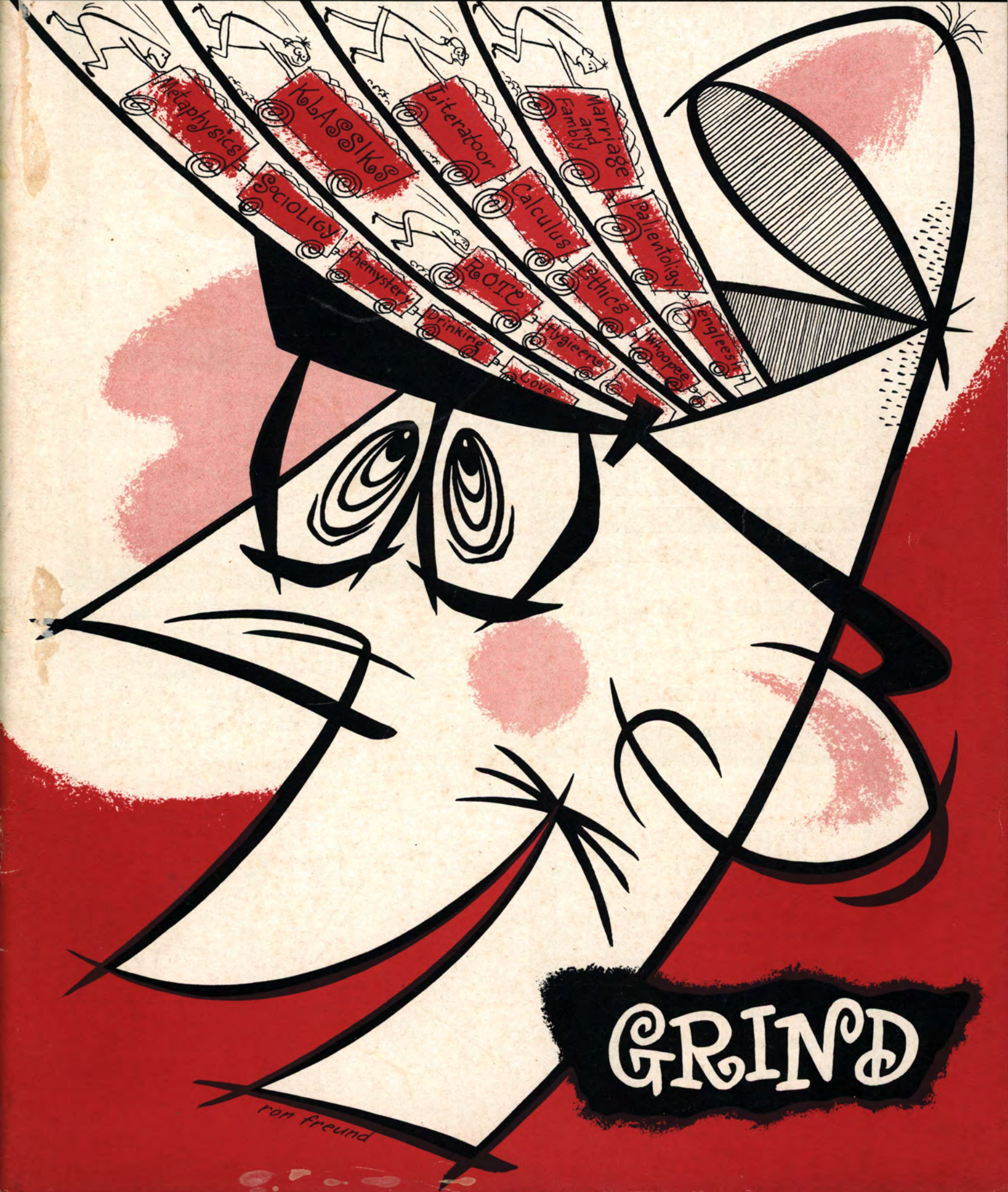


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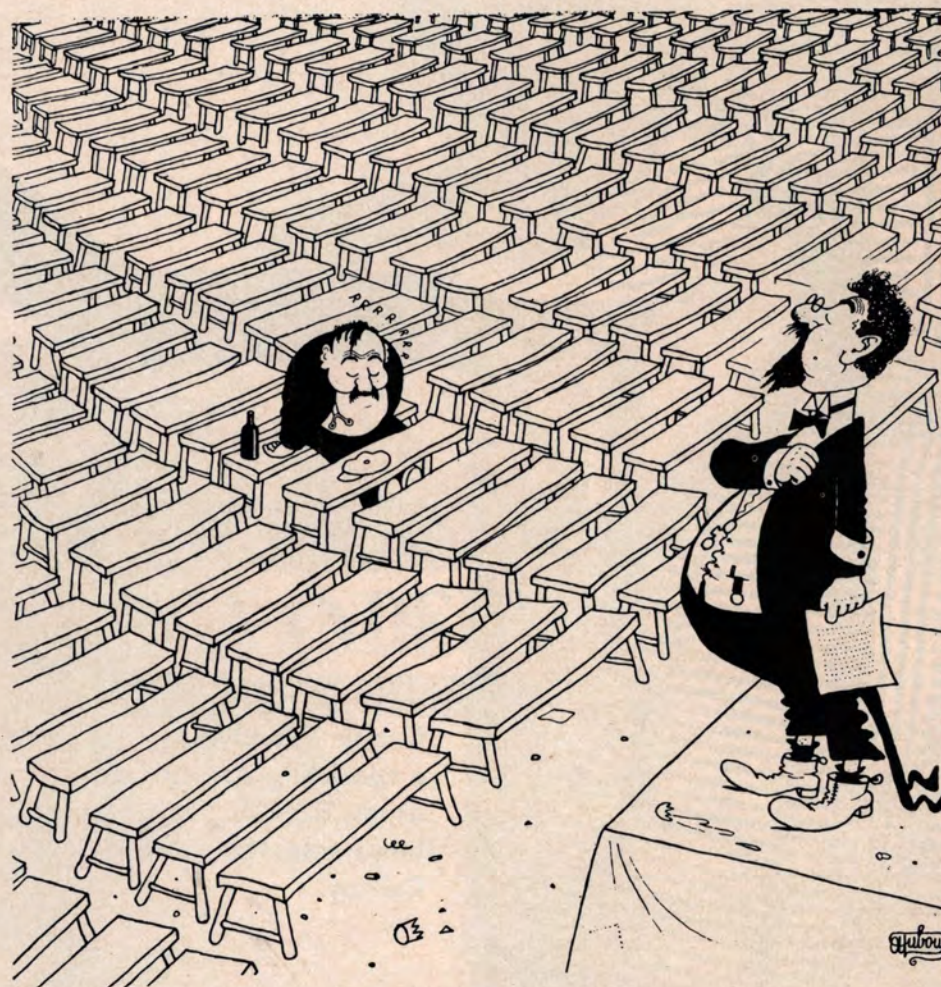


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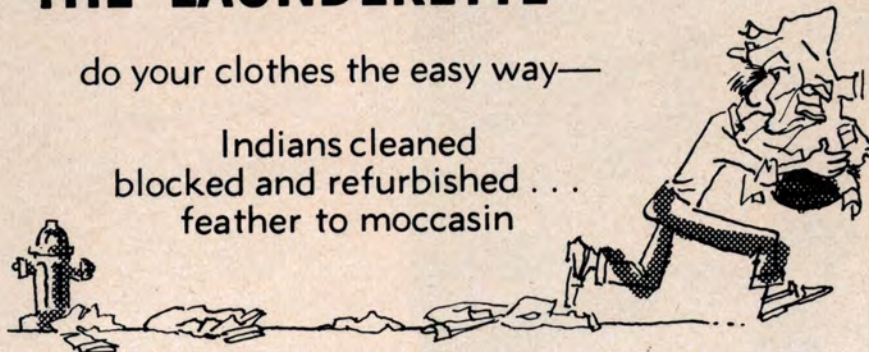
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly inform me as to how a college may establish a chapter of Hammer and Coffin?

As executive secretary of the New Jersey Collegiate Press Association, I was requested by the group to find out this information.

I shall appreciate your co-operation in this matter.

Dr. H. A. Estrin  
Newark College of Engineering

Dear Sirs:

Even graduate students read Stanford's answer to *Confidential* and become stimulated to express their innermost souls literarily. The following poem is original (you may so inform Doubleday & Co.) and was inspired by knowledge gleaned from a biology lecture.

Of all the odd beasts in the zoo  
There's no odder than the kangaroo,  
For in matter of deal  
He's quite bidextral,  
Having . . . numbering two.

With trepidation,  
Donn Byrne

Editor, the CHAPARRAL  
Stanford University  
Stanford, California

Dear Fellow Journalist,

We here at Brigham Young University, especially us connected with the Journalism Department, have desired to publish a student magazine that would appeal to everyone in the student body. At present we have a quarterly literary publication, the *Wye*, which is enjoying moderate success, but we believe that through the medium of humor and photography, and through further ideas received from other schools' publications we will be able to reach those individuals who do not rally to the call of literation.

It would be greatly appreciated if you would send to us a copy of the CHAPARRAL, from which I hope we will be able to extract an idea or two to help us to achieve our goal. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
S/Dan Gashler  
Associate Editor  
*Wye* Student Magazine



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**CONTENTS**  
 FOR FEBRUARY  
 VOL. LVIII NO. 4



page 16

page 19

page 29

page 8	Rex Burns	A Fable
page 11	Frank Bequaert	Studentmanship
page 14	Richard Mende	Definitions
page 16		Give Us This Day Our Daily
page 19	Dirk H. van Nouhuys	Nothing Ventured, Nothing!
page 22	Claudia Andreasen	February Queen
page 29		Guillaume Shakespeare
page 32	Rich Lowry	The Lift
Inside Back Cover		Poetry for He and She

**COVER:** Ron Freund's forte so far this volume has been the revamping of the CHAPARRAL's advertising art, but his cover is purely esthetic. This is a rather graphic illustration of the Winter Quarter "Grind," through which some have been known to live.

