

STANFORD

CHAPARRAL

FAULTLESS
FUNNIES



AL AMBLER

MAY 1952 30¢

Great Hopping Toads! Gregory here thinks he's ready for the kill



GET A LOAD OF DON JUAN. He killed two months' allowance and a hefty bite off Dad for a sartorial display which he figures will swoon every girl from Vassar to Southern California. In our opinion—and more important, in the girls' opinion—he's about as ready as the barefoot boy.

Why? No hat, pal, no hat.

Spend \$6 for a pair of plaid underpants and \$3 for some argyle socks and then go butting your poor bare head into respectable society—*brother!*

Look. Take it from a guy who trampled the campus not long ago himself and who now wanders around the big city talking to pretty models and TV actresses (it's a tough life, Jim). You don't look good without a hat. Girls think you look darned *ungood* without a hat. Don Juan without a hat is an ape.

Here's some other stuff I picked up: A hat is for protection just as much as appearance. The hot sun beats down on your hair and dries it all up. Dirt and soot make a mess out of it, too. And rain and snow and wind not only damage your hair but give your sinuses trouble and team up with every little virus in the neighborhood.

Trade in your plaid shorts and start putting your appearance where it will show. And where it will do your health some good, too.

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Divisions of the Hat Corporation of America—Makers of Fine Hats for Men and Women

She stepped out of the bathtub onto the bathroom scales. Hubby came in the back door and walked past the door. He observed what she was doing and inquired, "How many pounds this morning, darling?"

Without bothering to look around she answered: "Fifty, and be sure you don't leave the tongs on the back porch again."

—Aggievator

Daughter—Mom, what kind of a husband would you advise me to get?

Mother—You just get a single man and leave the husbands alone.

—Sundial

"My girl says she is going to leave me if I don't quit running around."

"That's too bad."

"Yeah, I'll miss her."

—Pelican

The would-be Lamarr was at dinner with the big Hollywood producer. Wishing to impress him with her big brain as well as beautiful body (and so cinch the contract), she let a far-away look ooze into her lovely lamps and murmured: "I just love Keats . . ."

"Dot's splendid," he replied. "I always like to gat togadder wit enny-body vots liking children."

—Jack & Jill

Girl—My dad takes things apart to see why they don't go.

Boy—So what?

Girl—So you'd better go.

—Log

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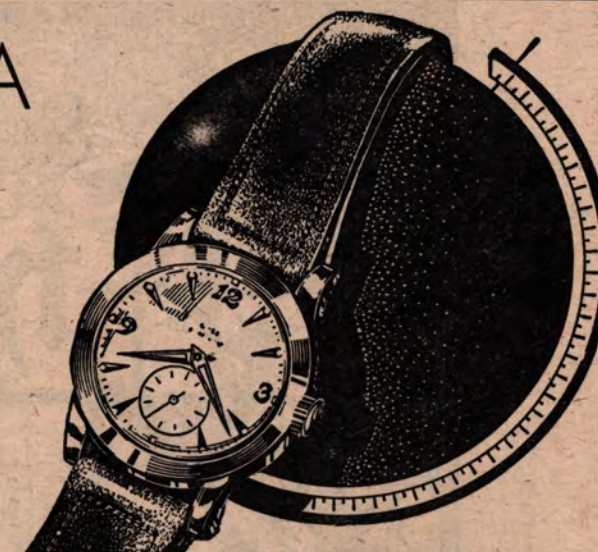
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ESTABLISHED 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

NOW THAT the wobbly wheel of fortune has spun through another twelve-month cycle of chance, the Old Boy gamely scrapes up his meager supply of blue chips, takes a deep breath, and enters the big Month of May Laugh Raffle. But the Old FOOL! Doesn't he remember the rules of the game; the absurd stakes which the house insists on setting, the pitiful odds which he is allowed, and the futility of playing a fixed wheel? Isn't he aware of the intricacies of play itself? Has he forgotten that in May the merry Gamble for Gags is traditionally played with unpredictable comic-book characters, instead of the more easily controlled printed word? Is the Old Boy risking his ham-

mer and coffin in this, the Comic Sweepstakes? Perhaps the Old Fellow should content himself with more tranquil pursuits. Maybe he should leave the cartoon strips for Caniff, Capp, Gould, and the other big-league bettors. He could have played it sure and bet an issue on Scintillating Spring, or Marvelous May, or Gorgeous Government, or any number of other sure-fire winners. He could have told his artists to confine their talents to the margins of their history notebooks, and let the writers and photographers call the numbers on this roll. But the Ancient One has hit the long-shot jackpot too often to let fantastic odds or remembrances of occasional past losses dull his

(Continued on page 4)

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**HAMMER AND COFFIN
INACTIVE**

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Slogan for a crematorium door:
 "We're hot for your body."

—Sundial

Voice from Car—Shay, Offisher, ish
 thish the way to go to the football
 game?

Policeman — You bet. And if I
 wasn't a cop I'd go that way, too.

—Record

Ad in paper:
 "Girl needs a job. Is willing to
 struggle if given opportunity."

—Kitty Kat

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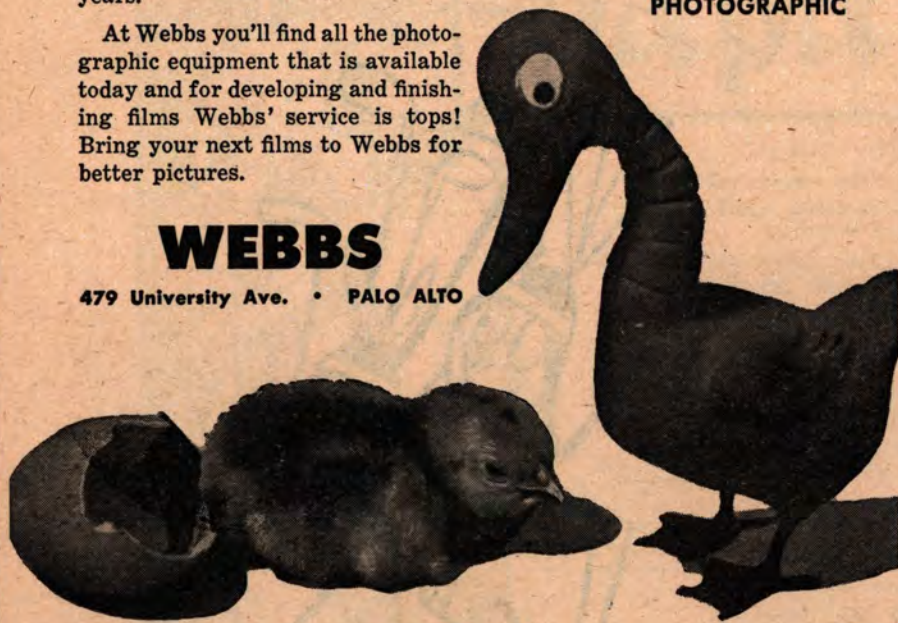
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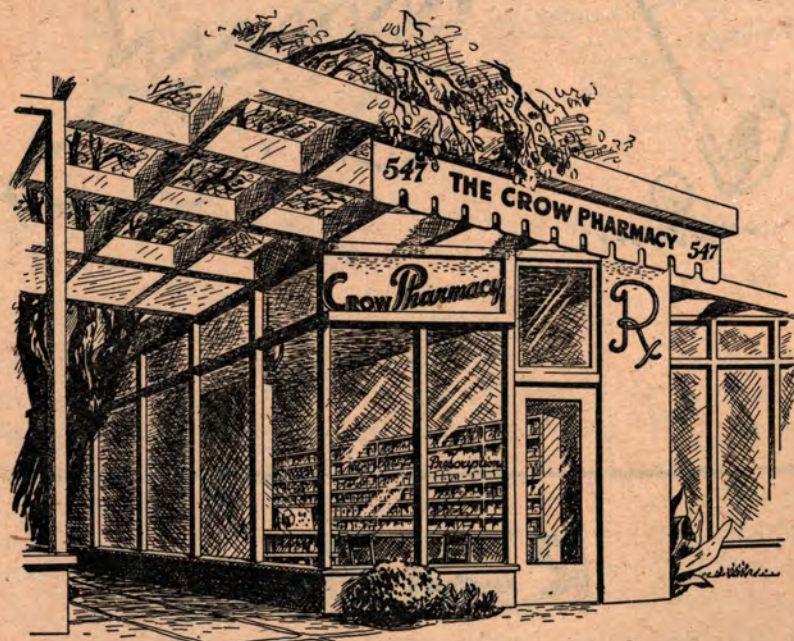
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NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

gambling verve. The lure of the Comic Casino is too great, the participants too magnetic. Yes, the Old Boy has again bet his stake on the funny-book fillies, straight across the drawing board. How could he bet otherwise? For the Idiot Child has always been a true sportsman, willing to enter any contest worthy of his skills—but always with the feeling that it's not whether you win or lose that counts, it's how you play the game.

June (a bride) was showing her uncle over their new home.

"This is my room, Uncle. You see we have twin beds, they are so much more hygienic. That's Harold's and this is mine."

Then Uncle noticed a blue china clock on the mantel and remarked, "What a charming clock."

"Yes," said June, "It's a wedding present from dear grandma."

A few weeks later Uncle received a note from June telling how the blue clock had disappeared the very afternoon he was there. Could he throw any light on it?

Uncle replied: "Dear June, Look in Harold's bed."

—Sour Owl

A Swede and a Finn went into a bar early one evening and started drinking furiously. Not one word was spoken as they guzzled drink after drink.

At 3:00 A.M. the Swede lifted his glass above his head and said, "Skoall!"

"Say!" thundered the Finn, "did we come here to talk or to drink?"

—Record

BUY AN EDITOR FRIENDLY! HOUSEBROKEN!

These genuine editors—known to science as genus *Humblebeus*—have been imported from distant points just for you. They are cute, easily fed, generally well behaved. Can easily be trained to do small menial tasks, just like a small dog or cherubim. Some can even write their own name, answer phones, stand on their own feet, make funny speeches. Join the rush. Buy several today while the supply lasts. Write today for information to Box 3013, Stanford University.

SPECIAL RATES FOR FACULTY MEMBERS

Jim—Do you file your fingernails?
Tim—Naw, I just throw them away after I cut them off.

(Oh, dear. There seems to be quite a bit of confusion in this one. Evidently what Jim meant was, "Do you file your fingernails?" That is, do you take a fingernail file and file them down so that they aren't so long that they get in the way and scratch people. But Tim seems to have thought that Jim meant, "Do you file your fingernails?" That is, do you put them in a file of the sort that you file letters and business papers in. Jim, of course, should have been a bit more explicit, but nonetheless it does seem rather silly of Tim to misunderstand Jim. We knew all along what Jim meant.)

—Record

It was at the Shamrock Golf Club. The pro was showing Flannagan around. It was Flannagan's first game of golf. It was three hundred yards to the first hole.

"Now, Mr. Flannagan, hit the ball as hard as you can in that direction." The novice gave it a terrific sock. When they went to see where it landed, the pro discovered it an inch from the cup.

"Marvelous," he yelled. "The idea of golf is to get the ball in the cup."

Flannagan snorted. "A fine time to tell me."

—Kitty Kat

Report of tardiness to first-hour classes: A body in the sack tends to remain in the sack. The cohesive force between the body and the sack varies as the square of the time the body is in contact with the sack.

—Technology

An education grad was taking a loyalty examination when he was asked, "Did you ever belong to an organization that is trying to overthrow our government in Washington?"

"Yes."
"What? You did! What was that organization?"

"The Republican party!"

—Panther

REMOVE UGLY HEADS

Sure-Safe-Dainty-Sanitary
Marquis de Sade Paris, France
"The Portable Guillotine"

A farmer took his son to the county fair. While there, the young boy watched the proceedings with great interest. Finally, he turned to his father to ask:

"Why does that man go around pinching the sows?"

"He's doing that because he wants to make sure he buys good, firm meat," explained the father.

Back home a few days later the youngster called excitedly to his father: "Hurry, Dad, hurry—the iceman wants to buy the cook."

—Sour Owl

"I hear the Executive Committee is trying to stop necking."

"Is that so? First thing you know they'll be trying to make the students stop, too."

—Froth

Motorist—Officer! Officer! Come quickly. I've just hit a Cornell student.

Cop (casually picking teeth)—Sorry, it's Sunday. You can't collect your bounty until tomorrow.

—Widow

The whip, the whip.

No, No, No.

The whip, the whip.

No, anything but the whip.

Anything?

The whip.

—Sundial

An old man saw a younger one with a bottle in his hand and his arm around a girl. He said, "What a foolish waste of time. You can drink when you're old."

—Life Begins at 40

College: A fountain of knowledge where all go to drink. —Kitty Kat



"...of course they didn't have comic books in my day... had to draw my own."

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UNKIE DUNNY'S KIDDIE KORNER

What Shall I Do Now?

HOW often this question is asked by you boys and girls. Active young minds are always seeking something new and interesting to get into—you little devils, you. It is now easy to satisfy this craving for activity.

Here is the page that fills this need of providing fun and entertainment for each day of the week. Here are all sorts of fun answers to that question, "What in hell can I do now?"

Let's Learn About the Aardvark

PROBABLY the best-known aardvark is the great green aardvark. He lives in the deep dark jungles of deepest darkest Aafrica and has a naughty, naughty habit of eating aants. The aardvark's feet are big and padded. He can walk all over the place and never feel a thing. Aardvarks are hardly ever seen flying.

An aardvark's nest is really very messy. They dig big holes in the ground and crawl in and eat aants, bugs, and all sorts of crawly things. When they are not eating or sleeping, they waddle around making noises like "garrumph."

Aardvarks are not very pretty, either. They have long noses, little ears, and a long, long, sticky tongue that they use to catch ants, spiders, flies, and stuff. They are very messy.

All in all, Aardvarks aren't very nice.

Let's Draw Flies

Nearly everyone wants to draw a fly at some time or other. Notice how with a few simple lines we can draw this friendly little fellow.


○ FIRST THE HEAD...

○ THEN THE BODY...

○ NOW ONE EYE

○ ADD THE OTHER

○ AND THE REST OF THE STUFF...



Let's Take a Kwiz

ALL you boys and girls put your thinking caps on and get ready for Unkie Dunny's Weekly Kwiz. Score ten pink points for every question you answer. The winner gets a big red star in my book. All ready now? Then, let's go. (Answers on next page, kids.)

