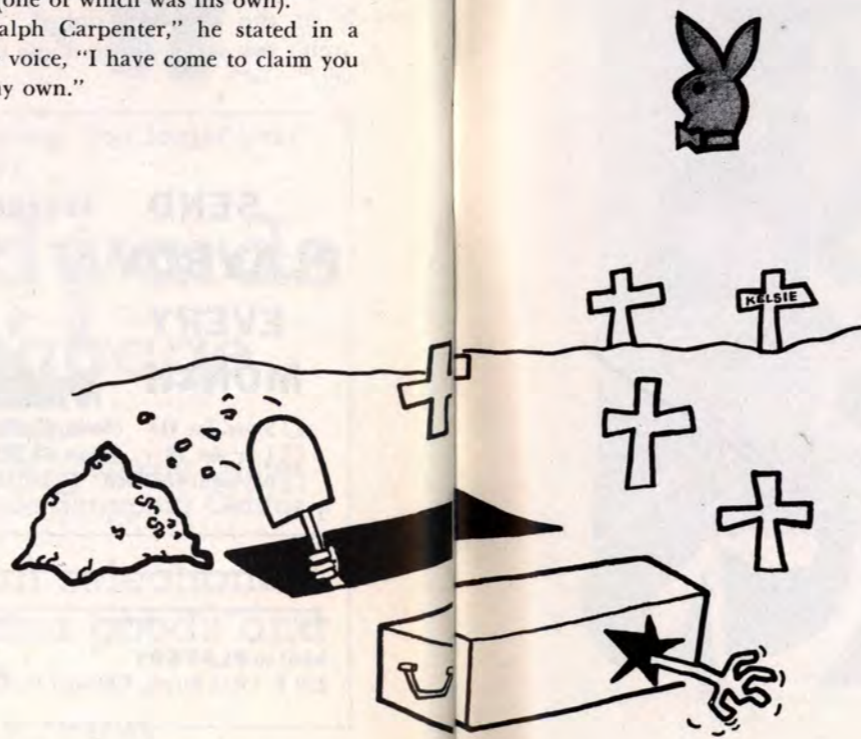
"But how," I asked, "did you out-talk your adversary?"

"Oh, that's a story in itself. You see, the poor devil hadn't been studying philosophy in a hell of a long time, and I had just taken a philosophy course that quarter. I threw a few *non sequiturs* at him, and a couple of *reductios ad absurdums*, and he was finished. But the ring—know what its power is?"

"No," I gave up, "what is it?"

"It's very ironic," he said softly; "it's what the ancients called the philosopher's stone. It has the power of transmuting one substance into another. Oh, bartender—finishing his Scotch—"another glass of water, please."

You hear the weirdest stories in bars sometimes. . . .



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Write to Janet Porraige for our illustrated Reader. Just like you read in first grade, this little book concerns the nefarious activities of the playfully promiscuous pair, Dick 'n' Jane. Of course it will cost you. It is impossible to send this stuff through the mails. We have compiled a list of "fronts" for this little dandy; just bop on in and tell 'em you want the "telephone book." If they give you the telephone book, you are in the wrong store. If they try to sell you something, for God's sake buy it. They are our advertisers, and they need the money to pay us off.

LAYBOY FLUNKS OUT

By PATRICK PENDING

Dear Mom and Dad,

Gosh, I don't know how to explain this to you, but I've just flunked out of Stanford. Before you say it, Dad, I know that "we rabbits have a proud record of academic achievement." I'm afraid that I've just broken that record. Of course it's my fault, and my fault alone—you've always provided me with the necessities of Stanford life: Corvette, bachelor apartment, hi-fi, and, not least of all, large bundles of cash. But somehow I've been unable to put them together "meaningfully," as we in student government usually like to say.

So what have I got to show for my six months on The Farm? An unusual wardrobe, consisting of two brown suits, a hopsack sport-coat, and twelve pairs of grubby dungarees; I think I'll just leave them in the closet for my successors. Right-angle big toes from wearing Go-Aheads 16 hours a day every day.

A rather sketchy view of life in ancient Egypt. And, again not least of all, a progressive tic from being dumped on by the dollies. No complaint, but the guys with *new* Corvettes seem to get all the breaks.

What's next on the prodigal's schedule? SC, I guess—I hear they're not so fussy on the learning bit, which has really been my big problem at Stanford. (I'm sure I can adjust to a hectic social life.) If I can't hack it there, I guess I'll be around for that junior partnership, Dad. Right now I've decided to take a long vacation away from it all. I want to give myself a chance to think things out, and maybe even develop a personal philosophy to carry me through future crises. Jamaica sounds ideal, so that's where I'll be heading Monday. And *no cash*, if you please. Traveler's checks are so much safer, and I hate to carry more than you can afford to lose.

Your loving son,

PETER



NEXT MONTH:

CRASH COMICS

IF YOU CAN FIND
A BETTER THERMOMETER...
KRAMETTE!

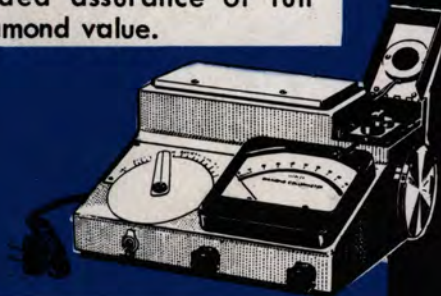
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Thermometers

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