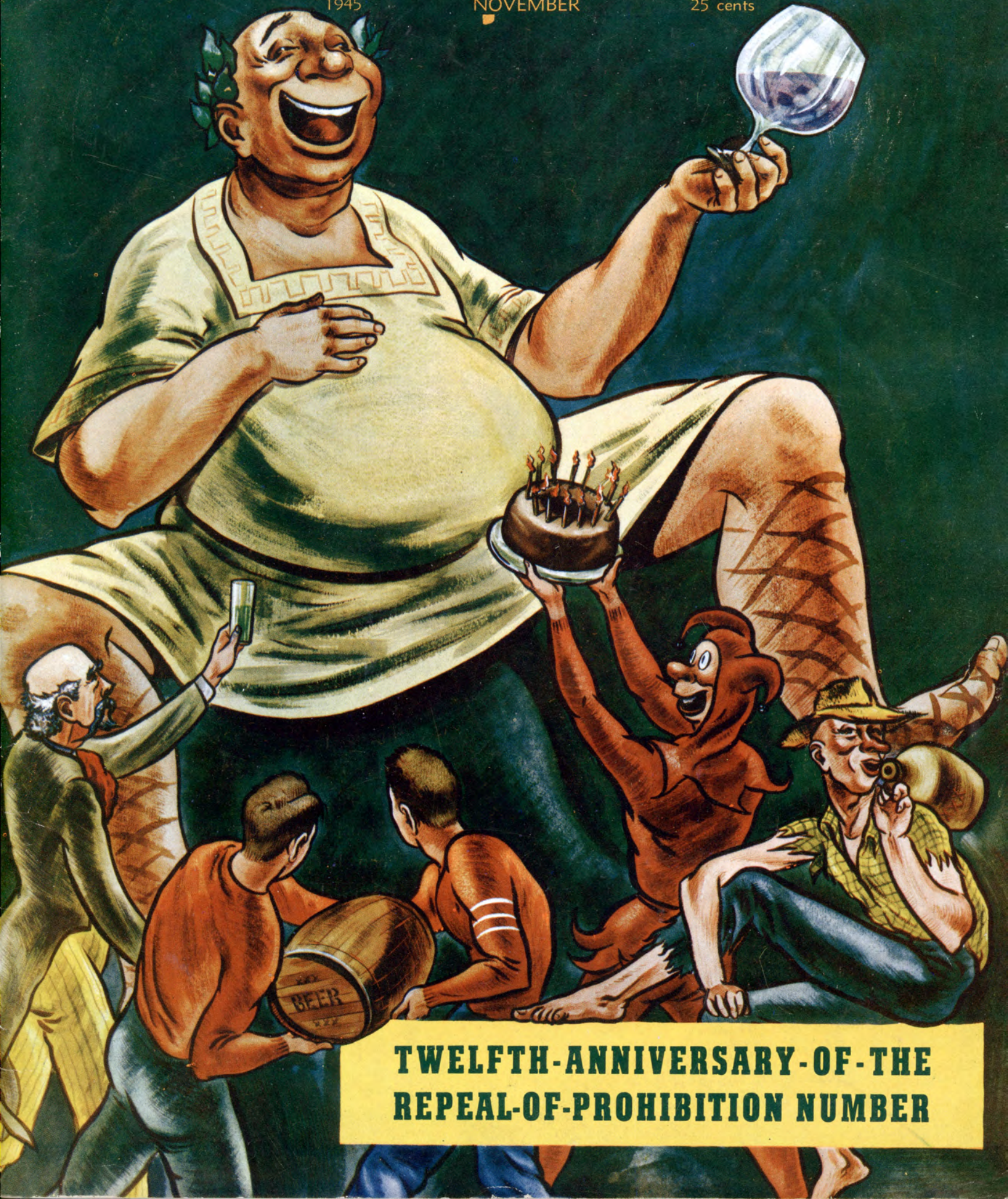


STANFORD
Chaparral

1945

NOVEMBER

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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 47, No. 2, 1945-46
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
 by Bristow Adams

Published under the auspices of the Associated Students
 of Stanford University by the Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor
 Society

Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

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Barney McClure, '42 Editor-in-Chief, Emeritus	Don Miller, '47 Art Editor
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Ed McLellan	Women's Manager
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ESTABLISHED BY B. ADAMS '00 OCT 5 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the CHAPARRAL has survived all sorts of drastic sieges of revolution, tragedy, and disorganization, and emerged the same old, good old mag, we find it depressingly quiet around here. It almost looks as though things might be getting back to normal, and normalcy is one thing the Chappies can't abide. To liven things up a bit we are voluntarily subsidizing a little bit of revolution on our own.

We plan to revolutionize our literary style and material, and have made a very gradual step in transition in this issue. Our idea, and it is a serious one, has three aspects: First, we hope to improve the quality of our stories. Sec-

ond, we hope to attract contributors to our staff who have real literary talent, and are not primarily gagmen. Third, we hope to provide an outlet for the literary talent on campus until such time as our Farm foremen get wise to the fact that Stanford urgently needs a special magazine for this purpose.

Ignorant critics notwithstanding, the CHAPPIE is a humor magazine. It has always been composed of cartoons, jokes, satire, and humorous stories. In recent years, however, the quality of the stories has fallen to a marked degree. It is too true that our stories have followed certain fixed patterns. They have sobbed of frustrated men or women; they have ex-

ploited the grotesque or fantastic; they have flamed with burlesque shoot-'em-up-one-gag-tied-to-another stuff. These patterns are all too familiar to you all. But the worst offense of these stories was not that they were worn out and trite, but that they were poorly written.

Our idea is to get the serious writers interested in CHAPPIE, and then bring out their humor. We are prepared to accept stories that are not "funny," if they are well written, carefully organized, and have definite reader interest. In short, we want good reading stories. We would rather print a good tragedy than a poor comedy. To start the ball rolling we have gone directly to the English Department and have taken two stories from writing classes for this issue. These stories, "The People-Toed Pigeon" and "The Road to Rome," are not too violent a departure from traditional CHAPPIE style. The former is a delightful example of the principle that you don't have to hit a reader in the belly with a smutty gag to make him laugh. It's a whimsical fantasy which might have been printed in any CHAPPIE of the past

had the author not been scared away from the magazine by the shoot-'em-up school. The second would never have been printed, because it is un-funny. We think that you will like them both, however, and would be interested in hearing your opinion on our plan.

Don't get us wrong. The theme and policy of the magazine will always be humor. We have never stooped to the gossip columns and love graphs with which lesser college funny mags have polluted their pages, and we never shall. Our cartoons will continue to lead the college field and provide material for unprincipled *New Yorker* artists. Our pages will pack just as many jokes per square inch as before. We do not intend to abandon the shoot-'em-up tradition, but merely wish to break the monotony of printing the same old stuff, poorly done at that. We expect this editorial to serve as an invitation to the aspiring writers of Stanford to visit the CHAPPIE office and talk it over, and as encouragement for them to contribute their talents to the school.



Papa Mole (sticking his head out hole and sniffing) — Hmmm! Ah smells sausages!

Mamma Mole (sticking head out by Papa and sniffing)—Hmmm! Ah smells pancakes!

Baby Mole (unable to get past Mamma and Papa) — Hmmm! Ah smells molasses! —White Fang

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 47, NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1945

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Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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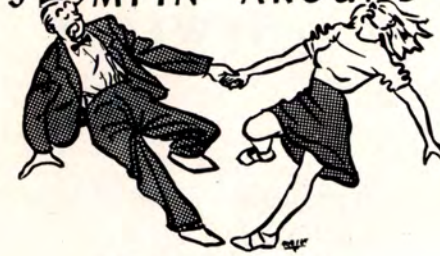
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STOMPIN' AROUND



By Juanita Smith

The most exciting thing this month is a new Capitol album (Ce 16) dealing with the history of jazz. This album includes "Rock Island Line" and "Eagle Rock Rag" by Leadbelly; "Sister Kate" and "The Tailgate Ramble" by Wingy Manone; "Lulu's Mood" and "Barney's Bounce" by Zutty Singleton's trio; "Crawfish Blues" by Zutty Singleton's Creole Band; "Cajun Love Song" by Eddie Miller; and "High Society" and "At the Jazz Band Ball" by Nappy Lamare. The Leadbelly record is not too exciting; the Asch record of Line is a little better and the piano that Leadbelly plays on the rag is far from good. Barney Bigard plays a lot of clarinet on the Singleton sides, especially good on "Lulu," although he does play a bit too loudly and screeches at times. There is a nice Creole vocal on "Cajun," done by Irvin Verret. The Manone and Lamare records are the best in the album; they manage to play sincere jazz to a much faster beat than usual in the old tradition, and the result is a terrific drive and much good music. Vocals on "Kate" and "Ramble" are taken by Wingy with Johnny Mercer helping out on the latter. Clarinet on "Society" is played by Matty Mallock, who has some refreshing new ideas.

The second album in this series (Capitol Ce 17) is entitled "The Golden Era"; it's too bad that they bothered to put it out. Included are "San" and "Wang Wang Blues" by Paul Whiteman; "Deed I Do" and "Stars Fell on Alabam" by Jack Teagarden; "Mood Indigo" and "The Mooch" by Sonny Greer and the Duke's Men; "Royal Garden Blues" and "I'm in the Mood for Love" by Red Nichols; and "Come on Over to My House" and "Trouble in Mind" by Jay McShann. Capitol should have stopped with the first album, for there's nothing worth commenting on in the second. There are two more albums yet to be released in this series.

Some interesting Exner records have been pressed but not yet released. The Johnny Wittwer Trio (Wittwer, piano; Joe Darenbourg, clarinet and vocals; Keith Purvis, drums) have made "Joe's Blues," "Wolverine Blues," "Come Back, Sweet Papa," and "Tiger Rag." Johnny and Joe are good musicians, but not great; they play well, but seem to lack the feeling for the music that is so necessary in interpreting any kind of music. The other Exner sides are "Dippermouth Blues," "Savoy Blues," "High Society," and "Ballin' the Jack" by Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band. These records are good, but we would probably think they were a lot better if we hadn't heard the Ory band in person. The records never really go the way the band can and does, but there is a lot of fine music played by Ory and Papa Mutt Carey's trumpet on these sides.

If you like good piano there's a lot of it being played at the El Cortez in San Francisco by Bob Strelitz. Burt Bales and several other men of the old Lu Watters group are playing at the Lovchen Garden in Colma on Saturday nights.

[Editor's Note.—Miss Smith's copy was written before the release of one of the drivingest disks of recent years. This record is unique in that it successfully integrates both the passion of the early jazz artisans with the polish of the less inspired contemporary jive. You won't want to miss the poignant lyrics, the savage ensemble work, and the exciting choruses of Sammy Kaye's "Chickory Chick."]

