

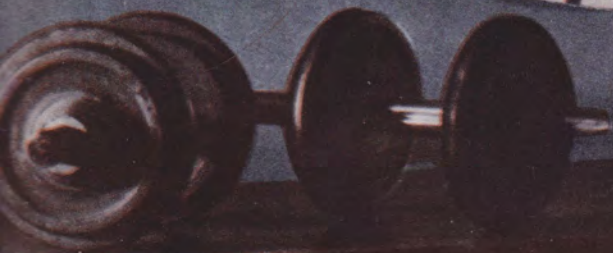
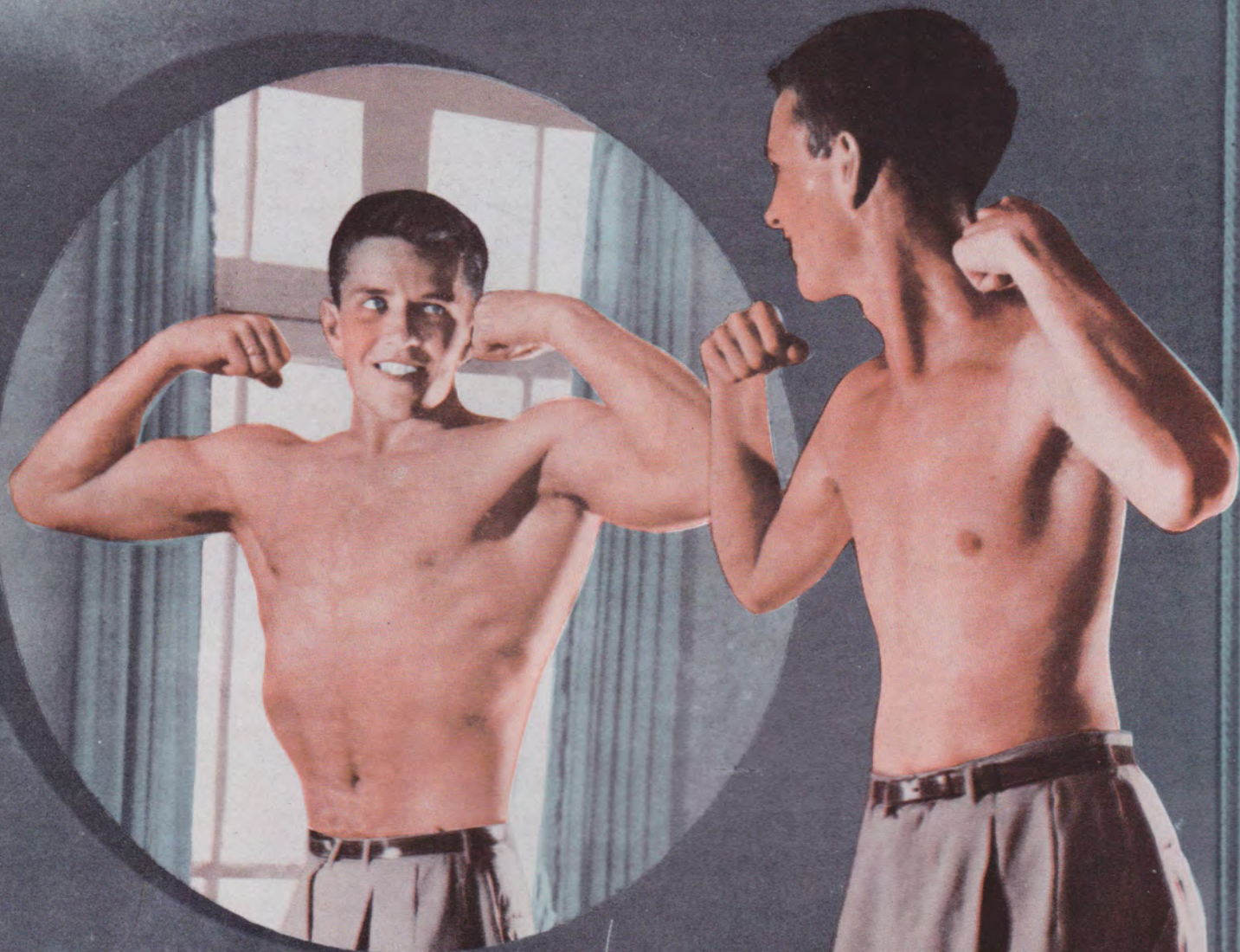
STANFORD

Chaparral

1942

October

25c



PHYSICAL FITNESS
NUMBER

THEY'RE Milder
ALL WAYS —

THEY DON'T TIRE
MY TASTE —

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
A CAMEL!**



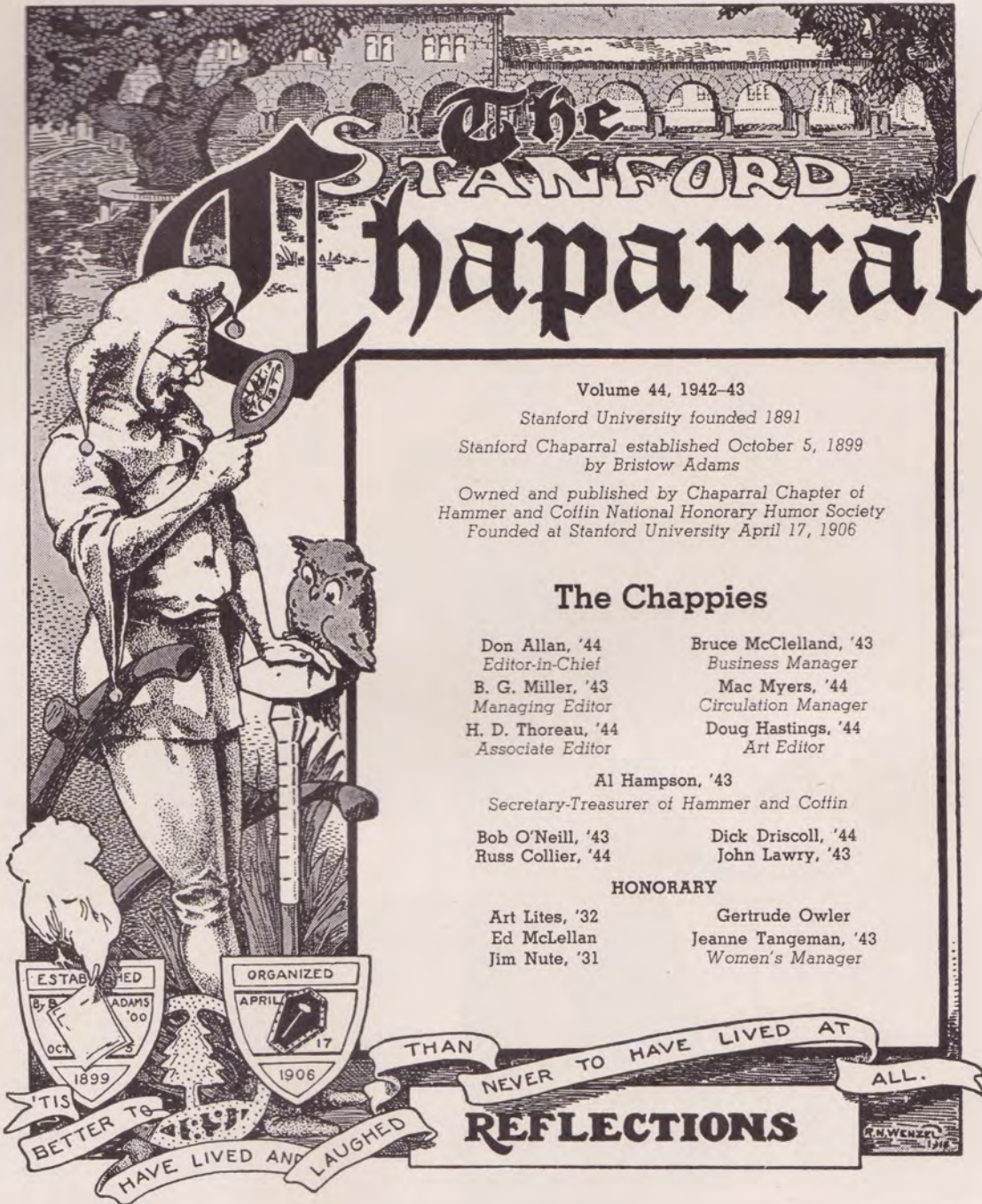
**FOR
STEADY
PLEASURE**

Camel

the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



The STANFORD Chaparral

Volume 44, 1942-43

Stanford University founded 1891

Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams

Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Don Allan, '44 Editor-in-Chief	Bruce McClelland, '43 Business Manager
B. G. Miller, '43 Managing Editor	Mac Myers, '44 Circulation Manager
H. D. Thoreau, '44 Associate Editor	Doug Hastings, '44 Art Editor

Al Hampson, '43

Secretary-Treasurer of Hammer and Coffin

Bob O'Neill, '43	Dick Driscoll, '44
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HONORARY

Art Lites, '32	Gertrude Owler
Ed McLellan	Jeanne Tangeman, '43
Jim Nute, '31	Women's Manager

NOW THAT we've put the issue to bed, with nothing remaining to be written but this editorial, we are reminded of the purpose of the Hammer in the Hammer and Coffin. Symbolically the Hammer stands for the Old Boy's policy of lashing out at the administration, or whatever little evil that editorial lashing can alleviate. It also symbolizes his subtle wit (hit me again wid dat sledge, Mistah Bones). Every day the *Daily* strains its stodgy little brain to find a new cause to crusade for. Ever since the famous spread of the places that served awful things to Stanford minors, each editor has racked his brain to find some sensational campaign to jolt the goaded appetites of his reading public. All the journal-

ism courses say you just ain't on the boat if you haven't a crusade. So we've decided to get indignant about something. We thought of Union coffee—no, that would be robbing Bull Session of half its weekly gag material. The old parking-lot-in-the-rain war cry—no, it hasn't rained enough yet. A campaign to put all members of Cardinals on exhibition in the trophy case—no, it might ruin the appetites of Cellar diners. Well, then, you ask, what are we going to crusade for? Well, sir, just this. We demand that more men come to Stanford so that the ratio can be raised to its old level, so that we won't feel bad about not being able to enjoy what we can't enjoy now, on account of there being too much other stuff to do.

Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET

Glisten at Night

This year's favorite kind
of glitter . . . bright
sequins. Perfect for
afternoon—elegant for
dates.

25.⁰⁰

FOURTH FLOOR



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS

The Cover

Physical fitness is the theme for one of our rare photographic covers. An excellent job by Ed McLellan; bodies by Bill Westcott and Bill Joslyn. Drawing-room mirror by Kappa Alpha Theta.

Opener

Doug Hastings apologizes to Milt Gross for his dialect, but to no one for his bird's-eye view of the physical-fitness test.

The Oaf and the Woman

Cal Thayer and a couple of his Berkeley buddies gather at the Dawn Club, the setting of this latest of whimsical tales by our Genial Genius.

Tom Swift and His Magic Draft Board

A rare bit of humor by the Old Boy, Mac Myers, Ken Smith, and Jim Canning. Tucked in everywhere are the answers to your most pressing problems—like the draft, for example.

Clayton and the Satan

The values of a good, clean life are ably portrayed in this story by the arch-exponent of virtue, H. D. Thoreau III.

First Aid: Its Needs and Uses

Margot Lowell, Stanford's Sensational Sophomore, comes through again.

Stop Me if You've Heard This One

The boys of the Staff got together to write this ballad, which we feel is sure to sweep the country.



Thrift Comes Into Its Own Again

The Penney Company, in its forty years as an intimate part of American life, has seen many changes — changes which have been met without disturbing the prudent, thrifty business policies that make it possible for millions of people to save on the necessities and simple luxuries that make up the American way of life.

Now the Penney Company, experienced in thrift, takes its place with practical solutions to wartime problems!

**SAVE FOR YOUR FUTURE
YOU'LL SAVE AMERICA!**

From our files, cross-indexed under both "aquarium" and "gender," comes this little household hint on how to tell whether your goldfish is a boy or girl: To the water in the goldfish bowl add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top, he is a boy; and if she comes floating to the top, she is a girl.

