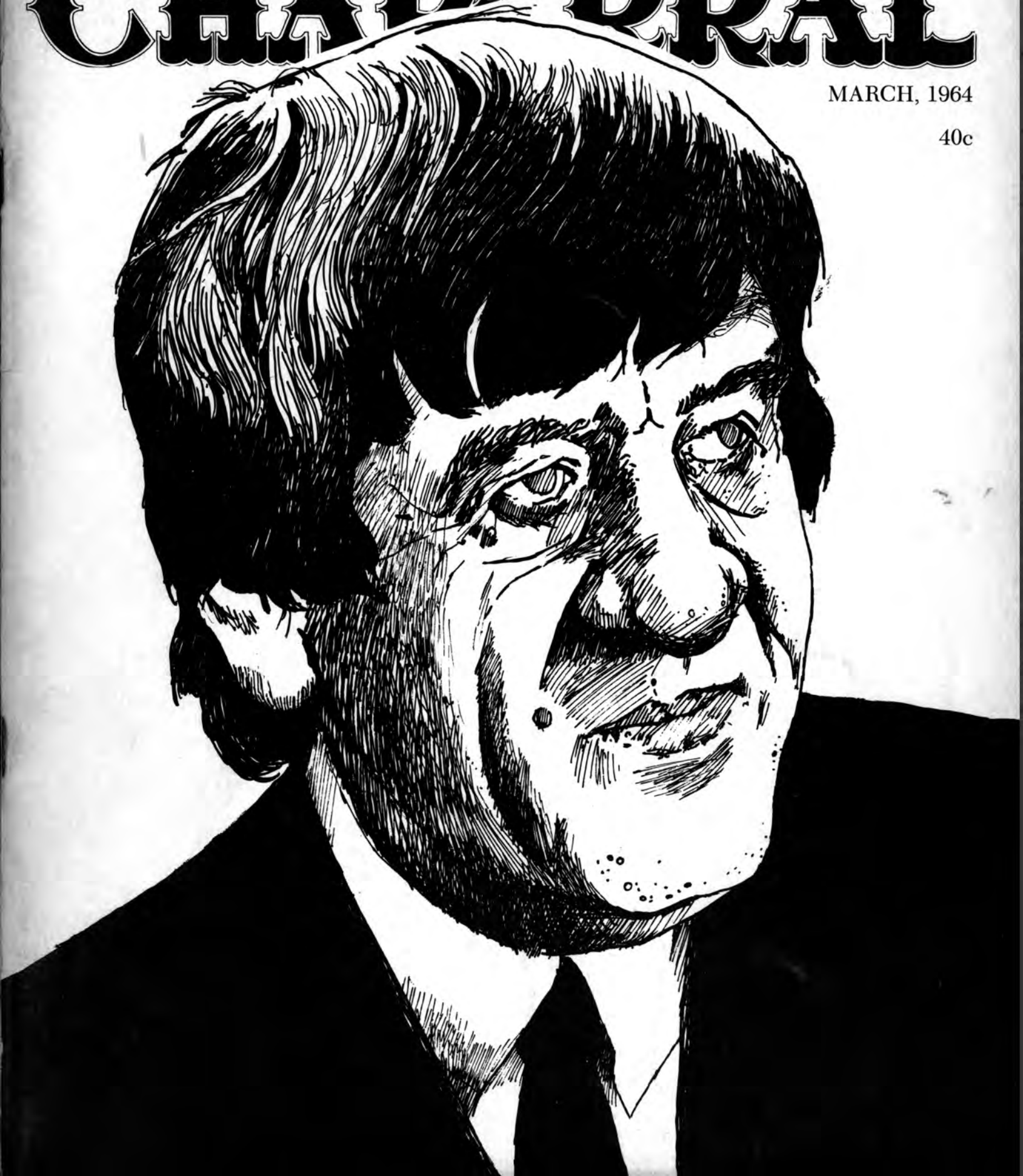


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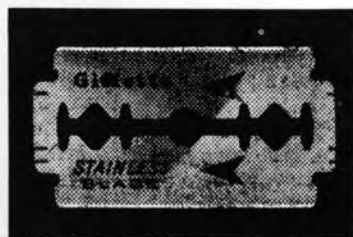
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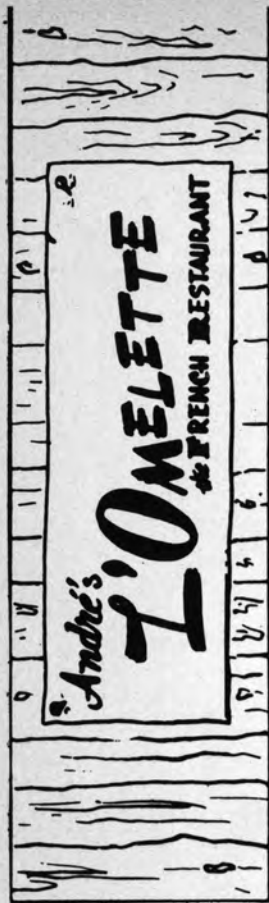


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NOW THAT the Chappies are again rearing their smutty heads we are reminded, not incongruously, of the two brothers whose used car business had sagged deep into the red because of a shared weakness for lowering the prices whenever an alluring female offered them a deal for one of their cars. Business had been quite fulfilling but the profits were non-existent and the brothers decided to cut down on the hanky-panky with the ladies. "We went into the hole on that last deal," said one brother, "And we can't afford to take any more lickings."

The same thing is being said in the Chappie Shack, in whose dank corners Business Manager Tim Haight scrounges around day and night in a fruitless search to find some profits from the sales of our last issue. But alas, Tim has come up empty-handed and bearing nothing but the idea from which the "Bitterness" theme of this issue was developed.

Profitless Tim was naturally bitter. "Let's give up trying to be funny," he said, "Let's be insulting, recriminating, and horrid." That was the idea. The final product is not as "bitter" as we expected, but we offer it to you now with our bitterest regards.

Good-bye, Zeta Psi



Chappie hates to see them go. As an authority on the subject of being kicked off campus (we've been kicked off twice—1951, 1960) we know that there is a serious as well as a preposterous side to it. The Zetes have been suspended until July of 1966 and to us it seems very unlikely that they will ever be able to re-establish themselves.

The Zetes were one of the very few Stanford institutions that were genuinely *fun*. Not trivial and asinine like most of Mrs. Stanford's pronouncements, not contrived and futile like most Stanford "traditions," not complacently self-important like the A.S.S.U. or hopelessly pallid and restrained like the Stanford social code, the Zetes had an irresistible flavor and a unique, wild, smashing, blaring personality all their own. Try to think of another.

One afternoon this Fall several Zetes happened into the Fire House, found the keys to a fire truck dangling from the ignition, got in the truck and drove away with it. The Fire Chief was mortified and did not dare even to report the theft. To his relief, however, the truck was later discovered in the dry and lonely basin of Lake Lagunita and the firemen trudged over to get their truck back.

This, of course, was a Zete undertaking of the first magnitude. Immature? Irresponsible? Grand larceny? Or was it good wholesome Zetism, something which is just a tiny bit different and, we think, occasionally a welcome and delightful thing.

The general student reaction has usually been to laugh at the antics of the Zete "animals," but behind

this posture of amused condescension many will admit to a certain degree of respect and even envy. Every male among us would like to brag to his future sons about how Pop stole the fire truck; every girl who has partied with the Zetes will remember it when their middle-aged husbands come home fat and belching.

Fire extinguishers converted into flame throwers. Running wild in Mills Hall. Moonlighting Flo Mo. These things cannot, of course, be condoned but neither can they be denied as things we would all like to have to our own credit.

What more did the Zetes have? Dean Winbigler himself allows that the Zete membership included some of the finest young men at Stanford. The Dean also proved himself aware that among Stanford's finest was a good sampling of Stanford's worst. The worst and the Dean dominated the rest and the Zetes are now gone.

With a bit of fairness and perspective we should realize that most of us are presently living in our own future "Good Old Days"—the days that our memories will cull and dramatize, color and refine. We will remember best the things we will take pleasure in remembering. The daily pressure of student life will compare insignificantly to the pressures of married, wage-earning, and child-raising life; the responsibilities of family, company, and nation will dwarf those which we have faced so far. We will remember a highlighted, almost capricious four years and the things which characterized those years. The Zetes will be among them.

BIG BAD SUR

By BLAIR FULLER

The Chappie takes pleasure in presenting Mr. Blair Fuller's answer to Jack Kerouac and a strained weekend at "Big Bad Sur." Mr. Fuller, who teaches Creative Writing at Stanford, was participating in a students' hostel.

We went to Big Sur
Trailing psychic histories
Like bunches of green bananas

We went to Big Sur
Wondering if it would happen
Wondering
Wondering who would shop up?
Wondering if the weekend's end
Would be an inarticulate slab
Of Conlomerate academic idiocy
Wondering if we would like
Ourselves on Monday

We went to Big Sur
Bringing a curve-sick child
An air-sick car,
Bringing *ourself*
And determined to express its essence
Bringing Kleenex
Bringing an illicit-feeling bottle of Scotch

Stopping for gas in Watsonville
The pumper had: hands red as lobsters',
As deeply lined as Jack's.
He had: oiled work shoes and a
Face like twenty miles of broken pavement.
We wanted to say: Tell me your story!
For we are on our way to Big Sur
But we said nothing
For we were late
And so
Another life unbroken but unlived.

We went to Big Sur
At first it did not come within us
Great Rubirosa peaks of malcontent?
Misanthropology? Manichaeism?
Who knew?
William Randolph Hearst lived only
A hundred miles or so further down
The coast
But we felt it was a passing
Far out place
Beards having only beards to
Look at
And leotards leotards
And folk songs having only folk songs
To hear
An entire population sub-consciously in search
Of a barber
But instead thinking of learning
Zen banjo, Kurdish boat-building,
Bantu demonology, and each other's last names.

Except the Stanford students,
Flowers of a near-forgotten sub-culture,
Money in their dentistry
And Queen Victoria between their legs.

We were at Big Sur
Sea sick above the water
Heartsick below the belt
Digging the hot springs baths
Dug long ago by sweating
Adumbrating, investigating, parturating,
Fornicating Indians
Victims of William Randolph Hearsts,
Babbitts, Eisenhowers, Kennedys,
And other social diseases too numerous to remember.
Asking ourself if we looked
Preoccupied enough to be a poet
Asking ourself if our wife
Looked sufficiently impressed by us
Asking ourself if it wouldn't be
A good time to have a drink
Wondering, how would it end?

We read at Big Sur
Great immense agonized intensely
Swollen poems
In the production like great
Immense rockets aimed at Queen
Victoria
In the reception like great
Immense perplexity
The seed of confusion had been sown!
Devaluating Sterling, upsetting Kant,
Down-putting the lumped-mass,
celebrating the *soul* and its long
dark nights, and its victory over
Queen Victoria, and its discovery three years ago
between Columbus and O'Farrell when
Allen Ginsberg plucked it out of an Arrow collar.

