

STANFORD

Chaparral



"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

in aerial acrobatics—
and in smoking too,"
says **ROSE GOULD**,
aerial sensation of
the Big Top



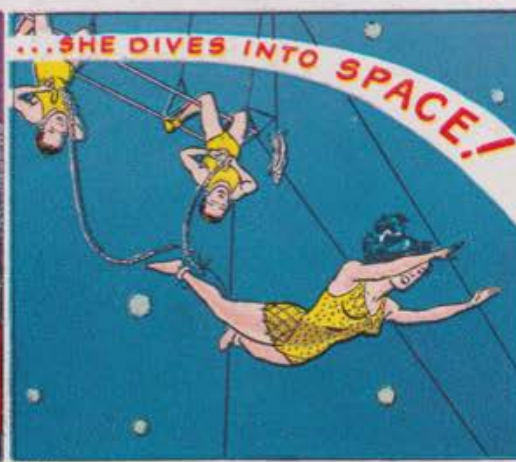
ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS — WITH NO OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET — IN A STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!



YES, SHE FELL ONCE — CABLE BROKE — THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE

SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW

FROM 75 FEET UP — WITH NO NET...



...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

— STOPPED BY THE ROPES AROUND HER ANKLES — ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND!



I'VE SEEN THRILLING PERFORMANCES, MISS GOULD — BUT NOTHING TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL — AND TELL US HOW YOU DEVELOPED THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMEL IS THE CIGARETTE FOR ME



I SMOKED MANY BRANDS DURING THE WARTIME CIGARETTE SHORTAGE — CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!

Rose Gould

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus.

Your "T-ZONE" will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T"



MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
Camels
THAN EVER BEFORE

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

In San Francisco, IT'S

Rickey's
TOWN HOUSE

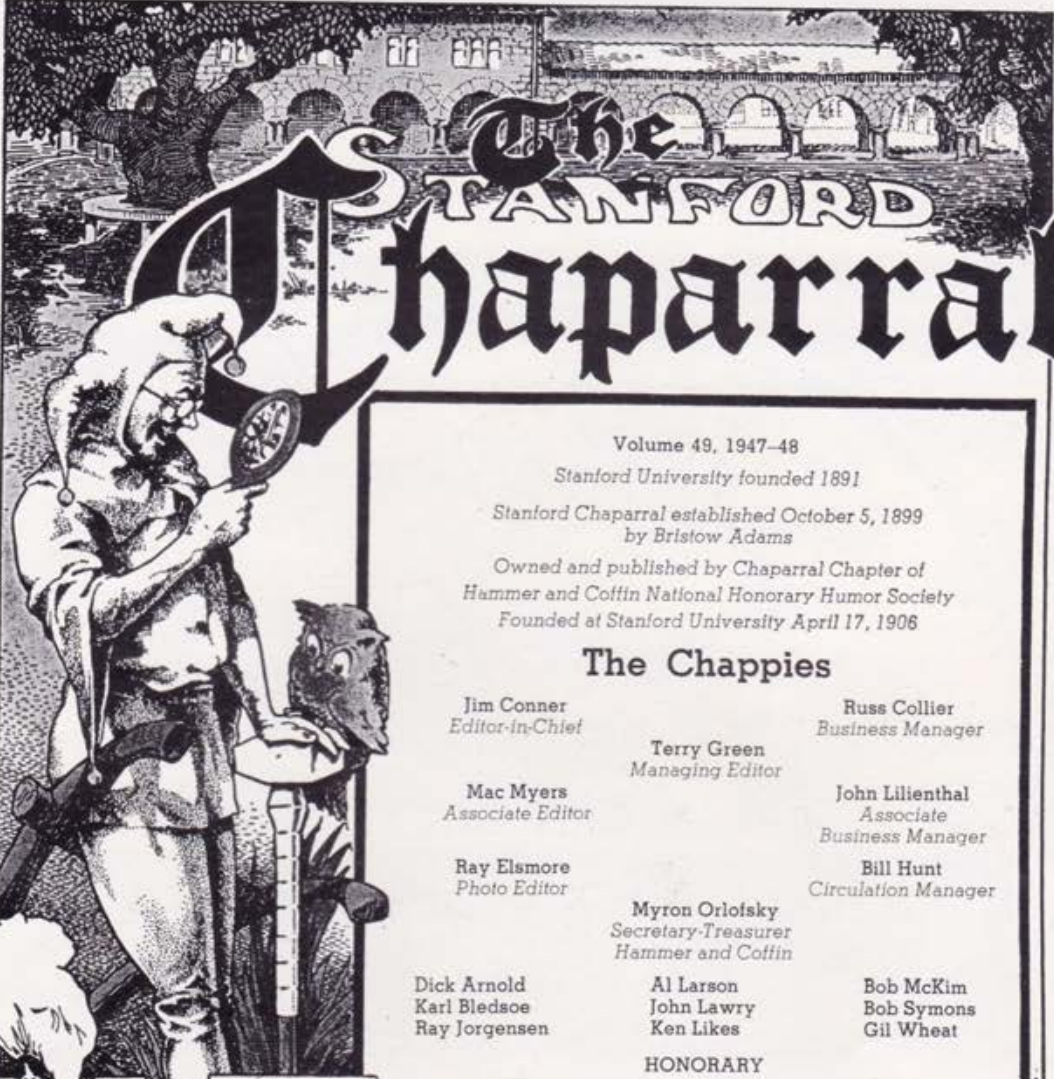
VAN NESS AT CLAY

LUNCHEON • DINNER • AFTER THEATRE
Home of the Famous Smorgasbord

On the Peninsula, IT'S

Rickey's
Studio Club

3 MILES SOUTH OF STANFORD
ON EL CAMINO REAL
Palo Alto



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 49, 1947-48
 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

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ESTABLISHED
OCT 5 1899
ADAMS '00

ORGANIZED
APRIL 17 1906

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the new Old Boy is rapidly becoming engulfed in editorial complexities, he would like to doff his newly acquired jester's cap to the Old Boys of the past—and pay his respects by presenting to you some of their goodies.

He has contacted editors of the past forty years and asked them to submit the choice tidbits of their year—story, poem, or cartoon. Thus you frosh may take a peek at CHAPPIE'S glorious past and you oldsters may remember some of the stuff and chuckle over the "good old days." (And it is a double insurance that the first issue of the year will be a roaring sellout.)

NOW THAT new Old Boy will be on his own. And he will look to you readers for much of the material that will be published during the year. CHAPARRAL has what is called in the *Frosh Bible* "no definite staff." This is true in the sense that it is not a closed shop that can't be broken into. It is composed of every student who has duly paid, or who has had his munificent Uncle Sam pay, the slight tuition fees. Positions on the staff are open to every student who has a sense of humor, a good idea, and the determination to stick to his guns and come back with more stuff even if his first brain child fails to get into print.

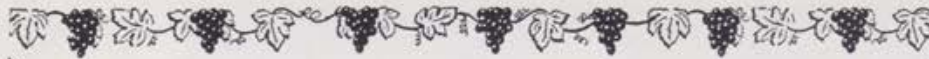


Here's to the Fall quarter
 or, How to get a Kick out of Football Season
 or, No one autumn be a fall guy

Now is the time when pigskins are thudding,
 When leaves are falling and Rose Bowls are budding,
 When yell-leaders turn handsprings and *sometimes* lead yells,
 When varsity heroes take their toll of freshman belles.
 In fact, this is the time when *all* girls get enamoured
 Of men in uniform, all shoulder-pad be-glamoured.
 Which brings to mind this happy thought:
 If you're not getting the attention you ought,
 Don't worry about shoulder pads, hip pads, or knee,
 Double reverses, end arounds, or formation of the T.
 Just grab yourself a handsome Roos suit,
 You'll be the best-looking man on campus—and popular, to boot!

THE SHACK • 125 UNIVERSITY AVE.
 THE VILLAGE SHOP

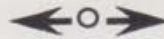
Roos Bros



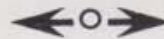
L'OMMELETTE



WELCOME BACK
to
"L'OMMIE'S"



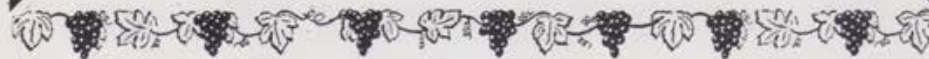
FOR THE COMING YEAR,
AS IN THE PAST, YOUR
REQUIRED EXTENSION
COURSE



CLOSED
MONDAYS
& TUESDAYS

● DINNERS and LATE SNACKS ●

PALO ALTO
8922



COMPLETE
SHOE SERVICE



Polishes and Accessories

UNITED SHOE RENEWING

"While you wait service"

541 Emerson Street

P.A. 2-4912

Sherlock—Ah, Watson! I see you have put on your winter underwear.

Watson—Marvelous, Holmes! How did you deduct that?

Sherlock—Well, you have forgotten to put on your trousers.

—Awgwan



First Frosh—I heard you didn't have a good time with your blind date last night. Was she too thin?

Second Nut—Naw, just the opposite. I couldn't entertain her from one side, so I went to the other, and there was a senior having as good a time as I was.

—Jester



Sorority Girl—I think it is positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night when they go to bed. It is absolutely immoral.

Roommate—But looking down from the window I didn't see anything.

Girl—I know, not from there. But put that chair on the desk, get on it and lean way over to the left and tell me what you see.

—Exchange



She—Honey, what did you do to me?

He—Darling, I scared you.

She—Scare me again.

Ten minutes later. She—Please scare me again.

One hour later. She—Please scare me once more.

He—Boo!

—Covered Wagon

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Chaparral

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GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET

COAT 59⁹⁵

The look must be new!

And don't you forget!

High collars, flare backs

For the game you're set!

YOUNG WORLD SHOP. SIZES 9 to 15. 5th FLOOR



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

An example of the modern trend in psycho-surrealistic art. This work symbolizes, of course, the "persistence of memory" and the "cyclical reoccurrence of the time-idea quanta with retroactive inhibition." The whole content is naturally closely associated with Einstein's theory of "time out of mind" and the correlation between this symbolic cover and the content of the magazine will be readily grasped.

Opener Poem

Written in the kind of place you would expect this kind of poetry to be written in, it symbolizes the retroactive inhibition.

The Stuff in the Middle

Put in to separate the front ads from the back ones, this is a sampling of college humor from as far back as 1911 and may or may not prove that college humor is a perishable commodity. Some of it took national prizes in its day, and the rest is just the timeless essence of true whimsy, wit, and satire.

Center Spread

Fifty covers (count 'em) and all in purdy colors, too. If all the CHAPPIE covers were laid end to end and side by side, it wouldn't be a bit surprising if they didn't look something like the middle of this magazine . . . and cover Texas.

Those Little Drawings of the Ex-Editors

Ray Jorgensen, CHAPPIE's biggest staff artist, had quite a time delineating what he saw in the photos they unselfishly ripped from family albums and sent at the Old Boy's request.



"Okay, I'll bet you all of Argentina and half of Australia and I'll raise you my last pack of Dentyne Chewing Gum."

"It's no bet, Pal—you gotta have a sure thing to risk your last pack of swell-tasting Dentyne Chewing Gum! For my money, Dentyne wins on flavor and on the way it helps keep teeth white."

Dentyne Gum — Made Only By Adams





(Written in 1946, this column is as true now as it ever was, and when you get to the end you will see that the Old Boy is playing fair. —Ed.)

By Lou Novikoff

I had always lived a quiet, respectable life, loved my parents, raked the lawn, and took out the girl who lived next door. No trouble, no surprises, no arrests. Then last Tuesday, as I was crossing the street in front of the P.O., a big four-door sedan pulled up next to me, forcing me and my bike to the curb. Three men in low hats and high collars leaned out the window, shoved a gun in my ribs, and snarled, "Look, kid, you-wanta-have-it - easy - we - doan - wanno - trubble - you - write - the - Now - That - Date - column - for - da - boss - everythin'll - be - alrighty - see?"

Then they pulled away with a roar, throwing out of the window a rock with a note attached, saying, "To-night, get me?"

This is it. I hope you understand.

So put on your best girdles, girlies, and we're off with a rush to that thrilling crossroads of Peninsula Society, **Crepe Suzette**. This place has a redolent French atmosphere. In fact, it reeks with it—at least we think it's atmosphere. The cuisine is most unusual, and so is their manner of dispensing it. You ask for New York steak (\$2.75), the waiter recites some choice Baudelaire with a touch of Balzac, throws his hip, and bustles away. In no time (if you tell time by a sundial) he returns, with a Crepe Suzette. The funny thing is, he does this no matter what you order. They say his name is Pierre. I don't doubt it.

Next in our mad, gay whirl is that den of exotic charms **Aunt Jemimah's**. Of course the war has made it tough to get that famous shoe-leather with which they had built their reputation,

(Continued on page 9)

LONG BARN
RESTAURANT * PALO ALTO

Wondrous Victorian atmosphere
Country style food

dinner - supper

* RECOMMENDED BY DUNCAN HINES
EL CAMINO REAL
2 miles south of Stanford University

MONEY FROM HOME?



You can keep track of your money better in an Anglo Bank Special Checking Account. Open your account with any amount. Keep any amount on deposit. No minimum balance required. You'll find Special Checks convenient when paying for books, fees and other expenses. They're 10¢ each in books of 10 or 20. Why not open your Special Checking Account at Anglo Bank today?

