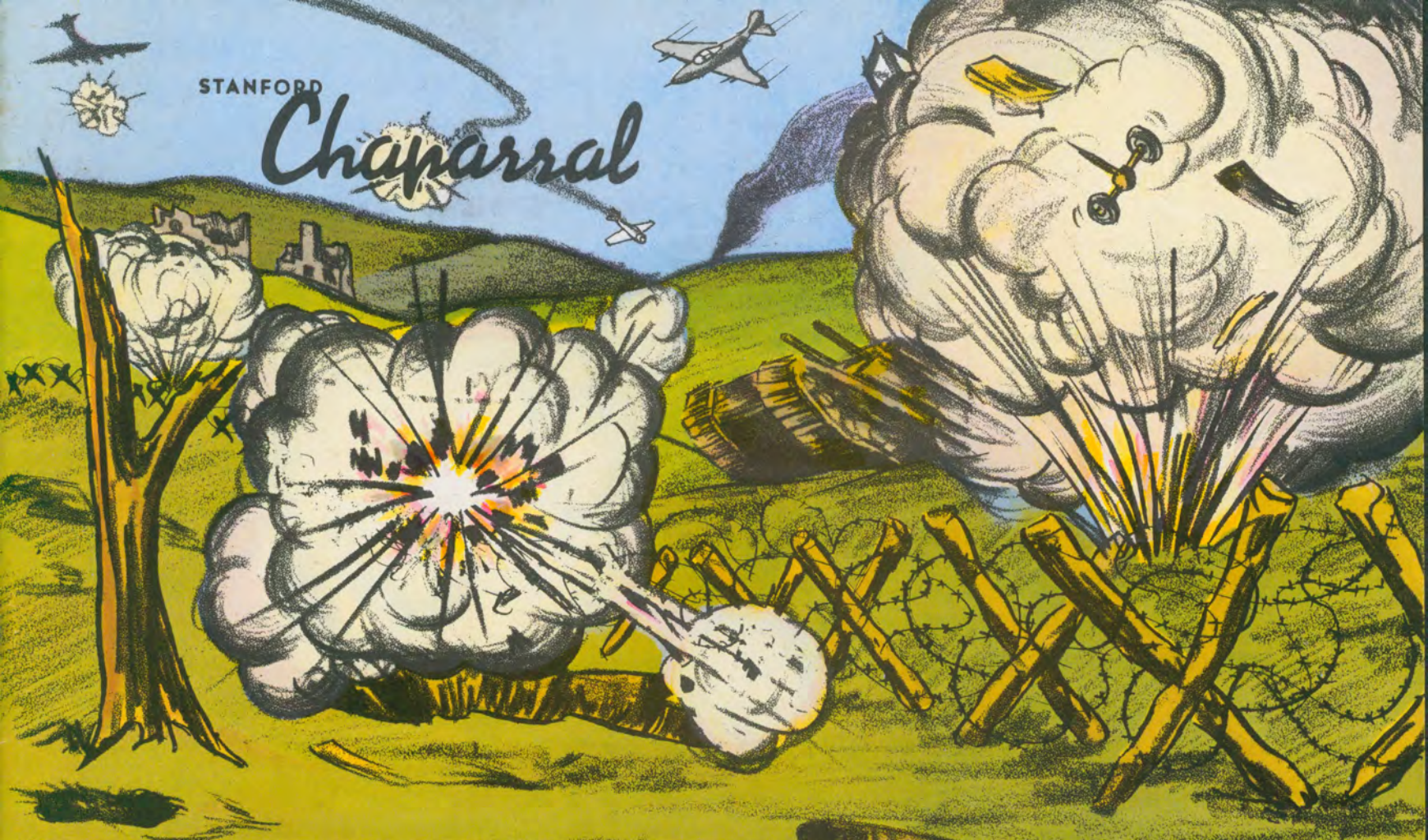


STANFORD

# Chaparral



*Having-a-  
wonderful-time  
wish-you-were-here*  
NUMBER



FEBRUARY 1943

25¢

*RE. Niser*





# SOLDIERS ON SKIS

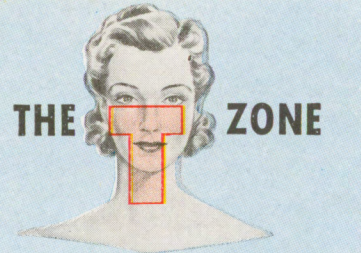
THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS **CAMEL**. THEY'RE SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY **THROAT**—AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE!**

—says former Olympic ace  
**DICK DURRANCE**  
who trains ski troopers  
for the Army

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin (below). When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.



I FIND **CAMELS** SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY HAVE SUCH A FULL, WELCOME FLAVOR



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As Instructor Dick Durrance (above) says: "Camels suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

**FIRST IN THE SERVICE**

\*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

# CAMEL

## THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



	PAGE
Having-Wonderful-Time-Wish-You-Were-Here	7
A heart-rending letter and snapshot from former Old Boy F. Q. Hewitt.	
Funny Stuff by Rieser	8
A page of cartoons by Lieutenant Bob Rieser, an artist with a sense of humor.	
Fables of the Forces	9
A slight extension of Farm Fables.	
My Life in the Army—Lieutenant B. H. McClure	10
Paragraphs and sketches about life in a Norfolk basement by another former Old Boy.	
Il Revengio de Ptolemy	12
An unofficial release from the OWI's number one envelope licker, Cal Thayer.	
The Sinister Telephone Stand	13
This is the second installment of a detective serial that started to run in the <i>Saturday Evening Post</i> in 1927, but got lost after one chapter.	
The Military Salute	14
Correct way and the usual ways of performing this outdated military habit (only kidding, Colonel).	
Leftover Art	16
This should have gone on page 16, but we made a mistake and left it here.	
Fables of the Farm	17
A couple of these actually happened.	
Theatah	18
One must have either a strong stomach or a great liking of the theatah to enjoy this, but then some people do.	
Dolls for February	19
The year's first Roble woman, plus Nighty.	
Now That Muscle	21
No one read this last month, so we've decided to make it a regular feature.	
Cinemah	22
We've got a new man here, but his breezy Okie style will be familiar to you movie-goers.	

## Our Advertisers

Are establishments conducted on the basis of service and dependability. Every advertisement represents an investment on the part of one of these establishments for the purpose of securing campus trade.

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### REMEMBER

It is because of the support which the campus publications receive from their advertisers that they are able to exist.

**CAMPUS ADVERTISERS ARE CAMPUS BOOSTERS**

Binding Isn't It?	23
Reading time, 6 seconds.	
Mast Head, Editorials, etc.	24
To those who read every word of this goes an autographed picture of the Editor.	



## MORE McCLURE

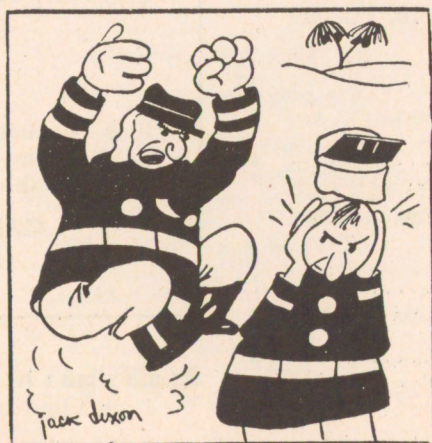
(Continued from page 27)

a large industrial plant in civilian life, who Knew Men and Could Size up a Fellow. He grasped me by the hand and said, "Wellll (pronounced: well-hell-hell-hell, sort of mixing the word with a genial, hearty laugh), so you're reporting for duty, eh? Ha, ha, ho, ho, ho!" I couldn't see the humor in it at all, but figured he was just being pleasant. "You know, son (he was a first lieutenant about thirty years my senior), I have just the spot for you. A real interesting job, too. Intelligence work! Sounds great, eh? Ho, ho, ho, ha, ha," he continued. "Yessir, I'm going to send you down to Norfolk, Virginia. YOU'LL LIKE NORFOLK!" Yes, that's just what he said. I'm not sure of every word I quoted, but those last are his, exactly as he said them. Never have I been more fooled. I think it was the sincerity and warmth in his voice that did it, but at any rate, I'll never forget those words. "You'll like Norfolk!"

That night I was on the train heading for Virginia. The center of Southin' hospitality, the land of mint juleps, the home of fried chicken and just wonderful food (or is that O'Neil's Stanford Bowl?! Once more my imagination was going full tilt and I was looking forward eagerly to returning to the Southland. (I was born in Atlanta, Georgia, stayed there six weeks, learned to love pork chops—but that's another story.)

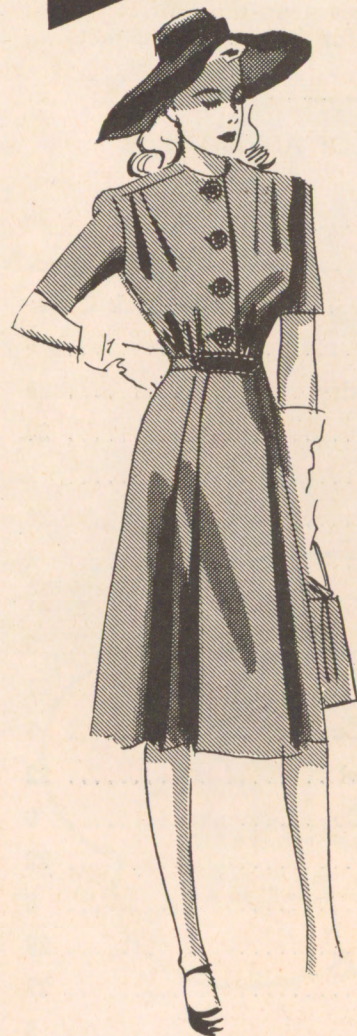
So I reported to Norfolk.\* My job in the intelligence office (downstairs in the basement of the Post Office

\*I pronounced it "Norfork" just like you Yankees did then, too, but now, like all us Southerners, I say "Nawf-uk." And am very glib about it, too.



"I could have sworn I heard a seal bark."

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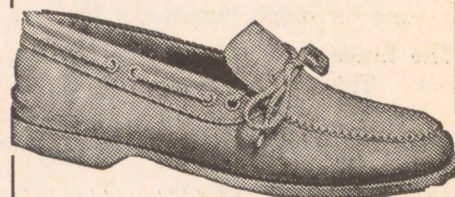
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Thotts

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Bldg., as I said) consisted of sitting in a swivel chair and waiting for the Atlantic Coast to be invaded, at which time a red light would flash, a buzzer would ring, and I would swing into action—phoning the police, the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the New York office (who had to type it up in triplicate for the files)—and then I was instructed to sit back and wait for the next invasion. This job has been executed by me nobly and to perfection. However, the only medals I have to show are in the form of three calluses, two on my heels where they rest on the desk in front of me and one on my where it rests on the chair under me. As for the beautiful secretary—there is one. I see her twice a day. Once as she walks past my office on her way to the Colonel's office in the morning and once as she walks past my office on her way from the Colonel's office at night. Once I spent half a day trying to think of some official I could write a letter to so that I could maybe wear one of my green shirts to work, borrow the Colonel's secretary, and make like the recruiting officer said I would. But I couldn't think of anybody, and probably the Colonel would be jealous, anyway.

How about the hours off duty? The Southin' belles, the social whirl? Well, I'll never forget the time I saw the first white woman since I had arrived. It was just three months and four days ago, and what a moment it was! She was a tall (slightly over 6 feet), rangy, blonde, with a lousy complexion and stringy hair—the mountain type from West Virginia—but she was a WOMAN. I followed her, my eyes bulging and mouth hanging open, for three blocks, but had to turn back when I became faint from overexcitement. The only other potential I encountered in the date line was a couple of sailors I sat at the next table from in the New China (positively not run by Japs) Cafe. I overheard one say to the other, "My dear, my white ducks are simply a mess! I don't know what I'm going to do!" However, at that point a little Chinese waitress walked by and I lost interest, but didn't get any place there due to not having any Chinese coins about me at the moment with which to tip her.

