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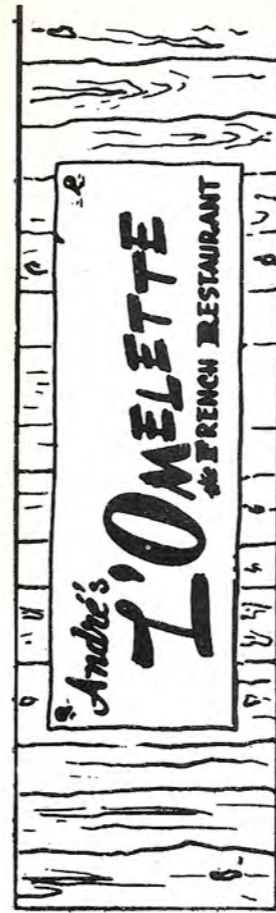
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boy, did Lord of the Big Jungle ever mess up this world. will ya look at that messy filthy rotten Smudge He left there.



my boy! to speak in judgement of the Great Artist and Creator of the Great Society is Surely heresy! it even approaches... *Extremism!* revoke, rather, thy unthoughtful words and speak, rather, in tones of supplication; lest the words of the Great Artist, quietly spoken in the ages past after the 40 days and 40 nights of Erasing, namely, "The ink next time", shouldst come true because of His wrath, and anger, and being ticked at you.... [besides, that's no smudge, that's a "protegé."]

"ink-shmink" a smudge is still a messy filthy rotten thing to leave on any world.



o Great Artist, forgive this "poor misguided youth whose cultural environment and lack of a college education did let him go out unprepared for responsible citizenship in a changing world. he does not know that Your great work is not to be criticised by mere people [who don't really know Your Sovereign Policy and are therefore not qualified to criticise] he is, in short, not crafty, and kind of stupid [though to be sure rather insightful].
 o Artist, forgive this poor man!



o miserable. 'tis as i feared....
 ...total nuclear inkification.

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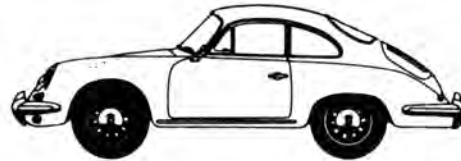


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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL!

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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. Dick Enersen, President; Karen Cook, Vice-President; Peter Steinhart, Secretary Treasurer. © 1964 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 year, November, March, April, and June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and

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MIKE WRIGHT
JERRY TELFER
WARREN LYONS
MIKE KELLAND
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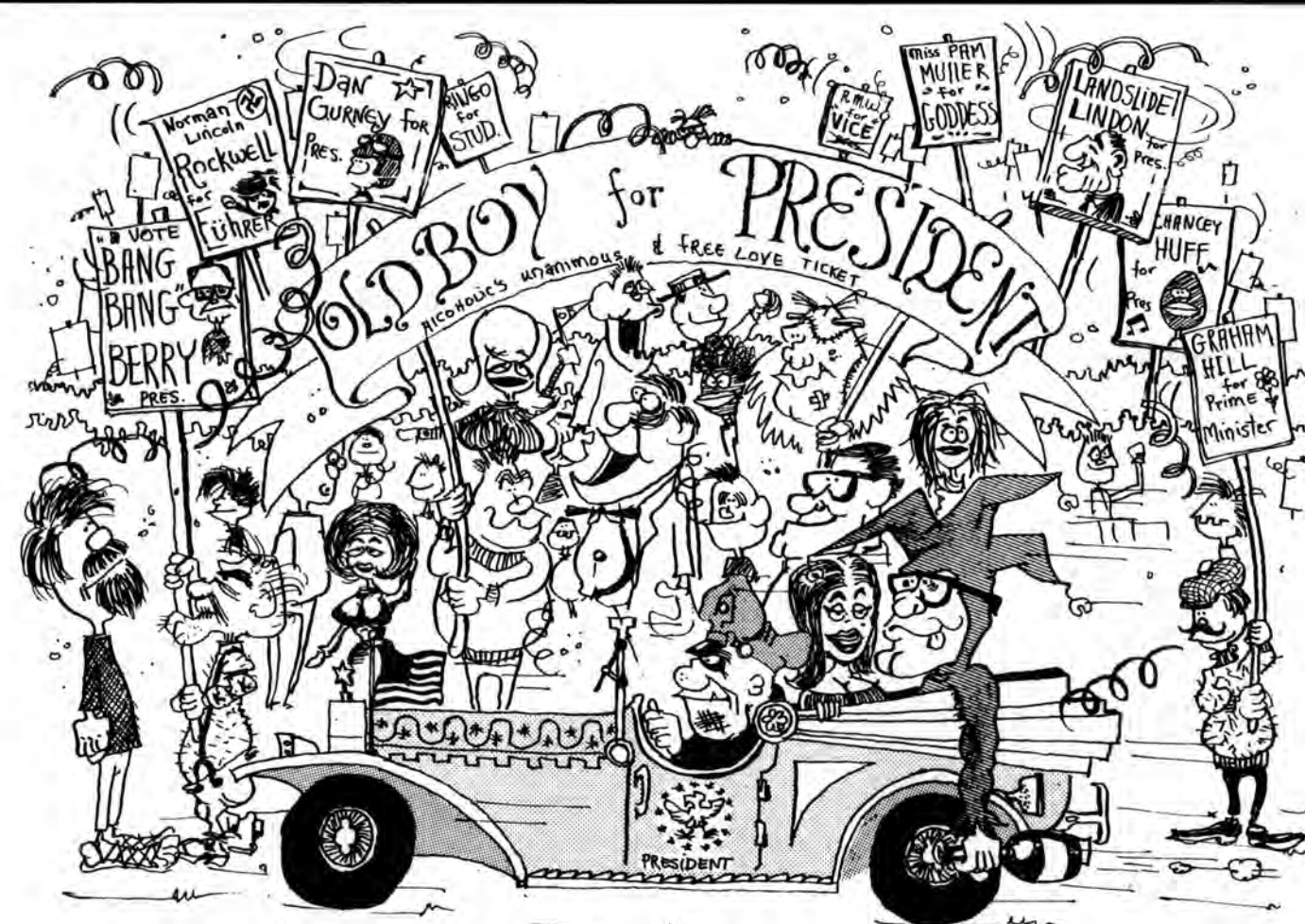
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Candy Fair
Linda Johnson
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NOW THAT the America's Cup has been resoundingly defended at the expense of the British (the New York Yacht Club never even bothered to unbolt the ugly thing from its glass enclosed table, that's how shook they were), the Old Boy is now free to lapse back into relative obscurity and resume the sickening process of trying to graduate. For those of you who have been keeping score, I have about four quarters to go. Inconsistent as this may seem with the previous statement, since I was unanimously reelected to the office to which I fell heir at the end of last year, I'm supposed to turn out half a dozen issues of this magazine. Funny ones, you know, ha ha like in the good old days when your Dad was here. He must have come to school here, or else you probably wouldn't be here, right?

Now that the Storke Publications building has been opened and has enfolded our hardy band into its bosom, we feel frankly lost without the solid squalid comfort of the old shack. We feel cringes of guilt flipping butts to the floor, but what else can we do since the super efficient janitor swipes our torn-in-half-Pepsi-can-ashtrays every night. We would like from time to time to create freely upon the walls, now so bleak and humorless, but should so much as a



chalk mark deface these halls the righteous wrath of the University, to say nothing of Pub board will descend upon us. I mean, how can one feel uninhibitedly funny without such inspiring mottos as "Energisen is a hogges toord" or the cunningly drawn portrait of mother (the universal "Mom") shining from the walls. Maybe we'll paper the walls with Saran Wrap. It's funny though, when you realize that the Hammer and Coffin Society (our publishers and elite corps) threw about ten thou into the fund for this edifice and yet we own not one chunk of its rough-finished concrete nor a single splinter of its exposed, laminated roof beams. The big U. not only owns this updated shack but it also controls the furniture we want to install, like for example the big green couch which provided comfort, repose, and countless other wonders to staff members for so many years across the street. Speaking of the old office, we would like to wish the School of Earth Sciences, its present occupant, as many gleeful years in that building as we enjoyed. Somehow I don't think it will be the same, what with all those rocks and all.

Getting back to that business about being funny and turning out lots (relatively) of magazines, it should be easier this year, for at long last the Old One has some help. This year's staff is as solid and reliable as any I've seen, as witness the fact that we've had only one defection so far this year. The rest of us have sworn a solemn blood-oath to "hang tough til

June!" The real whipcracker around here is our Business Manager who is as dynamic, forceful, and efficient a financial genius as ever put pen to purchase order. She is also beautiful, which helps a lot. I think it was I that said, "If it weren't for Karen Cook I'd quit." Pete Steinhart, noted pornographer, has consented to return to the staff as Managing Editor. He's had a lot of practice, you know, he used to be the editor. Mike Wright is bringing to the position of Art Editor something that has been lacking for a long time, talent (see cover, Ed.). Jerry Telfer, ex-news-photographer for the Daily Planet is running the Photography Dept., a job which included turning the hot-house next door into a darkroom. Our holdover Ad Salesman, Dave Jefferson's talents speak for themselves. I understand that thirty-seven freshmen and two T.A.'s now own parking spaces at the mausoleum. Marcia Hager heads up the lovely, sexy bevy of office girls that virtually swarm around the office daily (as opposed to Daily office, I mean you can imagine...). Mike Kellan has, in his capacity as publicity director, promised that before long the name Chaparral will be on the lips of every student. I've seen the rubber stamp already but the rest of the plan is fantastic. As well as these regulars, we have been gratified by the number of brave souls who have made an attempt to crack into our hard and fast militant in-group that I've been hearing about lately. So far most of them have made it. Maybe even you...



