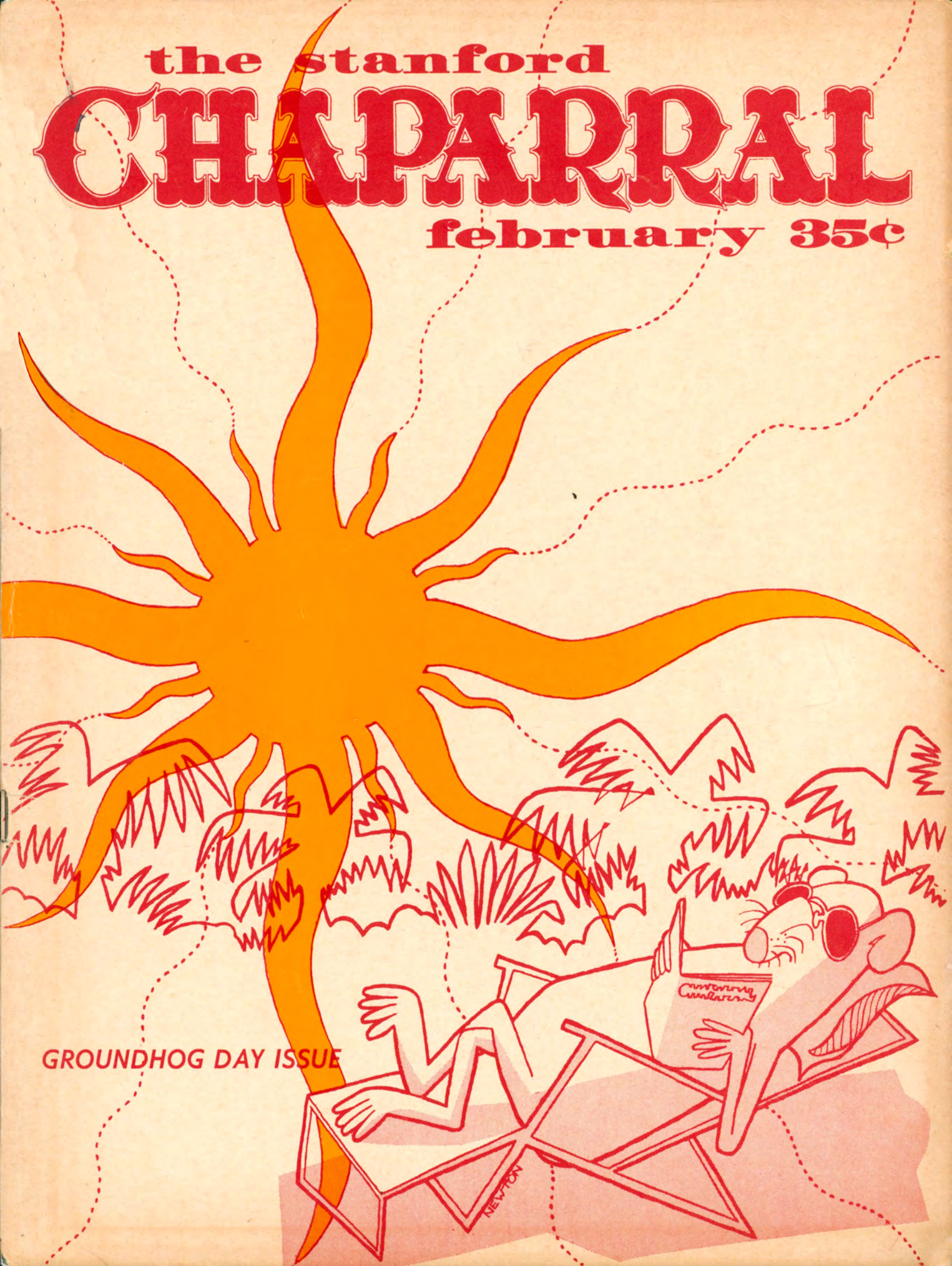


the stanford

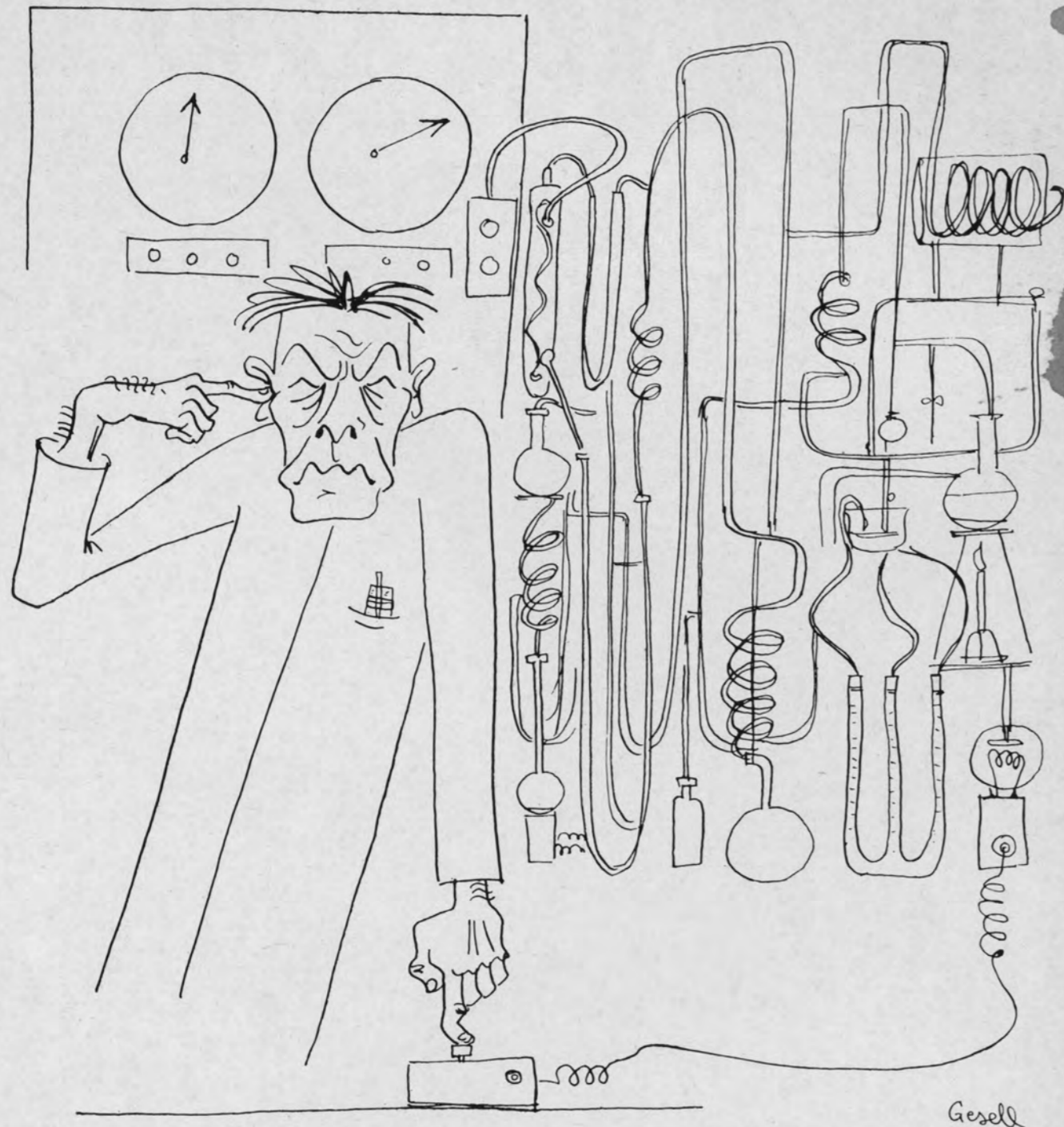
CHAMPARRAL

february 35¢



GROUNDHOG DAY ISSUE

NEWTON



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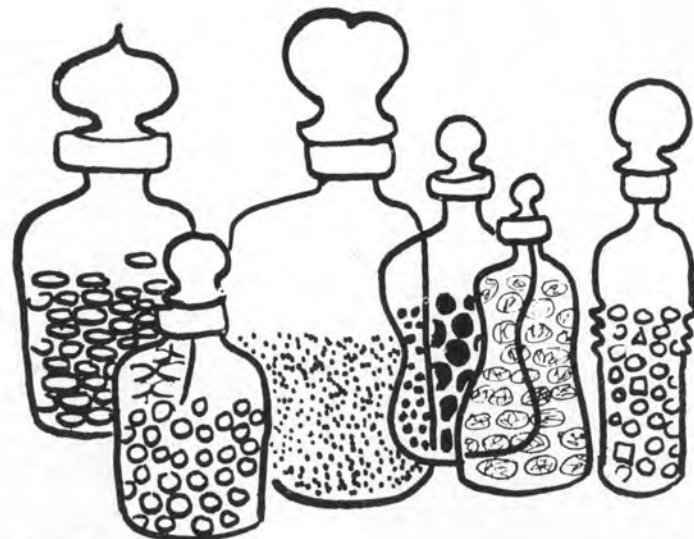
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LETTERS TO

Dear Old Boy,

NOW THAT I have finished reading your December issue, I am moved to write and say a few nice things about the CHAPPIE for the current year.

I have been reading the CHAPPIE for just over ten years now. I'm sure that doesn't make me an old vet, but I have seen quite a few of you foolish ones come and go. To the moment, at least, I think you are doing the best job of walking that fine line between humor and grut that I have seen.

I was especially impressed by your appeal to "keep Christ in Christmas." This is a movement with which I have been associated and in which I take keen interest.

Lastly, I applaud your choice of Miss Sandy Tanke as your December Queen. I recall having seen her when I was student copping at the 1954 Gaieties. At that time she must have been a freshman. I remarked to myself that the girl obviously had talent and I am glad to see that my observation was quite correct.

Following my current academic tour in the Netherlands, I expect to be assigned as an instructor at the Air Force Academy in Colorado. To my knowledge, they do not as yet have a humor magazine. I'm sure they'll be starting one, though, and I can think of no finer model than the 1957-1958 Chappie.

Once again, keep up the good work. I sure hope you can finish the year as well as you have begun.

Sincerely,
James E. Banks '51
1/Lt USAF

It is always nice to hear kind things about the old mag, especially from a grad. As we remarked to the Dean, we get all the good letters and he gets all the bad ones—though none so far this year. The Academy does have a mag, the Talon, with which we regularly exchange. Everybody seems to be in agreement about our December Queen.

—Editor

Dear Old Boy:

So you can find a frosh queen! Well, we'll bet you can't find any graduate women queens. If you can, you're a better man than us. If you find even one we'll even let you call it The Old Boy's Old Gal.

Good Luck,
A Couple of Grad Men

THE EDITOR

We're looking, but the Old Boy would welcome some specific suggestions as to candidates.