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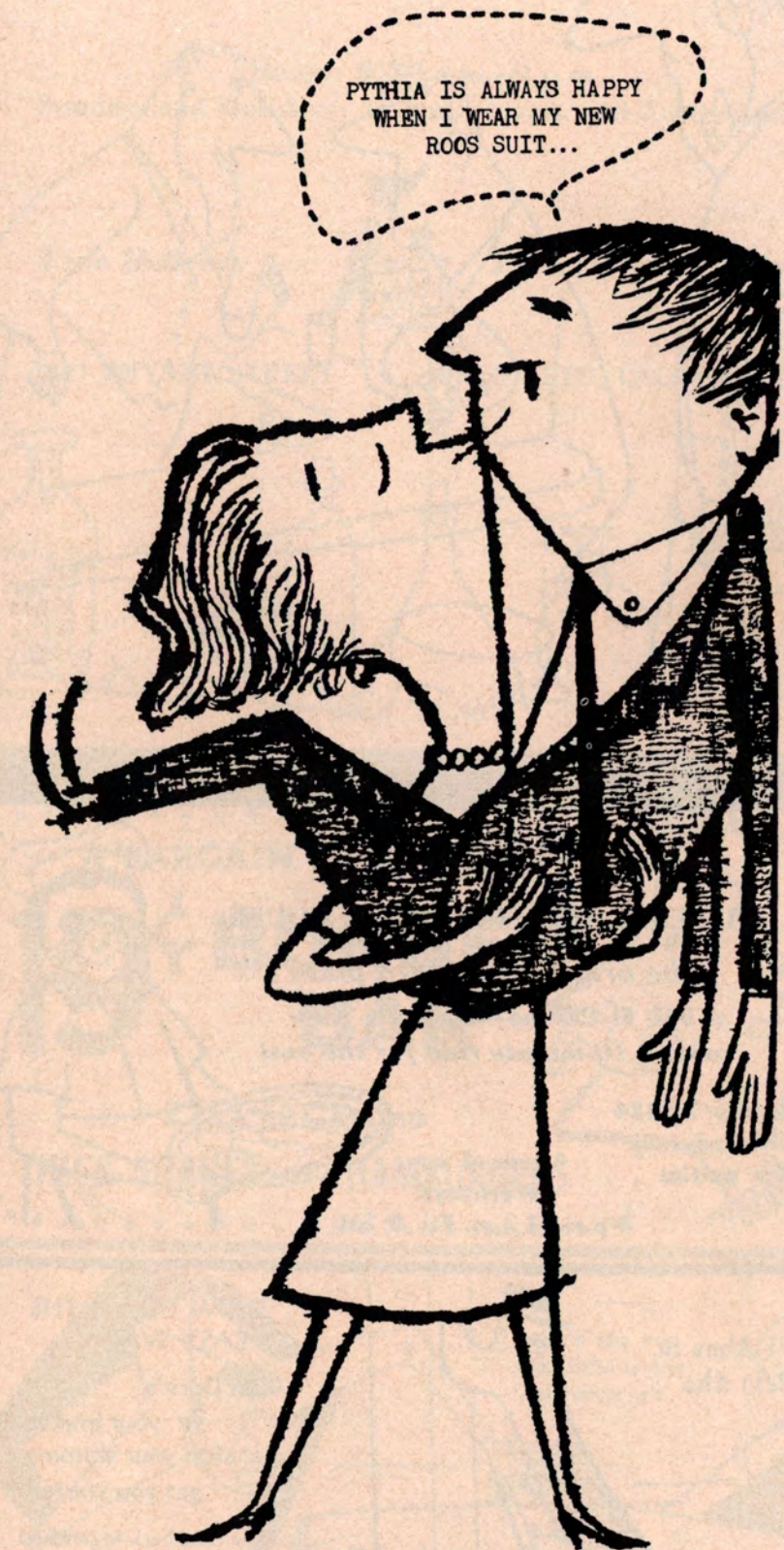
JOAN BOHRER

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"So, oft it chanceth in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in  
them,  
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not  
guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin,  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of  
reason,  
Or by some habit that too much o'er-  
leavens  
The form of plausive manners, that these  
men,—  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,—  
Their virtues else—be they as pure as  
grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo—  
Shall in the general censure take corrup-  
tion  
From that particular fault. . . ."

(Hamlet, Act I, scene iv, ll., 23-36)

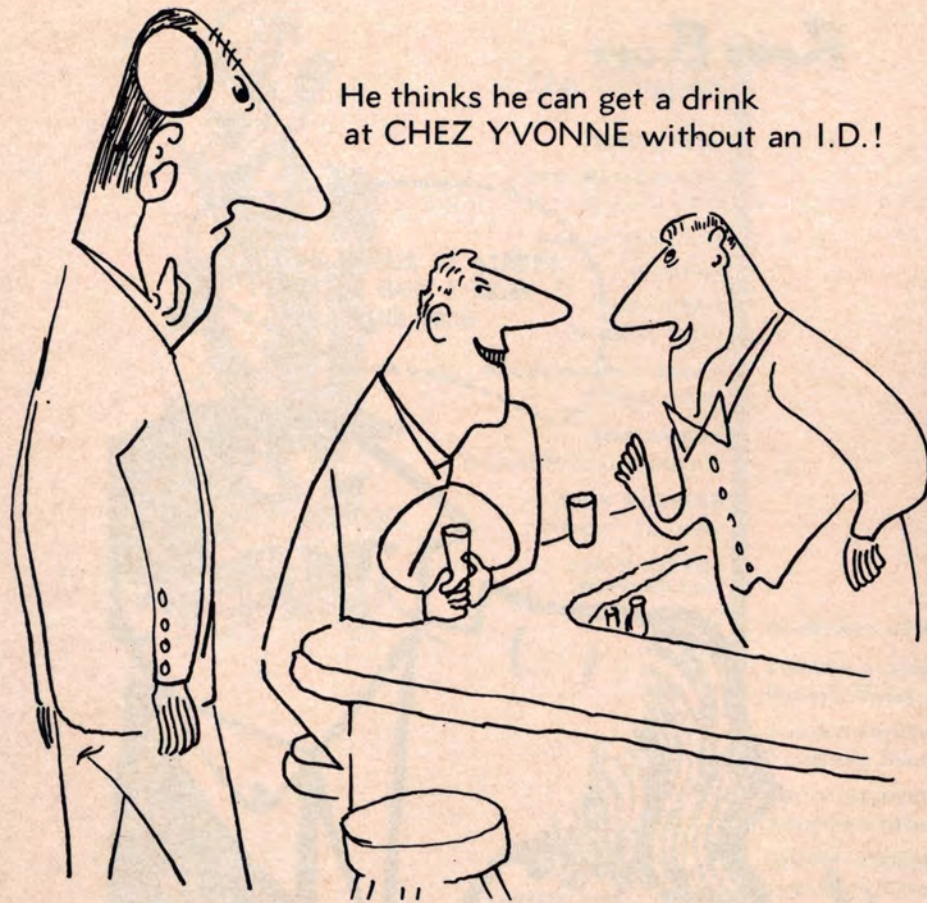
I hope not, dear God, I hope not.  
W. M. H.



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He thinks he can get a drink at CHEZ YVONNE without an I.D.!

# A FABLE OF THE FARM

reported by REX BURNS

The pleasant rivalry between engineers and liberal arts majors at the Farm received another goad recently. B.S. aspirants are keen on labor-saving devices, and one of their finest is the super-vacuum cleaner that cleans the cloistered walks of the Quad. One man sits on the auto-type machine and, with a minimum of physical labor, picks up the dirt of a thousand soles in three or four sweeps of the walk. Unfortunately, the machine, gas driven and gifted with an incredible variation of squeaks, rattles, and rolls, operates with a maximum of noise. Wherein lies our tale:

English professors are notably soft of speech, and one particular professor was one of the softest spoken of all. At the first meeting of the class this wet winter quarter (at 8:23 A.M.), the professor's lecture was interrupted by an assembly of assorted noises which lasted five minutes; it continued to occur every day with only slight variations in the time of the attack.

"Hamlet has several enigmas, one of which is . . ." There was a blank in forty notebooks, due to the engineer's effective jamming apparatus.

The prof began again, "An unanswered question that Hamlet . . ." Again the machine, again the interruption, again the professor subsided.

"Is Hamlet's madness real, is . . ." The professor looked blankly at his desk, surrendering to the noise. Then, with set jaw, he stalked out of the room and onto the Quad.

The sound of the machine ceased abruptly, and a pregnant silence caused querying looks to pass from student to student. A question was in every mind. Finally the professor returned, a triumphant smile on his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen." The professor's voice boomed triumphantly. "At long last, I have found the intellectual vacuum at Stanford." ■■

"Granny, I bet you've seen a lot in your day."  
"Not so much. It's usually over by the time I find my glasses."

A drunk staggered into a bar one night and yelled in a loud voice, "When I drink, everybody drinks!" He summoned everyone to the bar—musicians, B-girls, waiters, and guests. When he finished his whisky he shouted again, "When I take another drink, everybody takes another drink!"

Once again everybody gathered around the bar. They even called in the taxi drivers and doormen. When he finished that one the drunk took a dollar out of his pocket and slapped it on the bar. "When I pay," he screamed, "everybody pays!"

If all the autos on campus were placed end to end, 90% of all the drivers would immediately pull out to pass the car ahead.

Oh, Mother, may I go out to swim?  
Why not, my darling daughter?  
You're so damned near naked anyhow  
You'd be safer in the water.

Before the word "inevitable" was invented, all generals, kings, and warmongers had a difficult time explaining why we must fight a war.

Two fellows were strolling across the campus. The tower bells were ringing. "Beautiful, aren't they?" remarked the student.

"Pardon?" inquired the guest.  
"I say, they're beautiful, aren't they?"  
"I'm sorry," roared the guest, "but I can't hear a word for those damned chimes."

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An oval has no corners too  
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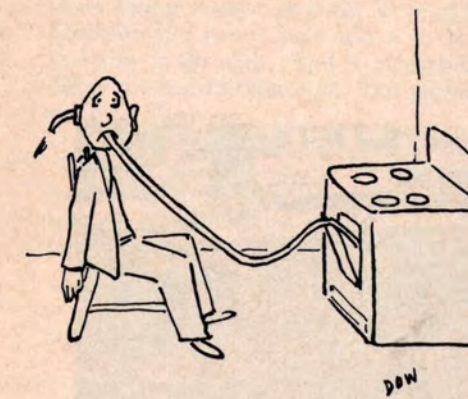


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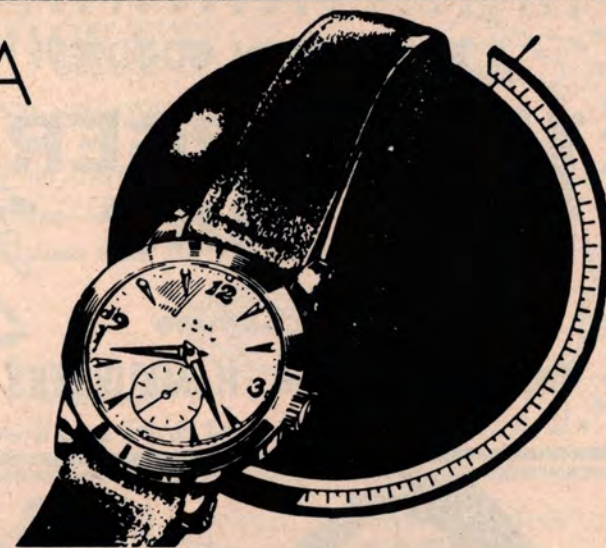


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The firing squad was escorting a Russian comrade to his place of execution. It was a dismal march in a pouring rain. "What a terrible morning to die," muttered the prisoner. "What are you kicking about?" asked the guard. "We gotta march back in it."

A mild man walked into an income tax inspector's office, sat down, and beamed on everyone.

"What can we do for you?" asked the inspector.

"Nothing, thank you," replied the little man, "I just wanted to meet the people I'm working for."

The bartender didn't mind serving this particular drunk two martinis at once until he watched him down one and pour the other into his coat pocket.

"Gimme another, buddy," demanded the drunk. "Fast."

Curious, the bartender served up two more and the same thing happened—one down the hatch, the other down the pocket. This happened repeatedly until the bartender became curious.

"Say, buddy, I've been watching you, and . . ."

Cmon, cmon, wise guy. Just keep those drinksh comin'!" the sot shouted.

"Well, wait a minute," said the barkeep. "I only want to know why you pour one of those drinks in your pocket."

The drunk attempted to stand, but could only lean across the bar. "Looky here, frien', I'm payin' my money, ain' I? Okay. I pay the money, you serve the drinks, got it? M'businesh is my businesh an' from now on you jus' keep your big face out of it, shee? I'm sick of you meshin' aroun' and I don' wanna have to wesh with you no more. Got it?"

Suddenly a red-eyed mouse popped up out of the pocket.

"Hic. Tha' goesh for your damn cat too."

