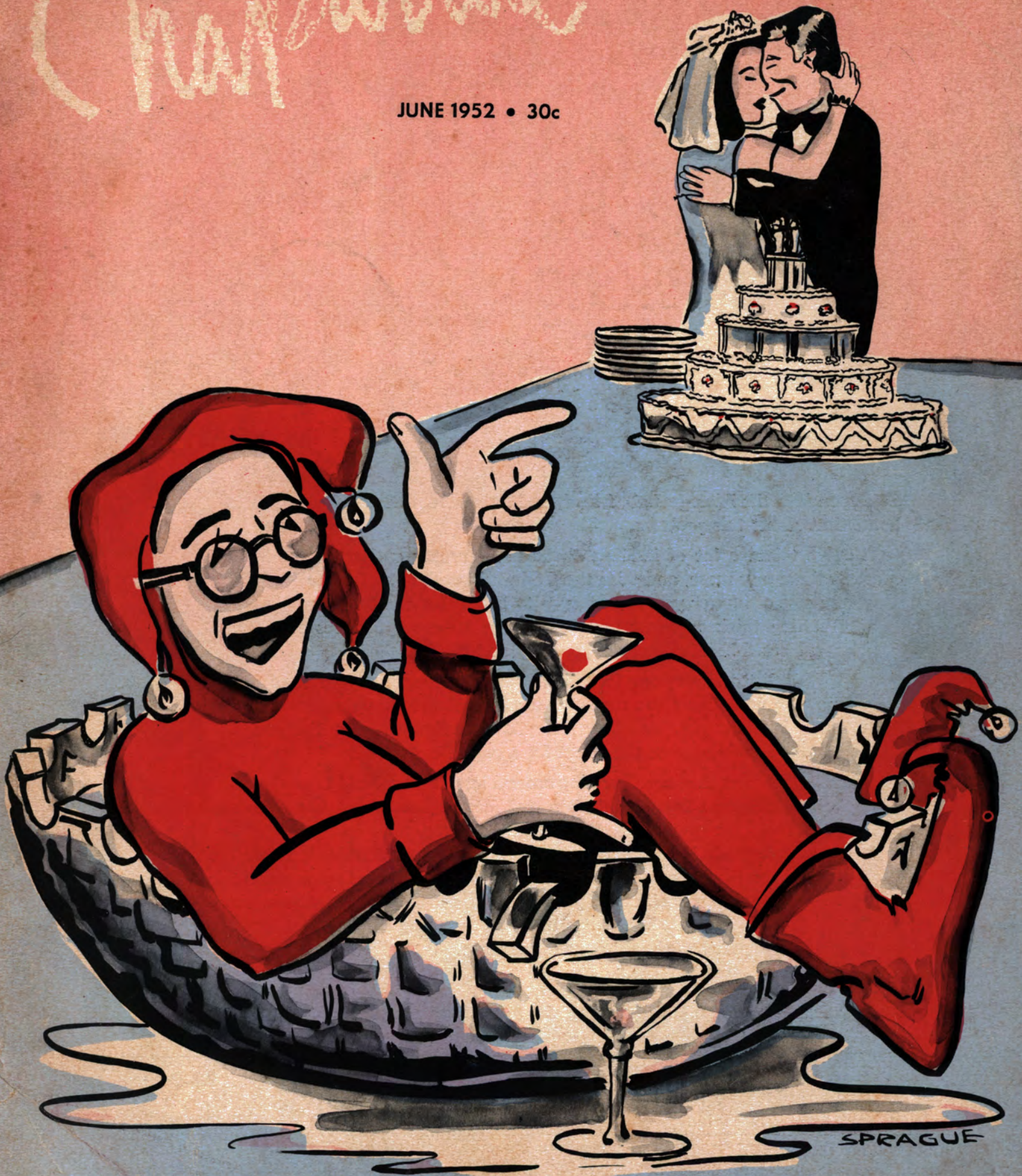


STANFORD

CHAMPANNE

JUNE 1952 • 30c



LEGAL LOVE ISSUE

Cover it up, Pal, you're asking for trouble



Come on into the Biology Lab, friend, and let's have a heart to heart chat about this problem.








You've taken a lot of kidding about those pretty curls that aren't there any more, and even the freshmen admire you for the good sense of humor you've managed to keep. But the hairs are still falling thick and fast and—let's face it—your chances of being elected best looking are growing kind of slim.

Well, listen. *Everyone* looks better in a hat, especially those of us who don't have the mops we used to. You look younger and you look sharper. You look like you were dressed—not like you were running across the street for a cup of coffee.

And get this, too. Running around letting your head take all the punishment from wind, rain and sun is just asking for trouble. Hats are protection, that's their first function, and you can do yourself a lot of damage forgetting it. You got actinic rays from the sun that dry up your scalp, and wind and rain and snow which take the natural oil out of your hair and can play hob with your sinuses and things. Without a hat, you're taking chances with your hair, your health and your appearance.

"Wear a Hat—It's as Healthy as It's Handsome!"

These fine hat labels have published this advertisement in the interests of good grooming and good health of American men.

DOBBS  CAVANAGH  KNOX 
BERG  BYRON  C&K  DUNLAP 

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

Every young bride and groom should read

THE BIRDS, BEES, AND FLOWERS ANTHOLOGY

(Illustrated with color plates by Audubon)

This absolutely sensational \$78 volume includes a wealth of timely, vital information about LIFE. Read—

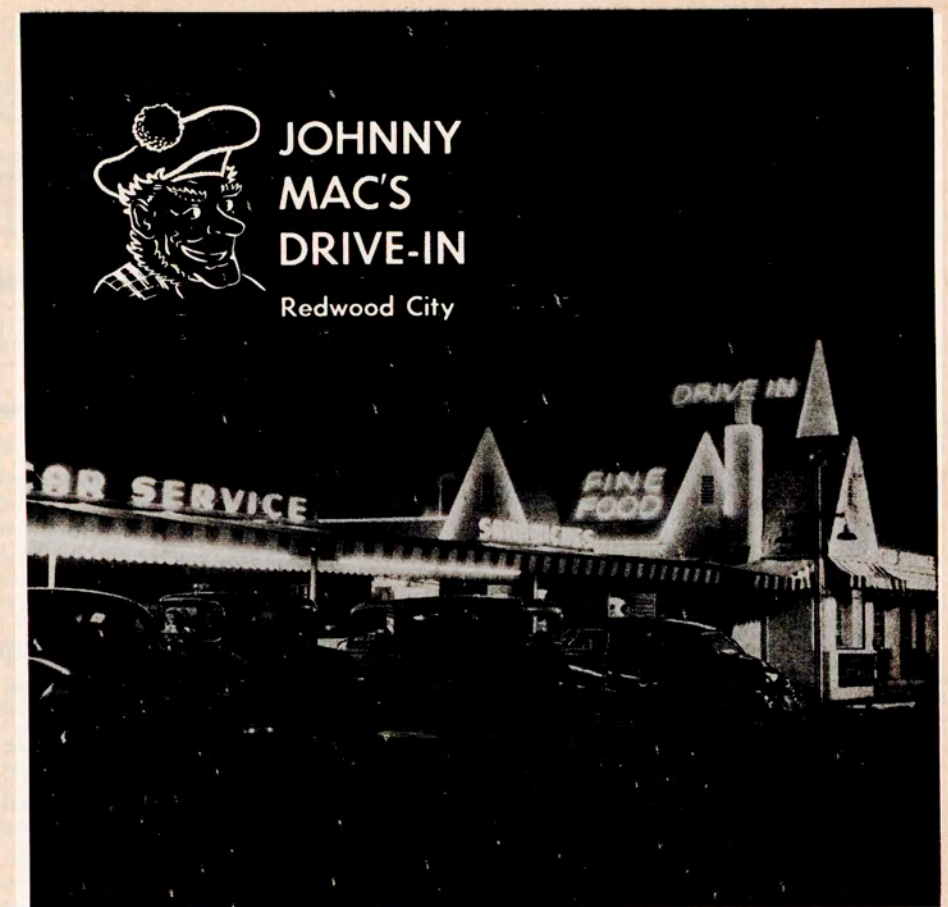
- THE SECRET LIFE OF PHAL-AENOPSIS APHRODITE — Pollination Exposed!
- FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE—By N. Rimski-Korsakov.
- 21 WAYS TO KEEP GERANIUMS FROM REPRODUCING —A must for young married couples who don't plan to raise Geraniums.
- CHARLES AND MARY LAMB'S TALES FROM DARWIN—Including a real simulated photograph of a moth fertilizing the *Angraecum sesquipedalae* as it might happen in Madagascar.
- DIGGING FOR SECRETS IN THE GARDEN—A Sam Spade mystery.
- NORTHERN SANTA CLARA COUNTY BIRD LIFE—Including a map of likely places to find field specimens.
- HOW TO KEEP BUGS OFF BUSHES—An exciting treatise on insecticides.

This is a book for YOU. All the secrets of life revealed, explained, illustrated, diagrammed. No modern up-to-date home is complete without a copy of *THE BIRDS, BEES, AND FLOWERS ANTHOLOGY*. Reserve a copy today. Find out about all the amazing things going on RIGHT IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD!

Send me a copy

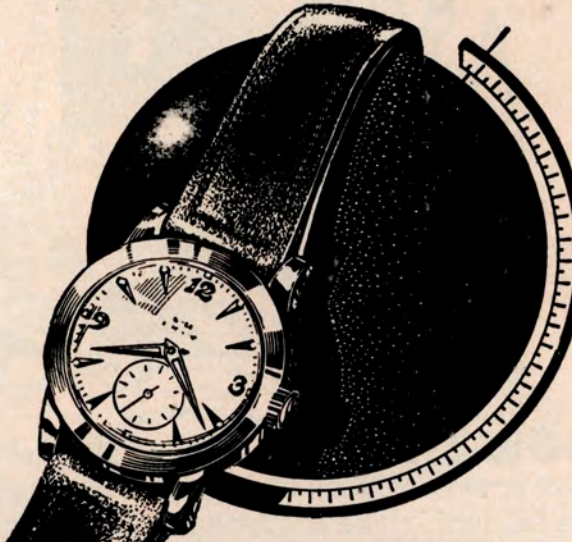
NAME (botanical)
GENERA
PHYLUM
ADDRESS

Published by Porno-Books,
San Pedro, Calif.



OMEGA

the precision automatic watch — the dream watch of all men



Hofman JEWELER

261 University Ave. DA 2-4906

Volume 53, 1951-52
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Ed Brennan Editor-in-chief	Dunny Clark Managing Editor	Cornelia Little Business Manager
Jim Stockton Art Editor	Rog Parkinson Literary Editor	Richard Fowler Photographic Editor
Al Ambler Tom Lowry Associate Editors	Barney Gugel Secretary-Treasurer	John Kookon Tom Johnson Associate Business Managers
	Fred Ashton Circulation Manager	

HAMMER AND COFFIN

John Motheral	Stan Norton	Dent Hand
Russ Lapham	Jay Inwood	Bob Sprague
Tom Allen	Russ Chandler	Henry Lee
Tom Timberlake	Hal Treacy	Al Kyman
Bill Matson	Van Judah	Bill Corr
	Noel de Nevers	

HONORARY

André Frelier	Roger Frelier	Peter Wolf
Shirley Taylor	Harold Quiram	F. H. Brennan
Ray Nelson	Bob Kays	Dick McLean

ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT Volume 53 has been put to bed, so to speak, the Old Boy can't help inviting his readers to take a reflective glance backward at the 1951-52 humor season with him.

If one phrase had to suffice as an epitaph for CHAPARRAL's fifty-third volume, it would have to be, "Devils were everywhere." At the risk of being labeled paranoid, let the Ancient One cite some empirical examples.

Staff elections had produced a well-rounded staff, strong in all four major departments—editorial, business, art, and photographic. But some good things come to an end even before they really start. In middle summer the theme for the entire year was unveiled when the Pho-

tographic Editor-elect was stricken with polio and almost died. When school started, the magazine was minus not only a head photographer but also another much-needed staff photographer, who, until this day, has not been heard from. Also unexpectedly absent when the publishing year began was the newly elected Women's Manager, who had decided that Stanford was too clichéd and had transferred to the University of Nottingham in merry old England. One week after work began on the first issue, the Art Editor-elect concluded that he should never have left the East Coast and thereto hastily returned.

For the moment, it seemed that the Mistress

(Continued on page 4)

Contributors' Staff

Editorial

Ann Elliott
Cathy Parkinson

Art

Pete Whorf
Bob Simons

Business

Al Schick
Robert Gable
Bill Tolley

**WOMEN'S AUXILIARY
HAMMER AND COFFIN**

Sandy Collins
Women's Manager
Mary Baker
Secretary-Treasurer
Cornelia Little
Jackie Miller
Roberta D'Anneo
Joan von Briesen
Harriett Bauman
Marion Brennan
Marjorie La Pierre
Audrey Williams

**HAMMER AND COFFIN
INACTIVE**

Ray Brown
Bill Theiss
Fred Simpich
Andrew D'Anneo
Dayton Herzog

EDITORS EMERITI

Art Levenson, Vol. 39
Barney Gugel, Vol. 46
Jim Conner, Vol. 49
John Motheral, Vol. 51
Stan Norton, Vol. 52

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
VOL. 53, NO. 9 JUNE 1952
Copyright 1952 by The Stanford
Chaparral

Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto, California, Post Office), under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly during the school year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society.

