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THIS MONTH IN THE CITY

- Jan. 1—New Year's Day — Van Ness street dance, 8 P.M. — T.G.I.N.Y. party, Domino Club.
- Jan. 2—Flamenco Festival at Bimbo's 365 Club—new octopus, Steinhart Aquarium.
- Jan. 3—Ken Roxreth poetry to circus music, the Cellar (Pony Poindexter on the calliope)—hari-kari exhibition, Japanese Tea Gardens.
- Jan. 4—Fog.
- Jan. 5—Cable car races, Sutter St.—Chinese Hallowe'en.
- Jan. 6—Open House, Union Square Garage — Party night, Monkey Inn (free beer to anyone over 70 if accompanied by both parents).
- Jan. 7—Opening, "The Hole in My Empty," by Jean-Paul Obscene, Experimental Playhouse—street fight, Golden Gate Park, Marin County vs. Fillmore Boys.
- Jan. 8—T.G.I.F. party at the Mark — Eagle Races, Twin Peaks.
- Jan. 9—Testimonial Dinner at the Black Cat Cafe for Hon. Russell B. Wolden — Tong War, Grant Street.
- Jan. 10—Pilgrimage to Herb Caen's office—Fog.
- Jan. 11—Seal Shoot, Cliff House—Orgy, Sigmund Stern Memorial Grove.
- Jan. 12—R & B night, Opus One (this week Fats Domino will be featured) —opening, "Erotiqué," Experimental Playhouse.
- Jan. 13—Black and White Ball, Ferry Building, 8-12—Chappie Day.
- Jan. 14—Chinese Christmas—Taffy pull, Lochinvar Room.
- Jan. 15—Grand Re-opening of the International Settlement (BYOL)—T.G.I.F. party, Ernie's.
- Jan. 16—Tow-away Day, sponsored by S.F.P.D.—Book-burning at the Post Office.

"Professors, this is what I call a San Francisco fog!"

- Jan. 17—Fog.
- Jan. 18—Ladies' Day at the Oakland Bay Bridge—Chinese Grape Festival.
- Jan. 19—Flamenco Festival, Goman's Gay 90's—opening, "Tropic of Cancer," Experimental Playhouse.
- Jan. 20—Street Urchin Spitting Contest, Coit Tower, 3:30 P.M.—Bi-Monthly Birdwatchers Meeting, base of Coit Tower, 3:45 P.M.—should be laughs.
- Jan. 21—Alcatraz Ditch-day — Chinese Easter—closing, Experimental Playhouse.
- Jan. 22—"Hate Los Angeles" Rally, Cow Palace — T.G.I.F. party, Trader Vic's.
- Jan. 23—Resurrection of Bird, Bop City, 3:00 A.M.—Emperor Norton's Wedding Anniversary.
- Jan. 24—Chinese Hannukah — Annual razing of Omar Khayyam's by the Turks.
- Jan. 25—17th Anniversary of the sinking of the raft in the Tonga Room (free dinner for all survivors).
- Jan. 26—Motorcycle Scramble, Lombard Street hill, 8:00 A.M.—Revival of the Yerba Buena Jazz Band, De Young Museum.
- Jan. 27—Fog.
- Jan. 28—Howard Street closed for fumigation—Lauritz Spaghetti, poetry to Hawaiian music, the Cellar (Pony Poindexter on the uke).
- Jan. 29—Chinese Bastille Day—T.G.I.F. Party, Alfred's.
- Jan. 30—Walter Keane exhibit, Palace of Fine Arts—submarine races, Ford Point.
- Jan. 31—The shrimp boats are comin', Fisherman's Wharf — last day for January Clearance Sales.



"I got mentioned in Herb Caen's column!"



Roberta Shuchat shows Dave Bennett some of the new Repp striped ties from Gerald's Ivy Circle.



NEXT ISSUE... HATE COPS

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A divorce case was being heard in court. The grieved husband told the judge, "I came home and there was my wife in the arms of a strange man."

"And what did she say when you surprised her?" asked the judge.

"That's what hurt me most," said the indignant husband. "She turns and says, 'Well look who's here. Old Blabber Mouth!—now the whole neighborhood will know.'"

The prairie tourist, marveling at New England's scenery, finally asked a New Hampshire farmer where all the rocks came from.

The native replied, "The great glacier brought them here."

"Well," demanded the stranger, "where's the glacier now?"

"It went back for more rocks," the farmer drawled.



"Let's take the cable car up this hill next time."

"Hello, Coach."
"I thought you were told not to drink while in training."
"What makes you think I've been drinking, Coach?"
"I'm not the coach."

A student was studying the menu at a local Palo Alto eatery. "What's the difference between the blue-plate special and the white-plate special?" he asked the waiter.

"The white-plate special is five cents extra," he replied.

"Is the food any better on the white-plate special?" the crafty student asked.
"No, but we have to wash the plates."

The proud father was viewing the latest addition to his family in the maternity ward of the local parochial hospital when a priest happened by.

"Your first child?"

"No, Father, my fourteenth."

"Oh, I see you stick to your religious principles."

"As a matter of fact, I profess no religion." Walking away, the priest summoned a nurse at the end of the hall, "Nurse," he whispered, "watch that man down there; I think he's a sex maniac."

A man was driving his car with the top down and was wearing a bright red shirt, a polka dot tie, and a shepherd's beret. A motorcycle cop stopped him.

"What's wrong officer?" he asked, "I haven't violated any traffic laws."

"No," said the cop, "I just wanted to hear you speak."

The Sunday gospel shouter was in great form. "Everything God made is perfect," he preached.

A hunchback rose from the rear of the auditorium: "What about me?"

"Why," said the preacher, "you're the most perfect hunchback I ever saw."

Jack: "Last night I finally got my girl to say yes."

John: "Great, when is the wedding?"

Jack: "Wedding? What wedding?"

Mary: "How is it Bill never takes you to the movies any more?"

Helen: "Well, it rained one night and we stayed home."



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Webster's New International Dictionary—second edition

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<p>CONTENTS FOR JANUARY VOL. LXI, NO. 3</p>	 page 19	<p>The Miners Came in '49</p>  page 11	 page 31
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page 2	John Painter and Don Hanson	This Month in the City
page 11	Belva Borgquist	The Miners Came in '49
page 19	John Frankenstein	January Queen
page 24		The Great Earthquake
page 28		YUKS
page 31	Jon Reed and Ray Funkhouser	The Compleat City Date
insert	Larry Pryor and Chuck Harding	Herbert Chicanery's NEW Guide to 'Frisco

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through the courtesy of the
San Francisco Chronicle

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE DRIVEN TO THE CITY ON BAYSHORE AND LIVED THAN NEVER HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL



The Chappies

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NOW THAT the Old Boy decided to devote one issue this year to the City of Cities, San Francisco, he was surprised at the enthusiastic response the issue received from his staff.

For instance, when it was announced that someone was needed to write an insert parody of a guide to the City by a well-known San Francisco columnist, a fist fight immediately broke out over who would get to do it. Chuck Harding and Larry Pryor, didn't exactly win, but during the brawl they took all the pencils, pens and typewriter ribbons in the office and kidnapped Bill Kitchen to do the art work. When we found Bill on our doorstep a few days later, the parody was pinned to his shirt and everybody was happy (except Bill, who had missed four midterms, six dates and a lynching). Chuck, fortunately, was a logical choice to do the parody, having once encountered the columnist in person. Larry, with his extensive knowledge of San Francisco's restaurants (he has been to the Top of the Mark), was also fitted for his task. Likewise Bill, who owns his own pen, and also his own bottle of ink.

Our columnist friend once said that the *Chaparral* was "merely abominable." This is, of course, an opinion, and it would be as ridiculous for us to deny his accusation as it was for him to make it. We aren't so wrapped up in our own self-importance to think that anybody could care less if we stated that we feel *his* column is abominable. And besides, to feel justified, we would have to be certain that everybody felt the same way we did. This is clearly impossible, because the law of averages (or is it diminishing returns?) tells us that someone, somewhere probably likes his column. Therefore, we let the reader decide for himself as usual, and in the meantime, don't let the words of the San Francisco Sage deter anybody from buying *Chappies*. Consider who uttered them.

