

the stanford

CHAPARRAL

april

40c

DEAN OF MEN
DEAN OF WOMEN
DEAN OF STUDENTS



BEER BELONGS — ENJOY IT

Songs for Beer Belongs

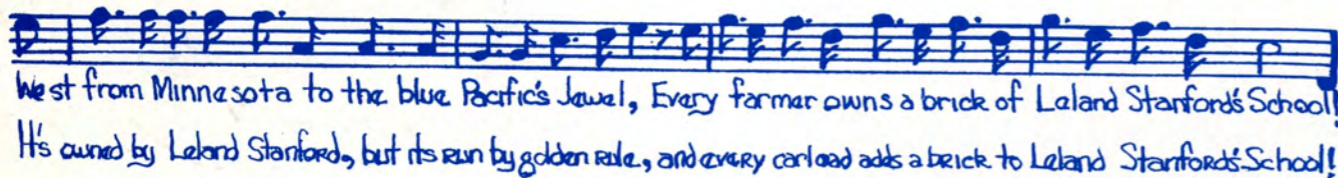
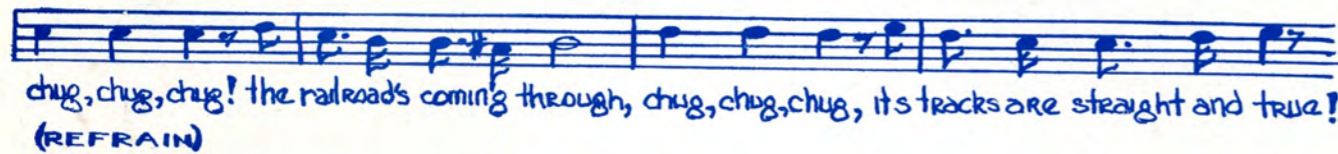
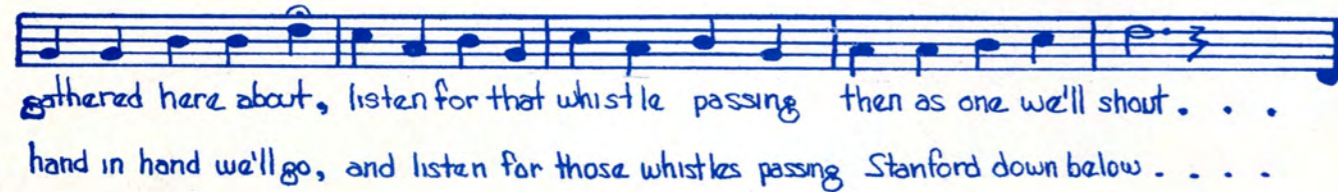
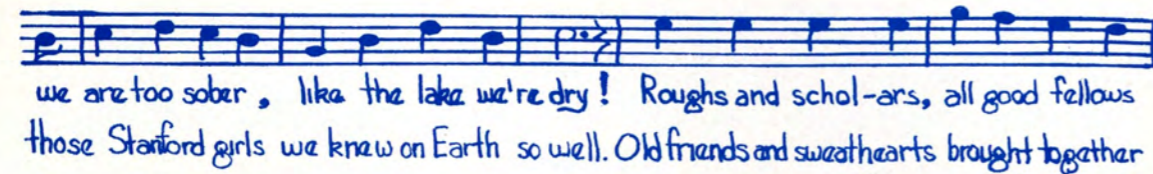
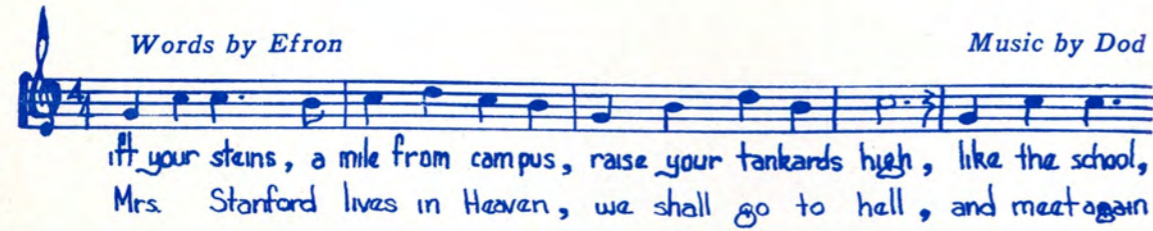
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(Chug! Chug! Chug!)



Words by Efron

Music by Dod



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(to the tune of Yankee Doodle)

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Marching On to Victory!
We are the stalwarts of a private nation,
The land of the landed free!
We face our foe in Public Education
Across the Bay at Ber-ke-ley. . . .
But Jowl to Jowl we will snarl and scowl
And march along to victory!
(You can't sing this to Yankee Doodle, you fools)



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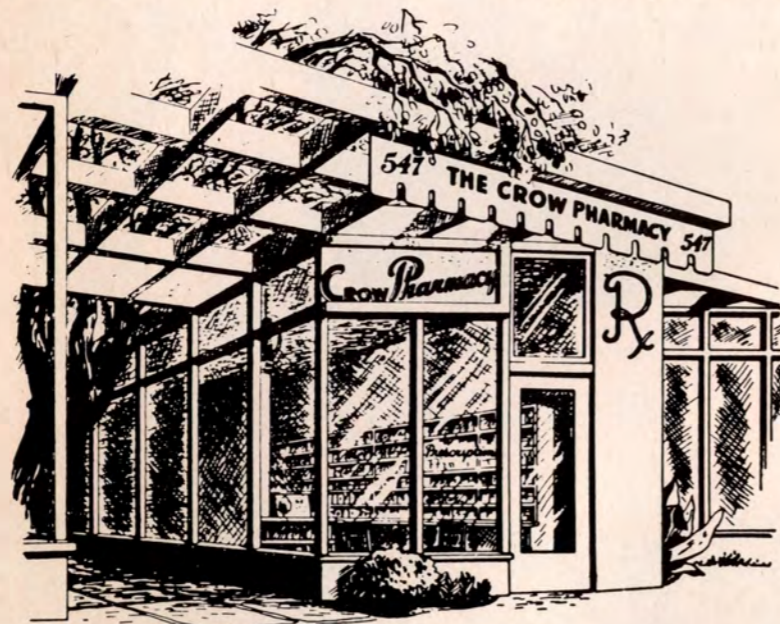


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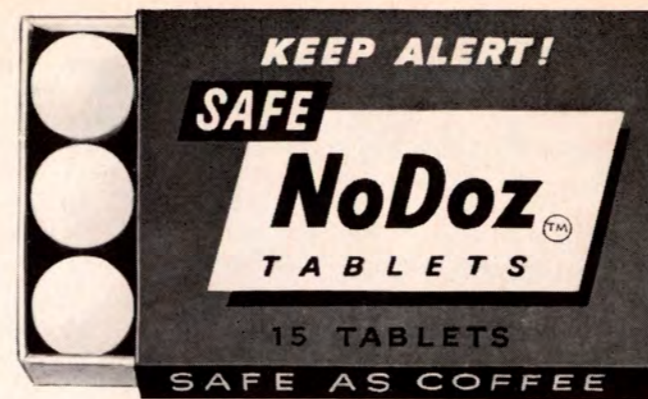


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BYRON



on Life Savers:

"Give away thy breath!"

From My 36th Year, line 36

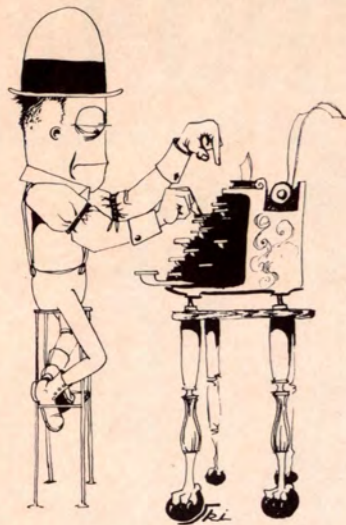


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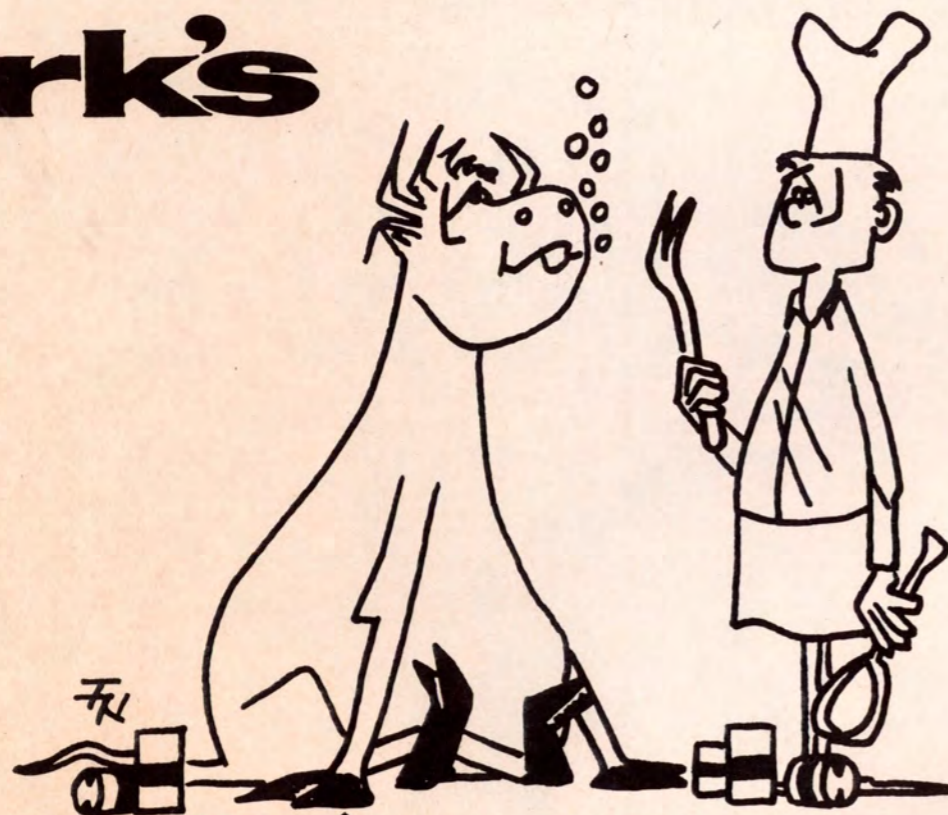
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THE KIRKBURGER, ALSO, BELONGS . . .

the stanford CHAPARRAL

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IT IS BETTER TO HAVE TAPPED A KEG THAN NEVER TO HAVE PUT THE BIRD AT ALL



The Chappies

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NOW THAT springtime is once again rapping at our windowpane, the Old Boy happily raps his attention to a hallmark of the Vernal season—beer, that fermented essence of all that is worthwhile in man and nature. "Beer, Beer, Beer!" the angels sing in unison, and if certain minor poets now and then maunder on about love, well everyone knows that minor poets are a little queer anyway. It's beer that matters at Stanford, and the other pleasures of this fleshy paradise suffer greatly by comparison.

It is truly said that "Man looks into his beer mug and sees himself as he is." From the age of the bow and arrow to the age of the BankAmericard mankind has cherished beer for its hearty honesty, its forthright beeriness. (See "The Story of Beer—An Epic of Man and Booze," in this issue.) Once again we must turn to the classics for words sufficiently eloquent to vent our emotions: "Give mee my beere, and the world goe hange," said the good Dr. Johnson, and we can do no more than agree.

But why, if beer is such an acknowledged boon to man and child, is there no beer on the Stanford campus? Why indeed! The Administration of this great institution, fine men of superior vision and not opposed to a small tankard themselves now and then, know full well that scholarship and the amber ale make poor bedfellows. Religion may be the opiate of the masses, but beer is truly the opiate of the student body. And so, understandably enough, our campus remains a dry speck in an otherwise wet world.

But if we cannot drink beer (on campus), we can at least talk about it, and even sing a little, too, and that brings us back to the Chaparral at hand. What can possibly be said about beer that has not been said a thousand times before? "Nothing" was the first reaction of our hard-pressed but dogged little staff, but then we've started with less than that before. A little unearthing unearthed a mother-lode of beery facts, songs, stories, and just plain bull. And this we now offer to you, fellow Red and Whiter, for your enjoyment and edification. Skoal!