—Editor

Dear Sirs:

Being one of those underprivileged students who can't go to Stanford and buy *Chaparral* in person, I have to be content with receiving it in the mail each month from a friend who sends it to me. Like Selma Sawaya (whose letter you published in your November issue) I go to that "small midwestern college, the University of Michigan"; and, like her, I think the *Chappie* is one of the funniest humor magazines I have read. Every month when it comes, my roommate and I and any lucky soul who happens to wander into our room take a half hour or so to sit and guffaw over the latest edition of *Chaparral*. And now I must close, for I have to help enlighten the yokels at our rival school, Michigan State, by reluctantly sending my copy of *Chappie* on to my sister there.

Sincerely,
Marcia Flucke

Glad to hear again from the Midwest. Maybe we should set up some sort of branch sales office at the University of Michigan.

—Editor

Dear Editor,

For the past two weeks, two of your "Chappies" have been circulating here at Notre Dame. I finally managed to steal them from a buddy tonight and think they're "fantabulous."

How about letting me know how I can subscribe to your great mag.?

Another thing—Stanford seems great also from the picture you paint of it. How tough is it to have a blast and still remain a student?

Hoping to hear from you,
Tony _____
Stanford Hall
Notre Dame, Ind.

Well, Tony, a letter is on the way along with a subscription. One thing we want to know is how they got a "Stanford Hall" back there at N.D.

—Editor



John Wilhelmy, wearing a Glenn Plaid sport coat, looks over one of the many new sport shirts to be found at Gerald's.

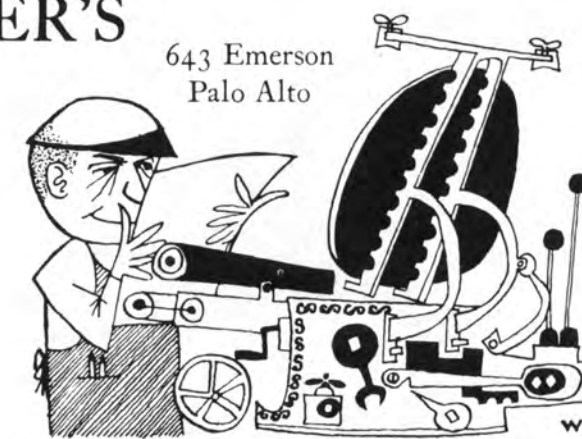
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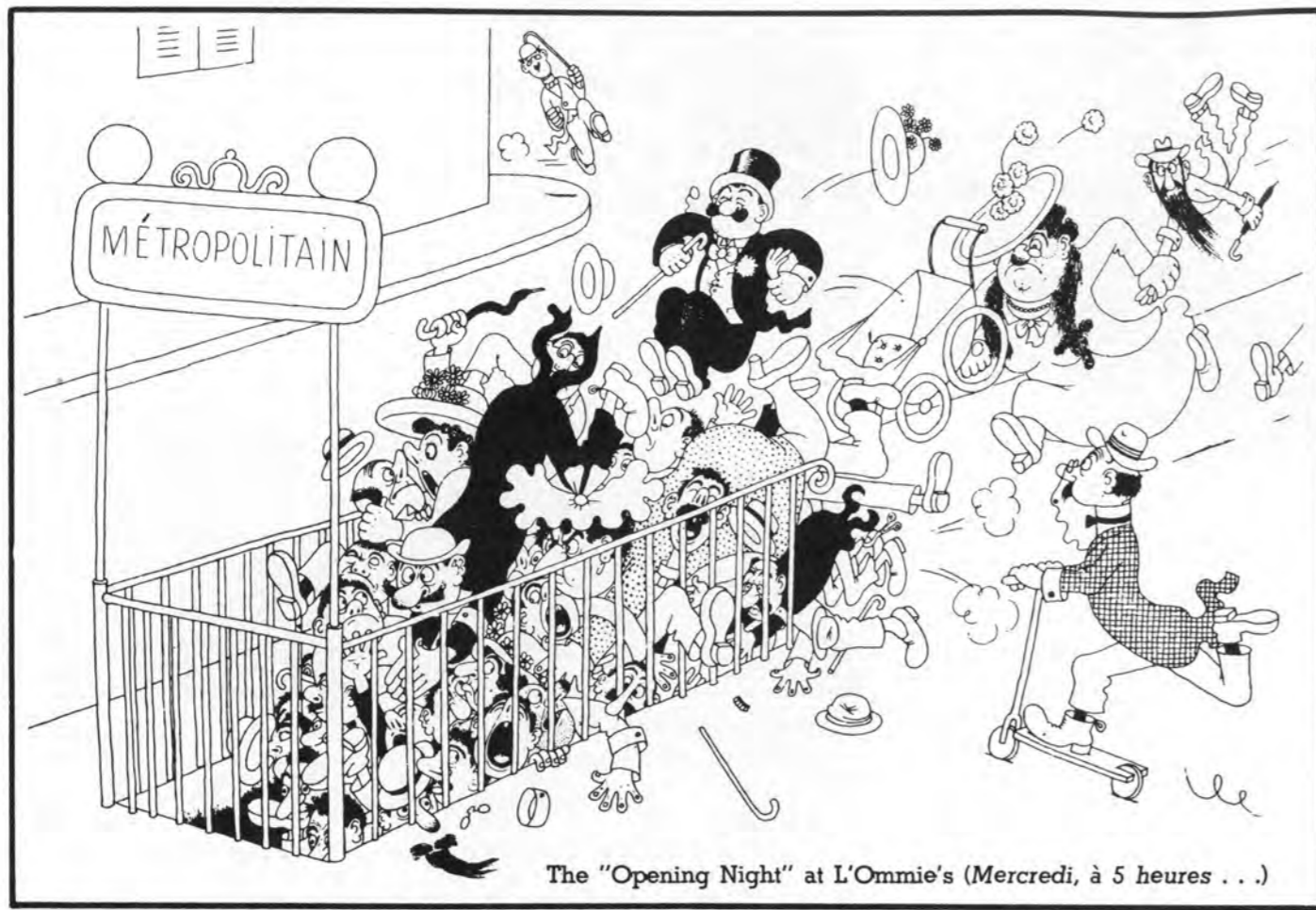
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the stanford CHAPARRAL

CONTENTS
FOR FEBRUARY
VOL. LIX, NO. 5



The Compleat
Psuedo-Skiing
Kit



page 15

page 17

page 27

page 2
page 10
page 15
page 17
page 20
page 23
page 27
page 33
page 35

Staff Artists
Bill Sater
Ray Funkhouser
Denise Miner
Doodles Weaver

Letters to the Editor
February Funnies
How Valentine Cards Came to Be
The Compleat Psuedo-Skiing Kit
February Queen
Moom Pictures
Book Review Section
English, Eh?
Lifted Laughter

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The Chappies

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NOW THAT was quite a January Issue, wasn't it? The success of the issue was not diminished in the least by the fact that it happened to come out in February. The situation of the lateness was and is not as serious as portrayed by the *Daily*. We simply ran into unforeseen copy and composition difficulties with that issue, and rather than put out an inferior product according to schedule, we decided to wait a week. The Old Boy's readers seemed to agree with this decision, since he received more favorable comment on that issue than on any other of the year.

NOW THAT the Ancient One thinks of it, he doesn't have to go back too far in history to remember when the *Daily* missed a deadline as he was challenged to do in one issue of the paper. The last issue of last winter quarter, as a matter of fact. True, the issue came out, but no thanks to the *Daily* staff.

NOW THAT the January issue was late, that meant the following issue, this one, would have to be moved a week too. This was announced to the *Daily*, and received coverage in a wonderfully botched story that was headed "Old Boy Tardy Again or Yet??" (What'd he say?)

NOW THAT the *Daily* has taken the Old Boy up on the parody offer, it is his devout hope that the humor contained therein will be of a higher quality than has been in evidence in the above mentioned articles and other abortive attempts at humor during the year. One last thing on the lateness subject — the lateness, valid as it was, was our fault, not that of the Stanford Press as was wrongly (naturally) reported in the *Daily*.

NOW THAT this is the month of all the holidays devised by the greeting card industry to combat a cyclical dip in business, the Jovial Jester decided that "February Holidays" would be a good theme. The staff greeted this decision with work on varied aspects of the month. For the Washington's Birthday holiday a ski queen and story turned up. (By the way, the Old One hopes that you all made it back in one piece and with no plaster-of-paris additions to your extremities.) Ol' Abe rated a page. Bill Sater gives us the lowdown on the start of that dubious custom of sending Valentine cards. Doug Newton chose Groundhog Day for his cover — sure he saw his shadow, Doug. Even Ash Wednesday got a mention. Through some unforgivable oversight, Chinese New Years, Cuban Independence Day, and several other events of note were left out.

—The Old Boy

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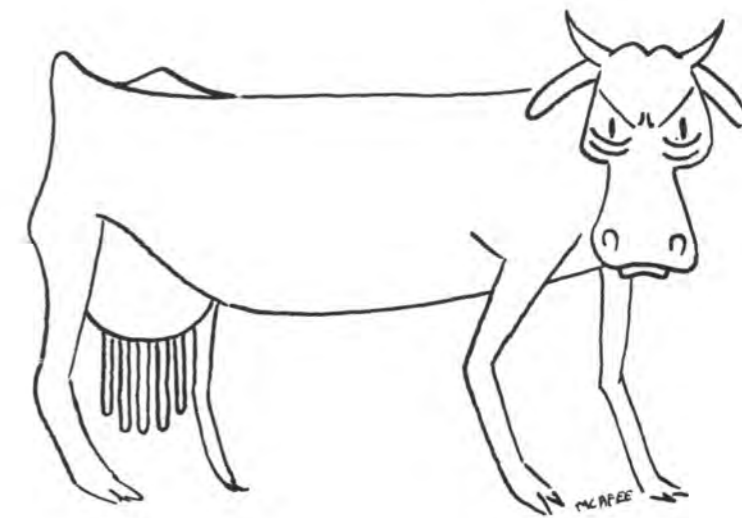
"They're not bad once you get through that filter part."



"Sew up a couple of small holes, a new fringe, and she was good as new. And the wife always wanted a second rug."



"So help me, if you move just one inch . . ."