Well, that's my career in the Army. I could go on and tell you about the rest of the officers assigned here—they are all either on limited duty

(Continued on page 4)

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Others 16.95 to 39.95

Pastel rayon and wool date dress 13.95



All-wool checked suit 35.00  
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Beret, 4.00

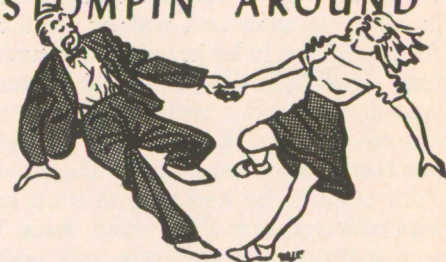
We're mix-masters with **SUITS** and **COATS**

\* Start with the right suit and topcoat and we can show you how to build a whole spring wardrobe around them.

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YOUNG WORLD SHOP • SIZES 9 • 11 • 13 • 15

### STOMPIN' AROUND



(Editor's note.—Private Arnold, our wax weviewer, is being initiated into the noble order of Hammer and Coffin soon, and during his pre-initiation period he happened to drop his 12-pound hammer on his February platters thereby demolishing this column. Good-bye.)

### MORE McCLURE

(Continued from page 3)

due to having no legs, or over-age in grade (I believe the age limit is sixty for second lieutenants) or unhappy, like myself—or the mint juleps (the state of Virginia doesn't allow mixed drinks to be served, and allows beer only until 11 o'clock); or the Southin' cooking (the only meat I've been able to buy for six months is raw oysters); or the hospitality (Norfolk is exclusively a Navy town and the people here have never seen an Army uniform, don't know there is such a thing as an Army, and think we are (1) bell boys or (2) doormen, and treat us as such. But that sort of thing could go on forever and might give the idea that my morale is low, which would be a very misleading idea. In fact, my morale has recently zoomed to an all-time high. I am now Doing My Part for the War Effort. I have been appointed an Air Raid Warden, and get to wear an armband three times a week! Now I will have authority! Now I will demonstrate bravery! Now the most beautiful of women will swoon when I pass! My imagination is once more on the loose—only *this* time I won't be disappointed.

Still roped off, as they have been ever since the furniture store fire at 224 East Main street, the broken walls of the building will soon come tumblin' down, it was said today.

—Norfolk Ledger Dispatch

And said mighty colorfully, too.

### THEATAH

(Continued from page 18)

the actors during the play. In one scene Gordon Gibb faces another actor with a ham in his hand. He says, "See this ham? Well, that's what I think of you," and he slams it on the table. At Page Mill it went like this: Gibb: "See this ham?" Voice in audience: "Where?" Gibb: "Here" (holding it toward the inquirer). Then, Gibb returned to the script. A good time was had by all.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Private Oglesby had something to say in regard to *In Time to Come*, but we in the process of throwing the magazine together lost these cogent paragraphs. Naturally we're very apologetic. From what we can remember all he said was that he didn't think much of it. Good-bye.)

"Aren't you getting tired of this bachelor life all the time, Bill?" asked his friend, Jack.

"Certainly not," replied Bill, "what was good enough for my father is good enough for me."

—Urchin

"Ah burnt mah lips on a dish of hot chocolate."

"Yeah man. Does Ah know her?"

—Owl

Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.

—Punch Bowl

CHAPPIE  
*Queens of the Month*

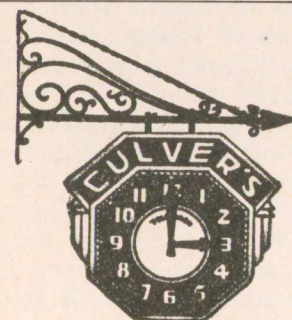
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STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
VOL. 44, NO. 5 FEBRUARY 1943

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## IL REVENGIO DE PTOLEMY

(Continued from page 12)

bows. Mrs. de Kraap tries to come out also, but is jerked rudely back by a long hook. Don Carlos is out of the picture completely.

The audience goes out to the bar to get oiled for the next act.

The third act is a lulu. Don Carlos, by special dispensation of the Pope, has divorced his new wife, and she has married Ptolemy. Such are the workings of passion. Ptolemy and his wife have adopted Don Carlos, as she still has a warm spot in her heart for him, and enjoys him on week ends. As the curtains open, to much applause at the sensible working-out of the problem, we find the three at breakfast, singing the lovely trio, "One Cuppa Coffee; One Lump or None?" At the conclusion of the trio, Ptolemy wipes the egg from his chin, and kisses his wife, while Don Carlos smiles foolishly. At this point the maid, Betty Lou, comes in with the morning paper, and sings the aria, "The Dewey-Shineth Yet." Don Carlos disguises himself as a sun-beam and goes out to dance on the lawn. Taking advantage of this moment of privacy, Ptolemy makes violent love to his wife, who reciprocates. While this is going on, Don Carlos returns, and while he is no longer the husband, but the adopted son, he becomes enraged, and strikes Ptolemy across the mouth and sings his magnificent aria, "Oh, Now, Ye Heavens, See Me in My Plight." He finishes his aria just as Ptolemy regains his feet, and Ptolemy runs him through with his rapier. At this point, the new Mrs. Ptolemy breaks forth with her tremendous dramatic aria, "Ah Fiend, Thou Hast Slain My Fourth Husband, and Welter'st in His Gore!" She flies from the room, leaving Ptolemy and the late Don Carlos alone with each other.

But now it develops that Don Carlos still has a breath in him. He rises majestically and sings the touching "Farewell, Earth That Was So Kind to Me," and dies, accompanied by great applause and some whistling. Mrs. Ptolemy enters at this point, and the prima donna singing the role mistakes the applause for Don Carlos as her own, and proceeds to make a fool of herself. She retires in some confusion, leaving the stage to Ptolemy, who, not knowing what to do, ad libs in vulgar Italian, and what could be more vulgar? Mrs. Don Carlos Ptolemy has by now recovered herself, a rare thing for a prima donna, and once again drags her wretched body onto the stage, to the accompaniment of sympathetic applause. Ptolemy and his wife sing their famous love duet, at the end of which Ptolemy, dissatisfied, strangles her with the bell cord. The bell has rung, however, and the number two boy enters, just as Mrs. Ptolemy dies. It now develops that she had had an adulterous relationship with him, unbeknownst to Ptolemy and Don Carlos, and when he sees what has happened he draws a horse pistol, sent to him by his uncle in Wyoming, and just shoots ol' Ptolemy full of holes. Ptolemy, though sorely wounded, yet has enough strength to break the man's neck and tie him in knots. As Ptolemy stands triumphant in the center of the stage he sings the soul-stirring "Adversity, I've Conquered Thee." As he finishes, a red glow spreads over the stage, and flames break through the floor. A thousand red devils surround him and carry him screaming off to his eternal damnation, singing the final chorus "Ashes to Ashes 'n Dust to Dust; If the Women Don' Gitcha, the Likkah Must."

### FREE! A GREAT BIG BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST GAG

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

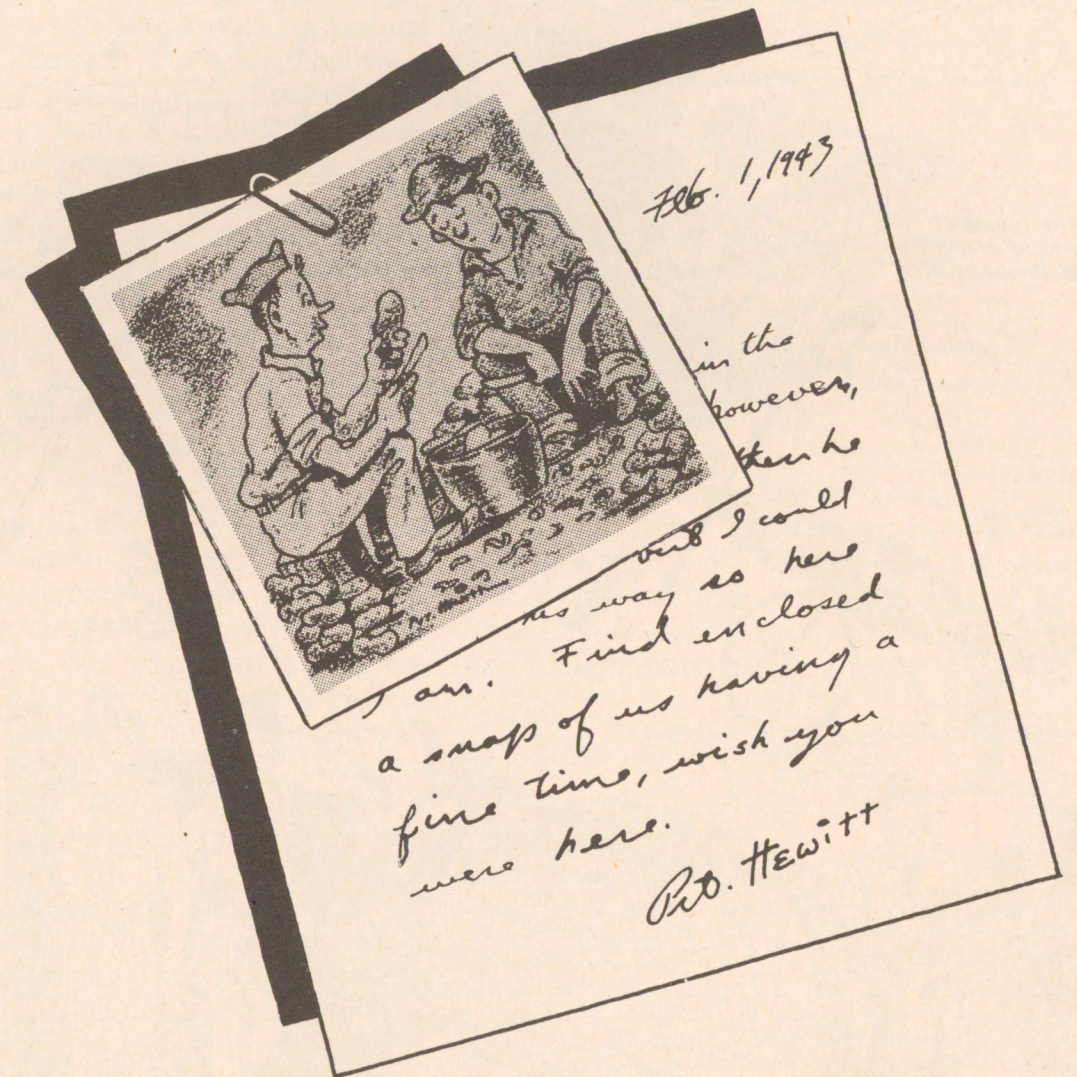
Here is this month's killer-diller, shot full of irony:

"Blast him!" muttered Mr. O'Brown with indescribable virulence. Psmith eyed him inquiringly. "Correct me if I am wrong," he said, "but I seem to detect in your manner a certain half-veiled annoyance. . . ."

Wasn't that a pip? It was contributed by Miss Jean Coghlan. She will receive her Life Savers immediately by carrier pigeon.

STANFORD

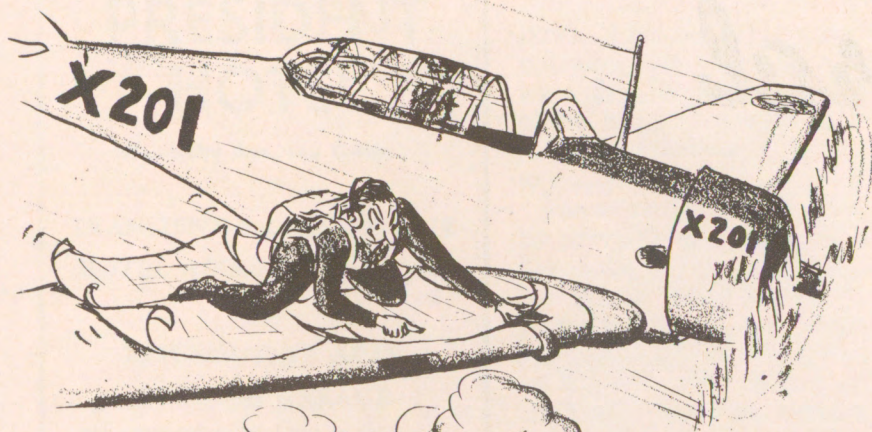
# Chaparral





### RIESER'S STUFF

(Editor's note.—The cartoons on this page were drawn by Lieutenant Bob Rieser of Uncle Sam's Army Air Corps. Even a year at the controls of everything from a kite to a P-39 did not dull the pen and brush of Rieser, the Chappie's art editor in 1941. You'll see his familiar touch elsewhere in the mag also. Good-bye.)



