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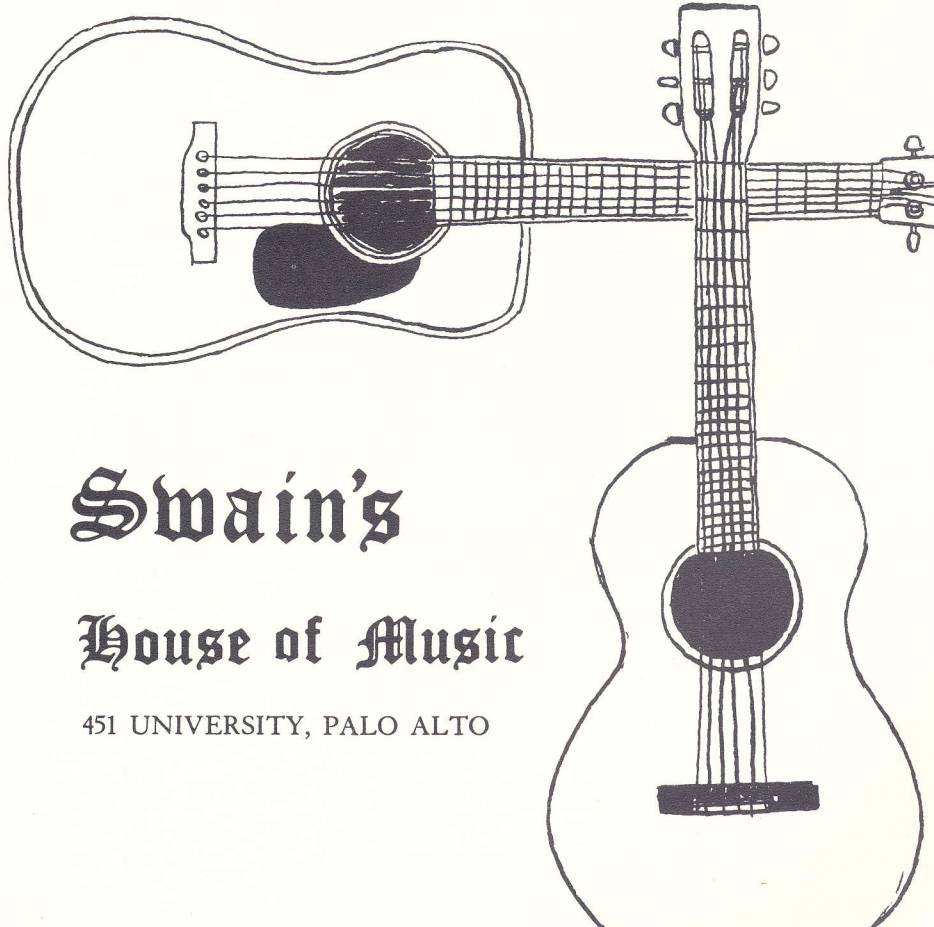
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"He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."



An American and Russian soldier were sharing a lonely border watch.

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"In another hour, I'll be relieved, thank Khrushchev!" exclaimed the Russian.

"Thank Khrushchev!?" asked the G.I. "What will you say when Khrushchev dies?"

"Thank God!"



Then there was the girl who thought a redhead was a Russian toilet.



Two way out people visited the Swiss Alps. A skier whizzed down the chute, then up into the sky.

Gazing up at the skier, one hopster grooved, "Hey, man, we're in luck. Somebody here sells our brand of cigarettes."

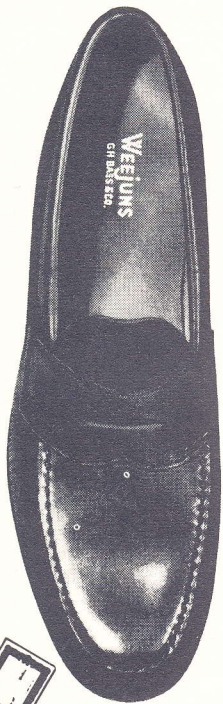




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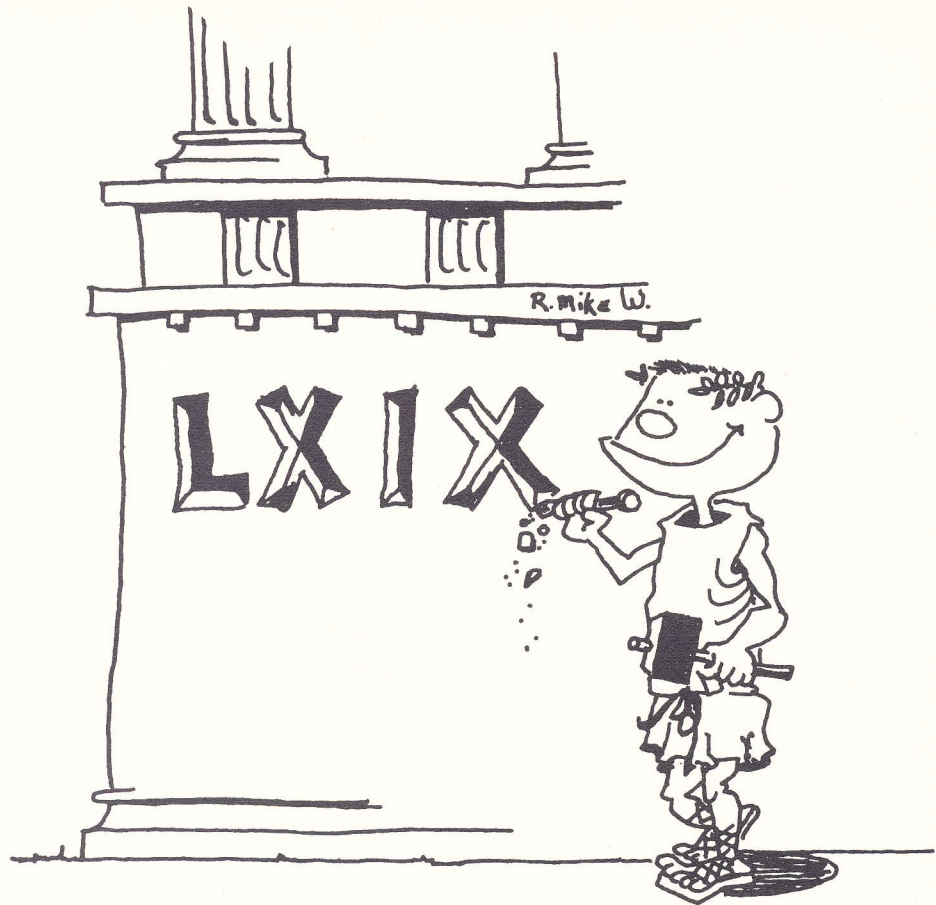
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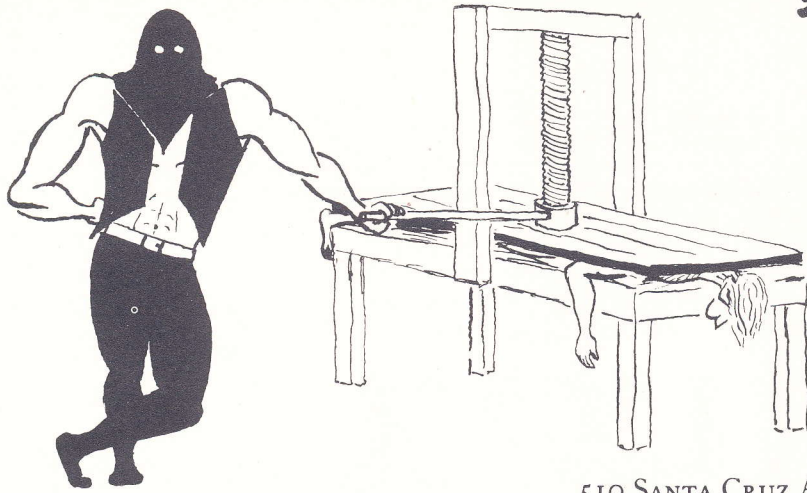
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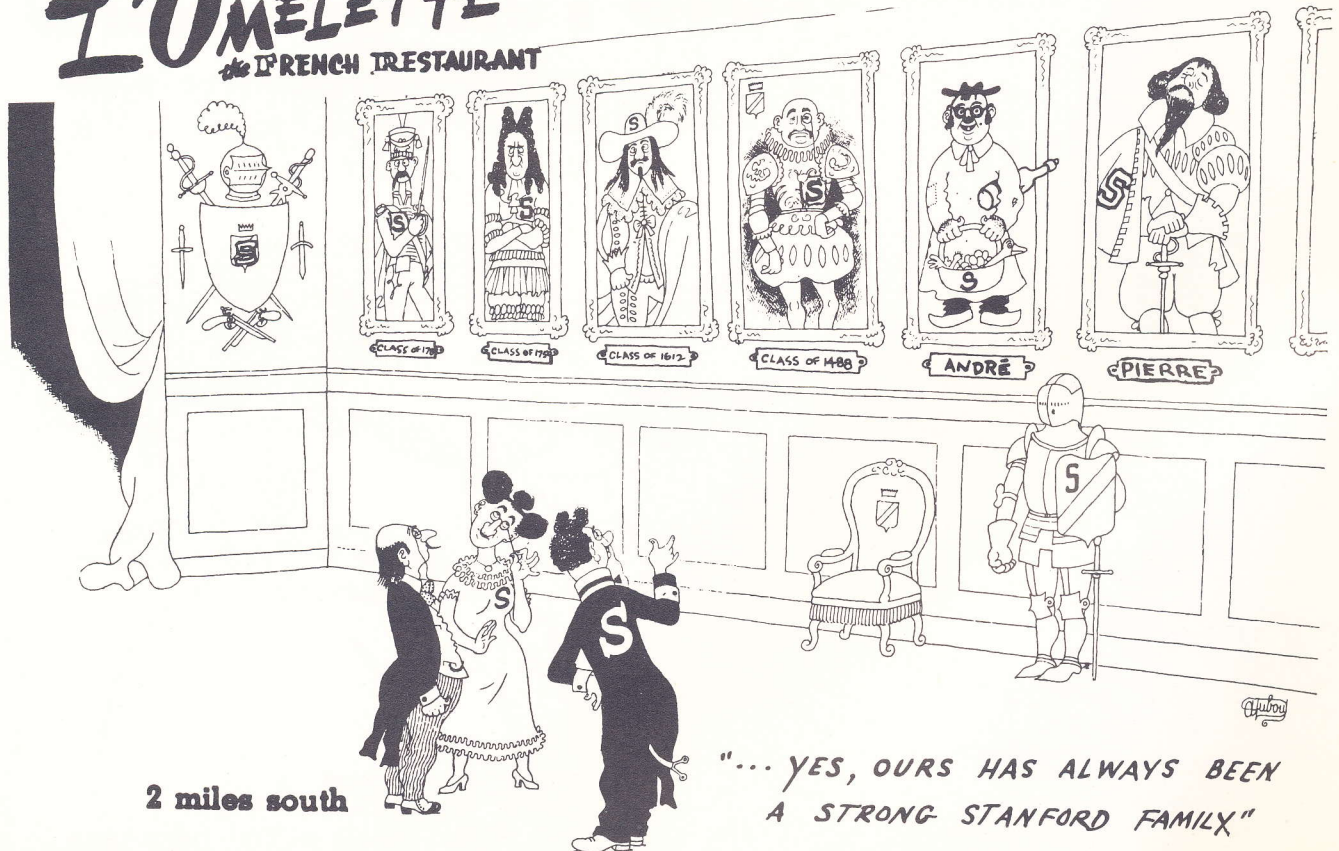
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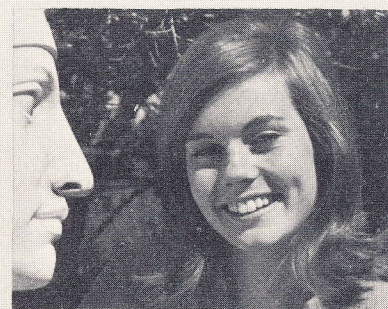
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Stanford University founded 1891; *Stanford Chaparral* established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society, founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906: Steven Zousmer, President; Tim Haight, Vice-President; Peter Steinhart, Secretary-Treasurer. © 1963 by *The Stanford Chaparral*. Second-class postage paid at Palo Alto, California, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1897. Published four times during the school

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NOW THAT the University has re-raised the tuition fee which it gaily collects from us every quarter, we are reminded of the age old question: Where's our money going? Those of us who like to keep our money and stroke and fondle it are now given hardly a chance to kiss it good-bye as the University snatches it from our embrace and spends it, but on what? Many of us could certainly afford to do without the fountain going up in front of the Bookstore or, for example, the price of the pinsetters in Tresidder's bowling alleys (pinsetters = twenty-five full tuition scholarships). And if these obvious things are not purchased with our money, what is? This year, without asking questions or getting answers, it is costing us fifty dollars extra each of the three times we pay tuition. And, to paraphrase the poet Cassius Clay, "All clowns in three \$470 rounds."