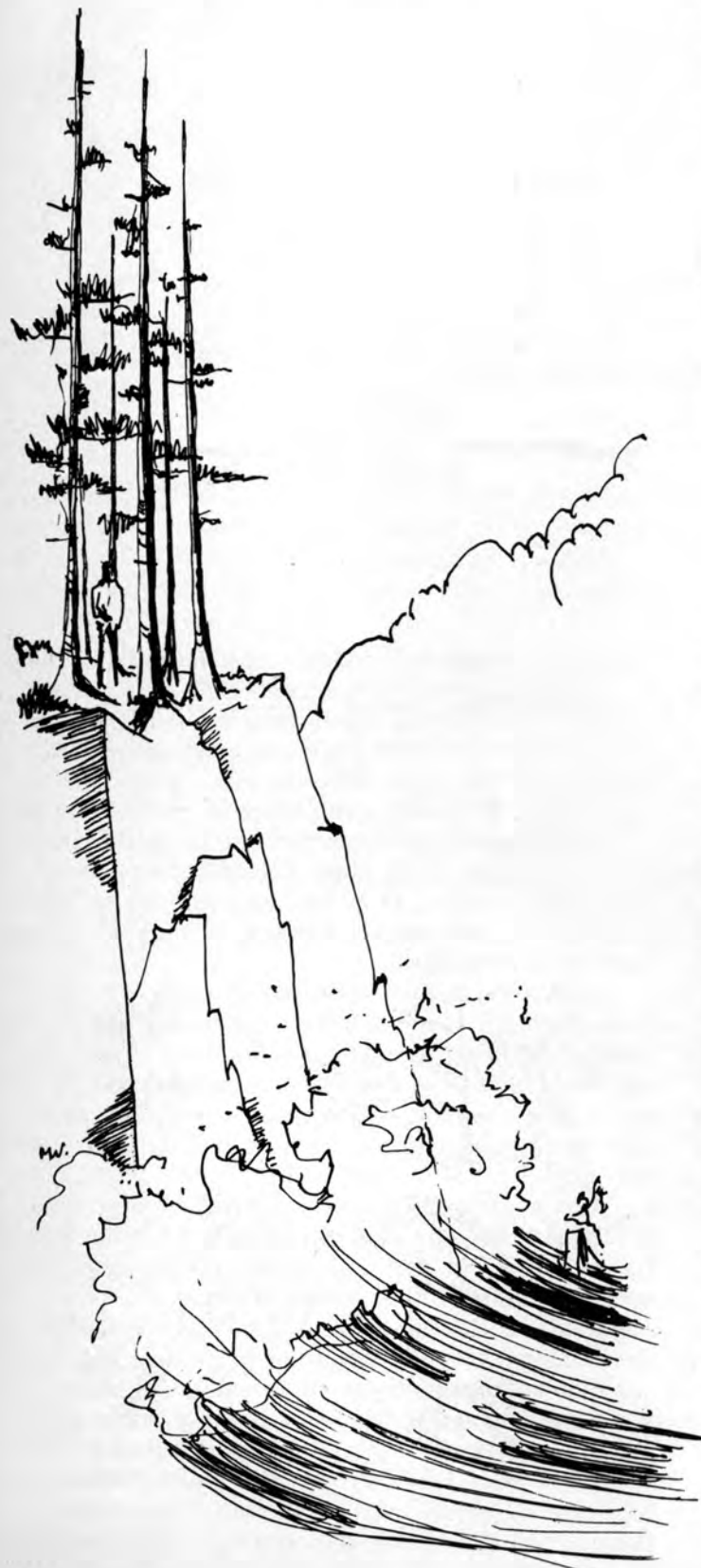
Others read at Big Sur
concentrating on maidenhead in the vain hope of
embarrassing coeds by recalling their distant pasts

We are leaving Big Sur
Confident that no one has understood us
Confident that that lack of understanding
is still our fortunate fate
and will get us into many anthologies
Confident that the car will start
(Justified!)

We are leaving Big Sur
Into the serpentine strangulation of
Route 1.
George faced no greater challenge
(We think of George as a Saint, but he
lived before Allen Ginsberg invented
sainthood. We must be accurate).
Into the maw of homecooked meals.
Into the anxiety of our child's stomach.

We have almost left Big Sur
And we see a house
With a wall of glass
And the wall of glass
is looking at a Service Station

P.S. And our wife says the same





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Country

Squire



"For once, Officer, I'd like to see you without the cap and glasses."



GLEE

By TOM LIESER

Glee, Glee, golly gee
Let's all go jump in the Caspian Sea
Let's drink and smoke and break T.V.
It's mostly fun for you and me.

The Pace program has lost its motion
So let's push Stanford into the Ocean.
I've got a potion will give you a notion
To wreck this place with proper devotion.

Old Mem Chu is a good place to start
Even if we don't all know it by heart.
Smash it and burn it and tear it apart
And get rid of baloney posing as art.

And how many miserable times have I trod
On the sanctified pebbles of Inner Quad
Where smoking, in proper respect, is outlawed
We'll show Mrs. Stanford that Leland ain't God.

And Old Herbert Hoover pulled off quite a Fraud
In building a tower that looks like a rod
So let's push that meathook right into the sod
The better to view the grandeur of Mem Aud.

So follow me, turkeys, join up with the Tribe,
And after a moment's pause to imbibe
I think we ought to level the Libe
Which I hate with a passion that words can't describe.

Then sell all your bookbags and follow me
Smash and burn and wreck with glee
Follow the lessons of history:
Rome was never sacked for free.

Get up off your butts, you lousy pawns
Wreak mass destruction on all of the Johns.
Just follow me until everything's gone
Tear up White Plaza; plant weeds on the lawns.

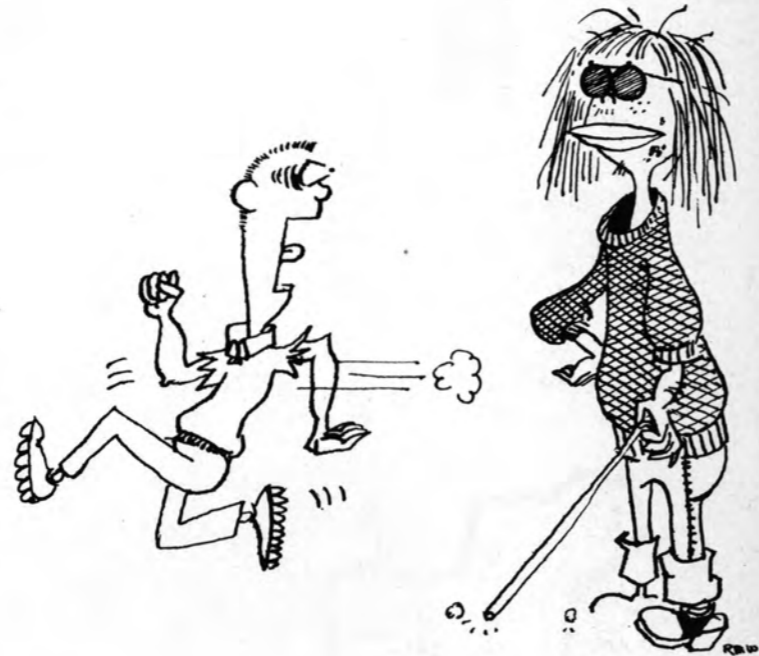
Show all the world the power of glee
Haul Stanford in dumptrucks out to the sea
And in years yet to come, if the Gulfstream flows free
In the black holds of garbage scows Stanford will be.

Thus bidding farewell to old Stanford days,
Let's move on to Harvard—why mend our ways?
We'll show the old biddies this ain't just a phase
"Glee" could become a new national craze.

BITTERNESS IS



BITTERNESS is a dead puppy.



BITTERNESS is a blind date.

ZΨ

BITTERNESS is losing all your guns and fire extinguishers.



BITTERNESS is being Richard M. Nixon.



BITTERNESS is having two shaves on a Persona blade.



BITTERNESS is not a Beatle.



BITTERNESS is being a midget.

CHAPPIE TOILET POLL



These facts are obvious and should speak for themselves. The Chappie has undertaken to reveal the telling statistics which the Administration has struggled to keep secret, perhaps because gifts and donations would fall off entirely if the old millionaires who support this University ever got wind of the toilet problem.

The first thing to notice is the two-to-one preponderance of toilet paper sheets to toilet paper rolls.

The Chappie has counted all toilets and urinals regularly and readily accessible to students and our totals prove out completely just what we expected when we tabulated our first pot. Statistics do not lie. We advise you to study them before you decide to continue at this University, or at least before you wander to the "Point of No Return" from the bathrooms you are accustomed to frequenting.

How often have you asked yourself, "What is the ratio of rolls of toilet paper to sheets of toilet paper?" The answer is here. There are one-half as many rolls as sheets. This means that if all the toilet paper on this campus were used simultaneously, two-thirds of the users would be stuck with sheets. Chappie feels responsible for pointing out the very barbaric nature of this sheet condition.

Indeed, the sheet problem is nothing compared to that of urinals. Branner Hall is the only women's residence on campus with a significant number of urinals (11, more than enough) which were installed when Branner was a residence for men. Branner became a women's residence because the officials could no longer hide the fact that men living in Branner were being deprived of the minimum sanitary facilities. Nowadays the important consideration is that the Branner urinals, which are presently covered or planted with flowers, would not be sufficient should a panty raid occur. In this event men would have to stand in line, wasting precious moments before the cops arrived.

Facilities at the Overseas campi are at a dreadful minimum, and the overall number of honest-to-goodness toilets available to students is far below, not to mention above, whatever standards anyone has ever set for these things.

It is the Chappie's position that campus urinals and toilets compose a problem which is worth looking into.

Men's Residences

	Toilets	Urinals	Toilet Paper
Wilbur Hall	104	56	sheets
Stern Hall	80	60	sheets
Toyon	32	18	sheets
Crothers	26	16	rolls
Crothers Mem.	20	12	rolls
Frat. Clusters	88	48	sheets

Women's Residences

Row Houses	53	0	rolls
Roble	40	0	rolls
Branner	33	11	rolls
Flo Mo	106	0	rolls
Union	17	0	rolls
Lagunita	86	0	rolls

Overseas Campii

France	30	3	wax
Germany	11	5	wax
Italy	18	0	pizza

On Quad

Mem. Aud.	16	13	sheets
Cubberly	11	4	sheets
Main Libe.	12	3	sheets
Encina	14	7	sheets
B.A.C.	5	4	sheets
Tresidder	23	12	rolls
Mechan. Engin.	4	2	sheets
Women's Gym		0	sheets
Dinkelspiel	8	4	sheets
Club "L"	2	3	sheets
Women's Club.	2	0	sheets
Old Union	5	2	sheets
White Plaza	0	0	mud
Chemistry	10	3	sheets
Physics Tank	4	2	sheets
Varian	11	5	sheets
Museum	4	0	sheets
Quad (men)	36	15	sheets
Quad (women)	32	0	sheets
Mem. Chu. vestry	1	0	sheets
I-Center	10	0	rolls
Art Gallery	1	1	sheets
Bowman	5	2	sheets

TOTALS 952 311

SENIOR OBLOQUIA

BUBBLES IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY—An analysis of bubbles, their history, their use in bathtubs, and submarines, their influence in the veins and arteries. A term project is required in which the student blows bubbles orally. Texts are: *Lovely Little Bubbles*, by Welk, and *Bubbles and Bubbles* by Dr. Earl Trebs.