LUKE TO BLYTHE TO NEEDLES TO LUKE

"YES, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE STATIONED AT THE PALLADIUM!!"



TEM-NUT!

"NO, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO ORDERED LITTLE THIN HOTCAKES, YES, I AM THE ONE WHO ORDERED COFFEE, NO I DON'T WANT LEMON PIE INSTEAD—AND CHANGE THAT ORDER FROM BREAKFAST TO SUPPER—AND, INCIDENTALLY, I GRADUATE IN TWO WEEKS!!"

"T'WAS AUGUST 24<sup>TH</sup> AND ALL THROUGH THE BARRACKS..."

"NO, THAT'S NO MISTAKE, — HE'S A SENTIMENTALIST."

Rieser

### FABLES FROM THE FORCES:

## All She Said Was, "Scramble Two"

These two characters had been waiting all day for the call "Scramble Two" over the p.a. system. In Army Air Corps parlance "scramble two" was the order for the specified two to scramble into their planes and scramble aloft. While awaiting duty the pilots were free to roam at will as long as they stayed on the post. Since the loud-speakers of the p.a. system were situated in every building on the grounds, the boys were never out of reach.

Our two heroes had been jittery all afternoon awaiting the call, their first. No matter what they did one ear was always cocked toward the loud-speaker. Late in the afternoon they strolled into the post's beanery to grab a couple of cups of coffee to settle a couple of sets of jangled nerves. The pair had no sooner straddled their respective stools when waitress "B" at the other end of the counter shouted an order to the chef-maison behind the grill, "Scramble two!"

A few seconds later two sheepish pilots

slowed their gallop down to a walk, and wheeled to go back and finish their coffee.



"All I said was, 'Scramble two.'"

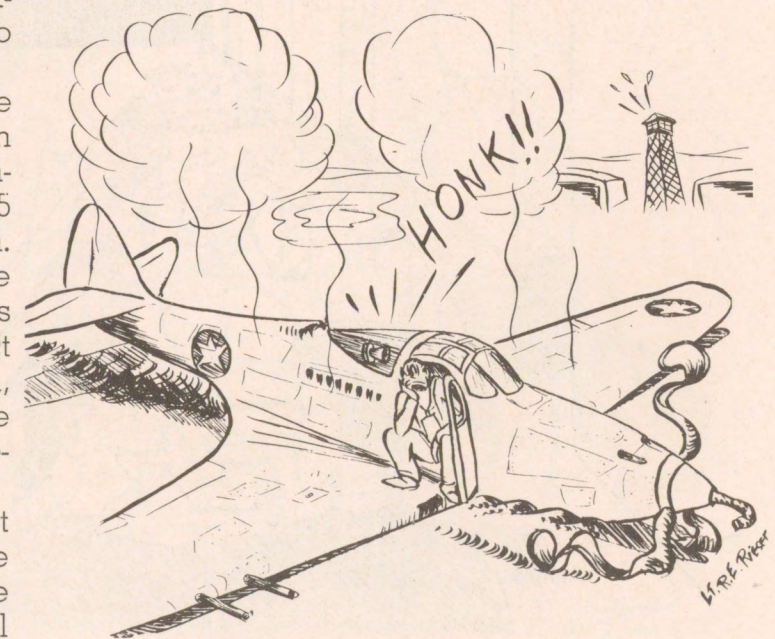
## Poorer Late Than Never

On each of Uncle Sam's new combat ships there is in the standard equipment f.o.b. a horn behind the cockpit which blows whenever a pilot starts in for a landing without first lowering his landing gear. As an added insurance, there is a light on each wing opposite the cockpit which flashes on when the horn begins to blow.

This pilot's ship had all this equipment so he had little worry about ever setting her down on her belly and nose. On this particular morning the pilot was engrossed in the usual 35 operations necessary in bringing a ship down. As the plane neared the runway and as he pulled the stick back a trifle he settled in his seat for what he expected would be a perfect three-point landing. Nothing touched earth, however, and in another half-second's drop he heard and felt the prop splinter and the fuselage crunch along the runway.

He disgustedly started to climb out of the pit as the plane came to a stop. Only then did he realize his oversight. The noise of the plane scraping along the ground had ceased and all was quiet when suddenly the air was filled with

the "Honk, honk" of the horn behind the seat, and little lights gleamed out of the wings. If you will recall this furor means your landing gear isn't lowered and you may crash if you don't take immediate action.



"Yeah, yeah. I know, I know."

Rieser



# WHEN YOU ARE FIGHTING A TOTAL WAR THERE ARE YOU CAN BE STATIONED BESIDES AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, ENGLAND, THE SOLOMONS, AND PAGE MILL ROAD; or

By Lieutenant B. H. McClure, U.S.A.

Six months in the Army as an officer without giving an order, six months in the Air Corps without seeing an airplane—that is indeed an enviable service record and certainly one that should be chronicled and put down in black and white, upper and lower case, Memphis 8 on 9 type, to act as a stimulus and inspiration to others who, like me, will be "fighting for the preservation of stuff on the world's battlefronts." But the story should work up to that inspirational climax, and therefore I'll go back to the dirt and the dung of the horse-drawn Field Artillery and start from the beginning.

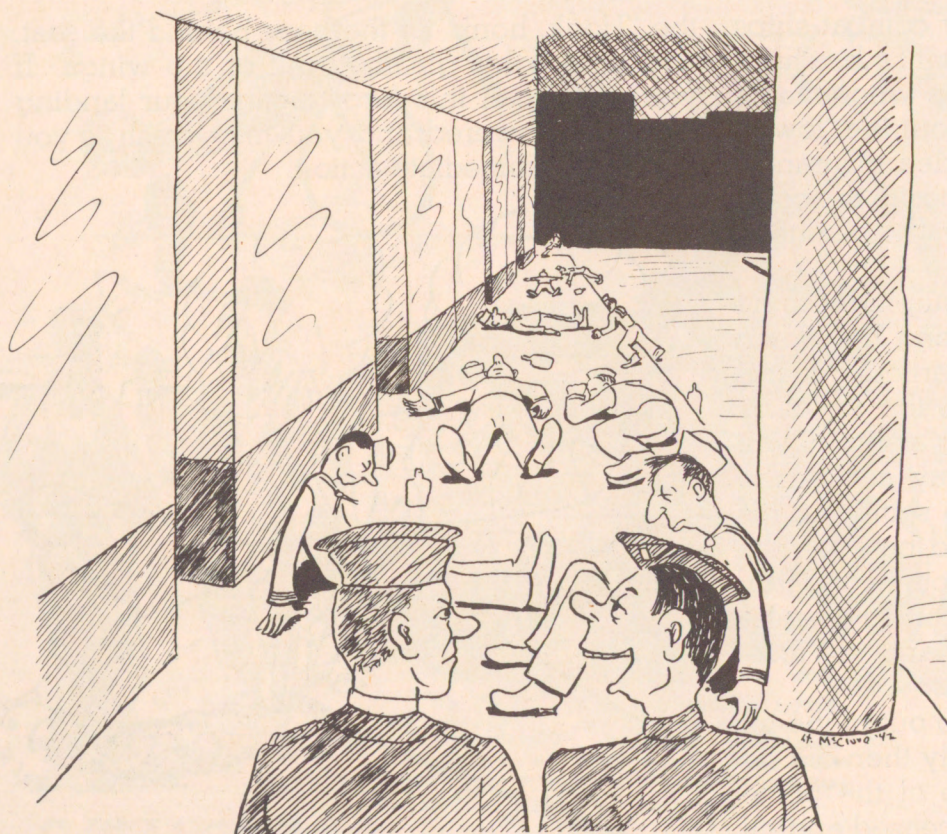
It was that same d. and d. that prompted the change to the Air Corps

—where life is lived in the rarified atmosphere above 20,000 feet ("90 per cent of all atmospheric disturbances occur below that elevation," *Army Field Manual 607-1009*, page 270, par. 200). Little was I to know that my whole career would be lived in the basement of the Post Office Building in the dirtiest town in North America, 50 feet below sea level, with one breath of fresh air the rationed allotment PER man PER day; but that is getting ahead of the story. A little guy with a dynamic sales personality came around to pledge us away from Colonel Allen one day back at good old S.U. (get the old-grad-loyal-alumnus-with-a-paid-up-life-membership-to-the-Alumni-Association heartiness in that last?). The Air Corps, he said,

(Editor's note.—Covering this page and several others are the familiar works of Barney McClure, Chappie editor of 1941-42 vintage, now known as First Lieutenant B. H. McClure, Army Air Corps Administration. A glance at the sketches and paragraphs on this page will easily show you why the Chappie had such a successful year previous to this one. Good-bye.)

was a paradise. If you weren't flying around with a pilot who didn't have anything to do except fly the ground officers around for a good time on the gov't, you were dictating a letter to General Arnold with the most beautiful secretary this side of a Columbia Moom Pichur wife-secretary-husband triangle sitting on your knees. Or else you were sipping a beer with a smooth bunch at a West Palm Beach night club that had been taken over along with the airfields in Florida by the Army Air Corps. Or else you were going on Dangerous Missions that would bring you six kinds of medals and hero worship by beautiful women for a lifetime upon the successful completion of. Well, I, along with several others, was swept off my feet, signed on the dotted line, and went down to Phelps-Terkel to have made up a special summer uniform of sharks cloth, or tropical worsted, or something, in which I wouldn't be too self-conscious during the winter season in West Palm Beach.

So the transfer went through, I ordered two uniforms of tropical worsted, and only laughed when my gun crew out at R.O.T.C. shot out 6 bells from the Carillon with a live shell instead of aiming at a cow on Frenchman's Hill with a dummy. Already my head was in the clouds, or rather in the rarified atmosphere far above the clouds, and the prosaicness of



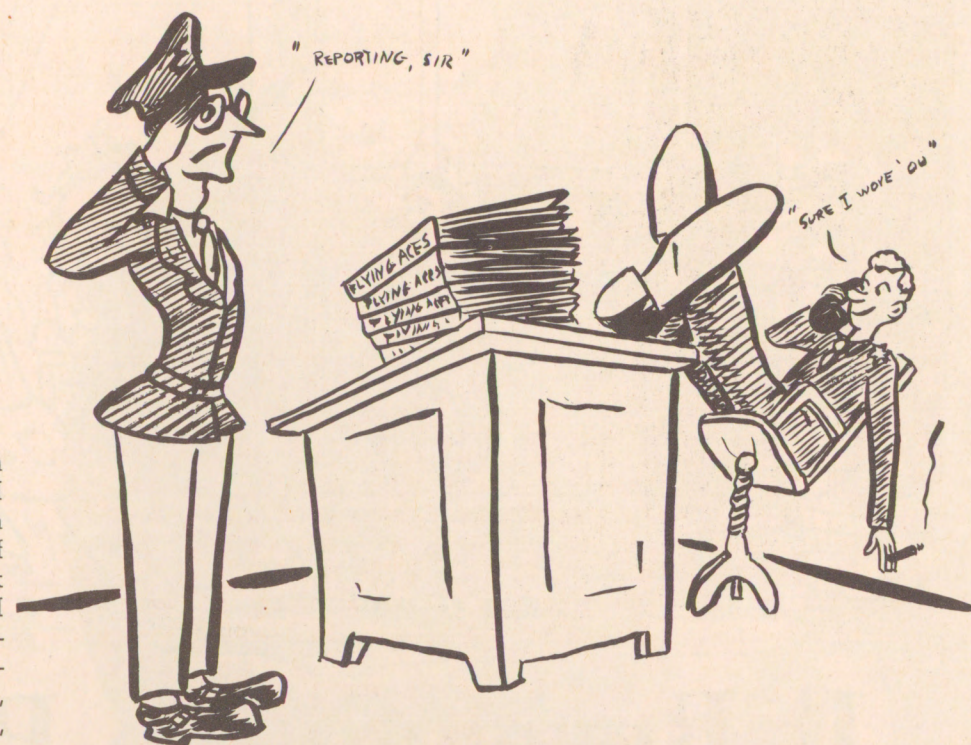
"I hear they're considering opening a U.S.O. club here in Norfolk."

# LOTS OF PLACES MY ARMY LIFE

the F.A. was getting unbearable.