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THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL PROUDLY PRESENTS
 ITS VERY OWN
 POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY!



For several months now the Old Boy and his dedicated staff have been viewing the current political maelstrom apprehensively, with growing concern for the poor, benighted, strifetorn body-politic. Therefore, we have decided that it's time for the Chappie, enlightened oracle of public opinion that it is, to declare itself and so, hopefully, keep those undecideds securely OUT of the fold, where those vicious, fanatic, little political renegades want to put them.

We think that with this year's crop of candidates, Democracy is taking a swift kick in the groin. While some would have us believe otherwise, we just don't think that such a Bad Crook or such a Half-baked Fascist can really represent the sympathies of all the people in this country. Of course, Big-time Crookery has always been a glorious American institution which often produces good as a side effect (e.g., Stanford University). But a well-liked crook must be a smart, refined gentleman (like Leland Stanford) and not a bucolic boob with a twangy voice (like President Johnson). It's just not in good taste. For that matter Fascism has never been very chic either. Mussolini was such a fatuous slob that Fascism could never get off the ground, and we're afraid that a vapid, Midwestern Department Store owner isn't going to be able to cut the mustard either.

As far as several of the big issues are concerned, the Old Boy thinks that nobody has the right idea. Therefore, we'd like to offer our own solutions to some of the bigger problems of the era. Generally speaking, we think that the policy governing Foreign Relations ought to be: "If we can't play—no one's gonna play!" Applied to the current war games in Viet Nam, this would mean, "Either you guys shut up and LIKE General Motors and Safeway, or we'll buy you." There's no point, the Old Boy feels, in not applying the Democratic ways of American Business to Foreign Relations. The philosophy should be restated to say, "If things aren't going well—then MERGE!" With our great wealth, the Old Boy feels sure that the U.S. could merge with the U.S.S.R., with a stock trade of two for one, in our favor. Besides, removing them from competition, the stock holders could then just fire the big, bad bosses if they didn't return high dividends. Judging from statements, both Messrs. Johnson and Goldwater seem to want to carry on costly competition. This is bad business policy. Hence,

they should be canned.

The solutions to the problems at home that the candidates offer are just as inept as their policies abroad.

Civil Rights, for instance, is being flagrantly mishandled. Our candidates seem about as broad-minded as razor blades. What Johnson and Goldwater don't realize is that the minority factions are having the bitchinest time since Sodom and Gomorrah, what with their demonstrations, rallies and picketing. SNCC, CORE, and NAACP are really just fraternal groups much like the Rotary, Masons or Elks. It's really not nice for the Federal Government to say that everybody has to join the group. Besides, we still have to pay our dues to the clubs we already belong to (like the Klan and Sigma Nu). The Old Boy thinks we ought to just have fun and go to their parties, and not worry them to death like that old party pooper Johnson.

The Social Security System is indeed a problem which Mr. Johnson and Mr. Goldwater seem hellbent to worsen. The Old Boy loves his mother and grandparents, but not at 15% a year. His answer to the problem is to draft every ambulatory receiver of Social Security over the age of 65 into the Peace Corps, and send them off to bake pies for Nigerians. This system could lighten the burden on the economy since they could just live off the land (somebody else's) and die peacefully with the natives.

As for the farm issues, both candidates agree on the basics of helping out the poor agrarian toad with price supports and whatnot. They would, of course, both being men of the soil (to which we believe they ought to return). Actually, the Old Boy has different ideas that he believes would rectify the situation. Farmers, he believes, are dumb hicks, and they shouldn't have the vote anyway. As J. Q. Adams would have said, were he alive, "They're not ready," a sentiment with which we're prone to agree. This disenfranchisement would even, glory be to God, make one of the candidates ineligible.

After such a cursory look at the respective candidates and several of the important issues, the Chappie cannot in good faith endorse either of the national party candidates. We recommend that a write-in vote be tallied for the Old Boy, who promises the Good Life, and intercession before God for a blanket dispensation.

"HE THAT PASSETH BY, AND MEDDLETH WITH STRIFE BELONGING NOT TO HIM, IS LIKE ONE THAT TAKETH A DOG BY THE EARS."
- PROVERBS 26:17-



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TIME AND TIME AGAIN MY OPPONENT ANNOUNCES HIS SUPER- IORITY OVER ME.



FOREVER HE SAYS THAT I NEED BE REMINDED WHAT THE ISSUES ARE AND WHAT I AM RUNNING FOR!



HE SAYS THAT I AM DERANGED!



CONTINUALLY I AM INSULTED AND MADE FUN OF THRU HIS SLANDEROUS REMARKS!



CONSTANTLY HE REMINDS THE VOTERS WHO THE BETTER MAN IS... AND THAT HE WILL WIN THE ELECTION!



HE IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT—

I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE.



Augg WB

ALONG THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

an album of fine photos, taken as the candidates performed across this great land of ours by Svelton Suetos. Commentary written by his mother Byron.



The thrilling pageantry of a national election. Here Candidate Goldwater clowns at a speaking engagement before a prominent social organization in Memphis.



Quick to sense good "vote-getters," Goldwater tries a new ploy at a meeting in Hammerhead, North Dakota. Clever tactics such as these give Goldwater surprising "Grass Roots" appeal.

A good friend of the late President John F. Kennedy, Goldwater is caught during a casual conversation at the White House, as he explains some of the more subtle points of his book "Conscience of a Conservative."



Not one to let an opponent get the edge on him, Goldwater poses for news-photographers on his horse, Champion, to let people across the land know that you don't have to be from Tex to know how to ride a horse.



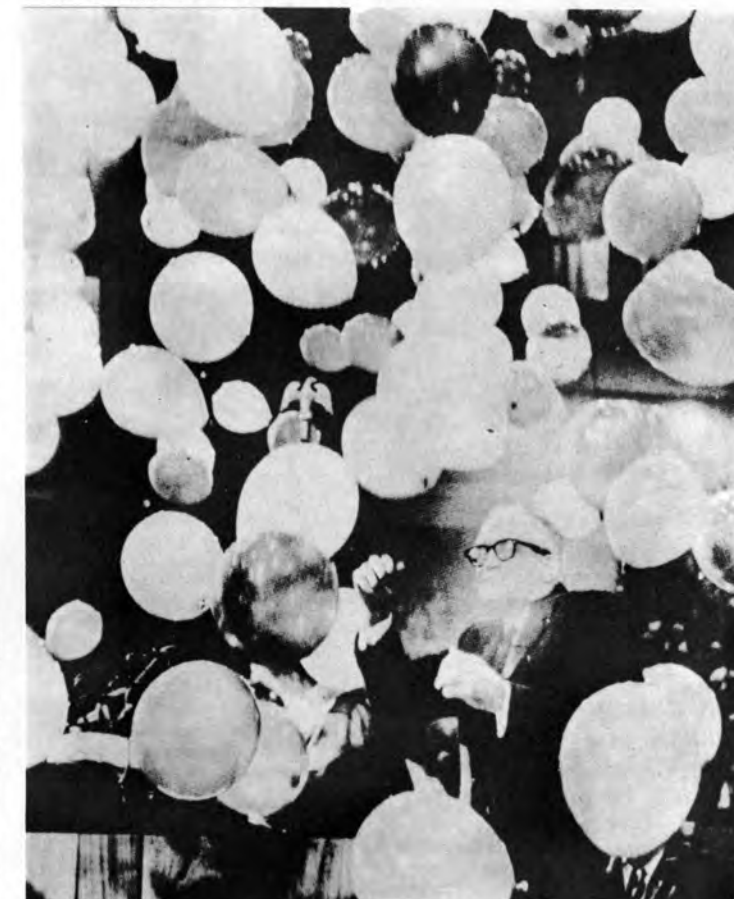
People of all colors and creeds have flocked to see candidate Goldwater as he appears around the country. Here, an overexuberant spectator is helped to a comfort station after applauding himself into a coma at a Hackensack, N.J., rally.

Always clowning, Goldwater is captured during a break between speaking engagements playing "Monster From The Deep," a game he plays often with his family in their Phoenix home.



Quick to squelch hecklers, Goldwater is seen here jokingly calling out one of the catchwords of his campaign at a heckler in the Platform Committee Hearings at San Francisco. A simple "Bang!" and the heckler certainly knew once and for all that this man stood for no shenanigans.