PALO ALTO OFFICE:
University Avenue and Ramona Street



Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation • Member Federal Reserve System

Joseph magnin, 301 university avenue, palo alto • Joseph magnin, 301 university avenue, palo alto • Joseph magnin, 301 university avenue, palo alto



Amazing, what Joseph
Magnin clothes do for a
girl's spirit!

EVENING OUT

(Continued from page 7)

but the tar-paper is some of the best on the West Coast, and as for drinks, now we know where the Cellar gets its salad dressing. Need we say more? Oh, yes, one of the main attractions is the table of hors d'oeuvres. And, say, I know where you can get spare car parts cheap. Get it?

If you haven't followed us in our preceding jaunts, or have a cast-iron stomach and a will-to-destruction, you're still in shape for our next sally into the bright lights. Prepare yourself for a shock as you enter the chromium-plated mirror-paneled and exquisitely decorated slop-shute of one **Henrico Rossini**. Here the *cognoscenti* rub noses, elbows, and *derrières* in a frantic effort to get to the majestic bar where the ambrosia is being piped out in a trough. The sight of all these gay, witty, and splendidly attired guests being served by the most scrupulously clean and effusive of hosts is breathtaking. In fact, we had to be carried from the place. If you rally to the sight of happy luses anointing themselves with age-dated beer ("For quick starts these cold winter mornings, flush your car with Plucky Lodger") this is your meat.

The **Green Cow**, not far from Mountain View, has a real character for a proprietor: Max Flussbaum. Our beaming host greets each guest with the gracious call, "Gents the foist door to the left, Ladies the green door in the back. Don't come here unless you got the cash—Stanford students make lousy dishwashers." If you get past this Horatio at the door, though, you're in the luck. The food is simply marvelous. Some of our best prize-winning cattle go there. To eat.

Shortshack is the place to go to if you want to answer in the affirmative to the question, "Where was you brought up in, a pen?" They have a dance floor which has been said to hold seven. These, however, were the Flying Cordons, a family of acrobats, and unless you can stand on your partner's shoulders (or vice versa), don't try it. In fact, don't try it. The music (!) is provided by tin cans falling on the customers. The gay tinkle is unique in its buoyant, cheering effect, and if you have a football helmet, this is just the place to stand by and watch your friends strangle each other to death. Bronco

(Continued on page 11)

America's Finest

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



"ADJOINING THE CAMPUS"

Open 8:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. every day of the year

Corner El Camino Real and Cambridge Ave., Menlo Park
Food at its best—moderately priced, appetizingly served

TRY THESE TASTY SPECIALS:

Milkfed spring chicken (one-half) . . . **1.25**

—fried to a golden brown, hot biscuits with butter and honey, shoestring potatoes, and coleslaw.

Chicken pie **.65**

—piping hot individual chicken pie, served with mixed green salad, hot biscuits with butter and honey.

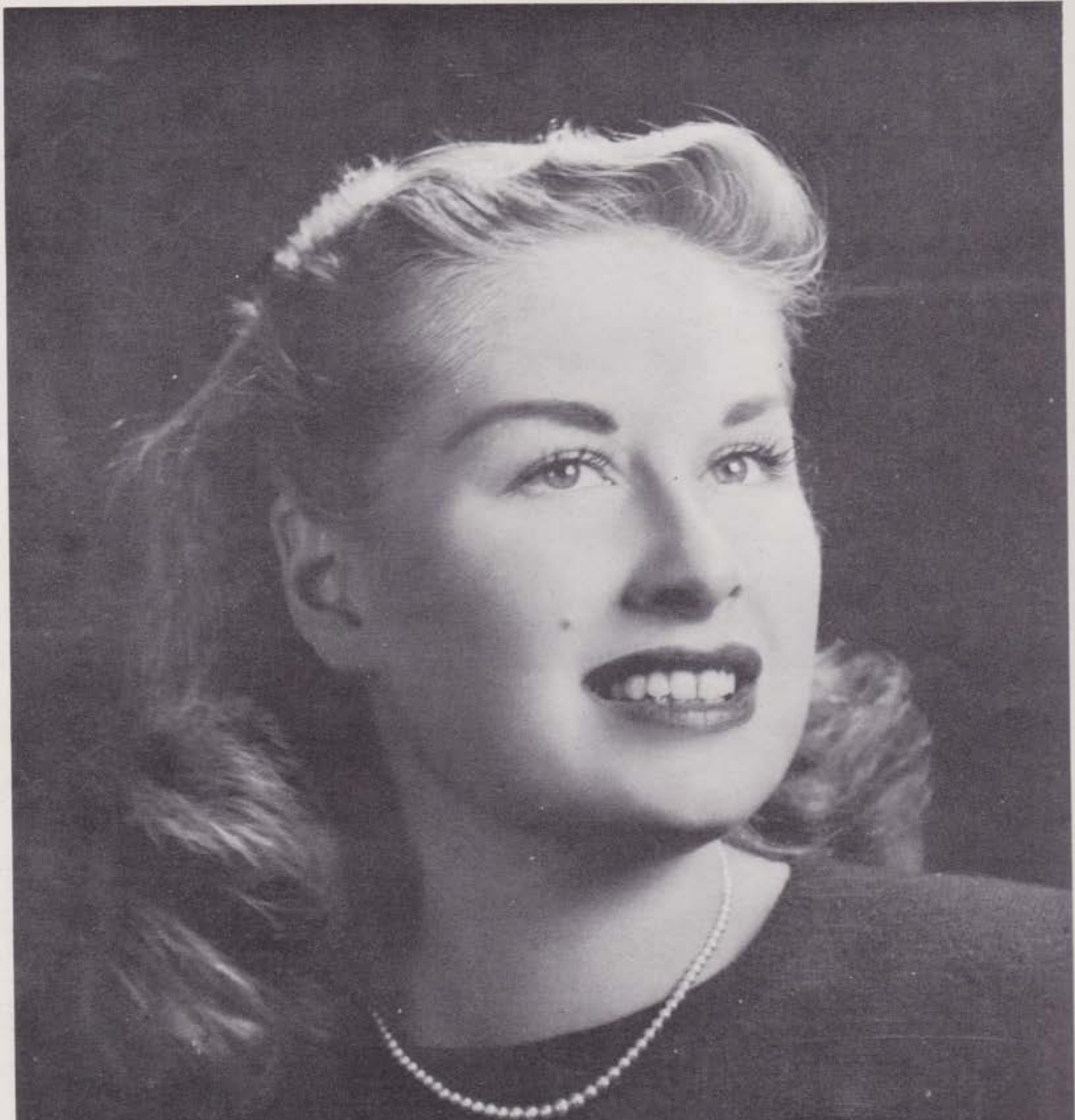
Sliced Breast of Turkey Sandwich . . . **.45**

—choice slices of breast of turkey, served on toast, with lettuce, dill pickle, and mayonnaise.

Served at all hours along with hamburgers, hot dogs, barbecued sandwiches, ham and eggs, steaks, and many other taste-tempting items.

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT

Complete Fountain Service



Marilyn Witherspoon, Wilson's "Queen" for October, is one of the thousands of Stanford girls who has enjoyed the good things to eat and drink at Wilson's.

GOOD FOOD

SODA FOUNTAIN

FAMOUS CANDIES

"Since 1897"

Open daily until 11:30 p.m.



At the "Ride to the Campus" corner

135 University Ave.

EVENING OUT

(Continued from page 9)

Nagurski was said to have developed his bonecrushing style watching the dance floor. You've got to see it to believe it.

The **Typhoon**, in San Francisco has a blond vocalist whose name should be Bubbles (if it isn't). It's a man, that is. He hides his head behind the mike, and yells "Boo!" The festivities are lightened by a set of heavy weights, hanging from the ceiling at each corner of the dance floor. At unannounced moments these are sent swinging into the dancing throngs. This provides a spirit of camaraderie and gay abandon. Two doctors are in constant attendance.

That about completes the survey of the hot and lukewarm spots in the locale. Also present are such well-known gin-mills as **Dora's**, **Pellagra Pete's**, and the **Wopple Shop**. We have seen many a good man toss his cookies in all of them. The record is three in one night, but the champ claimed he had an upset stomach before he started. If you're out to break his record, you can't do better than warm up in your old favorite, the **Pit**. We haven't got to the bottom of this!



NOW THAT DATE

By Patty Burwell

Now that you've plowed through the above scintillating satire, take a firm grip on the arms of the overstuffed (chair or woman—after all, this is Stanford) and we'll run a brief survey of the indispensable, for Stanford, beering spots . . . **Pop Ros-sotti's** out Portola Road; tables under the trees, students under the tables, salami and cheese sandwiches under the belts . . . **Carlun's Place** on El Camino; hamburgers on French bread with French fries (practically Free French), beer, and Collich Men and Collich Women singing real Collich Songs . . . and, finally, the perennial **Belt's Oasis**; every night ain't ladies' night at Belt's, girlie; the beer mugs wave high and the songs would make a Liberty Burleycue stripper blush.



Elderly Gentleman (bewildered at elaborate wedding)—Are you the bridegroom, young man?

Wedding Guest—No, sir, I am not. I was eliminated in the semifinals.

—Butterfly



TONI DEKKER, Jordan, in
the "Spectator Sport"
\$55.00
sizes 10-20

Nelly Gaffney

314 Primrose Road
Burlingame

Bayshore's Finest



Breakfast
Lunch
Dinner
Fountain Service

Complete
DRIVE-IN MENU
 plus
 Two Specials
 daily

● We use Carnation Ice Cream exclusively ●

...Gustin Drive In...

BAYSHORE HIGHWAY • EAST PALO ALTO

Two Blocks North of University

STANFORD
Chaparral

To da mek-up man a paste-pot;
To da rewrite man a shear;
To da heditor a headache;
To da hex-Old Boys a beer.

To da ridder uff da Cheppie
Dees mellow, blended stock;
To da worldly, many leffings—
To da sheltered ones, a shock!







Jail Bird

Some guys can gag up anything. The D.U.'s are notable examples of this type of Stanford man, so when one of the brethren was arrested for speeding in Paly and sentenced to seven days in the local klink they turned it into a field day for gags.

The sentence was handed down with the proviso that the guy could spend his time in jail so that it wouldn't interfere with his studying or classes. He decided to take it on successive Sundays from midnight to midnight. The evening before the first twenty-four-hour stretch the whole house went down to Dinah's to celebrate the occasion with a big send-off. At a quarter to twelve they all drove their boy up to the jail and waved him good-bye and good luck as he entered his dungeon.

The next Sunday was Easter Sunday and this time some of his buddies felt the poor guy needed a little cheering up, so they took him an Easter Egg. When the Jailer presented him with it he said: "They told me it had a saw hidden in it, but that's all right—I'll trust you."

And so every Sunday goes quickly for the jailbird. Just one laugh after another.

Laundry Mark

You boys who send your laundry home ought to read this tragic tale of one boy who did. This certain unfortunate went to a house party one Christmas vacation and sent his laundry home from there. When he got home the family had arranged a real welcome for him. The first thing they greeted him with was a pair of his pajamas with a big cupid's-bow of lipstick on the front of the coat. Well, sonny boy, they said in effect, explain this. He gave his grey matter a thorough churning and finally told them that there had been a masquerade party one night and he had worn his pajamas as a costume. Fine, sonny boy, replied his family; fine as far as this pair goes—but how about THIS pair? And they held up another pair with more or less the same markings on them.

Hate to give you the wrong impression, dear readers, but the League of Decency has cracked down on us, so we have to give you the inevitable anticlimax and certain joy-killer: His roommate had been at the same house party and had borrowed the second pair of pajamas for the masquerade affair.

Out to Lynch

In re the annual Graft Shake-Up now playing in San Francisco, we heard a story which may be old by the time this gets in print, but which is nevertheless choice. It seems that during a similar investigation held in the Bay City a few years back, the management at long last secured a jury which they were sure was absolutely unbiased and impartial. As a matter of fact, two of the members did not understand English very well.

All these "twelve good men and true" were human, however, and being human they had to eat. When the time came to recess for lunch, the foreman requested, as a matter of form, a ballot on the question. The results were as follows: In favor of a recess for lunch—10; Not Guilty—2.

Standard Equipment

Blessings on the lady who once and for all squelched the bugaboo of false modesty. During vacation she barged into the bathroom where her son, a Stanford senior, was shaving before the mirror. He had just taken a bath and was still wearing nothing but the shaving cream on his face. Hastily, he picked up a towel and held it in front of him. His mother stared at him with wide-eyed astonishment.

"Why all the modesty, son?" she asked. "Have you anything the other men haven't got?"

(Continued on page 18)

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

Marilyn Myerson

QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Portrait by Bob Symons

On How to Arrange Flars So They Look Good

By LAFCADIO MURPHY

(Internationally known authority on many, many things)

When a chunk of plaster hit me on the head the other morning I woke up. I looked out of the window and was happy to notice that the Bar-Tailed Godwit was back with us again after his winter migrations. This mud-colored little fowl, called by many the Pirtwee because he sings like that, is what I mean a Harbinger of Spring. His arrival always precedes by exactly two weeks the Vernal Equinoxes, which do not have any song at all.

"So Spring is really here?" I thought. And then, in a flash, I thought again (I'm like that), "What does Spring Mean to Stanford?" Answer: Flar arrangement (I'm like that, too). So then I sat down and had my brimstone and treacle, and began to think about the Flora of Stanford and what to do about it. Then, after I thought about Flora, I thought about Fauna, and after that about Mabel, who is even more Fauna than Flora.