Anyhow, John Frankenstein was so set on doing his assignment up brown that he spurned all the available pictures of San Francisco at earthquake time because they aren't authentic enough. He flew to Tishpoo, Burma, where an earthquake of seismograph magnitude 23.9 recently occurred. Tishpoo, Burma, bears a remarkable resemblance to the San Francisco of 1906, and John was able to get some really dandy shots. Unfortunately, the Burmese government took him for a communist spy and confiscated his camera. So we used some pictures from the *San Francisco Chronicle* instead.



"You oaf!! This vintage is for braised spring lamb!!"

Our history of San Francisco was done by John Painter and Don Hanson. Wanting to keep it in the grand old San Francisco style, John started at the beginning of the story, and Don at the end (this becomes apparent as you read it). They drove their golden spike, many flagons later, somewhere in the middle of the depression. Judy Rascoe finished it off with her drawings, making the whole thing one huge, happy confusion. Which is as it should be.

The date in the City sequence of pictures was actually shot in Palo Alto. We are ashamed of our trickery, but what can you do on a low budget?

Belva Borgquist is self-explanatory.

San Francisco is a widely varied city and therefore means something different to each person who has had contact with it. Some remember it for its hills, some for its bridges—some remember it for its restaurants, some for its bars—some remember it for its nice districts, some for its not-so-nice districts—some, perhaps the most fortunate of all, remember San Francisco for the way it used to be. It is difficult, if not impossible, to cover such a subject adequately in 40-odd pages of magazine, and the reader (you, for instance) will have to be content with the best we could do, which he will find in the following pages.

The Ancient One, incidentally, would like to apologize to his readers for the November issue. In order to fill all the demands, he should have printed about 200 more copies. There are, because of that oversight, about 200 people who want *Chappies* and don't have them, and for this we are truly sorry. In order to avert that this issue we have printed 200 more copies than in November. We think that this is a better issue than the last one, and we hope that the readers will too.

—The Old Boy



Doug Newton's heart was in the right place, but he thought he had been commissioned to do posters for the issue instead of the cover. However, it came out all right, and we ended up saving piles of money, simply by putting up the covers for advertising instead of posters.



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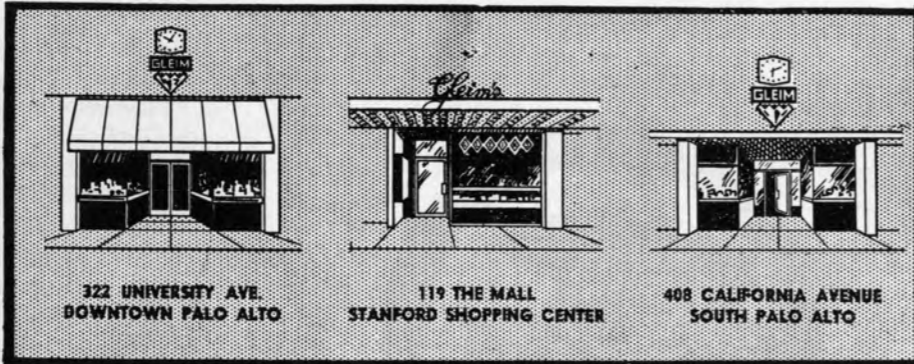
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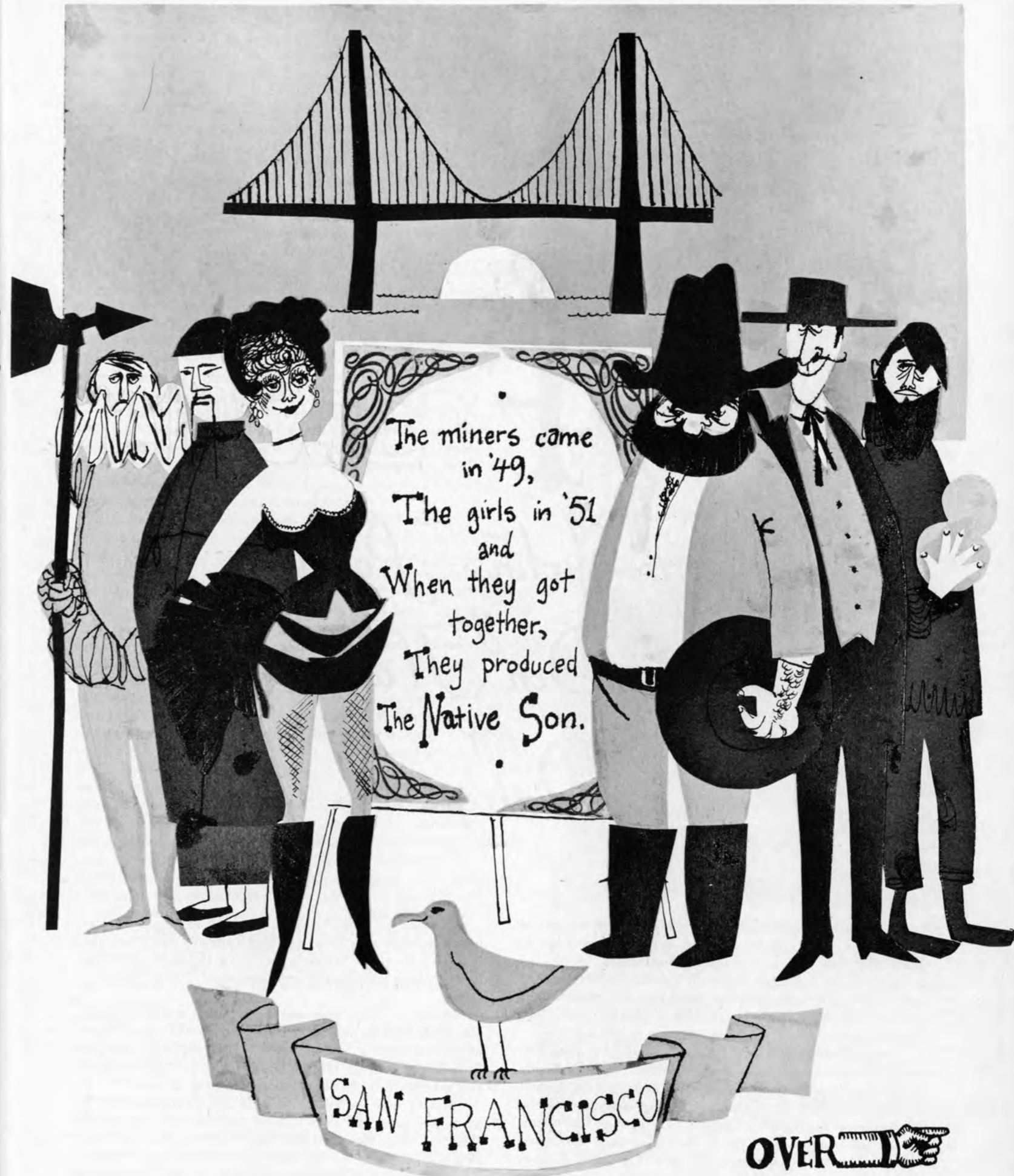
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OVER

..Being a history of San Francisco

by John Painter
Don y Hanson
y
Ortega



According to some historians, certain ancient records of the Chinese indicate that a group of Buddhist priests led by Hwvi Shan left Kabul, Afghanistan, in 458 A.D., and sailed along the lower reaches of the Pacific Coast of North America spending some time introducing Buddhism and reforming the customs and manners in the vicinity of Mexico which they termed Fusang before returning to China in 499 A.D.

Later, Charles V, King of Spain and Holy Roman Emperor, sent forth expeditions under the direction of Hernando Cortez for the purpose of finding a North American Harbor. But he failed. Next came Juan Hernando Rodriguez Cabrillo who also failed. Then on June 17, 1574 (Julian Calendar), the famed explorer Sir Francis Juan Hernando Rodriguez Cabrillo Drake landed somewhere near the Marin County Country Club Estates. During his five-week stay he became acquainted with the natives and found them friendly.

However, on Nov. 6, 1595, Sebastian Francis Juan Hernando Rodriguez Carmeno y Ortega ironically misnamed what is known by all as "Drake's Bay" "La Bahia de San Francisco," which had already been misnamed "Point Reyes" by Drake.