Then my orders arrived and even more was my imagination stirred. I wasn't going to Palm Beach, but even better, to New York City—land of chorus girls, tall buildings, Stork Clubs, *Romance!* I thought. So I went down to Phelps-Terkel and canceled the tropical worsteds and ordered a half-dozen dark, olive-green, drape type, imitation silk shirts which, the man said, would becomingly show off my gold bars and Air Corps insignia of silver and gold. Soon after, I was on the train rolling toward New York City and the Air Corps. How was I to know that N.Y.C. was merely the headquarters of the First Air Force, and that the First Air Force had units and jurisdiction over other stuff in all the stinking holes on the Atlantic Coast? But I found out right soon (as we say here in the South) and "stinking hole" came to mean something other than "the place at which you stopped for a sandwich on your way to Bakersfield going down to the S.C. game"—it came to mean "home" to me. But once again I'm getting ahead of the story.

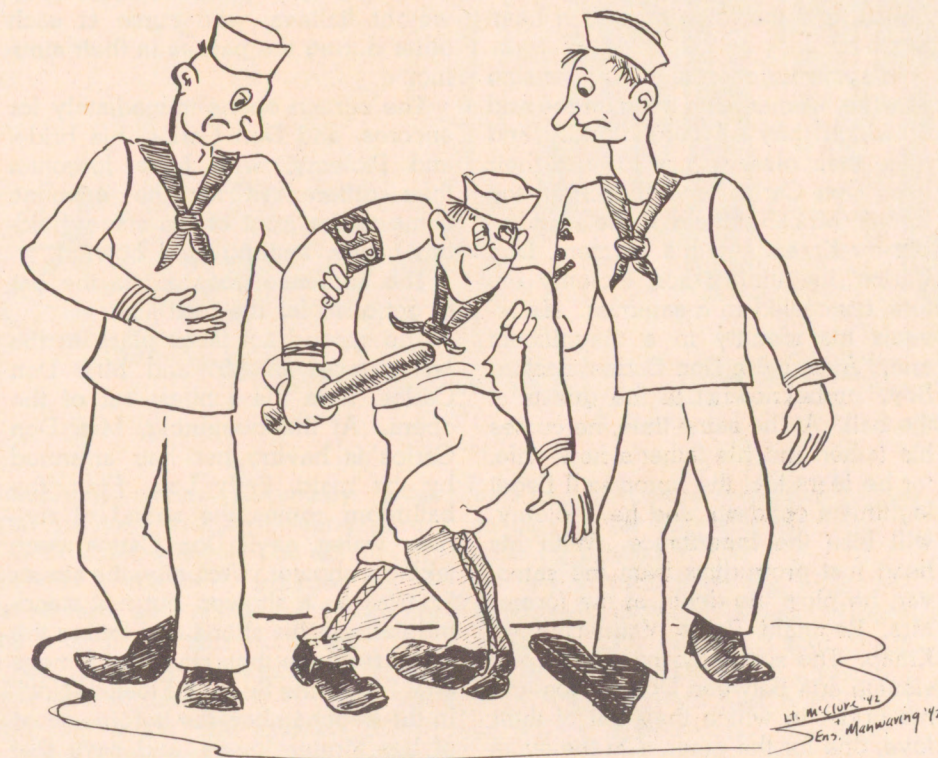
As I walked from the station to Mitchell Field, I went over in my mind the fatherly instruction the kindly old Colonel, a classmate of my father's from West Point, and a soldier of the Old School, had given me on how to report for duty. I don't mind admitting I was nervous. "Do a brisk right face at the door. Come to a halt four paces in front of the adjutant. Smartly snap the heels together. Whip a salute at the officer. Say in a resonant, military voice, according to *Field Manual 600-8091*, page 22, par. 6, 'Sir, 2nd Lute So-and-so reporting for duty as ordered, sir,'" he had said, genially. I went over it two or three times more in my mind, stopping to salute a tree or bush as I did so to keep my arm in. (The privates and



N.C.O.'s lolling under the trees and bushes I saluted were generally a trifle startled to have an officer salute them, but I would say, "That's all right, sir, I was only saluting the tree," which seemed to put them at ease and cover my greenness.) So, full of confidence, I entered the adjutant's office, right faced, and

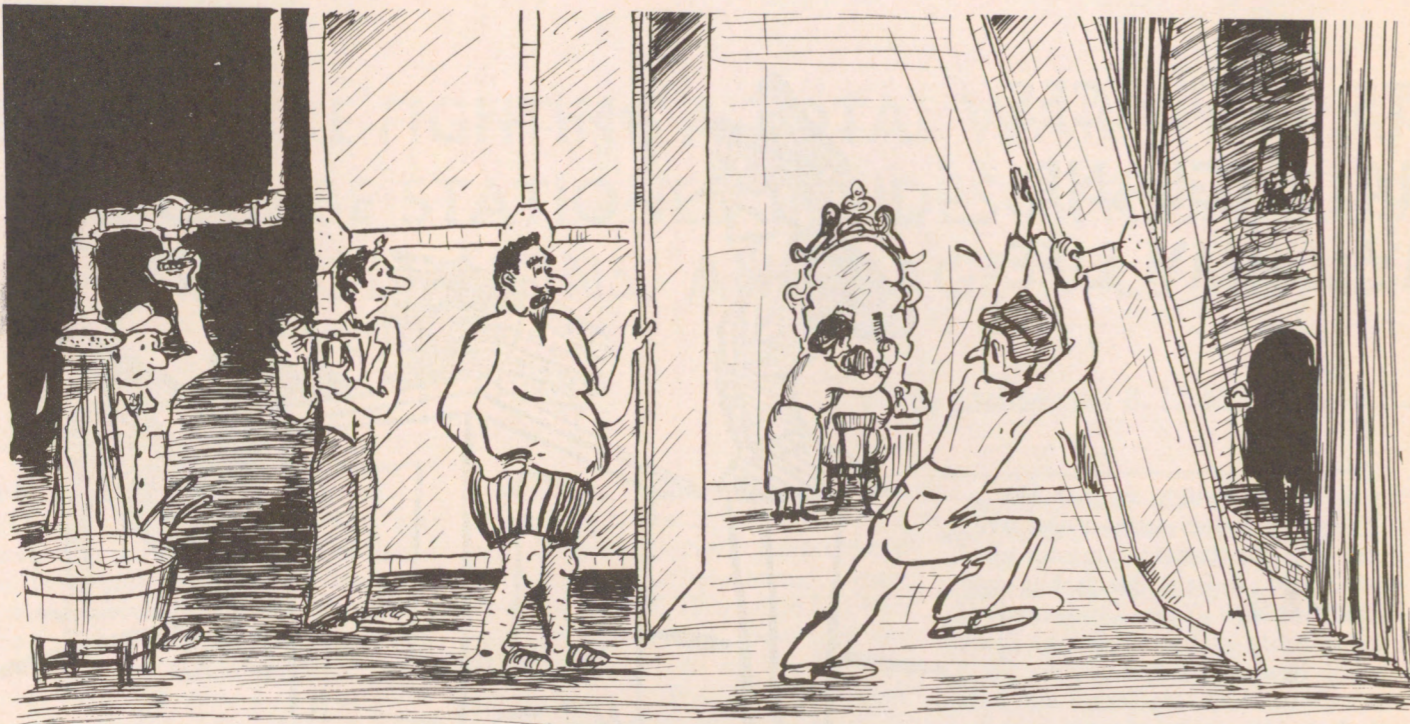
advanced toward the adjutant's desk, but was stopped by the fact that I couldn't see the adjutant due to his feet being on the desk, and his chair tilted back to such an angle that he was completely hidden from view behind his feet and the stack of *Flying Aces* magazines which were also

(Continued on page 27)



Lt. McClure '42  
Enr. Manwaring '42





## Il Revengio de Ptolemy

BY PRIVATE CAL THAYER, OWI

The opera opens with a grand ball at the castle of Don Carlos, a Spanish nobleman residing in Italy. (Note: the opera must be laid in Italy, as the librettist could write only in Italian, the singers can sing only in Italian, and the audience cannot understand Italian, and therefore insists on hearing it.)

In a stirring chorus, the guests sing of wine, women, and song, at the end of which they all laugh loudly and raise their glasses in a toast to their host, Don Carlos, and his bride, the former Mrs. Reginald Paige Vanderbilt de Kraap. At this moment, Don Carlos' illegitimate son Ptolemy enters, concealed in a samovar. He reveals his identity in a magnificent aria, "Alas, I Am Don Carlos' Bastard Boy," unbeknownst to the guests at the ball. At the same time, he curses his father and his father's new wife, for he fears that the union will beget legitimate children, and he, Ptolemy, will lose the inheritance. With his head just protruding from the samovar, he plots the death of the former Mrs. Reginald Paige Vanderbilt de Kraap. The scene closes with a passionate aria between Don Carlos and his bride, in which they tell of their love, one for the other. On the stage

**A VERY TRAGIC OPERA, WITH A DASTARDLY MURDER, AND MANY UNETHICAL OCCURRENCES**

it is sung by two middle-aged, overweight Italians, who curse at each other during the pauses in their singing.

The curtain opens immediately for encores, and Don Carlos, his bride, and Ptolemy, who have forgotten their differences for the moment, come to the front of the stage, holding hands, smiling, and bowing.

The audience goes out to the bar to get oiled for the next act.

The second act takes place in the bedchamber of Mr. and Mrs. Don Carlos. It is the longest act of the opera. At the beginning, Mrs. Don Carlos is having her hair arranged by the maid, Betty Lou. From the bathroom comes the sound of running water, as if Don Carlos were taking a shower. (Actually, the singer isn't taking a shower, but just standing there in his shorts and letting the water run.) He then sings the famous aria, "Alas, the Soap, It Floateth Not." In the bedchamber, the heroine sings of her former lovers, and says that

she hopes Don Carlos will overshadow them all, and the maid, who seems to know, says that she's sure he will. Now Don Carlos emerges from the shower, clad in a red silk dressing robe, and smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder. He looks passionate. The maid leaves the room, at a nod from her mistress. She expects an Adventure. Don Carlos lifts her in his arms and carries her to the great canopied bed. He puts her down and goes back to the dressing table and combs his hair, all the while singing of his love. The former Mrs. de Kraap swings her leg lecherously over the side of the bed. Then Don Carlos goes to her and sings the unforgettable, "Soft Sheets and Downy Pillows Were Ne'er too Sweet for Thee." She replies with the equally unforgettable, "Though I've Been Forsworn, I'll Now Forswear Forswearing." Ptolemy enters disguised as a Western Union messenger and tells Don Carlos that his aunt is dying. Don Carlos rushes off in his dressing robe, and Ptolemy seduces the former Mrs. Reginald Paige Vanderbilt de Kraap. With this the scene closes. Ptolemy has stolen the scene, and comes forward to take his

(Continued on page 6)

IT TOOK A MURDER AT THE ANCIENT OLD PHLYPAPIER MANSION FOR MARGE TO REALIZE WHAT WOMEN WERE MADE FOR

## The Sinister Telephone Stand

BY PRIVATE JACK OGLESBY  
E.R.C., U.S.A.

What happened in the preceding chapter:

Marge Blake had felt there was something odd when her uncle left her his ancient old house on Phlypapier Street. She was sure of it when she and Wess Cumberly, her fiancé, went to spend the night there playing parcheesi (Cumberly was the national amateur indoor parcheesi champion). They had found a corpse in the master bedroom bed. Marge had started to telephone for the police when she made a startling discovery . . . .

II

"Wess," she cried as she put a lily-white graceful hand to her pulsating throat, "there is no phone!"

It was true. There was no phone. It jumped at her as she stood there in the flowing nightgown. Wess closed the door of the master bedroom with deathly silence, and took a step toward Marge.

"Darling . . ." he stopped short as though he were not sure he should say what he was thinking. He coughed nervously and looked toward the closed door. "Darling," he started again, "surely there are other rooms." Marge closed her eyes and leaned against the empty telephone stand. She was beautiful as she stood there, and Wess's heart heaved as his eyes ran up and down her size twelve figure. But there was something sinister in the way she drew a gun from the drawer of the



telephone stand. Nervously Wess put his hand to his pulsating throat. "Good grief, Marge! You don't . . ." but his words were drowned out by a scream that echoed through the halls of the ancient old house.

Somehow he felt there was someone else in the house. It was a feeling he could not shake. Marge slipped the gun into Wess's hand

and told him there were two bullets in it—one for him and the other in case he missed.

