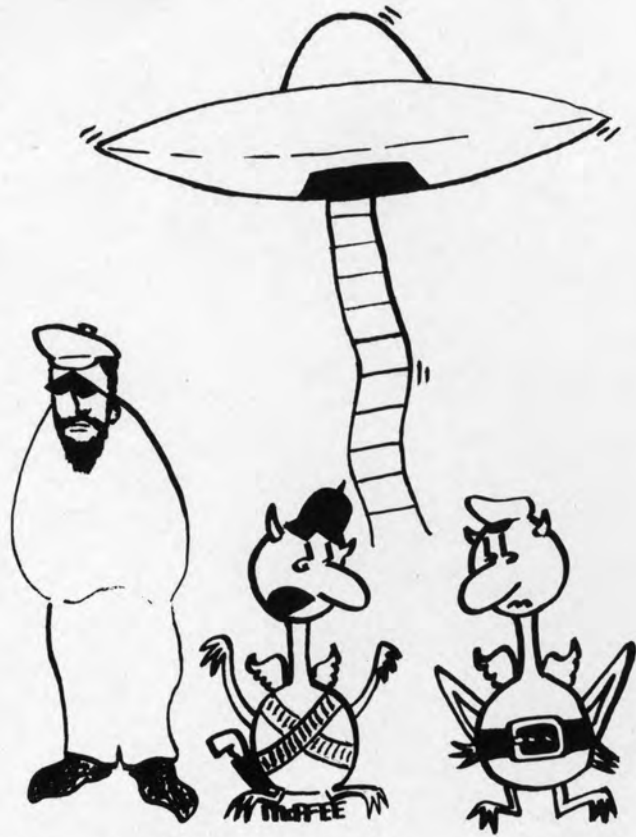


the stanford

CHAPARRAL

january 35¢





"He says it won't make any difference if we bomb his cities, pillage his towns, and put his women and children in slavery."



"So this old chick comes up to me and says, 'You have returned,' so I says, 'Like I always make the scene, man,' and she says 'A Parable! Like I don't dig man.'"



"Hell, he's so far out he isn't even apathetic."



"I've been charging the tourists up on North Beach a quarter to take my picture."

Linette Smith is wearing one of the many smart outfits from the Colony



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A man threatening to "end it all" was perched atop a tall building in a southern city and a policeman had made his way to the roof to try to persuade him not to jump.

"Think of your mother and father," pleaded the cop.
"Haven't any."
"Think of your wife and family."
"Haven't any."
"Your girl friend, then."
"I hate women!"
"All right, think of Robert E. Lee."
"Who's Robert E. Lee?"
"Jump, you damn Yankee!"

Two men were sitting in a bar. "Albert," asked one, "after you drink a lot, does your tongue burn?"
"I don't know, Sam," replied the other. "I've never been drunk enough to light it."

"I heard you picked up some French when you were on vacation last year."
"Yes, I did."
"Let's hear some words."
"I didn't learn any words."

"How old is you?"
"Ah's five. How old is you?"
"Ah don't know."
"Yo' don't know how old you is?"
"Nope."
"Does women botha' you?"
"Nope."
"You's fo'."



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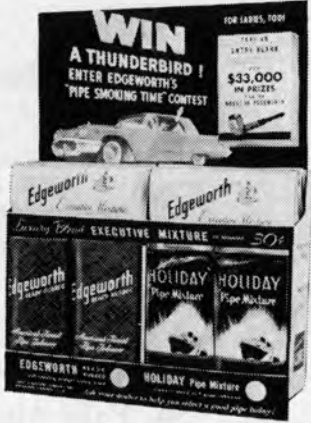


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- Mail your entry to: Edgeworth Contest, P. O. Box 82-C, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959. Be sure to use sufficient postage.
- Anyone living in the continental United States, its territories and possessions may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.
- Prizes, as listed in the contest announcement, will be awarded to the best entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Only one prize will be awarded in any one family.
- All entries become the property of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., to use as it sees fit and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by mail. Full list of winners will be sent approximately six weeks after close of contest to anyone enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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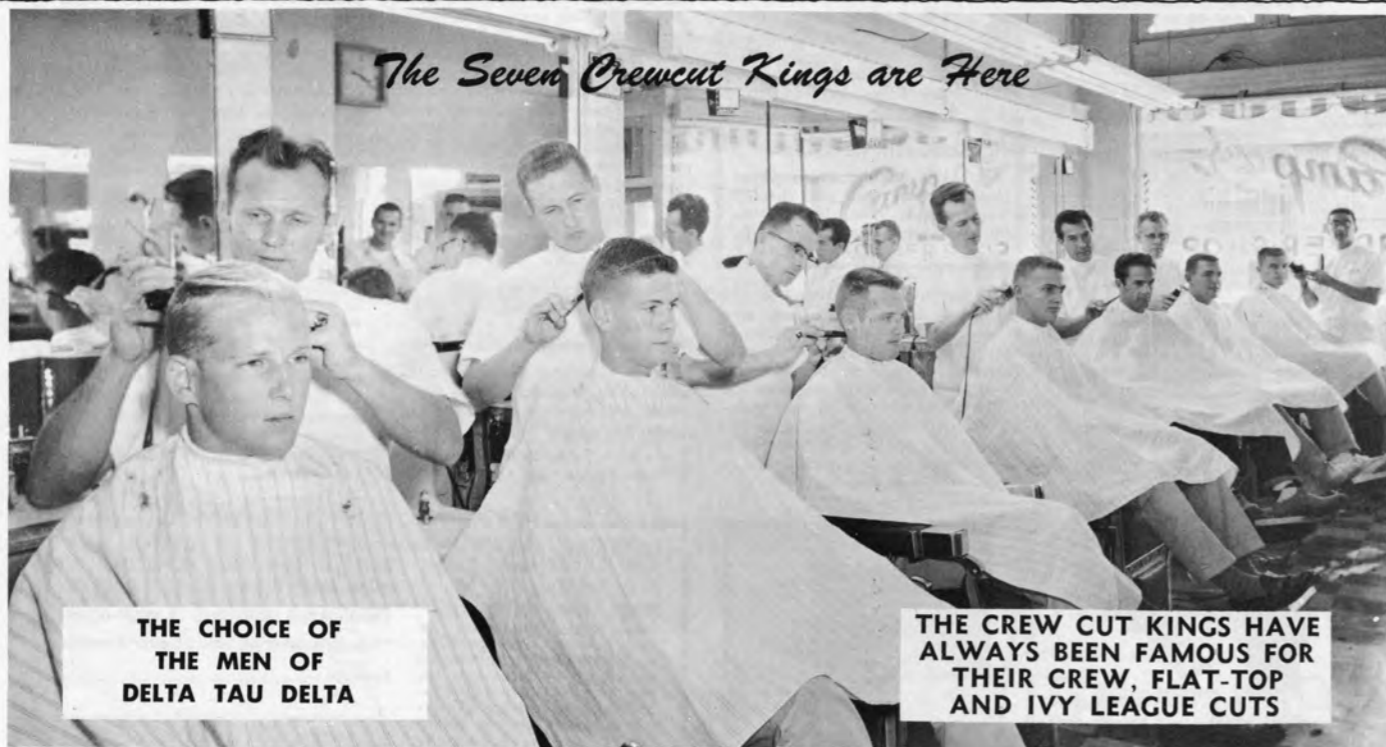
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the stanford
CHAPARRAL

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Hi.
Hi.
My name's Dudley.