Of course, there was also Sebastian Biscano y Ortega, Gaspar de Portola, and Sargent Jose Ortega y Ortega who had at last stumbled across the bay and invented San Francisco. Indeed it is peculiar that no one before him had seen those two bridges through which our city derives its fame.

And so here we are in 1850 in San Francisco with its great museums, its Palace of Fine Arts, its Opera House, its Veterans' War Memorial Building, its P.V. Club, its Ferry Building, its great marble shaft erected to Ortega y Ortega, its Coit Tower, its Cable Cars rushin' from Mason to Powell because of the bargains they're selling at Owl, its Presidio y

Ortega, its Embarcadero, its Leidesdorff Street, its Latin quarters returned by all bent coin release devices y Ortega, its bagels, its knobs and its hills, its Steinhart Aquarium, its Kezar Stadium, its Spaghetti Factory, its Ortega, and its memorial to Bret Harte, Robert Louis Stevenson, Junipero Serra, Sun Yat Sen, and Mo Ginsberg, finally brought to the notice of the world by Sargent Jose Ortega y Ortega, or was it y Gasset?

And speaking of that marble shaft which gave rise to several other structures up and down the peninsula including the famed Hoov Tow Cal Camp, not to mention radio towers and numerous telephone poles, let us note that there is also another monument which was erected in behalf of the native son, Sallee Stanford, or was it daughter?

Sallee did two things for which she will be remembered, 1) establish a temple in Sausalito, and 2) purchase a farm close by. Lee Stanford, as we will hereafter call her (or was it him), installed on the farm numerous amusement facilities including Stanford museum, Project M: (the greatest ride on earth), Mem Chu, the venerable philosopher y Ortega and the education departments Vis. Ed, which all became known as Leeland, admission \$335 a ride.

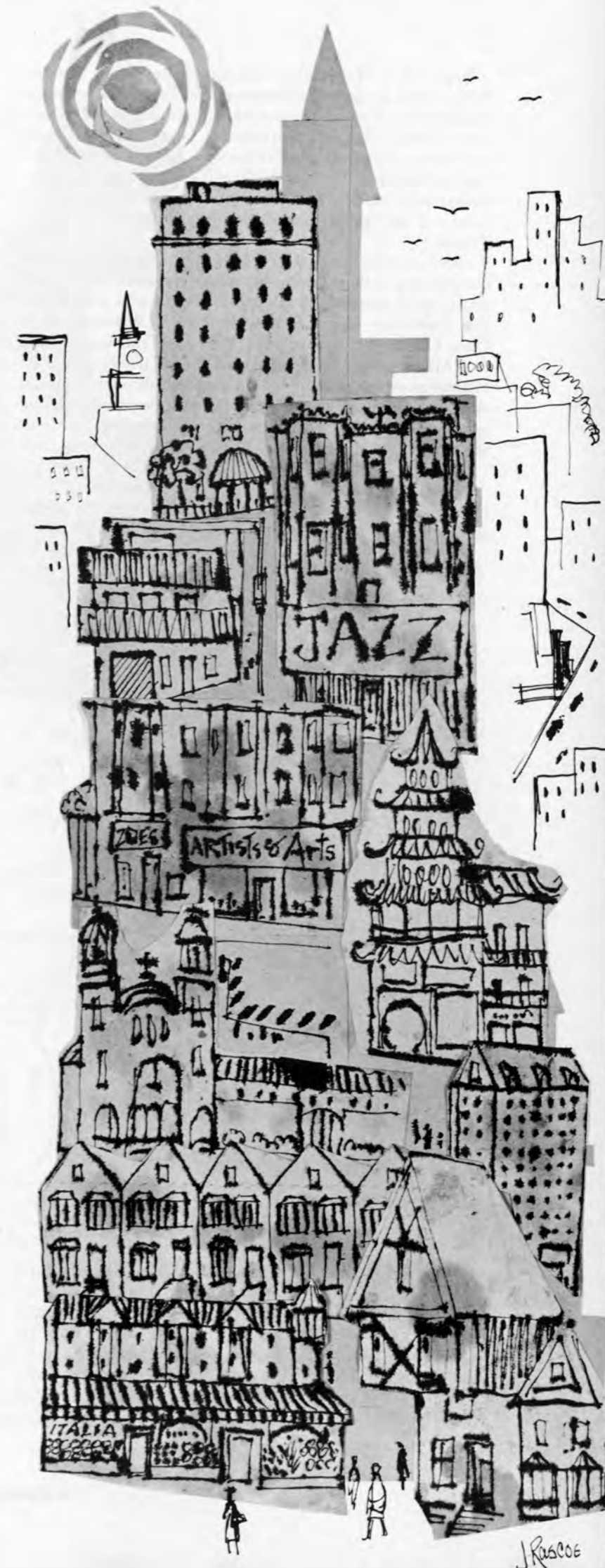
But let us return to San Francisco and the fateful day in 1906 when all peninsula barbers unionized, firmly establishing in San Francisco's history the barber y Coast y Ortega.

Happily, though, a bit later Herb Caen invented Beatniks about the same time that Susan Hayward invented capital punishment, but that's another story.

Of course the Beatniks were descendants of our native son and, in their way, inseparable from the past. Let us now outline the nature of their origin: we will assume for purposes of discussion that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Thus it can easily be understood that a great earthquake which took place produced, a few years later, a great depression extending from the corner of Montgomery and Bush streets through the entire financial district. Some say this depression was two miles long and about a half mile deep but from the description of other less fortunates we gather that it might have been a hundred miles deep and a half mile wide. All that can be definitely shown in early beatnik documents is that this depression was "way out." Clearly the first of them to rise out of this dismal crevasse was a bookshop owner, Lawrence Furlinget . . . Ferlunggetti . . . Farlin . . . er . . . ah . . . who was heard to mutter, "Life is a lousy drag y Ortega." And so this typical attitude of crevass emergence has come to be commonly called "depression." Of course all of this is incidental to the main relationship between the beatniks and our native son, which rests on the theory that rumblings of those many railroads and other amusement devices run by Hard Coal Huntington, John Henry Hopkins and Switch-a-Minute Stanford at nearby Leeland set up oscillations, reverberations, vibrations, turbulations, syzemagraphicontations and like that which shook things up considerably. But a few say it was San Andreas' fault, who was a munitions manufacturer in Marin County.

Other influences on our city's culture include that unforgettable moment when Lily Pons opened the Opera House singing "Tosca," a word interpreted two ways. It is literally the Italian for "I lika de Opera Housea in dis beautiousa city," but, some claim it is short for, "Toscantalopes in another direction." Nikita Karuso also appeared there.

And of course our city's culture was influenced by Chinatown which, as Kartoziyan has suggested, "provided a foothold for the oriental." A traveller in Chinatown cannot fail to notice "Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, USA,"



"Chop Suey," "Flowers, Drums and Songs," Joss Houses, Opium Dens, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Tong wars, y Ortega, and naturally Fortune cookies which have directed the destinies of many. Among the wisdom to be gleaned from these rice cakes, who can forget, "if you lose a needle in the grass, look in the grass," or "an intelligent, educated, healthy, ambitious poor man is worth half a rich one," or, most well known of all, "Help! I am being held prisoner in Palmicia Village."

