

LARGEST SELLING HUMOR MAGAZINE ON THE STANFORD CAMPUS

# Chappie

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
MAY 1945

*Shirley Starns*

## ARTICLES

DOUG HASTINGS  
SONTAG SHINBUNNY  
DICK DRISCOLL

## FICTION

VIRGINIA BURKS  
RENE ZENTNER  
THE OLD BOY  
JAMES G. EMERSON, JR.

## ART

ARTHUR LITES  
ED McLELLAN  
PAT PIERCE

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ED McLELLAN  
BOB SYMONS

## VERSE

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(COVER)

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"Esky" fig. © Esquire, Inc.

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR  
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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# Roos Bros THE SHACK ON CAMPUS

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# Roos Bros

May, 1945

1



NOW THAT things in Europe have quieted down, we are happier than hell to report that one of our ex-Old Boys is safe and sound after a long siege in one of Hitler's Kriegsgefangenen hostels. That's a P.O.W. camp. Don Allan had gone into the Army Air Forces in February of 1943, after enlisting early in 1942 and awaiting his call while attending Stanford. He went through the routine of being turned from a college boy into a bombardier without incident, and was married on the day he got his wings. He left for the Italian theater early in 1944, and we used to hear quite often from him. He had had many missions, he had been slightly wounded, he had wandered around the ruins of Rome, and was disappointed in Italy because he expected "to see some flashy-eyed señoritas, and drink some fine Italian wine" but found instead that all the señoritas weighed 200 pounds and had moustaches, and the wine caused several cases of blindness among American troops unfortunate enough to come into contact with any of it. Our last direct word from him came in July, dated July 2, and it developed that he had gone down in combat on July 3, over Hungary. Of six planes, with ten men each, that went down that day, only four parachutes were seen to open by surviving planes. Things didn't look too hopeful, and a month passed with no word. On August 21, on his first wedding anniversary, the joyful news came that he was safe, a German prisoner in Stalag Luft III, along with Barney McClure, another ex-Old Boy. When the Russians threatened Breslau, the Germans moved the camp, and Don was sent to Nuremberg. Communications were almost completely cut off by the confusion of the imminent Nazi collapse, and no one knew what had happened to Don. Finally, when Nuremberg fell, the word came. Don had been liberated by his own father, Colonel C. V. Allan, who was with the Seventh Army, which took Nuremberg. Tie that one.—D. D.

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# Chappie

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

May 1945

Volume 46, No. 6

1944-45

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# BACKSTAGE WITH CHAPPIE



Bob Rieser

The great cartoon of the San Francisco Security Conference on page 24 was whipped off the capable pen of CAPTAIN BOB RIESER, '42, former CHAPPIE art editor. Gnome-like, mustachioed ace Rieser has recently returned from the South Pacific, where he spent plenty of time and very little money. "You may remember," he writes, "how I used to pound the piano in the CHAPPIE office day and night. Well, when I went over to Saipan, all the boys in the outfit decided that I shouldn't have a piano, but I bought one anyway, and had it shipped out there. It landed with the first wave of Marines, and acquitted itself with distinction, but by the time I got there, it was pretty well shot. However, I managed to borrow G-strings from some of the natives and fixed things up. You ought to hear my version of 'Chopsticks.' Am I in it!"

ADOLF (BARNEY) GUGEL, whose aimless meanderings have filled these pages for lo, these many years, writes, "You might say that my background is a little peculiar. I was born in the dead of night on February 31, 1904, in a dumbwaiter which had stalled between the third and



Barney Gugel

fourth floors at the old Palace Hotel in Winnebago. My mother and father were cousins, and that's why I look so much alike. I started writing at a tender age, and by the time I was ten I could write my name without any mistakes. By the time I was twelve I could write the principal's name on a forged report card, which was a big mistake. After I got out of the hospital I took up writing in a commercial way, and got so proficient that you couldn't tell my signature from Henry Morgenthau's without a microscope. I still have the first dollar I ever made, framed and hung on the wall of my cell." Gugel's love for jazz, illustrated in his department *The Rhythm Section*, comes as a direct result of his long experience with Joe Twangggggg, and his Rubber Band. Gugel used to tickle the ivories with a dustcloth in some of the best joints in Chicago, and as a symbol of his love for hot music, he has worn bands on his teeth for years.

JIM EMERSON, JR., whose poem, "It's Time," appears on page 41, writes, "For some time I have had a great deal of fun writing short poems, quips, limericks, and other similar novelties to send with corsages, greeting cards, and things of that nature. These have always been original, and pertained to the person involved. If you like the 'humor' or idea of this type of poem, and if you would like some more about campus BMOC's or University personages, I would be glad to write something for you. When I feel like it I write these things anyway, although I don't keep a record of them; and if you can make use of these poems, you are welcome to use them. Please don't think I am trying to be forward or force myself into a position on your staff. I am really only thinking out loud." Mr. Emerson is known to the campus as Student Manager, and writes poems in his spare time.

Button-cute BOB BREER, the stand-out artist of CHAPPIE's stable, was bald until he was twelve, and, as he says, "It marked me for life. I got off to a bad start when my parents got so confused they kept the stork and let me fly away. It was weeks before the smoke cleared away, and my father isn't sure to this day that he got the best possible deal." Breer has never learned to write, but he has been drawing since he can remember. "I used to get a huge bang out of drawing beards on the subway ads, but I began to lose interest after my fiftieth birthday, and I used to think



Bob Breer

about getting down to brass tacks and earning a living. Public interest in the flagpole-sitting racket was beginning to dwindle, so I found myself up a tree, without a skilled trade. I went to work as an artist's model for awhile, and when the artist died I took over his practice and have been getting away with murder ever since." A good example of Breer's particular type of murder will be found on page 18.

DICK DRISCOLL, author of *The "Mary Alice" Comes Home*, got off to a great start in life, being born with a silver foot in his mouth. He attended Carthay Center Grammar School, Whittier School for Delinquent Boys, and finally Stanford University. As he says, "According to the dictionary, taut means tight; I guess I got taught a lot in school after all. After leaving school, I went down to Hollywood to break into the movies. I got one small part, playing the part of a truss in *The Battle of the Bulge*, but after that I gravitated to greater things and got a job in a carnival. I was a magician's assistant, and every night I was sawed in half. Believe me, I made a lovely couple."



Dick Driscoll

## Talking Shop with Chappie

**LOUNGING GOWNS DELUXE.** You men that like to study in luxury will be interested in this assortment that we saw in our wanderings. All-wool, hand-woven and hand-blocked robes in LOUD colors, with birds, beasts, flora, and God-knows-what by way of figures on. Wear one and you can't even notice the radio that your roomie won't turn off. We even ran into one made of nylon! A tremendous thing; the salesgirl was downright bitter about it, and went off muttering things about stockings . . .

**SPEAKING OF STOCKINGS.** We should, no doubt, say hose, because we're talking of the kind you used to give your favorite aunt for her birthday. They're all of rayon now, unless you operate a black market, but some of them are as "sheer" as the old silk article—if you can find any! We understand that the kind you can find is now referred to as "chicken-wire gauge," or (second quality) "camouflage net," or (even poorer) "pig-wire size." Why bother?

**SADDLE SHOES.** These campus stand-bys are back after a two-year absence, and we've seen a number of them here already. They're rationed, with synthetic-rubber soles. They probably do not make a good substitute for new tires.

**DO YOU LIKE WEIRD SPORTS SHIRTS?** This one ain't out yet, but it's slated for this summer. They take a knitted back and turtle-neck, sew on a gabardine front and short sleeves, and call it a sport shirt. You wear it for golf, and it gives that rugged look that women go for.

**WOMEN'S HATS.** We have always been a little cynical about such things, but this idea of the stylists takes the cake. Seems it's "smart" for you women to take your hair, plus a switch if it ain't long enough naturally, and pile the stuff in a knot on the exact top of your head. Wind in a string of beads, an old shoelace, your boy friend's necktie, or what have you, and presto! It looks just like a hat! Don't feel too sorry for the haters, though, they have an answer. It's in the form of a *cute* little straw job, just a *hint* of a brim and a few flowers, with the crown neatly missing so the pile of hair can erupt out the top. You may not believe this, but we've seen pictures of it, and we're seriously considering ending it all the easy way.

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## Talking Shop with Chappie

**AROUND MILADY'S NECK.** If your boy friend won't come across with pearls, try this for a necklace. Take a bunch of old keys, pipe-tampers, grandma's wedding ring, a few paper-clips, and whatever else you can think of that's shiny, and string it all on a hunk of old chain. Key chains are O.K. May Heaven forgive me, it's stylish!

**SPEAKING OF NECKS.** Have you seen the Batik neckties they're getting out? You can find them at almost any Oriental art store, like Chinatown maybe. They're loud, and complicated, and unusual, and full of swirly figures that sort of intertwine. Go wonderfully with white shirts and brown coats, tie well, and sell for about a buck and a half.

**LIPSTICK STYLE NOTE.** We are happy to hear from a woman who should know about such things that purple lipstick is going out. As Pierre from Paree would put it, "Zee lips will be pinker this season, een zee softer, lighter shades." This office shouts with joy, and hopes so.

**SLIPPERS FOR RAILROAD WEAR.** We saw these on a counter, and they struck us as kind of clever. They are soft leather slippers, without much sole, and a soft matching leather case about the size of your hand. The slippers fold up neatly into the case, and you can put them in your handbag inside the collar of your dress shirt—which keeps the collar from crushing, and gives you your slippers, too.

**WILTED TROUSERS.** Here's a gag we've had some success with while traveling, when your best gabardine pants are all wrinkled up in the wrong places. The first thing to do is find a hotel or something with a private shower (no mean trick in itself, we grant you). Hang the wilted wearables up very carefully on the hook you will invariably find just over the corkscrew on the bathroom door, close all the windows, take your before-bedtime hot shower, and leave the pants there in the closed room all night. They look fairly decent next morning, and you don't have to unpack your trunk after all.

—Pony Express

For answers to all queries, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Pony Express, Chaparral, Box 3013, Stanford University, California.

## Painting the Town with Chappie

NOW THAT the ratio is fighting back inch by inch, let's drag out the old paint brushes and take a gander at how your big brothers used to coat the beeg ceety in Cardinal Red. For the newer members of the Stanford Family, a little orientation in the art of how and where to relax will help you gain what we like to call a well-rounded education.

SAN FRANCISCO is shiny as a new silver dollar these days. But it isn't only the Peace Conference that puffs out the metropolitan chest; the city has always had lots to offer, especially in entertainment—and Stanford students should know, if anyone should. We don't cut rugs in public, and dance music in the better spots suits our Stanford tastes with a smooth, conservative style. Let's take a look 'round the town.

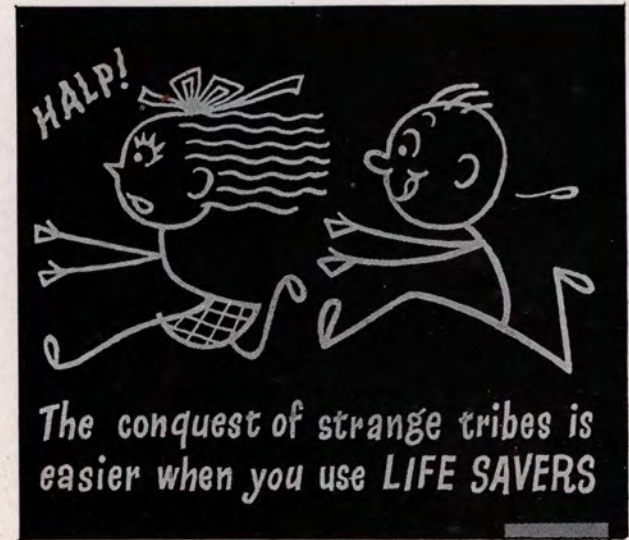
**HOTEL DANCING** in the Mural Room of the St. Francis—a long-time favorite with Farmers—music by Ray Herbeck nightly, lightly, and politely. Sunday night is Stanford night at the Frantic—has been for years—and here's a special tip: tea dancing from four to six on week days with the same orchestra, and a half-dollar cover per couple. You'll like it.

**THE ROSE ROOM**, with its soft lighting and terraced tables—dancing at the Palace to music like Jan Savitt's—sounds good, doesn't it? It's your evening any evening except Monday, but don't forget a reservation. Tariff starts at a dollar, rises on week ends.