But all kidding aside, there are piles of different things growing around the Campus, some of which lend themselves to very pleasing effects, when arrangements are made properly. As I write, the jonquils are jerking their jolly little yellow heads in the warm breeze, and near by the mustard plants are romping in the

orchard. What a pleasant sight they make arranged so as to stick out of a rusty-colored metal cylinder! All blooming and smelling fit to bust! Mushrooms too will be found in generous profusion in the hills back of school, and cute little toadstools that look just like them. A very nice arrangement of these flars can be had by floating them, together with the heads of peach blossoms, in the lid of a wheat cracker can (you know, the crunchy kind). Set this on your dining-room table; it will really do a great deal for the old chow-bin. But you must put a little sign on them to tell folks not to eat these flars. A skull and crossbones will do.

And now marigolds! I have an especially fine idea for you about these flars. You want to know what you can do with your marigolds? Well, you can pick them first, gently so they don't bruise. And then get some quaint old flagon and just pop them in it, together with a few sprigs of mint. Later, if you like, you can remove the marigolds and have a julep party!

And don't pay any mind to the sign on the flagon that says "Federal Law prohibits reuse of this"—just do it any way. Live dangerously! I often do, myself (I'm like that). —Fellow



Ken Smith. Ruled with distinction during '40-41. Now the big wheel on the *Inglewood Daily Times Tribune Gazette*.

LIKE A DIAMOND IN THE SKY

Twinkle, twinkle little Ex-Com,
How you rule our happy fom,
With manner grave and domineering
You hold each ultra-farcical hearing.

Twinkle, twinkle Cardinal,
B.M.O.C. who calls me "pal,"
Sprinting fast from task to task
He wears an ever smiling mask.

Twinkle, twinkle Rally stickers,
Your clever quips provide us
snickers—
Mangled card stunts at the games,
Carried out by dizzy dames.

Twinkle, twinkle ever gaily,
The poor benighted *Stanford Daily*,
What we think are really killers
Are those little three-line fillers.

Twinkle, twinkle little Quad,
All year long you slave and plod,
You put out one titanic issue
Which has more pages than Scott
Tissue.

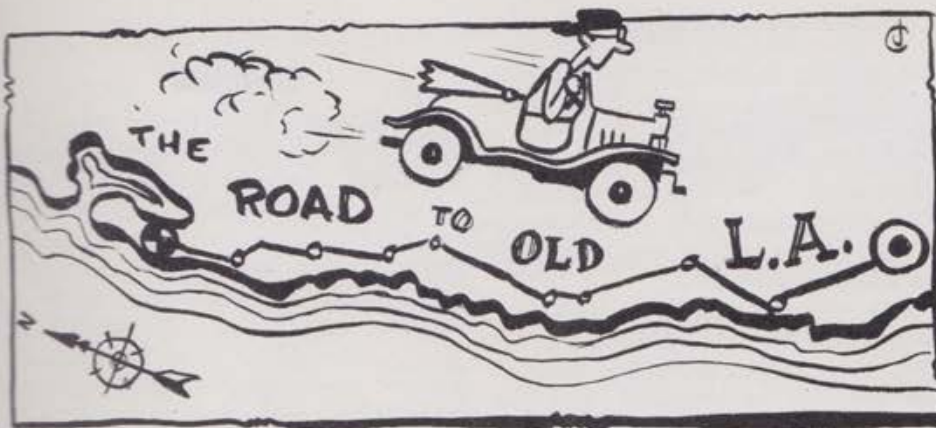
Twinkle, twinkle H and C,
Prosper for eternity,
Let each issue be immenser
And save us from the vicious censor.
—Were



Donald Allan. Editor in '43 and '45. At present he is writing deathless prose for the *San Francisco News* as its Peninsula reporter.



"If you got a sore throat, why don't you go to bed?"



1

By the old Pagoda Roadhouse lookin' lazy at the sea
 There's a Sennett girl a-settin', and I hopes she thinks o' me.
 For the wind moans 'round the oil wells, and the Real Estators say:
 "Come you back, you Kansas tourist, come you back to old L.A."
 "Come you back to old L.A."

CHORUS:

Come you back to old L.A., where the sun shines every day
 And they've moved the city limits back to Clinton, I-o-way.
 On the road to old L.A., where the wild mosquitos play,
 When the dawn comes up you wonder if your heap will run all day.

2

Oh, her one-piece suit was yaller and her bathin' cap was green,
 And her garb had not been christened, that was plainly to be seen.
 And I saw her first a-smokin' of a tailored cigaroot
 Waitin' for a young director to prepare a scene to shoot.
 To prepare a scene to shoot.

CHORUS:

Come you back to old L.A., where the sun shines every day
 And they've moved the city limits back to Clinton, I-o-way.
 On the road to old L.A., where the wild mosquitos play,
 When the dawn comes up you wonder if your heap will run all day.

3

Ship me somewheres west o' Yuma, where the best is like the worst,
 Where it's close to Tia Juana, and a man can drown his thirst.
 For the wind is in the prune trees, and the Real Estators say:
 "Come and see the subdivisions that we're putting on today,
 "That we're putting on today."

CHORUS:

Come you back to old L.A., where the custard tossers play,
 Where she grows so fast they have to take the census every day.
 On the road to old L.A., where the flivvers boil all day,
 And they shed their hoods and fenders and their tops along the way.

—"Doc" Hoag, '27
 (Thanks, Kipling)

What They Are Thinking About

THE RUSHER:

My Gawd why doesn't he say something what's the matter you dumb frosh are you tongue-tied what a hell of a bore this rushing is how did this squirt ever get an invitation some old alum recommended him as coming from a fine family and being an excellent cornet player I will have to give him a cigarette I guess Gawd look at him jump for it he would tear my hand right off the sponge I wonder if I could not beat it this tombstone is driving me crazy we must be so kind to these dear boys Good Lord he is going to try to put that pie down in one bite well he nearly made it at that.

THE RUSHEE:

What a house I certainly pulled a Brodie when I accepted this invitation this guy next to me is dumber than a clam what is this morgue Lord what a meal sure I will have a cigarette you Scotchman might as well get all I can out of the evening well give me a light you moron do you think that I am going to chew it My Gawd why doesn't he say something.

—Carter



"I most distinctly told you, Susette, not to let the cat get into the goldfish bowl."

FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

How's That Again?

As we were quietly dreaming through an accounting course last quarter, the class became embroiled in a discussion of just what constituted assets and liabilities. The professor, striving valiantly to drum a whit or two of knowledge into the disinterested class, was brought up short when the fair-haired chap sitting next to us asked, "How do you classify a well that has gone dry? Is that an asset, nevertheless?" Naturally the Voice-from-the-Rear popped up with, "Whassa matter? Can't you tell an asset from a hole in the ground?"

Blythe Spirits

Once, a long, long time ago—say four years—there lived in upper Encina Hall two last vestiges of the Stanford Rough (see Museum). Roughly garbed—they wore, well, pants (primitive for slacks), of which they each possessed one pair, and sweatshirts (extinct), of which there were two to go around amongst them—their ruthless, domineering, yet expressive actions were eyed askance by the then changing social order of Encina. One of them was said to possess (secretly) a razor; but this he used only in riots and gang fights, if at all. There was nothing in the appearance of either to give away the secret, certainly. It is rumored that one ate a box of nuts and bolts which had been placed on the table one evening, thinking it to be Encina food. The other knew what it was, and ate some anyway.

It was the custom of the pair, upon leaving their room, to lock the door and leave the key inside. Returning, they of course followed the path of least resistance, and splintered the door with a barrage of shoulders. The locksmith and carpenter were patient, almost daily, visitors.

Now, this hearty duo had procured (somehow, somewhere) a huge combination radio-phonograph-potato peeler, which combined incredible tone with unbelievable, unstinted volume. Its size may be indicated by noting the fact that a full half-day of grunting, pushing, squeezing, wheezing, teasing, and sweating on the part of the owners had moved the juggernaut to the third-flight landing. At

last installed in their room, the Thing was permanently propped up with their textbooks and left to become a constant and soothing companion of its proud owners. Night and day the hall resounded with its booming tones. The program mattered not; the noise, a great deal.

One evening the Thing was outdoing its best effort. The men were getting wonderful reception. The entire building reverberated with the strain; every timber and stone shook; white-faced freshmen gathered in hushed, huddled groups and recalled the catastrophe of 1906. The air was soggy with confusion.

Presently, a freshman on the first floor, mustering courage to act as spokesman for the rights of all, poked his head through the window and gasped in a tremulous whisper, "Couldn't we please have it a little more quiet up there?"

There was a momentary pause. Suddenly the ogres upstairs shot to their feet, jammed their heads out the window, and bellowed in unison, "QUIET, MUG—WE'RE TRYIN' TO STUDY!"

Surprise!

We raise our eyebrows at the California mathematics professor who has the habit of chewing tobacco while lecturing to his students. He handles the expectation problem by keeping one of the windows near the lecture platform open. One day the professorial sermon was especially dull, and the hero of this little tale amused himself by watching the professor, after he had worked up a sizable cud in his cheek, back over to the open window, whirl around, and let fly a mess of tobacco juice on to the shrubbery outside. It was when our hero noticed that the windows had just received their annual bath that a great inspiration dawned on him. While the professor was absorbed in working a problem on the blackboard, he reached up and closed the window.

In due time the professor had again worked the quid up to the point where unburdening himself was absolutely necessary. He backed over to the window and jerked his head around and let it go. The unfortunate windowpane rattled back and forth.

(Continued on page 35)



"Here it is our wedding night and you had to go and eat an elephant."

ENGLISH, EH?

By Doodles Weaver

Bad start - be explicit.
Say "eighty-seven" "fathers"?

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Not bad. Too much repetition. There are six "that's" in the last sentence alone. You use verb "dedicate" six times. More variety in the choice; your words are too simple. Try again - you are improving.

C-

Professor Glunk

repetition of sound

Too many "we's"

tr - Rule 194, p. 6

Bad word

"gigantic" or tremendous would be better

you said this once

Too many monosyllabic words

very trite sentence

Use another word

awkward

make up your mind

almost unintelligible

(trite word use "colossal" Rule 74, p. 90)

sp.

sp.

change around



Art Levinson. Old Boy during '38-39. Today he is the writer-producer of the "Inside China" radio series for the China News Service.

BEYOND The DRAWBRIDGE

The Tri Kaps might have been really nice girls if their front door had been a mirror instead of six inches of pine with mahogany veneer. But the door wasn't a mirror, and the only reflection the girls could see was in the shiny brass door knob, and that was always discredited.

It was inconceivable that any Tri Kap could imagine herself so rotund, so distorted of face and figure.

That was the only thing Colanda didn't like about the massive door, and since the door had been her idea long before she had been made grand Alpha of old Tri Kappa Theta, she always told the dear sisters what a wonderful thing it was.

It was the door to the Tri Kappa Theta house, and that made it a very special door.

Colanda had gotten the idea while watching Errol Flynn swing across a drawbridge in the movies.

"What could be nicer," she thought to herself, "than to have one for the house"—meaning the drawbridge.

But for some reason the administration frowned upon the idea of digging a moat. "Think of the floods," the Dean had answered, "and the mosquitoes."

So the Tri Kaps didn't get their drawbridge, but they had gotten their door. It was twelve feet high, and several Tri Kaps broad. It was a good-size door, and it hung on three brass hinges.

On one side of that door was the uncouth rabble, sniveling whining things, not beneath contempt, but very near it. And on the other side,

as if separated by a drawbridge, were the Tri Kaps, lovely frozen things, secure in their prim plush sanctuary of the elite and the superior.

The Tri Kaps weren't conceited. They just knew they were better than anyone else.

Perhaps that was why Colanda hated rushing as she hated the thought of wrinkles. And yet even Colanda could see that rushing was necessary. That was why she had agreed to send out a few engraved invitations to girls who might prove to be Tri Kap material, but Colanda had made certain that she should be the one to greet them at the door. And no one denied her this privilege, because no one could use the Tri Kap door as effectively during rushing as Colanda.

Some chimes rang softly in the rear of the house.

Colanda didn't stir, but stood quietly at the window peeking out at the three girls waiting on the steps.

It was the timing that counted. Waiting in front of that massive portal did something to timid young girls, and Colanda was always sure that they were sufficiently impressed and awed before turning the big brass knob. Psychology, she called it.

She opened the door while standing in a strategic pool of light that would "do things" to her ice blonde hair. Even raw rushees can have some feeling of beauty, she thought. Colanda wasn't really conceited, she just knew she was beautiful.

"Won't you come in?" she purred coolly. "My name is Colanda Delaire."

The door shut decisively behind the girls. It was the drawbridge finality about the whole thing that Colanda enjoyed.

"So glad to meet you," the redhead announced, "my name is Coral Ashton—my friends call me Corky."

(Continued on page 22)



"Remember the days when you thought a Model A was too small?"