NOW THAT this is understood, let us introduce our

theme for this issue: the movie *Cleopatra*, as an example of how to spend a crudheap of money and receive, in return, a lavish and spectacular dose of not-much. The Old Boy's opinion of *Cleopatra*, as expressed in this issue, is that it is a glittering molehill of mountainous pretentions and expenses. Money can't buy poverty but it can't always buy quality either. Richard Burton didn't spend a cent.

NOW THAT our angry young theme has been expressed we can move on to more important things, like introducing our staff. Taking over as the Old Boy this year is Steve Zousmer who impressed voting Chappies at a pre-elections party last spring when he staggered out into the night and fell off a cliff. Needless to say, Steve recovered in time to win the election by a landslide, despite the lack of opposition.

Other Chaparral bigwigs are Dick Enersen and Tim Haight. Tim, the new business manager, is a sophomore who lives at the pleasure pad where this



year's first Chappie party was held. The Old Boy turned over full responsibility to Tim when three squad cars and some detectives from the Sheriff's Office came snooping around making nasty threats and searching, perhaps, for Dick Enersen whose name has become a byword around Bay Area sin circles. Dick is our dashing Managing Editor.

Also in the line-up are Dave Jefferson, our advertising manager, and Karen Cook who, as Women's Manager, will be in charge of the beauty squad we will select from the 145 new applicants for our staffs. Some of these applicants are boys, Karen. Other big names for the future are Stan "Crazy Lips" Williams and a mysterious fellow who calls himself Bert K. Deske. Tom Leiser, Temp Peck, Mike Wright, Roy Russell, Dirty Margaret, and Fred Andrle will also be around. And coming back for another try are six former Old Boys, of which Steve Rose is not one.

NOW THAT the vacation is over we must point out that the only really significant event of the summer was the Daily's move from across the street to a suite adjacent to the Chappie office. An interesting side-light is that our former bathroom is now their darkroom. It won't be the first time that the Daily has been a feature of that particular room. We balked, however, at their plan to change our darkroom into their bathroom. The Daily's john is their problem, not ours.

IT'S AWARD TIME AGAIN. Each year Chappie hands out a few awards to keep up morale around the world. The awards and recipients are:

THE ATHLETE'S FOOT IN MOUTH AWARD—Presented to Stanford coach Payton Jordan who, as coach of the U.S. track team which met Russia last summer, made an ass out of himself by predicting that the American women's team would defeat the Russian women. Jordan may have had the wrong events in mind when he summed up the Russian women. The American ladies also had the wrong events in mind and failed to score even the minimum number of points.

THE MOST INTERMINABLE MAGAZINE ARTICLE EVER WRITTEN AWARD—to Hugh Hefner, who has drawn out his laborious "Playboy Philosophy" for almost a full year. Hefner's views are as novel as the Bunny-Hop.

THE BULL CONNOR DON'T WASTE AMMUNITION TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES AWARD—Presented in recognition of his outstanding bigotry and racial bitterness to Black Muslim leader Malcolm X, who applauded the death of 129 white sailors aboard the submarine Thresher. Malcolm can't even sign his last name.

THE PLACE FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE AWARD—Presented to Dean of Students Donald Winbigler who keeps in his office a waste basket marked "Chaparral."

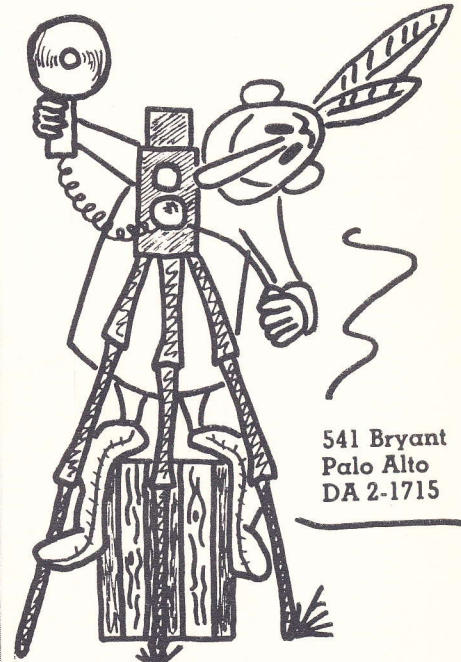
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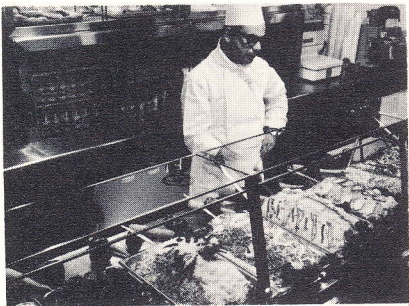
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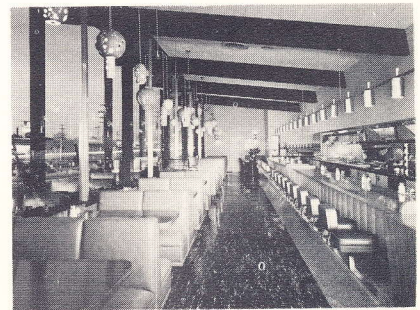
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LETTERS TO THE

Dug from the files by Robert Sloane and Steve Zousmer

Sirs,

I told my mother I did not want to go to college. My mother told me I had to go to college. I told my mother I did not want to go to Stanford. My mother told me I had to go to Stanford. Will you accept my mother?

Elton Glinwong

Sirs,

The other day as I was leafing through my favorite periodical I came upon the name of your college. "All right," I said to myself, "Why let the lack of a college education hold you back?" You tell me.

Angelo Oatseed

Sirs,

There comes a time for college. You do not wish it, but it comes. It makes the heart jump in the chest, but if you are true, you must fight. There really is no more to do. *Que mala suerte. Aun el rio, frio y placido, sabe tales cosas.* And then you must apply.

It is very bad, to apply, but after it there is the good feeling, and you look down at the street, where the leaves have been ripped away by the wind but now it is very calm and the water is cold and the good feeling is here, as long as it lasts.

And over the river, past the bare trees, the Fascists are advancing. *Il fait chaud.* We could see them and we kept very quiet in the afternoon, lying against the pine floor of the forest. "*Vienen sin camisos,*" Pablo said. "*Mais Qui,*" I said. "*Il fait chaud.*" "*No se lo que me dices,*" Pablo said, wiping his mouth with his bare feet. "It is that you speak strangely in a foreign tongue." "Yes," I said slowly.

But now, after one has made the application, and all that remains is the waiting for the responding, one feels very good.

I'm applying to Harvard.

Jake Barnes

Sirs,

I have been contemplating a change of scenery. The dank swamps around my home act as a depressant, and I can no longer write even satisfactory poems. Would it be possible to find some sort of suitable manual labor in or around Stanford under the circumstances?

Harim El Wottsso

Sirs,

I have applied to Harvard, Chicago, Oxford, Cambridge, and the Sorbonne in addition to Stanford. I have yet to notify any of my first choice. It could be you.

Kaiser Hilltop

Sirs,

As a prospective foreign student, I hope that you will sincerely be considering my application. I would like to meet many of your American students there. I would like to live in a dormitory with them. Very close to them. Especially the fat ones.

Mgobwati Johnson

Sirs,

My merits are too many to be listed here but I am closing a bound mimeographed volume which lists them in order of wonderfulness. My most wonderful qualities are listed on pages 33-190. Pages 190-245 compose a section which I've titled "My Wonderful Qualities Which Defy Description." In pages 245-316 I compare myself favorably to a number of famous men. Also, the first 32 pages of the book make up a preface, an essay on, of course, me, titled "God's Gift to Everything and Everybody." This essay was written by God, my pen name. Some think it's my real name.

So, I hope you enjoy the book. I'll let you have it for only \$12.95 plus acceptance.

Willard "G." Mipp

ADMISSIONS OFFICE

Sirs,

Enclosed please find my application, my check for the \$10 application fee, another check for \$10,000, and my father, who would like a word with you.

Abbot Cabot

Dear Mr. Admissions,

As president of the science club I was very successful and was subsequently elected president. The one thing I did which got me elected was the joke I played on Mrs. Razz, my gym teacher. One day I brought a basketball full of TNT to school and left it on Mrs. Razz' desk, our gym teacher. Wow. Mrs. Razz was sprayed all over the place, including the horse. I never knew a lady gym teacher could splatter like that.

Therefore, that is why I want to come to Stanford to learn about fission. I like to go fission. My science ability and my puns make me a shoo-in at Stanford.

Werner Brown

Sirs,

I was wondering if sometime or other it might be possible to request from you something along the line of a possible categorical consideration of, well, more or less. Thanks.

Harvie Hummz

Sirs,

You are familiar with my credentials. My grades were among the best and my extra-curricular record is surpassed only by Yule Henderson and Sally Ubins. But they are applying to the University of Chicago and Radcliffe respectively. I hate to tell you to settle for third best, but I would remind you that third best is better than fifth best (John Oleander, the fourth best, is applying to Norton State).

Jules Bonpips

Sirs,

You have no doubt heard about Stanford. It is a nice place, about 9500 students and a lot of teachers, libraries, bathrooms, nice boys and girls. There's a lot to recommend it. I recommend it.

Whittier Wheezer

Sirs,

Ah, the pulsations registered recently on my cardiogram indicate that my application has come up before your committee. Weakly did I ponder this thought, as my heart beats pounded out a faltering rhythm of hope and anticipation. I can feel the strength leaving my muscles, the contraction in my chest, the sharp and searing pain which indicates an incipient coronary attack. And somehow I know that this time it may mean my life, that my good health hinges solely on your decision, your warm and sympathetic consideration. I know you will accept me. If you don't, of course, you'll have my blood on your hands. So please, immediately, before it's too late, notify me that my football scholarship has been granted.

Kramer Pippendale

Sirs,

I'm afraid your admissions process is rather fouled up. Remember the Open Door policy. That's what you need. And then, if you let in any Tom, Dick, and Harry, you will no longer have a coed school unless there's a revolution in naming children and this is likely to take a good deal longer than a rapid change in your procedure which would allow me to take my place among you.

Tom Yipitot

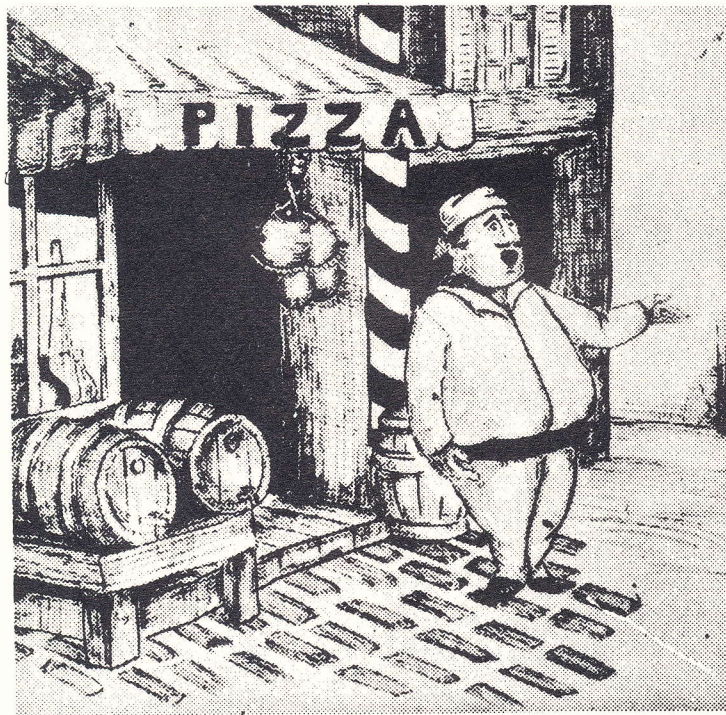
Sirs,

I'm backwoods. I'm tough as nails and hard to crack. I've seen life, mister, from the one-night cheap hotels right down the line to the sleazy cheap motels. I know the other side of life, the hard filthy sordid lousy bedbug side. I'll help round out your student body. Every slept in a john?