An historical note: In keeping with this year's generally constructive attitude around the Chaparral office, the reader will find a set of Chappie beer labels, suitable for labeling, on the inside back cover of this issue. These are no mere creations of the moment, but facsimiles of genuine beer labels used on genuine beer! They were designed by Allen Dodworth, of motorcycle fame, and produced by Barry Farris. The beer they labeled has gurgled warmly in the stomachs of many a hearty Chappie, and, God and the Army willing, will continue to do so in the future.

Texas Ranger, R.I.P.

Despite what you may have heard from your sponsor, Stanford University
(Concluded on overleaf)

Sure we
can always
squeeze 3
in the rumble
seat!



And you can always get the clothes you need at Roos/Atkins with a new SUPER/CHARGE..show your Reg. Card! Buy what you need when you need it. Nothing down and a long time to pay!

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CHAPARRAL/April

is not the only college campus cursed with a humor magazine. Until quite recently the University of Texas staggered under the burden of the Texas Ranger, a sharp-tongued journal devoted to deflating a prolific breed of Texas Donkey, the Pompous Ass.

Blood-stained newspaper clippings tell us that the Texas Ranger deflates no more. "The entire central staff of the magazine has been removed as the result of a four-letter word concealed in a story illustration for the November issue. The offending word was not discovered until three weeks after publication."

Three weeks! A sloppy job you must admit, compared with the hawk-eyed efficiency of our own administration who can spot an off-color innuendo in a page of solid prose. Once again Stanford has good reason to be proud of the men who, with a firm hand at the tiller, guide us safely through the muddy waters of sensationalism and smut.

As for the Texas Ranger? We predict they will soon be back at the same old stand, chastened but unbowed. You can't keep a good bunch of bad apples down.

—The Old Boy



"I'm a little confused. Does Scotty Thompson register for my classes or do I invite him?"



Photograph by *Hans Roth*
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The Story of Beer



Beer began in 1687 with a simple bootlegging operation in this undistinguished converted barn in a small Flemish town. Until this time, man had been drinking wine, mead, and schnapps. But no beer. Then, a farmer, Jan Haps, stumbled upon the method of fermenting malted barley, grain, sugar, and hops to produce a wonderful alcoholic beverage. It was not called beer until much later, however, as we shall see. For almost 200 years it was referred to simply as "brew." Here we see a tense moment at the compact little brewery as the local bust has arrived at the door. He was subverted with a few glasses of the nut-brown product and Hap's brewery prospered.



But man abused this nectar. When consumed in copious quantities, beer may induce alcoholic intoxication. The frequency of drunken brawls increased alarmingly. Alarmed, the authorities first restricted the production and consumption of brew: half measures failed, and finally brew was proscribed altogether. The year: 1754. Man was to live without beer for 127 years.



Brew was forgotten until one night in the winter of 1881, the night of the famous Beer-Hall Putsch. The patrons of a joint run by one Harold A. Beer, grown tired of amusing themselves each night eating pretzels and throwing darts, assembled for an historic meeting. The result? A committee was formed headed by Samuel Hall with the purpose of finding some new

form of entertainment to while away the evenings. The committee discovered references to Brew in old books and with money provided by Harold Beer, they made a batch. The world had found the golden drink again, and named it beer, in honor of its patron.

An Epic of Man and Booze

AL DODWORTH



Beer! Beer! The word spread like wildfire! Soon beer was on everyone's lips. The workingman, the jolly jack tar, the tired housewife, all found in beer a delightful, economical way

to let down their hair after a day's hard toil. The little girl at the table grew up to be Joseph Schlitz, who made Milwaukee famous for its beer.

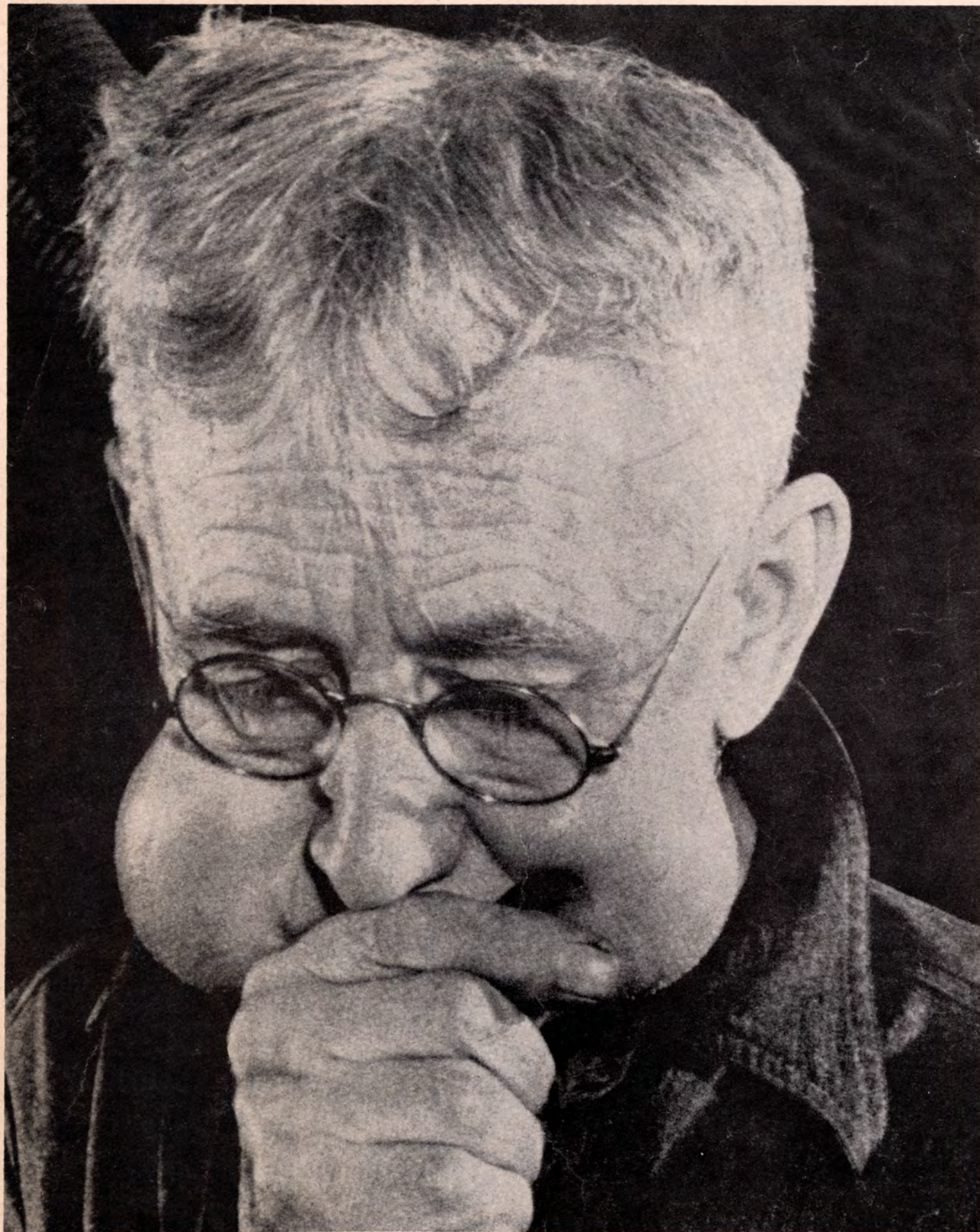


The student adopted beer as his own. College officials often suggested that perhaps the students drank a little too much and that they would be better off studying, but until the advent of the ABC the motto of the bartender was "Youth will be served." But the law tightened up and collegians under 21 were often driven to drinking in their dormitory rooms.



As undergraduate drinking waxed, the students learned that the best way to save themselves from the law was to become the law. At Stanford University a Women's Council and a Men's Council were established to regulate the drinking of beer on campus. Here we see Women's Council preparing to hand the brown-ended baton to a miscreant.

(Concluded on overleaf)



Of course there are a few with whom beer just does not agree. But for the majority, to know beer is to love it. Down through its glorious history, men have fought and died for beer. Long

may the happy cry "More beer!" ring out in the beer joints and taverns. Long may beery voices cry "Skool!" "Cheers!" and "Down yours!"