They started down the halls, proceeding cautiously. Wess followed to protect Marge from a rear attack. No one was to be found anywhere. Where the scream had come from, or where it had gone, remained a

(Continued on page 21)





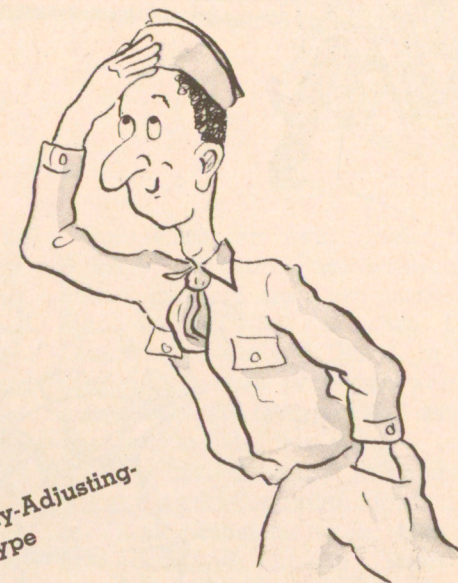
The Indian-Scout Type



The As-Exemplified-by-a-Conscientious-Young-Shave-Tail Type



The Fugitive Type



The Ha-Ha-I-Was-Only-Adjusting-My-Cap Type



The Johnny-Come-Lately Type

# THE MILITARY SALUTE

By Lieutenant B. H. McClure, U.S.A.

"The Military Salute is a time-honored tradition existing among members of the armed forces of all nations. When given promptly, briskly, and according to military regulation it is a token of respect. It is fundamental to military courtesy and is the basis for military discipline." The following are variations observed by one second lieutenant on "The Military Salute."



The God-What'll-I-Do-Now Type

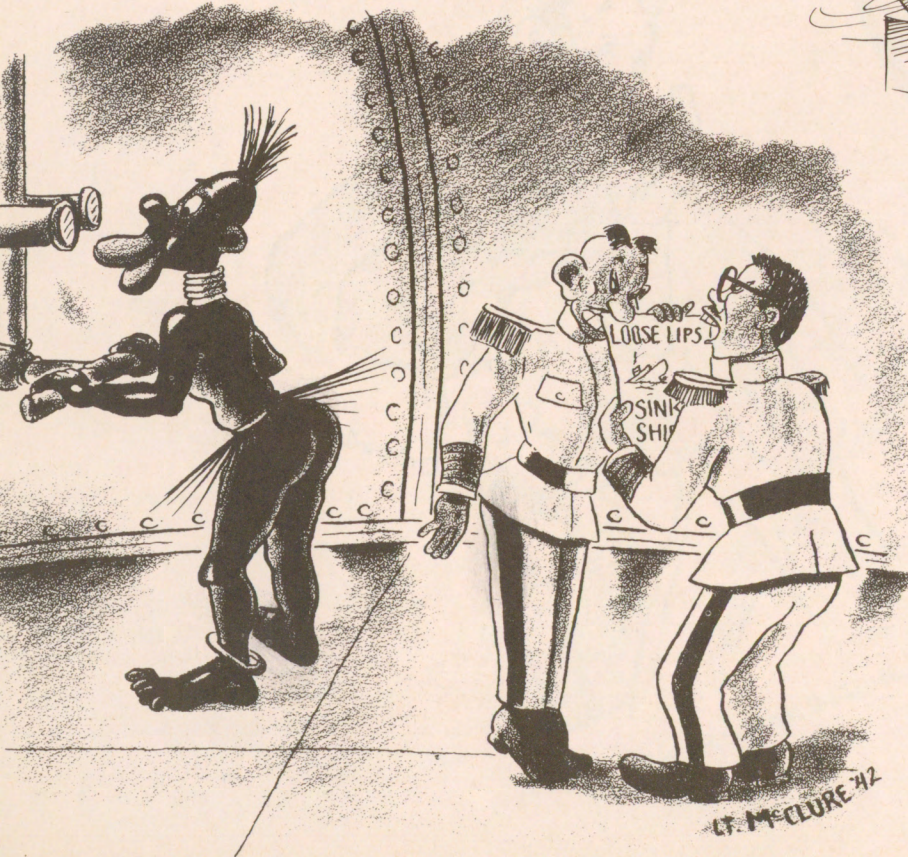
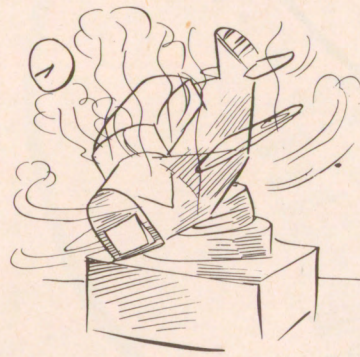
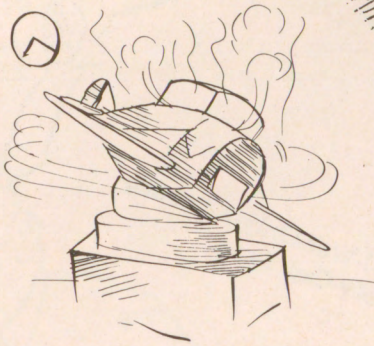
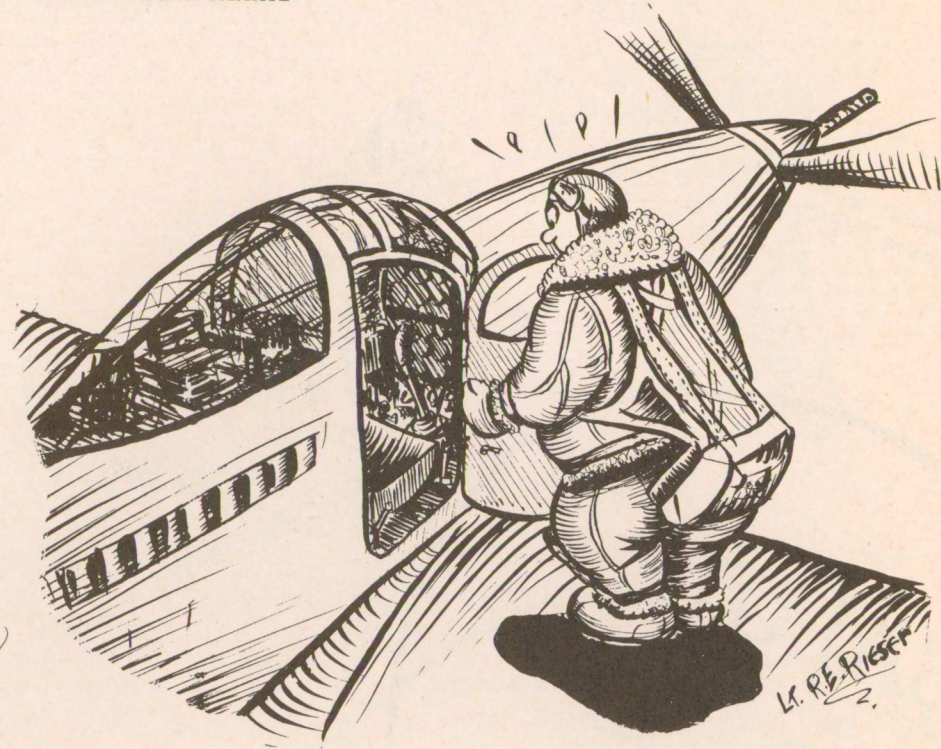


The Hwarya-Gen'ral Type

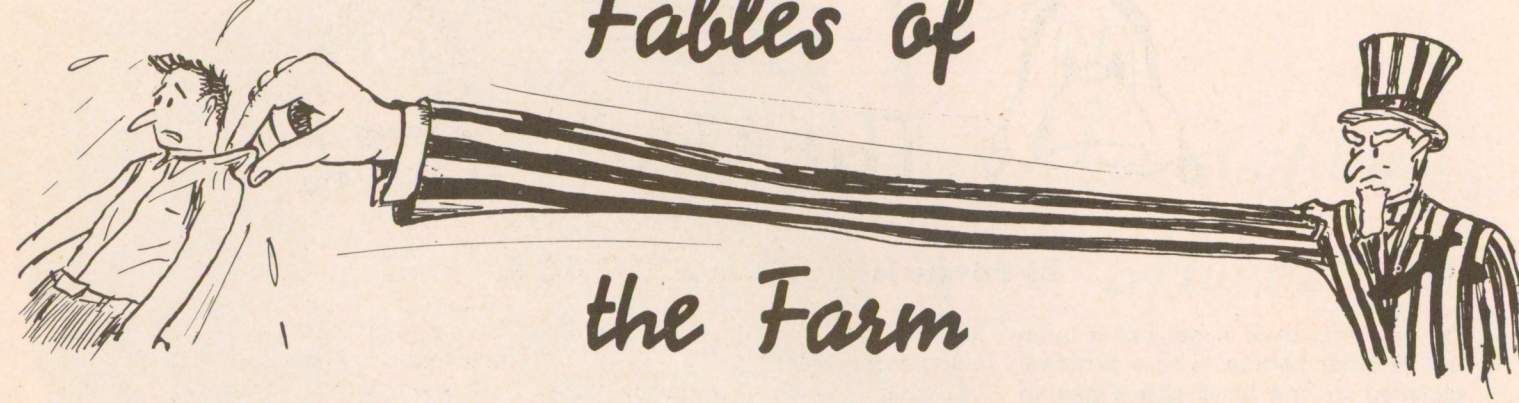


The Oh-It's-Only-a-2nd-Lute Type





# Fables of the Farm



## A Stanford Gentleman

It seems that one of the campus smoother young men took one of the campus' smoother young ladies to the City for a big dance. They had their evening all planned; that is, the young lady would take an "overnight" so that she could stay in San Francisco with one of her sorority sisters and the young man would not have to rush her back to the campus by 1:30 A.M. Unfortunately, the young man drove another couple up to the City for this particular affair and about midnight came to the realization that the feminine half of this other couple would have to be back at Stanford by 1:30 A.M. He therefore coolly informed his date that she could make her way out to her sorority sister's house with the sorority sister and the sorority sister's date—and he left.

The only trouble with this was that the sorority sister and date had not been informed of this arrangement, and that the smooth young man had driven off with the smooth young lady's overnight bag. The result was that a slightly befuddled young lady sat in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel for several hours in a formal until she was finally picked up by her sorority sister's date (who just happened to return to the hotel) and was conveyed to Palo Alto, where at

4:00 A.M. she found it necessary to knock at the door of a married sorority sister in order to obtain lodging for the night. A sleep-befuddled sorority brother-in-law (husband) answered the door, showed her a bed, and the tired smoothie finally got her rest.

## "Bingham Hall, Good Evening"

The sorority vs. no-sorority battle brings out many fables from this old Farm. For instance, after the big powwow held several weeks ago between sorority representatives, Roble sponsors, and sorority alumnae advisers, one of the latter on returning to her tong (Pi Beta Phi) sat down in the middle of the floor and bawled.

At about the same time, the national president of Alfafee came a-visiting with the local girls. Shortly after the dignitary arrived, one of the girls who is a big figure in the local move took the national officer to her room and spent a good part of an hour explaining the situation, explaining her stand, and explaining the house's stand. After dinner that evening the big-wig interrupted her avid reading of the campus newspaper to call this aforementioned girl over to demand an explanation for the part she was playing in the move to hand national charters back.

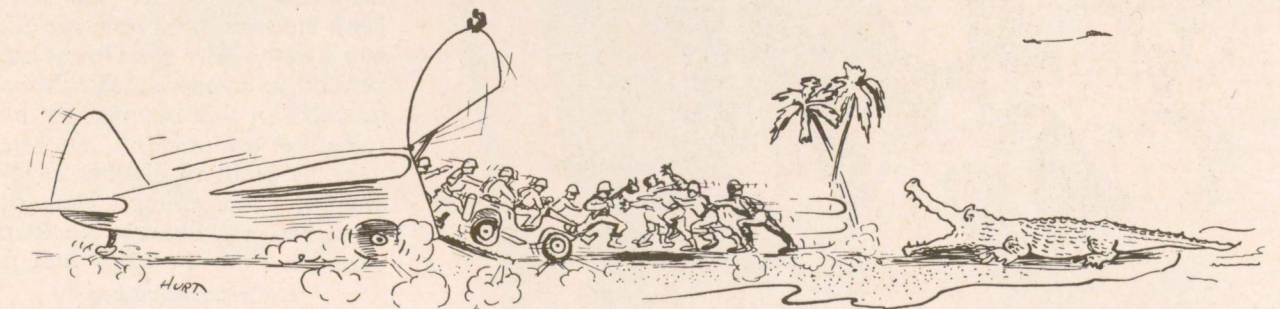
But here's an even better one. Some of the more lighthearted girls began thinking up new names for their establishment in case Delta Gamma was shelved. Bingham Hall, named after a real prominent alumna, was one of the favorites and several of the girls used this moniker in answering the telephone. Who should be on the other end of the line on one of these occasions when they answered, "Bingham Hall, Good Evening," but Mrs. Bingham? No foolin'.

