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**CHAPARRAL**

february 35¢

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STANFORD POLICE DEPT.



KITCHEN '60

## Overheard at a Chappie Banquet

*Favorite Stories of Chaparral Staff Members*



### Bill Kitchen's Best

There was once a young man who went out west to seek his fortune. He prospected, staked out a claim and went right to work panning for gold. He did quite well as a miner and inside of six months had quite a bag full of gold dust and nuggets. However, being nothing more nor less than a hormone-infested American youth, he began to think about other things than gold. Finally he got into the buckboard, drove straight to town and pulled up in front of the town's only saloon. He walked in and stood at the bar.

"Hey," he said to the bartender, "where's the women in this town?"

"Sorry, sonny," said the bartender, "they ain't no women hereabouts."

"No women?" asked the miner incredulously.

"Nope."

"Well, tell me—there's a lot of men in these parts—what do they do for . . . affection?"

"Ain't no women," said the bartender, "but they's lots o' little wild piglets. Fellers jus' go out and catch 'em a cute one, scrub 'er up good, perfume 'er, put a ribbon around 'er neck—ain't half bad onct you gets used to 'em."

"None of *that* stuff for ME!" said the miner and ran back to the buckboard and drove home.

All went well for a month or so, but pretty soon the miner was clawing the walls. Nature won out, and he found himself in the buckboard heading for town again. He reined up at the saloon and went right in.

"Any women yet?" he asked desperately.

"Nope—lots a' little wild piglets, though," replied the bartender.

"None of *that* stuff for ME!" screamed the miner and piled

back into the buckboard and started back to his camp. He wasn't more than about half a mile out of town, however, when a little wild piglet ran across the road in front of his buckboard. He looked at it for a second or two and couldn't believe his eyes. THAT little pig was the cutest, pinkest, sexiest pig he had ever seen in his life. He halted his team and caught the little pig and took her back to town. They got a room in the nicest hotel in town. He scrubbed her off, powdered her up, put a red ribbon on her neck and tied a little silk leash on her, and together they went out for a cocktail.

But as he lead his little pig down the street he noticed that all along the street people were diving behind barrels, ducking into doorways, slamming shutters, riding out of town, generally disappearing. Finally, by the time they got to the saloon, the street was completely empty save for the miner and his piglet. A bit dismayed, they went in and walked up to the bar.

The bartender was polishing glasses as they came in. The miner put his piglet up on the bar. "Howdy," he said to the bartender, "take a look at this stuff I picked up." The bartender turned around. His face froze in a terrified expression. He dove down behind the bar and crouched there quivering and trembling to beat all hell.

"Hey, what's the deal?" asked the miner. "Everybody else around here's got little piglets on leashes, but when I come out on the street with *mine*, why, they all up and avoid me like I was a sheepherder or something. What *is* this?"

The bartender looked up and pointed a quivering finger at the cute little piglet. "You fool," he said to the miner with a shaking voice, "*that's Black Bart's girl!*"



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## A FABLE OF THE FARM

For those of you who wonder what the campus police force does beside pass out parking tickets, perhaps the following story will give you a broader view of their activities. Late last summer quarter five Stanford stalwarts realized that up to that point their education had been sorely lacking. They had been three or four years on a campus honeycombed with legendary steam tunnels, and yet not a one had ever explored them. With great resolve they armed themselves with flashlights, donned their black clothing, put on heavy gloves, generally played the whole commando role, and set out to conquer the steam tunnels and thus end their ignorance.

The first problem they encountered was finding a proper entrance. After two false starts, they came across a fine grating behind Memorial Church. Unfortunately, they made a bit of noise while raising the grating, and while they were still trying to decide who should go in first, who should come striding up to them but a minion of the law.

"What's going on here?" he said.

"We were just thinking about going down into the steam tunnels," they said.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," he said.

"Is there a law against it?" they said.

"No," he said, "but it's frowned upon by the University, so I wouldn't go down there if I were you."

"Okay, Chief," they said.

Knowing then that no court of law in the land could touch them for going down into the steam tunnels, the five were more determined than ever to make it, but they decided it might be better to wait until it got dark and then try another entrance, just to avoid any embarrassing scenes that might occur. At that time the street by Encina was torn up while some work was being done on the tunnels there, so that seemed like the logical place to try next. They parked their car alongside Encina and started over toward the excavations.

However, just as they reached their ob-

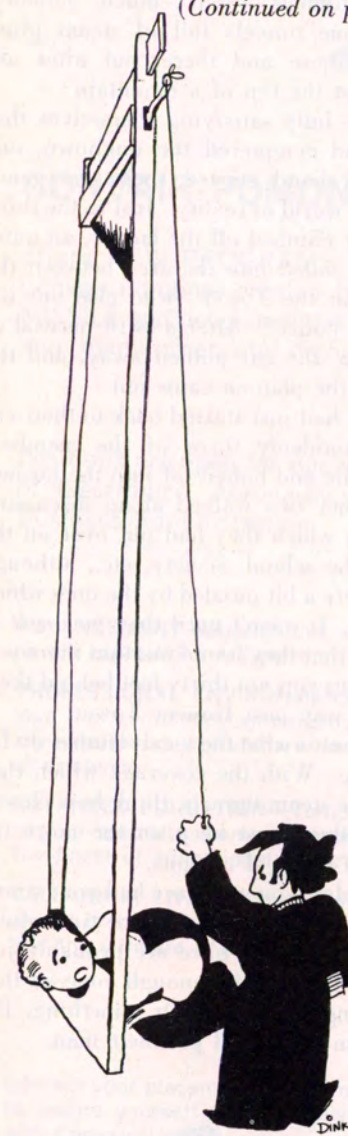
jective, one of them noticed the light green Chevrolet taxicab parked in front of the pavilion. The five of them simultaneously developed an interest in radio production at that moment and decided that KZSU would be a good place to go. As they started for KZ, the car started too, and about halfway there the two parties met.

"Where do you live?" asked the driver, singling out one of the crew. He was informed where his subject lived. He gave the other four the same third-degree. Satisfied that he knew where these suspicious persons were from, the gendarme next took up the business at hand.

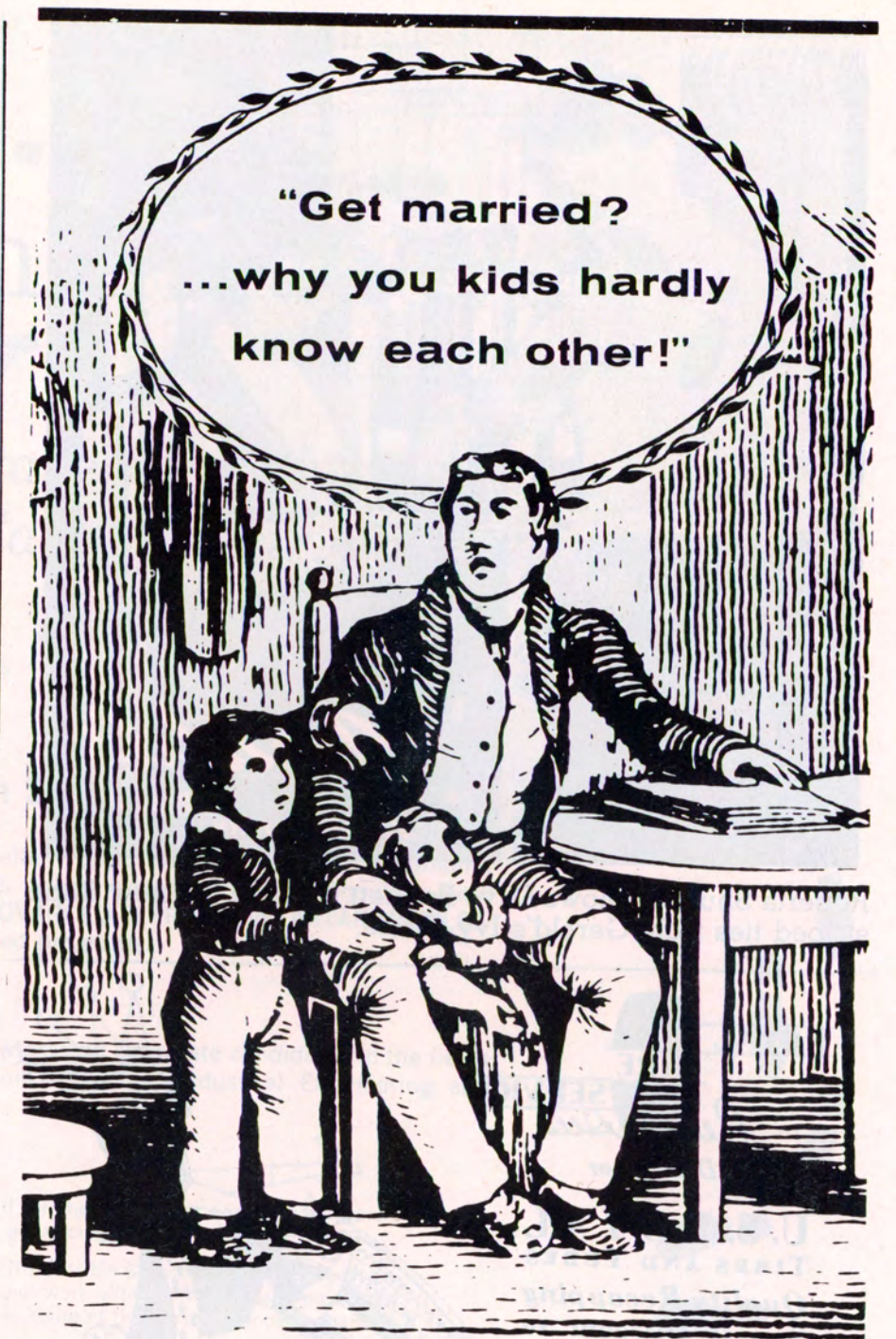
"Where are you going?" he asked, apparently unused to seeing groups of students with flashlights and dark clothing out after dark.

