

Shirley Harnish
300 Branner

STANFORD

Chaparral

FORTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

FALL 1944 25c



Since I got this sweater — they let me set in the parlor



THIS ALL-WOOL SLIP-ON is an unusually fine choice if you want both comfort and good looks in a sweater. It has a soft, luxurious feeling and will hold its shape even with constant, hard wear. A fine color selection in tan, blue or green. Priced at **\$7.95**



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS

Cover
Ed McLellan outdid himself on the CHAPPIE's second four-color photographic cover. Dick Driscoll is responsible for the clever set, and former Old Boy Barney McClure is responsible for the puppet.

Opener
Drawing by Bob Breer, who unfortunately works for the Daily; poem by some turkey named Gugel.

Cartoon Grab-Bag
Six pages of Yuk-Yuks by old Chappies and new Chappies and by Otto Soglow, who isn't a Chappie at all, but a good guy nevertheless because he sent us a drawing for our anniversary.

War of the Whirls
René Zentner has taken up the famed opium pipe and come through with this fantastic tale about Social Policy, Belsotti's, and the Free Toyon Guards.

Fables
Chappies retell their favorite printable *Fables of the Farm*. The drawing is another goodie by Bob Breer.

45 Years of Fun
An unbiased history of the greatest little magazine west of the Farallones, now selling at the new low price of 25 cents.

Be Funny, Weaver
This gem is by that famous old Chappie, "Doodles" Weaver, '35, '36, '37, who is now a well-known Hollywood movie comic and monster of ceremonies.

(Continued on page 2)

Forty five years is a long time to be funny.

Congratulations CHAPARRAL!



GUMP'S
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SHIRT CLASSIC

Perennial favorite among suit enthusiasts. Fashioned of Sacyony-Ciella, the heavenly acetate rayon which wears and wears and seldom shows a wrinkle.

4.95



Bryant's

261 University Avenue

PRESENTS

(Continued from page 1)

Queens

Sex, and we're so tired of it all, what with the ratio and stuff like that there.

Laundered in Lunacy

A really fine character study by the author of *Low Man on a Totem Pole* and *Life in a Putty Knife Factory*.

Other Stuff

All sorts of things including exchange jokes, stories, Now Thats, poems, and ads may be found by the careful reader.

Private (to date): "Do you know that stupid colonel standing over there? He's the lowest moron I've ever seen."

Date: "Do you know who I am? I'm the colonel's daughter."

Private: "Do you know who I am?"

Date: "No."

Private: "Thank God."

Cop—How did you puncture this tire?

Driver—Ran over a milk bottle.

Cop—Didn't you see it in time?

Driver—Naw, the kid had it under his arm.

Little Boy: "Why is it that cream costs more than milk?"

Milkman: "Because it's harder for a cow to sit on the little bottles."

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
VOL. 46, NO. 1 OCTOBER, 1944

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Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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the clothes closet

520 RAMONA
PALO ALTO

THE OLD BOY'S MAIL BAG

Dear fellow writers:

A couple of days ago, while doing a plumbing job out at Eddie Cantor's, I happened to look into Eddie's wastebasket (not being nosey or nothing, but just out of curiosity) and what do I find but a letter from you asking Eddie to write something for the CHAPARRAL.

Now being a sorta amature writer myself, I thinks, "Maybe they can use some of my stuff." That's what I thinks. Course, I realize that I ain't as well known as Eddie, but then if he ain't going to send you nothing, I figure the next best thing you could use is some stuff by the guy who does Eddie's plumbing.

I have written much. Some of the titles are, *The Future of Plumbing in the Postwar World*, *How to Tighten a Joint on a Right-Angle Pipe*, *Does Your Toilet Flush Different Lately?* and many others. I will send you any or all of this stuff if you so request.

Hoping you will wire immediately for me to send you some of my stories C.O.D. I am

"The Water Closet Shakespere,"
JIMMY MULCAHY

P.S. I think the CHAPARRAL is a great newspaper.

October 13, 1944

The Stanford Chaparral
Stanford University
California

Now that the CHAPARRAL has managed to survive 45 years, we of the *Stanford Daily* have little hope that the magazine will die a natural death; we can only continue our traditional battle until one of us collapses in defeat.

Seriously, however, the *Daily* is proud to be associated in publication with the Chappie, and the Chappies. Nationally famous, the CHAPARRAL in 45 years of growth has established a fine record and an excellent reputation.

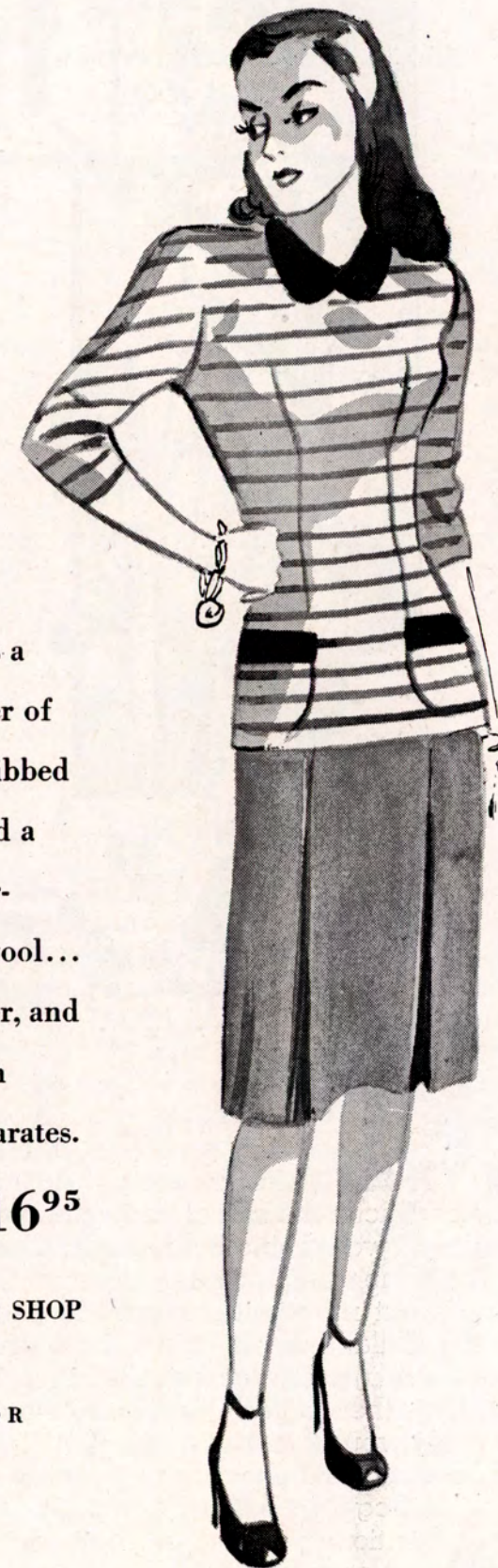
Sincerely,
DAVID DAVIS
Editor, the Daily

"What did you find out about the salivary glands?"

"Didn't find a thing, Prof. They're too darn secretive."

Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



DATE-WISE

dress combines a striped pullover of chenille-like ribbed semi-sheer, and a skirt of feather-weight black wool... perfect together, and grand to switch with other separates.

16⁹⁵

YOUNG WORLD SHOP

Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15

FIFTH FLOOR

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 46, No. 1, 1944-45
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Published under the auspices of the Associated Students
 of Stanford University by the Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor
 Society
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Barney Gugel, '45 Editor-in-Chief Wm. W. Gilbert, '43 Business Manager
 Dick Fayram, '45 Managing Editor
 Dick Driscoll, '44 W. G. T. Hyer, '44

HONORARY

Art Lites, '32 Jim Nute, '31
 Ed McLellan Gertrude Owler

ESTABLISHED OCT 5 1899 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT *Is Yo' Is or Is Yo' Ain't Mah Baby* is not exactly the sort of thing a person in his right mind would sing in Memorial Church, and by the same token, no one in his right mind would burst out into a quick chorus of an *Agnus Dei* at the Palladium. In spirit the Stanford Hymn and a religious hymn have much in common, and that the Stanford Hymn is not the sort of thing one would sing in a dance hall goes without saying. Yet that was exactly what happened at the Reg Dance this quarter. Undoubtedly the intentions were of the best, but the taste was most certainly not.

For some time the Old One's digestive juices have been curdled by the display of bad taste on the part of certain student leaders, and he feels that the time has arrived for these innocents to be informed of one of the basic facts of life, namely, that there is a time and place for everything.

The Ancient One will overlook the performances last year at the Spring Sing and the Cal-UCLA rally, and speak only of events of the present quarter, of which the Hymn-singing episode is a striking example.

At the same Reg Dance, the Axe Yell was

given, a yell that, according to tradition, is supposed to be given only at the Big Game and the Rally preceding that game. The Reg Dance was hardly the time and place to give the Axe Yell, or as a matter of fact, any yell. But enough of the Reg Dance.

The *pièce de résistance* occurred at the all-University Assembly, where a yell was dedicated to Dr. Tresidder under the supposition that the students' deep regard for Dr. Tresidder could be expressed in such a shallow thing as a yell, and especially the particular one that was used. It was a feeble way to have the Student Body express its gratitude and respect for Dr. Tresidder's interest and patient understanding of students and their problems. The Student Body would have done much better had they stood up when the President rose to speak. Standing for the President is a tradition, and that Assembly was the first time the Ancient One had ever seen it broken. The failure to stand up, of course, was partly due to the fact that there was confusion after the playing of the national anthem, and probably partly due to ignorance on the part of some of the new students.

Getting back to the original subject, there is obviously a need for the students to give vent to their school spirit, to give yells, sing the school songs and the Hymn, but it is up to the student leaders to see that, when done, it is appropriate, so that the Stanford cheers, songs, and Hymn do not lose their meaning. School spirit and good taste can be had at the same time.

NOW THAT fate really plays strange tricks on people, and the CHAPARRAL got its share last month. Dick Driscoll was elected Old Boy last spring and put out his first mag during Summer Quarter. Between quarters he underwent an operation, and owing to complications was unable to resume his duties as editor this fall, which put the managing editor in as Old Boy for the quarter. Drisc will be back on the job during Winter Quarter to put out bigger and better CHAPARRALS, and help keep the mag the greatest little ol' yuk-yuk in the country.

NOW THAT Forty-fifth Anniversary CHAPARRAL would not be complete without a few "Now Thats" by the first editor of CHAPARRAL, Chris Bradley, whose undying interest and faith in the magazine has been an inspiration to a generation of Chappies. So, without further

ado, we humbly hand over the Cap and Bells to the first Old Boy.

NOW THAT good humor is decadent and deep gloom so prevalent, it is consistent, but lamentable, to curtail the output from any source—particularly as expounded in magazines expressing the fun spirit on the university and college campus. It is difficult to create an acceptable vehicle for this robust thing; it is a tragedy to clamp the lid on it by inconsiderate censorship or by too-infrequent published outlet. The humor of undergraduate life is robust even though it be sometimes just a bust. At any rate it promotes good digestion. To start a smile is a talent; to expand it into a chuckle, a worthy virtue; to promote a belly-laugh is genius. The founder of CHAPARRAL earnestly believed these things and he believed that the source of all good humor and good will is in the smile, developed into the higher ranges of the scale as indicated here. To wipe off a smile is a misdemeanor; to suppress a chortle is a felony, and to hold back a laugh in the higher brackets is a hitler. Don't do it or let it be done.