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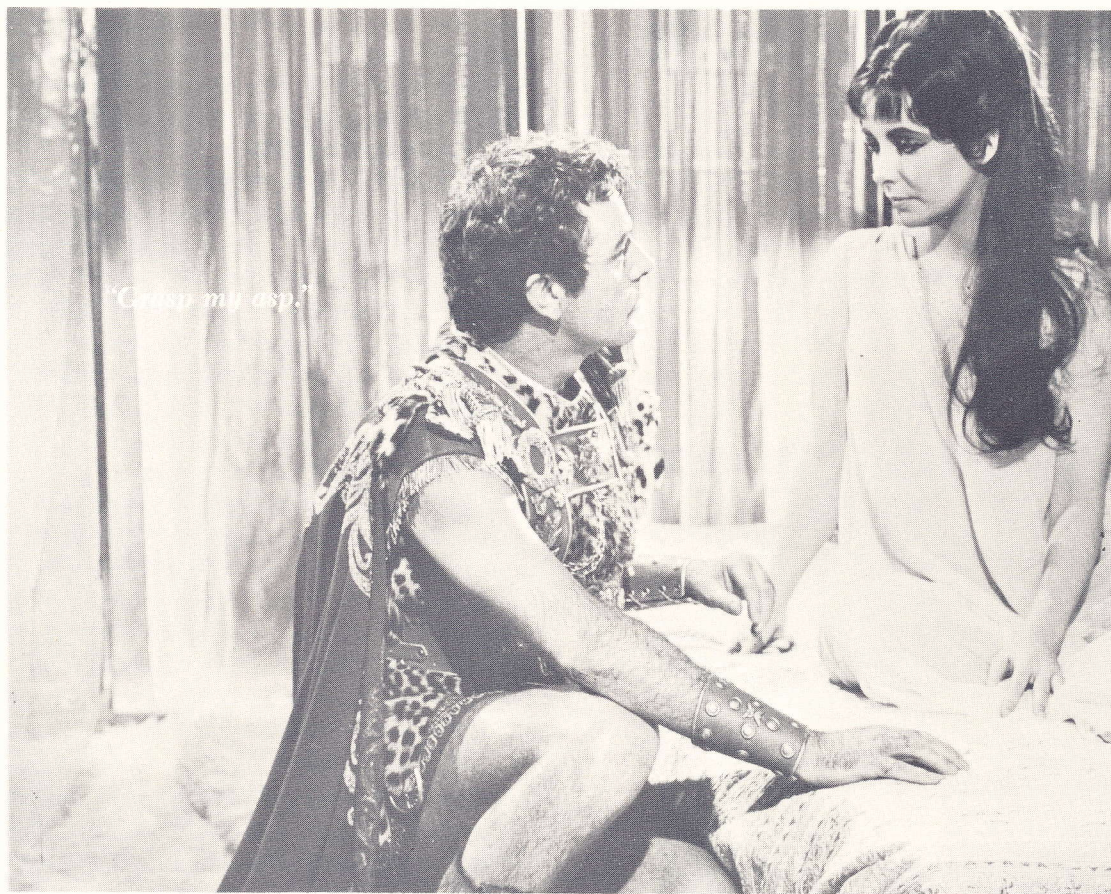
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PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

CLEOPATRA

REVIEWED

It took \$40 million to make. It takes \$5 to see. It takes sunglasses to view its brilliant color and earplugs to survive its horrendous and constantly intruding music. It takes two hours until the intermission and two more hours till it's finished. It takes, finally, the cake—never has there been such a whopper of a movie.

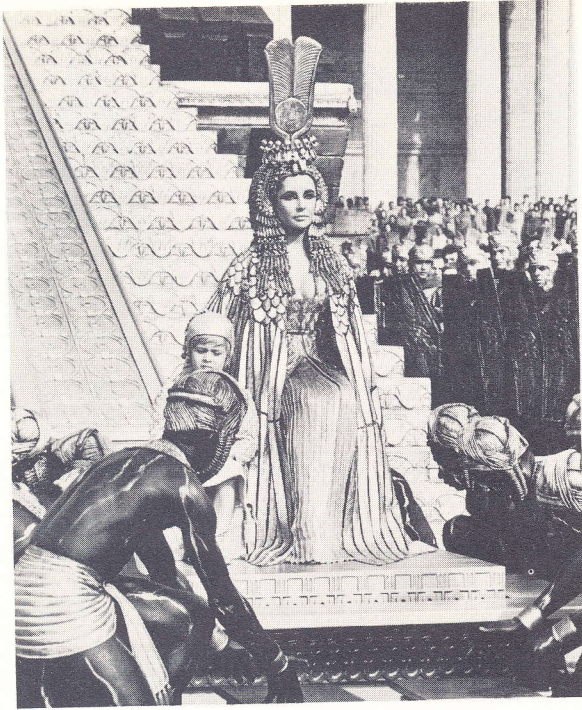


Not that it is a great movie. Cut away the fantastic side attractions and *Cleopatra* has the value of a beer chaser after a mixed drink: you don't need it and it may make you belch.

But it would be a huge earth-shaking belch. Bigness is the key attraction and, surprisingly, it saves the picture from being boring. The sets are magnificent and the flow of pageantry is truly spectacular, if diarrhetic. However, in the script and acting

departments, *Cleopatra* is not much more successful than Sonny Liston in a spelling bee. We rank it about halfway between *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Sodom and Gomorrah*.

The movie is divided into two sub-dramas: the first in which Cleopatra (Liz Somebody) seduces Julius Caesar (Rex Harrison) and makes him promise to help bring the entire world under the rule of her son (as enticement she offers the fact that her



"Shine, missy?"

son has yet to be conceived), and the second in which she seduces Richard Burton (he pretends to be Mark Antony) who also promises the world. "Gimme a few inches," Cleopatra would purr sexually, "And I'll take the world." Unfortunately both Caesar and Antony die before she is satisfied. This comes as a blow to all women who ask for great land masses.

Cleopatra, of course, is Liz Taylor, who was included in the cast in order to lower the level of the



"Gesundheit."

acting. She's effective. Miss Taylor has done well occasionally since her first movie role as a supporting actress in *Lassie Come Home*, but she has recently proved herself to be quite capable of a painfully bad performance. And she is getting quite hefty. About the only thing she does really well is to wear fifty different Egyptian gowns which are cut very low to reveal her startling rib cages.

Richard Burton and Rex Harrison, who are also in the picture, do much better. Harrison is an able Julius Caesar and Burton does his best with the wild-eyed lust-driven Mark Antony. Burton's costume, incidentally, answers the old question "Who wears short shorts?" Mark Antony does, and he hangs around in them throughout the picture.

And then there's the script, which attempts to combine elegant Shakespeare-like language with a modern perspective on personality. Writer Joseph Mankiewicz's characters are not grand and tragic dramatic figures but normal down-to-earth kings and queens. Their speech is not so poetic as it is high-fallutin', and this is where Liz Taylor's inadequacy shines through or, more fitting, sticks out. She sounds like a girl in a seminar trying self-consciously to fake a memorized statement.

When the movie begins Caesar has defeated Pompey and established his rule over the Roman Empire, which includes Egypt. But there's trouble in Egypt: Cleopatra's sickening little weenie brother Ptolemy has shoved her off the throne and into exile. Caesar bombs down to Egypt to settle the problem.

One night a rug salesman makes his way into Caesar's apartment in the Egyptian palace and drops a big rolled-up rug on the floor. But Caesar did not cross the Mediterranean just to buy a rug and he smells a rat. Instead of a rat it is Cleopatra, who is sweating it out inside the carpet. Caesar's bodyguards pull their swords and are about to stab the rug when, suddenly, it is unrolled to reveal the Queen of the Nile, who jumps up and starts seducing Caesar. Having no luck with the cool emperor she asks, "Perhaps I rub you the wrong way?" "Perhaps I don't want to be rubbed at all," says the sly old Caesar, who didn't always recognize a good thing.

And so Cleopatra, man-eating temptress that she is, fails at first to conquer Caesar. The emperor of Rome was not to be made in a day. But when nighttime rolls around he gives in, puts Cleo back on the throne, and nine months later receives word that the world's future ruler has been born.

At this point Cleopatra must take her son to Rome and win the approval of the Roman people. For her triumphal entrance she brings along a fantastic company of dancing girls, elephants, nubian slave leapers, peacocks, etc.—the biggest cargo that's left Egypt since King Farouk.

The Romans are overwhelmed by her spectacular entrance through the Arch of Constantine which, as some historian has pointed out, was not built until three hundred years after Cleopatra's death. But nothing stands in her way. The show is magnificent and Caesar watches it all proudly, wondering perhaps how she ever got the elephants past Customs.

But soon after, of course, Caesar gets chopped up by his Senate pals and Cleo is forced to escape to Alexandria. After this comes the intermission. Everyone goes out to the lobby and has a smoke. Coming back to their seats they see Mark Antony winding up a great military victory over somebody and being presented with the laurel wreath (Liz gets the fig leaf). But Antony craves Cleo and goes to Egypt to get her.

On his arrival Cleopatra throws a sensational barge party. Antony gulps down so much Egyptian Red that he is too farblunged to tell Liz Taylor from the slave girls. But he finally clomps into her chamber and finds her writhing around in her bed asking for the world. Antony goes after her like the sphinx on Catnip Night. The scene is breast-taking.

From this point Antony begins flushing down his empire and his career and becomes a passionate slave to Cleo. He forks over everything, including one-third of the Roman Empire. This sort of deal angers the Senators back in Rome, who would rather not pay so much for Antony's hayride. They send their army against the Egyptian army and there is a nice naval battle in which Antony masterminds the Egyptian forces, which are slaughtered.

Finally Antony gives up on the battle and high-tails it back toward the palace. But soon he becomes ashamed of himself and decides to die, to die honorably and as fast as possible so he won't make an even bigger fool of himself. He gets on his steed and gallops off to take on the Roman cavalry singlehanded, but the Romans humiliate him by refusing to kill him.

So he turns around and giddyaps away to find Cleo and a bit of solace. But Cleo, he is told, is dead. Antony then pulls out his sword and clumsily leaps upon it but, perhaps because he is still hung over from the barge party, misses and only half-kills himself. (Isn't it ironic how you just can't die when you want to?)

Then he stumbles up to the secret room in Cleo's tomb and, finding her alive, drops dead. Cleopatra sticks her hand in a snake basket, dies of poisonous asp-bite and the movie is over.

It's not worth the time and money. The spectacular stuff is good but the modern psychological perspective falls flat. Rex Harrison is fine and Burton should have been but Liz's interpretation of Cleopatra could better have been played to Sid, not Julius, Caesar.



"May this booble never break; er, booper never bra . . . bubie . . . er."

And the movie is so dully tasteful, with hardly a tasty trace of the sex and passion that immortalize the Cleopatra legend—there is of course a split-second nude shot of Liz but, as stripper Candy Barr never said, "One nudie scene does not a movie make."

In front of every theater showing *Cleopatra* there should be a sign repeating the opening line of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*: "Home, you idle creatures, get you home." Wait till it makes the Late Show.



"They RF my bonfire, I RF their bonfire."

THE KISS deske-kitchen



"OK now, honey. Look delicious."



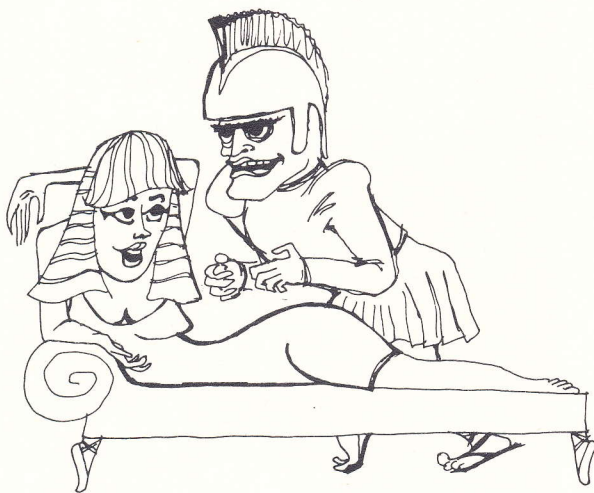
"All right, Antony, your entrance. And don't pounce."



"I said DON'T POUNCE!"