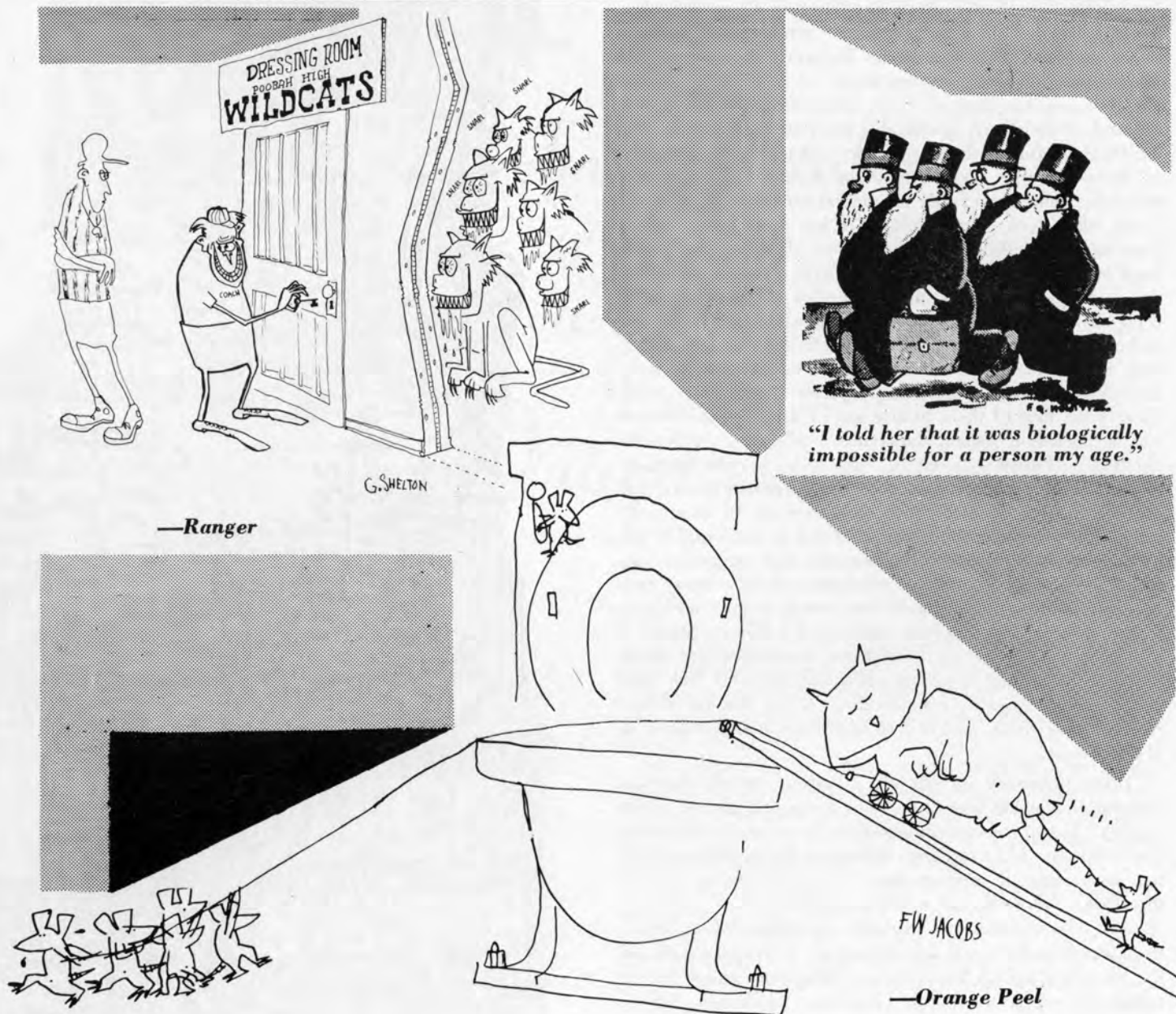
Also of cultural import has been Bay Area Radio. It was the presence of those previously mentioned radio towers that finally made possible its invention. Today it is an unusual San Franciscan who is not occasionally KEWBeamed in to Color Channel 91, or to KABL. Most San Franciscans listen to KABL, "as the great golden orb wends its way from its birthplace on the eastern horizon overhead through cloudless skys and once again sinks beyond the sumptuous, scintillating splendor of the San Francisco waters which flow from our sheltered bay under the Golden Gate into the western horizon . . . East is East and West is West. . . Think about it."

No history of San Francisco would be complete without mention of her entertainment spots, such as Sutro's Baths, Bimbo's, Finnochio's, the Hippodrome, the Purple Onion, and

Miss Smith's Tea Room and the Ferry Building, both of which have gone out of business, and, finally, the Bagel Shop and Union Square, which are two extremes in entertainment.

Politics too have played an incidental part in San Francisco's development. Consider the recent impact of the two K's, Kristopher and his campaign manager Khrushchev. San Francisco was the founding place of the United Nations Charter. It was the gateway to two great wars, one time place of residence of Chief Justice Warren, and across the bay in Oakland, a city remembered for Gertrude Stein's comment upon it, "There's no there there," we have William "We can't stand Pat" Knowland. Maybe Pat Brown was from San Francisco also. Maybe he wasn't. We don't know.

And so, with the passing of steam beer from our system, and with South San Francisco sinking beneath Henry Dolger, and Stanton Delaplane sinking beneath a pile of post cards, and Herb Caen sinking, we are at the end of our cursory History of San Francisco y Ortega. But we forgot to mention Alcatraz, Jack London, Don's Aunt Ethel, Mark Twain, Emperor Norton, Market Street, the Key System Transit, Y. A. Tittle, Planter's Peanuts (we might get a free can), Betty and Jack, the Democratic convention of 1920, the Republican convention of 1952, Vincent Hallinan. . . .



—Ranger

"I told her that it was biologically impossible for a person my age."

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—Orange Peel



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On an isolated stretch of beach near Cannes, a beautiful French girl threw herself into the sea and drowned, despite a young man's attempt to save her. The man dragged the body ashore and left it on the sand while he went to notify the authorities. Upon his return, he was horrified to discover a man holding the corpse in his arms, and whispering in its ear.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he shouted, "that woman is dead, that woman is dead!"

"Sacre bleu!" exclaimed the man, springing up, "I thought she was an American!"

There's a new game among the Frat men. Three of them go into a room and each one brings a bottle of Smirnoff's with him. They sit and drink for an hour, then one of them leaves. The other two have to guess who left.

Customer: Do you have notions on this floor?

Salesman: Yes, Madam, but we try to suppress them during working hours.

"May I have this dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child," said she, with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know your condition."

The plain, prim, little old lady who stood beside a male customer at the department store was nervous and embarrassed; finally she asked:

"Please, Miss, I'd like two packages of bathroom stationery."

They dragged the student down to the jail and took him before the sergeant.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For drinking," the officer sternly replied.

"Good. When do we start?"

A blushing young woman handed the telegraph clerk a telegram containing only a name, address and one word: "Yes."

Wishing to be helpful, the clerk said: "You know, you can send five more words for the same price."

"I know I can," replied the young woman, "but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said it six times?"

Once there was an enterprising but unfortunate young man who was always scheming but always winding up broke. After going bankrupt for the umpteenth time, he was sitting on a park bench, broke, desolate, when suddenly he heard a voice saying, "Go to Nevada, go to Nevada." At first he was somewhat startled, then he listened again and the voice repeated itself. Scraping all the money he had together, our superstitious young man arrived in Nevada sensing something big was about to break. Then the voice piped up, "Go to Las Vegas, go to Las Vegas." Our hero started on his way to Las Vegas with visions of greenbacks dancing in his head. On arriving there, the voice emerged again, urging, "Play the roulette wheel, play the roulette wheel." Our man obeyed, heading for the first gambling casino he saw. As he was about to place his bet with his remaining money, the voice came on again, "Play number eight, play number eight." Quickly, he borrowed an enormous sum of money from a few equally superstitious players and placed ten thousand dollars on number eight. The wheel was spun, round and round it went, then stopped—on number six. As our hero dropped to the floor, he heard the voice saying, "How about that!"

In a little town in Mexico, Pedro was sipping his beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in. "Pedro!" he shouted. "I just saw a man go into your casa and start making love to your wife!" "Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer. "Was he a tall man?" "Yes, yes!" shouted his friend. "Don't get so excited," cautioned Pedro. "Did he have on a brown suit?" "Yes, he did!" "And did he have a big mustache?" "Yes, yes!" "Oh that's Manuel. He makes love to anybody."



"They wouldn't accept my draft card from the Spanish-American War as a valid I.D."

Pard introduces his burger to a San Franciscan.



