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CHAPARRAL
APRIL / 1956 / 30¢

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50

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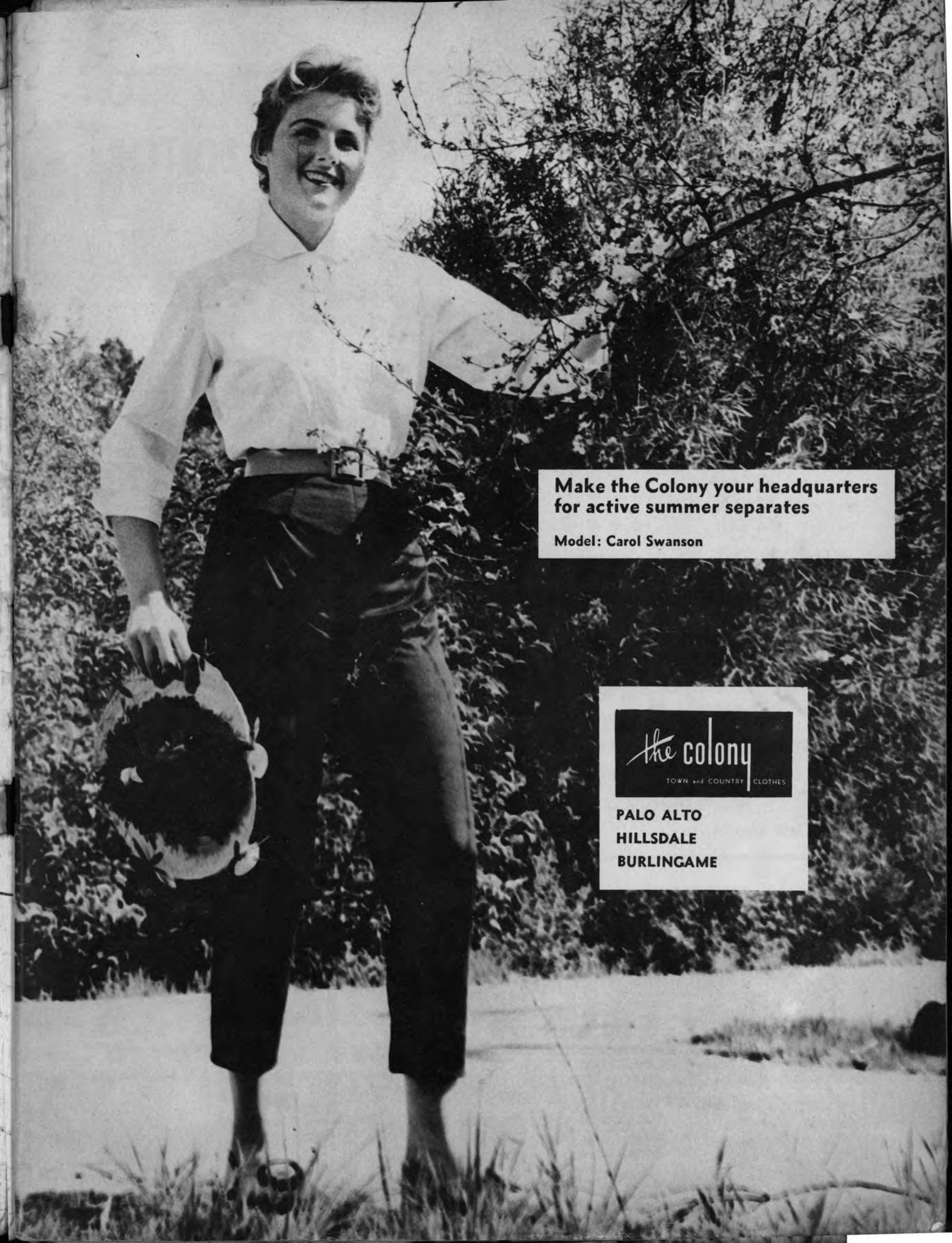
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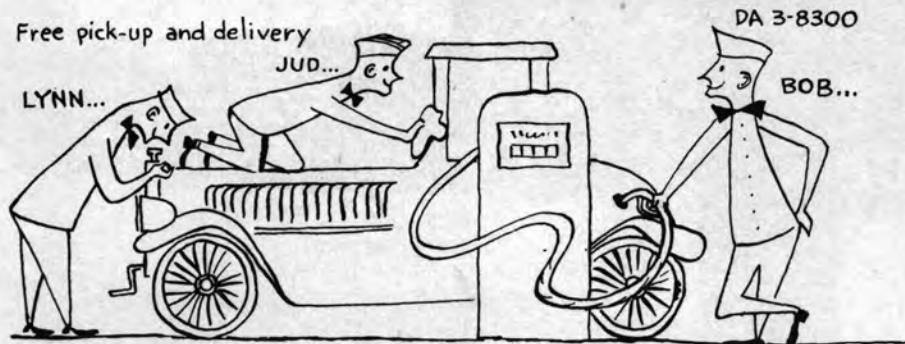


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir:

... Nothing would please me more than to attend the reunion banquet to which you have invited me on April 21 of this year in San Francisco. Because of prior commitments this engagement presents some difficulties, but I am marking it "hold" on my calendar and will be there if I can possibly make it.

I am very proud of the fact that I was initiated a member of the Hammer and Coffin Society as an undergraduate at Stanford, because it added much to my friendships and happiness while living on the campus. And, as it has been down through the years, it is a college distinction awarded solely on merit, and because of this I have always treasured my membership. As I write these lines perhaps I am too pontifical—it may be there have been times when membership was awarded for other considerations than worth and that, of course, may have been in my case. But in any event, I like to think otherwise.

I shall look forward to being with you on April 21 if I possibly can.

Cordially and fraternally,
S/Goodwin J. Knight

Der Old Boy
Stanfordt Chaparal
Stanfordt, California

Schenttleman:

Der lest two pekechages off der groundt tapvorms dat you addvertisd in LIE as selected spectimans vos mitt ratt droppinzs gemixt. Der tapvorms may be gutt enuf bot der ratt droppinzs schboils der drade. Ve did not zee der ratt droppinzs in der zembles vich you zent to us!

Id dakes so much time to pek der ratt droppinzs out from der tapvorms. Ve order der kleen tapvorms und you shipt droppinzs mixt mitt der vorms. Id vas a misdake, ya? Ve like you to schipp us der tapvorms in von zak und der ratt droppinzs in der odder zak, den ve mix to zoot der kustomer.

Wride, please, if ve schoot schipp bek der droppinzs und keep der vorms, or keep der droppinzs und schipp bek der tapvorms, or schipp bek der hole demn gerstinking vorks.

Ve vant to do ride in dis ting, but ve do not like dis demn ratt droppinzs biznisses.

Mitt much resbeks
Herr Neelley

HN/aln



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THE STANFORD
CHAPARRAL



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COVER: Allan Hayes uses the Old Boy that appeared on the very first CHAPARRAL cover. On that cover O.B. was watering a small Chaparral Bush, after which the magazine was named. Al shows us graphically how the little bush—and Hammer and Coffin—grew when nourished with the proper ingredients.

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The Chappies

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NOW THAT 50 years of Hammer and Coffin have come and gone, this column has given vent to a bushel of criticisms, comments, and suggestions. The Old Boy in the past has become incensed and has swung his hammer for many reforms.

But this is all in the past. The Old Boy looks around him today and sees nothing that makes him want to tear what's left of his hair. Generally, conditions are good, and he's looking at the world through cardinal-colored glasses.

But even though he doesn't become really incensed about anything any more, the Old Boy still feels his duty to sound a warning. It's a warning that probably hasn't occurred to you, but nevertheless may be a serious threat to our collective existence. "What is it?" you ask, with your heart pounding in your throat. *Blackbirds*, that's what. Yes, those innocent-looking little blackbirds that gather at the Cellar and beg for crumbs. Ridiculous, you say? Maybe, but let us point out a few facts.

Have you ever taken a really close look at a blackbird? Just one look should convince you that he's dangerous. With his sharp beak, and shiny slicked-down feathers he even looks like the villain of birdland. He looks downright mysterious, like a miniature Merlin, or possibly even a sinister little Satan. Now get down on your hands and knees and study these birds closely. See how they swagger, and strut confidently around the apple juice bottles. We warn

you—that's not natural! No, these birds are up to something, and with the knowledge of Bridey Murphy's reincarnation tucked securely in our frontal lobes, we hate to think what it may be. With this information in mind, take a good look at those crafty yellow eyes; watch how they take furtive little peeks at physics notebooks; and watch them abandon a piece of bread in the hand of a cute co-ed when they have a chance to hang around someone from the Microwave Laboratory. Finally, observe how they move away when a member of the student police happens along.

Moreover, besides being sinister, they're virtually indestructible. We've tried everything. We tried the old salt-on-the-tail routine, but it failed miserably. We tried catching them with little yellow coffee cups. Nothing doing. We spread a little trail of crumbs to lead them close enough for us to stomp them. But, oh no—they didn't *come* close enough; and when we leaped to our feet and tried to stomp them when they were still out of stomping distance, they mocked us as they stepped nimbly aside! These are, we repeat, no ordinary aviary-type birds. They are possessed with a superior intellect and some mysterious power that borders on the supernatural.

Perhaps you still doubt the warning. But history bears us out. Remember the "four and twenty blackbirds baked into a pie?" Now ask yourself why it was necessary to bake them into a pie. We'll tell you why. It was because they *did something*—God knows what—to deserve such treatment. Moreover, despite this tortuous punishment, "when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing!" Yes, think of the implications—after being in a 350° oven for an hour and forty minutes, these birds were not only alive, but singing! What more evidence do we need of their supernatural powers? Finally, we see that they were mixed up in international intrigue and affairs of state even then, for they were placed before the *King*, and caused great dissension in the court.

Well, that's the story. Certainly, the Old Boy hasn't figured out the solution to this menace, or exactly what it all means. He does know, however, that blackbirds are on every major university campus in the nation, and not one has ever signed a loyalty oath. Perhaps those scientists who are spending their time developing guided missiles to repel enemy aircraft might well devote a little time to a small one for dealing with these treacherous feathered fiends.

—The Old Boy

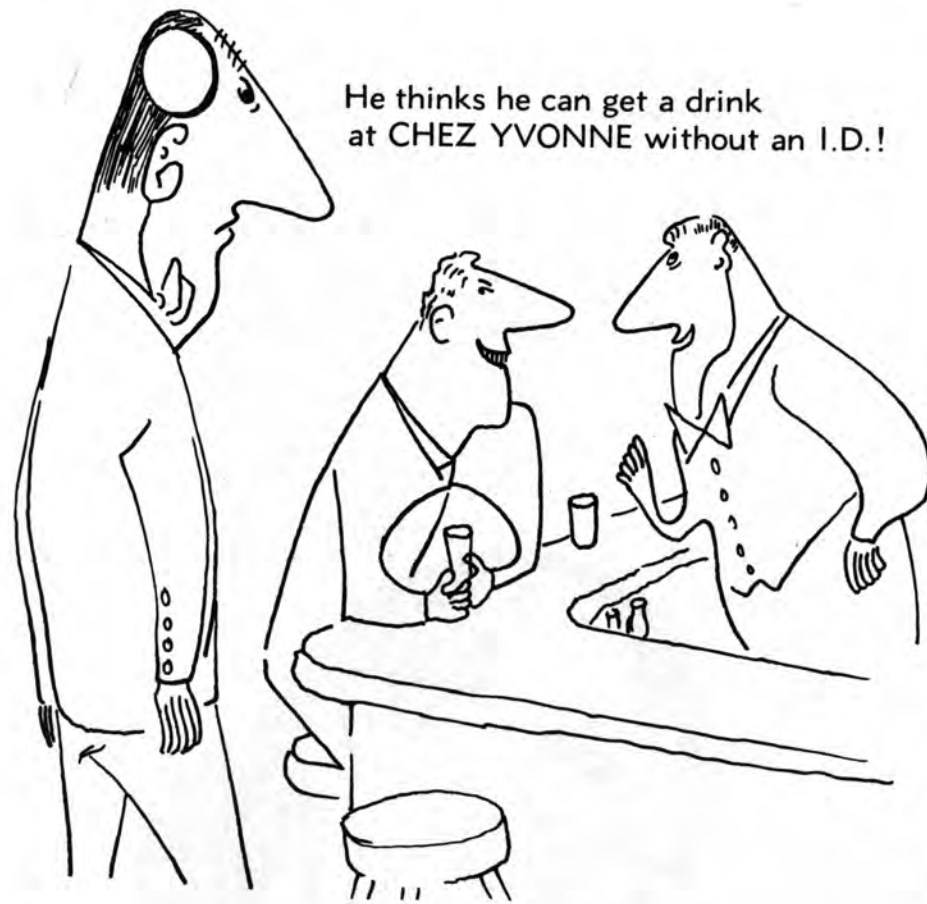
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A FABLE OF THE FARM

reported by REX BURNS

During last quarter the Main Libe was made the scene of an extremely bizarre combination of a wager and a practical joke. The names of the participants are shrouded in necessary obscurity, but the general location of the cabalists has been placed at somewhere on the Row. What began as a bet ended as a well-executed joke, leaving considerable laughter and embarrassment in its wake.