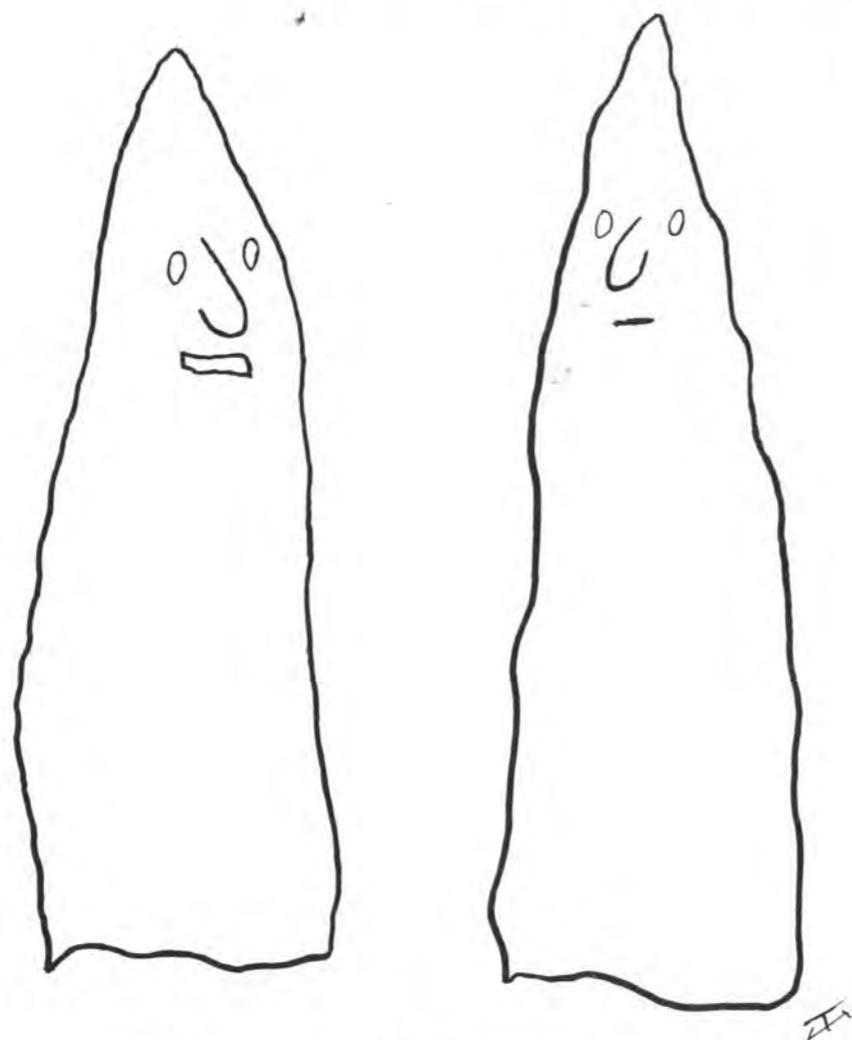


"He just had to get a milking machine."

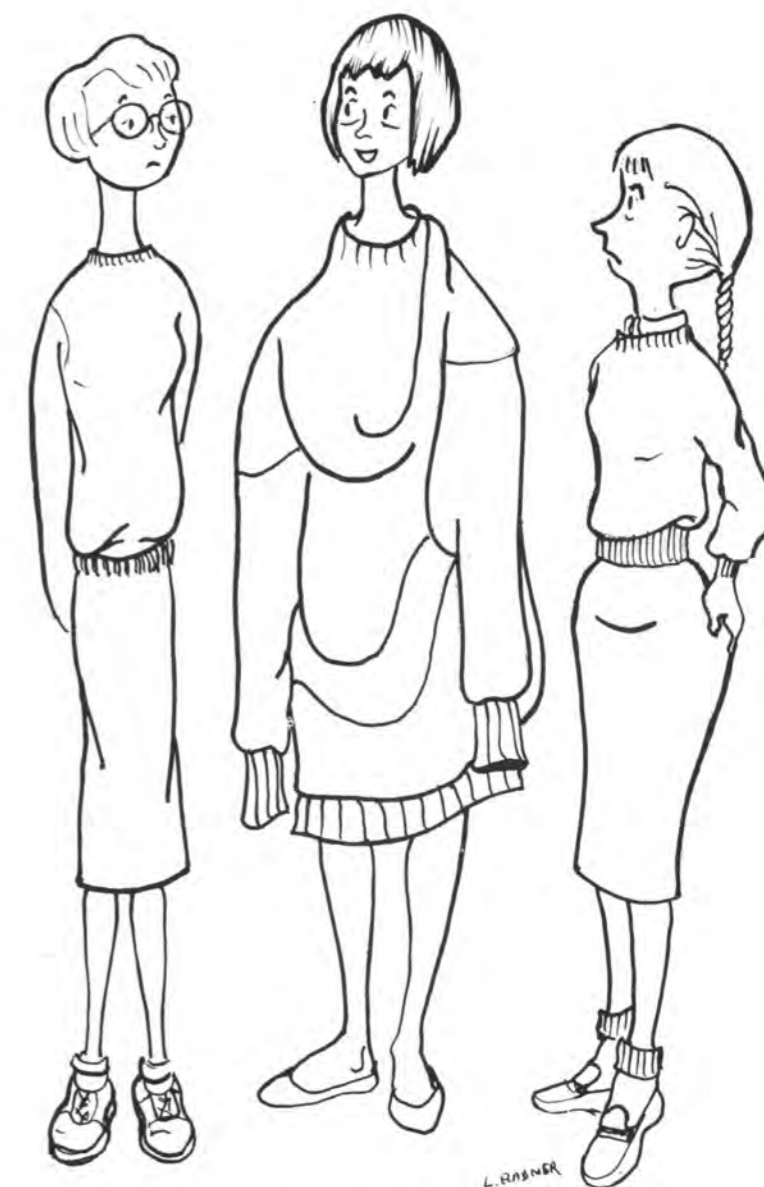
February Funnies



"Well Ma, it means Really Fine."



"... I don't know I was just floating across the lawn when some Indian starts shooting at me."



"I like BIG shetlands."

Window pains??



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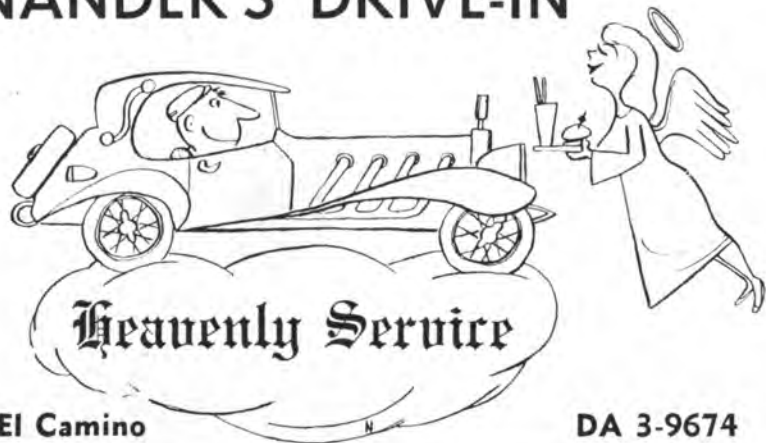
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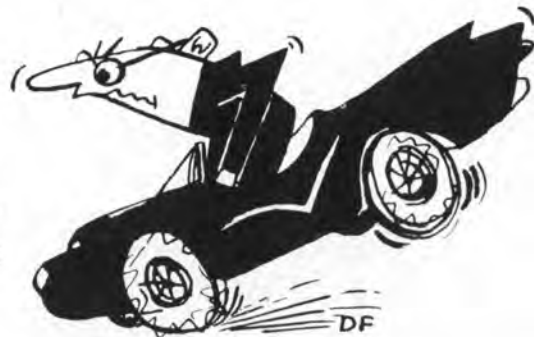


The Country Squire at Rickey's is now showing their spring collection of fine clothes for both men and women as modeled by Laurene Viale and Bill Hartman.

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DA 3-3928

A Mrs. Throckmorton Montgomery Attell was a very proper dame whose morals were unquestioned and who made strenuous efforts to impress everyone with her importance. One day an unknown admirer sent her a very attractive engraved brass brooch from China.

She would wear it on most every occasion and seemed very proud of it. This particular afternoon, she was at a party where a famous Chinese scholar was among the guests. She urged him to translate the inscription on her beloved brooch.

The Chinese scholar tried to be diplomatic and told her that he didn't understand all the various Chinese dialects. But she was insistent. She just had to know the meaning of the engraving.

So finally he swallowed hard and told her that the brooch read: "Licensed Prostitute—City of Shanghai."

Introducing the new deacon to her deaf father a young girl said: "Father, this is the new deacon."

"New dealer," exclaimed the father with surprise.

"No, no, not new dealer, new deacon. He's the son of a bishop."

The father nodded wisely. "They all are."

Mommy, can I go out and play?

No, you can't. Your supper's almost ready.

—Harvard Lampoon

An Irishman and a Scotchman were dining together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill, the Irishman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Scotch ventriloquist was found murdered.

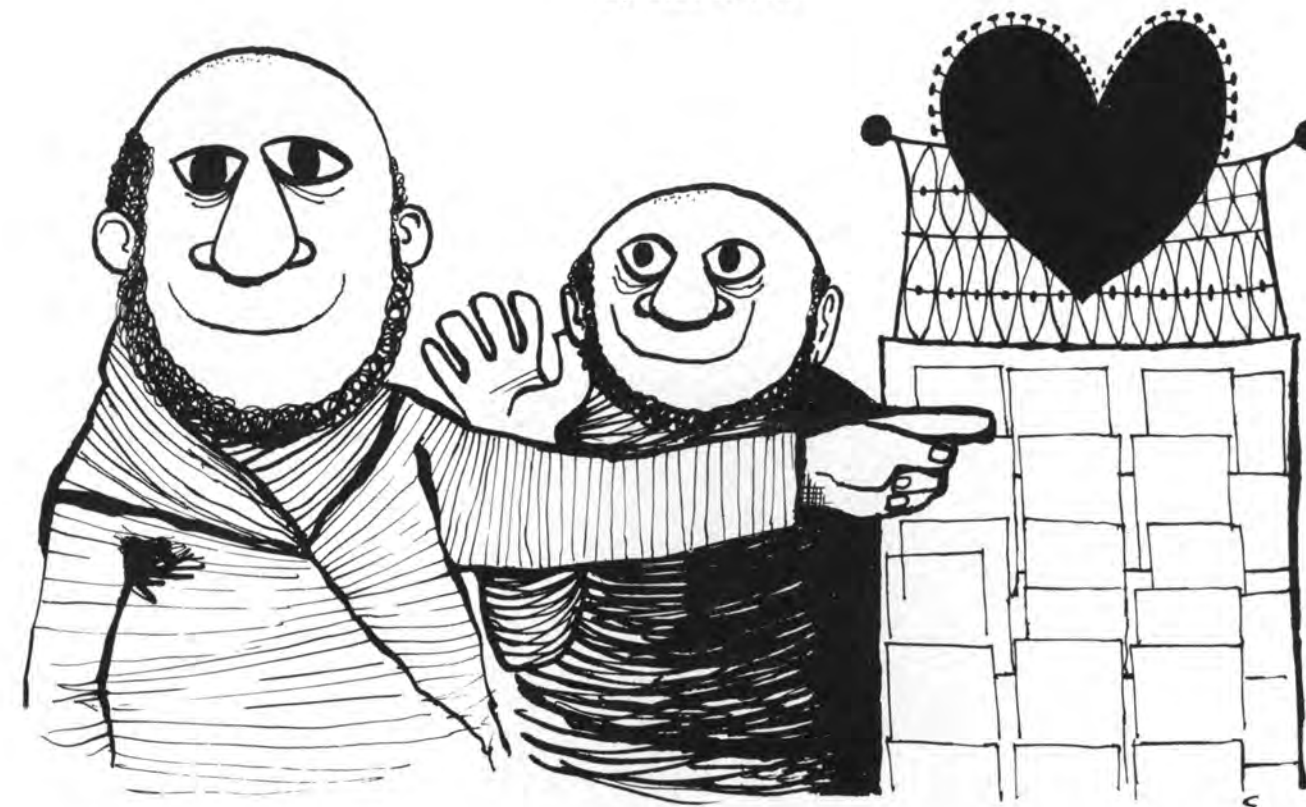


"I'll bet you wouldn't insult me if you knew I owned an Edsel."