"'Tis better to have lived and laughed than never to have lived at all." It's an awful thing to stop laughing and stop living. We won't.

Smiles, chuckles, and laughs will prevent wars, and stop wars.

—C. B.

NOW THAT the Light Heart has been placed temporarily in the keeping of old-time editors, it is sure that they will process it with harmless stimulants—funny advice—and return it to undergraduate keeping somewhat lighter and brighter. A mouldy guy cannot entertain or inspire; brush off the mould, is the remedy. A sourpuss is sparkless; discard the sour, and replace with a sparkling smile; the result must be sparks that will scintillate without burning. This is the remedy. There are two kinds of risqué, the couth and the uncouth; flavor mildly with the couth; abjure the uncouth. A keen sense of smell, adroitly used, will help. Bury the skunky stuff. It won't wash off. That's the remedy. It is what we used to do. If the editor writes with a smile, it can't be bad. Smile, smile, smile, and set it to music, lively music. Son, herewith returned, with thanks, and a smile, is your Light Heart. Look inside it. It is full of gold.

—C. B.

City Paris
DOUBLES 4500 UNION SQUARE



Tailored Dresses,

Smartly styled,

Colorful and kippy,

for Town or Country.

From an interesting collection.

better sports shop, third floor

1st Seagull—Who won the football game down there, Cal or USC?
 2d Seagull—USC by a touchdown.
 1st Seagull—And to think I put everything I had on Cal.

"Well," said the marriage clerk, "what are your names?"
 "Sontag Loomis," said the boy.
 "Mary Smith," said the girl.
 "And how old are you, Sontag?"
 "Sixteen, sir."
 "And you, Mary?"
 "Fifteen, sir."

"Sontag, don't you know that being as young as you are, you can't marry this girl without her father's consent?"

Sontag looked at him for a moment and then spoke:

"Yah, and who do you think that is standing over there with a shotgun—Daniel Boone?"

Papa loved mama,
 Mama loved men;
 Mama's in the graveyard,
 Papa's in the pen.
 —Exchange

Guest (to host in new home)—How do you find it here?
 Host—Walk upstairs, then two doors to the left.

Some girls I've known said they wouldn't
 While some even said that they couldn't;
 I sure wasn't rating, so now I am dating
 A girl who just says that she shouldn't.



"One more 'long-time-no-see' and I'll beat hell out of you!"

L'OMELETTE



ON MANGE
 BIEN
 A
 L'OMELETTE

Closed
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3 MILES SOUTH OF PALO ALTO

Telephone: Palo Alto 8922

The circus had come to town, and Willy, who had never seen an elephant before, woke up one morning to find a huge pachyderm tearing up the garden. Rushing to the telephone he called the police. "Officer, there's a big animal tearing up the plants in the garden with his tail." "Yeah?" queried the sergeant, crossing his fingers. "What's he doing with them?" "Officer," gasped the boy, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you!"
 —Voo Doo

"Pahson, suh," said a ducky, "ah wants yo' to pray fo' me. Ah's in a bad way, suh."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong with you?"

"Suh, Ise got a floatin' kidney."

"But Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things; I pray only for spiritual things."

"Yo' cain't pray fo' a floatin' kidney? Den how come all last Sunday all yo' did was pray fo' de loose livers?"

"Take your hands off my leg."

"Them ain't my hands. Those damn mice must be at it again."

Little Willie, cute but dumb,
 Gouged his eye out with his thumb.
 "Mercy on us!" screamed his mother.
 "Hell," said Bill, "I got another!"

Little Martha in the attic
 Found her father's automatic.
 Then, in simple childish glee,
 Shot the iceman in the knee.
 Mother shouted, "What a bother,
 Why, he might have been your father."

"I want to change my name,
 Judge."

"What's your name?"

"Joe Stinks."

"I don't blame you. What do you want to change it to?"

"Charlie."

The drunk staggered up on his front porch, and before he could get out his key, the door opened and his wife peered out.

"You better come in and go to bed, dear," she said.

"Mightash well," was the reply.
 "My wife'll gimme hell anyhow."



"I don't use a Moose call. I just smoke fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet
 as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



BUY WAR
 STAMPS
 AND
 BONDS

FREE! 24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Mother—Freddie, have you seen your sister anywhere?

Freddie—Yeah, she's out on the front porch naked.

Mother—Goodness, you scared me. For a minute I thought you said necking.



Jimmy: "We've got a new baby down at our house."

Neighbor: "How nice; did the stork bring it?"

Jimmy: "Oh, no. It developed from a unicellular amoeba."

—Froth

First Old Maid—I shiver every time I think of a handsome man kissing me.

Second Old Maid—And here I've been thinking you had St. Vitus dance all these years.



A colored gentleman tells us that he doesn't hit his wife any more since he got fined in police court.

"No, sah, fum now on when dat wife zassperates me, I'se gwine kick'er good—den she can't show it to de Judge."



Friends, please consider young Albert, above:
Albert was once a stranger to love.
Shunned, was young Albert, alone till the day
PEP-O-MINTS took his bad breath away.

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.



FREE! A GREAT BIG BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE GAG OF THE DAY

What is the best crack you heard on campus this month? Send it in to the CHAPARRAL Stuff Department and you might win a box of Life Savers, and get your name plastered all over, too.

This month's champion comes from Bill Woodruff, Box 974, Campus:

"Are you a man or a mouse?"
"Keep your trap shut."

You see how easy it is? Now you tell one. Meanwhile, Mr. Woodruff, your Life Savers will be along just any time.

Thots

GOOD SHOES SINCE 1893

We sell nationally advertised shoes for men, women, and children, such as

**SPALDING
JOYCE, SANDLERS
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RHYTHM STEP**
and
**OSCAR AUSTED'S
WOODEN SHOE**
for women

FLORSHEIM
and
CROSBY SQUARE
for men
and
STRIDERITE
for children

174 University Ave., Palo Alto

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the theater-ticket booth, "but that two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

The woman stood motionless.
"My God!" she whispered, "I've been seduced."

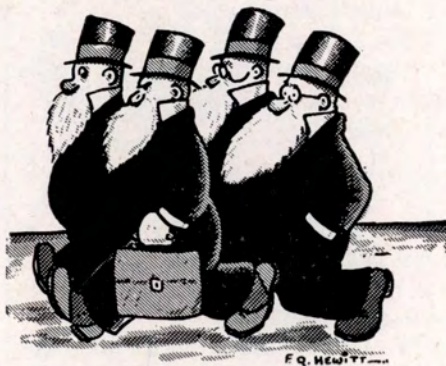
—Tiger



MacDonald—Will ye have a cigarette?

McFarland—Thank ye, no. I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell o' burning leather.

—Columns



"Did you sign out for a one-thirty, Jack?"

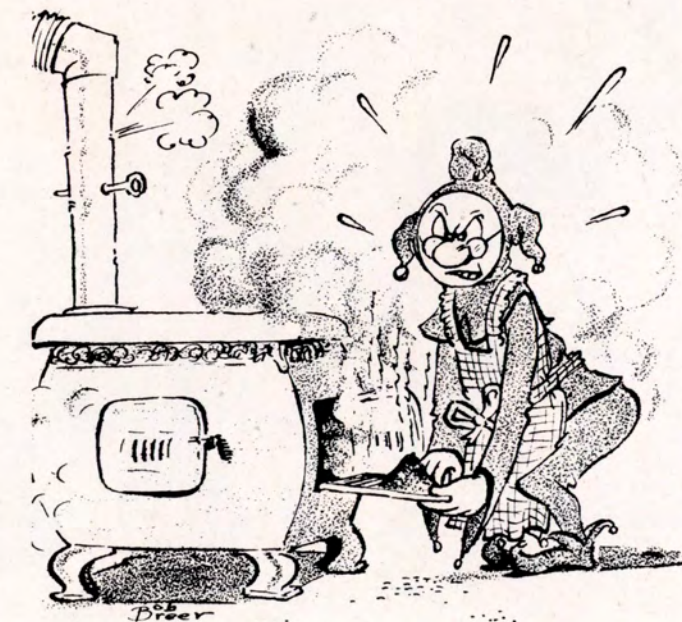
STANFORD

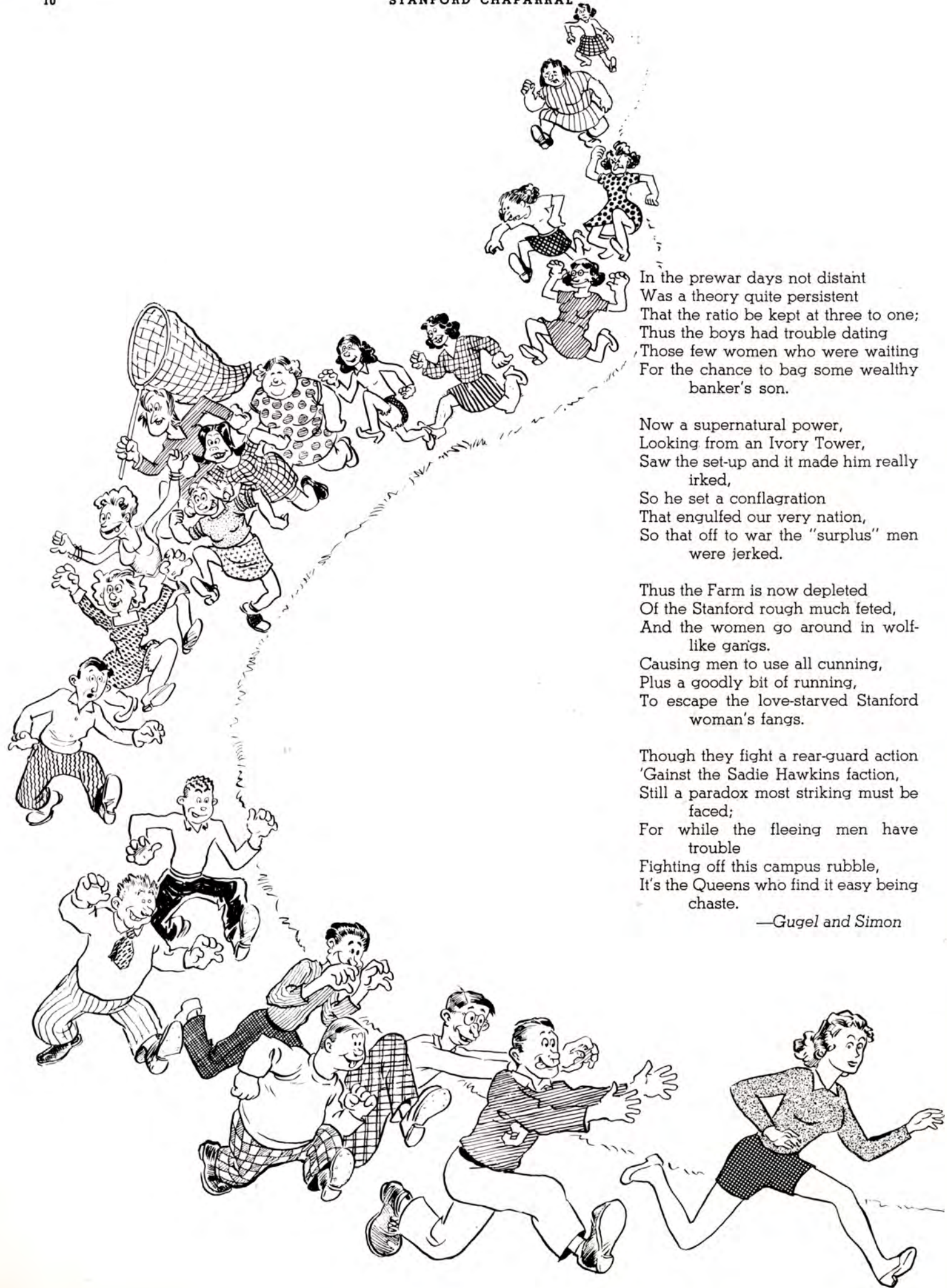
Chaparral

The Old Boy rose this morning in a foggy state of mind,
And glancing at his morning mail was most surprised to find
That his box was full of birthday cards—a really large array.
It seems he had forgotten that his birthday was today.