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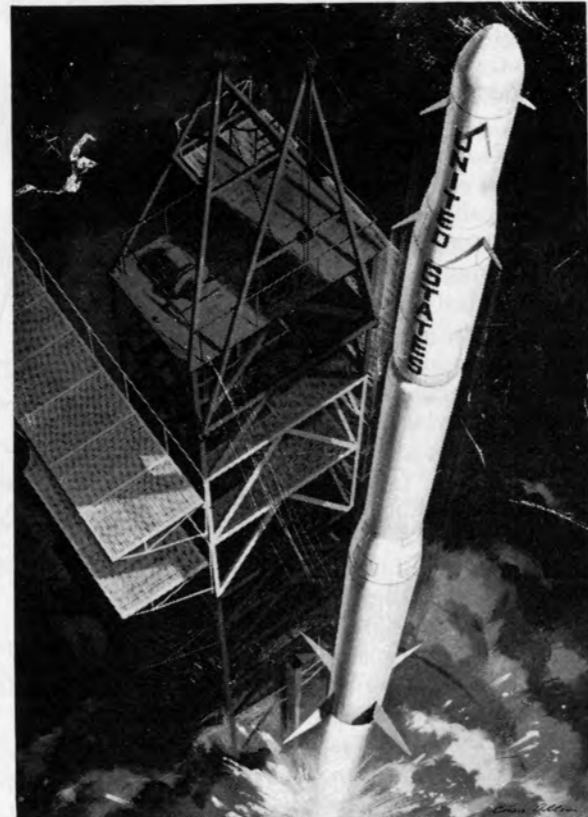
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young engineers
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Of particular interest to young engineers are the opportunities for advancement made possible by Vought Astronautics, a division of Chance Vought Aircraft, Incorporated.

This new division is pledged to two ideals. One is simply new *ideas* — the imaginative ideas to carry out unprecedented assignments. The other is *reliability* — the assurance that these new concepts — and the "hardware" that they give birth to — will function exactly as intended.

Vought's four-point program for space gives young engineers wide opportunities to make fullest use of their talents. First, there is the area of space research vehicles — systems to carry the actual payload instrumentation. The second is the payload itself — the reconnaissance and communication satellites which the rockets place in orbit. A third major line of interest is the manned space vehicle, and few private U. S. concerns are as thoroughly experienced or well-equipped as Vought for designing crew quarters.

The fourth area of prime interest consists of long-range studies — anticipating future needs. Scientists and engineers are looking beyond the tomorrow that is just over the horizon — planning for the day when space travel is a reality.

Programs and projects being advanced in other Vought Divisions:

Vought Aeronautics is developing the nuclear-powered SLAM (supersonic low-altitude missile), is carrying out ASW work for the Navy, and is represented in other fields ranging from battlefield weapons to pilot escape. **Vought Electronics** is developing antenna systems, support equipment and power controls, including the actuator for the Minuteman ICBM. The **Range Systems Division** is tracking NASA satellites in addition to other Pacific Missile Range duties. The **Research Division**, recently organized, is looking forward to a new, integrated center for basic research.

In all of this work, Vought's greatest asset is its strong backlog of technical and operational experience acquired through 43 years of leadership in high-performance vehicles.

For further information about Vought's new Astronautics Division and its opportunities for your space-age advancement, or about any of the other four divisions, student engineers are invited to write:

Professional Placement Office
Dept. CM-26



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Belva Borgquist was not born in San Francisco. Nor does she live there. Nor has she ever lived there. But (aha!) she *has been there!* A whole bunch of times, yet. And this, plus the fact that she is a most attractive young woman, qualifies her to be the Old Boy's San Francisco queen.

Belva is a senior, is on the Dean's list (the *good* list) and is a sponsor at Roble Hall. She is a veteran of the Stuttgart branch, where she starred in a movie entitled something like "Stanford-in-Germany." Her home is in Garden Grove, California. She'll probably have a date this Saturday night if you don't get it in gear and call her early.





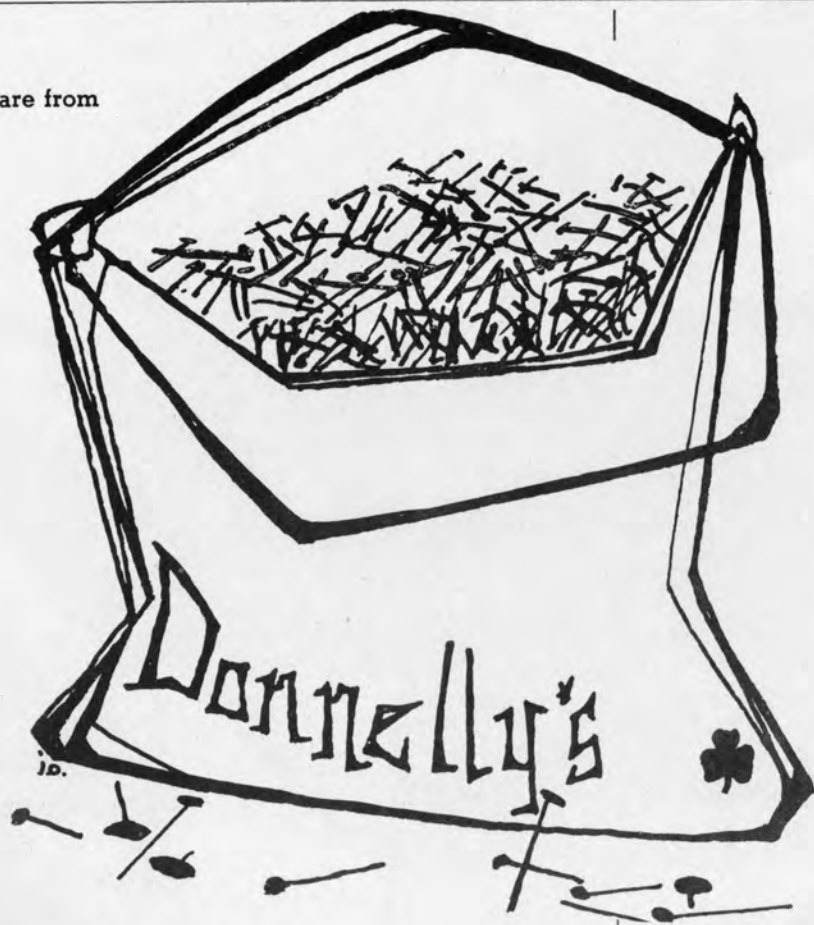
the old boy presents
BELVA BORGQUIST
his San Francisco Queen

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One day two soldiers were arguing over a dead animal. One of them said it was a mule, and the other insisted it was a donkey. In a little while, an officer came by and they asked his opinion. He said curtly, "It's an ass; bury it!"

While they were digging a grave for the animal, a wac came by. She asked, "What are you digging? A fox hole?" To which they wryly answered, "No!"

The old man believed in reincarnation, but just before he died, his wife made him promise to try to communicate with her from the spirit world. Twelve months after his death, she actually made contact with him!

"Are you happy there?" she asked.

"Happier than I can possibly describe," he answered. "The pastures here are greener, and the skies bluer. It's a beautiful world, and the weaker sex are the loveliest imaginable. And their deep wistful eyes speak constantly of love."

"Oh, dear," she said, "with so much temptation about you, I'm afraid you'll do something you'll be ashamed of. I do hope I can join you soon in Heaven."

"Heaven?" he said, "who said anything about heaven? I'm a bull in Montana."

It happened aboard a trans-Atlantic liner. A steward was walking along the promenade deck with a large bowl of soup when the ship rolled exceptionally hard and he dumped the entire bowl onto the shirt front of a passenger sleeping in a deck chair. Thinking fast, the steward awoke the man and said, consolingly, "I do hope you're feeling better now, sir."



"You made a right off Bayshore!"

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GROGAN'S friendly *er*s are not hot, as commonly supposed, but Stanford students are hot for friendly diamonds, friendly birthstones, friendly *er*s and friendly ol' GROGAN.

Next time you're in a friendly mood, drop by and say hello to

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205 University Palo Alto

This section of the *Chaparral* is dedicated to grad students, professors and the little man who is hiding on the eighth level of the stacks, for they can remember

THE GREAT

EARTHQUAKE

by JOHN FRANKENSTEIN

The Earthquake has been likened to the first election of Christopher as mayor, but some say that's too mild. Anyway, this is the way it used to be.



Smog, even then, was a problem.



The house on the far right wasn't exactly a home. Then, as today, virtue leaned on vice for its support.



The City called upon the Stanford Planning Board to supervise and control reconstruction. This photograph was taken in 1916.



Some people did their Christmas shopping early.