—Tiger

How Valentine Cards Came To Be

by BILL SATER



ONCE UPON A TIME there was in England a monastery that was run by a kindly old prior named Valentine. It was a monastery just like other monasteries, except that it was constantly going into debt. Valentine and his brothers were always good for a meal or a handout to some wandering minstrel or troubador, and Pilgrims going to Canterbury were assured of having a place to stay overnight as they went on their way to the holy places. The Crusaders were frequent visitors, since they stopped off for a short snort before resuming their trip to Palestine. As a result the monastery was usually busy, but little work was done by the brothers, and they were always in need of financial aid from the diocese.

One day Valentine was summoned, for the fourth time that year, to the headquarters of the order to have another conference with the chief prior. Valentine always dreaded these meetings, since they always discussed the same thing: Why was Valentine's monastery always going in the red?

As he went into the chief prior's office, the prior, whose name was Paul, rose and, putting down his pipe, shook hands with Val. They weren't strangers, since they had both been in the same graduating class in the local seminary.

"Hello, Paul, how are you?" said Val, seating himself.

"Val, it's good to see you again. You know we don't see enough of you nowadays, but as you know, with all these Crusades and pilgrimages, we are kept sort of busy."

"Have the same trouble myself. Richard the Lionhearted dropped by again, and with spring I imagine there will be the Pilgrims off to Canterbury. Boy, that spring is a busy time of year."

"You know, Val, I worry about you. I feel close to you since we were classmates, and I hate like the devil—oops, I mean I dislike having to call you in and give you the same old

lecture. You've got to think big, Val. That's your trouble, you can't think big. I mean you can't spend your time just taking care of Pilgrims and the Crusaders. There are more important things to do, boy."

"I know, Paul. I try; it's just that I can't seem to resist helping anyone who is in trouble."

"It's admirable to have that attitude, but, Val boy, if you don't get your monastery on the straight and narrow, we'll have to close it up. You know we can't afford to support a monastery that's losing money. What with taxes and all, supplying men for the Crusade and things like that, we are having a tough time ourselves. These aren't good times you know. The whole country is in a depression . . . er, recession. Might have one for a long time. Money is tight, and we just can't afford to waste it."

"You're right, Paul, but what am I to do? Every year I'm swamped with Pilgrims, and when the Crusades start again, I'll be busier than ever . . . to say nothing of those deadbeat minstrels who always drop over. I don't know what to do."

"Val, boy, it's simple: All you have to do is think big. Yes, sir, that's been my motto ever since I got out of the seminary: Think big."

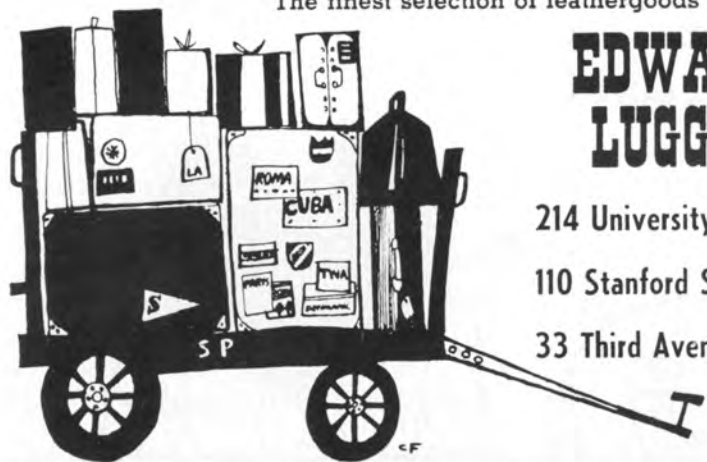
Paul leaned back in his chair, puffing his pipe. Then, standing up, he went to his desk and pulled out his file entitled, "Upswitch-near-Thrupping-on-the-Rye Monastery."

"A few days ago we made a survey on your monastery, a sort of physical assessment. Your land isn't too fertile and doesn't produce much, but you do have one thing that will save you."

"What is it, Paul? To be frank I don't think our monastery can do much, I mean we are all hard workers, but we don't produce much. Most of our time is spent illuminating man-

(Continued on page 22)

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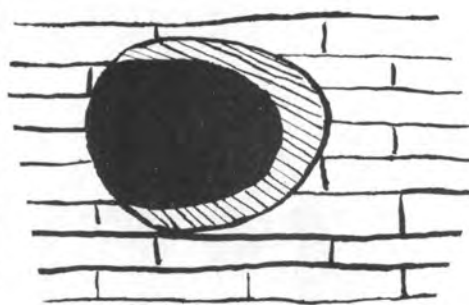
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NEXT MONTH

"Campos Issue"

March 12

featuring the DAILY parody of the CHAPPIE

The Compleat Psuedo-Skiing Kit

by RAY FUNKHOUSER

Chaparral Enterprises now offers, for the first time anywhere, the Compleat Pseudo-Skiing Kit, a handy little collection of apparatus designed to meet the needs of that unhappy majority, those who hate skiing but love the atmosphere of it all and/or want to be in the swing of things. The Compleat Pseudo-Skiing Kit contains:

1 pair of skis—

These serve a dual purpose. First, they may be hung on the wall to create the impression that their owner is actually a skier; second, since one of them is conveniently split and broken, they serve as an excellent excuse for not going skiing ("I just haven't had time to get a new pair.") Also, they can serve as proof of various anecdotes.

1 pair ski poles—

These are also to be hung on the wall directly below the skis, except when they are used for making gestures while telling skiing anecdotes. One of them is slightly bent, thus making it appear as though they have been extensively used.

1 pair ski boots—

To be put in a prominent place on a dresser or shelf. They are well water-soaked and scuffed, to indicate wear.

1 pair after-ski boots—

To be worn around one's room at every opportunity.

1 half-full container of ski wax
1 half-full bottle of linament
1 box assorted cancelled lift and tow tickets—

To be strewn strategically around one's room.

1 empty wallet

1 book of authentic skiing anecdotes—

Has two anecdotes for each and every occasion so that if another Compleat Pseudo-Skiing Kit owner happens to be around, you won't have to step on one another's stories.

1 glossary of skiing terms—

Defines and explains such invaluable words as "sitzmark," "snow-plow," "compound fracture," etc.

1 sign—"Gone Skiing"—

To be hung on the door during every ski weekend while the owner moves to a motel.

(Concluded on overleaf)

Assorted splints, crutches, casts, slings, bandages—
 Assorted bruises, lacerations, punctures, hernias—

To be used after each ski weekend.

To be used after each ski weekend.

Helps make the injuries look more authentic to keep the bandages on the correct length of time.

To be displayed conspicuously. Inscriptions such as "Sun Valley Slaloms," "Dodge Ridge Downhill Run—1954," etc., which can't be pinned down as anything definite. Also included are stories to go with each inscription. If used correctly, the impression is given that the owner has a large number of trophies, but chooses to display just two at a time.

To be displayed at conspicuous spots in one's wardrobe.

Some plain patches to denote tears in the clothing; some with various inscriptions (similar to those on trophies above).
 To put scratches on one's car top such as are usually put there by ski racks.

1 wallet-sized chart showing length of time of healing for various broken limbs, bruises, lacerations, punctures hernias—

2 trophies with assorted interchangeable inscriptions—

- 1 parka (bright red)
- 1 sweat-shirt (bright red)
- 1 stocking cap (bright red with white stripe)
- 3 pairs heavy woolen socks
- 1 sweater (bright red)
- 1 pair ski pants (bright red)—

Assorted patches to be sewn on above—

- 1 broken slalom flag
- 1 putty knife—

This handy kit which no honest-to-goodness phony should be without retails for just \$2.98 and may be obtained at the Abercrombie & Fitch branch which will soon be opening in San Francisco.



All Campus Dance
 March 8



—Record



ski clothes from—



photography by JIM BARNES

Like it is a good thing that the Old Boy acted fast and picked his February Queen when he did. Five weeks later and he would have had an African Queen. You see, Miss Denise Miner, who is from Ann Arbor, Michigan, will be leaving for Nigeria at the end of winter quarter to visit her parents. Her father is a professor at the University of Michigan, and he is presently doing field work in Africa. Other than the fact that she thinks she will like living in a thatched hut, you might be interested to know that she is five feet, one and one half inches tall, lives at Lagunita, and will major in creative writing—maybe.



the old boy presents
DENISE MINER
his february queen



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How Valentine Cards Came to Be

scripts. And you know that you can't make money illuminating manuscripts, what with the small demand and the fact that not many can read in the first place."

"That's just it, Val. Your boys can draw some mighty fine pictures. What with everyone visiting you, Crusaders, Pilgrims, and all that, all you have to do is sell them a souvenir of their trip."

"I still don't understand."

"It's simple. At the door you put on display little cards with a few pictures on them—for those that can read, some verse like, oh, roses are red, and violets are blue. Catches or anything will do. People will buy them as remembrances of their trip, or many send them to their friends."

"You mean you want me to turn my monastery into a common printing shop? Look, I have enough troubles, but on top of that you want me to become a wholesale merchant. Not me, boy; first thing you know those lousy guilds would be demanding a union shop, and then my monks would want a 40-hour week. No, sir. I'm a monk, not a printer."

"All right, if you want to do it that way, it's OK with me. I always said you couldn't think big. If you want to kiss off your monastery and go back to being a bell ringer in St. Paul's in London, go ahead. See if I care."

"You mean no printing, no monastery."

"That's right."

"OK. You got me. But the first chance that comes along, out go the cards. As far as I'm concerned, this is just a temporary thing. I run a monastery, not a commercial plant."

Val got up and, ignoring the proffered hand of his onetime friend, he started to leave the office.

"Hey, Val boy, you forgot something."

"Yeah, what?"

"What are you going to call those cards? They should have a name you know. It's got to be something short and snappy. Something with punch. I know, how does Valentine Cards sound to you?"



"... And then you attach the alligator clip to any ground."

MOOM



PITCHERS

ZERO HOUR

OR
THE STORY OF A POTBOILER—FROM CONCEPTION TO ABORTION

(The scene is the dungeon where the writers of "B" pictures are kept. The set cannot be described; since those who enter the cell rarely return in their right minds. One can only speculate. The characters are Minsk, Finsk, and Birnbaum. The latter is the literate member of the trio. He sold a story once to "True Confessions," and was gobbled up by Hollywood. This distinction gives him the right to be bitter and complain about selling his soul. He is used mainly because of his name and to help with punctuation. The other two, Minsk and Finsk, are native Hollywood products and creative. There is also a waiter present who periodically serves Calso water highballs which are lowered down into the dungeon through a grate in the ceiling. He looks like Tab Hunter, as do most of the waiters, bellhops, gas station attendants, and taxi drivers in Hollywood. Just as all the housemaids look like Thelma Ritter. Our drama opens as the three geniuses have just finished looking at some old newsreels which have been flashed on the stage right wall by a projector which is operated by the waiter at stage left.)