Goldwater advocates a more powerful American Military Organisation, is shown here kicking off his campaign at the Convention in San Francisco with a realistic demonstration of nuclear fission. Needless to say, the crowd went Wild.



Wild masses of humanity have appeared wherever the President speaks on his War on Poverty. Here, an excited crowd cheers him on in Appaluttia, W. Va.



Adept in spur of the moment campaign tactics, the President won a vote for sure in Waterproof, La., when he grabbed this unidentified businessman and started in on a spirited Virginia Reel.



Always alert for vote getting situations, Johnson makes another play.



(Above) Again Johnson makes the most of a potential vote-getting situation. Here, he does his well-known imitation of Red Skelton.

A rare moment. Johnson relaxes for a few hours on his ranch in Texas. His favorite entertainment is viewing Television, and he rates the Beverly Hillbillies, and The Real McCoys high on his list. "I like to keep in touch with the American people," Johnson says modestly.



In the Echinoderm Jr. High School Gymnasium, Echinoderm, Ill., the President shows another phase of his many-faceted appeal. Johnson followed with a stirring deliverance on "A Great Society."



A main theme in Johnson's campaign addresses is the worthiness of his opponent's stands on crucial issues. Often, Johnson will seize upon an opportunity to offer criticism in a dramatic fashion. Here, he gazes coldly at the ground to make a point.



The earnestness of the crowds that turn out to hear the President speak causes great alarm among the Secret Service men who must protect him night and day. Johnson, a real trouper, refuses tight security in his campaign, and here, shakes it off after standing in an overenthusiastic reception line in Dallas, Tex.



Johnson, too, has a ready wit. Here, he cavorts with Senate leaders in the Cloakroom between tense moments in the controversial Bobby Baker Investigation.



Quick with answers on important questions, Johnson responds with a keen wit and acute knowledge of existing conditions. Here, he responds to Defense Secretary McNamara, who has just informed him that the Seventh Fleet has just been destroyed in the Gulf of Tonkin.

The International Ramifications of The Forthcoming Election

By the Right Honourable K. W. Smythe,
order of the garder, third clip.

(The following letter from London-on-the-Thames' leading political analyst attempts a descriptive interpretation of the prevailing world situation and offers various panaceas to bolster oneself against the obvious outcome. This acute and perceptive incision into the poli-eco-culto-philo-psycho system, tellingly written, will, in addition, by all clear-thinking, be, world citizens of great help untangling it for us all. Ed.)

Dear Reader,

To all intents and purposes, the most critical event upon the world political horizon is that quadr-annual exposture of breathing democracy in-action, the elections in America. The prospect of a choice between Mr. Baines-Johnson or Mr. Williams-Goldwater has sent shivers up and down spines both American and international.

To summarize the opposing postures: Mr. Baines-Johnson is described popularly as "a middle-of-the-freeway-er"; Mr. Williams-Goldwater is described privately as "a menace."

From strategically located nation-wide "poles," weather forecasts, and other infallible barometers of political suasion, American analysts tend to pick Mr. "Elbyjay" Johnson as the favourite. The great "grassy roots" popularity of the incumbent would appear to insure his re-election—excepting the ever-present danger of a crisis in either the "domestic field" or the "international arena." Piercingly comprehensive analysis, that. Chances of the former event's occurring remain dim, despite the head-long eagerness of Mr. Goldwater's associates to re-experience the Grand Depression.

On the international scene, however, Mr. Goldwater's partizans confidently predict a major upheaval, presumably in Viet Nam, which would shove the country eagerly toward "Scary" Barry on November 3. Supporters of this school of thought are commonly called "C.I.A. men." Advocates of Mr. Baines-Johnson, however, convinced that the

world situation could not possibly deteriorate further, light-heartedly play down any "new crisis" theory.

Observers abroad take a somewhat more serious view of the matter. Realizing that the election of either of these distinguished American statesmen would mean universal catastrophe, members of the brotherhood of nations are taking what measures they can to avoid what they brutally describe as "when neither evils is lesser than either," or "il gran plaisanterie a la americaine."

After an exhaustive survey of opinion in chancelleries from the Quai d'Orsay to the River Mekong, I can confidently predict the following strategys and counter-strategys abroad:

THE RED CONSPIRACY. To the Communists, the prospect of Goldwater in the White House could hardly be more pleasing than Napoleon in the Kremlin. Therefore, calculating that Mr. Baines-Johnson can only be defeated by a resounding failure in Viet Nam, the Soviets have instructed their advisors to retreat 100 miles from the present battlelines on the night of November 1, thereby insuring a great American victory, and Mr. Baines-Johnson's succession.

THE BLUE COUNTER-CONSPIRACY. The American generals in Viet Nam, however, recognising that a Goldwater victory means tactical nuclear deployments in addition to rapid war-time promotions, have planned for the same night a "Strategic Retreat # 1" into the South China Sea.

BROWNING UPON THE ALIENS. These developments, nevertheless, have long been anticipated by both the Viet Kong and the Self-Defense Corps (who were only fighting in order to secure more foreign aid anyway). Pulling a classic "Nguyen Khanh job," these patriotic groups, whose leadership was admittedly an inter-locking dictatorship all along, then join forces, capture the Soviet advisors and the U.S. Seventh Fleet, holding them for double-A.I.D. ransom from the two super-motherlands.

FRENCH KISSING. France, meanwhile, puts into effect its "plan de frappé N" (for Neutralism) to re-establish French hegemony in Indo-China. General "le gran" Charles, brilliant military strategist that he is, recalls that the French lost the 1954 war only because they lost Dien-Bien-Phu, and immediately mobilizes the old Paris OAS paratroop battalion to re-take that key rice city. Again Gallic military logic proves impeccable, as in the north in 1914 and in 1941.

THE SICK-URITY COUNCIL. The 110-plus members of the United Nations in New York, trying to preserve the disintegrating world situation, suddenly find themselves singularly dis-United. Following special provisions within the Charter, the Secretariat refurbishes an old sister organization, and re-names itself the New League of Nations. This deft move allows the General Assembly to declare all of Asia a League mandate, thereby paving the way for officially-endorsed British, French, Dutch and Portuguese "spheres of influence."

THE YELLOW "PEARL." The Chinese, meanwhile, demanding "Asia for Us Asiatics," mass an enormous invasion force at the Viet border, equipped with hairs from Marx' beard to expel the "foreign devils." Realizing that all the tea there could not cover costs, Mao Tse-Tung declares Switzerland a province of China since the time of the Great Khan. Chou En-lai further points out that the original "Canton" was located on the Sea of Japan. There being more unofficial Chinese in Geneva than Swiss, the Eastern Emperor's confiscation of Swiss banks is carried out almost unnoticed except in Zion.

FROM CAIN-NAAN the annihilation of monies in Switzerland produces an immediate financial crisis in Tel Aviv and Haifa. The market in blue-chip "kibutz" stock plummets and the nation austere gives up Rosh Hashana.

ARAB SOCIALS-EMITISM. The resulting moral deterioration on the west side of the River Jordan ("chilly and cold") in turn encourages the ancient appetites on the east side ("muddy and

deep"). Joining together for the great Holy War, the Arabs plan a "divide and conquer" campaign. In a secret conference held before the invasion to divide up the spoils, however, they divide over the proposed division. In confusion, they all retreat safely into the desert, cursing Allah for not being with them in the time when "the camel walks on his own shadow."

YEN, FOR PASTA. The Italians, in the meantime, thinking they can beat the Chinese at their own "old shell-out game," declare all of China "Italia irridentia," based on the claims of Marco Polo, even before the Great Khan. The two powers, nevertheless, settle their mutual territorial claims peacefully by unearthing the secret 1936 Milan-Nanking Pact between Mussolini and Chiang. Splitting the Sub-continent between them (along the old Han Dynasty-Roman Empire line), they declare all Indians non grata and ship them off to reservations in the United States.