The scene was Main Libe at night during Dead Week. Students in Reserve Book Room were taking their hourly cigarette break in the main lobby, and quietly hashing over the latest social news; the students in the Research Room hadn't begun their cigarette break yet and were wishing that the RBR students would be a little more quiet; while above, in the main book room, hundreds of studious eyes took a rest from watching the extroverts stroll up and down the aisle, and concentrated on the volumes of verbiage in front of them. No one noticed the subdued sound of an ominous automobile parking on the Hoover Tower side of the Library.

Several dark shapes got out of the car, leaving one behind the wheel, and strolled up the steps toward the front of the Libe. None carried books, though one did have a camera. In the light of the Libe doors, the figures halted. The one in the hat and overcoat paused and started to turn back, but a voice said, "You've gotten this far," and the shrouded one squared his shoulders and, hunched against the light, walked up the wide staircase alone. One typical college student leaned against the escape door, while another typical college student stood outside with a typical college student's camera. The lone, dark shape climbed on unnoticed.

The behatted, overcoated figure halted in the glare of the doorway to the main book room and took a deep breath. Then he whisked off his hat and overcoat and screamed into the rustling silence of the Libe, "Egad! I thought this was the B.A.C."

Startled students looked up to see a masked man holding hat and coat at arm's length, and clad only in the minimum of athletic apparel. A startled swish was formed by air rushing in to fill the vacancies left by a hundred fallen jaws, and the masked man wheeled and bounded down the stairs and through the now silenced RBR students, trailing behind him a wide wake of gasps and laughter.

Out through the open-held door, into the glare of a flashbulb, and down to the escape car he sprinted, and with a roar and scratch of gravel the car disappeared into the darkness, leaving the beginning of another Fable of the Farm.

Co-ed: I'm not asking anything for myself, God, but please send my mother a son-in-law.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who had many boy friends. They each asked her: "Do you love me?" She answered "Yes" to each of them. This went on for many years, but she died an old maid anyway.

Moral: Don't love everybody. Leave that to God. *Specialize!*

An old gentleman riding the top of a Fifth Avenue bus noticed that every few minutes the conductor would come from the back and dangle a piece of string down before the driver. Whereupon the driver would utter profanity terrible to hear. Finally the old gentleman could stand it no longer, so he asked the conductor why he was dangling the string, and why the driver swore. "Oh," the conductor said nonchalantly, "his father is being hung tomorrow, and I'm just kidding him a little."

A man went to the bakery and asked that the baker bake a cake in the form of the letter S. The baker said he would need a week to prepare the necessary items. The customer agreed, and returned a week later. Proudly the baker showed him the cake and—sure enough—it was shaped like an S.

"But you misunderstood me," the customer said. "You made a block letter and I wanted script."

A week later the customer returned, and was delighted with the cake. "Exactly what I wanted," he said.

"Will you take it with you," asked the baker, "or shall I send it to your house?"

"Don't bother," said the customer. "If you'll just give me a knife and fork I'll eat it right here."

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CHAPARRAL/April

Two inmates of the asylum were talking together.

"I've made up my mind," blurted one suddenly, fixing a look of decision on his face. "Tomorrow I order my legions to invade England. History will never say that Julius Caesar faltered in pursuing the Brittanic campaigns."

"England, eh?" mused the other thoughtfully. "Well, Julius, if I were you . . . and, incidentally, I am—"

Two little German boys were walking through the mountains with their mother. As one of them suddenly pushed her off a cliff he chortled to the other, "Look, Hans, no Ma!"

An inmate of an insane asylum was troubled with the notion he had a cat in his belly. It tore around inside and clawed him up something fierce. One day the fellow got a real pain—his appendix had to come out. The doctor figured here was a chance to cure the patient of his cat notion.

A real cat was obtained, a lively one, and when the patient came out of the ether the doctor held up the animal and said: "You're all right now. Look what we took out of you."

The patient took one look, grabbed his tummy and howled: "You got the wrong cat; the one that's bothering me is a gray one."

He grabbed me by my slender neck
I could not yell or scream.
He dragged me to his bedroom
Where we could not be seen.
He threw aside my filmy wraps
And gazed upon my form.
I was cold and chilly,
He was nice and warm.
He pressed his feverish lips to mine
I could not make him stop.
He drank my very life away—
I could not call a cop.
He made me what I am today—
Hated, broken, thrown away.
That is why you can see me here—
An empty can of Acme beer.

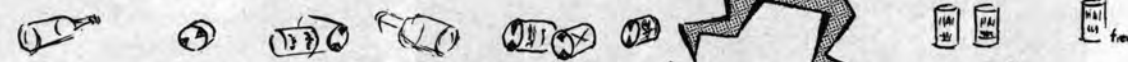
The click of the knitting needles, the creak of the rocker, and the ticking of the grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the silence of the warm, sunny room.

With childish curiosity, little Gloria sat watching the purls and stitches. "Grandma," she asked, "why do you knit?"

"Oh," wheezed the old lady, "just for the hell of it."

the hardest fifty years

BY ALLAN HAYES



AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF A SOCIETY BORN OF EARTHQUAKE, WEANED ON BEER

In 1906, so tradition has it, Old Boy Morrie Oppenheim took a long look at the Press Club. For seven years this august group had published both the *Daily Palo Alto* and the *CHAPARRAL*. What little constructive work the Press Club contributed seemed to be for the benefit of the Dippy. The Chappie, on the other hand, received only meddling interference from its publishing body.

Oppenheim thought this was a hell of a way to run a railroad, and he passed out this reflective thought: "We oughtta sock 'em with a hammer, toss 'em in a coffin, and seal 'em away."

And thereby hangs a tale.

The night of April 16, 1906, the Chappie staff adjourned to Charlie Meyer's Pub in Menlo, rebellion in their minds. They began at five in the afternoon, nine of them. There was Oppenheim, and F. A. Curtin, and George Altnow; Myron Stearns, Irving Ackerman, Dewey Weinmann, Denny Clift, Clyde Hadley, and his younger brother Earl. They were a hardy bunch, these nine. By one in the morning, when the party broke up (some had spring exams the next day, so they quit early), there were 64 empty tankards of beer on the table. And there was a new Society born.

The Old Boy smiled then, and hefted his silver hammer. Hefted? That's an understatement. He whaled the hell out of Northern California just four hours later. Unenlightened newspaper reporters spoke of "The Great Earthquake," but there were nine Stanford Roughs who knew better.

Oppenheim woke up shortly after in a bed covered with plaster. He and F. A. Curtin had adjourned to the Chi Psi house after the banquet. (Oppenheim lived in Encina, but Curtin felt responsible for his well-being.) The ceiling was in the process of collapsing, and a huge chunk barely missed his head. Curtin yelled over, "Hey, quit shaking the bed!" Oppenheim mumbled, "Who you talking to? Me or God?"

Or, as Earl Hadley said, "Fine party. We brought down the house."

When Oppenheim and Curtin extricated themselves from the rubble and maneuvered safely outside, Morrie offered the wry comment, "We went to bed plastered, and, by damn, we

woke up plastered." And for years the legions who wield the hammer have lived by that precept.

Actually, the history of the society goes back a year further. In 1905 Swig Reynolds conceived the idea of a Society, thought up the name Hammer and Coffin, and went up to the city to have a ten-pound sledge silver plated. The Society still keeps the original sledge and the coffin, and each year adds a silver ring to the handle bearing the names of the magazine staff. These handles have been covered with rings and a fourth is under way.

AH, THE PIN . . .

Irving Ackerman designed a pin then, too, and Swig Reynolds had it made up. The pin looks very much like the little Hammer and Coffin emblem which appears between the jokes in the magazine.

Perhaps no pin in the history of the Society has had a more colorful career than the one (now lost, unfortunately) which belonged to Davvy Davenport, '02.

Davvy was on a train going through Iowa seated next to a bewhiskered sanctimonious old fellowman when he affixed his H & C pin to his lapel. The old fellow took a squinty look at the pin and wheezed, "Mortician, eh? I'm in the same business. Be seeing you at the convention down in Des Moines."

The early Chappies were a rough-and-ready group. One of the first, Wallace Irwin, '00, who later achieved considerable fame as a humorous poet, was the first Chappie on record who caused a University Administration headaches. In those early days the student body was considerably smaller, and social meetings between students and faculty were considerably more common. President David Starr Jordan at the time was a chicken fancier, and he bred prize leghorns and Rhode Island Reds in a coop behind his home on campus. At one point during his college career, Irwin invited Dr. Jordan over to his home for a chicken dinner, which Jordan accepted. Needless to say, the menu consisted of two of Dr. Jordan's Rhode Island Red breeders which Irwin had liberated the night before. Dr. Jordan was unhappy.

Probably the most remarkable achievement of the early years (exclusive of the earthquake) was *Le Chaparral*, a 1917 issue edited entirely in the trenches of France. War had

CHAPARRAL/April

11

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depleted the staff, and the editor and a couple of assistants had enlisted in the same unit of the ambulance corps. They sent back enough material in the course of the year to publish an entire magazine. The boys were yearning for home, though, and the issue placed almost full emphasis on campus-type humor. Not nearly enough about *les femmes des Paris*, but good. In fact, darn good.

It was about this time that an unauthenticated story has a couple of Chappies driving into the lobby of the Palace Hotel in a Flanders Touring Car, and going straight onto the dance floor of the Garden Court Dining Room. Once they arrived at the bandstand, they slammed the car into reverse and shot out backwards as quickly as they came in, brandishing a chicken leg. They left behind startled waiters, clerks, tenants, diners, dancers, musicians, and one hungry matron minus a drumstick, none of whom had had the presence of mind to record the license number of the car. This makes a good story, but no one can pin it down as to time, say for sure whether or not they were Hammer and Coffin men, or for that matter be sure whether it ever happened at all.

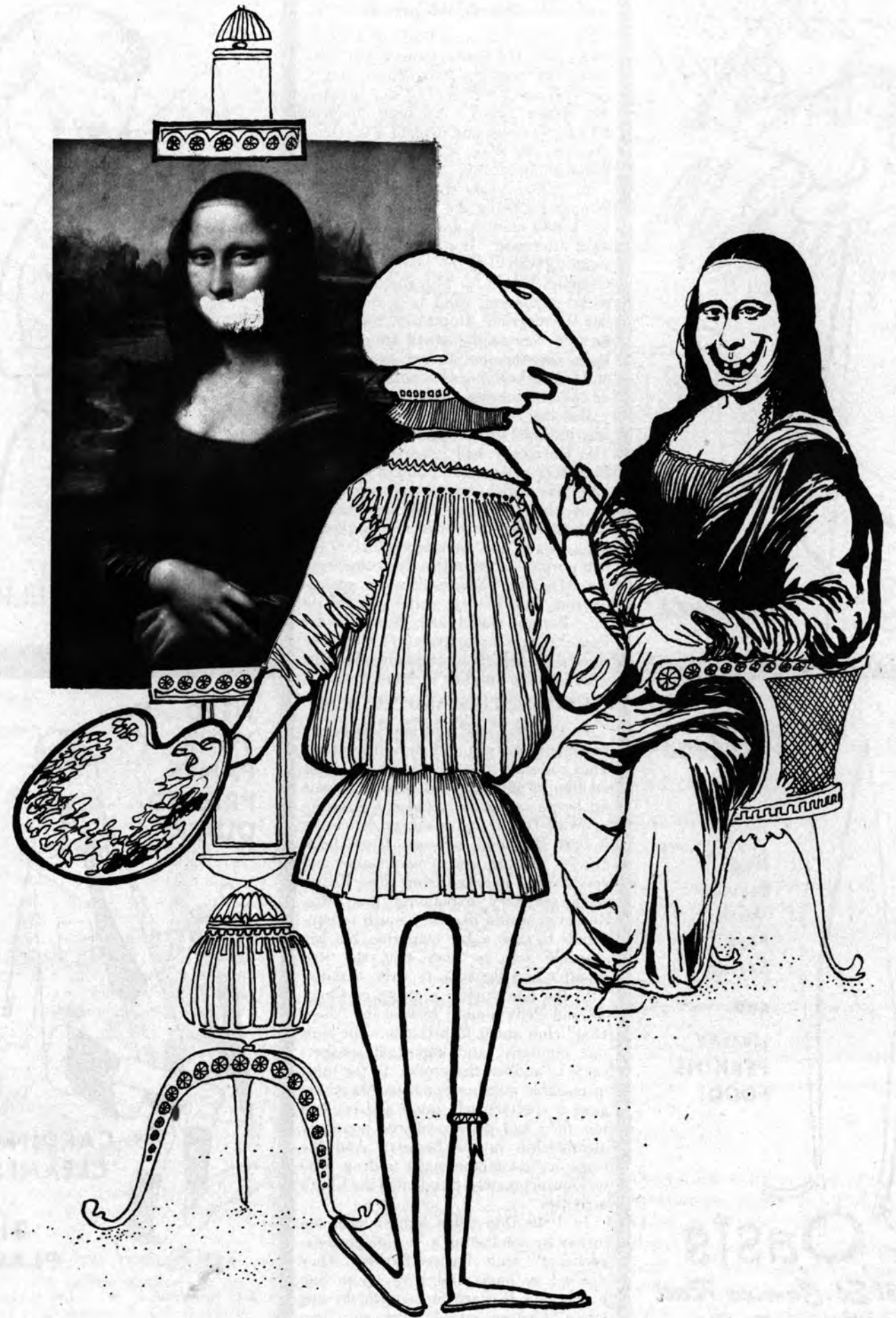
WE GO NATIONAL

During the First World War, Hammer and Coffin went national under the guidance of Art Harzfeld. The Society began adding chapters right and left, ending up with over 25 chapters in the United States and Canada at the peak of its expansion. The Hammer and Coffin has always been primarily interested in Stanford, though, and the Society has never seemed to take hold at other campuses as it has here.