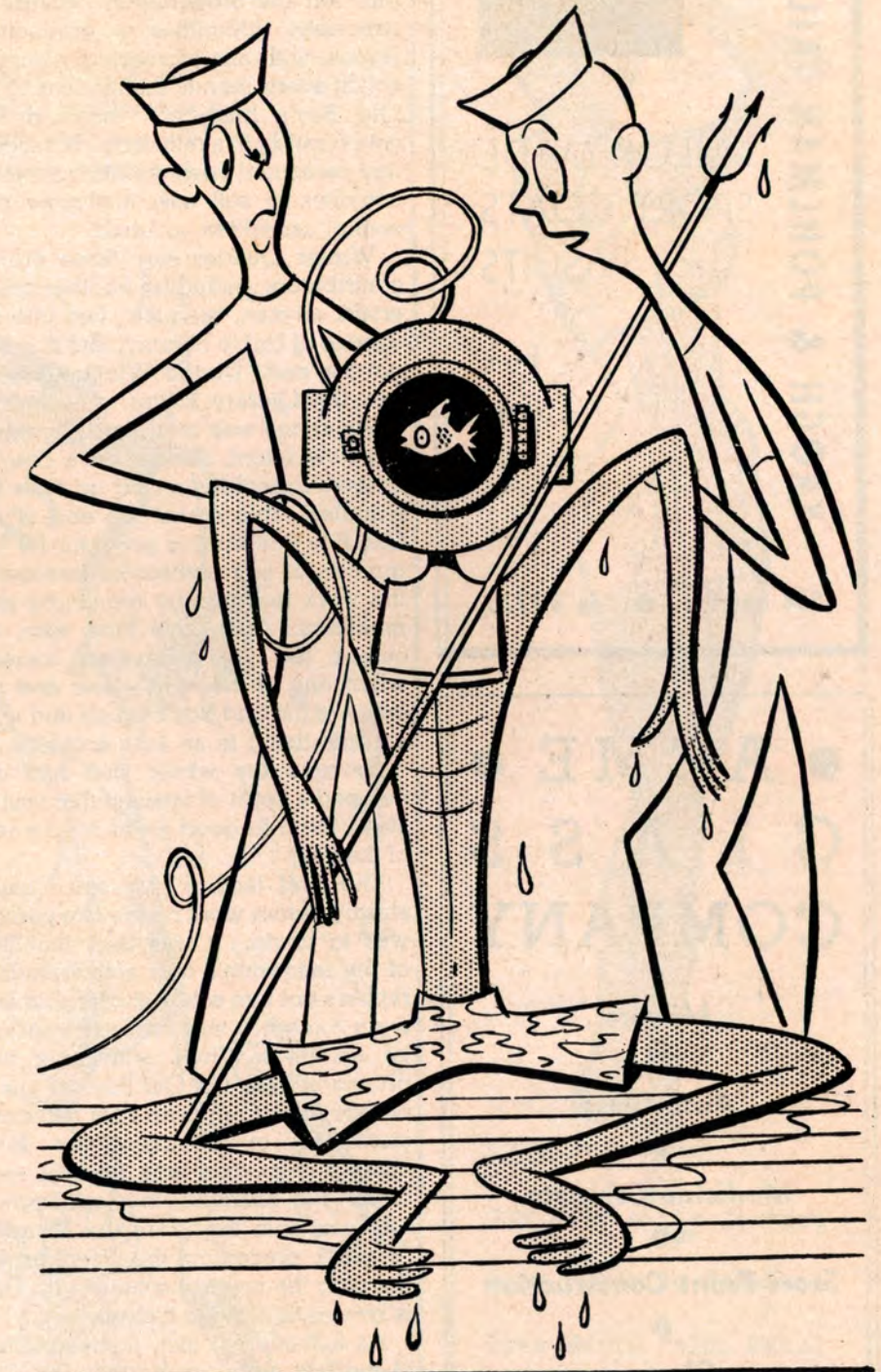
An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University.

Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California.

Represented nationally by the W. B. Bradbury Co., 122 East 42nd St., New York 17.

Telephone: Palo Alto DA 3-9411, Local 297.

**Nobody but ROOS is First in
California Sportswear!**



Roos Bros

NOW THAT

(Continued from page 2)

of Misfortune had moved on to bigger and better things. Not so. Instead, she switched interest to the business office. In rapid succession, the three Associate Business Managers, who are responsible for a majority of the ads, left the organization because of scholastic difficulties or graduation. Hence, with ads increasingly hard to solicit every month, the nucleus of the Old Boy's hucksters vanished like cotton candy in a rainstorm. No sooner had personnel been shifted from other activities to sell ads, than new personnel casualties occurred.

Winter Quarter saw three prolific contributors, including another crack-erjack ad-man, graduate, two into the service of Unkie Sammy. But this was not the end. During Winter Quarter, too, the Literary Editor, who among other things was in charge of recruiting new talent, developed a case of chronic bronchitis mixed up with the shingles. This meant the end of the Old Boy's recruiting program for the quarter, to say nothing of increasing the work load for the remaining staff members. About this time, also, occurred the year's greatest tragedy when one of the most eager and talented of the Old Boy's artists and writers met death in an auto accident.

By now the whole staff had developed a spirit of fatalism that was to stand them in good stead for the rest of the year.

The first test of this spirit came shortly before work on the *Life* parody was to begin. It was then that two of the magazine's four active photographers got into scholastic trouble and were forced to suspend extracurricular activities. Thus, with only two photographers, the Old Boy set out to parody *Life!* Only with very generous assistance of photographers from other publications was the job ever done. For example, the last engraving went into the Press the Monday morning preceding the Wednesday morning the magazine came out. This is known as playing it close.

As a matter of fact, contemplation of the last eight issues tells the Old Boy that he and his helpers were playing it pretty close all year long. Without the help of a myriad of "strangers" and a particularly strong effort on the part of the surviving staff members, CHAPPIE just wouldn't have made it this year. All of this, the Old Boy feels, is strong evidence that devils are

everywhere and that, by a stroke of luck, some of the devils are of the good variety.

NOW THAT

last Now That was a tearful story indeed. Fortunately, the year was not simply a prolonged series of unpleasant shocks and misplaced contributors. On the bright side, the Old Boy was blessed with a sufficiently talented staff to compensate almost completely for most of his losses.

In a situation where a depleted staff is responsible for producing forty or more laugh-provoking pages every two or three weeks (for some unknown reason deadlines occur at two-week intervals), many individuals carry the main load. It is only fair to let the reader know who has been the cause of his laughter or silence motivated by this year's magazine content.

Editorially, the greatest inundation of words and ideas came from Dunny Clark, Barney Gugel, and Jay Inwood. Inwood was responsible for *Lite's* History of Western Civilization, among other classics, and Clark and Gugel have a long string of credit lines behind them. Besides these three, the magazine reflects the work of Tom "Rutting Stroat" Lowry, Daily Comic Dick McLean, and Bill "Stanford Girls Are Snogs" Corr.

On the art side, the lion's share of production came from the "Faltless Five" — Tom Allen, Al Ambler, Tom Johnson, Bob Sprague, and Jim Stockton. Other consistent aid came from Bob "Tattler Hotel" Simon, Ted Hughes, and Fratman himself, Pete Whorf.

For the business side, Fred Ashton, John Kookan, Dent Hand, and Bill Tolley took up where Bill Clark, John Pershing, and Ray Nelson left off, doing a great amount of work to keep the leaking Revenue Cutter above the red waters. Sandy Collins and Aud-

(Continued on page 11)



"I eat Spiders!"

KROGH & POHLMAN TAILORS



**TAILOR-MADE
SPORT COATS
SUITS**

from
\$90

534 emerson • da 3-7733

**● ACME ●
GLASS
COMPANY**

Mirrors

Auto Glass

Medicine Cabinets

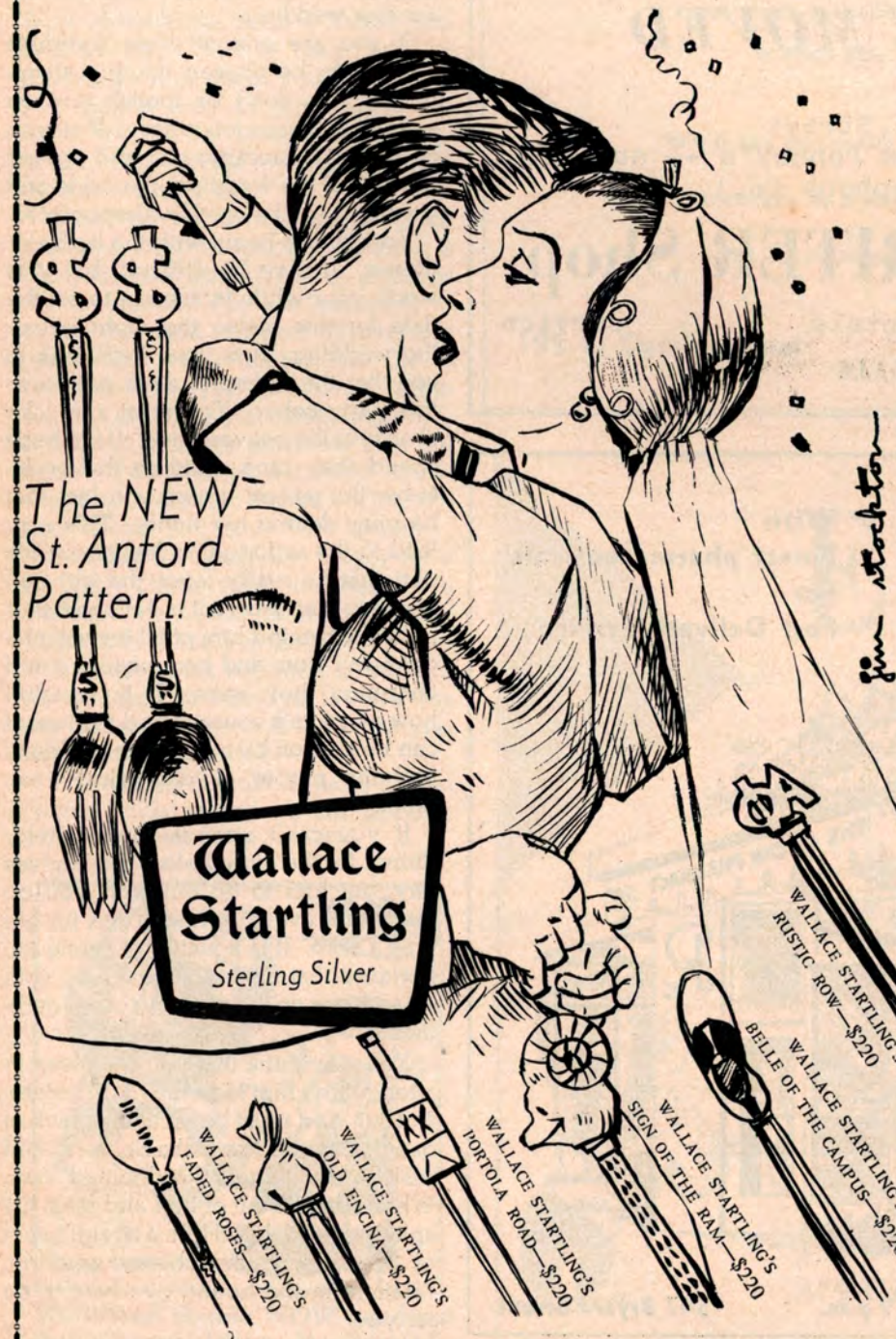
Store Front Construction

Glazing

635 Emerson Street
Palo Alto, California
DAvenport 3-4127
P. W. Montrouil

**THE BRIDE'S
CHOICE . . .**

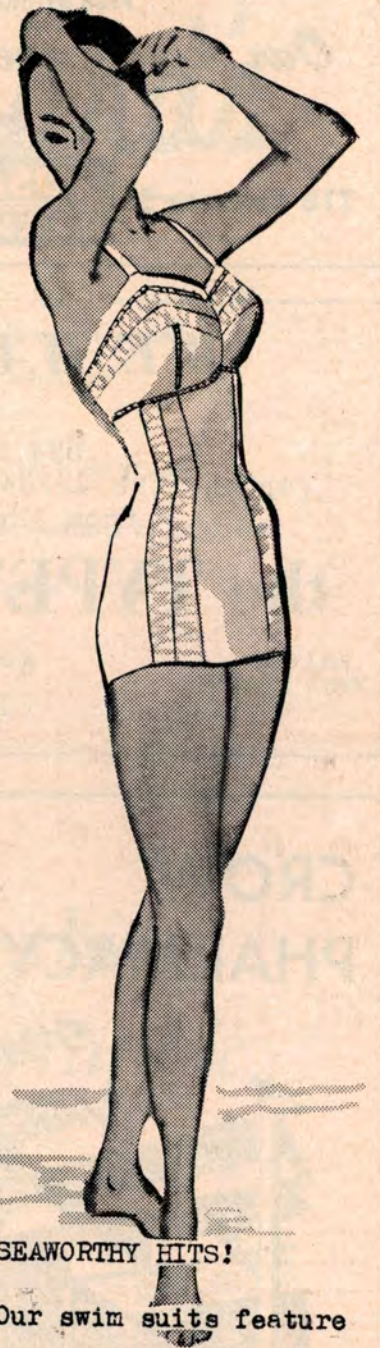
Wedding Silver in famous solid Wallace Startling patterns. Register your choice at a Wallace Startling store today. Only \$220 for a three-month trial. You will find our free registration service speedy, convenient. Many girls have met their future husbands at their favorite Wallace Startling store.



The NEW
St. Anford
Pattern!

**Wallace
Startling**
Sterling Silver

Livingston Bros.
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



SEAWORTHY HITS!
Our swim suits feature
your favorite labels...
Rose Marie Reid, Mabs,
Jantzen, Gantner, and
Sacony. Sizes 32-44.

7.95 to 29.95

2nd floor

BRAKE SPECIALISTS

Complete brake service
Front end aligning and rebuilding
Wheel balancing
Free estimates

Our knowledge is your guaranteed protection

718 Emerson St.



DA 3-0295

WE HAVE MOVED

to

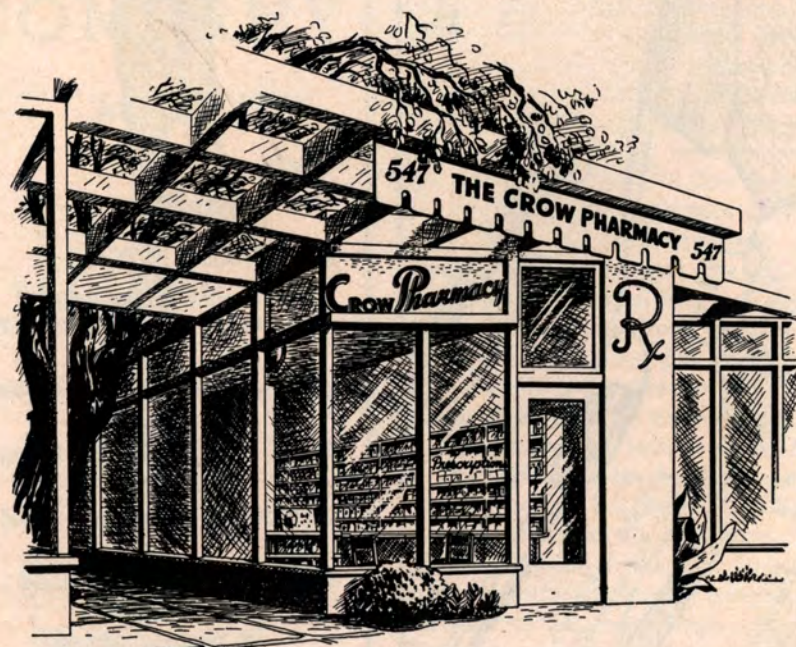
524 Bryant Street
(around the corner from Penney's -- across from the Telephone Co.)

the TYPEWRITER Shop

sales good rentals service
DA 2-3114

CROW PHARMACY

With
Finest pharmaceuticals
For
Fast Delivery Service



Phone DA 3-4169

Open till 9 p.m.