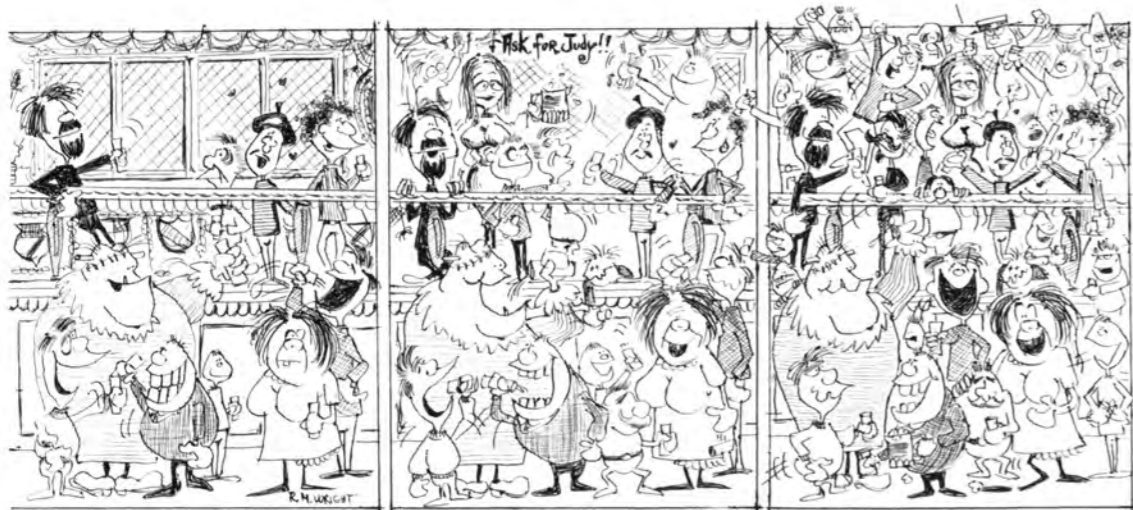
MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE. In the United States, the "American Firsters" have taken over in a pentagon coup, as expected. The newly-enlarged Indian factions, however, regarding themselves as the only "100%-pure" Americans around, deport all "fork-tongued-speaking white men" back to mother Europe. Encouraged by the "Indian-giving" policies of their northern brethern, the Latin American tribes proclaim "indios, si; euro-peons, no" and sell all remaining "gringos" and "peninsulares" as slaves to the Africans.

THE GOLDDIGGER COAST. The newly emerging nations of Africa, having healthily restored the white man's burden to its rightful owner, now declare their adherence to their pan-African policies and decide to re-establish the splendid regime of the Kingdom of Ghana. "Uhuru!"

FUTILISM. The European Big Six, meanwhile, faced with the over-flow from the Americas, voted to unify itself at long last—as Western Christendom, under a system of lord, vassal and fief. Forseeing another Renaissance for old dogma, the Papacy re-proclaims the universal infallibility of the mother Church and elects Urban II Bishop of Rome. The prospects of world-wide peace and toleration stretch endlessly into the future.

CONCLUSION. So you see, Dear Reader, that the forecasted period of "heaven-on-earth" is again upon us. Let us congratulate ourselves for having given the colonies away so long ago. Three cheers for good King George! As for the Indians throughout the world, they would naturally rather be red than dead. The Pax Britannia gives way. The Pox Americana is upon us.

THE END



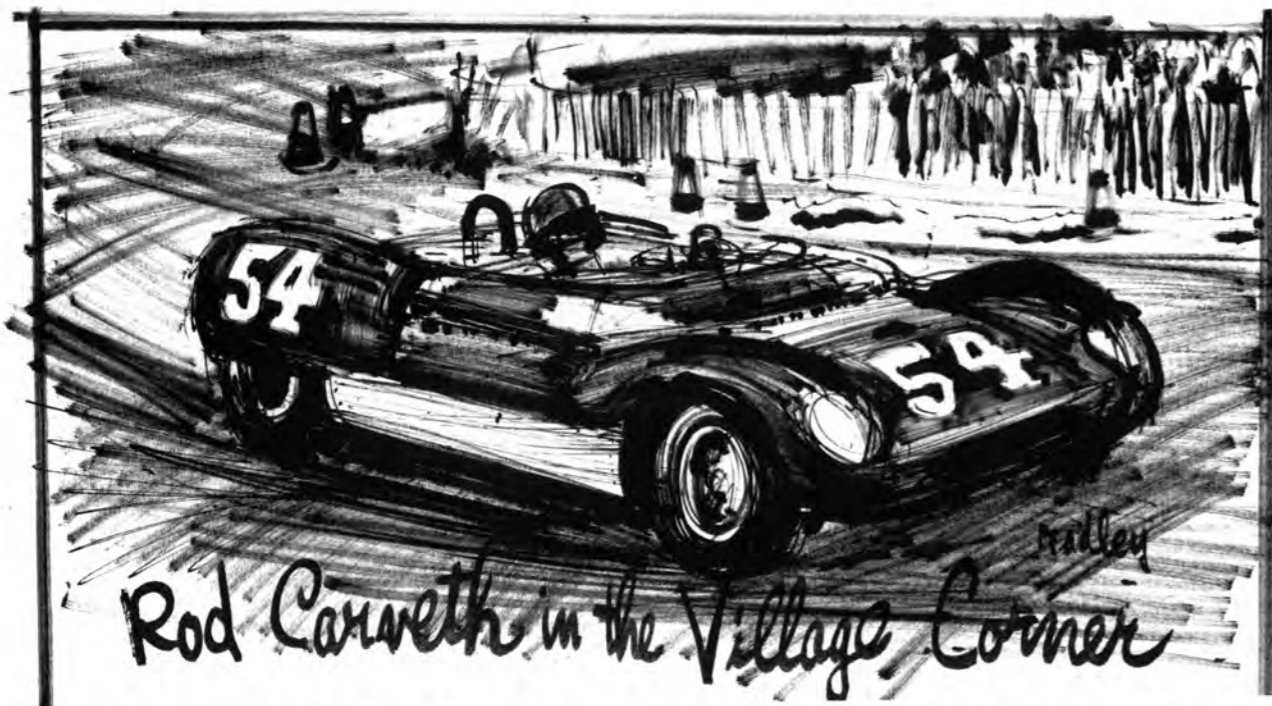
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Our October center spread features Diana Mitchell of San Jose, Lagunita, the class of 1965, and the Stanford Art Department. Diana worked hard campaigning for Gov. Scranton in S.F. this summer and, this being a political mag, that had nothing whatsoever to do with the Old One's choosing her as his first queen. Photography by Jerry Telfer.



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“Ma, can I go out and play?”
“With those holes in your pants?”
“No, with those kids across the street.”



The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, “It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to the church. Won't you come with us?” he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About halfway through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. “I didn't know you were so religious,” she whispered.

“No,” the young man replied. “No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either.”



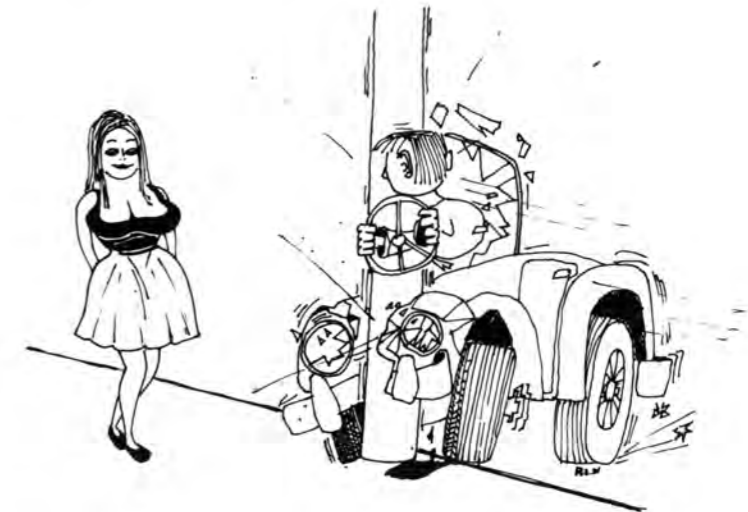
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EM 6-9952 DA 2-2214

Chaparral/October



Being a pip September morning, a trifle of crackling in the fall air, with a humming from the Chattagooch and a reasoned trilling from these well-known Alabama mockers, they being the local bird. A sensitive bird, the mocker, keen perceiver of current mood, weather vane of the populace, and gadfly to beleaguered Democrats. Coming here to the gut of the gentle southland not a long while ago, I ever since have awaited, with anguished breath, the coming of Himself.

HIMSELF?
HubertLyndonBarryBill?
Either neither nye nor.

§ § §

Dressed in white. All in white.
Powdered white, milk white, drained white. White of the breast. Cream of the crow.

100 WHITE ALABAMA VIRGINS
100 WHITE ALABAMA VIRGINS
100 WHITE ALABAMA VIRGINS

§ § §

And two ton of lily. From every county, from every seat. In wicker baskets—Alabama made. Two ton of white lilies—Alabama grown. Assembled and smelling. For Himself. For Himself. FOR HIMSELF.

§ § §

Green of the gridiron, soft trampled green. And on the bleachers just over the cinder oval, mingling voices, criss-crossed shouts, impatient Alabama rumblings—

THIRTY THOUSAND STRONG!

§ § §



Silence. Beginning the music of "DIXIE" in one-quarter dirge time. From the bowels of bleachers, through goal post ports, even from bosquey dells—they emerge, THEY EMERGE. They pace. They file. They strew. 100 WHITE ALABAMA VIRGINS strewing the soft of the green of the gridiron with two precious ton of white lilies. WHITE LILIES. Crescendo of the music, white maidens stepping demurely to either side of the gridiron, fifty to the side. Silence.

§ § §

Set to 'a burring and 'a buzzing. Craning of thirty thousand heads. Speck of white hovering to the horizon, dazzling chop of blades drawing near. An "AHHH" thirty thousand strong. Himself. HIMSELF. HIMSELF!

§ § §



The speck now a machine, hovering the white of the gridiron, descending slow and majesty. Music of joy, lilies blowing and twirling and whirling in the wind of the blades. A clouding of white lilies, a hushing from the crowd. Silence. Falling lilies swish to the ground. Silence.