He rushed into the kitchen, he was now quite wide awake,
And rounded up ingredients to bake a birthday cake.
"You know," he said, "it's funny, I'm still full of pep and drive;
I guess it's really true that life begins at forty-five."

—Gugel





In the prewar days not distant
Was a theory quite persistent
That the ratio be kept at three to one;
Thus the boys had trouble dating
Those few women who were waiting
For the chance to bag some wealthy
banker's son.

Now a supernatural power,
Looking from an Ivory Tower,
Saw the set-up and it made him really
irked,
So he set a conflagration
That engulfed our very nation,
So that off to war the "surplus" men
were jerked.

Thus the Farm is now depleted
Of the Stanford rough much feted,
And the women go around in wolf-
like gangs.

Causing men to use all cunning,
Plus a goodly bit of running,
To escape the love-starved Stanford
woman's fangs.

Though they fight a rear-guard action
'Gainst the Sadie Hawkins faction,
Still a paradox most striking must be
faced;

For while the fleeing men have
trouble

Fighting off this campus rubble,
It's the Queens who find it easy being
chaste.

—Gugel and Simon

FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF FUN



THE story of the CHAPARRAL does not begin on October 5, 1899, the date of the founding of the magazine, but two years earlier when a humor magazine by the name of *Josh* appeared in San Francisco, published by a University of California graduate and containing material by students of both Cal and Stanford. *Josh* folded after ten issues, but its influence was reflected in the Stanford literary magazine, the *Sequoia*, which began setting aside two pages each issue for humorous material. The editors of the *Sequoia* realized that a magazine devoted entirely to humor was needed and so on October 5, 1899, Bristow Adams brought the first CHAPARRAL into the world with the aid of Larry Bowman.

For the first five issues, the CHAPARRAL was published by a board of managers, with Adams as chairman. By March 1900, the foundling appeared to be on its last legs, and Chris Bradley, who had been *Josh* magazine's Stanford representative, took over as first editor and put the magazine more or less back on its feet.

The first CHAPARRAL cover was drawn by Adams and Bowman and the first verse to appear in the magazine was by May Hurlburt. A hatter by the name of Fisher took the first advertisement, but Bristow Adams had to buy three hats before the deal was sealed. Incidentally, for some years many of the advertisers paid for their ads in merchandise.

Until 1906, the CHAPARRAL was published by the long defunct Press Club, which also published the *Daily Palo Alto*, now known as that ignominious sheet, the *Stanford Daily*. The Chappies, however, were not satisfied with the way the Press Club was running things, so on April 16, 1906, they met at Meyer's Pub in Menlo and Morris Oppenheim, then editor of the CHAPARRAL, decided it was high time to revolt. It was then that "Oppie" spoke those immortal words: "We ought to sock them with the Hammer, toss them in a coffin, and seal them away." The men then decided to form a society for that purpose and the obvious name was, of course, the Hammer and Coffin Society.

At 5:31 the next morning the entire

Bay Area was rocked by one of the greatest earthquakes in history, which obviously resulted from the "blow of

This history of CHAPARRAL and Hammer and Coffin was compiled by the Old Boy from notes and an incomplete history on that subject by Marco Thorne, '39, plus a voluminous collection of letters from old Chappies telling about the magazine when they were here. Thorne, who was editor of the CHAPARRAL, 1939-40, probably knew more about the history of CHAPARRAL than anyone else living.

the Hammer." Oppenheim and a friend had slept overnight at the Chi Psi house, which suffered more dam-

age than any other building on campus. When a crowd gathered at the building and saw "Oppie" and his friend lying in a bed completely covered with plaster, the Old One dryly remarked, "We went to bed plastered and we got up plastered." It is said that when the earthquake hit, one of the two shouted, "Hey, quit kicking the bed," to which the other replied, "Who you talking to—God?"

Around 1910, the Chappies specialized on being real Roughs. No member ever took a girl to a formal and the custom was for the members to stand around at the Encina formals in their dirtiest clothes and razz all the fellows in soup and fish. It was during that period that the CHAPARRAL led the campus by being the first to campaign for a Stanford Union.

(Continued on page 29)



"For gosh sakes, quit poppin' your gum in my ear!"





BE FUNNY, WEAVER!

By "Doodles" Weaver

Some weeks ago, whilst I was performing the doubtful chores of Monster of Ceremonies at a well-known Hollywood night-spot (the Club Foot), a monstrous dragon of a fellow approached me, stammered a bit, gagged a trifle (bad ice cubes), and engaged me in the following conversation:

After this conversation I knew my fate was sealed, that the hitherto esoteric mysteries surrounding my phenomenal rise to Fame (three speaking parts in twelve years) would be bared by this gluttonous interviewer and tossed to the four winds of Print and Gossip—that, in short, I would be "written up."

So I hasten to beat this prior to the punch, and forthwith I unfold my past in my own words.

CHAPTER ONE

It is a wintry night in 1937. A shadowy figure, dragging a huge basket,

is seen trudging barefooted through the snow, snorting and coughing, falling down with slipping, silently making his onerous way up a steep (45° Faren Height) hill. The figure finally reaches a huge stucco mansion, where, with much puffing and panting, he deposits his enormous bundle upon the doorstep, rings the giant knocker, and disappears over the misty moors, never to be heard of again in this story (which in itself is a huge pity, inasmuch as he is a character who really deserves a break, because for the last fifty years he's been dragging big bundles around in at least five thousand mysteries, and no one ever knows who the hell he is. . . . well, let's just give him billing and let it go at that: Jack the Ripper, a Bela Lugosi type).

Anyway, we see the door open slowly and Zoof the Butler peers out cautiously (no doubt fearful that Tommy Dorsey is there), grasps the bas-

ket, tugs it in, and reads the card tied on the outside:

Notice: Enclosed find my unfortunate son, just graduated from college, whom I can support no longer. Please make a good home for him and treat the little darling right. A million thanks,

Jack the Ripper (Boris Karloff type)

CHAPTER TWO

The kind old gentleman sat back in his solid gold rocking chair, threw a burning log at the cook, put his feet in the fire, and smiled softly.

"Well, son," he said in a fatherly voice, "this is the day you go out on your own. Just seven years ago you were found outside my doorstep in a basket, a wailing little infant, barely out of college, helpless and friendless. For seven years I have cared for you, and now I must send you on your way. Why? Why must I send you on your way? Why? Why, to keep this story from getting into a rut, damn you, that's why, so get out! Get out, do you hear me? I'm running out of words!"

Crash!

CHAPTER THREE

Wheels of progress spinning . . . giant cranes . . . little cat feet coming into the city like fog . . . attempts at radio . . . failure . . . a motion-picture career started, a marriage, a stupendous New York opening . . . Success.

"This must be it," he thought. "At last I've hit—only it was easier than I'd ever believed. New York in my grasp . . . stage shows . . . night clubs . . . parties . . . more movies . . . being a celebrity is just like being funny on the campus, only you get paid for it and people don't misunderstand you quite so much . . . now I can coast . . . now I can coast . . . take it easy . . . slide, coast . . . !!"

(Continued on page 30)



A doodle by "Doodles" Weaver, who is well known for his doodling.



LAUNDERED IN LUNACY

By H. Allen Smith

Nothing gives me greater satisfaction than to address myself to an audience consisting largely of college people. Nothing, that is, with the exception of a good sleep, a large high-ball, or a trip to California. By this I mean Confederate California—not the North.

In this brief feuilleton (French meaning "a female fool") I intend to counsel you on the need to Develop a Flourish. No matter what your station in life, there is no excuse for you to live drably. If you learn to employ a Flourish in whatever you undertake, the world will sit up and take notice. People will pay attention to you and talk about you. I am able to illustrate my point.

Among my friends in Hollywood are two young men, college-bred, named Chet Lauck and Norris Goff. They are more widely known as Lum and Abner. Among all the people I know in Hollywood I believe I enjoy their company most because they love to talk about characters and events of their native Arkansas. I have written a little bit about them in a book called *Lost in the Horse Latitudes* and, while I am not interested in boosting that book, I would urge that you drop whatever you're doing right now, run out to a bookstore and buy copies for your relatives, your friends, your pastor, your instructors,



all Congressmen west of the Mississippi, and all members in good standing of the B.P.O.E. Got that done? Okay, let's get on with it.

Norris Goff told me the story of Dr. Woodford G. Hammond. I intended writing about Dr. Hammond in my book, but, such being the orderliness of my own existence, I lost the notes and didn't find them until it was too late.

Dr. Woodford G. Hammond lived in Norris Goff's home town in Arkansas. Many citizens of that town had searched their memory in an effort to recall when Dr. Hammond had done an honest day's work. He was strictly a bum, but he lived with a Flourish.

He gave himself the title "Doctor" though he wouldn't have known how to get rid of a pimple short of taking a forty-five and shooting it off. He was content to go through life in either one of two positions: sitting or lying down. He saw no reason why he should work because his wife took in washing. He refused even to deliver the bundles for her and it was necessary for his wife's customers to fetch their own laundry and then come and get it. Since visitors were

frequently coming and going at the Hammond home, Dr. Hammond found it necessary to put up a front. He installed himself as a splendid sort of office manager.

Norris Goff patronized Mrs. Hammond and was accustomed to call once a week for his laundry. He'd always find Dr. Woodford G. Hammond at a desk in the front room of the house. This desk was piled high with perhaps two hundred rubber stamps.

"Maw!" Dr. Woodford G. Hammond would roar. "Norris is here fer his washin'!"

After Mrs. Hammond had brought in the bundle, Dr. Hammond would set to work figuring out the charges. His calculations were involved and colossal. He'd talk to himself as he scratched away, something like this:

"Now, le's see. Times four thousand three hundred and eighty-five, put down eight and carry the two, long-divided by fifty-eight, plus three cents fer sewin' up a hole in one sock, eekals half of . . ."

Having at last reached a conclusion he'd take a sheet of white paper and

(Continued on page 38)

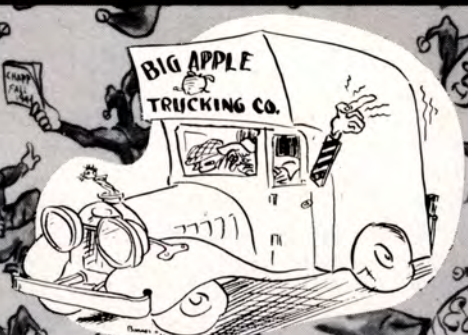


THE OLD BOY'S CARTOON GRAB-BAG



"It spreads thirteen different diseases and sounds just like an All-Clear signal."