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF STANFORD

WE, THE FOUNDERS OF THIS INSTITUTION, IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION BETWEEN THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THE VARIOUS ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS, DO HEREBY ORDAIN AND DECLARE THIS CONSTITUTION TO BE IN EFFECT IMMEDIATELY TO FORESTALL ANY SERIOUS STUDY BY INQUISITIVE OUTSIDERS. IT SHALL BE THE POLICY OF THIS HEREBY AFOREMENTIONED UNIVERSITY TO ESTABLISH A RELATIVELY SMALL TUITION CHARGE TO GET THE FIRST SUCKERS INTO THE PLACE. IT SHALL THEN BE A PRACTICE HEREAFTER TO RAISE THE TUITION GRADUALLY EACH YEAR IN ORDER NOT TO INCITE ANY UNWARRANTED SUSPICIONS OF OUR ACTIONS BY THE STUDENT BODY AND THEIR WELL-HEELED PARENTS. ALSO TO AID IN BOLSTERING OUR ALREADY BULGING PURSES WE SHALL PLACE HIGH SYLLABUS FEES ON ALL COURSES IN ORDER TO ALLOW THE PROFESSORS TO TAKE THEIR ANNUAL EXCURSIONS ABROAD. EVENTUALLY WE HOPE TO ATTAIN A STRAIGHT FEE THAT WILL BE HIGHER THAN THAT PAID BY THE MAJORITY OF THE STUDENTS. TO CONTINUE IN THE GENERAL LINE OF OUR POLICY WE SHALL MAKE SPASMODIC BIG CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VICE OF ALL SORTS ON THE CAMPUS, FROM SPIN-THE-BOTTLE ON UP. THIS ALWAYS MAKES THE GOOD IMPRESSION THAT WE ARE ON OUR TOES TO KEEP THE WAYWARD SONS IN LINE. THEN, THERE SHALL BE STRICT CENSORSHIP OF THE TWO PUBLICATIONS ON CAMPUS, THE HUMOR MAGAZINE AND THE YEARBOOK. THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF A STUDENT-PUBLISHED NEWSPAPER BUT THESE ARE MERELY FABRICATIONS OF A DELUDED MIND. TO INCREASE THE SCOPE OF OUR STUDENTS' TRAVEL WE SHALL ALLOW ONLY A SMALL NUMBER OF WOMEN TO MATRICULATE, AND THOSE ARE TO BE TO ZIEGFELD GIRLS AS SPARROWS ARE TO PEACOCKS. THIS REGULATION WILL INDUCE OUR MEN TO GO ELSEWHERE FOR THEIR FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP AND WILL INCREASE THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY NO END.

WITH THESE HIGH IDEALS IN MIND WE, THE FOUNDERS, HAVE SET HEREUNTO THE STATEMENT OF OUR POLICY CONCERNING THE STUDENTS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY. OUR MOTTO FOREVER AFTER THIS DAY SHALL BE, "WE'LL DO ALL RIGHT IF WE BLEED 'EM WHITE."

—Bledsoe





"Nancy is such a terrible reactionary."

Poems for Kiddies and Other People

By Were
Age 19

Contemporary Arts Course

Cultchah explained
Leaves me cold and pained.

Roble

Girls who whine
Should be boiled in brine.

Cigarettes

Little scraps of paper,
Little bits of leaf,
Bring to men and women
A million hours of grief.

Marge

My love is a cat
Of sensuous grace.
My love has cat's eyes
In a delicate face.
My love can excite me
By the touch of her paws.
But should I make a pass
The witch has got claws.

Spring

In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of lust,
And each local bosque and woodland
Echoes back the mass beer bust.
It's a grand and healthy outlet
For our draft-board harried folk.
But if and when you must go prowling
Just watch out for poison oak.

Nature

Be kind to little animals
Whatever sort they be
And give a stranded jellyfish
A shove into the sea.



Dick Driscoll. Editor during '44-45.
Dick was killed in an automobile
accident in the fall of 1945.

DRAWBRIDGE

(Continued from page 20)

The nickname sent grating little chills through Colanda. "I'm glad you could come, Coral," she replied.

The little girl in the red dress stopped playing with the polish on her nails. "My name is Jane Neilson," she said.

"How nice," Colanda said, and turned to the third girl.

She was tall and dark. Her black hair hung long and limply about her pale face. And when she moved into the strategic pool of light, even Colanda had to admit here was definitely Tri Kap material.

Before Colanda could ask her name, down came the dear sisters simply bubbling with laughter. They weren't especially happy, but laughing let the other girls know how much they enjoyed being Tri Kaps, and then they all went in to tea.

Colanda poured tea herself. The redhead was chatty—too much so, while the little girl with the red dress seemed as if she were still standing before the great Tri Kap door.

But the other girl—one of the sisters told Colanda her name was Cherise—was doing wonderfully well.

She sat on the end of the long green davenport. Her dress showed just enough calf, and her hands toyed with the tea cup. Cherise did have beautiful hands. Every movement she made was flawless. The Tri Kaps were definitely impressed.

The best talkers in the house were sent for. They asked Cherise about school, about men, and in desperation about jade tea cups, but Cherise's only reply was a quizzical smile.

Colanda herself took up the conquest. Cherise hid a slight yawn behind her tea cup, and then passed the time by running a dainty finger over the end table, and smiling at the streak it left in the dust.

It seemed impossible to Colanda that anyone could have so much poise, and be so disconcertingly indifferent. Truly this girl was Tri Kap material.

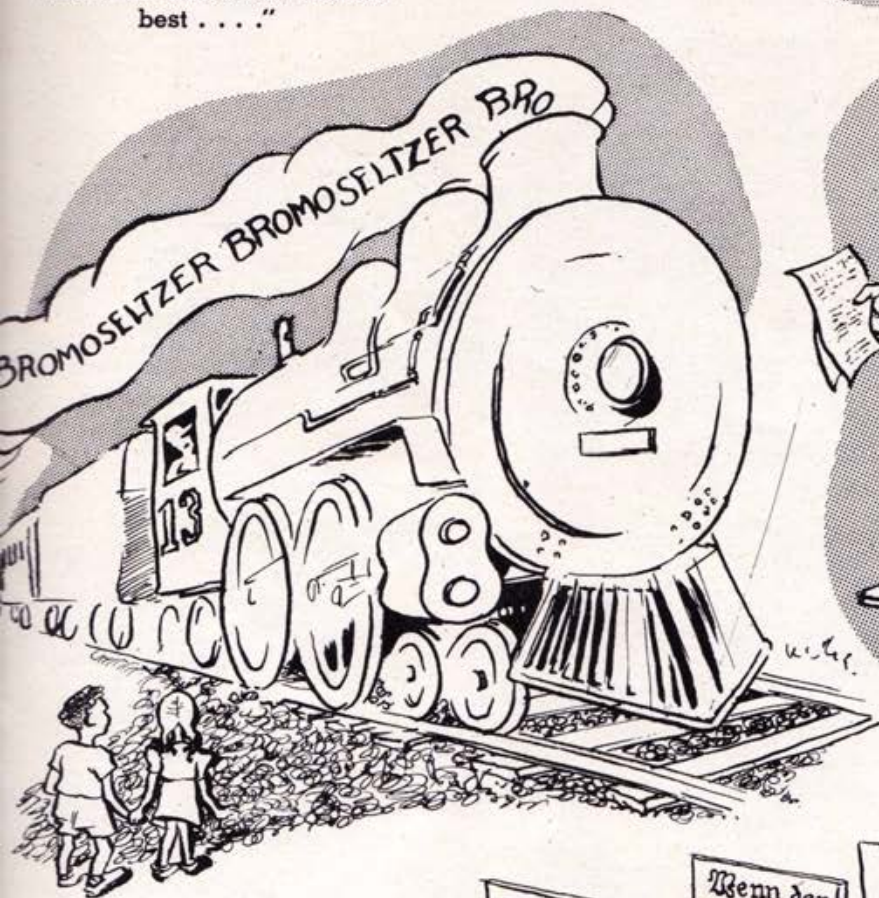
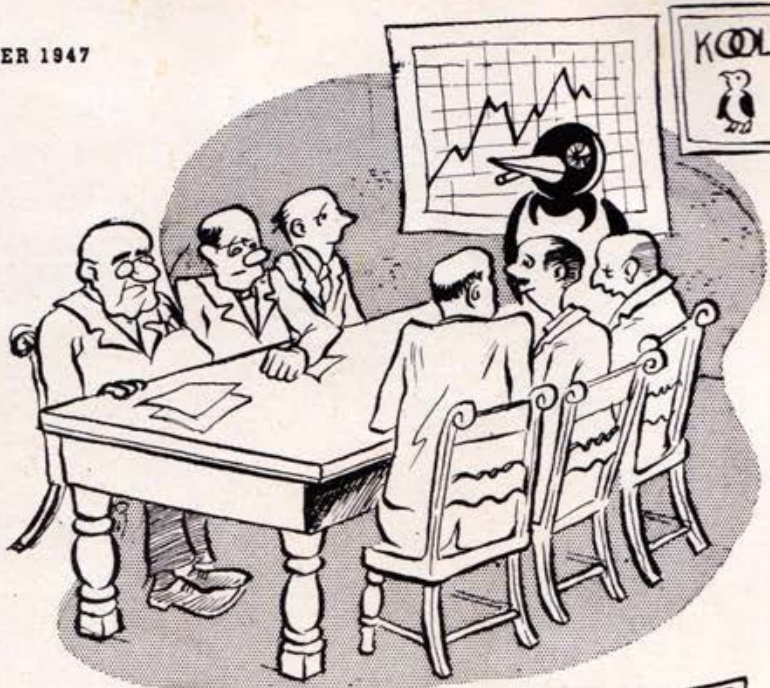
At last, as if tired of childish banter, the lovely Colanda uncoiled herself gracefully from the couch, and with a smile and a nod, headed for the great door. The redhead and the little girl in the red dress followed like dutiful daughters.

Colanda said good-night, but Cherise didn't even turn to acknowledge

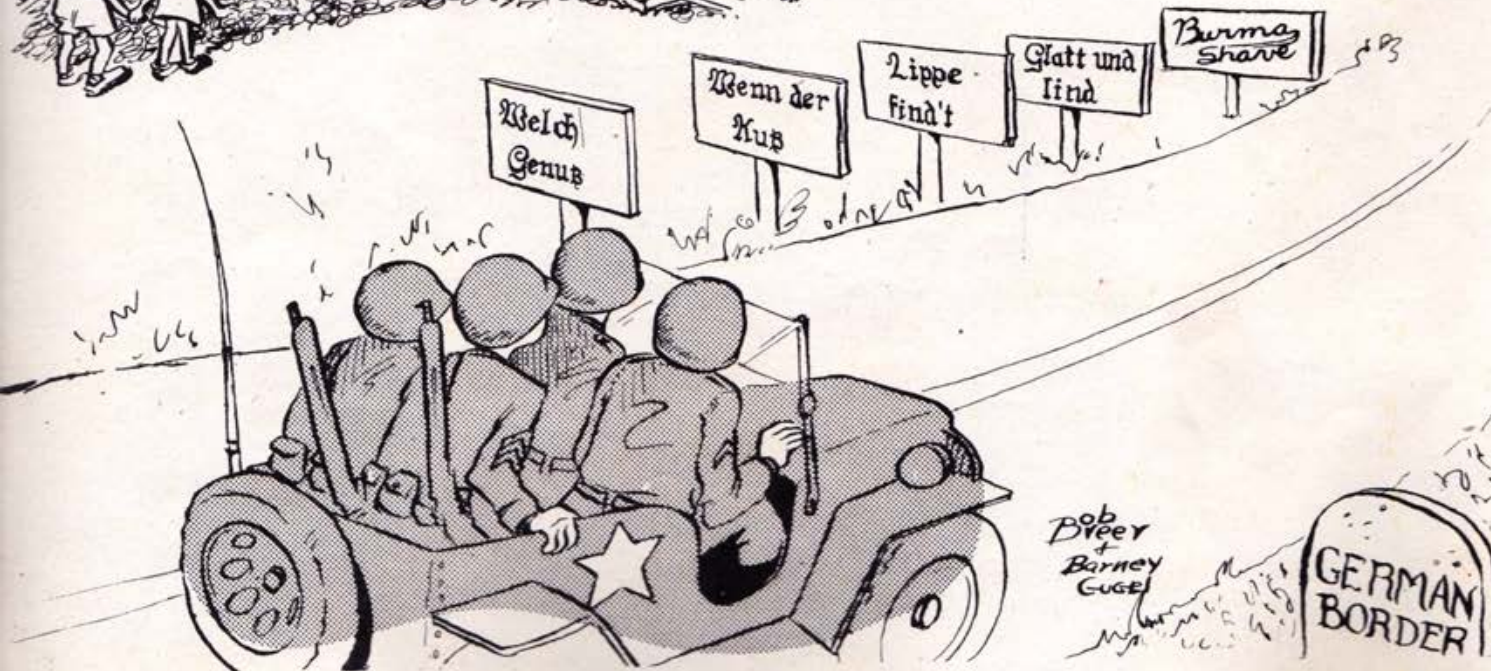
(Continued on page 29)



"With men who know tobacco best . . ."