Bacon fat holder

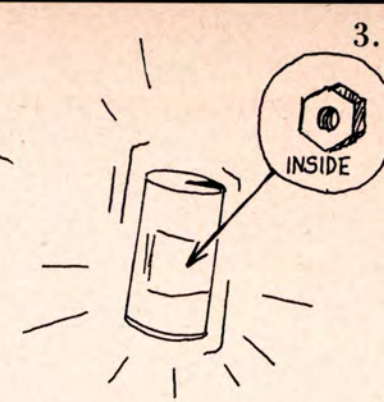


THIRTY-NINE THINGS TO DO

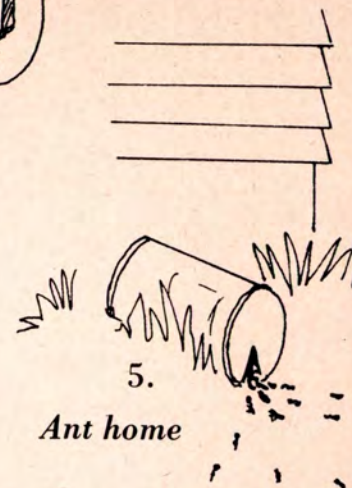
WITH BEER CANS



Planter and sprinkler set



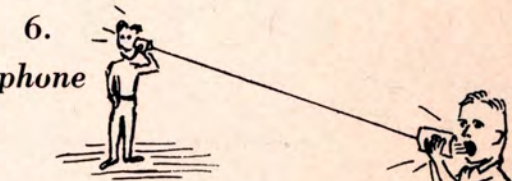
Halloween noise-maker



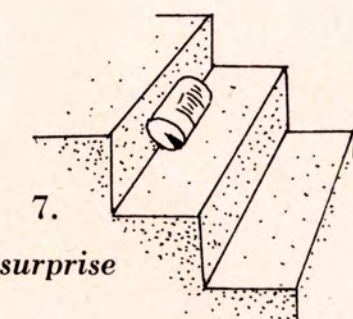
Ant home



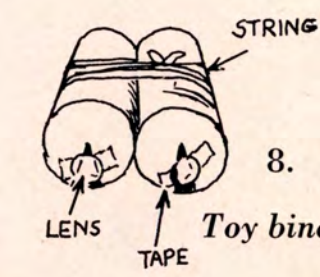
Butter dish



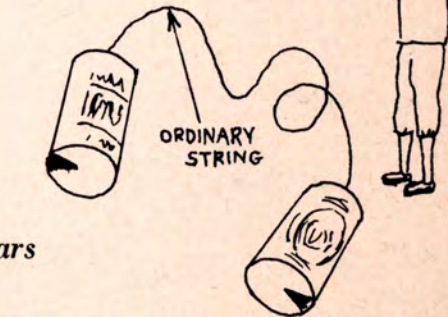
Beer can telephone



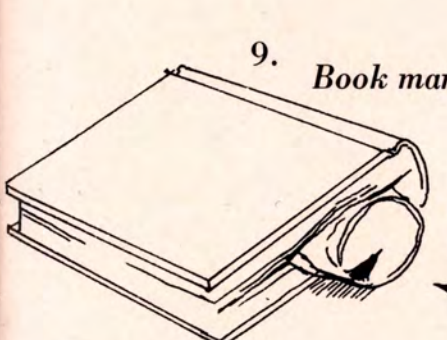
Stairway surprise



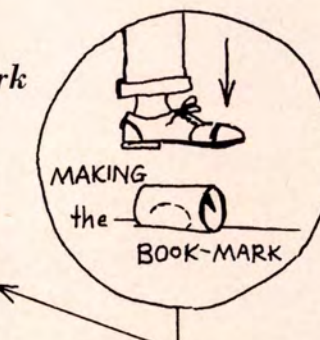
Toy binoculars



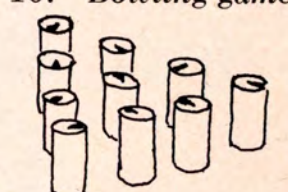
Bowling game



Book mark



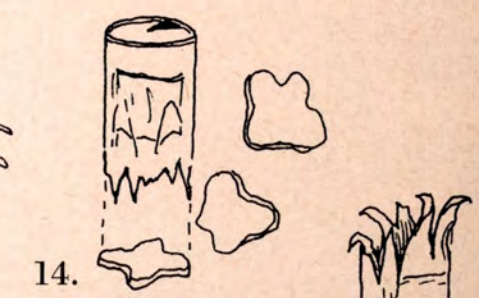
Ship-in-a-beercan



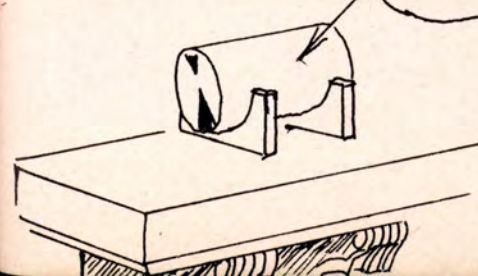
"Best Girl" bracelet



Bird feeder



Cookie cutter

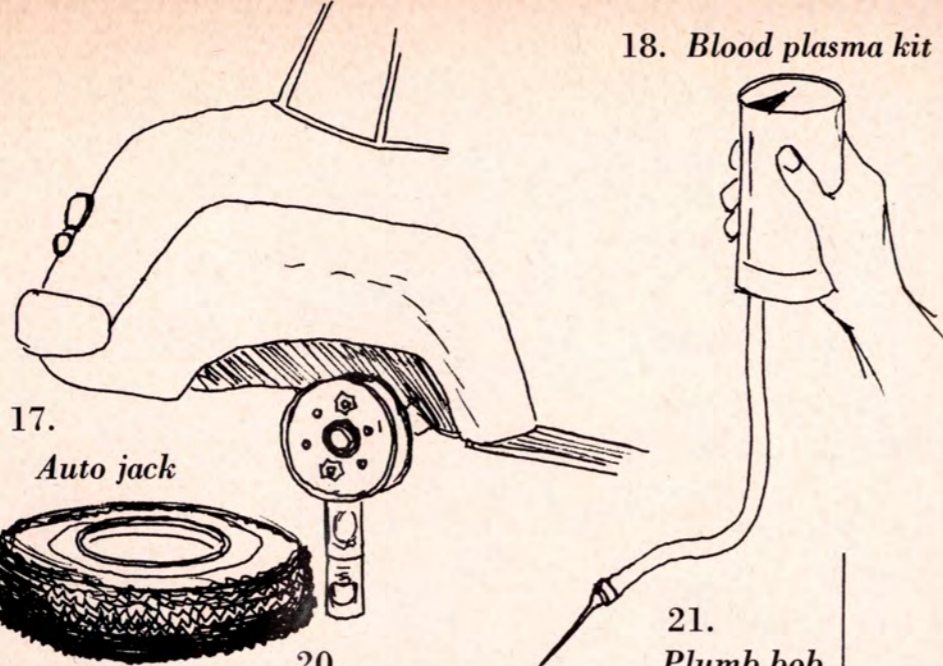


Highway surprise

(continued on next page)

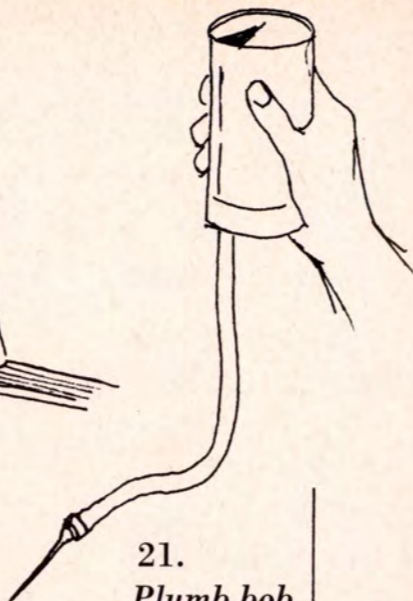


16. Giant lipstick

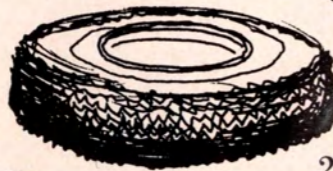


17. Auto jack

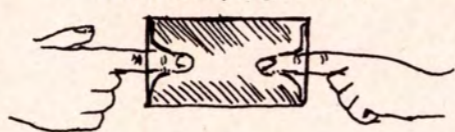
18. Blood plasma kit



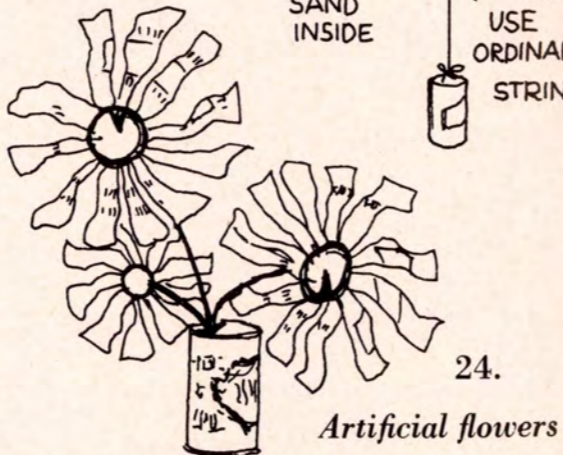
21. Plumb bob



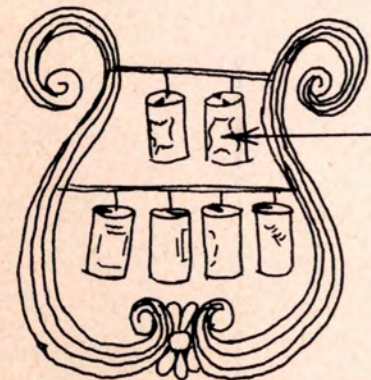
20. Chinese finger trap



GRAVEL or SAND INSIDE
HEAVY THREAD or FISHLINE
(DO NOT USE ORDINARY STRING)



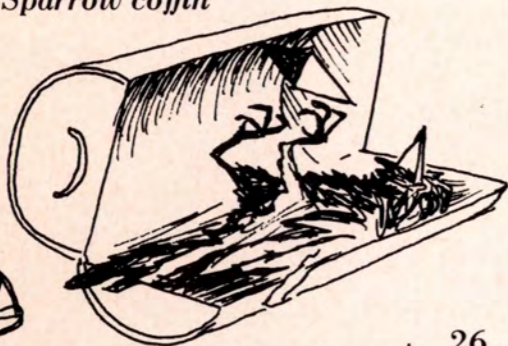
24. Artificial flowers



19. Glockenspiel



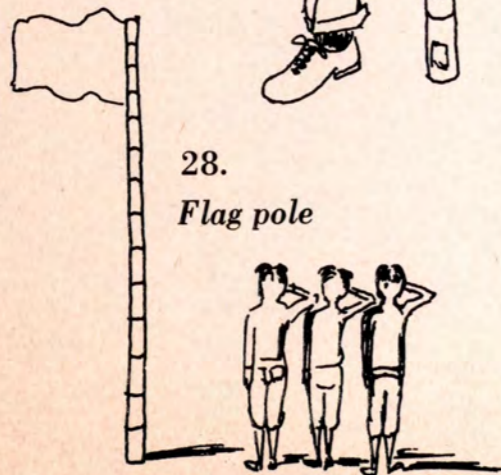
23. Sparrow coffin



22. Shoes



26. Peg leg



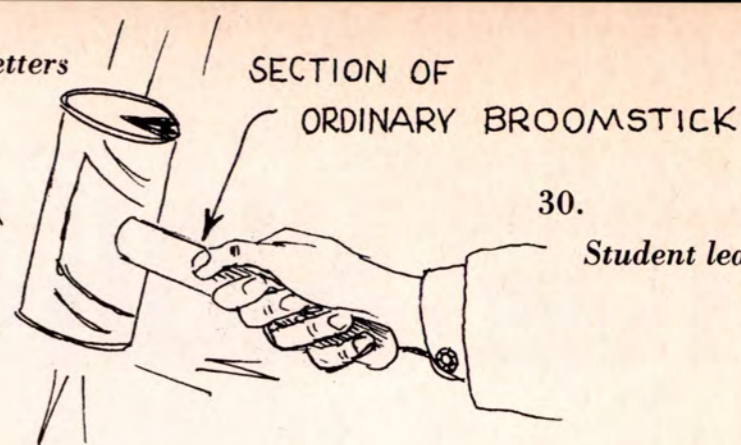
28. Flag pole



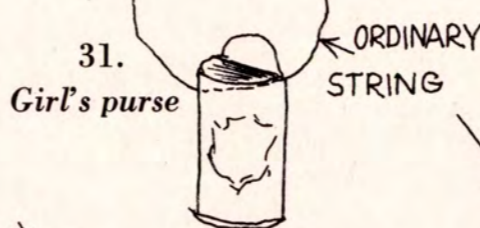
27. Xmas Decorations



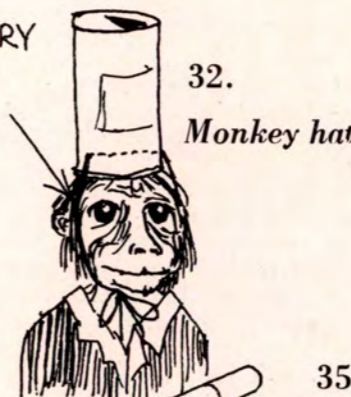
29. Attention getters



30. Student leader gavel



31. Girl's purse



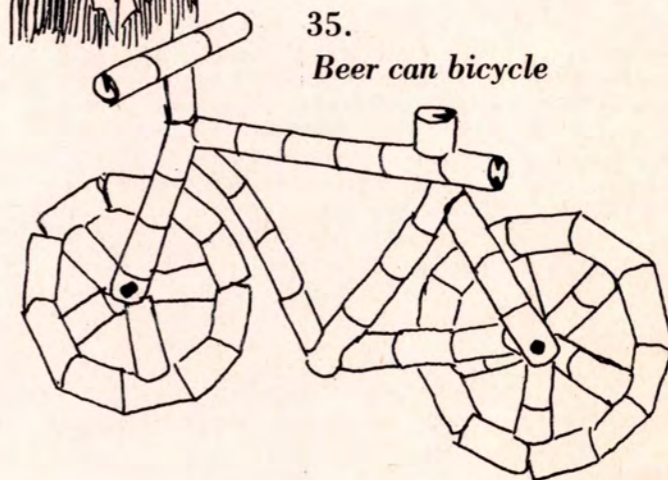
32. Monkey hat



33. Dog game

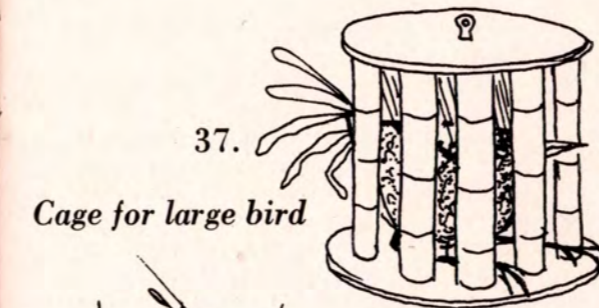


34. Shell game

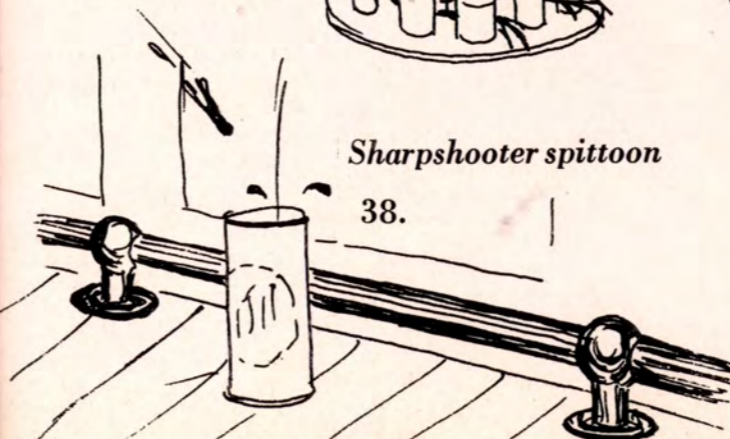


35. Beer can bicycle

36. Great pyramid of Cheops (Neighbor surprise)



37. Cage for large bird



38. Sharpshooter spittoon



39. "Let's play Doctor" (toy stethoscope)

THE NIGHT BEER

by Judy Skinner

Be serious, I mumbled over and over to myself my freshman year, *you don't want to go out drinking. All you have for an I.D. is a Girl Scout Card, and even if it did say you were twenty-one what bartender would believe a Girl Scout wanted a scotch and soda?*

It was about my looks—I wasn't a creeping social disease or anything, but I did look young, much younger than a potential beer-mug-toting girl *should* look. I tried everything to give myself that tell-tale grey look of an older woman—I smoked Pall Malls constantly . . . I wore contacts to achieve a distant "I-have-experienced-everything-you-have-to-offer-world" look . . . and I piled my hair way up on top of my head in a swirly fashion that literally added a foot to my height. I knew it didn't work, though, because everytime I went to the movies I still had to say "adult" very quickly, before they could ask me if I wanted a junior ticket. I *still* looked like a refugee from "American Bandstand."