—Pelican

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 44, NO. 1 OCT. 1942

Represented nationally by the
W. B. BRADBURY CO., INC.
One Atlantic Street
Stamford, Connecticut

Member Major College Publications

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NOW THAT DATE



By Bob O'Neil

Why, sure, Joe—I'll give you what dope I can. Here, have a seat. Let's see, where is it you come from?—Well, you ought to know this fellow that lives in the corner room; he's from your town. Any other freshmen from there?—Good. Well, I guess you can let them in on what I tell you about dating and save their sponsors the time. I've been here three years—not here in Encina that long though—and I've found that the places Stanford people go remain pretty much the same, except that you branch out a bit as you go along. But it's a good idea to start out on the old favorites, first of all because they're worth while and, secondly, you'll probably meet lots of your friends there. After you get around to these places, just drop in on me sometime, and I'll tip you off on some new spots.

First, you ought to check up on the *Frosh Bible* about the etiquette of dating on the Farm. Some things there you ought to know. Maybe it will give you a start on the attitude of the Stanford Woman—which is something to cope with, believe me. Then, too, you ought to know about the late-leave system the gals have to knuckle down to, and about the major calamity known as a lock-out. Find out about these things for your own sake, or it will cost you money sooner or later. I've known cases where fifteen seconds late have cost kids a couple of bucks. Very rough. Best to play it safe.

Well, you'll undoubtedly want to go hotel dancing in San Francisco pretty soon. Women like that kind of date, and the orchestras that are booked there are some of the country's best, too, so if it's good music you want, you can get it. Here's the deal on that, though. Sometimes these places are plenty crowded, and you won't stand a chance of getting a table without a reservation. The way to arrange these things is through a hotel's campus representative, a student who makes reservations and who can usually get you a better table than usual. Each hotel has four or more representatives, and their names are usually listed in the hotel ads in the *Dippy*—What?—Oh, that's the *Daily*. Used to be called the *Daily Palo Alto*, D.P.A., you see, so the old nickname stuck.—Well, just ring one of these guys a few days before the date and make a reservation. Then be sure to get to the place by nine-thirty, at least, or they won't hold your reservation. Of course, if you can't find a representative, just drop the hotel a letter and ask for a reservation.

As for the places themselves—hotels, that is—there are about five of varying degrees and size. Let's take the **Palace Hotel**, for in-

(Continued on page 27)

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MOFFATT**
AND COMPANY



**Let your
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own voice!**

You can you know, with a record run off in O'Connor, Moffatt's recently opened Recording Booth on the Street Floor! O'Connor, Moffatt's even supplies you with the envelope for mailing it to him!

No charges

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Recording Booth
Street Floor
O'Connor, Moffatt & Co.

STOMPIN' AROUND



By Dick Arnold

Until the Bunk Johnson records were released recently by the Jazz Man Record Shop of Los Angeles, Bunk was just one of the colorful legends that have been drifting out of New Orleans, the "cradle of jazz," ever since jazz rode the riverboats to Chicago. But with these new records (six sides) I can see that there must have been something behind all these stories about the greatness of early New Orleans jazzmen. Old N.O. musicians have said that Bunk could "really play fine." The surprising thing is, Bunk still can play fine, and I think that's pretty amazing, because Bunk's sixty-six now, not a very good age for the lip and teeth that a cornet player needs. But Bunk does all right. Better, in fact, than a lot of these young guys today that think they know how to play jazz.

Let me tell you a little about Bunk. You should know by now that jazz came from New Orleans, and you should also know by now that the jazz and swing we hear today owe their foundation to the so-called pioneer musicians of New Orleans. Bunk was one of them. Willie Bunk Johnson used to play cornet in the cabarets and bawdy houses in the Storyville district that centered around Basin Street,

"Basin Street
Is the street,
Where all the dark
And the light folks meet . . ."

and it was near Basin, on Perdido Street, that Louis Armstrong, then eleven years old, used to come down to the Eagle Saloon and play Bunk's horn. Bunk taught Louis some cornet, and Mr. Armstrong went on to become the greatest hot musician of all time, while Bunk stayed down South because he liked the sun, and after Storyville was closed down during the World War, he went to work in the rice fields. But even after he no

(Continued on page 23)

LARGE OR SMALL

No matter what the size of the job, for quality work Stanford and Palo Alto have always turned to

**R. L. REAVES
ROOFING CO.**

721 El Camino Real

Now roofing English and School of Humanities Bldgs.

There she sat, surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but haughty mien frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again, the timid youth lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

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

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

—Punch Bowl

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Saony

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TOBERMORY

By Tobermory

(I am a cat by "Saki" out of "Short Stories." I am a gifted cat, as any fool can plainly discern, to paraphrase. It is plain to tell that my auditors are illiterate, or they will recognize me on the instant. I am a creation of the mind of H. H. Munro, imbued with certain human capabilities without the usual concurrent frailties. I view with acidulous disdain the Foibles of the Farm, to paraphrase once again. I see and speak. Listen, if you wish, or turn the page and regret it.)

I am fiddling around the Cellar the other day looking for a stray morsel, and I see her. I am noticing her oftentimes before, in quarters past, but today I am noticing a new quirk in her demeanor, previously demure. She gives me the usual feline look of distant kinship (not unusual from a Row woman) and moves away kind of furtively. Seems like she hesitates to meet the eyes of the roughs. A few hours later I am mousing around in that storeroom of the A.S.S.U. and come across her picture in last year's Quad. I am here to tell you that it is pretty revealing. And I am surprised to find that there is a bathtub on the Stanford campus after all. But that is not the point. The point is that I am hearing many scurrilous remarks about this little morsel that offend even the ears of a not too moral cat. Funny how human beings will malign one another for a perfectly innocent action.

Somehow or another I am wandering through the Inner Quad the other day cursing one of those painters for his carelessness and wondering why they put that veneer of newness on the hoary bulk of the campus. This line of thought is pretty poor on any but a dismal day, so I wander over to the Chapel. I am thinking about Mrs. Stanford and Tradition and the Chapel, and I think that I will go over and read Mrs. Stanford's dedication of the Chapel idea that is always posted at its front. I do. You should. I think some more about that fine lady and about Tradition. A student strolls past and flicks his cigarette on me (which burns, too), and I am no little surprised to find that he is none other

than one who for months petitioned the Student Body to observe Tradition in his column, "Bull Session." Funny that he can throw away his principle when he retires from the office that requires that principle. I get to thinking that maybe he doesn't realize that Tradition is something that human beings have created out of people. Smoking on the Quad must kind of make Mrs. Stanford's memory feel bad.

One night during Hell-Week I can't sleep from thinking about those impoverished minds on the Row, and I wander into that room in the Old Union where Excom holds forth. It might be of interest to you to go in there some time and look at the tapestry on the wall. Maybe you'll understand then why I like to refer to Ed Stamm's chair as the navel of the Universe. But anyway, I wander in behind some character in a peculiar hat. He doesn't seem to be a member of that august body, but they seem to know him. He is carrying a big pair of shears and a roll of tape. The meeting starts, and I am not paying much attention to the babble, but this guy seems to have some function. Every time that somebody goes overboard on what a great outfit Cardinals is, or should we have all classes excused for that train rally in wartime, this guy hands the end of the tape to the guy next to him, and they unreel it kind of obviously. Sometimes it takes the lawmakers a little while to notice, but when they do, he uses the shears. You'd be surprised at the amount of tape they will use up in an evening, too. Seems like maybe the rest of the members of the corporation that Excom represents ought to start voting their shares like he does. And, if I can get in that room, why can't you.

"So your brother is a painter, eh?"
 "Yep."
 "Paints houses, I presume?"
 "Nope, paints men and women."
 "Oh, I see, he's an artist."
 "Nope, just paints men on one door and women on another."

—Covered Wagon

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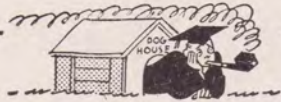
"Every active officer
a Stanford man"



University Ave. at Ramona

Chappie's Forty-third Birthday

By Don Allen

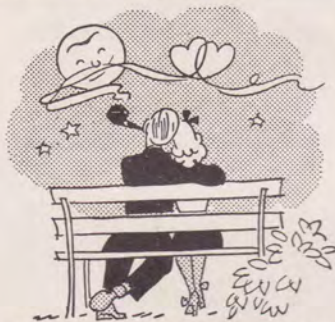


FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the
dog house now!



"**TAKE YOUR RING** and go away!
You're finished with college, but
I'm finished with men who smoke
smelly pipes! My heart says yes,
but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"



SO DAN REFORMED. He
switched to Sir Walter, the *mild*
blend of fragrant burleys. His girl
took one sniff...smiled...snuggled.
Try it for moonlight and noses.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

This NEW Cellophane
tape seals flavor in,
brings you tobacco
100% factory-fresh!



UNION
MADE

Now that the CHAPPIE is entering its forty-third year of publication, we think that we are justified in taking a prideful look backward. Those of you who have seen the CHAPPIE once a month for the last one, two, or three years have seen one of the finest college humor magazines in the country. Those of you who are seeing it now for the first time are seeing the oldest and best college humor mag. on the Pacific Coast. There is a story behind the men who have been responsible for this fine prestige.

Bristow Adams, '00, started the CHAPARRAL in 1899. Students in Stanford at that time split a gut over a cover cartoon depicting a freshman wallowing in a bathtub, over the line, "There was a roomer afloat in Encina last night." Since that day the CHAPPIE has survived two wars without skipping an issue. And now, as before, we are commissioned in the Morale Division. During the last war an entire magazine was put out which consisted of contributions from ex-CHAPPIE men in the trenches. A similar edition may be put out soon with contributions from ex-CHAPPIE men in various bars and canteens around the country.

On the evening of April 17, 1906, a group of Stanford's best were grouped around a table in a Menlo beer hall. CHAPPIE men all, the talk naturally was in a humorous vein, natch. Someone got the idea of founding a society for the purpose of promoting laughter and merriment on the Farm. It was agreed upon, and the Hammer and Coffin Society came into being. The very next morning, by way of making a fitting entrance for the new society, the chapel, half the Quad, and some other stuff, including all San Francisco, were rocked by a mighty earthquake. This was the first of Hammer and Coffin's world-shaking events.

The new Society became the owner, publisher, and producer of the CHAPPIE, which has ever since then been technically the club publication. The "Old Boy" is the president of Hammer and Coffin, and automatically the editor of the magazine. The business manager is the vice-president and vice-versa. Mem-

bers are chosen for their contributions to the general merriment of the campus through the medium of the magazine, and each Spring Quarter, the newly initiated may be seen lugging 12-pound hammers around the Quad, to bed with them, and on dates, as part of the initiation program. Membership in Hammer and Coffin, desirable for the frequent banquets which are thrown, alone, is the goal of all CHAPPIE contributors. The position of Old Boy pays \$50 a month, and the Business Manager hauls down a neat sixty stones—both get a percentage of the excess profits (if any) at the end of the school year.

Hammer and Coffin was so successful that it soon branched out into a national humor fraternity, with chapters in Washington (*The Columns*), at Berkeley (*The Pelican*), Arizona (*The Kitty-Kat*), Oregon and Oregon State (both now defunct), and Chicago (*The Phoenix*). Several conventions were held, and much constitutionalizing was done, but H&C is essentially a free-and-easy organization, and little of this legal work has survived. But financially the Society has thrived, until now it is better off, in proportion to its size, than any other campus organization, including the University.

The members of Hammer and Coffin have been illustrious. Bruce Bliven, editor in 1911, was offered the post of editor of the *New Republic*. Will Irwin achieved his success retelling old CHAPPIE gags from his years on the magazine. Harry Borba is known to local sports fans. David Lamson was a former editor. Feg Murray, whose syndicated "Seein' Stars" is a national favorite, was one of the CHAPPIE's greatest artists, and who also managed to find time to be an Olympic hurdler. Tommy Thompson graduated to become the creator of "Swineskin Gulch" which appears in the *Call-Bulletin* every football season. Other CHAPPIE men, less well known, are leaders in their fields all over the country.

And then there was Winstead ("Doodles") Weaver. Doodles is the almost mythical zany whose antics

(Continued on page 24)

*Tramp-
alongs*



alligator

GENUINE

lizard



**LUXURY and ECONOMY
for CAMPUS WEAR**

Campus honors go to youth-inspired Tramp-alongs made from precious, lasting genuine reptiles; feather-light, soft, flexible as your gloves. The oxford comes in Baran's genuine alligator. Each sells at

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Thouts

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GOOD SHOES SINCE 1893



By Blackweller

I am walking to the Library. It is a warm spring day, and I am not wanting to study. Especially since my endocrine system has been undergoing its vernal speedup, and I am experiencing a desire for action. But my glands are working to no use, as there is no studying and blowing off steam at the same time. Consequently, I am pent up. I feel more pent up when I go into the Library. There, I try to relieve a little tension by sitting across from a well-stacked blonde, though, honestly, I sit down to do a little studying. Well, naturally like, I can't study so hot, and—well—I start glimmering the blonde. She doesn't even see me. Keeps her cute little button nestled right down in the book. I start to fidget some, and one of my feet brushes against hers. She doesn't seem to notice—never looks up. Right there I does a lot of thinking; and I nudges her foot. She moves it away. All right, she moves; but she takes her time. I reach out again, real careful like, and just kinda touches her foot. I can feel my foot touch, and I know that she feels it. Still she turns a page like nothing is happening. I press a little; and then a little harder. Pretty soon she is pressing right back. But, boy, is she a cool number; hasn't looked up once. Finally, I get a chance to slip on top her toes, but she gets coy and pulls away. I corner her again, and she stays put. I can feel the toes wriggling through her soft shoe. This sets my glands to working in high, and I really press down. It hurts, I can almost feel the pain. But, not a sign out of her—except her toes go limp. I am pressing down with all I got, and the pain is horrible; when she slaps her books closed and gets up

I look down. I am stepping on my own foot.