THE WHIRLING DERVISH IN FRANCO-CANTABRIAN SPAIN—A study of the dervish and what makes him whirl. The "Tilted Ground," "Magnetic Polarization," and "Doughnut" theories are elaborated and each student is required to present a whirling demonstration in class. Short skirts required.

THE SOUND OF PICASSO—A discussion and presentation by tape-recorder of the sounds and noises made by the artist Picasso as he paints masterpieces. Texts are: *Grunts of the Artist* and *Bruit's, Droppings On The Rug*.

SNAKES IN THE GRASS—The class will meet in a grassy field somewhere and boy and girl will frolic together. The instructor will be available if any snakes appear in the grass.

MODERN ANCIENT RELICS—A course in the art of counterfeiting archaeological relics to be sold to museums at outrageous prices. The text will be: *The Endless Supply of Wood Chips from the Original Crucifix*.

THIMBLES AND SYMBOLS—A discussion of the lack of inter-relationship between thimbles and symbols. Their separate identities are established and shown to be independent of each other. Not necessary to attend class.

THE MYSTERY OF CRAZINESS—(Dr. Joseph Clouds, Hyperastrology) When are wings? How much is tarantula? Where is dissolve? Spoons? Morris? Other fascinating questions. Texts: *000000000000*, by Morris N. Feathers; *Soaring and How I Achieved It*, by J. Walker Scabb; *Take Your Mind and Shove It*, by Clinton Lazurus; *Hello Creatures Out There* by Anonymous.

THE SINO-CHINESE CONFLICT—A discussion of the various aspects of the conflict between the Chinese and their rambunctious neighbors, the Sinos.

THE PIZZA-FACE, A SOCIETAL ANOMALY?—A probing study of the so-called "Pizza-Face" and an analysis of the pigmental ingredients relating to several modes of social discourse, or something. Text is *Pepperoni's Meat Balls On The Platter*.

KILL OR BE KILLED—Taught by Sgt. Gus Zapata, NROTC. An introduction to the ethical basis of killing in wartime. Novice marksmanship practiced from time to time.

APRIL 1 THROUGH THE AGES—A chronological study of the major events which have occurred on April 1. Attendance discouraged. Hypocrisy punishable by dessication. Sources: A. Schicklegruber, *I Fooled You All*; J. Stalin, *I Fooled You All*; Benito (Duce) Mussolini, *I Fooled Them Both*.

WIGGLING, SQUIRMING, SNIVELING IN SEARCH OF MEANING—A quest for certainty within the confines of these three activities; Class includes a field trip to Wiggling Center in San Francisco.

THE THOUGHT OF U.S. GRANT—Study of the aspects of thought of one of our *STRANGEST*, most mysterious presidents.

THE POETRY OF HERMAN "BABE" RUTH—Where does "the Babe" stand in modern literature? You'll find out in this Colloquium after an extremely close reading of his poetry. Reading includes the Ruth anthology, *Swamp Time*, and connected works; C. J. Jung, *The Relation of Proust*. Absolutely nothing required.

INTRODUCTION TO SQUIRRELS—Introduction to the problem of squirrels. Special emphasis on non-squirrels. Special emphasis on non-squirrel environments. Mr. Scott's two definitive works, *The Big Golden Book of Squirrels*, and *So You Want To Be a Squirrel*, will be used.

THE LAMENT OF A STUPID GUY

By MARC LEE

This school is run by a bunch of smart guys and a stupid guy like me can hardly get any kind of break at all. I can't do nothing about my being stupid so why should I be discriminated against. A shining example: I stroll into my English class and the teacher says, Write a paper about the Protagonist in *The Stranger* by Marcel Camus, or some such. I says to myself, Man, I can't do that! You gotta be *smart* to do that.

So I go home, relax, and open the book and there is a big surprise waiting for me because there's a guy named Meursault and some girls but I can't find nothing about no Protagonist guy. I says to myself, Man, you gotta really be smart to write about somebody who's not even in the book. So I go strolling over to my teacher's office.

Mr. Teacher, I says, what's you doing telling me to write about this Protagonist character when I read the whole book and there ain't nobody with a name like that. It's not even a French name. Man, I says to the teacher, you gotta be smart to figure it out, don't you. The teacher takes a good long look at me and says, What?

And I says, Man, you gotta be *smart*, real smart, to write this paper and again the teacher says, What? So I says to myself, I'm not getting through to this guy and the only thing to do is to shout real loud, MAN, YOU GOTTA BE SMART TO WRITE A PAPER ABOUT SOME CHARACTER WHICH AIN'T EVEN IN THE BOOK.

So all of a sudden Teacher is very amused and starts cracking up and laughing and jumping around and slamming his hand on his desk and spilling his coffee. And I say, Man, you spilled your coffee. Finally he calms down and says he ain't got no time for joking around. I look around to see who's the humorist but there ain't nobody else in the room with us, although there's a pretty funny statue standing over by the window.

So about this time I figure the poor guy's got troubles of his own, seeing things which ain't even there not only in books but in his office. Hang on, Sir, I says, I'll give 'er another try.

I did give it another try but I still didn't find no Protagonist. I wrote a paper anyway, however, which I called "There Isn't Any Such Figure in This Book: A Protagonist, That Is," which I think is a lovely title. I wrote that there ain't no Protagonist but only a French guy who *was* in the book and took his girl swimming. Then I said that more guys should take their girls swimming.

Anyway I got an F on the paper and I bet I know why. Some smarty-pants probably went and found this Protagonist in the book and then the teacher had to flunk all the rest of us who didn't find him. That's discrimination. I bet *he* don't take his girl swimming.

WHY I CAN'T GET A SCHOLARSHIP

By R. D. MACARTHUR and BRUCE MORDEN

The Myrtle Donahue Giannini Melon Memorial Scholarship—This scholarship was established in 1950 by John Cabot Crocker Melon IV ('09) in memory of his wife. Preference will be given to students who have demonstrated citizenship through the acquisition of 147 activity credits, exceptional scholarship, and who come from Chugwater, Wyoming.

The Winthrop VanAllen Carnegie Smythe III Fund—Income from a fund of \$500,000 established in 1956 is used to provide honorary scholarships to those students who donate the most blueblood to the Health Service blood drive each year.

The Edsel Foundation Awards—The Edsel Foundation has set aside a fund for matching grants to students. For every \$75,000 a student earns on his own, they will give him an additional \$25,000.

The Particular Motors Scholarships—Stanford has been allocated 25 of these scholarships from an overall fund of \$97,000,000,000 set aside as a tax dodge by the Particular Motors Corp. Awards are to be made to students who have a 4.5 or above grade point average.

The National Tobacco Institute Scholarship—\$.30 is made available each year for a promising student in the Stanford Med School who is doing research into the causes of lung cancer.

The Hazel Arkwright Memorial Scholarship—For a graduate student in abnormal psychology doing research on Peace Corps veterans.

Nevada Moore Scholarship Fund—These scholarships were founded through a bequest of over \$69,000 received in 1952 from the estate of Nevada Moore. It was Miss Moore's desire that scholarships be awarded from the income to girls of Caucasian ancestry.

The Gerry Boldwater Scholarship—Established by the Minute Men of San Diego for a student who has demonstrated individual initiative by learning on his own the manual of arms with the 1799 Blunderbuss.

The Richard Paladin Grant—For the drama student who is suspended for producing the tomb scene from the *Oresteia* at the Mausoleum.

The David Hume Scholarship—For the philosophy student who has the courage to consign the whole of the department library to flames as being nothing but sophistry and illusion.

The Espee Railroad Award—A free pass for riding Espee freight trains given to a needy student who must reduce his transportation expenses home (valid only during Christmas vacations).

The White Memorial Birdbath Scholarship—For students in civil engineering who have the imagination to conceive an even bigger boondoggle.

The Robert Puff Scholarship—For students who will leave us alone.

SPENDING IN DEPTH

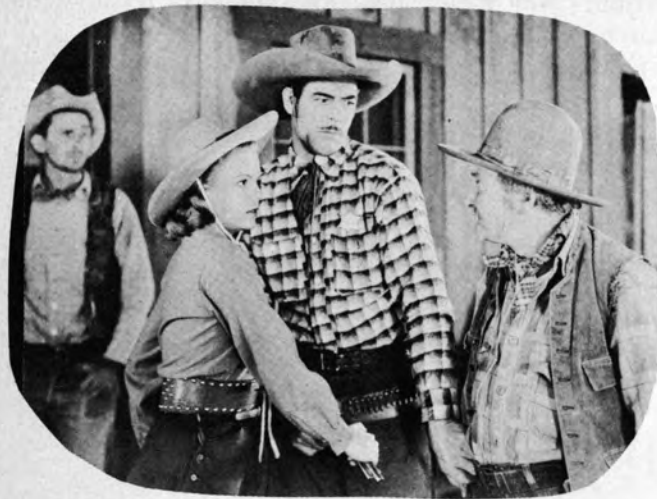
By HENRY JAMES

Well, it has finally happened—the PACE program has gone over 100 million dollars—109 million at last count. And counting it alone would take one engineer working night and day from the day the Cheops pyramid was started till June, 1978, at which time he would have earned roughly 18 times the amount anyway. Or to put it another way, 100 million dollar bills stretched end to end could support an endless line of Chinamen walking three abreast out of the I-Center clear to Promontory Point, Utah.

So you are probably asking yourself, what is Stanford going to do with all that jack, huh? Or better, what have they done so far with it? We have a 2 million dollar student union with two \$700 chairs. We have one of the few hundred-thousand-dollar plazas in the country, and will soon have one of the most expensive pieces of questionable sculpture in the Western world. The new building which will house the forces of the *Sequoia* is in the works. Some books will be bought, and someday a library will be built—and still we would have enough money to buy a year's supply of Preparation H for every hemorrhoid victim—indeed, for every hemorrhoid—in Trenton, New Jersey.

So where's it all going? Or, why is a great quantity of Stanford land sitting vacant when it could be rented or leased or built upon? Easily this land is worth \$25 million a year—which in 75 years time is enough money to build a bridge to Saudi Arabia, or to educate to the Ph.D. level every man, woman, and child in Macon, Georgia. What about this green, huh? Where is it going? NOT to road repair. NOT to sound-proofing for the RBR or for the whole library, which sounds like a shipyard when the steam comes on; NOT to buy TA's for Civ—FOR NOTHING AT ALL? Stanford *needs* ways to spend .1% of the National budget—night and day we must spend, spend, spend, or we shall be overcome with interest alone. As one might expect, the *Chaparral* has thoughtfully compiled a list which can be used to guide the PACE-men as they try to gouge a hole in this pile.

1. Build 5 more Hoover Towers.
2. Build a Hoover Tower 1 mile high.
3. Buy every hemorrhoid in New Jersey.
4. Make each janitor in Stern Hall a multi-millionaire.
5. Educate every man, woman, and child in Wheeling, West Virginia, to the Ph.D. level.
6. Plow it back in and try to collect 300 million, "just for fun."
7. Buy enough "This is a Stanford Pace Project" signs to cover all of Oklahoma.
8. Push us over the edge of greatness.
9. Employ the entire Harvard history staff to TA Civ.
10. Build 479 separate churches—one for every sect—on Inner Quad.
11. Build 5000 new Stanfordwomen.
12. Invest 100 million at 10% and collect enough money annually to let 10 Stanford undergraduates "strike it rich."
13. Have a classless society in Palo Alto.
14. Elect Aaron Henry President.