The Old Boy's Cartoon Grab-Bag is a collection of cartoons new and old, all thrown together in one big lump. There are two by Feg Murray, '16, now well known for his syndicated feature, "Seein' Stars"; one by O. Soglow, nationally known cartoonist; one by Art Lites, '32, of the University Press; a whole mess by Pvt. F. Q. Hewitt and Capt. Bob Rieser, former CHAPPIE art editors; and some by former Old Boy Doug Hastings, plus, for no extra cost yet, reprints of sixteen of the Old Boy's favorite CHAPPIE cartoons, dating from 1899 to the present day.



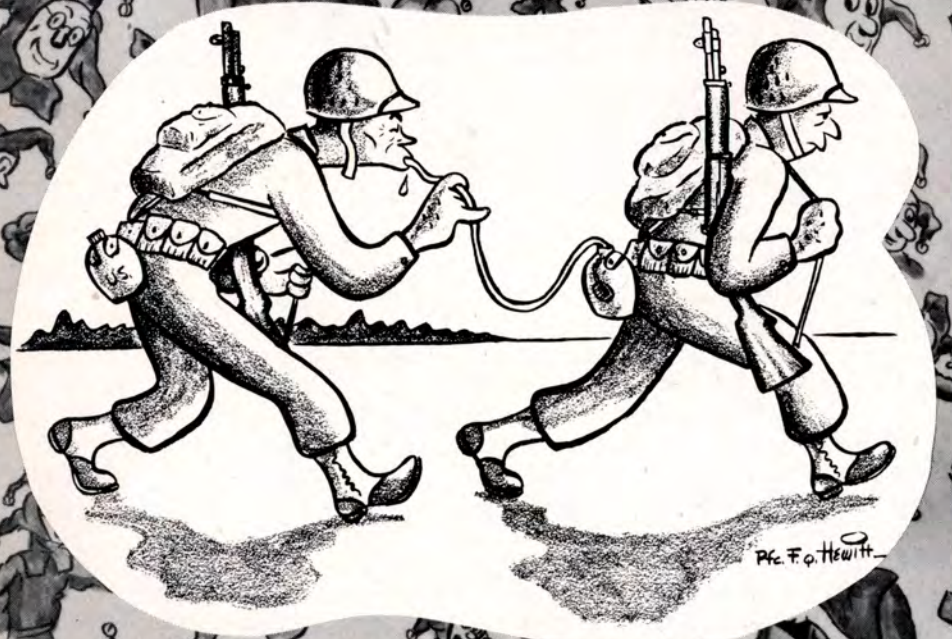
1939—"Look, seagulls!"



"Why don't you smoke king-sized weeds so there'll be a good butt for me?"



"Nice try, Sidney!"



Pvt. F. Q. Hewitt



1907—"Don't those German students look funny?"

LET US DRAW!

Draw a cloud, A fleecy ball -

Look! Some rain Begins to fall

Upon the trees. Below you see

Some rich black earth, Land of the free -

Now a rainbow, That sign of cheer... Kee-rist LOOK! We gotta beer!

1942—Kiddie's number



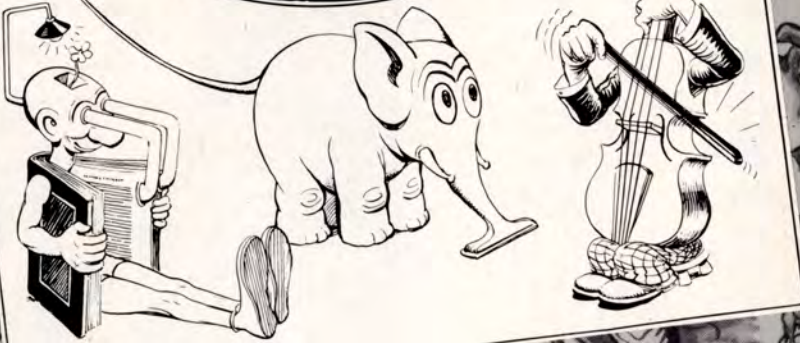
"Moiphy's a genius—real hand-grenades!"

HASTINGS





"You guys would play mumblety-peg below decks!"



"Let's buzz hell out of him!"



1942—"There goes Suki-yaki without his parachute again!"



"I ain't no lady. I'm a gahdam PFC!"

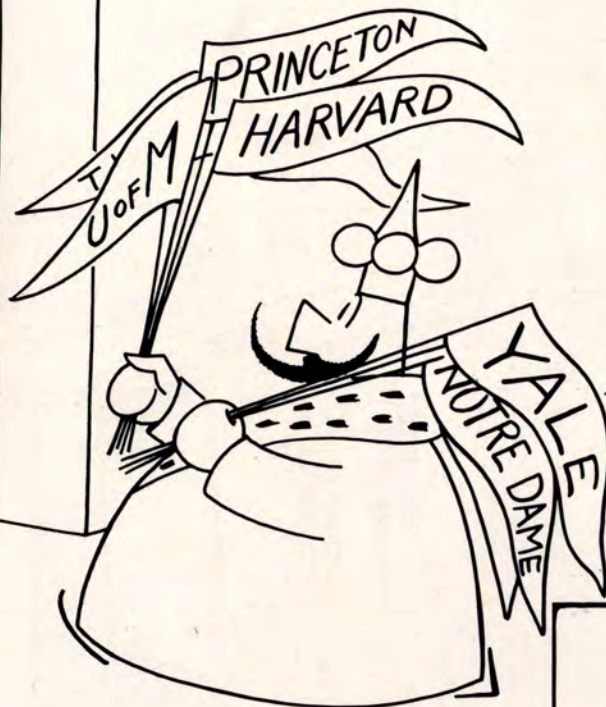


1936—"Shall we dance?"



"But I might want to take a..."

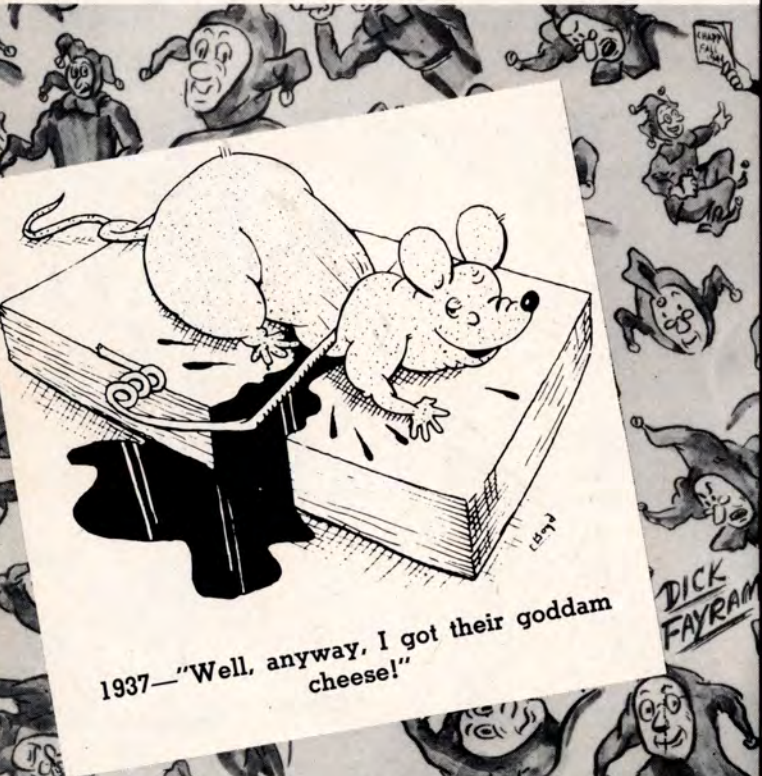
STANFORD
UNIVERSITY



1918—A confirmed smoker.



"Junior, have you seen mother's knife?" DRisc II



1937—"Well, anyway, I got their goddam cheese!" DICK FAYRAM



"We'll draw straws to see who draws the nudist camp."



"Oh, my yes, all my life I've been dainty."



"Sure, it looks OK, but what's keeping those things in business?"





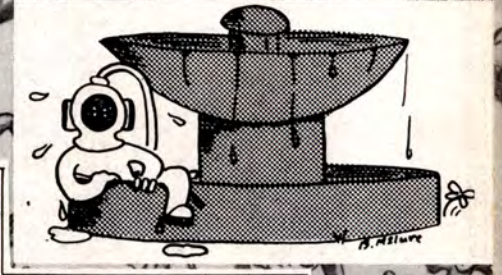
"You bastid—cleats!"

Bob Brown

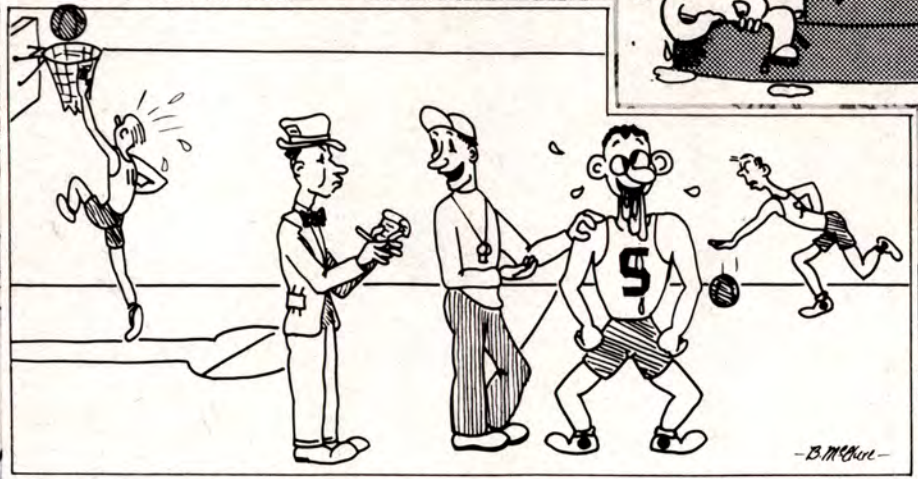


"A little idea for a tank trap we borrowed from nature, Sir."

Pat F. McNeill

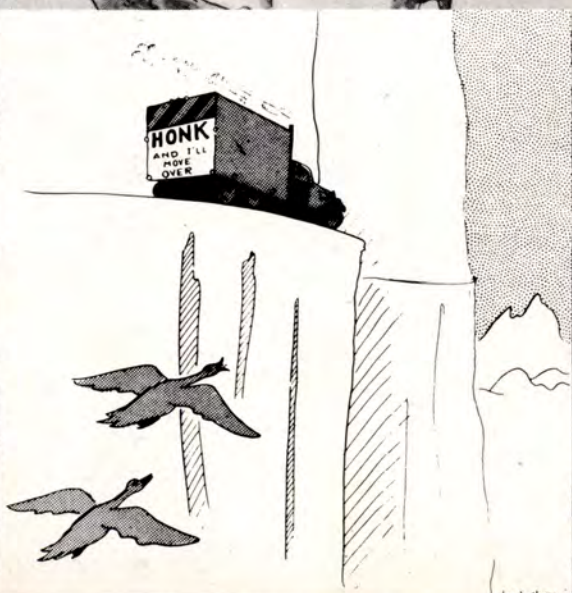


A. Allaway



1929—"Schmaltz here is our best dribbler."