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Housecoats in solid colors and prints — quilted, corduroy, and suede. Short and long.

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College men prefer
Cordovans by
Freeman

They feel better and
look better . . . an
all-round quality shoe
worth every penny of
the price.

\$10.00

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220 University Ave.



"Boy, I would never have enlisted in the Camou-
flage Corps, if I'd known they were gonna send me
over here!"

PENINSULA CREAMERY



"Home of that famous
milkshake."

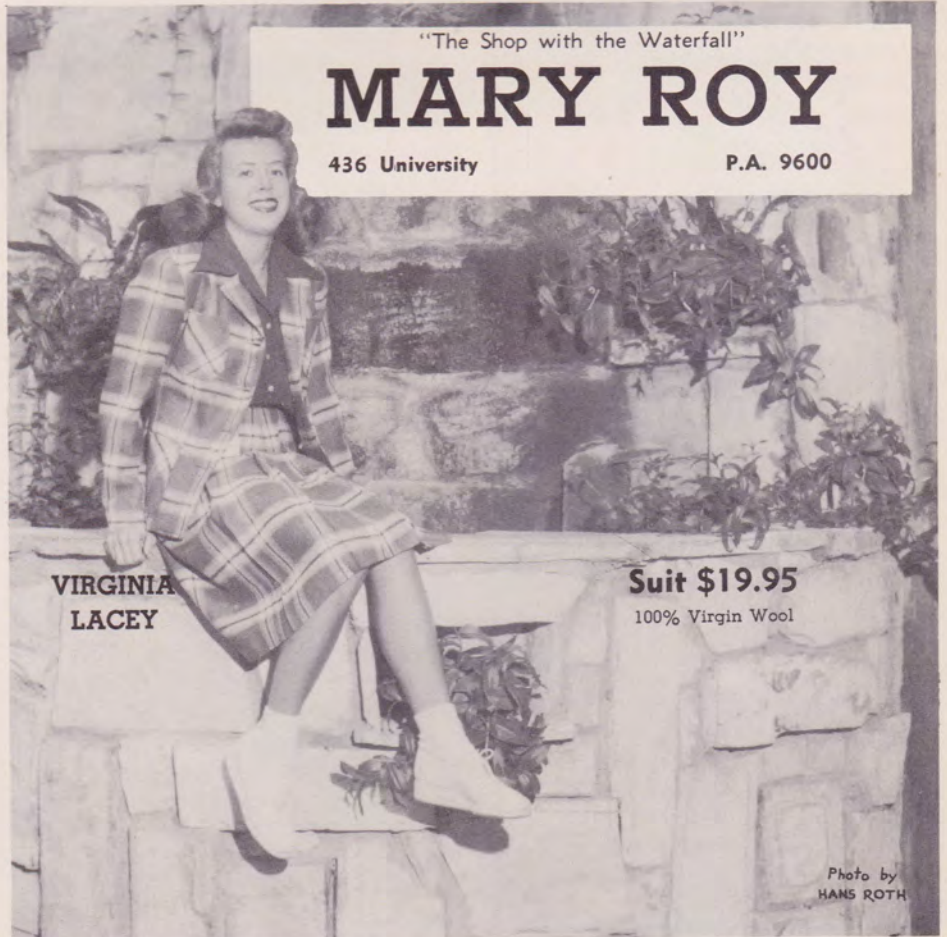


"The Shop with the Waterfall"

MARY ROY

436 University

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VIRGINIA
LACEY

Suit \$19.95

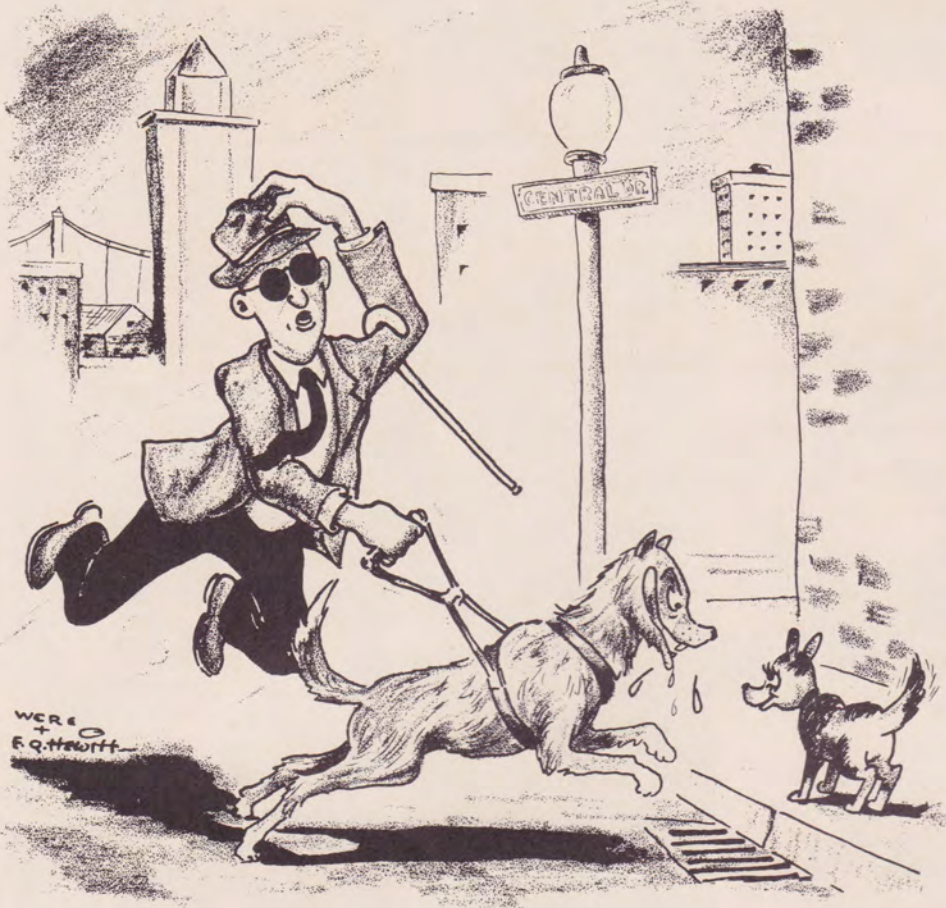
100% Virgin Wool

Photo by
HANS ROTH

On da fild of heppy contests
for da ronning end da jomping
Gives da scraggly bonch of fallows
wit fet guts from itting domplings
Or from lying on da beeches
all da sommer in da son
End a gozzling op da liquid
against da wishes of Din Bonn
Gives a pushing end a wrassling
on da tender bleds of gress
Gives a ronning end a lipping
end a lending on da posterior
Is a wheezing is a cossing
from da guys thats bin avoiding
Exercising in da sommer
counta now its them thats boiding

—Hastings





There was a young girl from Carew
Who went down the river to swim.
A guy in a punt
Hit her with an oar
Right in the eye
And now she's got to wear glasses.
—Jack o' Lantern

Then there's the Scotch couple that
got around the liquor-buying problem
by telling each other to sleep tight.
—Exchange

We hasten to point out that while
every man has his wife, only the ice
man has his pick.
—Blue Beetle

Comment to our readers:
"What do you think of the Museum
of Art?"
"Oh, the pictures are okay, but
there ain't no good jokes under 'em."
—Jack o' Lantern

The stork is charged with a lot of
things which should more properly
be blamed on a lark.
—Exchange

The English are a phlegmatic race.
I was once week-ending with an Eng-
lishman and his wife. Entirely by ac-
cident, I happened, one day, on the
Englishman's wife in her bath. Mak-
ing a hurried retreat, I immediately
sought out my host, who was reading
in his room, and proffered an apology.
He brought his head up out of his
book and regarded me for a moment.
"Skinny old thing, isn't she?" he
remarked.

—Pointer

Teacher—Now, children, every
morning you ought to take a cold
bath; and that will make you feel rosy
all over. Are there any questions?

Boy in back of room—Yeah, teach-
er, tell us some more about Rosy.
—Exchange

She—Do you think you're Santa
Claus?

He—No, why?

She—Then leave my stocking
alone.

—Covered Wagon





Aha!

It was during Pre-Reg, when the young and innocent freshmen were being taken to the top of Hoover War Libe. One particular frosh woman struck our fancy as being the epitome of all the first-year virtues. And so we followed her, in a very inconspicuous manner, to be sure. She gazed down at the Quad, the Row, and all the various and sundry parts of the campus, and she seemed impressed and delighted with all she saw. Then a frown wrinkled her forehead, and she asked a Roble sponsor, "What is that place over there?" The Roble sponsor answered, "Why, that is the Frost Memorial Amphitheater." And our frosh said, "Why, it didn't look at all like that last night."

Sabotage

We heard of a couple of saboteurs who live at Sequoia. They dialed the phone number of the Dee Gee House, and said to the girl who answered, "This is Lieutenant Crestwater from Page Mill Camp. Are there two girls at your house who would like to go out this evening?" He heard the girl call upstairs, "Does anyone want to go out with two lieutenants from Page Mill tonight?" And he heard the faint answer, "How tall are they?" And when asked this pertinent question the fifth-columnist answered, "I'm six foot, and Lieutenant Rogers is six-foot-one." The conversation continued along the conventional lines, and finally wound up by the Sequoia lad saying, "All right then, we'll be over at nine." Needless to say there were two very frustrated Dee Gees that night, and the next day in Hitler's message to the Reichstag there was a distinct gloating tone in his voice.

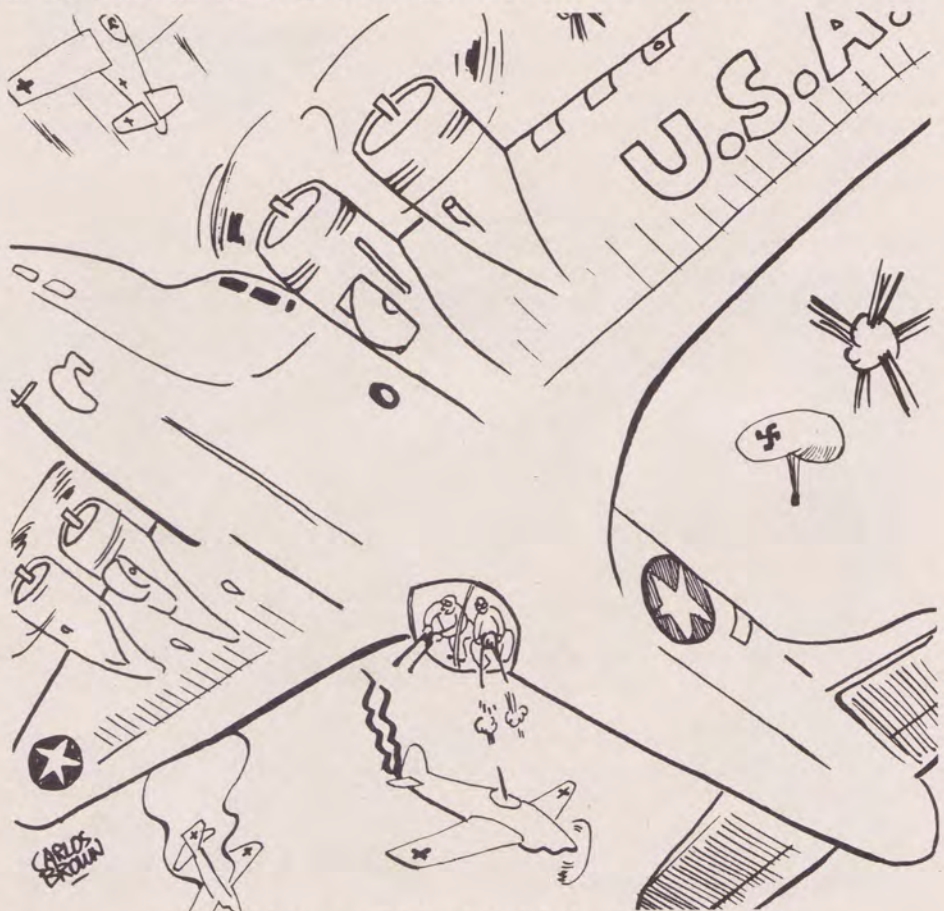
That's Life

One of the Chappies, being a wide-awake lad, found a striking resemblance between Sandhurst of "Terry and the Pirates" and a picture of Babe Ruth appearing in the same publication. Seeking to turn the coincidence into cold cash, he decided to send both pictures into *Life*, who pays a minimum of five dollars for every picture printed. However, after writing an intelligent letter to the editor explaining the coincidence, he in his haste accidentally put the race results from Hialeah Park in the envelope. Needless to say, he was rather irked at the letter he received from *Life*.