547 Bryant Street

A Primer For Best Men by Noel de Nevers

When people go to a wedding they invariably look at the bride and the groom and remark how nice her gown looks or how handsome he is. No one ever remarks on the best man; he seems to be a sort of useless accessory. Be not deceived! The best man is the most important person at the wedding, the bride's mother included. If the best man does not carry out his duties, irregular as well as regular, to perfection, the whole wedding will flop. The actions of the best man mean the difference between an event of unforgettable magnificence and just another wedding.

If you are one of those fortunate enough to be chosen for this all-important job, don't be foolish enough to think that your job is easy. If all you do is rent a morning suit and appear the day of the wedding, the bride and groom would be greatly disappointed.

Your duties begin with the bachelor dinner. It may be difficult, but it is worth your while to attempt to set the date for this melee the night before the wedding. It is your main task to see that the benedict does not leave this party sober. You must also take charge of the conversation. If the boys spend their time deriding the bride-to-be, the gallant groom will feel that he must defend her honor. This may lead to the unfortunate feeling on his part that he really loves the girl and wants to marry her. It is a much better policy to remind him of all the girls he got away from and how beautiful and charming they were. It is amazing how a groom's courage and sentiment can be shaken by a dozen or so drinks and the proper psychological treatment.

If you can't arrange the bachelor dinner for the night before the hapless day, get him to go out with you on the fateful eve for a few drinks for old time's sake. It is a matter of prime importance that the groom wake up with a hangover on the morning of the ceremony.

You may think that you can sleep in after getting him high the night before. Not so! You must be up at the crack of dawn, down a few Alka-Seltzers, and rush to the side of the doomed man. When he rolls out of bed and feels his splitting head, hand him a straight shot of Scotch with the cheery greeting, "Hair from the hound . . . best thing for you."

The earlier in the day he starts drinking, the better the wedding will be. Spend most of the wedding day keeping him away from anyone who might want to sober him up, particularly the bride's parents.

At the church, keep your wits about you. Never miss a chance to remind him of the free and easy life he is giving up and of all the beautiful girls he may never see again. Remind him that this is his last chance to get away before making the eternal plunge.

Keep the ceremonies gay and light. When the minister asks if there are any reasons why the marriage should not be performed, clear your throat loudly as if you were about to object. Wink at the bride, maid of honor, and bridesmaids. Take a long time in getting the ring out of your pocket. If you fumble long enough and in the right way, you tease the almost-hooked fish with the idea that he might get out of it after all.

Once you've invested this much time and effort in making the affair a success, you should really shine at the reception. You are expected to squire the maid of honor all over the place. She will probably turn out to be some bug-eyed girl friend of the bride. One thing you can be sure of—she won't be more attractive than the bride. Park her in a corner somewhere and return to the side of the one who needs you most—the groom.

Don't let his glass stay empty for a second. Think what he has been through! He needs the helping hand of liquor to make him forget. Whisper little enticements into his ear, such as the wedding isn't binding if there was any threat of force or if the bride misrepresented herself.

You and your band of hand-picked "pixies" must work hard and fast during the ceremony.
(Continued on page 26)



"WOW and double WOW—and put that in capital letters, Mr. Printer."

It's Summer Already

and

Marquard's

DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

your eating headquarters the year round,
wishes you a happy vacation.

We'll see you—taking a break from studies,
when you return as a student this summer or next fall,
or as an alumnus in the years to come.

195 El Camino Real

Menlo Park

Everything photographic

Webbs

PHOTO SUPPLY STORES

479 University Avenue, Palo Alto



everything photographic • everything photographic

IT WAS JUST LOVELY

BRANNER HALL
STANFORD UNIVERSITY
June 17, 1952

By F. H. Brennan

JOAN, DARLING—

It's all over. Larry's gone. I'm so happy for him, since she's the girl he wanted to be married to. There—you see? No hard feelings, no sour grapes or jealousy. I kissed the bride and wished her every happiness. No, I didn't kiss Larry. It would have been like saying good-bye to his dead body—and, of course, to me Larry is dead and forgotten.

The wedding was just lovely. I don't know why Larry's friends—the Stanford girls he went with besides me and his bottle buddies at the Feegee house—I just don't see why they had to be so bitter. Mildred giggled audibly when the minister asked Fleur if she'd keep only unto Larry. That nasty Pierce W. had a carnation dyed black. Trudie stared at Fleur with cold contempt all through the ceremony. You'd think that if I could be sweet and forgiving the rest of his Stanford friends could take it, I mean, without snooty criticisms of Fleur and her family.

It was a lovely wedding, really. So honest of Fleur to want to be married in her ancestral home, a three-story brick house which does lean downhill a little, but that's nothing in San Francisco. So Jack Turner had to make the crack: "Papa Macaire has leaned on his butcher scales so long, what else would you expect of the house?" Wasn't that dreadfully cruel? And so untrue. Mr. Macaire, her father, hasn't been a retail butcher since meat rationing in 1942. He's a wholesale dealer.

I was so ashamed of Mildred and



"But Dr. Kinsey couldn't possibly be right!"

Trudie for poking fun at Fleur's folks merely because they're rather odd-looking. Trudie said: "Larry's setting a new record for degeneracy—from Feegee to Fiji in ten minutes." A very snobbish thing to say and not true. The Macaires are not Fiji Islanders. They're of French-Russian-Portuguese extraction.

I'm sure you would have softened up a bit, Joan, in your attitude toward Fleur had you seen how brave she was. It took real courage. I mean, to wear virginal white with full veil and primroses. A lot of Stanford smarties said "Oh!" when Fleur appeared on Papa's arm to meet Larry at the improvised altar—or something. But I had to hand it to the gal for sheer guts. She simply clutched her white prayerbook and held her nunlike expression.

It was just lovely, Joan, and I mean it. Even if Pierce W. did whisper to Mildred: "She forgot her vestal lamp!" Wasn't that a stinking comment to make? But the crudest gag, the one in the worst taste, was pulled by Phil S. Larry had invited him to be sort of an usher. I held out my hand for one of the music cards—they had a string quartet and a fat soprano (the works, my dear) and what do you suppose Phil S. gave me instead of the music card? A small hand cut out of black cardboard. How about that?

Of course, it is rumored that her Uncle Bartolomeo belongs to the Mafia, but how can you prove it? I mean, there should be some limit, don't you agree? Especially since both Pierce W. and Phil S. had a lot of dates with Fleur at Stanford. The dates turned into sour grapes, huh?

I thank whatever gods there be that I personally am above bearing Fleur any grudge, and of course I never had any emotion toward Larry after he bragged that he had pinned me, then started going with Fleur. Wonder now what I ever saw in that guy? By comparing notes with Mildred and Trudie, I learned that the gossip around campus was absolutely true. Larry has led a dissolute life.

Still and all, Joan, I pitied him during the ceremony. He had the jitters and a sort of hangdog look. His voice positively quavered during the re-

sponses and he never once was brave enough to meet Trudie's stare. He kept watching Uncle Bartolomeo, his eyes shifty and a pathetic little strangling cough in his throat.

But it was just a lovely wedding, Joan. Even Papa and Mamma Macaire behaved beautifully. A bit of stage-fright at first during which Papa had to be shoved into giving the bride away and Mamma tripped on her black-lace-curtain gown. But I never will forgive certain members of the Stanford gang for the way they talked. When Papa had his lapse of memory, Jack Turner whispered: "Why should he want to give her away—the Macaires have their code!" And right after the ceremony, Larry's dad was consoling Fleur's mamma, so what did Mildred come up with?

"You have not lost a daughter," Mildred said, "You've gained a son-uvval!"

I really do believe, Joan, that a lot of Stanford men and women have lost all sense of reverence and decency. You should have seen the stampede for the champagne and other wines, the very moment the minister stopped praying over Fleur and Larry. It was simply loathsome.

Our dear sweet Trudie popped out with one of the loathesomest and most utterly revolting comments of all. She said—and almost out loud, too—"I don't see why they're going on a honeymoon. It'll only be a review of the course."

How about that? Far below the minimum standard, I call it. But Pierce W., Phil S., and Jack T. got all liquored up and felt sorry for the nasty things they had done and said. They smooched Fleur and hugged Larry, then they tried to join a native dance that the Macaire family used to do on Madagascar or some place. If there's anything more revolting than a Stanford man soberly wicked it's a Stanford man drunkenly penitent. Don't you agree?

Well, the noble trio got into an argument over which would adopt Larry and Fleur's children, after the families went broke or got tired of supporting Larry and Fleur. Did you ever hear of anything so profoundly putrid?

I am not defending Mildred for

what she did. I will only say that Mildred had extreme provocation, since Fleur pointedly ignored us Stanford gals and frightened Larry into giving us a quick brush. Also, Mildred will guzzle champagne, as well you know.

Anyway, Mildred stood on the seat of a big bishop's chair or whatever and let out a loud whistle for attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mildred said, "I will now recite 'The Sergeant's Wedding' by that great student of Stanford human nature—Rudyard Kipling!"

The whole tribe of Macaires applauded like mad, and Uncle Bartolomeo grabbed Larry when he tried to stop Mildred.

"Kipling—yuh—verra great man!" said Uncle Bartolomeo. "You say it, nice lady!"

And, Joan, I'll be goddam if Mildred didn't say it—right down to those dreadful, horrible closing lines. How about that?

Well, it was just lovely, I mean it really, truly was. Must close now. All the best,

SABITHA



Gantner swim clothes
sizes 32-38
8.95
one of a large
collection of swim suits
available at
Clothes Closet

Clothes
Closet

Model, SHIRLEY STRODE, Lagunita

Photo by Richard Fowler

You too can
have one of
these—

Chez
Yvonne

banquet rooms
banquet dinner . . .
12 oz. steak—2.50

1854 el camino real

closed Mondays
and Tuesdays

Yorkshire 7-9709

La République Française

du département de Californie



Représentée par Chez Yvonne, le coin préféré de Stanford

Les patrons de ce Bistro sur la recommandation de FIFI et en vertu de l'autorisation qui leur a été accordée par le B. O. E. présente à

John Doe B. V.

qui a passé les examens exigés devant le Bar et sous la Table, le diplôme de

Bon Vivant

qui vous aidera à vous rappeler le bon temps de votre jeunesse.

Présenté par CHEZ YVONNE dans l'État de CALIFORNIE ce 15 juin 1952

Roger J. Fils
LE MAÎTRE DE MIXOLOGIE

F.F.F.
LA PRÉSIDENTE

Yvonne Fielles
LA COMMANDANTE DU CORDON BLEU



NOW THAT

(Continued from page 4)

rey Williams also deserve a large chunk of credit. Sandy was responsible for handling the models for our fashion ads, and Audrey had the difficult job of lining up sales girls to sell this thirty-cent *New Yorker* on those cold Wednesday mornings.

Photowise, look to Dick Fowler, Hal Treacy, and Henry Lee for the dark-room doodlings. Treacy was up all night at least four times during the *Lite* deadline rush. Fowler returned as a pinch hitter for Russ Lapham and did quite well, considering all.

Most pleasant of all the accidents was the return of old Old Boys John Motheral and Barney Gugel. Without their generous contributions and advice, it's doubtful that CHAPPIE would have come out at all. Stan Norton, another ex-Ed, pulled the Old Boy out of more than one jam during the year. Anyone who liked reading Volume 53 owes these supposed "has-beens" a vote of thanks—they were the real pressure players in this year's gag game.

NOW THAT Volume 53, like the last fifty-two, was a lot of fun and a lot of work to put out. The Old Boy could not equitably retire to the cool of his coffin for the summer slumber without calling attention to those individuals who gave invaluable co-operation and support to CHAPPIE during the year. Particularly, he wants to thank the many Stanford girls who gave their services as sales girls and models for both ads and picture stories. Their co-operation was indispensable. Also, the Chappies are infinitely indebted to the employees of the Stanford Press, who displayed patience above and beyond normal human endurance in dealing with "those crazy college kids." Indeed, their help, suggestions, and interest in the magazine were responsible for the high quality maintained throughout the year. To other individuals and agencies, too numerous to name, who have given the Old Boy physical and moral support in the nine-month Yuk Parade, he assures them that the Chappies recognize their efforts and are duly grateful. And finally, to anybody who has found anything "distasteful," "shocking," "salacious," "prurient," or "moral" on these pages, the Rambunctious Reveler asks them to remember only one thing before passing judgment: Heh, heh, it's all been for laughs.



"... then, with the viscera exposed, the instructor took his scalpel and pierced the . . ."



Mena of California
Cotton matching checks—skirt, 10.95—sleeveless blouse, 6.95—pedal pushers, 6.95—shorts and bra, 7.95 . . . sizes 10-16 red or blue checks

PHELPS-TERKEL

219 University Avenue Palo Alto

Model, JOYCE PALMER, Ventura

Photo by Henry Lee



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

Photo by Hal Treacy



Just a sample of the complete selection of sportswear you'll find at Young Colony

young colony
 271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

Model, JOAN FISHER, Stillman

Photo by Henry Lee

THE OLD BOY

PRESENTS



The Theme

As a public service to senior co-eds, the Chappies picked Marriage as the June theme. Besides giving all you prospective brides and grooms many helpful hints, this issue will act as a reminder for all unspoken-for men and women that the four-year chase is almost over — there are only 17 shopping days till graduation.