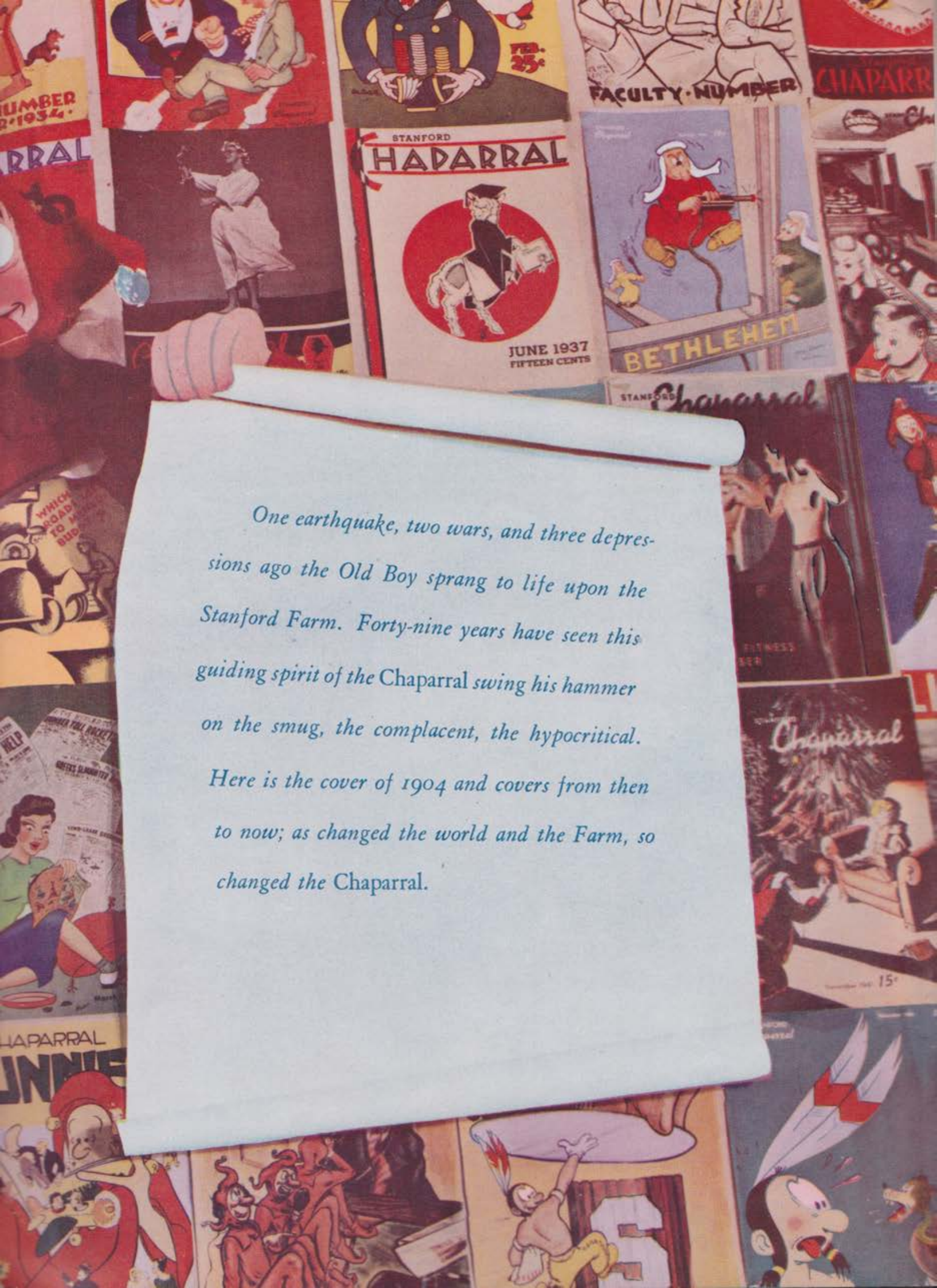
"Rinso . . ."



Bob Dyer
&
Barney Cugel

GERMAN
BORDER





One earthquake, two wars, and three depressions ago the Old Boy sprang to life upon the Stanford Farm. Forty-nine years have seen this guiding spirit of the Chaparral swing his hammer on the smug, the complacent, the hypocritical. Here is the cover of 1904 and covers from then to now; as changed the world and the Farm, so changed the Chaparral.

NOW THAT FLICK



KISS OF DEATH



This is the first time that Vic Mature doesn't stink since *20 Million Years B.C.* He is a badman who gets trun in de clink; a homicidal maniac gets into the act, and before it's over Vic's ratted on the maniac, the maniac has been acquitted and is hunting Vic down . . . well, you take it from there. Heartily recommended for everyone who ever wanted to see Victor Mature take six .45 slugs in the corporation.

DARK PASSAGE



This is another Bogart-Bacall saga, but it drops 'way down from *Big Sleep* standards. The Look wasn't nearly as sultry as she was when she wanted a match, and The Hump didn't get in nearly as much fancy tough-guy-with-gun stuff as we would have liked. (Could be they shouldn't have got married.) Anyway, it's a Bogart-Bacall with the soft pedal on the guns and gush . . . some people might like it better.

KILROY WAS HERE



The Jackies — Cooper and Coogan—were hot stuff in *Skippy* and *The Kid* but they should have let it go at peanut butter. This is the story of an ex-GI who comes back to his university. By sheer coincidence, and to make the title fit the flick, his name is Kilroy. The rest of it is just what all these pictures about ex-GI's coming back are, only worse than most.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS



J. Arthur Rank rings the gong again with this one (how can he miss?). The people we know who have read Dickens tell us that J. Arthur stuck to the Old Master's story pretty closely. The opening scene will firmly affix your girl friend to your right arm, and the rest of the picture will keep her there. And you'll never see such a collection of characters unless you come in to the CHAPPIE office!

CRY WOLF



Cry Errol Flynn! Barbara Stanwyck thinks Errol is a complete shtunk because he is keeping Barbara's husband. (Now, kiddies, you know the Johnson office better than that!) She hates him, but in the end she loves him, because she finds out that he really IS a doctor and that her husband is nuts.



SPORT OF KINGS



An old coot without brain-one bets all his homesteads on horses and stuff and, as always happens, loses his socks. In the last reel he wins everything back again—just like you knew he would. Only thing wrong with this picture is that the audience, too, doesn't get its money back, suh!

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN



The Old Boy isn't exactly an Anglophile, but this is another Limey flick that he can't pahss up. It's a rawther implausible story about an RAF flier and an Ameddican WAC; due to a celestial mix-up he doesn't die when he is killed, he and she fall in love, the Power That Is is forced to compromise and give him a chahnce to live and be happy with the girl. Quite well done, and rawly worth seeing.

EPITAPH

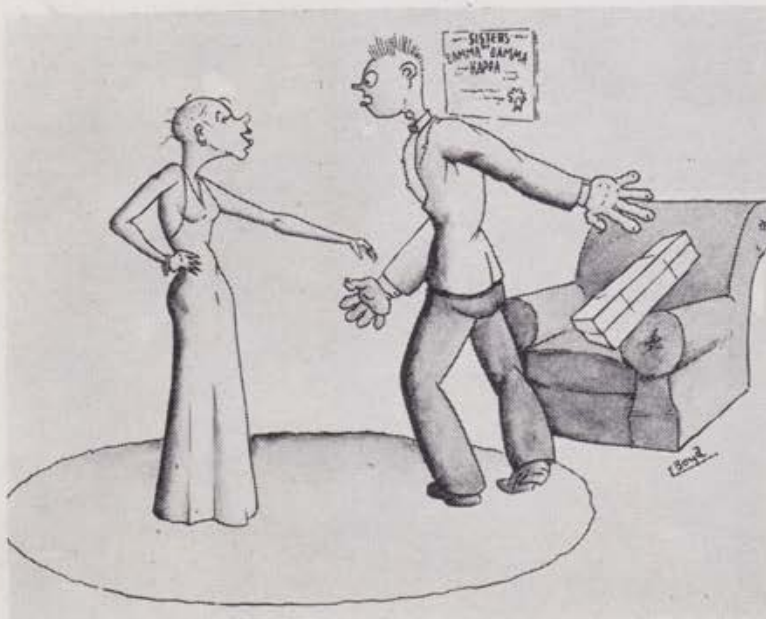
Deck her in purest white,
Virginal, fair,
Fasten a blossom wreath
'Round her bright hair.

She is so beautiful,
Think not of death;
Parted her lips are,
As to draw breath.

Gaze on that lovely form
Long as you will;
She is unheeding,
Lifeless and still.

On her cold bosom
There is a sign:
"This dress was eighty-five,
Now forty-nine."

—H.S.



"All my hair fell out, but I'm going anyway."



Written by

Ernest Jerome Hopkins and
Robert L. Duffus

I

*The Murderer Is an Idealist—He Does
His Work for Art*

Let none suppose I murder just for
fun.
Did Shakespeare write his verses
just to kid?
Did Rembrandt paint Madonnas as
he did
In the same spirit George Ade makes
a pun?
Did Cook and Peary take their little
run
Because they liked the way the
runners slid?
Did Cheops build his whopping
pyramid
Because he wanted it to sit upon?

Those men were moved by some-
thing more than sport;
They did their work for Art, and so
do I;
But their weak way would never
reach so high;
Their deeds were fruitless and their
grasp fell short.
Mine, mine it is to see how mortals
die!
The art of murder is the finer sort.



Bruce Bliven. CHAPPIE editor in 1911.
He is editorial director of the *New
Republic Magazine*.

II

He Meets a Little Juicy Child

I met one day a little juicy child,
Whereat the time was very bright
and fair.
The Fates were willing and the
heavens smiled,
And therefore did I grasp it by the
hair.
"Ah, happy child, be consecrate to
Art!"
Exclaiming which I summoned
forth the steel;
But, ah, ungrateful did that child
depart
And mocked me with the merry,
merry heel.

Ofttimes I see that infant in my
dreams
And hear its mocking accents in
my ears,
But when I strive to carve it, then
it seems
To fade away; and leaves me with my
tears.
So has this cold and callous world no
heart,
So treads it on the naked soul of
Art.

III

*"I Gave Her Prussic Acid
in the Fudge"*

I never like to poison women folks.
A woman, to be beautiful, must
wear
A quiet, well-composed, half-mod-
est air.
But women seldom see our little
jokes,
But when one comes to dying and
the strokes
Of time are getting few—she's apt
to swear
And frown at you who put the
poison there,
And talk to you unkindly when she
croaks.

'Twas just last night I killed my
fiancée.
I gave her prussic acid in the
fudge;
I never dreamed that she would
bear a grudge
But one can never tell; that's just the
way!
It spoiled my whole enjoyment of
the scene;
How could I tell that she would be
so mean?

IV

"His Liver Was a Vision of Delight"

Some men there are, ignoble lumps
of clay,
Who are content with lifeless husks
of things,
But I would carve the outer shell
away
And gaze on Nature's inner
fashionings.
I knew a man, by nature hardly used,
Resembling a potato with the
blight,
Yet inwardly with beauty all
suffused.
His liver was a vision of delight.

And gazing at it lying there I shed
A quart or more of tender, gushing
tears,
To think that this exquisite beauty
had
Been hidden from his fellows all
these years.
The surface lies; it is in depths pro-
found
That we must seek what makes the
wheels go 'round.



**Bobby's idea of Mme Tetrassini—"a
coloratura soprano."**

AND

SIR GOWAINE The ATHLETIC OGRE

BY NORTHCUTT ELY '24

To continue, O Knights. As I was riding along I must needs stop and inspect the shoes of my horse. Finding that they were badly in need of half-soleing, I dismounted, and 'twas while searching for a cobbler that this remarkable adventure befell me.

I walked till my corns hurt, and then, much fatigued, removed my helmet. Some oaf had filled it with bricks at the last stopping place. I was laughing right heartily at how I should singe off his ears on my return, when I chanced to see the strangest sight that ever greeted mortal eyeball.

'Twas an Ogre—not of the sort that dwells inside mince pies, but a real one. As I watched he was jumping up and down ceaselessly, and I stopped him and asked what he did.

He turned to face me, and I blanched with horror. Such a face! He had a long nose, curiously knotted at the end, and shiny, beady eyes that glowed. One was green and one red, albeit I remember not which was port and which starboard. His dental work was not pretty, and he was of a tremendous height, wearing glasses that he might tie his shoes.

"Sir Knight," said he in a deep baritone, "I am taking my setting-up exercises."

"Sir Ogre, I can beat thee at it!" I answered him. "I am a member of the All-Round-Table Gymnasium Team."

The Ogre spat a small quantity of green fire. "Make ready, and we shall compete," he said; "if I win, I take your armor—"

"And if I win, O Ogre, I get thy collarbone to give the Queen for a paperweight," I replied.

So we started the competition of the setting-up exercises. But I was at a disadvantage, for my armor needed oiling and after some hours the joints began to stick. At the end of five hours and forty-seven minutes I was near dropping. I was nervous, fearing the Ogre would get my armor, for I saw no barrels about. But I had a bright idea.

"Sir Ogre," I said, "I know an exercise at which I can beat thee. Canst thou touch thy toes without bending of the knee-bones?"

"Aye," he said, "make ready to hand over your armor, barrel or no barrel. What is your laundry-mark?"

So we did the stooping-over exercise. Presently he said, "Knight, I have beaten thee! Unjoint!"

But I laughed. "Ogre," I said, "thou hast failed to use the berry. Did I not say that this was to be an exercise of stooping and touching the toes? Look at your pedal extremities. Ye cannot touch your toes because they are not toes, but hoofs! Thou'rt disqualified!"

Whereupon the Ogre surrendered his collarbone, much discomfited, and I carved another notch on my sword.



DRAWBRIDGE

(Continued from page 22)

her. Even before the great door had thudded closed the Tri Kaps called a special house meeting.

"Perfect!" was Colanda's modest opinion of Cherise. "She wouldn't even speak to us, such sophistication, such poise . . ."