The height of bad luck—seasickness and lockjaw.



# STUDENTMANSHIP: A BASIC OUTLINE

by FRANK BEQUAERT

OVER THE PAST YEAR I have received letters from all corners of the educational world, some pleading, some demanding—but all wanting to know more about this thing called Studentmanship. I hope that this too-brief outline will satisfy those who wrote and perhaps help to thicken the ever-growing ranks of world Studentmen.

Studentmanship, according to Mosseau,<sup>1</sup> is "the art of convincing your classmates and your professors of your obvious intellectual superiority." As practiced by its masters, it is as exciting as pistols at dawn. In fact, there is no greater thrill than watching the subtle mental duel between a Studentman and a Professorman in the arena of a packed classroom.

But before we look into the art, a few brief historical notes are in order. Socrates is acclaimed without dispute as the father of Studentmanship. The Socratic method, with its destruction of the very foundations of the opponent's position, embodies all the essentials of modern Studentmanship. However, Publius Yublus, a young Roman student of the Post-Hastes Era, was the first to practice Studentmanship as a definitive art. With cleverly devised springs he rigged his instructor's scrolls so they would snap shut at inopportune moments. His motto, "Hic,"<sup>2</sup> stands as the byword of Studentmen the world over today. He composed the first list of obscure Greek scrolls for Studentman reference.

But to Godfrey Scmodley, a Stanford student back at the turn of the century, goes the credit for the inception of modern Studentmanship. It is he who broke the art into its two major divisions, Exammanship and Classmanship. These basic divisions have existed to this day.

If a fledgling Studentman were to come to me and ask where he could best channel his talents, into the quick-thinking game that is modern Classmanship or into the more subtle play of Exammanship, I would be sore put how to answer. The well-rounded Studentman needs a bit of each, yet there is no living master of both. It must be remembered that a Studentman's prime lasts only a short time. In four to seven years he is through. And to absorb the vast background of either art is a full-time job. But perhaps a few examples will serve to illustrate.

"Classmanship," wrote Scmodley some fifty years ago, "begins on the first day of the school year." This axiom still holds truth today. The first impression that the class and professor have of the Studentman is always a lasting one. Scmodley would always enter early wearing a dirty tan raincoat and

<sup>1</sup> Mosseau, *L'Etudanthomme dans La Salle de Classe* (La Salle was a classy Studentman).

<sup>2</sup> Translated into English this means essentially the same thing.

<sup>3</sup> These are even today the mark of campus intellectualism.

<sup>4</sup> The book may be varied; the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is always a good bet.

horn-rimmed glasses<sup>3</sup> and take a seat in the front row. He would then open the large tome that he had brought in with him and begin to read avidly as if it were an exciting novel. A student peering over his shoulder would discover to his amazement that the book was Johnson's Dictionary.<sup>4</sup> The professor would enter, and at his first word Scmodley would snap shut the book and look up, an expression of eager anticipation on his face. Such an attack could not fail to have its effect.

The proper follow-through is also important if the Studentman is to exploit his initial advantage. A few well-placed questions in the first weeks of class will often do the trick. These questions should never seek information, however; they should always be offered as aid to the professors. Such ones as, "And wouldn't you say that Galilei also fits into your classification of the philosopher-scientist, Professor Harris?" or "And isn't it so that these equations are continuous in all multidimensional spaces as well as in the three-dimensional case you have just shown, Professor Smythe?" will always do the trick.

Another useful ploy is the obscure humor attack. Suppose that the professor is saying, "The ethos of Matisse as a modern is his attempt to reduce the tridimensional form to a concise two-dimensional entity."

At this point the Studentman breaks in with, "Then you might say that Euclid was a neomodern!" He then chuckles to himself. The class and professor are bewildered at this, but if the Studentman is at all skilled, he will convince them with his laughter that they have missed the point, when, of course, there is no point at all. For an unskilled Studentman the support of an accomplice at the back of the room who bursts out laughing at the right moment is often useful.

But the supreme moment in any Studentman's life comes when the professor, in response to the Studentman's question, says he doesn't understand. Let us see how Scmodley, Master Classman, handled this situation.

Scmodley: Just what, Professor, do you feel is the relation between neopandiolism and the industrial revolution?  
Professor M.: I don't understand your question. Would you elucidate?

Scmodley: Well, you've read Rantwell's *Ethos of Existentialism*?

Professor M.: No.

Scmodley: Well, perhaps Hartwell's definition might suffice in this case.

Professor M.: I'm afraid I'm not acquainted with Hartwell.

Scmodley (thinking a moment): Well, you've read Virginia Woolf's essays?

(Continued on page 36)





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### ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Once upon a time a Carthaginian named Androcles was wandering in the forest when he came upon a lion with a thorn in its foot and thus unable to hunt. Androcles pulled the thorn out and the lion limped off.

Many years later this same Androcles was captured by the Romans and thrown to a lion in the arena. The lion, instead of attacking him, purred softly and licked his face. Androcles realized that it was the animal he had befriended in the forest.

The Emperor, seeing this strange sight, ordered another lion brought in. The second lion made short work of Androcles. The friendly beast was shipped off to the nearest glue factory.

MORAL: A kind deed is its own reward.



He: I've loved you more than you'll ever know.

She: Next time let me mix the drinks.



On a large country estate in England, the prominent and respected lord took sick and was confined to his bed. The beloved old man was so seriously ill that he was allowed to receive no company. One of the neighboring nobles made it his habit to call occasionally at the estate of his sick countryman and inquire of his butler as to the condition of his lord's health.

He came one day, as usual.

"Hawkins, how is your mawster getting along today?"

"Oh, sir, my mawster is a sick man—a very sick man. Why sir, he's so sick that they're feeding him nourishment through his ear now."

The noble departed, much disturbed, and returned some weeks later.

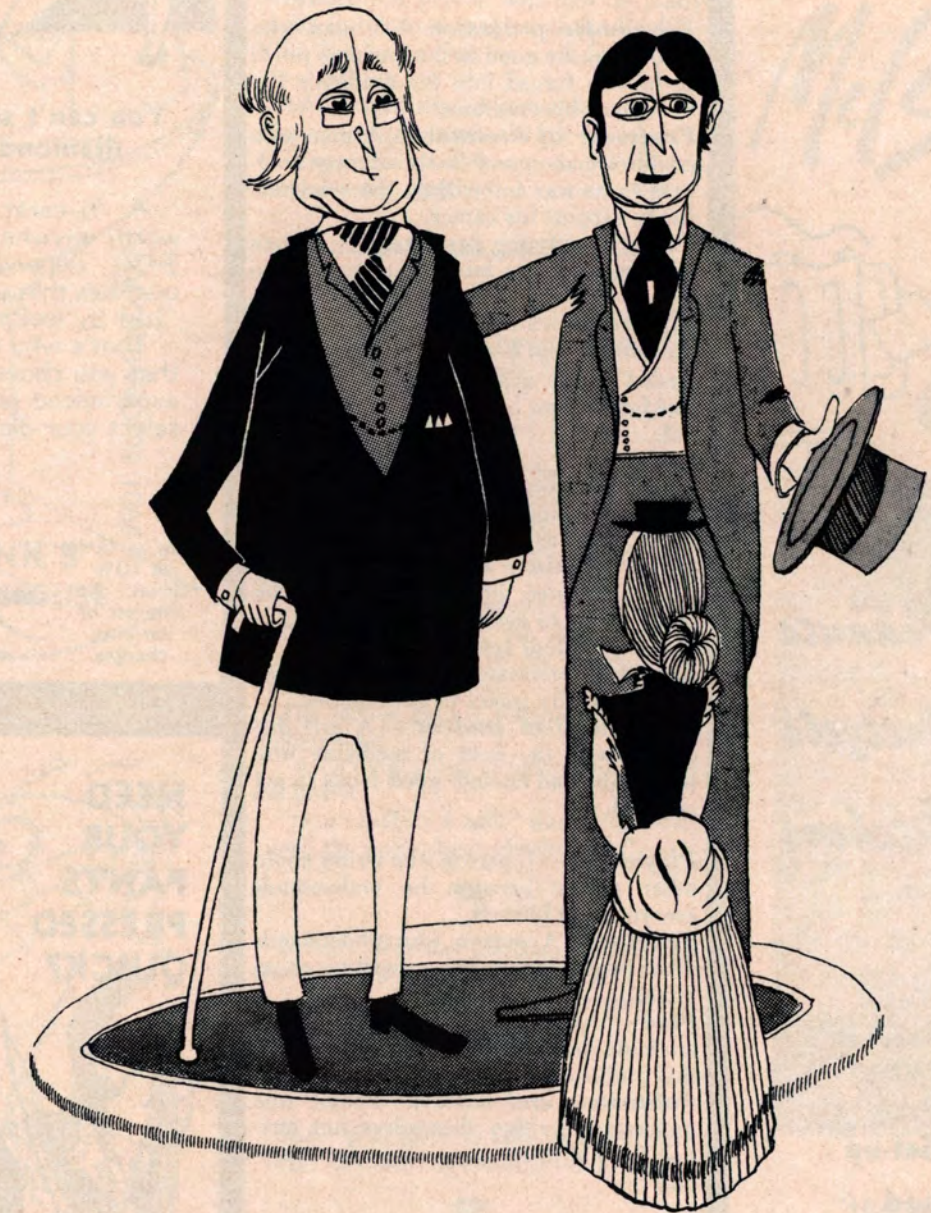
"Hawkins, how is your mawster today?"

"Oh, sir, my mawster is so much better today. Why, sir, it'd just do your poor heart good to see his ear snap at a bit of buttered toast, sir."



A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visiting sociology student, wishing to be affable, asked, "How many have you caught?"

And the fisherman returned, "You're the ninth."

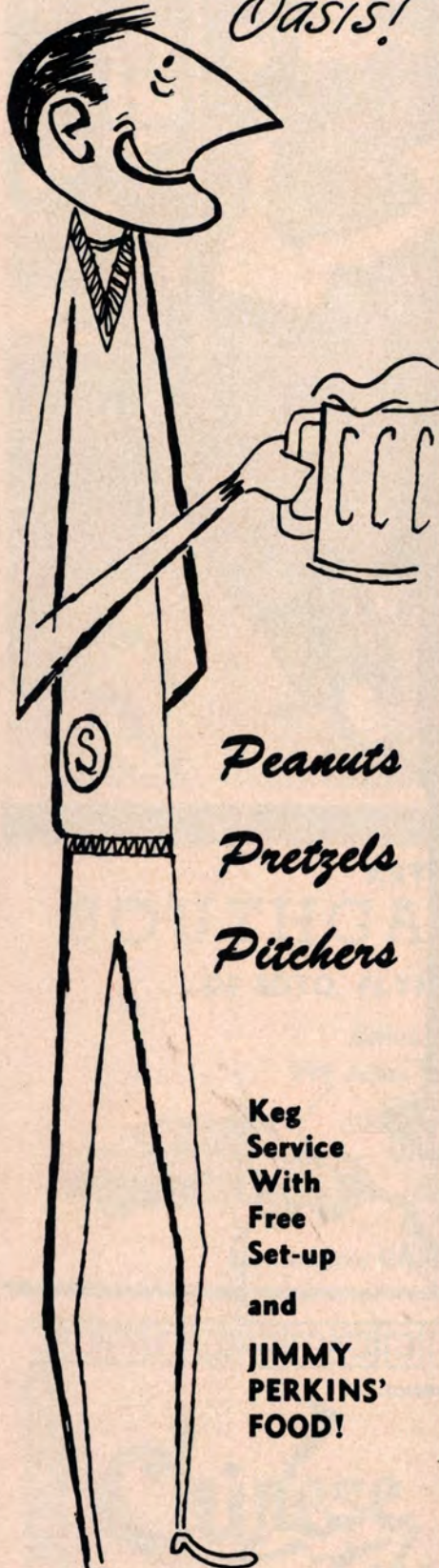


PETER WHORF

"Grampa, I don't think you've met the little woman."