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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE DUG LIFE THAN NEVER TO HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL



The Chappies

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NOW THAT there is a new calendar on the wall and a post-holiday relaxedness about the office, the Old Boy happily finds there is very little humbug that needs to be exposed or ridiculed. There is something about the first few weeks of the year that always seems to do this; must be the hope of better things to come, including improvements on existing preposterousness. Maybe we would do well to serve eggnog all year around. Maybe.

While our mood lasts, then, allow the ancient one to describe to you an event of unusual interest. You will recall that, recently, more than one national magazine has featured and (sic) put down the North Beachnix. It seems that the *Readers Digest*, not to be outdone, has hired the Old Boy's pious friend, Miss Lolita Haze, to do an article entitled "Is the Beatnik Really Beat-en?" Dolly was good enough to show the Old Boy her advance galley, whereupon, the old one decided an interview with ponderous Papa, king of North Beach, was in order.

Pleased Papa was at his chess board. "Sit down Prokof," he said.

"Why the Prokof bit?" said the ancient one like an old master at the intellectual game.

"Like man, your crazy three-cornered hat. Move," said not-too-pickled Papa.

OB moved his king's knight. "What do you think about *Time's* comment that the Beatniks have an especially rigid conformity code of their own?"

"I'm a Beatnik, if you believe Herb Caen," said purposeful Papa as he fingered his rook. Then, moving his opposing knight he added, "and I don't conform to anyone." the lack of 'beat' phraseology was quite apparent.

"Um hum," commented OB. He moved his Queen's pawn.

"Of course the papers say that people are conforming to me." Persecuted Papa slowly dragged his bishop out into play.



OB did same with his bishop.

"But I doubt that. I make it a rule never to put down anyone, even if he or she disagrees," went on Papa. He seemed unconcerned that his queen was unguarded. "So why would anyone feel the need to imitate me?" He advanced his knight.

"Dunno," offered OB as he brought out his other knight.

"You'r in check, Prokof," said Perky Papa.



"I don't know, I'm a tourist here too."

OB hastily corrected the situation.

Papa paused. "Did you know this game is symbolic," he asked as he advanced his queen.

"How so," asked OB after careful consideration. He castled.

"Like, it represents *life*," said proud Papa. Then he added in a voice con mucho gusto and diaphragming, "and like life, there are certain laws by which the game progresses of necessity, and one of them is that we don't castle our Ego after he has once been set in play."

OB flushed, and quickly withdrew his move. He moved a pawn. Sometimes poor Papa did not talk like Beatniks are thought to talk.

"Each of us must learn well the game of life. The trick is to separate your own game from those of your queen's and bishop's, and like that. And don't allow Madison Avenue to kibitz," panted Papa. He seemed slightly carried away by it all, though his carriage was fairly good in the Old Boy's eyes. Eventually he moved a rook.

The OB stalled for time. "Dolly Haze says you are immoral people who do not take love seriously."

Papa paled. "Well," he said, "I con-

sider myself amoral I guess. But like, immoral is too strong." Provoked Papa eyed his queen.

OB then moved another pawn.

"Love is the key to the game," continued Papa. It's the bond with your strongest piece. A really aware player can win with a modest amount, sure, but, like queens are *power*." Precise Papa moved his queen.

OB advanced his black bishop.

Pregnant Papa elaborated. "People fixate. Some use just their bishops to play their game; some use only their castles, some their pawns or queens. An aware player uses them all to compliment each other, and, only if need be, he concentrates on one piece." Papa pushed his rook forward.

OB considered, then withdrew his overextended knight.

"People who spend all their time criticizing, and whining are just trying to evade the inexorable laws of the game. Eh Prokof? Check," said Pleased Papa, "and mate in one."

Damned if it wasn't, too.

—the Old Boy



LA BOHEME-1959

Hi.
 Hi.
 My name's Dudley.
 You have my sympathy.
 Sympathy?
 Never mind.
 Never mind?
 Mine's Vi.
 Vi?
 Everybody calls me V.
 V?
 For short.
 But why?
 The strain.
 What strain?
 You know.
 Know?
 On the brain.
 Oh.
 What do you mean by 'oh?'
 I mean, oh I see.
 Oh.
 Well V, it's rather a dull party, don't you think?
 No.
 No?
 I hardly ever do.
 Hardly ever do?
 Think.
 Oh.
 Oh?
 I mean I suppose you always sit quietly like that.
 Quietly?
 Well sort of sit and stare.
 Stare?
 Sort of stoicy.
 I'm being aware.
 I'm sorry.
 You're sorry?
 I mean pardon me.
 I will.
 You will?
 You're too insignificant to condemn.
 Well I said I was sorry, Vi.
 V.
 Pardon me.
 Again?
 I meant to say you looked like a sort of serene Madonna.
 Please don't insult me.
 I'm sorry.
 You're sorry?
 Would you like an L & M?
 Large Marijuana?
 No, I'm afraid not.
 You're afraid not?
 I suppose I don't live as modern as you do.
 I suppose not.

You suppose not?
 You're rather retarded, aren't you?
 I'm sorry.
 Of course.
 Well V, we could talk.
 Talk?
 About art.
 Art who?
 I mean I suppose you paint.
 Paint?
 Don't you?
 No.
 Oh.
 What do you mean, 'oh?'
 Well we could tell jokes.
 I don't need jokes.
 No?
 People are jokes.
 Oh.
 What's wrong with this party?
 Well it seems a little pseudo.
 Pseudo?
 Sort of arty.
 What do you mean by 'arty?'
 It seems they're all trying to be individuals together.
 How would you know?
 Well look at that blond girl over there.
 Where?
 There.
 That's Linda.
 She seems to be in a sort of trance.
 She's a Neo-Hindu.
 Really?
 She's fasting.
 She is attractive, I suppose.
 Forget it.
 Forget it?
 She only digs Negroes.
 Really?
 You wouldn't have a chance.
 No chance at all?
 None at all.
 That's disgusting.
 What's disgusting?
 Prejudice.
 Oh.
 Well V, we could talk about existentialism.
 Why don't you go away?
 Really?
 Really.
 What did I say now?
 Something intolerably passé.
 Oh.
 Oh?
 Who's that man down there?
 Where?
 Underneath the table.
 That's Oogy.
 What's he doing?
 Can't you see?