There were exceptions, though. The *Cal Pelican* held its chapter from 1917 through 1947, when the University Administration took over the magazine. The *Washington Columns* chapter had a short but hilarious history. The University decided Hammer and Coffin was expendable after the boys threw a beer bust, keg and all, in the lobby of one of the women's residences at three in the morning. The *Arizona Kitty Kat*, the *Northwestern Purple Parrot*, and the *Duke Duke 'n' Duchess* all had reasonably strong chapters.

But they disappeared for one reason or another. Most went under during the depression when magazines went broke right and left, and after Marco Thorne brought them back in the late thirties they folded again during the war. The reasons they went at other schools have been good ones, but it really seems to boil down to the fact that Hammer and Coffin was organized at Stanford to cope with a specific and special problem, not as a social or living group. The Society still bosses the *CHAPARRAL*, both from a policy and a monetary standpoint, and

(Continued on page 14)



"On second thought, Mona, let's just have a little smile."

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Menlo Park

HARDEST 50 YEARS

(Continued from page 12)

it has a solid fifty-year tradition at Stanford. Like the hardy scrub brush after which the magazine was named, H & C grew. It never got very big, but, brother, did it get tough. It's been bounced around by deans and by debt more times than you can shake a stick at, but it still keeps going strong.

In earlier years the Society led the campus by being the first to campaign for a new student union. (They got it soon afterward. It still stands. It may stand forever.) As the years went by the Chappies fought for liberalized women's social regulations (and drew up the first late-leave system proposed), for the return to American football from rugby, from autonomous student government, and for the building of a football stadium on the present site.

But the Society's greatest campaign was its fight for Memorial Auditorium. The University had left over from the First War a Memorial Fund of considerable size which wasn't earmarked for any specific purpose. The Chappies first suggested that this fund be used for building a theater and contributed \$5,000 for that purpose. Part of this sum came from the "Theater Fund Follies," a spring-quarter, Gaieties-type review which Old Boy Barney Gould and Ram's-Header Paul Speegle organized in 1930. The show was a sellout success, and all profits went into the building of Mem Aud.

CELEBRITIES AND THINGS

In 1935 the staff and the Society got together to put out a "Celebrities Issue." They collected material for it by mail for months in advance, and when the issue finally came out it included a drawing by Walt Disney, an insulting article by Robert Benchley, a sweet letter from Shirley Temple, and a very polite and very formal message from Mrs. Roosevelt's secretary explaining that Mrs. Roosevelt would like very much to contribute to such a fine magazine, but her schedule was so busy that she just couldn't find the time to write a thing.

In the late thirties a group of Chappie and Pelly alumni formed the "Now That" club under Milt Hagen. The club met regularly, and important speakers came to address the group. In the most memorable meeting Somerset Maugham gave a spectacularly good address and was then and there proffered honorary membership in the Society. And the Chappies got another name to drop. The war, unfortunately, terminated the Club's activities.

In 1940 Don Allan gained local notoriety by conducting a "sociological experiment" with Carter Barber. They dressed as bums and went up to San Francisco's Howard Street with the one intent of getting tossed in the can. They contrived to get picked up as vagrants,



... and my ring came from Grogan's!

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GROGAN'S JEWELRY
205 University

NEED YOUR PANTS PRESSED QUICK?



CARDINAL CLEANERS IS THE PLACE

624 RAMONA • DA 3-9240

join your friends in a refreshment at Frank's



STEAK DINNERS \$1.95

3901 EL CAMINO REAL

FRANK'S STEAK HOUSE

calm down



... so your typewriter conked out ... Why not see us about a new one?

PALO ALTO TYPEWRITER
palo alto office equipment co.
161 University • DA 4-1688

got smart with the cops, and ended up by getting the full rubber hose treatment. There was a messy six-week-long trial, and the two Chappies won their points. The offending policemen (whom they had to pick out of a lineup of the entire department) were dismissed from the force, and the whole business was given huge newspaper play. The upshot of the matter was that all Stanford students who went up to the City for months afterward had to remove all Stanford stickers from their cars just to keep from getting tickets. As one old grad of the period said, "Anyone over ten years old could buy a drink in San Francisco then except a Stanford student."

OLD MAN WAR

During the war things weren't so good for the Chappie. The staff dwindled down, and for a while issues were largely composed of V-Mail cartoons from just-departed Chappies like Frank Hewitt and Bob Rieser. Then, in 1943, the bottom dropped out. The magazine was suspended and its charter revoked for business malpractice on the part of a staff member and an alumnus. This was the sort of irregularity which could happen in any business, and the Society acquitted itself well. The magazine, the Society, and the charter were restored the following autumn.

After the war, the staff came back in full force. The editorship changed practically every issue during the years 1942 through 1945, and then all the old editors came back at once. The magazine in 1946 had probably the fullest staff in its history, and almost found itself in a "too many chiefs and no Indians" situation.

Actually, only three editors have been booted out of school for their activities on the magazine. Two were given the heave-ho for their editorial stands. They simply swung the hammer too hard and mashed a few too many toes. The magazine was again suspended for one issue in 1951 after the famous "Purple Ape" Crash Comics. A copy of the cover, tastefully bordered in black, still hangs in the office, and memories of that magazine (last quoted retail price: \$2 a copy) still bring a misty tear to those who dream of "how Playboy used to be."

The University turned purple over the magazine, and required among other things that the staff submit a list of conduct rules for determining good taste in editorial matter for approval before permission to publish again would be granted. One classic rule offered by the incoming staff was "The word 'it' shall not be used without a clearly defined antecedent, as, 'she's had it.'"

In the middle of the hue and cry, as Dr. Sterling gleefully retells, Chappie John Motheral offered a comment in wrath: "College Presidents come and go, but the Old Boy lives on!"

(Continued on page 40)

Lundin
McBride

150 University, corner High



"the prettiest clothes in town"

Suzy Klins of Union models the ideal sportswear outfit for spring, machine-washable, crease-resistant Ranchino cotton sateen tapered slacks, 5.98, topped by machine-washable waffle-weave cotton T-shirt, 2.98. Cardigan sweater to match, 5.98

THE ILLUSTRATED, EXPURGATED,

In Westphalian prison farm, there lived a youth endowed by Nature with the most gentle character. His face was the expression of sweetness, and this was the reason, I think, that they called him Candied. Also at Westphalian, serving a life sentence for the rape of Lucrece, was a man known as Dr. Pants-Gloss. The good Doctor claimed that "this is the best of all possible worlds," and that Westphalian was the best of all possible prison farms. Candied subtly questions this philosophy . . .



"Sorry, Pants-Gloss. I'll clean it up. It's just that your philosophy grabs me right here!"

Also at Westphalian, there was the warden's lovely daughter, Cungoonde, with whom Candied made innocent love. But the warden, who was a nasty tyrant, courteously kicked Candied in the backsides and requested that he take his leave of the prison farm . . .



"All your yesterdays you've lighted footsies in Coon-goldie's dusty chamber—out, out, brief Candied!"

So Candied bids good-bye to Westphalian, and is seized by a group of USC alums who want him for the Trojan football team . . .



"Slug 'im with your lead pipe again, Scarface . . . Jess will make a great tackling dummy outa this lug."

Candied escapes from USC, under cover of smog, and makes his way to Mexicali. Here he meets a light-hearted quarry worker. He also finds his old companion, Pants-Gloss, who has had his right arm shot off, his legs broken, eardrums punctured, one eye gouged out, and serious slash wounds around the head . . .



"And I still say it's the best of all possible worlds, gang."

1956 CANDIED

Pants-Gloss tells the group that Corngolde has been killed during a riot in Cell Block 11. Later Pants-Gloss, Candied, and light-hearted quarry worker set out on a trip to Catalina. The three are almost drowned when light-hearted quarry worker drops his tequila jug, smashing the glass bottom of the boat. In fact, the unfortunate worker did go down for the third time . . .



"Too bad about old light-hearted quarry worker . . . He never should have tried to save his jug."

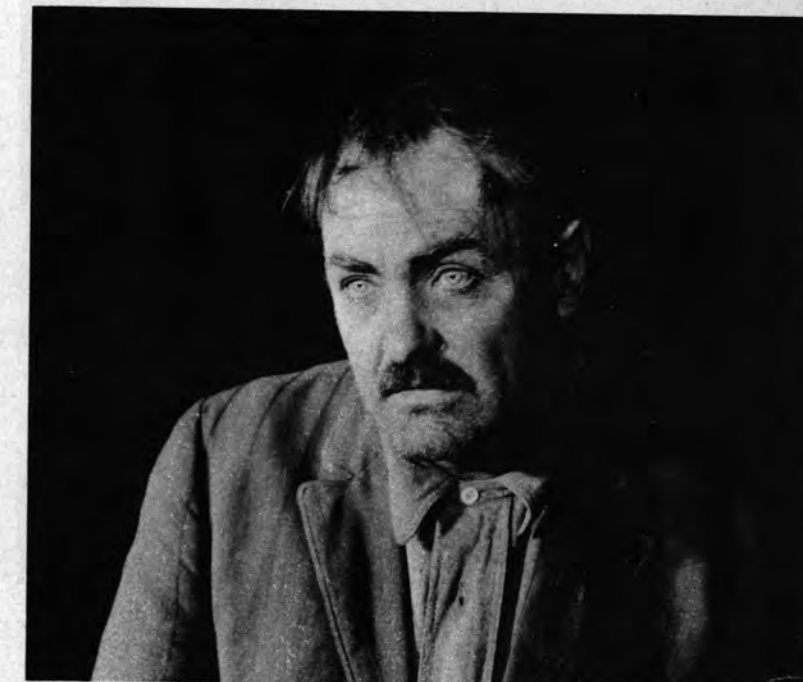
Candied and Pants-Gloss swam safely to Monterey, where the latter tries to prove that all their misfortunes were really blessings. "See, we managed to rescue this," says Dr. Pants-Gloss . . .



"My God, Pants-Gloss, you saved old light-hearted quarry worker's jug!"

WITH APOLOGIES TO VOLTAIRE FROM FREUND AND McKELVEY

While downing their 14th tequila screwdriver, our two heroes are picked up by the border patrol and accused of being heretics. Candied has to hand over what remains in the tequila jug, and Pants-Gloss is led to a pit of hungry crocodiles, where he observes . . .



"Well, here it is . . . The best of all possible tortures."

At this time, a charging white stallion rescues Candied from the Patrol, and races forward on the way to Conegorde, who is really still alive . . .



"Don't let it stymie you, Sliver. Leap over it, boy!"

At the joyful reunion, Coongoode tells him . . .



"I've been keeping a little something from you, Candied, baby."

Cungoodie is living with a professional wrestler who shares her person with the Grand Inquisitor, Jose McCarthguez. Here the wrestler enters and Candied greets him . . .



"Coongoode, while I'm talking here with the wrestler, why don't you mix us a couple of Martinis?"

And then . . . enter the Inquisitor McCarthguez . . .



"Hate to have to do this to such a grand Inquisitor, but, well, that's the way it goes sometimes."

The doorbell rings and Candied rushes forward with pistol in hand. Conegoldee, slightly concerned, implores with our hero . . .



"Please, Candied, he's just an innocent meter-reader!"

Before Candied is finished, he stabs an iceman with his own tongs, suffocates a grocery boy by thrusting his face into an overripe muskmelon, jabs a Fuller brush man in the eye socket with a yellow toothbrush, and, finally, slaughters 386 Shriners who happened to march by in a Fourth of July celebration. Cenegundee peeps in and says . . .



"Well, I'll be damned, 392 men killed in my house, and the maid not coming for a week."

Fearing retribution, the charging white stallion, Candied, and Conegoldee escape to Alviso. While crossing the bay, the stallion relates a story that proves that he was once Bridey Murphy, and has been through much worse misfortunes than the two young people. In Alviso, Cunyguude goes to the home of an old friend of her father, where she knows she will be safe . . .



"Friend of your Old Man or not, do you think I'm crazy enough to pass up an opportunity like this?"

Later, while strangling Coongoulde's father's friend, Candied hears the howls of hordes of bloodhounds who are seeking the murderer of the Grand Inquisitor. Leaping on the back of Charging White Stallion, and joined by his faithful Indian companion, Pronto, Candied flees, leaving Coldgoone behind alone . . .