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# Definitions

By RICHARD MENDE

**Economics professor**—A man who couldn't make good in the business world so he was forced into the academic life to support his creditors.

**Professor of literature**—A man who couldn't make good in the literary business so he was forced into the academic life to support his career.

**Political science professor**—A man who failed at the business of politics so he was forced into the academic world to support his principles.

**Research worker**—A man who succeeded in the academic world but who was forced into business to support himself.

**Co-ed sociology major**—A girl somewhat interested in sociology but who really wants to get married.

**Co-ed literature major**—A girl somewhat interested in literature but who really wants to get married.

**Co-ed political science major**—A girl somewhat interested in political science but who really wants to get married.

**Co-ed medical student**—A girl disgusted with the field of medicine who wishes she had enough good looks to get married.

**Playwright**—A person who writes about other people because he understands everyone but himself.

**Novelist**—A person who understands other people but insists on writing about himself.

**Poet**—A person who doesn't understand anybody but himself (and writes with that audience only in mind).

**Politicians and editors**—People who understand neither themselves nor anyone else but insist on speaking for everyone.

**Republican Party**—A group of individuals who sincerely want good government but who insist on being in office.

**Democratic Party**—A group of individuals who sincerely want to be in office but who insist on good government.

**Communist Party**—A semimythical group of individuals who don't want government but who insist on being.

**Engineering student**—A squiggly-looking person who sees all beauty in straight lines.

**Literary student**—A squiggly-looking person who sees all beauty in squiggly writers.

**Philosophy student**—A squiggly-look-

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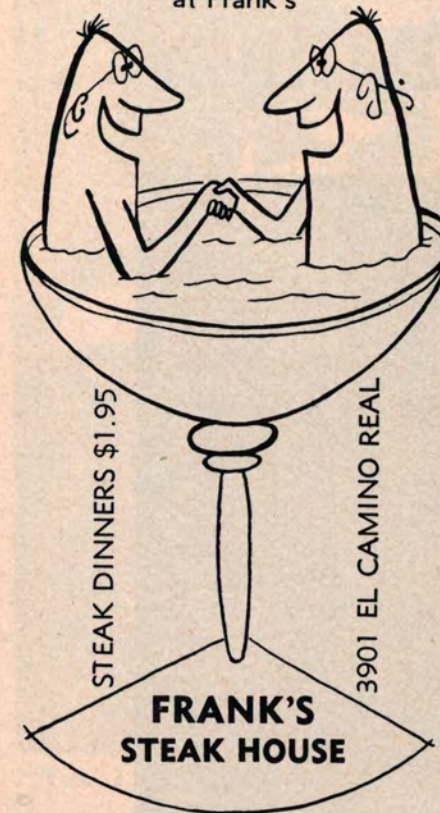
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ing person who sees all beauty in straight thinking.

**Business student**—A good-looking person who doesn't see beauty in anything.

**Philosopher**—A person who never got past the foreword of the Book of Life because he could not fully understand its goals and purposes.

**Minister**—A person who saw so many faults in the first chapter of the Book of Life that he prefers to wait for the revised edition.

**Undergraduate**—A person who likes to finger through for the erotic passages.

**College administrator**—Sees — but cannot read. ■■

Anyone who thinks that he's indispensable should stick his finger in a bowl of water and notice the hole it makes.

There had been an accident. It was the old thing—a college student's convertible had collided head on with the farmer's Model A. The two drivers got out and surveyed the damage.

"Well," said the farmer, "we may as well have a drink." He hauled out a bottle and passed it to the student who gulped down a stiff one.

The farmer calmly returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Aren't you going to have one?" asked the BMOC.

"Don't believe I will," was the answer, "until the police have checked up."

Erster: Wer war die Dame mit der ich Dich gastern Abend geshen habe?  
Zweiter: Das war keine Dame; das war meine Frau.

She: Why did you take up the piano?  
He: My beer kept sliding off the violin.



Lundin  
McBride



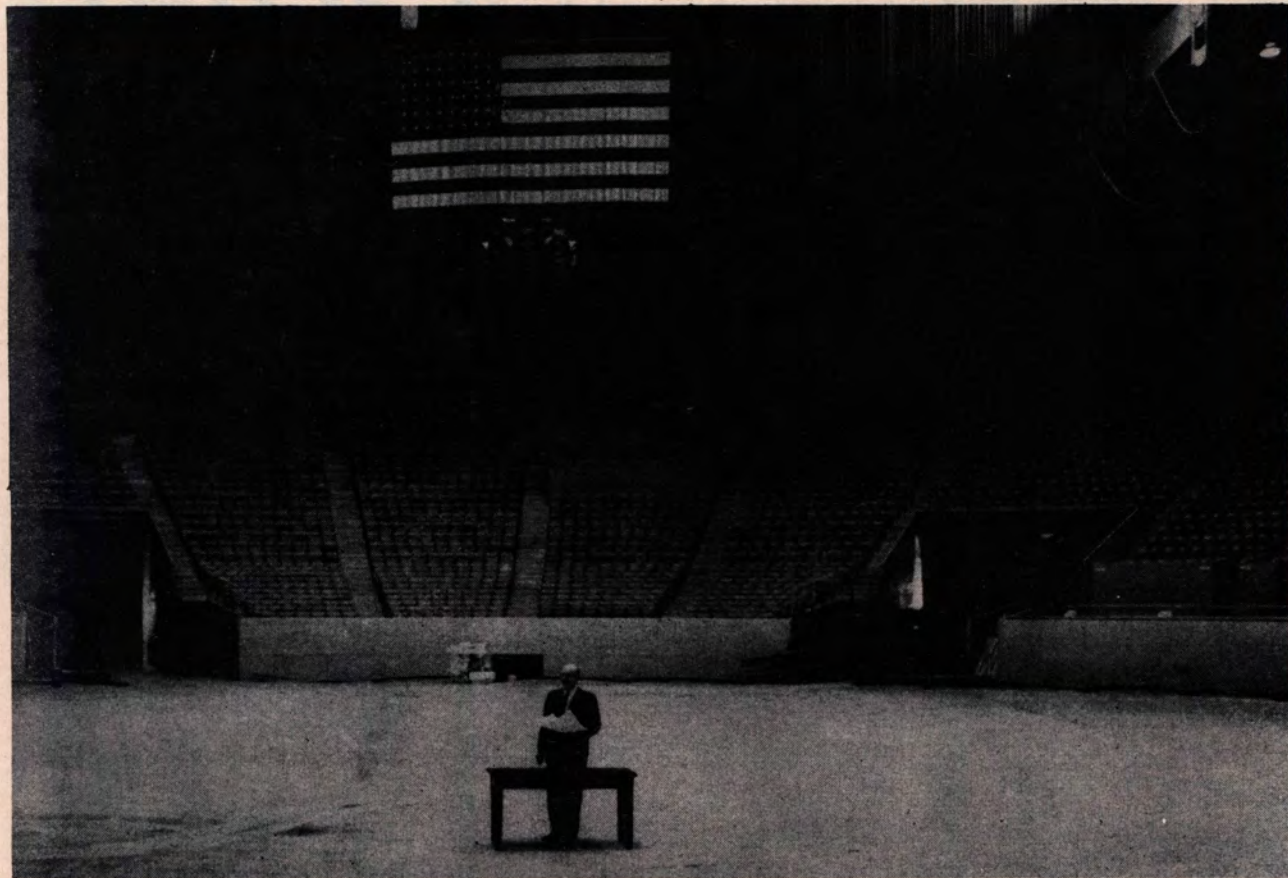
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Ruth Kirkland, off-campus frosh, wears a gay as a spring morn quilted cotton skirt, a measly 5.98, topped by roll-up sleeve oxford blouse, 6.98. Come see our spring clothes!

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*"Do you understand, yours is a puerile publication."*



*"Yes. I write for the Daily. What is it you want?"*



*"I seen it aroun' . . . so?"*



*"Boy, these Daily editorials really grab you, don't they? I can use minds like these."*





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Two glamour girls boarded a crowded bus, and one of them whispered to the other, "Watch me embarrass a seat from one of the men."

Pushing her way through the standees, she bore down on a gentleman who looked substantial and embarrassable.

"My deah Mr. Brown," she gushed. "Fancy meeting you on the bus. Am I glad to see you—you're getting to be almost a stranger. Oh, am I tired."

The sedate gent looked up at the girl he'd never seen before, and as he rose, said for all to hear: "Sit down, Bertha, my girl. We don't often see you out on wash day. No wonder you're tired. By the way, don't deliver the laundry till Wednesday; my wife's at the District Attorney's office trying to get your husband out of jail."

A gullible man is one who thinks his daughter has been a good girl when she comes home from a date with a Gideon Bible in her handbag.

A salesman called a prospective customer and the phone was answered by what was obviously a small boy.

"Is your mother or father home?" the salesman asked.

The child said no and the salesman asked if there was anyone else he could speak to.

"My sister," the youngster replied. "Let me speak to her," the salesman said. There was a long period of silence and the little boy returned to the phone. "I'm sorry, but I can't lift her out of the play pen."



# NOTHING VENTURED, NOTHING

By DIRK H. VAN NOUHUYS



THERE USED TO BE an old man living on top of that hill, he may still be living there, though I wouldn't if I were he.

He was sitting one afternoon on his front stoop filing at the edge of a plow blade his son had worn out plowing the fields beyond the hill. It was spring, just when the real work of planting is coming on, and I guess he was just sitting there thinking how nice it was to have a son who could do the plowing while his father filed on the worn plow blades. He had a daughter Elizabeth living with him then who was going to be married to Tom Vilikins down the road, which was nice for them both. The old man had a couple of other children but they had both gone off to the city and college. The old man never had really forgiven either of them, though it got so they could visit home once in a while. But, both his youngest son and daughter were as helpful and as nice a pair of kids as a hardworking man could ask for.

I guess they got their strong back from their mother's side. She was the most muscular built woman that anyone has seen in these parts. I s'pose she was good to have around the farm in a way, but I wouldn't have her. She was the crankiest old witch I have ever met up with. She wasn't anywhere she didn't have a butter paddle or an ax haft with her or near by, and she laid into anything that got in her way. I've seen her by accident kick a chicken across their yard and I heard she split a cow's head that didn't give as much milk as she wanted. She didn't treat her old man any different, I've seen the scars. Well, I guess he deserved it for marrying for muscle.

Just when the blade was getting sharp a stranger came struggling up that long path up to the house. He was wearing a banker's grey suit and a Phi Beta Kappa pin and he had a long, twirly mustache. The farmer could see right there that he was the Devil.

"What's your offer?" the old man asked just as soon as the Devil got into speaking range.

The Devil had just climbed that hill, which is no snap even for a youngster like you, so he just wiped his brow with a scented handkerchief and said, "My offer?"

"You look a little peaked," said the old man, "would you care for a glass of buttermilk?"

"That would be very kind," the Devil said. "Climbing narrow paths is harder even than it used to be."

The old man called out for the old woman, but she was in the back chopping wood and didn't, as usual, pay any attention. So the farmer got up and drew them each a glass of buttermilk, which he spiked with a little rye, figuring that it would dull the Devil and make himself sharper. He came back on the front porch and repeated firmly, "What's your offer?"