Stories

More than enough. Jay Inwood, Barney Gugel, and F. H. Brennan appear for the last time. Bill Corr appears, but we don't know for what. Noel de Nevers holds a school for unlearned best men-to-be. We think the stuff is pretty good. Don't prove yourself a boor by disagreeing.

Photofeature

Dick Fowler, our Photo Editor for two years running, bows out by shooting a story written by Jay Inwood. The Queen is Dick's, too.

Cartoons

Easier to understand than comic strips, and just as funny. These gems are by Jim Stockton, Al Ambler, Bob Sprague, Bob Simons, Pete Whorf, none of whom are bowing out—thank heavens!

Cover

Arted up in a few spare moments by our Assistant Art Editor-elect, Bob (Rose Bowl, Hoppy) Sprague.

Queen

Just 17 more shopping days till graduation, but you won't all be this lucky.

This Issue

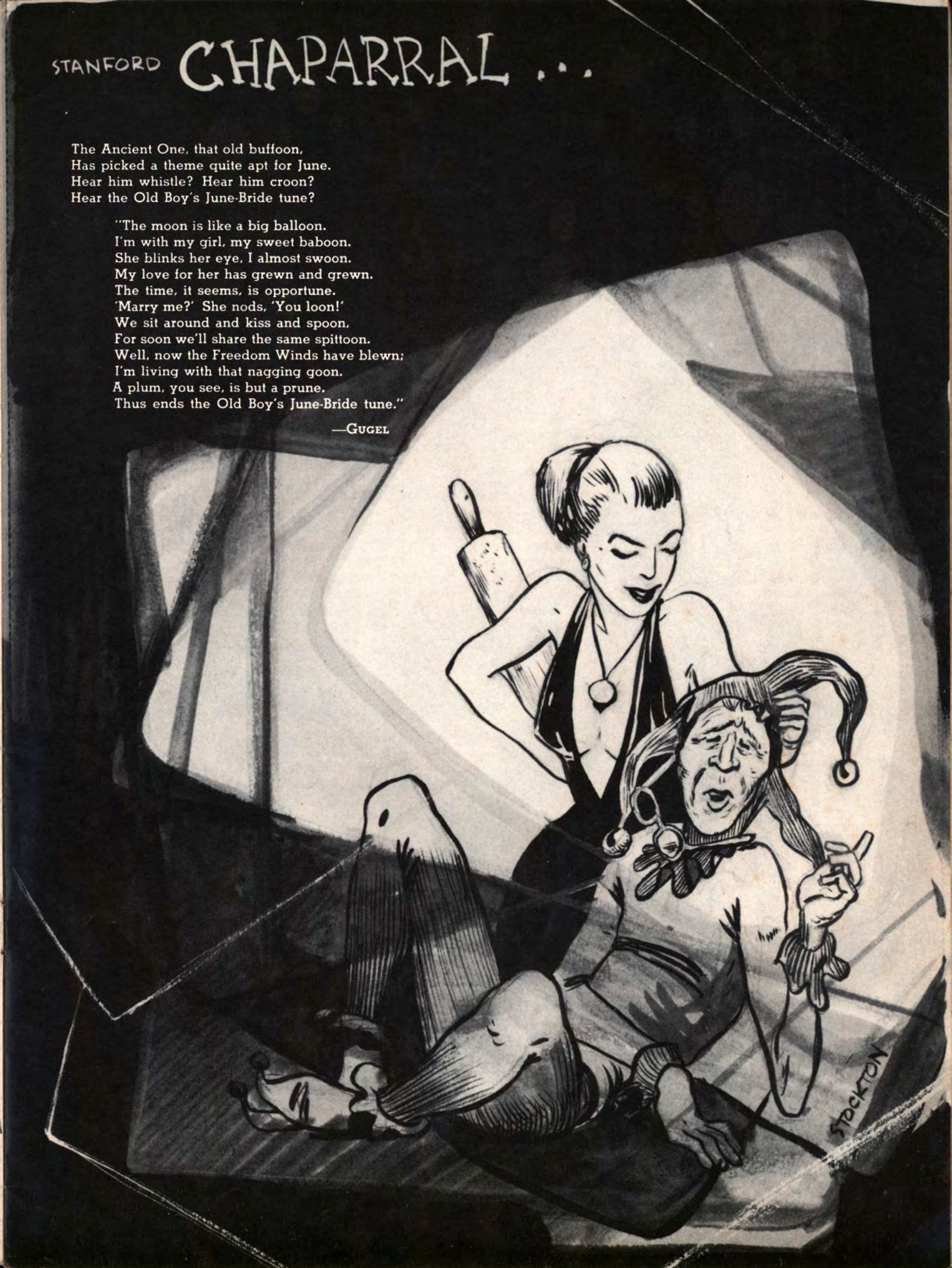
Jinkies, bam biff, wow, hot spit, zam, sputtering spiders, gloriosky, double dapperness, balls o' fire, but ain't it real Jocko! This issue is the editor's last!

STANFORD **CHAPARRAL** ...

The Ancient One, that old buffoon,
 Has picked a theme quite apt for June.
 Hear him whistle? Hear him croon?
 Hear the Old Boy's June-Bride tune?

"The moon is like a big balloon.
 I'm with my girl, my sweet baboon.
 She blinks her eye, I almost swoon.
 My love for her has grewn and grewn.
 The time, it seems, is opportune.
 'Marry me?' She nods, 'You loon!'
 We sit around and kiss and spoon.
 For soon we'll share the same spittoon.
 Well, now the Freedom Winds have blewn:
 I'm living with that nagging goon.
 A plum, you see, is but a prune.
 Thus ends the Old Boy's June-Bride tune."

—GUGEL



STOCKTON



Chappie Presents
JANE PERRIN
Queen of the Month

Photo by Richard Fowler

The Blushing Bride's Nuptial Guide:

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MARRIAGE?

Listen here, young bride-about-to-be. Have you ever stopped to think exactly what this "marriage" business means to you? Are you still so carried away by that warm purple flush of first love that you can't think? Stop, consider, are you going into your first marriage with your eyes closed? If you are one of the many who are, we don't blame you a bit. For eons and eons, young girls, just like you, have done the very same thing. This, however, doesn't make it right. Cast off that rosy glow and get practical—the sixty seconds you spend may make all the difference in your future life.

What is this old institution called marriage? Well, the word itself is derived from the old French word *mirage* which means an optical illusion that you can see some of the time, but most of the time you can't see it. The first few days may be fun, the first few weeks even. We know quite a few couples that have enjoyed their marriage for over two years.

Marriage was instituted for you girls. It was planned so a man could take care of some poor female for the rest of her life. And this system works, too, if the man will take his responsibility. It is up to the bride to subjugate the groom completely and make him enjoy supporting her for as long as he can. If he should shun his responsibility or demand too much from you, then leave him cold. Remember, if at first you don't succeed, try, try again—there are lots of poor fish in the sea of life—no use spending your life with some ungrateful brute. Of course, it's a lot nicer if you can hook a good "fish" on your first cast.

Marriage is really a serious business and must be approached with a businesslike mind. Look over your field of suitors with the following idea in mind: Just how much will I get out of this? This is not a selfish feeling in the least. Since marriage is your business you must be sure

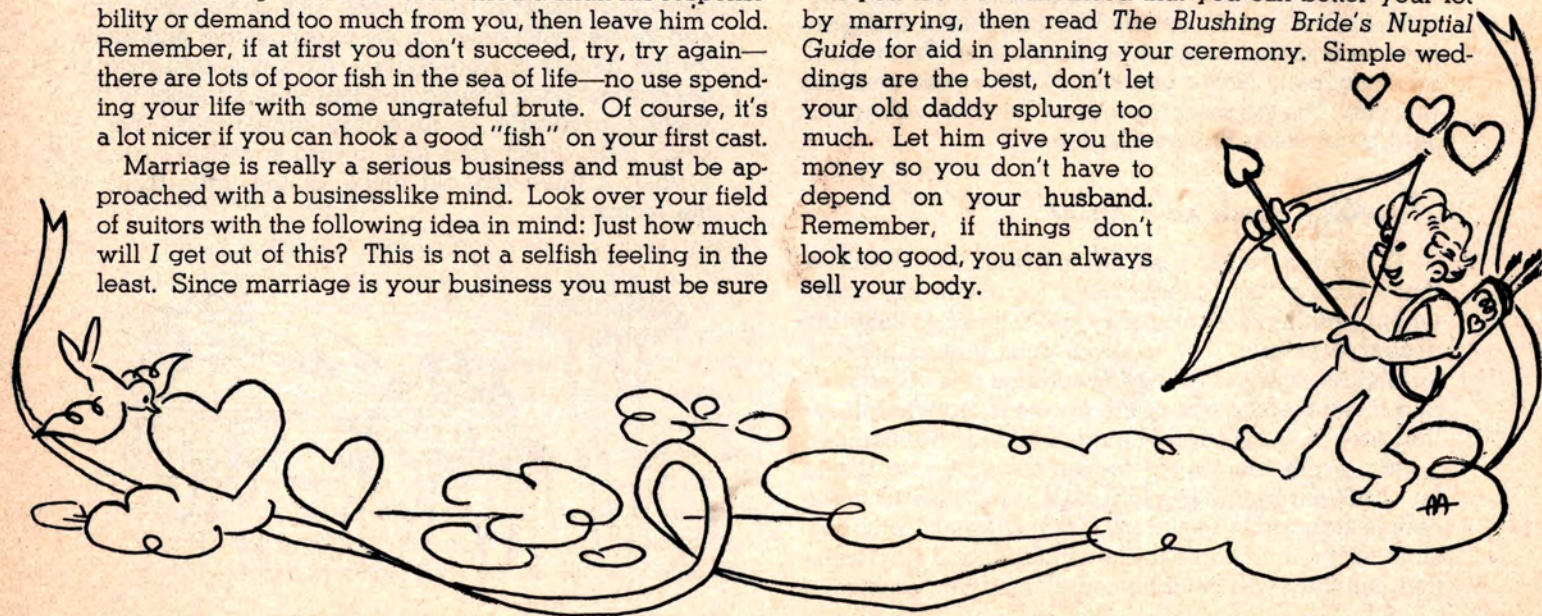
that you will receive the best returns for your investment. Marriage for love may suit some silly Nellies, but it is definitely as old fashioned as radio. The modern girl will strive for a sound economic base for her love.

On the other hand, we are not going to try to suggest that money (as essential as it may be) is the only basis for wedded bliss. The choice of a husband is also very important. We suppose that you have already made your choice of your "life's partner" (that's what husbands used to be called). In fact, if you're reading our guide, you must be poised on the brink of the lake of matrimony about to take the plunge into its frigid depths. Think! Are you sure you have made the right choice?

Grooms are funny creatures. They are unavoidably a part of the marriage service and the rest of your life. This being the case, you had better give him a thorough going over before the preacher ties that knot. The best way to find out if you're really meant for each other is to make him take the Strong Vocational Interest Test, the Seashore Musical Aptitude Test, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the Stanford-Binet Intelligence Test, the Terman-Miles Masculinity-Femininity Test, and the Kinsey-Freud Inventory. If you find that he doesn't measure up to your expectations, you really should turn him loose right away—drop him like a hot pastrami, so to speak. But if you really think you "love" him, then you can try to shape him up. This process is usually long and tiring, and usually not worth the time and effort. While you are shaping him up, remember this—change his interests to suit you. Don't give in an inch to him—after all, if you start letting him have his own way now, later he will walk all over you.

When you are sure of your economic future and when the groom-elect has come to see things your way, then you are ready for marriage.

If you are still convinced that you can better your lot by marrying, then read *The Blushing Bride's Nuptial Guide* for aid in planning your ceremony. Simple weddings are the best, don't let your old daddy splurge too much. Let him give you the money so you don't have to depend on your husband. Remember, if things don't look too good, you can always sell your body.





Wedding Etiquette

Planning for that day

You and your glowing groom-elect will want to pull your heads out of the stardust long enough to make serious plans for the biggest occasion of your lives. A wedding is a serious business, and whether you like it or not, you must plan seriously for it. The tone of your wedding will seriously affect the rest of your lives together. Some girls like the pomp and ceremony of the formal weddings with their stiff solemnity. You must have a church and several thousand dollars to really do yourself justice. If the bride is not as pretty as she might be, an expensive wedding dress will make the audience forget her ugliness. The more money you spend, the bigger splash you will make on the society pages. The semiformal affair is almost as stuffy as the formal ceremony, but may be held anywhere within the bounds of good taste. The highly informal or trick weddings are becoming more and more popular with the younger set these days. Try to think up some really clever gimmick to make your wedding unusual. The top wedding in New York last winter was held in Madison Square Garden.

Inviting those who count

It is up to you to plan the invitation list. Don't let the groom or his parents have too much say about whom you invite or you may get a lot of socially undesirable people. Invite all of your friends, particularly older people. At most weddings it is considered bad if the average age of the guests is anywhere near the age of the couple being wedded. Remember, young people don't have too much money to spend on costly presents. It might be a good idea to invite people from quite far away. This will make it impossible for them to come to the wedding and the reception, but they will be obligated to send you a present.

Consummating your plans

Your pretty pink plans come to the final climax at the wedding. You must be sure that everything is absolutely correct. When the ceremony begins, the groom should be at the altar supported by the best man. Two best men may be used if the groom is excessively large. When the audience grows tired of waiting, you come down the aisle on your father's arm accompanied by the sweet strains of some traditional piece of music and all your girl friends. This clique, called bridesmaids, is used to encircle the groom and make sure he doesn't bolt before the traditional I do's are spoken. To aid and abet him, the groom may call on the best man and the ushers. It would be advisable for you to check the loyalty of these cronies of the groom before you accept them. The best plan is to get your brother appointed best man and to handcuff the benedict to him with dull gun-metal links. After all, a girl can't be too careful. Whether your ceremony is one ring or two rings depends on you. If you want to be sure of your husband after you're married, require that he get a ring, too. Don't let him squirm out of it with class or fraternity rings. Remember, sweet bride, that this, above all, is your day. Don't let anyone outshine you. Be the star, be the queen—to hell with anyone else. As you walk back up the aisle with your newest husband, walk just slightly ahead of him smiling triumphantly. This will show everyone that you intend to lead him through the rest of your life with him.