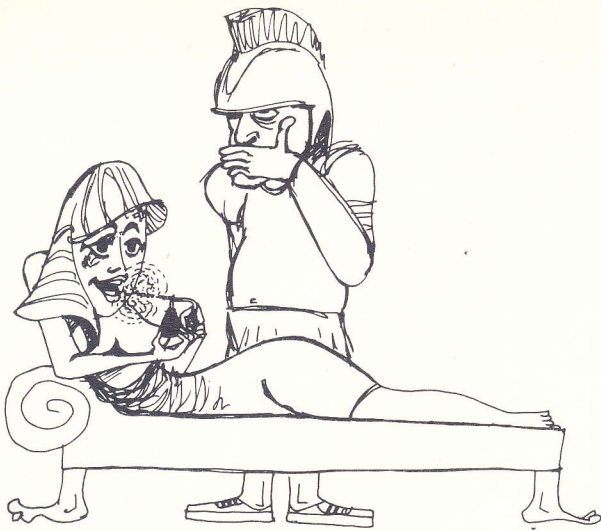
"OK, kids, some mutual desire."



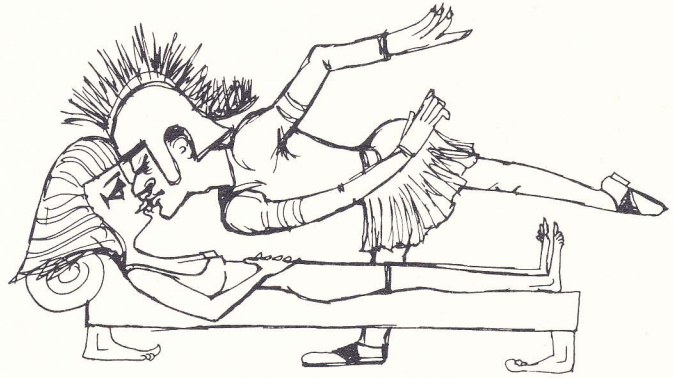
"More desire."



"DON'T POUNCE!"



"Now, let's have the kiss."



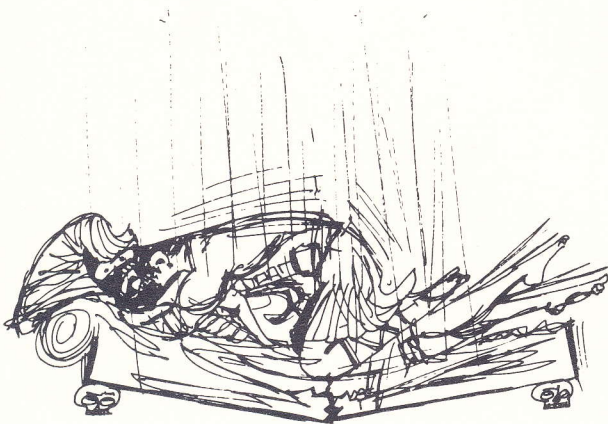
"No."



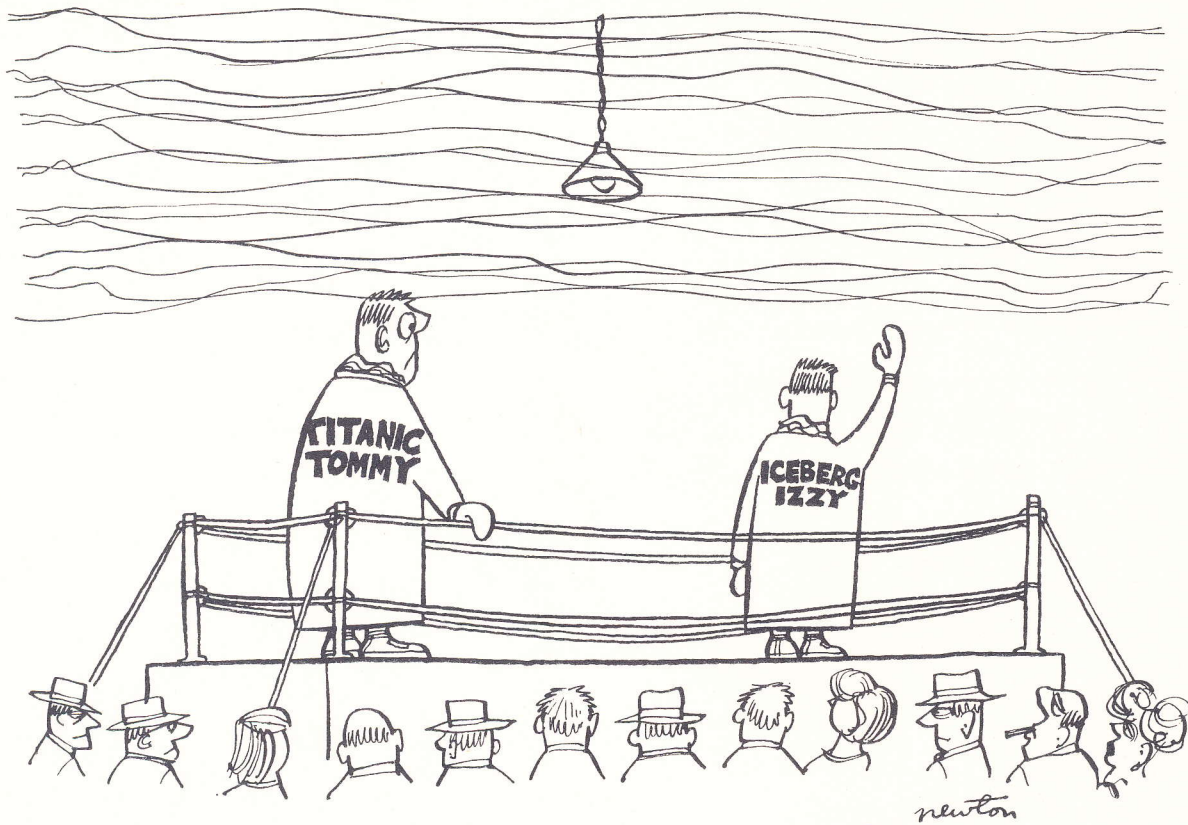
"No."



"No! No! Cut! Cut!"



"All right, let's take it from the top again kids, only gracefully, gracefully."



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GO FOR UM
BIG, BIG
POW WOW AT**



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KRIS

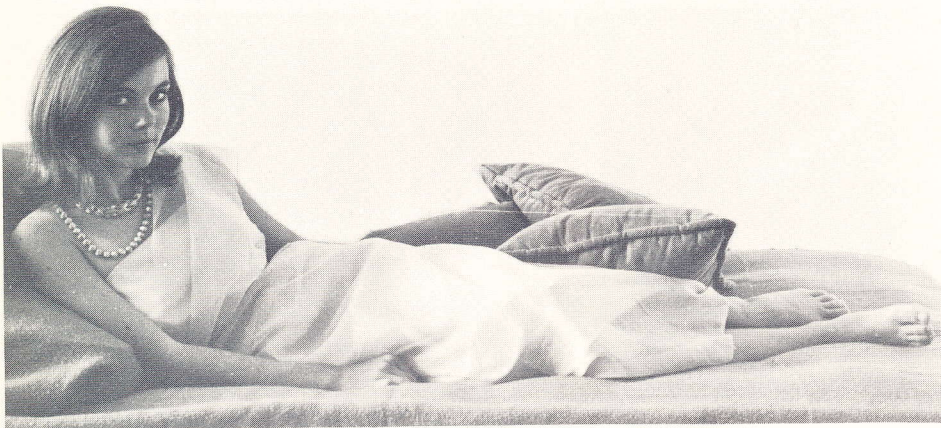
The Old Boy proudly presents Kris Jones, his Cleopatra, Big Game, Freshman, November Queen. This is a lot of queenships for one girl but the Old Boy thinks she does full justice to them all. Branner's Miss Jones comes West from Providence, Rhode Island where she attended—of all unfair things—a girl's prep school. At Stanford she spends her time singing in the choir, swearing over an unfathomable biology textbook, or yearning for the Old Boy who, in turn, is captivated by the shy and shining aspects of her personality and the lure of her enticing er . . . her eyes. Turn the page and zero in as they reenact a Roman romp.



"Hi, they call me Cleopatra."

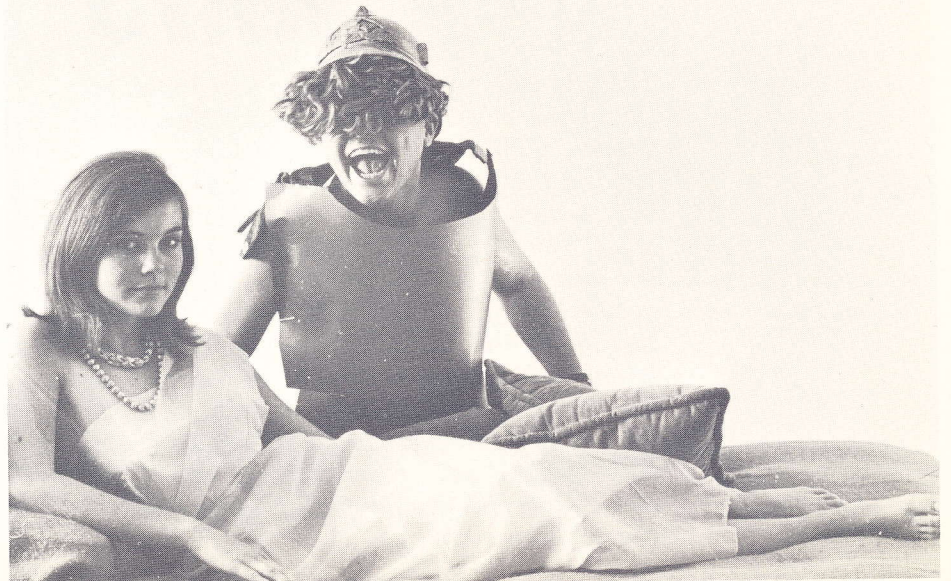


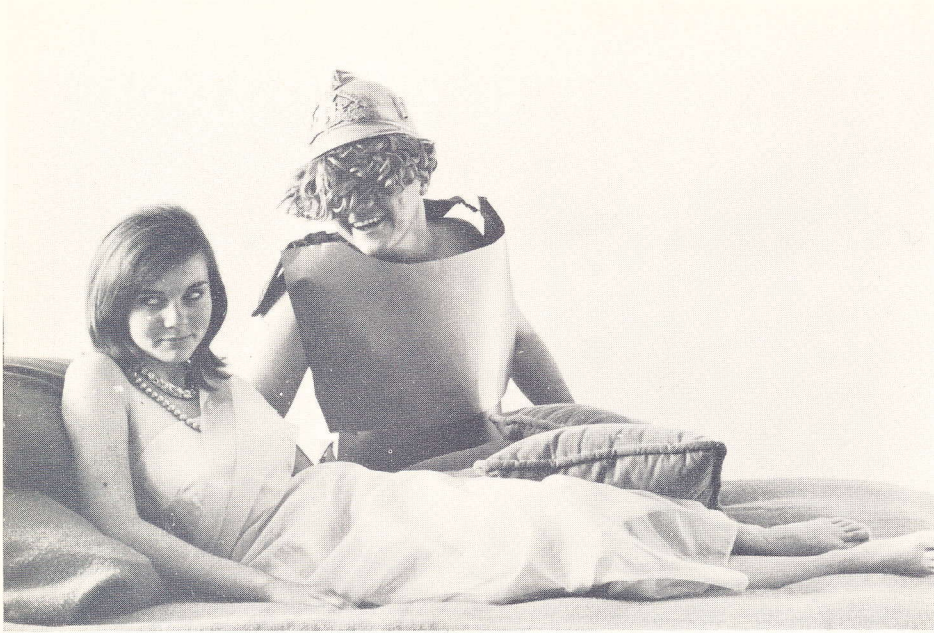
"I've just heard a rumor that that absurd Mark Antony has returned from the Wars."



"He'll probably be around to bother me, etc."

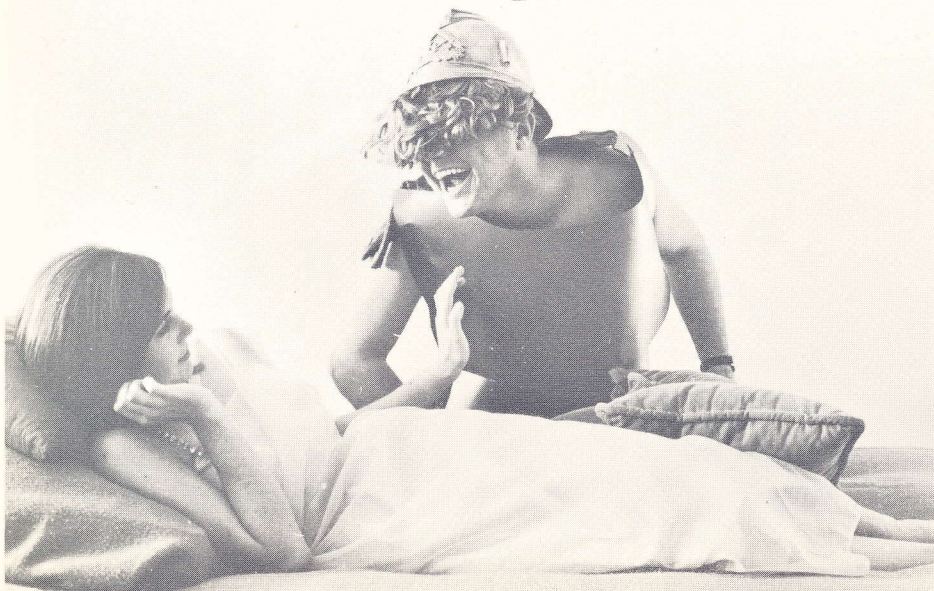
"What'd I tell ya."