"Dirty old man, you do that again in public and I'll blow it off."



"Mommy's a slut! Mommy's a slut."



"Those were your last words as a Stanford student."



"Well my children, why don't you go upstairs and sow some Quaker Oats."



"No, Gwendolyn, I prefer to hold it in two hands."



"I always thought I was supposed to pay you."



"Congratulations, sir. You have just won a baby boy."



"I'm going to call them Easter seals—we can split the profits 50-50."



"So, you see, all us girls are on the pill."



"Next time you're gonna cut one, tell me in advance."



"You talk about taking it in the ear!"



"They're talking about my leg; they're talking about my other leg."

ODOR ON A GREASY UNION

By TIM HAIGHT

Few outsiders realize that under the cold steel, plastic, and formica of Tresidder Union lies still more steel, plastic, and formica. To some the Union looks like a roller-skating rink turned dining area, or like a hospital—clean, organized, and frightening. Not that Tresidder doesn't serve a purpose. It gives us cheap food at moderate cost, an on-campus location, and discomfort that drives us home to book. The rumors that the vast amount of light in Tresidder causes sterility are false, but what about mental sterility?

It is too early Saturday morning. You enter the Union hung, grubby, singing, or dropping something. You feel thousands stare. Someone says something funny, and you laugh too loud. You hear your echo in the vast, Disneyland-modern eating area. You wilt. The distinguished man tells you to put your feet down, keep your shoes on, or to pay for the empty coffee cup you drained waiting the ten minutes for your T-burg.

You retreat to St. Mike's, or Berkeley, or, if you can, to a local pub—anywhere you can curl up fetus-

like and drink your coffee. The Union doesn't care. They feed people who don't know, can't go, or don't care. It has become a sigh of desperation to say, "Well, there's always the Union. . . ."

In the Encina Hall basement is a small store-lunch counter. It is staffed with Tresidder employees and sells Tresidder sandwiches. It contains some booths from the old Cellar.

With this in mind, we propose that a coffee-and-sandwich place be set up in one of the empty shacks or deserted fraternity houses. It could be moderately large, dark, and comfortable, with booths with privacy. You could put your feet up and dress informally. The place could be limited to students, faculty, and their guests, for there seems to be some objection to granny ladies, twelve-year-olds, and tourists. Upstairs, we suggest rooms for spontaneous meetings, that, unlike Tresidder's, would not have to be reserved in advance.

The profits could go to Tresidder which could run the food service. To solve the Union coffee problem, we volunteer to collect for an espresso machine. Even Irving Howe would be happy. Let's do it.



Sundial

Among the more notable and praiseworthy highlights of the Stanford campus is the Men's Room of the Main Library.

Obviously this is a statement which will raise a few eyebrows. But in the Main Library at this university, anything that raises a drooping eyebrow deserves full recognition.

It is the spirit and vitality expressed in the liberal sentiments and four-letter words of wisdom which Stanford men through the years have inscribed on its walls which gives the Main Libe Men's Room its distinctive flavor. Like the rest of the building it may be dingy and uncomfortable and short on facilities—and often you have to wait a long time—but it stands nevertheless with the best in the nation.

The Libe itself, however, does not have such a lofty national status. In a PACE-boosting *Time Magazine* article last year, Professor Sanford Dornbusch was quoted as criticizing our library as "the worst I have yet to see in any leading university" (the quote is not exact—this particular issue is missing from the library file. And guess who sneaked it away).

The students probably agree with Professor Dornbusch. Students go to the library to nap, to hate, to read the funny names in the file catalogues, to compile bibliographies; some go because they can't get to any other library and have some serious work to do, none go to smoke. Some don't go at all because they can't stand it. The library is as unstimulating as it is uncomfortable. Stretch out in a comfy wooden chair (which could give nosebleeds to woodpeckers) and squint through the hard, dim light on your faded and pedagogical old book. The book was probably published about 1896—not that '96 was a bad vintage but it gets tiresome—and you have trouble reading it because it is printed in Ukrainian. The Libe has an extensive collection of foreign language books like this, although you can never get the one you want.

Read for a moment, interrupted only when fellow students enter the room dribbling basketballs—or so it sounds—and when your head caroms off the pillowy tables. Then, for a break, you can browse around. You will not, however, find many interesting up-to-date books because these are under lock and key in the pompous Bender Room. You might find some good books in the Institute of American History Room or the Jones Room after huffing and puffing up the stairs to the fourth floor (there is an elevator of course but us smokers get winded anyway), where you will be turned away and sent back to the stairs because you lack the requisite permission to use the facilities.

ODE ON A LOUSY LIBE

So the only thing left is the stacks, often called "the piles." There's always laughs in the stacks. Some titles you may find there are: *Salamanders* by Sherman Chauncey Bishop, *Zwyciezcy* by Zdislaw Kowalewski, *Two Thousand Years of Oriental Ceramics* by Fujio Koyama, Saleeby's book, *The Moro Problem*, or James Laver's *Memorable Balls* which is illustrated by Walter Goetz. These are real books, no kidding.

Last on the list is the Reserve Book Room, which takes the cake and eats it. There is nothing right about the RBR, and the only hope is that merciful professors will assign reading elsewhere, any elsewhere.

As you're getting back to your work, it is closing time and the lights go off, and you fall blindly down the cement stairs on the way out.

The future, however, is not as dark as the library. The University promises a new undergraduate library, carefully designed and expensively built, supplied and furnished. It is sure to be built this century and when it is finished Stanford students will study in comfort and choose from the best of sources. The only thing missing will be the old Men's Room. But who gets everything he asks for?

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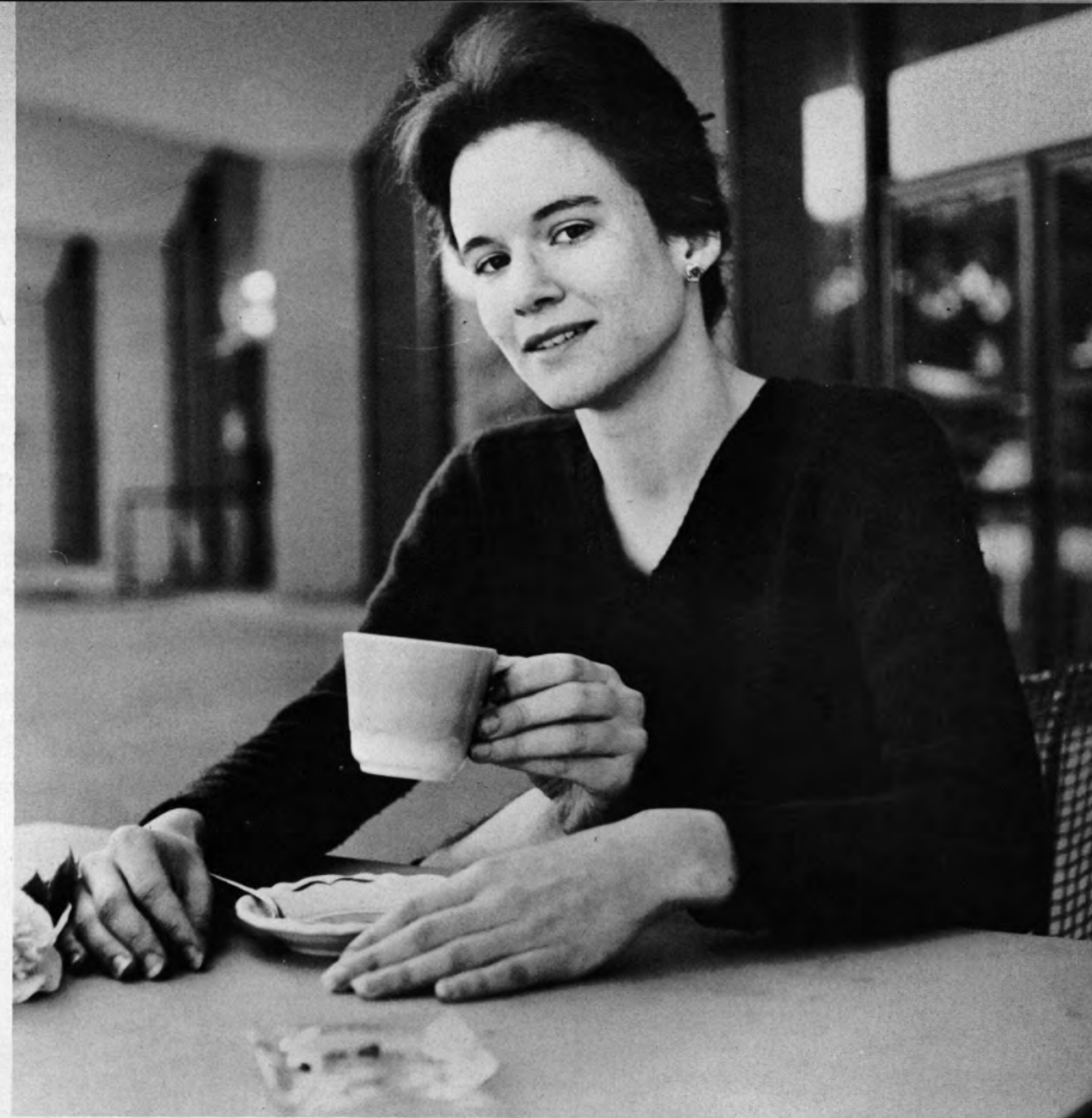
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Photography by
Bob Ruble.



Sharon always drinks sugar and cream with her coffee.

SHARON COBB

One day in January the Old Boy was thumbing through a stolen copy of *Sequoia* and came upon a story titled, "Do You Always Drink Dead Flies In Your Coffee." The Old One raised a crafty eyebrow, checked the byline, and knew without a moment's hesitation the identity of his queen for the month of March.



She is Miss Sharon Cobb of Union Residence, a Stanford senior and editor of the same *Sequoia* in which her own controversial story was published. Sharon was amazed at the shocked reaction to her story, the cries of filth, the vituperative attacks on her in the *Daily*, and the reverberations throughout the offices of the Administration.

Despite all the uproar and abuse Sharon continues to like the story, although she is aware of some faults in the writing which gave the critics an excuse to make off-sides attacks on the story's supposedly off-color aspects. She says that the reaction taught her a lot about the behavior of people "in the face of something which upsets them." Sharon's face, etc., and her writing do not upset the Old Boy who presents her here as the Chappie's first Literary Queen.