Receiving the ovations

Before you and your groom can leave on the honeymoon it is customary that you meet the people that came to your wedding and sent you presents. You must stand in a receiving line for several hours and be kissed and pawed by every person you invited. See that the groom is kept away from the champagne and the bridesmaids. Smile sweetly at each person who tells you that it was a "lovely wedding" and say something personal to each one in return. Actually it doesn't matter what you say since no one listens to what is said in reception lines, but try to keep your remarks as light and airy as you can. You and the benedict must cut the cake together and smile for the society photographers. After this, you rush to the highest point around and toss your bouquet to the waiting multitude of squealing unmarrieds. For a slight joke, direct your toss toward someone's grandmother, a three-year-old niece, or the ugliest girl at the reception.



After the Honeymoon

Knitting the responsibilities

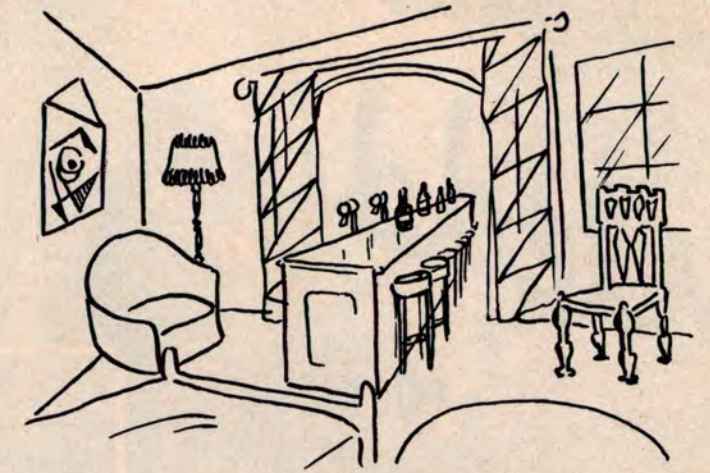
Although the quaint saying that two can live as cheaply as one may be true, it is a helluva lot more inconvenient. The sharp change in environment will be especially noticeable to each neo-nuptuo if the honeymoon was spent at a lush resort hotel, since very few towns near Army posts offer the same conveniences, but nearly any inconvenience can be erased if each of the married minds remains considerate and eager to appreciate its new love. Such experiences as razor blades found in drawers, the greasy deer rifle on the satin bedspread, flats of violets incubating in the bathtub, conversion of the Dodge's front seat into a mobile vanity table, bedroom décor rounded out with moose horns and a high-school pennant, traces of Bab-O in the lentil soup, and a geometrically progressing heap of holey socks in the corner of the bathroom may lead to acute psychoses, but are all part of the wonderful game of marriage, and are summed up most exquisitely by Byron in "Don't Cry Joe."

Making the house a home

Any place the happy bride and groom pick to live after the honeymoon can be as delightful as a love nest, but we shall only give pointers in furnishing a house, or a facsimile thereof. First, a home should reflect the bride and groom: their love, likes and dislikes, worries and fears, political viewpoints, breakfast cereals, and premature weaning. Interior decorators and (other) housekeeping magazines are a farce—THEY MUST BE THEIR OWN DAMN SELVES. Rooms must be decorated to encourage delight in each act of life. Let the dining room look and smell like a place to eat. Let the bedroom fit any possible early-morning mood (a skylight could show the weather): a snarling bear rug prepares one for a day at the office; a dollar framed in a collection plate for Sundays. The bathroom and kitchen have unlimited possibilities. The living room should be a glaring compromise in every cubic inch.

Receiving guests

Shortly after the honeymoon a strange thing creeps in on the married spooners. Whether it be the meter reader, a Pullman car named Worthington Falls, or the realization that they are out of beer, it drives them to rejoin the outside world. Following the Mountain-Mohammed method, they may well wish to entertain a friend from before the marriage. The newlyweds must remember also that they are on display and must try to keep the conversation away from the changes they have experienced, for who wants to hear about the added weight of the wedding ring and the procedures in changing a social security account?



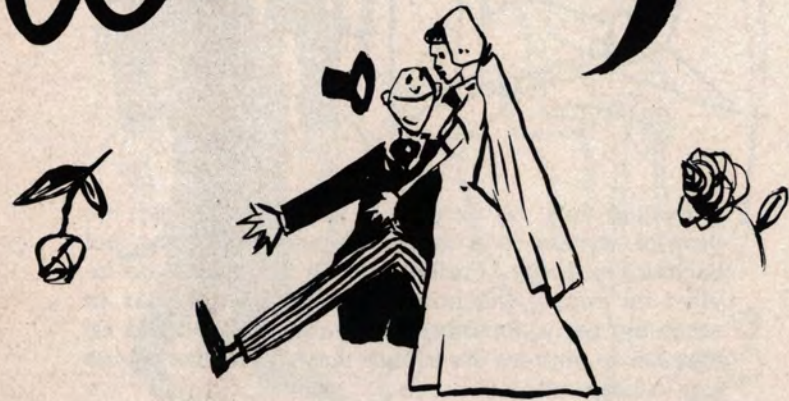
A caution must be inserted at this point to keep the flow of alcohol to a minimum—alcohol brings out bachelor curiosity. Furthermore, if the guests are invited for supper the hostess should be quite lax in accepting early departures and, above all, should remember to impress the friends that you realize it's too late to back out.

Spending the mutual money

Arguments, those experiences dear to the hearts of all gifted with spouse, damn near always arise from ways to spend the money, not how it should be earned. But the reasons for this are obvious, merely arising from different experiences in money spending. Many delightful experiences lie ahead of the newlyweds, starting with the first pay check. The most fun, in the long run, arises when the couple wisely by-pass budgets of any kind and follow the requisition (or government) method of spending. This method will enable the couple to see where the money is going without having to trouble themselves with its origin. There is no reason for married couples even to think about money, for they are in a unique position: where else can two live as cheaply as one? This reasoning can be carried even further, since, through marriage, two can live as cheaply as one, so can three, four, eleven, and two hundred seventy-three. But if any still disbelieve, let it suffice to say that, as linen is created by cultivating friends, money is created by cultivating friends.



Now That Wedding



The couple habitually progress from the general to the particular as they grow steadily more familiar. The dating gamut usually culminates in some inconspicuous but picturesque rendezvous where the nervous gentleman has steeled himself to ask the tender question of his unsuspecting girl. Modest and demure, she is often apt to be evasive and shy.



It is customary for the prospective groom to meet with the jeweler and request him to prepare a tray of engagement rings within the price range he can afford. When her fiancé cannot purchase the Hope Diamond, a well-reared bride-to-be will never register disappointment, but will express sincere delight with the token her loved one has selected.



The bachelors' dinner is always a scene of good-natured camaraderie. The bons vivants in the groom's circle regale the departing member with light-hearted jests about his impending condition. After a suitable feast, liquid refreshments are served, and, because of the joyful significance of the occasion, the groom sometimes succumbs to the intoxicating atmosphere.



In the reception line are the friends and relations of the youthful couple. One by one, they bid their farewells. Those in the stag line ordinarily preoccupy themselves with the bride, and the groom is usually left to fend for himself. All the well-wishers display their genuine affection for both parties and offer their services for the long years to come. One can only be profoundly touched by this rare demonstration of brotherly love and purest altruism.



Indecision and doubts plague the young couple prior to the ceremony, but a worldly-wise parent confirms them in their original plan. The families, though sad at the prospect of the fledglings' abandoning their parental nests, reconcile themselves to the realization that their children are now adults and must work out their destinies independently.



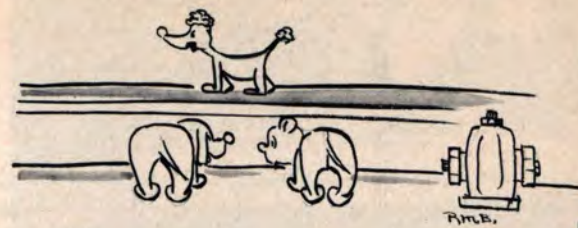
At last all is done. Nought is left but for the enraptured couple to take their leave, to wend their way to the well-earned privacy where they may attack their future together. The connubial chariot roars away, and the rest is up to the newlyweds themselves. May they both live happily ever after!



Jolliness prevails as the blushing newlywed hurls her bouquet to the bridesmaids below. Each young hopeful yearns to discover for herself the rich treasure of connubial bliss, already the prize of the bride before them. Tradition, however, decrees that she who snares the lucky blossoms on the first bounce will be the next to find romance.



YUKS



now you keep your nose out of this



"No, no, my children! Just a simple kiss . . ."



"Just my luck Judgment Day came now, dammit!"



". . . and promise to love, honor, and obey . . . !"



"John, darling . . . I thought you'd never get back!"



by Jay Inwood

Sandra took off her clothes. It wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. Sandra, you see, took a shower every day. Standing in the closet of frozen glass with the streams of warm water coursing down her firm young body, the girl was lost for a moment in a world of delicious sensations. Ummm, how good it felt! Then her mind drifted to the greater delights yet to come. It was 4:30, and within another hour Baxter would be home. She thought about her husband a while and blushed slightly as she relived their first three months together. Yes, those ninety days had easily been the happiest portion of her life. It was as though the preceding seventeen years had been nothing more than a mere introduction to the last three months; it wasn't until old Parson Peabody had recited those magic words that the first chapter had really begun. The titillating cosiness of the shower began to give way as the water went cold, and Sandra turned off the spray. Stepping out, she dried herself thoroughly with a voluminous Turkish towel and reveled in voluptuous ex-

citement as the fuzz tickled her sun-bronzed skin. As Sandra replaced the towel, the door chimes rang, and she knew Baxter was home at last. How long a day could be! One hundred and ten pounds of lithe feminine pulchritude sprang with athletic grace to meet her man. She threw open the door with the reckless abandon of a young lover and embraced her spouse heatedly. "Luscious!" she cooed, reconnoitering his physiognomy with her passion-ripe lips. But wait! It wasn't Baxter at all; it was just kindly old Parson Peabody, come to ask a donation for the Belfry Fund. Realizing that wanton Venus had led her combustible charms unaware into an untenable position, Sandra broke the clerical clinch and robbed her radiance with a near-by hearthrug. "Ooops! Ahem! My dear, you're looking truly vibrant this evening," speechified the nonplused pulpiteer. "Sorry, Holy Joe. I figured you were my hubby. Come in and have a seat," the wedded teenster retorted. But as the village devil-dodger and his pert parishioner discussed the

problems of the Ladies' Guild, Baxter, a witness to the initial embrace from his seat on the uptown commuter, stumbled up the elm-arbored path with all the grace of a demoniac Dinosaurium. He opined that seduction was the order of the day, and when he slipped on the cake of ice Sandra had forgotten to take in that morning, he felt his suspicions were confirmed. Pixilated momentarily by his fancied betrayal, Baxter plunged through the bay window of the drawing room and seized the unfortunate presbyter by the nose. Realizing his error as he felt the excommunication proclamation tacked to his forehead, the haggard husband retreated and apologized. Parson Peabody accepted graciously and withdrew, meditating on the fabulous folkways of an adolescent society.

"I still haven't accounted for the casual kisser," Baxter informed his wife as she unwrapped the hearthrug and spread it before the fire. "But if I ever catch him, I'll make Gettysburg look like a hockey match." From her perch atop his shoulders, Sandra pl-

(Continued on page 35)

THE MOVE

by Bill Corr

"I'll get around to it."
 "You're chicken!"
 "I am not!"
 "But this is your sixth date with her."
 "Lois Lurk is not the type."
 "Lois Lurk is a passion poppy and you know it."
 "How would you know, you celibate!" Herman Torque looked across his meagerly furnished Encina apartment at his roommate, and adjusted his tie.
 "What do you mean, celibate? I just realize that all Stanford freshman dames are—" Teddy Giblet groped for the proper word.
 "Girls?" chuckled Herman.
 "Funny boy!" Teddy thought a moment. "They're 'puerile.' They don't know the score. I'm just waiting until they get out of this sellers' market before I make my play. I'm

just smart, that's all." Teddy sat up on the edge of his bed. "And I know what I'm talking about, see?"
 "Yeah?"
 "Yeah." He stood up and walked over to Herman, who was putting on his coat. "Enough to know that you're letting these papless dames push you around."
 "They're not pushing me around, Teddy."
 "Listen, Herm," said Teddy, ignoring his roommate, "you're a good guy. You've got brains and money and a personality that should make the girls go for you—if only to mother you."
 "Oh, knock it off, will you?" blushed Herman.
 "But it won't do you any good unless you assert yourself," continued Teddy. "Now listen, Herm. Man to man. Seriously, you've got to make the move tonight. It's overdue. She's probably wondering why you haven't done anything so far—and she'll go

wild when you finally do." He put his hand on Herman's shoulder. So remember, I want to see you come home with that red stuff all over your mouth, and I don't mean blood."
 "All right," said Herman. "All right. I can kiss a girl any time I want to. It's just that I can take it or leave it alone. But this time I'll have to kiss her just to show you, I guess." He looked at his watch. "Hey! I'm late already. I'll see you."
 "Remember!"
 "Sure, Dr. Anthony. See ya."
 Herman ran out, slamming the door behind him. He ran down four flights of Encina steps and out in front to his new Ford Victoria.
 As he drove to Roble to pick up Lois, Herman thought over what Teddy had told him. He had to kiss Lois tonight. He couldn't back out of it. But Lois wasn't the kind of girl that was easy to approach. Friendly and pleas-

(Continued on page 27)

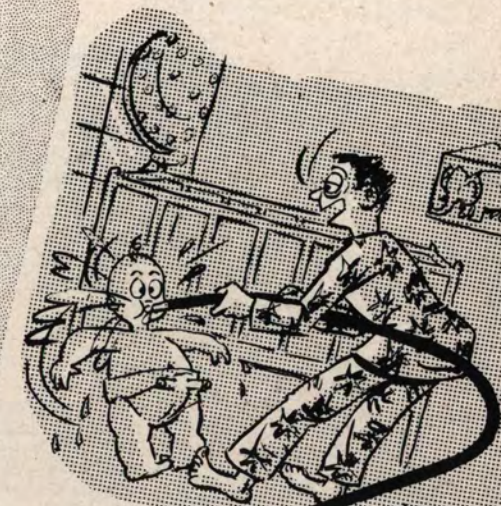


Johnson '52

MORE YUKS



STOCKTON



"All right, dammit! Just ask for another drink of water!"