1. How many dimes would you prefer: half a dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen?
2. Make up a sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet, using each letter at least once.
3. Harry Truman is (a) A piano player, (b) A famous author, (c) A Republican, (d) Santa Claus.
4. If you went to Stanford University for four years and spent \$2,640, what would you be?
5. Who was born on February 12th? (Clue: His first name was Abe.)
6. If a cat and a half can kill a rat and a half in a minute and a half, how long will it take one cat to kill 60 rats?
7. When the day after tomorrow is yesterday, today will be as far from Sunday as today was from Sunday when the day before yesterday was tomorrow. What day is it?
8. If you were run over by a steam roller, you would look like: (a) A bookmark, (b) Corned beef hash with a side order of catsup, (c) Hell.
9. If your daddy gave you two dimes, your mother gave you six pennies, your uncle two nickels, and your grannie a quarter, how much money would you have?
10. How many ways are there to skin a cat?

Let's Play Games

Popular Singer

EVERYBODY wants to be a singer of popular songs. Get your gang together and practice for the future. Each player should try to develop an unusual style. One can groan, one sob, one belch, another one can sing with a mouthful of mush. The group will decide the winner on the basis of which little boy or girl can make the most changes of pitch on one word, can be the most unintelligible, and can make the most people squeal and swoon.

Now don't you little boys get the idea that this is a sissy game. Some day you may thank your old Unkie for getting you started on the path to fame and fortune. Remember, put your heart, soul, and viscera into it.

Let's Read Poetry

SOME of ol' Unkie Dunny's little readers have sent him these little verses. Read them and see if you can do as well. If you can, then send them to VIEWPOINT, Stanford, California.

See the robin on the lawn.
He eats a worm and then is gone.
A worm to chew, a worm to munch—
Gee, I'd like a worm for lunch.
—Ralphie Twekes, Age 7

I love my mommy, yes I do.
She really is a gooder.
She always sings me beddy-bye
And slugs my lousy brudder.
Ya-ah—I hate him!
—Sally Sibling, Age 3

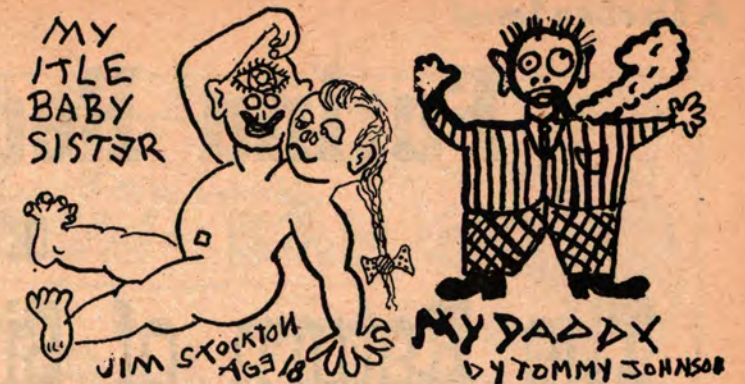
A noisy, angry, fussy creature
Is Miss Grimp, our first-grade teacher.
She yells, she screams, she flays the air—
We put a bear trap on her chair.
—Plankie Brennan, Age 6

The rain is raining all around.
It rains on everything.
It rains on the trees.
It rains on the umbrellas.
It rains on the ships.
It rains on the people.
Goody!
It's raining.
—Chuckie Adams, Age 5

The wind is blowing through the trees.
It puffs against the pretty leaves.
It causes them to jump and dance
As if they had ants in their plants.
I like to watch them falling down
On to the lawns all over town.
But my daddy don't.
He says they're too damn hard to rake up.
—Billy Jones, Age 8

I like Mary. I like Jean.
I like Mabel and Pauline.
But best of all is Suzy Peck—
"Hey, Suzy, how about a neck?"
—Baby Duncan, Age 3

I see the cat. The cat sees me.
She's as pretty as can be.
Come here kitty, kitty cat,
Kitty, kitty, kitty. Whaat!
Oh what funsies! What a laugh!
Now my kitty's chopped in half!
—Lizzy Borden, Age 7



Unkie Dunny's Thoughts

WELL, boys and girls, we've reached the end of another Kiddie's Korner. Did you have fun? Did you learn about our friend the aardvark? Did you draw any flies? How many questions did you answer correctly?

During the next week try to be nice to your mommy. I know it's hard, but try, please. It will make your old Unkie very happy if I get a good report on each and every one of you.

When you go to school, pay attention to that kindly old teacher of yours. I know that you think she's a mean tyrant, but control your practical jokes. Teachers are hard to replace.


So long, kiddies, and good luck from . . .
—Unkie Dunny

1. Neither. Dimes are too hard to carry.
2. Little Mickey Mazurkix is quiet now because his daddy flung him into a vat of powerful lye. (This is the only sentence acceptable. J is not used because J is not a letter.)
3. (c). Harry M. Truman of West Keokuk, Iowa, has voted Republican for fifty years.
4. Crazy. Cal costs much less.
5. Abe Schmeckknipp, inventor of bubble gum.
6. In most cases, several years. Modern cats do not care for rats.
7. Look at your calendar, silly. It's Wednesday.
8. One moment. In the interests of science, my little nephew, Jimmy, has just stepped out on the street where a repair gang is working. Himm-mmm-beet salad.
9. Not very much, but you might be able to get a beer or two.
10. Thousands, but they're all pretty messy. Better put newspapers on your mommy's rug before you try.

Answers to Kwiz

A Sizzling Serial

Farina Reassembled



OR

The Return of Six-Fingered Sam

By Barney Gugel

Editor-in-Chief
Faultless Funnies
Stanford University
DEAR SIR:

For the past 20 years it has been my ambition to write faultless fiction. Taking off time from my strenuous duties as a professor of history, I have at last penned a serial which I sincerely hope will prove satisfactory for your excellent publication. My last salary check is enclosed to cover return postage on the 197-page manuscript.

Yours truly,

DR. DUDLEY J. DODLEY
Dept. of History
Badlands A. & M.
Waterhole, S.D.

BOOK I

"LONGHORN" CARSON, AN ANALYTICAL STUDY

Affectionately patting his faithful palomino on the withers with his right hand, and, with his left eye, relentlessly scanning the horizon for signs of "Six-Fingered"¹ Sam, "Longhorn" Carson rode at a maddeningly tedious pace along the banks of the dry and arid Pecos River bed, perspiring in the warm heat of the sun and cooling his tense nerves in preparation for the encounter, seemingly.

Though his thoughts were legion, the significance of his mission to place "Six-Fingered" Sam on the scales of municipal justice was foremost in the mind of young Carson, sheriff of Pecos County; for the young and beautiful Jenny Drumpwell had promised her hand in conjugal bliss to the man who would avenge the ruthless murder of her father and the heartless robbery of the family business enterprise, the Pecos Feed and Fuel Store.

For weeks, seventeen days to be

¹ So named because he was born with four trigger fingers.

exact, Carson had roamed over miles of the vast wasteland empire, in full realization that capturing the despised outlaw would mean a gun battle not only to the death, but also, substantially, to the finish. Farina, his faithful though newly acquired horse, sensed, apparently, the importance of Carson's quest, mechanically trotted along day and night without the luxury of rest, and displayed beyond Carson's fondest hopes the virtue of endurance. Both loyalty and endurance had elevated Farina to the zenith in "Longhorn's" hall of equinal fame.

Strangely, the young sheriff's previous horse had disappeared on the night of the dastardly robbery, and Carson, handicapped by the loss of equestrian transportation, for at that period the horse was the camel of the Pecos Desert, had purchased Farina from an itinerant horse trader, Gnatnoop Murietta.² Lulled to drowsiness by the clink-clink³ of his golden spurs and the machinelike clop-clop⁴ of Farina's hoof beats, Carson was held

² Unbeknownst to Carson, Gnatnoop Murietta had perpetrated the base murder of "Longhorn's" brother Pittsburgh Phil (Pitts) Carson, in tough and lawless Sausalito. *Faultless Funnies*, February 1945.

³ A rhetorical device known as onomatopoeia.

⁴ See footnote 3.



"Looks like a case of overcompensation to me."

awake by his vision of the fair Jenny Drumpwell, and his sense of duty as the righteous arm of Pecos justice.

Nevertheless, wearied by the strain of seventeen days in the saddle, Car-

Is your life a success?

Semanti-Power!

MAN THINKS IN WORDS—
WORDS ARE POWER
Did you ever stop to realize that most sentences are made up of words? Our new science can show you how to SUCCEED WITH SENTENCES, financially, culturally, geologically. Let us develop your dormant ability. Become a personality with the use of words and sentences. Write for details of our \$1-an-hour LESSON CLUB. Study *The Basic Vocabulary and the 10-Word Sentence*, *The Advanced Vocabulary and the 20-Word Sentence*, *The Libelous Vocabulary and the 30-Year Sentence*.

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San Gregorio

son's judgment demanded that he deliver himself into the hands of Morpheus, the Romans' gentle god of sleep. Farina, obeying the commands of the reins, trotted with precision to Pecos Cave, catacombs of the cactus, where ancient Indian tribes for untold centuries had laid their honored warriors to rest.

Pecos Cave offered protection from the heat, and safety from the danger of ambush by "Six-Fingered" Sam,⁵ and a place to rest his tired frame, and protection from detection, and a refuge from rattlers, and a place of hiding for his campfire, and a hitching post⁶ for Farina. And Carson was soon sleeping.⁷

But a loud noise, echoing through the eerie cavern, happy hunting ground of ancient braves, brought Carson back from the arms of sleep, and into the face of reality.

The spectacle before his weary eyes was incredible: through the dim light he saw Farina dismembered, his faithful palomino rent in two and halved in the middle. Farina, though solid in appearance was hollow in fact; and peering from the openings of each section were "Six-Fingered" Sam and Gnatnoop Murietta, with hatred in their eyes and revolvers in their fingers.⁸ Not a living creature, Farina was in reality a machine, a mechanical horse "Six-Fingered" Sam had stolen from the sideshow of a roaming circus. Though worldly in outlook, "Longhorn" Carson, in full innocence, had carried with him the seeds of his own downfall.

The outlaws' six trigger fingers went into action, and with earsplitting percussion four revolvers pumped searing lead into the defenseless sheriff, "Longhorn" Carson, who could not fall because he was already reclined.

Alone, with his body in Pecos Cavern, the tomb of ancient races, and his heart in Pecos Township with the beautiful Jenny Drumpwell, "Longhorn" Carson, whose love for Jenny lived on beyond the grave, though her love for him succumbed when she heard the sad and terrible news, died.

"Conseeder the vary long time we spand eenside the horse, my fran," said Gnatnoop Murietta, "and feegur-

⁵ Called Sam because he was born with four trigger fingers.

⁶ "Longhorn" used a handy stalagmite.

⁷ EDITOR'S NOTE: Me too.

⁸ All twenty-two of them.

(Continued on page 10)

MAY 1952

DELICIOUS NEW CONFECTION

TO GET RID OF THAT SWEET TOOTH
Caw For a Tasty
CROW-BAR



ONLY 5¢ for each good 8 lb. bar

THE DOUBLE PURPOSE CANDY
CONTAINS IRON
FORTIFIED WITH PROLACTIN !!!

DON'T BE A TOOL
PRY ONE TODAY!



... brings you SHAHEEN'S of Honolulu exotic hand-screened prints of Polynesian and Bali design on finest Pima cotton. . . . One from a large collection of authentic Hawaiian dresses and sportswear co-ordinates. 9.95

Elwoods
222 University, Palo Alto

86 So. 1st, San Jose

Model, JOYCE OLSON, Lagunita
Photo by Henry Lee



Old Boy would like to announce to the general public that he has a few old copies of Stanford's finest monthly humor magazine lying around his office. He would like to mention in particular some of last year's exchange issue, full of yuks from across the nation; and two of this year's searing exposés, the Student Government and Youth issues. All these and others he can be persuaded to part with, if you'd drop by some afternoon with 30 cents per.

SIX-FINGERED SAM

(Continued from page 9)

ing soch advantage of the base ah-leemination of the shayriff, we may say that weeth the halp off Lady Lauk, and the ganrous reward of Manuel Labor, our meeshun eez accomplished and anawtheir Carson has beet the dost, I theenk."

"Oh yes, Gnatnoop," answered "Six-Fingered" Sam, "Our nefarious program to track down and eliminate, with economy of system, ruthlessness of heart, and malice aforethought, each member of the Carson family is succeeding in accordance to plan, and with "Pitts" Carson, the Deputy Marshal, and "Longhorn" Carson, the Pecos Sheriff, dead already, we can key our minds and follow our hearts to plot the cruel murders of the remaining three Carsons, Kit, Schmidt, and Romulus, who though scattered and obscure and . . ."

"Aw, Seex-Finger," laughed Gnatnoop, and the two outlaws bolted Farina together, climbed into the saddle,

⁹ Editor's Note: Unfortunately this sentence trails off and disappears somewhere between Van Dyne and El Paso. We skip to the next paragraph.

pressed a button behind the ear of the faithful mechanical horse, then rode forth, out of the tomb of night and into the desert of dawn.

BOOK II

GNATNOOP MURIETTA, AN ANALYTICAL STUDY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because of an acute lack of space, and a minimum of pages (damit, now I'm writing that way), we are unable and incapable of presenting to our loyal readers Book II, in which Gnatnoop elopes with the fair Jenny Drumpwell, and Book III, in which "Six-Fingered" Sam, disguised as a gladiator, is killed by Romulus Carson during the filming of Quo Vadis. However, we shall send the original manuscript to anyone so requesting, provided the request is accompanied by a ten-dollar bill to cover mailing and handling.



Mother—Tell the minister what Mama's little darling did at the party today.

Little girl—I frowed up.

—Scot



From a collection of summer dresses . . . organdy dress, 25.00

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da 3-5135

Model, GINNY CASTAGNOLA, Branner

Photo by Henry Lee



you too can have fun . . .

Chez Yvonne

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closed Mondays and Tuesdays
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banquet rooms
banquet dinner . . .
12 oz. steak—2.50

For '52 . . . and the years ahead
YOU CAN PAY MORE BUT YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER
Test drive the '52 Ford at

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Palo Alto

SALES and SERVICE



Photo by Henry Lee

Faultless FUNNIES present

FRATMAN

WITH WOBIN

Typical Cool

LELAND GOTHAM UNIVERSITY IS GOING ON THE ROCKS, DUE TO THE STUDENTS FAILURE TO PAY THEIR TUITIONS. PRESIDENT PECTS STARNING SUSPECTS FOUL PLAY. IT TAKES THE EFFORTS OF FRATMAN AND WOBIN TO DISCOVER AND CRUSH THE UNDERWORLD VICE AND CRIME IN "THE UNDERQUAD CASINO"

PIER WYOFF 1952

(THIS IS A TRUE STORY)

I'LL GET COMMISSIONER GORDON TO INVESTIGATE... HE'S A HOUND WHO'S NEVER LOST A SCENT!