Chappie also salutes Dean of Stu-

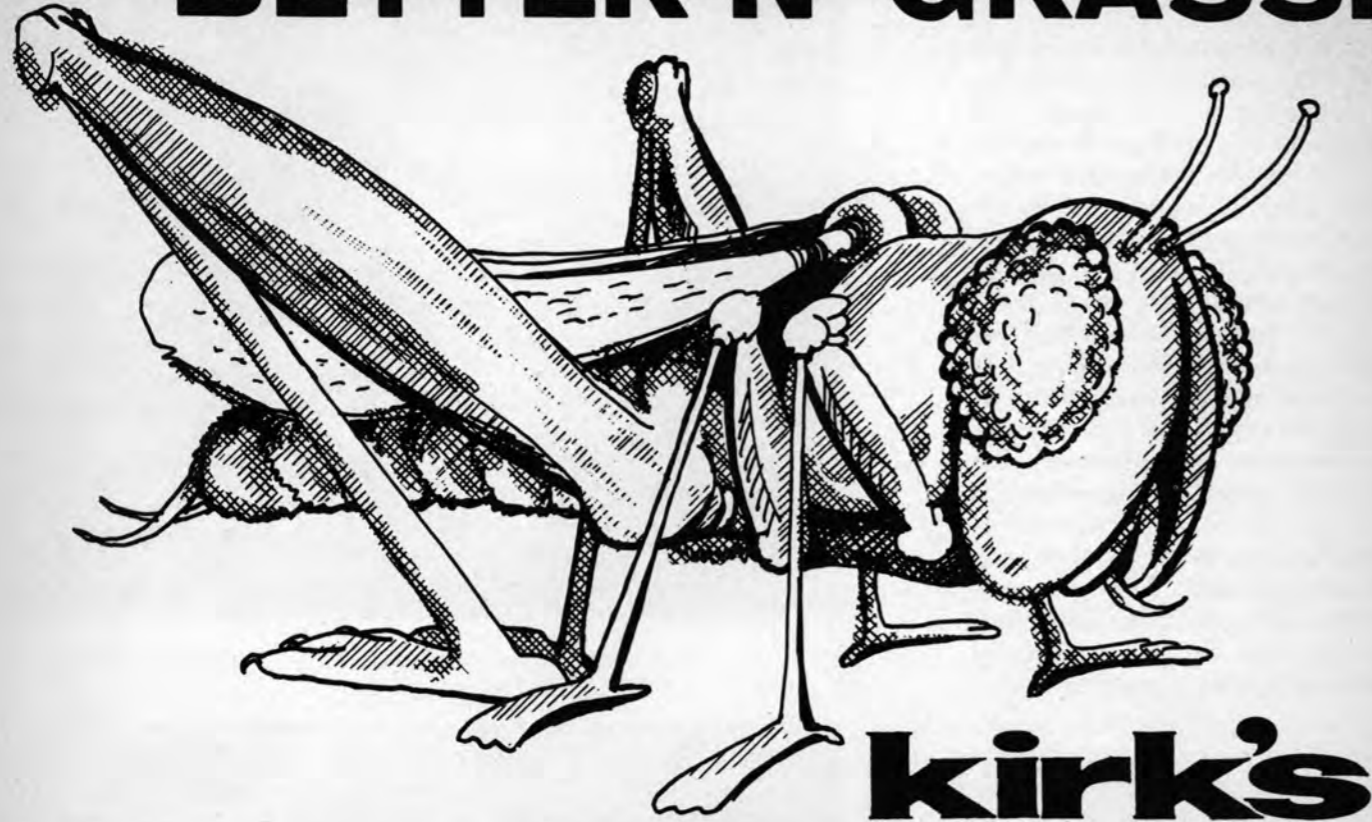
dents Donald Winbigler whose comment to the Old Boy on Sharon's story was, "I'd rather not talk about it."

Sharon's home is in Berkeley but she went to prep school in Wellesly, Massachusetts, and has spent most of her summers in New York. At Stanford she has studied French, Italian, German, and Greek, although she intends to switch back to American Lit. when she goes to graduate school next year somewhere in the East. She looks forward to being a California expatriate and hopes to wind up teaching English somewhere East of here, perhaps in New York which she considers "the center of everything."

Our delightful and irrepressible Queen is now working on a long short story titled "The Monster," which concerns the affairs of a blind piano teacher. Chappie's advice to the reading public: Be Prepared.



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DO YOU ALWAYS SPREAD SPIDERS ON YOUR TOAST?

By LEON BALTHAZAR



When he was eleven he broke his leg kicking his puppy. The puppy's name was Rasmin.

When he was fourteen he accidentally kicked his girlfriend in the head while climbing a tree. Her name was Anna Opinski and crunching her skull had given him such a delicious, horrid thrill that he climbed down from the tree and kicked the unconscious body hundreds of times till his toes ached.

Rasmin the puppy was jealous. The sight of Leon Belvedere (Rasmin's master) kicking *someone else* was too much to bear and the poor puppy began to bark and run in hysterical circles around the inert body of the girl.

Shame rushed into the heart of the fourteen-year-old Leon Belvedere. He had been unfaithful to his dog.

As Anna Opinski was regaining consciousness hours later the puppy was still squealing with grief. It was driving Leon crazy. As Anna sat up Leon seized the puppy and crammed it into the open mouth of the dazed girl.

"There's a damn mutt in my mouth," said Anna in a garbled voice when she realized what had happened. "I feel like I have a flock of pheasants in my womb."

"Don't call my dog a mutt," he said. If he could not be faithful to his puppy, at least he could defend its good breeding.

Anna spat and choked and hung from her knees but indeed Rasmin was lodged tightly between her jaws. It was barking and its little tail protruded from between her teeth like a cigarillo. "I'll bite it in half," she threatened.

"What did you say?" Leon asked. "It's hard to understand you when you talk with a dog in your mouth."

"I said I'll bite your mutt in half," she shouted unclearly.

"Mutt? I told you not to say that word. I'll teach

you." His fingers curled into a fist and, forgetting entirely about Rasmin, he socked Anna Opinski right in the mouth. Rasmin's tail disappeared down her throat.

Anna gulped hard and he thought her eyes would pop. She gulped again and looked at him helplessly. "Do something," she said.

"I'll do something," he said grinning, and he leaped upon her with all his weight. This crushed the breath from her lungs and the puppy Rasmin was violently disgorged. But he continued his assault on her, pounding and mauling and *using* her and all the time shouting "Mutt, Mutt," in passionate guilt. It was his first and her second. She could only gasp, "I love you, Dr. Oppenschwitz."

His name, of course, was not Dr. Oppenschwitz. Dr. Oppenschwitz was the name of the man with whom Anna Opinski had first made love.

Anna Opinski left his life but the knowledge of Dr. Oppenschwitz reverberated in his groin and heart. Not only was he obsessed with guilt for betraying Rasmin, but he was also burdened with a heavy sense of inferiority because he did not match up to Oppenschwitz. He would never find with a woman the same pure and high-flying ecstasy he had found when he kicked Rasmin. Forever the cry of "Mutt, Mutt," would haunt him: the sound of passion inconsummate, whatever that is.

He felt a tickling on his knees. He was sitting at the kitchen table intently measuring a cup of his morning vodka. "Don't bug me while I'm pouring," he grunted.

The girl—her name was Philo—removed her hand and sat sullenly beside him watching the sunrise through the bleary eye of the window and sipping her morning glass of Eau de Cologne.

"Why don't you put some clothes on?" he said. "Clothes?" she said. "What are clothes but the shiny external vestments of superficial clean-cut Christianity?"

"You old beatnik, you," he said teasingly and whacked her across the face with his forearm. He sipped at his vodka. "Feed my dogs," he ordered.

"Gladly," she said, rising to her feet. "I will do it because nature's filth is clean and pure, and expressed only in the doggish leg-raising of Buddha and the wonderful Brown One."

"You're full of crap," he said.

Philo strode nudely across the room and opened

thirty-six cans of dogfood and emptied them on the floor where the dog Rasmin and the colony of Rasmin's puppies huddled wetly and hungrily against the wall. With her bare foot Philo kicked at the dogfood, scattering it in different directions so each of the puppies would get its fair share.

She returned and sat down at the kitchen table. "I love to glide naked across the floor to the kitchen table," she said. "It gives me a bouncy feeling. I like to think how my roommate would disapprove, the stupid flat-chested one-breasted round-handwriting bitch."

"Only one breast, eh?" he said. "I'll have to look her up."

"She's sickening," Philo said. "She's a creep and undresses in the bathroom."

"That shakes you up, does it?" said Leon.

"Oh, it's just her pallid life-of-the-mind type existence that upsets me, I think. She denies her own flesh and organs and turns her back in fright upon the dark mysteries of the body, that sort of thing."

Leon saw disgust and envy mixed upon her face. It was not a pretty sight, her face. "You know what, Philo," he said. "You are a pearl, a pearl of a girl."

"Pearl of a girl . . . That sounds familiar."

"It's from Zen," he said.

"Zen, ah Zen," she answered. "The evanescent torch in the vast Fallopian darkness." Then, with fury and ecstasy, she threw herself face-down on the floor.

"Don't dirty my slovenly floor," he said angrily, overturning the heavy wooden breakfast table so that it fell crushingly over her back.

"That's your way of saying that you want to make love," she said.

"Get on your feet and make me some breakfast," he commanded.

"Did you say 'Make me'?" she said coyly.

"I said, 'Make me breakfast,'" he yelled, and smashed her head with his vodka bottle.

While she was unconscious he thought again of Anna Opinski and Dr. Oppenschwitz and he heard the faraway haunting cry of "Mutt, Mutt." But the calling was faint and he resisted.

"I want French toast," he said when she awoke. She did not know how to make French toast but she dropped some bread in the toaster and stood quietly, aching miserably, her long black hair hanging all over the room.

"Don't get no hair on my toast," he said.

When she brought hairless toast to him he swept it angrily onto the kitchen floor. "You forgot the dead spiders," he said.

"You're crazy," she said. "Do you always spread dead spiders on your French toast?"

"Never," he answered with a smile. "But that's the name of a story I'm writing: 'Do you always Spread Dead Spiders on Your French Toast?' It's about a boy and his dogs and girls, a memory named 'Mutt,' and a haunting veterinarian. Lotta dirty words."

For the first time she gazed at him with respect and love. "An author," she said. "It makes me feel like taking off my clothes. However, my clothes are already off."

"Then put them back on," he said.

"You just crave me but won't admit it," said Philo.

"That's all, Philo, that's all," he said ironically. But he heard the barking of dogs and his feet itched for kicking and despite himself he was ready for Her and It and She and You and It-IT. "Here, Rasmin," he said, and Rasmin trotted across the room.

"Leon," cried Philo desperately, "no. Please. I can't go through it again. My throat is too sore, my jaws too stiff—please, not Rasmin. Anything else."

"Well," he said mercifully, "how about a Moroccan Handshake?"

"No, no, I can't."

Mutt, mutt, the cry echoed in his mind, *where are you Mutt?* "Tell you what," he said. "I'll settle for an Assyrian Sniff."

"Never," she cried. "You are a slob and a pig. You and your damn mutts."

Mutts. "He has returned," shouted Leon. "He is here. It is Dr. Oppenschwitz, the grand and pure and silent veterinarian who is crying Mutt Mutt Mutt and there is only one thing I can do to force it from my mind."

"Did you say 'Oppenschwitz'?" asked Philo. He nodded and her face changed colors from white to gray. "Dr. Oppenschwitz," she said, "is my father."

His agonized scream tore through the apartment and in blind frenzy he leaped to his feet, kicked Philo Oppenschwitz to the floor, and shouted "You and She and Me and Her and It-IT," and he forced her jaws apart. Then, driven by that ravaging, uncontained impulse he stuffed into her mouth and down her throat all thirty-five puppies including Rasmin, and Philo's body swelled up gigantically and the frantic yelping of the young hounds was heard from within her and Leon Belvedere scratched his forehead in torment and despair and muttered, "It's no good, no good. Nobody will print this trash."