"C'mon, Sliver. You can get over it, boy . . . It's no higher than the other one!"

Arriving in Milpitas, Candied takes a job in the Fiord automobile plant. He meets Cuneforde's brother, and the reunion is happy until brother tries to force Candied to join the union. Candied whips him to death with a lifeguard-designed seat belt. At this point he reflects drolly that he has killed several men.

Pronto helps Candied to escape in the disguise of the dead union man. Soon, however, he is captured by a group of southerners who are going to lynch him, until it is proved that he is really not a "union" man. The southern colonel seems impressed by Pronto . . .



"Har-de-har, har, this heah Pronto's the silliest thing Ah've eveah seen."

Regardless
of the size
of your car...
Sharin System
has the equipment
to wash it
right!



**LOOK
TWICE!**

The ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE



**DON'T GET
FOOLED.. GET
Foster's!**

Foster's
"OLD FASHION"
freeze

Foster's "OLD FASHION" Hamburgers

Hamburgers	19¢	Shrimp and French Fries ..	39¢
Cheeseburgers	23¢	French Fries	10¢
Steak Sandwiches	39¢	Coffee	10¢

WE MAKE UP ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

Don't forget Foster's Freeze for that next party

Just south of the Stadium on El Camino Real
Corner Park Avenue

Phone DA 2-0340
Open 11 A.M.-11 P.M.

Candied yearns for Cunegordie, and it is decided that Pronto will ride Bridey Murphy back to Alviso to rescue her, while Candied makes for Redwood City, where they are all to meet again. Disguised as Candied, Pronto sets out, the southern colonel's scalp swinging from his saddle horn . . .



"Up, Keymo Sabe!! You jumpum log for Candied, now you damn well better jumpum log for Pronto, pronto."

In the company of Martin, editor of a paper known as *Stanford Drooly*, Candied wanders around the Stanford campus. Martin believes that evil is the ruling principle of the world. The University Cashier conducts Candied's tour, and, annoyed that he hasn't been able to appropriate any of the youth's treasure, has him tried by Men's Council on a trumped-up charge . . .



"All right, stranger, are you going to admit selling Test Review booklets for Bio. II, or must this trial, conducted in the Anglo-Saxon tradition of 'innocent until proven guilty,' continue?"

The cashier gets Candied off for a large fee, and then Pronto returns with the news that Cuunguude, no longer beautiful, is now attending school at Mills College. Arriving at that place, they find two gatekeepers who turn out to be Pants-Gloss and Cundegurde's brother, still alive, as if by miracle. Pants-Gloss speaks . . .



"By hobcats, just look at those lovelies on the sun porch . . . Yes, siree, this is the best of all possible jobs."

Once again, Candied kills the pair, and submerges their bodies in a vat of Heinz's sweet pickles.

Gathering up the remnants of the few people that Candied has not killed, the small band of Coalgurdie, Candied, the charging white stallion (Bridey), Pronto, Martin, and Mike Hammer, who somehow wandered in from another story, take up residence in a lower Grant Street opium den. Here each discovers that, despite his personal shortcomings, by persevering in his work and cultivating the habit, he can find happiness at last. We leave our happy couple with Coup-ghouldie cooing softly across the breakfast table . . .



"Thank God this flushinginger story is over, and as for you guys that can't remember my name is Cunegonde, TAKE GAS!"

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ALL THIS: a 64-Day European Vacation; A Vespa—Your Vespa to take home—always at your disposal; Round Trip Passage to Europe; All accommodations arranged and included for a total cost of \$995.00.

—less than \$14.00 per day—

And... The VESPA is yours free; free of transportation; free of duty; free of any obligation when you travel the Vespa Tours.

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The thrills of going—when you please—with whom you please—where you please—and, how you please—are yours. Write for complete and detailed information.



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"And what the hell is that supposed to be, little man?"

CASH FOR YOUR SOUL

by FRANK BEQUAERT



At two minutes to midnight on a cold November night in 1954 three men sat at a conference table high in New York's Creffly Building. These were men of power, little known to the public, but men whose moves on the chessboard that is the national business world were watched by every stockbroker who liked his money crisp and green. At the head of the table sat L. K. Sknul, suave, dapper, and confident in his grey flannel. Director of a hundred of the top nation-wide sales organizations, his men had made him a million selling iceboxes to Eskimos. Next to him, suave, dapper, and confident in his grey gabardine, sat the brilliant Henry Frule, master of the game that is modern advertising. His full-page ads in the Alaskan newspapers had persuaded the Eskimos to turn in their iceboxes and buy deep-freezes. And lastly, just as suave, just as dapper, and just as confident in his grey herringbone, sat I. B. Fruller, president of Mechanical Business, Incorporated, the giant cartel with a mechanical finger in every office in the world that uses a typewriter or adding machine.

The three men nervously watched the clock as the minute hand moved toward the hour. At the instant the two hands bisected the twelve the door opened quietly and the Devil entered. Not that one would have recognized him as the Prince of the Underworld. His suit was as well cut as any of the mortals' in the room. Only the closest look would have revealed the two horns poking through his well-groomed hair and the end of his red tail neatly stuck in his coat pocket. "Gentlemen," said the Devil quietly, "I have called you here for one reason. I have money to spend, but far too little time to spend it in. In short, I can pay cash for as many souls as you can supply. Can you supply them?"

"I have called you in because you three can set up an organization that will fill my needs completely. For what I need is advertising, a sales force, and modern business equipment."

He talked on, mentioning sums that made even these kings of the financial jungle a bit starry-eyed. They thought fast, however, and when Lucifer had finished there was but a moment's pause before they answered as one, "Count me in!"

In an hour the agreements had been signed, and telegrams had been sent across the world offering salaries that were impossible to refuse to key men on every continent. Hell had at last been incorporated.

George Featherby was a happily married resident of Pleasant Creek, Ohio. On a January evening of 1955 he was sitting in the living room glancing through the latest issue of *Times Magazine* when he came upon the advertisement for Hell Incorporated. The ad was a double-page spread picturing Satan in fluorescent red motioning toward a mountain of household goods heaped into the back of a cream-colored convertible parked in front of a twelve-room brick house.

"I NEED YOUR SOUL" was printed in inch-high letters across the top of the page. There was a coupon ("No obligation," naturally) for further information.

George didn't quite know what to make of it, so he took it into the kitchen and showed it to his wife. "Do you think we ought to send in the coupon?" he asked her.

Mrs. Featherby was busy feeding the baby. "Sure," she said glancing at the page, "but could you fill it out in the other room? I'm trying to get supper."

A few days after the coupon had been sent in, the Featherbys received the illustrated booklet *HELL AIN'T SO BAD*. This pamphlet was printed with perfumed ink and, as the movie blurbwriter who wrote it put it, "made hellfire sound like icewater on a hot July day." The children were not forgotten either. In the same mail they each received cutouts of Captain Styx and his entire Video Hell Patrol—the current top early-evening show with the tricycle set; the program "brought to you by your friendly local underworld agent."

On an evening a little over a week later the doorbell at the Featherbys rang. George went to the door. A jovial, well-dressed man stood on the doorstep. He extended his hand. "I'm Demon Smyth of Hell Incorporated. I've been doing a lot of work for the fellows at your plant, and I thought I'd just drop by and we could get acquainted."

George invited him in and introduced his wife. They chatted for a while, and finally the Demon pulled a large folder from his briefcase and handed it to George. "I thought you might be interested, so I had this made up for you." The folder read "Plans for Time Payments for Souls of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Featherby." George opened the cover. Inside were several pages covered with figures and paragraphs of description.

"Of course this only gives two or three alternate plans," said Demon Smyth. "But I chose the ones that I thought might interest you most. This plan"—he pointed to the top of the first page—"gives you monthly payments for life. Of course, if you wish larger payments we have our ten-, twenty-, or thirty-year plans. Naturally we collect your soul at the end of that time."

Mrs. Featherby gave a little gasp of horror. "Oh, it isn't as bad as it sounds, really," said the Demon. "Many couples prefer these plans. It gives them enough funds to live as they choose in their younger years, and when they reach the end of their contract they are able to pass on together. It really is better in many respects. There are no worries about pensions or insurance, for example. But most couples prefer the lifetime payments."

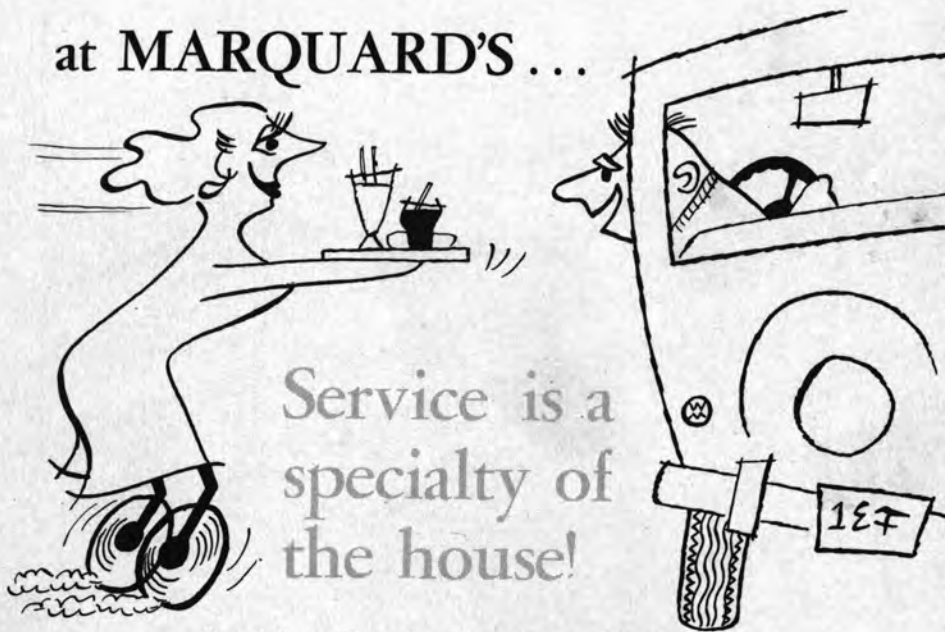
"Can you give us other things than money?" asked George.

(Continued on page 34)

the old boy presents
CAROLEE VIVENSI . . . San Jose
his April Exchange Queen



at MARQUARD'S ...



Service is a specialty of the house!

For "Take-Out" Order call DA 3-9562

meet your friends at

adjoining
the campus

Marquard's
El Camino, Menlo Park



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



still only 5¢

A MODEL'S TALE

He tried me on the sofa,
He tried me on the chair.
He tried me on the window sill,
But couldn't get it there.
He tried me lying on the couch,
I stood against the wall.
I even sat upon the floor,
It wouldn't work at all.
He tried it this and that way,
It really made me laugh
To see how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.

"Now madam, what can I do for you?" asked the butcher.

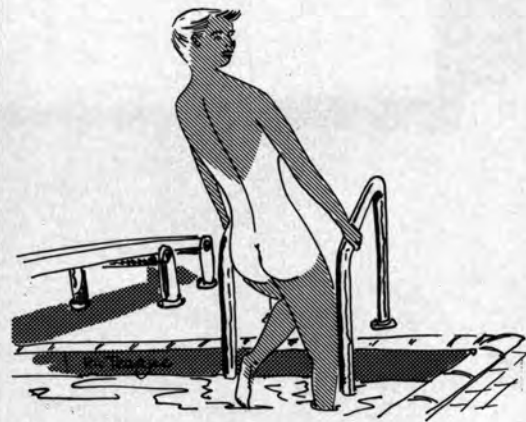
"I'll have a pound of fresh kidneys," said the lady.

"I beg your pardon," said the butcher; "a pound of . . .?"

"Kidneys."

"Er . . . don't you mean 'kidneys' madam?"

"Certainly," replied the irate lady. "I said kidneys, diddle I?"



"What white bathing suit?"