"Go away! We don't want our picture taken for twenty-five cents."



Stanford opened its freshman housing facilities to the refugees.



Only the cable cars kept running. (Remember the cable cars, George?)



"I put my nickel in, and then . . . !"



We must truly say, it was their finest hour.



"She wanted to go to the Tonga Room!"

A woman was shopping for a pair of pants for her little boy.
 "Do you want pants with a zipper?" asked the clerk.
 "No, Johnny has a sweater with a zipper and he is always getting his tie caught in it," was the reply.

Little Boy: "Why did Noah take two of each kind of animal in the Ark?"
 Little Girl: "Because he didn't believe the story about the stork either."

I serve a purpose in this school
 On which no man can frown.
 I gently enter into class
 And keep the average down.

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Stanford students
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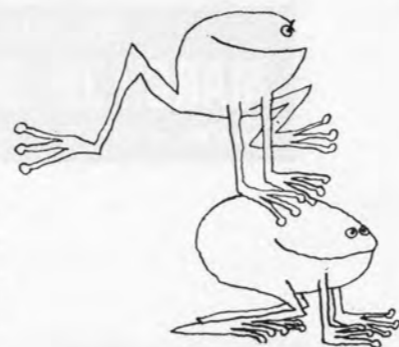
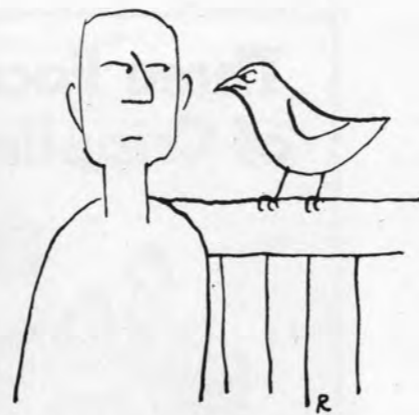
Edy's

73 EMBARCADERO TOWN & COUNTRY

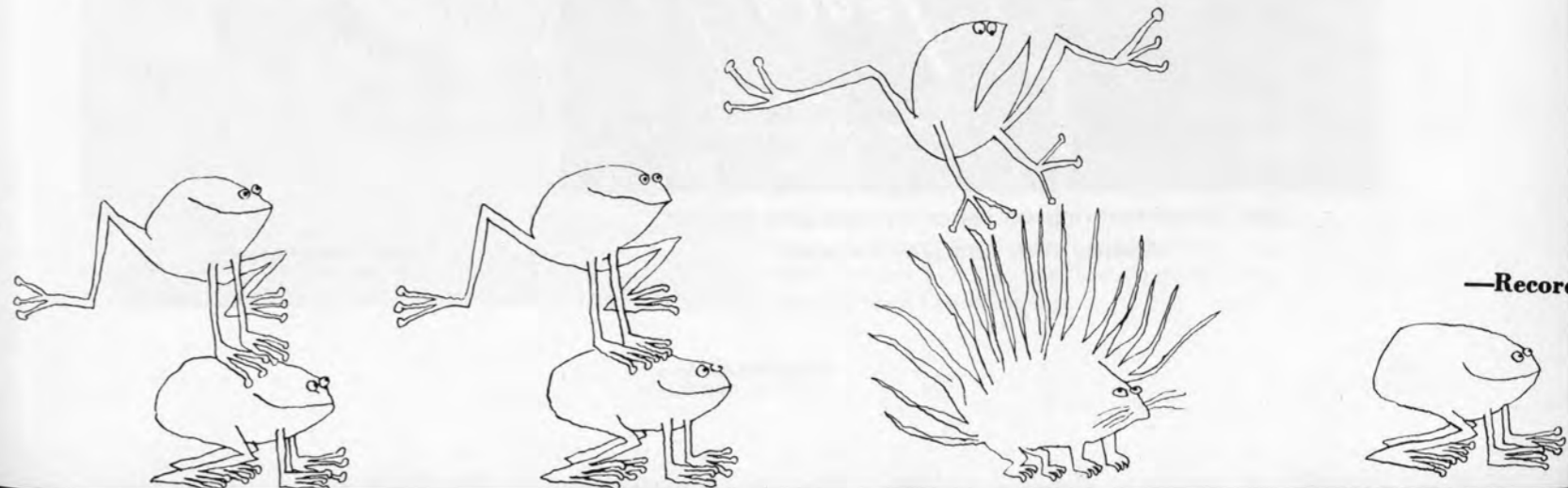


"Two Martinis to go!"

"Nobody told me it was a tow-away zone."



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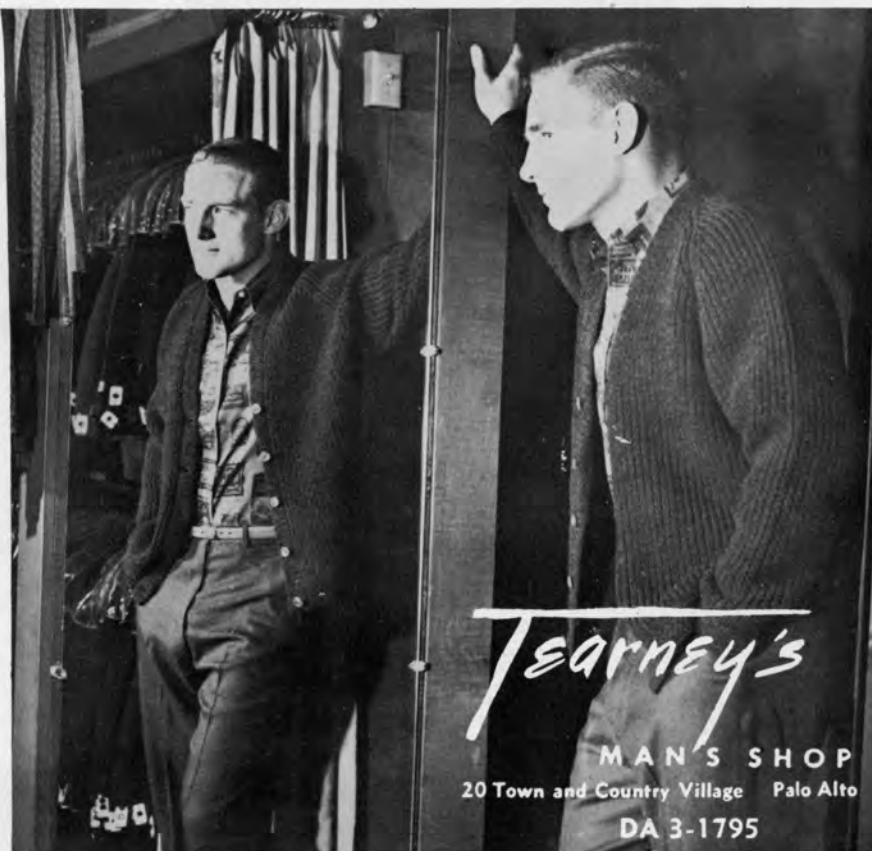
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San Francisco, that gay, cosmopolitan city, offers unlimited entertainment opportunities. A Trip to the City is viewed at Stanford as the ancient Greeks no doubt looked upon a flight to Mount Olympus. A Stanford man sees San Francisco as a place of fun and frolic, of drinking and revelry. A Stanford woman envisions it a sparkling Mecca of glitter and glamour. It claims more restaurants per capita than any other city in the country. Its inhabitants consume more alcohol than those anywhere else. Its night clubs are world renowned. Its districts are many and varied. The title, "Athens of the West,"

was given it because of its place as the cultural center of California. Truly, San Francisco is THE City.