Finsk: (Leaning back and adjusting his fetters as the lights come up.) Well, boys, that's this week's newsreel. Shall we run it backwards?

Minsk: No, Sid. If we run it backwards

now, what will we do tomorrow? Today let's write a movie. We haven't done that in a couple of days.

Finsk: All right, Irving. You got any ideas?

Minsk: No. How about you, Harry Joe?

Birnbaum: (Always the artist) Let's write one about life.

Finsk: Life? Who knows from life? It costs money to make pictures from life. Besides, all we know is what we see on the newsreels. (They contemplate.)

Minsk: (Jumping up) I got it! We make pictures based on newsreels! We write a little dialogue and Movietone does the rest! It's cheap and it's about life. It's perfect!

Finsk: Great! Hey! How about writing one around that picture we saw last week of that fat guy holding up his fingers?

Minsk: That was Churchill. We could never get him to play the rest of the picture.

Finsk: I don't know. We might be able to. J. Arthur Rank owes us a favor for sending Diana Dors back. Or else we could shoot Borgnine from behind.

Minsk: Naw, it's no good. Anyhow it's got no love interest. D'ja ever see Mrs. Churchill? We gotta think of something else. (Calls to the waiter.) Hey, kid!

Bring us a round of drinks.

Waiter: Yes, sir. (He brings them drinks. They contemplate.)

Minsk: I got it! Ya remember that one with the RAF pilots crashing like 'hell? The one where that plane was blown to smithereens. That'd make a great movie.

Finsk: Yeah! I liked that one! Especially when we ran it backwards and the plane came together again. It's a great idea, but there's one hitch.

Minsk: What's that?

Finsk: Well, it's gonna look kinda fishy if the same plane keeps crashing over and over again.

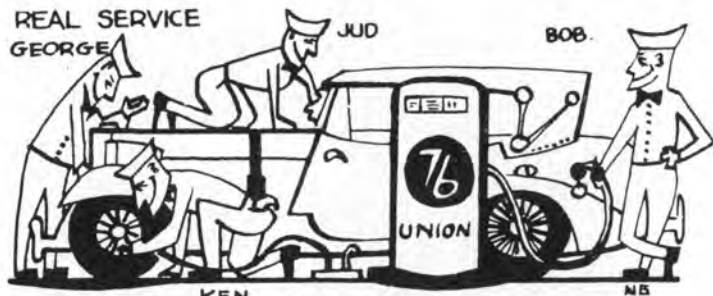
Minsk: You're right. Waiter! Bring another round of drinks. (He brings the drinks. They contemplate.) I got it! War pictures are out now, anyway, unless they're intellectual. We make a post-war picture.

Finsk: Colossal. But how does that solve our problem about using the same plane?

Minsk: Easy! The newsreel is in this guy's mind. He was flying the plane that gets blown to smithereens, see, and it has left him uneasy. Everytime he gets in a tight spot, he breaks into sweat and starts seeing this newsreel. The plane crash is symbolic, get it? Waiter! More drinks! Get out the typewriter, Birnbaum. (The waiter brings the drinks.)

(Concluded on overleaf)

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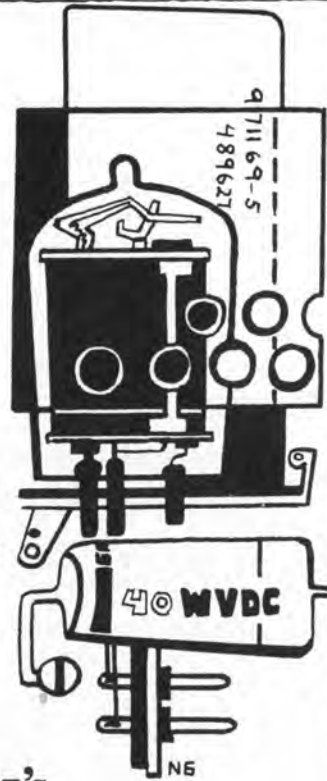
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MOOM PICTURES

Birnbaum: That's a wonderful idea. Hey! How about this, fellows? When the hero begins to find himself, we run the newsreel backwards to symbolize his readjustment!

Minsk: Get out the typewriter, Birnbaum. Waiter! One more round! All right, Birnbaum, take this down. (The waiter brings the drinks.) Let's get started.

Finsk: Wait a minute. There's one more problem.

Minsk: Now what?

Finsk: Look, the plane in the newsreel is a limey plane. Is there anybody in town who can talk limey?

Minsk: What are you, from National Geographic or something? So we say he's from Canada. So nobody knows how Canadians talk. Maybe we use Boyer.

Finsk: Boyer ain't dumb enough to be a plain pilot. He's more the Chiefs of Staff type. Let's use Dana Andrews. He's simple enough to be a war hero, but smart enough to have passed OCS. Besides, he looks mature without being senile.

Minsk: Okay, we use Dana Andrews. Only let's get started. Waiter! Bring us some more of that booze! (Waiter brings the drinks.) Here's what we got. This ex-pilot who cracked up during the war is having a hell of a time making a buck after the war because every time he has to make a tough decision he starts seeing newsreels. Maybe he feels guilty because it wasn't his plane. Or maybe some other guys crashed with him because he was the only one that knew the way home. Anyhow, he's in lousy shape. His kid thinks he's a coward and his wife is tired of Swiss steak. Maybe he bends the elbow a bit. Waiter! More!

Finsk: Who plays the wife?

Minsk: How should I know who plays the wife? Maybe we have a nationwide talent search in all the P.T.A.'s in the country. Hell, you don't have to be no Helen Hayes to do the long-suffering wife bit.

Finsk: Okay, then we'll use Linda Darnell. She'll look good to an audience who remembers what she once looked like. Nostalgia is selling very big this year. I heard she announced that she's now willing to play mothers.

Minsk: With that bosom, she had to. We'll use her. Waiter! (Waiter brings drinks.) Now! We got this poor slob screwed up enough. How do we get him unscrewed?

Finsk: (Who is by now looking a little peaked) I got it! The kid gets kidnapped and his old man has to chase the kidnapers in an airplane.

Minsk: Where'd he find the airplane? In his garage? This guy is a white collar bum. He ain't got no airplanes. Besides, kidnappings ain't true-to-life.

Finsk: Well, he's gotta fly so he can find himself.

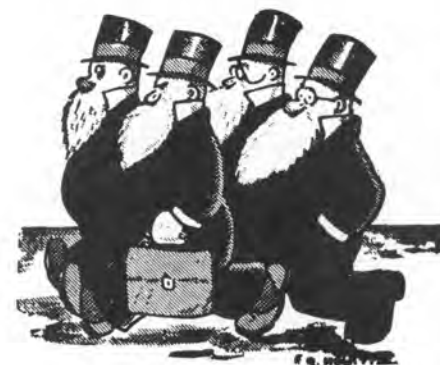
Minsk: You're right. He's gotta fly. Gotta fly. Waiter! (Waiter brings drinks.) Thank you, my good man. (Pause. They drink. They contemplate. Minsk looks up. Smiles and speaks.) Waiter! Some more of your golden nectar for my friends and myself. (More drinks. More contemplation. More drinks. More drinks. Minsk stands finally and shouts triumphantly) I've got it! He will fly an airliner! Birnbaum, my lad, limber up your fingers. Fate will adjust the poor sonofabitch we have just so carefully maladjusted! (He gestures grandly and majestically) We will give them something that's truer to life than anything they've ever heard of before! The guy's wife leaves him, see? She gets on an airliner, and he follows her. The pilot collapses, the co-pilot collapses, the stewardess collapses, everybody on the whole damn plane collapses except the hero, his wife, and a doctor who keeps telling him to get the lead out or everyone will die. The guy pilots the plane. His wife fixes the coffee and empties the little bags. They come together again trying to save all these lousy lives. There's the love interest. There's the readjustment.

Finsk: You've got it! There's suspense, too. Cause everytime this idiot has to press a button he starts seeing the newsreel. After the audience sees him crack up in the newsreel a couple of dozen times, they'll realize that the guy doesn't know his aileron from a hole in the ground, and they'll worry about whether he's going to make it! It's a natural!

Minsk: Gentlemen! The team of Harry Joe Birnbaum has done it again! Waiter! More drinks! We will call it "Zero Hour." It will make history!

Finsk: I'll drink to that!

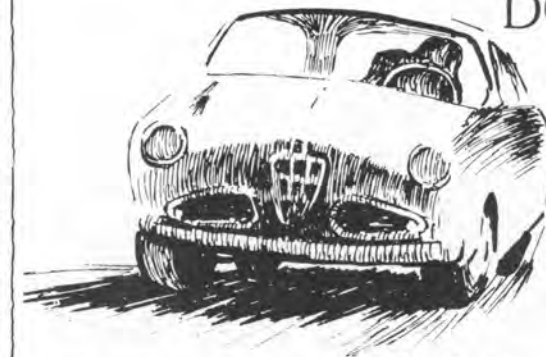
Minsk: Waiter! Bring on another round of newsreels! (Lights down. Curtain.)



"I'm giving up mustard on my watermelon for Lent."

DON HAMPTON

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FIAT, B. M. W.



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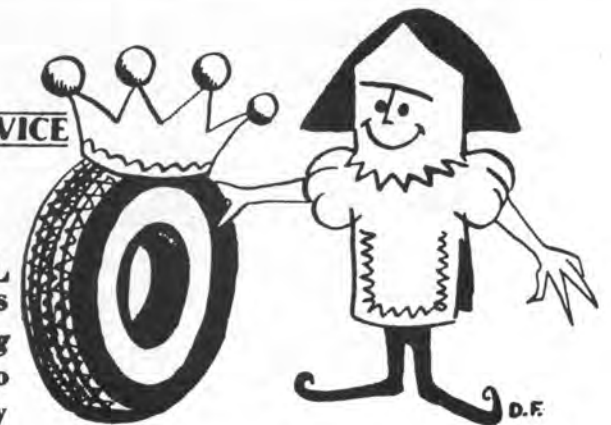
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The LITTLE BLACK BOOK

by CADWALLADER and NUDNICK



David Hinckley

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Otto Klein, wearing a new sport coat by Jackman, looks at one of the numerous ties from Hinckley's "tie tree."

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"In that magpie's nest which is a woman's purse lies a veritable arsenal of defense weapons" — Illustration by R. Taylor from *The Little Black Book*.

A little while back, Doubleday and Company, obviously unaware of the great disservice that we perform with our movie reviews, wrote and asked us if we would like a free copy of one of their forthcoming books with the proviso that we review it. Somewhat intrigued by the title, *The Little Black Book*, but, more than that, operating under our cardinal principal of "for free take, for pay, waste time," we said we'd be happy (and how) to get our copy.