... SO YOU SEE, SIR, NO ONE IS PAYING TUITION. THE KIDS SEEM TO BE GETTING BILLED FROM TWO DIFFERENT SOURCES CAMPUS AND SOUTH PALY.

GLORYOEVK... WOBIN, THERE'S THE FRAT SIGNAL... KISS HIM OFF AND LETS GO....

VENGEANCE IS MINE!

SUCH DEPRAVITY

JUST A SEC. FRATMAN

ROSSA

SURE THING, SOLLY I'LL GET RIGHT ON IT... I'LL CALL IN FRATMAN TO UNCOVER THIS FOUL VOID IN THE STUDENT ACCOUNTS...

FRATMAN SIGNAL

WHILE SPEEDING BACK TO THE CAMPUS IN THE FRATMOBILE...

IF I CAN GET FRATMAN TO PIN ME... I'LL RISE TO THE TOP OF THE SOCIAL WORLD!

MINUTES LATER-

GADZOOKS... WHAT A LAYOUT... WHY, THIS IS MORE VAST THAN THE LAS VEGAS BRANCH

HELLO, BIG BOY

CHECKROOM

(ODD... I'VE SEEN THAT FACE BEFORE) WELCOME, WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE DEN OF SINIQUITY... (HEH-H EH-SUCKER)

ROUND AN' ROUND GOES THE SPINNING BIG WHEEL!

WELL, DADDIO THAT'S THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES....

AFTER SEEING GORDON-THE DUO SOBERS UP WITH GOOD CELLAR COFFEE.

UMM... IT'S HOT!

AND GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

THAT NIGHT, IN MEMORIAL COURT, FRATMAN, DISGUISED AS BRUCE DEPAINE-RICH PLAY-BOY, MEETS HIS FIRST CLUE....

WHAT'S ALL THIS I HEAR ABOUT ANOTHER NEW ESTABLISHMENT RIGHT HERE ON THE CAMPUS?

THAS SO, PAL... COME WID ME AN' I'LL SHO' YA' DA' JERNT

BUT EVEN FRATMAN'S STERLING CONSTITUTION IS SWAYED - SWAYED TO THE TUNE OF HIS ENTIRE INHERITANCE. HIS MIND CAN'T STAY ON THE DICE.

BOY-WILL FRATMAN BE JEALOUS-I'M SURE TO GET HIS PIN!

OH WHEEL OF FORTUNE

MEN! THINK

BUT BRUCE HAS LURKED TO THE MEN'S POWDER ROOM TO METAMORPHOSE INTO CRIME'S NEMESIS - FRATMAN

CRUEL! CRUEL! CRUEL!

IN SECONDS THE DYNAMITE DUO GOES INTO ACTION

BUT AS BRUCE DEPAINE SHOOTS HIS WAD ON THE GAMING TABLES..... WOBIN ARRIVES ON THE ARM OF THE TOP HONOR CLUB'S PREXY. SHE IS IN DISGUISE ALSO!!!

TOUGH ONE TO LOSE!

NO! NO! DON'T DO IT MIKE... I LOVE YOU....

CEASE AND DESIST BASE FELON! ACHILLES IS UPON WICKED PLOTS... OGRE!

CURSES FOILED, AGAIN, YORK

THIS IS... THE BIG KILL BABY... AND I'M THE JURY... IT'S OK... MY GUN IS QUICK...

KICK HIM ON HIS HEEL - PENGUIN -- HE'S VULNERABLE THERE

WHILE FRATMAN CHANGES A WEIRD TWIST OF FATE FALLS ON WOBIN'S DATE... HE WINS 67 TIMES IN A ROW ON THE BIG WHEEL, HAVING BROKEN THE PENGUIN'S BANK, I.-STANFORD ROLLY, - IS OVERCOME WITH JOY... UN-AWARE THAT HIS DOOM HAS ACCORDINGLY BEEN SET.

RUN FOR THE BURSAR'S ROLLY...

LATER AT THE ALL-CAMPUS DANCE IN THE PHONE BOOTH

FOR ME.. THIS IS ONE LONELY NIGHT

NOW HE'S GOT THE LITTLE GOLDDIGGER WELL-BLANCHE, I'LL NEED A NEW WOBIN IN MY NEST?

HOW 'BOUT GIVING LITTLE OL' ME A SPIN IN YER BIG, NEW, SHINING CONVERTIBLE LOVER?

ROLLY-LAMB, DON'T WATCH YOUR FEET WHEN YOU DANCE!

OK WOBIN... (I'LL HAVE TO THANK FRATMAN FOR GETTING ME THIS DEAL... SHE'S KEENO!!!!)

TOO DIRTY TO PRINT

REWARD! WHAT REWARD?? THAT'S MINE! FORSOOTH-- MAYBE WOBIN WILL CHASE HIM NOW.... HOT DAMN!

I DON'T NEED THAT PIN NOW. I'LL GET MY CLUTCHES INTO THIS POOR SAP... AND MAKE HIM BLOW HIS ROLL ON ME

AND TO YOU - I - STANFORD ROLLY, WE PROUDLY BESTOW THIS MODEST REWARD FOR YOUR COURAGE AND INTEGRITY IN CAPTURING AND RETURNING THE PURLOINED LOOT. LET ME SHAKE YOUR HAND....

AW-GEE HECK

CARAMBA*

* CARAMBA

THROAT HOT? SMOKE KOOLS

OH THAT'S A GOOD CLEAN, NO-LAUGH JOKE

HA-HA-HA-HA THIS SURE IS A SWITCH...

HUMDALONG CHASSIDY



HUMPY AND CALIFORNIA ARE ON THE TRAIL...

COME ON! CALIFORNEY, MOUNT YOUR HORSE... WE'VE GOTTA MAKE TOWN BEFORE DARK!



THERE'S THE TOWN UP YONDER!!

WE CAN STAY AT GRANDMA'S GUIDING LIGHT OF THE DESERT MOTEL!



GRANDMA, CAN YOU TAKE IN TWO WANDRIN' LAMBS FOR THE NIGHT?

ASK, AND YE SHALL RECIEVE.

HOLY MOSES! WHAT A SOUL!



NEXT MORNING

HOW COME YOU SHOOT GRANDMA IN THE BACK WHILE SHE WAS PRAYING?

SHE WAS NOSING ME OUT IN THE SALVATION STAMPEDE



WHAT THE???

WHAT HADDUM, BED SPYDER?

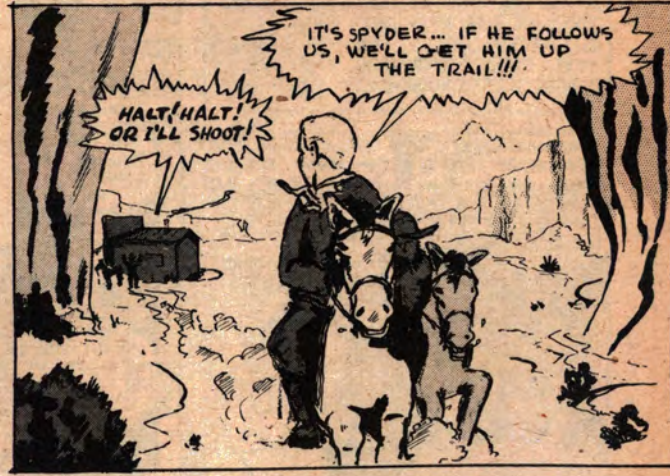


SOME VARMIT SHOT GRANNIE, LITTLE SQUIRREL!



I HEAR HOSSES RIDING AWAY... YOU GO GET THE MARSHALL... I'LL FOLLOW THEM!!!

YOU BETCHUM!

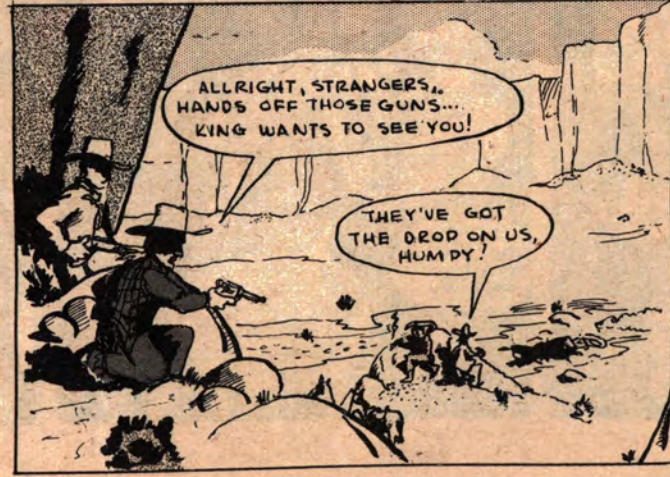


IT'S SPYDER... IF HE FOLLOWS US, WE'LL GET HIM UP THE TRAIL!!!

HALT! HALT! OR I'LL SHOOT!



HALLELUJAH! SPLATER HIS GUTS!



ALLRIGHT, STRANGERS, HANDS OFF THOSE GUNS... KING WANTS TO SEE YOU!

THEY'VE GOT THE DROP ON US, HUMPY!



SPYDER'S HAD IT COMING FOR A LONG TIME!!



LATER...

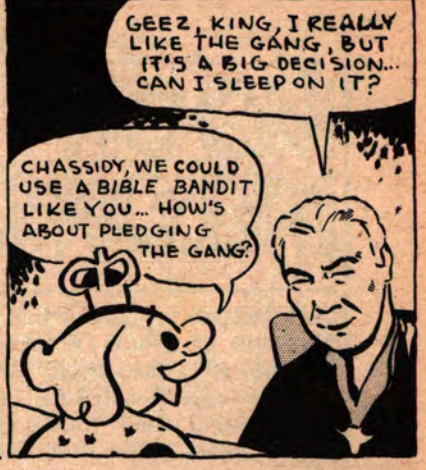
THANKS FOR BLASTIN' SPYDER... HE'S BEEN MESSING AROUND WITH---



--THE B.P!!



OH, THAT'S REAL GEORGE! YUK-YUK..



GEEZ, KING, I REALLY LIKE THE GANG, BUT IT'S A BIG DECISION... CAN I SLEEP ON IT?

CHASSIDY, WE COULD USE A BIBLE BANDIT LIKE YOU... HOW'S ABOUT PLEDGING THE GANG?



KING! THE MARSHALL'S COMING!

QUICK, MEN! YOU TOO, CHASSIDY! WE'LL HEAD FOR ORGY GULCH!



IF I COULD GET RID OF KING & HIS GANG, I'D HAVE THE COMIC RANGE TO MYSELF...



LATER THAT NIGHT... GOT THEM WHILE THEY'RE ASLEEP, CALIFORNEY...

SOMEBODY'S OUTSIDE... I'LL TAKE A LOOK...



THE MARSHALL!

YOUR RAINBOW'S TURNING MUDDY, CHASSIDY!



CHASSIDY, YOU'VE VIOLATED THE CACTUS CODE... US RIGHTEOUS WRANGLERS IS A RUNNING YOU OFF THE T.V. TRAIL



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, BOYS!!!



NOR YOU, CALIFORNEY!

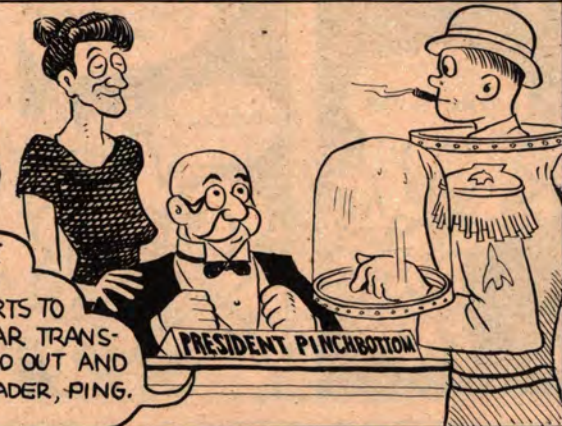


(GASP-) I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE MASTERED-(GASP-) THAT TRICK...

THEY THAT LIVE BY THE GUN, SHALL DIE BY THE GUN... (AMEN.)

MOON MELONS

CAPT. MELONS - MOON - THERE IS A BAND OF SPACE PIRATES WHO ARE BLOCKING MY EFFORTS TO ER, CONSOLIDATE INTERSTELLAR TRANSPORTATION. I WANT YOU TO GO OUT AND DISINTEGRATE THEIR EVIL LEADER, PING.

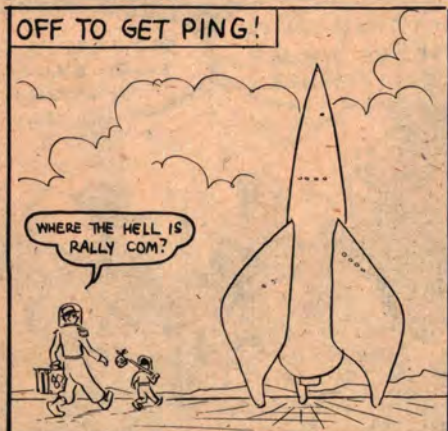


PRESIDENT PINCHBOTTOM



AND TO ASSURE YOUR SUCCESS, I'M HAVING OUR SON, CADET OYAK, ACCOMPANY YOU.

TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE BOY



OFF TO GET PING!

WHERE THE HELL IS RALLY COM?



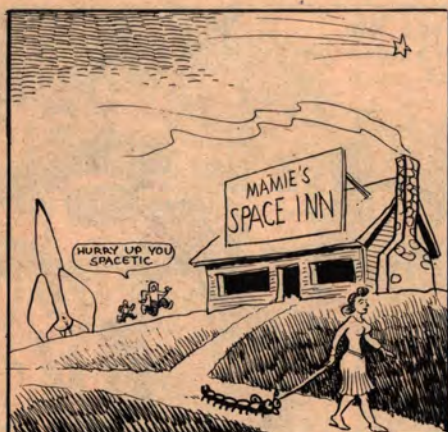
HAVE ANOTHER NIP, MOON?

DON'T BE SILLY - I'VE GOT TO DRIVE



WE'RE RUNNING LOW ON PETROL; WE'LL HAVE TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD!