As a result, of course, my dating life was an endless succession of coffee dates at the local houses of good repute. That's why I wasn't exactly overwhelmed when Lance Jantzen came up to me after our English class and asked me out to coffee. I do remember now that he sort of winked when he said "coffee," but I dismissed it as an unfortunate tic or something. The girls back at the dorm were very impressed when they heard I had a date with Lance—I gathered he was supposed to be a combination of Chubby Checker and the Sheik of Araby and reported to be rather excitingly aggressive. I restrained my already nonexistent enthusiasm, because I knew it would be just another in a long series of "meetings of the minds" over the tables at Stickney's.

I first realized what was happening when we got in the car and Lance said "You did bring your I.D., didn't you?" Realizing that the Girl Scout bit wouldn't be a smashing success, I kept my mouth shut for a minute. "Well," I finally said with forced bravado, "I don't really think I need one." I resolutely pushed the fact that a supermarket had refused me cigar-

ettes only the week before to the farthest recesses of my mind.

"No, of course not," Lance said casually, "But sometimes those cops around here are nearsighted." I prayed fervently that they would be.

As we walked into the famed beer joint I had dreamed so much about, a feeling of elation swept over me—I hadn't remembered feeling that good since I first saw Disneyland—nothing could restrain my joy! "It's beautiful!" I said in spite of myself.

"What?" Lance said, and I blushed at my own enthusiasm.

I fumbled around, "I mean, I'm beautiful," and blushed even more, "I mean that girl over there, she's beautiful, I mean, very attractive and all and . . ." I stopped, flustered because there was no one in the place but boys.

Luckily someone started to play the jukebox and we went over to sit down.

"Light or dark?" my date said as I settled gingerly in my seat, managing to pick up a minimum of splinters.

"Dark," I said, but my voice didn't rise above the jukebox.

Lance leaned down and said, "Did you say dark?"

"Right," I said.

"Oh light," he said, misunderstanding me again. As he moved confidently away I began to have an inkling that the evening was not irrevocably doomed to social success.

Lance came back a few minutes later with two glasses that looked more like vases than beer mugs. I picked mine up rather uncertainly and tried to bring it slowly to my mouth when I realized Lance was pouring some of his into a small dixie cup. I was considerably relieved at this innovation as I didn't have very good control on the big mug and had visions of myself mumbling "bottoms-up," only to tip the entire thing over my head.

"Well," Lance said, smacking his lips, "that was quite a story you turned in to English."

"Well," I said, smacking my lips too, "maybe it was a little trite." I had a hard time mustering up the unusual modesty

as I felt that the story was one of my sophisticated attempts.

"They say people tend to write about themselves," Lance smiled. He leaned forward and that tic that wasn't a tic flashed again, "Are you anything like Margaret—"

I was pouring my drink at that point and in my embarrassment I let the foam go way over the side. He was looking at me so earnestly that he didn't notice the gigantic blob of foam creeping slowly toward him.

"But, Lance, Margaret was amoral. I just put her in the story to contrast with that hymn-singing street cleaner."

I kept wishing the blob of foam would stop moving so irrevocably closer to his side of the table. I didn't want to blot it with my napkin because it would just call attention to the fact that I didn't know how to pour beer. I thought maybe it would just stop in a moment if I kept breathing on it when he wasn't looking, and it would dry up.

Lance just kept looking earnestly at me. "The sheer insight you had into her character though. That absolutely realistic touch of that ostrich-shaped birthmark on her right shoulder, surely you must have been talking about someone you *knew*, someone you knew *very*—"

"Stop!" I mumbled at the blob of foam.

"Aha!" Lance said, "I knew I was right! You don't have to show me the birthmark on your right shoulder, I know it's . . ." He stopped and looked down with disgust at the foam that was dripping over the table onto his leg.

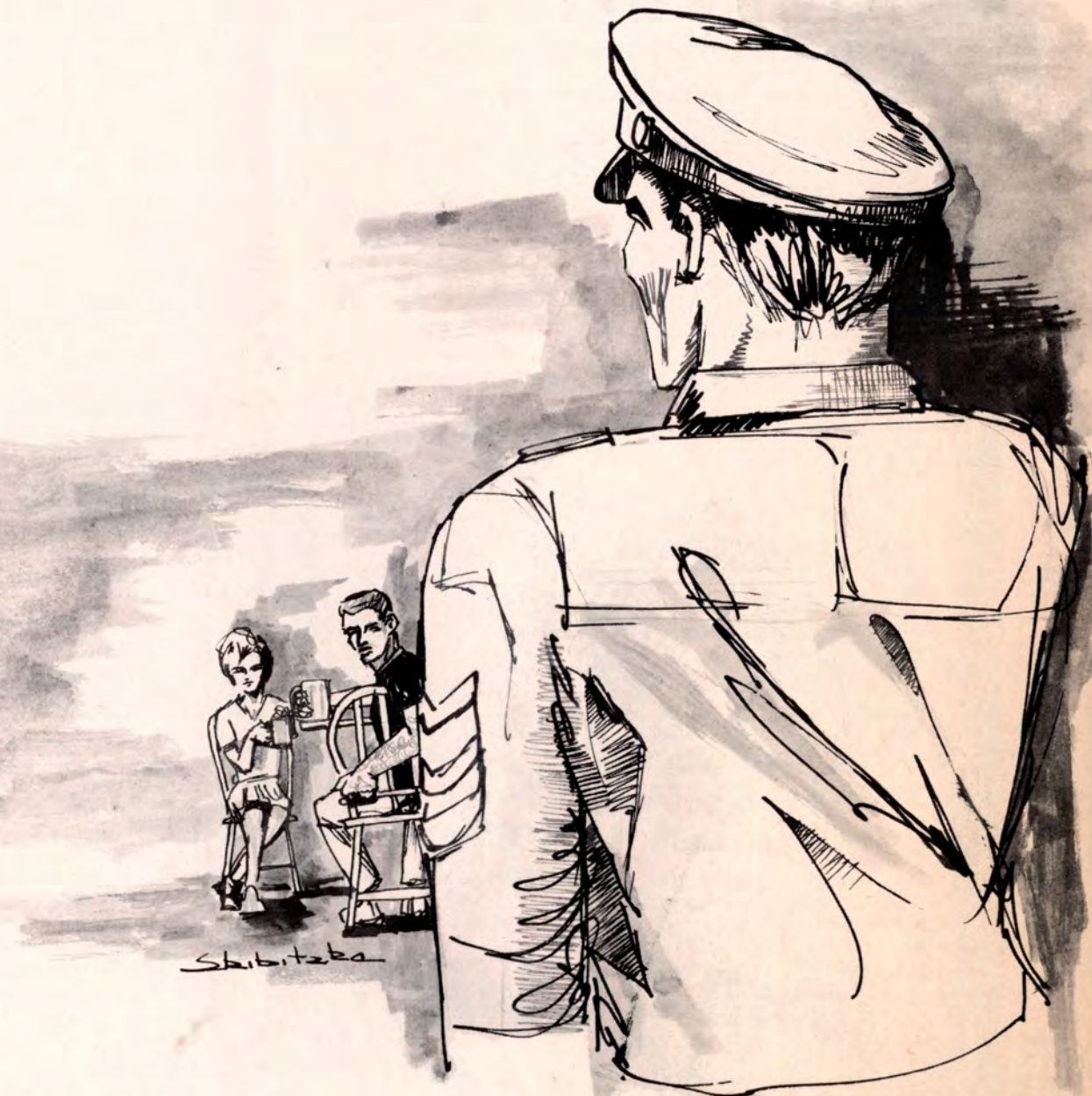
I tried to remain cheerful while he dabbed frantically with a napkin. "Foam is to beer as fallout is to atomic bombs, except that it doesn't matter which way you pour an atomic bomb."

Lance just grumbled unsociably. Suddenly a boy burst through the door and yelled, "The cops are here!" Lance looked desperate and said, "Quick! Chug it!"

I reached for my huge mug and started to gulp beer down. I got about halfway through when the policeman came in the

(Continued on page 18)

DIDN'T BELONG



"The cops are here!"



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The Old Boy's Queen choice this issue was ferreted out by Chappie Staffer, Mark Draper, whose wet-lipped search ended in Roble Hall. There he discovered lovely Karin Blom, with stein in hand and conveniently clad in a charming two-piece swim suit from Lanz. This healthy young Swedish maid is—appropriately enough for this issue's theme—from the Land of Sky Blue Water and Frothy White Foam. Lest the administration find reason to take offense and render us our usual portion of ill-deserved gas, the Old Boy hastens to disavow the idea that the "beer" mug held by the non-voting-aged Miss Blom contains other than Bubble-Up.



the old boy present

KARIN BLOM

his beer belongs que





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Rates for Stanford Parties

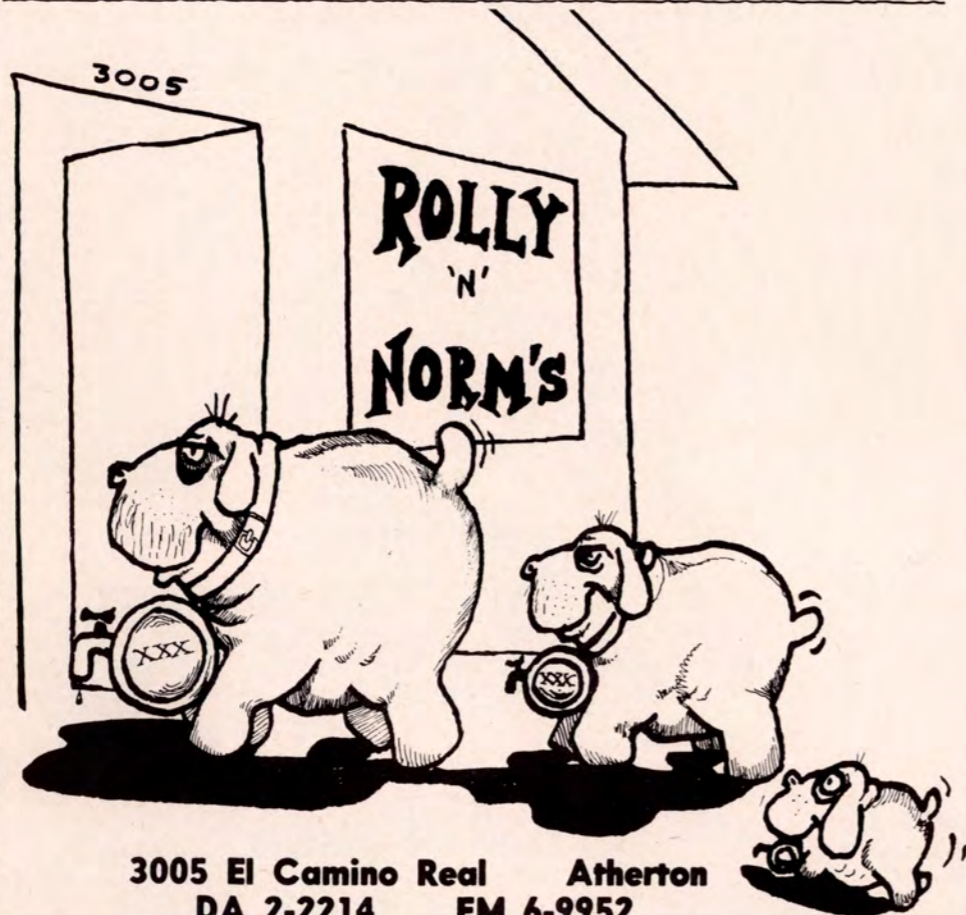
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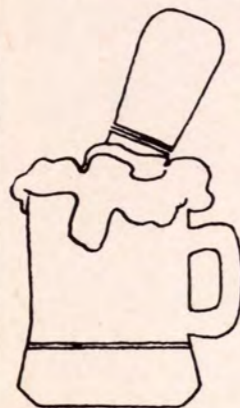
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rushing tonight hot damn gotta get a bid sigma chi yeah man that's the one they're really swell fellows let's see what'll i wear gotta look cool tonight lance old boy gotta show these frat guys what a real groovy valley boy looks like hmmm maybe the one button roll nah the blue serge double breasted yeah man that's it now the hand painted tie.

hitting the big time tonight gotta look sharp damn my shoes have a hole in them oh well i'll wear the sneakers it's a casual function anyway

well how do we look boyle pretty sharp cool cat lance boyle they'll call me i'd better get another studly guy to go with me here's mike letcher

"Mike, let's you and me hit the row and show 'em a couple of real swinger-ooones, whaddya say, Mike old boy?"