"She doesn't even speak to her professors," a sister added between puffs on an ivory cigarette holder. "And she's loaded with bucks, I've heard."

"Her sweaters are even tighter than yours, Colanda."

"I could certainly do things with that hair of hers," a toothy brunette commented. "Let's pledge her."

And Cherise was pledged. She answered the bid with a lovely note. It was a wonderful note in purple ink, and after that the Tri Kaps were even prouder of their catch. So obvious a snob was dear to their hearts, and Colanda felt sure Cherise would go a long way in Tri Kappa Theta.

Within a week she was initiated.

The lights were low in the chapter room. The sisters stood in a semi-circle, silent, engrossed, as they watched Cherise kneel before the altar. In Greek, Colanda chanted the secrets of the sorority, and at the end of each question, Cherise kissed the diamond-studded girdle. At last Colanda returned the studded girdle, sacred symbol of Tri Kappa Theta sisterhood, into the chest lined with purple silk. The ceremony was over.

Colanda stretched forth her hand. "Congratulations, Cherise. You're now our sister." And she waited for a reply. All the girls hesitated, then listened intently. This was the big occasion. Cherise was going to speak.

But Cherise only smiled and raised her hands in beautiful fluttering movements, and cocked a thoughtfully plucked eyebrow.

"Come now, dear," Colanda pleaded, "we're your sisters now. You can speak to us."

But Cherise could only flutter her hands becomingly. And if Colanda could have read the language of the dumb, she would have understood how happy Cherise really was to be a Tri Kappa Theta.

—Trieschmann



Stanford is a place where women are chaste and men are captured.

—Storm



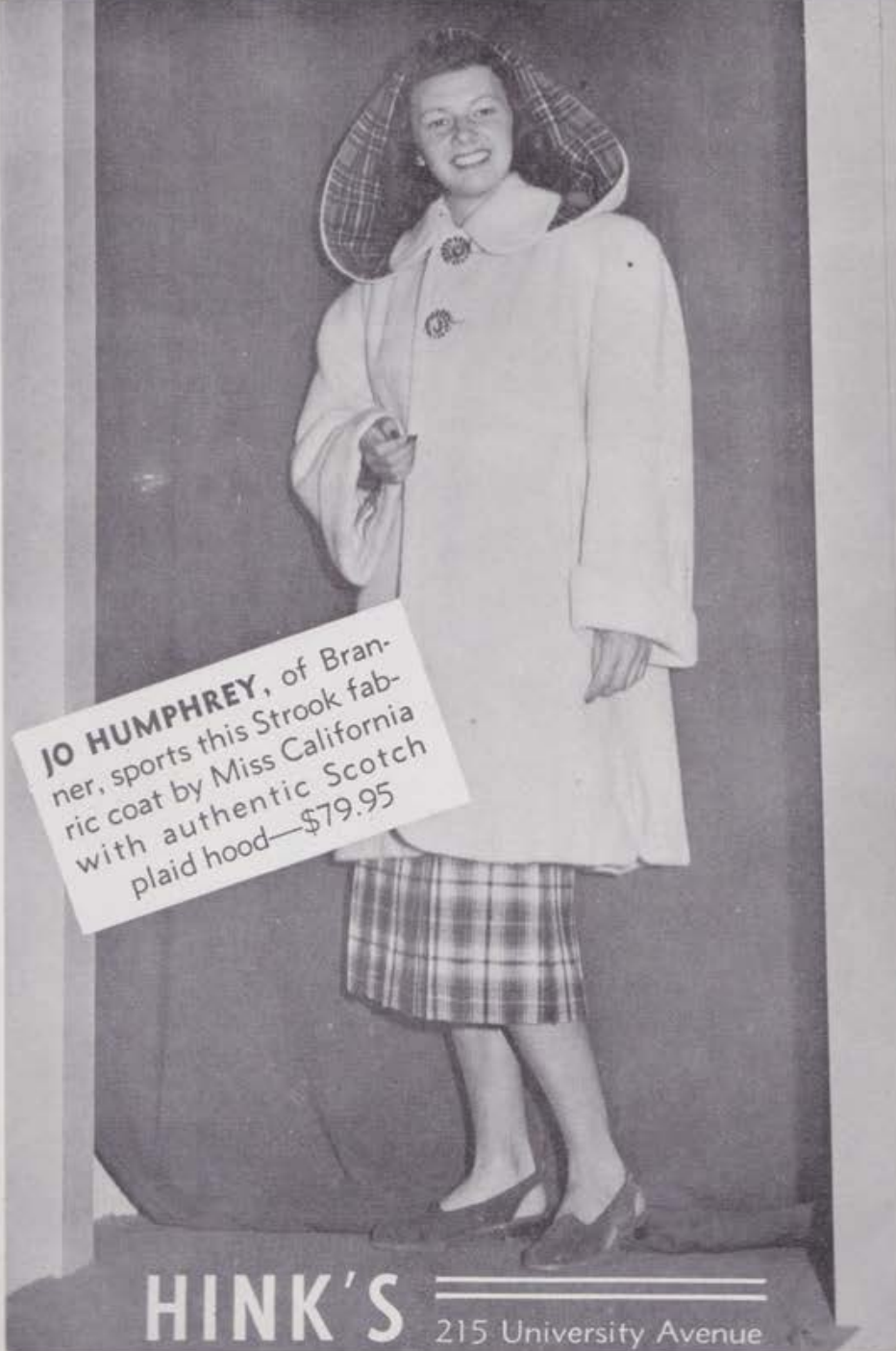
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HINK'S

215 University Avenue

Photo by Ray Elsmore

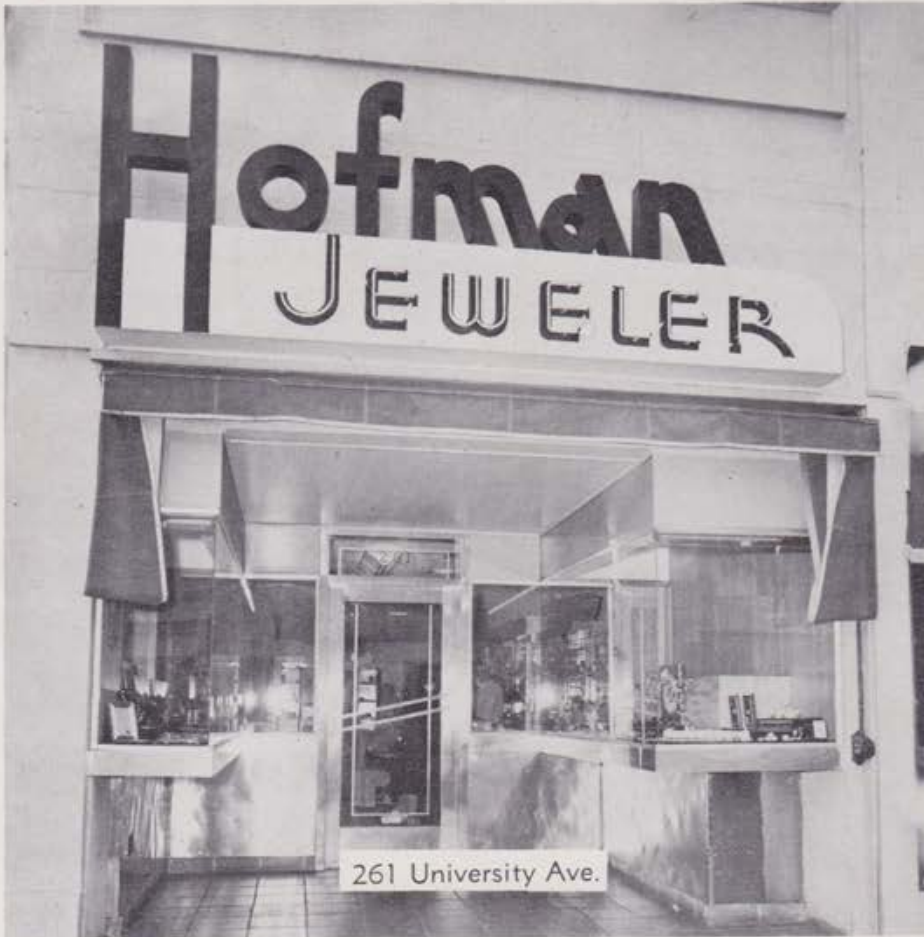


Photo by Ray Elsmore

A man who took a great pride in his lawn found to his dismay last fall a heavy crop of dandelions. He did his best to uproot and destroy them, but all his efforts were unsuccessful, so he decided to write to the Federal Department of Agriculture to ask for some advice.

In his letters he described his woes at great length, told all about the things that he had tried and done to destroy the pesky dandelions, and ended by asking: "What do I do now?"

In due time came this reply: "We suggest you learn to love them."

—Froth



"Dearest—your eyes, your eyes—are just like—"

"Yes, sweetheart—tell me—tell me everything—"

"Each other."

—Sun Dial



"If anyone knows any reason why this man should not marry this lady, let him now speak, or forever hold his peace."

Voice from the rear: "That's no lady, that's my wife."

—Pup

Peninsula's
**FAMOUS
Milkshake**

Presents
NANCY NAYLOR Storey
A Stanford Favorite

**PENINSULA
CREAMERY**

Hamilton at Emerson

Tel. 3176



Photographed by Hans Roth

It was the first date.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Let's go down and sip a few."

"I'd rather not, I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go out on the Heights for awhile."

"No, please don't. I never neck. But I would like to go out and do something exciting, something new."

"O.K., let's go to the dairy building and just milk hell out of a couple of cows."
—Pell Mell



She—I'll be back in two shakes, dear.

He—All right, lamb.

—Pell Mell



Girls who still think that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach had better take a compass along.

—Yellow Jacket



Soph—Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date.

Frosh—Yeah, and then suppose you don't get it?

—Sundial



Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the dining room to be exhibited before the dinner guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowned up," said little Lucy.

—Blue Bucket



"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobacco."

—Drexer



"I've got a bow tie that lights up."



— SET TO MUSIC —

Nights made for dancing . . . gowns made to sway . . . gowns so lovely, they should be set to music. Consider the toe touching formal with a skirt that's a symphony of gathers, with shoulders bare or completely covered. Or the graceful formality of the ballet-length gown . . . very new and so very young.

Sensibly priced 22.95 to 59.95

young colony

271 UNIVERSITY AVENUE PALO ALTO

STANFORD BOWL

BREAKFAST
LUNCH
DINNER

233 University



Photo by Bob Symons

Friendly Sports in brown
or red—\$6.95

281 University Ave.
Palo Alto

ZWIERLEIN'S

Photo by Ray Elsmore

The young bride approached the druggist timidly.

"That baby tonic you advertise," she began, "does it really build bigger and stronger babies?"

"We sell a lot of it," said the druggist, "and we've had no complaints."

"Then I'll take a bottle," said the bride. "And do I have to take it—or does my husband?"

—Showme



Wife—Did you object to the way I danced on the table?

Hubby—Yeah. How did you expect me to sleep with all that racket going on over my head.

—Pelican



"It spreads thirteen different diseases and sounds just like an All-Clear signal."



I know a girl who's so ugly that if she played Lady Godiva the horse would steal the scene.

—Rammer-Jammer



Then there was the absent-minded musician who blew his nose and wiped his piccolo.

—Exchange



Carolyn Kelsey
Beauty Salon

For Appointment
Dial 8460

Hairstyling

Ivan
and
George

Use Your
Charge
Account



(CLOSED MONDAYS)



"To Hell with '51."

Sonny—Pop, what's an optimist?
Father—An optimist is a man who
thinks his wife has quit smoking cigar-
rettes when he finds cigar stubs in
the house.

—Froth



"What would you do if I kissed
you?"

"I'd yell."

Silence. A kiss. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

—Witt

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Printing for Stanford

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Dodge-Plymouth Dealer

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**BENDIX DOES YOUR
 WASH IN 30
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THE LAUNDERETTE
 (Self-service)

Open Evenings (except Saturday)
 30c a Machine Load (inc. soap)
 20 Bendix Machines to Serve You

120 Hamilton P.A. 27144



NANCY LAGOMARSINO
 Union

in the new box jacket in
 forest green, red, navy,
 brown, and black—\$22.95
 and plaid skirt—red and
 green—or red and navy—
 \$9.95

Lundin-McBride
 150 University Ave.

Photo by Ray Elsmore

WINDS OF FREEDOM A Ballad of Bondage

By Dick Amyx

1

We meekly do the things they say,
 We do them all and do not squeal,
 And for the bullying we pay
 Our precious cash almost with zeal.
 Yet through it all we must conceal
 Whatever hopeless thought or deed
 We cherish that might help us feel
 "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht," in-
 deed.

2

We bow our heads, as if to pray,
 (With wrath that makes our blood
 congeal),
 Although a thousand times a day,
 We know the weight of their harsh
 heel;
 What profit now for us to kneel,
 To sob or pray or curse or plead?
 And do they call our freedom real?
 "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht," in-
 deed.

3

"Yea, Lord, we hear Thee, we obey":
 Ah, me, to borrow, beg, or steal,
 To buy a cell, and throw away
 Our manhood for a scurvy deal.
 And while we hear their stern repeal
 Of all that we so badly need,
 Von Hutten's boast adorns our seal:
 "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht"—in-
 deed.

L'ENVOI

Prince Prexy, where so sweetly peal
 The chimes, and where the lamb-
 kins feed,
 Do you suppose we'll ever feel
 "Die Luft der Freiheit Weht," in-
 deed?