§ § §

HIMSELF' standing. Toed, speckled, garlanded with lilies. Silence. HIMSELF' slowly raising his right arm to straight. Mute greeting. HIMSELF. HIMSELF. HIMSELF. Explosion, THIRTY THOUSAND STRONG: barry. Barry. BArRY. BArRY. BArRY. BArRY!

end

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His toes curled in the black soil. It was marvelous to feel the good cool earth beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent down and crumbled a piece of rich sod between his fingers. A man was a fool to leave the land. He thought of the city as loathsome. All it had brought him were unhappiness and sorrow, but that was over. He was back to his first love—the earth. For a while he was motionless in silent contemplation; a prayer of thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once more he was part of nature and not just a shadow in the city. A voice called, "Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly, he took his foot out of the flower pot.

The minister had been asked to present the prizes to the winners of the local fair, but when he got there he was outraged by the dress of some of the girls.

"Just look at that young person there with the cigarette, closecut hair, and breeches," he cried to a bystander. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a girl," replied the other. "She's my daughter."

"Oh, forgive me, sir," apologized the preacher. "I didn't know you were her father."

"I'm not," was the reply. "I'm her mother."

"Son, after four years at college you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer and a darn nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it's done."

The son was silent for a moment; then suddenly his eyes brightened. "Well," he said, "it's cured Ma of bragging about me."

The young married couple were having their breakfast together in the hotel restaurant. When the shapely waitress brought the menu, she said "Good morning, honey" to the groom.

Silence reigned until she left, and then the bride blew up. "Who is she?" fumed the bride.

"Calm down, darling," pleaded the groom, "I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."

Woman winding up fervent W.C.T.U. speech: "And furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than touch a drop of liquor."

Senior in back row: "Who in the hell wouldn't?"

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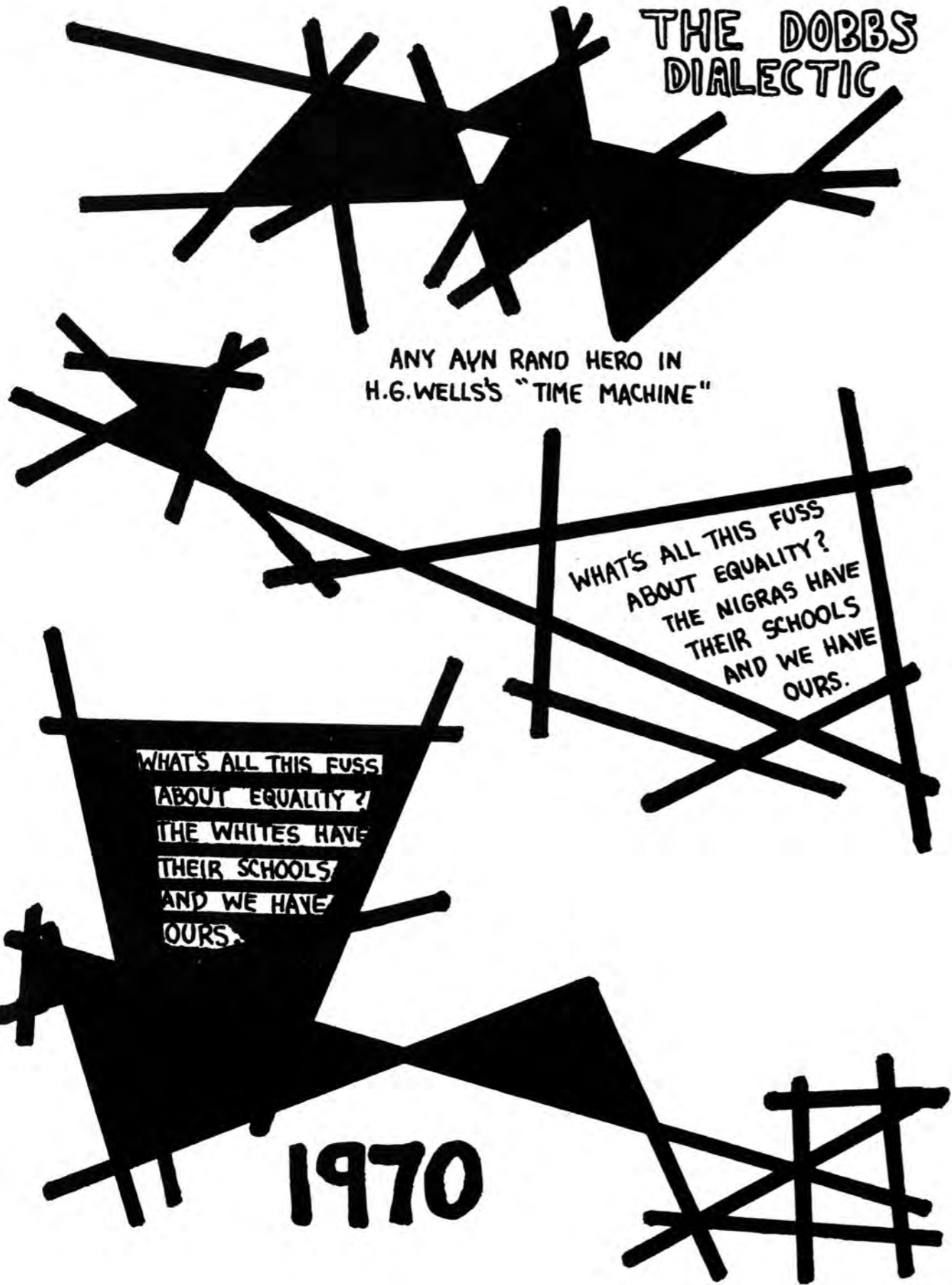
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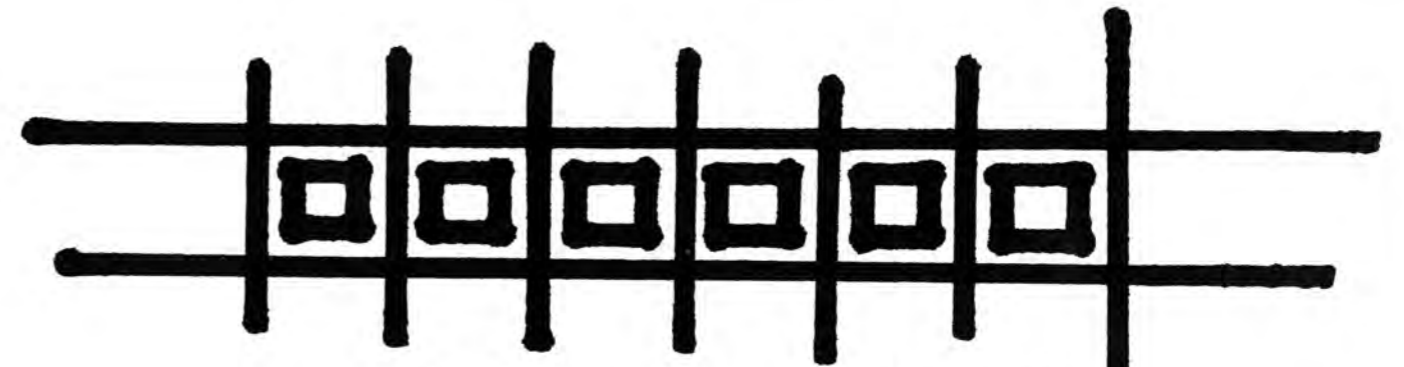