**NO PERSON** would recognize anything homelike in the Sir Francis Drake's lavish Persian Room, but Occidentals jam it to the doors every night to drink in the exotic atmosphere of the Near East (of course, there are other things they can drink in—but you know about that). Floor shows three times nightly—art for art's sake, you know. Cover starts at seventy-five, the evening at seven.

**CABLE CARS** will haul you up the slopes of Nob Hill to the Peacock Court. From the windows of the Mark Hopkins you can gaze at the whole Bay area by sunlight, moonlight, or electric. Then there's the music of Ted Straeter's orchestra, for your self-expression—and a powerful lot of God's chillun express themselves these nights—some at all hours.

## History Lesson



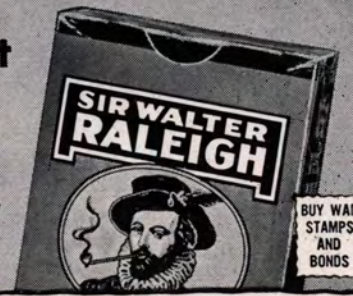
Everybody's breath offends now and then. So let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.



"He didn't even mention his etchings. Just bragged about his stock of Sir Walter Raleigh."

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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## DOILY FAN CLUB

I want to take exception to the scurrilous way you've been treating the *Doily*. Your article in the last *CHAPPIE*



about how nobody uses the *Doily* for anything except to light fires is obviously inspired

by your dirty mind, jealousy, and tendencies to pyromania.

Besides which it's all a dirty lie, and I can prove it. Why don't you ever print the truth? Have you no respect for the great journalistic traditions started by Horace Greeley, W. A. White, and the brothers Safeway? Why, just the other day I found my cook using a *Doily* to mop up after cooking French-fries, and a friend of mine told me that he had many times seen people on the "Coaster" using *Doilies* for gas-mask filters.

I think you ought to print an apology, because your attack was not only unfair but not very nice, either.

Yours for better reporting,

IRRITATED

P.S.: I think "CHAPPIE, the Magazine for YOU!" is a very good rag.

## DEPARTMENT OF FULLER AMPLIFICATION

Mr. Ross has asked me to answer your letter. We are glad you told us about the Funny Coincidences, and we are investigating the origin of the ideas for our two cartoons. I find that the idea for the snow-woman cartoon had been around the office for a number of years and, apparently, was conceived before your drawing appeared. Of course, we are embarrassed whenever we find that we have run a cartoon similar to one in another publication, but so far we have never discovered any evidence of plagiarism. Our artists and idea men seem to be quite honest souls. Thank you very much for writing.

Sincerely yours,  
LOUIS FORSTER, JR.  
Associate Editor

The NEW YORKER  
25 W. 43rd Street  
New York, N.Y.

## SURPRISED BUT GOOD

On page 67 of your last issue, I encountered a picture of a very lovely young lovely, and naturally checked on the little blurb that accompanied the photo. Imagine my surprise to find out that your gorgeous pin-up is an old, old friend of mine. I hardly recognized her after your makeup crew got through with

her, with the dyed hair, ruby lips, and padded figure. However, there was no mistaking the position she was sitting in and the ball of yarn in her hand. She's the same girl, alright. What is my mother doing in Chicago?

Sincerely,  
WHISTLER

Paris, Missouri

## IN RE BASKETBALL COACH

In your article (March, '45) on Horace Bisquit, nationally known basketball coach, referee and dietitian, I noted several regrettable errors, which I feel is my duty to correct.



In the first place, Mr. Bisquit, as far as I know, has never been a member of the Junior G-Men. That tin badge that he sports came from a box of Cracker-Jack which he won at a bean-bag throwing contest at the Sophomore Carnival.

Secondly, you misquote his most famous statement as, "Ninety per cent of Stanford's students don't smoke," while I have heard Mr. Bisquit on many occasions shout, "Ninety per cent of Stanford students don't."

Thirdly, Mr. Bisquit is not known affectionately to his friends as "Hot Cross" Bisquit, but I am known as "Dirty Dog" Bisquit. Outside of that, I thought your article was done very well on both sides, but a little raw in the middle.

Tallyho,  
HORACE BISQUIT

Stanford University, California

## HURRAH FOR POTABLES

Let me start by saying that *Man the Kitchenette* is one of the first departments I read whenever I pick up a new issue of *CHAPPIE*. Although I am temporarily detained from expressing myself in the culinary



department by the pressure of government work I am doing and will be doing for the next ten years, I have long been considered an artful chef and have enjoyed cooking up various little delicacies for my family and friends on all occasions. Here is a little recipe, a particular favorite of mine, which I fed to my loving family the last time I saw them, and I can heartily recommend it to your staff.

As you know, almost anyone can broil a steak or roast a bird, but it takes a

good chef with a flair for ideas to do something with the sauces that give any meal that indescribable flavor. In this recipe, the emphasis, then, is on the sauces and garnishes. First, take several lean pieces of beef; chop and sauté. Then grind up the sautéed beef, add a dash of arsenic, fifteen grains of phenolphthalein, four hemlock leaves, and a spoonful of elderberry wine. Powder the result with strychnine, garnish with handfuls of ground glass, and serve piping hot. Believe me, you'll never ask for a better meal!

Yours for gourmandizing,  
JAKE (BUTCHER) MONAHAN  
San Quentin, California

## ROUGH ON RAMPAGE

You nasty *CHAPPIE* fellows were positively mean to us boys in your last issue. Oh, just say, what do you mean putting us in that cartoon on page 10 with those crude, nasty, funny-looking persons



standing on the top of the stairs under the arch? We object vigorously. We feel that you have scandalously put a spot on the white feather of our blameless lives. Oh, you nasties you!

STANFORD ROUGH'S NAME WITHHELD

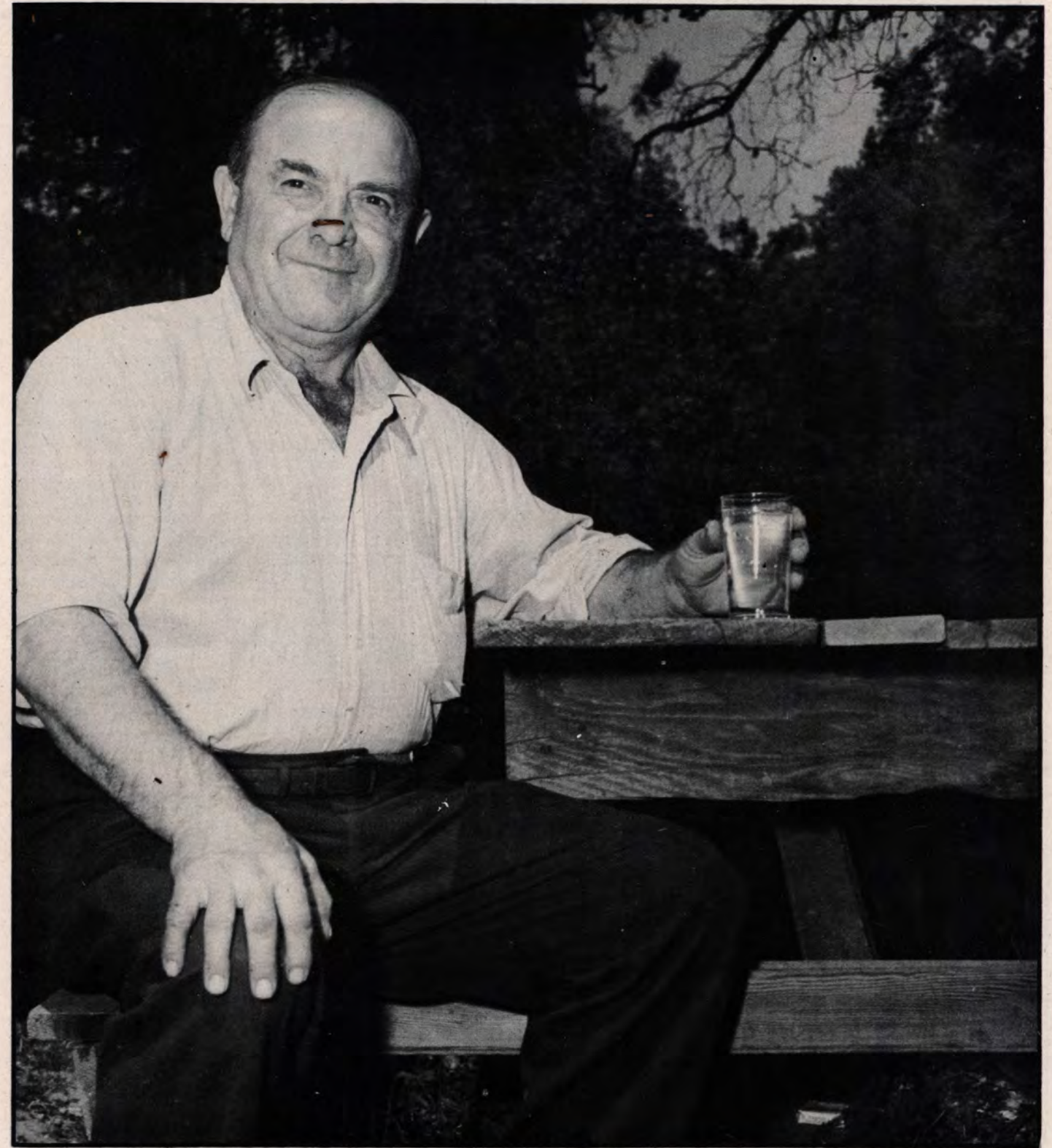
## IN DEFENSE OF SHAPIRO

How does this bum jazz critic of yours get off saying that Sabu Shapiro and his oboe and his Oboe Hoboes



aren't the greatest jazz combo in biz today? (February, '44.) Who is this square from Delaware, anyway? Any really solid jazzmaniac knows without being told that Shapiro is the hottest thing to hit the disks since Avery M'Gumbo and his Ten Hot Tentots cut "I Love My Beer, But Oh, You Kidney Blues." The Shapiro oboe is as mellow as old cheese, and your critic must have a hole in his head, he doesn't realize it. He ain't hep, he ain't shar-r-r-rp, and you shouldn't stink up your magazine with such a schlemiel. Tell him to get his boots laced, pops.

Yours for real jazz,  
HENRY WALLACE  
Washington, D.C.



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DEER SEASON or not, you can shoot five bucks without batting an eye on any dinner date these days. However, you'll find prewar quality, if not quantity, at these spots: The majestic Cliff House at Land's End—magnificent view overlooking the ocean, and excellent sea food—get there for sundown on a clear day. Kit Carson's, on Geary in the theater district — American favorites, served plainly but very appetizingly in comfortable surroundings. The St. Julien, down on Battery Street, where flavor counts—prices somewhat above average, but you'll never regret whatever you pay. Franco-Italian type of cooking, carefully prepared.

AS FOR night spots, there are many—but only a few are really good. One such is the Troc, a dazzling new supper club way out on Geary Street near Arguello. Packed with diners every night, but you can get a table near the bar if you'd rather just dance—or gaze at the open hearth in the middle of the room, à la mode de L'Omelette—small orchestra for dancing, quite capable. If you like Latin rhythms and featured floor shows, perhaps the Mocambo will suit you. Go there only after checking your bank account. Drop in on the Gay 90's in the International Settlement and you'll get a kick out of something different—very entertaining show, but no dancing. The Lion's Den is one of the few Chinatown spots worth your while if you're desperate for novelty. And, finally, if you've never been to the Top o' the Mark, don't ever admit it. Till the next time, watch out for that paint!

# Good-bye Little Pal, Hoy!

Ami Salami knew what she wanted,  
but it was still the old baloney no  
matter how thin she tried to slice it

by VIRGINIA BURKS  
FICTION

IT'S TRUE Ami was not beautiful, but she did have a certain indescribable something which prompted the San Jose Teamsters' Union to bestow upon her the touching *nom de joie* "Miss Cyclops of 1945." She was built like a Bendix Washing Machine — people first suspected when she was found eating Ivory Flakes for breakfast — and her eyes shone like twin cesspools whenever the word "STANFORD" was mentioned. Unfortunately, however, Ami's father was a Cal man, a dyed-in-the-wool Son of the Gold and Blue, who cherished the tradition of his alma mater more than life! Time and again, Ami had pleaded with him to send her off to the Farm, and time and again he had warned her—the skunk—that she would be cut off without a scent if she should dare defy tradition.