Barney McClure. Editor of '41-42
 CHAPARRAL. His present occupation
 is junior executive for the Conner Co.,
 an advertising agency.

FABLES

(Continued from page 18)

The professor stared fascinated at the little brown streams trickling down the glass. A horrible moment of silence, and then he roared:

"What the hell! Class dismissed goddammit!"

Bitter Fruit

The art class had to draw labels supposedly to go on cans containing fourth grade fruit. Most of the class drew a nice ordinary label, lettering on it somewhere the required warning: "Below U.S. Government Standards but Still Fit to Eat"; but one genius drew his label like this:



However, since we are vegetarian, it really doesn't matter. It really doesn't matter at all.

Put Out No End

Last year the campus was honored by the presence of one of the University of Melbourne's most brilliant and popular students, who came to debate the local talent. In his honor, a trip was arranged to visit Mr. Hoover at his San Juan sanctuary. When the group arrived, the ex-President greeted them cordially and the conversation drifted of course to national politics. Now the Australian was very unfamiliar with the technicalities of American government, although he had heard it was an outgrowth of the British Parliament-Cabinet system. So wishing to speak a few words with the great man who sat before him, an honor to tell his grandchildren about, he spake thus: "I'm very sorry to heah of youah defeat in the lawst election, Mr. Hoover. Tell me, did you keep youah seat?"



Photo by Ray Elsmore



the clothes closet 520 Ramona—Palo Alto

JANE BUSH, Manzanita, wears the nationally advertised plaid taffeta formal by Domb of San Francisco.

Photo by Ray Elsmore



ANYTHING PHOTOGRAPHIC

Webbs

PHOTO SUPPLY STORE

479 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
PALO ALTO



**DILLIS JONES
Storey**

shows off
the tailored
classic with new
torso lines—
\$39.95

PHELPS-TERKEL
215 University Avenue

Photo by Ray Elsmore

I SAW ROBLE

I saw the towers of Roble
As I was passing by,
The ivy towers of Roble
Against a midnight sky;

I saw the happy lovers
Beneath the moon, and I
Being sad and lonely,
Fetched a poet's sigh.

Framed against the starlight,
I saw this scene so sweet:
A youth draws his love to him,
Their lips almost meet,

When the lady speaking softly,
Cuts short his vows eternal—
"My interest in you, sir,
Is purely maternal."

A maiden in the shadows
Was cooing to a lad,
"The boy I dated last night
Drives a 'forty Cad."

A girl within the doorway
Was telling her young man,
"I know you must pass the test;
I'll help you all I can!

"Now go home and study
All this week while I,
Lonesome, dear, without you,
Find some other guy."

Somewhere beneath the starlight
A lovely voice was heard,
"What! You want to kiss me?
How utterly absurd!

"I just don't understand it,
Particularly you!
You were such a nice boy,
On Independent, too!"

I turned my back upon the scene,
It made me rather tired.
Said I, "This college romance
Leaves much to be desired."

I saw the towers of Roble
But I passed right along;
Alone, but scarcely lonely,
I sang a little song.

—Wiggins



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



Prescriptions? Certainly, just 'phone us and time us! And when you're thinking of toiletries —look for the "SIGN OF THE CROW."

Dorothy Gray
Seventeen
Tabu

Cody
Yardley
Shelton's

The **CROW** Pharmacy

Walter Packard, '29, Proprietor
330 University Avenue Dial 4169

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magnificence
for modern tables*

TOWLE's King Richard



— weighty solid silver crafted with the courtly elegance that flourished long ago.

If you love the dignity of damask and candelabra, King Richard is your pattern... a pattern of lavish beauty to pass on to your children and their children.

A six-piece place setting costs \$33, including Federal Tax.

J. JAY BAKER
JEWELER

374 University Avenue
PALO ALTO 4541

The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man on his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," replied the stranger. "Why don't you chew gum?"

—Columns

A young girl went to a doctor's office and he gave her a thorough examination.

Doctor—What is your husband's name?

Girl—I don't have a husband.

Doctor—What is your boy friend's name?

Girl—I don't have a boy friend.

The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The young girl asked why he did it and he said, "Last time this happened a star rose in the east, and I don't want to miss it."

—Topper



Marco Thorne. Edited the magazine in '39-40. Still interested in serious literature, he is now assistant librarian at the Washoe County Library.

23 - SKIDOO!!



When Dad wowed 'em with this, the steaks were served THICK. They still are at the BLUE OX. Ask any old-timer!!

THE GREATEST DINING-OUT VALUE ON THE PENINSULA

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Complete de luxe dinners from \$1.50.

THE BLUE OX

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4 miles south of Stanford on El Camino Real

Phone: Mountain View 6825
OPEN EVERY DAY

TOO SOLID FLESH

Obesity was quite unknown
To heroines historic,
But that's because they never ate
This Roble meal caloric.

The dietitians guard our health
With menus carbohydrate,
But if I taste the starchy stuff,
Alas, no more would I date.

We need the nourishment to stand
Our freshman dissipation—
Or so they say—and thereupon
Hand out such flattering ration.

I really wouldn't worry so
About becoming fatter
If I could just convince the men
That figures didn't matter!
—Jean Rouverol

He—Shall we sit in the parlor?
She—No, I'm too tired, let's got out
and play tennis. —Ranger

•
"Pardon me, Mrs. Astor, but that
would never have happened if you
hadn't stepped between me and that
spittoon."
—Exchange



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formals
for
evening

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538 RAMONA STREET
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PHONE PALO ALTO 4641

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Stores which advertise in the *Chaparral* are hanging out a special "Welcome" sign for Stanford students. They are particularly conscious of Stanford, and their merchandise has been selected to meet your needs. Shopping here is easier.

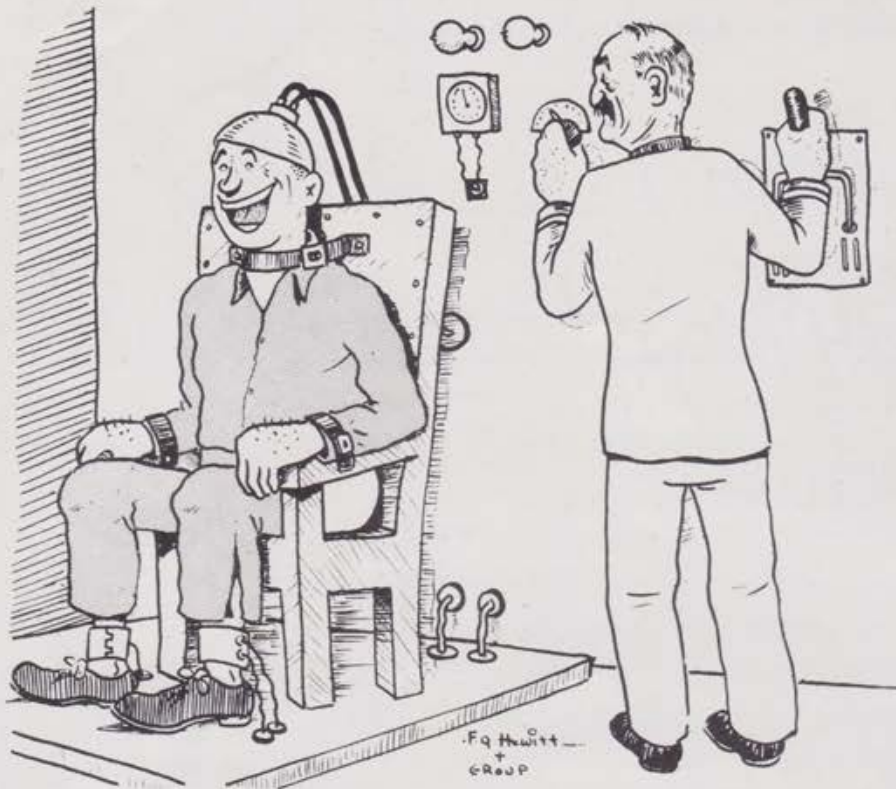
2. Safety in buying.

We don't have any Good Housekeeping Institute, but we do refuse advertising from the poorer stores. The Directory includes the stores where you may buy in safety.

3. It's convenient.

A glance in the *Chappie's Directory* will give you a list of the best stores, grouped by product and type. You can find exactly what they have by turning from the Directory to the ad. It has more information than any classified section.

**SAVE THAT DIRECTORY
IT'S ON THE LAST PAGE, AND IT'LL SAVE YOU
WHEN YOU'RE SHOPPING**



"Jeez! Am I gonna get fried!"

"You simply have to hand it to Alfred."
 "Why?"
 "Oh, he's so shy and backward."
 —Exchange

"It has been proved that opposites attract."
 "Can you give me an example?"
 "Sure, loose women and tight men."
 —Voo Doo

I fear my parents would make Wry fasis
 If they knew I frequented Belt's Oasis.
 —Chaparral

You kissed and told—
 But that's all right,
 The guy you told
 Called up last night.
 —Record

Judge—What do you do for a living?
 Victim—I'm a panhandler. I'm night orderly in a hospital.
 —Exchange

The Chukker Knows the Score!

LUNCH
 DINNER

SPECIAL FACILITIES
 FOR BANQUETS

OPEN NOON
 'TIL MIDNIGHT

CLOSED
 MONDAYS



NEW CHUKKER FEATURES—Saturday football luncheon special ... starts 11:30 a.m. ... plenty of time for the game. For those who prefer to listen in, broadcasts of the games may be heard from the Chukker Lounge.



SAN MATEO 5-2326
 20th AVE. at EL CAMINO
 DUANE GOWLAND • GENERAL MANAGER

She—When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks, and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any husband ask than that?

He—Nothing, honey, unless he's evil-minded.

—Shipmate



"Little girl, who put all those tattoo marks on you?"

"My father did."

"Oh, I see. Illustrated by the author."

—Widow



Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

—Ranger



"Do you read Poe?"

"No, I read rather well."

—Octopus



Kadiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," said he.

—Octopus



Silas Clam
Lies on the floor,
He tried to slam
A swinging door

—Urchin



Kiss.
Interval.

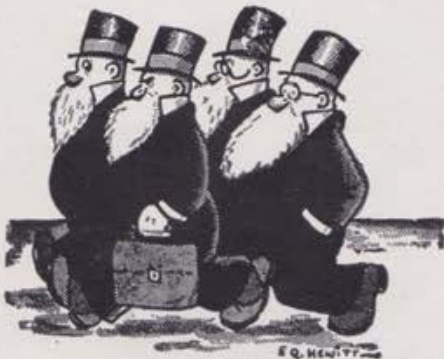
She—I'll bet you're a bugler in the R.O.T.C.

—Exchange



And there was the tugboat that committed suicide when it found out that its mother was a tramp and its father a ferry.

—Exchange



"And then my bubble gum broke."

John Brooke Inc.
Distinctive Apparel for Men
Redwood City
California

SOUTHGATE MOTORS
ART YOUNG'S
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GENERAL REPAIRING TUNE-UPS
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Drive her in style with

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1946 Models

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744 High St.

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Open Weekdays
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Open Saturdays till
2 a.m.

Closed Mondays



GOOD FOOD

Breakfast

Lunch

Dinner

CALL 2-3619
for delivery service

"That girl is a lady, I'll have you know!"

"How do you know she's a lady?"

"Look at the sign on the door she just went in!"

—Octopus

"Waitress, what's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know, I only laid the table."

—Bored Walk

I wonder why women don't grow mustaches?

Didja ever see grass grow on a race track?

—Exchange

Dean—Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.

—Showme

The ideal time to have a date is in the "oui" small hours.

—Lyre

Nick—Where d'ya get the black eye?

Nack—In the war.

Nick—What war?

Nack—The boudoir.

—Tiger

Another fellow who lives off the fat of the land is the girdle manufacturer.

—Awwgan

"What! Are you going to call on my niece in a business suit?"

"Well, I mean business."

—Exchange

A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

—Puppet

"Your mouth is certainly pretty."
"Yes, I'll put it up against anybody's anytime."

—Purple Cow

Student (in car, to sweet young thing)—Pardon me—er—but—

Sweet Young Thing—No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Aranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way, and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student (in car)—Yes, darn it; you're losing your underwear!
—Exchange



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



A young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service.

He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped: "The Little Mother's League will hold their meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."

—Blue Bucket



Marriage is a mutual partnership with the husband as the mute.
—Red Cat



An ingenious young fellow named Drew
Crossed a stork with a femme kangaroo—
One in beak, one in pocket,
This maternity rocket
Cuts the tot transportation in two.



The Gas Company in a college town inserted the following ad in the local paper:

"Wanted: Burly, beauty-proof man to read gas meters in the sorority houses. We haven't made a dollar in two years."

—Exchange



"Ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"
"Yes, but it was only quiet while I was kissing it."

—Pointer

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Mirrors
Table Tops

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Glass of All Kinds

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Phone 22813

LINE'S BUSY

Co-eds go for many lines.
It's hard to classify 'em.
Mocking, tender, hot or cold—
You just can't satisfy 'em.

Men are much the simpler breed.
You'll find (upon insistence)
That what they go for every time's
The line of least resistance.



"You seem to cough much easier
this morning," the physician re-
marked to his patient.

Weak Patient: "It isn't any wonder,
I've been practicing all night."

—Exchange



Conceited Cuss—What makes you
want to dance cheek-to-cheek with
me? My sex appeal?