"We're going to KZSU," they said.

(Continued on page 4)



"But I thought you guys could take a joke, Officer Davis."



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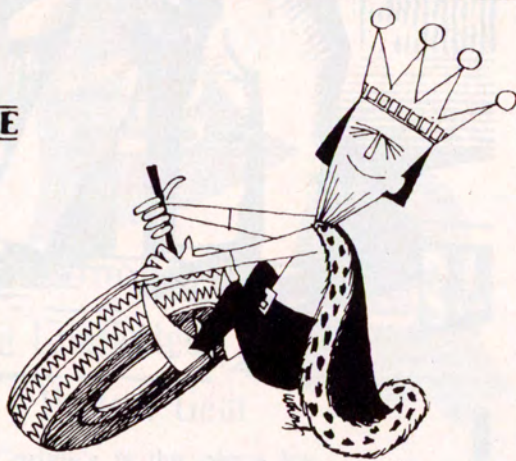
DOWNTOWN - UNIVERSITY AT BRYANT



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

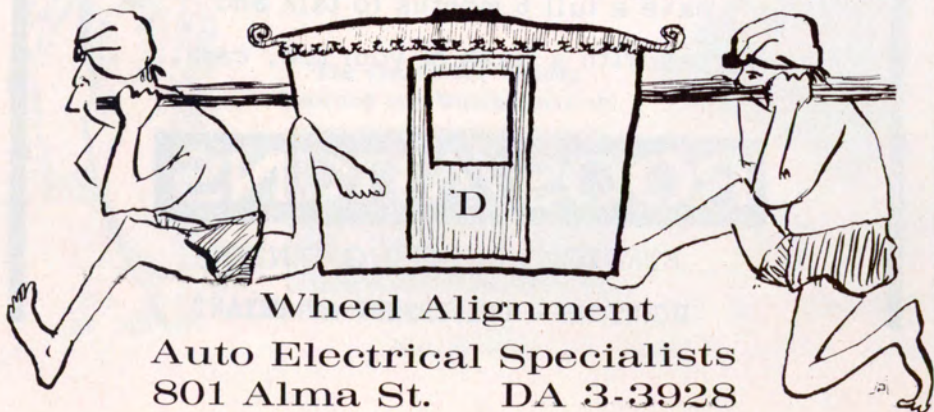
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"Oh, yeah?" he said.  
 "Yeah," they said.

The cop drove off amid mutterings of "police state" and "secret police." During the entire time his car had been parked going the wrong direction on the wrong side of the street.

It was at KZSU (they actually went there) that their fortunes took a turn for the better. They were told the *only* place to go into the steam tunnels was at a manhole between the library and the art gallery. After a few minutes, the landing party split up into two waves, one going around in front of the art gallery, the other skirting around Hoover Tower. They met at the manhole—a fine manhole complete with a nice long ladder down into the steam tunnels. Without a moment's hesitation, they embarked down into the depths.

The tunnels weren't much, actually. Just some tunnels full of steam pipes leading here and there, but after all, what's at the top of a mountain?

After fully satisfying themselves that they had conquered the unknown, our intrepid band started their emergence into the world of reality. Just as the third member climbed off the ladder, an automobile pulled into the area between the Libe and the Tower—who else but the campus police? After a swift perusal of the area, the car pulled away, and the rest of the platoon came out.

They had just started back to their car when suddenly three of the members broke file and bolted off into the bushes. The other two walked along discussing the one which they had put over on the cops, the school, society, etc., although they were a bit puzzled by the ones which ran off. It wasn't until they got back to the car that they found out that there was a campus cop not thirty feet behind them all the way past Hoover Tower.

So that is what the local sleuths do for a living. With the coverage which they give the steam tunnels, think how close a watch they must keep on the more important areas of campus.

So relax, you who have had your rooms burglarized and your spare tires stolen,—the Stanford Police are probably just giving the culprits enough rope so they can hang themselves. Or something. But you can bet they'll get their man.

"May, it shore is too bad about our two daughters layin' up thar in that cemetery."

"Shore is, Paw. Sometimes I wish they wuz dead!"

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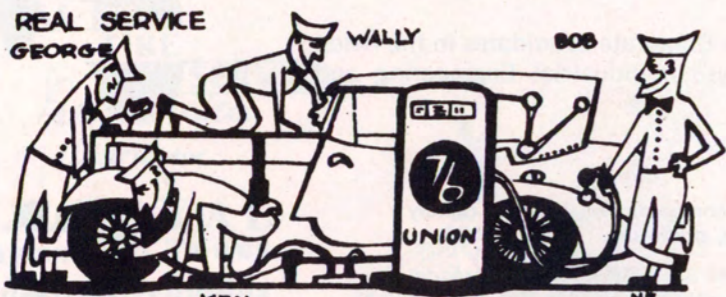
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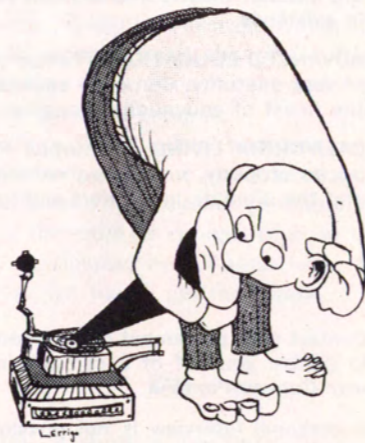
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**NOW THAT** 2500 years have passed since Tiberius Gracchus delivered his immortal "Illigetimi non Carborundum" speech to the Roman public in 540 B.C., his cry "Don't let the bastards grind you down!" has come down through history.

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In 1789 the slogan was "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!" This was not the Rotary motto, as is commonly supposed, but had two meanings in French. One was "To hell with the chambermaids, where's the King's wine cellar?" The other was "I hate gendarmes!" In Ireland the rebels shouted "Erin go brae!" which meant, of course, "Tis hating' the King's farces we are!"

John Dillinger said "I hate cops!" and got shot. Marlon Brando said "I hate cops" and got an Oscar. Jim Ralph said "I hate cops!" and got elected student body president. Bill Kartoziian said "I hate cops!" (or was it kids?) and got wiped out with water balloons. Now the Old Boy says "I hate cops!" and will probably get his car plastered with all sorts of traffic tickets every time he slows down to less than ten miles per hour on campus.

It's not that the Old Boy has anything personal against cops, mind you, it's just that he's tired of getting two dollar tickets for having his ten dollar parking sticker fastened on crooked, for parking forty and one-third minutes in a forty-minute zone, and for parking illegally while getting gas to fill his empty tank. He is also tired of being refused entrance into places of interest because his date happens to be twenty years old. He is also tired of having to equip every party he throws with cokes and 7-ups for the minors to grab in case the uniformed party-crashers show. He is, in short, tired of cops.



"Kin I have a ethkimo pie?"



Thus it is that the Ancient One, with great resolve, has taken it upon himself to rid the world of cops for once and for all and make the world safe for revelry and good times. First, he proves conclusively that *cops is wrong* with an intellectual-type Platonic dialogue dug up by that master Philosopher, Jim Fries. Next he provides a means by which every *Chappie* reader can get back at the cops for all those old parking fines and even make a little ghelt on the side, done by that master villain, John Frankenstein. Then he exposes the sinister workings of the A.B.C. through the fearless investigations of that master . . . er . . . of the rhetoric, Todd Stewart. After that he shows his contempt for cops by stealing a story from the Michigan State Spartan (actually, the crime would be *not* to steal it—it's a damn good story). Finally, he holds cops up to such ridicule with Bill Kitchen's cover that the campus cops will be laughed out of their office, through their new street entrance and back to the National Boy Scout headquarters.

Let them smash our presses! Let them strew our type-cases over the streets! Let them loot, rape, pillage and

burn our office! Let them beat us about our heads and shoulders with their lead-filled billys! Let them arrest our staff and salesgirls! Let them picket our stands! Let them fill their ticket quotas on our cars! Let them snitch to the dean on us! Let them write letters to the Daily (incidentally, who is Peter Erickson?)! They can't silence the voice of the little people! And that's who we are, boy!

And if all this is not enough, just take a look at our Hate Cops queen, Sue Koessler. She's enough to make anyone hate cops . . . or like cops . . . or anything.

The Frivolous Fool is inaugurating a new feature in this issue. *Chappie* contributors' banquets traditionally end up as big joke-telling sessions, and some real collectors' items have been known to cross the table. The Old Boy feels that his readers have not heard *jokes* until they have heard some of the ones told at *Chappie* banquets and wants to make sure that his readers hear at least a couple of *real* jokes before they graduate. Thus the inside front cover this month. But one word of caution—most of the jokes which will appear in this series (if it happens more than once) are better when they are heard, rather than read, so if the reader wants to get the full effect, don't read the joke. Go look up Bill Kitchen and ask him to tell his pig joke. He probably won't tell it, though—he's still a bit broken-hearted at the thought of his own personal favorite joke becoming part of the public domain.

—the Old Boy

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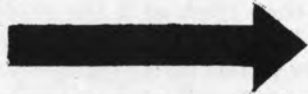
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# I WAS AN AGENT FOR THE A.B.C.

by TODD STEWART

My name is Abner Skeens, and this is a picture of me six months ago when I first became an agent for the ABC. Before this time I had led a varied life as a schill for the Crusade and a lecturer on V.D. But then I was just out of divinity school and so eager to combat the sins of the world that the campus representative had little trouble convincing me to make the ultimate contribution and join the team as an agent.

Once on the job I proved quick and eager to combat Demon Rum and soon was taken off the milk run to the Oasis and put on special assignments.