The Devil thanked the farmer and said, "Everybody thinks I need to buy souls. I've got yours free and clear, with not

long to wait. It's only in emergencies that I try to buy some real juicy number."

The farmer chewed that over for a bit then said, "I don't want you to feel you can't make yourself right at home, and I don't mean to offend by asking, but just why did you stop by?"

"As a matter of fact I didn't intend to see you at all, but just to collect one of your kin."

"Well," the farmer said, "I'm afraid they've already, in a manner of speaking, gone to you. One's in St. Louis and the other clear in California."

"Those two will take care of themselves, it's not for them I came."

"Now, just a minute here," said the old man, who was beginning to get worried. "How will I ever get the planting done without Samuel?"

"Your crops will be all right, except that it will be a bad year for wheat rust; it's not Sam I came to pick up."

"Thanks for the advice, I'll lay in an extra carton of spray—but say, Elizabeth hasn't been doing anything with that Vilikins boy that she couldn't tell her old dad about?"

"I think you'll find that new antienzime spray du Pont is going to invent will be very effective against wheat rust." The Devil continued, "Well, as a matter of information, Liz has been misbehaving a little, but we won't collect on that for another fifty years. Besides, since the Kinsey report has been circulating among the archangels there's a move to make marriage retroactive, which would sure confuse things in the accounts department."

An "expectant glow," I guess some one educated like you would call it, began to dawn in the old man's eyes.

"You don't mean . . ." he said.

"That's right, I came for the old woman."

"Well, God bless you! I thought the old witch would outlive me by a decade. She's out in back chopping up an oak tree. May I suggest you sneak up on her?"

The Devil gave the old man a sort of peculiar look on that and went around back. When he saw the way she was demolishing that white oak, he snuk up on her and used one of those sleeper holds the Japanese wrestlers do on television. He heaved her up on his back and started carrying her away to Hell. When he passed by the front stoop he saw the farmer putting rye in his buttermilk, and he called out to the old man, "Your wife's heavier than Nero."

"You needn't tell me," the farmer shouted. "Take her far away with the joy of my heart."

When the Devil got to Hell, he was tired and irritated with the weight of the old woman and the way she thrashed around, and told an imp to stick her on a spit in the hot part of the fire while he went off to the Hellish bar and had a Pink Lady to settle his nerves.

(Continued on page 26)



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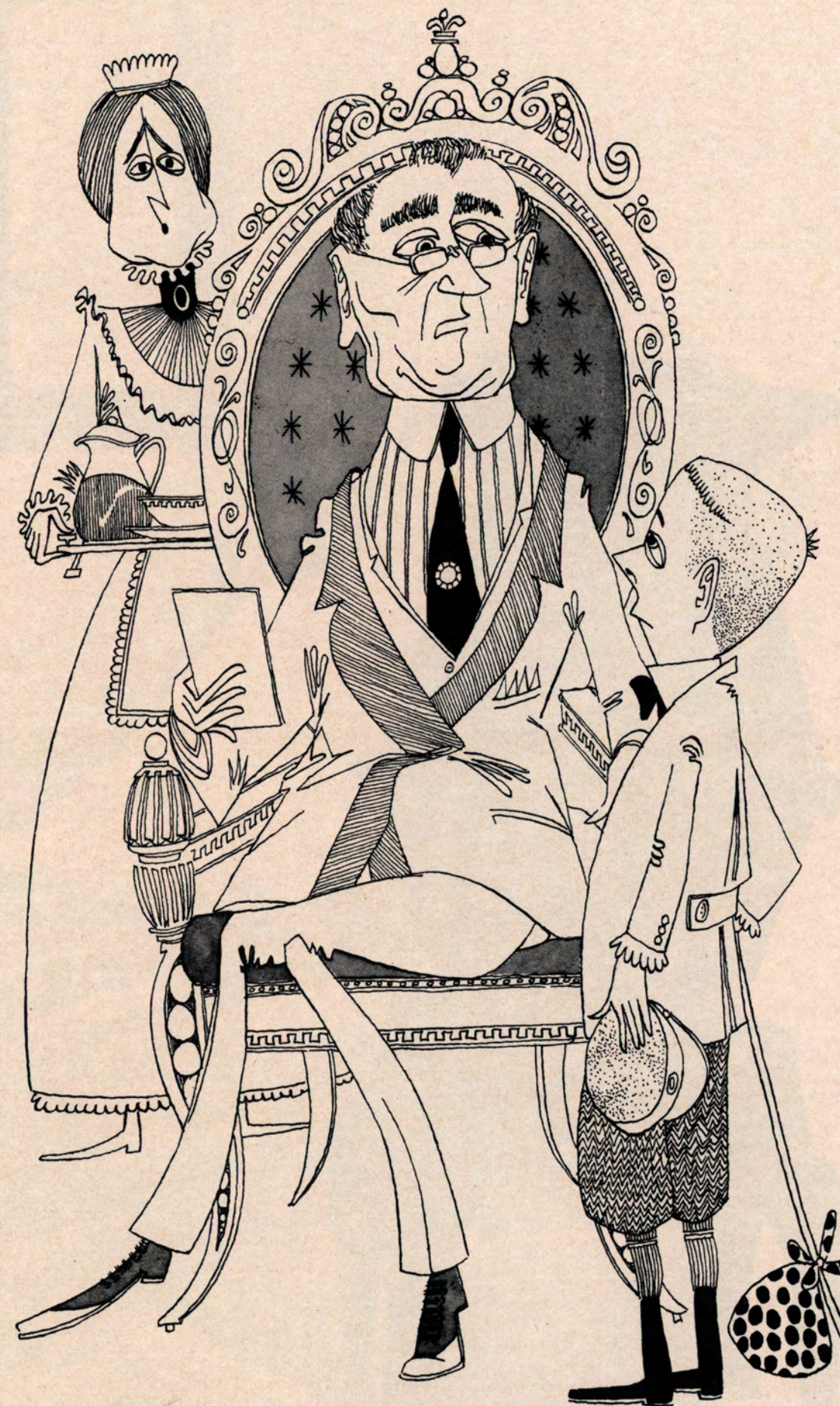
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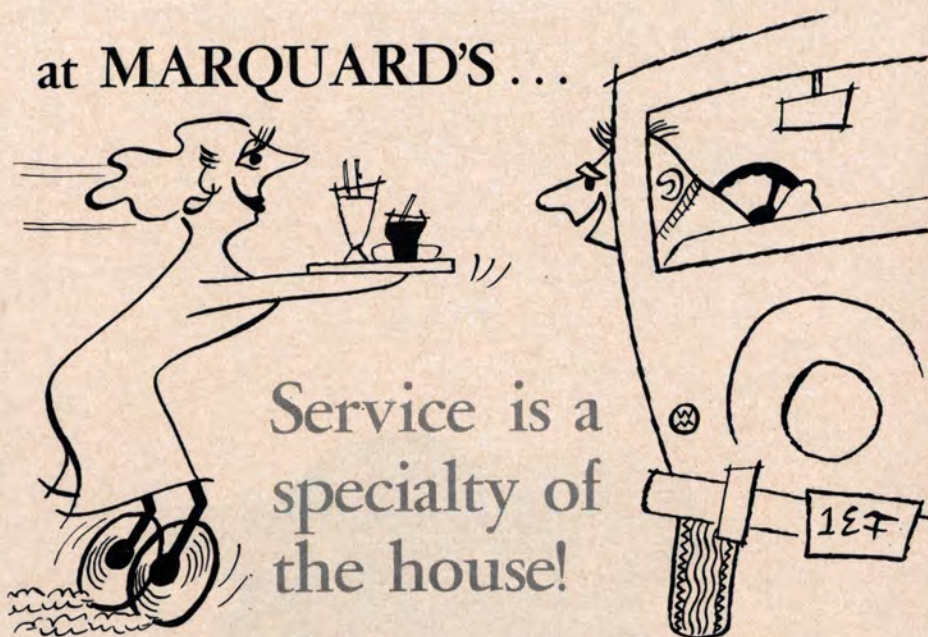




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### THE ANTS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS

All summer long the little ants worked industriously filling their storehouses with a record grain crop. The grasshoppers, however, did nothing but sit around and rub their legs together.

When winter came the grasshoppers went to the ants. "We are starving," they said. "Lend us some of your food."

"No," said the ants. "If we gave you food it would encourage unemployment."

Whereupon the grasshoppers revolted and set up a People's Republic, declaring that each would receive according to his needs and give according to his abilities. This meant, of course, that the ants had to turn over all their grain to the grasshoppers. The next year the ants were put to work by the grasshoppers. Their work quota was the previous year's record crop.

MORAL: As ye sow, so shall ye be reaped.

Two Indians had watched with much interest the building of a lighthouse off the rocky west coast. When it was finally completed they sat and watched it every night. A thick fog came rolling in one night and the siren blew continuously.

"Ugh," grunted one Indian to the other. "Light shine—bell ring—horn blow—but fog come just the same."

"So your boy's at Stanford! What's he going to be when he gets through?"  
"Senile."

An American meets an elderly Britisher in a sporting club.

- A: Care for a game of checkers?  
B: No, tried it once, didn't like it.  
A: How about a game of chess?  
B: No, tried it once, didn't like it.  
A: Tennis?  
B: No, but my son will play with you.  
A: Your only child, I presume.



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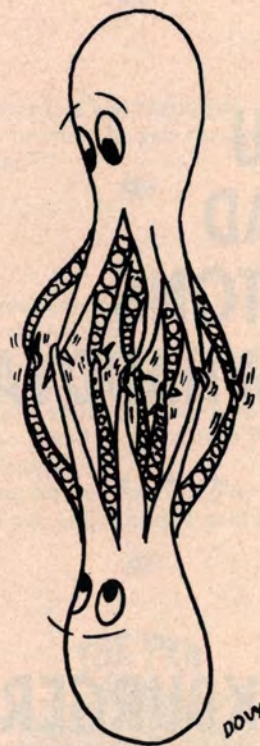
### NOTHING VENTURED

(Continued from page 19)

She just stood there with her fists on her hips like she knew what to do in any situation. A little imp came up with a red-hot ball and chain which she just grabbed and slung him across the avenue there. Then she began laying to and knocking those imps around like Musial slammin' Brooklyn pitching. Finally an incubus landed right in his old man's cocktail shaker and pleaded, "Take her back, Daddy, she is disturbing the peace."

Back on that hilltop, the old man was drunk and getting drunker. All of a sudden he saw his old woman come flying through the air at him, as if she had been booted by a supernatural foot. When she landed she started laying at him with a flaming skewer she'd picked up and lit out say'n' she wouldn't come back.

Well, she packed her bags and came into town look'n' for somewhere that would take her in, but no one would stand in the same room with her, she was still glowing so. Finally she just started out down the road. I've heard rumors that she was pitching for a girls' softball team in Illinois, and that she was in Los Angeles telling about her spiritual experience, but you can't trust rumors, personal opinion always gets mixed in with the facts. ■■



"How do you do? How do you do?  
How do you do? How do you do?  
How do you do? How do you do?  
How do you do? How do you do?"



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Be kind to the moose  
He may be of use  
For hanging your hat  
Or something like that.

—John Hill

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson descended from heaven for a short visit on this earth. As they walked along the city streets, the great detective suddenly remarked: Watson, it's indeed gratifying to know that the girls are still as pretty as they were in our day.