*"He always tries the same lines,
the same war jokes."*

"And the same old proposition."



*"And now the physical approach.
I'll be coy for awhile."*



"That's how legends get started."

THE EXISTENTIALIST CLEOPATRA: A REFRESHINGLY NIHILISTIC APPROACH TO THIRTEENTH CENTURY FEMINIST FOLK LYRIC.

Another Wonderful Dissertation by Father Mongo "Gutbucket" Santamaria y Jesus, D.S.M. As told to Temp Peck.

Professor Santamaria needs no introduction to those already familiar with his brilliant archaeological studies of Lepicus VII, the "Digger King," or his recent rewriting of a new pornographic Holy Mass, or his just-published monograph on Neo-Platonic Foodfights In Urban Consisteries.

"Spider," as his closest associates call him, is no newcomer to the study of the thirteenth century feminist folk lyric that he adores. Dr. Santamaria has only recently begun to explore the "unlimited" possibilities of correlating them with anything else. "No tengo dinero," as he once wrote.

Spider Santamaria is now a professor emeritus at the E-Z Korrespondance Kollege in Electrosnuggie, Michigan. He is married and has six children, age five. His hobbies include Kleenex, Artichokes, and Brandishing.

Perhaps Blaise (Blaise Pascal, naturellement!) said it best:

Cleopatra's nose, had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been changed.

There, one might presume to say, the old Gallician peasant sums up the problem, but an explication which recent investigation has revealed to pre-date Blaise by more than four hundred years. We must begin with a consideration of this thirteenth century langue-d'oc troubador chant:

I sing my song for noses long
When they are short it breaks my hort
Yippee ti yi yay
Yippee yay
Yippee yay
Yippee ti yi yippee
Yippee yay.

I love big nostrils can't you see
They change the world for you and me
Yippee ti yi yay
Yippee yay.
Yippee yay
Yippee ti yi yippee
Yippee yay.

The chant continued for ninety-four verses in the original, of course, and was traditionally accompanied by a slave rhythmically beating a dead horse, but even in miniscule, a capella excerpt should suffice to sum up the ineffable dichotomy of feminist thought embodied in Cleopatra as an Historical Pressence (or, in Spanish, *glumkeit*. For is not the Dutch scholar Droolens correct in his appellation of Cleopatra as a "watchtower of poignancy woof woof?" Cannot her delicate fabric as a muse-*philosophik* be plumbed only in a life-sense by the thirteenth century lyricist Respeghi when he, with characteristic irony, sings of his Versedi dying on the molten armchair?

("Rebozzi-meil!" she cries, casting her glassy and unbelieving eyes on the brown ooze that was so recently her favorite armchair. "Non mezzi robondi," her lover can only reply, staring.)

Ah, "Non mezzi robondi." Indeed! the modern scholar is virtually forced to agree, for in a very real sense, important as well as titillating, this scene embodies the fifth quintessence of thirteenth century

feminist thought as it has been interpreted for us by such as the entire Apothic School of Limoges. It just has the entire Cleopatran ethos, despite the severely phantasmagorical nature of its *Weltanschlep*, or possibly because of it.

Of course, to return to the Apothics, we must note that for all their rigid scholasticism and divine insight, they might as well have attempted to "thumb a new giraffe," so fragmentary was their source material. Yet perhaps this is just one of my pet peeves.

Further evidence of the startling one-on-one relationship between the Cleopatran and Versedi syndromes abounds in (and virtually dominates) the beautiful finger-sculpt panels of the Trebozian Revival, recently unearthed in the mountainous region east of the Old Kartuk. This is ancient and only fools dare to revile its splendid lift-montage, or the breastwork on the middle panel.

For there we see etched in sensuous detail and color which has survived the insidious roach of the centuries, Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile, reclining in what is indisputably a *molten armchair*!

The possibility of mere coincidence has thus been forever eliminated, and letting Plutarch—the scholar's eagle-like crutch on which he may fly to archaeologically unchartered nests—speak in his native tongue: "Ain't dat a gas, Clyde?"

So there you have it. Are not the Versedian and Cleopatran legends both dramatically neo-lesbian in their frankly deterministic *mooze*? And is not this *mooze* virtually identical to that which is most clearly seen in Loddau's existentialist vases (assuming of course that, with the Nominalists, we can really see the vases)? Then, to close with a final query (I always end up with queries), is this not the final life-death tragic polarity which we now find again in Gasbag's Epic Opera where the dying, flamingo-like Eyyecch cries to a cold and disjunctively unconcerned universe: "Zie Gespräch Vorzlei, Lo biz zu Gefrimml?" (Translation: "I have my Vorzlei, Where is your Gefrimml?") Undeniably we have stumbled upon the sublime, and I glory in it.

An Interview with Richard Birdin'

Stenographer: Roy Russell



Several days ago the Old Boy was moving and grooving in the Chaparral shack when he heard a wild and frantic pounding on the door. "Who's dat knocking on my door?" said the Old One, who splish-splashed across the room and swung open the elegant portals to reveal a heavy-breathing toga-clad messenger who carried a note from the English star of stage and screen, Dick Birdin', who had just returned from the Nile and was currently staying, said the note, at a lavish and Romanesque hotel just south on the Royal Road.

Birdin' requested an interview with Chappie so that he could set the record straight about his co-star and alleged paramour whose name is _____.

The Old Boy brushed the panting messenger aside and swung down to the appointed meeting place: a cocktail lounge in Birdin's motel by the name of "Nero's Nookie." Spreading out comfortably behind a scotch and aqua the Chappie leader pondered the nudity of the statuery and turned finally to admire the sculptural achievement of the barmaid's single-strap bodice.

"Demonstrates the ingenuity of Roman single-span suspenison don't you think, old boy," said a voice, "That Roman work really holds 'em up."

The Old Boy raised his eyes to see Dick Birdin', who wore a carefree toga and dragged along a broad stub-nosed Roman spear.

"Why do you carry that spear, Dick?" said the Old Boy sharply.

"To double her pleasure," said Birdin' at length. With that Birdin' reeled furiously around and decapitated the barmaid, a young girl in the full bloom of youth who had been standing shyly behind Birdin', trying to touch his spear. Her head rolled across the floor. "Best get to talking before I begin to regret that," said Birdin', and the interview began.

Birdin': Let's get one thing straight before we move on to anything else. I know damn well that the only subject you care about is sex. Sex is your only interest and you don't care a whit about my acting talent or my ability to spout poetry for four hours without a stop. Well neither do I. I want to talk about sex.

Chappie: What about sex?

Birdin': Filthy subject, isn't it? Simply for people who lack the sensitivity to enjoy any non-physical activity. I just happen to enjoy physical activity. It has nothing to do with sensitivity. And I want you to know that I believe deeply in marital fidelity.

Chappie: Could you expand on that?

Birdin': I can expand indefinitely. I think fidelity should be expanded too, the notion of fidelity that is. You ought to be able to be faithful to everybody. Not just your wife.

Chappie: How does your wife feel about that?

Birdin': Did you say "How" or "When"?

Chappie: How.

Birdin': Well how would you feel? It's just a bunch of filthy rumors and disgusting innuendoes about me that keep upsetting her. For instance, there have

been certain insinuations about my dealings with a recent co-star of mine, Miss _____.

Chappie: Yes, the word is out that you have been quite an asp in the grass about Miss _____ and your wife.

Birdin': There's the rub! Gawd, man. I'm an actor—an English one at that—and pretty well indoctrinated in the glory of the literary tradition. And I object to that phrase you used—"going to bed" I believe it was. It has an awfully base ring to it. Actually, I prefer "retiring to the nuptial couch." Hate to quibble over terms though.

Chappie: So you would say that your problem with the press and the public's misconceptions of your relations with her is due mainly to a problem of semantics.

Birdin': Not quite. There was that unfortunate hap-penstance on the first day of rehearsals. It was a huge and magnificent scene with the Roman emperor and Miss _____ who was standing around quite thinly clad. Suddenly someone shouted "Caesar!" So I did. It's an old joke but she hadn't heard it.

Chappie: Weren't there some ugly reprisals?

Birdin': Oh, dreadful. We had a good deal of trouble with the lean and hungry looking little chap, a minstrel lad who went about plucking his lyre and singing about "Coca-Cola" and his father. "Mine Papa," he kept singing. Seems that _____ once peeled his grapes for him. Damn near crushed them in the process. Well, the youth felt a bit possessive.

Chappie: What sort of trouble did he cause?

Birdin': Lewd songs mostly. But that sort of thing's all over now. He is peeling his own grapes.

Chappie: Isn't it true though that your intimacies with Miss _____ have been more than just miscues during rehearsals. Haven't things extended a bit beyond normal limits?

Birdin': That depends on your definition of "normal limits." I just happen to be the type of great actor and intense personality who plunges himself deeply into every part. Of course it's all in the best interests of authenticity and artistic integrity.

Chappie: You'll have to admit that you don't seem to be trying too much to put Cleopatra and Miss _____ behind you.

Birdin': Behind me? No, don't care for it. And you must remember that the evil men do lives after them. Awful thought, what?

Chappie: But haven't you and Miss _____ lived in adjoining suites?

Birdin': Our sweets have never joined.

Chappie: Well, let's get off Miss _____ and stagger on to something even broader. What do you think of American sex mores?

Birdin': I think the values are all wrong and as a result there has been a certain monotony associated with sex. Carting your girl off to bed has become all important. But that excludes so much. There's always the beach, theater boxes, out behind pyramids, just gads of good spots. The list is endless.

Chappie: That brings to mind another issue. What do you think about the sordid innovation being forced upon the Young American by Detroit—namely, back seat romances?

Birdin': I've never met a Young American from Detroit but you should blame it on them. The old Roman chariots were much better anyway, I think, and proof that the Romans made a great contribution. Of course the horses are always becoming a bit snippish when they get wind that something's up.

Chappie: I suppose your involvement with the Cleo movie acquainted you rather well with the Roman way of life.

Birdin': Yes. I stopped in at one party where a young lady disrobed in the middle of the living room and where this drunken actor-type stuck a mess of pillow feathers on a girl and rode around as if she were a horse. Then they all ran out to the beach and looked at a big fish. Jolly old fish! Nothing like it back in Wales.

Chappie: May I ask about the toga you're wearing.

Birdin': Not at all. You see, great actors never completely shake the characters they play. The characters that men play live after them, you know. That's Keats.

Chappie: But you do enjoy wearing the toga?

Birdin': Oh yes. Long pants scratch my legs.

Chappie: Is that all?

Birdin': No!

Chappie: Were you ever shocked by that old Roman culture?

Birdin': Like what?

Chappie: Well, we've heard about young women and beasts in the amphitheaters. Gory and brutal things. What do you know about that.

Birdin': What do *you* know about that? There! You see I've outwitted you. I'm the all around actor and man.

Chappie: What other effects has the movie had on you?

Birdin': It lessened my materialism. Awakened me to the finer but less expensive things in life. For example, I traded in my new Rolls-Royce for an ancient Tin Lizzie. It's my only American love. I hop in for a spin whenever possible—she's seen a lot of miles but she always gives me a good ride. And not at all temperamental—she'll go for anybody.

Chappie: Should we infer that that you derive pleasure from things other than acting?

Birdin': No. Acting is all I do. It's just a matter of finding the right parts.

Chappie: What's the major pleasure you get from your work?

Birdin': Well, there are what you call fringe benefits—and of course there's always the opportunity to get in a little featherbedding, but I like the challenge of being many people, to play the unplayable, to provide a ray of light into a situation otherwise black, to reach deep inside myself and probe for perfection. Mostly I like to dress up.

Chappie: Haven't many of your performances been overshadowed recently by other members of the cast?

Birdin': I don't think so. Although my dislike for self-acclaim has sometimes kept me from maintaining my rightful position at the head of the guild.