The subtitle explains that this book is "A Manual For Bachelors," and we thought that this would give us great opportunity for the type of review that is associated with the Chappie—nothing but bad things to say. However, a pleasant couple hours or so with the book convinced us that this was about the best tongue-in-cheek treatment on the subject of inter-sex relations that has come along since *Lets Make Mary*.

No small amount of the authenticity of the book can be attributed to the fact that the authors, who have chosen the pseudonyms of Cadwallader and Nudnick, did their groundwork or research in that virgin (that isn't quite the right word) territory of Hollywood. The collaborators, who are really Paul Clemens and Pat Nerney, seem to have found a pretty good system seeing as how they ended up married to Eleanor Parker and Jane Powell respectively. You should have such luck after reading the book.

The whole idea of the text is to prepare the reader to adequately fill out the blanks in "Your Little Black Book" that is contained in the last pages of the book. These blanks offer space for such vital information as: Name, Phone No., Brother's Fighting Weight, Color of Hair, True Color of Hair, Favorite Semiprecious Gem, and Yes.... or No..... In this endeavor, the book fails to serve its purpose, since this reviewer found it impossible to fit a hard bound 8½ by 6 book into any of his

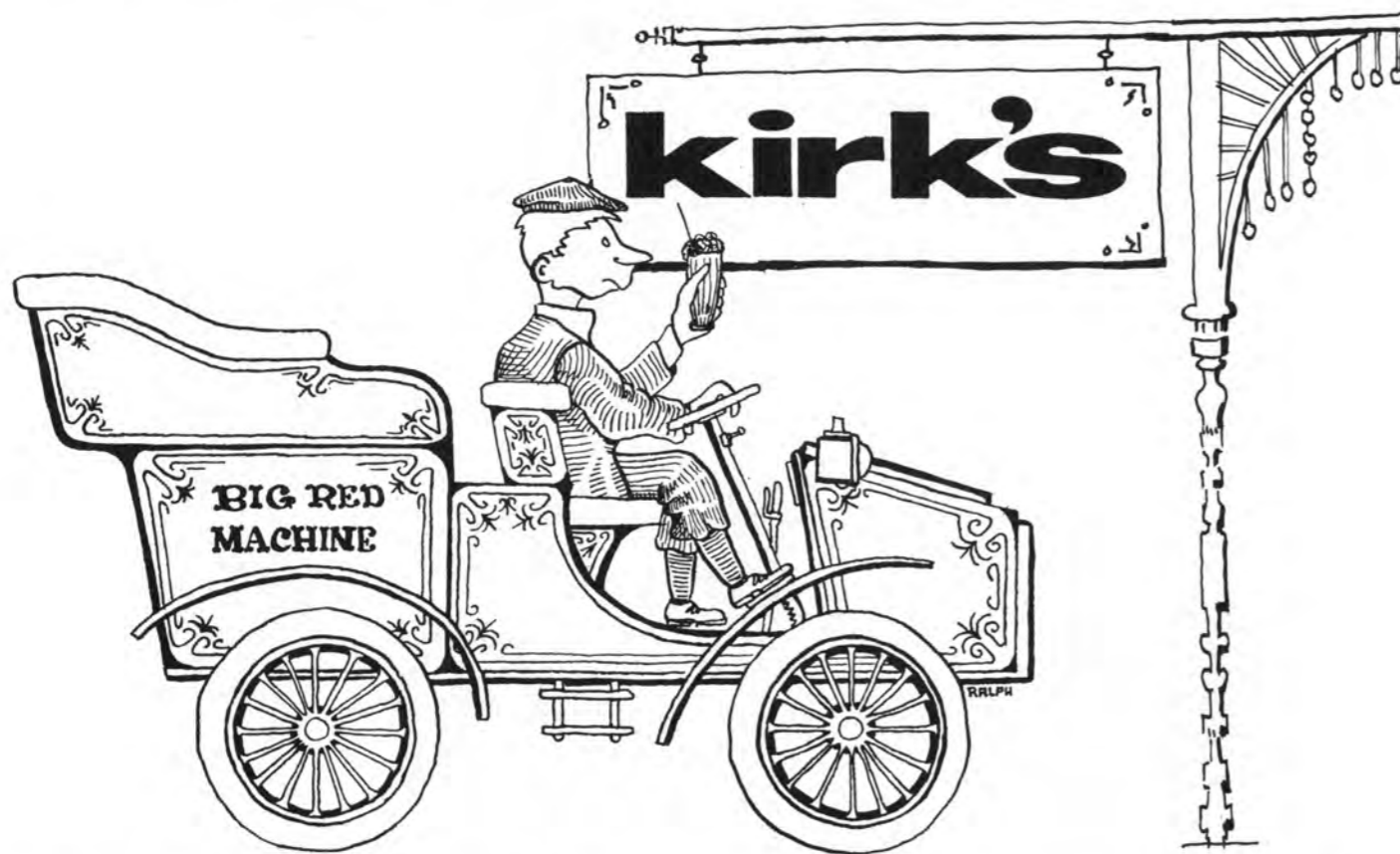
existing pockets. Information of this type is too sacred, or, rather, incriminating to be left laying about on a desk or telephone stand, and what good is such information if it must be kept in a safe deposit box?

Most people, when they pick up a book, will almost automatically flip to the end to see how many pages they must suffer through if they don't like the book. Well, don't let the page number 260 at the end of this volume throw you. In the first place, there is no suffering connected with the reading of this book, and in the second place the book starts on page 101 with this explanation from the authors: "Because we have spent so much time in hotels, we have numbered the pages starting with 101. We also did this to increase the scope of the manual and to acknowledge that vast bulk of material that goes without saying."

Now it might be a good idea to throw out a few more quotes to help indicate the assistance that can be rendered to the unattached male by this manual. There is one topic that can be especially helpful to the University student who always faces the danger of being a "faceless name" to the girl he is calling. The authors place this bit of information under the heading of the "C&N MEMORABLE REMARK." They say that, when confronted with an average pretty girl, one should make "use of some outlandish, flattering, or absurd statement which must stick in her mind." A good example is: "Have you ever shot the Colorado rapids in a soya-bean canoe?"

On the subject of HYPNOTISM, C&N have this to say: "There is something clinical about the use of hypnotism that is repugnant to us. If the girl doesn't like you without taking an anesthetic, we say the hell with it. We abandoned the use of hypnotism as something sneaky and underhanded after barely five years of experimentation. We found, with few

(Concluded on overleaf)



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The Little Black Book:

exceptions, that those women who would submit to it willingly were suggestible enough on a conscious level to make its use unnecessary, and the rest couldn't be hypnotized anyway."

All in all, a delightful diversion from differential equations or abnormal psychology, and delightfully illustrated by R. Taylor. The puzzling thing about the book is that the reviewer read that it was going to be made into a Broadway musical. If, after reading the book, you can figure that one then you have a wilder imagination than we do.

The barfly had been eyeing the beautiful woman at the end of the bar for some time when the bartender said, "That woman is my wife and I don't want you to get any ideas!"

To which the drinker replied, "Who's got ideas? Gimme a piece of beer."

A drunk walked up to the bartender and asked for directions to the men's room.

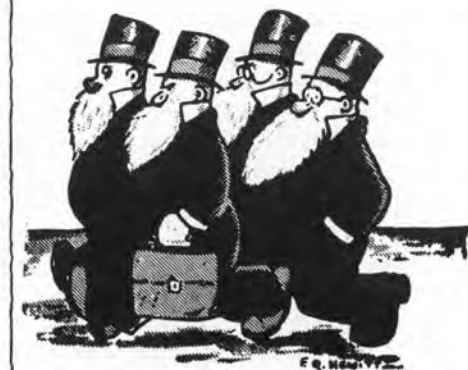
"Down the hall and to your right," he was told.

About an hour later, when the drunk had not returned, the bartender wondered if perhaps the inebriated man needed help. He went down the hall, looked in the men's room and found no one.

On his way back to the bar he saw the elevator shaft open and looked four stories down to see the drunk stretched out flat on his back.

"Hey," he yelled, "Are you alright down there?"

"For goodness sakes, man," yelled the drunk, "don't flush it!"



"Hut, two, three . . . Everyone in step. Look sharp. Here comes Dr. Sterling."

He had taken his youngest son to the pet shop to pick out a puppy as a birthday present and the lad spent half an hour looking over the assortment of pooches in the window.

"Decided which one you want?" asked his father.

"Yes," replied the lad, pointing to one puppy which was wagging his tail enthusiastically, "the one with the happy ending."

A girl was telling a boy friend that she realized she was very popular, but she didn't know why.

"Do you suppose it's my complexion?" she asked.

"No."

"My figure?"

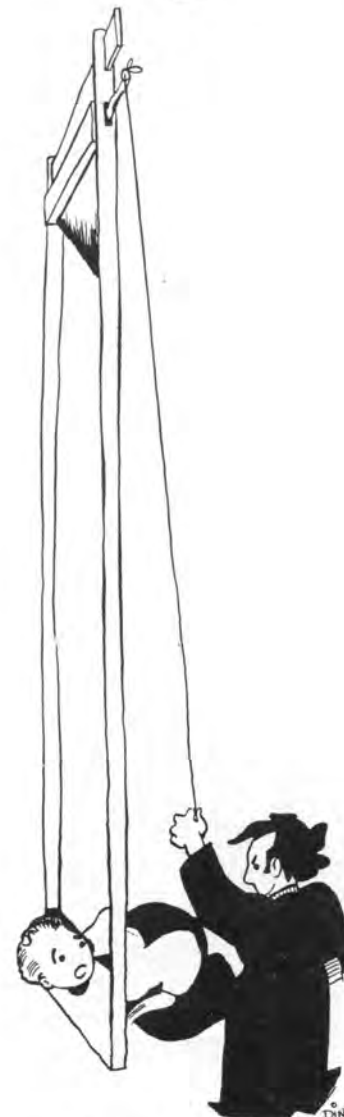
"No."

"My personality?"

"No."

"I give up."

"That's it."



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

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"I don't care if he is a legacy."

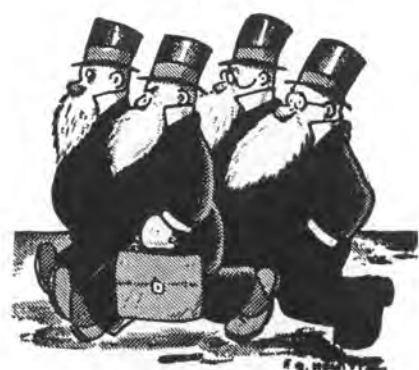
A Tennessee hillsman gave two visitors permission to hunt on his land. As they set out he told them, "You'll find a still 'round t'other side of the mountain, and I'd be obleeged if you'd bring me back a jugful."

At the end of the day, the pair stopped at the still, filled a jug but were barely on their way again when a bullet whistled over their heads. Pounding at top speed down the path to the mountaineer's cabin, they rushed in and panted that his still was being raided.

"Boys," he replied, as he hastily shut the door behind them, "I plumb forgot to mention, that ain't my still."

We always called a spade a spade until we hit our foot with one the other day.