I'm afraid not.
 He's contemplating his navel.
 Navel?
 He's a Neo-Romantic.
 Oh I see.
 You do?
 We studied the Romantics at the University.
 Good for you.
 Oogy's frantic.
 What's that?
 Did I say something wrong?
 Very much so.
 I'm sorry.
 Yes, I know.
 I thought I could belong.
 There's only one way to be in.
 What's that?
 Be far out.
 You mean if I go out I'll be in?
 Precisely.
 Well what should I have said?
 Said?
 About Oogy.
 Oogy pops his toenails.
 Oogy pops his toenails?
 Oogy wails.
 Oh.
 He comes on with a loud clamour.
 I see.
 You do?
 I don't think I like Oogy.
 That follows naturally.
 Naturally?
 From your stupidity.
 Do you like him?
 I used to have a large thing for Oogy.
 A large thing?
 His analyst made him get rid of me.
 Really?
 Really.
 What did the analyst do.
 I told you.
 You did?
 He broke us up.
 I'm sorry.
 Thank you.
 I suppose they're replacing the mother-in-law.
 I believe you've finally said something bright.
 Thank you.
 I suppose it's all a sign of the times.
 Oh please.
 Please?
 You're being a clod again.
 A clod?
 You're trite.
 Oh.
 Oh?
 Do you think our civilization's decaying?
 I suppose so.
 So you couldn't compete with his analyst?

I went down the shaft.
 Down the shaft?
 Tremendo.
 Tremendo?
 Tremendo crescendo.
 Oh.
 There's nothing more ding dong than an analyst.
 Ding dong?
 Dull.
 Well do you call this party festive?
 No.
 Well.
 Well?
 Well we could go.
 Go?
 Go somewhere and co-exist.
 Are you being suggestive?
 Well yes, I believe I am.
 Well.
 Well?
 Well you're rather attractive for a man.
 For a man?
 Yes, a man.
 Do you refer to perversion?
 Occasionally.
 You do?
 Only to break the tedium.
 What else do you do?
 Do?
 To break the tedium.
 I dig infinity.
 Infinity?
 Precisely.
 But don't you ever get lonely?
 Lonely?
 Digging infinity.
 I suppose so.
 Well I must say V, you appeal to me.
 I appeal to you?
 Enormously.
 Enormously?
 V, I think I love you.
 You love me?
 I think so.
 Please leave me.
 Why, what did I do?
 You approach vulgarity.
 I do?
 You might as well talk about the batting average of Willie Mays.
 But V, I said 'I love you.'
 You should know.
 Know?
 I detest clichés.
 Oh.

by THAMES WILLIAMSON



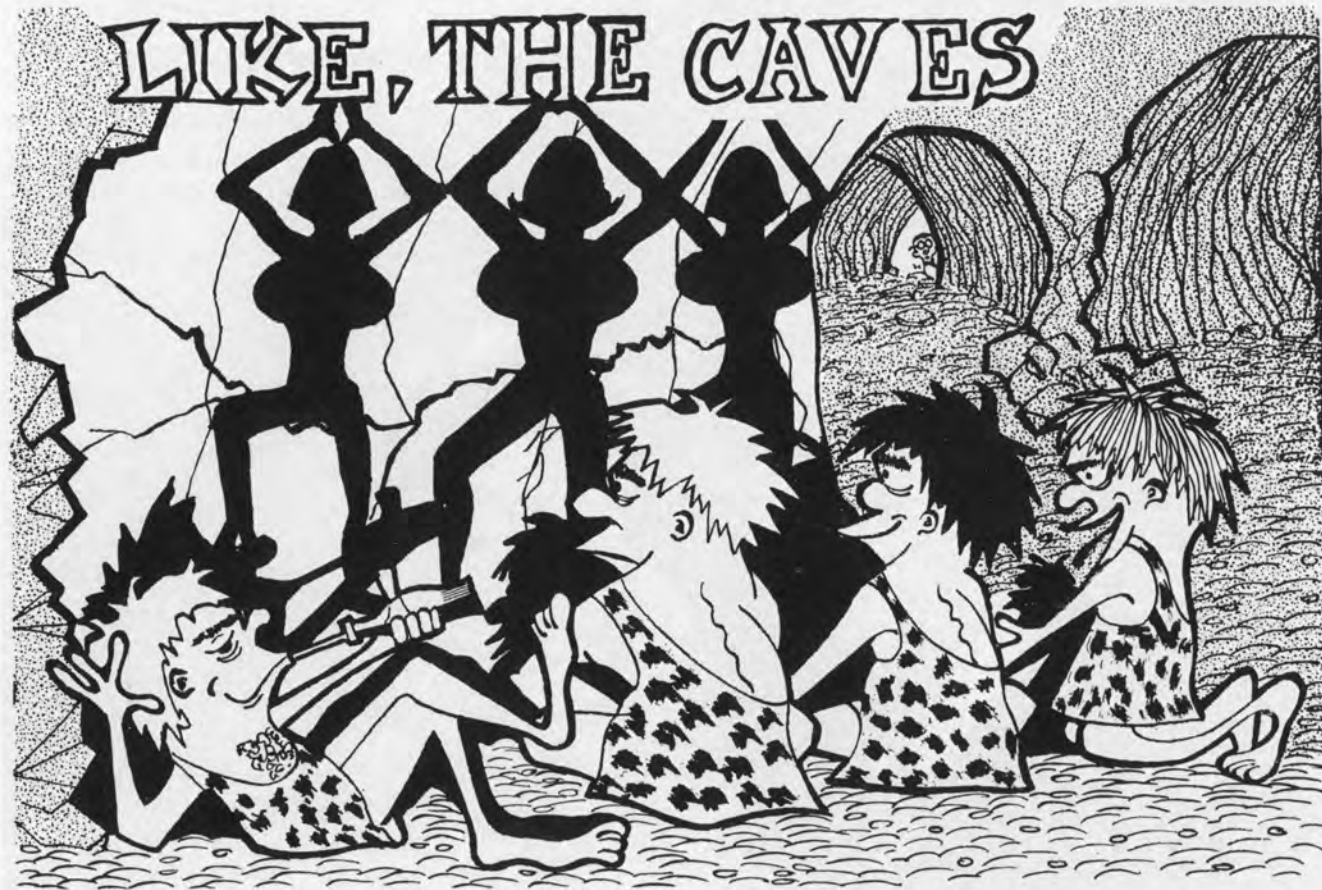
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—an allegory

Not so long ago, I mean, like lately, there were some slave-types in a cave. They just sat there, man—I mean not moving around, but just watching the crazy images on the wall before them. These, the slaves believed, were it. Thus were the slaves making life.

And then one of the slaves realized something—like he dug the scene of which he was a member, and reflected, and suddenly leaped to his feet and shouted: “Man, them ain’t nothin’ but shadows!! I mean, purely, they ain’t real!!” To which the other slaves replied: “Ha!” Which prompted the hip slave to label them all as “squares” (everybody knows that squares are always going “Ha!”).

Having perceived the fact that he was being fooled, the slave decided to flee the scene of caves and shadows and dig reality. And flee he did. Not trusting any of the squares to show him the way, he dashed this way and that, pursuing whichever tunnel or corridor or direction his instincts suggested. He tripped over boulders and stalagmites and squares and ran into walls and cliffs and squares, but these did not even slow him down. Like, it just made him madder at the squares. “I mean, they’re tryin’ to put me down!!” he would exclaim.

Occasionally he would encounter others of his ilk from different parts of the cave and then they would try to make the truth scene together until they came upon a fork in the tunnel and then each would cut out and go with his own—like, alone, but still as fast as he could go.