With such an opportunity for enjoyment so close at hand, it is a shame for any Stanford student not to have a good time in San Francisco. In the interests of the Stanford Student Body, therefore, the *Chaparral* has searched out THE typical Stanford couple and followed them through a perfect date in the City. Our camera eye caught all, and the *Chappie* takes pride now in presenting to you, our readers,

THE COMPLEAT SAN FRANCISCO EVENING

by JON REED and RAY FUNKHOUSER

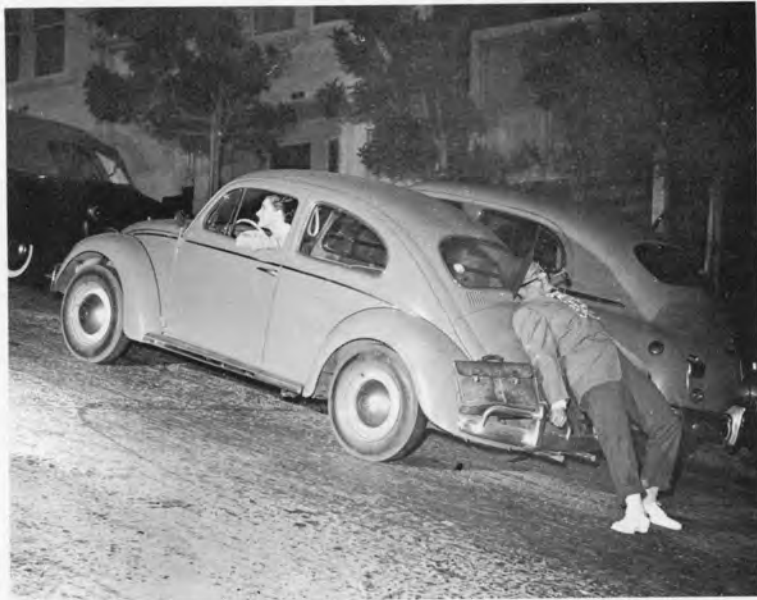
Hymie Hinkle is a fifth-year anthropology honors student. His date, Guilda Garnsmeyer, is a freshman exchange student from Scottsdale, Arizona. Hymie met her at a party which she crashed and promptly asked her out. She accepted, being

too drunk to concoct an excuse, and the date was on. Hymie, desiring to snow his new-found damsel, decided upon San Francisco as the perfect means to his end. What woman, after all, can resist a man who has conducted her through the gay, mad whirl of an evening in the City? None, clearly, so San Francisco it was. Forsaking for a whole entire night his studies (except for the term paper he took along in case the evening got a little dull), Hymie set about the task of dazzling Guilda.



Due to the large number of acceptances, freshman housing was a bit overcrowded this year. There was no room in any of the usual freshman dormitories by the time Guilda's name came up, but the housing office, as always, came through like a champ. Here Hymie, stunned by Guilda's attire, dashes half-way up the stairway to greet her. Anxious to create a good impression, Hymie enlisted a friend of his in engineering to help select his evening's wear for him. His friend also came through like a champ and togged him out five years ahead of West Coast fashions.

*



After a breathtaking drive up Beautiful Bayshore, the star-lined drive to the City, Hymie and Guilda arrive in picturesque San Francisco. San Francisco is famed for its hills, which, for the most part, have remained unaltered throughout the City's history. Here we see Guilda taking in the beautiful sunset-lit panorama laid out before her by their elevation. "Ah!" says Guilda. "Grunt!" says Hymie, whose clutch has burned out.

Their scenic drive over, and the sun long set over the horizon, Hymie takes Guilda in for a before-dinner cocktail. This pleasurable portion of the ritual of dinner in the City is best done in some quiet, secluded, romantic hole-in-the-wall away from the beaten path. Hymie spurns the tourist-frequented, well-known bars and takes Guilda to a cocktail lounge whose exclusiveness is evidenced by its limited clientele. "There's a right way to drink and a wrong way," says Hymie, "and my friend, One-ear, the bartender in here, serves the best Boiler-maker in town!"

An appetizing cocktail downed, Hymie next whisks Guilda off for a sumptuous dinner at one of San Francisco's many excellent eating places, this one located on the famous Grant Street "Restaurant Row." There is a San Francisco restaurant to satisfy every taste, every whim. They were attracted to this particular one because of its stark genuineness, its raw authenticity. "I like this place because there's nothing phony about it!" says Hymie. "Oh, Christ yes!!" gushes Guilda.



After their expensive and exquisite supper, Guilda reminds Hymie of their symphony date. Hymie says to her that she looks completely devastating tonight and that the Peninsula Box Office marked the tickets up 250 percent. He suggests a milder diversion—a light, informal stage show. Guilda is amenable, having been to one symphony already.

Hymie wishes to continue their already memorable evening in the proper manner, so they go to Ernie's (where else) for after-show cocktails. Ernie, however, in mortal fear of the A.B.C., hesitates to accept Guilda's draft card as a proper I.D. He has his man bid them a gracious adieu.



The happy pair go for a stroll in quaint North Beach to round out their evening. They are delighted to find, as all visitors to this home of the San Francisco Renaissance have found, that the natives are friendly.



Their pleasant evening in San Francisco drawing to a close, Hymie and Guilda begin the leisurely drive down the Peninsula to Stanford. The clock in a nearby tower strikes two. Guilda explains that she hadn't signed out, having gotten Hymie confused with one of the coffee dates she had made for that evening. Nevertheless, the pair do not rush. They put safety ahead of a few demerits.



The next morning finds Hymie dutifully obtaining the fifty dozen roses that will help comfort Guilda on the train back to Scottsdale.



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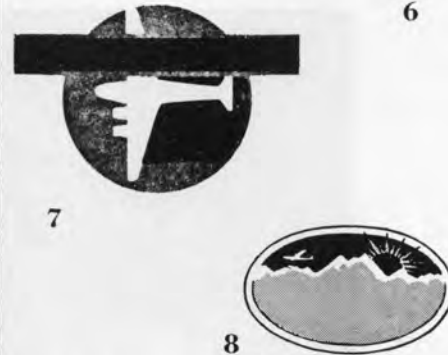
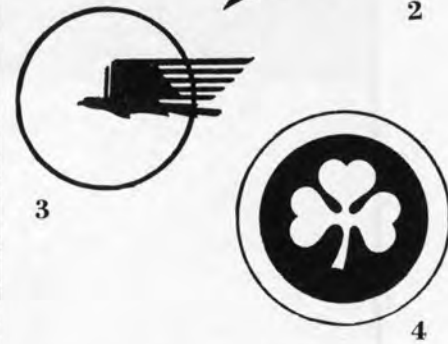
from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



Still only 5¢

Bungee Travel Quiz

Familiar with Airline Insignia? Try to identify the following more difficult ones. All eight means you are a real traveler. For information or reservations on ANY airlines, contact Bungey Travel, Inc. Serving Stanford's travel needs since 1931.



We hope you've had fun with our Interline Quiz. For those of you who have sent in requests to display your carriers' insignia, we'll catch up with them as soon as possible. Turn to page 40 for the names of the air carriers who are identified with the insignia shown below.

Bungey Travel, Inc

110, The Circle DA 5-5686 Palo Alto

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon an old German and his youngest son were seated in the village inn. The father had partaken liberally of the beer, and was warning his son against the evils of intemperance.

"Never drink too much, my son. A gentleman stops when he has had enough. To be drunk is a disgrace."

"Yes, Father, but how can I tell when I have had enough?"

The old man pointed. "Do you see those two men sitting in the corner? If you should see four men sitting there, you would know that you were drunk."

The boy looked long and earnestly. After a time, he said in puzzled tones, "Yes, Father, but there is only one man in the corner."

The minister had been asked to present the prizes to the winners of the local fair, but when he got there he was outraged by the dress of some of the girls.

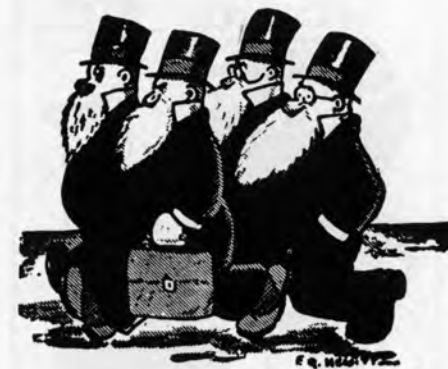
"Just look at that young person there with the cigarette, closecut hair, and breeches," he cried to a bystander. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a girl," replied the other. "She's my daughter."

"Oh, forgive me, sir," apologized the preacher. "I didn't know you were her father."

"I'm not," was the reply. "I'm her mother."

A bright, but beautiful girl was sitting in psychology class when the guy behind her pinched her. She started to turn around and slap him, but changed her mind. "Why should I get angry?" she said to herself, "after all, it's his problem."