Little Boy: "Why is it that cream costs more than milk?"
Milkman: "Because it's harder for a cow to sit on the little bottles."



"I told her maybe I could arrange a dhr lab in Marriage and the Family."

A FABLE OF THE FARM

It seems that a certain Stanford man took our advice and sent a *Chappie* subscription home to Mom. And his lucky mom, whom we shall henceforth call Mrs. J, liked the mag so much that she smuggled each issue into the high school where she worked as the principal's secretary, so that the other secretaries could enjoy a bit of levity on their coffee break.

Well, when one of the secretaries was transferred from the high school to the district office, she missed the *Chappie* with its morning humor so much that she asked Mrs. J to send it to her after she was through with it. Mrs. J complied, using the school district mail boy as the liaison. Everything was fine until she put the November issue into the wrong transmittal envelope; her friend in the district office never received it, and it finally reappeared in Mrs. J's office via the mail boy. Relieved that none of her superiors had seen the magazine, Mrs. J put it in another transmittal envelope, this time correctly addressed, and sent it on to her friend, thinking no more about it.

About a week later the district business manager, who is in charge of all office help, happened to visit her office. After some cursory remarks about the office in general he broke in with, "Mrs. J, what did the bra say to the hat?" Somewhat nonplussed Mrs. J said she didn't know,* and the business manager laughed and continued. "That's the only joke I can remember from the *Chaparral*, but I did enjoy it all. After the PCC controversy last summer I thought Stanford students must be awfully stuffy, but that magazine changed my mind."

Mrs. J, happy that our humor hadn't put her out with her boss, passed the story and the compliments on to us. We'd like to remind her that the purpose of the Old Boy's hammer is to knock the stuffings out of stuffed shirts, and we're glad to know that we've been doing the job this year.

*In case you can't remember either, the bra said "You go on ahead while I give these two a lift."

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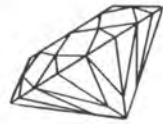
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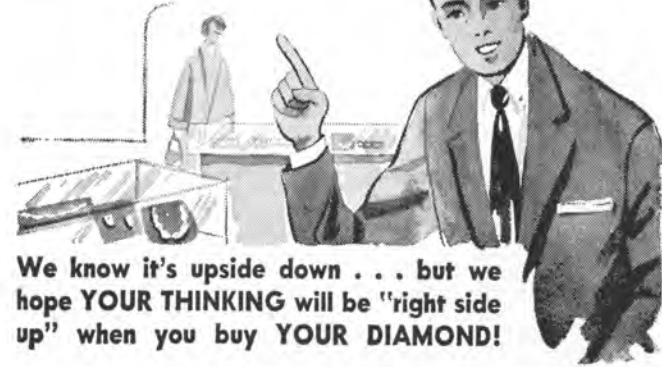
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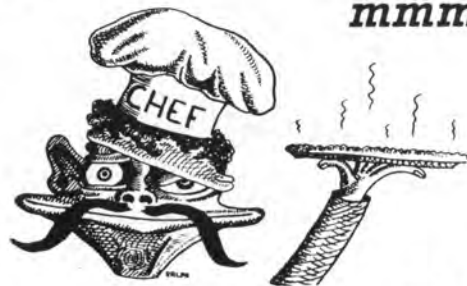
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Modesty has ruined more kidneys than alcohol.

A Broadway character, a bookmaker, was given a parrot in lieu of a cash payment. The bird's vocabulary included, in addition to English, some choice expressions in Spanish, French, and Italian.

Appreciative of his valuable acquisition, the bookie carried the bird into his favorite tavern and displayed him to the bartender. "Speaks four languages," said the bookie.

The bartender snorted his disbelief. "Wanna bet this bird can't speak four languages?" challenged the bookie.

The bartender tried to ignore him, but was finally shamed into a \$10 wager.

"Parley-vous français?" said the bookie to the parrot.

There was no response.

There was no response, either, in English, Spanish, or Italian. The bartender collected his \$10 and told the bookie to get out and quit bothering him.

On the street, the bookie glared savagely at the parrot.

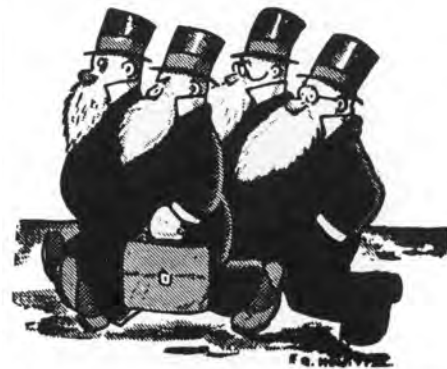
"What a stupid bird!" he fumed. "How could you keep your beak shut when I had 10 bucks riding on you?"

"Don't be a jerk," said the parrot, "just think of the odds you'll get tomorrow!"

First Korean Vet: "And there we were on top of that shell-torn hill, fighting for our very lives, odds 200 to one."

Second Korean Vet: "Boy, that must have been rough."

First Korean Vet: "You said it! That was the meanest Chinaman we ever saw."



"Hurry, or we'll miss Gunsmoke."

ENGLISH, EH?

by DOODLES WEAVER

Bad start - be explicit
Say "eighty-seven" "fathers"?

repetition of sound
Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Too many "we's"
Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

tr - Rule 194, p. 6
But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the unfinished work which remained before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

?? meaning?
Wrong word - you mean "subtract" Rule 194, p. 6
Bad
Too many small words - strike it out

you said this once
"gigantic" or tremendous would be better
Bad word
Too many monosyllabic words
very trite sentence
Use another word
awkward
make up your mind
almost unintelligible
trite word use "colossal" Rule 74, p. 90
sp.
sp.
change around

Not bad. Too much repetition. There are six "that's" in the last sentence alone. You use verb "dedicate" six times. More variety in the choice; your words are too simple. Try again - you are improving.
C -
Professor Glunk



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"What sort of a party do you suppose they were at?"

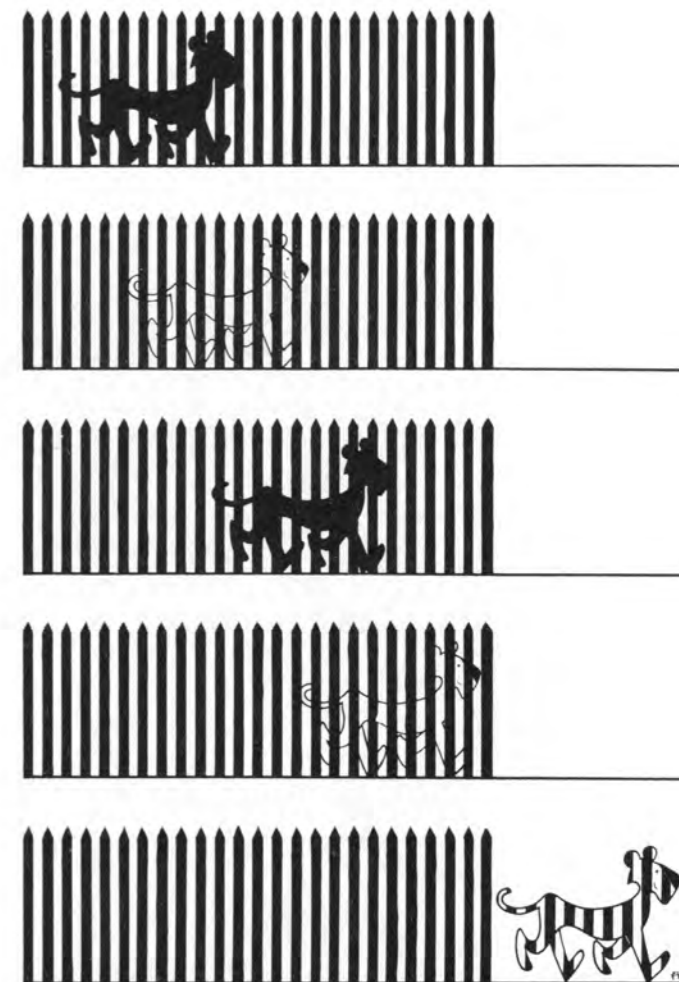
—Widow

Lifted Laughter



MACKENZIE

"Harry, That's The Greatest Yodel I Ever Heard!" —Record



—Record



"Drat! I forgot to sign out!"

—Ya Hoo



"Oh, don't say things like that, Cassandra! Everyone else thinks it was very nice of them to leave a gift."

—Lampoon

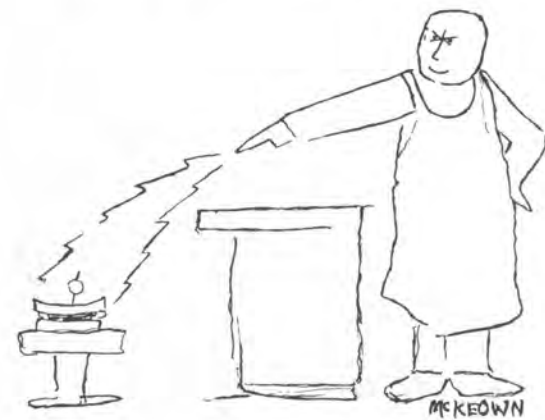


"It's awright, Mommy . . . he's waggin his tail!"

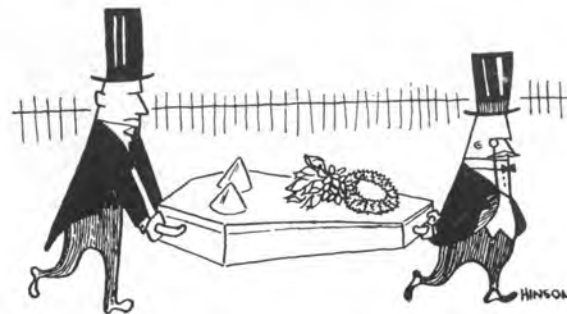
—Showme



"Make me a liverwurst sandwich"



—Thorn



—Tomahawk



"I told you they were kind of hard up for R.O.T.C. instructors!"