## R.S.V.P.—Or Else

This guy had what is commonly known as "the hots" for this girl. Not only couldn't he get a date with her, he couldn't even get in touch with her by phone or otherwise. In his desperation he comes upon a brilliant idea. He fills out his name and address on one end of a double post card and her name and address on the other. On the back of the card addressed to him were typewritten the following:

- I will go out with you next Saturday night .....
- I will go out with you at some other date in the near future.....
- I will never go out with you, dope... (Please check one and return.)

We'll let you know if he gets a date.







By Private Jack Oglesby, E.R.C..U.S.A.

So we went back stage, like a number of other people, with a program clutched in one hand and a pen in the other. Unlike Heifetz, Igor Gorin graciously received many admirers in the Green Room just off the stage. We stood in line and, while he autographed programs, tried to think up some original questions to ask him for our column. We thought of asking his opinion of the Stanford audience and where was he going from here? Unfortunately, the person before us asked the first question and left us somewhat short of interview material. But since there was not time to think of something else, we re-asked the question, at the same time handing him the pen and program. We always do fine up to the time the interviewee looks at us and says, "Yes?" Then some strange malady, which we have never been able to shake, creeps over us, causing a perfectly normal phrase of English to come out something like this.

ford audience aber trasne backemda autograph, please?"

Perhaps because the question was a common one, he understood me. Taking my pen, he said, "I think the audience is . . . is . . ." Horror of all horrors, my pen refused to function properly—no ink! Gorin quickly picked up a pencil, which he seemed to have on hand for such occasions, and wrote out his signature as he continued his sentence, ". . . is wonderful. Very responsive!" I said, "Aba snedda go from here?" And he, interpreting my noises very quickly, answered, "I am traveling all over the West and then by the South I am going to go around until I get back to New York." I thanked him and repossessed my pen and program.

The usual procedure, we suppose, would be to give a learned discussion on the merits of Mr. Gorin's voice at the concert. But there are so many who are better judges than I on the subject of his voice and who

have already had a great deal to say, that this voice would be adscittitious if it attempted to be profound on the matter. However, I will say that he has a stage manner that has been equaled only by Paul Robeson. Anyone who was there can verify my statement. In addition to that I can only comment that the applause, if it means anything, certainly acclaimed his performance as one of the best of the season.

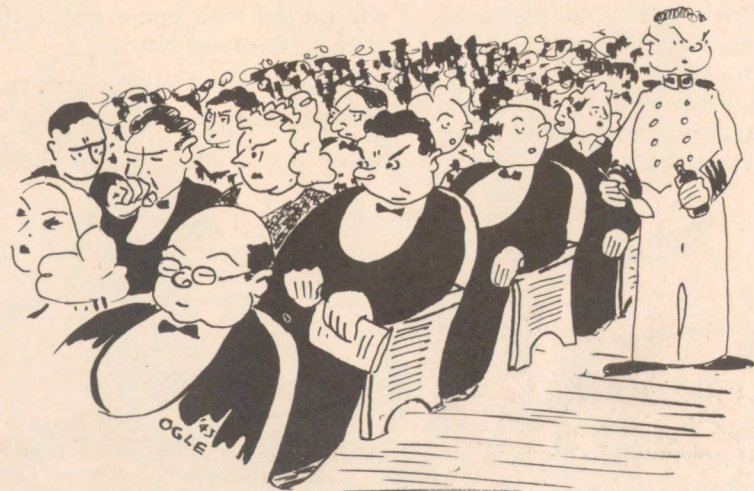
I tried the pen again after I had left the Green Room. It worked fine.

One of the evils of the new late-leave system is the last practical train from the city for a theatergoer arrives in Palo Alto at 1:35. With all the good shows coming to San Francisco at this time, it seems preposterous to make a ruling so inflexible that students are either forced to use precious gasoline and rubber, or stay home. I suppose there are those who look on theatergoing as a luxury too great for wartime. It can be argued that ticket money should go to War Bonds, and to a certain extent this view cannot be attacked. Yet, what are we fighting for? Is it not to preserve the right to free speech, to a free press, to a free theater? If we at home do not support these institutions, are we not slacking a duty?

This point is smeared with a certain amount of red, white, and blue paint. I am sorry for that. I prefer to keep flag-waving out of my arguments. But going back to the issue, we think something should certainly be done about the system. We see no harm in making a 1:45 late-leave for theatergoers. The powers cannot keep students from going to the theater if they really want to go, but they can aid in co-operating with the best interests of this country by making rules that are practical. Nuff said.

Some Stanford Players traveled to the Page Mill Camp. They discovered, Director Charles Strickland reports, that the audience will talk to

(Continued on page 5)



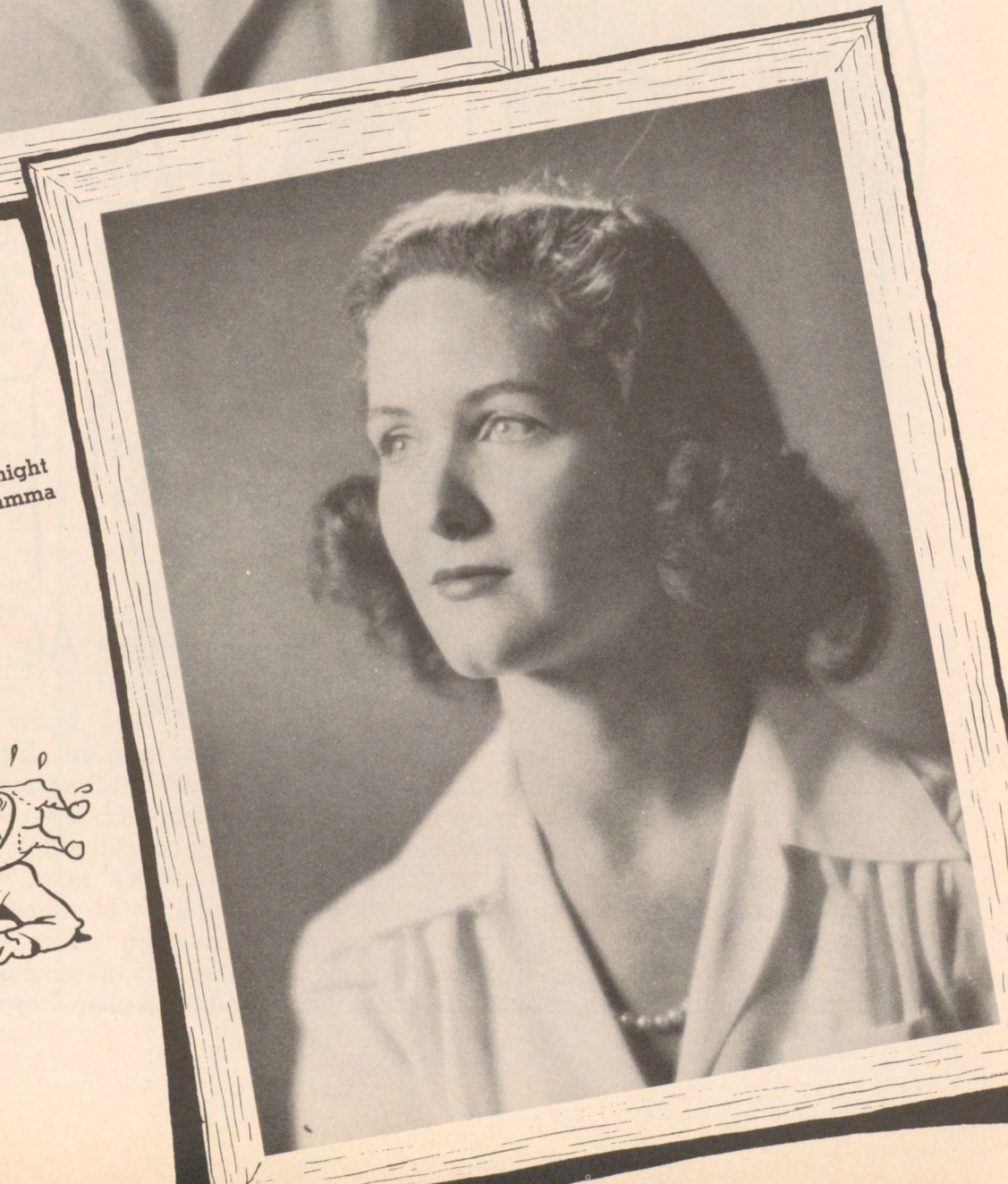
Chappie presents:

# Queens of the Month

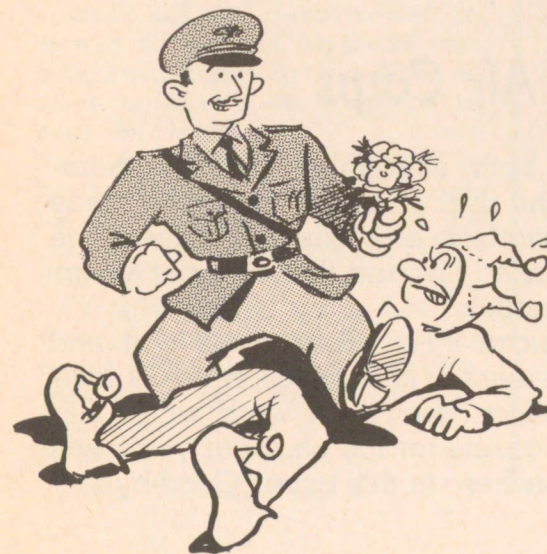
Photos by Hans Roth



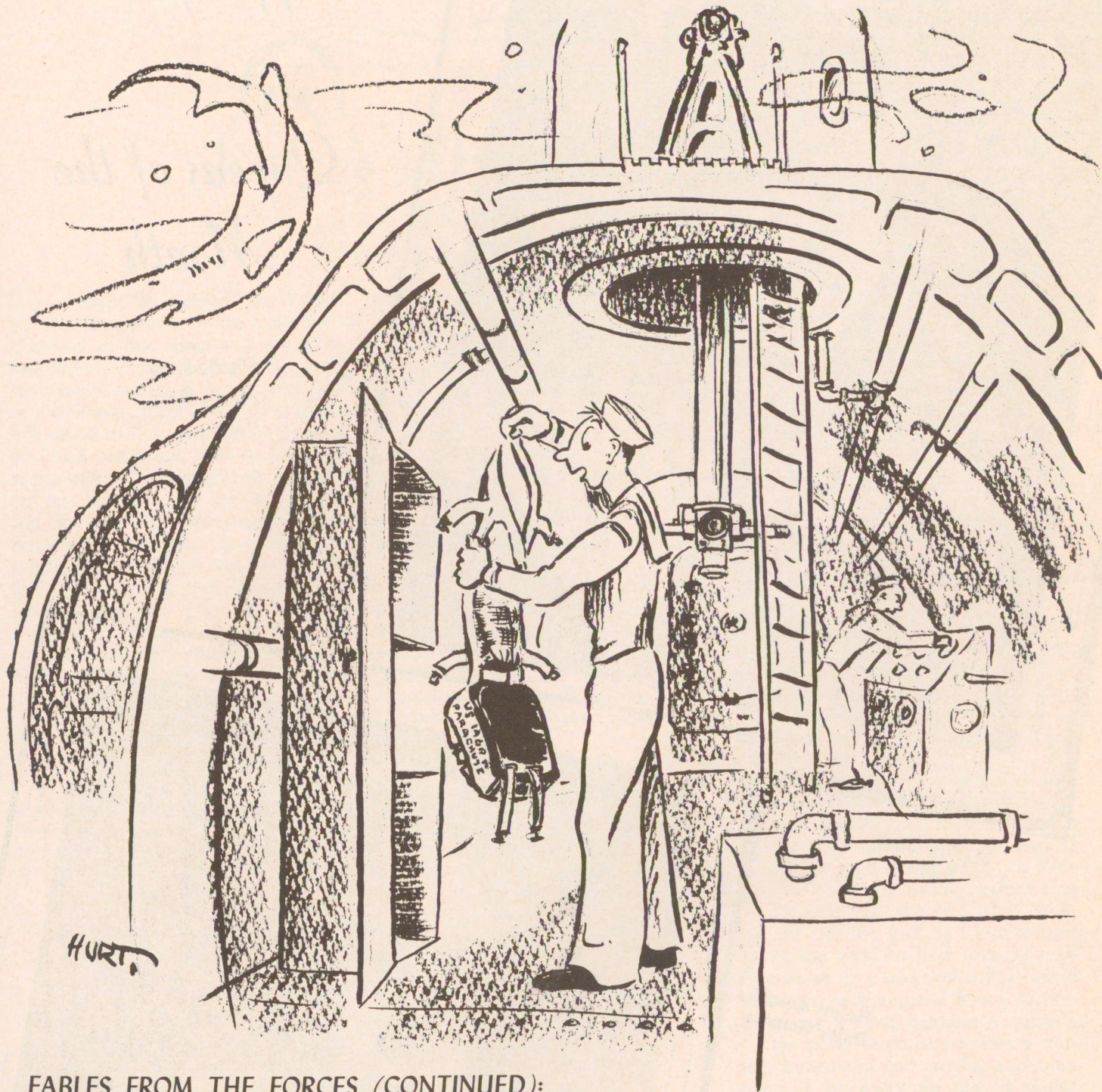
Marion Bush Roble



Helen Knight Delta Gamma







FABLES FROM THE FORCES (CONTINUED):