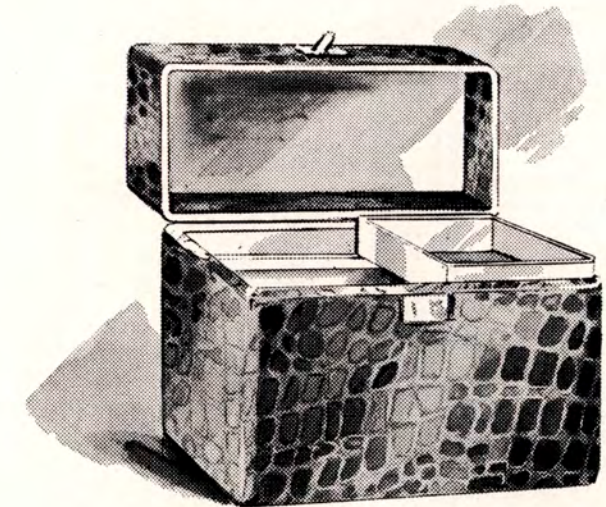
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THE OLD BOY PRESENTS

Cover

Once again executed by Stanford's most talented artist, Al Larsen, whose polished style is fast becoming as much a trade-mark of the CHAPPIE as the puppet used on last year's covers. Setting the theme of the mag, a bleary Bacchus is accepting the homage of various typical bacchantes on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of his liberation from the bonds of prohibition.

Stories

Inaugurating a new CHAPPIE trend, which promises to raise the literary quality and reader interest of the magazine, are three tales we know you'll enjoy. "Christmas Party," by René Zentner, is our Yuletide special, a dramatic narrative with a startling surprise for the reader. "The Road to Rome," by one who chooses to be known as Loupgarou, is our most radical departure from traditional CHAPPIE literary material. "The People-Toed Pigeon," by Rusty, is a delightful fantasy you won't soon forget.

Cartoons

By all your old favorites, Don Miller, Barney McClure, Ed McLellan, Mac (as if there weren't enough Macs already), Stan, and others.

Jokes

No one will take the rap for these, but there are plenty, as usual.

Colyums

Bowman and Smith keep you up to date on the jazz; Bower sets you right on where you should have been that night you gave up trying and went to a show.

Boozers and Bruisers

Bob Reiser revamps the all-time great gag to tie in with the prohibition theme. In its earlier version, Rustlers and Rasslers, this page was reprinted in almost every other college humor magazine.

New Talent

Roy Williams has turned out some acey cartoons for the CHAPPIE. First samples printed herein.

"Is your roommate broadminded?"
"I'll say, that's all he ever thinks of."
—Pelican

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SMOOTHIN' AROUND

By Pat Burwell

Powell and O'Farrell streets. The Savoy features some of the best attractions in Negro talent, past performers including Billie Holiday and Art Tatum. Currently starring is the Red Allen outfit, which features the incomparable J. C. Higginbotham.

Following our promotion of racial good will in this country, our desire for the solidification of Russo-American relations takes us to the Balalaika, located near the Settlement. This spot is famous for its soft lights, intimate atmosphere, and wonderful Russian music. This is the place to take the best girl, and don't blame us for any extenuating circumstances that might follow as an aftermath of an evening spent here.

As the late hours approach, and we feel in the need of a real stimulant, we move on down to Jack's for some real low-down jazz. The location is on Sutter Street, just off Fillmore, and just about the hottest Negro music in town is there awaiting you. We guarantee it a memorable occasion.

Now that the evening is rapidly waning, we feel in the need of a midnight snack, so we wend our way wearily into Vanessi's restaurant, long famed for its Continental food. Both the surroundings and the crowd are cosmopolitan, and you will find it a fine place to end the evening's activities.

Our trip is now ended, and we hope you will use our suggestions as a reference for some future evening in San Francisco.

As an afterthought, why not try a delicious luncheon at the Iron Pot on Montgomery Street, and follow it by spending an afternoon at the Temple Bar? Incidentally the latter is operated by a former CHAPPIE editor, Mr. Davenport, known by Stanford patrons as "Davvy."

Then there is always the Domino Club, for luncheon, which is at 25 Trinity Place (an alley between Sutter and Geary streets). Following lunch, and an afternoon of sin, The Shadows, located on Russian Hill, is one of the more unusual places for dinner. No reservations are taken and there's always plenty of standing room.

If you are a complete chintz, and don't like your date anyway, may we recommend (and we know) luncheon at Halloran's Log Cabin, an afternoon's walk across the Bay Bridge, dinner at Foster's or Gene Compton's, and spending the evening at the President Follies Burlesque, featuring Princess Red Fawn and all the President Darlings.

NOW THAT DATE



By Dick Bower

Now that gasoline is back, and an evening in the City means no more than a former trip down the highway, we are going to suggest some of the better and more out-of-the-way places in San Francisco and suburbs.

We will take a hypothetical trip, the first stop being at that well-known equestrian palace called Bay Meadows by some, and other names by the less fortunate.

The Meadows is located on El Camino Real just a canter south of San Mateo. Post time for the first race is at 1:00 P.M., with the afternoon's activities winding up around 5:00 P.M. We recommend it as a very good place to take a date, providing she has a tremendous amount of that "hay" that the nags are so fond of. Incidentally, CHAPPIE's tip of the fall meeting is "Small Chatter."

Following an afternoon well "spent," we proceed up the highway to one of our favorite dinner spots, Gypsy's, located north of San Bruno, just off El Camino Real. This dining spot has a strange, intriguing atmosphere that you will never forget. Chicken and steak are the featured entrees, with a little fortune-telling thrown in for good measure. As an added inducement, they serve good old Carta Blanca.

Following this delectable dinner (which leaves us still famished), we journey into the heart of the City, proceeding to Alfred's on Broadway Street, directly above the famed International Settlement. Though small, and not very ornate, Alfred's serves the finest filet mignons available in these tough times. The place is old, established, a favorite of San Francisco gourmets, and the service is excellent.

Now that we have had our appetites satisfied, we'll drop in to one of our favorite after-dinner spots, the Club Savoy, located at

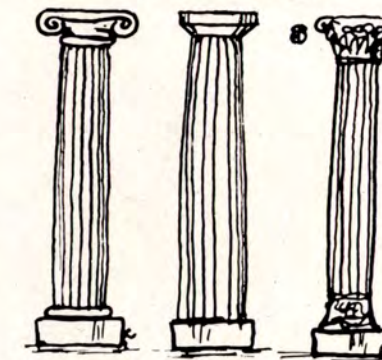
The big four, Victor, Columbia, Decca, and Capitol, came back to prewar standards last month and finally released a satisfactorily sufficient quantity of buyable disks. To everyone's confusion, a bunch of small recording units such as Keynote, Comet, and Musicraft have also flooded the market with some pretty good stuff by Red Norvo, Joe Marsala, and Bill Harris. But if it's been anybody's month, it certainly belongs to Woody Herman and his ace trombonist, Bill Harris, for their frantic and uninhibited recording of "Bijou" and "Put That Ring on My Finger" for Columbia.

One of the most completely original sides to be waxed recently, the weird "Bijou" starts out with brass and a straight beat followed by a terrific Harris solo, and fading into Tough's drums. For lack of a better definition, it's a rumba and faintly reminiscent of Duke Ellington's "Flaming Sword." The rhythm section sounds forth, as does Mr. Herman in "Ring" on the other side. Piano fill-ins by Tony Aless and a fine trumpet passage by young Conti Condoli (now in the service) keep the beat moving and make things peachy all the way around. Well worth your fifty-six cents.

"Driftin' (which should have been Tearin' Along)" and "Prove It by All the Things You Do" brings Erskine Hawkins into the limelight on a Victor 20-1723. "Driftin'" has, as always, Erskine's trumpet and a fine tenor with a nice hot tone, an excellent scoring of this Sammy Lowe opus. Sloppy trumpet and a rather dull vocal by Carol Tucker leave Mr. Hawkins still to "Prove It" on the other side.

"Don't Let It End" (the sentiment is fine, but we are not sure about the tune) and "Lover," recorded by Joe Marsala for Musicraft, prove interesting but nothing exceptional. "End," an original, formerly recorded on twelve

(Continued on page 6)



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SMOOTHIN'

(Continued from page 5)

inches of Black & White, features Marsala's clarinet in a moody instrumental, while "Lover" (which should be low and moody, too) is paced at a jump tempo. More confusing than amusing!

If you like blues, and who doesn't, be sure to catch Red Norvo's "Slam Slam Blues" and "Hallelujah" on a Comet T-8. Good indigo interpretation makes "Blues" a tasteful bit with a slam ending which is sort of senseless after the restraint shown throughout the recording.

"Gulf Coast Blues," one of Clarence Williams' least-known blues numbers previously cut as an instrumental vehicle, is even better as a vocal. Revived by Teddy Grace (a darn good colored vocalist) on Decca, it has also been waxed by Mildred Bailey on Vocalion, and Ella Fitzgerald. Let's hope some others cut it in the near future. "Gulf Coast" can stand lots of hearing.

Holding forth from the depot, the seductive voice of Peggy Lee highlights "I'm Glad I Waited for You" and "Waiting for the Train to Come In." Not at all comparable to Miss Lee's "You Was Right, Baby," this disk becomes slightly repetitious after the first seven twirls, but it's interesting, nevertheless.

If you are a Haymes fan, you'll grit your teeth when you hear his latest: "Till the End of Time"—"Love Letters" and "That's for Me"—"It Might as Well Be Spring" (it really might as well!). None of the four sides prove the least bit interesting except from the fact that Mr. Haymes sounds like he's surrounded by a huge body of water and going down for the fourth time. There is obviously something missing in Dick's fine voice, as well as in the background music.

"It's Been a Long, Long Time" and "Don't Let Me Dream," a Capitol record by Stan Kenton, really brings out the terrific Kenton ménage, and leaves the Kenton fans panting for more. In a subdued mood, vocalist June Christy (abandoning her O'Day kick used so effectively in "Tampico") really relaxes on "Long Time." Also effectively simple, "Let Me Dream" is a pleasing job.

Look for a new Frank Sinatra release on Columbia called "Nancy." The tune was written some time ago by Jimmy Van Heusen and Phil Silvers in honor of Frank's daughter, and is one of Sinatra's favorites.

To close with a note to the future, the Sonora Company, as a reconversion item, has issued a press release about recording on wire. This promises a host of swing recordings as well as complete symphonies to be played without interruption. The quality is as good as average recording but "below broadcast standard," according to sound engineers. All we can do is watch for awhile and see!

There's a story been going around the faculty about the absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work and after dinner he and his wife settled down in the living room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "My husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. "My God!" said the professor and jumped out the window.

—Voo Doo

She was only a gravedigger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the beer.

—Exchange

The wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And the staunch true love of a man.

The love of a baby unafraid
Which hath existed since life began.

But the greatest love, the love of love
Transcending e'en that of a mother,
Is the tender, the passionate, the infinite love

Of one drunken bum for another.
—Voo Doo

When I was young
And in my prime
I used to do it
All the time.
But now that I
Am old and gray,
I only do it
Once a day.
Burma Shave.

—Voo Doo

Then there was the burlesque queen who was arrested for no gauze at all.

—Green Gander

Husband—I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone.

Wife—You missed it before—that's why it's gone.

—Pointer

"Tight clothing," offers Dr. Ling Po, "does not stop the circulation. The tighter her clothing," he continues, "the more a girl circulates."

—Voo Doo

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—Sagehen

"That's a fast pick-up on your new car."

"Aw, hell, that's my sister."