Chappie: We were thinking particularly of your last picture. How do you feel about Liz getting the glory and her being the highest paid actress around?

Birdin': Doesn't bother me at all. As a matter of fact, I'm rather proud of the whole thing: I've never had to pay her a cent.

Chappie: Have you thought much about your future?

Birdin': Of course. That's all there is. I intend to do well, rather to keep on doing well—not going to lose my place in line, so to speak.

Chappie: Thank you for your time.

Birdin': That's quite all right—happy to give it to anyone. Just remember—There is a multitude within me—I'm too much, you know.

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A young executive went into a bar and saw a young secretary who worked for his firm. He asked her if he could buy her a drink.

"GO TO YOUR APARTMENT?" she yelled in response.

Everyone turned and looked at the embarrassed young man.

"You misunderstood me," he said. "I asked if you wanted a drink."

"FOR THE ENTIRE NIGHT!"

Again the patrons stared at the executive who retreated to a nearby booth.

Several minutes later the secretary came over and said, "I'm very sorry for the trouble I've caused you."

"FOR FIFTY DOLLARS!" he cried.



On a crowded cross-country bus, a youngster occupied one section of the seat just ahead of his father and mother. When the space beside him was pounced upon by a lady of gargantuan proportions, the boy turned to his mother and announced discreetly, "F - A - T, huh, Ma?"



Little Herby came screaming into the living room where his father was reading the paper.

"Daddy! Mommy was backing out of the garage and ran over my bike!"

Father: "Serves you right. How many times do I have to tell you not to leave your bike on the porch?"



The Sunday-school teacher had asked her class where God lives. One small boy replied, "He lives in our bathroom."

"Why, Jimmy, what makes you say that?"

"Well, every morning my pop stands in front of the bathroom door and says, 'God, are you still in there?'"



The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test,
On its haunches
Hovering over every desk;
And then it moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.



Jimmie was assigned by his teacher to write a composition about his origin.

He questioned his mother.

"Mom, where did Grandma come from?"

"The stork brought her."

"Well, where did you come from?"

"The stork brought me, and you too, dear."

The small modern then wrote as the introduction to his composition: "There have been no natural births in our family for three generations."



"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why, no, I rather enjoy them."



Don: "Do you know what good clean fun is?"

Lynn: "No, what good is it?"



A girl shock of wheat went and slept
By a boy shock of wheat that was heaped;
On waking, 'tis said,
She found herself bread
And shouted, "My Gawd, I've been reaped!"



"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.



Man in barber's chair—"Your dog likes to watch you cut hair, doesn't he?"
Barber—"It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear."



A sedate old female was horrified to see a small boy kicking a little girl who was lying in the gutter.

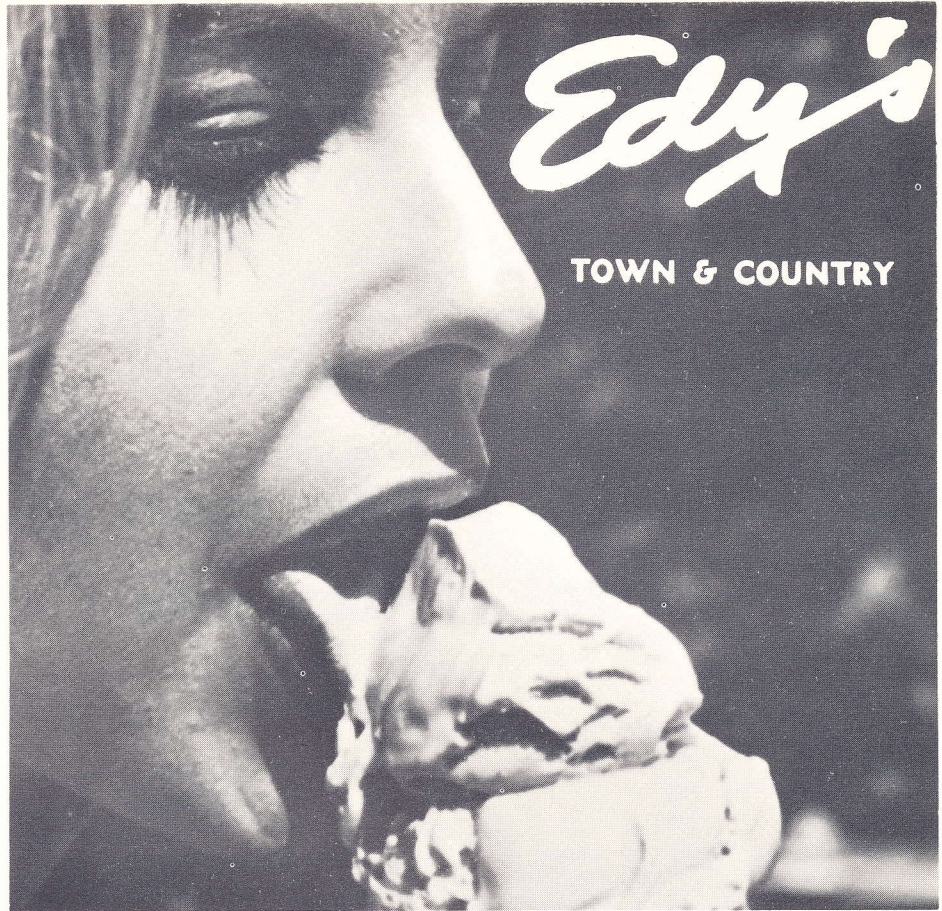
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," she admonished.

"It's all right, lady," replied the boy. "She's dead."



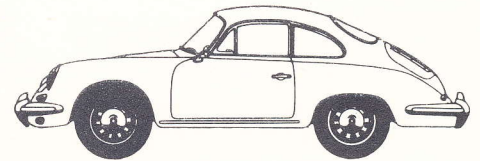
Your grandfather is a little deaf isn't he?

He sure is; last night he led the evening prayers while kneeling on the cat.

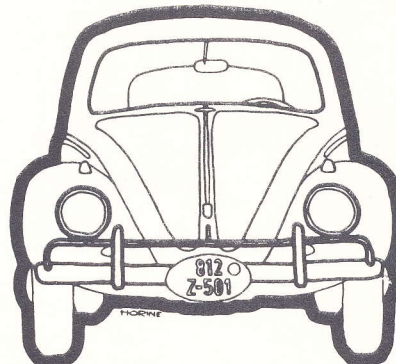


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The manager of a fashionable men's clothing store near campus hired a new salesman who claimed he could sell anything to anybody. The manager decided to test him out, and said, "If you can sell this suit here, I'll give you a ten dollar raise. It's been around for years, and nobody bothers with it anymore. Yellow and green pin stripes, with purple lapels, double-breasted. Sell that one and you get the raise."

Two days later the manager happened to notice the suit gone from the racks, and hurried over to his salesman. "My God," he exclaimed, "how did you do it? Bet you had to fast talk the customer into that one!"

"Not really," the salesman replied, "but his seeing-eye dog gave me a bad time."



The girl who slaps your face may not want to hurt your feelings but only to stop them.



This issue the Old Boy presents a tale of the sea; of choppy waves and salty winds, of fo'csles and fan-tails, of bos'ns and marlin spikes, of iron men and iron ships.

This story is dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Navy without whom none of this would have been possible. Appreciation is also expressed to the Secretary of the Navy, despite his efforts to smother the story.

The plot unfolds aboard the U.S.S. *Neverdeck*, a *Hornet* class carrier which has since been converted to a submarine by her skipper when he ran it aground on the shoals of Point Loma attempting to break the harbor record for speedy entrances.

The executive officer discovered the first sign that something was amiss aboard the mighty ship. As he was about to step from his cabin, he suddenly glanced down in disbelief.

"What's that?" he asked a young lieutenant.

"That's ———, sir!" replied the lieutenant, snapping to attention and saluting.

And so the bright young officer earned a promotion for his quick perception. But the significance of the first incident was missed, and no one thought of it until the next day when the captain made a similar discovery upon stepping sternly through a hatch. A note lay beside the evidence: "The Phantom strikes again!"