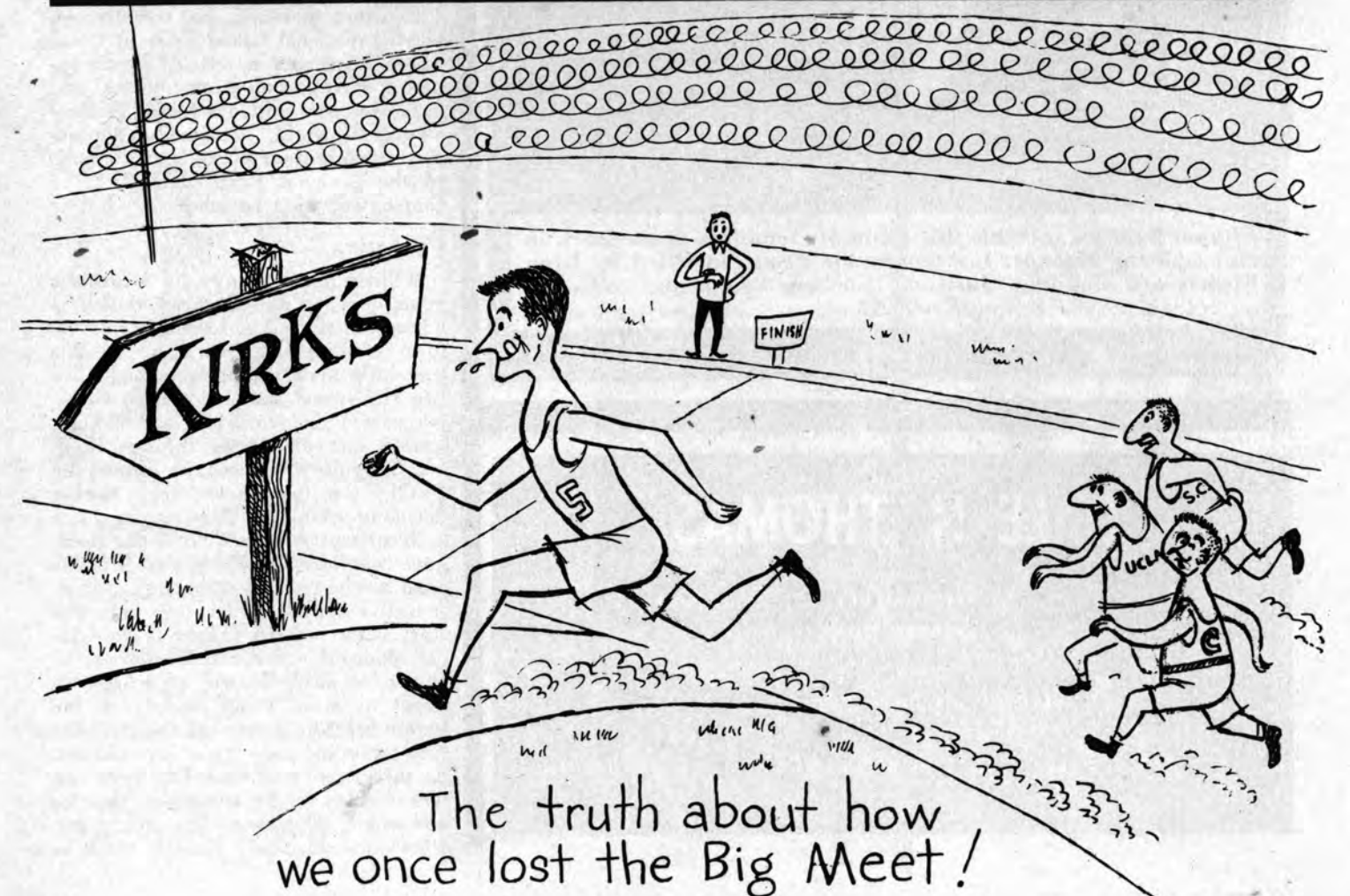
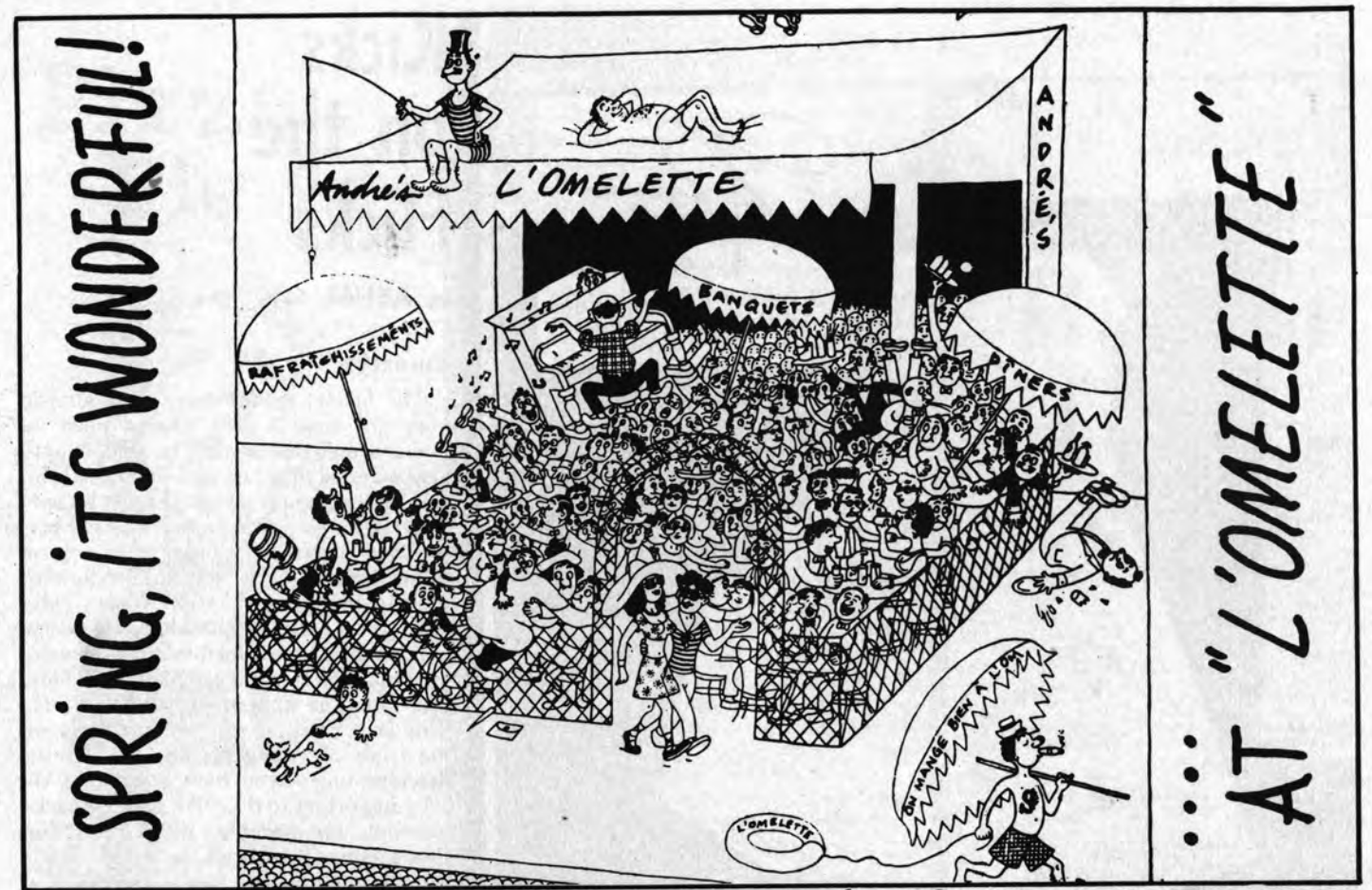
Two boys returning from Sunday School were discussing what they had learned. "Do you believe all that stuff about the devil?" one asked.

"Naw," replied the other, "It's just like Santa Claus—it's your old man."

Two drunks were looking up at the sky. Finally they stopped a third drunk.

First drunk: Hey pal, do me a favor. Is that the sun going down or the moon coming up?

Third drunk (after deep concentration): Sorry buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself.





Rita on Ramona presents this demurely feminine dance frock in embroidered organdy, for the Junior Prom, modeled by Lynn Eichelkraut of Roble. Just one from our spectacular collection . . . from 29.95. Featured—39.95.

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635 High Street

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Free Parking

Kicks on the Flicks

by ABNER ELK

Smarty:

The lovely, tender story of a simple poor girl from a little mining town in Pennsylvania attempting to find happiness married to a rich and titled Englishman. Her chimney sweep (Ernest Boardwalk) tries to persuade her to leave her husband (Marlin Grando) and return to her former job as a sword swallower. The simple poor girl (Getsy Glare) ridicules the advice of the chimney sweep and has him imprisoned in a local butcher shop, where, under the name of Paddy Chevefsky, he writes a best-selling novel. This is, indeed, a truly moving story of the trials of young people. Don't miss this one unless you have something vitally important to do—like playing backgammon, for example. Incidentally, for this picture Boardwalk won the Academy Reward for the best portrayal of a chimney sweep and received the munificent gift of three brand-new brooms. The picture, moreover, just recently won the International Grand Prize at Cann, where the winner is selected by an impartial survey of all the trash cans, garbage cans, and spittoons behind theaters all over the world. The film that appears most often in these places is then awarded the Grand Prize. SMARTY, of course, won by a landslide!

Peeknic:

William Holdout plays a wealthy young playboy who disguises himself as a Stanford student and wanders into the town of Pinpoint, Nebraska. In this tiny little town, strangely enough, live two Hollywood starlets—Susan Grassberger and Slim Novack. These budding starlets immediately see through Holdout's disguise and recognize him as the wealthy star that he is. They quickly decide to ask him to their picnic, where both attempt to seduce him—but Holdout's Stanford disguise has gone to his head and he remains aloof to all of their seductive appeals. Interwoven into this story is the realistic subplot of the typical old-maid schoolteacher who is, of course, an alcoholic, and her valiant attempt to avoid being hooked on the heroin habit by the sly old dope peddler who serves the majority of her students. As the picture continues, one more and more comes to the conclusion that he has seen it all before. The picture finishes on a startlingly realistic touch as

Pizza Pie ?



Mama Mia—for
the best pizza pie
this side of Rome . . .

RENATO

"King of the pizza"

2899 El Camino, Redwood City

EM 6-9762

open 7 days a week
room for private parties

one hundred and fifty extras, disguised as Pinpointers, race down the aisle carrying Holdout, tarred and feathered, on a rail. Due to this surprise ending, no Ku Klux Klan members are allowed into the theater during the last thirty minutes.

The Square Bunghole:

The square, played by Foney Curtiss, slugs his way to fistic obscurity and an impressive marriage to Richard Squidmark, who thought all along that Curtiss was really a female wrestler. A truly gripping story about a mistake that occurred because a curly-haired boxer needed a haircut.

Hell on Frisco Bay:

A remarkably emotional picture that describes the suffering and pathos that occurred when the San Rafael ferry ran aground on a sandbar just off Angel Island, and the passengers were stranded for eighteen days without food or water. This was truly *Hell on Frisco Bay!* A fine picture with much local color and a great deal of sadism—don't miss it!

Two residents of the backwoods country greeted each other one morning.

"Say," queried the first, "what did you give your mule when he had the heaves?"

"Turpentine," offered the other helpfully.

Two weeks later they met again.

"What did you say you gave your mule when he was sick?" again asked the first.

"Turpentine," answered the helpful one.

"Well, I gave it to mine and it killed him."

"Killed mine too," said his pal.

The small boy was very interested in watching a bald-headed man scratch the fringe of hair around the side of his head. The man kept it up so long that the boy finally leaned over and said in a loud whisper: "Say, mister, you'll never catch him that way. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

It was 3 A.M. after a glorious evening. In a few minutes a series of unearthly squawks howled out of the radio. His wife looked into the room and discovered him twisting the dial back and forth frantically.

"For heaven's sake!" she exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing?"

"G'way, g'way! Don't bother me," he yelled. "Some poor devil's locked in the safe and I've forgot the combination."

FOR THAT
EXTRA LITTLE
SOMETHING . . . IT'S

Ramor Oaks



DINNERS
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS

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Atherton, California
EM 6-8434

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MEN ON CAMPUS**



**RENT
FORMAL
WEAR**

Freshly cleaned and pressed formal wear—tailored to fit you perfectly! The accessories are included in the modest cost.



Varsity
Men's Shop

135 University at High • Palo Alto • DA 3-7817



PARDS BAR-B-Q
4191 EL CAMINO REAL PALO ALTO
"ONE BLOCK NORTH OF HICKEY'S"

Open daily, 6:30 a.m. to
midnight
DA 3-5858

Bums:

The Farm Reaps The City's Harvest

By Ric Teague
and Logan Pazdral

Chris Georgeopher, San Francisco's new mayor, is a purposeful man. He was elected on a reform platform, and when he assumed the duties of his office he reorganized the police department, charging his new chief, Fink O'Hearn, to "clean up the City." Georgeopher's reasons for the crusade were clear. He wanted to rid the City of bums. Bums had been crowding him out of the St. Anthony's Bread Line for weeks. He was getting hungry.

So the new mayor turned to his police department. "Fink," he said (that's the chief's name, Fink), "Fink, get those bums off Third Street." Fink O'Hearn is a man true to his trust. When a mayor tells him to "get those bums off Third Street," that's what he gets. Off Third Street.

Billy-swinging bands of the City's fin-



Dugan, long a staunch conservationist, feels "it's a sin" to waste anything. "Think of the starving Armenians," said the graduate student in psychology; "how would they feel if they knew I passed up a half-can of apricot nectar? Hmm, feels warm . . . maybe it's fermented."



Roscoe Schultz, '50, formerly of San Francisco, is caught a few moments before getting up the other morning. Schultz, an honors student when an undergraduate, was able to obtain an excellent position through the Placement Service in 1950. Automation caught up with him, however, as his employer put in automatic pin setters.

est cleared Third Street from Folsom to Mission as Georgeopher's cleanup went into high gear. If all these bums were driven from their haunts, you might ask, where did they go?

Abner "Red Eye" Dugan, '47, gave part of the answer when he said, "There were a lot of us alumni up there. We had reunions every week in the back room of Castro's Billiard Hall and Card-room on Howard, just off Third. When Georgeopher cracked down on indigents, our alumni group was among the first to go. We decided among ourselves that returning to the Farm would insure us of a place to sleep and regular meals. You know," Dugan concluded, "once a member of the Stanford Family, always a member."