These assignments I carried through with devotion and (pardon the expression) devilish ingenuity, and so I was given more and more important assignments, culminating with my leadership of a daring raid which netted a professor's wife for serving alcoholic hardsauce to a student with her Christmas plum pudding.



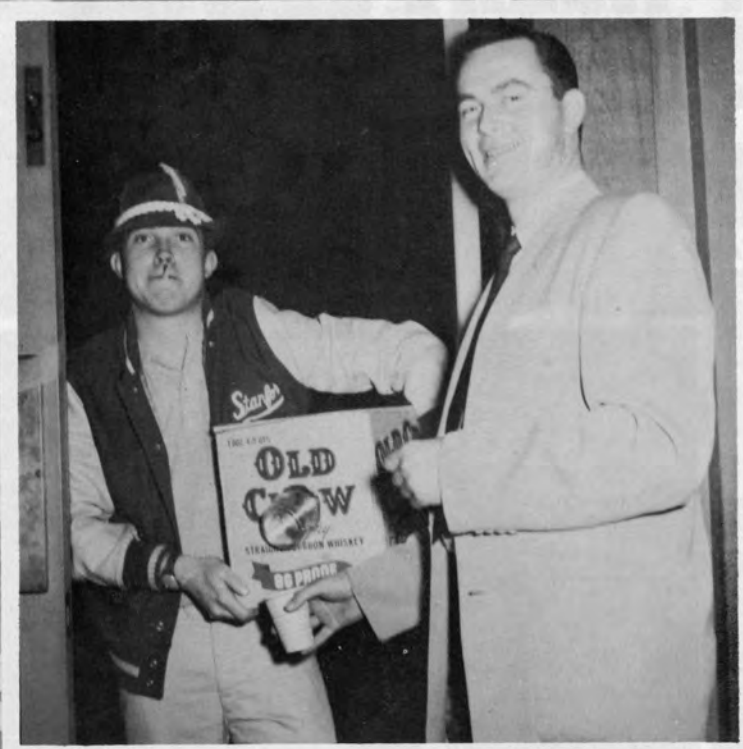
With these successes I knew that when the chief called me into his office last week, I was going to get the biggest assignment of my life.

The chief smiled when I came in, clapped me on the back with that gnarled old hand which had broken so many bottles, and we checked each other's ID in the traditional ABC greeting. Then without further formality he explained the assignment.



It seemed that a Stanford Pi Pi had broken on the rack and confessed that his house planned a rushing party where spirits would be served, and as I was the most collegiate looking staff member, he asked if I would attend in disguise to get enough evidence to crack this infamy. I veritably leaped at the chance.

I read over the Annals of the Anti-Saloon League to build up my strength, and the office cooperated splendidly in outfitting me in collegiate attire and providing me with a camera cleverly concealed in a beer container. Finally confident of my own success, I arrived at the party putting my unsuspecting host at ease with a collegiate, "Bitchin' RF."



Entering the room, I went right to work photographing the orgy that surrounded me.

Soon, however, a few Pi Pi's took notice of me and in a very friendly fashion offered me a beer.



At first, I naturally refused, but they became insistent and when one suggested a "chug-a-bug" contest in the interests of good sportsmanship I was put in a position where I really couldn't refuse.



I woke up the next morning feeling somewhat distraught but filled with a feeling of pride, for fastened to my night shirt was a Pi Pi pin!

Everything got fuzzier and fuzzier until . . .



I resigned from the commission the next day and assumed my present position as house bartender. My only problem now is how to explain it all to Mother.





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"Ma, can I go out and play?"  
 "With those holes in your pants?"  
 "No, with those kids across the street."

"Son, after four years at college you're nothing but a drunk, a loafer and a darn nuisance. I can't think of one good thing it's done."

The son was silent for a moment; then suddenly his eyes brightened. "Well," he said, "it's cured Ma of bragging about me."

A husband and wife were in bed asleep. At about three o'clock in the morning the wife dreamed of secretly meeting another man.

Then she dreamed she saw her husband approaching. In her sleep, she shrieked, "Heavens! My husband!"

Her husband, awakened by the shriek, leaped out of the window.

I wish I could drink like a lady.  
 "Two or three," at the most.  
 But two, and I'm under the table—  
 And three, I'm under the host.

You never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a dark room?

My name isn't Mary.

Two cannibals met in a mental institution. One was tearing out pictures of men, women, and children from the magazine, and stuffing them into his mouth and eating them. "Tell me," said the other, "is that dehydrated stuff any good?"



"... Then you rub Vaseline all over your rear tires, and when the cop comes along with his chalk, he ..."

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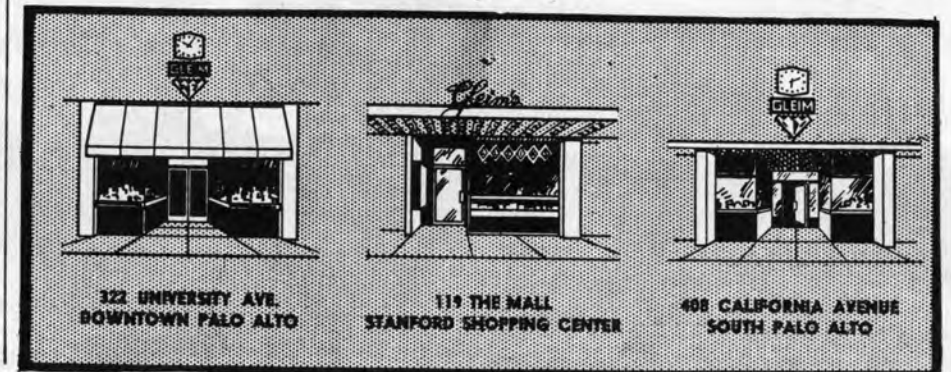
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"I'll have a chocolate malt and a burger, no onions, please."



"Don't bother to get up, Mrs. Astor—I just came in to brush my teeth!"



"Everybody's been getting away with murder since they grounded Captain Midnight."



Help! Call the cops! We've been robbed!"



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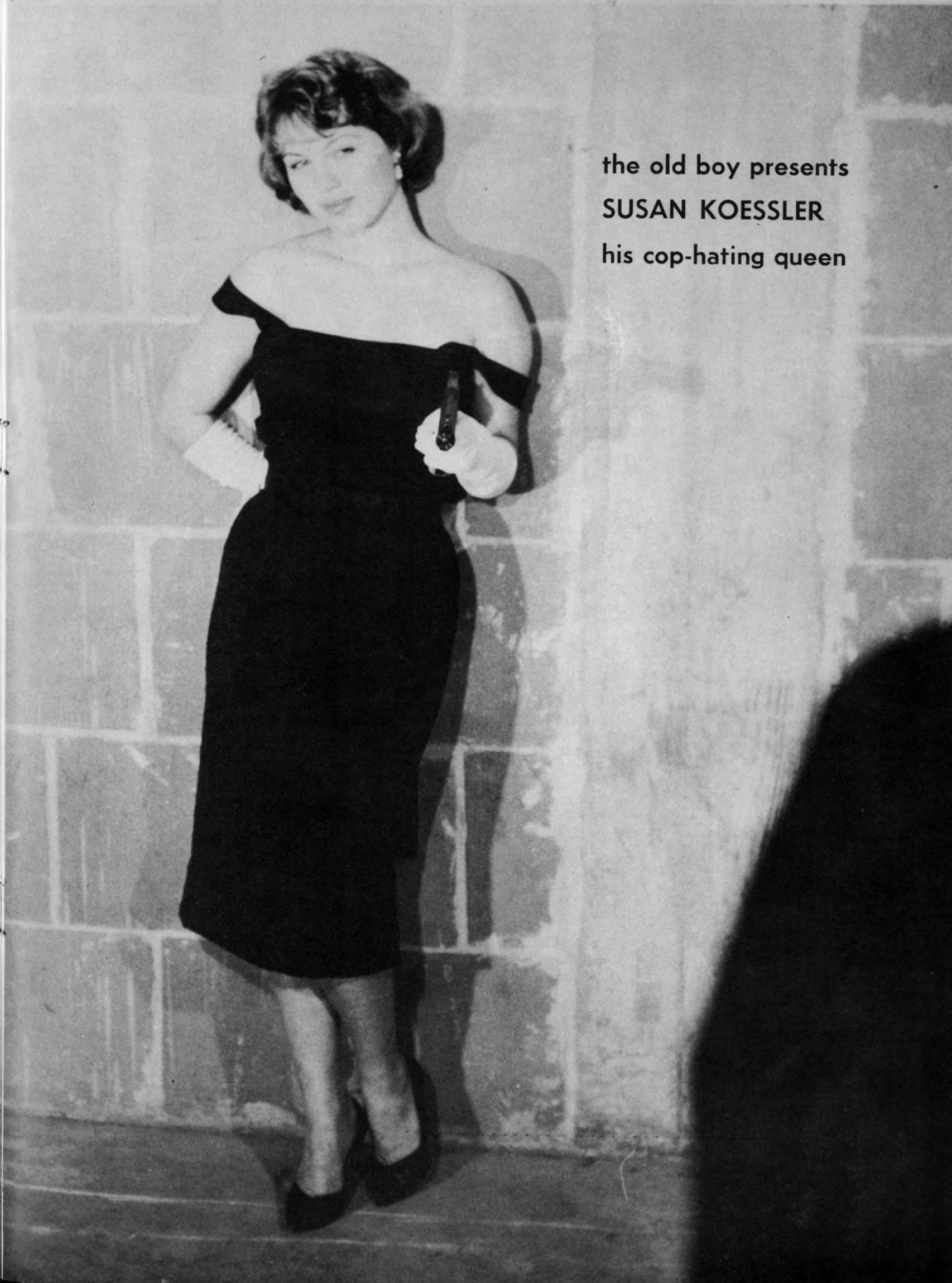
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his cop-hating queen





This is Susan Koessler. She doesn't really hate cops, but then pretty girls don't usually hate cops. Everybody is nice to pretty girls, even the Law.