B. M. Kurt



1939—"Watch this!"

Jack Horner



1938—"Trouble with you, Bill, you ain't got no guts!"



"Remember the days when you thought a 'Model A' was too small?"
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY
V...-MAIL



1939—"He got her at last, eh, George?"



"Well, Sir, they said, 'Targets of opportunity'—and I been waitin' for this one for six months!"

Capt. Rieser

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
Box 3013, Stanford Univ
Calif

Capt. Robert E. Rieser
333rd Fighter Sq. 318th AF
APO. 244 San Fran.
(Sender's complete address above)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(CENSOR'S STAMP)



1938

The firehouse laddies have another story to tell. An enterprising frosh, full of Stanford spirit and all, decided to see the campus in full. Passing the firehouse he wandered in and asked to be shown around.

He was shown the three trucks, the firehose, the alarm, the living quarters, and finally they stumbled upon the firehouse dog.

"Gosh, you even have a dog?" asked the Encina boy.

"Yeah."

"Has he a job too?"

"Yeah. He finds the hydrants for us."

1940

A local fraternity man had come to the parting of the ways with his UCLA glamor girl. He had been informed of this rather unexpectedly in a terse note which requested the return of her picture which she had given him under more favorable circumstances.

By return mail he sent some forty-five photographs, gathered at random from his brothers rooms. Accompanying them was an equally terse reply, "Kindly pick out your picture and return the remainder. I can't remember what you look like."

1944

One of the Chappies whose booze capacity is about as diminutive as his build was whooping it up vigorously one night between quarters in a well-known L.A. night-spot. The person in question suddenly excused himself from the party and rushed to the back room only to barge into the wrong room as in his condition he was unable to read the signs on the doors. Finding himself face to face with a woman powdering her nose he horsely gargled this gem of a quick recovery, "Pardon me, Madam, I guess I'll have to use the Women's," and then departed hurriedly.

1940

A brilliant Stanford law student, who was registering to vote, was very displeased as the registrar checked off "Complexion—Sallow." Running his eye down the list he said hopefully, "Couldn't you check light tan' instead?" The registrar regarded him condescendingly. "We could," he said, "but we usually reserve that for mulattoes."

1941

One of San Francisco's social-minded socialites was hostess to four Eastern debutantes. In order to show her cosmopolitanism, she decided to ring up Fort Ord and secure four draftees to act as escorts over the week end. The colonel was quite obliging; he asked if there were any special qualifications. "Only one," she said, "no Jewish boys, please."

When the chauffeur arrived to take the men to San Francisco he saw four men of the Negro race standing before headquarters. Upon investigation, he found that they were his charges. "Surely there must be some mistake," he said. "No, suh," one of the dusky gentlemen replied. "No, suh. Colonel Rosenbloom never makes a mistake."

1941

One Lagunita gal last year found it was awfully hard to make 2:30's (Editor's note: You see, the golden age wasn't so long ago after all!) night after night when she was going steady, and as a consequence she very often didn't. The powers that be were very lenient the first few times, but after a while the excuses weren't

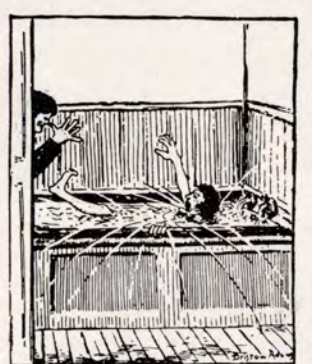
(Continued on page 28)



"Easiest damn foxhole I ever dug."



1941—"OK, so you're fast: what else can you do?"



1899—Cartoon on CHAPPIE's first cover



SWEET KITTY O'GRUNDY



BEING THE PLOT FOR A FOUR-STAR MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA, WITH ACADEMY AWARD POSSIBILITIES, BY HENRIETTA NUSSBAUM



Great streams of fog flow down from Twin Peaks as the camera brings us into colorful San Francisco. It is just after the turn of the century and we enter one of the slum sections of the city, accompanied by four oboes playing "East Side, West Side, All Around the Town" in mournful harmony.

Sweet Kitty O'Grundy is sitting on the floor of a one-room, bath-on-the-third-floor flat, making clothes out of some old gunny sacks which a charitable organization had sent to the family. As the camera moves in for a closeup, Kitty rises and starts to sing the title-song, "Sweet Kitty O'Grundy," accompanied by a 200-piece symphony orchestra.

Just as she finishes the sixth chorus, there is a knock on the door and her old syphilitic mother tells the visitor to walk in, since the finance company took the door away a few weeks before.

The visitor enters and turns out to be Danny d'Toole, special officer of the Juvenile Court.

"Mrs. Grundy," he says, "we have been studying your case—pardon

me, I mean your daughter's case—for some time, and we have come to the conclusion that unless you can provide a suitable home for her, we will have to take away Kitty, your beautiful little Kitty, and put her in an orphan asylum."

Mrs. Grundy nods, mutters, "Hope you enjoy your trip, Kitty," and then leaves the room, pulling out a hypodermic needle for her daily shot of heroin.

Meanwhile, Danny and Kitty have been staring at each other, and, as soon as the mother has left the room, go into a clinch, telling each other of their passionate love.

After they have it around vigorously for two reels, Danny excuses himself and Kitty is left alone. Again she bursts into song, singing "Down by the Slough in a Leaky Canoe." A chorus of vagabonds soft-shoe in through the front door and out the back.

"I know what to do," Kitty exclaims to herself after the song, "I'll get a job in show business. I've been singing here at home for years. I can become famous. I'll have the world at my feet. I'll set my paranoic mother up in a mansion on Nob Hill. Men will flit around me like butterflies to a candle." The scene ends as she defiantly goes out into the streets of lawless San Francisco.

The next scene is set backstage in a night club on the Barbary Coast. Kitty enters and walks up to the owner, director, and bartender, Jake Mulligan.

"I am Kitty O'Grundy," she says. "I can sing and I can dance." An

orchestra steps out from behind some old scenery, starts playing the title number, "Sweet Kitty O'Grundy," and Kitty sings four choruses.

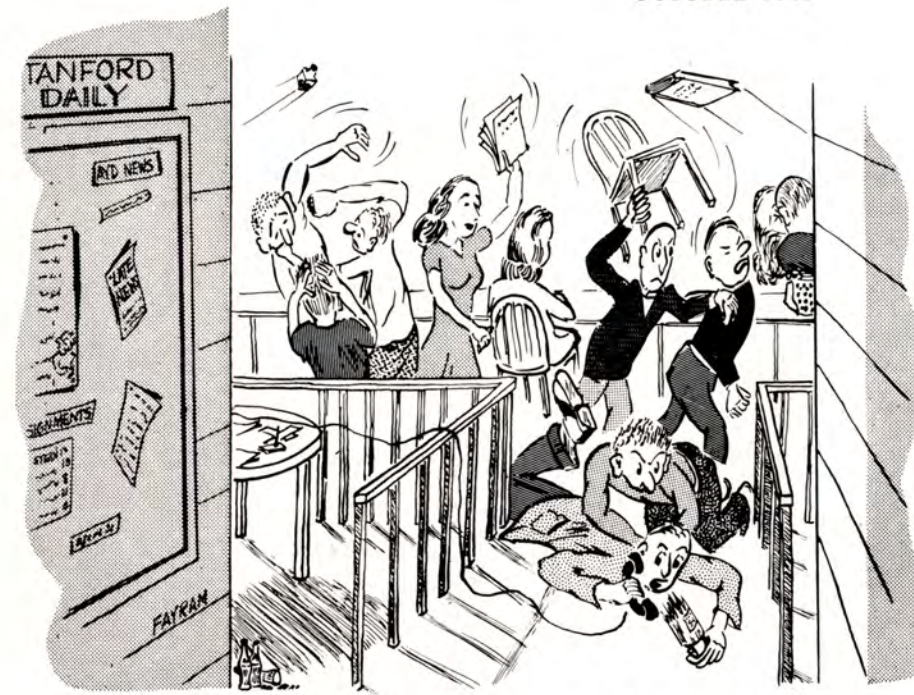
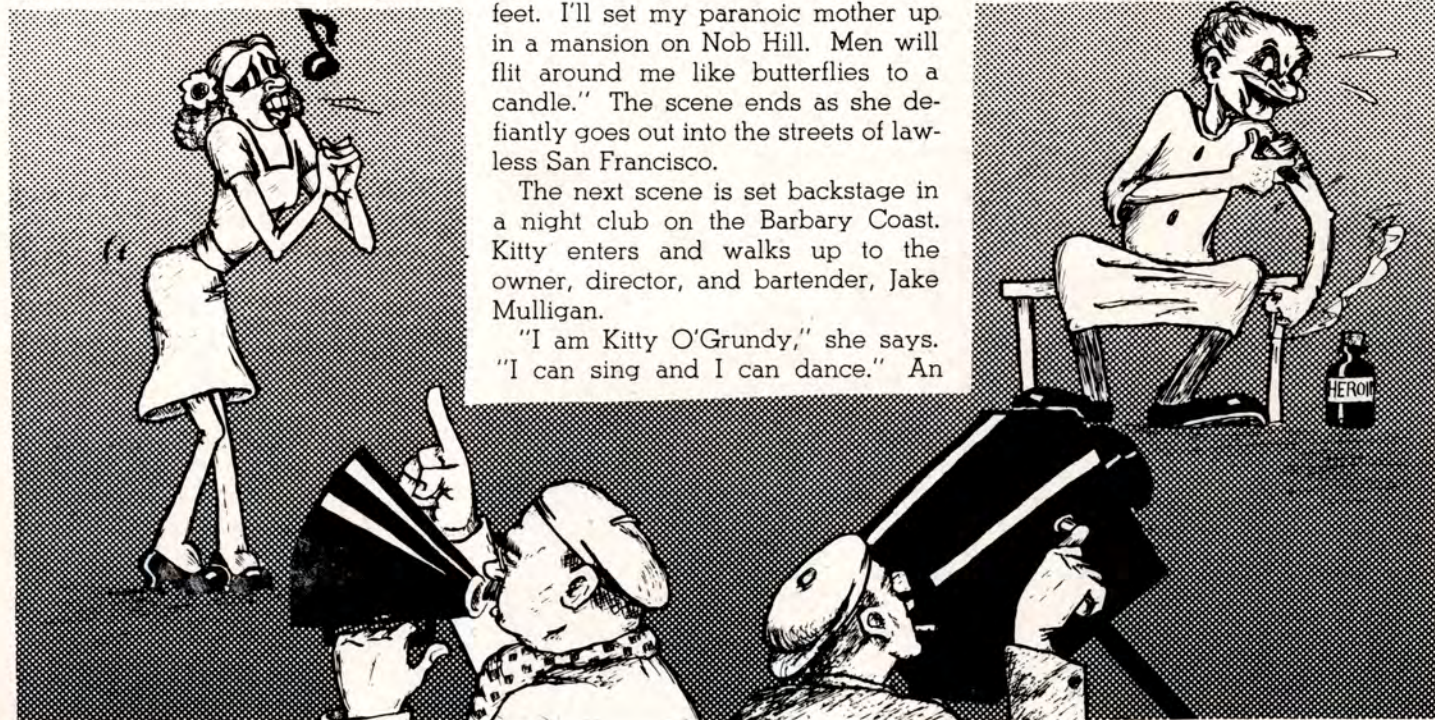
Before she can finish the fifth chorus, Jake Mulligan interrupts and tells her that, even though she's talented, she just isn't exactly what he needs.