Just as the hip slave ran past a corridor he tripped over a square and went sprawling—like flat on his beard. As he was picking himself up and cursing the square he noticed a speck of light far down the corridor. Man, he made it down that corridor faster than you could say “Jack Kerouac.” And when he at last reached the end of the corridor he was belted with real, pure, one hundred per cent cool—like, genuine—sunlight! I mean, symbolic of truth and reality!

“Ohhhh, MAN!” said the slave. “I mean, dig THAT!!”

And he immediately made it back into the cave to find the other hip slaves he had run into and bring them back to dig this truth scene he had fallen upon . . . I mean he came on through the Caves like Bird coming on with his horn. “I’m hip!” he yelled. “I’ve found it! The meaning, I mean! I mean, Truth!” Like he was real frantic.

Of course, the square slaves put him down, as usual. “Immature,” they muttered as they shifted around to get better camera angles on this odd cat, “Maladjusted . . . sick . . . different . . . quaint!”

But the aware slaves—the hips—could see that this cat was with it all the way. I mean, they ran around after him yelling “What’s it like?” and “Man, where is it?” and “Like, let us dig this crazy sunlight!” and “I mean, this damn beard itches!”

And just when he figured he had enough hips in his following and was about to give them the word on the sunlight he bumped into another slave—but, like, this time it was a female! . . .

And when he got through, he found that his preoccupation had caused him to forget the way back to that crazy sunlight, which made him mad at the woman slave, and she was probably a square anyhow, after all.

The other cats were about ready to flip. But, like, what could he do? I mean, as far as showing the way to the sunlight scene was concerned, he was out of it. So he ran off through the cave knowing where he was going but not knowing how to get there and crashing into things and tripping over things, and the other hip slaves followed him. But one by one they got lost or thought they knew a better way or got preoccupied, and soon, like fast, he was all alone again.

But he had dug the light of truth and he was going to dig it again and was going to have the other slaves dig it with him. So he kept running through the cave telling everybody what he had found and some of them would follow him for a while until they strayed off, but he kept running and yelling and crashing and tripping.

Like, forever after.



...deracinatory



...christ god damn hell



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Well here we are back from the holidays, gifts, New Years and all that jazz, and I for one can't think of one good reason for you to go into good ol' GROGAN'S this month.

~~Like~~ I've had nightmares about this day, but let's face it there just isn't a good reason to go into a jewelry store every month. Leastways not if you're sem normal. . . Of course, there is Valentines Day coming up and you may figure that that is the ideal time to make a presentation of a diamond or some other bauble of value as tangible evidence of romantic interest. If so, GROGAN can fix you up but good.

If not, don't feel too bad, but do remember that GROGAN will be happy to have you drop by even if you aren't in the market for any jewel-type merchandise. Ask him about the traveling salesman who...

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The BEAT MEN

Wor t. S. Eliot turns Beat

We are the beat men
We are the neat men
We are the reet men
We are the sweet men.

This is the bad land
This is the sad land
This is the mad land
This is the pad land.

I should have been a pair of ragged sideburns
Struggling down the cheeks of Mahatma Ghandi.

The minds are not here
There are no minds here
In this Beach of Pontius Pilate
In this Beach of sobbing violets
I see the broken fingernail of Eric Nord.

Here we go round the Bagel Shop
Bagel Shop Bagel Shop
Here we go round the Bagel Shop
And laugh at the president of Wonder Bread.



Between the idea
And the poetry
Between the reading
And the understanding
Falls the arches

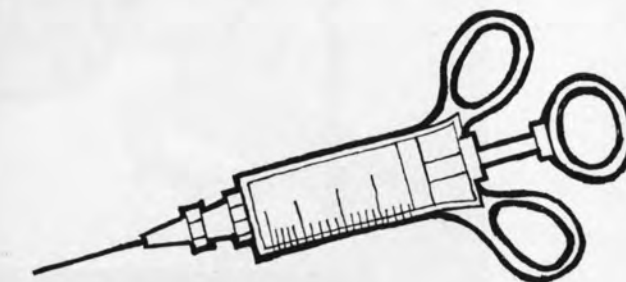
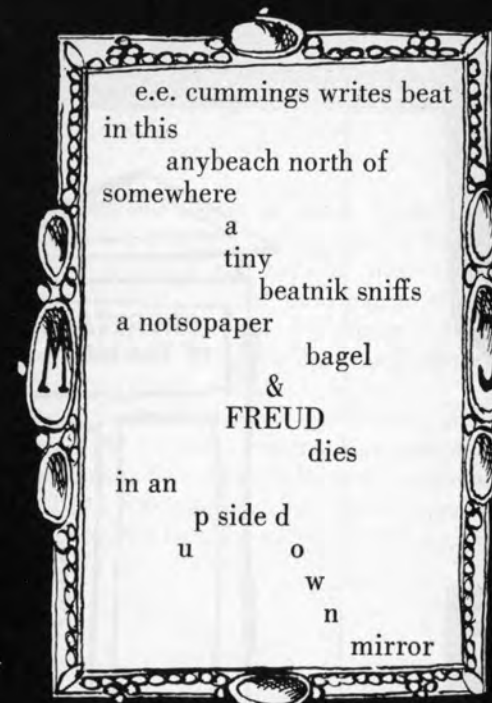
For ours is the Cooldom.

Will the veiled Beatnik between the
Open garbage cans pray for us
Who must eat, though we're beat,
And excrete, though elite?

Because I do not need a fix again
Because I do not need
Because I do not need a fix

(I shall sell my needle to a diabetic
And become myself a schizophrenic).

This is the way the meal ends
This is the way the meal ends
This is the way the meal ends
Not with a burp but a hiccup.



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"We'll take two."

Misguided Person: "The dog seems to like to watch you cut hair."

Union Barber: "Not particularly, but sometimes I slip and snip off an ear."

A rich bachelor girl made it a practice to invite several servicemen each weekend to her sumptuous country estate. One week a good-looking officer showed up alone. It was a case of love at first sight. The impact was terrific. As he was leaving, he held her in a close embrace. Kissing her, he asked: "Suppose dear, after a few months you should find something was, er, wrong—what would you do?"

"Why—why—I would shoot myself!"

He patted her on the back encouragingly, "Atta girl!" he said.

A fugitive scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of the great general in Central Park. Sure enough the statute gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed. "I have given you life," he exclaimed. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the general ripping his revolver from his side holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million pigeons!"



The Old Boy's Boheme Queen is, as the Beats themselves would say, 'way out. She is so 'way out that the Old Boy went all the way out to San Diego to find her. Her name is Suzanne Reamo, like she is eighteen years old, she stands 5' 4", her eyes are hazel, her hair is brown and she is a freshman at San Diego State. The folks down in San Diego dug her enough to judge her second in the Miss San Diego contest.

Like any good bohemian-type she enjoys drawing and painting (also singing—she is a music major). Her ambition at the moment is to be housemother of the D. U. pad (wonder why?). If North Beach had a few inhabitants like Suzanne perhaps the Beat Generation wouldn't be so beat after all. I mean, yes, yes, YES!