Susie spent the last six months at Stuttgart. She stocked up on postcards in Paris, absinthe in Spain, and contacted the Mafia in Sicily. She is presently "protecting" the Bookstore, the Cellar, and Union Residence, where she lives.

Miss Koessler is from L.A., and has never been a member of the White Fence Gang. She does have a date this Saturday, with Mickey Cohen. Better think twice before you call her—it doesn't pay to fool around with the rackets.



"The trouble with these \$100-a-plate dinners is that they don't serve PARDBURGERS."



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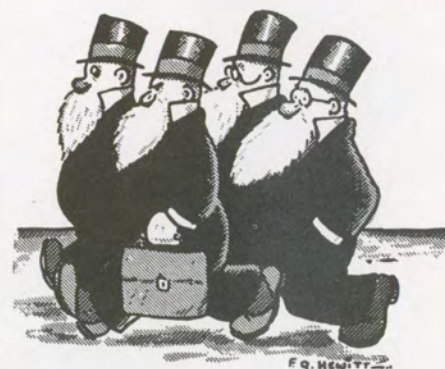
DU: "Man, am I scared. I just got a card from a veteran telling me he'll shoot me if I don't stay away from his wife."  
 Sig Ep: "Well, why don't you?"  
 DU: "He didn't sign his name."

He: "Have you a room and bath for my wife and me?"  
 Hotel clerk: "All we have left is a room with a double bed."  
 He: "Will that be all right with you, dearest?"  
 She: "Yes, mister."

The young married couple were having their breakfast together in the hotel restaurant. When the shapely waitress brought the menu, she said "Good morning, honey" to the groom.  
 Silence reigned until she left, and then the bride blew up. "Who is she?" fumed the bride.  
 "Calm down, darling," pleaded the groom, "I'm going to have enough trouble explaining you to her."

Noah Webster's wife came into the pantry and found him kissing the pretty chambermaid.  
 "Mr. Webster!" she exclaimed. "I am surprised."  
 "No, my dear," said Mr. Webster with a reproving smile. "You are astounded. I am surprised."

Woman winding up fervent W.C.T.U. speech: "And furthermore, I would rather commit adultery than touch a drop of liquor."  
 Senior in back row: "Who in the hell wouldn't?"



"She didn't like my feathers, so I knocked her down."

## THE PHARDO

by JIM FRIES

Commentator's Note: The history of civilization may be viewed as essentially a conflict between freedom and authority, with victory traditionally on the side of authority. From time to time, however, there have been solitary voices in the wilderness preaching Rebellion and Freedom. One of the first of these was the Greek philosopher Plato, who in the present dialogue—finally released by the ex-

ecutors of the Socrates literary estate—expounds brilliantly the thesis that man reaches his greatest nobility while defying the law. Often called the "father of rationalization," Plato brings reason to the defense of licentiousness and finally explains the calmness with which Socrates took the hemlock. He thought it was Scotch.

Characters: Socrates  
 Phardo

Scene: a lonely forest trail near Athens

Socrates: What a wonderful day for walking along seeking for the truth and meditating on how I am the wisest man in the world because I am so humble.

Phardo: Ah, Socrates, wait a moment. I would like to talk to you about The Good. You have so confused my friends Gorgias, Euthyphro, and Agathon that they no longer know what they believe. I would like to find out from you what Truth is, and what The Good is.

Socrates: Alas, good Phardo, I have been able to discover The Truth only by use of my Socratic method, which I have developed for the purpose.

Phardo: Then today for a few moments allow me to borrow your Socratic method, that I too may learn The Truth. You have spent seventy years learning what Good is, let me learn from you.

Soc: You speak wisely, Phardo.

Phard: Then let me ask the questions which come to my mind, and answer truthfully and briefly, that we may get to the truth more quickly.

Soc: It is well.

Phard: Then tell me the answer to the question which lies closest to my heart—What is The Good?

Soc: I shall have to answer you as I did your friend Euthyphro, that The Good is what the gods love. It is not that they love it because it is good, but it is good because they love the good they see in the good that they love. It is not the good in the good or the love in the good, but the good in the love. Do you follow me?

Phard: Please, Socrates. That we may get on with the discussion, try to phrase your answers in a more concise way. The Good is what the gods love?

Soc: It is.

Phard: And the gods are all-powerful?

Soc: They are.

Phard: And do the gods do what they like, or what they don't like?

Soc: Why, what they like, of course.

Phard: Even more, then, the gods would always do what they love?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: What the gods do is then good?

Soc: So it would seem.

Phard: Anything the gods do is good?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: But we read that the gods often come down to earth and seduce earth women. Is this then good?

Soc: It must be. I am forced to agree.

Phard: Then seduction is good?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: And drunken revels? Do not the gods also have orgies?

Soc: They do.

Phard: Then drunken revels must be good?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: Then, since you believe in The Good, you must believe in seduction and in drunken parties.

Soc: I am forced to.

Phard: Then let us change the subject for a moment.

There are rumors that you are soon to be called into court on a trumped-up charge of corrupting the youth of Athens. Now we who know you, Socrates, believe that you would never corrupt the youth of any city, and that you would carefully consider any action which might possibly corrupt them. So tell me straightforwardly, do you corrupt the youth of Athens?

Soc: I do not.

Phard: And could you ever find it in your heart to corrupt the youth?

Soc: No.

Phard: Then will you tell the youth of Athens that sex and drunken parties are included in The Good?

Soc: I must. It is part of my Socratic Duty.

Phard: And since you never corrupt the youth, this knowledge will not corrupt them?

Soc: No.

Phard: And what does not corrupt the youth must improve them?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: Then sex and drunken parties improve the youth, and are good for the youth?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: Good for some of the youth, or all of the youth?

Soc: All of the youth, I suppose.

Phard: And what is good is good, and what is not good is evil?

Soc: Of course.

Phard: Then not to participate in drunken parties is evil?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: And to obstruct such parties, would this not be even worse?

Soc: Yes.

Phard: Then what is to be concluded from our discussion?

Soc: THE HELL WITH COPS!

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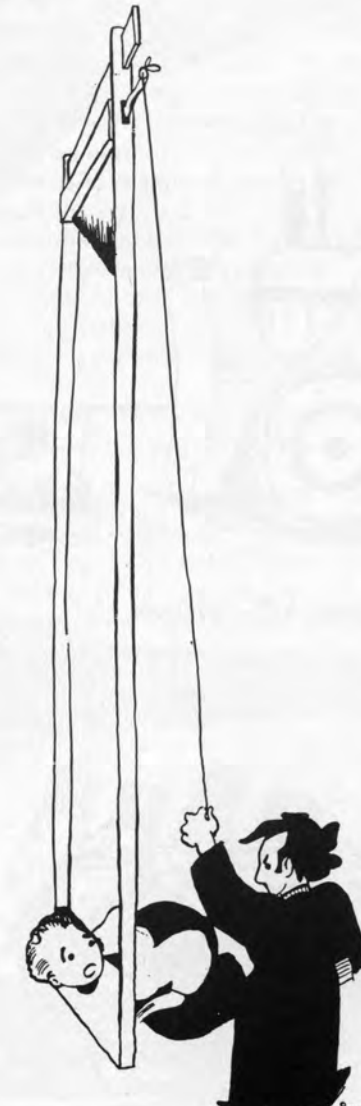
Jaded senior woman to fraternity man: "Let's walk home. I'm too tired to get into a cab with you."

Stopping at the first farmhouse on his famous midnight ride, Paul Revere cried:

"Is your husband at home?"  
 "Yes!" came back the reply.  
 "Tell him to get up and defend himself; the British are coming."

At the second, third, and fourth houses the same conversation was repeated, but at the fifth house it went something like this:

"Is your husband at home?"  
 "No," came back the reply.  
 "Whoa!"



"When did you get a white squad car?"

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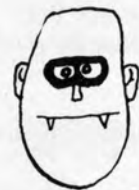
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"Quick! I see him coming!" —Ranger