—Voo Doo

The little child was sitting demurely on the couch, watching her mother smoking a cigarette. Her little nose was wrinkled and in her pale blue eyes there was an expression of childish disillusionment. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, she burst out in her quavering falsetto: "Mother, when the hell are you going to learn to inhale?"

—Voo Doo

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL



HAMILTON and EMERSON



Doctor—Are you troubled with im-
proper thoughts?

Stude—No, I rather enjoy them.
—Widow

"Is that a real bloodhound, Mr.
Hunter?"

"A real bloodhound! I'll say. Here,
Rover—bleed for the lady."
—Widow

She was only the butler's daugh-
ter, but how she enjoyed being maid.
—Widow

They laughed when I sat down; I
didn't know I'd left the bathroom door
open.
—Frivol

Life Guard (with girl in arms)—Sir,
I have just resuscitated your daugh-
ter.

Father—Then, by gawd, you'll
marry her!

—Urchin

Ted—We're going to give the bride
a shower.

Bill—Count on me—I'll bring the
soap.

—Pointer

"Did you have your radio on last
night?"

"Yes."

"How did it fit?"

—Pup Tent

Kappa housemother (to garbage
man)—Am I too late for the garbage?

Garbage man—No, ma'am, jump
right in.

—Urchin

A friend of ours recently remarked
that he had discovered why the
population of Palo Alto always stays
about the same—every time a baby
is born someone leaves town.
—Pelican

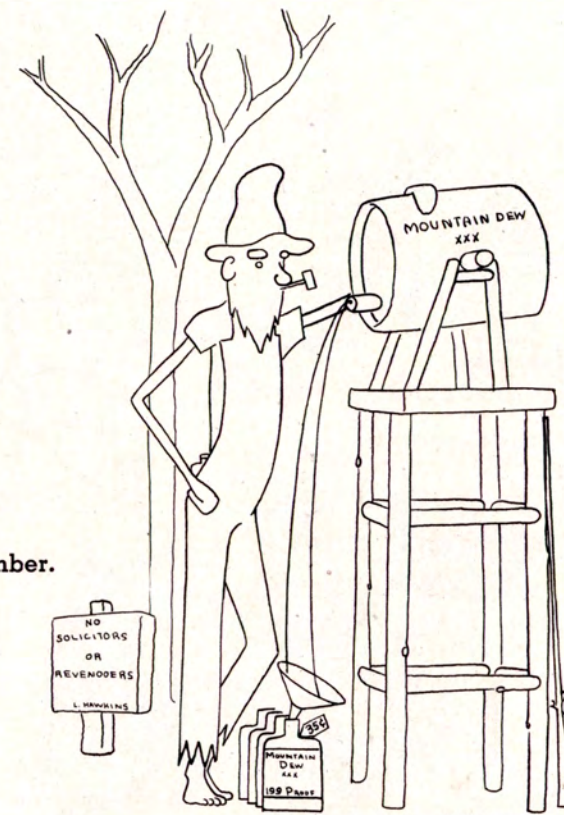
A friend of ours recently remarked
that he had discovered why the
population of Berkeley always stays
about the same—every time a baby
is born someone leaves town.
—Chaparral

"We shall be glad," wrote the firm
to the War Manpower Board, "if you
can assist us in retaining this man a
little longer. He is the only man left
in the firm, and is carrying on with
fifteen girls."
—Voo Doo



STANFORD

Chaparral



How well I remember the sixth of December.
With gunpowder, treason, and plot
The beer coalition threw out prohibition
And then bathtub brandy was not.



We have carefully reckoned twelve years to the second
Have passed since the edict was uttered.
Now our drinkin's so stinkin' we've started a-thinkin'
On which side was our bread better buttered?
—Were

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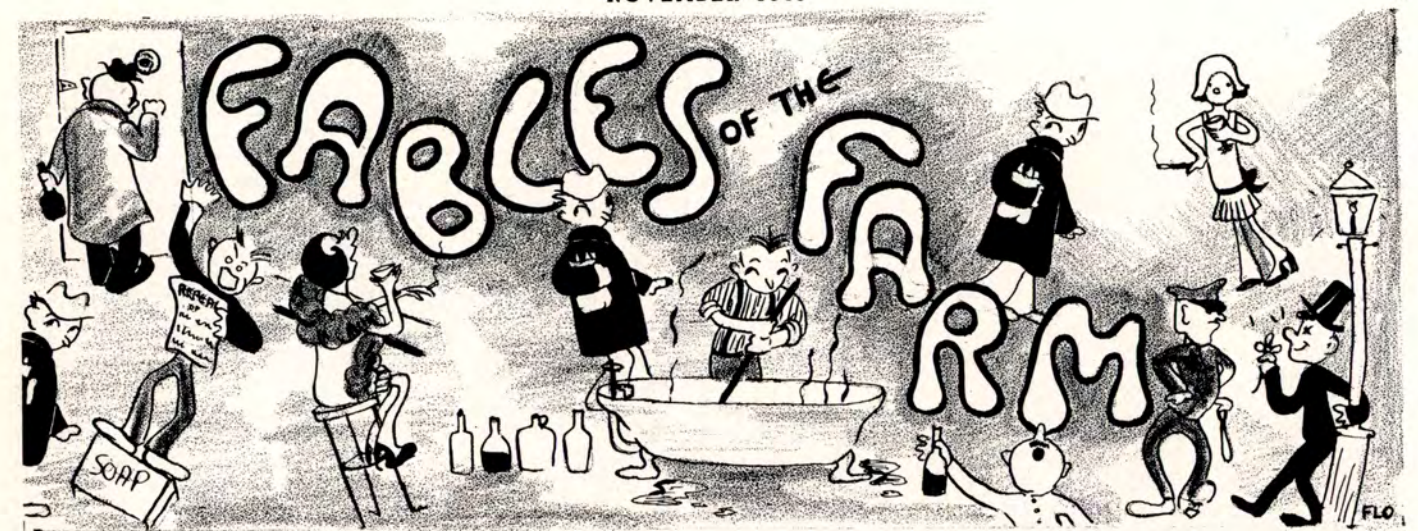


Bruisers Bruisin' Bruisers

Boozers Boozin' Boozers



Bruin Brewin' Brew



NEARLY BACKFIRED

One evening last spring the *Daily* staff was collectively sitting on the edge of its copy desks waiting for the telephone to bring from San Francisco the name of the man Dr. Tresidder had that day signed up to be the Commencement speaker. The phone rang. An operator's clipped voice announced that San Francisco was calling the *Stanford Daily*. An impressive male voice then said that he was calling for Dr. Tresidder and that the Commencement speaker was to be the glamour boy of the United Nations Conference, Commander Stassen. The *Daily* hung up, giggled and cooed, shrieked "How lovely" and "How simply thrilling," and swung into action. The story was written, headlines set (and they were big ones, too), and several proofs were run off.

All the while three of Stanford's more enterprising gagsters were knocking themselves out, over in Toyon Hall, at how the *Daily* had gone all out for their little gag, had accepted completely the voice of the Toyon operator as that of the long-distance operator from San Francisco, and had been completely taken in by the impressive telephone voice of one of the three.

But that doesn't quite end the story. After everything was set down in the pressroom, one of the journalistic co-eds phoned Uncle Don to get last-minute corroboration on the story from the president himself. When the Dr. sleepily came to the phone and was asked about Stassen's being the Commencement speaker, he replied, "How did the *Daily* know that I had talked to Stassen this afternoon? Unfortunately, military duties will not allow the Commander to be

present at Commencement, but he was our first choice for the job."

Now the three are torn between going into business as (1) Stanford Gagsters, Inc., or (2) L.S.J.U. Crystal Gazers, Ltd.

PURPLE HEART

From our British Isles correspondent (Air Corps Division) comes this one. It seems one of the Farm's contributions to the Army Air Forces, now, by the way, re-enrolled at Stanford with a great big beautiful discharge button prominently displayed on his T-shirt, was assigned to Air Transport Command, and given the dream job of shuttling generals and visiting bigwigs between London and Paris in C-47's. We should emphasize the fact at this point that the closest this intrepid airman ever came to actual combat was on the trip overseas, at which time he flew within several hundred miles of enemy-held Norway; and yet at time of discharge he was wearing the Purple Heart medal. This fable is about how come that decoration.

Between trips to the Continent, our flier mingled freely with what was left of the café society in London. One night he was freely mingling at a sumptuous cocktail party

in one of that city's few remaining penthouses when a V-bomb (1 or 2 was not specified) exploded prematurely in the air rather too close for comfort to this particular penthouse. All the group attending the affair were pretty severely shaken up; our hero, in fact, was blown across the room where he landed squarely in the center of the hors d'oeuvre table, neatly impaled on a pickle fork. An Army doctor present administered first aid on the spot and jocularly remarked, through an alcoholic haze, that the injury should certainly entitle the lieutenant to the Purple Heart. Acting on the whim, the doc wrote an application for the medal, dropped it in the nearest G.I. courier, and in due time the Purple Heart was awarded. That's about that, except that with a combat decoration displayed on the manly bosom, it is hard for the flier to admit that he was a transport pilot, so, when queried, he now says: "Oh, I flew 47's," and then grins amiably into his beer as the admiring hero-worshiper says: "Jeez, a fighter pilot!"

CHANGE OF COMMAND

The real-life counterpart to the many gags about colonels begging ex-privates for a job, etc., etc., may be found in the kitchen of one of the campus living groups. We might title the situation "Hashing, the Great Leveler" or "Democracy in Action." The head hasher, charged with the ponderous responsibility of directing the under-hashers and supervising the service, is an ex-infantry private, a lowly G.I. His assistants include an ex-captain of artillery and a former Air Corps lieutenant.

(Continued on page 25)



The People-Toed Pigeon

By Rusty

At first, none of the other pigeons noticed it. Whiffle flew in and out of the trees in the park with the other pigeons, and swooped down for crumbs people tossed out on the wet grass as skillfully as the rest of her pigeon friends. As a matter of actual record, she was even more accurate than her stepbrother, one season removed.

It was her mother that first discovered the shameful trait. As Whiffle was standing on a telephone wire, swinging back and forth in the sun with an occasional twirl, her mother said sharply, "Whiffle, you're standing people-toed!"



Then there was no rest. Whether she was prancing in front of a car, just to hear the tires screech to a stop, or was window-shopping along some curb, one of her family would say, "Whiffle, toe in." Whiffle began to hear it in her sleep, like the Bromo-Seltzer chant: "Whiffle toe in, Whiffletoein Whiffletoein."

One day her mother, standing beside an alley garbage can, said sharply, "Whiffle, come here." Whiffle, a well-trained young pigeon, came. "Now roll your claws over this bottle," her mother demanded. "I was talking to the pigeon that just moved into the next pigeonhole, and she said rolling claws over a coke bottle improved the posture."

Whiffle rolled. She rolled so much that she had "Coca-Cola, min. contents 6 fl. ozs." engraved on her claws. Her mother was aghast when she found her daughter had become an advertising medium. It was a matter of pride with the strict pigeon parent that she had sternly resisted "this modern commercialism."

Whiffle developed complexes. She no longer played with the other pigeons in the park. She just sat by the garbage can, twirled her coke bottle, and read parts of Dick Tracy that the garbage man wrapped up in. Even that was frustrating, because the garbage man had no sense of sequence.