"Sorry, Boyle, but I, uh, decided not to rush. I'm going to study."

"OK. Your tough luck, I guess."

i hate to see him miss his chance funny he was wearing a coat and tie to go study in though guess i'll ride over alone the bike looks pretty good glad i polished it today wait'll they see those 32 forward speeds damn got grease on the shirt cuff oh well it was kinda dirty anyway oh oh i'm late better really burn over there man this is work better run this stop sign oops didn't see that guy did i splatter mud on him whee look at him back there shaking his fist is he ever mad

sheeee i'm getting tired really working up a sweat doggone my clearasil is starting to run hope it doesn't get on the collar

damn caught the pants cuff in the chain oh well it was a little frayed anyway well here's the sigma chi's place

just listen to them in there really having a good time i gotta make a really cool first impression how'll i make the big entrance i know i'll run in and jump on a chair and tell a really neat funny story maybe lead a yell here goes . . . ugh . . . oh pain well guess i'd better get up must look sorta silly lying here on my back you'd think those people wouldn't laugh i could be really hurt bad

"Ha, ha, sorry about that chair, fellows. You'd think you guys would have better furniture than that. Say, did you hear the one about . . ."

hmm they're not listening guess i'll just drift around and find a beer here's another rushee maybe he'll know where i can find one he'll probably be one of my future frat brothers think i'll try out the joy buzzer on him ha ha he dropped his drink i guess that shows him he's not dealing with some hayseed

"Hello there, old man! What'ya think of this turkey frat, huh? I heard these were some sharp guys, but they don't show me much. What'ya think of these weenies?" hmm he seems a little reserved sort of grinding his teeth

"As a matter of fact, I happen to be the president of this 'weenie' fraternity."

oh oh better change the subject he seems touchy

"Say, your suit looks real crumby, how come?"

"Some pimply little jerk splashed mud on me a minute ago. As a matter of fact he was a skinny guy about your size . . ."

oops

"Well, guess I'd better drift around a bit."

geez that was close hey no one has given me a beer yet funny guess i'll just look around that guy there set his down i'll just ease over he'll never miss it oh oh he's looking for it i'd better chug it fast

hey there's a bunch of guys talking to mike letcher i thought he wasn't coming must of changed his mind look they're all leaving must be a big party afterward

"Hey, fellows! Wait for me! Wait up, huh?"

guess they didn't hear me i was sure mike looked back but i guess not because they sure hurried to leave i think maybe i shouldn't have drank that beer so fast what would mom say if she knew i had my first beer funny i don't feel so hot all of a sudden my stomach feels real strange like maybe i'm going to barf oh oh . . .

"Sorry, ma'm, about your dress, I sure hope that comes off in the cleaners. Oh well, it's sort of a funny looking dress anyway, so guess it doesn't matter too much, ha, ha." well i played that one pretty casual

hey here comes a bunch of guys this way geez i think it's the bid committee

"Hello gang, what's up? Got a bid for me, huh? huh?"

"Well, Boyle, we've heard a lot about you from people in your dorm, and you've really lived up to your, uh, reputation. You've really made a big impression on the guys in the fraternity. I don't think we'll ever forget you. We have something in this package for you."

oh boy this is it they're giving me a frat pin wait'll i write mom and dad

"Gee, thanks a lot, fellows. I feel all choked up."

"So do we, Boyle, believe me. Why don't you step out here into the next room and open the package?"

boy the joke's on them they made a mistake they accidentally pushed me through the wrong door i'm outside ha ha hmmm the door seems to be locked now they don't seem to hear me pounding on it guess i'll open the package holy cow they made another mistake why there's nothing in here but a turkey bone

a trip to fratville

by mark draper



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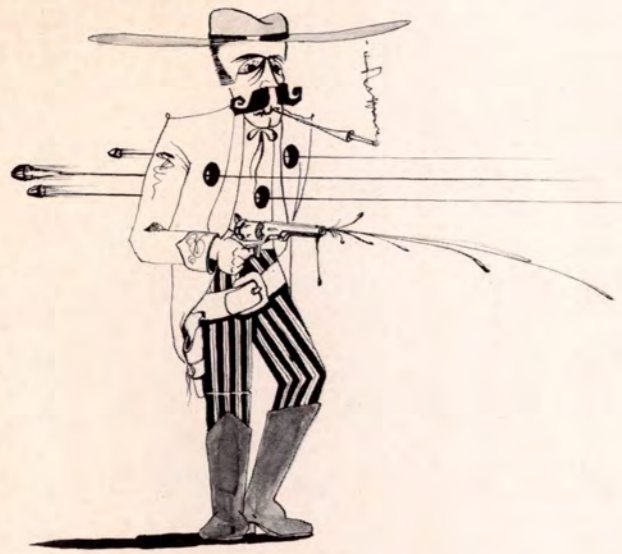
—Three of a series



"You lighted the filter end!"

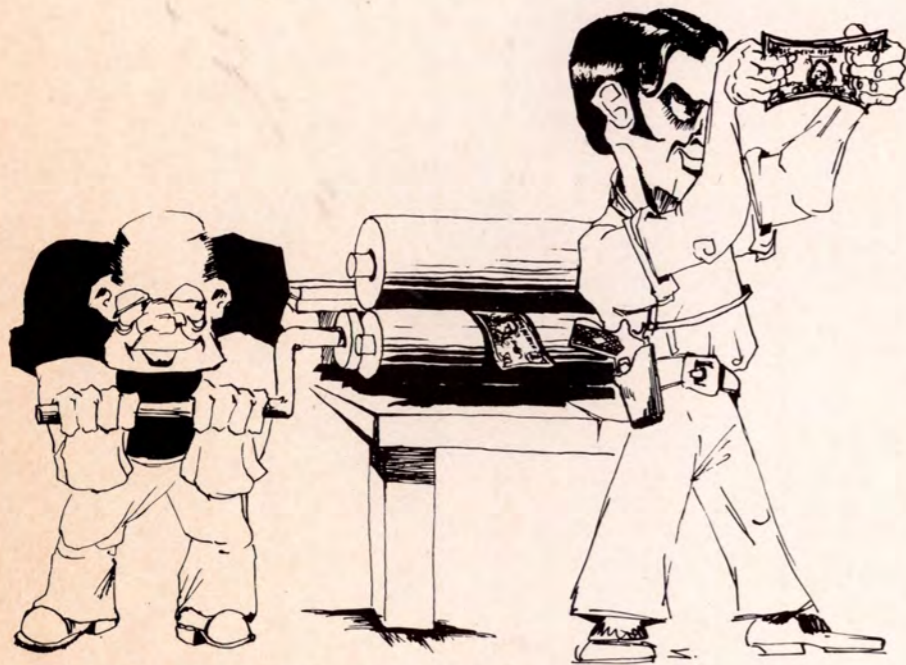
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Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be delicately described as a compromising position.

"See here," exclaimed the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh, young man? That's ridiculous! Preposterous! Why, you couldn't even keep her in underwear."

"You haven't been doing too well yourself, sir."

"Well," said the sergeant, "I saw a Korean coming at me and like you told me I stared him straight in the eye and said, 'Stalin is a s.o.b.'"

"Yes," intoned the Lieut., and what happened?"

"Then," said the Sgt., "he looked me straight in the eye and said, 'Truman is a s.o.b.'"

"Yes, yes," urged the Lieut., "but what happened?"

"We were shaking hands when the truck hit us."

A visitor to a small town in Florida was amazed at the great number of small children crowding the streets. Never before had he seen so many children in one town, so to satisfy his curiosity he asked the town policeman about it.

"It's this way," drawled the cop. "There's an express train rushes by here every mornin' at half past six, wakin' everybody up. It's too early to get up, and too late to go back to sleep."

Seems as though a little girl was talking to her mother:

"Oh, Mama, I saw the nicest man today."

"Who was he, dear?"

"He was the garbage man, Mama."

"And why was he so nice?"

"Well, he was carrying a can of garbage over his head to the wagon; and while he had it over his head the bottom came out and the garbage fell all over him, and he just stood there and talked to God."



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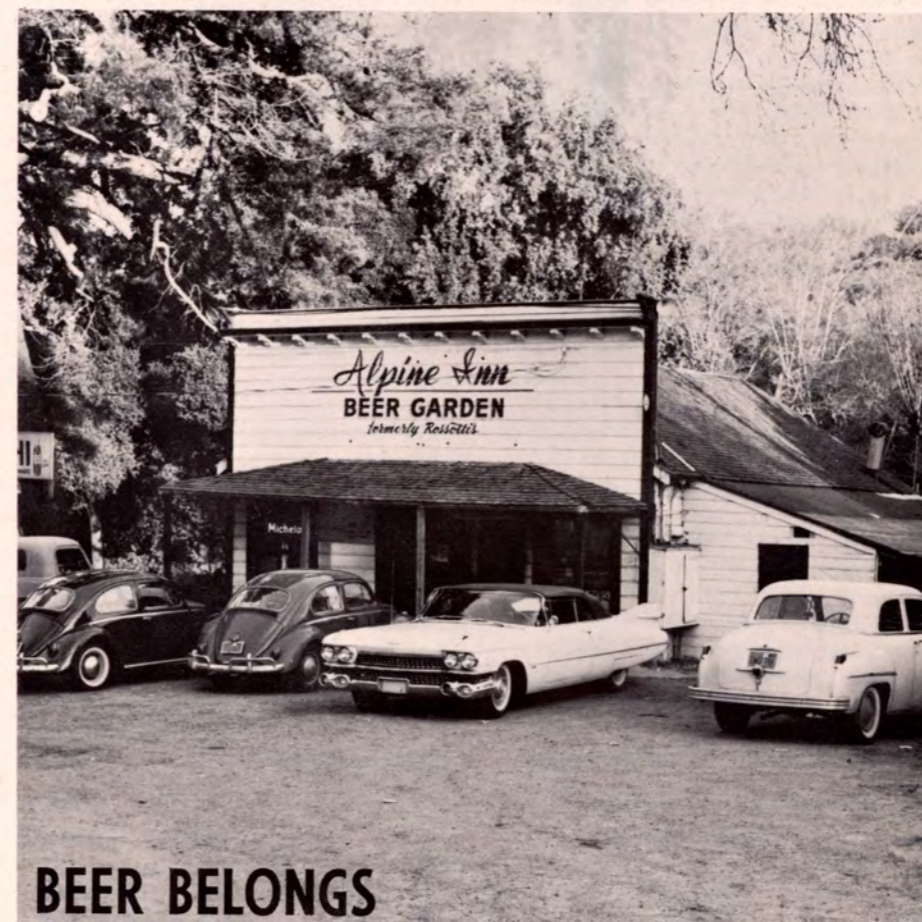
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THE AUDIENCE

A Parody BY CLAIRE HARTZELL

CHARACTERS:

JOSEPHINE, age 39

PIERRE, age 39

CHRIST, age 1962

POGO STICK JUMPERS

PSEUDO-AUDIENCE

VENDOR

SCENE: The set must exactly duplicate that used to represent Professor Higgins' house in *My Fair Lady*, except that it is entirely done in burnt umber and black. Large rats scurry about in front of Pierre and Josephine. From time to time Pierre throws them a piece of cheese, but otherwise he stands rigidly still. At rise, Josephine and Pierre stand facing each other. The set is lit with orange lights.