## Don't Try to High-Hat the Air Corps

Some of the Camp Haan infantry were busily masticating dust one afternoon when, like an irritating red gnat, a PQ-8 (which is so little it can do a slow-roll inside the wing of an AT-9) buzzed the sand-hogs in simulation of a strafing attack. One of the boys tossed his blue denim fatigue cap plumb at the ship when it zipped close overhead again—and dropped his jaw, damn near, when the cap and prop latched onto one another with a vicious crackling

sound, and both suddenly divorced themselves from the ship. The PQ-8 promptly made a crash landing from an altitude of 15 feet. The pilot got a busted jaw and the joker got a summary court-martial.

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above was writ and sent in by Lieutenant Jack Hurt, former CHAPPIE Managing Editor. Jack's art work which has filled this magazine for the past four years will be found elsewhere in this issue. Good-bye.)

## THE SINISTER TELEPHONE STAND

(Continued from page 13)

mystery. But they pushed on into the gloomy corridors. The spider webs tore at Marge's gown. It slipped down over one shoulder, and Wess coughed.

When they returned to the telephone stand minutes later, they re-investigated the master bedroom.

"Marge, look," gasped Wess when he opened the door. There on the bed lay two dents where the body had been. The body itself was gone. Wess looked in the water closet, but it was not there either.

"Phone or no phone, I'm going to call the police," Marge whispered. Wess could see then that the strain had been too much for her. He reached into his pajama pocket and took out a package of cigarettes. He lit two and gave the match to Marge.

When the detective arrived with the police, he found Marge sitting in the living room nervously burning holes in her nightgown with the SECOND CIGARETTE SHE HAD HAD THAT SAME EVENING!

"This is Lieutenant Browning," Wess had said, but she was not sure what he had said. All she knew now was that she wanted to get out of this awful place; out into the streets where people were gay; where she could melt into the throng and lose herself completely. "Please leave me alone for a while, Wess," she murmured, "I'll be all right in a second."

But there was still the gun! Where had she left it? Oh, yes. Now she remembered. Cautiously she crept out of the library and up the winding stairs to the telephone stand. When she gained the top of the stairway, she opened the tiny little drawer.

It was gone.

Wess and the detective had reviewed all that had happened over a bourbon and soda that Wess always carried with him in case of just such an emergency. "... and that's the whole story," he said as he concluded. He took a sip from his glass and leaned back into the chair that he had sat down in only a moment before.

"Very strange. Very strange, indeed," Browning mused as he drew on his trusty old double-bowl pipe. "And there was no blood on the bed, you say?"

"None."

(Continued on page 26)



# L'OMELETTE



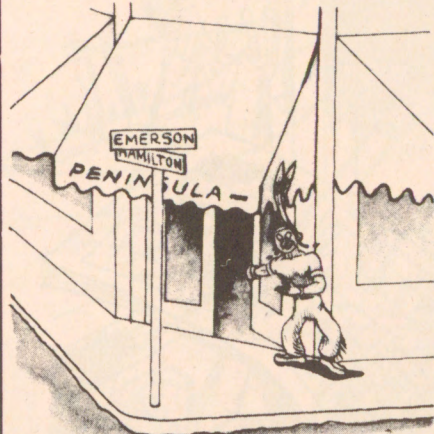
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CINEMA



By Cyclone Covey

Through the maze of Abbott and Costello corn, and oversentimentalized propaganda, and in general that 95 per cent of production which conforms to the Hollywood stereotype, a moviegoer could still discern with little difficulty about one score pictures of the year past which made 1942 the outstanding cinema year since 1937—the days of *The Good Earth*, *Captains Courageous*, *Emile Zola*, *Lost Horizon*, and *The Awful Truth*.

Taking this belated backward view is at least within traditional rights, since such evaluations are customarily postponed till February anyway. In fact, at this writing I am still ahead of *The Film Daily* and the Academy Awards, though probably not by time of publication.

The great pictures of 1942 were those which deviated most from the "Hollywood stereotype." To my mind, there were one dozen. Now "top twelve" is nearly as alliterative as "top ten," and more comprehensive; so herewith we reconnoiter about one month's worth per paragraph of 1942's dozen best.



1. **Mrs. Miniver.** The conspicuous deviation from the ordinary in *Mrs. Miniver* was restraint, in which realm William Wyler reigns hardly contested. By simplicity and unflinching good humor, and devoid of histrionics, the story of a family in wartime England became the year's most moving production.

2. **Bambi.** Walt Disney demonstrated with *Bambi* just how incredibly far the art of colored animation has progressed. No more entertaining, nor subtle—nor magnificent—film came out of 1942.

3. **Kings Row.** The year's most climactic drama was *Kings Row*, which among its other aspects boasted a Korngold score rivaled only by Vaughn Williams' of *The Invaders* as outstanding movie music of the year.

4. **The Invaders.** Adventure epic of the year, and prophetic, *The Invaders* was probably the first sane appreciation of the ideologies at variance in this war.

5. **Tortilla Flat.** A half-dozen of the screen's veteran actors and its comeliest actress, through a sincere portrayal of *paisano* life, distinguished



Helen Knight modeling  
Butcher Linen Pinafore \$8.95  
Tailored Shirt \$3.95

MARY ROY

*Tortilla Flat* from the mill of the run as a sort of masterpiece in pleasantry.

6. **Tales of Manhattan.** Every character a star and presentation in a coat-confederated series of episodes were two marks of innovation (though not strictly the first of either) in *Tales of Manhattan*, which, however, owed more to the freshness of its short-story ideas than to its cast.

7. **The Magnificent Ambersons.** Orson Welles fortunately grew up apart from the Hollywood traditions of movie-making, and all that he has done since turning to that field has differed extraordinarily from Hollywood concepts. *The Magnificent Ambersons* was not only a superb recreation of a period and a place, but taught Hollywood a new lesson in technique for every rule of hers it broke.

8. **The Moon and Sixpence.** This was the best-done picture utilizing continuity by narration since *How Green Was My Valley*. A singular device which helped make singular the whole picture was the switch to brown-tinted film for Tahitian sequences, and for two awesome scenes, technicolor.

9. **Pride of the Yankees.** This could have been embarrassing, but was so finely dealt with as to be almost unchallenged in poignancy among the first-class films of 1942.

Everyone connected with producing *Pride of the Yankees* seems to have exercised good judgment, particularly the scenarists (who, for example, ended the picture at the right place), and Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright;

DeMille's *Reap the Wild Wind*; Damon Runyon's *Big Street*; *Joan of Paris*, unheralded but exceptional;

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O. E. Rosenberry  
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without glamorizing Gehrig, they gave him his just, and considerable, due.

10. **The Pied Piper.** The children in *Pied Piper* outdid Monty Woolley. As a matter of fact, this was very probably the most amazing children's performance ever photographed in which more than two young-ones took part.

11. **Saboteur.** Alfred Hitchcock proved himself again peer of the split-timed constructionists with *Saboteur*; and such scenes as that high on the Statue of Liberty's torch will remain exemplary for some decades to come.

12. **Moontide.** A waterfront setting and Eugene O'Neill-like handling, together with the American debut of Jean Gabin, put *Moontide* in a class distantly removed from Hollywood's average.

DeMille's *Reap the Wild Wind*; Damon Runyon's *Big Street*; *Joan of Paris*, unheralded but exceptional;

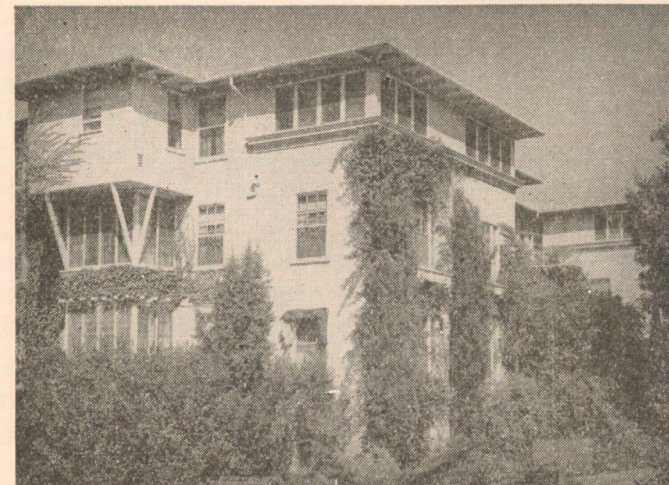
*The Glass Key*, containing the most realistic beating, to my knowledge, since the Hays censorship; *This Gun for Hire*, Alan Ladd; *Dangerously They Live*, vying with Hitchcock's horror formulae; *My Favorite Blonde*, probably the fastest comedy which was also a true movie, with the most skilful comedian of the age; and a handful more—were only slightly below the category of the top twelve.

The war was an omnipresent influence on 1942 films; and it is my impression that their quality gained rather than suffered by it. And on the whole, I would say that last year's motion pictures took a turn for the better in most respects, and that that tendency, through productions which are different, is continuing into 1943.



Little Red Riding Hood—My, what big eyes you have, Grandmother.

Grandmother—Yeah, I just took my Air Corps physical. —Exchange



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Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

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THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

## REFLECTIONS

BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

**NOW THAT** month of February, which has 28, brings to many of us a reminder that a war is being fought throughout the world and we—as Americans—are helping fight it. This same month of February recalled to our consciousness the fact that we—speaking now of former Old Boys and former Chappies—are also fighting it. Then, too, February reminded us that April was only a short while away when we—speaking now editorially—would be fighting it.

All in all for February the tempo seemed to indicate a war number. At the same time we would be boosting circulation, letting you readers in on your old favorites' work, and saving

ourselves all kinds of labor. We, therefore, dispatched with dispatch several dispatches to former Chappies now scattered from basements in Virginia to chalets in Woodside. In the pages of this magazine are the returns we received from these men. They took time out from their 24-hour job of snuffing out dictatorships and isms to contribute to this issue. Wouldn't it be a fine idea to buy a copy and send it to that boy in the Army or Navy? If he went here a few years back, he'll be glad to see the works of these old Chappies again. If he never got past grammar school, he'll still understand this mag.

Anyway, buy several copies this month.

We've printed 4,000 and you might as well have a half-dozen.

**NOW THAT** columnist, Tobermory, did not get cold paws and quit writing this month. Far from it; he got hung up with a short case of diphtheria as deadline-time rolled around and was unable to pound his typewriter.