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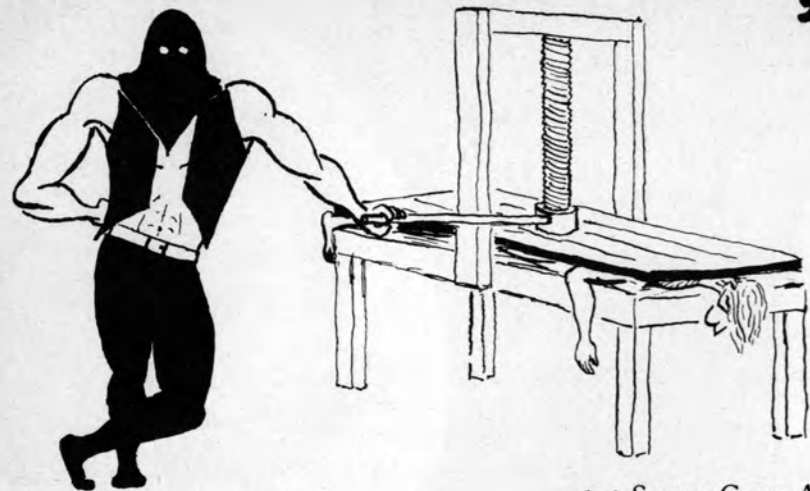


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"You're looking for Puff the Magic-what?!"

THE ROCKIAD OF L. V. PRICELESS

By BERT K. DESKE

"If it wasn't for Elvis, none of us could have made it."
—The late great Buddy Holly

In Alabam', that state of sweet repose
Since Davis fell and honeysuckle rose,
I first appear'd beneath Old Sol's spotlight,
And watched the moon rock 'round the earth all night.
Too bad! The truth about my birth's unknown,
But legend says that L.V. sprung full-grown
Atwistin' from the pelvis of his sire
And yelling, "Go man go! Great balls of fire."
While looking on, his mother (age thirteen)
Screamed "O he's dreamy, eeeee, he's peachy keen!"
Then died right on the spot, still chewing gum—
The first of L.V.'s victims to succumb.

Sweet early years! Idyllic country scenes!
Just hangin' round the farm until my teens.
When Pa commanded, "get the hell to school."
I pleaded, "Daddio, please don' be cruel."

And took up singing—practiced every day:
"Do re mi fa so la ti do yay yay."
Out in the barn, the chicken coop, the sty,
They shook their tails whenever I danced by;
For, like the hens, the heifer and the ewe
Were crazy for my cockadoodledoo.

I improvised my very first guitar
From hubcaps stolen offa Pappy's car,
(Believe you me, a bullwhip really stings!)
A yardstick made the neck, my hair the strings.
Three chords was all I ever learned to play—
The same three chords I'm using still today.
My first song was both rhythmic and blue,
It opened, "Come on baby, woo woo woo,"
And told the story of a love "so fine"
Between a teenage couple eight and nine.
He gets her in the end, I sweetly sung—
The final line was, "Who says we're too young?"
Unfortunately Pappy thought it stunk;
So much, in fact, he handed me a trunk
And gave me fifteen minutes' time to pack,
"Get out! Begone! Stay out! And don't come back!"
With tearful eyes I bid the hens farewell,
Said "Bye bye sheep, the times we had were swell,
So long old cows, adieu to you old mare,
I'm headed for the town—there's women there!"



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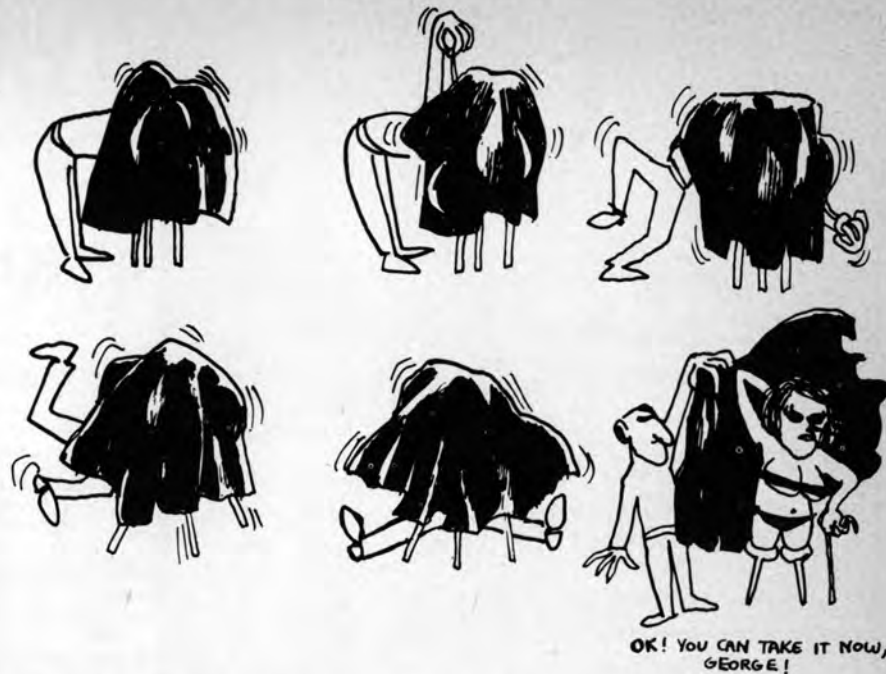
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The Doll Game

By HOWARD KAYE



"Yes, I know," Harold said into the phone, "but what does it do? When they take it out of the box it can't just sit there."

His wife Margie poked him. "Talk about it tomorrow. Finish your dinner."

"Almost done, Dear. You understand, Herb? It's a great name, Sherm the Worm, but it has to do something." He listened a moment. "So it crawls, so what? Oscar the Elephant crawls, and the Speed-King Daredevil Racing Car, and Beetle Billy. It's got to do something different, like make worm noises or spit or grow a new head when you chop it." He hung up and smiled at his wife. "Just a few details so we can get going first thing tomorrow."

She nodded and poured herself some coffee. "Maybe you could have it swallow small mice."

He paused, and his face took on a far-away look. "Maybe. Maybe. Not to hurt them, of course. Unwholesome. Parents wouldn't stand for it. The kids would eat it up, though. Pity. But it could swallow them in and then eject them with artificial tooth marks. We could sell a cage of mice with each worm." He took a pad from his shirt pocket and made some notes.

"Jesus Christ," said Margie. "I was kidding you. Don't you think about anything but toys?"

"Sure I do," he said, running his eyes over the swell beneath her sweater. "You bet I do."

"Well, that's a damn sight healthier," she said, following his glance. "Think about that every time you start to get an idea about Moon Monopoly or something."

"There are worse things than toys," he said. "No one ever started a war playing with dolls. Besides, I didn't get where I am today without some dedication." It was true. When he and Margie had married,

five years ago, he had had a Bachelor's degree in English from Stanford and a job in the University public relations office. Now he was president and 70 per cent owner of Happy-Land, Inc., the third largest manufacturer of dolls and toys in the United States. Only the old established items, like the Sally Doll That Cries And Wets, kept his two larger rivals ahead of him. But despite his eighteen-hour days Harold did not consider himself primarily a businessman, but a genial purveyor of fun and entertainment to millions of tots all over America. It was true that he had entered the doll business because it looked like a good place to pick up an easy dollar; but the idea that Happy-Land was performing an indispensable and possibly pre-ordained function grew on him gradually, to his wife's amusement, and progressively her dismay. Margie had wanted him to continue on for a Ph.D. in English, but in these latter days when she considered the European trips, the furs and family of cars paid for by the millions of happy tots, she counted Truth well lost. She did wish, however, that Harold were not so earnest.

"After all, it's only a business," she said.

"Oh, there are businesses, and then there are businesses. Now toys have an emotional, one might even say a spiritual effect on their, ah, audience. You can't compare it with something like making girdles, or metal pipes, or teaching." He looked comfortably at her.

Margie said nothing.

As the weeks passed, she grew disturbed over the ever greater hold the doll game seemed to be gaining over Harold. His little pad was forever being whipped out and scribbled on, the house rang with the noise of telephones calling Harold to consultations on the décolletage of a new teen-age doll or the proper skin color for Rex, The Electric Dynosaur (pea-green, with brown for the fins). Harold had always been dedicated to his job, but Margie had always had the feeling she knew which of them was master. She was no longer sure. The only time she seemed in touch with the Harold she had known, the winsome Harold of the green book-bag, was at night, after the last phone call, when he climbed into bed beside her. Then he could forget Electric Dynosaurs and Flammable Crashing Astronauts, but she wanted to be important to her husband in more than his overheated moments. She almost felt she was being used.

After dinner Harold usually surrounded himself with ledgers, reports, and models and forgot Margie's existence. "What are you doing?" she asked one night.

"Just figuring out the pricing on the Jackie Kennedy doll," he said.

"Tell me about it," she asked, to keep some hold on his attention.

"Well, it looks like the total production cost will be about \$1.40. That means we'll have to sell it to the retailers for \$12.00."

"That's quite a mark-up, isn't it?" asked Margie, who usually paid little attention to the details of the business.

"Oh," said Harold, "people don't mind. They figure you get what you pay for. Besides, it'll retail for \$24.95."

Margie nodded, and let Harold return to his figures. She tried to imagine him discussing the mark-up on Milton or the retail value of Matthew Arnold, but had no success.

The days passed and Harold sank ever further into the world of dolls. Some nights he stayed at his office until after midnight, returning home only to join Margie in bed. The idea of being number one consumed him; it became bound up with a conviction that only he could brighten the eyes of little boys and girls who stared through bleak windows throughout the land into the desolate gardens of vanishing innocence. Margie thought of it as the Santa Claus fallacy. The magical sales figure continued to elude him, however.

"We just haven't caught on," he told Margie. "One big hit, something the kids will really go for, and we're in. Nothing seems to work." He shook his head distractedly and left for a conference, the plans for a two-piece John the Baptist doll under his arm.

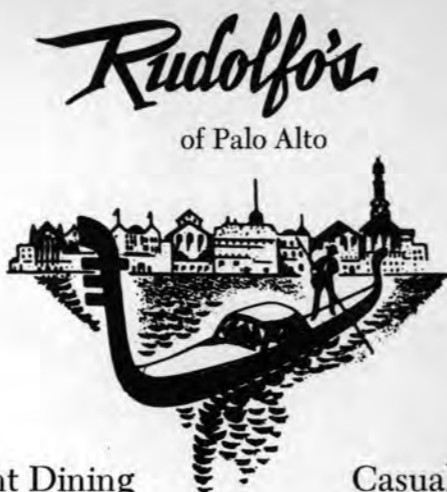
Margie tried to recall him to the real world. "Look, Harold," she said one night. "Put that doll down and take me out to a movie. Or a concert. Or a walk around the damn block. I'm not a doll, Harold, I need attention."

"I'm sorry, Baby," he came over and ran his hand through her hair. "But they've got to know right away how many legs to put on the Worm machine."

"Oh, Jesus!" She flung herself out of the chair and went to the other side of the room. "Worms don't have legs, anyway."

"Ours will. Children identify better."

Margie resented the reduction of her wifely functions to one. She felt also that Harold was teetering dangerously on the edge of complete immersion in his doll's world. His business ambitions and his mission to the tots had become confused in his mind, and he was beginning to see the world in terms of a very complicated doll's house. She decided that Harold needed a shock, and the next night she appeared in the living room with a suitcase. Harold didn't look up from the rocket model whose auxiliary boosters he was filling with gunpowder, and Margie was forced finally to call to him. "I'll be at my sister's," she said. "It's me or them. Let me know when you figure out the difference between me and a toy."