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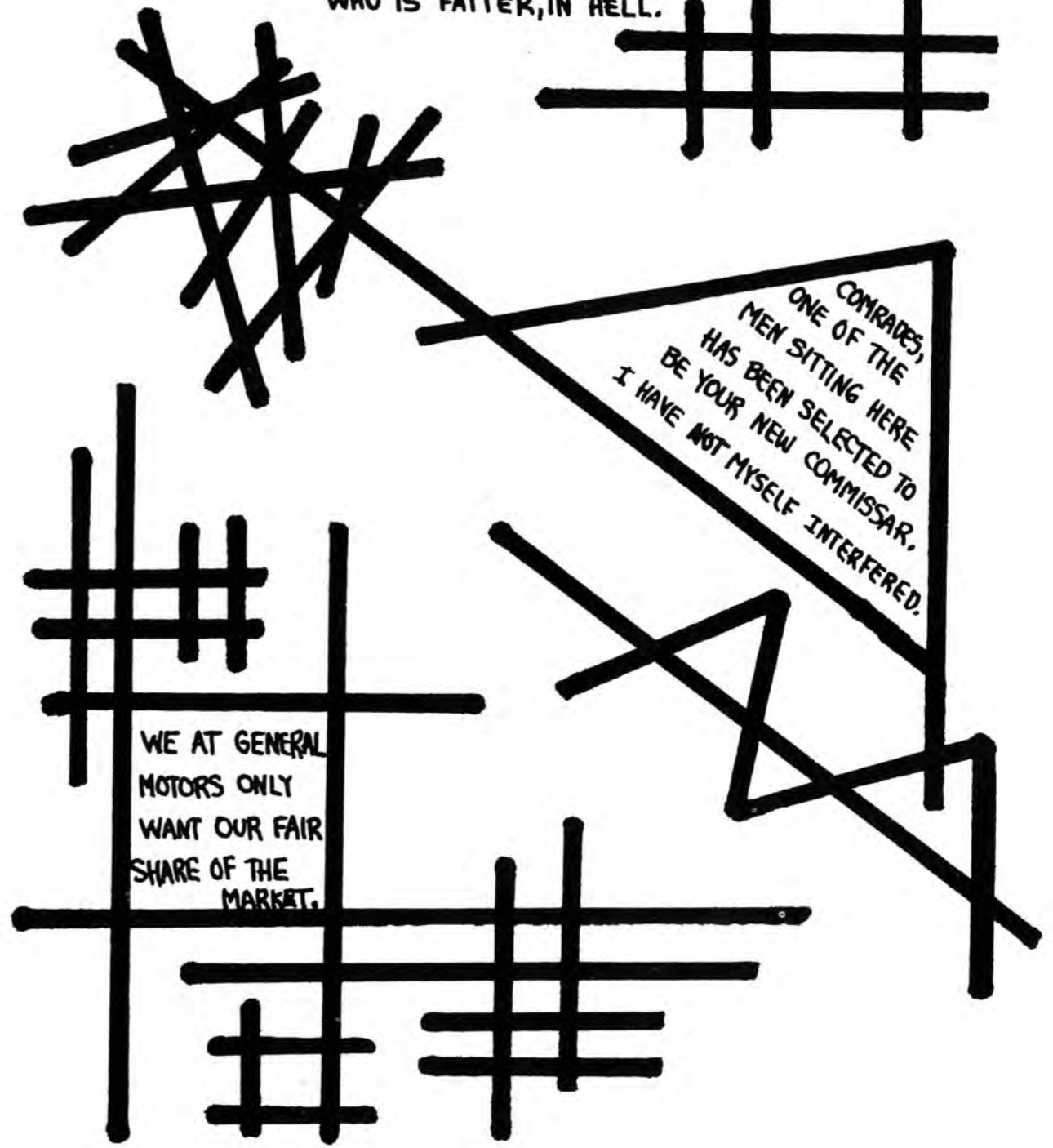
WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS
ABOUT EQUALITY?
THE NIGRAS HAVE
THEIR SCHOOLS
AND WE HAVE
OURS.

WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS
ABOUT EQUALITY?
THE WHITES HAVE
THEIR SCHOOLS
AND WE HAVE
OURS.

1970



DAVE GARROWAY AND ARTHUR GODFREY,
WHO IS FATTER, IN HELL.



CONRADES,
ONE OF THE
MEN SITTING HERE
HAS BEEN SELECTED TO
BE YOUR NEW COMMISSAR.
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The prairie tourist, marveling at New England's scenery, finally asked a New Hampshire farmer where all the rocks came from.

The native replied, "The great glacier brought them here."

"Well," demanded the stranger, "where's the glacier now?"

"It went back for more rocks," the farmer drawled.



Once there was an enterprising but unfortunate young man who was always scheming but always winding up broke. After going bankrupt for the umpteenth time, he was sitting on a park bench, broke, desolate, when suddenly he heard a voice saying, "Go to Nevada, go to Nevada." At first he was somewhat startled, then he listened again and the voice repeated itself. Scraping all the money he had together, our superstitious young man arrived in Nevada sensing something big was about to break. Then the voice piped up, "Go to Las Vegas, go to Las Vegas." Our hero started on his way to Las Vegas with visions of greenbacks dancing in his head. On arriving there, the voice emerged again, urging, "Play the roulette wheel, play the roulette wheel." Our man obeyed, heading for the first gambling casino he saw. As he was about to place his bet with his remaining money, the voice came on again, "Play number eight, play number eight." Quickly, he borrowed an enormous sum of money from a few equally superstitious players and placed ten thousand dollars on number eight. The wheel was spun, round and round it went, then stopped—on number six. As our hero dropped to the floor, he heard the voice saying, "How about that!"



On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes, a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned, despite a young man's attempt to save her. The man dragged the body ashore and left it on the sand while he went to notify the authorities. Upon his return, he was horrified to discover a man holding the corpse in his arms, and whispering in its ear.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he shouted, "that woman is dead, that woman is dead!"

"Sacre bleu!" exclaimed the man, springing up, "I thought she was an American!"



Songs For Folks To Be Elected To



The Old Boy has recently discovered that in their attempts to acquire a real "folksy" appeal, both of the presidential candidates have become devotees of folk music and have acquired a talent for singing some amazing tunes. Barry Goldwater not only hams it up with his radio set but also with a guitar, while Lyndon Johnson astutely blows his own horn. Quite an improvement over touch football, we would venture to add. At any rate, we discovered that these men are not merely performers but composers as well, and for the benefit of our readers we present here a collection of their songs. All three of these masterpieces, incidentally, will come out next month on the Mud label. We understand that these particular records make excellent frisbees, and we hear that, as a novelty, they will be cut in giant lollipops in hopes that lots of suckers will buy them.

HOUSE OF THE RISING DEBT (To be sung to the tune of House of the Rising Sun)

This song was written by Senator Goldwater preceding the recent GOP nominating convention. The Senator assures us that he was merely jesting in the last verse, but retaining our doubts and the last verse as well, we refused his \$5000 assurance money.

There is a White House in Washington
And it's the House of the Rising Debt
That's gonna be the ruin of the U.S.A.
If it don't get canceled or met.

We're spending money at such a rate
Like it's going out of style;
It well may be, we seem about
To give socialism a trial.

When Lyndon plays at Santa Claus
He really goes all the way—
A poverty bill and Medicare
And ten million for L.B.J.

In Bobby Baker's chimney he stuck . . .
He emerged all sooted and black
So he had to pass a civil rights bill
To gain his equality back

Millions of dollars in Viet Nam
For planes with collapsible wings
See what gratitude it brings

I'm going into Washington
Once this campaign's won;
I'll end the debt—and Russia, too . . .
By simply dropping a bomb.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

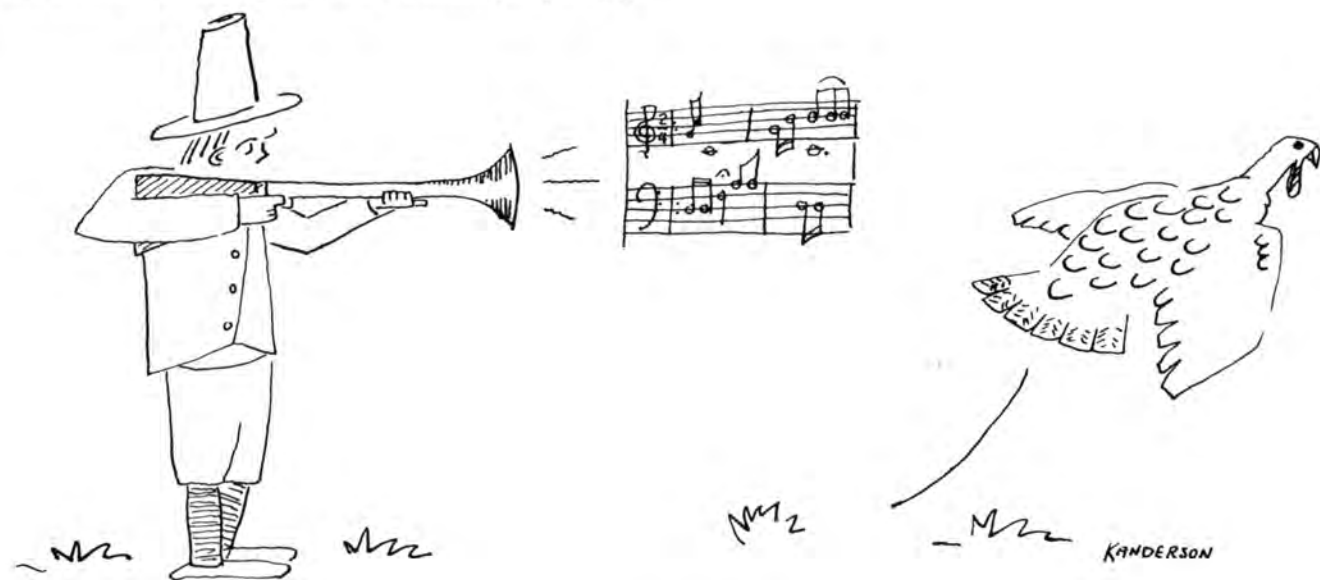
(To be sung to the tune of the song of the same name, which incidentally has the same tune)

This song we learned from J. Evetts Haley, author of "A Texan Looks at Lyndon." It was originally begun by the late President Kennedy several days before his death. As a tribute to the late President, President Johnson finished the song, intending it to be published posthumously. It is interesting to note the subtle change in emphasis given the same basic theme by the two composers. For the performer, it must be urged that to correctly perform the song, the first two verses should be sung with a Boston accent, sharply and precisely, while the last two are drawled in a pseudo-folksy manner. The song MUST be sung triumphantly, with a few insane giggles inserted from time to time. However, as an afterthought, as the President has proclaimed the performance of this song an act of treason, it might be best not to sing it at all.