JOSEPHINE: It all could have been different, you know. There were piles of pink sand on our honeymoon. I do so love pink sand.

PIERRE: You were always fond of pink sand. Pink sand. Sink sand. Pink piles of sand . . . and . . . nd . . . gaping chasms opening in the earth . . . full of pink sand.

JOSEPHINE: Stop! You're hurting me.
PIERRE: It was you who brought it up, not I.

(Suddenly twenty actors dressed in spiny costumes enter, jumping on pogo sticks. Josephine and Pierre remain oblivious to them. During the following four speeches, the jumpers leap higher and higher until, one by one, they disappear above the curtains.)
Grating at me. Always grating at me. All these years. Why did I let you? You didn't even have an accent when I married you. And now. (One of the pogo sticks falls from above, narrowly missing Josephine. She does not notice.)

JOSEPHINE: (Taking out a lariat and twirling it above her head) You didn't have to marry me. You could have married my father. *He* didn't have an accent.

PIERRE: (Standing on tiptoe and bending his head back) Your father. I could have married your father. Great piles of pink sand. (At this point the curtain should fall, but the actors should continue to speak.)

Great piles of pink sand. Big pink dreams . . . sand dreams. Granulated dreams . . . chemes . . . submarines

. . . grenadines . . . Don't stir without Noilly Prat.

JOSEPHINE: (screaming) It's a boy! It's a boy! And I was in labor only thirteen years! But unfortunately it has become calcified. A sculptor had to do the Caesarian section.

PIERRE: (To Josephine) Pink plaster. You gave birth to pink plaster. (Here the house lights come up and a vendor should move through the crowd shouting "Peanuts, popcorn!" Or perhaps he could shout "Hot dogs!" Again, it might be better for him to shout "Pepsi Cola!" I leave this to the discrimination of the Director. Unless, of course, there is no Director.)

JOSEPHINE: I tried to wheel him about in a baby carriage, but art dealers kept offering money for him. Imagine! They wanted me to sell my own child. (Her voice breaks, and she sobs.) And then, that day I dropped him on the pavement and they arrested me for littering the streets.

PIERRE: Littering the streets with piles of pink plaster . . . my own flesh and blood . . . turned to sand . . . turned to living pink sand. (The last three rows in the theater, composed of actors, should get up and leave, talking and smoking as if it were intermission. Their voices should not be loud enough, however, to prevent Josephine and Pierre from being heard.)

JOSEPHINE: What's happening? Where are we?

PIERRE: Do you think the play is over? Should we go home?

JOSEPHINE: Foo-el! Haven't you read the script?

PIERRE: Yes, but it was so dull I didn't finish it. What happens next?

JOSEPHINE: Pay attention. Stop eating your popcorn so loud! Read your program. Brush your teeth. Go to the men's room. (Dim houselights. The curtain rises again. A thin shower of water should fall from the ceiling onto the audience. Neither Josephine nor Pierre appears on stage. Instead, at rise of curtain, a huge mirror has replaced the stage. The audience can see itself reflected in the mirror.)

CHRIST: Welcome, Josephine and Pierre.

JOSEPHINE: Then . . . this is heaven?

PIERRE: (Echoing her) Then . . . this is heaven?

CHRIST: (Echoing him) Then . . . this is heaven?

JOSEPHINE: Who are all these people?
PIERRE: (Echoing her) Who are all these people?

CHRIST: Then . . . this is heaven?
JOSEPHINE: I think it's the Lion's Club.

PIERRE: But where are their cigars?
JOSEPHINE: They've given up smoking for Lent.

CHRIST: You should have sent your child to the Louvre. I hear they're showing that sort of thing this year. Pink plaster. (From this point on, Josephine speaks in a twangy Brooklyn accent which she uses until the end of the play, except on the even-numbered lines beginning with the letter "C" in which she speaks only Russian.)

JOSEPHINE: I think the theater has caught fire.

PIERRE: (Walking onto the stage and beginning to write obscenities on the huge mirror) It is a far far better thing I do. Tell me, Christ. Are you fond of Ibsen?

CHRIST: I am attracted to Ibsen as flies are attracted to manure. As pins are attracted to magnets, as buzzards are attracted to carrion. I am also partial to pink sand.

JOSEPHINE: Who said anything about Pink sand?

PIERRE: (aside) We've avoided the subject all night. He must be a spy from the Censor Board.

CHRIST: But—

JOSEPHINE: (running onto the stage waving two large green pom-poms) He has a fixation. He had a traumatic experience as a child with pink sand. It's a Freudian symbol you know.

PIERRE: Please, Josephine, don't be obscene.

CHRIST: Obscene . . . Josephine . . . ObJose . . . Scenephine . . . dream, scheme, submarine, grenadine . . .

JOSEPHINE: That's been used, you know.

CHRIST: What kind of cigarettes are those?

JOSEPHINE: They have no name. I roll my own.

(Here the mirror breaks, shattering pieces of glass into the audience. A picture of a hydrogen explosion is projected on a screen, stage right. Poisonous gas is injected into the theater until 23% of the audience has succumbed.)

PIERRE: (Wearing a gas mask) Father knows best.

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Teacher: "Now, Johnny, if I lay two eggs here and three over there, how many will there be altogether?"

Johnny: "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

"Don't you go with Annie anymore?" "No, I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed that about her." "You weren't there when I proposed."

Zoo visitors were amazed to see a cage labeled "Coexistence," containing a lion and some lambs. The zoo director explained there was nothing to it—"Just add a few fresh lambs now and then."

Once a man and his dog were sitting on a park bench watching the pigeons. The man reached for a cigarette and found that his pack was empty. Turning to the dog, he said, "Say, Ralph, do you have a cigarette?"

"No," said the dog, "but I know a place down the street where they sell them."

"Fine," said the man, "here's a dollar, go get me a pack."

An hour later, the dog had not returned, so the man went to look for him. He found the dog sitting in a bar enjoying a beer.

"This is a hell of a note," said the man. "Here I've always been able to depend on you before, and now you pull a trick like this. What's the idea?"

"Well," the dog said sheepishly, "you never gave me any money before."

Mark: "How about some old-fashioned loving?"

Pat: "Just a minute, I'll call grandma."

Assistant: "But you can't make a movie out of that play. It's all about lesbians."

Sam Goldwyn: "So what? In the movie we'll make them Americans."

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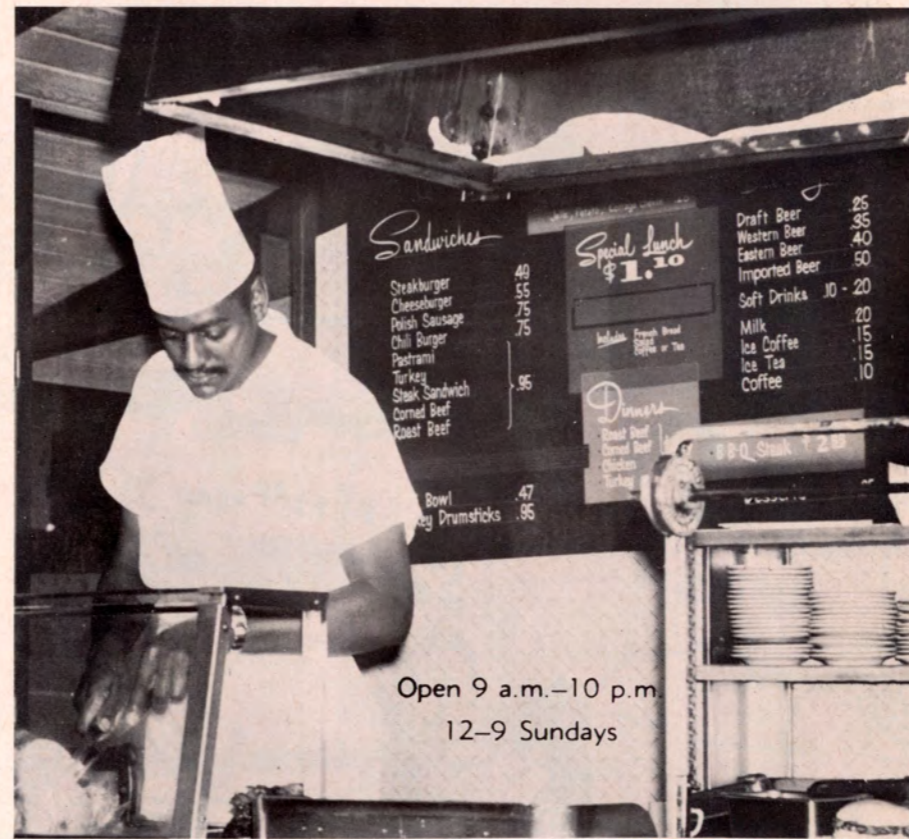
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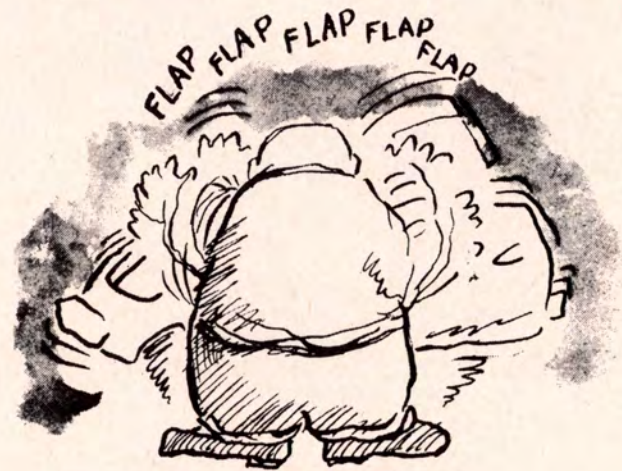
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"Sine, mister?"