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"Yes, dear," said Harold absently.

Harold got on all right for a couple of days; in fact, he hardly noticed Margie's absence. But sleeping alone became progressively more unendurable. He pitched from one side of the bed to the other, pulled the covers up from the floor, then tossed them off again, perspiring with frustration. And his tormenting desire for Margie led him to remember other days, when they had drunk each other's gazes under the palm trees, hand in hand, and made love in the labyrinthine upper hallways of the library. He had known nothing of dolls then; his life had been blithe but without point. But surely he could still recapture the self he had once known. He had taken Margie too much for granted. When she came back he would make it up to her, but her candy and jewels, flowers and furs; he would leave his work at the office. As soon as he outstripped his competitors, he vowed, things would be different.

But Cherie the Nursing Doll, complete with special blouses and auxiliary child, failed like his previous ideas to catch on. The fear grew in Harold that he was losing his touch, that he no longer knew what the children wanted.

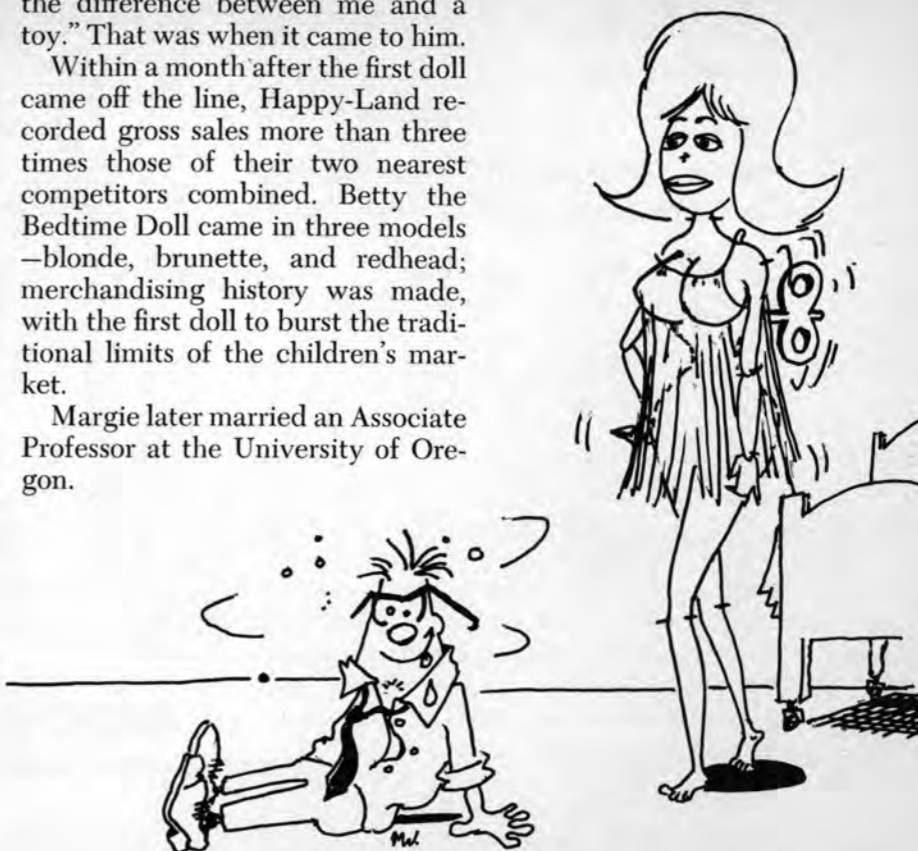
His solitary nights grew agonizing, and at work his concentration was impaired. He phoned Margie but she refused to return until he renounced his obsession. Balancing love for Margie with the responsibilities of his mission, Harold knew the cruel torments of indecision. He needed Margie, not only her yielding flesh, he speculated, but possibly also her dissenting presence, which though misguided, served as a lifeline in his immersion in the work she was not equipped to understand.

One night Harold sat at his desk, an ashtray overflowing before him, the plans for a Living Room Pirate Cave neglected under his elbows. He looked submission in the face. Perhaps he was not the man to bring the Ultimate Doll to America's children. He could go on no longer without Margie. Her parting

words came back to haunt him—"Let me know when you figure out the difference between me and a toy." That was when it came to him.

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Margie later married an Associate Professor at the University of Oregon.