Photography by Jim Sutherland



the old boy presents

Suzanne Reamo

his aware queen

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STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER

DA 5-0176

Exactly nine months after their wedding the Browns headed for the hospital, where Mrs. Brown was rushed into the maternity ward. Mr. Brown like all good expectant fathers, paced the floor in the anteroom awaiting the joyous tiding. In due time the nurse put in her appearance. "Congratulations!" she said, "you're the father of a dandy seven-pound boy!"

"Fine!" exclaimed Brown as he consulted his watch carefully for the time. "It's exactly nine o'clock! Isn't nature grand?"

In a matter of minutes the nurse put in her appearance again. "What a lucky man you are," she said, "you have been twice blessed. Now you are also the father of a fine baby girl!"

"Great!" exclaimed Brown, again consulting his watch carefully. "It is now exactly nine-thirty. Isn't nature grand?" And with that remark he started off down the hall.

"Just a minute!" called the nurse, "where are you going?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd go for a little stroll," explained Brown. "The next one isn't due until ten forty-five."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the little brook, as the fat lady fell off the bridge.

Nurse: I think that student in 212 is regaining consciousness, doctor. He just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.



—Jack-O-Lantern

A Sigma Phi Naught was part of a crowd watching a human fly about to ascend the Empire State Building. The Human Fly bows to the crowd and is about to turn to begin his climb when the S.P.N. staggers drunkenly through the crowd crying. "Any thing you can do I can do better."

The Human Fly tosses him a disdainful look and begins his ascent. Half way up the Empire State, the Human Fly turns to wave at the crowd and is dismayed to see S.P.N. clambering up just below him. Finally the two of them gain the summit. The Human Fly challenges "You may have climbed the Empire State, but you won't do what I do now!" Without further ado the H.F. leaps from the summit of the Empire State Bldg. Halfway down he pulls the cord on a hidden parachute. As he floats leisurely down he hears a voice hurtle by him "c-h-i-C-k-e-n-n-n-n."



They said it couldn't be done. But Warren G. Wanka of Alvarado, Calif., killed two birds with one stone.

—Record

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SEX POEMS

WORM YOUR DOG

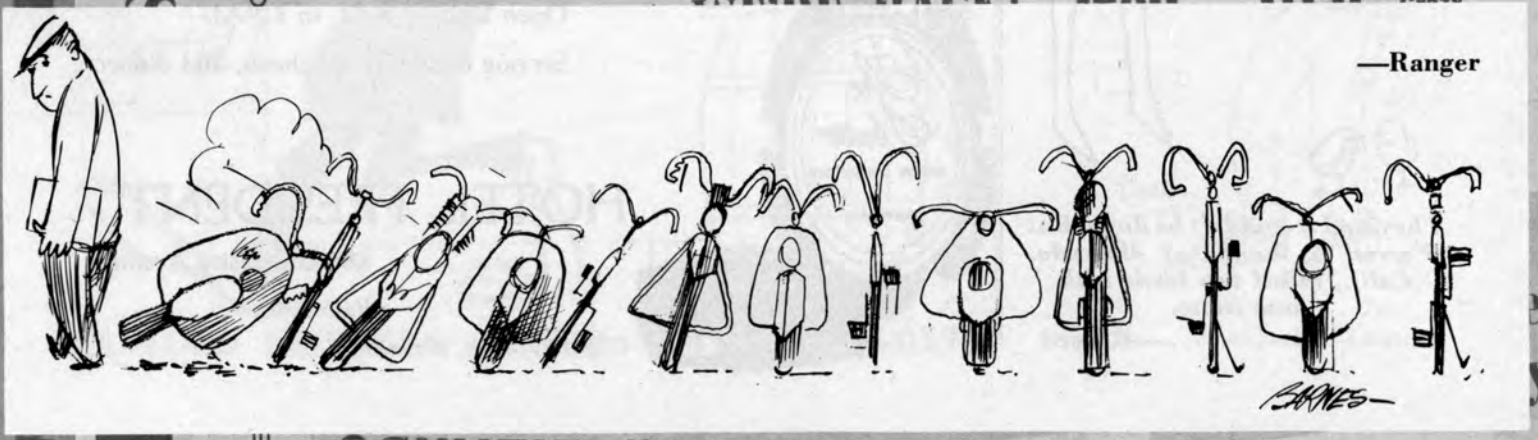
GUARANTEED 4 YEARS



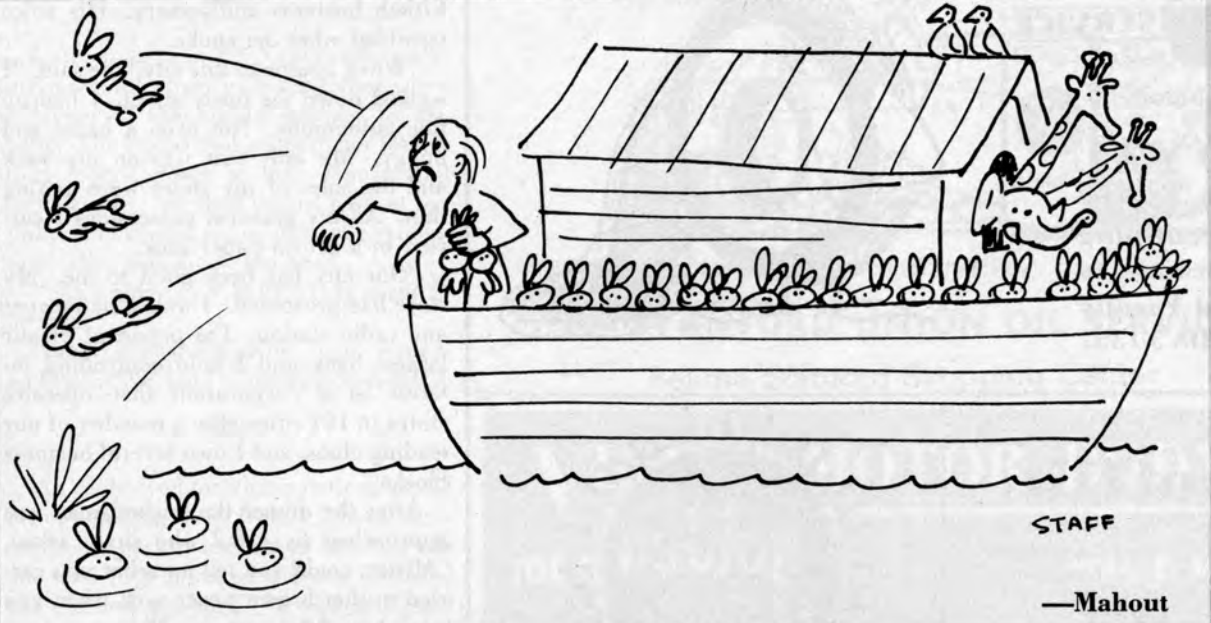
"Smartest damn dog in the whole country."