But a people-toed pigeon has much to endure, and Whiffle was long suffering. One day her sisters fluttered home with news. They had found an old *Vogue* magazine lying open on a park bench, and by standing on first one paragraph and then the other, they reported that "ballet dancing develops the carriage so becoming to the season's styles."

Next day Whiffle's mother dragged her, protesting, to the pigeon dancing master. In the "Prody School of Modern Dance," she saw pigeons fluttering their wings over their beaks, and swinging claws over bars. She thought, morosely, that it all looked a little foolish, but after all, she was in no position to judge.

Her mother explained the situation to M. Prody, the dancing master. He cooed a little, smoothed one wing, and observed that her case did not seem to be utterly hopeless. So Whiffle enrolled in the "Prody School of Modern Dance."



Whiffle practiced. She spun, she pirouetted, and she practiced even when she swooped for a crumb. But somehow, someone always saw her in an unguarded moment and said, "Whiffle, you're standing people-toed."

If dancing had little effect on her carriage, it modified her temperament. Whiffle grew artistic. She discovered that she much preferred the section of the park where artists came to paint the grass and the trees,



and an occasional dandelion that a slovenly gardener neglected to amputate. She practiced her pirouettes on the grass, and executed amazing plies.

Once, as she was spinning on tip-claw, one wing over her head, she noticed an artist was sketching her. She smoothed her feathers with the other wing and posed.

As she was standing dejectedly by the garbage can one day, absent-mindedly twirling her coke bottle while she concentrated on Dick Tracy, her mother swooped up.

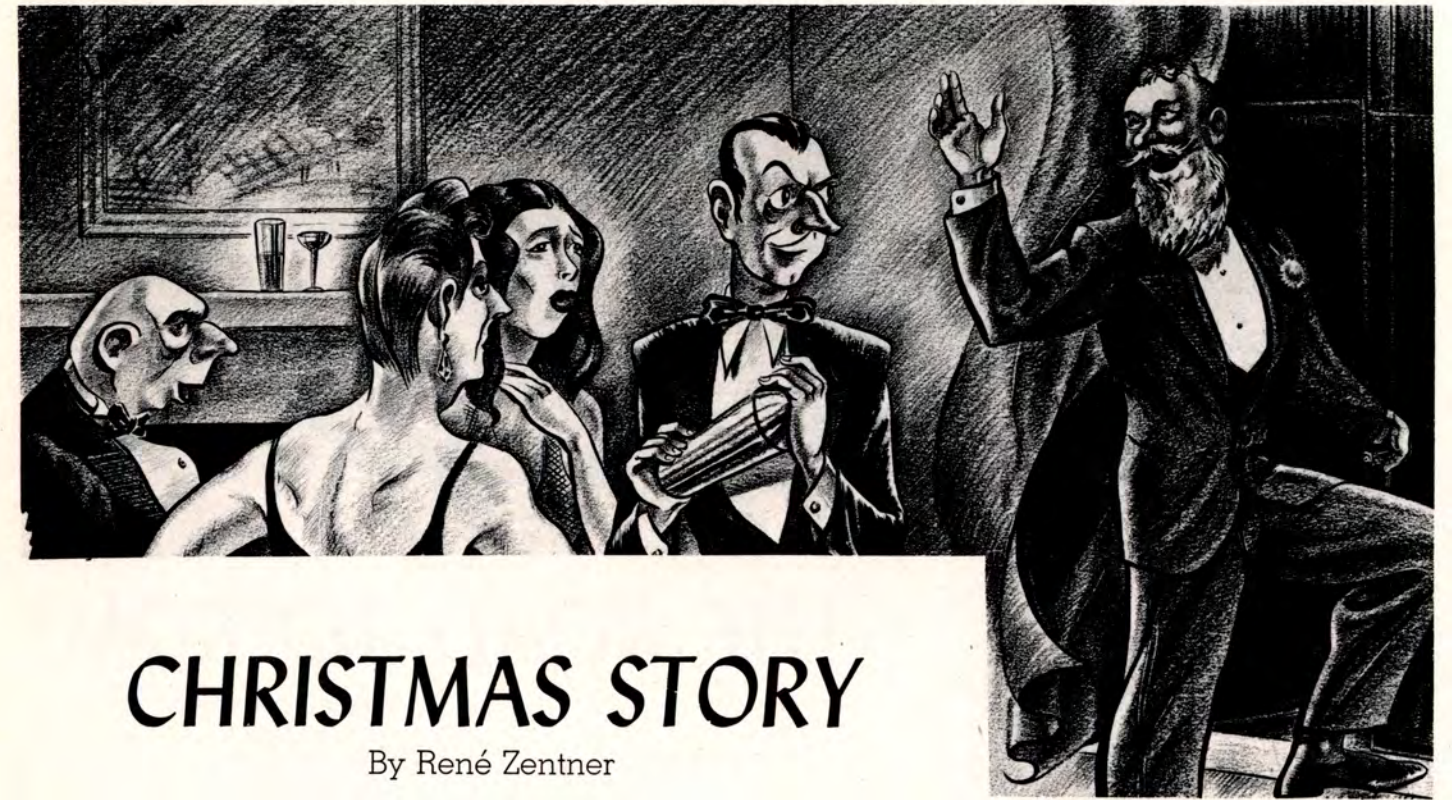
"Why didn't you tell me, you naughty girl?" her mother demanded.

"Tell what, Mother?" said bewildered Whiffle, nearly losing her balance on the bottle.

"That you had become an artist's model," cooed her mother. "Come with me."

Whiffle came. There in the middle of the park was the whole pigeon colony, their heads bent over a bench near the pond. And there was the latest copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* . . . and on the cover was Whiffle, pirouetting!

Whiffle no longer stood by the garbage can twirling. She was afraid she might become pigeon-toed. And all the little pigeons took dancing lessons and practiced pirouettes in the park. They all used pictures of Whiffle as pin-ups, and posed for hours, hoping they, too, would be on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post*.



CHRISTMAS STORY

By René Zentner

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was silent, not even Marie. It was one of those cocktail parties at which no one can think of anything to do next, and everyone was nervously mixing Martinis or shuffling cards, and the Duchess was arguing shrilly that what we all ought to do was go on to Twenty-one.

It was not the first time I had been at the deMoniacs', and I knew everyone there well enough. Von der Brant was over in a corner fast asleep in an armchair; he had not been home since his divorce last year and did little but go to other people's cocktail parties and sleep. Marie and somebody's wife were at the bar debating the relative merits of the maseuse at the Waldorf. Maurice deMoniac, our host, was leaning gracefully against the mantel over the electric fire, talking stocks to a man whose name I hadn't quite caught, while his wife febrilely cheated at bridge in the dining room. Everyone in the apartment, I felt, was on the brink of either getting drunk and insulting everyone else or just getting drunk. There was little else one could do, under the circumstances.

I poured myself another glass of Maurice's really excellent cognac. It was beginning to get me down, as too much cognac always did, but, after all, it was Christmas Eve. I recalled to mind the last Christmas

Eve I had spent at home—fifteen years ago—and how I had spent Christmas since. There was, for example, that night in Port Said when we sat around at the hotel in our undershirts playing stud with the night porter; and another time, in London, when I had been in jail. But the last five years had all been in New York, and mostly all in apartments like this where little groups of disillusioned souls congregated and drank too many Martinis until it was New Year's.

Thus I stood and drank the Napoleon. That is, until the red-bearded man with the knife came in.

I suppose that I saw him first. The front door, on occasions of Maurice's parties, was always left on the latch for any of our circle that cared to trickle in after the bars closed. And so it was quite natural that a man in evening clothes should suddenly materialize, close the door behind him, and trot into the dining room. No one paid any attention to him for the



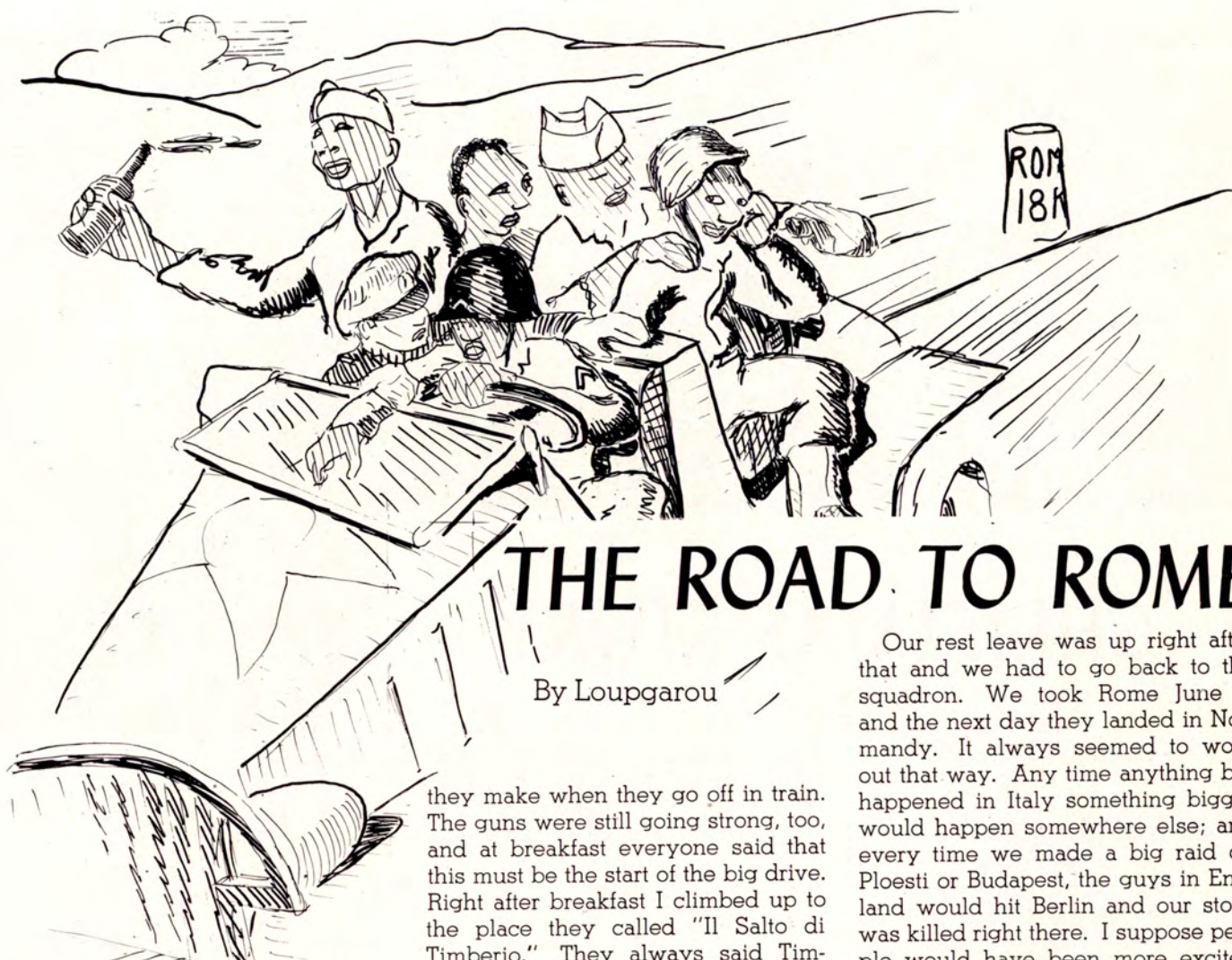
moment—Marie was singing her "Blue Serge Suit" song—and I watched him uninterestedly, wondering idly who he was.