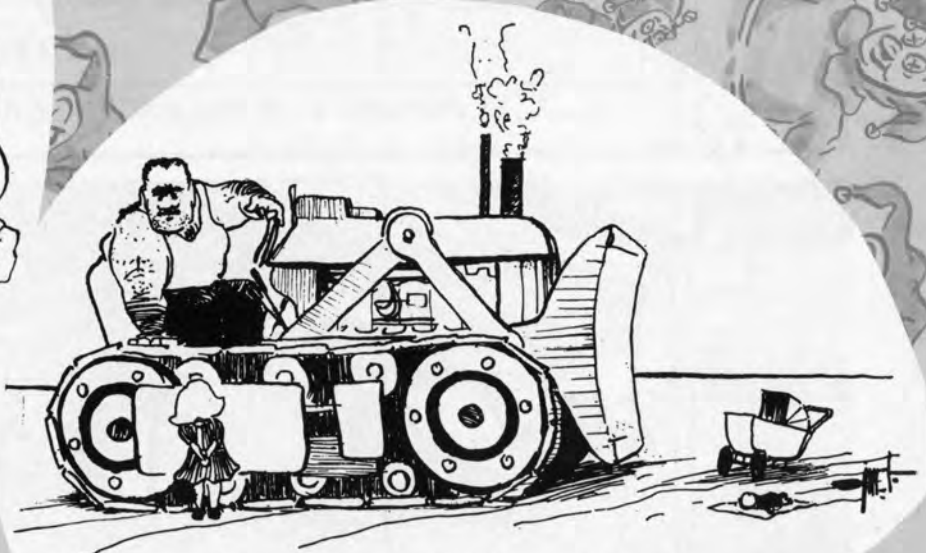


"Damn teen-age drivers!" —Ranger

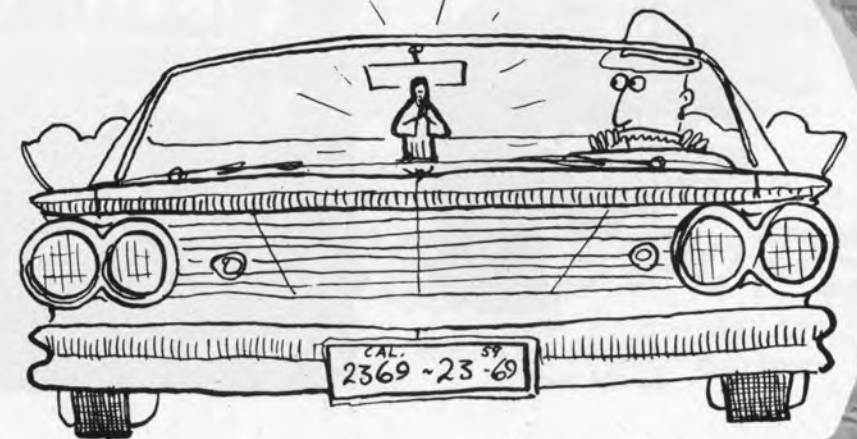
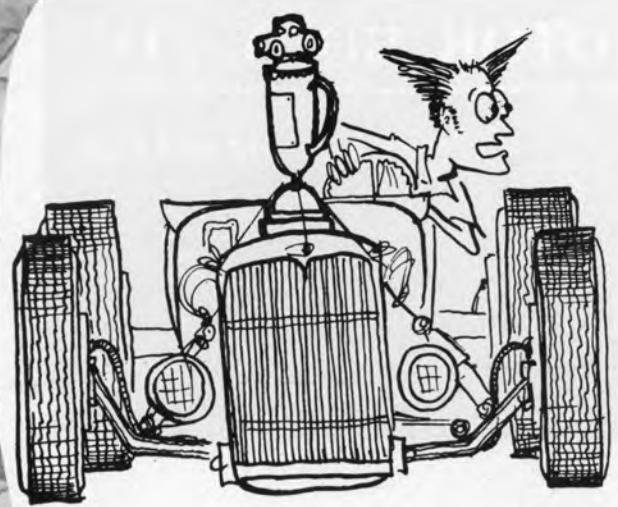
SHELTON



"You just can't keep a good man down." —Jester



"You sweaty sonofabitch!" —Pelican



"Say, man, where'd ya win THAT one?"

GILBERT SHELTON  
—Ranger

Riley: "Hello, is this the Salvation Army?"  
Voice: "Yes."  
Riley: "Do you save bad women?"  
Voice: "Yes."  
Riley: "Well, in that case save me a couple for Saturday night."

"Stopped your grandma from sliding down the banister yet?"  
"Last week. Wound barbed wire around it."  
"That stop her?"  
"No. Sure slowed her down though."

Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"  
Professor: "Your answer to 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?' was interesting but incorrect."

A farmer was once phoning a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lays around licking his paws and doesn't have any appetite; what shall I give him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," instructed the vet.  
Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil.  
A couple of days later the vet met the farmer on a street.  
"How's your sick calf?" inquired the vet.  
"Sick calf! That was a sick cat I had."  
"My God, did you give him a pint of castor oil?"  
"Sure did."  
"Well, what did he do?" asked the vet.  
"Last time I seen him," said the farmer, "he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging; two were covering up; and one was scouting for new territory."



"Hell no, Jimmy Dean isn't dead! He's down in Argentina with Hitler!"

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"Does anyone aboard this submarine know how to pray?"

"I do."

"Good. You pray. The rest of us will put on escape lungs. We're short one."

The young man made a rather hasty purchase at a drug store and answered the druggist's knowing smile with a short and glowing description of the date he had that night.

That evening the young man rang the bell and was invited into the girl's home and introduced to her parents. A general discussion of the weather and other equally important subjects was carried on for some time before the young man said, "It's about time for us to be getting started if we are going to the church. Won't you come with us?" he asked the parents.

The girl's parents refused at first, but the young man was so insistent that they finally agreed and the four of them went to church together.

About halfway through the service the girl leaned over to the young man. "I didn't know you were so religious," she whispered.

"No," the young man replied. "No, and I didn't know your old man was a druggist either."

Thinking she recognized her husband, a lady in a suburban train left her seat and put her arms around a man sitting several seats ahead. Naturally she was greatly embarrassed when the man turned around and she saw that he was a complete stranger.

"Oh, pardon me," she stammered, "but your head looks exactly like my husband's behind."



"\$10 is a gallon of bourbon!"

Then there was the absent-minded boss who put the typewriter on his lap and started to unfasten the ribbon.

A man came to a psychiatrist and proceeded to unfold before the doctor his life story, covering his childhood experiences, his emotional life, his eating habits, his vocational problems, and everything else he could think of.

"Well," said the doctor, "it doesn't seem to me there is anything wrong with you. You seem as sane as I am."

"But doctor," protested the patient, a note of horror creeping into his voice, "it's these butterflies. I can't stand them. They're all over me."

"For heaven's sake," cried the doctor, recoiling, "don't brush them off on me!"

"What is your favorite sport, Doc?"

"Sleighting."

"I mean apart from business."

Student: "What did you do with my shirt?"

Roommate: "I sent it to the laundry."

Student: "Ye Gads! The whole history of England was on the cuffs."

Overheard at a local night spot: "I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Why don't you come on up to my apartment?"

"Do you know where little boys go who don't put their Sunday school money in the plate?"

"Yeah, to the movies."



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I  
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THE  
THIRD  
GRADE  
EITHER

I never have liked grade school. In fact, I hate it. I especially hate the third grade. If you want to know the truth, I don't even think there should be any third grade. Kids should go directly to the fourth grade from the second, or work for a while until they're old enough to go. They'd be a whole lot better off. The third grade is useless. You don't learn anything. You don't even do anything.

Take me, for instance. I was in the third grade all last year, complete waste of time. The only really intelligent person I met all year was the janitor. He was a nice fellow, and very rational, if you know what I mean. I used to raise my hand to go to the lavatory about nine or ten times a day, just so I could go see him. The teacher, Miss Josephs, used to call me the Sieve. "All right, Billy the Sieve," she'd say, and open the door for me so I could leave. I told her I was too weak to open it myself. I said I was neurotic and hated door-knobs. When I'd get back I'd hit my head against the door so she'd know I was there.

Miss Josephs used to get awfully mad about things I did. She used to send notes home telling my father about my actions. I'd give them to Frankie Kowalski, who lived next door, and he'd write her back, two or three pages, in Polish. Frankie had good handwriting. Since my last name is Marshall, Miss Josephs would get awfully confused. Sometimes I used to cut myself on purpose and bleed all over the note. Then I'd put bandages all over my face, and limp into class and tell her my father said he was awfully glad she'd written. Old Miss Josephs used to have fits.

Sometimes when we were supposed to be reading to ourselves, I'd catch her looking at me. Not doing anything else, just looking at me. I'd give her this long, real suave look, and then fall flat on my face on the floor. I used to do it all the time. Old Frank Kowalski used to stand up and yell, "He's dead, he's dead," and all the girls would scream. All girls ever do is scream. If they're not screaming, they're crying or talking about boys. Anyhow, old Frank would yell, "He's dead," and Miss Josephs would come running back where I sat, or rather lay. It was quite a long run because I sat in the last seat of the last row.

At first, she had tried to put me in the first seat of the first row, right in front of her desk but I told her I was terribly farsighted. I used to back up this story by talking very sincerely to some object about ten feet to her right. I'd call it Miss Josephs and smile and nod at it. She finally put me in the back row. The only person who sat within five miles of me was my best friend, F. Scott Franklin, and he usually wasn't around. He never came to class. He probably cut more classes in the third grade than anyone else ever did. His dad had bought off the Truant Officer, so it didn't matter. Old F. Scott hated Miss Josephs. John F. Dillenger had a better third grade attendance record than he did.

Anyhow, Miss Josephs would finally arrive at my seat all out of breath and mad as could be and immediately began to shake me. "Get up, get up, Billy," she'd say at the top of her

*(Continued on page 32)*

by DICK HOLMES, MICHIGAN STATE SPARTAN



(Continued from page 30)

lungs. I wouldn't pay attention to her. Frankie Kowalski would keep yelling "He's dead, he's dead," and then would start reciting some important sounding medical terms. Frankie had a medical textbook at home and used to read it all the time. He didn't understand it, but he read it just the same. Old Frank's smart. He memorized all the important sounding terms in the book and every time I'd fall on the floor he'd explain my condition to Miss Josephs and the class. Give that guy anything with printing on it and he'll memorize it. Cereal boxes, candy wrappers, anything. He's a whiz. He'll probably be the World Authority on Telephone Books someday.

Anyhow, as I was saying, Miss Josephs would be shaking me and yelling at me and I'd finally get up. I'd moan a little and then turn these blood-shot eyes at her. She'd be awfully mad, but this would calm her down. I've probably got the most blood-shot eyes you've ever seen. Anytime I want, I can make myself look like I just came back from the Dead, or drunk a coke too fast, or something. I just swallow real hard. I don't know why but I think it has something to do with the time I fell out of a tree.