One evening all hell broke loose in the Salami house. Ami was seated at her harpsicord strumming out that lovable Bach Cantata, "Carrion, My Marion!" Her father, an engineer by trade, was at his desk drawing up plans for a new underwater route to be put in between Los Angeles and San Francisco. "The greatest idea the world has had since the death of Chic Sales," he shouted as he splashed happily in the bird bath. According to the plan, which was sponsored by the Pocatello, Idaho, Chamber of Commerce, submarines would leave every half-hour at the mouth of the Los Angeles River. (It was a one-way trip, trickily contrived to get all the excess population out of the Southland.) Mama Salami was in the kitchen putting little Junior head first through the meatgrinder, and singing as she worked, "Worcestershire to Me Like You Did to Marie." Junior had a strained expression on his face.

It was just another uneventful evening, until Ami suddenly flicked the ashes off her cheroot and blew a smoke ring which rose into the air to spell out "Leland Stanford Junior University." Father Salami was aghast; he rushed to the kitchen for a bromo; he threw down his Phi Bete key in obvious anger and sobbed loudly. "I should live so long!" he fizzed, and the significance of his words echoed through the house. But Ami was without a heart. Carelessly she

kicked over the harpsicord and ran about the room mouthing Arabic curses, spoiled child that she was.

She remembered suddenly that she had a date with the local Good Humor man that night, however, and quickly dried her tears. She could still hear the wild screams of her father as he beat his head against the asbestos walls—"21, 22, 23, bawang-g-g-g," he muttered. Gathering his wits about him he went out into the kitchen and pleaded with his wife, a sweet old lady, to do something with their problem child. "Leave her be, Pa. After all, you're only young oncet," she said and went about her work, a peace-loving woman.

Soon Ami heard the music of the Good Humor wagon coming down the drive. She rushed to the second-story window, jumped out, and cried, "Geronimo, you are here!" Geronimo was a Stanford Man, a Biz-School graduate making good in his home town. He knew Ami's parents objected to his presence on the premises, but there was that certain indescribable something about her from which he could not stay away. Deftly he wove his spell about her, then stepped back, surveyed his handiwork, and quipped, "On you it looks good."

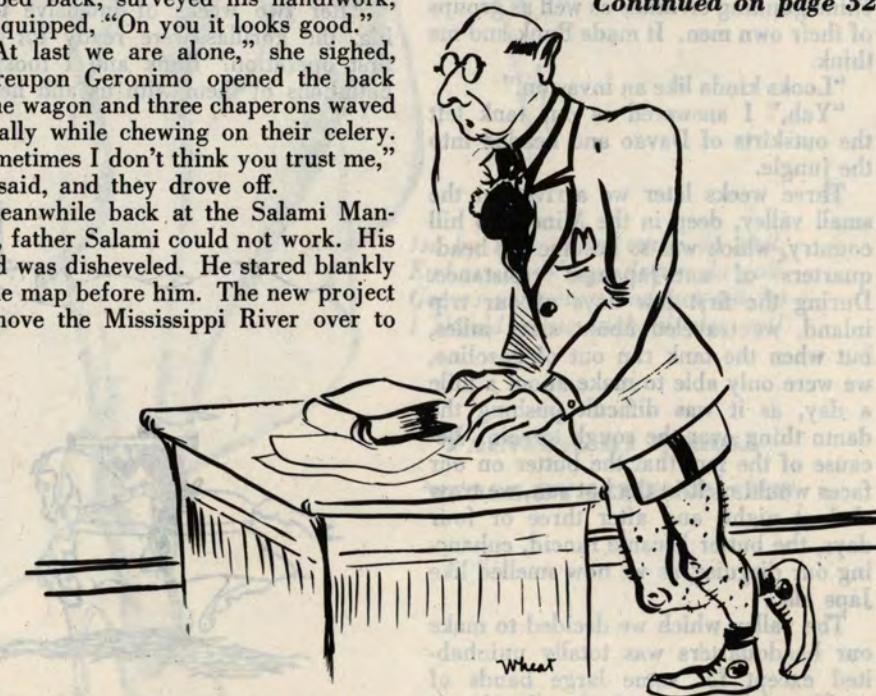
"At last we are alone," she sighed, whereupon Geronimo opened the back of the wagon and three chaperons waved genially while chewing on their celery. "Sometimes I don't think you trust me," she said, and they drove off.

Meanwhile back at the Salami Mansion, father Salami could not work. His mind was disheveled. He stared blankly at the map before him. The new project to move the Mississippi River over to

the Atlantic Coast was no longer a live thing to him. Tears streamed down his face. Then suddenly his face lit up, as he stuck his finger into a wall socket. He sneered wickedly and cringed at the very thought that had entered his head. "Can I? . . . but I must . . . but I couldn't! No, No! . . . but YES!" and he reached for the Boy Scout knife lying on his desk. "It's the only way," he shouted, his spirit aroused. At this point he looked up to see his wife standing in the doorway. He was stunned by her sudden appearance, which was none too good any way you looked at it. There was a hush about the room and he wondered how long she had been standing there while his brain had been at work on his fiendish plan. Her words broke the silence.

"Gotta match?" she said flippantly. He threw her a kerosene lamp, and she caught it casually. There was something particularly strange about her. It might have been the python-skin negligee she wore. She was walking slowly about the room staring at him and humming to herself. Always humming, he thought. Enough to drive a man to drink! He was a weak man. He took a drink.

Continued on page 32



"Now I realize the Boathouse is a temptation, but . . ."



# I Was a Gorilla Fighter

An eye-witness account of how  
Philippine gorillas made life  
mighty unpleasant for the Nippos

by **SONTAG SHINBUNNY**

• ARTICLE •

**B**UNK WIGMORE and I were sitting in a little saloon in Davao on that January night in 1942 when the Japs landed on Mindanao. The first thing we knew of it was when a small Nip tank smashed through a wall and slowly clanked its way into the middle of the barroom.

"We'd better head back into the hill country or we'll be captured," remarked my companion.

"Yah," I answered, sneaking up on the tank and capturing it by the clever ruse of batting the tank driver over the head with a piece of lead pipe which I always carry for such an emergency. Quickly we disguised ourselves as Japs by covering our faces with butter, painting our teeth white, and propping up the corners of our eyes with toothpicks. Then we climbed into the tank. Bunk's many years' experience acting in Hollywood war pictures had taught him how to drive a tank, and we were soon rumbling through the streets of Jap-infested Davao.

On every side of us were columns of Jap tanks and squads of soldiers. Zero fighters overhead were murderously machine-gunning civilians as well as groups of their own men. It made Bunk and me think.

"Looks kinda like an invasion."

"Yah," I answered as our tank left the outskirts of Davao and headed into the jungle.

Three weeks later we arrived at the small valley, deep in the Mindanao hill country, which was to become the headquarters of anti-Japanese resistance. During the first few days of our trip inland, we traveled about sixty miles, but when the tank ran out of gasoline, we were only able to make about a mile a day, as it was difficult pushing the damn thing over the rough terrain. Because of the fact that the butter on our faces would melt in the hot sun, we traveled at night, and after three or four days, the butter became rancid, enhancing our disguise, as we now smelled like Japs also.

The valley which we decided to make our headquarters was totally uninhabited except for some large bands of gorillas, descendants of a couple of apes which had escaped from a traveling

carnival touring the back country. The gorilla's playful habit of breaking people's skulls and dragging off women for peculiar purposes had driven the natives from the valley.

Using our usual Yank ingenuity, we decided to train the animals to fight the Japs, and Bunk, who during his early years had worked in a vaudeville animal act, started in on this gigantic task early the next morning. Craftily disguising himself as an Italian banana peddler, he collected hundreds of bananas and threw them to the milling crowd of gorillas which had gathered about him. In this way Bunk won the affection of the gorillas and he soon was like a brother to them. As a matter of fact, so great was their affection for Bunk, that often they would hug him until he thought his ribs would break. Sometimes they did.

Within a week, Bunk had the gorillas trained to do such useful tasks as riding bicycles, eating with knives and forks, juggling coconuts, and doing soft-shoe steps to "Give My Regards to Broadway." A few of the more intelligent animals were taught to roller skate.

After two weeks of intensive training, the gorillas were ready for their first operation. Bunk and I took two battalions of them with us and headed

toward the Jap lines. I was somewhat curious as to how Bunk planned to take the Japanese positions, but he explained his strategy to me on the way.

"It'll be easy," said Bunk. "When the Japs see two thousand gorillas coming toward them riding bicycles and juggling coconuts, they'll die laughing. We'll kill them off without firing a shot."

It wasn't as easy as all that, however, for apparently one Jap machine-gunner didn't have a very good sense of humor and mowed down our entire army.

We retreated to our valley.

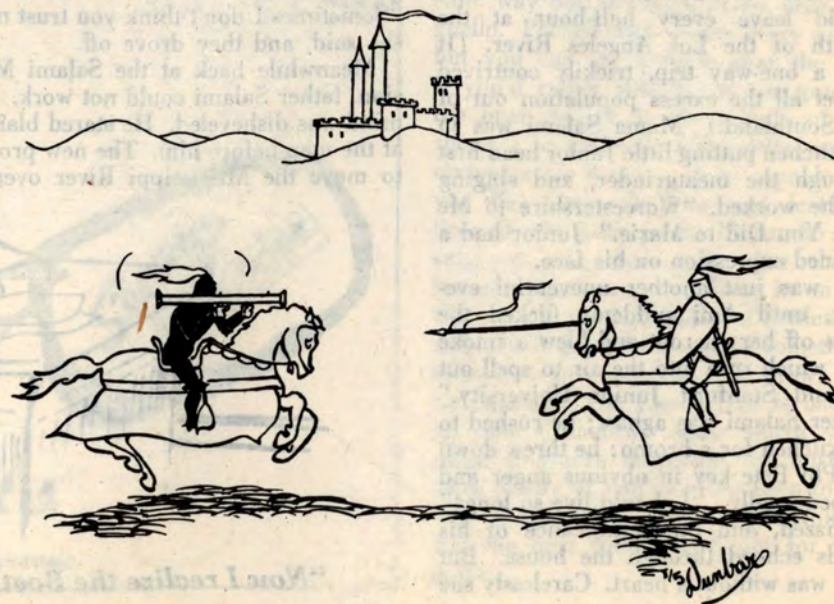
Bunk wasn't one to be disheartened though, and the next morning he started in training another batch of gorilla recruits. This time he trained them a month instead of two weeks, and early one morning we and our menagerie headed off once more to the front.

At the command "Banana" the gorillas started to infiltrate the Jap lines and were soon in the middle of a bivouac area.

"Now watch this deception," said Bunk. "The Japs will think they're replacements and leave."

Bunk's strategy nearly worked this time, except for one thing. They didn't leave! Instead, the Nippos started mix-

*Continued on page 37*



THE WARGA GIRL



*Iss by nize erster made da poil,  
End iss by Warga drawn da goil.  
Geeves wit coives end not wit fat—  
I should know such pipples yat!*

**PAINTING BY WARGA  
VERSE BY IZZIE STACKT**



# Fables of the Farm

More foolish frantic antics of some of our nutcake friends

by THE OLD BOY

. SATIRE .

TIME and again it has been said around campus that the age of chivalry is not dead. However, if it was not dead, an incident that transpired in front of Branner one Friday evening A.R. (after Rossatti's) certainly caused its quick demise and, for an added attraction, managed to bury it so deeply that exhumation on the day of reincarnation will not bring any response from that particular grave.

A local lad, with a Branner lass, had just returned from an evening at the country pubbery and was walking his girl among the deep shadows, making amorous passes.

Suddenly from out of the comparative darkness, that little bit that Dean Mary will allow in front of Branner, a car spotlight flashed brilliantly in the amorous lad's face. It wasn't just a flashed hello as is common among truck drivers (the amorous one's occupation) but a brilliantly, blinding, unrelenting spot in his face. The lad became annoyed at the constant flashing of the light and more annoyed because his business at hand was interrupted.

He walked over to the offending car and inquired in best truck driver's language if the driver of the car, one of the smoother roughs on campus, wanted to die quickly with a blunt instrument brought rapidly to the base of his skull. The smoother rough suddenly unembraced his girl friend and, pointing to her in a rather frightened and adolescent fashion, exclaimed: "S-she told me to do it—she told me to do it."