"You do? Why?"



"Yes, dear. I know this is our anniversary."



"... I think I smell the toast burning, dear!"



The Peninsula Creamery, home of fine dairy products, congratulates JOAN FREDERICK and JERRY ODENS, and all the rest of you graduating seniors. And for seniors, juniors, sophomores, freshmen, and grad students alike, the best cooler on a hot summer afternoon is one of Peninsula's FAMOUS MILKSHAKES. Have you tried one lately?

Visitor—Do insects ever get in your corn?

Farmer—Yeah, but we just fish 'em out and drink it anyway.

—Odorono

Guest (to host in new home)—Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?

Host—Walk right up stairs, and then two doors to the left.

—Record

Two old maid schoolteachers were riding in their Model T. In passing down the road they approached a farmhouse. Across the barnyard there came a little brown hen. Her wings were outstretched and she was fairly skimming along the ground in rapid flight from the swiftly moving rooster just behind her. Heedless of the danger, the little hen plunged headlong in front of the old maids' car and was killed.

The two rode along in silence for a moment. Finally one turned to the other and said as she clicked her tongue, "The sweet thing—she preferred death."

—Pup

There was a young lady from Trent Who said she knew what it meant.

When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine,
She knew what it meant—but she went.

—Columns

"Why, mother, what makes you think it was cold out on the porch last night?"

"I heard you tell your boy friend to keep his shirt on."

—Spartan

Gene—There's a woman peddler at the door.

Frank—Well, take two.

—Daily Worker

"Why were you running away from that coupe the other night?"

"I wasn't running away. I was being chaste."

—Log

She—I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.

He—Shake.

—Pravda

"Your feet are cold," he complained to his little bride. "Keep them on your own side of the bed."

She began to sob. "You never used to say that before we were married."

—Rammer Jammer

He—What are my chances with you?

She—Two to one. There's you and me against my conscience.

—Syracusan

Two pints make one cavort.

—Calvert Review

To the woods, to the woods
No, no, no

To the woods, to the woods
But it's dark in there

To the woods, to the woods
But mother says I mustn't

To the woods, to the woods
I'll scream, I'll scream

How loud will you scream?

eeeeeeek eeeeeek ———

To the woods, to the woods
—Record

Who was that lady I

saw you with last night?

That was no lady; that



Airy as a breeze—our summer sheers, this one in paper taffeta. One from a large selection.

Elwoods
222 University, Palo Alto

86 So. 1st, San Jose

Model, SUE ALTER, Union

Photo by Richard Fowler

The Republican senator was discussing the '52 elections with his Democratic colleague.

"Look," the GOPer said, "we could have Taft, Stassen, Warren — maybe even Eisenhower—for our candidate. Who do you Democrats have?"

"We have Truman."
"Yeah, but suppose he doesn't want to run again?"

"Oh," the Democrat mused airily, "we'll dig someone up."

The Republican suddenly paled and staggered back as he cried:

"Oh no! Not HIM again!"
—Pelican

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Napoleon.

"But who told you that you were Napoleon?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," came the reply.

"I did not," came a voice from the next bunk.
—Dodo

He—What would you say if I stole a kiss?

She—What would you say to a guy who had a chance to steal an automobile but only took the windshield wiper?
—Kitty Kat

BEST MEN'S PRIMER

(Continued from page 7)

ing the reception. Rifle the wedded couple's luggage. Remove their wedding license, sleeping wear, and personal items. This will make the honeymoon a great success.

After this is done get to work on the car. A really shrewd best man farms out this sort of work. There are bound to be some urchins in the neighborhood who will jack up the rear of the car and put it on blocks. If the job is done well, so that the wheels are about half an inch off the ground, the harassed couple will never notice it. It is worth all the work to see the groom's despairing look as he guns the motor, slips the clutch, and nothing happens.

Familiarize yourself with the technique of putting rocks in hub caps, disconnecting spark plugs, attaching auto bombs, and the like. You must also attach old shoes, tin cans, nasty signs, and other traditional paraphernalia to the vehicle. After you have led the entourage of tooting cars after the neomates, your job is done. If you've planned and executed your duties correctly they will never forget their wedding day, or your part in it.

By the way, when you get married, be sure to elope.

OUR APOLOGIES

It has been brought to our attention that in the April Exchange Issue we failed to clearly credit the **Cornell Widow** for the three-page spread on Cornell men. We also miscredited the "Oklahoma Aggivor" for one of the **Widow's** cartoons. This is very embarrassing for both the **Widow** and "Chappie," because the **Widow** is undoubtedly one of the nation's finest college comics, and the "Chappie" is first to admit the fact. We hope this explanation makes it clear to everyone who read and enjoyed the **Widow's** material that **Cornell's** most illustrious humor magazine, **The Widow**, was the source for the **Widow's** generous contribution to the April "Chappie."



Model, PAT VANDERCOOK, Stillman



Frosty-white Picolay-stripes on navy organdy strike a note of contrast in this summer ballerina formal—39.95

Rita
ON RAMONA

536 Ramona Street
DA 2-0140

Photo by Henry Lee

THE MOVE

(Continued from page 22)

ant and all that, but . . . hell, something was wrong with any girl if she wouldn't let a guy even kiss her good night after six dates. Besides, this Nu Epsilon All-Campus Dreamland Drag would be sure to put her in the mood if anything could . . . Even so, the thumping of Herman's heart punctuated uncertain thoughts as he got out of his car and walked up the Roble steps.

"Lois Lurk, please," he impertuned the lady at the switchboard. He went to the waiting room at the other end of the lobby and lit a cigarette. It didn't calm his nerves much. Darn that Teddy Giblet anyway. If it hadn't been for Teddy's dare, he'd feel perfectly at ease right now, just as he'd been ever since his second date with Lois. (He was always nervous on his first date with a girl.)

Herman hadn't even finished his cigarette when Lois flounced into the waiting room wearing a powder-blue, off-the-shoulder taffeta formal.

"Hello, Herman," she said liltingly.

"Hi, Lois," he managed. Then brightly he added, "Gee, but you look great tonight." Trite, he thought to himself. Maybe he shouldn't have said that.

"Thank you, Herman. Would you?" She held out her coat. Herman stood dumbly for a moment. "Oh, the coat," he recovered. "It's very pretty," he said, helping her. "I think white goes well with your formal. Is it new?"

"No," Lois responded. "I've had it for a long time."

"Oh."
They walked through the lobby and out into the night. Herman's heart was still beating faster than he wanted it to.

"What! Why you stupid oaf! Didn't you even put your arm around her?" Teddy questioned his returned roommate.

"Nope." Herman hung up his coat.

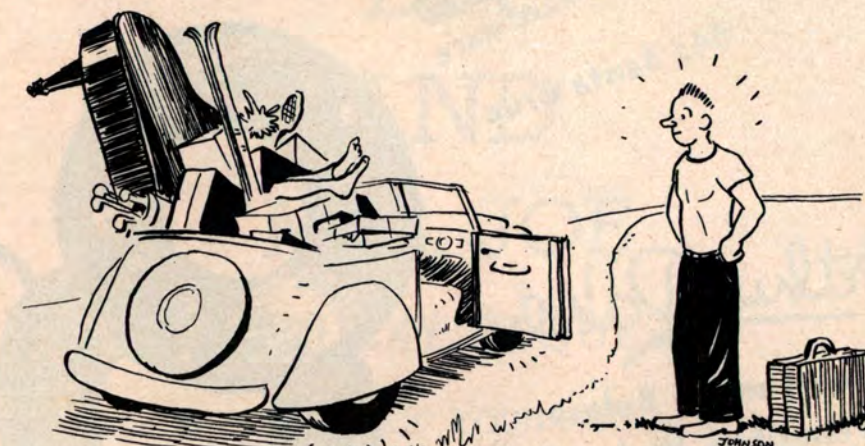
"What's the matter?" said Teddy. What went wrong? I thought you were going to make the move this evening.

"It wasn't my fault. There just wasn't the right opening." He took off his tie and hung it up on the rack.

"What a turkey," said Teddy. "Didn't you ever stop to think that maybe you were supposed to make the right opening, meatball? You

(Continued on page 31)

DRIVING HOME?



Better be safe than sorry!

Let us check your tires for you NOW

IDEAL TIRE SERVICE

2571 Middlefield • Redwood City • EMerson 6-2216

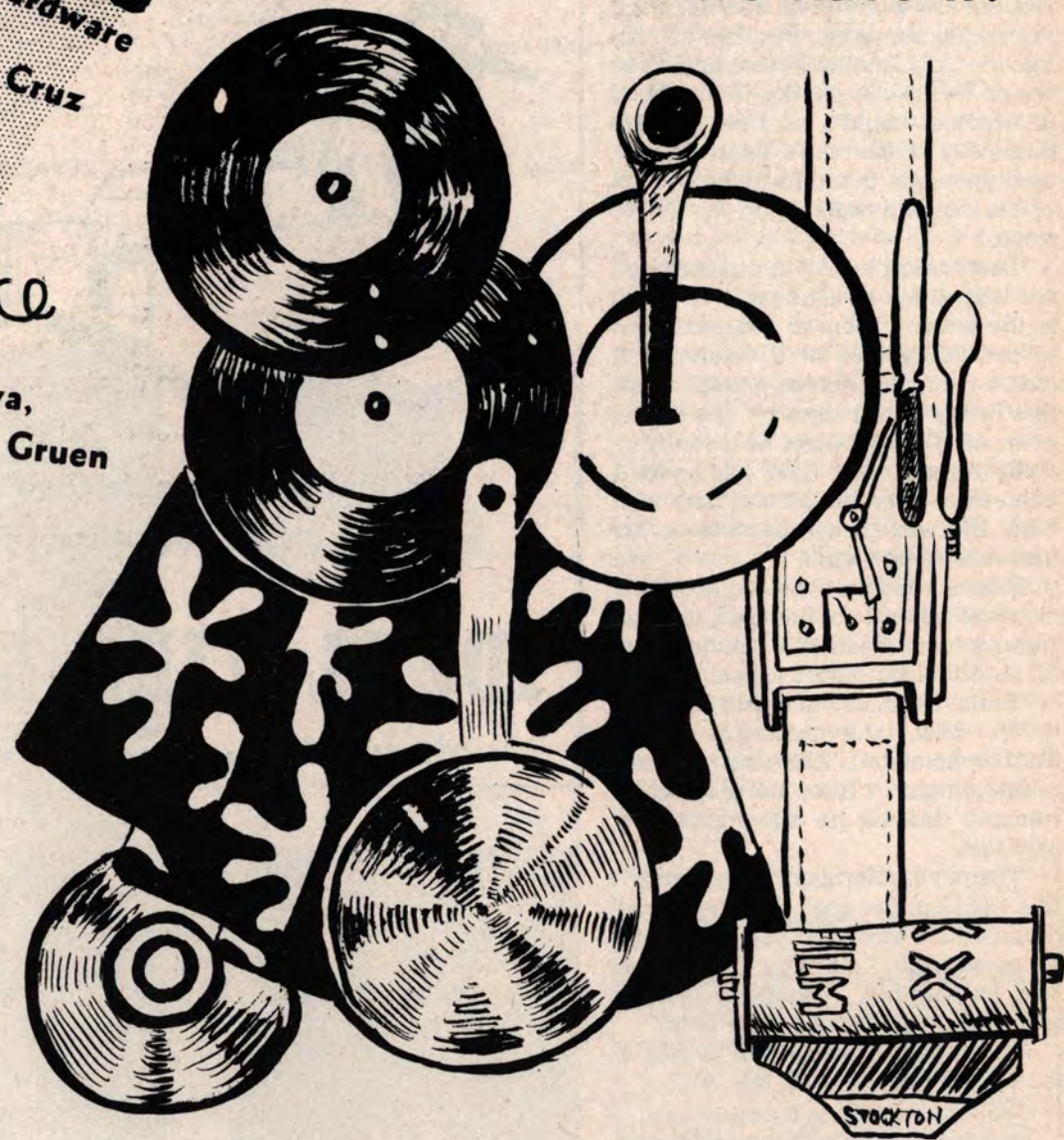


Phi Bates
Genuine Cordovan
Sizes 6-14
15.95

ZWIERLEIN'S

Photo by Richard Fowler

SHOWER GIFT?
GRADUATION GIFT?
—we have it!



FRANE'S
for hardware
643 Santa Cruz

Arthur Rake
watches by Bulova,
Hamilton, Wyler, Gruen
708 Santa Cruz

Stevens MENLO PARK
lingerie—hosiery
yardage—patterns
linens—draperies
673 Santa Cruz

MINI Camera Shop
everything photographic
773 Santa Cruz

Searles
BUFFET
fine food
Lobby Shop
639 Santa Cruz
683 Santa Cruz



Merchants of Santa Cruz Avenue, Menlo Park
Shop till 9 Friday nights
1/2 mile from campus

**NOW THAT
ANNOUNCEMENT**

The Stanford spring has done its usual dastardly deed upon the males of the university. In witness of this fact, the Old Boy's mail bag has been bulging with good tidings from the proud parents of the victorious squaws.

Dr. William Johnson, M.D.
413 Medical Arts Center
2200 Santa Monica Blvd.
Santa Monica, Calif.
EX 2-0735

*Rx One ♀ and one ♂
Mix well and take
once.
Warning: Constant use
may cause insomnia.*

The Doctor was too rushed making money to do things right . . . is there a pharmacist around to help us read this?

So Ann's father is an optometrist. We wondered what he did.

**DR.
AND
MRS. JOE**

WATUZXY REQUEST

THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE

AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER ANN

ESMERELDA TO ARTHUR GEORGE RAUNCHMOOR, JR.

WEDNESDAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED

FIFTY-TWO, AT THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA. RECEPTION TO FOLLOW THE WEDDING AT THE BRIDE'S HOME, 330 PACIFIC AVENUE

R.S.V.P.

**SPECIAL!
ONE DAY ONLY!**

It's positively the biggest offer of its kind ever to be made on the West Coast!

Mr. and Mrs. Young Rubicam are giving away not ONE, but TWO daughters—
Gwendolin Jean, 22, 5' 6 1/2", 124 lbs.

and
Jeanette Alice, 20, 5' 7", 126 lbs.