"Red Eye" is caught by a Chaparral photographer as he stops by the Cellar to pick up some cigarettes. "Red Eye" can tell by the length of available smokes that "Stanford students are better off than ever before—and their butts are bigger."

Prodigals Return to Stanford



"Red Eye" Dugan, '47, like many other students, enjoys lunching at the Cellar. Here he is shown looking over the menu. "Red Eye" returned to Stanford on a scholarship after finding difficulty converting his A.B. into ready cash. Incidentally, Dugan reports that "there's not much future for paleontology majors on Third Street."



Here, Schultz is caught napping between classes. When he left San Francisco, he found he had some C.I. Bill left and decided to enroll in the Graduate School of Business. Schultz plans to offer his services to the editorial staff of the Daily. "I feel I really owe them something; after all, Scott Tissue is so expensive," joshed Schultz. Once known for clear, concise fiction, he may be able to contribute to the accuracy of the campus paper.

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Wide selection of gifts,
casual room furniture, and
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We gift wrap and mail
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DA 5-7663

Keeble's

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 - Stanford sports pictures
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We specialize in
"that new shoe look"

CINDERELLA SHOE SERVICE

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Village Hardware



Basket Center
of the Peninsula

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natural daylight fitting rooms • air conditioned

DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

formal, cocktail, afternoon
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Sizes: 7 to 15 • 8 to 20 • 12½ to 22½

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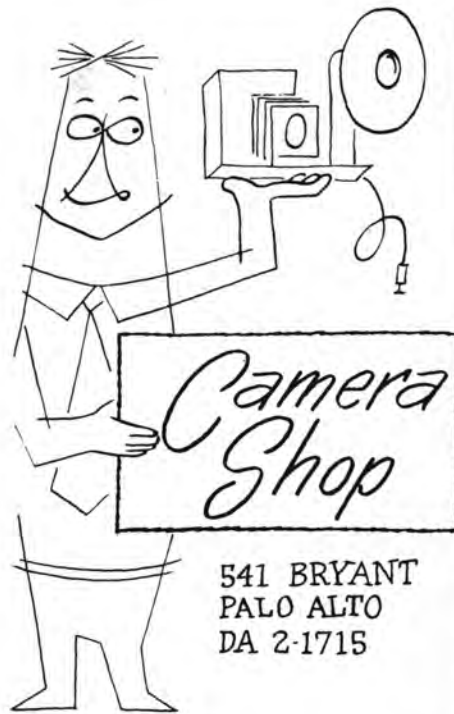
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Binders (zipper and 3-ring),
writing implements (ball
point, "Snorkel" point, regu-
lar point), paper (all kinds)
... we even cash students'
checks!

School Suppliers & Stationers

Congdon & Crome

University at Ramona

SOULS FOR SALE

(Continued from page 23)

"Of course, of course," the Demon smiled. "We're ready to give you anything within reason. We sell a lot of contracts for ageless beauty and luck at cards—that sort of thing. But we find that most settled couples, like yourselves, prefer the monthly payments." He glanced at his watch. "Goodness, I did not realize how long I've been talking. I've got to be getting back. I only have an eleven o'clock lockout tonight. But you keep that folder and I'll drop back and we'll talk some more next week. Good-night." The chair he had been sitting in was suddenly empty.

The Featherbys thought it over. They had been noticing something odd in the behavior of several of the people on their street. The Williamses next door had had trouble making ends meet for years. How could they have left for six months in Bermuda they wondered? Jim Albright had always been up at the break of day and off to work. Now he sat all day with his feet on the porch railing—that is, when he wasn't driving around in his new Jaguar. So the Featherbys thought it over, and when Demon Smyth returned they had their minds made up.

"Just how do we go about signing up?" George asked the Demon. "Perfectly simple. We require a blood pact, you understand, but of course that's perfectly painless. I've got the equipment right here." He showed them a small blood sampling kit. "One blot from each of us in the appropriate blanks in the official form and a sample from each of you for the home office, and we're done. Now, just which plan did you have in mind?"

The details were quickly concluded. The Demon left George with a four-page legal-looking document, his copy of "An Agreement for the Gradual Accrual of the Souls of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Featherby," and ten crisp twenty-dollar bills—"a bonus for immediate action," as the Demon had put it. The Agreement stated that Mr. and Mrs. Featherby would receive a payment of five hundred dollars per month—subject, of course, to the conditions on pages two and three—for the rest of their mortal lives.

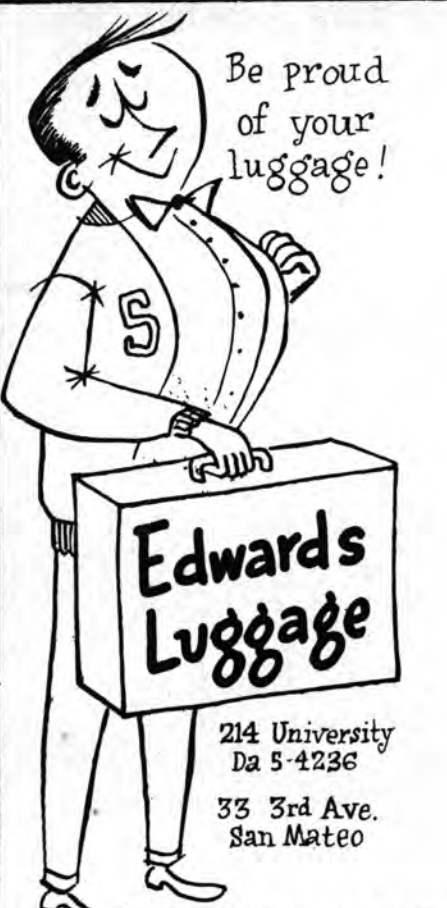
The Featherbys could hardly believe their luck. George immediately quit his job. On the first of the next month he and his wife were out to meet the mailman at the front gate. They were handed a long brown envelope marked "Personal." Eagerly George tore it open. Inside there was a neatly typed punched-card check from Hell Incorporated. But the check was for two hundred and three dollars.

George called Demon Smyth. "Why's our check for only two hundred and three?" he demanded angrily.

Demon Smyth's voice was smooth. "Did you read through your agreement?" he asked.



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of your
luggage!



214 University
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Palo Alto
Melody Lane
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DA 3-5791



ACME GLASS
635 Emerson

People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones! But—should someone heft a missile at you, Acme has the glass to make you as happy as before.

"No," said George, "not all the fine print."

"Well, it explains our deductions. First, there's income tax."

"Income tax!" George was really mad.

"Of course," said the Demon calmly. "The money we're paying you is income, isn't it? You wouldn't want us to break any laws, would you?"

"No," said George, "but that sure doesn't cut it down to two hundred dollars."

"Well, if you'd read Clause 9, you'd have seen that we've prorated your payments for the portion of your souls that we already own. That knocked off a good hundred in your case."

"What do you mean 'already own'?" demanded George.

"I don't have your record right at hand," said Demon Smyth, "but I think it was mainly the usual little things—cheating on tests at school, broken promises; they all add up, you know."

"I see," said George resignedly. "What else did you take off for?"

"Only one or two other little items, like repentance and accident insurance," said the Demon.

"Repentance insurance! What in Hell is that?"

"Actually, it's not handled in Hades; one of the companies in Hartford takes care of it for us. It's just that we have to cover ourselves in case one of our clients repents at the last minute and we lose his soul. Then of course, if there's an accident and a client passes on before we own his soul completely, we have to litigate. And that's a bit expensive, even if we do have some of the best lawyers on our side. Were there any other questions that you had?"

"No," said George. He hung up.

"Well, I'll be damned," said George. And he was. ■■

King Arthur: I heard you have been misbehaving.

Knight of the Round Table: In what manor, sir?

"Who's that?"

"A girl I used to sleep with."

"Yes, where?"

"Econ 1."

In an English political oration: "I was born an Englishman, I have lived an Englishman, and I hope I shall die an Englishman."

From the back of the hall in an unmistakable accent came the question: "Mon, hae ye no ambition?"



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food to take out
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Barbara Bridge of Union models a breathtaking three-tiered bouffant nylon formal of powder blue for the Junior Prom . . . 39.98. One of the many from the fine selection at Wilhelmina's.



Serving the finest in Chinese and American foods

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544 Emerson St.

Open 11:00 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Wednesdays. DA 3-1735



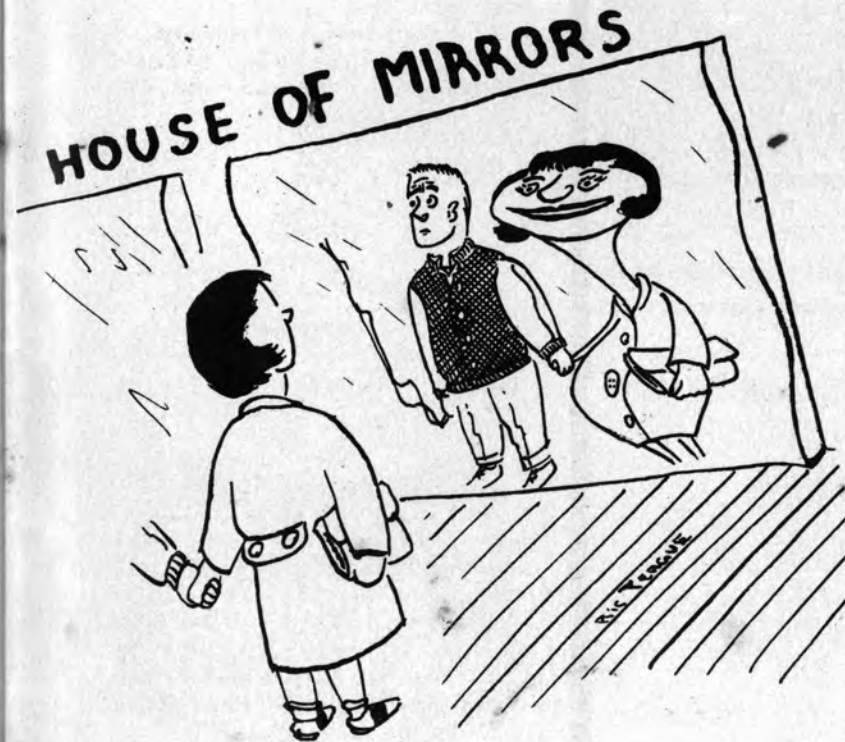
if you're looking for a real tall, cool and refreshing drink—try a cooler at Betty and Lee's

BETTY & LEE'S STEAK HOUSE
 4020 EL CAMINO

DA 2-3869



"What say, Jacque . . . How they hangin'?"

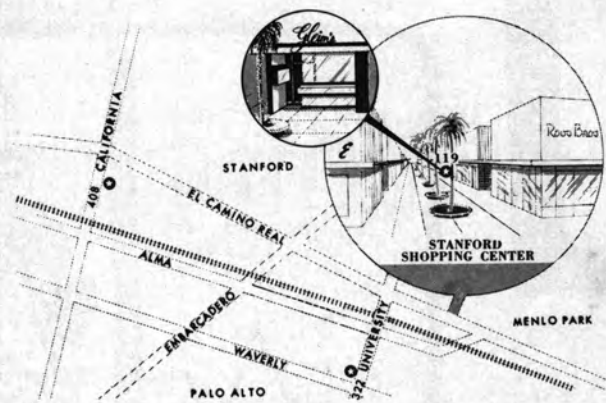


"Well—you ain't exactly the student prince yourself."



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down on the Farm**

Our **THIRD** store
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322 University
408 California



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AL POAGE'S RADIO CENTER

Auto Radio

Home Radio

*Specializing in Repair of Auto Radios
and Phonographs*

Tenant: The people upstairs are very annoying. Last night they stomped and banged on the floor until after midnight.

Landlord: Did they wake you?

Tenant: No, luckily I was up—playing my tuba.

The following tabulation shows the answer to three questions asked about Jr. Prom last year. Student body reply fell into these percentage divisions:

QUESTION: Did you go to Jr. Prom?
Yes 35%
No 45%
Don't know 20%

QUESTION (asked of those who went to the dance): Did you take your date straight home after the dance?

Yes 3%
No 43%
Don't know 54%

QUESTION (asked of those who didn't take their dates straight home): What did you do after the dance?

Yes 78%
No 11%
Got disgusted 3%
Miscellaneous 8%
Tried 100%

He read the textbook,
He studied his notes.
He outlined both,
Then summarized his outline.
Then outlined his summary on 3x5 cards.
Then reduced the card outline to one single card.
Boiled the card down to a sentence,
Boiled the sentence down to a phrase,
Boiled the phrase down to a word.
Entered the exam;
Analyzed the question;
And then,
Forgot
The
Word.

He drank with curvy Mable,
The pace was fast and furious.
He slid beneath the table—
Not drunk, but merely curious.

"Heard you were moving a piano, so I came over to help."
"Finished already."
"Alone?"
"Nope, hitched the cat to it and drug it up."
"You mean your cat hauled that piano up two flights of stairs? How could a cat haul up that heavy piano?"
"Used a whip."