About four years ago when Encina was still operating on a wide-open basis, a well-known University official got up before the assembled freshmen and, in attempting to be one of the fellas, started off his talk with a mildly off-color joke. The joke concerned an American on an English fox hunt who was finally told by an Englishman that, "When you see the fox you yell 'Tally-ho,' not 'There goes that \_\_\_\_\_ of a \_\_\_\_\_.'"

The gag was received with polite laughter and the official finished his talk. As he started to leave Encina, one of the freshmen leaned over the third-story balcony and bellowed, "Tally-ho," in a loud voice. The cry was taken up and for many months this particular official

was plagued with cries of "Tally-ho" wherever he went.

Strange as it may seem, Omar Khayyam's in San Francisco has been the setting of many Fables of the Farm, and this one concerns a 99 44/100% pure freshman girl from Branner Hall who had gained quite a reputation as being very much agin' smokin', drinkin', and sinnin'.

Finally one night, some relatives took her up to Omar's for dinner and, after much persuasion, she was talked into drinking a Martini. Returning to school, the girl confessed to her roommate.

"Where did you go?" asked the roommate.

"To Omar Khayyam's," was the reply.

"Did you have any Shish Ka Bob?" queried her roomy, referring to Omar's specialty of lamb broiled on a skewer. "Oh, no," replied the freshman proudly. "I at least know enough not to mix my drinks."

One of our boys, it develops, was once booted out of high school for a very peculiar reason. His English class was struggling through Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, and each member was assigned a particular passage to learn well enough to recite aloud. Well, this chap didn't want to lay out the cash for a textbook, for his father was a rare-book collector and had a very old copy of Chaucer lying around the house. Our boy went home, picked out his passage,

Continued on page 36



"Okay, okay, so you look sexy! Now will you put that life jacket on the outside where it belongs?"



"My God, it is Tiny Tim!"



BRETT



# First Nights and Passing Judgements

Appraising the face, fortune, and figure of the dramatic star of the new hit "Too Soon the Noon"

by **CYCLONE COVEY**  
THEATRE.

OF A piece with edible lunch meat and drinkable Union coffee is a drama which probes beneath the opacity of a thick-skinned people and reveals not hidebound personality but the glistening, palpitating fascia underlying the epidermis of their apparently feculent nature. A drama of this piece indeed discloses more: the essence of a standard of living and a way of life. And such a drama, a provoking revelation of the American id, is *Too Soon the Noon*, which Sam Hart transferred to Broadway after Chicago snubbed it for four weeks a couple of fortnights ago. But everybody knows the low-brow taste of Chicagoans, as well as of Bostonians, San Franciscans, Denverans, Philadelphians, and in fact everybody but New Yorkers, who are the only cultured people in the Western Hemisphere.

The central assurance of the forthcoming success of *Too Soon the Noon* is the talent of a typical American beauty, the distinguished actress, Rosalind Grablehead. Since *Too Soon the Noon* undertakes to interpret the American way of life and Miss Grablehead perhaps more than any other living figure represents the American ideal of feminine beauty and personality, it is fitting here to give reverent pause for ascertaining the components of such beauty and such personality. I have been intimately acquainted with Miss Grablehead's stage career over the past thirty-five years in my capacity as foremost drama critic of our time, and I can no doubt speak with more authority of the Grablehead beauty than anyone else connected with the theater and its lore, especially in view of my long-standing friendship with Miss Grablehead's first husband, who, I am sure, knew her better than any of the succeeding half-dozen.

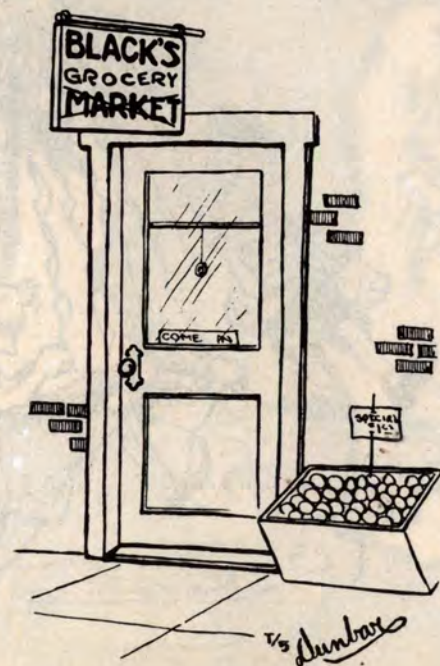
First of all it is to be noted that Miss Grablehead plucks her eyebrows to destroy the natural completeness of her face and leaves instead a thin line which is arched so as to give a perpetual expression of "So what?" Since Miss Grablehead is a blonde, it is particularly necessary for this scanty line to be pitch black, for a congruous color

scheme in her face would hardly attract the attention she deserves for being so beautiful.

It is next necessary for the beautiful Miss Grablehead to pile gooey, greasy paint upon her lips, in such a way as to realign the natural contours, and then to slobber over this paint to make herself appear "desirable." And any normal man would give his eye teeth to be able to press his lips through all that spit and grease in a fond embrace. This is the quintessence of glamour.

Minor features of the facial make-up toward an appearance of glamour are mascara to make the eyes look odd, eye shadow to make them look tired, and false lashes to make them feel uncomfortable.

It goes almost without mentioning that Miss Grablehead insists upon an up-swept hair-do. Though even she will admit that it is ugly, the purpose of such a coiffure is not to enhance her beauty but to make her look "smart," for that is more precious in this day and age than beauty, particularly when the girl is innately empty-headed and must camouflage her few weak points. Miss Grablehead offers the tip to would-be



beauties that the secret of her enchanting complexion (Miss Grablehead is of course fully aware that her complexion is enchanting and feels there is no need to make any bones about it) is that every night she covers her face first with cold cream, second with Ruth Bernstein's Facial Mix No. 4, third with a special \$15.95 mudpack, and removes each with Bax and Bax finest-grade pale-blue Kleenex. Under no circumstances, Miss Grablehead admonishes, must a woman's face be permitted to come in contact with water, soap, or a washrag, since these primitive accessories are both ruinous and inexpensive. Plastic surgery, according to one of her famous dicta, is to be resorted to not more than once every five years. The purpose of plastic surgery is always to remove any tell-tale lines of expression. A beauty must be an inscrutable deadpan.

Enormous red talons where the ordinary woman has fingernails are essential to accentuate the fact that she is good for no work or useful purpose except to lounge about and allow less fortunately endowed persons to gaze in wonderment at her worthlessness, from a distance sufficiently great that her make-up risks no danger of disarrangement. The longer the talons and the more carefully they are painted, the more apparent it will be to her enthralled beholders that every hour of this lady's time is required in preparation for her evenings of exhibition.

Like all women of taste, Miss Grablehead is a supporter of *high-heel distortion* in conjunction with *short-skirt, high-heel distortion*. By wearing a skirt slightly above her knees, she achieves an effect of shortening the distance from waist to knee; while at the same time, by wearing high heels, she further effects an apparent lengthening of her legs from knee to foot. This creates the illusion of an ungainly short upper leg and an exaggerated lower leg, which is technically known as the *short-skirt, high-heel distortion*. The *high-heel distortion* alone is something quite different. By the changed angle of the foot in a high-heeled shoe, the arch and the ankle become distorted sometimes so

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"Wouldn't Granpaw give his eyeteeth for one like that in our backyard!"



# The "Mary Alice" Comes Home

**Though blinded and nearly unconscious, the navigator stuck to his post and brought his ship safely in**

by **DICK DRISCOLL**

• ARTICLE •

PAGES upon pages have been written about the indestructible quality of the Boeing "Flying Fortresses," the first American warplanes to return Hitler's compliments a thousandfold, the first American bombers to visit death and destruction upon Germany as partial repayment for German temerity in plunging the world into this most catastrophic of all wars. We have seen pictures of "Forts" all but cut in two by machine-gun bullets, but still returning to their bases. We have heard returning fighters tell stories of the almost uncanny ability of these ships to stay in the air and continue fighting even with two engines gone and tail surfaces shot to ribbons. We must remember, however, that it is not the ships alone that do the job, but rather the combination of courageous men and superb weapons.

One of the oldest ships in point of service in the 401st Bomb Group, a veteran of sixty-five missions over Occupied Europe without a turnout or a turnback, the "Mary Alice" had returned to her base time and again with engines disabled, controls shot away, gas tanks pierced, and on one occasion with a hole big enough to drive a jeep through in her left stabilizer.

It was on November 30, 1944, that the "Mary Alice" reached the zenith of her heroic career. The 401st Group had been detailed to hit Leipzig, deep in the industrial heart of Germany, on a daylight raid. At the controls of the "Mary Alice" was Second Lieutenant George K. Cracraft, of Helena, Arkansas, and at the navigator's post was Second Lieutenant Carl L. Hoag, Jr., of San Mateo, California, who had left Stanford University in the spring of 1943 to join the Air Corps, and who, newly arrived in England, was flying his second mission.

Immediately after the bombardier's cry, "Bombs away," had come over the intercom phones, the ship was hit by three

flak bursts, which knocked out No. 2 engine, blew out the pilot's, navigator's, and engineer's oxygen systems, riddled the nose and ball turret, put the chin turret out of commission, hit the left elevator, and ripped the wings, fuselage, bomb bay, and the left tail flap. The waist gunner was wounded by a piece of flak which severed two fingers of his right hand, the engineer was knocked out of his turret by the explosion of an oxygen bottle, and the navigator's table was smashed, driving wicked splinters into the eyes of Lieutenant Hoag, blinding him. Despite his agonizing wounds, Hoag insisted on staying at his post, for the "Mary Alice," with two engines gone now, had fallen behind the rest of the flight, and was lost in the dense clouds.

By experimenting, Hoag found that although one eye was useless, he could see dimly through the other by holding the lid open with his fingers. Lieutenant Cracraft gave him air speeds and instrument readings, and the rest of the crew contributed visual map information by spotting landmarks through occasional holes in the clouds. With this information Hoag mentally calculated his position and set a course for home. For four long and agonizing hours he remained at his post, checking his figures and his course, until finally Lieutenant Martin Karant, the co-pilot, set the ship down on an emergency field in England.

For his extraordinary heroism, Lieutenant Hoag was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross by Lieutenant General Carl Spaatz, Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe.

After a long siege in the hospital, Hoag has sufficiently recovered his vision to resume flying, and has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. He is now lead navigator for his Group, and expects to stick by his guns until the war is finished. #



Arthur L. ...  
1945



# Petticoat Parade

Will the women rule the sports roost after the male athletes come home from the wars?

by **STUB STOLLERY**

. SPORTS .

THE sports surge is definitely back to the bloomer girls since men have been drafted to relieve WAC's and WAVES for overseas duty. It has been a long pull, but the gals finally have their girdles down to the point that postwar athletics will be strictly GI (Glamour, Inc.).

Take Tanka Vodski, for instance. She has catapulted out of the Russian lines into the headlines through a few well-placed hand grenades. Tanka was orphaned at an early age and was weaned on anti-freeze radiator fluid for lend-lease tanks. In the siege of Stalingrad she held off an entire German panzer division by merely expectorating in the gas tanks. Tanka is rugged.

Tanka's bid to fame, which is hurling the shot-put 64 feet 9½ inches, will go down in history as one of perseverance. She puts everything into her work—on her trip to America, just for practice, she heaved all the way over.

Then there's Tillie "Charley's Dead" Purgepott. You know her as the world's tennis champion. She can serve like a Hollywood Boulevard drive-in, and her volleys are as fearsome as a Free French firing squad. Tillie is also rugged. On the occasion of her only defeat, just to be different, she ran through the net, rather than jump over it, to congratulate the winner. Tillie was nicknamed "Charley's Dead" because she's always showing her ribbons.

Another male menace is Olga Scuttlebutt, wrestling champ in five states and wanted by the rest. Olga is so tough that she uses a blowtorch instead of Non Spi, and soaks her hands in Three Feathers every night just to perpetuate her warts.

The story behind Olga is still behind her—she's as broad as Roble Hall. Born in Vermont, Minnesota, Olga was tagged as a "tomboy" the day she electrocuted a streetcar conductor by crossing the trolley wires with the plugged nickel she handed him for fare.