Dance Partner—No, your breath.

—Plebe Log



Her (at prom)—Wait right here for
me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later)—Been wait-
ing long?

Him—No, but I've been looking all
over for you to give you your com-
pact.

—Sundial



A little boy swallowed a bullet. His
mother became worried and went to
the drug store to inquire about what
she could do to remedy the matter.

The clerk gave her a bottle of castor
oil and told her to give him three
tablespoons of the awful stuff and to
make certain not to point him at any-
one.

—Lampoon



Some girls are like bath tubs, they
acquire one ring after another.

—Bored Walk



"I didn't have a Chinaman's chance
with that number."

"Why not? What kind of a girl was
she?"

"Chinese."

—Jester



Another thing we've often won-
dered about—where do the footprints
of time come from when everyone
knows that time flies?

—Panther

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STANFORD'S favorite
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ROAST BEEF, STEAK AND
CHICKEN DINNERS

'Till 12:00 midnight

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Dealer with a Happy Clientele

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Corner of Homer
Phone 2-2158

PHONE FOR PICK-UP

"Oh, Mrs. Flatbottom, I have never seen a child as badly spoiled as that son of yours."

"Why, Mrs. Murphy, I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes he is too, just come out and look what the fire engine done to him."

—Odorono



"I'd hate to live near the railroad tracks."

"Yeah, darn tootin'."

—Jargon



Woman (telephoning to desk clerk)
—There's a rat in my room.

Hotel Clerk—Make him come down and register.

—Banter



Did you hear about the girl who went to a fancy ball in a suit of armor?
No, what happened to her?
Nothing.

—Pelican



A society matron had hired a private detective to shadow her husband and when the dick presented the bill, she gasped in astonishment: "Why, you've charged me just half the amount we agreed upon. How come?"

"Well, you see," answered the detective, "the dame I caught him with was my wife."

—Turn-Out



"Oh doctor, I've swallowed a prune seed."

"I'll look it up in the appendix."

—Truss Buster

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

Send contributions to *Life-Saver Gag Contest Editor*
Box 3013

This month's winner was submitted by Burton Wilner, General Delivery, Stanford.

Inquisitive: What does Stanford have in common with a frightened ostrich?

Observative: Both have their heads underground.

ALL THIS— and DANCING, TOO!

Here's a mighty smooth place to spend an evening out; and it'll fit a campus budget. It's hard to beat Rolfo's Redwood Lodge which features the beautiful starlite garden. This gorgeous dance floor opens on to a flagstone patio with a grass-surrounded water fountain.

Yep, all this and dancing, too.

Dinner as low as \$2.00. Dancing from 8:30 to 1:00 every night except Wednesday. Yep, and no cover charge.

Redwood Lodge is on El Camino Real You can't miss it—and you really shouldn't!

REDWOOD LODGE

Just 2 miles south of the campus
on El Camino Real
Phone P.A. 9191

Are you EVOORG EHT NI*



You might be—if you love onions *and* men too! They just don't go together, Honey! Unless, that is, you keep your breath sweet with yummy Life Savers. Then, you're *in the groove* right. You can go on loving onions, men, and of course you'll love Life Savers, too.

* "In the groove" backwards

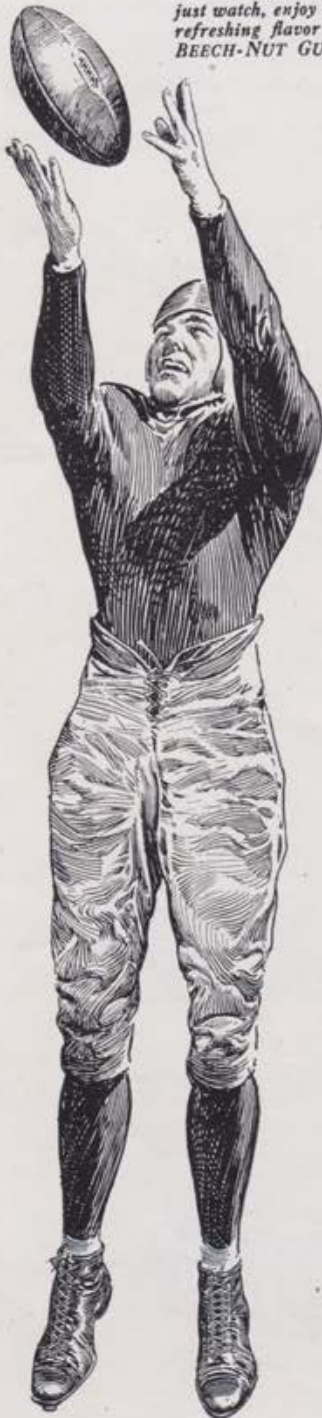


5¢



Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it
Beech-Nut Gum

Those who take active part in sport, as well as those who just watch, enjoy the refreshing flavor of BEECH-NUT GUM.



THE REFEREE

According to the Rival Rooters

He is decidedly prejudiced and open-minded, one who is paid to throw the game and whose integrity is beyond question. He is deaf, dumb, and blind and his penalties are carefully and sagely observed. He is an ignorant moron and an experienced student of the game whose decisions are inexcusable and are based on the policy of fair play. He is a robber and a worthy official who ought to be shot and congratulated.

—N.C.



There was a young girl from Peru,
 Who decided her loves were too few,
 So she walked from her door,
 With a fig-leaf, no more;
 And now she's in bed with the flu.

—Awwgan



"How do you know the defendant was drunk, officer?"

"I saw him put a penny in the patrol box, and then he took out his watch and roared: 'I've lost 15 pounds.'"

—Pointer



When an Englishman is told a joke, he laughs three times: first, to be polite, second, when the joke is explained, and third, when he catches on.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice: first, to be polite, and second, when the joke is explained. He doesn't catch on.

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once: he catches on immediately.

When an American is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all: he's heard it before.

... Oh, well, you're an American, aren't you?

—Pelican



Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

—Froth



He (as his wife is packing)—I really don't think you ought to wear that bathing suit, Helen.

She—But, dear, I have to. You know how strict they are at the beaches.

—Turn-Out

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN —

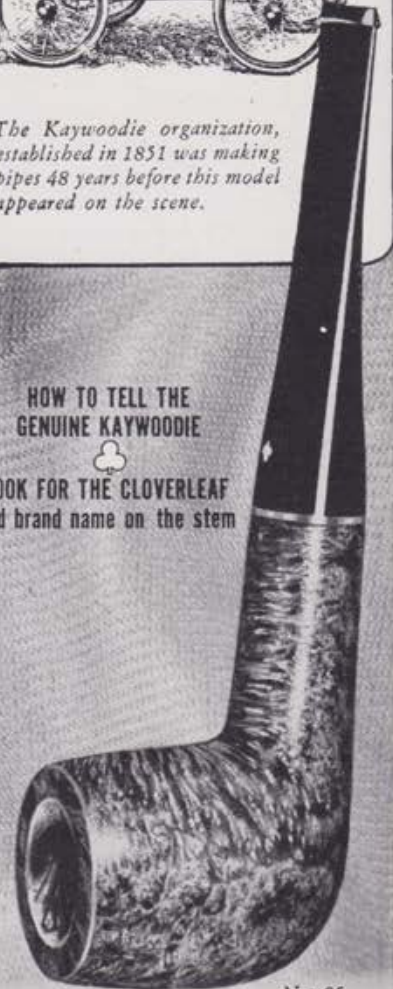
1899



The Kaywoodie organization, established in 1851 was making pipes 48 years before this model appeared on the scene.

HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF and brand name on the stem

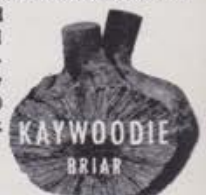


No. 85
 Billiard Shape
 \$3.50

KAYWOODIE

backed by the record of 96 years

For smoking pleasure, comfort, style, balance and long performance, a KAYWOODIE Pipe warrants first-place consideration. KAYWOODIES are the world's best smoking pipes, because of modern precision, and never-ending attention to things a smoker needs. KAYWOODIES smoke cool and mild, with unequalled satisfaction. At dealers'. Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. KAYWOODIE Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Leaflet on request.



DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE \$3.50
 SUPER-GRAIN \$5, RELIEF-GRAIN \$7.50, FLAME-GRAIN \$10,
 SILHOUETTE \$10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED \$12.50
 CONNOISSEUR \$15, NINETY-FIVER \$20, CENTENNIAL \$25.

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Captain—Now suppose you are on duty one dark night. Suddenly a person appears from behind and wraps two arms around you so that you can't use your rifle. What would you say?

Cadet—Let go, honey.
—Humorist

After being admitted to the bar, it takes some practice to get home.

—Epitome

The waiter laughed when I spoke to him in French. No wonder, it was my old French prof.

—Columns

Host—There are my Grandma's ashes over there.

Guest—Oh, so the poor soul has passed on?

Host—No, she's just too lazy to look for the ash tray.

—Log

OF COURSE!

"You'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo when it comes to eating."

"Why?"

"How else could she eat?"

—Exchange

Usher—How far down to you wish to sit, lady?

Lady—All the way, of course.

—Pointer

Your shaking pencil writes and having writ

Stops dead; nor all your hopes nor brilliant wit

Can answer more than half of what is asked,

Nor all your bulling make a D of it.

—Record

Student (in bookstore)—How much is this paper?

Clerk—Seventy-five cents a ream.

Student—It sure is!

—Kitty Kat

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle. "O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby: "The hell you could, you haven't any teeth."

—Froth

"She's like a beautiful photograph in that bathing suit of hers."

"Yeah—underdeveloped and over-exposed."

—Widow

He—Well, Babe, you lost your bet, and now I want the forfeit.

She—I don't know what you mean—and besides someone might see us.

—Log

Saint Peter—How did you get up here?

Latest Arrival—Flu!

—Jester

My girl has small knees. Small knees are wee-knees. A weenie is a hot dog. You ought to see my girl.

—Medley

She—You remind me of the ocean.

He—Wild, romantic, restless, eh?

She—No, you just make me sick.

—Siren



EASY MONEY DEPARTMENT



Sing a song of sixpence, pockets full of dough. Here's the way you'll get it from Pepsi-Cola Co. Make us laugh . . . if you can. We'll pay you \$1, \$2, \$3 . . . as much as \$15 for stuff we accept—and print. Think of it. You can retire. (As early as 9 P. M. if you like.) You don't have to mention Pepsi-Cola but that always

makes us smile. So send in your jokes, gags and no bottle tops to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y. The very next day you may receive a de-luxe radio-phonograph combination and a nine-room prefabricated house. It won't be from us. We'll just send you money if we feel like it. Easy Money, too.

Little Moron Corner

Mohair Moron, the upholsterer's son, was found huddled up and shivering in his refrigerator one day. He explained by saying, "I was th-thirsty for a P-pepsi-C-cola and was t-told it should be d-drunk when cold. Now I can drink it. I'm e-c-cold!"

You don't have to be a moron to write these . . . but it helps. \$2 for each accepted we'll pay you, and not a penny more.

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year we're going to review all the stuff we buy, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra

\$100.00

—HE-SHE GAGS—

If you're a "he" or a "she" (as we suspect) writing HE-SHE jokes should be a cinch for you. If you're not a "he" or a "she" don't bother. Anyway, if you're crazy enough to give us gags like these, we might be crazy enough to pay you a few bucks for them.

* * *

He: Give me a kiss and I'll buy you a Pepsi-Cola . . . or something.

She: Correction. Either you'll buy me a Pepsi . . . or nothing!

* * *

He: When a man leans forward eagerly, lips parted, thirsting for loveliness, don't you know what to do?

She: Sure, give him a Pepsi-Cola.

* * *

He ghost: I'm thirsty. Let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola plant.

She ghost: That's the spirit!

* * *

\$3.00 (three bucks) we pay for stuff like this, if printed. We are not ashamed of ourselves, either!

GET FUNNY... WIN MONEY... WRITE A TITLE



“ ”

This is easier than taking candy away from a baby. And less squawking. Maybe you don't want to be rich, but just force yourself. You'll like it. And, if we like the title you write for this cartoon we'll force ourself to give you \$5. Or if you send us your own cartoon idea we'll up it to \$10. For a cartoon that you draw yourself, we'll float a loan and send you \$15 if we print it. Could you expect any more? Yes, you could expect.

CUTE SAYINGS of KIDDIES

(age 16 to 19 plus)

A famous sage has said that people are funnier than anybody. If that were true, all you'd have to do would be listen to what the kiddies are saying, write it down, send it in, and we'd buy it. If that were true. It might be, for all we know. We haven't the slightest idea what we'll ac-

cept. Chances are it would be things like these unless we get some sense.

"My George, who will just be 17 on next Guy Fawkes Day, had his appendix removed last month. When the doctor asked him what kind of stitching he'd like to

have, George said, 'suture self, doctor!'"

"Elmer Treestump says his girl Sagebrush, only 22¼, brings a bottle of Pepsi-Cola along on every date for protection. She tells everybody, 'that's my Pop!'"

\$1 each for acceptable stuff like this.

CHESTERFIELD IS MY FAVORITE
CIGARETTE AND ALWAYS TOPS
WITH MY GUESTS

Dorothy Lamour

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S GREAT PICTURE
"WILD HARVEST"

ABC
ALWAYS Milder
BETTER TASTING
COOLER SMOKING
*The Sum Total of
Smoking Pleasure*

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