"A note to thank you for your interest in writing. We are all working under great strain these days but do want to assure you that comments and suggestions are always most welcome."

Sho' nuff?

One of our Chappies who lives in Encina was just about to enter his room when he saw one of the new janitresses leaving the room. In his own humorous way he asked, "Well, what have you been doing in there?" And with a very guilty look the janitress replied, "Ah was tryin' on your new coat, but Ah took it right off ag'in, hones' Ah did."



"Why didn't you think of that before we started?"

TERSE VERSE

THE ORCHARD

SONG OF THE PHYSICALLY FIT

I sing the song of the physically fit
 With his jutting jaw and hairy mitt.
 His eye is clear, his gait is fleet,
 He very rarely cooks his meat.
 He rides the poop-deck or the plains,
 While I collapse in stuffy trains.
 His brow is always drenched in brine,
 He shuns the goblet and the stein,
 His posture's straight as any shaft—
 Of course he joined before the draft.
 I envy not this burly chap,
 To me he's just a simple sap,
 And though I'm anything but strong,
 I'll live as happy twice as long.

CORSETS

In my long and varied existence
 I've heard some queer advice,
 But the *corsetier's* insistence,
 To those he would entice,
 Is the oddest that I've heard—
 He says his silk corral
 Is just the latest word
 And holds up our morale.

—Myers

PHYSICAL YET CULTURED

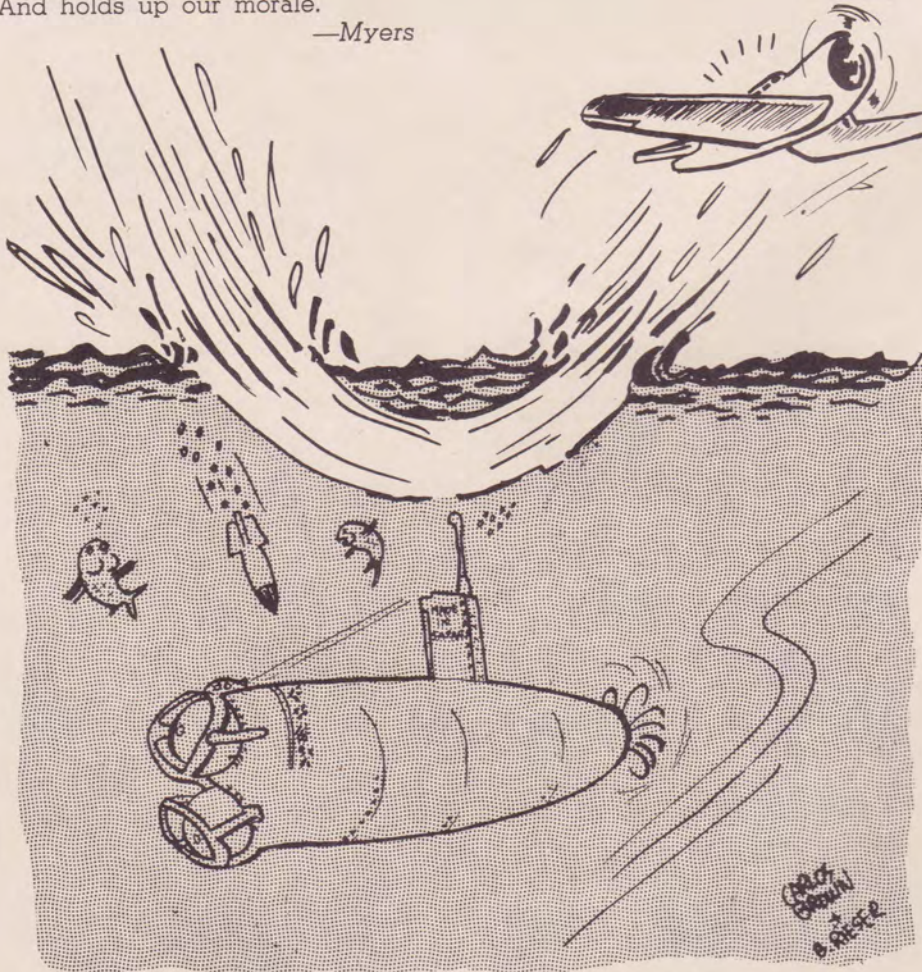
The problem of the Stanford girl,
 In walking down the Quad,
 Is quite unique—
 She must look chic,
 And dare not show her bod.

In order that she is not swamped
 By every Déke and Vulture,
 She must hide
 The physical side
 With some degree of culture.

It simply's not the thing to do,
 To fit a sweater tightly—
 And yet a bag
 With sweater sag
 Doesn't dress quite brightly.

When she is old and still quite pure
 She feels she should have showed
 The sex attraction
 By every action
 That merciful God bestowed.

—Annie



"I keep forgetting it's high tide."

Thar's a fresh, new crop in Roble
 An' it's harvest time right soon.
 The orchard's bound with ivy
 That shines silver 'neath the moon.

Now, thar ain't jes' one variety
 In every tree an' row;
 Them peaches is sassiety
 Of all the kinds I know.

They's Eastern blends an' Western
 brands.

An' some from Nawth an' South—
 The best, I vum, of all the lands,
 Er else I'll shet my mouth.

These peaches hev thet golden glow
 An' skin like eiderdown,
 With rosy, rounded cheeks thet show
 From under wisps of brown.

I hear tell thet the guvnamint
 Is worried 'bout the crops.
 It shore is some predickymint,
 When peaches here is tops!

Them unpicked crops drives farmers
 mad;
 But our Farm-hands kin tell—
 The wage of sin is purty bad,
 But pickin' here pays well!

—Robin

IS THIS WORTH PAYING FOR?

I wandered down into Paly
 On a mission I hate and abhor,
 To a little shop near Bryant's alley,
 Next to the clothing store.

I waited there for two hours,
 Then I walked the Last Mile to the
 chair.
 And the barber, when he'd bound
 and gagged me,
 Started to chop my hair.

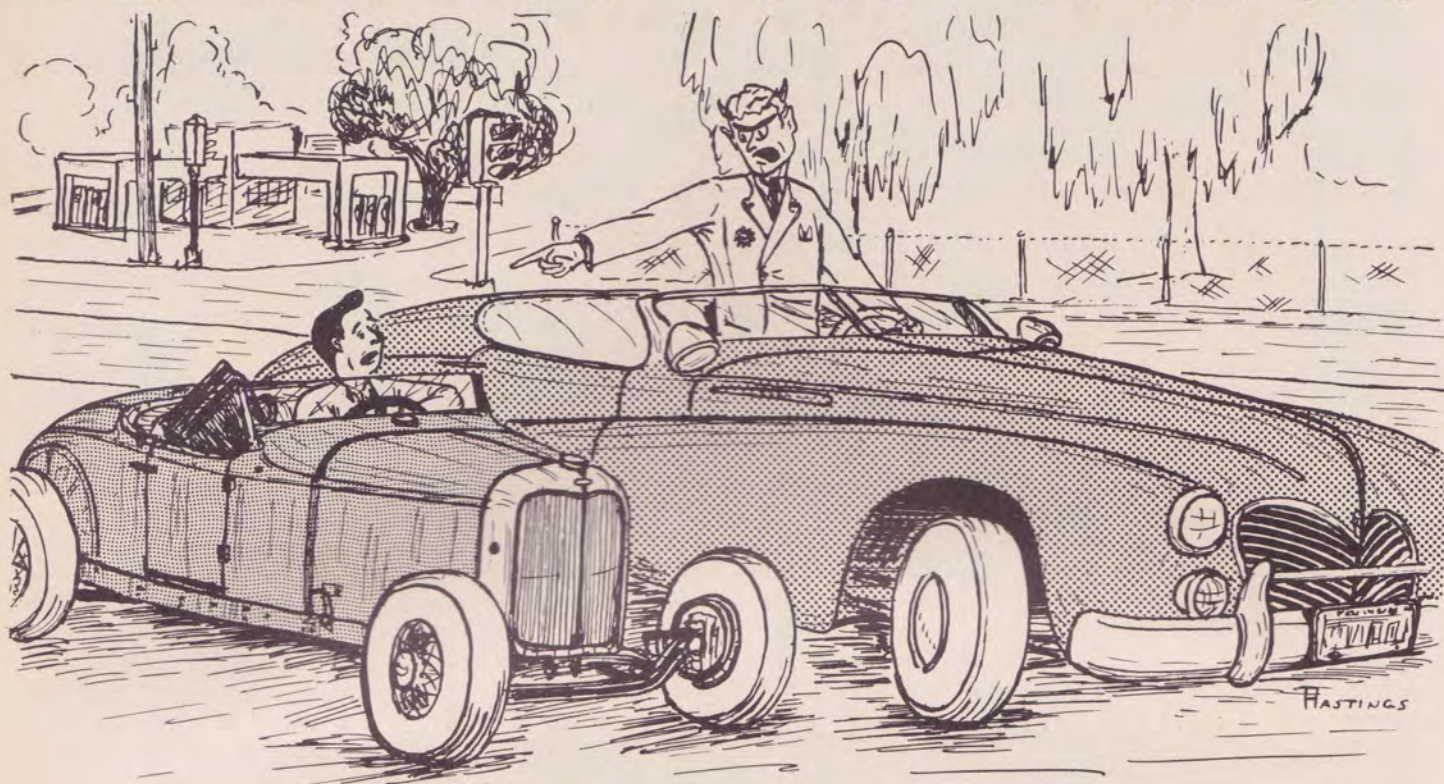
Hadn't I grown those tresses
 Ever since I was born?
 Tell me, have folks before me
 Felt these distresses before they
 were shorn?

I looked in the mirrors around me,
 And I gazed at my hair on the floor.
 Then I heard a voice within me
 wonder:

Is this worth paying for? •

—Robin

CLAYTON VS. SATAN



By H. D. Thoreau III

A nickel here, a quarter there—it all added up. Clayton had been saving the money his mother had been giving him for church for eighteen years.

When he was six weeks old his mother had given him a dime while they were sitting in church, and had told him to put it in the collection plate. Naturally Clayton, at that early age, couldn't understand her, so he pocketed the money and put a safety pin on the plate instead. By the time he was two years old and old enough to know what the score was, he had saved up quite a piece of change this way.

The question of how to use all this money puzzled Clayton considerably. He had become so accustomed to throwing first a pin and then, as time went on, a button on the plate that it didn't occur to him to give the money to the church. All his little playmates were selling magazines and fronting for Margaret Sanger in order to get money for their college education, so he decided to put his money away for the same purpose.

Well, here he was now sixteen years later and set to go to Stanford. He had graduated from high school in June, and in order to have enough

dough to start right in college in September he had been forced to put in a 40-hour week in church all summer.

He was driving along 101 just coming into Stanford with his \$5,311.17, when a big red convertible pulled up beside him, and the driver, a gent with a florid face, tooted his horn and motioned Clayton to the curb. Thinking that he had broken a Mayfield city ordinance by taking the car out of low gear while driving through town, he quickly stopped at the side of the road.

The man, who had motioned to him and who was even now getting out of the red job and walking toward him, making sparks fly as he did, was Satan. There was no mistaking him. Why he even wore a Landon Sunflower button. As he walked over to the car he was screwing the horn he had just tooted back into his forehead. Clayton noticed that he had the dual horns (extra equipment, \$57 more than f.o.b.).