At an early age, she was an ardent Captain Marvel fan and frequently frustrated her mother by tearing both the top and bottom off the cereal containers to secure free gymnastic equipment. This went on until the unharnessed cereal supply forced the family to evacuate the

house. As a girl, she had an annoying habit of accosting young men with the inviting phrase, "Let's throw a party!" Before the innocent male could answer, she'd throw an arm lock on him and toss him over her shoulder.

Miss Scuttlebutt has an interesting love life. As coy as a cold chisel, Olga still uses her maiden name although she has been married twelve times. Her first eleven husbands died of strangulation while trying to escape her embraces, and the twelfth succumbed to exhaustion.

Perhaps the closest case paralleling Miss Scuttlebutt's is that of Fern Pitts, renowned female runner who holds the record for catching a moving commuter train without spilling a drop of coffee. Miss Pitts, a former pole-vault queen who ran out of Poles when the Nazis moved in, also came up the hard way.

Fern started running early. As a matter of fact, she used to run before the

boy friend could turn off the motor. As a college girl (Santa Clara, '03), she often gave her rivals a running start of three dormitory lengths to the powder room and always outdistanced them by at least three paper towels. Her early training also had something to do with this, no doubt.

Out of the present war, fresh heroines will emerge to relegate the once-hardy male to the position of an "also ran" who will have to content himself with such activities as dishpan handies and rum and Coca-Cola. Women, riding high on the crest of the manpower shortage, will predominate sports. What chance has a poor GI got—returning from the comparative calm of the fighting fronts—to compete with a gal who has struggled safely through four or more years of cigarette lines, shoe sales, gas station blockades, and thrived on bum whisky with a 4-F chaser? #

## STANFORD BEAUTIES—LAGUNITA STYLE

### The Face and Fortune of Barbara Gray

THIS month's Queen, Graduate Student Barbara Gray of Lagunita, admits that she was once a six-pound weakling, but look at her now—one hundred and nine pounds, and strong enough to have a *Bawlout* average that hovers around plus two hundred. A true combination of beauty and brains, Barbara was recently awarded the scholarship of the National Institute of Public Affairs, and expects to go to Washington after graduation and continue her work in public-affairs. Although born in Astoria, Oregon, twenty-one years ago, she has lived in California for the past sixteen years, and considers herself a dyed-in-the-wool native daughter. California sunshine has done wonders for her, she says. We believe it. As for men, Barbara likes them, which you must admit is a general statement. When questioned in more detail, she admitted that she liked them tall, dark, and handsome; short, blond, and funny; or just nice. She is quite fond of the Navy, and the Army too, and the only reason she is vague about the Marine Corps

is because she doesn't know any Marines. It looks like the boys in green had better get off the dime. Food favorites are steak and ice cream. She claims she eats like a bird—a vulture—but it doesn't seem to have much effect. Barbara is mad about cooking, says she plans to spend plenty of time in the kitchen when she has her own home, and likes to whip out pies, cakes, and brownies. She reads as much as she can find time for, outside of her school work, and Kenneth Roberts and Somerset Maugham are high up on her list of favorite authors. Favorite sport is swimming, and whenever she isn't studying, cooking, reading, or sleeping, it's a good bet that she is in the nearest pool or over at the beach. She has a great postwar plan worked out for learning to fly, which she is mad about, and eventually wants to have her own plane. Meet Barbara Gray. Vital statistics — height: 5'5", in heels, 5'7"; weight: 109; biceps: 18"; wrist: 8"; ankle: trim; age: 21; eyes: two; hair: jet black.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED MC LELLAN









# The Rhythm Section

The hottest jazz combo in the world holds forth nightly in world's oddest night spot

by **BARNEY GUGEL**

• JAZZ •

A FEW weeks ago I was commenting to a friend of mine that there are practically no places in San Francisco where one can go to hear really good jazz.

"On the contrary," replied my friend, "there's a little place out on Van Ness Avenue where you can latch on to some of the best jazz and jive you ever heard. I'll tell you what, it just so happens that I have a pass to the place which I can spare, and I'll write down the address for you. Give this paper to a cab driver, tell him Joe sent you, tip him a couple of bucks, and he'll take you there."

I slipped my friend a five-dollar bill and then started out on what was the greatest jazz adventure I have ever experienced—so wonderful that I think it worth while to pass the tip on to CHAPPIE's readers.

This out-of-the-way spot is, of all

places, located in the San Francisco Opera House. I thought it somewhat strange when the cab driver dropped me off there and told me to go through the main entrance, but then I figured out, never having been there before, that there must be a speak-easy hidden away in the massive building, which I found out was the case.

As I entered the door, I flashed my pass to a man standing there and, when I told him Joe had sent me, he leaned over and whispered nervously, "Third door to the right, but don't tell anybody I told you."

Entering the third door on the right, I found myself in the strangest night club I have ever seen in my life. There were no tables! The chairs were arranged just like in a moving-picture theater, and the bar was in the basement. This touch added immensely to the atmosphere of the spot.

## OVER THE CLEF

IN contrast with *Painting the Town* in the more conservative style of some Stanfordites are the advocates of Negro bands and music. San Francisco offers places to go and bands to hear that ought to convert many of you to the evergrowing clientele of colored-band admirers.

Duke Ellington, arranger and leader of one of the most famous swing bands of today, sent many of us higher than the Hoover War Libe a few months ago when he played a week of performances at the California Theater. Johnny Hodges, with his alto sax solo on "Sentimental Lady," sent shivers up and down everyone's spine, and Albert Hibbler—the Duke's blind singer—had us all convinced after "Don't You Know I Care?" and "My Little Brown Book."

Rex Stewart and his growling, almost talking, trumpet, and Lawrence Brown on the trombone, soloed on several numbers that were not the all-brass, red-hot type, but a jazz of feeling and improvisation. Joya Sherrill, Ellington's female vocalist, adds the subtle, sometimes sentimental touch to a really fine band—you've heard her sing "I'm Beginning to See

the Light," so judge for yourselves.

Saunders King is well known to San Franciscans and the Bay area—little need to sing his praises to those who have heard him. But for those who haven't—go to the Club Savoy and hear Saunders himself sing "Summertime." His tenor voice and inflections, incapable of anyone but a colored singer, are out of this world. "Flying Home," "Big Fat Butterfly," and "The S. K. Blues" are band numbers of the best "low-down" quality.

And then we have Billie Holliday—probably the slinkiest blues singer of all times. She's not only attractive looking, but her music—which we are of course discussing—is sophisticated, smooth, and sexy. Her rendition of "I'll Be Seeing You" is haunting and expressive of Negro rhythms. On the warmer side of the record we have "Fine and Mellow"—which most certainly is—"Strange Fruit," and "I'm Traveling Light," all examples of swing in one of its most appealing forms. Billie is also appearing at the Club Savoy—when you're there be sure and notice her right foot. B. K. BURROUGHS

I soon realized that this was the largest night club I had ever been in and was simply amazed to see the preponderance of well-dressed people, apparently out "jamming it." It did my heart good to know that there were so many jazz fiends in San Francisco.

Hardly was I seated, than some of the members of the band came out on the stage and started a little jamsession. I didn't recognize the number they were playing, but the man sitting next to me told me it was called "Tuning Up," and that it was a tradition that it be played at the opening of each performance. "Tuning Up" is a weird fox trot, which vividly portrays the jungle origin of Negro music. You might say it is the very pulse of jazz.

At first there were only a few men jamming on this two-beat masterpiece, but as they played, more and more men came in and joined. It was thrilling the way the music became louder and louder. So moved was the audience, that they were unable to applaud when the performance was over.

I had been so carried away by "Tuning Up" that I scarcely noticed the large size of the band, nearly ninety men. It is safe to say that this was probably the largest jazz band ever assembled, and the music was of such fine quality that the old theory that a jazz band must be small was definitely disproved in my mind.

Short, stocky, black-haired, black-eyebrowed, white-mustached Pierre Monteux then came on the stage. According to the program, he was master of ceremonies and I could at once see that he was the comedian of the show. As an M. C. he wasn't very good, because he didn't say much—in fact, he didn't say anything at all. But as a comedian, Ole Pierre is tops, his pantomime being the best I have ever witnessed. Even if you don't like jazz, it's worth the time and money to see Pierre gag it up.

"Pierre and His Hot Ninety" started off the show with the "Star Spangled Banner," which can easily be recognized by the fact that the audience stands up when it's played. The tail-gate trombone work was tops in this number.

Following the opener, the pianist stalked out on the stage—he had probably been drinking a short beer during the first number—and sat down at a very odd-looking piano. It was horizontal rather than vertical! The band started to play a little tune called "Concerto by Beethoven," probably a sequel to "Concerto for Clarinet," the Goodman masterpiece, and Pierre jumped up and down on the podium for comedy effect. This detracted from the music, however. In a few minutes, Art Rubinstein, the eighty-eight man, started in. His boogie and ragtime were superb, but he lacked the sloppiness of technique which is so characteristic of good jazz. All in all, however, Art plays a pretty mean piano.

An unusual innovation of the band was that the banjo players, and there were damn near forty of them, played with their banjos under their chins. The lead banjo man, a guy by the name of Blinder, kept trying to get laughs by tossing his head and occasionally

taking out his watch, but he was no competition for Comedian Monteux.

It was interesting to note that there were no colored boys in the band, and, in my estimation, the "Hot Ninety" is the finest all-white aggregation west of the Mississippi. Forty white banjo players ain't hay.

When "Concerto by Beethoven" was over, the band got a big ovation. Art Rubinstein thought all the applause was for him and kept coming out on the stage taking bows. The audience got a big laugh out of this and clapped all the more—and the poor dope came out and took more bows. Apparently he was fired on the spot, because he didn't play any more with the band during the rest of the show.

The audience quieted down in a few minutes and the band whipped off a little ditty about a guy in a hotel called, "Bach's Sixth Suite." Here was New Orleans jazz at its best, and my only regret was that there was no vocalist, as the words to this tune are probably

of the very choicest variety.

Next they played a tune called "Intermission." It was pretty dull and I fell asleep. When I woke up half an hour later, the "Hot Ninety" were winding up the floor show with "Symphony in De Mine Door, Frank," probably an early-American folk tune from the Pennsylvania coal region.

I left the Opera House in a daze. As I stood on the street corner, waiting for the signal to change, I turned to a jazz fiend standing next to me and remarked, "Boy, that 'Hot Ninety' is the best jazz outfit I ever heard."

"Hot Ninety?" he replied, "why, that was the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra."

I laughed heartily at his joke and continued on my way.

As I write this, I can only hope that all of CHAPPIE's readers will have the opportunity to go up to the Opera House some night and latch on to some of this good music. And don't forget to tell the man at the door that Joe sent you!

# There Once Was a Man...

Almost from history's dawn, the limerick has led the low humor field

by **DOUG HASTINGS**

• ARTICLE •

THE originator of the limerick was one Abdul Smed—Abdool, if you prefer—a mixer salesman in the time of Mezar, twelfth ruler of the Assyrians, fifty-third son of Basheem, a man of great wisdom, and really a prince of a fellow once you got to know him. We picked up a choice bit of gossip about old Mezar today down at the bazaar—but then you are probably more interested in Abdul. After a particularly trying night spent groveling in the gutters of the city (after old streetcar tokens, he said), Abdul sat upon his bed in a small room of a traveling men's hotel munching peanut brittle and reading his Gideon Bible when it occurred to him to write up his day's orders.

He had hardly begun when in a rare stroke of genius that visits the lives of some men but once, he penned these immortal words:

*An elephant of unusual enormity  
Once remarked of his nasal deformity  
That the trunk and the tail  
Though unlike in detail  
At least gave his bulk uniformity.*

His friends said that he had been hitting the hashish too much lately, but he

was very impressed with this miracle and he saved the verse to show to his wife when he returned home. His wife, however, had unfortunately married Abdul on the rebound, after losing her former suitor to the mother of a poet, and had ever after borne a grudge against poets and their work. She took one look at

Abdul's verse and threw him, bag and baggage, into the street. During this disturbance the verse became lost, only to be found by a member of the down-trodden masses, who immediately perceived that it would be a clever way of spreading the local class war against the capitalist money-changers of the day. He straightforwardly had it printed on handbills to be circulated amongst his fellows.

Through a careless error, the words Lime Rick, which was as far as Abdul had gotten in writing his order for a case of double-gassed lime rickey fizz water, were run together and printed over the verse on the handbills. Thus the down-trodden masses, knowing nothing of the author of the verse or his business, mistakenly thought Limerick was the name of this type of literary endeavor and hence the word passed into general usage and has persisted unto this day.