But blood-shot eyes or no blood-shot eyes, Miss Josephs used to always call the principal, Old Doc Sherman. He isn't really a doctor, not any more than Frankie Kowalski is. He's just a doctor of education, and that's not much. A moron could get a degree in education. Not many people call old Sherman "Doctor." He likes to keep the common touch. In fact, outside of Frankie and me and F. Scott Franklin, nobody calls him that, and we only do because of F. Scott. Old F. Scott calls him George Washington's personal physician. He's always calling people things that don't mean anything, or at least don't mean much. Sherman idolizes George Washington. He's in love with him. He's got five pictures of him in his office. George Washington crossing the Delaware, George Washington at a desk, George Washington on top of his horse, George Washington at the side of his horse, George Washington in front of his horse.

His wife, old Mrs. Sherman, used to be president of the school P.T.A. That's Parents-Teachers Association. Everybody who's anybody belongs to the P.T.A. They asked my father to join but he told them to go to hell. Anyhow, when old Mrs. Sherman was president (they've got a lousy kid in the second grade, so she qualifies) the P.T.A. had its annual meeting to decide what gift to give the school. They give a gift every year; a radio, basketball equipment, new stair railings for the old ones I fell through last fall. They always vote on it. The whole rotten school believes in democracy, secret ballot, no less.

Anyhow, nominations were made from the floor, and a lot of people nominated a lot of things, and Old Doc Sherman stood up and nominated that they present a picture to the school. After everybody had quit talking and arguing, they voted. Doc Sherman's idea won by over fifty votes. Since there were only forty-two people at the meeting, everybody was puzzled. But Mrs. Sherman was appointed to buy the picture anyhow and the next day it was presented to the school. George Washington in back of his horse. Old Doc Sherman seemed ill at the presentation, though, and finally made an announcement. He said he stuffed the ballot box. "I cannot tell a lie," he said. "I will resign." But the P.T.A., ever loyal, wouldn't allow him to, and took a vote of confidence instead. The Doc won by fifty votes.

There were forty-two people present.

So, I knew what kind of a guy I was dealing with. A crook. I mean not a real crook, but a kind of one. He's the type who would steal gum from his own kid. I mean I saw

him do it once. He was out on the playground, holding Bradley's, that's the kid, coat. Bradley was playing kickball. He's probably the worst kickball player you've ever seen. I could be blind and have no legs and still kick twice as far as he could.

Anyhow, I was playing kickball, too, not playing seriously, just kind of casual like, when I happened to notice what Old Doc Sherman was doing. I have this remarkable ability to see all sorts of things at the same time. There could be murder going on in front of me, and arson in back, and I'd never miss a thing. I'd probably be the best witness the Police Department ever had. Anyhow, I saw old Sherman put his hand in Bradley's coat pocket and pull out some gum. One stick. I bet he chewed that gum for ten minutes before Bradley came over to get the coat. The poor kid put his hand in the pocket to get the gum and didn't find it. He got this real worried expression on his face and started looking in all the pockets. He almost tore the coat apart. And here's his father, right beside him, chewing the damn gum all the time. That's really a rotten thing to do. I mean I don't really like Bradley or anything, and he is a lousy kickball player, but I'd never take gum from him—candy, maybe, but not gum. A fellow has to have some honor.

But I always knew how to handle Old Sherman. I had him all figured out. A materialist, an American materialist. The minute he'd come into the room I'd start jumping up and down. "A vision," I'd yell. "I had a vision." The Doc would stalk up to Miss Josephs and me. "These are the times that try the souls of men," he'd say. "I'll take command, Miss Josephs." That guy always pretended he was at Valley Forge or somewhere.

But I'd keep jumping around. "A vision," I'd repeat. "A vision about George Washington." That would stop him. "About who?" he'd say. "George Washington," I'd repeat, "the Father of our Country." He'd lean forward. "Yeah? What about him? What was he doing?" Anytime you'd mention George Washington, Sherman would be all over you. "Where was he? What'd he look like? Tell me."

He was the one who was raving now. I would just stand there looking real intelligent. I'd adopt this extremely mystical look and narrow my eyes. I always look mystical when I narrow my eyes. "He was standing all alone by a river," I'd intone. "He had something in his hand, a silver dollar." At the mention of money, Sherman almost collapsed. He was breathing awfully fast. "I saw it all very clearly," I went on. "He threw the silver dollar across the river. It landed on the opposite bank, under a tree. The river was very familiar." Old Doc nearly died now. His eyes were as big as saucers. I spoke very slowly. "It wasn't the Potomac. It wasn't the Delaware. It was our own Duck Creek."

This floored him. Duck Creek is right behind our school. It used to be pretty good fishing, but now it's mostly sewage. I used to spend most of my Saturdays there but I don't any more. It smells too much. He was mumbling and there was a glaze in his eyes. I guess he really believed me. What he didn't realize was the whole story was a phony. Not only my story, but all the others. George Washington never threw a silver dollar across Duck Creek. He never threw a dime across it. George Washington never threw anything across any river. He was too aristocratic. If you're aristocratic you don't show your emotions. I mean, when you're a Somebody, anybody at all, you don't just walk up to a river and throw something across it, especially Duck Creek. Let other people do it. But Old Doc Sherman didn't know this. Sometimes he was really dumb. He'd believe anything I told him. Anything. As long as I mentioned either money or George Washington.

(Continued on page 34)

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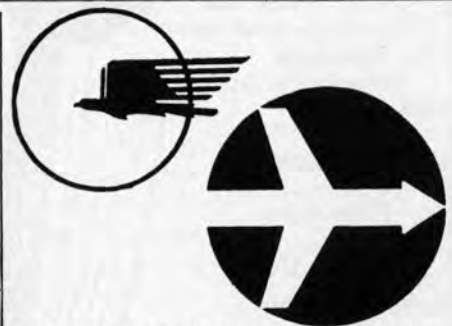
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GROGAN THE JEWELER



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(Continued from page 32)

For days after I'd told him about these visions he'd be out looking for that silver dollar. Sometimes he'd even be digging for it. He said you couldn't tell what had happened to the coin in two centuries. Old Doc Sherman and his magic shovel.

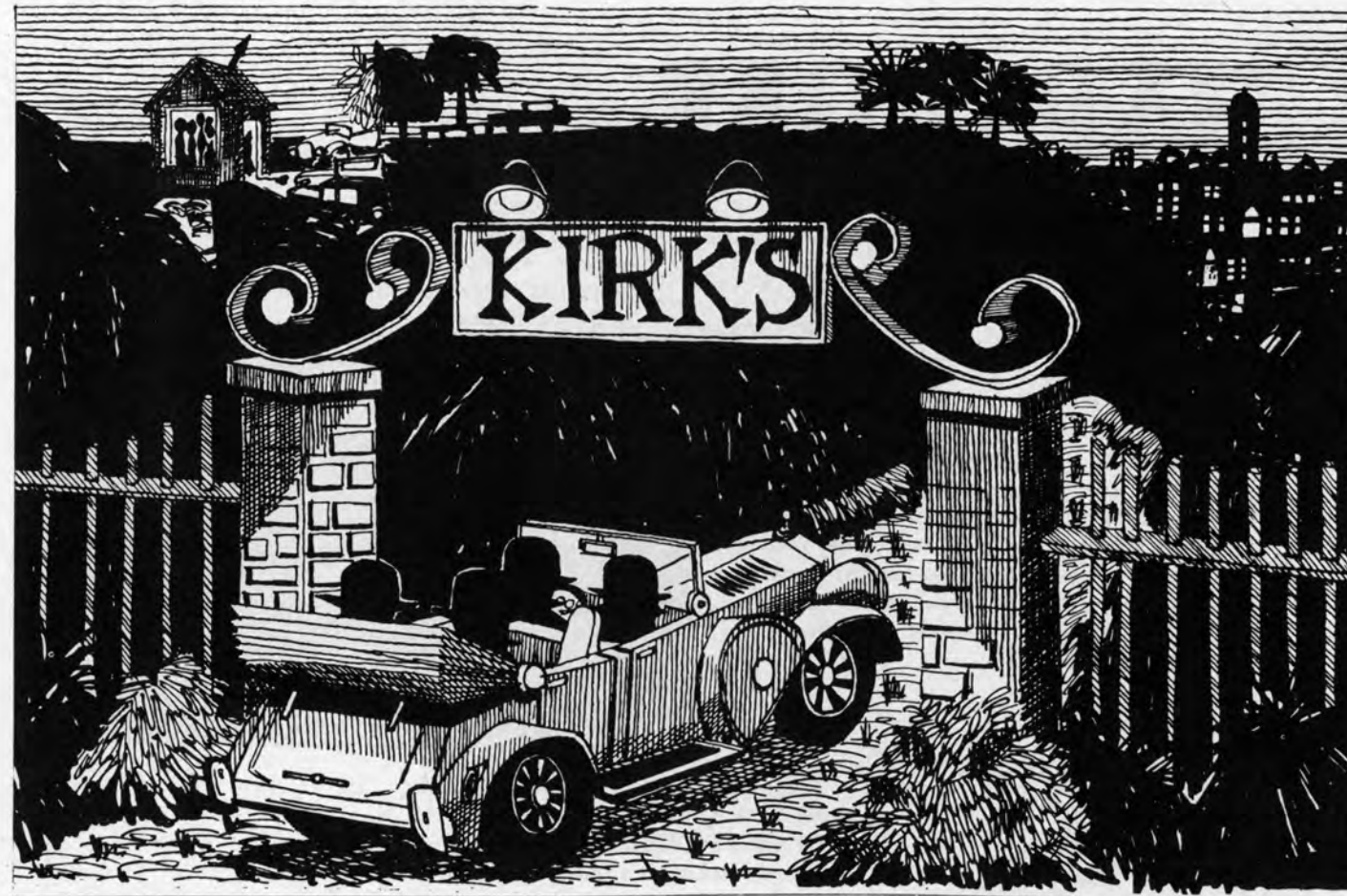
Sometimes I used to get all these ideas about what I could do to him. For a while I even planned to dress up like George Washington and go talk to him. While he was digging on the banks, I was going to drift up to him in a boat, uniform and all, and ask him, real low-like, if this was Arenton. He probably would have had fits. The only trouble was that I couldn't rent a uniform. I was too short. Anyhow, I probably wouldn't have looked very realistic, if you know what I mean. Who ever heard of George Washington being three and a half feet tall.