LET'S STOP AT THAT SPACE STATION - IT'S THE LAST ONE FOR LIGHTYEARS.



MAMIE'S SPACE INN

HURRY UP YOU SPACETIC



SAY, BOYS, RUMOR HAS IT THAT SPACE PIRATE PING IS WEEKENDING ON VARGA II.

THANKS, MAMIE



DAMMIT, OYAK - I WISH YOU'D LEARN TO READ THAT COMPASS!



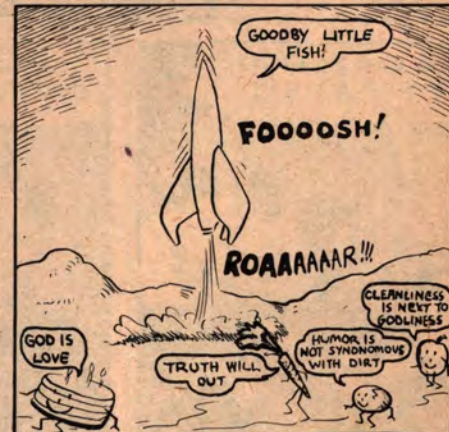
THERE'S VARGA II ON THE SCREEN, OYAK.

LOOKS GOOD TO ME!



PUT ON YOUR HELMET AND PREPARE TO LAND

OKAY - WHERE'LL I PUT THE GUPPIES THIS TIME?



GOODBY LITTLE FISH!

FOOOOSH!

ROAAAAAR!!!

GOD IS LOVE

TRUTH WILL OUT

CLEARNESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

HUMOR IS NOT SYNONYMOUS WITH DIRTY



SOMETHING LOOKS FISHY HERE, OYAK - TAKE HEED



GET 'EM, MEN!

IT'S SPACE-INN MAMIE! BACK INTO THE SHIP!

ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP



SHE TRICKED US - IT'S ALL A PLOT!

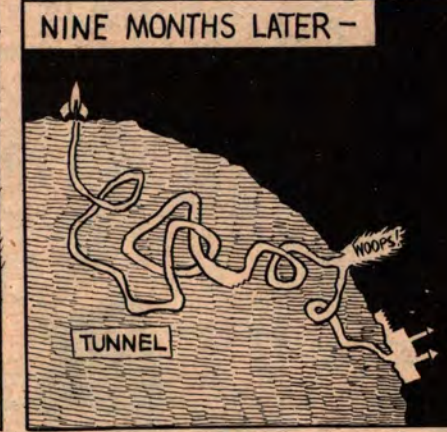
WE CAN'T BLAST OFF! WE HAVE TO GET PING



BUT HOW?

WE'LL DIG A TUNNEL TO THE HIDEOUT.

GLORYOSKY! THAT SOUNDS NEAT!



NINE MONTHS LATER -

TUNNEL



ALL RIGHT, PING - IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, RIGHT, GOOD, AND STUFF, THIS IS IT!

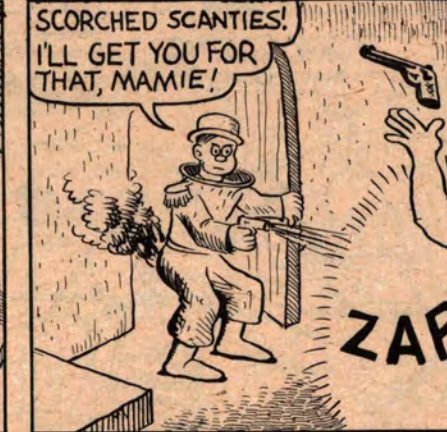
AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR CAT, TOO!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, OYAK!

CARRY ON IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE, RIGHT, GOOD, AND STUFF, MOON...

ZAP ZAP ZAP

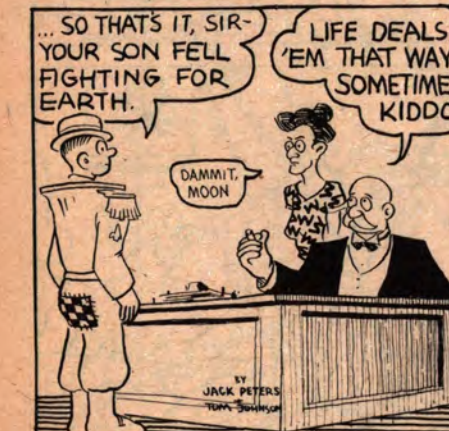


SCORCHED SCANTIES! I'LL GET YOU FOR THAT, MAMIE!

ZAP!



(SNIFF) I GUESS OYAK DIDN'T READ THE COMPASS SO BAD AFTER ALL.

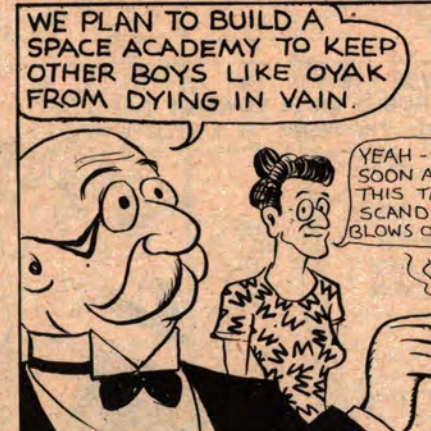


... SO THAT'S IT, SIR - YOUR SON FELL FIGHTING FOR EARTH.

DAMMIT, MOON

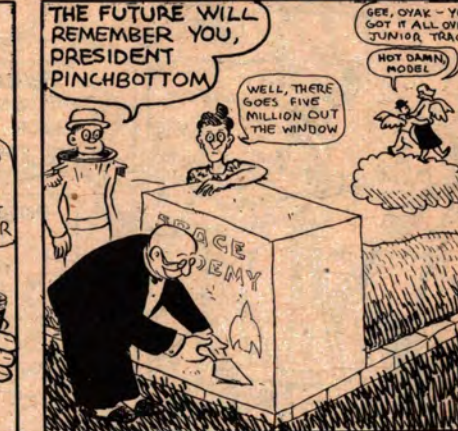
LIFE DEALS 'EM THAT WAY SOMETIMES, KIDDO.

JACK PETERS



WE PLAN TO BUILD A SPACE ACADEMY TO KEEP OTHER BOYS LIKE OYAK FROM DYING IN VAIN.

YEAH - AS SOON AS THIS TAX SCANDLE BLOWS OVER

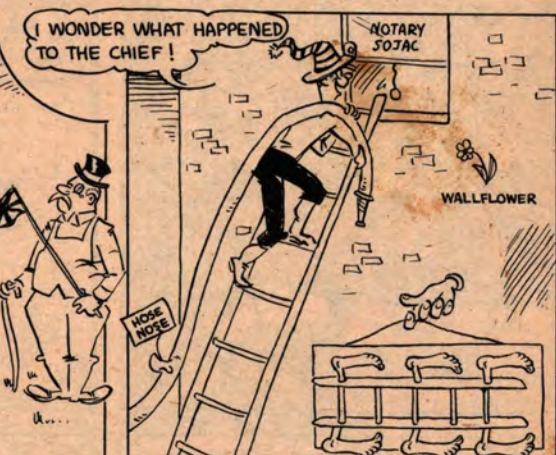
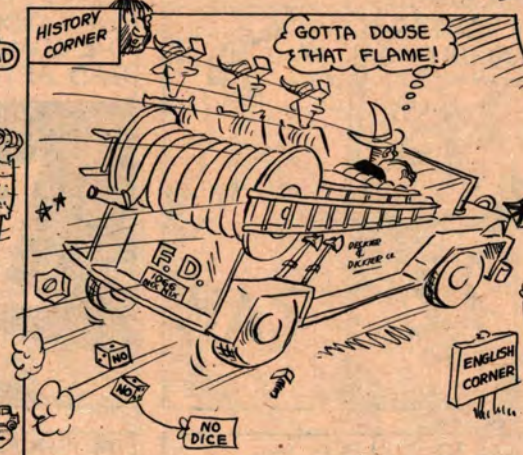
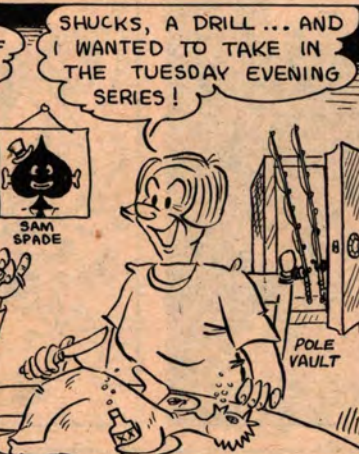


THE FUTURE WILL REMEMBER YOU, PRESIDENT PINCHBOTTOM

WELL, THERE GOES FIVE MILLION OUT THE WINDOW

SEE, OYAK - YOU GOT IT ALL OVER JUNIOR TRACT

HOT DAMN MODEL



the SIN and I SHARE IT why



"What we've got to investigate now, Senator Snodgrass, is the Special Investigating Committee investigating Special Investigating Committees investigating the Special Investigation Commission investigating Communists in the State Department."



"That's a good propaganda move, Comrade, but how can we claim we invented God when we don't believe in Him?"



"I know it's a one-way street, but the sign didn't say which way!"



"Things are tough, Grumly. After taking an \$18,000 loss on the cotton market, running the firm into a \$74,000 deficit, giving my salary to charity, and dropping \$75,000 on the stock market, I only made about \$50,000 last year."



"Since Mrs. Fizzley isn't here to report on the Flower Decorations Committee, I have a little report here on Mrs. Fizzley that I know you girls are just dying to hear."



Tom Allen

CLASSIC COMICS presents:

CANDIDE

by VOLGAIRE

THERE LIVED IN WEST LOS ANGELES IN THE CASTLE OF MY LORD BELAIRE A YOUNG MAN UPON WHOM NATURE HAD BESTOWED THE MOST AGREEABLE MANNER, AND INTO THE EXALTED WORLD OF HIGHER LEARNING DID HE IN HIS 18TH YEAR EARNESTLY EMBARK, A SINCERE FAITH IN HUMANKIND IN HIS HEART...

WHO'S THIS TURKEY?

gee I wonder if this is as swell a place as it looks!? JINKIES!!!

BUT CANDIDE DOESN'T SEEM TO FIT INTO NORMAL COLLEGE LIFE - HE REFUSES TO LOAN STRANGERS HIS "M.G."

CAPITALIST DOG!

THAT'S THE WAY THE BULL SOURCE!

35 LONG SUCKER!

THERE ARE DEVILS EVERYWHERE!

HOPELESSLY DEFORMED AS A RESULT OF HIS FALL, THE UNDAUNTED YOUTH, A SPEECH AND DRAMA MAJOR, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF HIS MISHAP AN' IS GIVEN THE ROLE OF "QUASIMOTO" IN THE SPRING PLAY, "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME." HE HAS EVERY CHANCE OF BECOMING A SMASH HIT... BUT...

-ON OPENING NIGHT, CANDIDE, FROM HIS BELL-TOWER, SEES THAT GIGI, THE FEMININE LEAD, IS ABOUT TO STEP ON A BROKEN FOOT LIGHT--

CANDIDE IS FINALLY DRAGGED FROM THE OPEN CURTAIN AFTER TEN MINUTES. THE CURRENT HAS SHATTERED HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM. HE MUST GIVE UP THE THEATER. WITH CONFIDENCE HE SEEKS THE ADVICE OF HIS LOWER-DIVISION ADVISER, DR. STANGLOSS.

YOU ARE -20 AND NEED A NEW MAJOR. I ADVISE YOU TO MAJOR IN ELECTROPHYSICS AND TAKE 32 UNITS SO YOU CAN GO +64. THIS IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE UNIVERSITIES!

I BELIEVE YOU SIR.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN!

NEVER CAN I DIE!

BY MISTAKE, CANDIDE GETS A ROOM IN MARIPOSA HOUSE... AFTER 7 WEEKS, HE FINALLY HAS A DATE WITH HIS ROOM-MATE AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH HER.

GIGI, YOU'RE MY ROOM-MATE?

IF THE YOU DIDN'T WHAT DO?

SPURNED BY GIGI, CANDIDE TURNS TO ELECTROPHYSICS. THEN ONE DAY HE IS TOO CLOSE TO THE LINEAR ACCELERATOR, AND REACHES THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

IN GOD!

YOU'RE 9 FEET TALL MAJOR IN BASKETBALL. THIS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE UNIVERSITIES!

EXCELLENTLY OBSERVED.

TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT!

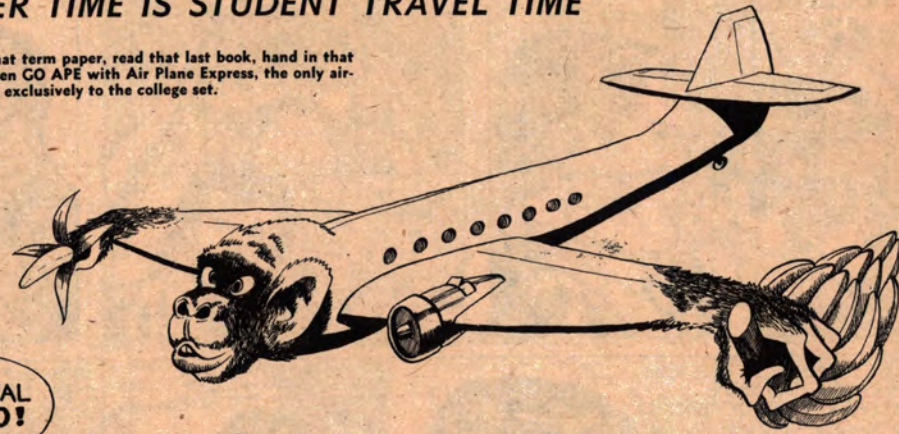
SUMMER TIME IS STUDENT TRAVEL TIME

Finish that term paper, read that last book, hand in that final, and then GO APE with Air Plane Express, the only airline catering exclusively to the college set.

A Typical College Man Says:

WHENEVER WOBIN AND I HAVE THE URGE TO GO PLACES IN A HURRY, WE ALWAYS GO APE!

IT'S REAL JOCKO!



- It doesn't pay to monkey around with inferior air service when Air Plane Express is so convenient.
- Be cagey—Air Plane Express transportation is so safe and economical—chimp at half the price!
- Air Plane Express has always been a primate mover in aircraft evolution—as any aviation anthropologist knows.