"However," he adds, "I like that song. In fact it's just what I can use for an accompaniment to the lady sword-swallowing act. If you let me use the song I'll give you a job sweeping out after the show."

Kitty, overwhelmed by the opportunity, immediately accepts and rushes home to tell her consumptive mother, who, incidentally, consumes about two quarts a day and three on holy days of obligation.

The next half-hour of the picture is spent in a series of passionate love scenes. Both Danny d'Toole and Jake Mulligan are in love with Kitty and she is madly in love with both of them. In one of these scenes, Kitty and Jake sing the sentimental ballad, "You're the Tulip in My Julep, Honey Dear," and then Jake proposes, giv-

(Continued on page 36)



"Call back in a couple of minutes—we're going to press now."

The War of the Whirls A CHRONICLE MR. WELLS NEGLECTED TO NOTE

By René Zentner

Had we been told, in those last decades of the nineteenth century, that Earth was being observed scrupulously and coldly by Intelligences more powerful than man's own, we would have scoffed and failed to believe. With inconceivable smugness and certainty, men went on man's business on this planet, happy in their blindness and the sense of security thirty-odd million miles of void lend insular Earth. So that, when the first of the Falling Stars lit flaming on the common beyond Woking and the Martians began to vomit searing death from their heat rays upon the panic-stricken remnants of Imperial troops, mankind was entirely at a loss as to policy; lost, without leaders, without weapons, without hope. But that is not our story.

Thus it came about that we, in the spring of 1944, were blissfully unaware that Great Things were in the making, that Events would take place which would throw bro against bro, leave the Tri-Delt house a charred ruin, and make the Inner Quad run red with the blood of free men. There was the usual mutter of talk in the

Libe, the sun was still hot at Sears-ville, and as yet Belt's was clean of the shouting that would soon pit army against army on the playing fields of Lagunita. Yet Excom was even then planning and plotting on Wednesday nights, and the Fords that would one day ferry white-lipped émigrés down Lasuen to the guillotine were reeking in the sun outside Washington Hall. And one night at Excom one cried the dread words of rebellion to the winds—shouted triumphantly "... Social Policy ..."—and the Die was Cast, the Cat was Out of the Bag, and next morning's Daily told stricken undergraduates of the coup d'état, perpetrated the night before. By then it was too late: the Dean's Office had declared martial law at Dinah's and had already set the dread CHEKA into operation.

Although momentarily paralyzed, the Underground was no less quick to react. The afternoon following the coup, a small group of malcontents, adolescents, would-be BMOC's, and intellectuals adjourned to a near-by tavern—Belsotti's—and drafted the now-famous "Fifty-seven Points,"

which were quickly forgotten. On the spot a rebel government formed, and we pledged ourselves never to lay down our quarts until the fight was won. In a stirring three-bottle speech the acting president outlined our policy: unrelenting and inebriated warfare until the last Men's Councilman was driven from our shores. Never again would Social Policy be achieved at the cost of the lives of American boys; Get the Boys Out of the Creameries by Christmas. We had accepted the gauntlet. The declaration of war was penciled on the back of an Acme label and promptly lost somewhere.

Immediately, men who for months had been whistling at girls behind the Libe and beating up Frosh came out of obscurity as organized seasoned fighters; a new Maquis swarmed under the aegis of Acme. And on Friday night, after patrol skirmishes at Carloon's and along the highway, our gallant boys received their baptism of fire when the Insurrectionists attacked the Old Union.

Here was warfare with a vengeance. Four columns advanced on the Excom rooms, while a Fifth Column already fought within the corridors of the building. The enemy fell back until, rallying at the ASSU office, they counterattacked, and we were driven from the building in disorder. We had lost the first round. Our backs were to the wall.

But not entirely. A surprise raid on the Men's Council files by a commando group of rebels surprised the chairman of that dread body in the act of burning his papers. It was in this way that we discovered documents in the possession of Men's Council which bore the Great Seal of the University of California. Here at last was definite proof of that great conspiracy that bade fair to strike at the very heart of American democracy, that, indeed, was linked with the treacherous Black Dragon Society of Nippon, our deadly enemies.

(Continued on page 32)



"What did you call me?"



NOW THAT FLICK



By Goog and Campbell

CASANOVA BROWN

Gary Cooper turns out to be the father in this great "Whodunit" epic, and the Hays office is appeased by a happy marriage at the end of the picture.

YOUTH RUNS WILD

That we did — up the aisle, hat in hand.

MR. SKEFFINGTON

Mrs. Skeffington gets older and older. One more reel and she could have played the title role in *King Tut's Secret*.

DRAGON SEED



Hepburn velly good as oh so pletty Chineese girl, reahly she is.

MASIE GOES TO RENO



She can go to hell for all we care.

JANIE



The little girl goes for uniforms in a big way. One moment while we climb into our Junior Commando outfits.

WILSON



Wilson was a great man. Wilson was a great man. Say this five hundred times and you've got the picture in a nutshell.

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO



The guy really ain't a hero, but everybody thinks he is. Then they find that he isn't, but in the end he is. Confusing, isn't it?

SUMMER STORM



Summer good, summer bad, but some just plain stink.

HEAVENLY DAYS



If that's heaven give us a ticket on the southbound train.

A man entered a restaurant in Scotland and ate three portions of the fixed-rate dinner. When he refused to pay for more than one dinner, the proprietor came over to his table, and pointing an old Highland tobacco pipe at him, hissed in a furious voice:

"Mon, ye'll ha' to pay for three dinners or I'll no let ye get away wi' it!"

The customer promptly fainted. Recovering, he found the prop was fanning with a napkin.

"Lord, man, what was that you pointed at me?"

"My auld pipe, only."

"Only a pipe? Yoicks, and I thought it was a stomach pump."

"I just used your toothpowder. I hope you don't mind."

"But I don't have any toothpowder."

"Yes, you do. It was on the mantel."

"Oh, my God, those were my mother-in-law's ashes."

—Pelican

Bus conductor (from top-deck): "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice: "No, but there's a MacPherson that's willing to try."

—Pelican

The teacher asked the children to draw on a piece of paper what each of them would like to be when he grew up. At the end of the period little Gargantua handed in a blank piece of paper.

"Why, Gargy, isn't there anything you'd like to be?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, teacher, I'd like to get married, but I don't know how to draw it."

—Schmeckinklip

Chappie Presents:
Fall QueensFRANCES BROWN, '48, Roble
GEORGIANA PATTY, '45, Roth House

SMOKES FOR THE FOLKS



SERVICE MEN!

Did you realize that your sons and fathers on the home front are in dire need of cigarettes? Why not send your old cigarette butts to friends and relatives who are enduring the hardships and suffering of war-time civilian life?

What our brave civilians like most after a hard day at the races, or a grueling eight hours picketing some defense plant, or the agony of standing in line all day at a bank in order to cash in War Bonds, is a good smoke.

YOU GIVE SO LITTLE—THEY GIVE SO MUCH!

REMEMBER—

That cigarette butt will make some civilian happy!

SMOKES FOR THE FOLKS



FABLES

(Continued from page 23)

working like they used to and it got to the point where one more lockout and this man's girl friend was not going to have any more dates for the rest of the year.

So, she was very careful to leave Dinah's at 12:00, instead of 12:30, and missed her 2:30 again. Only this time she had prepared for the occasion with the smoothest lockout-get-arounder we have heard yet. Her room was on the second floor and very far from the front door. She whistled to her roommate, who threw down her night clothes, one slipper, and also dropped a rope out of the window. The gal made a quick change and tied her clothes on the end of the rope for her roomie to pull up. Then she put on one slipper, mussed her hair, draped herself artistically over a bush under her window, and "passed out." At this point the roommate started to perform and ran out into the hall screaming: "Girl overboard. Help! etc."

Whereupon, Mrs. Metzger and a whole raft of Lagunita women came roaring out of the hall and gently car-

ried our heroine through the unlocked doors of Lagunita and into her room. She managed to recover in time for her date the next night.

1935

Then there was the classic case of Mose, the suave and money-conscious dealer in second-hand clothes. Formerly of New Haven and Yale, but now of Palo Alto and Stanford. The change did not bring about any variation in tactics.

Mose ventured into the halls of Alpha Delta Phi one afternoon in search of gullible brothers with lots of clothes to sell. He bought a few decrepit articles, and then centered his attention on a sophomore who had a prosperous look.

After a determined beating down of the soph's resistance, Mose got the admission that the brother had a hat he might part with if the returns were sufficient. He produced the hat.

"It is an awful looking thing, but I will give 50 cents," said Mose.

The exclamations of disgust at such a low valuation came from the assembled audience. They were brief and to the point.

"Well, 65 cents," said Mose, after a long interval.

"Sold," said the Alpha Delt. He then disappeared into the upper regions of the house. He didn't linger, for the hat involved in the sale had been worn by Mose when he entered the house.

1936

It was one of those harvest years when the Game of Games was being played here on the Farm. As our story opens, a little old woman is seen standing forlorn and bewildered amid the crowd of hysterical, jostling rooters. She pulls her shawl a little tighter around her frail shoulders as a mountain-like form in a red sweater thunders past.

At this point, however, there emerges from the motley throng a polite youth, beaming with helpfulness.

"Pardon me, Ma'am," he begins, "but could I help you locate your party or something?"

"No, young man, you cannot!" snaps the little old lady. "But you can tell me where to find the so-and-so who told me the Stanford Mothers' Club was holding a picnic here today!"

Smith, a psychiatrist, died and went to heaven. At the gates Saint Peter questioned him:

"Name?"

"John Smith."

"Occupation?"

"Psychiatrist."

"Well, come on in; God thinks he's Roosevelt again."

—Pelican

"See that guy there? He's going through college caring for a baby."

"He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same thing."

—Buffus

A: "You should have seen Mabel run the half-mile last night."

B: "What did she run it in?"

A: "I don't know what you call the damn things."

—Froth

"It's all right to be married to a rich old man," said the young miss, "but I hate to have old age creeping up on me."

—Froth

45 YEARS

(Continued from page 11)

Just before the United States entered the last war, the CHAPPIE began to use color and change its cover each issue. It was then that one of the Old Boys received the bum's rush and became a martyr because of his stand on war issues.

The famous "Over-seas Issue" of the CHAPARRAL appeared in April 1918, under the title "Le Chaparral" and was written and edited from the trenches in France. One of the contributors was Feg Murray, who is now widely known for his syndicated feature, "Seein' Stars." Murray originated his Snoppyquops in the CHAPARRAL and they later appeared regularly in Judge. One of the Old Boys of that period was Bruce Bliven, now editor of the New Republic.

After the war, Hammer and Coffin decided to become a national college honorary humor society and chapters were started at Washington, California, Oregon, and the University of Chicago. The success of the venture was most likely due to the fact that in 1922 the CHAPPIE was rated second among the nation's college humor magazines, and the following year was rated first, receiving a point-rating double that of any other mag in the country. In 1924 it was again rated second, losing out by a hair to the Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Old Boy Northcutt Ely introduced a Clean Humor Policy in 1923, which was translated by the staff as meaning that every joke should have at least one clean meaning. While Ely was editor, a Chappie, Henry Mack, '24, was the first man to jump in the Union fountain with his clothes on, and another Chappie, Bill Wright, '25, became immortal as the one who dubbed the Campanile "the Musical Silo."