Well, that just goes to show how useless the third grade was. We didn't learn anything, and all we did was fuss around. And we never got in any trouble either. I could handle Old Sherman just by telling him stories about George Washington. He'd always go rushing out of the room mumbling and forget all about punishing us. In a way, that was when we had the most fun. After he'd leave, Frankie and F. Scott Franklin and me would start acting real patriotic. We'd throw all the Hessians out of the room, Charley Schmidt and Eric Lowendorf. They were out of the class more than they were in, those days. But we never touched the Tories ourselves. That is, I was, and F. Scott Franklin was, and Frankie Kowalski tried to be. He couldn't really be, though. No background. Nouveau riche. Sausage money. Don't get me wrong. I liked him immensely, and still do, but in some ways he was only a climber. F. Scott and I were the true aristocrats.

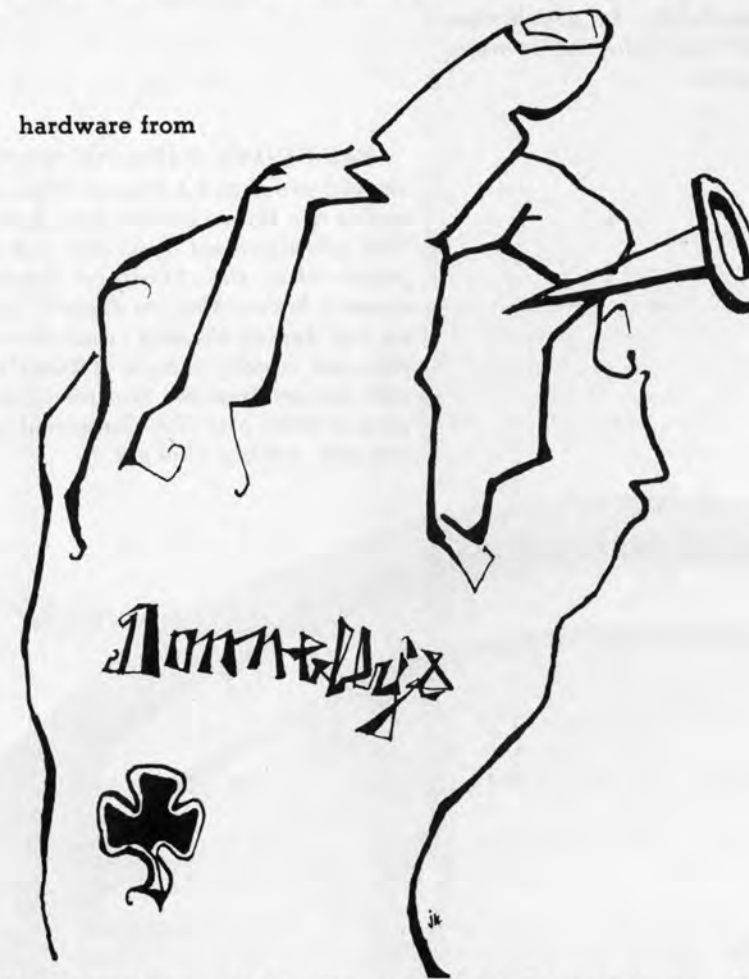
Come to think of it, I guess that was what caused all the trouble with Miss Josephs. She was actually a very nice girl, cute and all that. She used to date this real swell guy. One day, when she kept me after school, he bought me four Cokes. But she was strictly middle class. A State College graduate, and that's what F. Scott and I couldn't stand.

My whole family is Ivy League. My mother graduated from Bennington, and my father was thrown out of Yale. Both my uncles were Eastern. The drunk one went to Amherst for seven or eight years. The other one graduated from Princeton. But if you think that's exclusive you should meet F. Scott's parents. They

(Continued on page 38)



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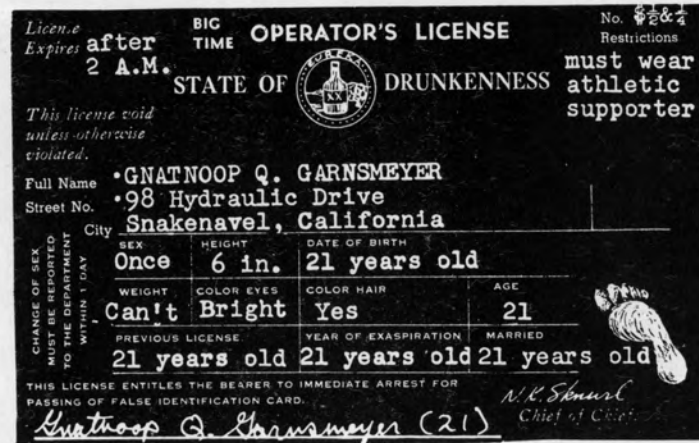


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# THE CHAPARRAL

## HATE-COPS KIT

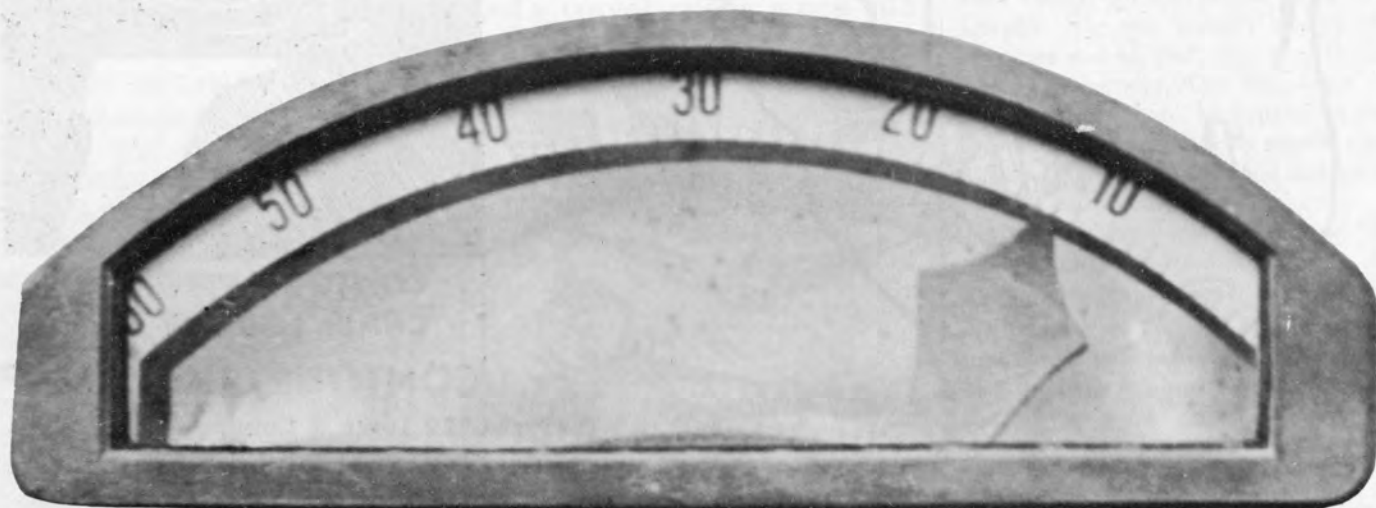
First, we have the **PHONY ID**. What do you do with a phony ID? Well, see, you go up to the guy, and he says "Lemme see it" and then you show it to him and then you get it. It is best to operate in dark corners—that way, he can't read it accurately and besides, he's probably gassed too.