In line of praise for this cat, who seems to have even more guts than the usual feline would carry, we herewith reprint a letter received following the issuance of the January CHAPPIE:

The Editor  
Stanford Chaparral

Dear Sir:

*A man who can't take a good left to the chin and like it is a pretty poor specimen, but blows "below the belt" get any man's blood up. In short, you put out a damn good magazine today, but if I have to read any more biased, untrue (bad word) by that Toyon cat "Tobermory" in regard to Stanford fraternities, I swear I'll never buy another copy!*

*Yours sincerely,  
Sigma Chi, '44*

P.S.—I'm not alone.

To Sigma Chi, '44—if we knew who you were, we wouldn't sell you a copy, even if you offered us a quarter. As to you not being alone, we have only your word for it, since there have been no other objections from the reading public to Tobermory's airing of his opinions.

While on the subject of opinion-airing, there is nothing more inane or useless than a letter to the editor of a newspaper or magazine criticizing same. Obviously the editor is going to get the last word and put your objection in a bad light, if not make it altogether ridiculous. Also, the editor can naturally write much better than you, and will therefore tear your letter apart. After all, it is our business, while you're only a rank amateur, so keep your criticism to yourself. Praise, yes, but criticism—no.

**NOW THAT** time of year has come around again when we congratulate the new pledges in Hammer and Coffin, that organization that ranks right along with the Stanford Board of Trustees as the most exclusive group on campus.

Here they are: Jack Oglesby, Jack Rieser, Dick Arnold, and Carlos Brown. Although the boys seem to be too sissified to carry sledge

hammers like H & C men of the past have done, they seem to be a pretty intelligent lot, and should do the magazine a lot of good in the few days remaining before we all don our g.i.

**NOW THAT** small-time sheet called the *Stanford Daily* seems to be particularly worried of late as to whether the CHAPPIE will come out on time.

Why the sudden interest, we don't know, but what we are wondering about is how they manage to keep their self-respect down there when they put out four pages of tabloid-sized filler ads and week-old pictures.

What does it matter when the magazine comes out as long as it is funny? If we lose a week here, we gain a week there. Under the present arrangement you'll probably have the March number in your lap in two weeks. It'll be good too, since it's the annual exchange number.

**NOW THAT** these NOW THAT's are nearly at an end, we get to wondering whether or not anybody reads them, other than the paid proofreaders at the Stanford University Press. If you find a couple of mistakes in here it means that they couldn't even stomach these pseudo-editorials.

In order to find out exactly how many people read this, we'd like all those people who read this paragraph you are reading now to please come up to the office Saturday afternoon. We are throwing an Editorial-Readers' party, complete with guest speakers, door prizes, and refreshments.

The door prizes will be several first-edition thesauruses, while we hope to have a direct descendant of Noah Webster as guest speaker. In any event it will be a gala occasion.

**NOW THAT** January magazine was a big success with the readers because it was filled with jokes on the risqué side. It is not our policy to print such things in our magazine, so in order to get back into our rut of innocence and in order to punish you readers who appreciated those smutty gags, we are not even printing any jokes with *double-entendre*. In fact, we're printing very few jokes at all so that the subscribers will have to read the rest of the magazine if they expect to get their money's worth. We spend time collecting stories and articles and the business manager spends time collecting ads and we expect someone to read them.





"Susan! Stop bothering Joe and let him enjoy his Sir Walter Raleigh"

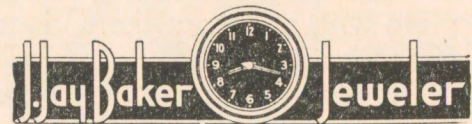
Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own.

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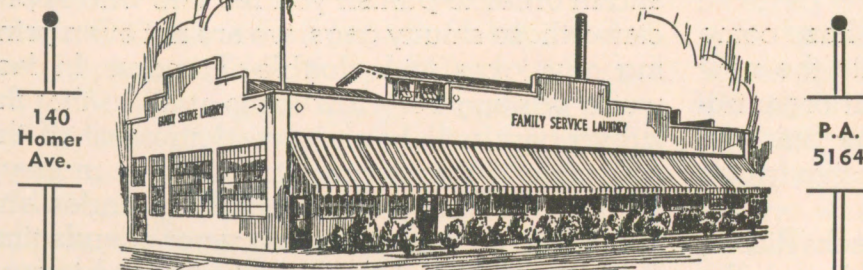


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## THE SINISTER TELEPHONE STAND

(Continued from page 21)

"Anyone have any reason for killing the old man?"

"Everyone."

"That makes things somewhat difficult."

Suddenly there was a scream from the head of the stairs. Lieutenant Browning's pipe dropped out of his mouth, emptying the glowing embers of tobacco onto his hand. Wess stood motionless for a moment while the Lieutenant danced wildly about the room.

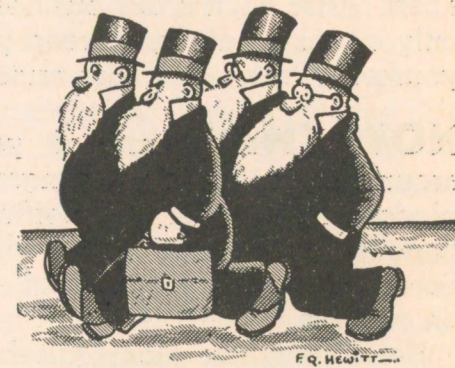
"Margel!" he gasped, "that was Marge's scream. I'd know it anywhere."

Lieutenant Browning stopped only long enough to douse his burning hand with his bourbon and douse his burning throat with Wess's bourbon, and then dashed up the stairs after Wess. When they reached the top, they found Marge sprawled out on the floor in front of the telephone stand. Her gown was torn in many places.

"Darling, darling, speak to me!" cried Wess as he lifted her up in his arms. Slowly her eyes fluttered open long enough to say, "Wess, in there . . . it . . . it isn't . . . I . . ."

Lieutenant Browning drew his gun and motioned Wess to follow him as he charged into the master bedroom. Wess hastily let Marge slip gently to the floor. The door shut behind them. Then suddenly she saw it. Coming closer, closer. She got up and retreated, backing into the telephone stand. The drawer closed and held her tight at the hem of her gown. The thing was almost upon her now. Now it was. One hairy hand grabbed

(To be continued)



"I could have sworn I heard a seal bark."

## MORE McCLURE

(Continued from page 11)

on the desk. Also, he was talking on the telephone and I couldn't go through the spiel, anyway. He finally tilted forward enough so that he could see me, put his hand over the phone and said: "Make yourself comfortable, Lieutenant, I'll be with you in a minute. O.K., Honey, and where'll we go after the 21 Club?" (That last was into the telephone, after he had removed his hand and dropped back to the privacy afforded by his feet and the *Flying Aces*.) So I assumed a rigid position of parade rest, with my shoulders squared, my feet 40° apart, and my eyes fixed on the collar of the imaginary soldier standing in front of me, all according to *Field Manual 900-076*, page 94, par. 13—making myself comfortable. And waited for 25 minutes. Finally the adjutant came up for air, hung up, and said, before I could start on the routine, "What can I do for you, son?" (He was a lieutenant colonel, about two years older than I.) Whereupon, finally given the chance, I whipped through the routine, complete with heel-clicks. He whistled slightly, returned my salute (or maybe ran his fingers through his hair—I couldn't tell which) and said: "Is thasso? Well, well." And then said: "You can run down to the First Fighter Command and report for duty."

The First Fighter Command headquarters were about two miles down the field and I arrived a little breathless from carrying my three trunks and a suitcase that far at a dead run. (A superior officer had said "run" and run I did.) There I went through the "reporting for duty, sir" spiel at least six times more, once to every commissioned officer and sergeant in the command, before they decided to send me to personnel for assignment. By that time I was getting smooth at the routine, and even felt confident enough to extemporize a little—putting the "sir" at the end when addressing sergeants, leaving out my middle initial when addressing 2nd Lutes, and so on. In fact, I hoped they would shunt me around some more. It was getting to be fun. But, unfortunately, the personnel officer (A-1) was the last man I reported to.

The A-1 was a robust, jovial sort of guy with a vise-like hand shake. The type who was head of personnel at

(Continued on page 2)



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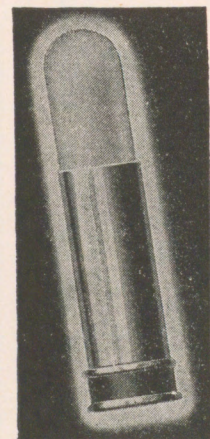




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Jack Oglesby, '44

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Lieutenant Jack Hurt, '42  
Lieutenant Bob Rieser, '42  
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### Office Assistants

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Dean (to co-ed)—"Are you writing that letter to a man?"

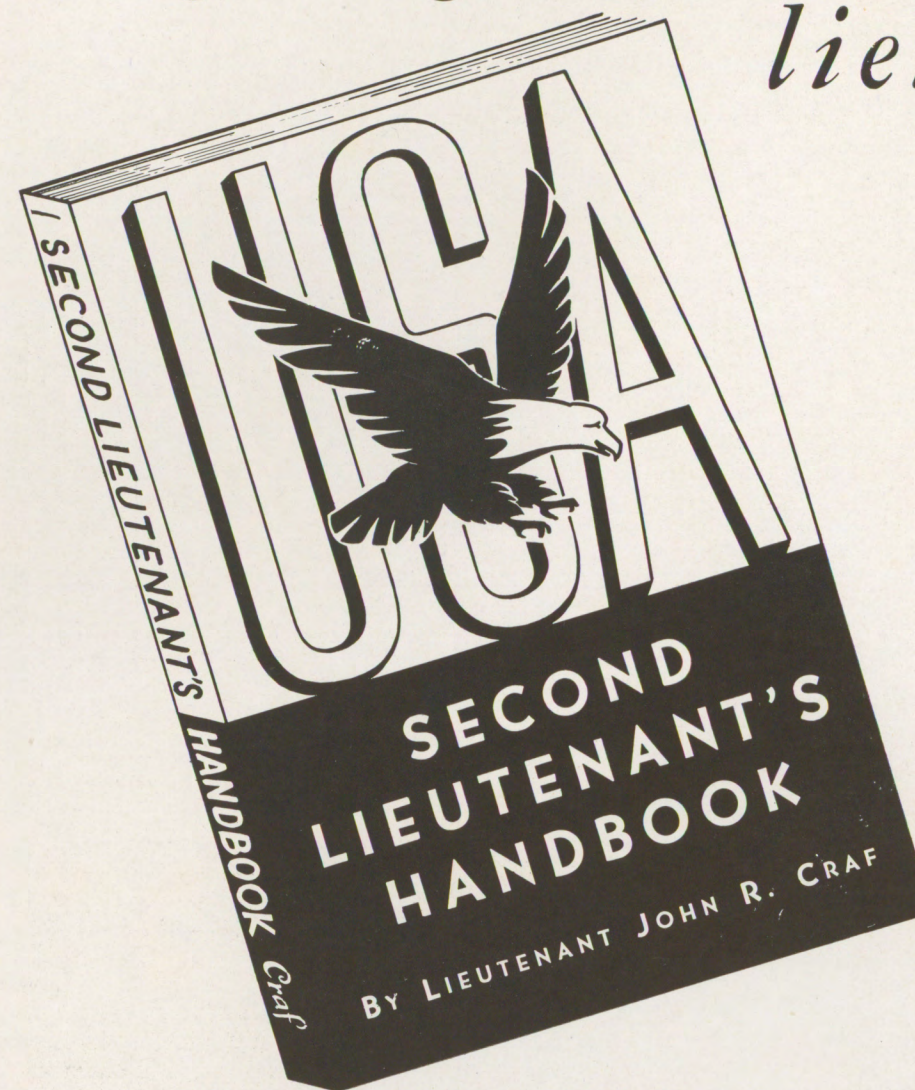
Co-ed—"It's to a former roommate of mine."

Dean—"Answer my question." —Exchange

Tho Clint made Jeanie twitterpated,  
She was not the girl he dated . . .  
Til she discovered Pep-O-Mint.  
Now our Jeanie's Mrs. Clint.

**MORAL:** Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

going to be a second lieutenant?



Here is a book that will save you a lot of worry and confusion. It has brief, concise answers to questions newly commissioned officers and officer candidates ask—information that is scattered through many different sources, and otherwise very difficult to locate.

The author writes from experience, having gone through the mill as draftee, officer candidate, and then commissioned officer. He has taught at Camp Lee as well as at Stanford.

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## SECOND LIEUTENANT'S HANDBOOK

By JOHN R. CRAF, 1st Lieutenant, QMC

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