After the usual greetings and handshaking, from which Clayton got quite a blister, Satan got down to the business at hand. In brief, he felt that the \$5,311.17 was his, since the money was technically religious money stolen from the church. In order to keep the books straight he was

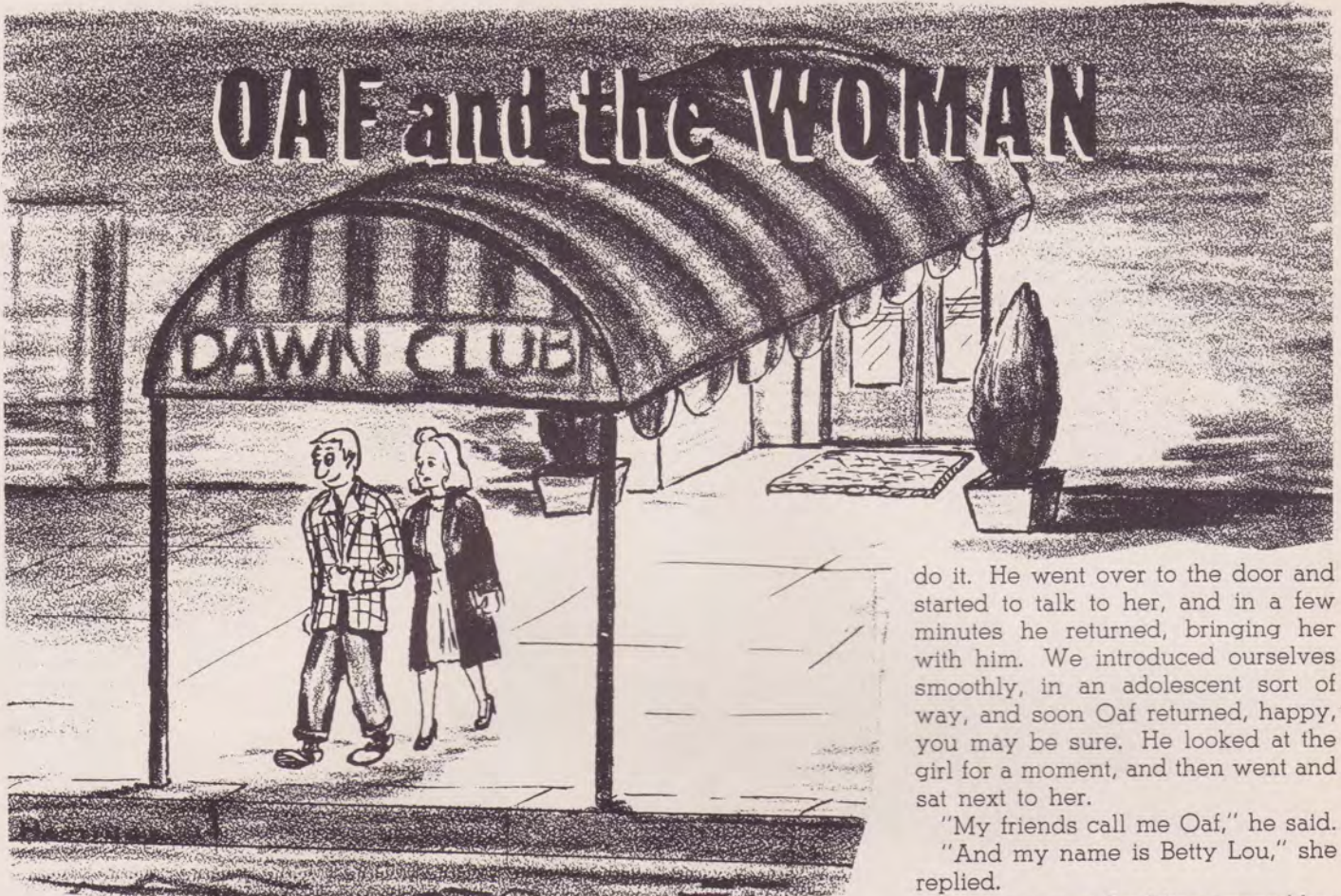
afraid he'd have to have the cash. Clayton just couldn't see eye to eye with Satan on this point, but was hardly in a place to dicker.

However, it being an extra warm and comfortable day and Clayton being a good man to turn a phrase, Satan consented to let the kid have the dough for four years, but he would have to mortgage his soul as security. This proposition seemed fair enough to Clayton, since he never had had much occasion to use his soul anyway. Satan promised to come around and check up on Clayton's progress from time to time, and with that they said adieu.

From that day forward Clayton was just a real mean guy. On Reg Day he filled the Ad Building's inkwells with disappearing ink; he kept guys awake in eight o'clock classes. He shone his spotlight in the cactus garden. He wasn't basically mean, and he tried hard to keep from doing those things. But he just couldn't resist the chance to pull the chair out from underneath Dr. Bailey as she sat down.

As time went on Clayton realized that he would not be able to pay off the mortgage on his soul, since life at Stanford drained every cent he had.

(Continued on page 24)



By Cal Thayer

There were four of us in our little corner at the Dawn Club on the evening when the incidents set down here occurred. There was, first, myself, a remarkable chap, then there was my friend Joey, who has already been introduced to the vast reading public. There was a nice boy whom we called "Oaf," and someone else whom I don't remember at all, but who was there to make a fourth.

Since Oaf is the hero of this story, perhaps I should say a word or two about him by way of introduction. As his name indicates, he had been intellectually short-changed, but was nevertheless of good heart, and, bless him, we loved him. He was a sloppy boy, unclean, you know, and careless about his personal habits. His hair was always a little too long, and his beard was always about six hours older than it needed to be. He had a wide, low forehead, and big, blue, quizzical, childlike eyes. Half of his face was between his nose and his chin, and most of this was concerned with his wide lips and his teeth, which

were forever getting in each other's way. But we loved Oaf like our own son by an un-canonical marriage.

So there we were sitting, listening to the music, and, three of us, drinking most excellent beer. Oaf didn't drink at all. Even when he drank beer, his tired old head would hang heavy and his youthful eyes would look at each other. The three of us, I say, were very fond of Oaf, but of course were not averse to showing our extreme cleverness in playing droll jokes on him. And this is what we had in mind this particular evening.

We were sitting around making small talk and nervously tapping our fingers on the table, when the fourth member of our party, I believe his name was Freddie, nodded playfully toward the door. While Oaf was looking the other way, toward the men's room, I believe, we looked toward where Freddie was pointing. God, what we saw. There was this dame, see, a blonde. At first we thought she belonged to the manager, but then we saw that she was alone. Just at this moment Oaf excused himself and we started to put some sort of a plan into action. We asked Joey to

do it. He went over to the door and started to talk to her, and in a few minutes he returned, bringing her with him. We introduced ourselves smoothly, in an adolescent sort of way, and soon Oaf returned, happy, you may be sure. He looked at the girl for a moment, and then went and sat next to her.

"My friends call me Oaf," he said.

"And my name is Betty Lou," she replied.

For a moment Freddie engaged her in quiet conversation, the subject of which I just can't imagine. Meanwhile Oaf was ecstatically chanting something to himself.

"Betty Lou," he said, "Betty Lou. Gee, that's a keen name."

"Thank you, Oaf," she said prettily indeed.

"Gee, Betty Lou," said Oaf, "do you like meelk-shakes? Maybe we could go out someplace for a meelk-shake."

God, we were clever! We nudged each other like anything, and were hard put to keep from laughing loudly and rudely.

But Oaf had made a big hit with Betty Lou. In a moment they were leaving the Dawn Club, arm in arm, hotter, to quote that excellent gentleman, Mr. Charles Laughton, than the rear axle of a jeep.

Now we settled down with our various beers, to await the results of Oaf's little adventure. We were not so long in waiting as we expected to be, for within the half-hour Oaf came down the stairs and back to our table. This was unlooked-for, and we were afraid our little Oaf had not grown up yet to that decadent maturity to which almost all Stanford men attain,

(Continued on page 21)

TOM SWIFT AND HIS MAGIC DRAFT BOARD

Or

HEADFIRST THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER

By Staff

There was no mistaking the little brown card the nurse brought me as I languished in my bed at the sanitarium. It was obviously just a formality, they all said. How could I ever pass an Army physical? My iron lung had even collapsed! But the thing had to be attended to. A nurse came in and helped carry my forty-seven-pound frame out of the bed I had been lying in for three months. I strapped on my cork leg, and although my truss gave me a mite of trouble, I managed to fall into the wheel chair, and sure enough, the next thing I knew they were pulling the needle of adrenalin out of my arm, and there I was, right in the middle of the induction center.

All around me were men, hundreds of them. Strong and weak, black and white—the Army doesn't discriminate. All of them had a hearty laugh when they saw me. I laughed too. Of course it was just a formality, natch. A two-headed Filipino was in line just ahead of me. He was counting his fingers. "Five," he said, "five!" and broke into a gurgling chuckle. The chap behind me was delicately cleaning the fingernails of his left hand with a sharp hook he had in place of his right. Far up the line a young Army doctor was passing from man to man, feeling both of their arms, or in some cases, all three of them. "Warm . . . warm . . . warm," he said as he felt that each was alive, and sent them on to the recruiting officer. As he drew closer and closer to me, I nervously stuck the head of my tape-worm, who had poked his head out of my mouth to see what was going on, back down my throat. Of course it was just a . . . "Cold!" he said with a note of surprise as he fingered my paralyzed arm. For a moment he meditated. "We'll give you one more chance," he said at length. "Room Nine," he called to an orderly, and I was wheeled down the hall to a dingy room.

Room Nine was not empty. Several doctors, a chair, and a crew of oddly formed men made it look

quite cozy. One doctor was verifying deformities. Jabbing knitting needles into hunchbacks' humps, pushing clubfooted men off chairs, etc. The Army is hard to fool, you may be sure. I noticed a man from the hills of Montana who had a head like a sheep's. But to the left of me was a contrastingly normal young man. I asked him how he was singled out. "I'm suspected of being a mental case" he said. "I failed to graduate from Cal. And besides, my mother and father were first cousins. That's why I look so much alike," he confided.

In the center of the room, each man to be examined was placed on a chair. A doctor stood on either side of him and looked into his ears. If the two doctors could see each other through the aperture, the man was rejected. If something, an ear plug, a termite, or possibly a scrap of vestigial brain, blocked their vision, the man was passed. That damned tape-worm again! Coming out my ear this time, the inquisitive rogue. I hastily shoved him inside with a pencil, for it would never do to have him come

between the eyes of those leering doctors. And just in time, too! After the rascals had tired of winking at each other through my ears, I started to wheel myself for the door, with that I-told-you-so look. But, no, a firm hand whisked me back again. "You're a borderline case," the kindly old doctor mused, "but we'll give you just one more chance to get into the scrap."

"But I've already contributed my glass eye, my aluminum ribs, and my rubber teeth," I protested.

"Orderly, Room Fourteen," the doctor said, and passed on to the man with the sheep's head.

I had little time to worry as I was trundled off into the corridor, but naturally I felt secure. Why the minute I mentioned that I had a highly contagious form of leprosy, this farce would surely come to an end, natch. But for laughs I kept still, and we wobbled into Room Fourteen.

"This is the eye test," the orderly said, and left me to my own devices. Since de only vices I have are smoking and cocaine, I lit a weed and pulled out my needle, which was

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"These selectees are certainly getting lighter—I don't have nearly as much trouble holding them up as I used to."

STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS...

There once was a hermit named
Dave
Who lived all his life in a cave.
He had to admit
That he hated the pit,
But think of the money he'd save!

'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
Where no sound is heard
But the song of the bird,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee!

There once was a man from Racine
Who invented a trucking machine.
It could Lindy and shag
Like any old bag
And better than most we've seen!

'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
Where no sound is heard
But the song of the bird,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee!

There was a young man from Dun-
dee
Who found an old ape in a tree.
Said he, "This is horrid;
The beast has no forehead—
A Cal man, it's easy to see.

'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
Where no sound is heard
But the song of the bird,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee!