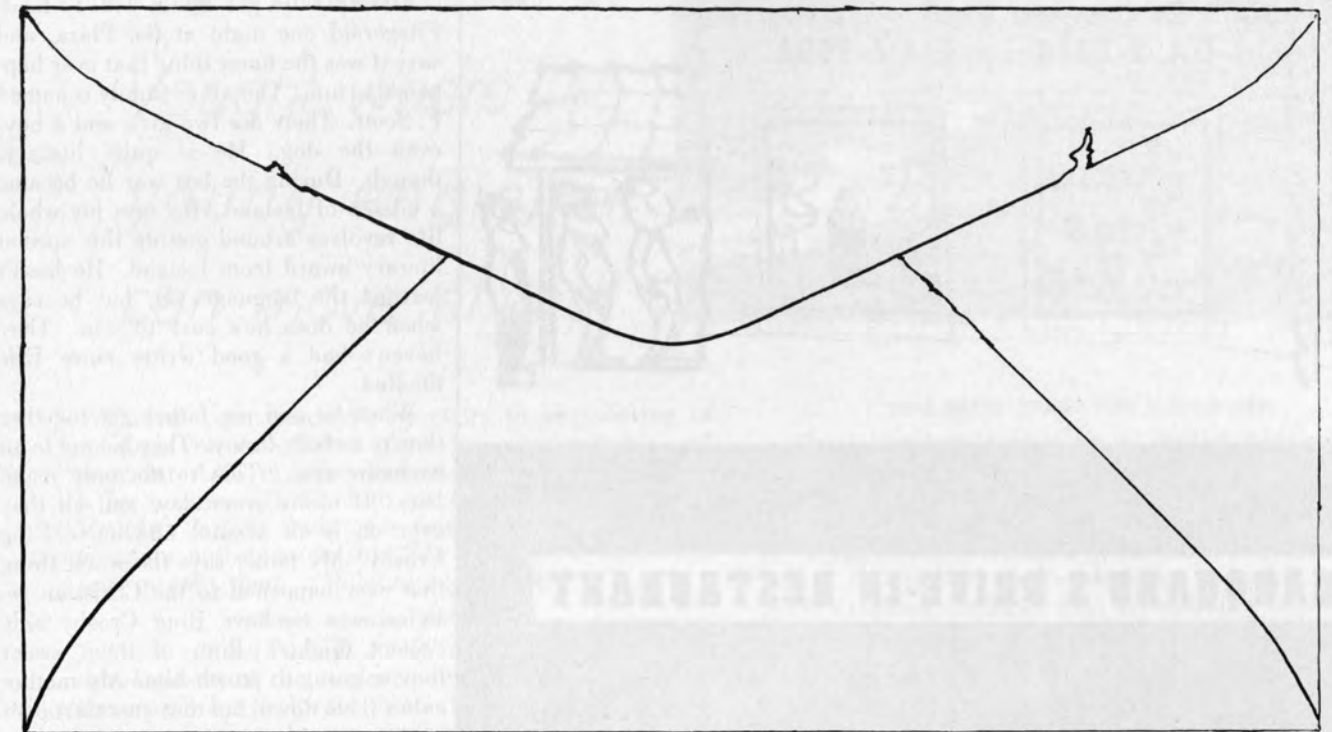
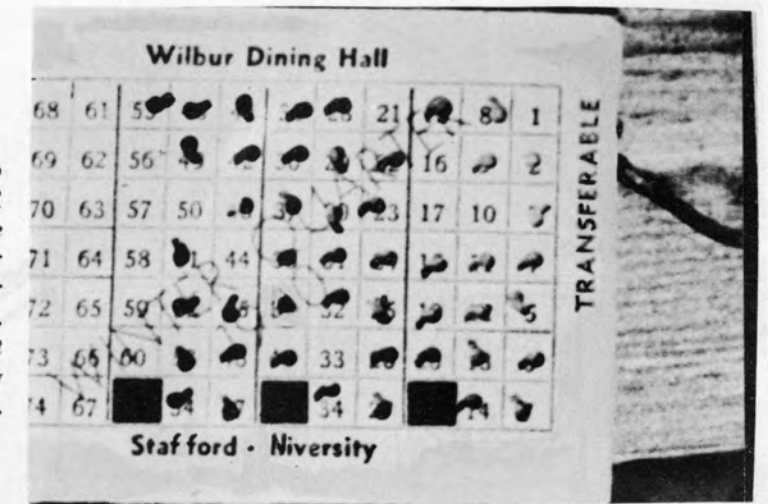
Secondly, we have the **FAKE COMMUTER STICKER**. We don't know exactly what it's good for, unless you live off-campus and don't have \$10 available. In which case you shouldn't be living off-campus in the first place.



The **PHONY PARKING METER** should prove to be a boon when you are at the Palo Alto Library getting that all-important book for that big paper that the Stanford Library doesn't have. Also on dates (if you go out during the day) and on various and sundry things. (Note: this will not work at the Stanford Shopping Center and the Chaparral will not pay towing charges.)



We don't know anybody who would want a **PHONY WILBUR MEAL TICKET**. Except maybe the Greeks during Fall and Winter Quarters, or a desperate Senior woman in the Spring Quarter. Other than that, though, we just don't know, unless you're really hungry. But nobody's that hungry.



The **FAKE PARKING TICKET ENVELOPE** is a good thing to use when you're using any of the above. Don't be half safe! Jock 'em out. Unfortunately, this will work only on-campus. But it's better than nothing, no?

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The **FORGED ON-QUAD STICKER** is of great use to all. Were you late for that mid-term? Don't be late for finals! Drive right in. (The Chaparral will not pay towing charges.)



(Continued from page 34)

didn't even go to college. They were tutored. Mr. Franklin says he wouldn't go to a college with more than five students. Says he couldn't stand knowing more people than that. He speaks four foreign languages, but mostly he just says hell in English. He's a good friend of my father's. Neither of them like anything.

Mr. Franklin says there are only two correct things to be in life, a piano player and a walker. He plays the piano all day long. If he doesn't do that, he goes for long walks. He always takes popcorn with him on his long walks. For the natives, he says.

Mr. Franklin got drunk with F. Scott Fitzgerald one night at the Plaza, and says it was the finest thing that ever happened to him. The whole family is named F. Scott. There are two girls and a boy, even the dog. He is quite literary, though. During the last war he became a citizen of Iceland. He says his whole life revolves around getting this special literary award from Iceland. He hasn't learned the language yet, but he says when he does he's sure to win. They haven't had a good writer since Eric the Red.

When he and my father get together they're awfully funny. They belong to an exclusive club. They're the only members. It meets every day, and all they ever do is sit around and curse Bing Crosby. My father says the worst thing that ever happened to the Christian religion was to have Bing Crosby sing "Silent Night." Both of them swear they're going to punch him. My mother calms them down, but they just start over again.

My father says the only time he ever liked any Crosby was when Bing was four years old. He says no one should ever be any other age than four, or maybe six. The only people in the world who aren't phony are that age. Everybody becomes phony after the second grade. My father hates the third grade.

I don't like the third grade either.



—Ranger

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### THREE TYPICAL PROGRAMS

Three typical current Aeronautics programs are the development of the nuclear-powered "SLAM" missile, the search for foolproof methods of submarine detection, and research into methods for forming tough new metals.

*SLAM stands for "Supersonic Low-Altitude Missile."* To be equipped with a nuclear engine as well as a nuclear warhead, it was conceived under an Air Force study contract.

*Antisubmarine work* at Vought Aeronautics is sponsored by two Navy agencies. The emphasis is on improved sub detection with associated studies probing new methods for destroying undersea craft.

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Production is an important part of this division's efforts. A fourth version of Vought's famous *Crusader* fighter is in production here today. More than 1,000 of the division's aircraft and missiles are in active military service.

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For further information about the Aeronautics Division or for news of opportunities for your advancement in any of Vought's five divisions, student engineers are invited to write:

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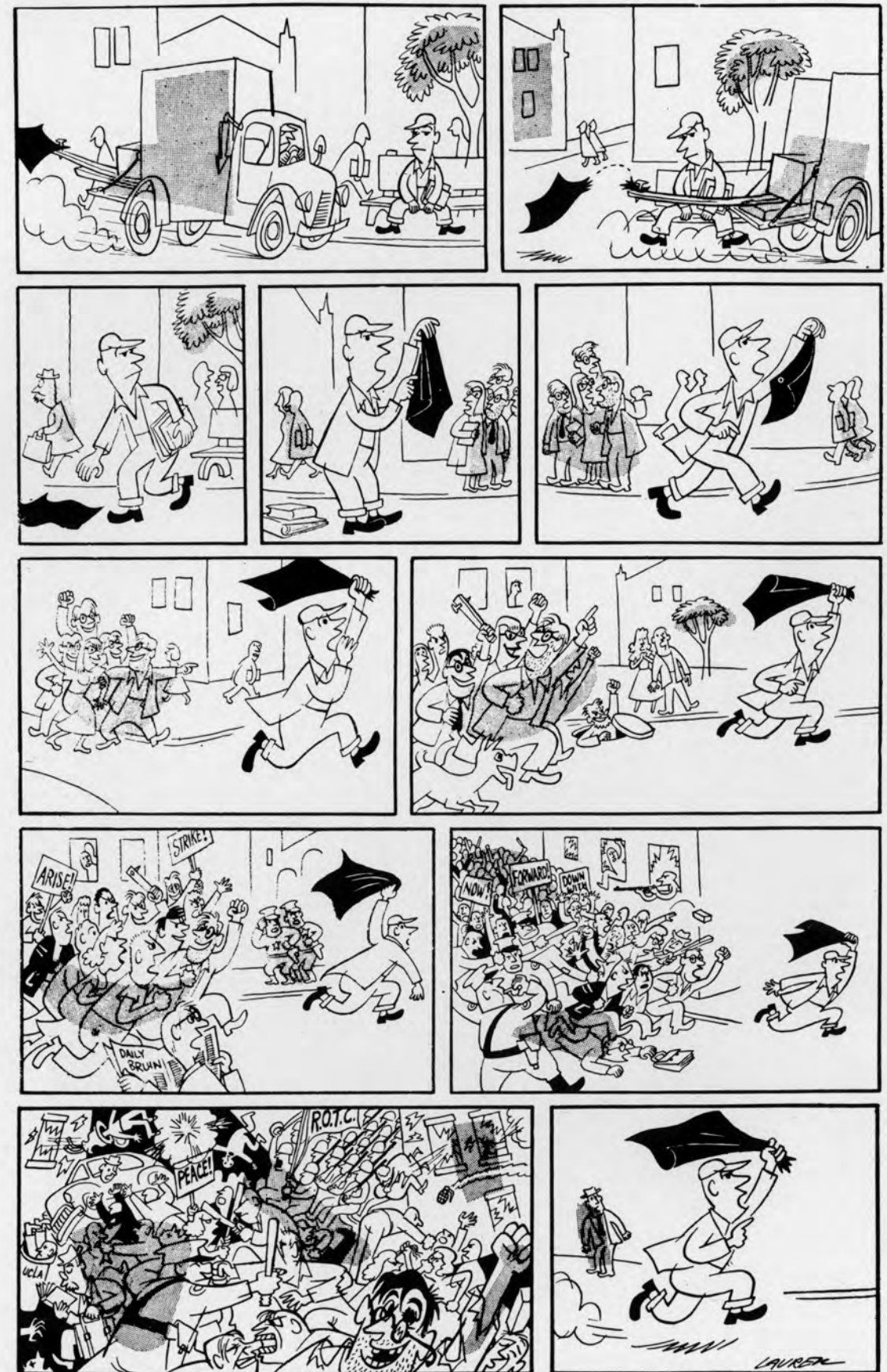
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A young man about town approaching a cigar counter behind which stood a cute young thing, said: "Do you keep stationery?"

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— PELICAN

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