You can't afford to miss this big double attraction. One day and one day only, Saturday, June 28, 1952. The address is 375 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, California.

Games, fun, and refreshments for all!

**COME ONE—COME ALL!
BRING YOUR FRIENDS!
FREE! FREE! FREE!**

The gals used to sell the magazine on Quad, so the old man, an advertising executive, thought we ought to come.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Steegner Spellaine, those upstanding members of the community, proclaim the nearing nuptials of their vivacious and charming daughter, Amber Marian, to Private Bruce Lee King, a dashing soldier in the service of his country. This glad occasion will be solemnized in the rustic and picturesque chapel of kindly old Reverend Williamson.

The bride is looking forward to the occasion with the wide-eyed innocence that can belong only to youth, while the strong, valiant groom can hardly keep his mind on his training. They are beside themselves with joy and anticipation, for the ceremonies they await will not take place until a bright afternoon in June.

All in all, this is a glad occasion for us all and we should like it very much if you could find your way clear to come to this gala event. Please let us know at your earliest opportunity.

Our favorite creative-writing instructor sent us this gem of avant-garde invitations.

THE MOVE

(Continued from page 27)

can't expect her to do everything, you know."

"Well, what could I do?" defended Herman. "Everything started out all right." He was starting to talk. "In fact, it was the smoothest date I've had yet with Lois. At the dance we were dancing cheek to cheek, and by the last dance we were just standing there swaying to the music. Then we went and got some coffee, and we talked. Then we drove back and parked in front of Roble. Heck, I couldn't go someplace else and park when I've never even kissed her before, could I?"

"No, you couldn't," agreed Teddy. "Go on."

"Well," continued Herman. "I lit up a cigarette, and we talked some more. She told me what a bargain she'd got of her coat when she bought it, only one hundred dollars. Then I said how much I liked the song they were playing on the radio, and she said she did too. Then she asked me if I knew that Terpsichore was the Greek goddess of the dance, and I said no, I didn't. Then I put out my cigarette, and there was sort of an embarrassing silence, so we went in. There just wasn't a chance to do anything." He walked over to the wash basin and picked up his toothbrush.

Teddy held his hand to his forehead and pretended to swoon. "You fool!" He shook his head. "But wait!" His face brightened. "There's still hope. You're just misguided." He paused. "Do you have another date with her?"

"Yes. Next Saturday."

"O.K. Now listen," said Teddy intensely. "Do exactly what you did tonight, except while you're talking to her in the car, you casually lay your right arm on the back of the seat. See? Then when that embarrassing silence comes, for God's sake KISS her. Just let your arm move down from the back of the seat to her shoulder and pull her toward you. It's that simple." He looked at Herman. "Will you do it?"

"What if she won't let me pull her?"

"Then you shoot yourself."

"All right, I'll do it." Herman brushed his teeth.

One week later, as Herman Torque drove down Palm Drive at 12:45 in the evening, the moon was almost full,

(Continued on page 32)

SOUTHGATE MOTORS

ART YOUNGS
WILLYS SALES AND SERVICE

GENERAL REPAIRING TUNE-UPS
WHEEL BALANCING AND ALIGNING
COMPLETE LUBRICATING

999 Alma Street

DA 5-5611

Stanfordites Given Special Consideration

★ CUSTOM PERMANENTS
★ HAIR STYLING
TELEPHONE DA 2-0769
Svan
COIFFEUR SALON
370 WAVERLEY STREET - PALO ALTO

slurp!



Friday-evening dinners at

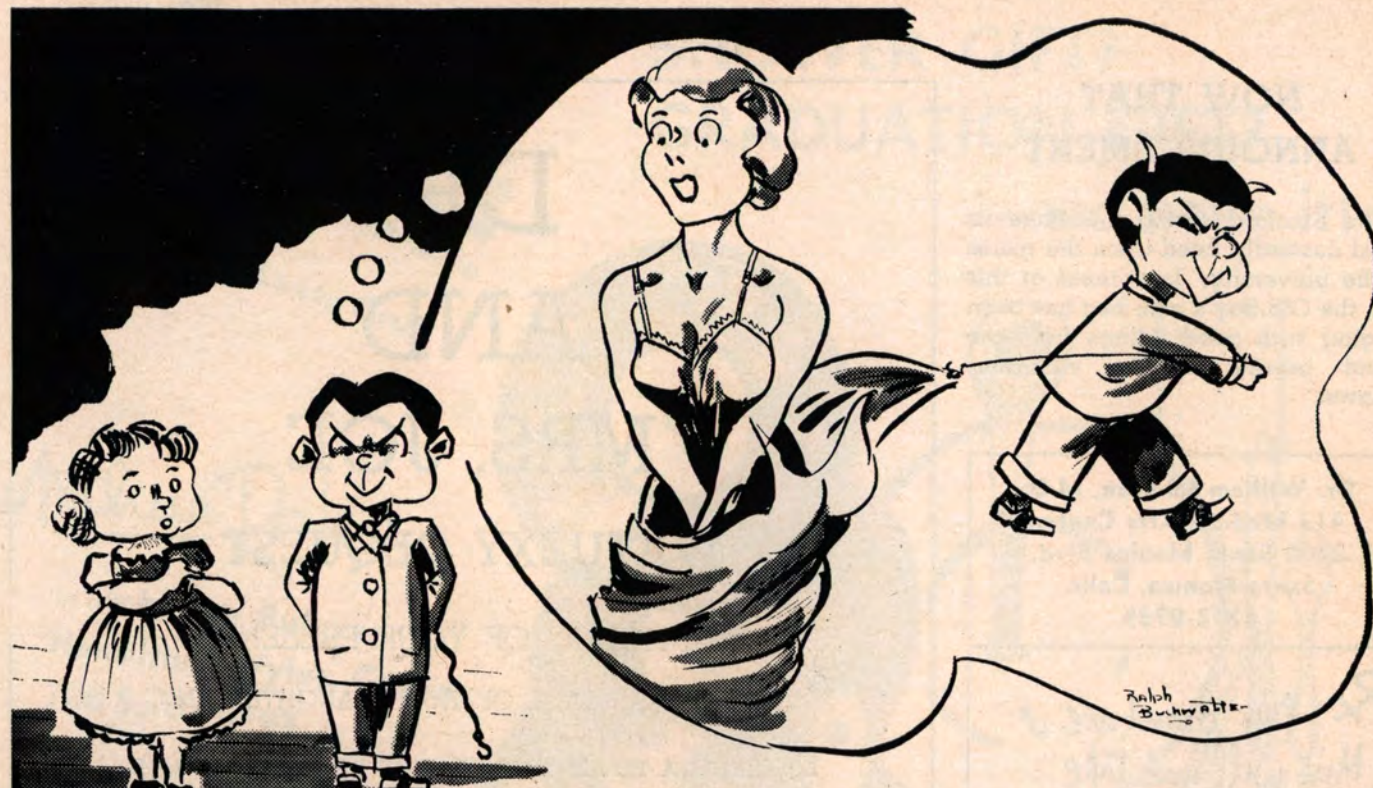
beautiful

ROSSOTTI'S

hamburgers

fishburgers

burgerburgers



**Their
Voices
Breathed
O'er Eden**

By F. H. Brennan

"You scam—you!" the little boy said, "It's a secret!"

"I don't have to scam," the little girl said. "I'm one of her flower girls. Lizard's my aunt!"

"So what? I'm the page in the wedding. He's my oldest brother."

"Who is?"

"Delbert Anstruther—he's the groom!"

"Oh—is Lizard going to marry your old brother? Is that who?"

"Yes—it's who. And 'Lizabeth's name ain't Lizard—it's 'Lizabeth—you!"

"Owwwww—stop it!"

"Take it back calling her Lizard!"

"Tell me the secret and I will—maybe, I guess."

"What secret? What you talking about?"

"That piece of string with the little hook on the end—right there—behind your back!"

The little boy glowered at the little girl. They were both six years old.

"Huh—kafooy on you!" he said. "It's my own secret. It's a gag."

"Big liar. It's merely and simply nothing but a piece of string—with a little hook on the end of it. A gag is bigger—like they use on TV to tie up Martin Kane."

"Blah—that's all you know. I bet you don't even know what people do when they get married."

"Oh yes, I do!"

"You're a big liar—just a girl with a big liar pie face."

"I know, all right—but your mother hasn't told you, I bet—so I won't tell you. It's sex education that your mother has to tell you."

The little boy grabbed the little girl's wrist and twisted it. He pretended to twist it harder than he really did. The little girl pretended to be in greater agony than she really was.

"Let go—you're breaking my arm!"

"Tell me what people do when they get married—or just own up you're a liar."

"Oh, no—I already been informed by my mother. You tell me—if you know so much."

"Okay—I'll prove it!"

Putting his scrubbed face close to the little girl's clean, pink ear, the little boy whispered solemnly and at some length. The little girl was solemn, too—and puzzled.

"My mother didn't say that—your mother was just making it up—"

"Awww—what did your mother say?"

The little girl pulled the little boy's head down until his starched Buster

Brown collar crackled. She whispered solemnly.

"You're crazy—just nutty in the head!" the little boy said. "They go to sleep and dream of having children of their own—and in nineteen months they have the first one."

Indignantly the little girl twisted away in a pirouette and a flounce of white organdie skirt.

"Stupid!" she said, with scorn. "They do not neither go to sleep. They kiss and some germs from him gets on her—and it takes only nine months for the baby to grow to hospital size."

"So what?" he said. "You think you're so smart. You don't even know that a gag is a funny joke! Yah—don't even know that!"

The subject of sex had been exhausted; it was not very interesting, anyway; and the little girl was vastly more intrigued by the words "gag is a funny joke." Then she remembered.

"Oh—like Milton Berle! I knew all the time. What's your funny joke about?"

"Nagh—you'd squeal. You'd spoil it!"

"No, I wouldn't—honest. What's it about?"

"Beat it, will yuh? I got a lot of work to do. I'm the page at the wedding!"

The little girl was now skeptical of the whole thing. She did another pirouette and a hop-skip around the little boy. He was clean enough and well enough dressed to be in the wedding, but there was a damaging discrepancy.

(Continued on page 34)



4- to 24-hour
service
clothing stored
cash-and-carry
or deliveries

625 Ramona Street

DAvenport 3-9240

801 Alma St., Palo Alto

DA 3-3928

Brakes

RELINED

ADJUSTED

"Satisfaction Guaranteed"

AGARD ELECTRIC CO.
DORN'S SAFETY STATION

established 1926

GENERATORS—STARTERS—MOTOR TUNE-UP



Serving the finest in Chinese
and American foods

THE
**GOLDEN
DRAGON**

544 Emerson St.

DA 3-1735

• Have you tried our

CONEY ISLAND RED-HOTS

• • especially good with our

ROOT BEER

served in a frozen mug?

ERNIE'S

located on El Camino just south of South Paly

We feature "food fixed to go"

THE MOVE

(Continued from page 31)

the sky was clear, and, it seemed to him, the girl at his side was sitting closer than usual. Herman's heart, however, which had been behaving itself most of the evening, was now starting to pound harder than ever.

As he turned his Victoria up the drive to Roble, Herman thought that maybe he should have put his arm around Lois on the way down Palm Drive. It would have made things that much easier . . . Yeah, he should have, darn it! All the parking places in front of Roble were full, so he had to turn right and go way down to the end. His heart felt as if it were trying to hammer its way out of his chest.

"Well, here we are," he said unconvincingly as he turned off the lights. The radio was playing "Stars Fell on Alabama."

"Yes, we finally made it, didn't we?" It seemed to Herman as if she sounded a little disappointed. He noticed that she was wearing some kind of awfully heady perfume, and she definitely was sitting closer than usual.

"Where are you in Civ now?" He blurted it out. But, as he thought smugly, he had been able to place his arm on the back of the seat subtly while he was saying it.

"Oh, we're almost finished," said Lois—and nothing more. It looked as if the embarrassing moment were coming sooner than Herman expected.

"Lois," said Herman.

"Yes?" Lois turned her eyes up and they met his. This was it! Teddy had been right—one hundred percent right! It was easy as pie, easier even. He dropped his right arm down slowly, ever so slowly. Neither of them said anything. His hand touched her right shoulder . . .

Lois jumped like a tensed spring, and her words drove an icy stake into Herman's heart. "Please, Herman! Don't be obvious."

Herman's world was falling about him. "But Lois—this is our seventh date . . ." he said helplessly.

"I know, Herman," remarked Lois from her vantage point against the door, "And it's been nice. Let's not spoil it."

Herman took a Colt .38 from his glove compartment and shot himself in the head. The bullet went all the way through and broke the front windshield. The blood got on Lois' white coat.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!

DEAR BILL,

Sure glad to hear that you and the wife are expecting. Since the big event is only a few weeks off I just know you'll be interested in information on the care of babies. Frankly, I've never raised any babies of my own, but as you know I've raised dogs for many years. After all, puppies are really only baby dogs. So by drawing on my experiences with puppies, I may be able to give you a few helpful tips on the care of the human baby.

FEEDING THE BABY

The baby, like most living animals, derives sustenance from food which it eats. During his first month of life, your baby, along with the rest of the litter, will feed on milk. At the age of one month the baby should be weaned gradually and placed on a diet of ground cooked horse meat. At this point, turn the mother back out in the kennel.

As your baby grows older, cut down on the number of meals per day. By the time he has reached the age of one year he may be fed, once a day, raw meat mixed with kibble.

A pan of fresh water for the baby should be kept on the floor at all times.

THE CARE OF THE BABY

When you first bring your baby home from the hospital, he may act shy. His new surroundings may seem strange. Place him in a room by himself for a few hours. When you finally enter the room, let your baby make the first advances. Let him sniff your hand. Pat him gently until he has become accustomed to your smell.

The baby may howl the first night or so, but he soon will adapt himself to his new home and probably will not make any noise except an occasional bark.

Starting at the age of four months, take your baby for a walk once a day. But that brings up another subject.

HOUSEBREAKING THE BABY

You soon will learn, upon bringing the baby home, that he has not yet learned proper house manners. To be brutally frank, he will cause trouble around the house. Therefore, start housebreaking him immediately.

When the baby begins running wildly about the house, put on his leash. Take him to the street. It

By Barney Gugel

shouldn't be long before your baby gets the idea.