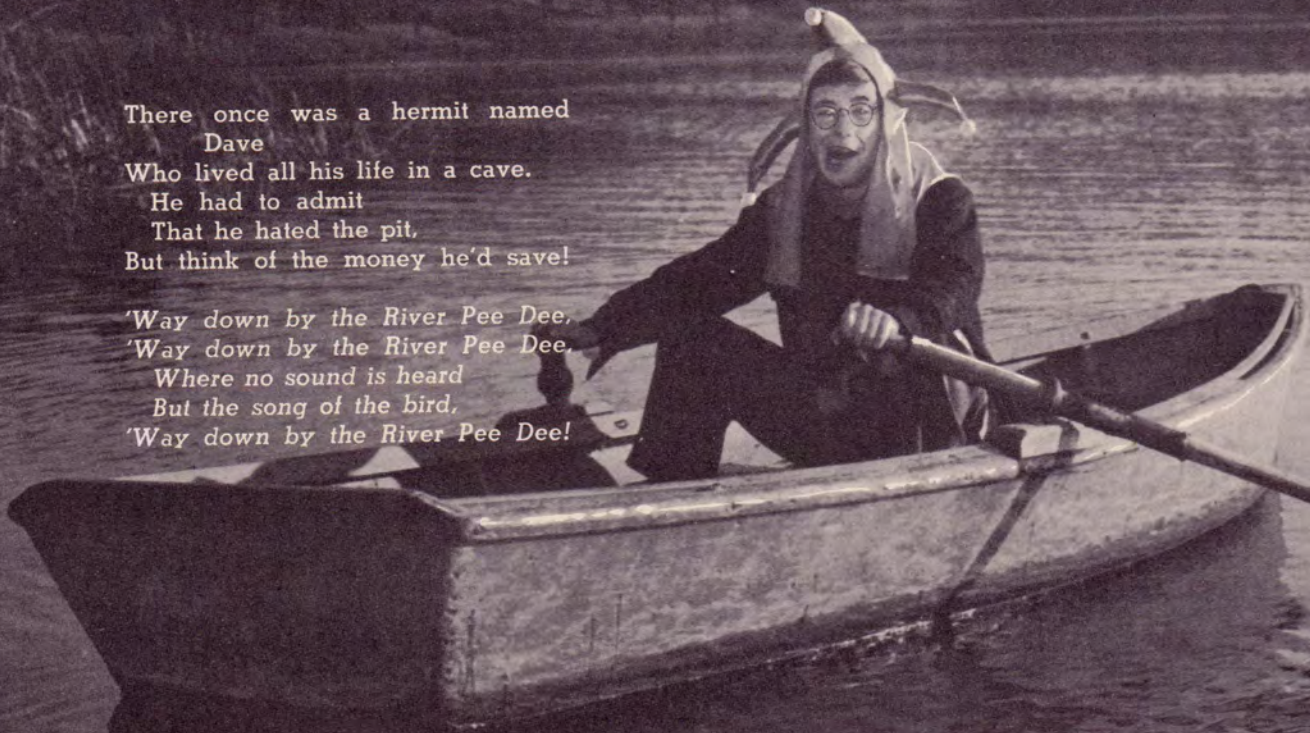
There was an old man from Grants
Pass
Who had seventeen bells made of
glass.

When he swung them together
They played "Stormy Weather"
In tempo half-slow and half-fast.

'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
Where no sound is heard
But the song of the bird,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee!

There once was a fellow from Kent
Whose nose was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble
He carried it double
Except on Tuesdays in Lent.

'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee,
Where no sound is heard
But the song of the bird,
'Way down by the River Pee Dee!



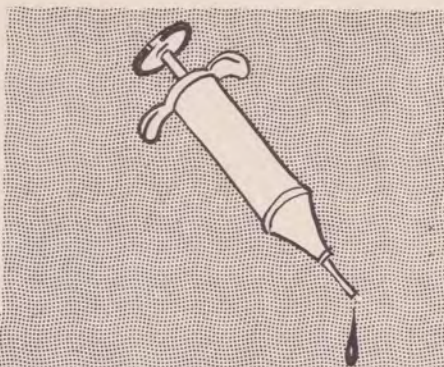
Before we discuss first aid, it will be necessary to understand the anatomy and physiology of the body. It consists of three parts: the head, the chest, and the stomach. The head has the brains, if any; the chest consists of wind and a piece of liver; and the stomach contains the bowels of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u.

The next thing to consider is the actual application of first-aid knowledge. The thing to do when you see an accident is to avoid it. Jump into the nearest car and drive swiftly off or, if there are no autos, trust to your legs. However, if they catch you and drag you back, then you must use your head. That's the first motto of the first-aid—use your head. You can utilize it as a pillow for the wrong with him. If the patient is un-

conscious, the whole process would be rather silly. The next question arises, How can you tell if the patient is conscious? If you're not sure, play safe and speak to him—politely at first. If he doesn't answer you can get sarcastic and say, "So's your old man."

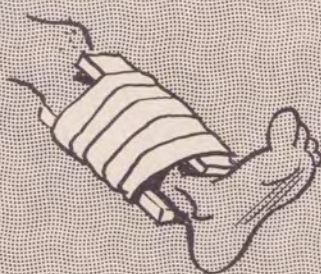
comes the test in the first-aid's ability to think and act fast in an emergency. The crowd must be kept busy and amused. Probably the entertainment of seeing the wounded victim on the ground will have died out. Even the most interesting thing gets boring after a while. Therefore the responsibility of keeping the group from getting restless falls entirely on the shoulders of the first-aid. If you happen to have brought your harmonica along, then play it. Perhaps if some members of the crowd have brought their instruments, an impromptu band can be organized with drums improvised out of any boxes lying around.

By this time if you haven't called the ambulance you had better start thinking about it.



FIRST AID: ITS NEEDS AND USES

by
Margot Lowell



victim, or just roll it along the ground to amuse and distract the patient while treatment is being given.

Now let us take a typical accident. Suppose you are driving along the boulevard and you see a smashed car. You immediately drive on. No, hang it, you can't do that. I need you for an example. Let's start again. You're driving along, when you see a smashed car and a large crowd.

"It's an accident, Florence," or whatever your name is, you say to yourself. Then you lie down in a horizontal position alongside the victim, which better enables you to see his injuries by merely turning the head toward him. If the victim is conscious, a few pleasant words of greeting can be exchanged such as: "How do you do. Lovely weather we're having." Or, if you are in a more informal mood: "Hi. How's business?" If he opens his mouth immediately thrust a thermometer into it to see if there is anything

This brings us to the next step which should really have come first. Get up. If you are stiff from a lying position, the patient will probably be sufficiently recovered to rub you gently in the sore spots with the tips of the index and the little finger and so relieve you.

By this time the eager crowd will be pressing in. Push it back shouting, "Give us air, give us air," at the same time applying the tip of the thumb to the end of the nose. The crowd will immediately draw back. Then

If the patient is wounded on the arm, figure out which arm it is and tie a red handkerchief around the other one so that you won't get mixed up while treating it, thus wasting valuable time.

If there is bleeding, take active steps to stop it. This can be done by arresting the movement of the heart, as all blood flows from the heart. If the wound is serious, an accurate gauge of its depth can be made by lowering the middle finger into the wound.

Should the leg be broken find out which one has the injury. To do this pump both legs violently up and down a few times. That will cause the bone to protrude so that you will be able to tell without even having to bother to ask the patient. The next step is to bind up the broken member. Hunt around for some old pieces of glass, or scraps from a tin can, or anything with a sharp edge. Make

(Continued on page 22)

This Ought to Be a Book

By H. D. Thoreau III

(AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Since I am Associate Editor of this magazine, there are only two people in the world who would have a better chance of getting their autobiographies in here than I have. They are the Editor, who can't remember any farther back than his fifteenth birthday, and the Managing Editor, whose life story was scheduled to appear in the *Carillon* in the issue of which that mag went defunct. So I'm next in line; so here it is, so read it.)

I was born at an early age, probably before my first birthday, although I can't remember back that far, so this is all hearsay. My one vague recollection of that year was that the Giants' pitching staff went all to pieces in September, and the record books show that they won the pennant by a stretch drive, so I may have myself confused with the neighbor kid who was born a year earlier.

That was during the period of the Roaring 'Twenties and my father used to knock himself out with the gag that I was "roaring all right." Jeez, but he was a joker.

I was always too young to buy cigarettes up until the time I was old enough, so I took to cigars. They

didn't take to me, however, because I remember one Grandmother gave me for my third birthday. It was long and black and it made me sick and they put me to bed and when I was well enough to get up again I was six years old and had outgrown my three-button sack suit.

One incident that has always worried me happened on the Fourth of July in 1928. We had a few firecrackers left over from Easter and were out shooting them when my twin brother got the idea of lighting a 'cracker and then trying to swallow it before it went off. Mine went all the way down before exploding and only left me with a bit of heartburn, but my brother's firecracker went off just as it hit his larynx. It blew his head off completely. He still has the scar. Being just a child I picked up his head and ran into the house to show Father what Brother had done. Well, he never was sure which of us was which, and so you can imagine how he was at trying to figure out

whether I was under my arm or on my shoulders.

His understandable confusion mixed me up, too, and so when I began to tell the story I wasn't sure which of our heads it was, either. Ever since then I get nervous when I begin to feel a little lightheaded, or see a mirror that only comes up to my neck.

They did the best they could with Brother, but he never quite looked the same. He was a bit touchy about the subject too, in fact one of the reasons he ran baby Sister through the meat grinder one day was because her favorite saying used to be, "You'd lose your head if it wasn't fastened on."

When I was old enough to start going to school, I went to school. It was kindergarten, which I understand is the German word for kindergarten. I remember one afternoon the teacher made me stay after school because I went to sleep while she was reading Havelock Ellis to the class.

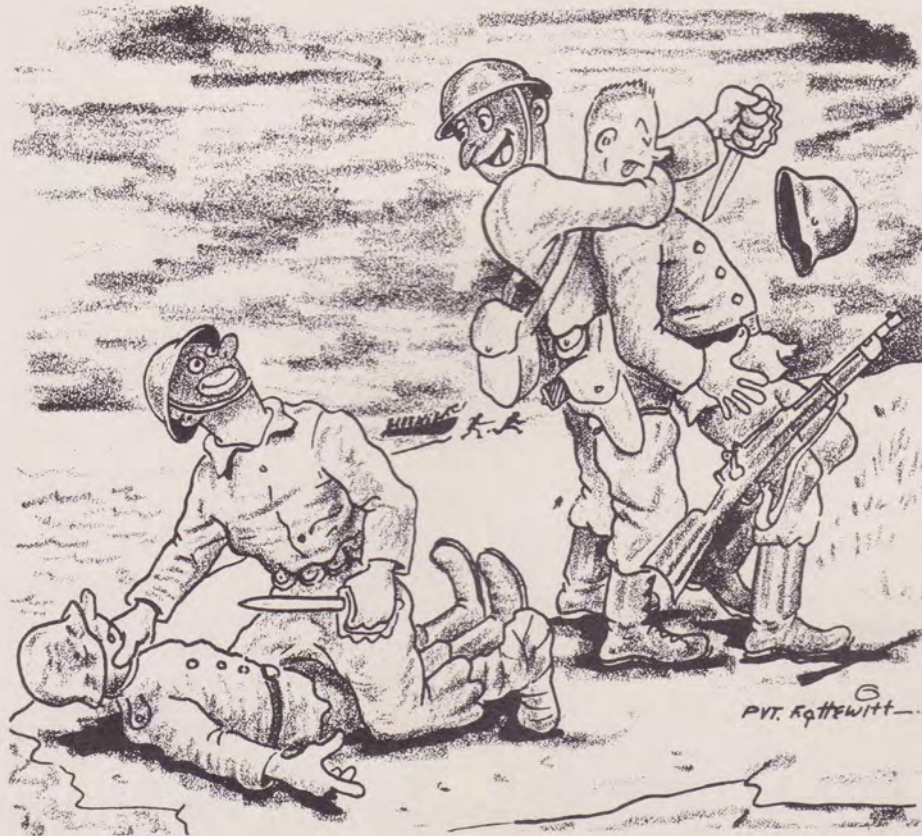
I didn't get in any other scrapes with the faculty until the fourth grade, when I used to fly out the window of our second-story classroom while the teacher was writing on the blackboard. That didn't bother her, but when I'd come coasting back in shouting to the other kids, "Look, no hands," she would get pretty pushed out of shape.

I remember when we bought our first Essex. It was a bright, sunny day and the car looked peachy, so we bought it. The next day it rained and the car ran all over the driveway. That was the year the sewing machine got away from Mother and ran all over everything. That kept the whole house in stitches for some time.

From Lent 1929 until the day in '32 when Granddad won the regional hopscotch crown I had wake-ups for our house. My older sister, just for spite, used to always leave her tag out for 5:30 when no one else in the house was going to get up before noon. But I'd always wake her up, because they made me take a bath every week if I didn't.

Father was always handy at fixing things around the house, but he got

(Continued on page 28)



"H'yah, H'yah, H'yah—Why do de chicken cross de road, Mistah Interlocutor?"

NOW THEM FLIX

By Mac Myers

Cross Roads



After waiting in line for two hours I finally got in, and it wasn't the Gas Rationing Board after all.

Whistler's Mother



This picture didn't have much of a plot.

Tales of Manhattan



This opus starts with Rita Hayworth and goes steadily down. Hmmm, not a bad idea.