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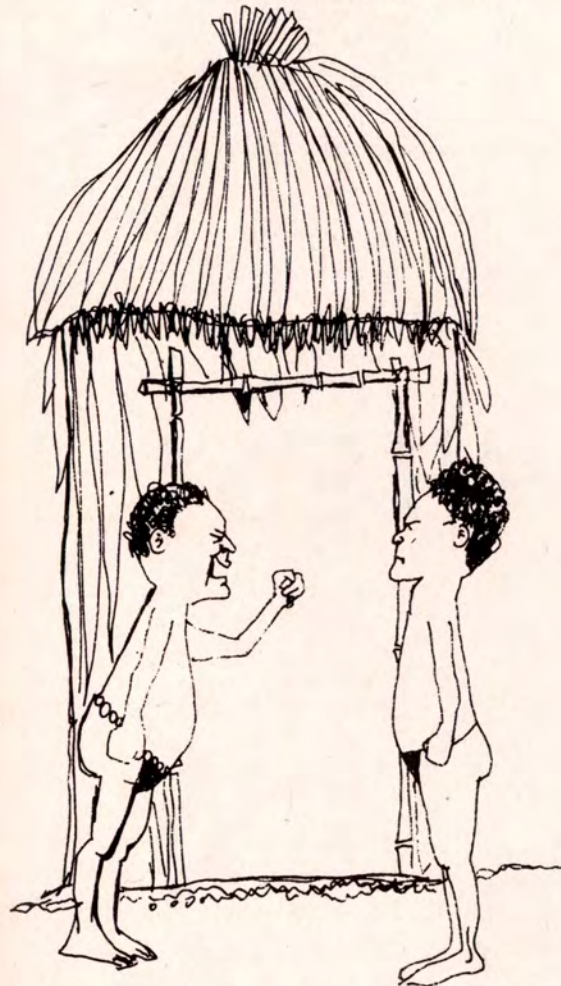
—Florida Orange Peel



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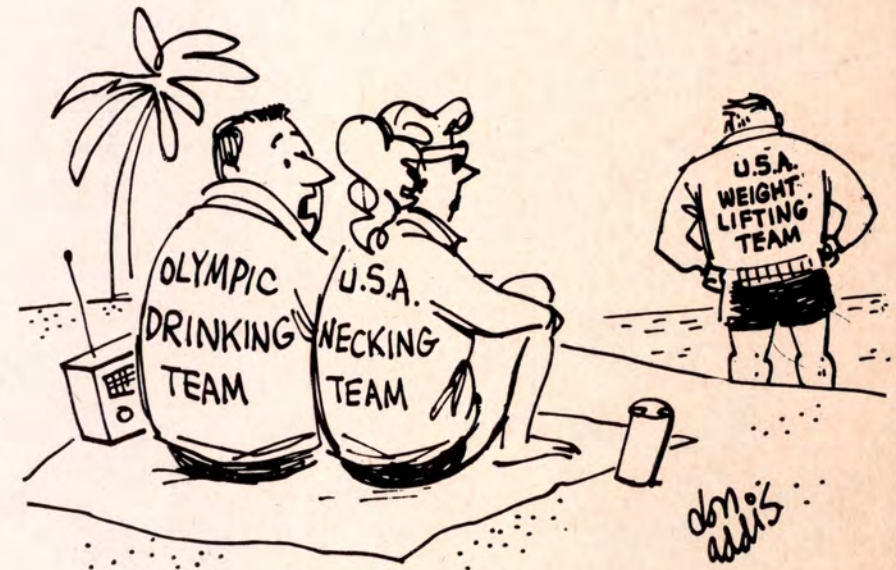
"How are we going to explain this to Hillary?"

—Yale Record



"My father says your father isn't ready for self-government!"

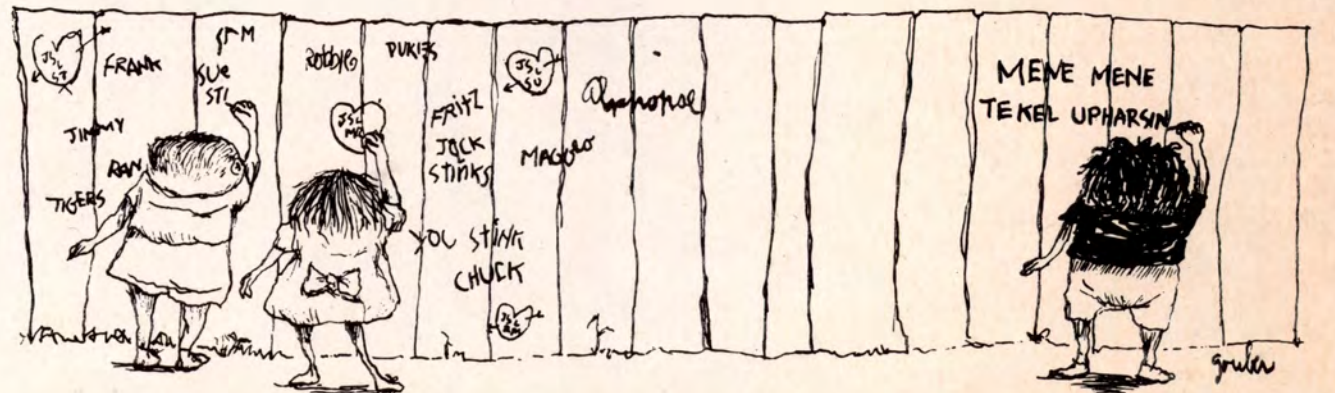
—Columbia Jester



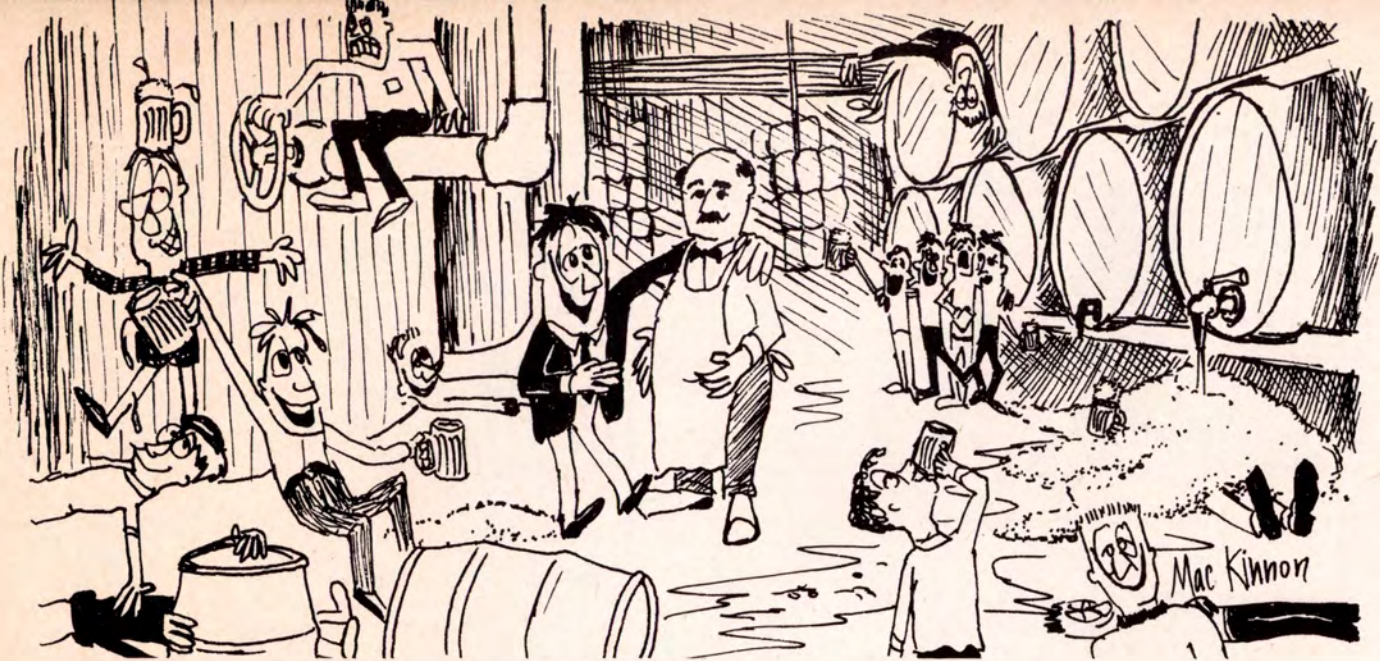
don adis

"I don't get it."

—Florida Orange Peel



—Columbia Jester



"Myself and the brothers of Theta Chi want to thank you for the brew of your tourery."

FOAMY

FUNNIES

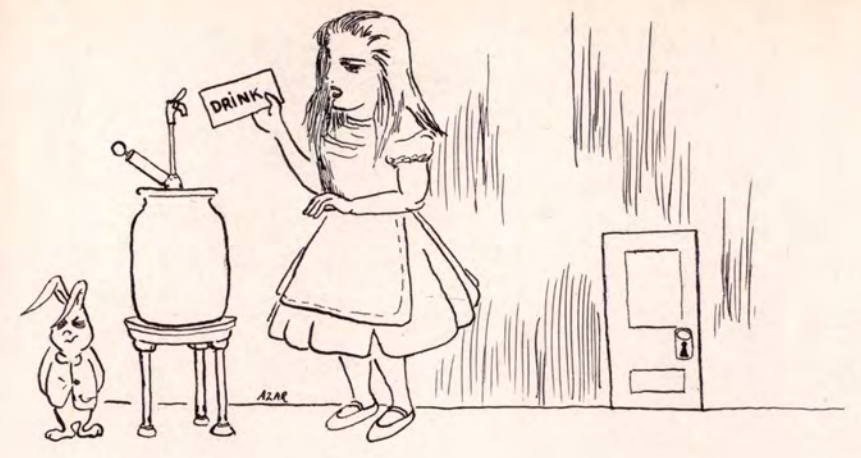


E. McDaniels 69.

"You and your 'roll out the barrel.'"



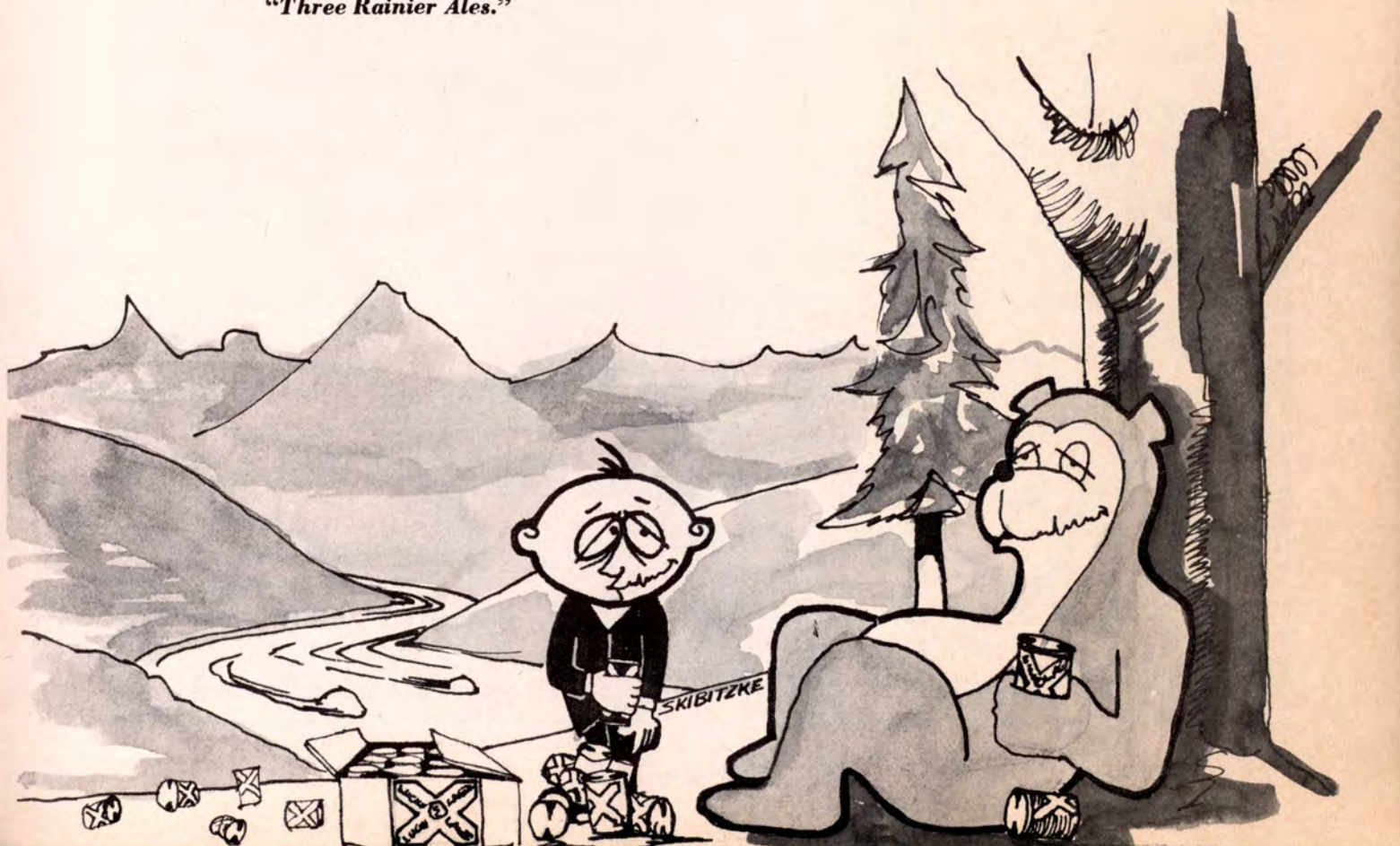
"Ish impossible. You jush can't bend a glass can."



"Three Rainier Ales."



Hey Sam, WHEN !!