—Ugh

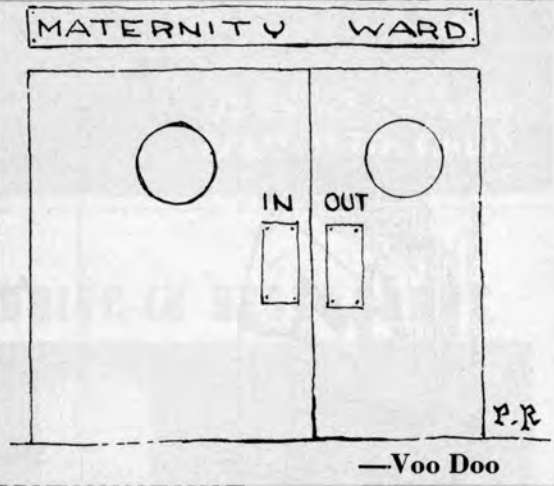


—Ranger



STAFF

—Mahout



—Voo Doo



"Ubangi?"

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A rich businessman was deeply touched when he arose to speak at the testimonial dinner given in honor of his fiftieth business anniversary. His voice trembled when he spoke.

"When I came to this city," he said, "I walked down the dusty street. I had no fine automobile. Not even a horse and buggy. My only suit was on my back and the soles of my shoes were getting thin. All my personal possessions I carried in a brown paper sack.

"Our city has been good to me. My store has prospered. I own a newspaper and radio station. I'm president of our largest bank and I hold controlling interest in a corporation that operates stores in 157 cities. I'm a member of our leading clubs, and I own several business blocks."

After the dinner the businessman was approached by a lad who shyly asked, "Mister, could you tell me what you carried in that brown paper sack when you came here fifty years ago?"

"Sure, son, I can recall every item. In that bag I had \$300,000 in cash and \$500,000 in negotiable securities."

A Russian visitor to America was escorted by a guide through the huge automobile factory in Detroit. While walking around and looking about in amazement he stopped to chat with one of the production line workers.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you in favor of the capitalist system or the Communist system?"

The worker looked at him for a moment and then replied: "Oh, the capitalist system, definitely."

"And why," asked the Russian.

"Well, let me explain," the worker said drawing a deep breath. "Now for example, say it's about time to leave work and you're standing on the corner waiting for a bus when a big black limousine comes along. It stops in front of you and it's your boss. He tells you to jump in and you drive away. After a while he says, 'How about stopping at my estate and having a swim?' So you go and when you finish he serves you a tall, cool drink and then invites you to stay for dinner. So you stay and have a delicious dinner and a few more drinks. As it is getting late the boss suggests you remain over night. So you stay all night with him and after a delicious breakfast drive back in style with the boss to the factory. And that is why I like the capitalist system."

The Russian was astounded, "Good heavens," he gasped, "has that happened to you?"

"Oh, no," said the worker, "but it's happened to my sister twice."

Little four-year-old Nancy was walking down the street with her father when a friend of the family stopped to say hello. The friend spoke first to her father, then looked down at little Nancy and smiled sadly. He then looked back at her father and smiled again, this time sympathetically, and shook his head.

"She's not very P-R-E-T-T-Y, is she?" he said.

Nancy looked up at the man, smiled, and said: "No, but I'm pretty S-M-A-R-T."

An eagle-eyed mortician noticed an old crone shuffling away from a funeral service at his parlor, and asked her how old she was. "One hundred and one," cackled the old lady proudly. "Well, well," said the mortician suavely. "Hardly worth going home, is it?"

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ON THE STREET

RAY FUNKHOUSER



I first met Dean Mortuary not long after my wife and I split. It was on Route 6. It was pouring rain. I was trying to make Denver. The street was deserted, the outskirts of nowhere, no place to rack out for the night. Down the street a gleam grew into a pair of headlights, the first car in hours. It stopped. "Making Denver, man?" I yelled as I ran up to the car. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!!!" answered a voice from the car, "Am I making Denver!!!" Then the car pulled away and disappeared down the street. I caught a bad cold that night and had to go back to school for a semester. No Denver that year.

I was making Denver! Just outside Oswego a big flatbed truck loaded with bums like myself noticed my thumb and stopped and everybody yelled "Man, get on!!" So I got on. It was dark and we were highballing down the street through the night and the scenery looked closer and closer to Denver every minute. I examined the other men on the truck. What experiences these men have had. What thoughts they've seen. What thoughts they've thought. This was going through my head as the miles slipped by because I wanted to see and experience and think too, and that was why I was on the street. "Watcha in fer?" asked the man sitting next to me. "Denver, man—I'm making Denver!" I replied. "No, Jack, I said, 'Watcha in fer?'—like I'm in fer crackin' safes and the Spic over there is in fer swipin' cars—so, watcha in fer?" "Isn't this a truck being driven by a couple of carefree kids from Minnesota to Los Angeles?" I asked. "Los Angeles, hell—we're all headed fer the Oswego prison farm." I got up and started to walk over to the edge of the truck but was motioned back to my place by a guard's sawed off shotgun. No Denver that year.

It was great being back in Frisco. The first thing I did was look up my old friend, Reamy Beaucoup. I found his shack in a canyon down by the docks. There was a sign on the door. "Soul Parasite! Get lost. signed, Reamy Beaucoup." It was weather-beaten and grey with age. Same old Reamy, I thought, as I climbed in through the window. Reamy was with Lu Ann making fudge in the kitchen. "Aaaaaaah, Parasite!" he shouted when he saw me. "Aaaaaaah, Parasite!!" Nobody can shout like Reamy.

"There must be a lot of Italians in Rome," I said. "Italians! Rome! Aaaaaaah, Parasites!!!" he yelled. "Did you hear what Parasite said? Italians! Rome! Hoo! Haw! Har! Hee! He's a psycho. Parasite, get out."

It was at that moment that Dean came in. "Dean!" I yelled. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, man!" he screamed. "Ah, harumph, egad, yes—it's Parasite! Soul, friend, we are going to make Denver together, man! Yes, yes, yes! We are going to dig life together and find IT, man!" "You mean we'll go on the street together and dig everything and find your father and have a ball and go and find IT?" I said. "Man," said Dean, "like, yeah. There's nothin' else to do. The TV's busted."

So I grabbed my old beatup trunk and Dean got his dirty T-shirts together and we went downtown to pick up our unemployment checks and borrow a car. Dean was digging everything in sight in his enthusiastic exuberance, his head going in fifty different directions at once. "Oh, man, dig that, and dig him, and dig that cat, and oh, dig HER, and, OH, MAN, dig HIM!!!" He pointed to a man going through gyrations similar to his own. "Oh, yes, yes, yes, man!" shouted Dean. "Tell me—are you hip?" "No, man," he replied. "Grand mal."

"Will we make Denver by midnight, man?" I asked. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!" exclaimed Dean pounding his fist through the dashboard. "And when we get there, we'll look everybody up!" "Oh, yes, yes, YES!" yelled Dean breaking out the window with his elbow. We passed a sign—*Denver 876*. Dean was driving at his usual steady ninety miles per. "And we'll throw parties and get drunk!" "Oh, yes, YES, YES!!!" screamed Dean tearing off great handfuls of the headlining. "And we'll dig EVERYTHING and have a BALL!" "Oh, YES, YES, YES!!!" shrieked Dean kicking out the windshield. We passed a sign—*Denver 881*. "Man, did you dig the sign?" I asked. "Uh huh," said Dean, "like, we are not making Denver." He pulled off the street to make a U turn. Simultaneously the rear tires got stuck in the mud and the motor died. We were out of gas. We were off the street. We put out our thumbs and waited. It was three weeks before we found out from a guy on a caterpillar tractor that *Detour* signs had been put out ten miles down the

highway in both directions while the whole section was under repair. No Denver that year.