White Cargo



It's all about "mammy-palaver," which I take it, is some sort of occupational disease.

Holiday Inn



It's far cheaper just to buy a record of "White Christmas," take your date home, and play it. I mean the record.

Yankee Doodle Dandy



They say patriotism comes from within. Gad, what guts.

The Battle of Midway



The picture started with a scene of birds on the beach, after ten minutes there were birds all over the theater.

The Spirit of Stanford



This is a story about a football player named Frankie Albert who goes to Stanford University and is quite a chintz about the whole thing. However, his buddy gets pneumonia and he sees Ernie Nevers, so he turns out to be a good guy. And we win the Big Game this time, rah!

Slapsie Maxie Goes to Harv'd



This is a story about a boxer named Maxie Rosenbloom who goes to Harv'd University and is quite an oaf about the whole thing.

However, his buddy doesn't get pneumonia and he never sees Nevers, so he's still an oaf. And they don't even mention the Big Game, booooo!

The Postman Only Rings Twice



If celluloid were rubber this picture would have immense value as scrap rubber.

Now, Voyager



I had just had my eyes dilated when I went to see this picture so I had to sit out in the lobby and talk to the usherette; she said it was good.

Somewhere I'll Find You



Not alive in a theater where that's playing.

The Talk of the Town



This double-billed with *The Spirit of Stanford*, and since in esthetics everything is relative, the poor thing didn't have a fighting chance.

The Magnificent Ambersons



The book was on the required reading list in high school. 'Nuff said?

Footlight Parade



When poorer pictures are made, Victor Mature will play in them.

Conclusion



By all the laws of chance, one of these pictures should have been good. I guess I've settled that old argument about the laws of chance.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE!



PERKINS' GHERKINS FOR YOUR INTERNAL WORKIN'S

What's the matter with you, you old lazybones? Oh, that old liver bile again, eh? Just doesn't seem to want to wake up, does it? Makes you feel sort of crotchety-like, doesn't it? Well, don't fret, pardner. Shucks, us folks at Outhouse Corners don't never worry ourselves none when lazy liver bile slows us down. No, sir. Any old M.D. knows that if that yellow, vital old digestive fluid doesn't come spurting out at a rate of 2 pts. a day, you are as good as dead. Well, sir, all you have to do is buy yo'sef a box of Perkins' Gherkins, and you'll feel like the belle of the jolly-up.

Perkins' Gherkins is good for pussy, too. Is your tabby-flabby? Well, just shove a box of Perkins' Gherkins in his mouth. Last time we did that to our cat he reared back on his hind legs and chased a whole company *Of Mice and Men* out of town.

And here's the prize-winning limerick of the month, sent in by Miss Prunella Krugs:

**Wanna rouse that liver bile?
Wanna wake up with a smile?
Buy a box of Perkins' Gherkins—
They'll pep up your inner workin's.**

**AND REMEMBER BILE IS
AMMUNITION: USE IT
WISELY**

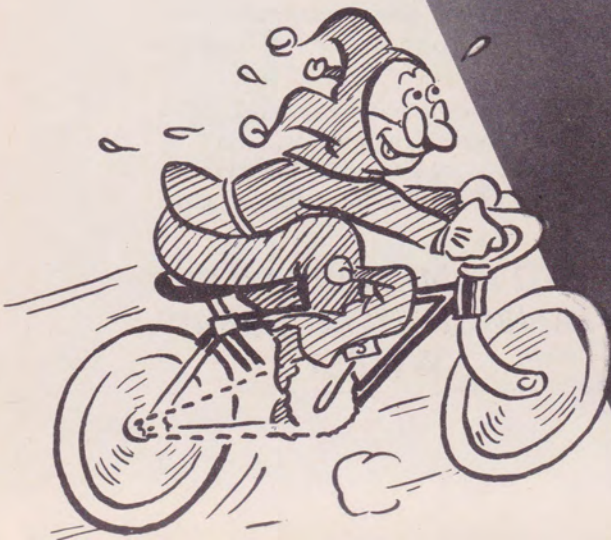
Chappie presents

*Queens of
the Month*

Photos by
Hans Roth

Virginia Lacey, '45
Delta Delta Delta

Catherine Connaghan, '44
Madroño



OAF

(Continued from page 14)

that age of ankle-length slacks, plaid jackets, plaid socks (sox, as the notices call them), self-conscious political conservatism, and that picaresque freedom between the sexes which is carried on to an abominable extent. In short, we were afraid that old Oaf had taken Betty Lou out for a "meelk-shake," just as he had said he would. He sat down.

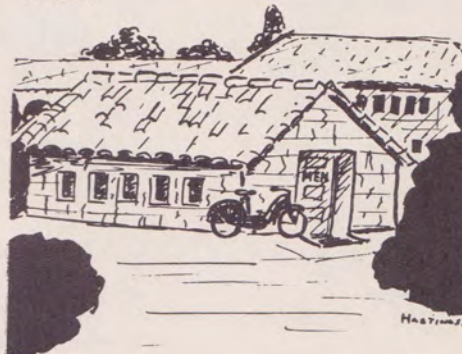
"Gee whiz, fellas, do you think I'm a real dumb guy?" he asked.

We nodded, and he continued, seeing that we were waiting for nothing more than to hear his story.



"Well," said Oaf, "we got outside and I asked her where she wanted to go for a meelk-shake. She looked at me kind of funny and then said that she would kind of like to go home. Well, gee, when you ast a girl out for a meelk-shake, the least you could want her to do of is to dreenk one before she goes home, but I'm a nice sort, and I took her home. Then when we got there she ast me to come in and she said we could have a dreenk. But then I said I didn't want to come in because I didn't dreenk, and I didn't think her place looked very nice somehow, but I didn't say this part. But then she looked at me kind of funny again and ast me once more to come in, but I said I didn't see why because I didn't dreenk, and finally she seemed to get kind of sore, and told me I was a real dumb guy and then she went in. Gee whiz, do you think I'm a real dumb guy?"

We nodded, and left for Betty Lou's house.



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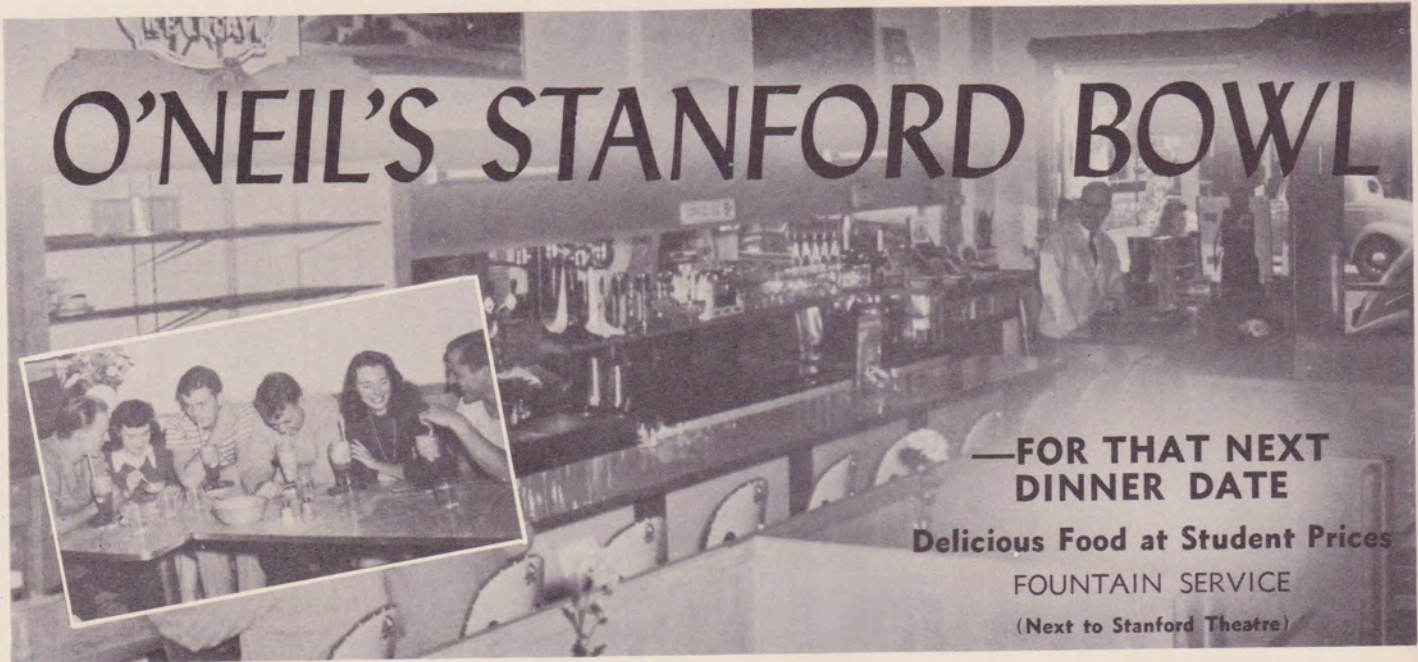


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FIRST AID

(Continued from page 17)

two incisions, one above and one below the wound, and suck.

At this point you will realize that you have gotten your treatments mixed up and are using first aid for snake bites. Do not let the crowd or the victim on to the knowledge that you have made a mistake, or you will lose your influence with them. Hold on to the broken member and try calmly to recall the treatment prescribed for such an injury.

By this time the ambulance ought to be here, and your services are not needed any more. Relinquish the leg, unobtrusively take a tip out of the victim's pocket, and gently ooze out of the crowd.



"How was I to know it was the general's office? It said 'private' on the door."

COMMANDO

If you can spot the finest printed writing,

And then can hear a plane a mile away;

If you can pass out cold and come up fighting,

And not pass out again within the day;

If you can jump as far as kangaroos,

And still run fast with every toe a stub—

Then you can laugh at fractures, aches, and bruises,

And what is more, you're a Commando, bub.

—Annie



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STOMPIN'

(Continued from page 4)

longer had a horn, tales about Bunk and a few others used to get around until finally Dave Stuart went to New Orleans, looked up Bunk, and persuaded him to make some records without even knowing how well he could play. Getting the rest of the band together for the date was tough, and after a band had finally been collected, the records were made. There was little rehearsal. Bunk would say, "Well, let's play 'Down by the River,'" and maybe the other guys would say, "Well, how does it go?" Then Bunk would play the tune once, and the others would say, "Okay, let's do it," and the records were pressed, and they're awfully good, and if you like the real jazz you should buy them.

The tunes recorded were "Storyville Blues," "Bunk's Blues," "Panama," "Down by the River," "Moose March," and "Weary Blues." Bunk's cornet is by no means impeccable, but it's always exciting and always jazz. The recording job is rather poor, but who cares? The records will take their place in jazz history along with

the Olivers, Armstrongs, and Mortons. The only thing I could say after listening to sixty-six-year-old Bunk Johnson was, "What did he sound like twenty-five years ago?"

While I wouldn't say that the latest Lu Watters records are as well done as the first bunch, I still think they're good jazz. Lu and Turk Murphy, the trombone man, are in the Navy now, so it's hard to say when they'll record again. (Some of you don't care, I know.) The sides, "Cakewalking Babies Back Home," "Riverside Blues," "Tiger Rag," "Come Back, Sweet Papa," "Fidgety Feet," and "Temptation Rag" are all of about the same musical quality. This session didn't have the drive that the first one had. There are more recorded Watters sides from the same session yet to be released, so maybe I'm talking too soon.

In the big band field, there are only a few mediocre offerings. With the shortage of shellac, record companies are only recording the numbers they think will sell well, and the poorest music usually sells the most. But listen. This is good. Tommy Dorsey could never swing with fifteen pieces, and now he's going torrid with that "hot" string section of his. The number is called "Blue Blazes." It's a Sy Oliver original that Lunceford recorded about three years ago with much better results. All of Dorsey's boys get lost in the fast tempo. There's weak trombone, fair but unexciting clarinet, dainty piano, and there's also Siegfried Elman, who has imposed upon the listening public another of those screeching, screaming things that are supposed to pass for jazz solos. Open up that window and let the foul air out.

"Shady Lady" is one of those Charlie Barnet pieces that's splashed with Ellingtonia. It's rather nice, but Barnet's boys seem to labor at the stuff, while it just seems to float out of the Duke's men (the Duke, by the way, is losing men every day, and that's bad). The highly publicized trumpet player Peanuts Holland is not bad, although he has a few Eldridge-like inclinations. His plunger-mute work is more than acceptable, but I can't say I'm thrilled by his scat-singing on the other side, "I Like to Riff," just another jive song where all the cats are hep with the chicks and getting their kicks and God-isn't-it-wonderful-to-be-a-scat-singer.