For Business or Pleasure Efficiency

GO APE

With Air Plane Express

Special Rates To
Lemur, Peru
Chimpan Zee, Holland
Mandrill, Spain
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Tarsier, Algeria
Rhesus, Egypt

The original Stanford
PIZZA
ROCKY'S
5 miles south of Stanford
on El Camino

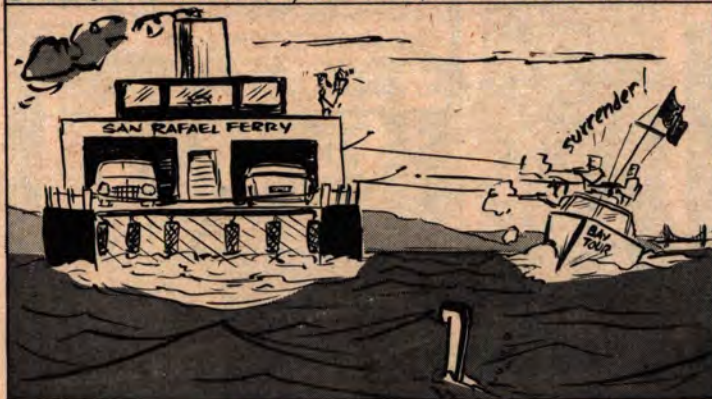
Photo by Hal Treacy

cobbler thong sandals,
5.95
in red, white, and gold
rush

ZWIERLEIN'S

Photo by Richard Fowler

ABLE TO DROP THE BALL DOWN THROUGH THE BASKET CANDIDE SHINES IN PRACTICE. ON THEIR WAY TO THE FIRST GAME ON THE SAN RAFAEL FERRY, THE TEAM ENCOUNTERS PIRATES...



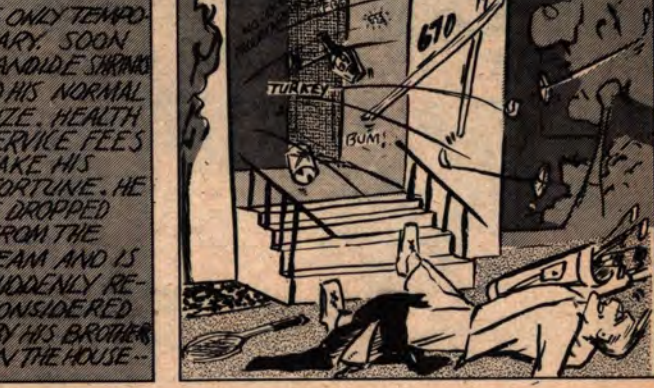
THE PASSENGERS ARE PLUNDERED. CANDIDE EAGER TO HELP THE HASTILY ORGANIZED RESISTANCE, THROWS MOST OF THE PIRATES OVER THE SIDE, BUT --



FOR HIS HELP, THE PIRATES REWARD CANDIDE LAVISHLY. HE RETURNS A MILLIONAIRE ATHLETE AND IS PLEDGED TO THE TOP FRATERNITY. THE CAMPUS IS AT HIS FEET...



BUT THE EFFECT OF THE LINEAR ACCELERATOR IS ONLY TEMPORARY. SOON CANDIDE SHRINKS TO HIS NORMAL SIZE. HEALTH SERVICE FEES TAKE HIS FORTUNE. HE IS DROPPED FROM THE TEAM AND IS SUDDENLY RECONSIDERED BY HIS BROTHER IN THE HOUSE --



STILL HE TRIES TO WIN HIS OLD LOVE GIGI. SHE EXPLAINS THAT SHE REALLY LOVES HIM BUT HAS HAD TO CULTIVATE MANY OTHER MEN AS SHE IS TOO IMPOVERISHED TO PAY HER BOARD BILL AND THEY TAKE HER OUT FOR ALL HER MEALS. CANDIDE AGREES THAT THIS IS ALL FOR THE BEST.



CANDIDE, YOU'VE FAILED IN ALL THAT YOU'VE ATTEMPTED HERE AT STANFORD BUT YOU'VE KEPT YOUR FAITH IN HUMAN KIND. YOU WILL BE MY SPECIAL ASSISTANT.

TRULY, SIR, THIS IS THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE UNIVERSITIES.



YOUR TIME HERE IS SHORT. NEVER TAKE LESS THAN 22 UNITS. COURSES IN ACCOUNTING, CHEMISTRY, MATH, LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY ARE GOOD.

HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, YOUNG FRESHMAN.



YEARS PASS. AS DR. STANGLOSS PREDICTED, CANDIDE'S BOAT CAME IN-GIGI, FORCED TO COMPETE WITH THE WOMEN IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD, WAS LEFT FLAT AND RETURNED TO CANDIDE, MARRIED, THEY SETTLED DOWN AT THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE UNIVERSITIES.



JON AND MARSHA SOLVE THE "MYSTERY" OF BOB'S FORTUNE! WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

WHAMMIES! HOW DOES BOB DO IT? HE'S GOT A NEW CAR, MONEY, A NEW PIPE!

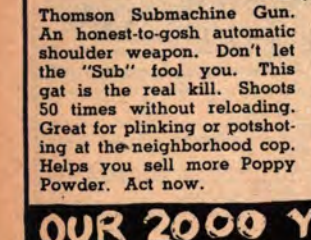
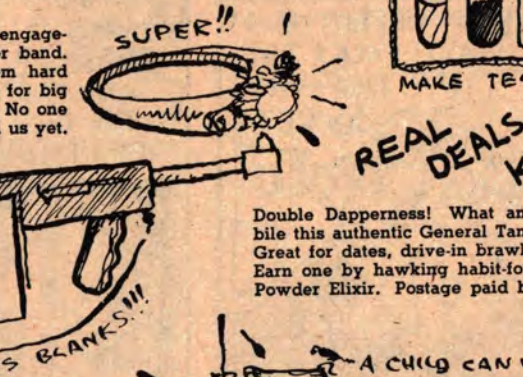
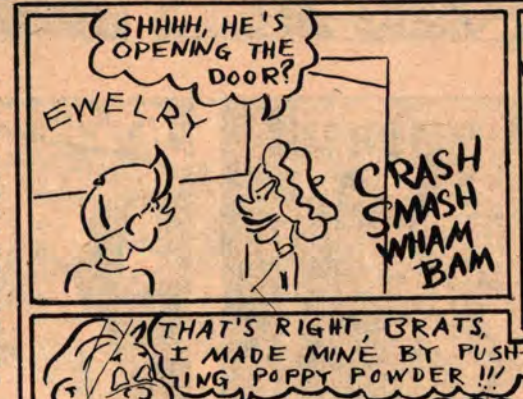
LOOK! HE'S GOING INTO THE JEWELER'S!!!

LET'S PLAY MIKE HAMMER AN' SEE WHAT BOB IS UP TO!!!!



DOLL SAYS: "DADDY!!!"

LOVELY FULLY DRESSED BABY DOLL OVER 60" HIGH. MANY OTHER PREMIUMS OR CASH COMMISSIONS YOURS FOR SELLING EVER POPULAR POPPY POWDER. SIMPLY GIVE ATTRACTIVE BUBBLE PIPE WITH POPPY POWDER SOLD AT \$5.00 A BOX. SEND NO MONEY. WE TRUST YOU LIKE A BROTHER. MILLIONS VALUABLE MERCHANDISE TO CHOOSE FROM.



LET'S GO! HURRY!!! ACT NOW

THIS IS IT! WE TRUST YOU DO IT NOW

YU FUNG HERBIST ASSOCIATION, CHINA TOWN, MY CHINA TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO 13, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 144 boxes of fast-selling, fast-acting Poppy Powder with 144 gift pipes. I'll remit the dirty money when I get it and I swear to the Devil that I won't snitch to the bulls if something goes wrong. Have mercy on my wretched soul.

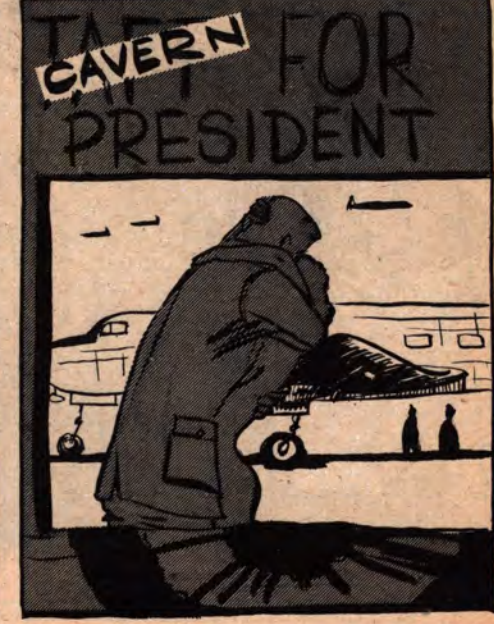
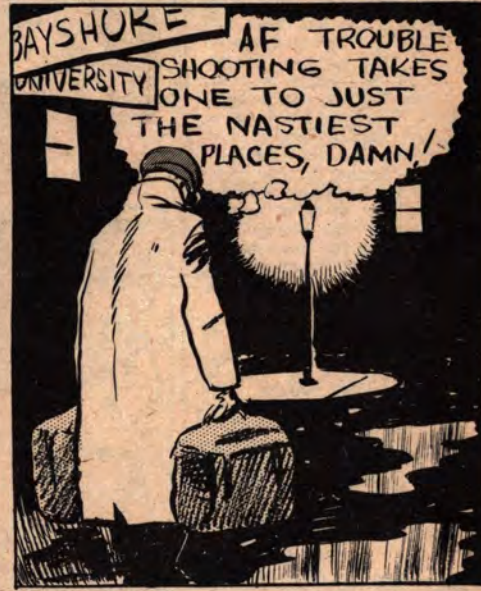
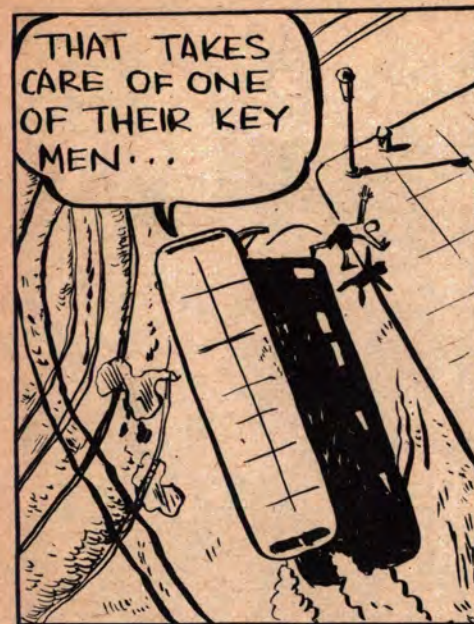
Name Prison Record?.....

Height..... Weight..... Eye Color.....

Thumb Print Tongue Print.....

Paste on a postcard and steal the mailbox.

OUR 2000 YEAR --- WE ARE RELIABLE





Portrait by
Hans Roth
Palo Alto

The PENINSULA CREAMERY, home of many fine dairy products including the FAMOUS MILKSHAKE, presents its girl of the month, CAROLYN HUMPHREY of Lagunita.

Hamilton at Emerson

PENINSULA CREAMERY

DA 3-3176

Piffledinker noticed the machine while he was waiting for the downtown express. "Your weight and your fortune for one cent," read the sign. "Bushwah," murmured Piffledinker. He stepped on the scale and inserted a penny in the slot.

The card he got read, "Your name is Piffledinker and you weigh 148 pounds."

"It can't be," marveled Piffledinker. He tried again. The second card read the same: "Your name is Piffledinker and you weigh 148 pounds."

A sandy-haired young Irishman was standing near by. "Please," called Piffledinker, "let me treat you to this machine. It's something unbelievable." The Irishman got on the scale. His card read, "Your name is O'Flaherty and you weigh 126 pounds."

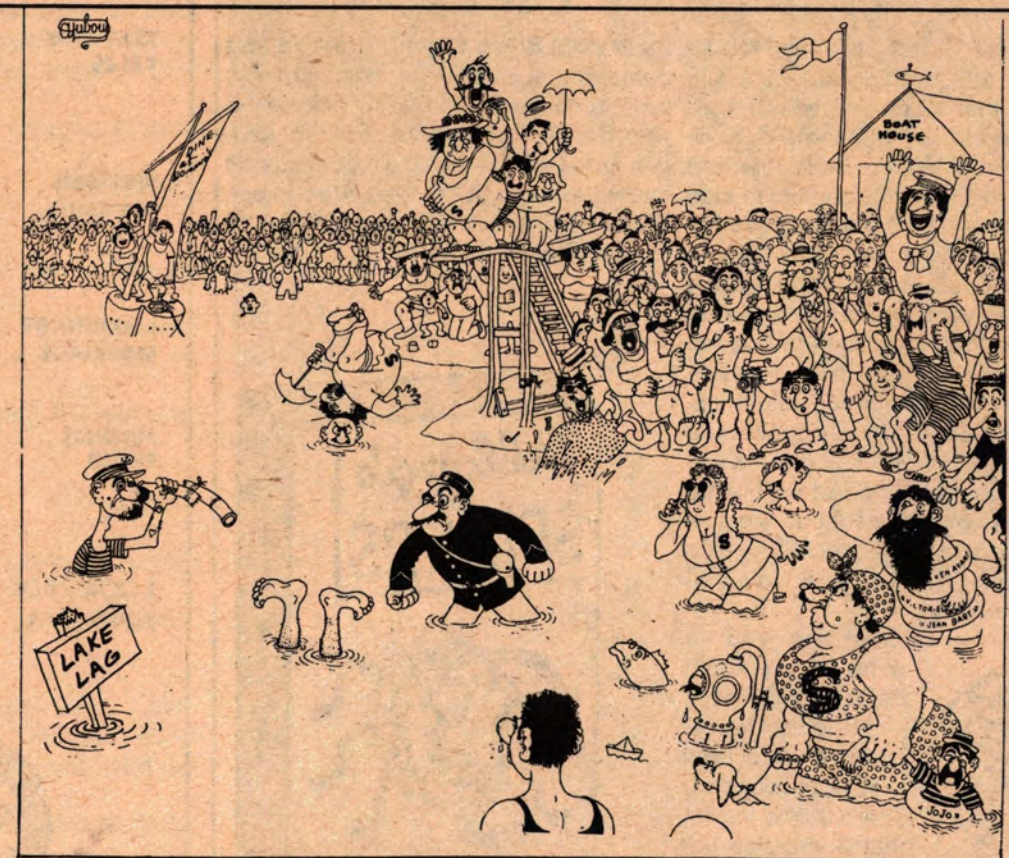
Piffledinker couldn't get over it. Once more he tried it himself, trembling with excitement. This time his card bore a different message. "You damn fool," it read, "you missed your train." —Weightlifting Made Easy