—Profile



—Kitty Kat

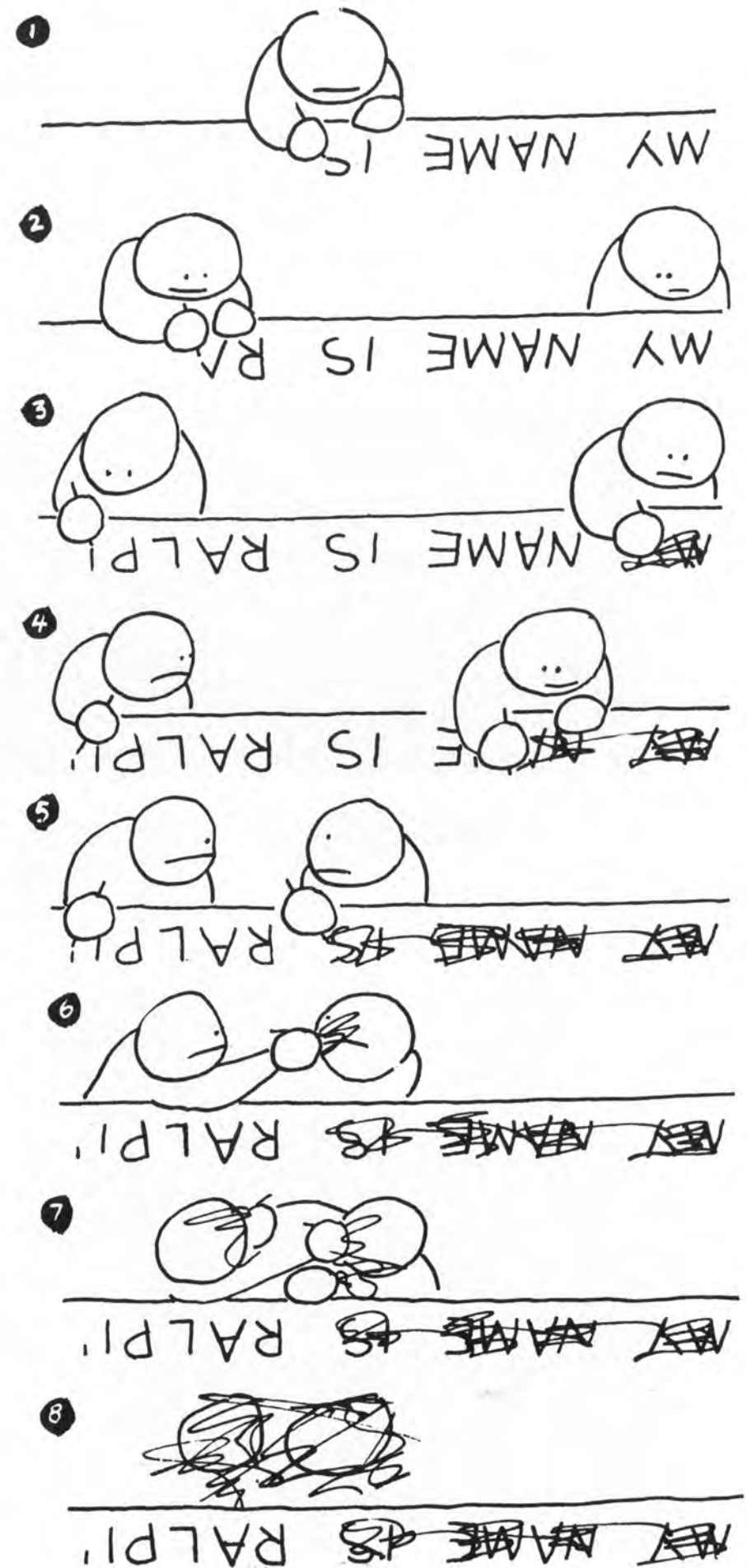


—Columns



"Oh, it's nothing against you, Father. It's God I don't like."

—Lampoon



D. WATSON

—Record

you
don't
have to be
prim
to
be
proper



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and parties . . . and anytime at all

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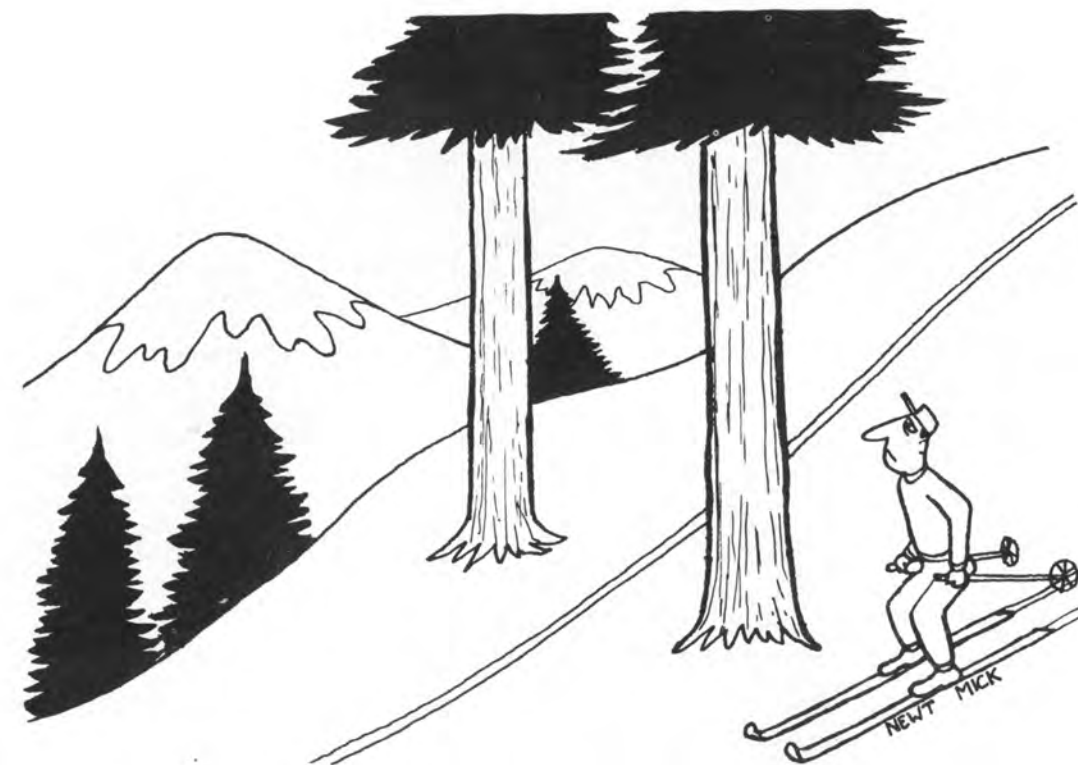
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(The funny thing about this cartoon is that it is a take off on the very famous and funny Charles Addams cartoon that showed two ski tracks coming down a hill, approaching a tree, and one track going around each side of the tree and then continuing down the hill. Of course, the cartoon may be taken on its own merits; that is, it would be rather funny if there were a one legged skier on the slopes, or if a ski had become lost, and proceeded down the hill on its own. This happens every once and a while and it is quite funny to see a skier trudging down the hill in search of his lost ski, however this is not the case with this cartoon and the first mentioned meaning is the correct one, and if you don't like it then you are a clod without a sense of humor and you can go to hell.)



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The Tastiest
The Closest
The Cheapest
The Grandest
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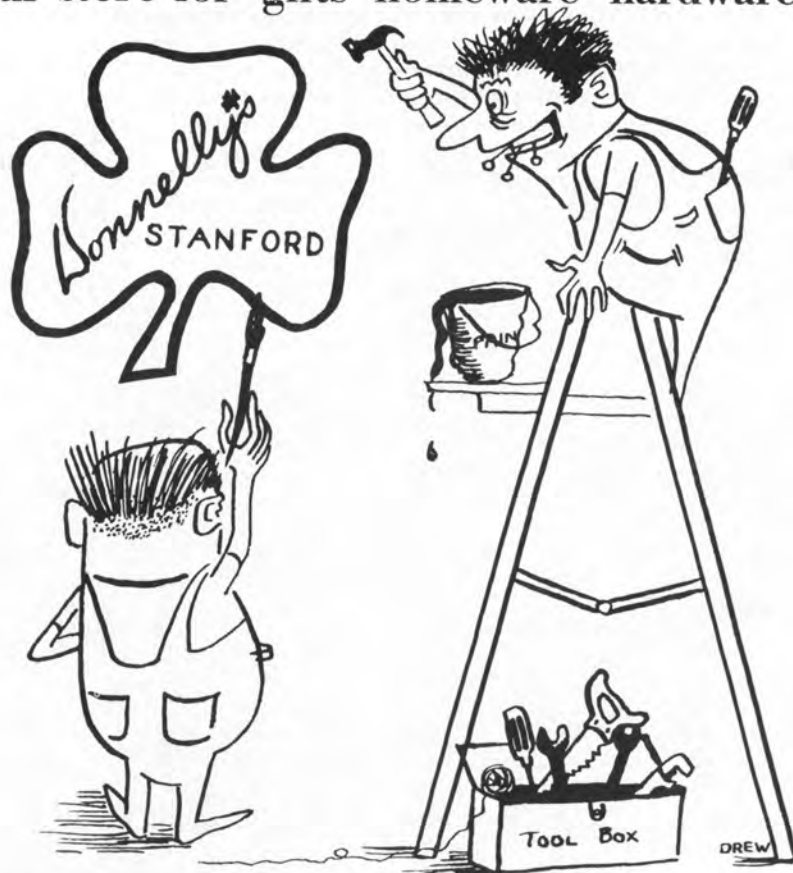
6 Chairs
The Stanford Union Shop



8 Chairs
The Stanford Shopping Center

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STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER

DA 5-0176

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POETRY AND LIKE THAT.



GOLFER'S SOLILOQUY

shafique saigol

To drive, or not to drive: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The ups and downs of outrageous courses,

Or to take niblicks against a sea of sand,

Or by cheating to say we landed on the green?

To hook, to slice, to top, to end the hopes

And dreams of birdie that golf is heir to,

'Tis a boo-hoo devoutly to be avoided.

To hook, to slice, to top, perchance to miss:

Ay, there's the dud; for what roughs may come,

When we have shuffled off the dreaded tee

Must give us pause; there's the respect that

Makes nervous wrecks of so many patient men.

For who would bear the traps and trees of courses,

The joker's fore, the pangs of despised bogies,

The caddies advice, the pro's laughter, the dying putt,

The cost of such a sport, when he himself might

His Esslinger drink, back in the clubhouse?

What would golfers bear, to grunt and sweat

Under a heavy bag, with that threat of water

Lurking near, those limitless oceans from whose bourn

No ball returns, rasps the temper, and makes us

Rather bear those lies we have, Rather than try for scores we know not of.

And thus the native blue of the sky

Is sicklied o'er with the blackened cast of curses,

And thus our true score doth make losers of us all.

And drives of great hooks and slices, with disregard

Their hitters turn away and lose all thought of parring.

Soft you now—the tee—monster of the course,

Be all my lessons remembered.

ODE TO A VANISHING RACE

don mullen

where are those

students who drink red wine in bars and keep blue cheese in little jars

and quote Freud at every blast where everyone gets nicely gassed

who wear goatees and sneer at others jocks and Greeks and Christian

brothers and quote James Joyce and use

loud curses talk of death and shrouds and

hearses lay on grimy floors dead soused

to a hi-fi's thundering Faust and never wash their salad bowls

or shoes or socks whose heels have holes

and talk of sex at abstract heights or passionate grips by candle lights

and when in class are never shaved and never have a nickle saved

and chain smoke with a nervous tick and look like death but never sick

and crash your parties mooch your booze

blast out with avant garde views insult your friends and steal your

date with an off hand spiel on fate going fast

a strange oppression security is the new obsession

—Columns



This is once again one of those idiot poems that starts big but then ends in little words like you or I



Thoughts

Does a broken whiskeybottle or a rusty beer can as you walk through mud sometimes remind you of me?

I hope like hell it don't.

A young theologian named Fiddle Refused to accept his degree. For, said he, it's enough to be Fiddle Without being Fiddle, D.D.

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