He was a tall, heavily built chap, immaculate in midnight blue that had obviously been tailored for him and in Bond Street. The most striking thing about him, you noticed, was the square flame-red beard that hid his mouth and chin and terminated just above his smoked-pearl studs. He had a strong face, with imperious blue eyes and a blocky nose. I discounted his being a broker at once—the man was too flashy—and supposed, knowing my host's taste in friends, that he was either a physicist or a golf pro.

But it was the knife-hilt sticking out of his jacket pocket that had caught my eye. Apparently he was carrying all his Christmas gifts loose in his clothes, for besides the massy carving knife there seemed to be more things—packages and bulky little objects—that disturbed the sleek drape of the red-bearded man's dinner coat on one side.

Now you must realize that Maurice deMoniac, while quite mad and a success on Wall Street, has his sentimental side. And it was that evening one of his quaint conceits to have procured for us a large and authentic plum pudding which currently squated happily on the side-

(Continued on page 28)



THE ROAD TO ROME

By Loupgarou

The whole time I was in Italy I was waiting for us to take Rome so I could get up there and look around. Things bogged down along the Cassino line all winter and spring, and began to look as though they were going to stay that way the rest of the war. A British intelligence officer came over to our field one night and gave an informal talk. He said that we didn't want to drive the Germans out of Italy, because that would release a lot of their soldiers to go to the Eastern front, and also would add to the troops we'd have to fight after we invaded the Continent. I was expecting to be sent home right around then, and I pretty much gave up hope of ever getting up to Rome.

Around the end of May I was over on Capri at the rest camp. One night we heard the big guns along the Garigliano open up with a big barrage, and we knew that somebody was getting ready to move. The next morning every airplane in Italy flew over the island, and a little while later we heard the bombs slamming down with that kettle-drum rolling sound

they make when they go off in train. The guns were still going strong, too, and at breakfast everyone said that this must be the start of the big drive. Right after breakfast I climbed up to the place they called "Il Salto di Timberio." They always said Timberio instead of Tiberio for Tiberius. This was the highest point on the island, a stone lip overhanging a straight drop nearly two thousand feet into the Bay of Naples. Tiberius had a castle up there, and the place got its name from the story that old Tiberius used to throw his wives and enemies over the cliff. The Germans had put an anti-aircraft listening post and searchlight on this point, and you could see halfway to Rome from there. You could have seen all the way, except there was a mountain in the way. The beachhead at Anzio was on the far side of this mountain, and our main line on the near side. The Germans held the mountain in between. Or had held it. I could see a lot of smoke coming up from behind it, and a group of ships standing off the beachhead and blasting away. I figured that we must have pushed the Germans off the mountain, and were trying to join up with the beachhead. I went back to the hotel and told the boys what I had seen and we all started talking about what we'd do when we got to Rome.

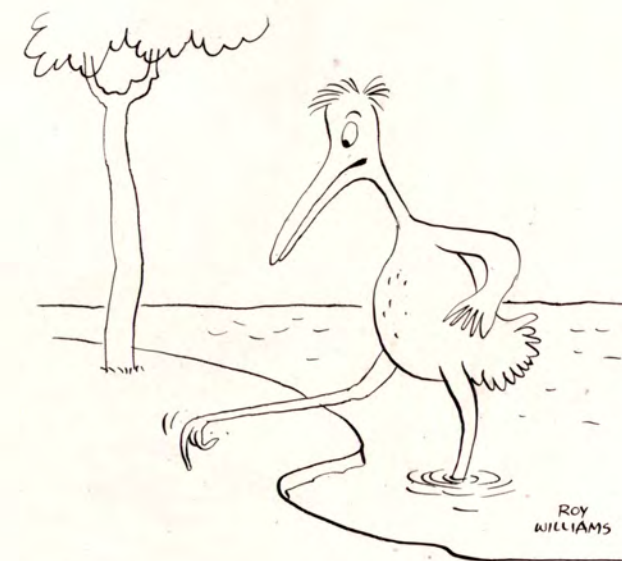
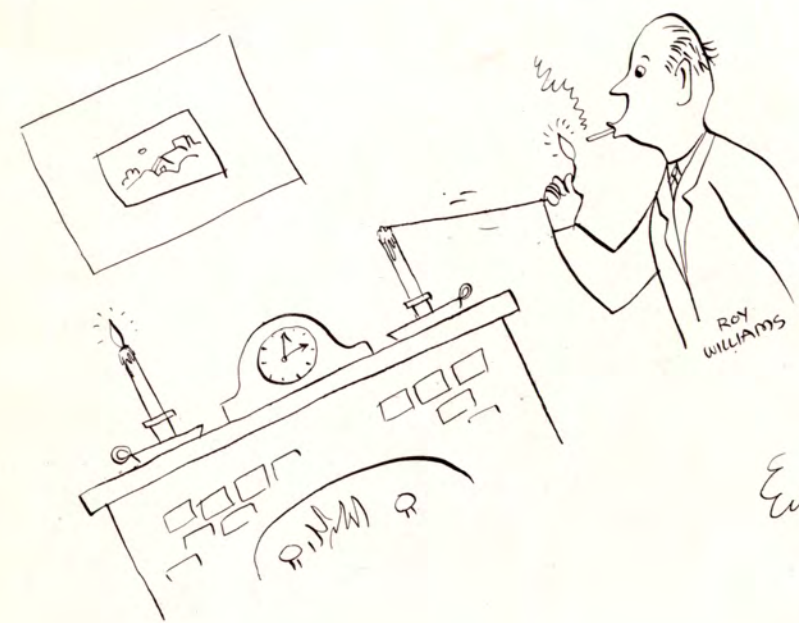
Our rest leave was up right after that and we had to go back to the squadron. We took Rome June 5, and the next day they landed in Normandy. It always seemed to work out that way. Any time anything big happened in Italy something bigger would happen somewhere else; and every time we made a big raid on Ploesti or Budapest, the guys in England would hit Berlin and our story was killed right there. I suppose people would have been more excited about us taking Rome if there had been a big battle with thousands of casualties. Instead we went right through at about sixty miles an hour. I talked to an artilleryman just back from the front, and he told me that it was like a race. His battery would drive like hell to get in position, and then by the time their guns were set up, the Jerries would be out of range again. We were pretty busy at the squadron for awhile and I couldn't get away, but all the time I was figuring out just what I was going to do to get up to Rome. I was afraid that if I didn't get up there pretty quick the brass hats and armchair pilots from Naples would arrive first and ruin everything.

Luckily for us, we had a couple of tough missions, and some of my boys were pretty shaken up. We were the only original crew left in the squadron, and just about ready to go home, so they weren't working us too hard. I asked the C.O. for a pass and got it. Right away I flew to Naples, and early next morning went

(Continued on page 26)

Chappie Presents: ROY WILLIAMS

Roy Williams' great stuff appears in the *Chaparral* through the combined efforts of ex-Chappies Jim Algar and Frank Thomas. The Old Boy hopes that the work of this non-Stanford artist will provide inspiration for undergraduate cartoon hopefuls. More of Roy's cartoons will appear in later issues.



DRINKIN' - '45



"Roland gets so moody when he drinks." MAUS



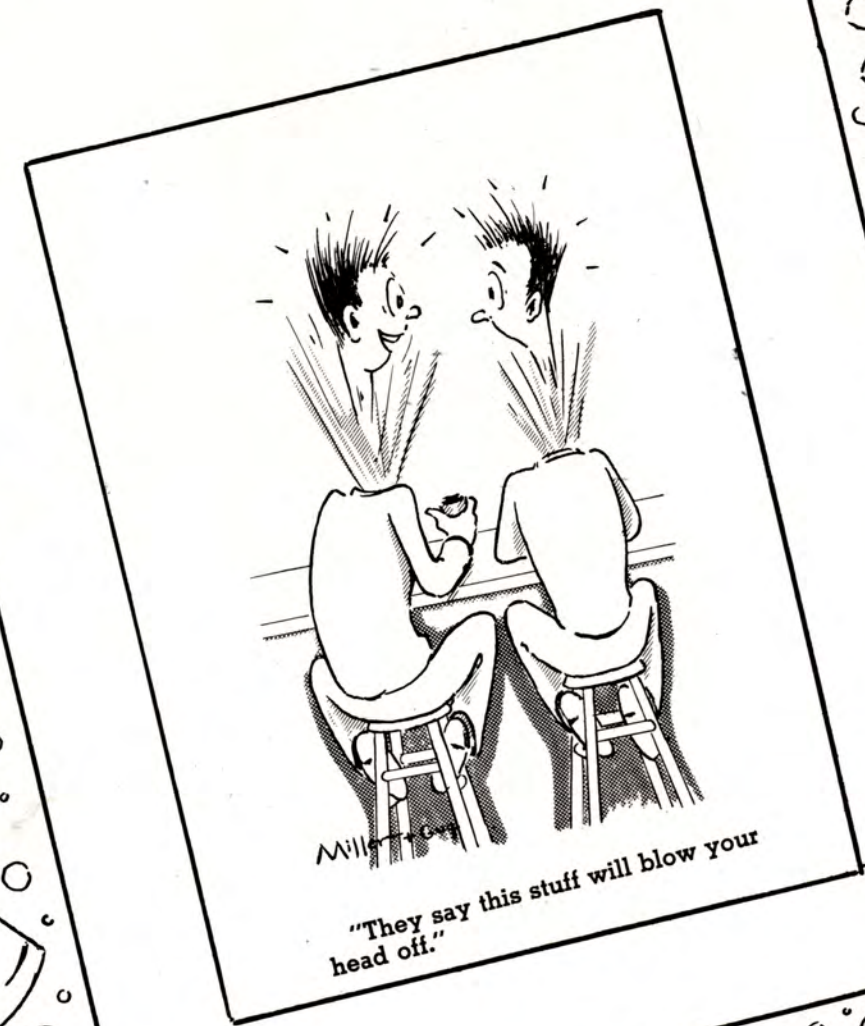
"No! No! Don't kill me!" Miller



TRY OUR HOT BUTTERED RUM..



"So glad you could come to our lil' cocktail party." M.C.



"They say this stuff will blow your head off." Miller

VOX VETERANORUM

A couple of hundred ex-service-men attending Stanford under the G.I. Bill are now on the verge of completing their first quarter's work. Ever the first to be ready with information keeping the student body in touch with itself, the CHAPARRAL has sent out one of its many correspondents to interview a cross section of this portion of Stanford's enrollment. The question asked these men was: "Why did you come to Stanford and what for and what do you think of the Farm?"



Major General Oscar Von Klumpfschmidt says: "I allus felt the need for a collich education. This here G.I. Bill made it possible, so I up and quit the Army and here I am. Am a second-quarter freshman, on account the University give me credit for 15 units on the strength of my thirty years' Army service. Am gonna major in arts and letters on account I think there's a big future in the cartoon field for artists who know how to letter."