In January 1929, the CHAPARRAL ran a two-page editorial advocating the erection of a new theater. It stated: "We need a new theater. What can we do to get it? Start a fund to build one. Every member of the Gang has pledged himself to contribute the sum of \$5 in American currency to start a fund for a New Theater for Stanford." In three months the CHAPARRAL raised \$3,569.27 for that purpose.

The "Mad Monk," Doodles Weaver, started working on the CHAPARRAL in 1935 and his pranks on and off campus have made him practically a Stanford immortal. While a freshman,

Weaver had a portrait in his room at Encina inscribed, "To Doodles from J. Christ." A story is also told about Weaver skating up and down the aisles of the Stanford Theater.

In 1937, under the editorship of Bob Hartman, the CHAPARRAL began printing a Peace Page each issue, devoted to ridiculing war. These pages were reprinted in magazines and papers all over the country. Along the same line, another of the Chappies, Marco Thorne, '39, proposed the construction of a "Memorial for Future Dead" arguing, "We who are about to die in the next war want to see our memorial now. How do we know we won't have some old atrocity for a memorial?" Plans for the memorial were drawn up and Thorne suggested that the \$50,000 marble structure be paid for by renting out the back wall for cigarette advertisements. Tradition has it that Thorne also proposed that the Hoover War Libe be paid for in the same way.

Marco Thorne was also responsible for the addition of three more magazines to the Hammer and Coffin Society—the Georgia Arch, the Northwestern Purple Parrot, and the Arizona Kitty Kat. Washington Columns also rejoined the Society then, but most of these magazines dropped out at the beginning of the present war.

The CHAPARRAL'S "Golden Age" was from 1940 to 1942 under the editorships of Ken Smith and Barney McClure. Then came the war and the draft; the staff dwindled and a whole battery of editors succeeded each other. Rock bottom was hit last summer, '43, when the administration in a coup d'état declared the CHAPARRAL charter unconstitutional, and the mag was forced under the wing of the A.S.S.U.

Last fall under the leadership of Doug Hastings, the CHAPPIE started once again on the upgrade (Hastings' "LIKE Issue" of the previous spring was one of the greatest CHAPPIES ever put out), and under the regime of Bill Hyer and Dick Driscoll, magazines appeared that were as good or better than any other humor magazine in the country (we think).

And so we go on trying to put out bigger and better CHAPPIES, hoping that after the war, the Stanford CHAPARRAL will not only have the reputation of being America's number one humor magazine, but will still be able to keep the campus laughing as it has for the last forty-five years.



A cute little lass approached the floorwalker and asked, "Do you have any notions on this floor?"

The floorwalker looked her over, and then remarked, "Yes, madam, but we suppress them during working hours."

—Froth

They were in the baby-talking stage; and as the professor peeked through the keyhole, he saw the groom kiss the bride's tiny mouth, and heard him say:

"Whose itty mouth is that?"

"Yours," she cooed.

"And whose itty nose?"

"Yours, darling."

"And whose itty hands?" he asked, kissing them also.

"Yours, of course, sweetie pie."

"Listen here, young fellow," called the professor through the keyhole, "when you come to an old umbrella, it's mine!"

Pat and Mike met, after twenty long years, on the streets of Dublin. "Hello, Pat!" "Hello, Mike," they said, and walked on.

—Hyer

When in San Mateo, visit
LOEWE & ZWIERLEIN



DEPARTMENT STORE
THIRD AND B STREETS



WEAVER

(Continued from page 12)

CHAPTER FOUR

Hark, my friend, to Jack and Jill—
If you coast, you go down hill.
(Omar Confusion, 00003)

CHAPTER FIVE

Act One

Scene: The corner of Back and Forth.
Time: Half-past blue.

The players: Weaver, Gravel Gertie,
and Aristotle.

Action: Plenty.

As the curtain opens, we hear a horrible grinding sound (a stagehand has fallen into the curtain mechanism, and is being mangled to death). WEAVER enters, hitting nose on door for a laugh.

Weaver (comically): So?

Gravel Gertie (sourly): Sol!

Aristotle (metaphysically): Censored.

Act Two

Scene: Same as Act One.

Time: Same as Act One.

Players: Same as Act One.

Action: Same as Act One.

Act Three

Same as Act Two.

Act Four

Same as Act Three.

Here I pause to consider the amount of time and energy one might waste carrying this thing out too far.

Curtains.

CONCLUSION

So if any of my former chums happen to glance through this CHAPPIE and recognize the handwriting, let me finish thusly:

A few weeks ago whilst I was performing the doubtful chore of Monster of Ceremonies at a well-known night-spot (the Club Foot), a fellow came up to me and the following conversation ensued:

"Could you write a little something for the Stanford CHAPPIE?" said he.

"Such as?" said I.

"Oh, well, couldn't you write about the entertainment business, about your successes, your life since you left school? Things like that there?"

I thought it over. Yes. I could write about those things . . . I could write about movies and stars and parties and radio and success and marriage and money and life . . . and so I took my pen in hand, sat at my little desk, locked the door, and began.

But alas. As I got going on success and love and money and movies and radio and life, I got more despondent and unhappy, confused and sweaty, strangely mystified. Yet it was all so horribly clear! I suddenly realized that I knew all about movies and stars and parties and radio and success and marriage and money and sex . . .

So I tossed away my pen, kicked over the desk, walked through the door, fell down the stairs, locked the house, swallowed the key, hopped a bus to the airport, grabbed a plane to New York, jumped on a rocket-ship to Mars, caught a time-machine to another Universe, and started up my own Pawn Shop.

Drop in sometime and play chess.

"I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick-change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought she said lights."

"Where'd yawl git dat Southern accent?"

"Why, Honey-chile, I've been drinkin' outen a Dixie Cup."



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A Pre-med had a date with one of the campus queens, and he was doing his best to get somewhere. He asked if he might put his arm around her waist, and she consented. He proceeded to encircle.

"Say," she protested, "if that's where you think my waist is, damned if I'd ever go to you to have my appendix removed."

"Watch out! Here comes a traffic cop."

"Quick, hang out the Notre Dame pennant."

—Reserve Red Cat

A young officer got ten days' leave for his honeymoon. On the eve of the tenth day, he wired his commanding officer: "It is wonderful here. Request ten days' extension of leave."

The commanding officer replied, "It is wonderful anywhere. Return to quarters."

"Name?"
"Jerry Popopopopopulos."
"Occupation?"
"I drive a motorboat."



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"So you're on a submarine. What do you do?"

"Oh, I run forward and hold her nose when we dive."

—Pelican, maybe

A friend of ours had to attend a masquerade ball and couldn't decide what to wear. He finally put on one of Lana Turner's sweaters and went as a camel.

—Sundial

A girl once dreamed that a strange man kidnaped her, drove to a lonely spot in the country, and stopped the car.

"What are you going to do now?" she screamed.

"That's up to you, lady; it's your dream," was the reply.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before, honey?"

"Well, you may have seen my picture in the papers. My name's Lydia Pinkham."

—Pelican



WHIRLS

(Continued from page 25)

The assault on Excom was but the first of the series of battles which were to break the back of Social Policy and make the Highway safe for Stanford men again. Of the engagements on Salvatierra and Lagunita Knoll I shall pass over lightly. The spirited artillery duel before Roble will live in history, but space and the editor do not permit its inclusion herein. The turning point of the bloody Midquarters campaign was fought around the Tri-Delt House; it was here we first found that the enemy had atomic weapons. Three times we charged the shell-scarred Tri-Delt lawn, and three times we were driven back with terrible losses.

At last, on the evening of the fourth day an Extraordinary Council sat in at Roginni's and evolved the secret weapon which was to break the heretofore-vaunted Tri-Delt Line. From there on it was gravy; that night we burned old Tri-Delt, and the Corp Yard plowed salt into the ravaged earth. We had won the first of the battles which led us finally . . . but there is more to tell.

By no means was Excom defeated even by this staggering blow. Reinforcements from *Bunds* and *Administrations* all over the country flocked to the banner of Men's Council. Resident Assistants, armed with rhinoceros-hide whips, led press gangs through the frosh halls to recruit slave labor for the rumor factories which worked night and day behind the lines. At last, two weeks before

Finals, we met the government troops and held our own before the Chemistry Building, and the initiative was ours at last. Supreme Rebel Headquarters at Belsotti's formally announced to a waiting world that B-Day had taken place three pints before, and on seventeen fronts, from the Stone Cellar as far west as the Peanut Farm and south even to Vieux Carré, insurrectionary forces were carrying the war to the enemy.

In successive jumps, and paced by a column of tanks from behind Ventura, the liberating armies swept from the Cactus Gardens to Branner, freed that enslaved fortress, and swung back to turn the flank of the Imperials at Toyon, the Art Gallery, and again at the English Corner. In vain did Men's Council try to effect reprisals;



"You're just putty in my hands, aren't you, big boy?"

the summary execution of three Monroe captives did naught but add impetus to our advance on the Row.

The crimson Armageddon of the last stand at the Nitery was stayed by a horrible announcement. The victorious vanguard of the SAE Third Army was about to storm the A.S.S.U. office when a galloper rode into Field HQ with the dreadful tidings; all the Peninsula was aflame and California was at our backs!

What had happened was this: While Stanford, torn with civil war, was locked in mortal combat, the University of California at Berkeley had been waxing fat on stolen goodies. One by one, the lesser colleges of the Pacific slope had been sold out or conquered by the henchmen of the insidious Bear. The last to go had been Santa Barbara Teachers. Now, drunk with power and trembling with greed, California leered Paly-wards at impotent L.S.J.U. "Subsidize Stanford," was the order of the day, and the blue-and-gold mercenaries of Sather Gate again girded their loins for invasion. Spool himself, the Emperor of Eschelman, keyed the attack with a stirring speech, crying incoherently of reducing the once-proud Indian to growing potatoes in the Stadium. And three columns of motorized cavalry rumbled over the Bay Bridge and swung into position for the attack. Our observers on the Skyline, at Gypsy's, and on Stanford Hill saw tanks and guns from horizon to horizon, rolling onward to what the California Oberkommand serenely assumed was another pushover victory. Such was not the case. The veteran

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Free Toyon Guards, who had won their spurs at the first, now showed their mettle again. In one awful Ride to the Bay, they cut the California lines of supply in seven places, and by the time the northerners reached Menlo they had gasoline and rations for only two days. The United Stanford Armies, having kissed and made up, now withdrew coyly before the desperate Bowles Hall Infantry, burning the country as it retreated. Finally, where the Menlo Theater once stood, the two armies met on the level ground before Belt's. There, under the shadow of that historic edifice, California was hit and hit hard, given the Axe, and once more ingloriously sent home with its tail in the usual position.