"But how can you say that?" asked the puzzled doctor. "We haven't passed any girls at all, pretty or otherwise."

"No, but there's one walking right behind us," said Holmes. "I can tell by the bulging eyes of the men walking toward us."

Frank and George stood laughing on the street corner, when Willie came along and asked what was so funny.

"Well," Frank said, "I went into that bar and ordered a drink. When I finished and the bartender asked for my money, I told him I had already paid him, and the dope believed me."

"Yeah," George said, "Frank told me, and I went in and did the same thing."

Willie immediately walked in, sat down, and asked for a highball. When the bartender brought the order he said, "You know, in the last twenty minutes, two guys have come in here and—"

"Cut the gab," Willie interrupted, "and give me my change."

He: Do you love me, Joan?  
She: But my name is Carolyn.  
He: Isn't this Wednesday?

A man had his hands severely burned in an automobile crash. As he lay in the emergency ward watching the man in white dress his limbs he asked: "Doctor, when the bandages are removed, will I be able to play the piano?"

The Doctor nodded and said, "I think so."

"That's funny Doc, I never could play before."

An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of the patients industriously fishing in a wash basin with rod and line.

Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked him if he had caught anything. "What!" said the patient. "In a wash basin? Are you crazy?"

# GUILLAUME, GUILLAUME SHAKESPEARE, ROI DE LA LANGUE ANGLAIS



on Christine Jorgensen:

"Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both."  
*Richard III, Act I, Scene ii*

on the Cellar:

"Never came poison from so sweet a place."  
*Rich. III, I, ii*

on chug-a-lugging:

"I'll have her; but I will not keep her long."  
*Rich. III, I, ii*

on being a freshman:

"I trembling waked, and for a season after  
could not believe but that I was in hell . . ."  
*Rich. III, II, iv*

on the Big Game:

"And often up and down my sons were toss'd  
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss . . ."  
*Rich. III, II, iv*

on baseball:

"Pitchers have ears."  
*Rich. III, II, iv*

on class participation:

"No, so God help me, they spake not a word;  
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,  
Gazed on each other, and look'd deadly pale."  
*Rich. III, III, vii*

on Daily editorials:

"Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!"  
*Rich. III, IV, i*

on professorial thoughts:

"Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead . . ."  
*Rich. III, IV, i*

on this fellow Richard:

"I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him."  
*Rich. III, IV, iv*

on Mamie Eisenhower:

"O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!"  
*Rich. III, IV, iv*

on the earth satellite:

"I'll put a girdle around the earth in forty  
minutes."  
*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene i*

on hormones:

"I have a device to make all well."  
*M.S.N.D., II, ii*

on the loyalty pledge:

"Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,  
a million fail, confounding oath on oath."  
*M.S.N.D., III, ii*

on the Moscow Mule:

"Methinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seems double."  
*M.S.N.D., IV, i*

on the University of California:

"How easy is a bush supposed a bear."  
*M.S.N.D., V, i*

on the Statue of Liberty play:

"This is an old device . . ."  
*M.S.N.D., V, i*

on a certain senator:

"Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child  
on a recorder; a sound, but not a government."  
*M.S.N.D., V, i*

on the Union:

"Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog . . ."  
*1 Henry IV, Act II, Scene i*

on Stanford gentlemen:

"Hot livers and cold purses."  
*1 Henry IV, II, iv*

on solicitors:

"Boy, tell him I am deaf."  
*2 Henry IV, I, ii*

on the oral final:

". . . speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick,  
snap."  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV, Scene iv*

on searching for Warren G. Wonka:

"I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass."  
*M.W.W., V, v*

on Market Street:

"When night dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased."  
*M.W.W., V, v*

on the psychoanalyst:

"Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou  
art full of error; I am sound."  
*Measure for Measure, Act I, Scene ii*

on Clark Gable:

"I would to heaven I had your potency . . ."  
*M.M., II, ii*

on winding up at 'Club 19':

"Be you content, fair maid . . ."  
*M.M., II, ii*

on the new dormitories:

"What comfort, man . . ."  
*Rich. II, II, i*



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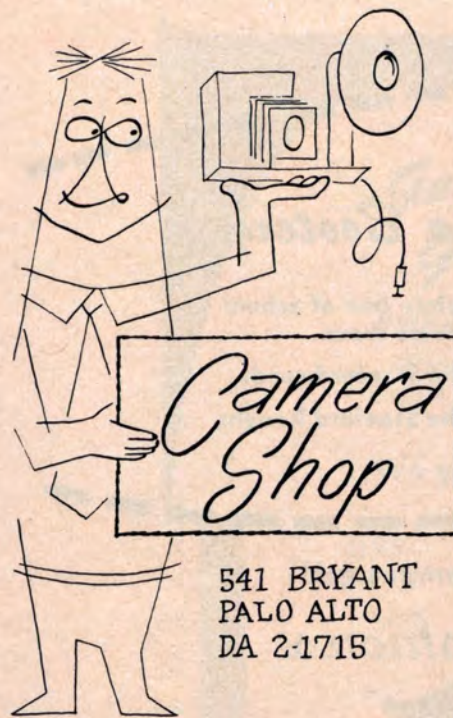
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# The Lift

By RICH LOWRY

It was dark and rainy and the Bay-shore was crowded with the five o'clock rush, but Jeff Norris kept his big Diesel rig rolling along in the right-hand lane. Jeff hummed softly to himself while he automatically guided his huge truck south. The roar of the engine, the rush of the rain, and the glaring lights of the cars were all in a day's work for Jeff. About half a mile ahead the green light changed to amber, then to red. Jeff shifted into lower gears while applying the brakes softly until he came to a halt behind a long line of cars waiting at the four-way signal. Then he saw a figure standing in the rain at the side of the highway. It was a hitchhiker. Jeff rolled down the window on the right side of the cab and asked the hitcher to hop in. Jeff opened the door for the rain-soaked stranger while he clambered up into the cab. The traffic started moving again and Jeff put his truck in motion, then he turned to his passenger, who said, "Thanks for the ride, I sure appreciate it, no kidding. Keerist I'm cold. Hey, how far ya goin'?"

Jeff said, "Well, I'm goin' to L.A. tonight. Where you headed on a night like this?"

"I'm going south . . . looking for a job," said the hitcher.

"My name is Jeff Norris; what's yours?"

"Jake Oliver is mine, glad to meechea."

"What kind of job you looking for? Maybe I could help you out."

"I'm a chauffeur. They don't need them no more," muttered Jake. "Hey, Jeff you got a cigarette? Mine are all wet."

"Yea, sure help yourself," said Jeff, as he handed Jake the pack without taking his eyes off the road ahead. Jake took one out of the pack and Jeff slipped the pack back in his shirt pocket. "How far south are you going, Jake?"

"Oh, I dunno, just south." He stared out into the darkness as the truck moved through the rain.

"I'm going to stop and get a bite to eat in Gilroy in about half an hour, OK?" Jeff looked at his wrist watch; it wasn't there. He looked at the floor and on the seat. He looked at Jake, then he reached under the seat and grasped the cold steel grip on a revolver he kept there. He cocked the hammer of his gun and pointed it at his passenger, while he let the truck roll to a halt on the shoulder of the road. "All right, ya dip, give me the watch."

"What are you talking about?" stam-



\* Don't find out the hard way (like our young Stanford man above) that there's no place in romance for rough red hands! Guard against the occurrence of this heart-rending affliction by sending your clothes to

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mered Jake. "Why the gun? What'd I do?"

"You know what I mean. Now hurry up and hand it over."

"For God's sake put the gun down . . ."

"Give the watch here." Crestfallen, Jake reached into his pocket and handed over a wrist watch. "Now climb out," Jeff growled. When Jake was half out of the cab Jeff shoved him with the heel of his boot, saying, "So long, Buddy, next time you won't be so lucky."

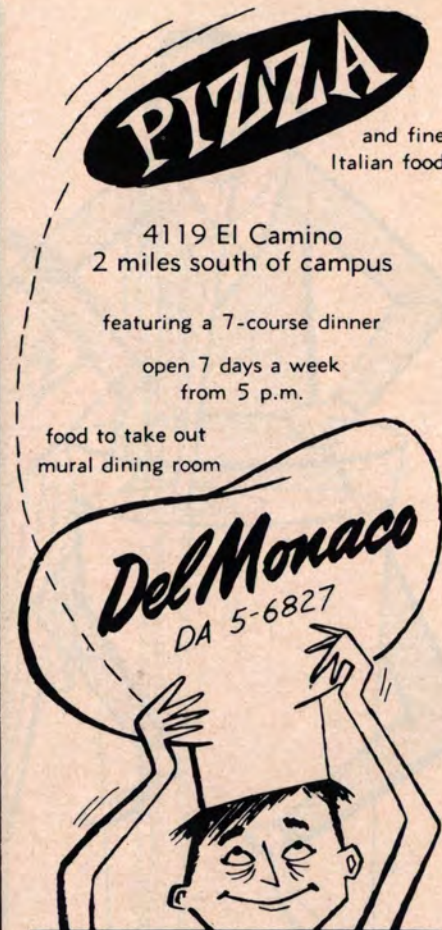
A short time later Jeff pulled into a small trucker's diner just south of Gilroy; he turned on the cab light and took the watch out of his pocket. Inscribed on the back was; TO JAKE OLIVER FROM THE 17TH AMBULANCE CORPS FOR HEROISM 1944. ■■

## PARKING TROUBLES?

Here it is—that second in a dubious series of reproductions, or facsimiles. This month CHAPARRAL reproduces a faculty parking permit for your windshield. Think of it—no more worries as to where to park. Just nose the old Buick in anywhere, lock her up, and spend the day.



In the near future it has been planned to reproduce the likeness of the U.S. five dollar bill. Simply cut it out, and start living in a big way. (Make sure you keep the right side up.) Needless to say copies of this issue will be extremely scarce (if not confiscated). Hurry, hurry, hurry.



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## ABOVE AND BEYOND

Research by **BOB HAYDOCK**

The following sentences about allotments have been taken from actual letters from wives, mothers, fathers, etc., of men who were in the service during World War II.

"Please send me my allotment as I have a four month's old baby and he is my slow support and I need all I can get every day to buy food and keep in close."

"Both sides of my parents is poor and I can't expect nothing from them as my mother has been in bed for one year with the same doctor and won't change."

"I have already wrote to the President and if I don't hear from you I will write to Uncle Sam and tell him about you both."

"Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby."

"I can't get my pay. I got six children; can you tell me why this is."

"Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children; one is a mistake as you can see."

"Please find out for certain if my husband is dead as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything until he nose for sure."

"I am writing to tell you my baby was born two years ago and is two years old. When do I get relief?"

"In answer to your letter, I gave birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory."

"You changed my little boy to a girl. Does that make any difference?"