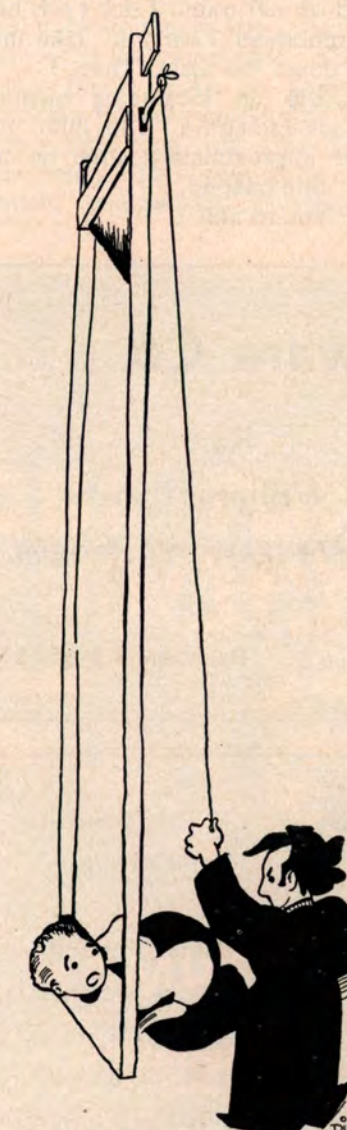
One word of caution—keep him off lawns near your home or you may get a bad name with the neighbors.

THE HEALTH OF THE BABY

Most babies get worms. At the first sign of worms, take your baby to a veterinarian.

At three months of age, give your baby distemper shots. Distemper is a very serious disease and every precaution should be taken to prevent it. A good DDT flea powder will take care of fleas and lice. For other ailments, consult your veterinarian.

The baby, when well, usually has a wet black nose.



"But I didn't think Men's Council could do this . . ."

Brush your baby every day, give him a bath once a month. With some babies it is necessary to have ears cropped and the tail docked. This is important if you plan to go in for baby shows.

When starting to get its adult teeth, the baby usually delights in chewing things. Give him a well-cooked bone or an old tennis ball to chew on.

If your baby displays a bad or excessively shy disposition, get rid of him and get another. Such types often become biters, and let me warn you, Bill, a baby that bites is not only a burden, but can easily bring about a trip to the courtroom.

That just about covers the subject. If you have any questions or special problems, don't hesitate to ask, Bill. I'm sure you'll enjoy having a baby around the house. After a year or so, the baby will become practically one of the family.

Your old friend,

BARNEY

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland path, when the lady broke the spell:

"John, dear," she asked softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he cooed in an ecstasy of anticipation.

"Then," said the lovely one, "you'd better wipe your nose, it's running."

—Spectator

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

"No."

"Do you neck?"

"No."

"Well, what do you do for fun?"

"I tell lies."

—Rogue

Hostess (to a little boy at a party)—
Why don't you eat your Jello?

Little boy (watching Jello closely)—
It's not dead yet.

—Spectator

Prof—I will not start today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear—Go home and sleep it off.

—Sundial

Your
Stanford
Station.....

K
Z
S
U

880 Kilocycles
7 to 11 Sunday through Friday

VOICES O'ER EDEN

(Continued from page 22)

"You weren't in the rehearsals!" she said. "How could you be the page—you weren't in the rehearsals!"

"Oh, yeah, smartie-pants. I wasn't here because I had my adenoids out."

"Oh—you truly did?"

"Sure, look—froat's shill shore—"

His bona fides had now been established. The little girl looked at the page boy with new respect. She had been a flower girl once before, and she knew that there were four or six flower girls but only one page boy.

"You're awful young to be the page boy. Does Lizard—'Lizabeth—know you're going to hold up her train?"

The little boy was hugely amused. "Hold up her train!" he repeated, then chuckled and expanded his mirth into a staggering, Falstaffian circle of the choir-room floor.

"What's so funny?" she said.

"Hold up her train—I don't rob her train, dumbhead, I carry it! Like this—right down the aisle. Then, I—"

He made an incautious gesture with hook-and-string. The little girl guessed approximately what he intended. She gasped.

"No! You're not!"

"Huh?"

"Don't you dare—I'm going to tell Mamma—"

But the little boy grabbed her. They struggled in red-faced exertion. She decided to reason with this little monster.

"You can't—oh, you mustn't hook a string on Lizard—'Lizabeth's—wedding dress. People in the church would see it!"

"I'll say—oh, boy! But that ain't all—"

"What?"

"See this little ol' hook? I'm gonna hook it in 'Lizabeth's zipper—and give a yank—right up at the chancel where that Bishop is preaching blah, blah, blah—"

The little girl stared at him in growing horror. He had not been in a wedding. He did not know the enormity of his plotted crime.

"Okay—you do it," she said solemnly. "My aunt would never speak to your big brother again. She'd walk right out of the church—and refuse absolutely to marry your brother—and marry Mr. Hoganson that's the one we wanted her to marry in the first place!"

Her words silenced the little boy. But it was the dramatics she had conjured which held him bemused, not the wrongdoing or its consequences. He adored his big brother and he did not much like Elizabeth. In fact, he thought Elizabeth much less beautiful than her niece.

"Agh—so what?" he said. "Our family don't like her. My father says she's too fat and will get fatter if Del don't keep her on a diet. So let her walk out. Del ought to graduate from Stanford before he marries any ol' girl, my father says. So what?"

The little girl was desperate. It was almost time for the wedding. The choir had gone out on the patio to form for the processional. The organ had started to throb, not quite a tune yet or any identifiable music, but it sounded like the rumble of doom.

"Listen—you—" she hissed, "you try that—and her clothes'll fall off! She'll be all bare!"

"Awww—just her skirt—"

"No. I peeked at Lizard dressing. She's only got step-ins on—two slips, a skirt, and just step-ins."

The little boy shuddered. He saw himself walking behind old 'Lizabeth with her sit-down all bare. It was too horrid. He balled the string and hook, pocketed them.

"The heck with it!" he said.

MR. AND MRS. LOVE

(Continued from page 21)

cated her yokemate with tender sentiments whispered in his moon-struck ears. "Cuddle-kitten, I told you, it was Parson Peabody, and the whole thing was a big mistake." By this time Baxter was insensible to aught but his husbandly heritage. As he caressed the gentle slopes of her satiny shoulders, the problems of the day decomposed within his opiated brain cells like blackboard scrawls under a soaked chamois. Save for the warbles of a pair of near-by sea gulls, no sound broke the perfumed air but the sighs of the legal lovers.

An hour later, roused from Paradise by his hunger pangs, Baxter retired to the kitchen to prepare the caviar sandwiches for the couple's supper. At the same time, elderly Dr. Leech, the family medico, neurologist, and quacksalver, having been summoned earlier in the day at Sandra's request, was unable to make himself heard at the front door and accordingly climbed through the shattered bay window. Not recognizing him at first glance, Sandra modestly reached for her hearthrug and leaped into the

player piano. But when the obstreperous instrument struck up "Minnie the Mermaid," the bonesetter revealed his identity by rescuing the rattled newlywed from strangulation.

"Holy Hippocrates, you're here at last!" the girl exclaimed. "Now you can give me what I really want." The two disappeared, fibula by tibia, into an adjoining room.

The hors d'oeuvres having been prepared, Baxter, uninformed that the medicine man was on the premises, blundered bluffly into the drawing room. Hearing voices through the wall, the husband, his suspicions renewed, crashed through the door. "Ahah, just as I thought!" he belated, cuckold's antlers scratching the ceiling. "While the cat's away, too many cooks are spoiling my broth." Launching himself like a Luger slug, Baxter rammed his conical cranium into the veterinary's stomach. Recovering quickly, he tackled his fleeing bride before she could round the foot of the four-poster. When the doctor finally woke up, Baxter was spanking his wayward bride for the ninety-ninth time with a handy wall-barometer. "Take your digits off that wench," quipped the chivalrous saw-

bones, "or I'll massage your mind." Snapped to his senses by Aesculapius Leech, Baxter pulled the hypodermic from his spine and listened to reason. "So you see, Bunny-Fur," Sandra cajoled as she entwined her sylphlike form about her husband's fuselage, "I just called the doctor to examine me, and besides, silly, he's my grandfather anyway. But guess what! He says that soon we're going to be able to play popsies and mummies just like we've always wanted . . . Baxter dear, are you listening? . . . Baxter dear . . . Baxter . . . Baxter!"

Two hours later the boy-husband, conscious at last, was busy penning a letter to the Stanford admissions office regarding entrance requirements for the class of '73. Old Doc Leech was driving slowly home in his Cadillac Coupé de Ville, chuckling gently at the latest ray of happiness he had injected into human lives and wondering how he'd spend the ten-dollar fee he'd just earned. Sandra? Well, Sandra was taking off her hearthrug. It wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. Sandra, you see, took a shower every day—and sometimes even two.

Palo Alto Hardware Co.

Gifts Housewares Radios
Lamps Hardware Sherwin-Williams Paints
General Electric Appliances Wedgewood Ranges

University Ave. at Bryant St.

DAvenport 3-4178



Mens Wear
Importers
Tailors
Baker Clothing
Alexander Sport Coats
Excello Shirts
Izod Sportswear

162 University Avenue
Palo Alto

DODGE PLYMOUTH
DON HAMPTON

DON HAMPTON, INC.

Dodge-Plymouth Dealers

511 Alma Street

DAvenport 3-3179

The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 54, 1952-53
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
 Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Dunny Clark Editor-in-chief	John Kooken Business Manager	Roger Parkinson Managing Editor
Al Ambler Art Editor	Bob Sprague Assistant Art Editor	Jim Stockton Noel de Nevers Tom Timberlake Associate Editors
Henry Lee Photographic Editor	Dent Hand Associate Business Manager	
Bill Matson Circulation Manager	Fred Ashton Secretary-Treasurer	Tom Lowry Literary Editor

HAMMER AND COFFIN

Stan Norton	Russ Chandler	Hal Treacy
Ed Brennan	Bill Corr	Tom Allen
Bob Simons	Russ Lapham	Ted Hughes

HONORARY

André Frelier	Bob Kays	F. H. Brennan
Shirley Taylor	Roger Frelier	Dick McLean
	Harold Quiram	

ESTABLISHED 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.
 REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT IS ALL. With this last page of this year's last magazine the Old Boy pauses before placing Volume 53 on the shelf with his last half-century's output, to drink a healthy toast to the members of Hammer and Coffin Society, publishers of the CHAPARRAL since 1906.

Founded in the ideals of wit and good fellowship, the H and C has independently published, without subsidy from the University or its Associated Students, a magazine which has always tried, and usually with success, to meet the criteria of a high-class college comic.

Free from campus political affiliations, free from foreign censorship, and free from the howls of the many stuffed shirts who have felt the gentle knock of the Old Boy's hammer, the Society has managed to build up a \$20,000 building-improvement fund, to serve as a mature gazetteer and critic of University life, and to publish a

consistently entertaining humor book for the Stanford Family.

Hammer and Coffin Society and CHAPARRAL have survived an earthquake, two wars, several University presidents, several more Deans of Students, and the embitterment of those small souls who were never blessed with the precious ability to laugh at the ridiculous, be it only themselves. It has done so because Hammer and Coffin and CHAPARRAL have met a basic human need—the humor drive. The Old Boy cannot help being proud of his record, and at the same time, aware of his duty to Stanford and to the past members of Hammer and Coffin who worked so hard to keep the magazine one of the nation's best college comics.

The Old Boy is confident that next year's staff will not only uphold the trust of the Silver Hammer but will carry it forward to one of CHAPARRAL's best years.

Our Advertisers

Refer to this list whenever you buy!

Acme Glass	4
Agard & Dorn	32
Camels	Back Cover
Cardinal Cleaners	32
Chez Yvonne	9
Clothes Closet	9
Crow Pharmacy	6
Elwoods	25
Ernie's	32
Fox Ltd.	34
Golden Dragon	32
Don Hampton	35
Hat Corp. of America	Inside Front Cover
Hofman Jeweler	1
Ideal Tire	27
Ivan's	31
Johnny Mac's	1
Krogh & Pohlman	4
KZSU	34
Livingston Bros.	5
L'Omelette	10
Marquard's	7
MENLO PARK	28
Palo Alto Hardware	34
Palo Alto Transfer	Inside Back Cover
Peninsula Creamery	24
Phelps-Terkel	11
Rita on Ramona	26
Rocky's	12
Roos Bros.	3
Rossotti's	31
Hans Roth	24
Southgate Motors	31
Typewriter Shop	6
Webbs Photo	7
Young Colony	12
Zoske & Chick	6
Zwierlein's	27

REMEMBER

It is because of the support which the Campus Publications receive from their Advertisers that they are able to exist. When you buy, patronize a Campus Advertiser. He is interested in you, and is therefore best qualified to meet your needs and to serve you.



Old Boy has a suggestion for all you graduating seniors—wouldn't you like to subscribe to the CHAPPIE next year, hmm? He promises you lots of new ideas and old jokes during the next year, and suggests that there will be no better way to recapture the Stanford mood, nine times a year . . . Just drop around the CHAPPIE office any afternoon; we'll be glad to take your \$2.40.

• We'll take care of your possessions this summer. There's no need for you to be concerned about them at all! • For fifty years we've been helping Stanford students with packing, moving, shipping, or storage, and always in the most efficient, economical, practical, and the safest way known to our industry! • Just call us. We'll be happy to help you!

PALO ALTO
 TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY
 STATEWIDE NATIONWIDE AND WORLDWIDE MOVING

Sydney Vandervoort, President
 151 Homer Ave., Palo Alto

Jack Bennett, Sec'y-Manager
 DA 3-9081

*Campus Interviews
on Cigarette Tests!*

**No. 18 ...
THE PORCUPINE**



*"They picked on the
wrong guy when they
tried to needle me!"*

Phil Gildred
1025 Cypress Ave.
San Diego 3, Calif.



He's listened to the weak thread of so many shallow claims he's fed-up! His point is—there's a *thorough* test of cigarette mildness. Millions of smokers throughout America concur.

It's the sensible test... the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels for 30 days as your steady smoke — on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...

After all the Mildness Tests ...

Camel leads all other brands *by billions*