(Continued on page 26)

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CLAYTON

(Continued from page 13)

He even went up to the Seaboard Finance Co. (1 Polk and 2 Fell) in an effort to refinance himself, but the company refused to handle any second mortgages behind the Devil.

Well, to skim over four years of college in a paragraph (it's been done in less), Clayton went into Senior Week without any money, and without a means of stalling Satan. However, Satan, after taking quarterly stock inventory, noticed that it was about time to call in Clayton's soul, so he thought he'd drop around and make the kid nervous by giving him a ten-day notice.

Somehow during the conversation, Satan let it drop that he was "simply wild about Eskimo Pies." But naturally he couldn't eat them because they'd melt before he could push them in his face.

After the Devil had left, Clayton got to mulling the idea over in his mind, and being of an inventive turn he whipped up an idea for a dry ice holder for the Eskimo Pie. With his scheme Satan could eat the whole thing without it melting prematurely. Of course the CO₂ would be dissipated as soon as it hit his stomach; in fact it would have the effect of a Bromo on him.

When, ten days later, Satan came around to consummate the deal, Clayton proposed his scheme. The Devil was so delighted about the whole thing that he not only released Clayton from the deal, but gave him an asbestos-bound, autographed copy of *Faust*.

The story's all through, but before you leave, here's a little moral:

Put your nickels and dimes in Sunday School, kiddies, or there'll be hell to pay.



Father—Has our daughter read *What Every Girl Should Know*?

Mother—Yes, and she sent seven pages of suggestions to the author.

—Yellow Jacket



He—There's a certain reason why I love you.

She—My goodness!

He—Don't be absurd.

—Voo Doo

CHAPPIE

(Continued from page 6)

in and out of Stanford will never be forgotten. In his Encina room a picture was prominently displayed which bore the words, "To Doodles, from J. Christ." It was he who was going to set a new record from Stanford to L.A. He piled into his racing car, fitted out with helmet and goggles. A large crowd was around to see him off. He trod on the starter, waved to the throng, zoomed around the corner at top speed—and piled into a palm tree. Later, in one of his spare moments, while his family were taking a trip to Europe, he renovated his L.A. home and turned it into a monstrous night club, called "The Club Foot." Since then he has appeared in the movies, in the revue, *Meet the People*, and as an M.C. for several prominent night clubs.

The CHAPPIE is much the same today. A remarkable combination of insanity, brilliance, and hard work get together in a hole in the wall in the Press Building and somehow or other manage to get a magazine out each month that surpasses any other campus comic in the country.



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TOM SWIFT

(Continued from page 15)

yanked out of my hand and sent to the museum of an Arizona town. For the first time I looked at my surroundings. The room was filled with the busy sound of doctors at work. "One, two, one, two, two, two, two, three, zero." Hey! What was this, I asked myself. Ah, of course, the eye test. They were counting the examinees' eyes. A line of dejected gargoyles cursed with two eyes filed out of one door to be sworn in, while the happy ones, threes, and zeros danced out into the sunshine to buy war stamps. I explored the gaping hole where my left eye had been, and smiled confidently to myself. This smile must have endeared me to the examining doctor, who poked my good eye. "We'll give you a break, young man," he said, before I was able to mouth a protest. "Fall in with that other one-eye over there, and we'll swear you in together." Before I could obey his command, the stunned one-eye he had indicated whipped out a knife and stabbed himself. This was apparently not a unique occurrence at the induction center, because before you could say "eczema" the doctor yelled, "Quick, swear him in while he's still warm." But as Fate would have it, old one-eye was quite cold before the stretcher-bearers had crossed the room.

This was a problem. What would they do with me? They had promised to get me in, and while I generously offered to forget the whole thing, the young doctor, almost in tears, pointed to the Boy Scout emblem on his lapel. "I've given my word," he sobbed. "We must find a way." "Ah," he said at last, "we'll

give you" . . . one more chance," I chimed in, in my clever, sarcastic way. "Right," said he. "Orderly, take this man to the chief, and ask him to interview him to find out what he can do to do his bit."

Off again, down endless corridors and up elevators, until at last I was in the chief's office. The chief, a kindly looking man with bloodshot eyes, cauliflower ears, and pointed teeth, did not get up, but twirled his black mustache for a while before speaking. "Aha," he said, "not much to work on here, is there. But we'll find something for you, my fine friend." Then he walked around and surveyed me from every angle. "Can you eat?" he asked. "Possibly you might fit in as a taster to see if the water in our jungle outposts is safe to drink."

I explained that I had to be fed intravenously.

"Well, we might use you as a specimen for the Medical Corps."

"But I'm not dead yet," I objected.

"Quite so," said the chief. He strode over and opened the window to let in some fresh air. The sudden breeze wafted in, and lifted my forty-seven pounds up into the air, blowing me about the room. The chief pranced after me. "I've got it," he cried, as he pulled me down. "The Meteorology Division. They can use you when they haven't any weather vanes, and their mouths are too dry to wet their fingers. Just throw you up into the air to find out which way the wind's blowing!"

But I had one more trick left. "You'll never get me alive," I screamed, and popped an arsenic pill into my mouth. But as Fate would have it, it also popped into the mouth of that damned tapeworm, who avidly gobbled it up, and ten minutes later, as I was being sworn in, I could hear his indecent giggle and merry "I told you so" down in the pit of my stomach.



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—Hyer

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—Lampoon



Billy—Mamma, where did you meet Daddy?

Mamma—At a dance, darling.

Billy—Was I there, mamma?

Mamma—Run out and play, darling.

—Jack o' Lantern

CHAPPIE

Queens of the Month

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STOMPIN'

(Continued from page 23)

Jess Stacy's work on Bob Crosby's "Ec-Stacy" is very smooth and pleasant. While I don't think his piano sounds as hot as it did on the Commodore piano solo of the same piece, it still has that easy swing and resonance that are so characteristic of the guy. Outside of the late Jelly-Roll Morton, I can't recall a piano player that plays with the charm that Stacy does. "Chain Gang," a brutal attempt at a jazz tone poem, is on the other side, and it's all yours. This is a twelve-inch record.

Teddy Wilson's piano playing has charm, too, but the last few years it's been on the dull side. His recent album of solos has occasional uplifting moments, but I like him much more on the album of reissues of the stuff he recorded with Billie Holliday, who is fine any time. Wilson devotees will probably like this latest album of solos.

After hearing Muggsy Spanier's "Two o'Clock Jump," I regret more than ever his giving up the little band for the big one. Sort of strapped down by the limitations of big band arrangements, Muggsy's cornet work becomes repetitive and monotonous.

I'm very sorry, but I didn't get to hear the Saunders King records in time to write about them. I'll get around to them sooner or later. Meanwhile, if you're anxious to know what he's like, you can catch him at the Back Stage in S.F. Maybe I'll see you there some time.



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NOW THAT DATE

(Continued from page 3)

stance. This is on Market Street at New Montgomery. The ballroom is called the Rose Room, and it has tables on several terrace levels, sloping down to the floor. Softly lit, very proper and comfortable, with mirrored walls. And the bands that play here are always big boys, like Whiteman, Busse, Will Osborne, Ray Noble, Russ Morgan, and so on. A good spot. Revenue runs to a cover charge of a buck on week nights, but Friday is a quarter more and Saturday is a buck and a half. Then there's the Peacock Court of the **Hotel Mark Hopkins** up on Nob Hill. Best way to get there is to turn off Van Ness Avenue onto California Street and follow it until you see the street just drop out from under you and head down hill. That's the corner. The hotel is on your right. There's usually a large crowd here, and the trouble is that everyone dances. Not surprising, though, because the walls here have heard the downbeats of such gentlemen as Skinnay Ennis, Orin Tucker, Joe Reichman, and Henry King, to mention a few. Cover charge is slightly lower here than at the Palace, and there's a bar at the end of the elevator line that has a mile-high view of the whole Bay. In the old days, before dim-out, it was like a magic carpet spread out beneath you. Top o' the Mark, they call it. It's really got that mood indigo.

While we're up on Nob Hill, let's case the hotel across the street, the **Fairmont**. This is a good deal, for several reasons. The Cirque Room is the bright spot for dancing, very swank and luxurious. The floor is a small one, and the music is supplied by about four or five pieces, but the results are amazing. It's a supper club sort of affair in the best tradition—even has a floor show of dancers or soloists—and the wonderful thing about it is that it charges no cover or minimum. You pay only for what you consume. Don't miss this, Joe. You can tell your pals about it, too. They'll go for it.

Have you ever ridden on those little cable cars yet? They're almost as good as the Coney Island roller coaster, spinning and dipping around the hills. The Powell Street cable car passes right in front of the **Hotel Sir Francis**

Drake, just a block above Union Square. There's a lush ballroom in here called the Persian Room, and it's just about like it sounds. Fairly small floor and the orchestras are booked for long engagements. Carl Ravazza started there; and Ran Wilde has been there over a year, so you must have heard his music on the radio. This hostelry charges no cover, but asks a minimum of about a dollar and a half a person. Then, right opposite Union Square is the massive **Hotel St. Francis**, which everybody calls "the Frantic." In here is the famous Mural Room, a large and luxurious affair that bulges with people when bands like Herbie Kaye, Ted Weems, Harry Owens, and Richard Himber play. I suppose you know that the nation's favorite smooth band, Freddy Martin's, is booked there now, and it's as much as your life is worth to fight your way through the mob. Your evening's worth will be based on a cover of a dollar, unless you come on Saturday, when the rate is raised. This I can heartily recommend, Joe, as some of the cream of the nation's music.

Then, closer home, the favorite gathering spots, as you probably know, are fairly near at hand. **Dinah's**, the famous restaurant with the Aunt Jemima personality in its cuisine, is found on the left side of El Camino about three or four miles south. That *smörgåsbord* table makes you delirious just to look at it. Not much nearer, on the right side of the high-

way is **L'Omelette**, a French restaurant of the first order. A standout. Both these places are far from cheap, however, and require an occasion. Bars here attract many school people who have reached majority. The same is true of **Auten's**, at Bayshore and University, but here you can dance. By the way, Joe, if I should ever see you, or any other of the kids in my corridor who are not yet twenty-one, in the act of imbibing anything alcoholic, I'm afraid I shall be forced to frown upon that sort of thing. So don't ever let me catch you.

Among other things to remember are the campus plays, which are good entertainment as well as good dates. Shows and campus dances are ready-made dates, and you'll soon begin searching for the date that's different. If you should happen to date a girl from Mills College, I can recommend the **Hotel Claremont** in Berkeley, where Don Kaye has a swell orchestra for dancing. But I don't think you'll have any difficulties. I can see you've started in with a good habit, buying **CHAPARRAL**, so you'll do all right.

Now as for women—throw me those cigarettes on the desk, will you?—there are two things you've got to remember—



"Can you stand on your head?"

"Nope, It's too high."

—Pelican



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—Analyst



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Maid—No, who shall I say called?

—Frigol



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Said teacher: "Write a hundred times
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of Life Savers!

THIS OUGHT

(Continued from page 18)

in over his head once when he tried to improve on some connections in the basement. For quite a spell after that all telephone conversations had to be carried on through the hot and cold water spigots in the kitchen sink, and the dishes had to be washed in the inkwell in the library, since it was next to the telephone. You see, water could only be gotten by lifting the receiver and dialing "0." We were able to take baths, fortunately, since we had had an extension put in upstairs. Our shower seemed to be on a party line, and the maid got pneumonia from listening to the neighbors discuss their troubles.

But to get to my sex life.¹ And that just about brings us up to date.

Oh, one more thing. When I was twenty years old I joined the Army. I don't know what made me do it; maybe it was the adventurer in me. Three hours after being inducted I was sent on a commando raid somewhere in the Pacific. Since I am pretty nearsighted and didn't want to waste any of Uncle Sam's bullets, I waited until I could see the whites of his eyes before I shot. He had evidently been out on a bender, because there was no white in his eyes. He killed me.²

Nothing much has happened since then, so that's all there is.³

¹ Are you glad?

² Are you glad?

³ See footnote 1.



It seems too macabre, but I'm told it's true that Jean Harlow's body is in perfect condition and can be seen. It's in a glass case.

Once a year her mother takes her hairdresser and the latest model gown, and Jean's dress is changed and her hair redone. And Jean's as beautiful as ever.

—Hedda Hopper's Column,
June 26, 1942

Goody, goody ghoul-drops!



The shades of night were falling fast
When for a kiss he asked her.
She must have answered "Yes," be-
cause
The shades came down much faster.
—Exchange

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