"Mummy, sing me a lullaby."
"Hold my beer for me, and I'll try to get one on the radio." —Tomahawk



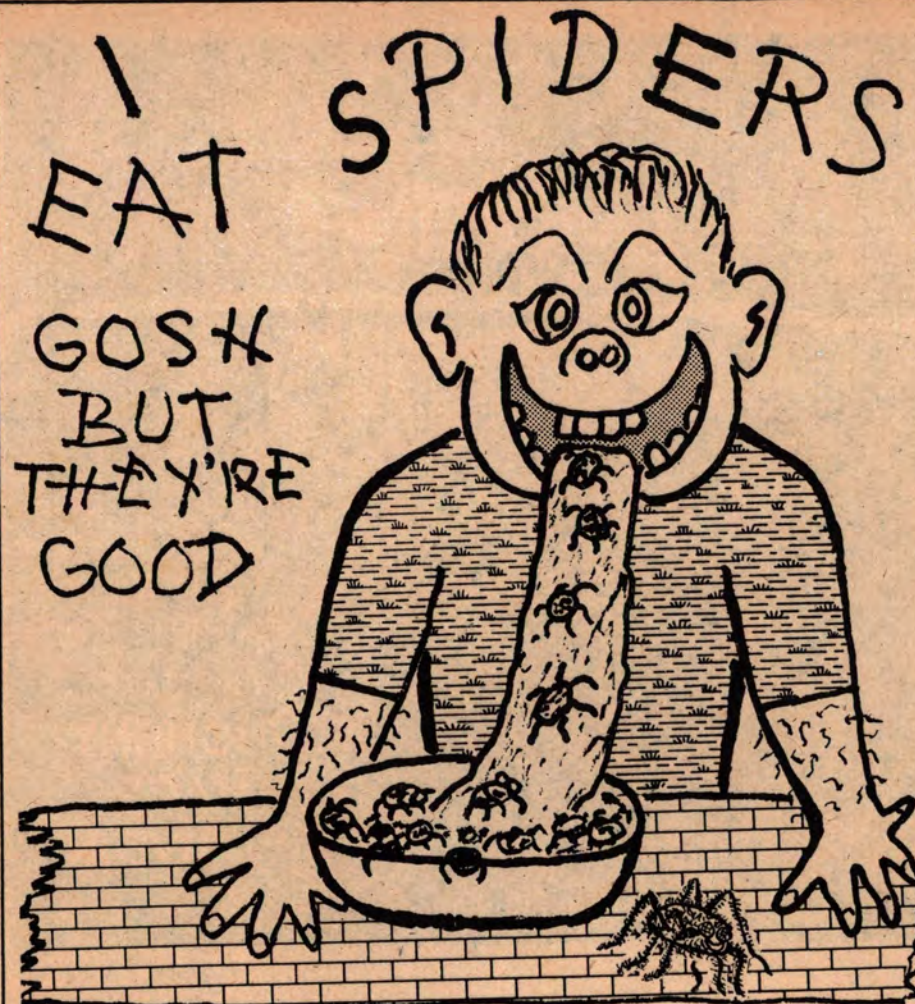
Photo by Dick Fowler

L'OMLETTE



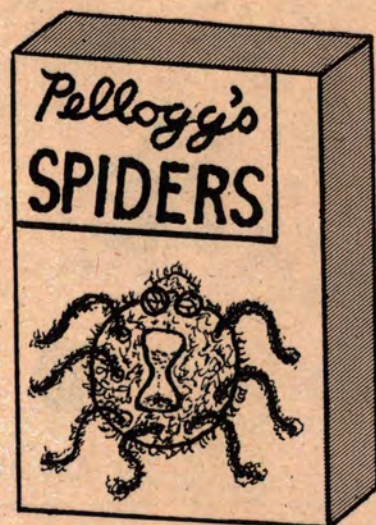
"IT WOULD BE EASIER TO COOL OFF AT L'OMMIE'S!"

Sometimes known as
"THE EGG"...



This ad was arted up by Normie Rush right down to your grocer's and Crockwell, age 8, of Pittsmond, Calif. We figure that folks get fed up with ads dreamed up by our regular, alcoholic ad writers. We thought it would be a good idea to give a chance to kids in this country who have a big urge to write and draw to do our work. If you are 23 years old, or less, why not get out your Crayons and send in an ad now? Put a Pellogg's Spiders box top in with your entry and mail it to Pellogg's, Box 300, War River, Michigan. Your ad will automatically make you a member of Pellogg's Peachy-Keen Junior Hucksters Guild and we'll send you a swell pin to wear. If we use your ad, we will send you \$25 in canceled stamps. This will save us a hell of a lot of money.

It won't be difficult for you to write an ad about Pellogg's Spiders—the only breakfast food that crawls around in the bowl. The crunchy cereal that eliminates the work of feeding yourself.



Every entrant gets this pin

YOU'LL ENJOY OTHER FUNNY BOOKS PUBLISHED UNDER THE FAULTLESS SEAL. THEY ARE CAREFULLY WRITTEN FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES AND INTERESTS. DON'T YOU DARE MISS THE NEW ISSUES OF:

- RAUNCHY ROMANCE** Stories of young love and chivalry written about people just like you. A thrill in every kiss.
- BIBLE BOFFOS** Classic stories from the Old and New Testament for old and young. Unabridged and unmodified.
- GANGRENE GIGGLES** Thrilling tales of the hospital told like your family doctor would tell them.
- TRASH COMICS** 48 pages of your favorite comic stars. Fun galore for the whole family. Laugh along with the world.
- TRUE CONFECTION** Happy life stories of genuine home-folk-type neighbors, printed on Hershey bars for added enjoyment.
- TEXTBOOK TALES** Accurate condensations of the greatest textbooks in all fields. Picture fun for the whole class.
- WESTERN WAMMIES** Rangy wranglers lock horns with bang-bang badmen in the best of the Western comics. Dogie Deal!
- MALIGNANT MARRIAGE** The magazine for the child bride. Chockfull of homemaking hints presented in fascinating comic-strip form.
- FUNNIES FREUD** Successor to Kinsey Komiks and just as popular. 52 pages of daily dreams in cartoon form. Great for the whole family.

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL WHEN YOU BUY



An early-morning drinker was astonished to see a dog enter the saloon and drop a half-dollar from his mouth to the bar. Without more ado the bartender mixed a Martini, dropped in three olives, and the dog finished it off at a gulp and walked out.

"Isn't that a bit unusual?" asked the patron.
 "Oh, no," replied the bartender, "we always put three olives in a Martini."
 (Oh, this one is too much. The early drinker is surprised, you see, because a dog has come in and bought and drunk a Martini. But the stupid old bartender doesn't see that at all and says that they always put three olives in a Martini. Well, really. That isn't what the early morning drinker wanted to know at all. It just goes to show you how stupid bartenders are these days. On the other hand, it may be that the early-morning drinker is a little high and just imagines the whole thing. The joke is just as funny either way.)

—Record

John—Marcia, I love you. Love, do you hear me? Love, love, love, the most wonderful thing in the world.

Marcia (coldly)—What is love? Just a psychic hypermetamorphosis leading to hypercenesthesia and megalomania resulting in an angiopathic neurasthenia.

John—On second thought, Marcia, to hell with it.

—Sundial

The medical officer was testing the water supply.

"What precautions do you take against infection?" he asked the officer in charge.

"We boil it first, sir," the sergeant answered.

"Good!"

"Then we filter it."

"Excellent!"

"And then, just for safety's sake, we always drink beer."

—Record

Justice of the Peace—Wal, Clem, what's this here boy charged with?

Constable—He's charged with arson, Sam.

Justice of the Peace—Arson, huh? Gol darn it, there's been altogether too much arson around here lately. Now, son, you marry that girl.

—Voo Doo

BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

GET THIS HOTCHA MASSIVE! 24K FRAT PIN!

FUNNY FRAT PIN!

SEND IN THIS COUPON ALONG WITH ONE CADILLAC CAR TOP

WOW! SOCKO! Everyone will ask "Where did you get it?"—when they see your beautiful big gem-studded FUNNY FRAT PIN with HIDDEN COMIC MOTTO. Engraved, luminous motto can only be read in the dark when you spin the pin. Gaggy titles include IOTA PLEDGE YOU, We Beta Go Home Now, Order From CAPTAIN ORG? Stanford.



2-piece cotton: linen top, full fish print skirt. Rhinestone button trim. Red & beige, black & beige, 26.95. Sizes 12-16.

PHELPS-TERKEL
 219 University Avenue Palo Alto

Model, NATALIE THOMPSON, Lagunita

Photo by Henry Lee



**FEELING LOW?
THEN
GET HI**

**NEW PARTY DRINK
WITH CARBONATED
PUNCH**

CONTAINS HELIUM AND
HYDROGIN FOR ADDED LIFT

350Proof



Famous Weathervane suits, tailored by Handmacher. Perfect summer suit for girls on the go. 25.00 exclusively at . . .

young colony
271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Model, NANCY SCHMIDT, Guthrie

Photo by Henry Lee

Irate Yale Guest—There's an awful stink in this room.
Manager—Why don't you open the door?
I.Y.G.—What, and let my goat out?
—Record

"Never state as a fact anything you are not certain about," the professor told his class in journalism, "or you will get into libel suits. In such cases use the words, 'alleged,' 'claimed,' 'reputed,' 'rumored,' and so forth."

A month later one of the brighter students of the class submitted the following society note to the college paper:

"It is rumored that a card party was given yesterday by a number of reputed ladies. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was hostess. It is alleged that the guests with the exception of Mrs. Brown, who says she hails from Eagleville, were all from here. Mrs. Smith claims she is the wife of Jonathan Smith, the so-called 'Honest Man' trading on Main Street."

—Voo Doo

Once upon a time there lived an eccentric fisherman who had twin sons, Towards and Away. Every day he would go down to a near-by lake and fish, and every day he would come home and tell his wife the tremendous fish he had caught, but they were always of such a ferocious nature that they were inedible and so he never brought any of them back. The old fisherman's one great ambition in life was to teach his sons how to fish also, and one day when the boys were eight years old he decided that the time had come. So he packed up all his gear, said good-bye to his wife, and went down to the lake with the two boys.

That night he rushed home and burst into his house in a flurry of excitement. "Martha!" he yelled to his wife, "you should have seen what happened. We had been fishing for seven hours when suddenly a tremendous green fish, five feet high with horns and fur all over his back and legs like a caterpillar, came crawling out of the water, snatched up our boy Towards, and devoured him on the spot whole."

"Good gracious," said his wife, "That's horrible!"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the fisherman. "You should have seen the one that got Away."

—Sundial

This Morning's Headlines

Floods Peril Petaluma

PETALUMA (AP)—Raging floodwaters of the swollen Mississippi River converged on the agricultural center of Petaluma, California—Chicken Heart of the Nation—early this morning. Martial law was declared in a vain attempt to minimize foul play. National Guard commander General Coupe de Chantecleer told reporters, "We'll not let greedy opportunists feather their nests at the expense of helpless beings, nor shall we permit looting for paltry rewards."

International Crisis

WASHINGTON (UP)—President Harry Truman called for the remaining members of Congress to consider a state of war with Russia after Soviet bombers destroyed Washington, New York, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Chicago, Dallas, and Galveston late last night.

New Science Hoax

NEW HAVEN (DOWN)—Derision and snickers greeted today the announcement by Otto Selkirk, Yale astronomer, that the earth would be destroyed by a gigantic asteroid within the next 36 hours. Dr. Selkirk won the Nobel prize in 1948 for predicting Harry Truman's Presidential victory.

Queen Has Quadruplets

LONDON (RX)—Buckingham Palace announced this afternoon that Bonnie Prince Charlie's pet Dalmatian, Queen, gave birth to four puppies today. Each neonate was normally formed and attending physicians said mother and offspring were prospering.



There once was a hermit named Dave
Who lived far away in a cave.
"When shopping for clothes
I patronize Mose,
And think of the money I save."

Suede eye-patches for Cast-a-Way shirt.
Has Blinding effect.

Juice Bros.

125 GORDONS ALLEY - SHACK

The STANFORD Dilly

THE STANFORD DILLY, WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1952

VOLUME 53, NUMBER 8

CHAPARRAL SUSPENDS DEAN

Spring Show Cast In South Pacific

After judging 350 student-written Spring Show scripts, Ram's Head has decided to go outside the student body for its Spring Show.

Ed Shafft, Head Ram, commented that none of the student-written scripts were suitable, some calling for impossible casting, while others were in bad taste with much profanity and references. Instead, Ram's Head has procured production rights to "Mr. Roberts" and "South Pacific," two successful New York productions. Both these scripts were felt superior to the student-written entries, and they will be combined under the title, "Mr. Roberts in the South Pacific."

Ezio Pinza and Henry Fonda, transfer students, will play the male leads, while freshman Mary Martin will alternate with Marie Wilson in the ingenue role. Gorge Denny will play the part of Bloody Mary, an English Queen who gets lost in the London fog.

Ram's Head technicians are confident that the production will be even more professional in execution than were the original Broadway interpretations.

Spring Sing Song Signups Slow

Signups for the annual Spring Sing are progressing slowly. Since the deadline, two weeks ago, no new groups have signed. Among present entries are Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians, the Andrews Sisters, and Johnny Ray and the Moon Bayers. The novelty division is very weak with only Spike Jones and Red Ingle scheduled.

Prep for Big Fun Dance



Two beautiful dreamers rehearse for all-campus Freudian Frolic.

Cleanup Campaign to Start on Local Humor Magazine

By HACK McWONKA, JR.

A Stanford Dean has been suspended! Following a special meeting of the Chaparral staff Wednesday night, this particular Dean was suspended indefinitely by magazine authorities.

"He's been on the border line of good taste for quite a while," Chaparral head, T. Old Boy, commented today in an exclusive Dilly interview.

The suspension was levied with the approval of the Chaparral Commission for Decent Doings, an administrative organization.

Committee members include Juan Madretodos, L. Sontag Shinbunny, Wilma F. Wonka (now in the Palo Alto Hospital), Gnatnoop Murietta, and alumni representative Jeffery Chaucer, '00.

Chaparral Standards

Under the ban, this Dean will not be permitted under any circumstances until he assures the Hammer and Coffin Society, publishers of the magazine, that he will live up to Chaparral standards.