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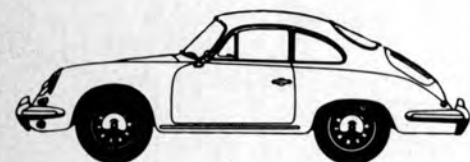
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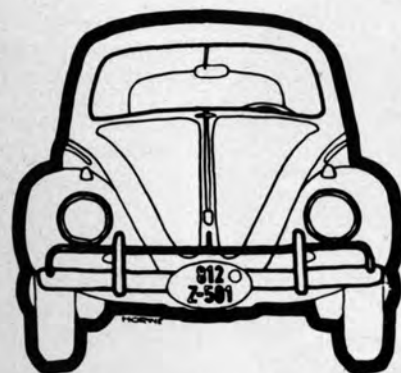
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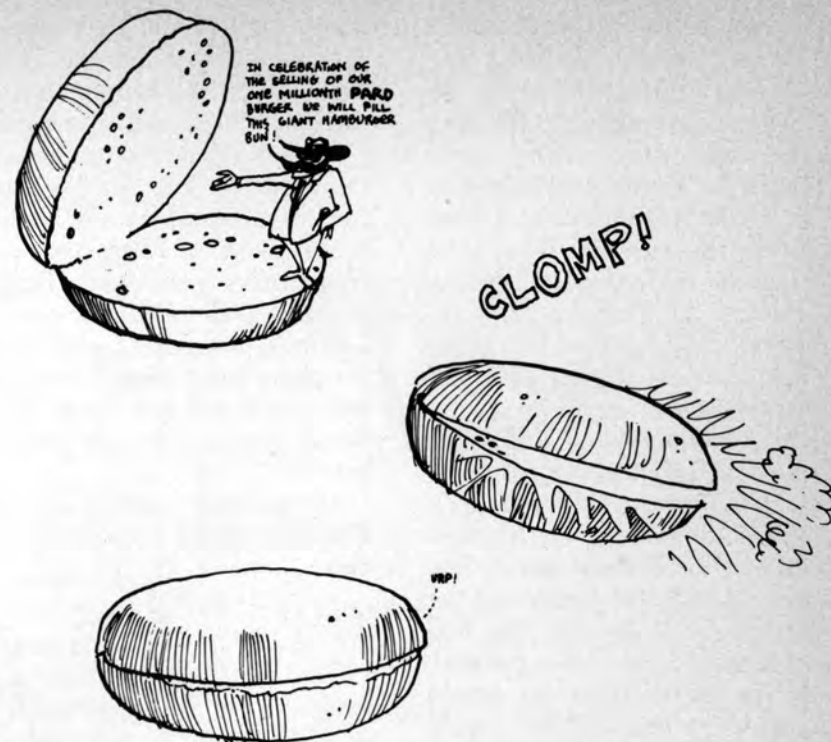
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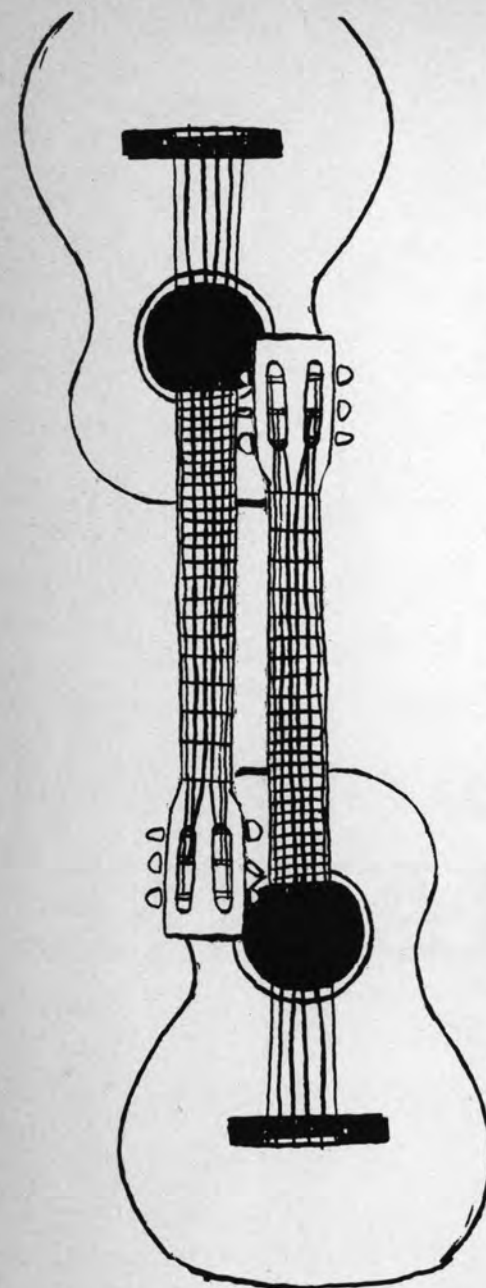
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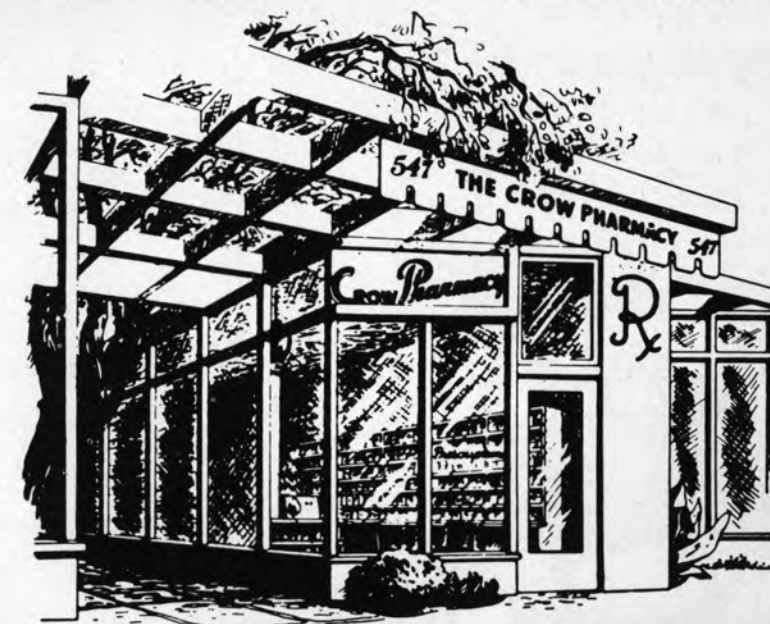
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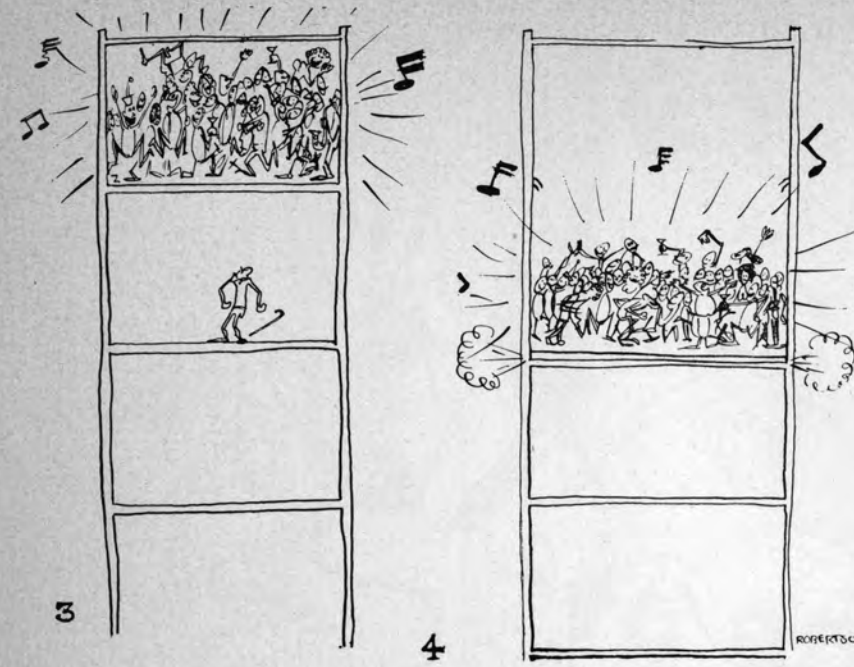
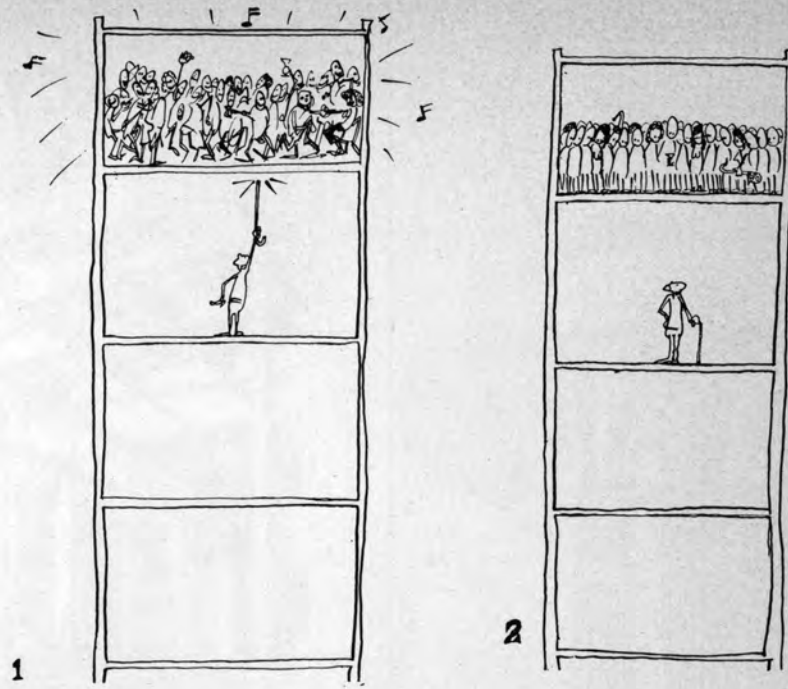
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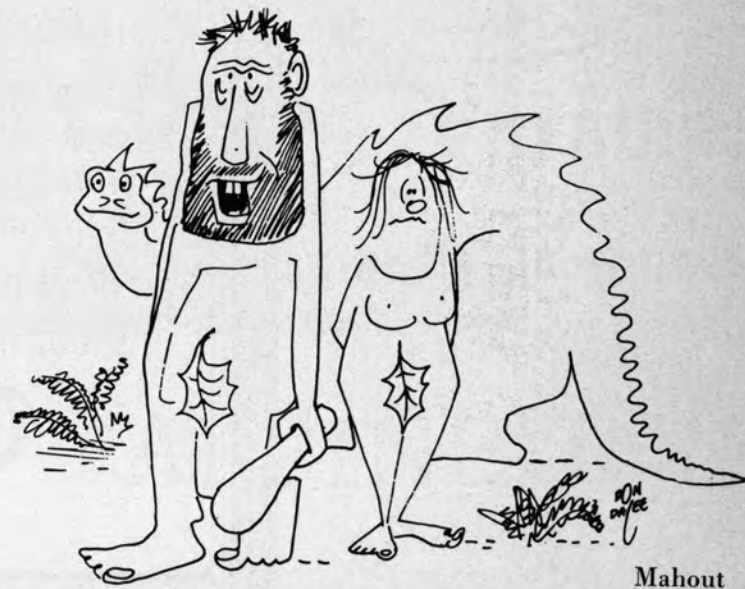
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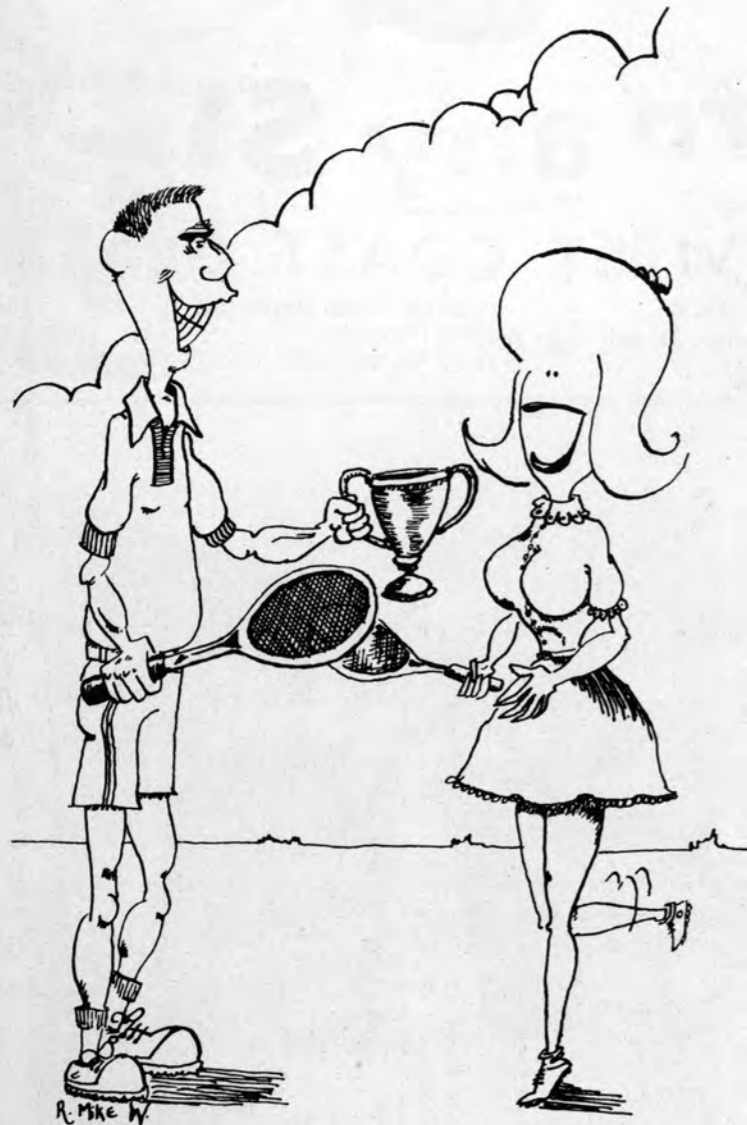


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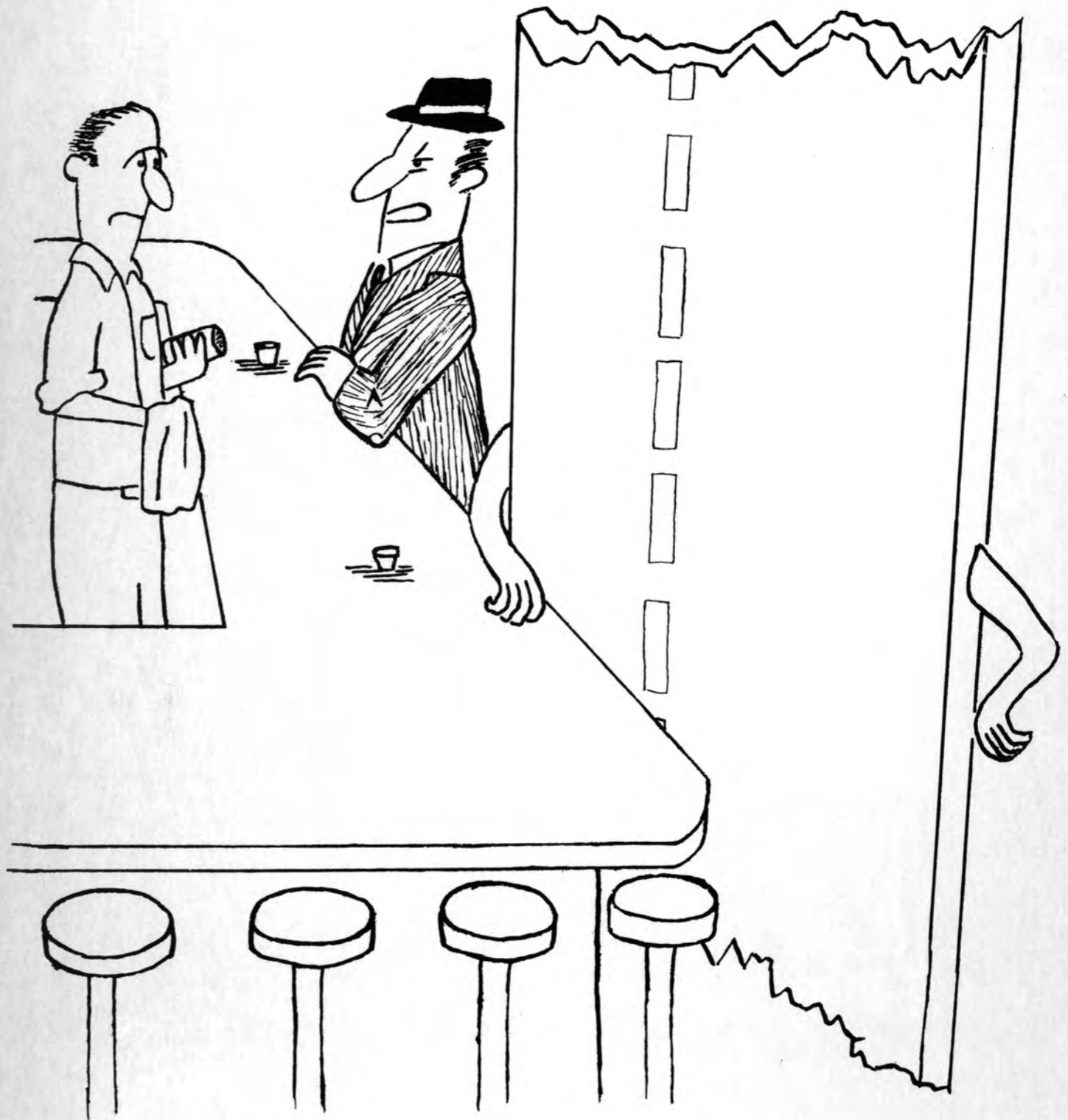


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