The rest of that year was wasted. I went to school and Dean got a job in N.Y. City. He had a new wife to support now. But even though he had divorced Irene, he was still going over across town to see her every night. He had Sylvia drive him over while Samantha stayed at home with the kids. And when Samantha and the kids were out, he called up Doris and she came over. Of course every weekend he went over and saw either Mamie in Queens or Poopsie in the Bronx. And then there was that dancer in the Village—Delores. And his first wife, Portia, would come up and see him from Jersey City every now and then. Dean wasn't a bad kid at heart—he just didn't know when to stop.

The next time I saw him was at a party. What a party it was! Everybody was there. Carlo, Vanny, J.P., Rocky, Lawrence, Emily, Amy, Porfirio—EVERYBODY! I had a rough time crashing it. Out of the crowd I heard "OH, YES, YES, YES!!!" It was Dean! "Dean!!!" I yelled. "Soul!!!" he yelled back. "I've found myself—at last I've found myself!" The lucky bum had done what we all are trying vainly to do—find ourselves. "How did you do it?" I asked, slapping him on the back, the dust flying from his T-shirt. "Man, it was easy. I was walking around here and I saw a guy all passed out under a table and I picked up the table cloth and looked at him—and it was ME!!!" exclaimed Dean. "I've found myself!!!" What a party.

It was at that party that we decided to go back on the street and try to make Denver. Dean had bought a '47 Hudson and was anxious to get back on the street. So we went back on the street. We swiped some bread for sandwiches and conned some gas and we were on our way to Denver in no time flat. Dean would drive for thirty hours and then I would drive for thirty while he slept. It was that way all the way. In Tallahassee the rear end went and we had to borrow a car. In Nogales we got picked up for using phony credit cards and had to bust jail. In Chi we got a guy's Cadillac to drive to Toledo while he flew with his family. We smashed it up just out-

side of Atlanta and had to write him a letter. We wrote it anonymously. In Boston Dean got married again. In Mexico City he got divorced again. We were determined to make Denver—it had become an all-consuming fire within us both. All we ever did, our whole lives, everything was now wrapped up in our making Denver. To not make Denver would have been the ends of our lives. Defeat. Futility. The end.

Outside of Los Angeles we got beat up by a bunch of high school kids. In Portland our phony Diner's Club cards were lifted. We picked up a car with a bad engine in Tucson and it threw a rod in Pittsburgh. But we were going to make Denver at all costs. Nothing could stop us now. We got rolled

in Keokuk and had to get jobs in Bismarck. We hitchhiked from there to Bemidji and got stranded in a blizzard for sixteen days with two Baptist ministers. But we were determined to make Denver. From Bemidji we rode the rods to Mobile, where we were thrown in a chain gang. We escaped, swiped a car in Jackson and made it to Vancouver, where we got into a scrape with the border officials. But it was in Colorado Springs where the final blow fell. Dean got a letter from his mother telling him to quit running around and come right straight home. No Denver that year.

There is was—*Denver City limits*
0000000000 00000000 0000 (the rest

of the sign was riddled with bullet holes)!! We had made it after all these years we had been on the street! Denver! Our goal! "Dean!!!" I yelled. "We've made it! Man, we've made Denver at last!" "OH, YES, YES, YES, YES!!!" shrieked Dean. "Like it's Denver, and we've made it!!" We stood there in awe for a long time looking at the sign and at the sprawling metropolis beyond and breathing the crisp mountain air and digging everything because life can be beautiful and we were living. "Well, what shall we do?" asked Dean. "Do?" I answered. "I don't have anything special to do—I thought you did." "Not me," said Dean. "I thought you did." We stood there in awe for a long time. "Well, hell, man," said Dean, "let's go home."



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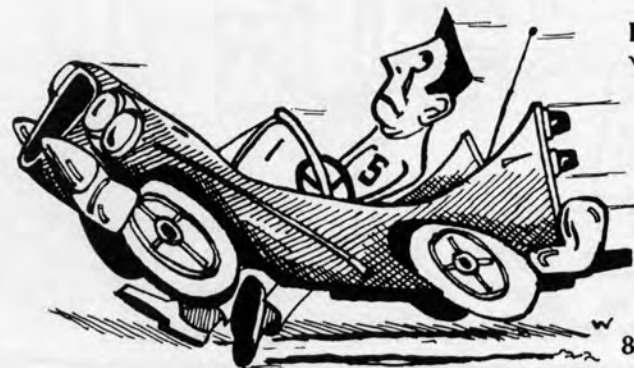
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"Good shot, Little John! And now I will split your arrow where it fell!"

—Ranger

A freshly married featherbrained girl was being taken on a guided tour of a furniture manufacturing company. "Is there anything in particular you would like to see?" the guide asked the group. "Yes," said the girl, "I'd like to see how they make that beautiful furniture out of those crinkly little walnuts."

"Do they make false eyes out of glass?"

"Certainly! How else could you see through them?"

What're ya studyin'?

Sociology.

Hard?

Nope.

Can ya cut often?

Never calls the roll.

Much outside reading?

None.

Many tests?

No tests.

Call on ya often?

Once a week.

Thought there was a catch to it.

"Go to father," she said.

When I asked her to wed

And she knew that I knew

That her father was dead.

And she knew that I knew

What a life he had led.

And she knew that I knew

What she meant when she said,

"Go to father!"

She was only a golfer's daughter, so she went around in as little as possible.

The termite came into the Berg, climbed up on the stool, and demanded, "Where's the bar, tender?"

Once upon a time in the far off land of Seldom Ever there was a princess. Her name was Snow White, the fairest of them all. She lived in a forest with seven little dwarfs—Doc, Sleepy, Dopey, Grumpy, Happy, Sneezey, and Bashful. It was a happy existence. Snow White's favorite pastime was taking pictures. One day she took her Baby Brownie and snapped pictures of each of the dwarfs. Finishing the roll off with a group portrait, Snow White wrapped up the film and sent it to the Kodak Company. Then Snow White sat down and sang "Some Day My Prints Will Come."

The new mother of triplets was gushing. "And to think, it only happens once in every 185,875 times!"

"That's wonderful," agreed her friend, "but when do you find time to do your housework?"

A young draftee had been in the army only three weeks, but he had learned the gentle art of loafing. He was carefully following the occupation when the sergeant came around the corner and saw him sprawled across the steps.

"Whadda ya think yer doin'?" demanded the sergeant.

The boy leaped to his feet. "I'm . . . er . . . procrastinating, sir."

The sergeant frowned for a moment, then said gruffly, "All right, just so long as you keep busy."

"I was left on a door step, and I don't know who I am."

"Well, maybe you're a milk bottle."