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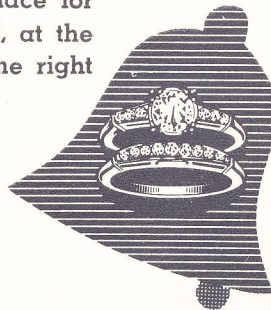
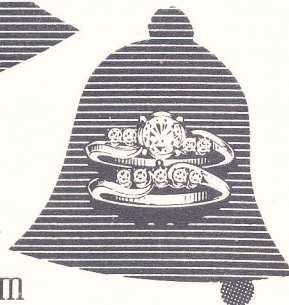
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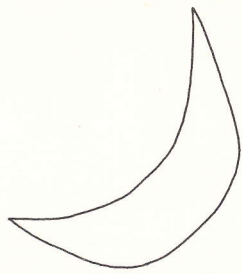
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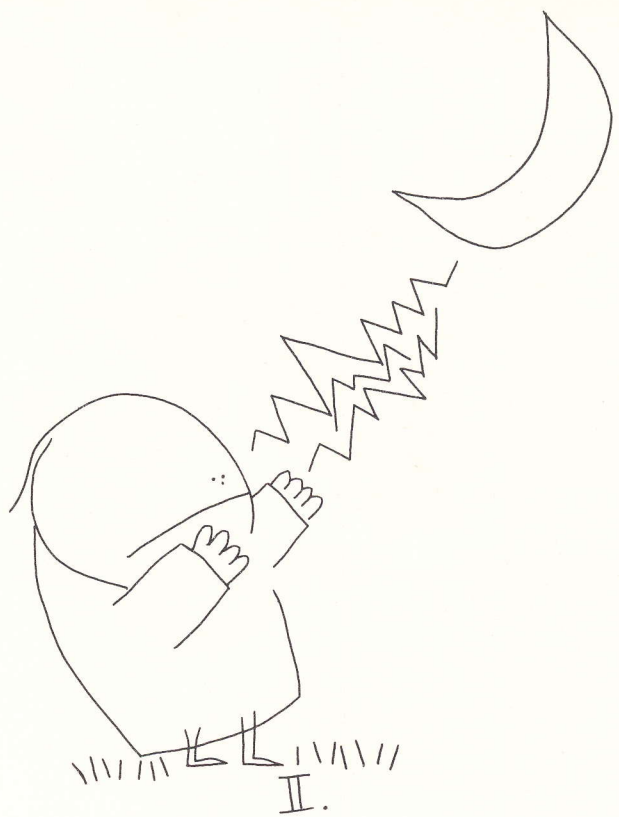
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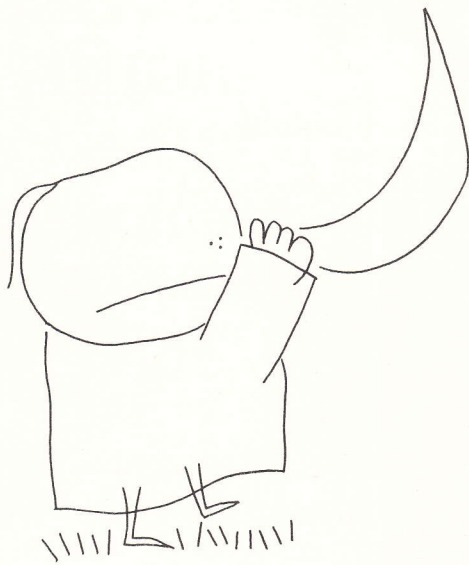
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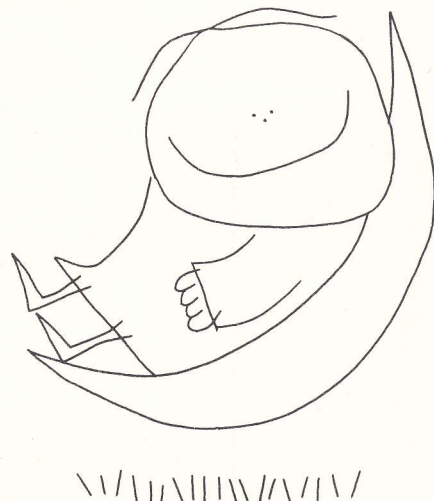
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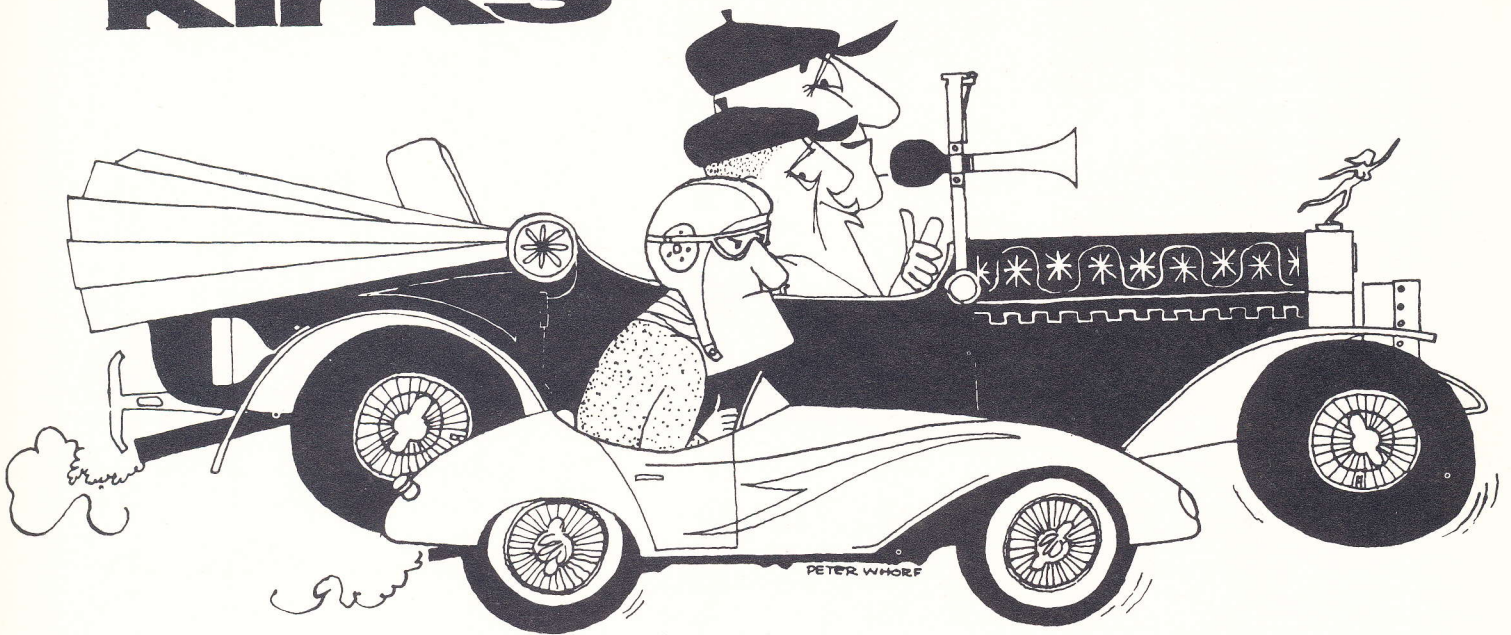
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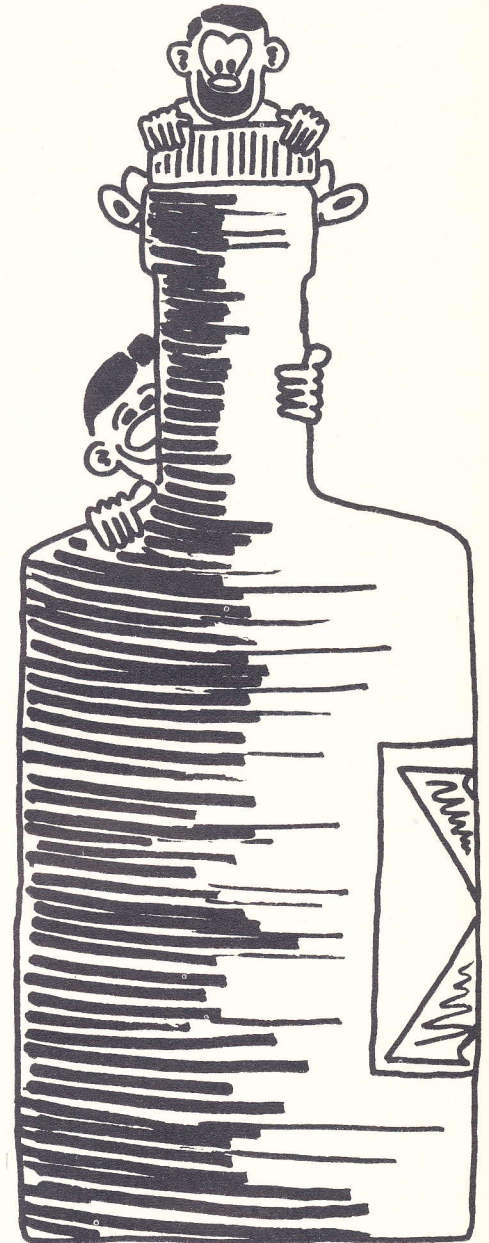
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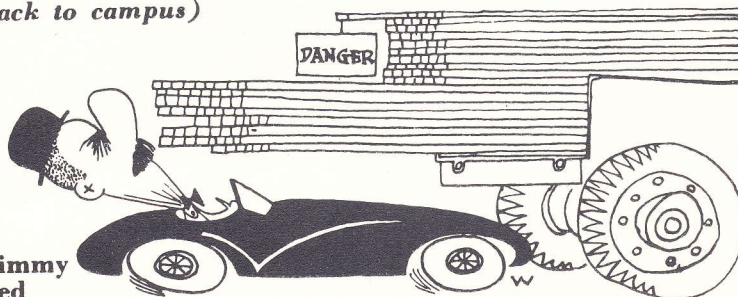
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MOON PICTURES

CLEOPATRA. This is a pretty good picture. I liked it a lot. Only it didn't have any singing in it, not at all. I sat there drinking my coke through the whole thing, but it didn't have any singing in it. The part I liked best was the intermission. Because then everybody in the lobby pointed at me and came over to shake my hand sympathetically. I liked that. It's almost like having a network show. I used to have a show like that. I sing, too.

I thought Rex Harrison was good but I didn't like Richard Burton. He's not handsome and he can't sing. Elizabeth Taylor wasn't very good either. She uses heavy make-up all the time and besides she's a little too fat. I don't like fat women. I never did.

Oh, I made a new record for RCA Victor. Have you heard it? I haven't, not even on the radio. My agent says it should sell a million copies and he's very smart. He always knows where I can find work. He told me I ought to fly to Rome next month. He says maybe I can pick up something there. **EDDIE FISHIE.**

GODZILLA VS. KING KONG. Mr. Kong's latest vehicle, in which he plays a monstrous gorilla, is simply another of those tiresome good-evil melodramas which Hollywood insists on perpetuating. The evil in this case is personified, or more precisely replified by the gruesomely prehistoric Godzilla. Mr. Zilla turns in his usual fine performance: crumpling Lionel trains, falling off tiny Japanese mountains, eating women. Would that as much could be said for Mr. Kong! He is clumsy, hairy, and probably smells terrible. An especial disappointment to this reviewer was Mr. Kong's ineffectual, possibly tubercular chest beating which fell far short of the standard he established in his early work. There is, in short, nothing less appealing nor more sickening than a middle-aged teenage sex idol. He should stick to singing. Bert K. Deske.

THE FIFTY-FIVE DAYS AT PEKING. This movie proves that 55 days is entirely too long to stay in Peking. Why anyone would go to Peking in the first place is also a question, but if he knew that Ava Gardner was there and that the Boxer Rebellion was about to break out, he would still be stupid to go there because he might get killed. Only Charlton Heston would fall for it. He and Ava stand around wondering whether they should summon troops. They can't think of much else to do. Charlton Heston is idiotic; the movie is horrible. Fred Andrlé.

T

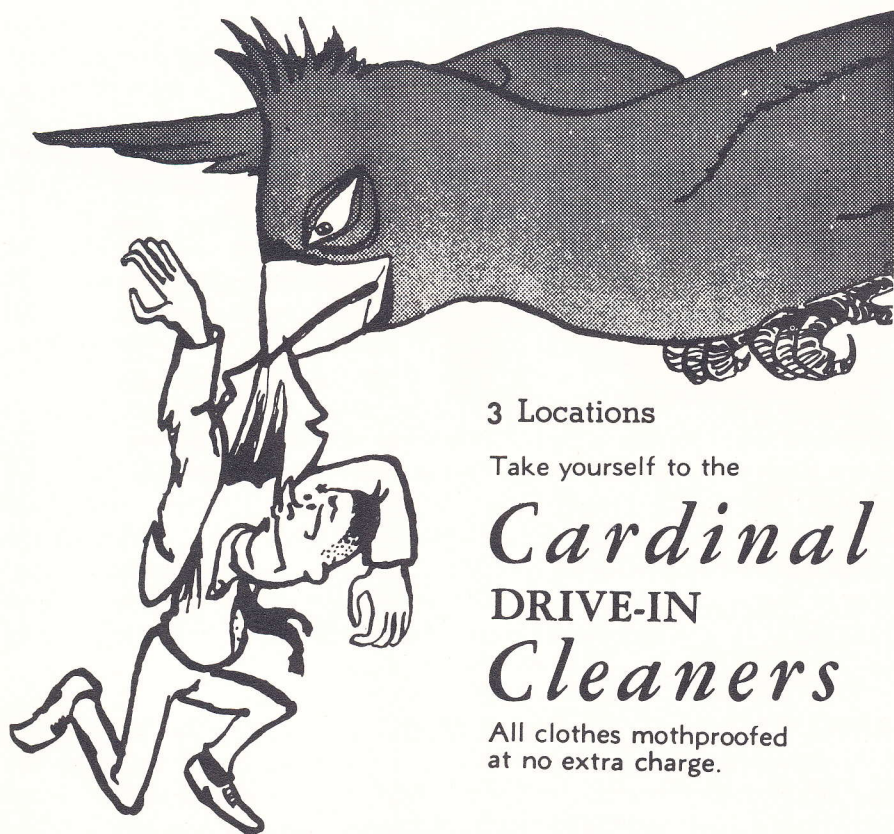
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MAMA WRITES TO JOHNNY (Army training Series #6007493V)

The message carried by this film runs something like, "Flies cause disease—keep yours closed." The sequences in which the spirochetes swim frantically up the blood stream, pursued relentlessly by the penicillin mold, are, for action and suspense, unforgettable. Color by Postule.

PROMISES, PROMISES

And not one of them is kept.

SHOTGUN WEDDING

We were pretty interested in what *really* goes with those child brides in the Ozarks. This film is really an eye opener. You wouldn't *believe* the substandard living down there! And the morals! Maybe it wasn't so easy to accept Shirley Booth as a Twelve-year-old nymphomaniac" but Walter Brennan is unforgettable as her eighty-year-old "male-factor." Chuck Connors plays Miss Booth's father.

THE V.I.P.S

Richard Chamberlain plays Richard Burton, and Tammy Grimes plays Liz Taylor in this tender (though not very profound essay on rural love).



"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."
"Did you ever try bran?"



First Coed: "You like to read?"
Second Coed: "Yeah."
First Coed: "Whatcha like to read?"
Second Coed: "Oh Zola, Joyce and Dostoevshy."
First Coed: "Like O. Henry?"
Second Coed: "Naw, the nuts stick in my teeth!"



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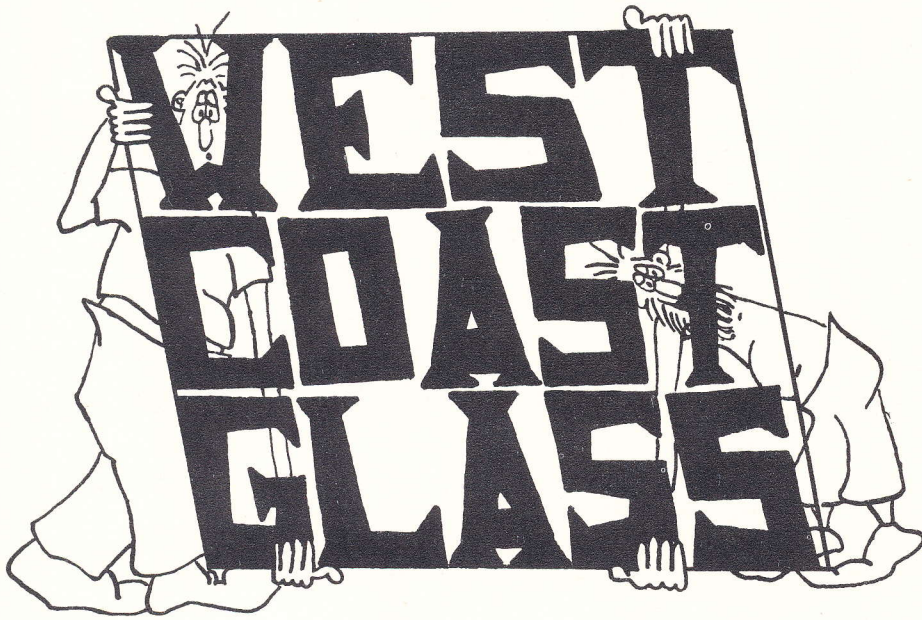
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ask me if i'm a frog.
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yes, i'm a frog.
now ask me if i'm a turtle.
are you a turtle?
no, i'm a frog.