BOMBS AWAY

(To be sung to the tune of Sail Away)

President Johnson tells us that the idea for this song came suddenly from within him. Inspired, he hastily scribbled down the verses on the only pieces of writing material available—several sheets of toilet paper. Unfortunately a portion of the original manuscript was inadvertently utilized and thus, the remainder of the song has been wiped out, so to speak. Incidentally, in this anecdote we are not attempting to infer anything in any way regarding the quality of the President's thoughts. We are merely reporting.



We shall overcome
The battle shall be won
With democracy we're done, someday . . .
Aristocracy instead
Me, Bob and Ted,
Yes, we shall overcome someday.

Black is white today
And with their votes they'll pay
In office we will stay, tra la la la le lay
And while they praise my name
They'll never know my game
And we shall overcome some day.

I am not afraid
Fear is lost in greed
And I'm not badly paid, today . . .
Thirteen million sure ain't hay
And it's legal, so they say
Yes, I shall overcome some day.

We'll go hand in hand
To the promised land
The "Great Society" of man, today . . .
They believe all that bull
While my pockets get full
Yes, I shall overcome someday.

Now all ye gentle folks who care to keep living
Remark ye well what I do say;
Don't trust that four-eyed man, his trigger-finger
is itching
He'll bring about your dying day.

Hear him say now, "Ooh Ooh bombs away . . .
"Ooh Ooh bombs away . . ."

One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a wac came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?" To which they wryly answered, "No!"



The old man believed in reincarnation, but just before he died, his wife made him promise to try to communicate with her from the spirit world. Twelve months after his death, she actually made contact with him!

"Are you happy there?" she asked. "Happier than I can possibly describe," he answered. "The pastures here are greener, and the skies bluer. It's a beautiful world, and the weaker sex are the loveliest imaginable. And their deep wistful eyes speak constantly of love."

"Oh, dear," she said, "with so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something you'll be ashamed of. I do hope I can join you soon in Heaven."

"Heaven?" he said, "who said anything about heaven? I'm a bull in Montana."



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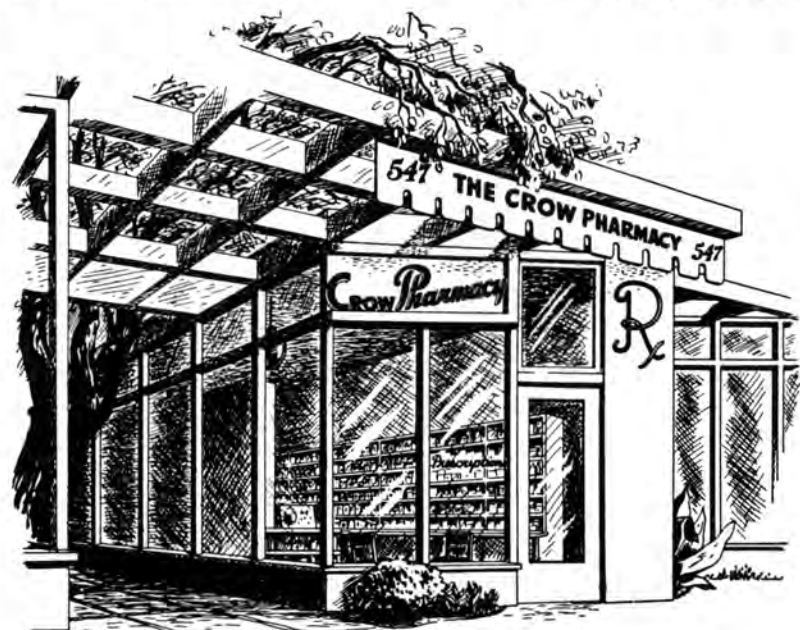
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the little people



Milling around in a crowd in front of Sproul Hall, Berkeley, California, Chappie Political Editor, Svelton Suetos encountered Bergoyne Dufarge. After listening to his ravings for no more than thirty seconds, Suetos knew that he had found his man, the archetypal supporter of LBJ.

A Senior in Political Science at the University of California, Bergoyne can usually be seen in or about the booth of the Students for the Equality of Equality Seeking Organizations (SEESO, for short), campaigning for the human rights in which he so deeply believes.

"They ain't gonna tho me out of my booth! Witch Hunters! Witch Hun-ters!", Bergoyne orated, the confident tone of his voice telling you, "No fooling, Buddy!"

"Yeah, they're tryin to tho me out of my booth here," Bergoyne explained. "In fact they're tryin to take the whole booth away. But I'm gonna keep my vigil here til Christmas if necessary. All men have the right to speak out on important issues equally." Bergoyne modestly declined to answer when asked just what issues he had in mind.

When asked why he favored Johnson in the coming election, Dufarge replied, "Man, he's gonna equalize everything into a Great Society. With vision like that, there will someday come a day when everybody is required by a higher, moral law to be the same height, color, blood-type, and like that. Then we won't have no Russians or Negroes and everybody can go out and play together. Besides, he's gonna let me keep my booth." Then he pointed to a large placard over the booth which read: "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WANTS ME TO KEEP THIS BOOTH."

"You see, Johnson is of a higher spiritual energy. All matter and ideas and everything worthwhile is made up of spiritual energy. Man. Like Christ. He was really way up there, and when they laid him out it caused one helluva electrical storm."

Shifting to his views on American Foreign Policy, Bergoyne stated his preferences. "Yeah, Man, if we just took off all our clothes and went around kissing and hugging each other, there'd be no Cold War and no bombs. No sir, I'M not leaving this here booth til Easter. Ain't gonna buy me no dresses nor hats for the Easter Parade either."

Asked about the nation's economy under the present administration, Dufarge readily explained his feelings. "Whadiya talkin about? Them meanies like General Motors, the Bank of El Paso, and Safeway? Screw 'em, that's what I say!"

Chaparral People Editor, Svelton Suetos travelled all the way to Waterproof, Louisiana, to find the truly archetypal Barry Booster. There, he met with Buell Fingerdo, sharecropper on a small "plantation," five miles east of the town of Waterproof.

Mr. Fingerdo's active (243 lb.) form sits lightly atop his active (5 ft. 6 in.) frame in the heat of the still noonday sun. As he spoke to Editor Suetos, he revealed a faint twitching in the corner of his eye.

Fingerdo is a leader in his community. He is a member of the Waterproof Chamber of Commerce, and various civic and fraternal organizations. Describing his Scotch Irish background, Fingerdo says, "Mah great granpappy wuz a genuine prince a' England. He came o'er heer t' find political freedom, and he got it. Had a hunnerd an seventy niggers out back."

Like most people who are actively campaigning for Barry M. Goldwater, Fingerdo is concerned about what he calls, "Gov'ment diggin into yer own pocket, an takin out yer jack-knife."

"You jes wait 'n see if them Fed'ral Bobby's Boys don't git in here with guns so's we cain't run our Plantations. They did it fust by tellin us moonshine give ya vee dee. Now they got them niggers givin us all vee dee, an' we cain't work the tation."

"Taint the niggers' fault," Fingerdo continues. "They's all happy as niggers until Bobby Kennedy steps in an hollers 'Go rape a suthern Belle.' Then all Hell breaks loose."

When asked if he felt the negro wanted equality, Fingerdo replied, "They got ee-quality. It's them uppity ones think they's as good as us. They's the ones go out an sit in, an free-dum ride. Jus' wan make a bad name for all us decent folk."

"Take ferinstance the one they pulled out o' the creek. Had seventeen bullet holes in his head, and 'bout three hunnerd chains 'round his neck. Keeerist, if that nigger wern th' most determined suicide I ever seen. Did it all t' make us look mean."

Fingerdo also considers the spending of the government an unpleasant practice. "Ah don't want my twenny-five dollar a year goin t' build no Peace Corp or no lectronic plant in California. No reason t' spend all thet money on depressed areas like California."

Fingerdo also advocates a tougher foreign policy. "Jus' gimme an some my friends th' chance. We'll go bash Krooshev aroun a little bit. If I's just superman, I'd fly right over Russia droppin bombs right now. Bullets just bounce right off m' chest."

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An Open Letter from Abnorman Mailer to Wilhelm Buckley Concerning Mr. Mailer's Conversion to Conservatism.

"And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews."

—Andrew Marvel
To His Coy Mistress

My Dear Mr. Buckley,

It is with my customary humility, strengthened, as it were, by the force of conviction attendant all those who have been recently converted, that I take the pleasure in announcing my change of heart. It is altogether fitting and proper that this should be done in a letter to yourself. Our debates upon the political scene were the most publicized political activities which I have engaged in.

Yes, Mr. Buckley, from henceforth I shall be known as a staunch conservative. You have won the debate in the total and complete capitulation of your adversary.