"In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

"I am glad to say my husband who has been reported missing is now dead." ■■

## VOLKSWAGEN

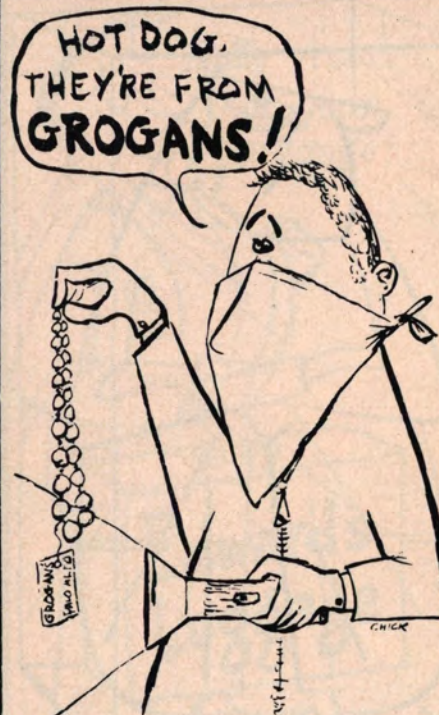
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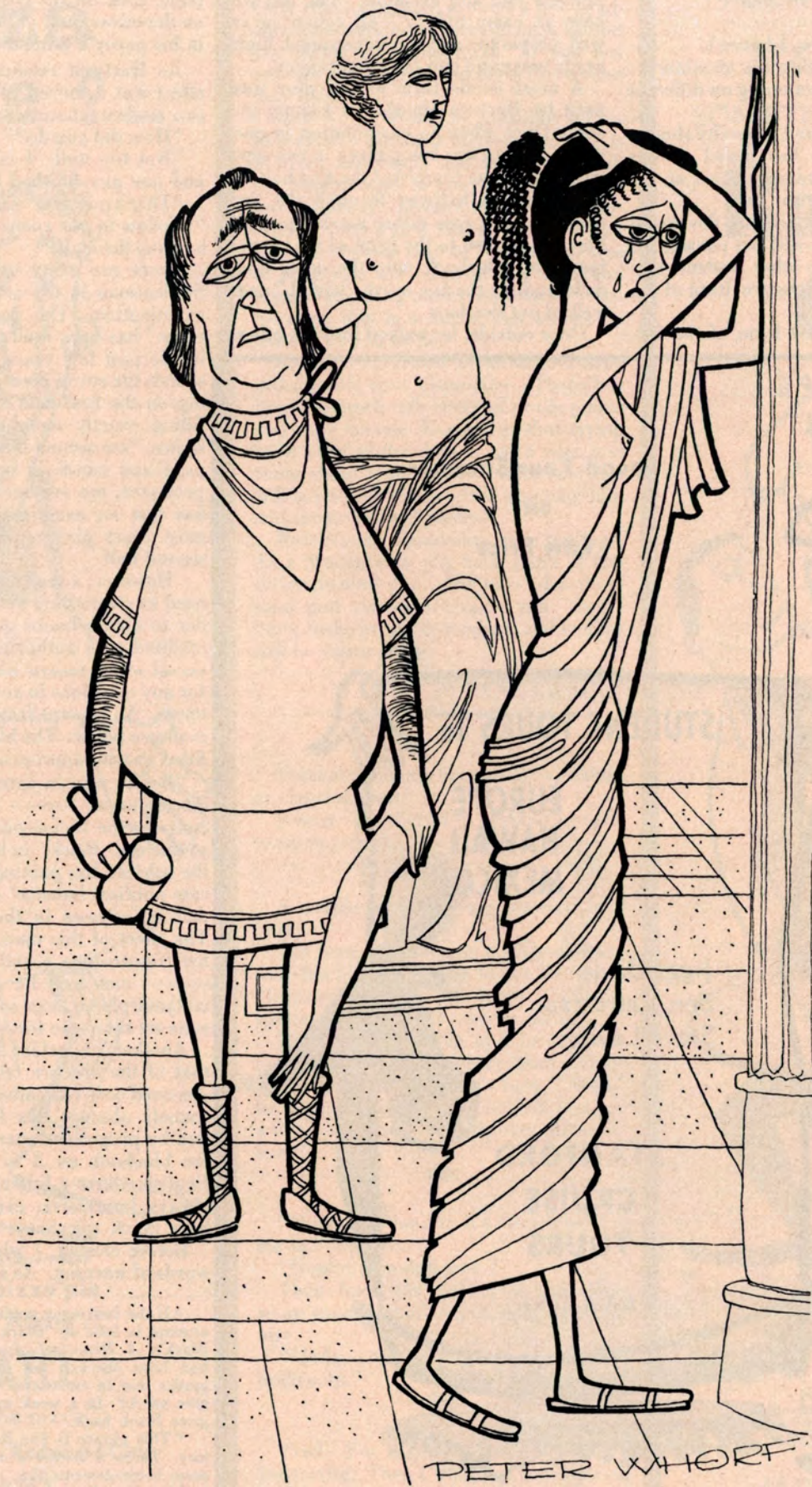
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## GROGAN'S

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"Cheap marble, that's what it is, just damn cheap marble."

PETER WHORF



## STUDENTMANSHIP

(Continued from page 11)

Professor M.: No, I haven't.  
 Scodley (shrugging his shoulders): I guess we're just functioning on different levels of awareness.

Professor M. left the University shortly thereafter and when last heard of was shoveling coal on a tramp steamer on the Macao-New Celebes run.

Exammanship in its highly developed modern form has two distinct phases, the "softening up" of the other students taking an exam and the actual writing of the exam.

Perhaps the simplest form of the for-

mer is that practiced by the Studentman who enters the examination room a few minutes late and exclaims, "Oh, did we have an exam today?" Of course he is well prepared, and his subsequent high grade makes no end of an impression.

A more subtle form of this ploy was used by Hartwell, master of Exammanship. Once when an examination in one of his courses was being given in two separate rooms, he completed the first half of the questions halfway through the period. He then rose rather noisily, put on his coat, walked to the front of the room, tossed his bluebook onto the desk, said quite audibly the one word, "trivial," and walked out the door.

Once outside, he walked into the other

examination room, picked up a set of questions and a new bluebook from the table, took off his coat, and set to work on the second half of the exam. He passed in his paper a minute or two early.

As Hartwell recounts it, the desired effect was achieved. He later overheard two students discussing the examination.

"How did you do?" asked the first.

"Not too well. I could barely finish, and one guy finished halfway through."

"That's nothing," said the first student, "a fellow in our room didn't arrive until halfway through!"

There are many useful ploys for the Studentman in the actual writing of an examination. The device of the "half exam" has been used to great advantage in the past few years. The Studentman spends the entire period of the exam writing on the first half of the examination, filling exactly one bluebook. He then writes, "see second bluebook" on the last page and hands in one bluebook. The professor, too ashamed to admit that he has lost an examination book, will in most cases give an A on the missing second half.

However, a really skilled Studentman need know nothing about a course in order to obtain honor grades. Hartwell is credited with authoring a series of universal exam essays which may be used for any questions in any of the Social Sciences. An excerpt from a typical sample is shown below. The blank spaces may be filled in with appropriate data.

"Before we can enter into a definitive discussion of \_\_\_\_\_ it is necessary to consider the socioeconomic environment of this era. Black,<sup>5</sup> in his classic work on the subject, has pointed out that the delicate political balance<sup>6</sup> of this time led to definite stresses in the economic cycle. The effect of this upon a people with as heterogeneous a social structure<sup>7</sup> as the \_\_\_\_\_ can well be imagined. Social metamorphosis was inevitable. The results set the scene for \_\_\_\_\_."<sup>8</sup>

Another important Examman ploy is that of the obscure fact. In any course one need only remember three or four extremely obscure bits from the reading, and by properly scattering them through the bluebook an A is assured. For an English course a line or two of poetry is always impressive, even if it does not have much relevancy.

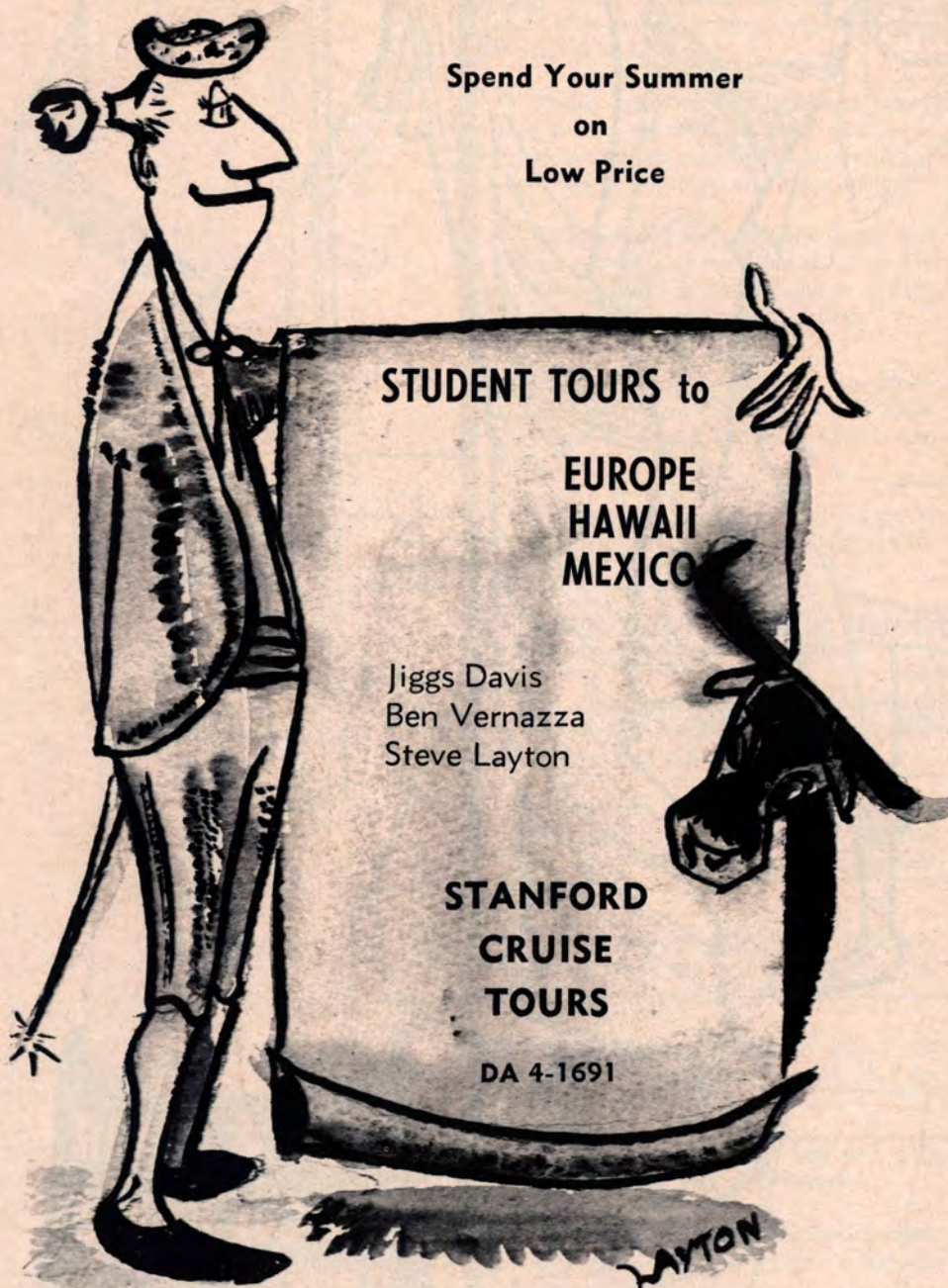
Before closing, I wish to voice a few words of warning. As a new Studentman,

<sup>5</sup> If the instructor grading this paper should attempt to look up "Black" he would find that Black's *A Historical Approach to Sociology* had been checked out of the library. With grades due in two days, what can he do but give an A? In a week or so the studentman gives Black back.

<sup>6</sup> This phrase is fine for all periods of history. There is always a delicate political balance, heterogeneous-like.

<sup>7</sup> Again, all social structures are heterogeneous.

<sup>8</sup> A note of caution: never use one of these universal answers more than once in an examination.