Pfc. Forever Hewitt says: "I am the U.S. Army's champeen sack artist. I come to Stanford because next to sleeping through military formations I like sleeping through classes best."



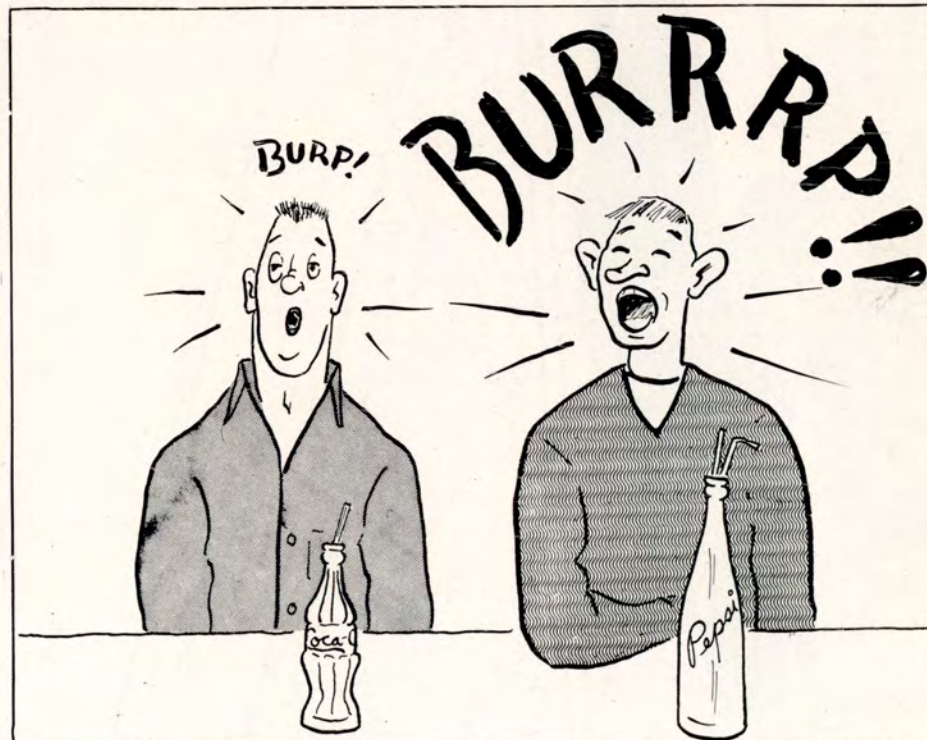
Pvt. Julius McGillicuddy: "I come tuh collich cuz of duh pay. But dis here Stanford! Fifty bucks a munt wit jolly-ups trown in. Jeez!"

Colonel Hugh North says: "I am (*harumph*) at this time indignantly (*ahem*) enrolled in an elementary course designed for adolescents listed as (*brrfsk*) English A. I would like at this time to expose this course (*harumph*). After careful investigation I have discovered that the (*ahem*) preregistration tests in English A are graded by throwing all the papers into the air. Those sticking to the ceiling against all the laws of (*brrfsk brrfsk*) gravity are exempt from taking the course. The rest are undemocratically forced (*ahem*) to enroll. I assure you this is a fact. I was formerly with (*harumph*) G-2, Washington."

S/Sgt. J. A. "Fatty" Shoebuckle says: "Well, it's a long story. I used to weigh 237 pounds until I was taken prisoner by the Germans. I lost 97 pounds on the diet the Germans fed us, which puts me at a trim 140. I was afraid that good food would make me once again the bloated monstrosity I once was. Well, when I heard that the Germans got all the recipes they used on us prisoners from the Union Cellar, I knew that Stanford University was the only place at which I could maintain my slenderly well-proportioned figure."



Captain J. L. Corncackle says: "I am enrolled in the Stanford University School of Business Administration because all my life I wanted to be a scratch-and-mash salesman and I feel if I complete the Stanford University School of Business Administration course I can become the best scratch-and-mash salesman in the business."



JANEY HART

NOW THAT FLICK



By Philip Space

DRAGONWYCK

Gene Tierney, buckteeth et al., together with flowery Vincent Price in a striking tale of revenge and degeneration. Your reviewer, besides seeing the Dragon, also caught a glimpse of a pink elephant flitting across the screen.

DAKOTA



That swashbuckling 4-F, John Wayne, scampers around the North Hollywood hills and shoots up a few cigar-store Indians as his contribution to the winning of the West.

ECSTASY



Hedy Lamarr in various stages of dress and undress. This is the controversial picture that gave Hedy her start; you know, the one in which she goes swimming and all sorts of juicy things happen.

WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME



You would too if your old man was always fried and beating up the old lady.

MEN IN HER DIARY



We wonder if the Dean of Women knows about this.

THE FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO



Here's one for the birds.

THE SPANISH MAIN



Paul Henreid and a whole slug of extras throw furnishings, fists, and furniture at one another in this plush technicolor epic. The story, though, is about as new as one of those traveling salesman jokes.

DOLLY SISTERS



Betty Grable and June Haver give us the bumps and grinds while greaseballish John Payne wiggles his toupee to the accompaniment of the boys in the band.

SPELLBOUND



Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck glower at one another for 138 minutes.

SHADY LADY



Ginny Simms in a smellie-nellie about a disreputable gal who could give some Stanford women a few pointers.

DUFFY'S TAVERN



Ed (Archie) Gardner introduces a lot of chintzy talent. The picture's total effect is one of sustained boredom. And there's not even any free beer.

"How did you happen to tip the canoe? Did you change your seat?"
"No. The girl changed her mind."
—Voo Doo



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PHELPS - TERKEL
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Dissertation on Boiled Owl

By Philip Space

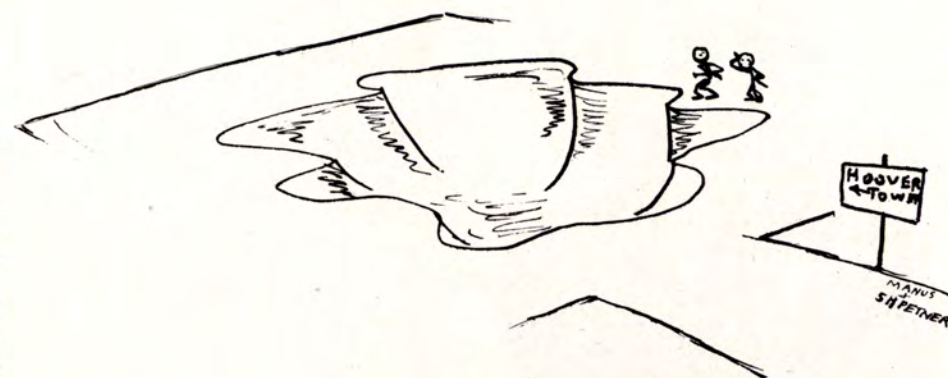
Long, long ago in a little clearing of the Black Forest there lived a woodchopper named Grunion Schmeckenklipp. Grunion lived in a rude log cabin fashioned out of the wood of the massive oaks of the Schwarzwald. He lived there alone, with only an owl to keep him company. Nevertheless Grunion was not lonely, for he was very fond of the owl, whose name was Gretel, and living close to nature had made him fonder of rural quiet and simplicity than citified riot and duplicity.

During the day Grunion would trudge deep into the forest and cut faggots. At noon he would relax on a mossy bank under a spreading tree and eat his lunch, usually a blood sausage sandwich washed down with soda water. Soda water was a drink considered a great luxury in those days. Liquor had not yet been discovered, and soda, the only alternative to aqua pura, was found only in a few natural springs. Grunion was fortunate in having such a spring bubbling right out of the turf which formed the floor of his hut. After eating his humble meal, Grunion would shoulder his bundle of faggots and return to his clearing, and burn the sticks in a brazier to make the charcoal he sold twice a month at a village market some miles distant.

In the evening he liked to converse with Gretel the owl, who was wise after the way of owls, and in fact was directly related to the scholarly bird made famous in Irving's stories of The Alhambra. From time to time Grunion and his friend would fetch a drink from the bubbling soda spring at their feet, or chew on a slice of a delicious sugar beet, quantities of which were to be found growing in the forest. Life was very pleasant for the pair, for there was no vice or dissipation to mar the rustic harmony of their days.

If all had continued so happily, there would be no occasion to tell this tale, but as we well know the world is no longer so pleasant. And it was a chance mishap, jointly the fault of Grunion and his faithful Gretel, that was instrumental in destroying the bliss of that Golden Age.

(Continued on page 22)



"Told you we shouldn't have painted the C."

HERE'S TO THE CAMPUS QUEEN

To accent Joann's doll waist

the clothes closet

has chosen this campus outfit with a couple of inspirations that make REALLY GOOD FASHION!

Look for these labels promoted by your favorite fashion magazine.

THE COAT—belted shortie 39.75
100% virgin wool DUV BLOOM "ALLURA" junior fashion label.

THE SKIRT 7.50
100% virgin wool Botany "CAL-ETTE"—made in California label.

THE SWEATER—long sleeve \$6
100% virgin wool—distinctly "MAJESTIC" label.

THE BELT and BAG—cape \$5 each
with metal bound punch work "BELT-MODES" well known label.

Pictured in lime and wintergreen with brown accents.

Just a sample from the large stock in the sportswear shop at

the clothes closet

520 Ramona Street Palo Alto





Adele Simpson dress of subtle drapery — boldly emblazoned in gold.
Helen Heard, Klahoya

Joseph Magnin

271 University Ave.

BOILED OWL

(Continued from page 21)

It all began one evening when Grunion set a dozen fresh sugar beets in the bottom of the spring to cool. The very next morning the friends awoke to find the interior of the hut hot and steaming. Far below the surface of the earth nature was brewing trouble, and the little soda spring was bubbling hot from the heat of subterranean fires and gasses. The steaming and hissing kept up for several weeks, and the fiery vapors made Gretel quite ill. Grunion brought her a basket of juniper berries, a medicine recommended to him by an old woman in town. The old woman was never seen before or since, and many have wondered if she were not an evil spirit in disguise, for the berries made Gretel even sicker and she tipped the lot into the spring while Grunion's back was turned.

More days passed, and finally, one morning while Grunion was off in the forest and Gretel was at home nursing her ailments, the steaming and hissing stopped, the seething in the spring subsided, and all was as cool and pleasant in the hut as if nothing had ever happened. Gretel immediately felt better, and hopped down off her perch to see if the spring water were cool enough to drink. She gingerly dipped a claw into the water and found that it was indeed cool. But the sugar beets and the juniper berries were nowhere to be seen. Gretel correctly guessed that they had been boiled away by the great heat. But alas! she did not know that the sugar beets had fermented and produced alcohol, and that this, combined with the juniper-berry extract, had accidentally created a new element, GIN! Unaware of this danger, Gretel dipped her beak into the spring and drank deeply. Then she sat back and blinked a few times. It was soda, right enough, but what was this piquant flavor? This tingling warmth? It was as if some of the fires of the earth had blended with the cool soda water. It was in fact what we now term a Gin Fizz. But Gretel knew this not, and with a puzzled half-smile on her face she stooped and drank again. From then on every time she raised her head it was not to puzzle. She drank steadily and greedily, pausing only for air. The

(Continued on page 23)



BOILED OWL

(Continued from page 22)

puzzled look was replaced by an unmistakable leer, and later by a loose grin and a rolling of her glassy eyes. She toppled onto the turf, and a gurgling sound like a kettle on the hob bubbled from her drooping beak. It was thus that Grunion found her when he returned that afternoon.