**Spring is really here . . .
at SPIRO'S!**

If spring fever hasn't hit you yet—just drop by Spiro's and pick up a severe case!

Here's the spring sportswear that'll send you heading for the golf course . . . the beach . . . or the boathouse in style: for fellas, linen-type blazers and sport car coats . . . Ivy League khakis and white ducks . . . swim suits and sport shirts that just won't stop!

And for the gals: spring shirts and blouses . . . Bermuda shorts and skirts . . . terry cloth beach wear . . . the very latest swim suit styles—that'll make you the belle of the spring ball, anywhere!

*At the Finest Sporting Goods Store in
the West!*



**Catty Corner from Stanford Stadium
Town & Country Village, El Camino Real**

Why Do More Couples Come To CARLYLE Jewelers FOR THEIR ENGAGEMENT RINGS?

They come because they have shopped and compared and have found that Carlyle's prices are never higher and in most instances are substantially lower than the prices elsewhere for the same quality diamonds.

Three of our newest, most delightful creations are shown here. Original designs of rare beauty, all are set with the finest quality diamonds.



All sets available in 14K white or yellow gold, palladium, or platinum.



We should like to explain to you how color, cutting, and clarity contribute to a diamond's beauty and value. Whether looking for a diamond of moderate size and price or one that is majestic, we believe we can help you make the right selection.



YOUR COLLEGE JEWELER

Take 12 Months to Pay The Easy Carlyle Way



NEVER AN EXTRA CHARGE FOR CREDIT

PALO ALTO 218 University DA 3-2834

HARDEST 50 YEARS

(Continued from page 15)

CLINK!

The riotous party has come to be an H & C trademark. Perhaps more than any other University organization, Hammer and Coffin has become equated with the happy clink of martini glasses and the steamy froth which forms the head on good lager beer. Some of the Society binges have been heroic. One in particular occurred a few years back when the editor and a staff member woke up the following Sunday morning in a Palo Alto Borden's milk truck parked on the main street of Monterey. Horrified, they shook the cobwebs out of their heads and drove back to Palo Alto (using only the side roads). They returned the truck Sunday afternoon, locked it up carefully, and snuck back onto campus. So far as they were ever able to ascertain, no one ever knew the truck was gone.

For years the Society has liked its beer, and occasionally some of the boys have gotten utterly boiled. But the H & C can point to this . . . never has a Society party reached the point of obnoxiousness, and never have the members busted up a place. The boys drink, but more or less like gentlemen.

WE HAVE A HALL OF FAME

A Society which by its very nature is devoted to the inclusion of campus zanies of all sorts is bound to have a long list of members whose individual accomplishments approach genius. Here, for the record, are a few of them.

Charlie Thompson, class of 1902, reports that he's written "over 500 risque limericks in the past year." He plans to write 500 more next year.

Herbert Hoover, Jr., and Bill Irwin in 1922 bamboozled the University by impersonating their famous fathers (Bill Irwin's father was Will Irwin, also a Chappie and a Pulitzer Prize winner; Hoover's father was once a Stanford football manager) over a faked radio-telephone hookup with Washington, D.C.

Henry Mack in 1924 became the first man to jump into the Union fountain with all his clothes on.

Bill Wright in 1925 gained immortality by referring to the Campanile as "the musical silo." It wasn't many years later, though, that Cal students got the opportunity to throw that one back at us. But, being Cal students, their terms for our tower were far less dignified, although along the same lines.

Barney Gould in 1931 drove his Austin roadster into the Toyon court, which somewhat disrupted the Senior Ball then in progress.

Barney McClure in 1939 climbed the scaffolding of the then unfinished Hoover tower to the top of the little dome in a strong windstorm and spat over the entire campus. After doing so, he climbed down.

In 1950 Jerry Pruett carried a sign reading "Chappie—Wed.—30¢" across the Mem Aud stage during a Civ Lecture

while riding a pogo stick. The professor was annoyed.

In 1953 Noel de Nevers became the first man to attend the Military Ball in a Boy Scout uniform. Also in 1953 Tom Timberlake became the first man to slide down the Union Square Garage's fire pole in full evening dress while singing the "Marseillaise."

Gad, what men!

FEUDIN' AND A-FIGHTIN'

For years, the Chappie has feuded with the *Daily*, sometimes seriously, but usually in a friendly manner. When the Chappie's offices were on the second floor of the journalism building, the Chappies perpetually used to flood the *Daily* shack out, either with water bags or, occasionally, fire hoses. In recent years the main bone of contention has been the utterly unsportsmanlike policy of the *Daily* to refuse to print scores of *Daily-Chappie* football games. Last year, as a matter of fact, the *Daily* printed the article but reversed the score. The Chappie had massacred the *Daily* 26-6, and an article appeared giving an absolute baldfaced lie about the outcome. The Chappies abhor unethical journalistic chicanery of this sort.

Chappie-Daily athletics have gone on for years. Time was when the two publications played a gag game each year in between halves of some minor football game. In later years, during the war, the *Daily* and the Chappie squared off in chugalug baseball games. Chugalug baseball is played exactly like ordinary baseball, except a runner must drink a full can of beer before he can progress from one base to the next. Prize to the winner: a keg of beer. Longest game on record: almost two innings.

NOW THAT'S ABOUT ALL . . .

H & C has an alumni group which compares favorably with most . . . they range from Ex-*New Republic* Editor Bruce Bliven to Governor Knight (turn them loose in a cage sometime and see what happens), from Under Secretary of State Herbert Hoover, Jr., to Doodles Weaver, from *Who's Who's* Mike Ely to showboat impresario Barney Gould. Doodles Weaver stories, of course, are a history unto themselves and have been recounted time and time again. Who else but the piano-smashing Doodles would rename his family home the "Club Foote" and turn it into a full-fledged operating cabaret for an entire summer while his parents were abroad? That is to say, it was scheduled to operate for the full summer, but the police closed it down. Weaver fact and Weaver legend are hopelessly intermingled (the absolutely unbelievable stories are mostly legend), and barely bore retelling the last time. Let them lie, and look to the new crop of Hammer and Coffin men to supply the legends and tales for the next fifty years. The funny boys gravitate this way . . . bring 'em on and let 'em do their best. We'll watch, and we'll have fun watching.

Lanz Originals Imported cottons, organdies, dimities, and piques in casual and dressy dresses.

Exclusive at Phelps-Terkel in Palo Alto

PHELPS-TERKEL

219 University, Palo Alto

Imported dimity stripe dress, modeled by Judy Howe, campus representative



50' Schooner Story II

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She serves California's favorite ice cream and milk!

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Custom Blended for MILDNESS

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GOLDFISH BOWL TEST PROVES HOLIDAY'S FRESHNESS

If moisture can't get in, naturally freshness can't get out. Holiday's heat-sealed wrap-around pouch is flavor-tight—for a fresher, cooler smoke. Easy to carry, too—no bulky corners.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

*PROOF from an EXPERT

A sample of Holiday Pipe Mixture in a plain wrapper was shown to the custom blender in a nationally famous tobacco shop. "Can you duplicate this tobacco?" he was asked. After careful examination, he said, frankly, that he couldn't. Although he could identify the types of tobacco used and could supply them in a \$6 a pound mixture, he couldn't guess the secret of the blend!

AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE MIXTURE... Canada's Finest Too!



And, speaking of lights, did you know that there's only one place where a red light means what yellow and green lights mean instead of what a red light means?

Gal: Say, that's a bad gash you have on your forehead; how did you get it?
Guy: I bit myself.
Gal: Come, come, now, how could you bite yourself on your forehead?
Guy: I stood on a chair.

A pretty little wench
Sat upon a bench
Looking very coy
At every passing boy.
Rosy red lips,
Beautiful hips.
Darn shame she was bald.

Down in Arkansas after a severe wind-storm, an old moonshiner noticed that the wind had blown away all of his daughter's clothes and everything except the diamond pin she had been wearing. "How did you manage to save the pin?" asked the moonshiner.

"I put it in my mouth," replied the daughter.

"Well," said the father, "if your mother had been home we could have saved the horse and buggy, too."

Three salesmen were sitting in a tavern having a few rounds of beer.

"I hate to see a woman drink alone," said the liquor salesman.

"I hate to see a woman eat alone," added the grocery salesman.

The mattress salesman remained silent, like a gentleman.

An aging farmer who had little patience with prankish children finally succumbed to the wiles of his young and attractive housekeeper, the mother of a seven-year-old brat. Soon after the marriage she took off for the big city to do some personal shopping. Upon her return some days later she asked her son how he got along with his new father.

"Just fine," exclaimed the boy. "Every morning he took me out on the lake in a row boat and let me swim back."

"Heavens—isn't that a long distance for you to swim?" his mother gasped.

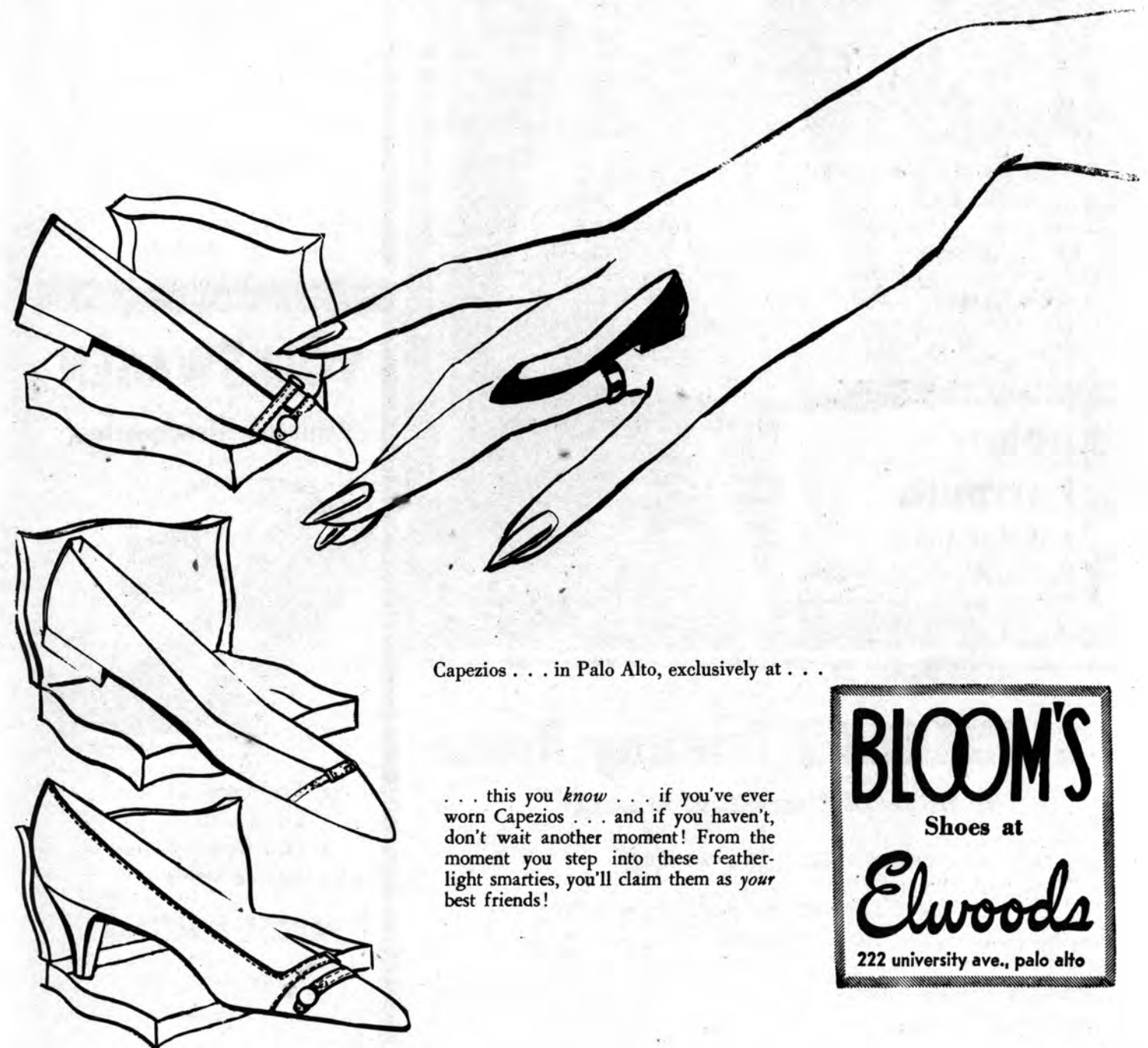
"Oh, I made it all right," said the boy. "Only trouble I had was getting out of the bag."

It would take approximately sixty million gallons to float the Beta house away.

Capezios

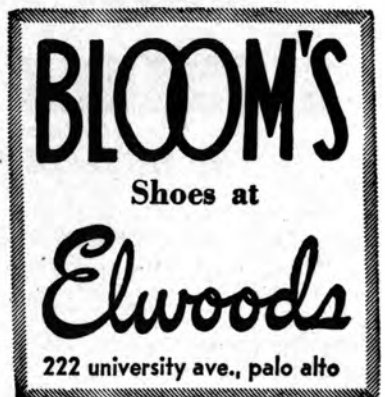
~~diamonds~~

...are a girl's best friend!