In the years that followed, the limerick fell gradually into disrepute. Recently, however, this beautiful old form has been given new life by a group of hard,

Continued on page 40





# The Current Flicks

Dissecting, digesting and regurgitating the film capital's latest fruitless attempts at portraying actual life

by **BARNEY GUGEL & BOB BREER**  
• THE LIVELY ARTS •



"Have a coke . . . have a coke . . . have a coke . . ."

### TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT



Rita Hayworth and company go through the London blitz saying, "The show must go on." We went through hell trying to figure out why.

### OBJECTIVE BURMA



Here is one of the few good war pictures produced since 1939, although it struck us somewhat funny to see Errol Flynn heading an all-male cast.

### MUSIC FOR MILLIONS



Obviously inspired by the Scott music roll, *Music for Millions* is the first picture yet produced on same.

### IT'S A PLEASURE



Gorgeous girls, gorgeous color, handsome Michael O'Shea, gorgeous sets, and Sonia Henie still looks like a chipmunk.

### HOTEL BERLIN



Contrary to the billing, the only stars in this peacherino are the ones in the American flag which obstructs the view of the screen throughout most of the picture.

### A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN



This was such a tear-jerker that the ushers went up and down the aisles in gondolas, thinking it was a re-enactment of the Johnstown flood. All in all, a good flick though.

### COUNTER-ATTACK



Here's another one of those pictures which tries to get a few points over to the American people. Hollywood missed the boat on the title though—they should have called it, "Lay Down That Shovel, and Man Those Pumps, Paul Muni."

### ROUGHLY SPEAKING



Roughly speaking, it stank.

### ISLE OF TABU



Servicemen in the South Pacific must get a big bang out of pictures like this which glamorize the South Seas. *Isle of Tabu* is the antithesis of the perfume of the same name.

### LEAVE IT TO BLONDIE



That's exactly what the audience did, and Blondie had the whole theater to herself.

### KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY



And don't forget to enlist at the WAC recruiting office in the foyer.

### IT'S IN THE BAG

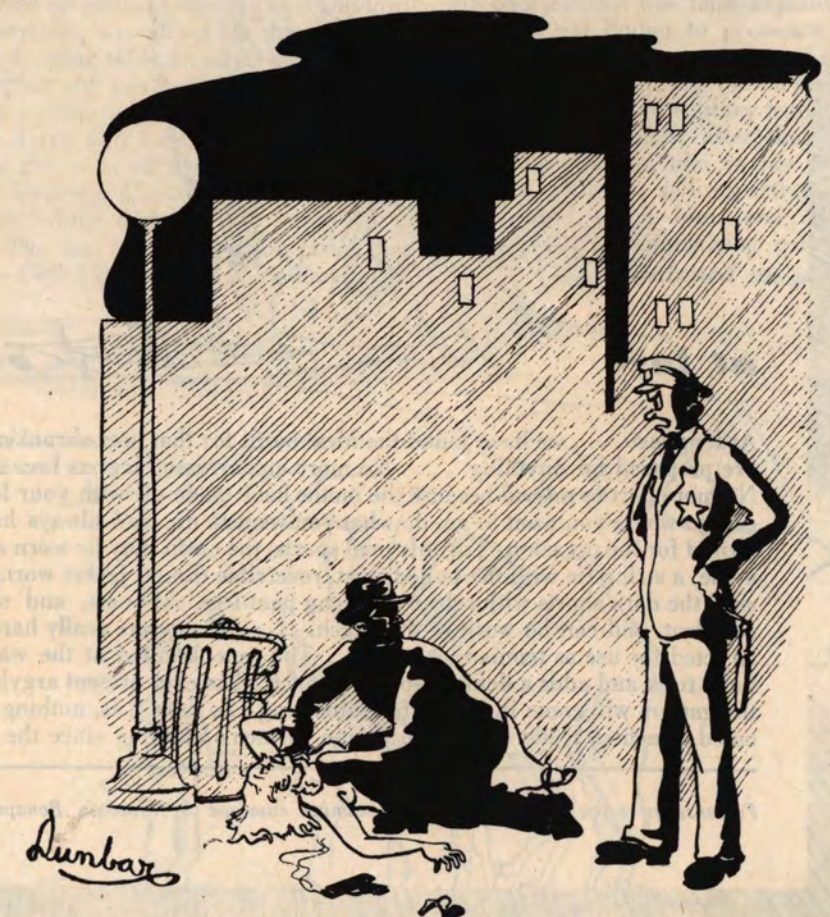


Positively the funniest thing since the 1944 *Quad*. Fred Allen's the whole show.

### PRACTICALLY YOURS



Think of it! This large, juicy, golden-brown stuffed turkey all yours for only fifty-five cents. Ration-free, too!



"Just practicing Judo, eh?"



## CHAPPIE ON THE RECORD

### BEST SELLERS

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### ALBUMS

New Orleans Memories  
(General—Jelly Roll Morton)  
*Mamie's Blues, Original Rags, Michigan Water Blues, The Naked Dance, Buddy Bolden Blues, The Crave, Winin' Boy Blues, Mr. Joe, Don't You Leave Me Here, King Porter Stomp.*

Work Songs of the U.S.A.  
(Asch—Lead Belly)  
*Take This Hammer, Corn Bread Rough, Of Riley, Rock Island Line, Haul Away Joe, Old Man.*

Negro Sinful Songs  
(Musicraft—Lead Belly)  
*Frankie and Albert, Lookie Lookie Yonder, Black Betty, Yellow Women's Doorbells, Ain't Going Down to the Well No More, Go Down Old Hannah, Fannin' Street, Poor Howard, Green Corn, De Kalb Blues, Boll Weevil, Bourgeois Blues, Gallis Pole.*

Songs by Lead Belly  
(Asch—Lead Belly accompanied by Sonny Terry)  
*Good Morning Blues, How Long, Irene, Ain't You Glad, John Henry, On a Monday.*

### A GOOD LIST

This month gives an account of the best jazz now available in the big music stores or, more usually, in the shops specializing in jazz.

Some of Jelly Roll's best work appears in the New Orleans Memories album of piano solos recorded shortly before his death. These records prove Jelly Roll's statement that he was "the best piano player in the world."

Victor will be coming up soon with a Morton album as a part of its Hot Jazz Classics reissues, of which the first three, Louis Armstrong, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, and Lionel Hampton, have been disappointments because of the poor selections. The Morton album sounds promising, but so did the others.

Three albums by Lead Belly (Huddie Ledbetter) are now available—authentic folk songs sung by the famous and fabulous character whose voice and 12-string guitar are now being heard around the Bay area. Sonny Terry (Saunders Terry, Sonny Terris), his accompanist in the Songs by Lead Belly album, plays jazz on a talking harmonica. Call it folk music or jazz, Lead Belly is the real thing.

### RANDOM RECORDINGS

Lu Watters' Yerba Buena Jazz Band (Jazz Man)  
*Muskrat Ramble, Smoky Mokes, Black and White Rag, Maple Leaf Rag, Memphis Blues, Irish Black Bottom, Original Jelly Roll Blues, At a Georgia Camp Meeting, Cake-Walking Babies, Riverside Blues, Fidgety Feet, Temptation Rag, Tiger Rag, Come Back Sweet Papa.*

Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band (Crescent)  
*Creole Song, Blues for Jimmy, South, Get Out of There.*

Bunk Johnson's Original Superior Band (Jazz Man)  
*Moose March, Weary Blues, Down by the River, Panama.*

It's probably dreaming to call the Watters records available, but you can find them occasionally, and they still sound as fine as in the days when the band was appearing in the heart of downtown San Francisco. This 8-piece white band was one of the few organized groups in recent years that played in the New Orleans tradition.

Crescent is the new label put out by the Jazz Man Shop in Hollywood. These four titles are by a group of old-time jazz men, including Kid Ory, Papa Mutt Carey, and Omer Simeon, and they really go. *Creole Song* or *C'est l'autre cancan* has a vocal in French by Ory and a tune and style somewhere between *Muskrat Ramble* and *Rum and Coca-Cola*.



### veteran's return

Discharged veterans returning to civilian life will find that men's wearables have been slightly modified since the boys went away. Here are a couple of lads, fresh from the Army, in their first really reet set of threads since Pearl Harbor. The chap on the right wears an acetate twill jacket, with bold stripes and slightly accentuated shoulders. A clever tuck at the waist and the added length of the coat add finishing touches to a sharp model. The hound's tooth check pattern of the trousers and the extra width knees and gathered cuffs are a touch inspired by the Senegalese ski-troop uniform. Striped argyles and wooden clogs, on the Dutch motif, with gum soles, complete the picture. The be-hatted member of the team wears, not a pork-pie, but a fruitcake hat of woven palm fronds, with a racy band, silk foulard scarf, the same coat in broad herringbone pongee, flannel bags with just a suggestion of green stripe, checked argyles, and wedgies. That extra-length key chain is just the thing for lassoing slick chicks, or, with patented magnet attachment, it works fine for fishing coins out of manholes.

For answers to your dress queries, send stamped envelope to Fashion Staff, Sequoia Hall, St. Anford University.

"Yeah, yeah, me know; it's cupid time, and I get the Diamond at . . ."

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# CHAPPIE GOING THE ROUNDS

A SALESMAN bringing his bride South on their honeymoon visited a hotel where he boasted of the fine honey.

"Rastus," he asked the colored waiter, "where's my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Rastus, eyeing the lady cautiously, "she don't work here no mo'."

—Wampus

Ain't gonna do it for a dime no more, Did it last night till my back was sore; Fifteen cents is now my price, I'll do it slow and I'll do it nice.

Shoe shine, Mister?

—Voodoo

We know one co-ed who was cured of that cute little habit of coilyly injecting an "r" sound into each word.

Male (over phone): "Hello, cutie."

Co-ed: "Why Phillurp, when did you get back?"

Male: "Just a while ago. Say, how about a date tonight, kid? What are you doing?"

Co-ed (coilyly): "Nurthin."

Male: "Gosh, excuse me. I didn't know."

—Pelican

Sue, riding around in one of the campus "push-its," congratulated Mary, who was driving, on her driving ability: "Why, you're handling that car like a a veteran!"

"How do you know?" countered Mary. "You've never seen me handle a veteran."

—Rammer Jammer

"Why did you steal that \$50,000?" "I was hungry, your honor."

—The Campus Collegian



L. Don Miller

"Shallow-tanked little rascal, ain't he?"

Two colored recruits from the South were wide-eyed their first day in an Australian port, among the international troops stationed there. But the climax was attained when they saw two Highland Scots coming down the road in the swinging step they use, their kilts swaying above their bare knees.

"Joe," one colored boy whispered, "do you see what I see? Or is I dreaming?"

"You're awake," the other said comfortingly. "That's just some of that famous Middlesex Regiment we's heard about."

—The Pointer

What did your date look like last night? Oh, he was tall, dark, and hands.

My, but you're pretty dirty, aren't you little girl?

Yes, but I'm prettier clean.

—Bill Hyer

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon so placed as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

—Rammer Jammer

And then there was the cannibal's daughter who liked the boys best when they were stewed.

—Voodoo

Hear the one about the V-12 football player who wanted the coach to flood the field so he could go in as a sub?

—Voodoo

This month's simile: As rare as a guy with a cigarette cough.

—Bill Hyer

A romantic pair were in the throes of silence as the car rolled smoothly along an enchanting woodland lane. The lady broke the spell.

"Dearest," she cooed softly, "can you drive with one hand?"

"Yes, my sweet," he panted in ecstasy and anticipation.

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

—Bill Hyer

Mary had a nifty dress, 'Twas short and sweet and airy, It didn't show the dirt at all, But, gee, how it showed Mary.

—Pathfinder

Late to bed, Early to rise, Makes a man saggy, draggy, and baggy, Under the eyes.