When Grunion spied the figure of his poor friend crumpled in a corner, he cried in alarm, and jumped to her side. He put his ear to her beak, but all he could hear was the steady bubbling. "Gretel! You're boiled!" he

cried. And that is how we have the expression "Boiled as an owl."



"I'm sorry," said the girl at the ticket booth, "that two-dollar bill is counterfeit."

"My God, the woman uttered, "I've been seduced."

—Rammer Jammer



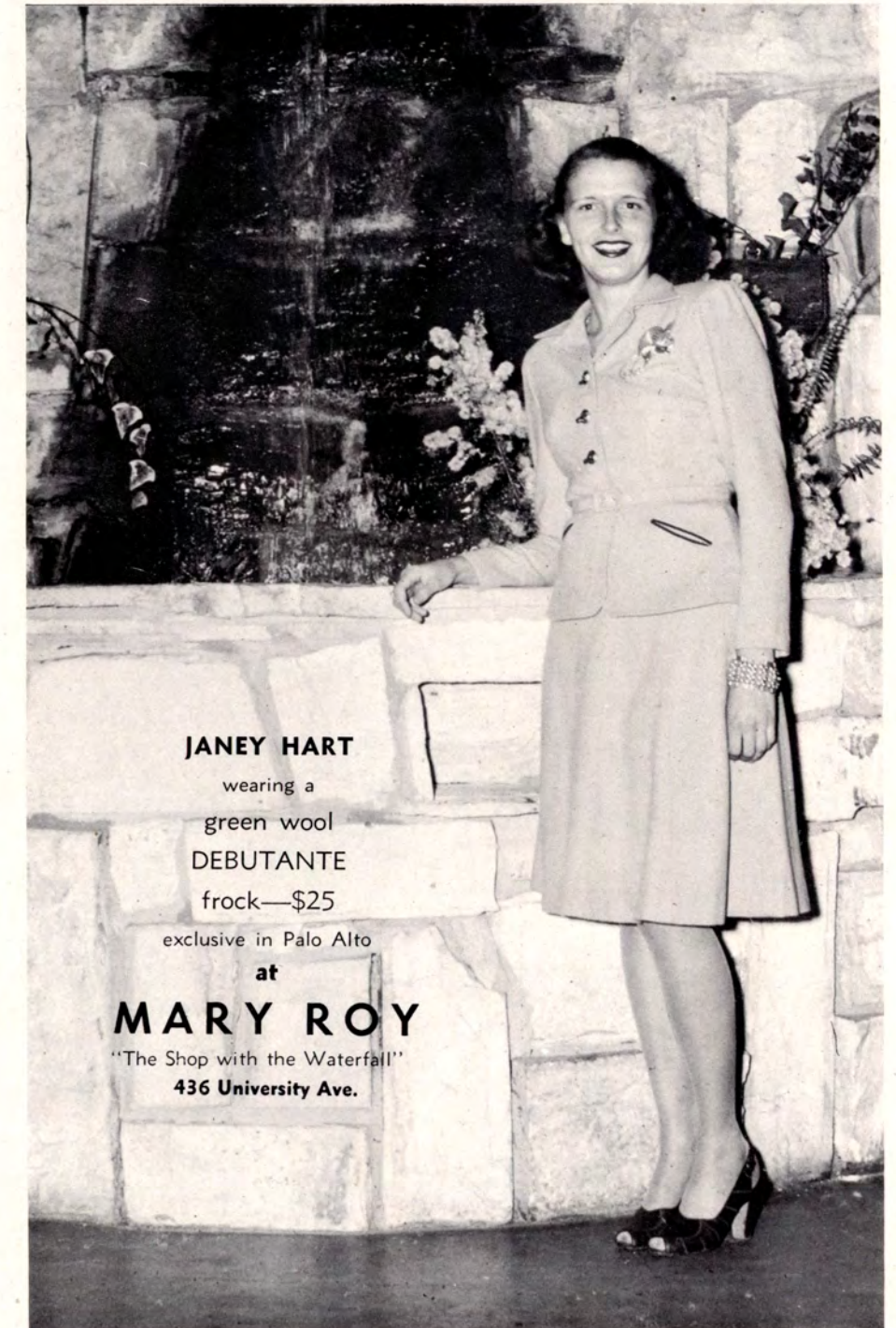
A LOVE STORY IN 3 ACTS

Act 1—Maid one

Act 2—Maid won

Act 3—Made one

—Judge



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MARY ROY

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O'NEIL'S STANFORD BOWL

233 University

Visitor—Are you the executive of ficer? I'm Mrs. O'Shea. I have a grandson here in your army.
X.O.—Yes, madam, I know. He's away on leave now attending your funeral.
—Pointer

"Why about the only time a modern mother puts her foot down is when the light turns green."
—Pup Tent

I SAY LUNCH

On the sheriff's desk — Out to lynch, back at one.
On the naval architect's desk—Out to launch.
—Log

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SOMETHING TO DO ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON

Come listen to our records!
College variety . . .

CLASSICAL
MODERN
JAZZ



FABLES

(Continued from page 11)

FIGHTIN' MAN

Reading a statistic in *Reader's Digest* brought to mind the story of the saddest Marine in the corps, a Stanford Marine, natch. The statistic was that 98.6 per cent of all Marine Corps officers had served overseas in combat capacity. The story is this:

Right after Pearl Harbor this Stanford student was the hottest rock for fightin', the maddest let-me-at-them-Nips undergraduate in school. He tried to enlist in the Navy Air Corps, but was turned down because of a slightly protruding upper jaw which gave him a "bad bite." He next submitted himself to the Army Air Corps, but had had a night of drowning his sorrows because of being turned down by the Navy and so flunked the eye test for the Army. A few days later he had recovered from the hangover and was accepted for the Marine Corps. He could have been deferred until graduation, but not this red hot. He wanted to FIGHT, and so requested that he be trained immediately. And so he went through training: excelled at bayonet drill, was head and shoulders above the rest in commando tactics, and in general proved to be a Marine's Marine. He was so good, in fact, he was kept at Quantico to instruct other Marines in how to be as good an officer as he was. So for the next year the "Perfect Marine" wrote letters through channels, screamed to his immediate commanding officer, went above his C.O.'s head on the sly, and raised as much stink as a junior officer can without getting court-martialed, all to the tune of "I want combat!"

Finally, in desperation, he applied for Marine paratrooper training—a sure way to get to combat, if not the best way to continue this life—but was again turned down, this time for flat feet, or something like that. But, to coin a phrase, where there's life there's hope, and our Marine jutted his lower jaw forward, took the Navy flying physical once more, and was accepted! With a new lease on life he went into training, and once more gave his all—proved a champion at acrobatics, unsurpassed at instrument flying—and at the completion of training was (you guessed it) kept as a flying instructor! At war's end, the fightingest Marine of them all was

Men never make passes
At girls who wear glasses.
—Dorothy Parker

Post Script

Girls who are bespectacled
Never get their nectacled.
—Ogden Nash

Post Script on a Famous Post Script
Glasses can always be checked
By girls about to be necked.
—Christopher Morley

At Cornell

Boys go for the lasses
That drink up their glasses.
—Widow

At Stanford

Leave us not bicker,
Let's down our licker.

Doc—Give me some of that prepared monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.

HA—You mean aspirin?

Doc—Yea, I never can think of that name.
—Log

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old. "What did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't much good. It's got a hole in the bottom of it."
—Voo Doo

Sweet Young Thing—We've been waiting a long time for that mother of mine.

Young Man—Hours, I should say.
Sweet Young Thing—Oh, Jack, this is so sudden!
—Jester

based in South Carolina, telling other Marines how to go out there and kill Japs.

SMALL WORLD

There will be a lot of "there I was walking down the Krankstrasse in Berlin when who should I run into but" fables when all the fighting men get back. However, to start the series, here is one that is amazing. A Navy Theta Delt, just back from Japan and just discharged, told about being

one of the first ashore at Togoshima, or Takimoto, or some such town, and was assigned to Shore Patrol duty. He had been in town only a few minutes and was busy rubbernecking the paper houses and sloe-eyed queens, when upon rounding a corner he bumped plump into a brother Theta Delt, an ex-roommate, a fellow Navy type whom he had not seen since Old College Days. To point the story a little sharper, the long-time-no-see brother was also on Shore Patrol duty. Yes, it is, isn't it.



Helen Heard, Klahoya,
wearing
a seafoam green
cocktail dress.
\$33.95

Bryant's

263 University Avenue

ROME

(Continued from page 14)

out to Cappodicino airdrome. The hospital planes used this field because it was the closest one to the big hospital in town, and I knew a nurse in one of the air evacuation outfits. Helen was in the air when I got to the field. I watched the big planes come in and unload for awhile. One came and one left every fifteen minutes, and every plane carried twenty wounded. They usually flew only the most critical cases back to the big hospital, and I remembered an article in the *Stars and Stripes* in which a colonel said many more wounded recovered in this war than the last war because of hospital planes. But they had figured out better ways of killing, too, so I supposed that it came out even. One of the pilots came up and told me that Helen's plane was the one just landing. Everyone around there seemed to know Helen pretty well. That didn't bother me, though; I wasn't under any illusions about that. What I wanted this time was a ride to Rome, and those planes picked up their wounded forty miles north of the city.

Helen was a good Joe. At least there was nothing phoney about her, and she had a man's honesty of approach. We got along because we understood each other's needs, and



"Holy Smoke."

she never irritated a man with any formalized byplay. I respected her, and admired her for the work she was doing. We took off at 10 A.M., and it was her third flight since midnight with eight more hours to go until she could rest. On the way up we did a lot of talking, and it ended that she would meet me in Rome on Wednesday, when she was up for a three-day pass. She had been up there once before, the day after the town was taken, and we had a marvelous time planning what we would do. Helen talked the pilot into landing at a fighter strip only seven miles out of Rome, just to let me off. If she'd talked a couple of minutes more, she probably could have persuaded him to fly us to New York.

If I'd had my choice I'd have still taken Rome. By the time I'd left the air strip and reached the highway I was getting pretty excited. I felt swell. It was a hot, sunny day, and I was out on the road with no one around to tell me what to do, headed for a new place I had never seen before and where nobody knew me or cared what I did. That's my idea of freedom and excitement. The highway was jammed with a convoy of two-and-a-half-ton trucks all going very fast, bumper to bumper. They couldn't drive that close unless the German fighter fields were pushed way north. It was the red ball express, a fast truck convoy direct from Naples to the front. Of course they couldn't stop to pick me up, so I sat down on a whitewashed milestone to wait until the convoy passed. The stone said "Roma—10 kilos." "All roads lead to Rome," I thought, but then of course this one led to Velletri and Terracina and Naples, too. It all depended on which way you were headed. A recon car stopped, and I jumped in before I saw that it was filled with a bunch of smoke privates. They were all drunk, and passing a bottle of cognac around. They offered it to me and I said no. I was jammed against the side of the car with these smokes breathing cognac in my face and I felt my dignity was suffering. They were sure drunk, all right, and I began to get a little nervous at the way this coon was skidding around the turns. We were beginning to catch up with the convoy. I wanted to say something, but I felt a little awkward. I felt as though I were at a disadvantage because the smokes were drunk, and

treating me like another private, and they were giving me the ride, which put me in an inferior position. The smoke next to me leaned across my legs and threw the empty cognac bottle. It hit one of the milestones on the other side of the road saying Naples so many kilos, and broke all over the road. The smokes all laughed uproariously, and one yelled at me, "Bombs away, Lieuten'n'. How'd you like that, huh?" and I felt embarrassed as hell, and annoyed. I was annoyed at them, but I was more annoyed at my own inability to do anything. At least I'd get to Rome quickly. We were going fast enough.