Capezios . . . in Palo Alto, exclusively at . . .

. . . this you know . . . if you've ever worn Capezios . . . and if you haven't, don't wait another moment! From the moment you step into these feather-light smarties, you'll claim them as your best friends!





Anne Eastham models a shirtwaist dress of no-iron cotton in a striped floral print. Fashioned for tall, it highlights a pleated bodice front with rhinestone sparkles, notched open collar, and cuffed wing sleeves. Lilac with pink, maize or aqua. Sizes 10-20 \$16.95

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welt seam, hook vent, cotton cord odd sacks in tan, blue, and grey—19.50
dacron and cotton poplin suits, welt seams, hook vent, in burnt olive, tan, and oxford grey—39.50
largest selection of sport belts and deep tone neck wear. belts of india madras, club stripe elastic, and hand-blocked challis—2.50-3.50. ties in rep stripe, foulard, and challis—2.50

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Campus Representative: Allen L. Neelley, AΔΦ

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for Stanford

643 Emerson Street

Palo Alto

The Old Boy Hits the Beach

by Bruce Murphy and Hall Seely



In the east, with the oncome of the first warm weather of spring, President Eisenhower took time off from his arduous duties, and traveled to Miami for a week of fun, golf, and relaxation. On the west coast, an equally famous personage, The Old Boy, finally found time to answer the many invitations from the Balboa Chamber of Commerce, and made Balboa his spring vacation residence for 1956. As a guest of the Chamber of Commerce, he rested his pale, weary body, and enjoyed a week of sun, surf, sand, and sex. With his Chamber of Commerce brochure acting as a guide to picturesque spots and activities, he managed to take a few pictures of this romantic little resort town and some of the good people who live and visit there during this week, and to bring back a few clippings for his scrapbook.

The Old Boy, reading in his C. of C. brochure that "Paddleboarding on the placid waters of Balboa's land-locked waters is a relaxing pastime which is

enjoyed by many as one of the safer water sports," decided to try it one afternoon. Shown here paddleboarding with the Old Boy are Tammy Tachapelli and Ed Grunt.



Newport Balboa Press
MARCH 24, 1956

Residents Brace Selves For Collegiate Mob!

Citizens Committee Offers to Help Police Control Drinking, Dope, and Sex Orgies!

Chief of Police Angus P. McGurk gave his thanks at the City Council meeting today to those service clubs and individual citizens who have volunteered their aid in controlling the revelries of the great throngs. "This will be a great help," said Chief McGurk, "and, in addition to the Pinkerton men we're calling in, should give us a sufficient force. If not, we have definite promises of relief from law enforcing agencies throughout Orange County. We plan to stop any riots this year by using tear gas and fire hoses. Should the situation reach last year's proportions, the National Guard will definitely be called in once again and, if necessary, we will declare the town under martial law."

When interviewed, residents showed different emotions: Mr. A. J. Crotchet: "These kids are all right, but when they run out of money... well, last year they barbecued my cat!" Mrs. T. S. Smith: "Speaking on behalf of the united PTA, women's clubs, and churches, I want to remind all women and children to be off the streets by 9 p.m." Ed Artusi, Pres. Balboa CamTwisters: "Any guys messin' 'roun' with our ginch is lookin' for a quick five in the mouth!" Mrs. Lotta Stanford: "I'm certainly glad that other schools this year; they seem to set such a good example for the other young people."

Cutting finals and arriving early for Spring Vacation, the Old Boy noticed an article in the local newspaper showing the high degree of anticipation held by the residents for the coming vacation and the accompanying vacationers.



Every bit as important in Balboa as a ferry is in any other town, the 5-minute cruise across the bay from the Peninsula to Balboa Island delighted the Old Boy. Chatting with the captain of this seaworthy tug, the Old Boy found that in one year this barge travels as far as a steamer does from Kansas City, Kansas, to Boise, Idaho. Shown watching the fish swim by is Ed Grunt.



Long accustomed to fine Peninsula cuisine, the Old Boy was not disappointed when he read in his C. of C. brochure that "Balboa has many fine restaurants to please any gourmet. Places to dine include expensive, exotic, and atmospheric establishments, catering to the epicurean's palate." Here the Old Boy is shown visiting the Jolly Roger, local eating establishment noted for its high-class clientele. Many famous local residents eat here, including Typhoid Mary.



Stars of stage and screen find Balboa a happy retreat from the hustle and bustle of near-by Hollywood. In fact, Balboa's beauty is greatly enhanced in the spring and summer months when starlets escaping from filmland's bright lights migrate in profusion to glory in the sunlight and sea breezes native to Balboa.



Caves, rocks, and pounding surf of the shoreline of Corona del Mar, on the easterly edge of Newport Harbor, are favorite beauty spots for artists and photographers and their models. Movie companies claim that coasts of all the world can be duplicated around the margins of Newport Bay.



A favorite sport of all local inhabitants is watching the submarine races between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. Here the Old Boy is seen watching the submarine races from an especially good viewpoint.



Balboa's favorite fun-spot, the World Renowned Fun Zone, proved to be every bit as exciting as the brochure told the Old Boy it would be. "Here young and old alike gather to enjoy games, shows, and clean, healthy exercise with other congenial beach vacationers." Pictured above is Local Rat Pack No. 409.

Running low on funds, the Old Boy took heed of the guide book's suggestion for an interesting but inexpensive evening of enjoyment: "No visit to the Harbor area during vacation time would be complete without a leisurely stroll through the charming business district of Balboa Island. A walk down Marine Avenue or any of the jolly little side streets of this island village is almost certain to furnish some stimulating exercise and provide the vacationer with an exhilarating pick-me-up."



Having packed all the pleasures offered year-round by the Balboa area into two riotous weeks, the Old Boy is regrettably forced to take his leave in order to avoid further late registration fees. He therefore bids a debonair farewell to city officials, who have been his almost constant hosts.

On his return trip he is to be accompanied by Chief of Police McGurk, who is traveling north to confer with various law enforcement agencies. The Old Boy was delayed a little in his departure as the chief had to say a few words to the citizens' committee who had come, tar vats bubbling, to see them off.

"I want to thank you all for your support over the spring holidays. The situation was kept fairly well in hand by the local force. The tardy arrival of the National Guard when called for was the only serious breakdown in our system. I hope to have this remedied by next year and on my visit north will consult with the governor to see if the troops might be stationed in closer proximity to our area during the spring vacation period. Also, I have high hopes that my conferences with the Men's Council and Fundamental Standard Committee at Stanford University concerning the age-old tradition of Panty-Raiding will prove fruitful in providing our local force with advice on controlling situations of mob violence."

**STRANGER
THAN
FICTION
DEPARTMENT**

Since we wanted to make the foregoing article on Balboa as authentic as possible, we decided to use photographs and backgrounds from the Newport-Balboa area itself. Balboa resident Hall Seely teamed with Bruce Murphey to write the article before spring vacation. Seely was then going to take the pictures that the two had planned and send them to the CHAPPIE office the first day of vacation. Some of the pictures arrived and several more didn't. As a result, you may recognize some of our "Balboa" scenery as rather characteristic of the Bay Area. The letter that Mr. Seely sent along with the pictures that he managed to get is all true. We thought it was somewhat of a "classic," and so decided to print it here. Truly, truth is often stranger, and perhaps funnier, than fiction.

—EDITOR

Dear Old Boy,

It's been a spectacular week end combining taking of the pictures with taking of the gas. To make a long story short, a few of the better pictures were ruined in a little skirmish. I had 2 shots left on the roll upon which I had got some pretty good mob shots at the fun-zone, Jolly Roger, etc. Anyway, I was cruising along looking for some hoods to shoot when I ran into that Cholo war Elk was joking about.

I took a shot—it was night and so used a flash. They either thought I was shooting tracer bullets at them or was a local secret agent trying to get everyone's picture in the criminal file. I soon found myself down from my perch on top of a near-by car. I tried to explain about the CHAPARRAL but apparently your circulation isn't too good. Here's a box score of what followed:

BOX SCORE

For the Bad Guys

- Tore antenna off Seely's car
- Smashed Seely's left tail light
- Hit Seely's head with Pepsi bottle
- Gave Seely a headache
- Tore open back of Seely's camera
- Ruined best roll of film
- For Seely, Some Good Hoods, & 2 Cops (at the Last Minute)**
- Got 3 of the bad guys arrested
- Confiscated one of their cars
- Smashed fleeing car windows with same Pepsi bottle
- Seely pounded one guy's head into brick house wall

Final Score: Bad Guys 6,
Good Guys 4

This is the perfect week and it's a crime we didn't have a couple more guys (preferably over 6' and 200 lbs.) and more time. There will probably be more this week.

Also ran into trouble because cops, MP's, SP's, liquor store proprietors just won't let a camera get near them, period!

That's all, chief,
S/CASEY (Crime Photographer)

P.S. Your camera is OK, only the catch on the back is broken.

P.P.S. What's the address of the Chappie's claims department? My insurance company will probably want to know.

A drunk was wobbling along the street when he walked into a telephone pole. Feeling the pole up and down he started working his way around it until he had made a complete circle back to where he started. Then he sat dejectedly down on the sidewalk.

"Sno use," he said resignedly. "I'm fenced in."

"Hello?"
"Hello, is this Dr. Wassermann?"
"Yes it is."
"Are you positive?"

A theatre usher was astonished to see a big brown bear sitting in the front row munching a bag of peanuts.

"Hey," he whispered, "where'd you get the peanuts? I thought the machine was broken."

A comely co-ed met her aunt downtown Saturday night and was given the aunt's paycheck to take home. On the way home she was held up.

"Help! Help! I've been robbed!" she cried. "Someone has taken my aunt's pay!"

A policeman quieted her. "Cut out the pig-Latin and tell me what happened," he said.

Virginia had a little quart
Of cider, hard as steel.
And everywhere she went, 'twas sport
To watch Virginia reel.

Scene in an English Barroom—

Limey: Allo, Mary. Are you 'aving one?

Mary: No, it's just the cut of me coat.

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**POETRY
FOR
HE
AND SHE**

There once was a pious young priest
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
"For," he said, "it is plain,
We must all rise again,
And I want to get started, at least."

God's plan made a hopeful beginning,
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory;
But, at present, the other side's winning.

There was a young lady of Wantage
Of whom the Town Clerk took advantage.
Said the County Surveyor,
"Of course you must pay her;
You've altered the line of her frontage."

In Egypt there once lived a teaser,
And all of the boys wished to squeeze
her,
But after a while
She went down the Nile—
And you should have seen Julius Caesar.

There was a young lady named Green,
Who grew so abnormally lean
And flat and compressed
That her back touched her chest
And sideways she couldn't be seen.

There was a young fellow named Sydney
Who drank till he ruined his kidney.
It shriveled and shrank,
As he sat there and drank—
But he had a good time at it, didn't he?

There was once a fraternity president
Who socially seemed a bit hesitant,
So no one had guessed
That his Wassermann test
Involved many a girls' Row resident.

There was a young monk from Siberia
Whose morals were rather inferior;
He did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

That bottle of perfume that Willie sent
Was highly displeasing to Millicent.
Her thanks were so cold
They quarreled, I'm told,
Through that silly scent Willie sent Millicent.

There was a young lady of Kent
Whose nose was most awfully bent.
One day, I suppose,
She followed her nose—
For no one knows which way she went.

A maiden at college, named Breeze,
Weighted down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed from the strain.
Said her doctor, "It's plain
You are killing yourself by degrees!"

A Chicago meat packer named Young,
One day, when his nerves were unstrung,
Pushed his wife's Ma—unseen—
In the chopping machine,
Then canned her and labeled her
"tongue."

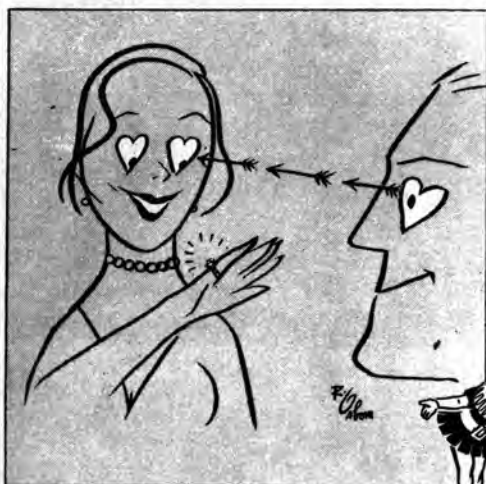
A thoughtful old man of Lahore,
When a subject was getting a bore,
Would wisely arrange
Conversation to change
By falling in fits on the floor.

There was an old man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't."
I'm sure glad it wasn't a hornet."

If Kinsey's figures prove right
(And I surely don't doubt that they
might),
That just for the thrill
9 out of 10 will,
Why'd I get the 10th one last night?

I once thought a lot of a friend,
Who turned out to be in the end
The southernmost part
(As I'd feared at the start)
Of a horse with a northerly trend.

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