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beware of the Professorman. Avoid his classes until you are sure of yourself. Only when you have ground a few graduate assistants into insignificance should you tackle a Professorman. If you feel you are ready, however, these three rules may help.

**Rule No. 1:** Never be fooled by a Professorman's outward appearance. He is in every case ready and willing to crush the Studentman, to convince him of his own stupidity. Beware of friendly overtures. None but a neophyte would fall into the obvious trap of "Please feel free to drop into my office at any time and discuss anything about the course." Remember, this is a battle that knows no truce. It's you or he.

**Rule No. 2:** Never be lured into competing with your classmates. There has been too much talk lately of grade points and class curves. Remember that trying to be head of the class is but a poor and roundabout method. The Professorman still gives out the grades; conquer him and the rest comes easily.

**Rule No. 3:** Remember your heritage. As a Studentman you have years of tradition behind you. The eyes of a thousand past classes are upon you. Strike hard, make every blow count, and victory will be yours. ■■

Teacher: Jimmy, are you eating candy or chewing gum?

Jimmy: Neither; I'm soaking a prune to eat at recess.

A couple wanted to get married in a hurry.

The man, a soldier on a 48-hour pass, took his blushing bride to see the vicar. "Impossible!" said the latter. "Even a special license would take too long."

The would-be bride and bridegroom exchanged a look of misery, then a smile spread across the soldier's face. "Well," he suggested brightly, "couldn't you say a few words just to tide us over the weekend?"

"Honey, let me in; it's Gertrude. Let me in." Silence.

"Honey, please, honey."

Then from the depths of the silent room came a man's voice, cold with dignity.

"Madam, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

Fred: For months I thought I was a fox terrier. Then I went to a psychiatrist, and he cured me.

Earl: How are you now?

Fred: Fine. Feel my nose.

FOR THAT  
 EXTRA LITTLE  
 SOMETHING . . . IT'S

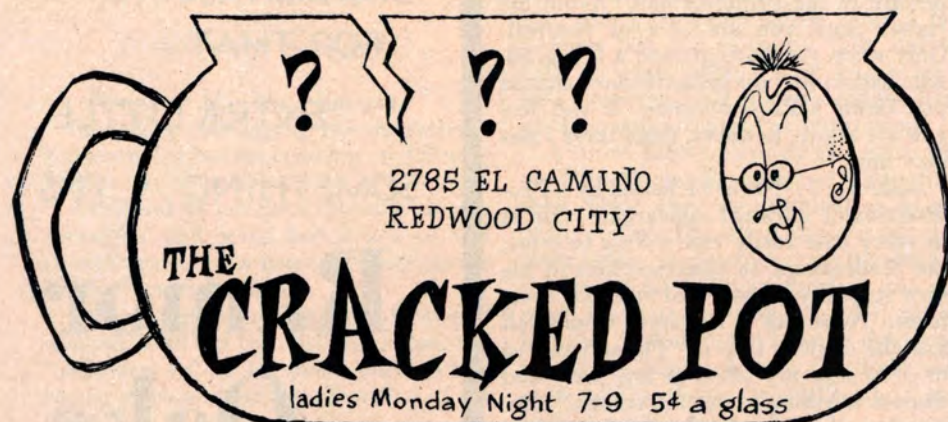
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People who live in gall bladders should not throw stones.

The lion was stalking through the jungle looking for trouble. He grabbed a passing tiger and asked, "Who is king of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty lion," answered the tiger.

The lion then grabbed a bear and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?"

"You are, O mighty lion," answered the bear.

Next the lion met an elephant and asked, "Who is boss of the jungle?" The elephant grabbed him with his trunk, whirled him around and threw him up against a tree, leaving him bleeding and broken. The lion got up feebly and said, "Just because you don't know the answer is no reason for you to get so rough."

Son (at dinner table): Must I eat this egg?

Father: Yer damright.

Silence—

Son: The beak too?

Said the rooster as he placed the ostrich egg in front of the hen, "I ain't complaining, now, but I just wanted you to see the kind of work they're doin' in some parts of the world."

Dean: I think you'll have to admit that this is a very extensive course.

Student: Yeh, what you don't cover in class, you cover in your quizzes.

Now *Playboy Magazine* knows from CHAPPIE sales that Stanford is worth cultivating. That magazine, working in conjunction with Stern Hall, is planning an all-campus dance for February 25, 1956, to be known as the Stern Hall-Campus Playboy Dance (now that follows, doesn't it?). Talent to be featured will be the contemporary stylings of Cal Tjader and Howard Frederic.

Decorations (for dance floor and rest rooms) are to be furnished by *Playboy*. Watch the local newspaper (and here we use the word loosely) for exact time and place. We say *watch* the paper because you can't *read* it. (Hate, hate, hate.)

And then on the other hand it may rain.



"OUT, you corruptor of sons and gentlemen. Out, with no recommendation from me for your so-called 'maid services.' Out!"

"(Not a bad little set up, while it lasted.)"

(Chuckle) "Missy Jones sho have got plenty spunk."

"Aw'right, mum. Oym leavin'. But I 'ave a suspicion you'll be 'earin' from me in a few months. Then we'll see 'oo 'as the upper 'and . . . mother. S'long jake. I'll be seein' ya . . . and that's a fact!"



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## PROPHET TAX

Once there was a King who hired him a prophet to prophet him the weather. One day the King notioned to go fishin', but the best fishin' place was nigh onto where his best gal lived. So he called in his prophet and he says:

"Prophet, is hit a-comin' on to rain?" And the prophet says: "No, King, hit ain't a-comin' on to rain, not even a sizzle-sozzle."

So the King he put on his best clothes and he got his fishin' tackle and started down the road toward the fishin' place, and he met a farmer ridin' a jackass. And the farmer says, "King, if ye ain't aimin' to get your clothes wetted, ye'd best turn back, for hit's a-comin' on to rain — a trash-mover and a gullywasher."

But the King drewed himself up and he says, "Farmer, I hired me a high-wage prophet to prophet me the weather, and he 'lows how hit ain't a-comin' on to rain, not even a frog-ruster." So the King he went a-fishin' and hit come on to rain — a clod-buster and a chunk-mover. And the King's clothes was wetted and they shrunked on him; and the King's best gal she seen him and she laughed, and the King was wroth; and he went home and he throwed out his prophet.

Then the King sent for the farmer, and he says, "Farmer, I throwed out my prophet, and I aim to hire you to prophet me the weather from now on'ards." And the farmer says, "King, I ain't no prophet. All I done this evenin' was look at my jackass' ears. For if hit's a-comin' on to rain, his ears lays down and the harder hit's a-comin' on, the lower they lays, and this evenin' they was a-layin' and a-loppin'." And the King says: "Go home, farmer, I'll hire me a jackass." And that's how it happened. And the jackasses have been holdin' down the high wage government jobs ever since! ■■

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron, and one placed it upon the anvil with a pair of tongs.

"H-h-h-h-h-hit it," he stuttered. "Wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the other. "Aw-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to h-h-h-heat it again, now."

A certain businessman had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absent-mindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was quite embarrassed for his foolishness.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low tone: "I see you did pretty well today after all."

①



②



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Two camera bugs were draped over a Paris bar discussing their experiences of the day.

"This morning in the Bois de Bologne I noticed an old crone huddled beneath a bundle of rags," one shutter bug said. "She was hungry and homeless. She told me she was once a countess but lost all her family and money and now was a wretched old woman with nothing to live for."

"The poor thing," said the other photographer. "What did you give her?" "Well, it was sunny," the first replied, "so I gave her f-1 at 1/100."



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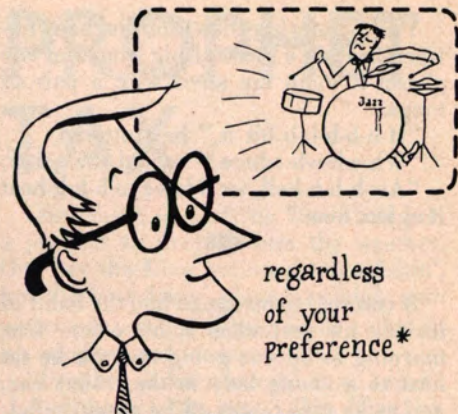
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### \*PROOF from an EXPERT

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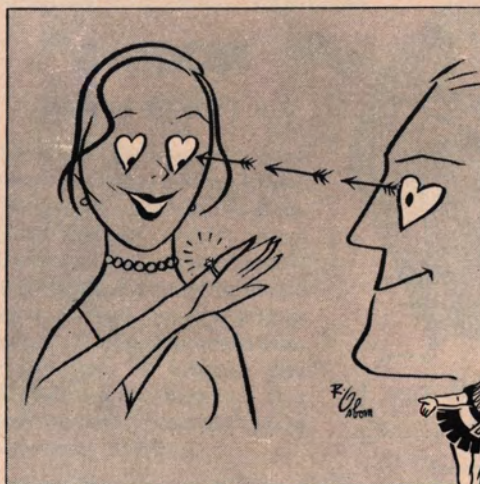


Illustration courtesy LIFE magazine

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# POETRY FOR HE AND SHE

A glowworm with tendencies coarse,  
Used to tell lewd jokes until hoarse,  
But he kept up his vice,  
By the clever device,  
Of learning to blink them in Morse.



There once was a snake named James,  
Who liked to play horrible games,  
He lighted a match,  
To a dry grassy patch,  
And laughingly hissed through the flames.



There was a young lady named Banker  
Who slept while the ship lay at anchor.  
She woke in dismay  
When she heard the mate say,  
"Now hoist the top sheet and spanker."



There was once a girl from Australia,  
Who went to a dance in a dahlia,  
But the petals revealed,  
What they should have concealed,  
So the dance as a dance was a failiah.



There once was a man from Kildare,  
Who was helping his wife fix the stair.  
When the bannister broke,  
They thought it a joke,  
And finished the job in midair.



There was a young lady named Maude,  
A sort of society fraud.  
In the parlor, 'tis told,  
She was distant and cold,  
But on the veranda, my Gawd!



A limerick packs laughs anatomical  
Into space that is quite economical.  
But the good ones we've seen  
So seldom are clean,  
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.



A fellow of erudite leaning  
Discovered the meaning of meaning—  
On his laurels he basked  
Until somebody asked  
The meaning of meaning of meaning.



There was a young fellow from Wheeling,  
Endowed with such delicate feeling,  
When he read on the door,  
"Please don't spit on the floor,"  
He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.



There was a young maiden—a Sioux  
As tempting as any home brioux.  
She displayed her cute knees  
As she strolled past tepees  
And the braves hollered, "Wioux,  
wioux!"



There once was a girl from "B" Hall  
Who fell into a spring in the fall.  
Would have been a sad thing  
Had she died in the spring,  
But she didn't; she died in the fall.



Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it  
In a cabin quite old and medieval.  
A rounder espied her  
And plied her with cider  
And now she's the forest's prime evil.



There was a young myth named Medusa,  
Whose morals were something quite  
loosa,  
But the snakes in her hair  
Didn't like being there,  
Which played hob with Medusa's seduca.



Said a girl who was very transparent  
"My charms should be quite apparent.  
For what I'm revealing,  
Should be quite appealing  
—or maybe you weren't aware'n't."



There once was a dancer named Kate,  
Whose kooch dance was really first rate  
Her belly was round,  
Her grind it was sound,  
But she had no control o'er her weight.



A Bostonian sub-deb named Brooks,  
Whose hobby was reading sex books,  
Ensnared her a Cabot,  
Who looked like a rabbit  
And deftly lived up to his looks.





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