It is my great hope that we may work together for the cause, which now we both espouse. My contributions to this cause may indeed be great. For, in addition to the strength of my character and enormous literary talents, I am able to add many additional rationalizations for the Conservative viewpoint.

My reasons for becoming a Conservative are different than those which you use to uphold the faith. There are many roads to the truth, Mr. Buckley.

I oppose the graduated income tax, for example, because it is doing irreparable damage to the income which I derive from my many best-selling books.

I support states rights' sponsored segregation precisely because I know, as the Southern Whites do, of the sexual superiority of the Negro. I should like to see this superiority preserved. It would be a sad day for human evolution were we to become a nation of mulattos.

In general, I support the status quo for the reason that a great deal of colorful material for the novelist would be destroyed, should the drift toward a centralized culture continue. America, Mr. Buckley, is an unmoveable feast. Unlike the Paris which Mr. Hemingway writes of, once American provinciality is gone, it is gone forever. How could *Winesburg, Ohio* have been written were we a nation of suburbanites?

Finally, and at last, empirical research into the validity of my theories of society throw them into question. It may be that the Apocalyptic Orgasm, which I have contended is the ultimate interest of the mass, is in fact purely an illusionary notion.

I hope, however, that I shall find better tail in the Conservative camp.

Sincerely,
Ab Mailer
Abnorman Mailer

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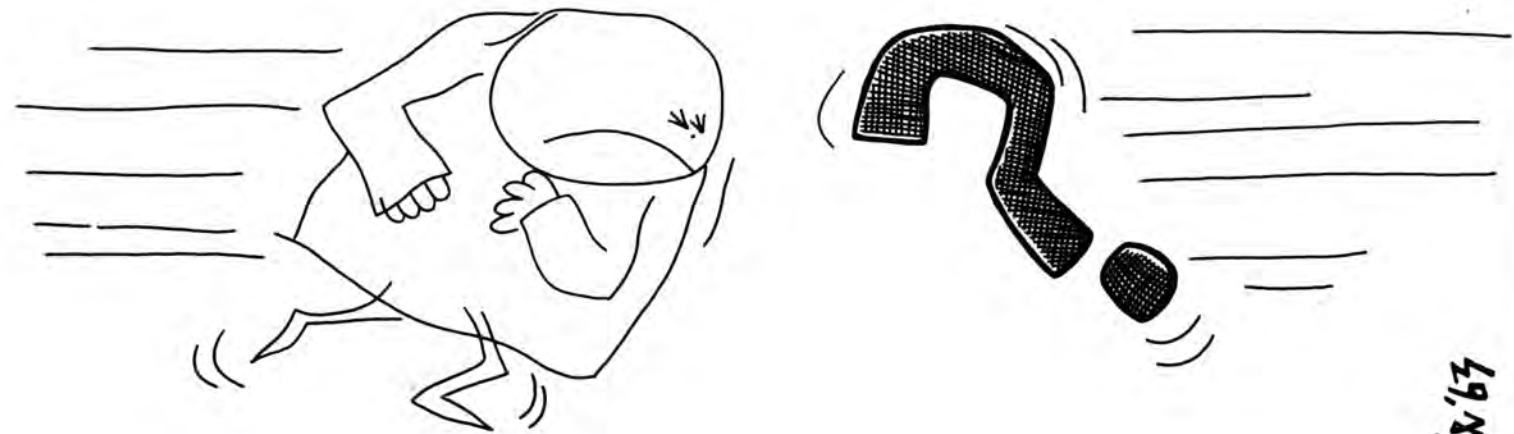


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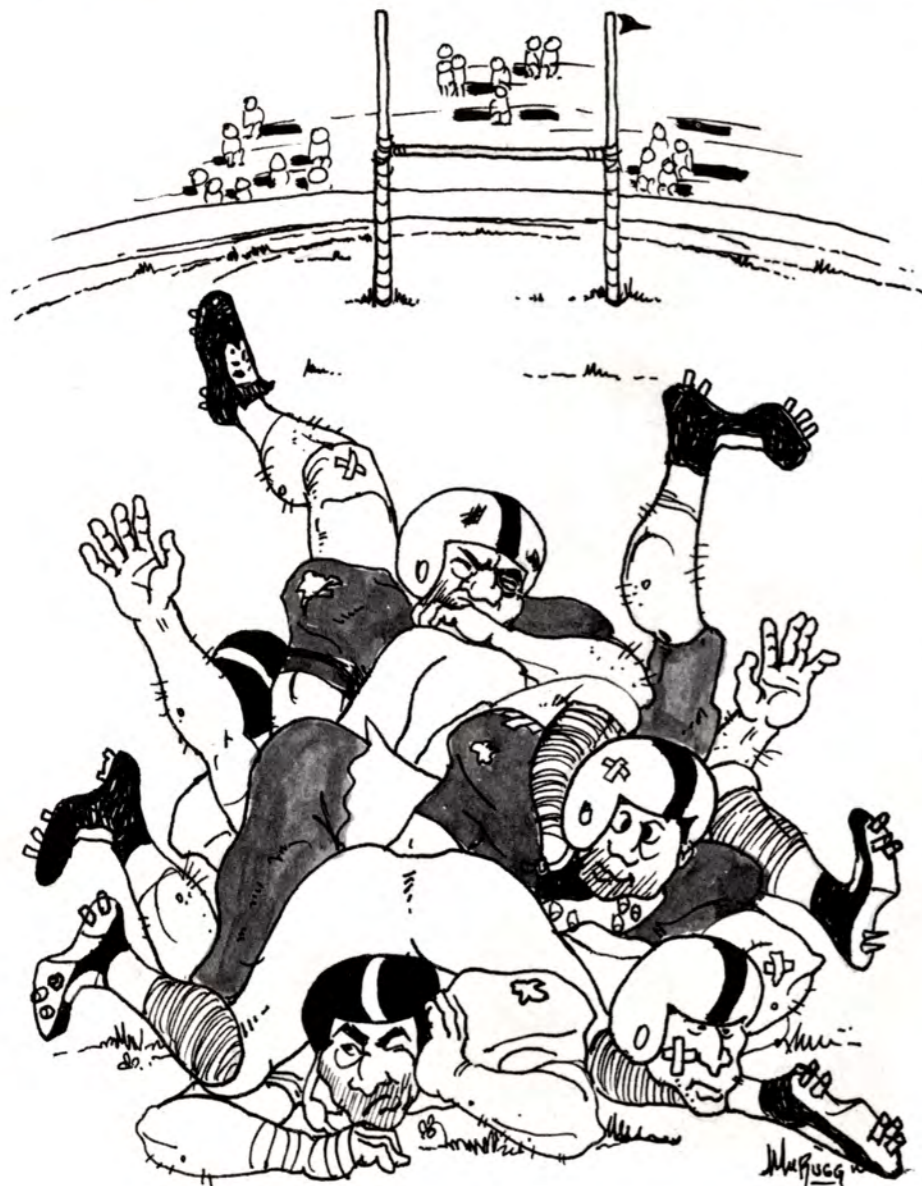
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HOFMAN JEWELERS	38
JERAHIAN'S	11
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Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was a complete stranger.
"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."

Noah Webster's wife came into the pantry and found him kissing the pretty chambermaid.
"Mr. Webster!" she exclaimed. "I am surprised."
"No, my dear," said Mr. Webster with a reproving smile. "You are astounded. I am surprised."

OLD BOY

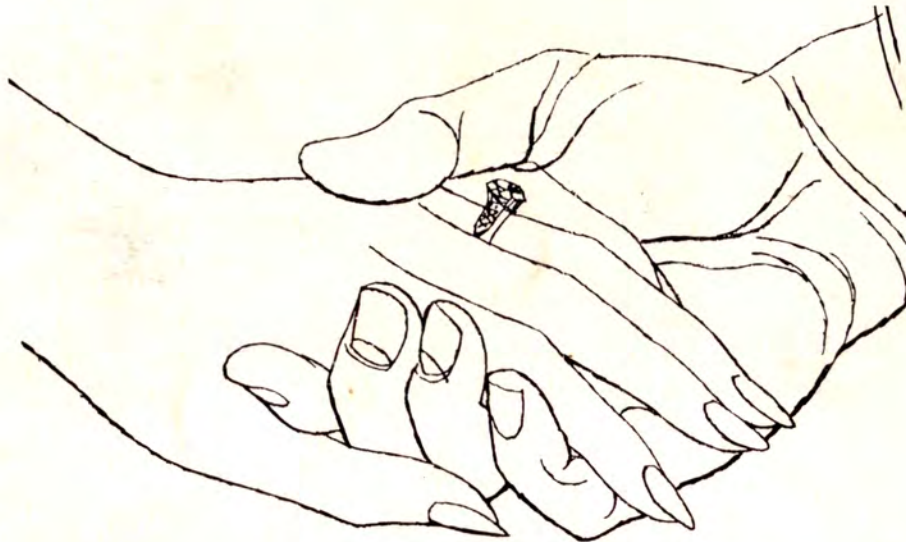


I KNOW IT'S ABSURD, ETC.)

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