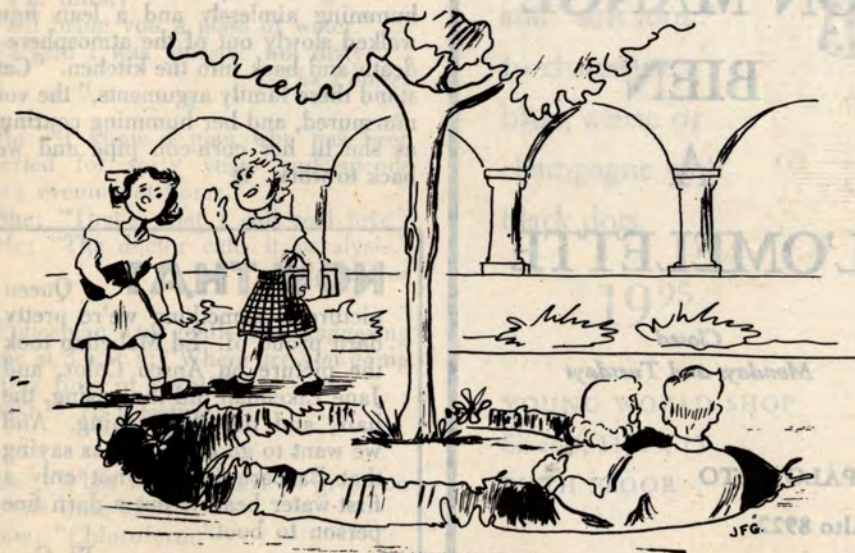
—John Walter

Continued on page 33



—DRISC—

"I've got an anti-Nazi, Colonel . . . . says his name's Mandelbaum . . . ."



"They've been going around together for years!"



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## Goodbye Little Pal, Hoy!

Continued from page 9

She moved about the room and began dusting the furniture with an old five-iron. "What's doin', Paw?" she said sweetly, but there was a strange note in her voice . . . did she suspect? . . . could she have seen his face? . . . but NO! Father Salami was tense. If only she would stop humming. He watched her walk slowly about and finally could stand it no longer. "Get out!" he yelled, his tone was earnest. Mother Salami took the hint and left the room. It had been a tense moment, but he had won out. At last he could work out the details of his treacherous plan. Nothing could stop him now!

Meanwhile at the local theater, Ami was beginning to wonder about Geronimo. She didn't mind too much when he put the three genial, fun-loving chaperons between them (although the chewing of their celery bothered her a trifle), but when he got up during the intermission and began selling Good Humors in the aisle, she suspected that his attentions were divided. She wanted to call out to him, but she had pride, a born Stanford woman. The drive home was gay. The chaperons recited the third and fifth cantos of *Childe Harold* and they ended the program with a rousing chorus of "Winged Victory," the new Stanford

cheer song, they explained. Ami was impressed. "The Stanford life is the life for me," she breathed. Poor child, little did she know what lay in store for her because of this very spirit which was so implanted in her determined soul. Oblivious to her father's cruel scheme, she drank deeply of her last remaining hours of the gay, carefree life.

As the wagon drove into the driveway, she somehow wished that she and Geronimo could be alone. She sensed that he too was thinking the same thought. But they said nothing and she got out and waved jovially as he drove off, the bells of the wagon ringing madly in her ears.

As she opened the front door, she was met by a ghostly silence. Everything was still and the dark hallway was surrounded by nothing but quiet. As a matter of fact, she couldn't hear anything. She approached the escalators, and the floor boards creaked almost as in warning of what lay ahead of her. She took a step, and still another, breathing heavily with strange fear of the quiet place. Then, without warning and completely by surprise she felt herself stabbed in the back. It was as if the world had come to an end, and it had! She uttered a long, shrill, excruciating scream, and fell over in a dead heap. The hallway was quiet again, and then footsteps could be heard (by anyone but Ami), and there was a dull scraping noise as Ami's limp body was dragged across the hard floor. A door opened and her lifeless form was rolled down the cellar stairs, pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-queep! As she hit the last stair, her body was thrown against another lifeless form, and the cellar door was slammed shut and locked to the outside world. Pitiful little Ami! How short and uneventful her young life had been, and there she lay, cold as a mackerel, at the bottom of the cellar stairs.

In the hallway there was someone humming aimlessly and a lean figure walked slowly out of the atmosphere of death and back into the kitchen. "Can't stand these family arguments," the voice murmured, and her humming continued as she lit her corn-cob pipe and went back to work. #

### NOW THAT

Queen picture is something we're pretty darn proud of. Ed McLellan took the picture on Ansco Color, and Jane Eikelman did the posing, the hair, and the chaperoning. And we want to go on record as saying that Barbara Grey is not only a first-water beauty, but a darn fine person to boot.

—W. G.

## Going the Rounds with Chappie

Continued from page 31

Rough (whispering): "Where did you get that date—buckteeth, cross-eyes, bowlegs, and bleached hair?"

Came the reply: "You don't have to whisper—she's deaf, too."

—Bill Hyer

When you have your tonsils removed they call it a tonsillectomy. When they remove your appendix they call it an appendectomy. What do they call it when they remove a growth from your head?

I give up, sonny. What DO they call it when they remove a growth from your head?

A haircut.

—Bill Hyer



Paradise Poker Playing Cards give you hands that win every time.

One of the Navy's little newspapers says you can tell them apart: In a high wind a city girl will grab her hat; the country girl grabs her skirt.

—Rammer Jammer

"I'm losing my punch!" exclaimed the lady who hastily left the cocktail party.

—John Walter

"I'm thirsty."

"I'll bring you a glass of water."

"I said I was 'thirsty,' not dirty."

—The Pointer

He: "I know a man who has been married for forty years and spends every evening at home."

She: "That's what I call real love."

He: "The doctor calls it paralysis."

—Aggievator

Policeman (to gentleman staggering home at 3 A.M.): "Where are you going at this time of night?"

Man: "To a lecture."

He: "What would I have to give you for one little kiss?"

She: "Chloroform."

Continued on page 34

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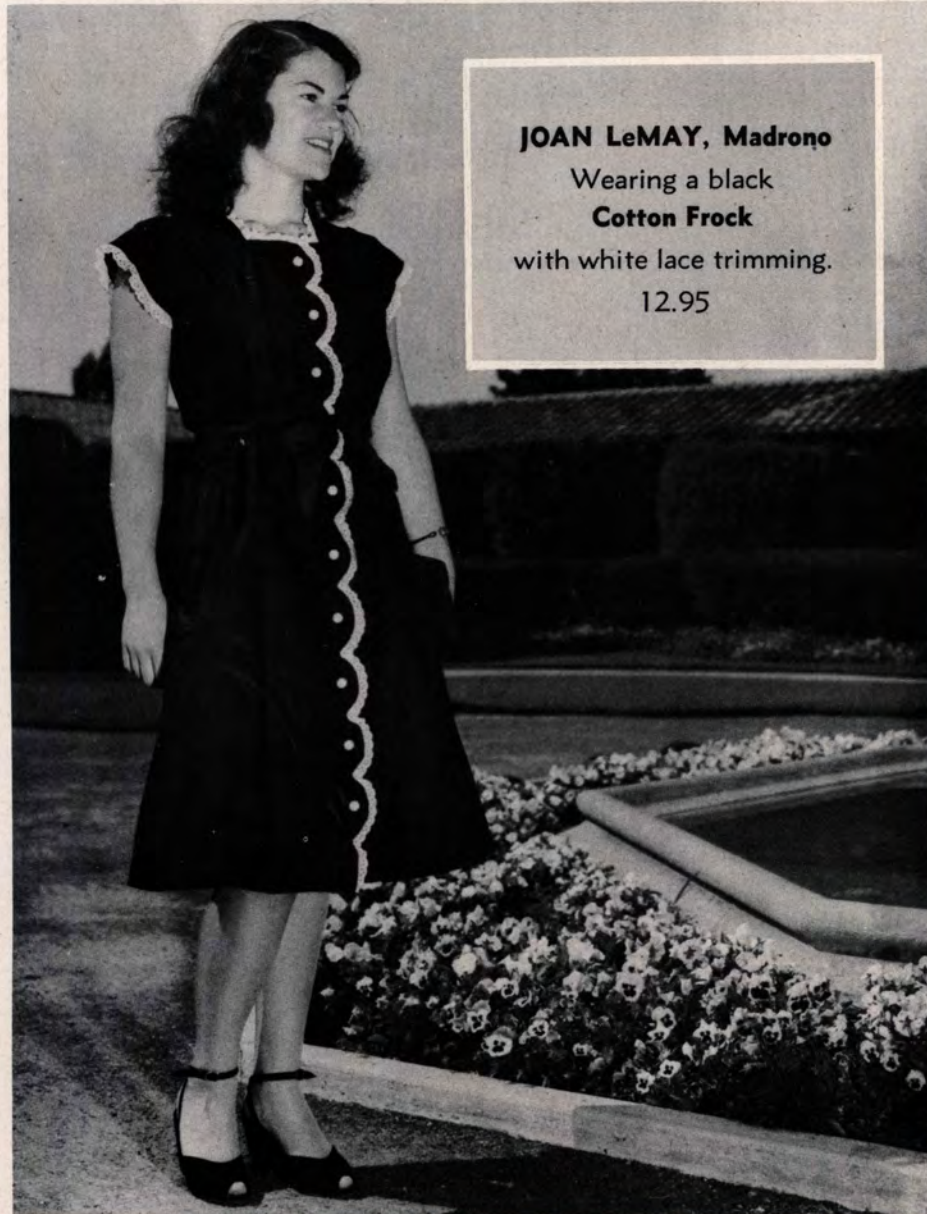


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THE SHOP WITH THE WATERFALL

Going the Rounds  
with Chappie

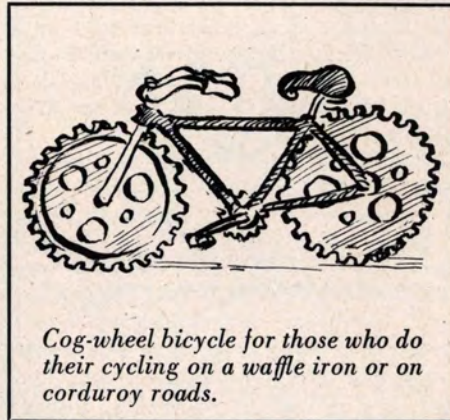
Continued from page 33

"Is that a poplar tree?"  
"No, they seem to prefer the lamp-  
post on the corner."  
—Aggievator

"Mister, why are you eating with your  
knife?"  
"Sir, my fork leaks."  
—Aggievator

Champagne: A beverage that makes  
you see double but feel single.  
—The Pointer

Wife: "The couple next door seem to  
be very devoted; he kisses her every  
time they meet. Why don't you do that?"  
Husband: "I don't know her well  
enough yet."  
—The Pointer



Cog-wheel bicycle for those who do  
their cycling on a waffle iron or on  
corduroy roads.

Sergeant: "Stop worrying, Mesenjou-  
skiwitzburgerhofer, there's no bullet  
with your name on it."  
—The Pointer

C. O. to WAC M. P.: "No, private.  
You say 'halt — who's there?' — not  
'stop or I'll scream!'"  
—The Pointer

Preacher (marrying Mormon to his  
wives): "John Smith, do you take these  
women to be your lawful wedded  
wives?"

Man: "I do."

Preacher: "And do you girls take  
John Smith to be your lawful wedded  
husband?"

Women: "We do."

Preacher: "You girls in the back of  
the room had better speak louder if  
you want to get in on this."  
—The Pointer

"Sho' am glad t' heah 'bout dem  
triplets, Sam. De Lord sho' did smile  
on you."

"Huh! Look to me lak he done laugh  
right in mah face."  
—The Pointer

Continued on next page

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Emerson and Hamilton Streets

First Class: "Hey, mister, give me  
an example of wasted energy."

Fourth Class: "Yes, sir; telling a hair-  
raising story to a bald-headed man."  
—Log

Broad-mindedness is the ability to  
smile when you suddenly discover that  
your roommate and your girl are both  
missing from the dance floor.

—The Pointer



At last, an all-purpose plumber's  
friend! Fish pole, dog muzzle,  
shower cap, hat or towel rack, spec-  
tator cane, and shower nozzle. Also  
can be used as a paper weight.

A Scotchman was returning home  
late one night when he was accosted  
by a couple of gangsters who demanded  
his money. Instead of complying, Sandy  
struck out wildly, and there and then  
ensued a terrific battle. The Scot was  
overwhelmed, however, by superior  
weight and numbers, but not before he  
had left his mark on his assailants.  
Panting, they sat down beside him and  
rested. Then they proceeded to search  
the recumbent form. After an exhaust-  
ive search one unearthed a nickel. "Mi-  
gawd, we're lucky," he breathed.  
"Lucky! Wot da yuh mean?" hissed  
the other. The first one glared at him.  
"Cripes, you're lucky you are alive.  
Suppose he'd had a dime."  
—Exchange



"Believe me, if you're putting  
this on . . ."