"Last time I was at North Beach I made \$32.50 posing for snapshots."

"Glass for all purposes"

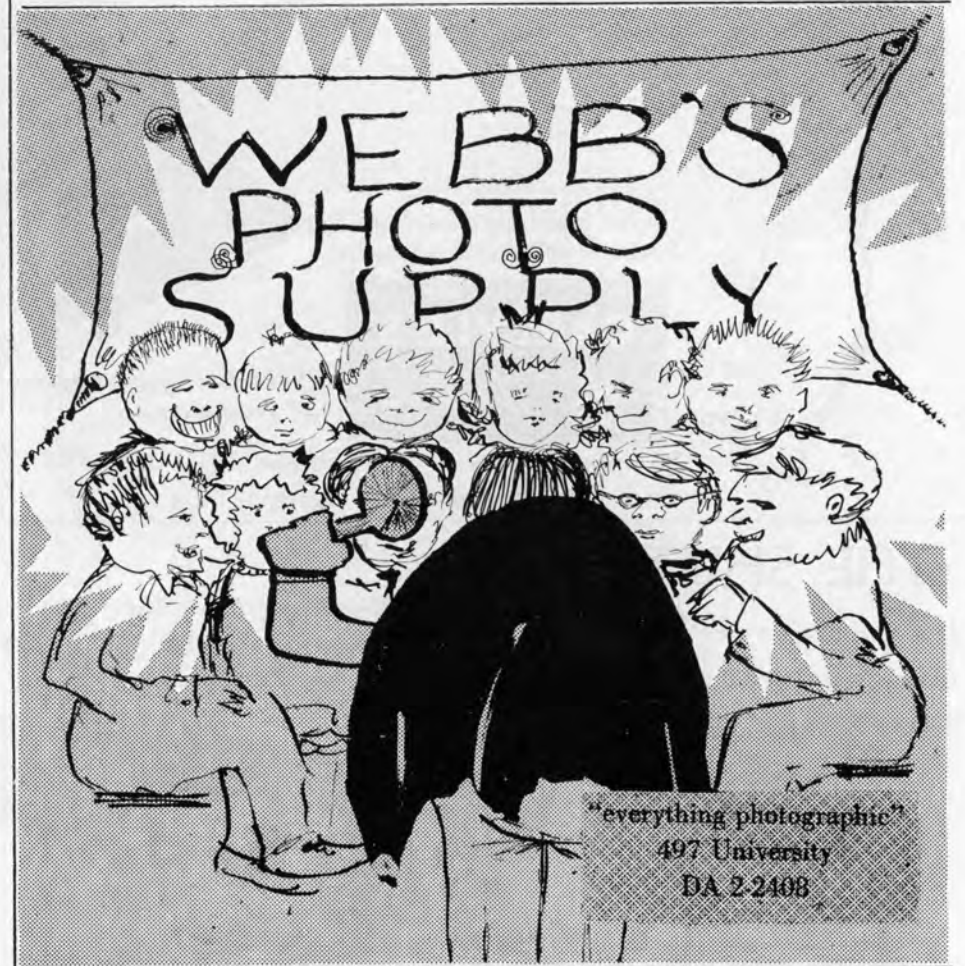
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Newly married groom meets his friend
who is somewhat of a kibitzer. His friend
looks at him and says:

"How long have you been married
now?"

Groom answers: "Six weeks."
"How're you getting along with your
love life?" asks the kibitzer.

Groom replies: "Well, to tell you the
truth, not so good. All of a sudden my
wife cut me down to once a week."

"Boy, you're lucky," answers the ki-
bitzer. "I know two guys she cut off
altogether."

His toes curled in the black soil. It was
marvelous to feel the good cool earth
beneath his feet again. Tenderly he bent
down and crumbled a piece of rich sod
between his fingers. A man was a fool
to leave the land. He thought of the city
as loathsome. All it had brought him
were unhappiness and sorrow, but that
was over. He was back to his first love—
the earth. For a while he was motionless
in silent contemplation; a prayer of
thanksgiving rose from his heart. Once
more he was part of nature and not just
a shadow in the city. A voice called,
"Dinner's ready." Slowly and reluctantly,
he took his foot out of the flower pot.

Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin'
me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only have
to sleep on the mantelpiece two more
weeks; then your picture will be in 'Be-
lieve-it-or-Not.'"



"I couldn't get served in any bar
in the whole lousy city!"



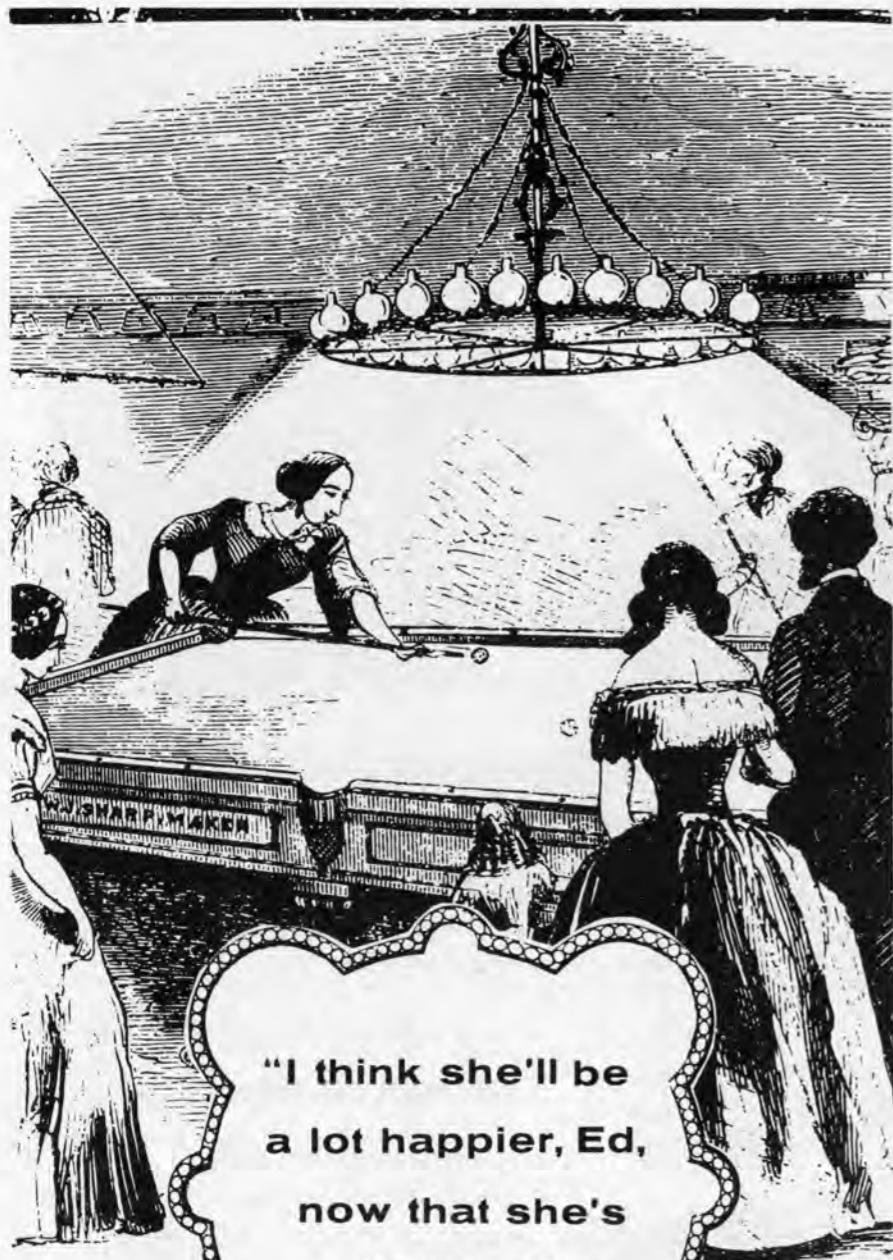
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Answers to Interline Quiz

AVESA. 2. Bahamas Airways Limways, Inc. 3. Aeronaves de Mexico. 4. Aer Lingus (Irish Air Lines). 5. AVESA. 6. Bahamas Airways Limited. 7. AVIATECA. 8. Cordova Airlines.



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