We caught up to the red ball and pulled out and started to race alongside. I wondered what the hell the coon was trying to do. The convoy was at least half a mile long, and going sixty-five anyway. I was scared and mad, too. I yelled at the driver to take it easy. "Take it easy you'self, Lieuten'n'," he laughed, and the whole bunch of them cackled like lunatics.

"Listen," I said, "don't you know you're not supposed to pass this convoy? Get back where you belong right away or I'll turn you all in to the M.P.'s." I was leaning over the front seat to yell in his ear and I saw that we were going 85. I looked out the open sides of the car. It was too fast to jump, but I thought about it. We were halfway up the length of the convoy, and our left wheels were in the dirt on the left side of the road. I ducked as we just missed one of those milestones, and the smoke behind me grabbed me by the belt and yanked me back onto the seat. "Be seated, Lieuten'n'," he bellowed. I turned and smashed him in the face with the heel of my hand with my arm stiff, and felt his teeth dig into my hand where he had his mouth open. He screamed, and two of them grabbed me, and forced me down onto the floor. There was a lot of noise of swearing and grunting and thumping, and then I felt the car swerve, and everything turned round and round with a crashing, crackling, scraping, screaming, and shattering.

I might have been unconscious for a second, maybe more, and the next thing I noticed was that it was very still and the light was settling down all around me like a cloud of gold dust through a hole above my head. I tried to move and a pain like a

(Continued on page 30)



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PALO ALTO

XMAS STORY

(Continued from page 13)

board, untouched. I confess, however, that I was quite nonplussed when the red-bearded man stepped to the plum pudding, cut a generous section from it with the aid of his carving knife, and without a word handed the piece he had cut to Marie, who had just noticed him.

There was a sudden silence. I had seen these silences before: there had been one the night the young Schuylers had broken up and another the night some Yale boy had set fire to the Duchess. This silence was on a par with the latter, and Marie was as surprised as anyone; she was unable to decide whether to start on the new arrival first or dispose of the plum pudding. No one had ever interrupted Marie while she was singing the "Blue Serge Suit."

The situation was saved by the new arrival; with perfect aplomb he cut another slice of the plum cake and handed it this time to Saunders, who was as astonished as Marie. In swift succession we were each presented with a goopy en-branded wedge of the stuff, until there was none left. By then Maurice had regained the *savoir-faire* which rarely

left him, and in an even voice inquired of the intruder just who he was. It was nothing new for strangers to show up at cocktail parties, but the rape of the plum pudding was a touch that required explanation. I think we all felt, though, that Maurice could have put more authority into his question had he been unencumbered by his portion, which was sticky.

We were entirely unprepared for his answer. "Bless you," he replied to deMoniac's query, "I'm Santa Claus." And that made it all suddenly easy.

Within fifteen minutes we were all sitting on the floor in the living room of the apartment singing Christmas carols lustily while Santa Claus directed and Marie beat time with a spoon. It was all very jolly and reminded me of home and the merry times we had had in New England when I was a boy. I knew that Von der Brant was affected, and once I thought I caught the gleam of tears in the Duchess' grim eye. We did the whole gamut: "Good King Wenceslaus" and "God Rest Ye Merrie, Gentlemen" and "O Come, All Ye Faithful"; and all in all it was the happiest time I think I have had since I left the little Massachusetts town where I was born.

After we had sung ourselves thoroughly hoarse, Santa distributed the gifts. From the bulging pocket I had noticed he produced the most amazing trinkets—expensive little toys that must have taken months to find on Fifth Avenue and that must have cost thousands. For the Duchess there was a lovely little miniature, painted on ivory. For Marie, a platinum watch with brilliants in an intricate Florentine setting. Saunders got a red-gold cigarette case with a coronet in rubies on it; Maurice won

a sterling cigar cutter; and my turn came with an engine-tooled gun-metal cigarette lighter. Everyone, it seemed, received exactly what he or she wanted, and the gifts were in the most irreproachable taste. All in all, it was exactly the sort of Christmas that no one had expected to see.

The party went on like that for hours. For the first time since I had known many of them, the ladies became ladies and the gentlemen real gentlemen, and with amazing delight and gravity played the most delightful games there were. The brandy and the cards had disappeared; we told fortunes and acted charades and exacted forfeits as though we had been fifteen-year-olds and in a different century. Old Von der Brant was looking happier than he had since Hilda had run away with his partner, and Renée deMoniac had discarded her shrewish tones and feline gestures for the incredible gravity of a prep-school freshman.

Then, about three o'clock, the party broke up and the bubble burst as I had secretly feared that it sometime must.

"Well," boomed Santa Claus, "my reindeer are waiting and I still have a lot to do. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!" Then he turned to the window, threw it open, and stepped out into the night.

After that our attention became distracted by the two men in bowler hats who had burst into the room and were telling Maurice about the jewel robbery and triple murder that had taken place in the building next door. I turned again to the window, from which I fancied I heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and looked down. It was twenty stories to the icy sidewalk, where already a crowd was beginning to gather.

Missionary—I suppose tonight's feast will be quite a thrilling banquet?
Cannibal King—You have no idea how you will be stirred.

—Pup Tent

In these pages is a cursory mention of the anniversary—
From their content, it would seem, only the cover treats the theme.

—Were

All G.I.'s who've doffed the khaki
And have come to frolic here,
Forget your cognac, vino, sake!
Adapt yourself to Stanford beer!

—Lefferts

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.

—Urchin

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. There are lots of them now.

—Covered Wagon

She—Adieu.

He—You do?

—Sundial



"You bet, I'm buying all my Christmas presents at Hofman's!"

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What is the best gag you heard on the campus this month? Send it in to the CHAPARRAL Life-Saver-Gag-Contest editor, Thomas T. Thomas-Thomas, and you might win a box of Life Savers, and get your name in the mag too.

Marylou McClure comes through with this one:

"See that man over there? He's a famous sculptor."

"But he has only one arm."

"Sure—He holds the chisel in his mouth and hits himself on the back of the head."

ROME

(Continued from page 26)

high-voltage current flooded through me and jolted me unconscious again. I came to when they pulled me out of the wreck, and put me on a stretcher. Somebody asked me how I was, and I said O.K. and asked for a cigarette. They gave me the cigarette, but forgot to light it for me. I couldn't seem to get the words out to ask for a light, so the cigarette hung in my mouth until it got soaked with blood and fell onto the stretcher. As he was putting my stretcher onto the racks in the ambulance the medic saw the old cigarette and asked me if I wanted another one but I shook my head, and watched them load the niggers in through the door. Two were dead, and they put them on the floor. The driver said to the medic, "Put 'em on the floor, Roy. It'll be easier to wash off the floor than try and clean the stretchers." The third smoke was put right under me, and the fourth climbed in by himself and sat on the floor by the door with his head in his hands, crying. He was the one who had pulled my belt, and as soon as I saw him I started to get mad. Feeling mad just for that second gave me a terrific headache and I closed my eyes and started to go to sleep again. As I dropped away I heard the nigger by the door talking to the medic. He was saying he had to get back to his outfit right away, but the medic said we were going to the 12th Field Hospital on the other side of Rome, and if he didn't have to stay in the hospital he'd go to the guardhouse anyway.

The hospital was pretty bad. Everyone in the ward except me was a combat casualty. I was hurt worse than some of them, but as soon as they found out how I got hurt and

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that I was an Air Corps man to boot, they wouldn't have much to do with me. My leg was broken in three places, my chest was caved in, and I had a baseball-sized lump on my head. I felt pretty low. A stupid lieutenant from the quartermaster company to which the smokes belonged came in the second day to get my story. He gave me a bad time, even though it wasn't my fault. I felt pretty silly to be connected that way with a bunch of drunken smokes. He sat in a chair by my bed and asked his insinuating questions. I tipped the glass bed bottle over on him, and he left in a rage, but I was cleared of any responsibility. The hospital got in touch with the squadron and I talked the nurse in the ward into contacting Helen. She came in Wednesday afternoon dressed in her blue slacks uniform, and sat down on my bed. All the guys in the ward started calling to her, and asking her to come over and "Kiss it and make it well" and so on. She gave it back to them just as fast, and everyone was repulsively cheery. I guess she saw the way I felt, because she quit and leaned down and told me how disappointed she was about our date and how sorry she was that I was hurt. She slipped a flask of cognac under the covers and kissed me, and then said she had to run. I asked her if she had another date, which made her mad, and I felt even more like a sap. She blew a kiss to the rest of the boys and left. When they started asking me all about her and kidding me I pretended that I was asleep. That night the ward boy got me a glass tube and opened the flask for me and we both drank until we felt sick.

After two weeks the doctor said that I could be moved. They got hold of the squadron, and a bunch

of the boys drove an ambulance up to get me. They were supposed to pick me up on a Friday, but they didn't show up until Monday morning.

Miller and Jackson sat in the back with me on the way home. They thanked me for giving them a chance to get up to Rome, and told me what a big time they'd had. They had checked all the ruins, seen the Pope, and been out with some air evacuation nurses. They said I was in luck, because I'd probably get sent to the States for a long leave. There was a new air transport service of sixteen hours from Casablanca to New York, and I might be home in a week or so. On the way back through Rome we passed the Colosseum. As we went by, I could just see part of the wall through the little windows in the ambulance door. But nobody else wanted to stop.

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Pres. of fraternity—Brothers, we are in a very serious position and we must act quickly but with diplomacy.

Brothers—What's the trouble?

Pres. of fraternity—Well, it seems that the drunk that we threw out of the place last night was our national president.

—Pelican

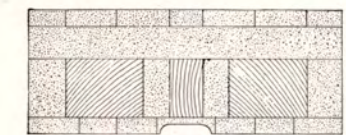
Little Audrey, mad as hell,
Pushed her sister in the well.
Said her mother, drawing water,
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."
—Exchange

PHOTO
BY RAY ATKESON

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Puzzled blackface rooster—What am yo-all doin' down in the cellah?"
Complacent blackface hen—Ahm laying in a supply of coal, Rastus, yak, yak, yak.

—Gugel and Hyer



A lady with manners superior
Asked divorce from a husband inferior,
On the grounds that when once,
She had screamed at him, "Duncel!"
He'd said, "Shut up, you horse's posterior!"

—Exchange



Irate coed—Hey, what're you following me for? Didn't you ever see anyone like me before.

Fish—Yeah. But I had to pay a quarter.

—Voo Doo

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