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*Cirque*  
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IS THE  
SMARTEST NIGHT SPOT  
IN SAN FRANCISCO

NO COVER CHARGE  
NO MINIMUM



*Fairmont*  
HOTEL





**Fables of the Farm**

*Continued from page 13*

and learned it cold. Time came to recite, he got up, said his piece, and the whole class settled into a shocked silence. "Adolf," said the teacher, "come with me down to the principal's office." Down they went, the teacher recited the crime, and little Adolf was banished. The next day Adolf's poppa came down, raised merry hell, and got little Adolf reinstated because, after all, how was he to know that the class was using the expurgated edition?

It was the aftermath of a terrific society wedding up in the northern part of the state, and one of our foolish friends was attempting to collect his scattered marbles and prepare to depart for the Farm again. A purplish mist obscured everything, and it isn't at all surprising then that our friend got all the way down to the room clerk's desk to check out before he discovered that he had forgotten his pants, shirt, and shoes. In short, in shorts.

It happened, according to a correspondent of ours, on one of the South Pacific islands where "organized resistance had ceased." Our pal turned to the short, swarthy, sun-goggled chap behind him in the mess line and asked for a match. Shorty made a few helpless gestures of *no compredo*, and emitted a high-pitched squeal. In a trice our boy had him covered, and turned another Joe Banzai into the prison stockade. A lieutenant asked the mess sergeant about it, and the sergeant replied, "Oh, him? He's been eating here for about three weeks, regular!"

Appointment of Bert La Brucherie as head football coach at U.C.L.A. brings

back many memories to us of our high-school football days under that august coach at L.A. High. We spent three years on the third string, but after the second game of our first season, we didn't get into another ball game until the last thirty seconds of the final game against Washington High, in our senior year. The rain was pouring down, and we were pouring it on Washington to the tune of about 33-0. La Brucherie was striding up and down in front of the bench, sending in subs right and left and waving the regulars into the showers as they came off the field. Finally he shouted, "Who hasn't been in yet?" We timidly raised our hand. He shouted "O.K.!" and we jumped up, threw off the blanket and, as our friends in the stands roared, he said, "You'd better go into the showers, too; you'll catch cold out here." No, we didn't make our letter.

Another correspondent writes, "I am stationed in Europe, wishing I were at home with the mob. Things aren't all they are cracked up to be over here. The other day I got a package containing a bottle labeled 'French Dressing.' Well, I thought, who would send a soldier in France French dressing? One of my clever friends has no doubt managed to sneak me a little alcoholic joy-juice in disguise. I uncorked the bottle and gulped eagerly. You guessed it—it was French Dressing!"

One of our ex-Old Boys, now living in Denver, is an incurable practical joker. He specializes in squirt-gun bouillonieres, hand-buzzers, and exploding cigars. He bought a box of this last commodity some months ago, intend-

ing to make his friends miserable, but when the great cigarette drought struck, he was driven to smoking the trick cigars and liking it. He had a little trouble with the first ten or so, but now he has it timed so he tosses them away just before the bang. A little nerve-wracking, you might say, but it's a smoke, ain't it?

We happened to be booming a couple of weeks ago and dropped down to Carmel for a few days. The situation was looking very fine, and as we sat in the lobby of a local hotel, waiting for a buddy, we could hear the loud-speaker system paging people. There were close to a million soldiers in town that night, and the loudspeaker was bellowing for Captain Brown, Sergeant Smith, and just plain Joe Doakes. We were beginning to get used to it, and trying to ignore it until we heard it say, "Paging Private Stock, calling Private Stock!" Needless to say, we were spellbound.

Being a John Steinbeck fan, we were naturally on the lookout for any Cannery Row or Tortilla Flat characters during our stay at Carmel. It looked as if we were going to be disappointed until we happened into a cab stand late at night, and encountered a couple that would fit into anything Steinbeck ever wrote. One was a paisano, almost completely out of it from a bout with the vino, but the other was holding his own. We noticed his hands, which were large, horny, and strong. Could he be a prize-fighter or a mechanic? We asked him, "What do I do for a living?" he said, and our heart was warmed at his reply, "Why, I drink!"

**I Was a Gorilla Fighter**

*Continued from page 10*

ing with the gorillas, feeding them fish heads and saki. Bunk hadn't counted on the saki, and before we knew what was happening, the Japs had put the gorillas to work digging latrines and carrying around boxes of ammunition. Apparently, the Nips thought they were laborers sent down from the home islands.

Again we retreated to the valley. On the way back I suggested to Bunk that it might be an idea to teach the gorillas to fight instead of performing circus tricks, and so the next morning, Bunk started in to teach the next batch of gorillas judo. They really took to judo in a big way and spent all their spare time practicing it on each other. We lost a lot of gorillas that way.



*Look who's wearing Knee Pants*



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## No Pasaran

Continued from page 27

licemen as a snare and a delusion.  
"In 1936 he appeared in Vienna as a pretender of the House of Orleans. This was not nearly as poorly taken as it would seem, for Rudolf had really been born in a house in New Orleans. He played the part of Prince Rudolf with admirable poise and success, and was on the point of returning to France to claim his own when he discovered that there were on record some seven hundred lawsuits awaiting anyone who claimed the Orleans title. This it was that broke his spirit.

"He wound up in Monte Carlo, determined to spend everything he had left in one final blaze of glory. It seemed the poetic way out, since he felt that if he lost everything it would be Destiny and if he broke the bank it would be poetic. He lost every cent he had.

"He was standing there in the semidarkness outside the Casino, fingering the flat, black automatic that never left him and wondering whether it would be in the heart or the head, when a beautiful young woman rushed up to him and thrust an envelope into his mouth.

"In the loneliness of his hotel room he ripped open the envelope with impatient fingers. It contained a thousand dollars in currency and a ticket to Altoona, Pa. It was Fate.

"Years later he discovered that the young woman had, in the semidarkness outside the Casino, mistaken him for a mailbox in which she wished to mail a letter to her paramour."

I never saw Ernie again.

I ran into Frank Buck in Cape Town the other day. There is a boy who is going places. #

**NOW THAT** *Esquire* magazine crowd is all right by us, and we want to thank them for their co-operation in producing this issue. The cover model, for example, is the genuine article direct from the maker—via Air Express. The format, type, cover, and all are used with their permission. We wrote them some time ago to see what their reaction would be to a takeoff on *Esquire* along the lines of the famous "LIKE" issue; their answer was, "We're happy to have this opportunity to co-operate." Good hunting, "Esky," and thanks.  
—W. G.

## First Nights and Passing Judgments

Continued from page 14

hideously that 98 per cent of the women now wear high heels for the glamour inherent. It is furthermore such pleasure to have the painful discomfort of high heels constantly reminding them that they are looking so different from their true selves. Never good enough on their own, real beauties must practice the art of deception.

Topping off Miss Grablehead's appealing aspect is a cigarette which must always be held under the nose of the nearest man, the smoke blown carefully and fully into his face, and the ashes flecked over his fresh-cleaned suit. The more a woman insults a man the more he will chase her.

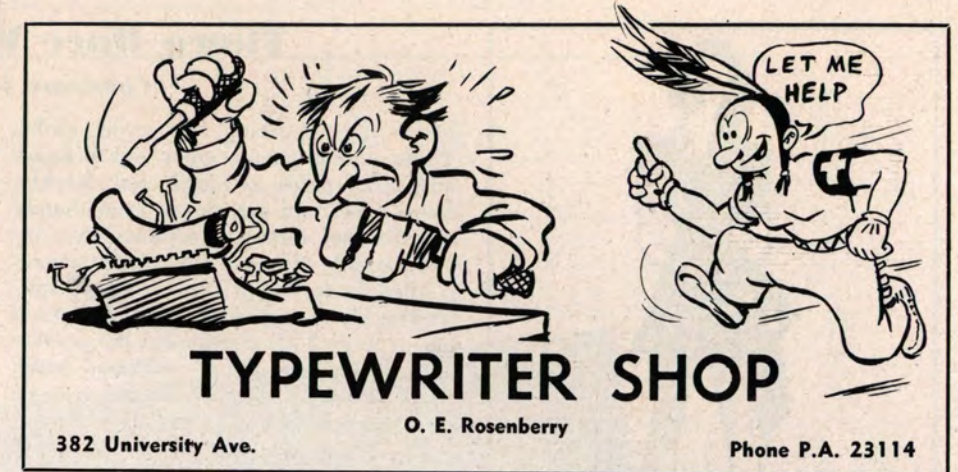
The stellar role Miss Grablehead plays in *Too Soon the Noon* is perhaps even more than her physical appearance exemplary of American womanhood. This role calls for a woman men fight for, a woman who speaks with a snarl in her undertones, a woman devoid of outmoded sweetness and femininity but who is a brilliant wit of trite sayings; a woman who knows no law or wisdom except a minute code of self-interest and social trivia. Cold, blasé, queenly, her life beneath its arrogant exterior is rich and profound as it revolves about her two principal aims: the sexual attraction of men and the incitement of envy in women.

The crowning touch in the revelation of the ideal American woman is the plot of *Too Soon the Noon*. Here she is, this noble, high-bred lady, married to a devoted, hard-working husband. Her problem is whether to leave this husband and marry the man she has deftly been leading on. She is so bored; her vital craving is excitement. But on the other hand, she is a gloriously virtuous woman who instinctively considers the moral issue in all its implications. The intense artistry of the play lies in its exploitation of this moral conflict, and in the heroine's eventual conclusion, as she sacrifices all to Reason, that in the final analysis intelligent people do what they want, regardless. It is in this sense that the play is a monument to the intelligence of the modern American woman. Also, the other man in the triangle has so much more money, which will enable her to maintain easier her high standard of living and the American ideal of feminine life. #

Host: "That whisky, sir, is twenty years old!"

Guest: "Rather small for its age, don't you think?"

—Lampoon



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**There Once Was a Man . . .**

*Continued from page 23*

bright, clear-thinking, clear-eyed youths. These young people enter our colleges and universities as barefooted, freckle-faced rubes and are almost immediately transformed into gay sophisticates, incomparably wise and supremely accomplished in the social graces such as spitting on blind apple-sellers, etc. One such has expressed his distaste for the provincial atmosphere of his childhood home in the following tribute to an old proverb oft quoted to him at mealtimes:

*There was a young fellow named  
Snoddy  
Who ate fifty-four eggs at a poddy  
When the clock struck ten  
He cluck-cluck'd like a hen  
And feathers appeared on his body.*

The spirit of gay camaraderie is symbolic of this group. One of their more

my opinion, however, the spelling is typical and merely displays his unbounded delight in achieving something new and different in the field of semantics. These achievements have also played a substantial part in his scholastic difficulties.

However, don't for a minute think that life is all laughter and frivolity for these young men and women: Far from it. They habitually spend long hours in the discussion of their greatest common problem—sex. We feel that they should be highly commended for their extremely realistic view of this matter as expressed in the following:

*A young man upon viewing the  
statue  
Of Venus remarked that he'd batue  
That a girl with those charms  
And a couple of arms  
Would have clothes on; so what  
would it gatue?*

In compliance with the CHAPPIE writers' Rule No. 493 we also mention the following: Boathouse, Union coffee, Dean of Men's Office.



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common forms of greeting has been incorporated into this gem of the modernistic school:

*There was a young man who had  
dozs.  
Of diabolically humorous cozs.  
Who drove him at length  
To the end of his strength  
By coyly inquiring, "What's boz?"*

An acquaintance of mine, a former student at the University of Montana, whipped this one off after having flunked freshman biology for the fifth time:

*There was a mute newt from Butte  
Who was by repute quite astute  
He could quickly compute  
The square and cube root  
Of three thousand four hundred and  
two.*

He was in rather low spirits and had journeyed therefore to a local bistro for a seance. It is thought that the peculiar rhyming of the last line may have been induced somewhat by the evening's exercises. Sworn affidavits have been obtained from dependable eyewitnesses to the effect that in his own rendition of it, at the time, he read the last word in a high falsetto accompanied by factory whistles proclaiming the noon hour. In

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