He: "Gosh, but I'd like to make all of your dreams come true."

She: "I'll slap your face if you try."



"I tell you, professor, this conformity we see all around us is a curse!"



Rolly Somer • Norm Standlee

JUICE

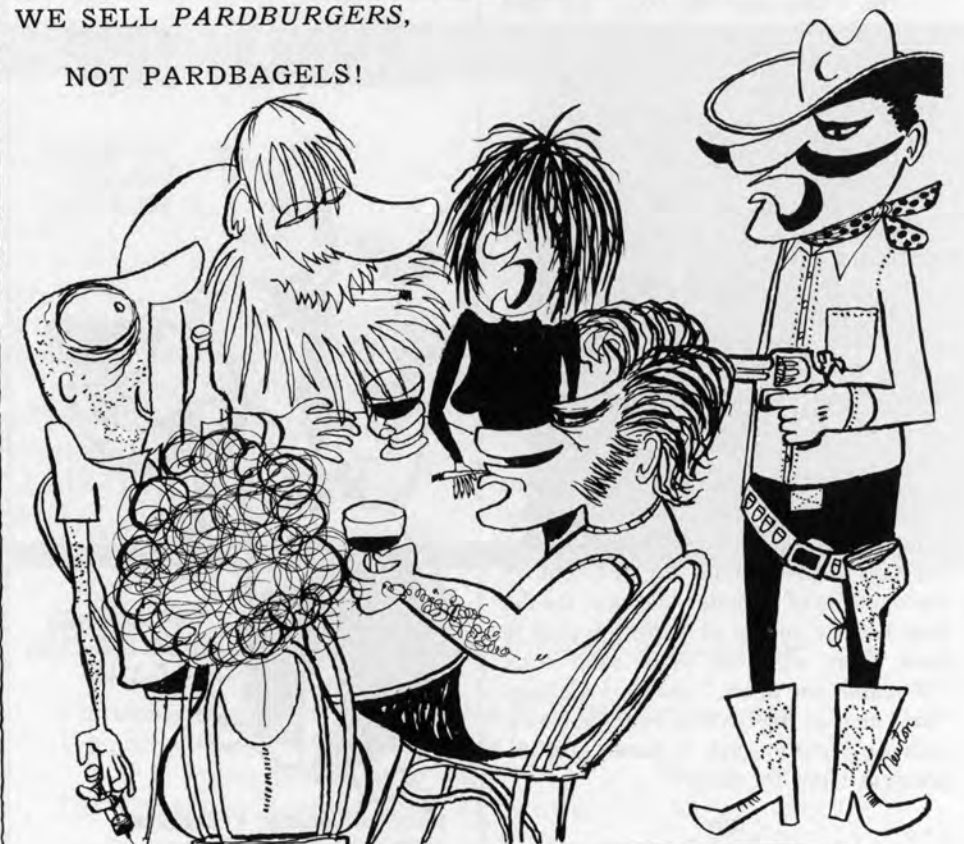
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"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times no!"

A wealthy farmer decided to go to church one Sunday. After services he approached the preacher with much enthusiasm, "Reverend, that was a damned good sermon you gave, damned good!"

Reverend: "I'm satisfied that you liked it. But I wish you wouldn't use those terms in expressing yourself."

Farmer: "I can't help it, Reverend, I still think it was a damned good sermon, and I was so impressed that I put a hundred dollar bill in the collection basket."

Reverend: "The hell you did!"

"Did ya hear the one about the seventh grade teacher who assigned her class to write their first novel?"

She explained that the four basic elements of successful fiction are religion, royalty, sex and mystery. After about ten minutes little Peter walked up to the teacher's desk and said, "Teacher, I've finished!"

"In ten minutes?" asked the teacher. "Are you sure you included the four basic elements, religion, royalty, sex and mystery?"

"Yes, I did," said the boy. "I'll read it to you:"

Holy Moses said the Princess!
Pregnant again!
I Wonder Who Done It!"

Fellow to blind date: "I don't believe in reincarnation, but what were you before you died?"

Salesgirl, showing lingerie to a man: "This is the only place you can touch these for anywhere near the price."

The last word on the royal and ancient game of golf was passed by two wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco, who were invited to spend a day at a country club outside of Berkeley and saw, for the first time, a couple of duffers trying to hack their way out of a sand trap. "Wouldn't you think," observed Ah Sing, "that men as rich as that could get servants to perform such arduous and unpleasant labor for them?"

Professor—one who leads a simple sober life because he never has enough money to make a fool of himself.

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DA 6-3344

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LEDOX

with apologies to
Allen Ginsberg

by TOM LIVINGSTON

II.
What tower of Hoover and libe cemented their souls to their feet
(no stench of learning through cordovans)!
Axe Honor Code! Axe Fundamental Standard! Axe Daintiness! Christ
dedicated to Leland Stanford in memory of.
Oyster-faced students who carried pocket knives from outer quad to
inner quad to memorial church where they opened them in
Horror and sobbed out the Axe Yell, breaking their vocal cords lift-
ing the Axe Yell to God who forgave them in their anguish
And gave them back the axe. Holy Redemption! Holy Axe! Holy Wallace!
Holy Sterling! Holy Silver! Holy Tonto! Holy Lone Ranger!
Gene Autry, alone and forgotten, slicing his eyeballs with his guitar
strings, and sobbing before Wyatt Earp.
There is no redemption! There is only TIME. Holy TIME! Holy Luce!
Holy FORTUNE! Holy Smokes!



III.
Hi Ho Silver, I'm with you at Stanford where you are more
president than I.
I'm with you at Stanford where you must feel very naughty.
I'm with you at Stanford where you laugh
before the Weeping Angel.
I'm with you at Stanford where we take the
kitty car to Agnew.
I'm with you at Stanford where some accuse professors
of starting the pacifist revolution
and send them through the temporary buildings
to the El Camino Path.
I'm with you at Stanford
in my dreams you come lurching from a cocktail party
in giggles to fall exhausted at my door and give me
my degree.

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Imported Skis by Attenhofer, Kastle, Blizzard, Kniessl and Rossignol
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Use your Spiro's charge account or convenient 90-day-to-pay plan.
Open Thursday 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

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



"She loves me..."



"She loves me not..."



RASCOE + BARNEY

"She loves me!"

A cynic is a person who, when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin.

An enterprising man was seen at the crematorium the other day gathering up ashes—which he sends to cannibals so they can have instant people.

Boy: "You never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a dark room?"

Girl: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

The traveler approached the lost-and-found department. "I left a bottle of gin on the train last night," he said, "I thought possibly it might have been turned in."

"No, it wasn't," the claim manager replied, "but the man who found it was."

A rolling stone gathers no moss. But it gets damn smooth.

"In this bottle I have peroxide which makes blondes and in this bottle I have dye which makes brunettes."

"Yeah, and what's in the 3rd bottle?"
"Gin."

A five-year-old boy went with his mother to see a young couple's new baby. He gazed at the small, red, wrinkled face a long time, then murmured solemnly: "So that's why she hid him under her coat so long!"



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—Kitty Kat



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with apologies to Jules Feiffer

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