"In my opinion there is no reason why we can't have people who meet the acceptable standards of goodness," Old Boy said.

Old Boy said warnings by Dec Com had been issued on several occasions to the effect that a change in behavior was necessary.

"Many students have wondered, perhaps subconsciously, if his path was leading him into a no-man's land of undisguised buffoonery and boorishness in the execution of his duties," T. Old Boy said.

Alvin S. Dean is a freshman student living in Encina Hall, and is not to be confused with any member of the Stanford faculty. He hails from Omaha, Nebraska.

Until his suspension yesterday for sneaking off-color jokes into magazine copy, Dean held the post of Chaparral Junior Office Assistant.

Poetic Justice

Ironically, Dean himself, a few days prior to his suspension, had philosophized on the sad state of college humor.

He had gone on gloomily to forecast a "general collapse of college humorists combined with an inter-university purge of campus comics by enraged student bodies," unless college humor magazine editors would



DEAN

Dean Explains

My job is not an easy one and the rush of campus life occasionally blurs the good judgment of the most mature among us. I have always tried to carry out my duties in the best interests of the Stanford Student Body. A comment was made by me several days ago in which I hoped that everyone would co-operate to put college humor magazines in their proper place. I still feel this way. In attempting to give my fellow students something to laugh at I have transgressed the bounds of sanity. If I have disgusted any of the guys on Chappie or any of my campus friends I apologize for my Freshman enthusiasm.

join him in a "sincere effort to put college humor on the distinctive plane of which it is capable."

T. Old Boy commented wryly that Dean should have heeded his own advice.

THE WEATHER

Fair and sunny today and tonight. Tomorrow there will be an earthquake followed by 40 days and 40 nights of moderate to heavy rains. High tomorrow, 212-213; low tomorrow, —273.

UNDER THE WEATHER

Palo Alto Hospital—Wilma F. Wonka (Maternity ward).
Isolation Hospital—Peat Grotesque.
Men's Rest Room—No Patients.
Women's Rest Room—No Patients.

THE STANFORD DILLY

Owned and published daily including Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday by the Asphyxiated Students of Stanford University. Represented for advertising by the Raunchy Advertising Service, 900 W. Madison, Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-rate advertising at Palo Alto Post Office, by the Act of October 12, 1492. Subscription, \$1.00 a sheet, \$5.00 a ream.

HACK WONKA, JR.
Editor

JIM BALLONI
Business Manager

Night Editor, this issue Hal Burdick
Head Editor, this issue John Crane
Wire Editor, this issue Samuel F. B. Morse
Sports Desk Editor, this issue Sue Porter

Let's Not Get Excited

Perhaps the tiny handful of campus malcontents will take this as a crusade on the Dilly's part. It is not. Believe us, it is not a crusade. Good, honest journalism almost never crusades. The Dilly is dedicated to the principles of responsible journalism in the finest sense of the word.

We have great confidence that Stanford is in capable hands, that everything will be even rosier tomorrow than it is today. Yet, we must keep in mind that sometimes things appear rosier than they really are, or, to take another view, not as rosy as they actually are. That is why we must not get excited. A cool head is even more essential under normal conditions than it is in a crisis.

There will be, of course, a few who will not agree with us. And there will be some who agree with us. That is why we must not get excited. Nothing is more immature than getting excited.

But a warning—don't get too excited over keeping cool because, if misguided, excitement could easily be channeled into a hotheaded crusade led by radical elements, which refuse to realize that life on the Farm is truly wonderful, and everything possible is being done.

We feel that this will clear up the campus situation considerably.

BULL SLUSHIN' By Peat Grotesque

WANDERING AROUND THE FARM



These Wednesday mornings are pretty rough on your favorite "Dilly" columnist. I thought I might give you poor secluded kids a break by telling you a few of the things I have found around old LSJU in the past week.

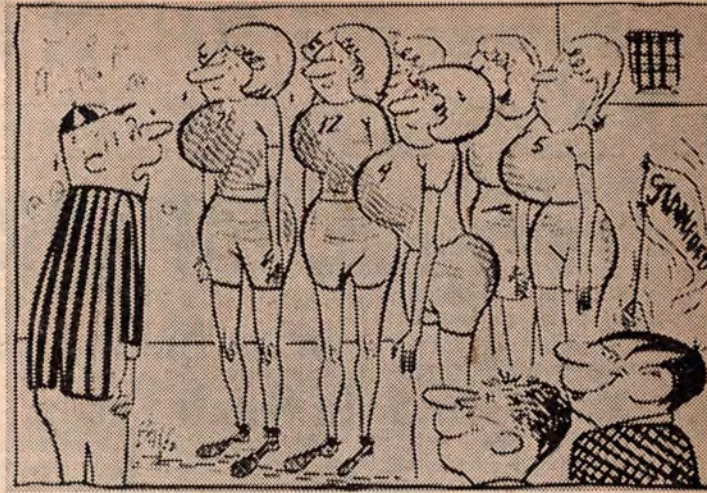
MY ADVISER GAVE ME a hard time last week. I guess it must be a small hangover from my column last quarter (he's a poor sport anyway). When I came into his office to get my card signed, he said, "Grotesque" he never could pronounce my name right—everyone knows it's Growtess-que, "I don't know how you expect to graduate taking this schedule."

Well, I wasn't going to let a little thing like that get me. I just looked him in the eye and told him to go to hell. What do these advisers know about advising, anyway?

THESE ROBLE GIRLS are pretty sharp. I was over at the "fair hall" giving the frosh a break yesterday. The main topic of conversation seemed to be the housing problem. One cute little blonde really knocked the old apple out of the park when she came up with what I consider to be the yuk of the week. She turned her soft blue eyes at me and said, "Pete" (she never could pronounce my name right, everyone knows it's Peat) "how does a chicken get on the row?"

I WAS TALKING TO "Big Bill" McKool, one-time Stanford great now turned pro, the other day. He put his big, friendly hand on my shoulder, looked me right in the eye, and said, "Listen, you little snog, if you dare mention my name in your filthy column again I'm going to paint the Quad with your blood." Gee, what a great guy, what a kidder, what a real pal.

POETRY CORNER:
There once was a girl at Lake Lag,
Who was pinned to a sly little snog.
One day for a jest,
He dropped down her chest,
Not a snake, not an eel, but a frog.



"All right then—we'll hold this game up all night until one of you decides to produce th' ball!"

CONCERT RATES AS SUPER-GOOD

By LUDWIG V. GRUMHOGGEN

Displaying an aplomb of virtuosity and a sensitivity of interpretation quite quite beyond anything this reviewer has ever before heard, the Breu-Kwort Quartet last night presented to an awed Stanford audience the most outstanding concert within the recollection of this reviewer.

It was even more outstanding than the last concert this reviewer reviewed, which was the finest this reviewer had ever attended up to that time.

Of especial interest was a new work, a truly great masterpiece, by a young Stanford composer, Ludwig V. Grumhoggen. This unusual work

was of especial interest in that it explored a new technique of expression; the first violinist performed the first violin part on the 'cello, while the 'cellist played the 'cello part on a viola d'amore. To this reviewer's mind, this new work, the "Hotel Suite," was even more outstanding than the composer's last great work, a cantata for castrati chorus and ocarina, which was given its premiere last month at the University of California.

The Breu-Kwort Quartet also gave an amazingly fine rendition of Beethoven's Quartet Opus 130, unique in the interpretation in that it was performed backwards with the scores turned upside down.

The final work, Mozart's 609th Quartet, was the weakest on the program, and the performance can only be described as outstandingly excellent.

CAMPUS OPINION Warning—"A Man Can Take So Much"

To the editor:

I have a few words to say to your readers that will be of interest. Therefore please print the following message or I will kill you.

TO THE STUDENTS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY:

My name is Samson Grumble. I work on campus, and I live in the hills a mile and a half above Rossotti's Beer Garden. My home is the last in a series of four caves and has a white rock with "Grumble" painted on it by the entrance. I live alone.

I really have nothing against Stanford students as a group, and I wish it understood that my passion is directed only toward those who know they are guilty. However, I believe I have some cause for grievance. Things weren't so bad as long as students would only take my livestock and pull the vegetables out of my little garden plot for their Friday-night meals. It was understandable. Nor did I get particularly annoyed when they tore my house down to supply wood for the Big Game bonfire. I have a certain amount of Stanford spirit myself (as I say, I work on campus). I believe that boys will be boys, live and let live.

But there is a limit to what a man can be expected to take, and this limit has been reached. Yesterday somebody (I have reason to suspect Stanford students) took my wife and my little girl. I can assure you that such an act of petty thievery is a grievous mistake. My wife can't cook and my little girl hasn't even reached puberty. But I want them back. I have few enough worldly goods as it is. My wife is the only thing I have to pull our plow, and my little girl has sentimental value.

Therefore I wish to clarify two points.

a) If my wife and child are not home in time for plowing tomorrow morning, I will kill every frat man on campus.

b) If they still don't turn up, I am going to have my own Big Game bonfire, and whoever says that brownstone can't burn has got a jolt coming. Now can I be any more reasonable than that? SAMSON GRUMBLE

Crew Strokes to Pacific Coast Championships

By LARRY KAAN

The Stanford Crew stroked their way to both the coveted North Southern and the South Northern Division Championships yesterday afternoon at the Palo Alto Yacht Harbor.

Stanford's varsity shell pulled well to the front from the opening gun. They settled down to a steady 30-beat stroke. The oarsmen held this constant rhythm for the first two miles without too much opposition.

The race looked bad only at one period. Coxswain "Little Jim" Snarkton called for a "big 10" at a critical moment. Almost simultaneously the Number Four man, "Big Ed" Jones, caught a crab. No sooner had he recovered when shell strokesman "Big Jack" Raucher caught a bass.

With constant effort on the part of the stalwarts, working without University aid, the shell was able to pull across the finish line in near record time.

The taking of these coveted titles almost assures the crew a starting berth at the Newport Regatta later this month.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the crew division boundary lines, the North Southern Division runs from San Jose to Alameda, and the South Northern Division line starts at Emeryville and goes to Salinas.

Girl Archers Twang Mills

The WAA archery team scored a real win over the Mills College bow team yesterday afternoon. Wilma Tell, Stanford archeress, was high-point gal in the 197 to 34 shellacking. Wilma scored 105 of the points herself and set the galleries cheering by splitting one of her own arrows in flight.

WAArchers feel that the score would have been higher if Robin Hood, second ranking bowman, hadn't broken her halter in her second flight and had to be replaced by one of the reserves.

The girls will snap their oaks tomorrow afternoon in a dual meet with Mrs. Murphy's Home for Wayward Girls from San Jose. Time for the first flight is set for 2:30.

Thin Clads Score Triumph in Tussle

Admiral Farragut announced today that seven Union warships intercepted the ironclad Confederate raider, the Merrimac, and blew the hominy grits out of her.

The skirmish took place at the mouth of the Charleston River and was witnessed by 10,000 cotton pickers who sang "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee" while the battle raged.

FIRE

The Stanford Fire Department was called away from a volley-ball game to fight a fire which started in the drinking fountain at the corner of Inner Quad. Several million dollars worth of damage was done and three sides of Quad burned to the ground. Officials suspect foul play.

MONEY

RUNS THE DILLY, PROMOTES PROMISCUITY,
GOVERNS THE WORLD, AND PROVIDES THE
BEST EXCUSE POSSIBLE FOR COMMUNISM
AND BIZ SCHOOL GRADUATES. IF YOU HAVE
ANY MONEY YOU COULD LET US SEE, DROP
AROUND THE SHACK AND GIVE US A LOOK.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG.

DILLY Sports

Stanford Scores 12 in Crucial with Cal

Stanford's outclassed Indians put up a game battle against Cal's under-rated Golden Bears the other night in one of the most exciting games of the season. The game started well for the Indians, who roared out ahead with a 2-0 lead, but a spectacular play by the Bear's vaunted players pulled Cal ahead 3-2. A thrilling play by the Indians brought the spectators to their feet and put Stanford ahead again. By the middle of the game, however, the Indians, although still leading 9 to 6, were clearly tiring, and at the end the Bears pulled into the lead to trounce the exhausted home team thoroughly.

Stanford's coach commended the team for an excellent game, commented, "We was outclassed." The team's reaction to the game was reflected by the captain, who remarked, "We was outclassed." Cal's coach was optimistic about the future of his team, stated, "They was outclassed." High scorer for Cal racked up 43 points. Stanford's high scorer made 6 of the 12 points scored.

Bag Droppers Make It Four

Encina's unbeatable center wing again copped top honors in water-bagging, bringing its monthly string of victories up to a new record of four. Wing president Harry Flinch believes most of Center Wing's success is directly due to an all-out drive during last month's parents' day. "We really creamed those old ladies and gents," said co-captain Barney Gripp. Pudge Bindle, a forward observer on the team, was even more exuberant concerning the wing's triumph, "Why that damn cop blew his whistle till his glasses cracked, but he's still scraping rust off his buttons." Largely responsible for the traumatic success of Center Wing's bloopeteers is its sponsor, Big Milt Fling, who kept most of the wing's adversaries in the Con Home, with penalties ranging from 60 to 4,000 hours. "My boys are good boys," says Fling, a Boys' Town alum.

ENGAGEMENT

Shirley Strode, of Lagunita Court, announces that she has an engagement for Saturday night and can accept no more invitations.

Mural Schedule

INDIAN LEG WRESTLING

- 7—Encina 23S vs. Sigma Iota Nu II
- 8—Village 1,907 vs. Roble I
- 9—Beta Sigma III vs. Gamma Delta Iota III

DROP-THE-HANDKERCHIEF

- 3—Toyon I vs. Alpha Chi Lambda I
- 4—El Guano III vs. Biz Boys I

SPIN-THE-BOTTLE

- 10—Encina 1G vs. Branner VI
- 11—Sigma Epsilon Chi vs. Jordan II
- 12—Lagunita III vs. Maison Francaise II

ROULETTE TEAM ROLLS ON

The T. C. of P. roulette team, rolled up its third victory last night at Monte Bayshore. The only blight on the evening occurred when fourth man Waxy Smordon's system failed. He was found dead in the patio this morning by diligent casino gardeners. An empty Derringer was found by his side.

WISENOM'S WHISTERS WIN

Coach Ajax Wisenom pulled his boys through for their four hundredth straight win. Stellar performance of the day was turned in by Jack "Ace" Turner, who completely blasted College of the West's chances when he discovered a pat hand up the sleeve of crafty opponent Joe Kerr.