The sequel to this epic will be brief. It is a matter of history how the War Guilt trials were held at L'Ommé, and whose head was thrown aloft on a pike that day, the mouth stuffed with Regal bottle caps. There is no need to relate again how the Supreme Inter-Club Council and the Frat-Club Soviets were organized, how jurisdiction over student affairs was taken from the hands of oppression and reaction and placed in the hands of those competent to handle it—a humor society which for many years had advocated and activated reform. It would be redundant to outline the steps by which the Bartenders' Guild was given Excom (the New Excom, of course) recognition, and we shall not dwell on the methods now used to punish those who transgress against our tenets of Liberté, Egalité, and Inébriété. The lesson stands; read it, then, and take note! It can't happen here.

A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake without hair, there is an Indian with.

—Old Maid

A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with a bus conductor over the fare. The Scotchman believed the fare was five cents, the conductor insisted upon a dime. Becoming disgusted, the conductor seized the Scotchman's suitcase and threw it off the car into a small stream over which the car was passing.

"Mon," screamed the Scotchman, "is'na enough you overcharge me wi'out drowning my little boy?"



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He: "Why wait to get home before you'll tell me whether you'll marry me or not?"

She: "I'm scared. This is the very spot where father proposed to mother."

He: "Well, what about it?"

She: "On the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed."

The newlyweds were on their honeymoon, and the groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train that they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast the next morning, all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded,

"Did you tell anybody that we were just married?"

"No, suh," said the porter, "I just told them-all that you was just good friends."

—Exchange

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

A reporter had been sent to cover a great mine disaster. He was so impressed by what he saw that he tried to indicate all the emotion he saw in that vast panorama of death.

In a telegram which he sent to the editor, he began, "God sits tonight on a little hill overlooking the scene of disaster."

The editor wired immediately, "Never mind disaster — interview God, and get picture if possible."

—Awgwan

There once was a student named Zwiebax

Who possessed himself of a meat-axe.

With a blithe merry yell

He would chop all to hell

Any bastid who'd borrow his kleenax.

"Miss _____, daughter of the local candy storekeeper, is the Virgin Mary in this year's production of the Passion Play at _____ . She is the first blonde virgin for over a century."

—Town and Country

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Little Johnny wrote on the blackboard: "Johnny is a passionate devil." The teacher immediately told him to stay after school.

When Johnny got out of school that night, his friends were waiting and asked him what punishment he had received.

"I ain't sayin' nothin'," said Johnny, "but it pays to advertise."

Two men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly and creep up to your room."

The next day they met at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rotten," replied the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the 'L' station."

—Pointer

Winsome—"The Sing Sing football team wants to play the West Point team."

Cute—"I wonder why Sing Sing wants to play the Army?"

Winsome—"They probably want to prove the pen is mightier than the sword."

—Pointer

Nurse—I think he's regained consciousness, doctor; he just tried to blow foam off his medicine.



"For the fiftieth time, Pierre, *cherchez la femme*, does not mean, *have a Coke!*"

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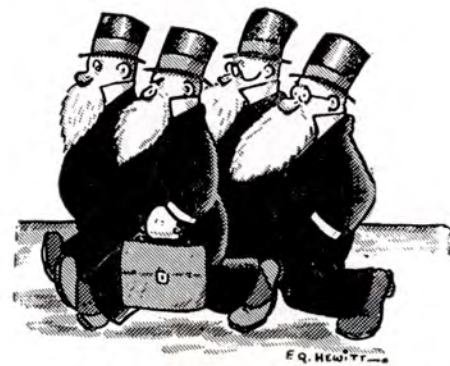
curtains rise, a chorus of Can-Can girls enter from stage right, and the orchestra strikes up the title number, "Sweet Kitty O'Grundy." The audience is in deathlike silence as Kitty appears on the stage. Slowly she raises the shining sword above her head, and slowly she pushes it down into her mouth and throat.

Just then the entire theater is rocked. It is the great San Francisco earthquake. Kitty is thrown to the floor and cuts her throat severely on the sword. One wall of the theater falls in, and scenes of devastation unequaled in the productions of *San Francisco* and *In Old Chicago* are shown. The audience is in a near-panic, so in order to keep up morale and prevent a stampede, Kitty bravely rises to her feet, nods to the orchestra, and starts singing the well-known Conga, "Shakum, Shakum, Boom Boom," to which the earthquake vibrates sympathetically. Soon the audience and all San Francisco are shaking in Conga time, but before Kitty can finish her song, she collapses from loss of blood. Kitty is carried to an emergency hospital on a stretcher.

She awakens, lying on a bed in the hospital, with a handsome young doctor standing beside her. It is love at first sight, and there is a sweet fifteen-minute love scene. Just then Jake Mulligan rushes in and, seeing that Kitty is untrue, tears the four-carat zircon engagement ring off her finger.

"That's looting," shouts the young doctor, "and according to Mayor Schultz's proclamation, looters are to be shot on sight." With that he pulls out a revolver and shoots Jake Mulligan dead. All the patients nod with approval.

The final scene is in a church, one of the few left intact by the earthquake, where Kitty and the doctor are being married. As the minister says,



"Naked woman?—Which way did she go?"

SWEET KITTY

(Continued from page 24)

ing Kitty a four-carat zircon engagement ring. However, in spite of his love for Kitty, Jake still feels that her talents do not warrant a promotion and she continues sweeping up after shows.

The climax of the picture is reached in the wee hours of the morning of April 17, 1906, at the Barbary Coast night club where Kitty works. The fifth show is about to begin, and Jake Mulligan is confronted by the lady sword-swallower, who informs him that she can't go on with the act because of a sore throat. Jake becomes desperate when he finds out that his star performer is unable to go on and goes back stage, where he sits down on an empty beer case. Who should come mopping by but Kitty, so Jake tells her of his troubles.

"Just give me a chance," cries Kitty, "and I'll prove to you that I have talent. I've never swallowed a sword before, but I can do it, I know I can do it. Just give me a chance."

Because of his deep love for Kitty, Jake consents, and Kitty gets ready for the act. In a few minutes, the

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"I now pronounce you man and wife," a 400-piece symphony orchestra rises from the altar, and Kitty starts singing the title number, "Sweet Kitty O'Grundy," accompanied by the symphony orchestra, a chorus of 500, brass choir, organ, and chimes. The picture ends with Kitty and her husband trucking down the aisle singing the title song, followed by Kitty's diabetic mother and the minister, who is chanting "Razz-ma-tazz, razz-ma-tazz, Oh I love that righteous jazz," for comedy effect.

—Gugel

Editor's Note: We feel that this picture cannot be shown off to its best advantage unless accompanied by a *March of Time*, an OPA educational film, and Roy Rogers in the *Black Dragon Murder Case*.

"How did I know you were sick last night? Why a little bird told me."

—Drisc

"Carry on!" cried the vulture as he spied the dying horse on the desert.

In the theater a chap from Sequoia Entered what he thought was the foyouia.

But to his chagrin
He found himself in
An actress's private boudouia.

"What is conscience?"

"Conscience is the thing that hurts when everything else feels so good."
—The Log

There was a young man from Cadiz Who liked his brew to have fizz.

Said he, "It's the foam
That I like to take home;
At shaving my face it's a whizz."
—Simon

Drunk (to splendidly uniformed bystander)—"Shay, Bud, call me a cab, willya?"

Splendidly Uniformed Bystander—
"My good man, I am not a doorman.
I am a naval officer."

Drunk—"Awrite, awrite, then call me a boat. I gotta get home."
—Record

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LAUNDERED

(Continued from page 13)

begin writing on it with pen and ink. He wrote slowly because he wrote flamboyantly. Even his flourishes had flourishes on the end. Sometimes it would take him half an hour and then he'd present his document to Norris Goff for examination. It would read something like this:

On this second day of August, year of our blessed Lord Almighty nineteen hundred and twenty-five anno domini, came into presence of the undersigned one Norris Goff, being of sound mind, party of the first part, undersigned, conveys and quit-claims all and singular appurtenances, appendages, advowsons, privileges, and advantages of whatsoever name, nature, or description, in fee simple and in exchange for forty-five cents, coin of the realm, e pluribus unum, one parcel of washing to same by authority of the power vested in me by the Commonwealth of Arkansas done and did until death do us part go and sin no more.

During the composition of this document Dr. Hammond would stop now and then to consult an ancient law

H. Allen Smith was one of the 70 people Chappie wrote to for contributions to the Anniversary issue and one of the handful to come through. His three books, *Low Man on a Totem Pole*, *Life in a Putty-Knife Factory*, and *Lost in the Horse Latitudes*, have been very widely read, and he is probably one of the best living tellers of anecdotes.

book. Having completed it, he would sign it with a Flourish, then summon Norris to the desk and put him through an oath-taking ceremony involving both the Bible and the American flag. On completion of the swearing-in rites, Norris would sign. Now came the rubber stamps. Dr. Woodford G. Hammond would drag out his stamp pad, spit on it, then with austerity and juridical ceremony begin stamping it front and back. He had acquired his rubber stamps over the years and they had no bearing whatsoever on laundry or the laundry business. At last Norris would be permitted to leave with both his laundry and his splendid certificate, bearing such legends as "For Deposit—Wiggleworth's Cut-Rate Store," and "Approved—Commissioner of Indian



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So that was Dr. Woodford G. Hammond, who lived with a Flourish. So what? What did it avail him? It never got him anywhere, did it?

Like hell it didn't! Here he is getting written up in the Stanford CHAPARRAL, ain't he?

Class dismissed.

Shocked Old Lady—And on the way up here we passed twenty-five people in parked cars!

Young Hostess—Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken; it must have been an even number.

—Pelican

Lady—I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter.

Clerk—Yes, Ma'am. White kid?

Lady—Sir!

—Tiger

"Was your friend shocked over the death of his mother-in-law?"

"Shocked? He was electrocuted!"

—Voo Doo

A Texan entered a saloon with his wife and three-year-old boy. He ordered two straight shots.

"Hey, Paw," said the kid, "ain't Maw drinkin'?"

—Voo Doo

Gravedigger, addressing two cemetery caretakers: "Sit tight, boys, I'll go out and dig up a fourth for bridge."

"That's a hot number," said the steer, as a red-hot branding iron was pressed against his leg.

—Exchange

When asked by a cop why she didn't have a red light on her car, Sadie said it wasn't that kind of a car.

—Late Lamented Claw

"Boy, call me a taxi."
"All right, you're a taxi!"

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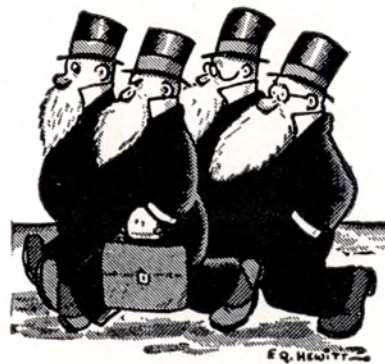
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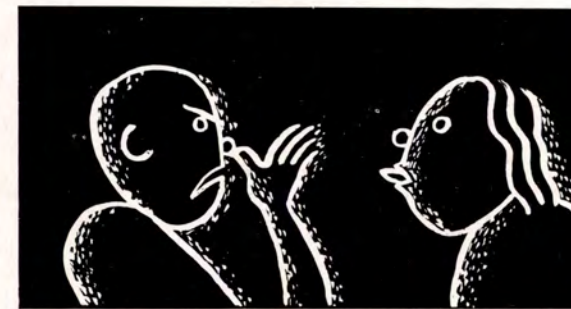
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(Driveling Idiot)



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