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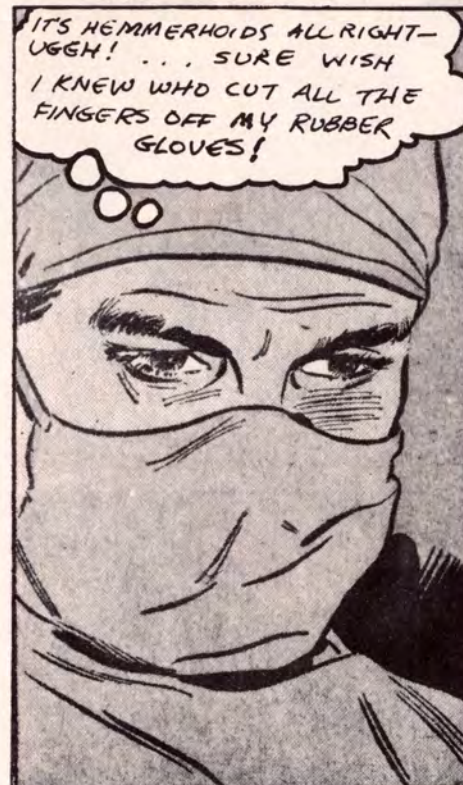
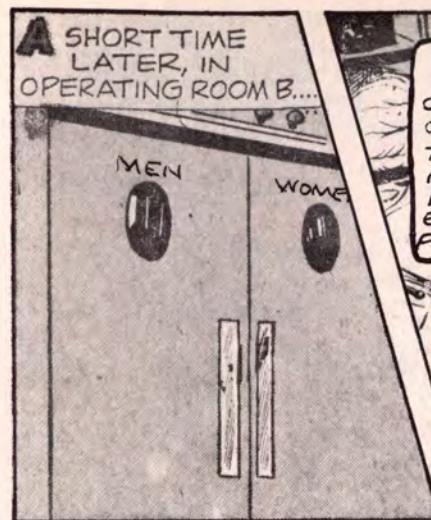
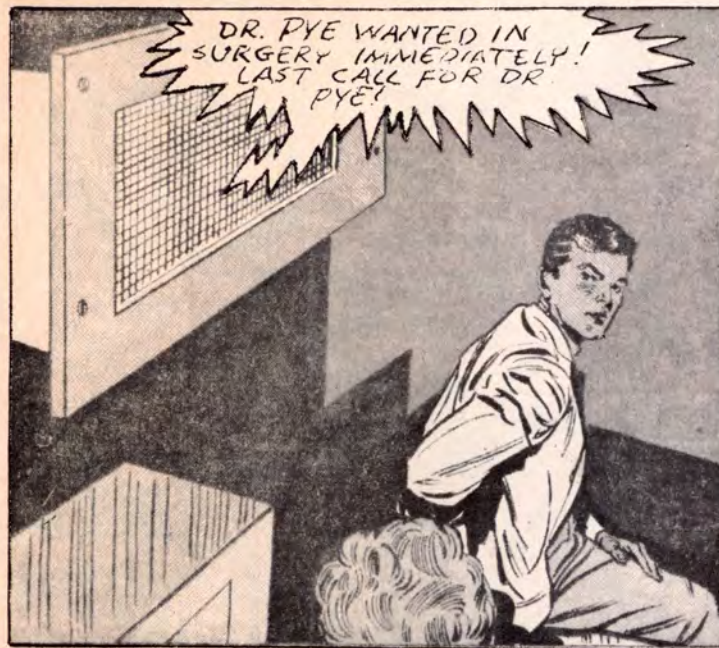
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Give an athlete an inch and he'll take a foot. But let's face it. Who wants athlete's foot?

Old maids are born, not made.

Dean: "Young man, I have just been informed that you were drunk last night and were pushing a wheelbarrow around the campus. Is that true?"

Student: "Well, you ought to know."
 Dean: "What do you mean by that?"
 Student: "You were in the wheelbarrow."

"And what kind of officer does your uniform signify?" asked the nosy old lady.

"I'm a naval surgeon," he replied.
 "Goodness, how you doctors specialize these days."

Neighbor: "Do you think your son'll forget everything he learned in high school?"

Dad: "I hope so; he can't make a living necking."

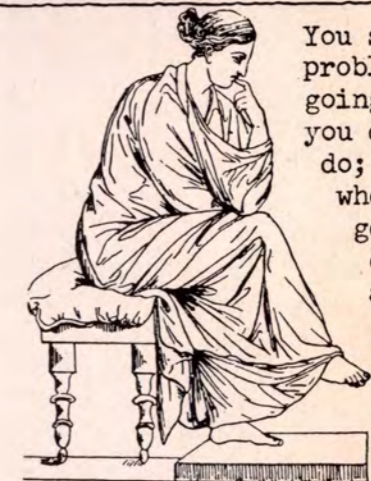
An artist was exhibiting some of his work, when an inquisitive matron asked, "Do you do anything in the nude?"

"Well, madam," the artist replied, "occasionally I take a bath."

"I cured my child of biting his nails."
 "Oh yes, how?"
 "I kicked his teeth out."



"Dark beer does WHAT to you? ..."



You say that you have a problem? You say you're going to get engaged & you don't know what to do; you don't know where you are going to get the ring; and you don't know where you are even going to get the money for the ring? Well, then, GROGAN THE JEWELER your ol' buddy has some advice for you. In the first place,

you should get out of the country as fast as you can, but if you are too far down the primrose path to turn back then you should drop by and see good ol' GROGAN. Tell him just how long you expect it to last and how much you think you can spend. If the last bit of information doesn't get you thrown out of the shop, you can talk about the setting, diamond, and terms. GROGAN can fix you up with his own kind of special, sardistic type of time plan. Mention you saw his ad in the Chappie -- We'd appreciate it and GROGAN will hit you right in the mouth. GROGAN THE JEWELER 205 University

SPIRO'S

PALO ALTO



Finest Sporting Goods Store
in the West

Catty-Corner from Stanford Stadium
Town & Country Village El Camino Real



Use your Spiro's charge or convenient
90-day-to-pay plan.
Open Thursday til 9 p.m.

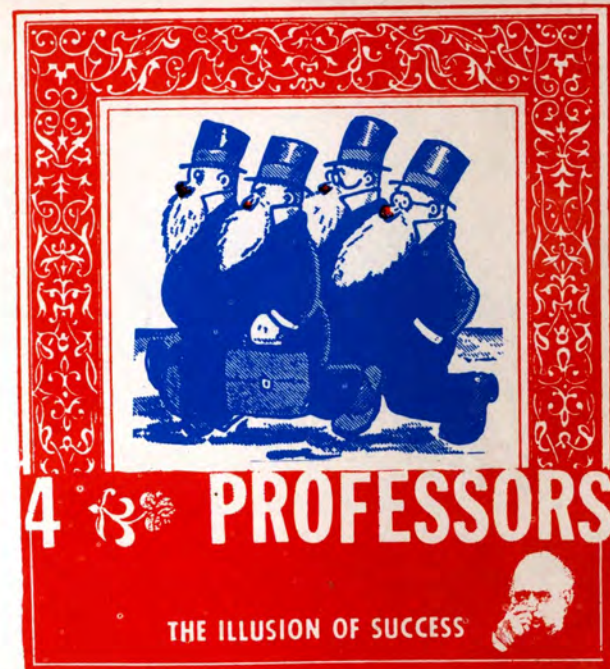
For Sporting Goods nearly everybody shops at Spiro's
. . . complete line of sports equipment . . . casual clothes
too, for men and women. All famous name brands—Wilson,
McGregor, Pendleton, Jantzen, Worthland, Bancroft, Spalding
and many more.

ACME CLEANERS	4
ALPINE BEER GARDEN	29
BIB 'N' TUCKER	33
THE BLACK EGG	32
BROWN'S MUSIC	26
CAMERA SHOP	20
CARDINAL CLEANERS	29
CROW PHARMACY	2
DEGNAN PRINTERS	28
DI SALVO BARBER SHOP	24
DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE	24
DRIVE-IN LIQUORS	38
EDY'S	20
FOOTHILL COLLEGE	19
FOSTER'S FREEZE	19
GLEIM	BACK COVER
GROGAN'S	43
HOFMAN	26
HONDA PENINSULA	19
INTERNATIONAL CUISINE	33
KEN'S PANCAKES	20
KIRK'S	4
LANZ	1
L'OMELETTE	3
LIFESAVERS	3
MARQUARD'S	43
NO DOZ	3
NORELCO	2
OASIS	26
OLAN MILLS	8
PALO ALTO OFFICE EQUIPMENT	4
PARD'S	28
PENINSULA CREAMERY	9
PHELPS-TERKEL	8
ROLLY 'N' NORM'S	24
ROOS-ATKINS	7
HANS ROTH	9
ROYAL TIRE SERVICE	29
RUDOLFO'S & CARA'S	38
SLONAKER'S	8
SPIRO'S	44
STANFORD SPORT SHOP	29
STANFORD UNION OIL SERVICE	33
TACO TIO	24
TOWN & COUNTRY MUSIC	38
THE TWENTIES	2
VIKING MOTOR BODY	33
VILLAGE SHOPS	18
WEST COAST GLASS	32

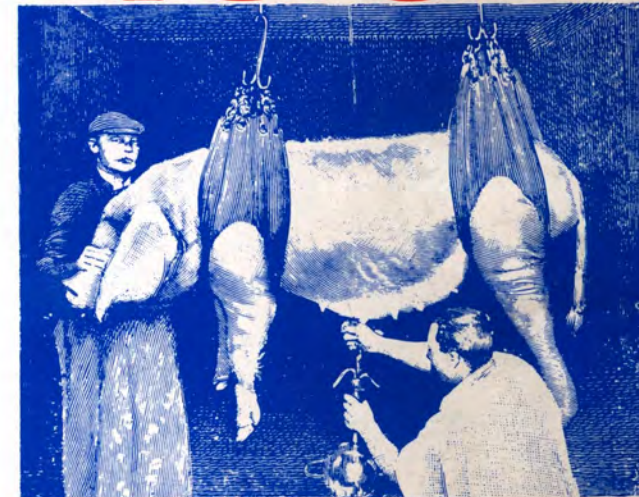
THE OLD BOY'S OLD BREW LABELS

Many is the happy hour the studly members of the Hammer and Coffin Society have wrangled in friendly fashion over the relative merits of Haus Brau, Der Alte Knabe (The Old Boy), and Four Professors. Uneducated palates have scoffed at such formication, for as they point out quite validly, all three brands are products of a single 15 gallon vat located at the Bryant Street Brewery. Burgermeisters Draper and Dodworth meet such objections with disdainful silence, refusing to grace such picayune gaucherie with a reply. Perhaps an ultimate answer will never be attained, but Chappie staffers will continue to research with gusto. And you, gentle reader, should you be possessed of time, talent, or a bon vivant attitude, and are desirous of meeting the Happy Chappies, are invited to taste this brewage and decide for yourself. Meet at the Chaparral Palace of Literary Art directly across from the (ugh) Daily shack this Saturday, May 5, at the sun's zenith. (That's noon, engineering majors.) Stragglers will be picked up until 1:30. Quaffing continues 'til sunset. Come and see the giant clams eat the friendly natives.

The Old Boy



haus



brau



A Diamond Ring
Duo From

Gleim

JEWELERS

CERTIFIED  GEMOLOGIST

 REGISTERED JEWELER
AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY

for the
June Bride



It's a tradition to choose the bride's rings from our wide and varied stock! The years have proven that our name is an *unfailing guarantee* of diamonds that live up to the highest standards of quality . . . settings that are always in good taste . . . and value that cannot be surpassed. Let us help you make your selection . . . *now!*

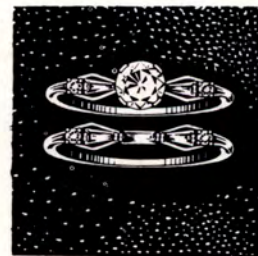


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Diamondscope[®]

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OF
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TERMS



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TO SERVE YOU**



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DOWNTOWN PALO ALTO



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STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER



408 CALIFORNIA AVENUE
SOUTH PALO ALTO