ENGAGEMENT

The Firehouse announces the engagement of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, '71, to Filet Mignon, Piers Dairy, '52.

Stanford's Dr. Snirp estimates that Genghis Khan wore a size 9 bedroom slipper and smoked Fatimas exclusively.

ENGAGEMENT

The English Department announces the engagement of Romeo Montague and Juliet Capulet, Verona Cottage, '53.

There are approximately 37 cubic feet of subsoil for every known earthworm.

SOCIAL CALENDAR

- Monday: Washday.
- Tuesday: Tuesday Evening Series—"Pandemonism: Its Influence on Western Thought" by Haile Selassie.
- Wednesday: Junior Reunion Shower and Spitting Contest, L'Ommie's, 8:30.
- Thursday: Traditions Day—Speak to no one on Quad. Hay for lunch.
- Friday: All-campus party—"Freudian Frolic." Come as your favorite dream.
- Saturday: Bath night.
- Sunday: Memorial Church—"Devils: Are They Everywhere?" by Rev. M. S. Lucifer. 11:00.
- Sunday Night Movies—"Mom and Dad." Mem Aud, 7:30.

ON OTHER CAMPUSES

Rum and Roman Candles Keynote Campus Capers

Highlighting current college news around the country is the growing enthusiasm for parties, picnics, and other forms of fun. AT Colorado, ROTC students have added a new zest to the old sport of trout fishing. Instead of flies, they tie hand grenades on the line. Reports of fine catches have been heard as far east as the Minnesota campus, where changes in old techniques are also being made. Hep Golden Gophers have gone wild on a cigar-smoking fad. Instead of using ordinary cigars they smoke the loaded kind—the idea being, of course, to scare onlookers when the stogie blows. Big interfraternity rivalry is developing because each house keeps increasing the powder charge to give the audience a bigger kick. At a Theta smoker recently a pledge scared all the actives by smoking a Roman candle.

NEW TASTE TREAT.—At Iowa U. psychology majors have started an increasingly popular fad—the Rat Roast. White rats from the learning labs are taken on picnics and roasted wiener style for lunch. The craze is spreading to other campuses, too. Alabama students have learned to kill two birds with one stone by teaching the rodents how to club ants to death with their tails—thus neutralizing the picnic area before the feast.

FINAL COLLAPSE.—Undergraduates at Smogville College found final examinations more than they could stand. The day before the first test, 1,200 students stormed the library and carried every book outside to make a giant fire. State troopers arrived just in time to save the frightened librarian who had been tied to a set of The Encyclopedia Britannica on top of the flaming books.

SMOOTH MOVE.—The DU's at UCLA made campus news the other day when their house manager announced that the entire house was to be moved to the beach for the spring semester. Another UCLA fraternity, the Gekes, caused quite a stir, too, when it announced it would start pledging coeds next rushing season.

NEW NAME.—Yale University student government legislature passed a resolution that university heads should definitely consider changing the name of the school. Board members felt that "Yale" was old-fashioned and too easily confused with the lock company of the same name.

CORRECTION
In yesterday's Dilly, Junior Excom candidate Mervin S. Piddles was mistakenly quoted as saying, "If elected I will abolish student government, eliminate student-faculty contact, and promote televised lectures." Piddle wishes it made clear that he was ill at the time he was quoted. What he meant to say was, "If elected, I will work toward more harmonious relations between students and people, support a liberal social program, George please come home."

Once Around the Quad

VIEWPOINT STAFF—Deadline for Spring issue navel contemplation is Friday.

CAMPUS QUEENS—Will be taken by Quad photographers at 10 tonight in the office.

PISTOL CLUB—Meet in front of Bank of America at 4.

CANTERBURY CLUB—Pilgrimage will continue after the Wyf of Bath's tale.

REVIVAL SERIES—"The Fallen Angel" at the Mausoleum.

FRATMAN—Report to Commissioner Gordon immediately. I'd give the Frat Signal, but my flashlight burned out.

ALPINE CLUB—Meet in front of Hoover Tower for practice climb at 11:30 Saturday night. Beginners are welcome.

DOUBLE STANDARD COMMITTEE—Investigate Quad photographers tonight at 10:30.

HAMMER AND COFFIN SOCIETY—Wednesday night in the office to discuss impending legal action by Life magazine.

GEORGE—Please come home. All is forgiven.

DILLY EDIT BOARD—Will be sanded this afternoon.

Job Interviews Tomorrow Night

Representatives from three firms will be on campus tomorrow night in the Nitery to interview June graduates for jobs.

Para Mutual Life Insurance Company will interview men interested in a program leading to branch sales manager office custodian apprenticeships. Only social science majors need apply.

Acme Toy Company will see B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. electrical and mechanical engineers and physicists. They are also interested in atomic physicists and ROTC honor students. The Acme representative will be found in Post Office Box 113.

The U.S. Army Company representative will interview physically fit men in all school departments. They are also interested in women, but business before pleasure. Large openings exist for aggressive young men interested in forceful, high-powered salesmanship and extensive travel opportunities.

KZSU

Don't miss the chance to get sick at your stomach when Don Christain hits the airwaves at 8:30 tonight.

7:00—Music to Digest By

7:30—Request Time (Silence)

8:00—Cardinal Gastrics

8:30—Uncle Don's Show for Malcontents

9:00—Stanford Radio Playhouse: "I the Jury"

9:45—Yesterday's Headlines

10:00—Stanford Roundtable: "Is Peat Growth Necessary?"

10:30—Stanford Sally

11:00—Sign Off

Spontaneous Rally Planned Tonight

A spontaneous rally in front of the post office is slated tonight to improve school and team spirit. Entertainment will be provided by Rally Com, including school songs, yells, chants, skits, pom-pom girls, and banjo music by Rip Cord with Sleepy Clyde Slyde and his Seven Bedroom Slippers, a local jazz band.

If it rains, the rally will be held at L'Ommie's. If it rains at L'Ommie's Rally Com will provide red and white etain shrdlu brelumllas.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

CLASSIFIED ADS may be phoned in any time, night or day. If you prefer, will call at your home in person to pick up your ad. Although we can't pay you more than 80 cents for each ad you submit, we will accept all that you write. Get busy and make easy money. Ask for either Sam Turkey or his brother, Tom. In person at the Dilly Shack.

LOST—Somewhere between the Library and Inner Quad, One General Patton Tank, olive drab, serial number 127354, with large tracks and brand-new 90 mm. gun. Keep the driver, but please return tank to Col. Collier, R.O.T.C. Headquarters.

FOUND—Blonde female girl, 5' 4", 115 lbs., left in the main library. Answers to the name Joan. Was wearing pin of fraternal organization, but no other identification. May be claimed by paying for this ad and food consumed. Call Professor Stodgy, DA-12345.

AUTOMOTIVE

1951 FRATMOBILE. Custom-built body on Nash chassis with powerful 180 pledgepower engine. Economical twin stacks and exhausts give 20 miles to the gallon of alcohol. Features radio, heater, bar, and Luid Drive. Guaranteed to impress. Call Bruce Pain, Tau Sigma.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN SQUARE DANCING: complex methods. Learn how to corner her.

FRENCH TUTOR—Expert on French horn wants position with small campus group.

1952 CADILLAC COUPE DEVILLE with all the extras. Perfect for campus dates, going home, leaving town, etc. Emergency conditions force a sacrifice. A steal at \$200. Billy the Kid, 610, Encina.

BUSINESS SERVICES

FOR SALE—The Stanford Dilly for one day's publication. Play editor, business manager, and head photographer yourself. Name your own price. Insult your friends and their intelligence. Hold the power of the press in your own hands. Contact Sam Hamburger or his sister, Bunny. At the Dilly Shack.

IS SHE FAITHFUL?—She may say she's studying, but how can you be sure? Put your loved one under 24-hour observation. Know what she's doing and who. Contact Mike Hammer c/o Dick McVain.

ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL, high-school graduate, and a girl? 50 positions are now open for young women who fill these requirements. Send inquiries to Box 3013, Stanford, or apply in person. Act now!

A very distinguished city gentleman once desired very earnestly to become expert at equestrianism. He went, therefore, to the surrounding countryside, struck up an acquaintance with an aged farmer living thereabouts, and from said farmer purchased what he thought was a fine steed.

On his first Sunday ride, the gentleman happened to be riding through an open field, whose only cover was a large, solitary tree, standing in the center of the field. Canter along, the gentleman was quite astonished to perceive his horse heading directly for this large tree, and even more mystified when he and the horse collided with the tree.

The distinguished city gentleman arose, brushed himself off, and made straight for the house of the farmer, who lived near by. He accosted the agrarian, saying, "This horse ran straight into the only tree in the middle of a large open field. I think he must be blind."

"Naw, 'tain't that," said the farmer, "he just don't give a damn."

—Voo Doo

The marriage ceremony had just been conducted and the groom thrust his hand into his pocket and inquired, "What do I owe you, Reverend?"

"We do not charge for this service for OSU men," replied the minister, "but you can pay me according to the beauty of the bride."

"O.K." agreed the young man, and he handed the minister a quarter. The minister raised the bride's veil and took a look at one of Ohio State's finest.

Then he dug into his pocket. "Here's fifteen cents change, young man."

—Sundial

"Darling, let's have a secret love code. If you nod, I can hold your hand; if you smile, I can kiss your lips."

"Please don't make me laugh."


—Record

There was a drunk who stared at a homely passenger in the elevator. He finally blurted out: "My God, you're ugly."

"I can't help the way I look."

This didn't seem to satisfy the drunk. "Well," he screamed, "You could stay home."

—Record



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"Papa, there was a man here to see you today."
"Did he have a bill?"
"Nope, just an ordinary nose like you."
—Pelican

Two friends fell into an argument about whether the Russians were really our friends or not. The one who took the friendly side said, "Why, I'll bet I could ride a Russian ship to Russia, tour the country, and return, and nothing at all would happen to me."
The other man called his bet and the sum was set at \$100,000.

Two weeks later, as the Russian vessel left New York harbor, the ship's captain called the American to his cabin. "Ve haff cable for you from New York friend," he said, glaring at the fellow. "Read it."

The American looked at the cable which read: "If you can't shoot Stalin, try for Molotov."
—Ranger

Student (in a car, to sweet young thing)—Pardon me—er,—but—

Co-ed—No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Saranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon, I know I'm good looking, and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way, and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street-car; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-lb. fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student (in car)—Yes, darn it, you're losing your underwear!
—Profile

In 1770 the British Parliament passed a law against obtaining husbands by false pretense, that read as follows:

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, who shall after this act, impose upon, or seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtues of scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, bolstered hips, or high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and the marriage under such circumstances shall be null and void."
—Record

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A young Alabama Marine, after fighting World War II in the Pacific jungles, came back to his Alabama plantation with a pet monkey. He found that the monkey could pick cotton faster than he could, so he went to the local banker and asked for a loan with which he could buy one hundred monkeys and train them to pick cotton at far lower cost than the human hand.

"No," said the banker, "it's far too risky. As soon as you got your monkeys trained those damned Yankees would come down here and free them."
—Pelican

They had been sitting on the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour. Then—

"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, and proclaimed, "I'd travel."

He felt her young, warm hand slip into his. When he looked up she was gone . . . In his hand was a nickel.
—Voo Doo

A small boy's head bobbed up over the garden wall and a meek little voice said, "Please, Miss Brown, may I have my arrow?"

"Certainly, where is it?"
"I think it's stuck in your cat."
—Record

"Where are you?"
"I'm hiding."
"Where are you?"
"I'm hiding."
"Where are you? I want to seduce you!"
"I'm hiding . . . in the closet."
—Widow



"Give me back my 30¢!"



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Last week a perfectly normal affair took place on campus: a pinning; and another normal thing took place in the poor sucker's fraternity house: he was being questioned at great length as to how he managed the feat, how she acted, what he said, and what she said in reply to that. It was the usual meaningless banter of fraternity houses. The boy questioned finally put an end to the whole affair.

"It all started a week ago. I kept losing my pin. I'd leave it in the wash-room, I'd leave it on the shirts I'd send to the laundry, I'd leave it under some junk on the dresser. Finally my patience wore thin. I got tired of losing the damn thing, so now I've put it where I can get my hands on it any time I want."

—Southern Collegian

Mountain girl—Doctah, ah cum to see y'all about ma grandmaw. We gotta do somethin' 'bout her smokin'.

Doctor—Oh now, Elviry, don't you worry about that. Lots of women smoke.

Elviry—Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw inhales.

Doctor—I still wouldn't fret. Lots of women inhale.

Elviry—Yeah, I know, but Grandmaw don't exhale.

—Spectator

Breathes there a man so far abnormal
He can't be stirred by a low-cut formal?

—Tomahawk

The results of the exam were exceedingly poor. Making inquiry, the professor asked, "Mr. Jones, why didn't you study for this examination?"

"I was holding hands with Lucy, sir."

"You are suspended for two days," snapped the angry prof.

"You, Mr. Akron, why weren't you prepared for the exam?"

"I was playing post office all last night."

"You are suspended for a week," roared the prof.

"Thomas—where are you going?"

"I'll see you next term."

—Pelican

Headline in New York newspaper:
"FATHER OF TEN SHOT—MISTAKEN FOR RABBIT."

—Spartan

Our idea of a lazy student is one who pretends he is drunk so his fraternity brothers will put him to bed.

—Rammer Jammer

Editors of college magazines, some people believe, should be obscene, but not heard.

—Rammer Jammer

"I think she is priceless."

"I know she is. I tried."

—Rammer Jammer

"We're almost there," she exclaimed gleefully, kicking off her shoes.

Frantically, I called to a near-by campus cop who was busy window peeping. He ignored me.

"Right behind this hedge," my Mack Hall captor whispered lustily. It was useless to struggle any longer. I decided to submit.

She threw me to the ground, pinning down my arms. Then she kneeled beside me.

"O.K., big boy," she gasped. "Here's the lowdown."

I steeled myself for the inevitable. "I'm taking a course over in Derby Hall in the Art of Love," she confessed. "All the time this teacher keeps talking about sex. I've decided I haven't been getting my share. The minute I saw you I knew you were the one to do it."

I blinked, coughed, and hiccupped. "To do what?"

"Hell, that's up to you. I don't know. I've only read the first chapter of the darn book."

The whole thing ended there. I hadn't even seen the book, much less read the first chapter.

—Sundial

"The birds do it,
The bees do it,
The little bats do it.

Mama, why can't I take flying lessons?"

—Profile

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