It's rumored that once on Inner Quad a professor became aware that his class had drowsed off on him, and he decided that he would catch everyone off base. So he suddenly dropped into double talk.

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smigg and gweld them—being careful not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger (if handy). Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the back of the room. "What are twetchels?"



A true music lover is a man, who upon hearing a soprano in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.



A gangster rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left, yelling, "All you dirty bastards get outta here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets except for one Englishman who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" shouted the thug, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," said the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"



The Indian kept raising his hand and saying "Chance" each time a tourist passed by. Finally one of them asked him, "Why do you keep saying 'Chance' when all the other Indian says 'How'?"

"Me already know how. Me just want chance."



A drunk fell on his pocket flask and smashed it, naturally lacerating his posterior regions. Upon arriving home he was afraid to waken his wee (300-pound) wife. So he procured band-aids and mirror and proceeded to apply first-aid. Came the dawn his wife shook him awake and nagged, "Were you drunk last night?"

"Oh, no!" reassured her soggy spouse. "Oh, yeah?" crowed wee wifey. "Then what are the band-aids doing on the mirror?"

STAN WILLIAMS

Freddie and Beth were show business people. They had not always been show business people, though; when Freddie had first come to New York he had planned to be a waiter, and Beth had thought she would remain what she had always been: a simple farm girl who loved horses. But when they arrived in the city, they were both seized with stage fever—Freddie decided to sing, and Beth could act.

Their path was hard but these early years promised only success. They were married their first winter in New York, in a quiet little ceremony, the simplicity of which they could smile at after they reached the dizzy heights of wealth and fame. After the wedding Freddie turned to Beth and said:

"I'll bet we smile at this some day when we're rich and famous."

And Beth replied, her vermilion eyes directed mistily toward his, "Love doesn't come from riches and fame, though. I could never love you more than I do now."

Beth could not have realized then the cruel irony into which these words would be twisted as fate guided them along its tortuous path.

Bit parts in movies, one-night stands singing in dingy, smoky nightclubs, long waits in lines outside casting offices: this was the life of Freddie and Beth. But even this eternal waiting could not dampen their youthful enthusiasm, the simple joy which radiated from their one-room apartment on the lower East Side. At least they were in show biz!

And then, suddenly, unexpectedly, almost magically, Beth became famous—for Rick had entered her life. Rick was a tall, Spanish-looking actor whose very name was uttered with reverence by the people in the trade, the people who counted. And Rick was a legitimate actor, an artist; he acted not just in front of the camera, but on

the stage, on Broadway. Just his name on the billboard meant a box-office sellout. And Rick had decided to make a movie and he needed a pretty girl to play the Queen of Egypt.

Beth had been standing in front of the casting office of American International Pictures for almost three hours. She shivered in the morning cold, but as she clamped her shoulders together she smiled: she wouldn't be second in line this time! She looked at her little tick-tock: two minutes to eight; not much longer to wait.

The door opened swiftly, catching Beth by surprise and hitting her in the shoulder as she huddled up against it. Rick's sleek dark head stuck out, his cruel mouth twisted into a smile.

"Are *you* waiting to be cast?" he asked Beth softly.

"Yes indeed, sir." Beth's lips were numbed by cold and fear, but also by a strange warmth which she recognized as desire.

"The rest of you can go home," announced Rick, "We don't need anybody but . . . what is your name?"

"Beth, sir." The feeling of warmth grew stronger.

"Beth, how pretty! Please do come inside."

And so it began. Beth was cast for the first time in her life, in a leading role, and not only that but a role opposite the most famous actor in the world! She had become a star overnight.

Suddenly Beth was thrust into the vast complexity of a star's world—evening cocktail parties with producers, urgent midnight meetings with the director, nocturnal consultations with other actors. She had hardly a night to herself, what with the make-up men, the costuming men, the guys who always just hang around on a movie crew—and Beth had to spend her time with all of them. All of them!

And Rick. It seemed they were never apart. His handsomeness, his forcefulness, the soft power in his voice when he read a line. All these

things were becoming part of Beth's life. It was so glamorous.

Then one day after an exhilarating night of rehearsals Beth was resting in her dressing room when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in." The tiredness in Beth's voice was evident beneath the cheerful greeting.

"Oh, hi, Beth, I didn't know you were resting. I'll come back later." Rick was smiling his thin-lipped, rather cruel smile.

"Oh no, Rick. Don't mind me. I'm just tired, that's all."

"I just wanted to say that." Rick fumbled for words, the first time she had ever seen him do it. "Well, I thought you were just wonderful today. I mean you're really making this thing work."

"Dick, I-I-I don't know what to say." Beth was visibly embarrassed.

"Nothing, baby . . . you don't have to *say* anything."

Before she could utter a sound Rick had kissed her, and what had been a curious feeling of warmth was now a white hot flame. Beth's brain reeled: what can this mean? Rick turned out the light.

The question echoed in her mind for days afterward. What has happened to me? And where is Freddie? But Beth knew the answers to those questions deep down in the bottom of her stomach. Freddy was gone. Gone! But Beth was a woman now. She had to have Rick and she couldn't get enough of him. But before she could have him she had to have a, well—a divorce. And that was all.

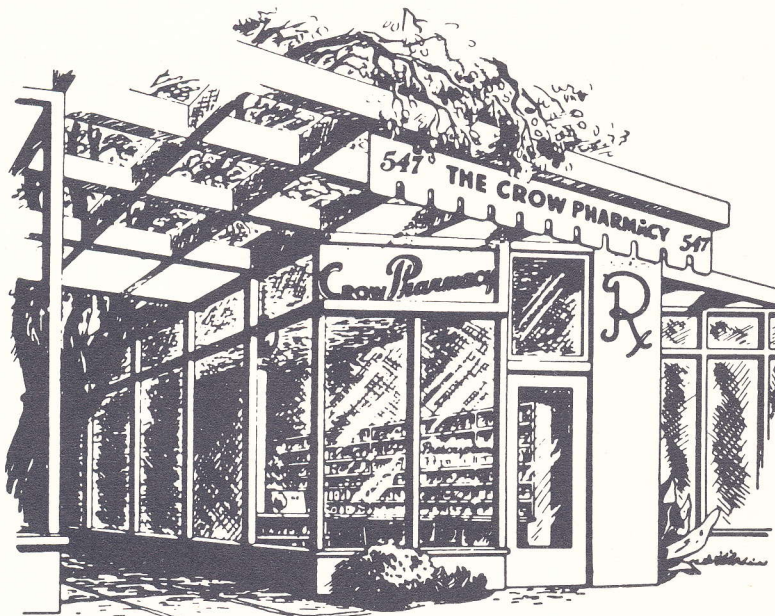
Freddie was a broken man. No nightclub wanted him now, not even the roadhouses or the bars at the Howard Johnson's. He was a ruined man although he was rich, for Beth made sure that Freddie never wanted anything—anything, that is except happiness—and that was something he was coming to realize would not be his to have, at least not without the only person in this world he loved, or could love.

Beth continued her assault on the pinnacle of success, and as the climax of the filming grew near, vic-



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tory appeared hers. She had Rick now, she had fame, wealth, her divorce. What could be wanting? But tragedy waited in the wings.

Only the final scene was needed to complete the movie. Beth had merely to recline on a couch and Rick would lean over and kiss her, just as he had done that night. It would be so easy; it was as if she had been rehearsing for this scene all her life this last month. Beth backed towards the couch, dipped her shoulders, and eased her voluptuous body onto the pad. But suddenly she slipped, a cry mixed of pain and anguish escaped her lips.

"MY GOD!" she screamed, "I've crushed my asp!" A hush fell over the entire crew.

"Get the doctor" someone shouted hoarsely, and suddenly the set was alive with action. Beth's personal physician, Dr. Elworth R. Spane of the Cedars of Lebanon hospital, bolted out of the wings. He quickly made an examination. He probed, squinted, and at last prepared to speak.

"I'm afraid it's true, folks. Her asp is shot to hell. The picture will have to be stopped."

"Oh God! Doctor, do you know what this means?"

"Yes, I do; I'm sorry. There's nothing we can do." Rick had slipped to the doctor's side.

"Is it true, doctor? I mean, will the movie have to be cancelled?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. But that's just one of the bumps of the show business grind." Rick was suddenly aware that Beth's vermilion eyes were fired upon him.

"That's all you care about, isn't it?" Anger glinted from the spangles in her hair.

"Well, gee, Beth, it's twenty million dollars down the rat-hole!" He was plainly irritated, though not without some trace of embarrassment.

"And how much do you think love is worth?" Beth sobbed, the tears streaking her make-up.

"Huh?" Rick stood stock-still. "Oh, NO! You don't—you don't think that I—Oh my God! I just

wanted to be friends, Beth, that was all. I can't play opposite a girl like, uh—you, and expect to sit still! I have to live my part to play it, but when a movie or a play is over, why then, the playing is over, that's all. You can understand that, can't you, darling?"

"Yes, and you'll never understand anything else!" But Beth was sobbing to herself as she tried to run to the stage door, her eyes streaming. The crew stared after her in astonishment as she staggered off the set, her asp in a sling. Rick turned on his heel and walked away.

Beth stood in the street and waved at a taxi she could not see beyond her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Taxi! Oh Taxi!"

"Yes, Ma'am. Where to?" The driver opened the door and Beth gingerly crawled in.

"Anyplace, driver, anyplace. Just drive, will you?" Beth buried her face in her arms.

"I know a place where you're still welcome, Beth, if you want to come back."

She looked up to see Freddie's haggard, unshaven, but smiling face, his cab-driver's hat at a jaunty angle.

"Freddie! Oh Freddie. My God!" Freddie pulled off his cap and turned around. He took Beth's hand.

Hesitating, he stammered, "I still mean it, if you do." He stopped, cleared his throat, wiped Beth's eyes and then his own.

"I think I can see now, Freddie, clearer than I have ever seen before. Yes," she paused, "I mean it this time too."

"Tell me, do you think I'm a better taxi-driver than I was a singer?" Freddie laughed and pulled his cap down over his eyes, laughing youthfully.

"Just drive me home and I'll tell you." Beth's eyes were smiling now.

The cab sped away into the night, away from show business and bright lights forever. And the world is richer for it. Even if her asp is crushed.



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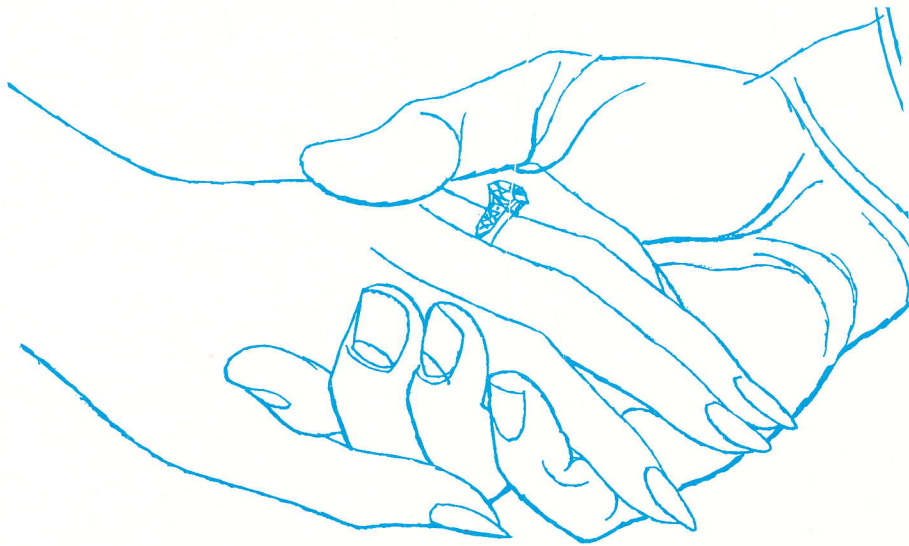
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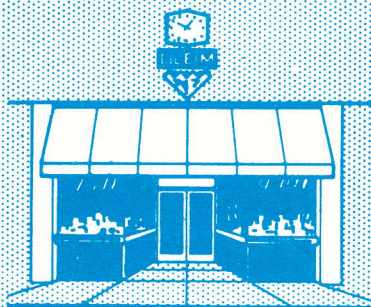
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