

CHAPARRAL



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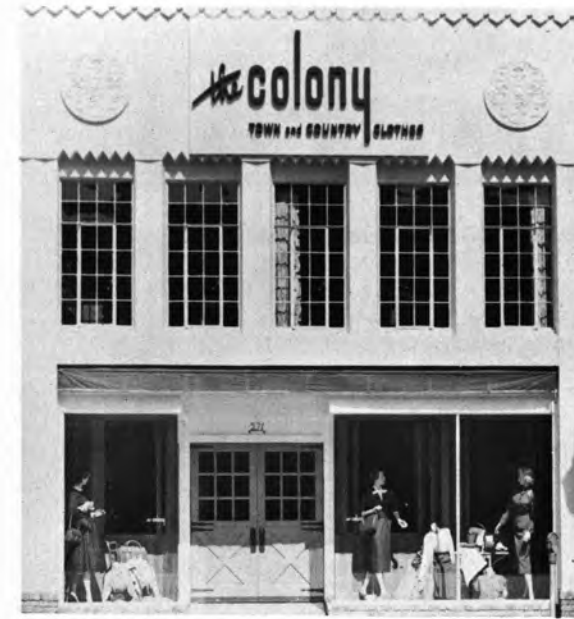
You'll also find leather-sleeved Stanford jackets and loafing clothes, and an indoor stadium of sporting goods.

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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 56, 1954-55
 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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REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the Old Boy has paid his tuition and dusted out his plush office, he is ready for a new and glorious year of publication. The Idiot Child spent part of his leave of absence reading the newspapers and although he does not believe all that he reads, he couldn't help but notice some of the more momentous changes taking place in the world. EDC is dead, the Age of the Flapper is returning, and the Yankees did not win the pennant. The Ancient One got to thinking and decided it was time to shuffle up the type faces and come up with fresh design and typography. The Old Boy hopes that both old-time readers and newcomers to the Farm will be pleasantly surprised with "The New CHAPARRAL." The Humor-

ous Seer sincerely believes that he can publish nine issues of college humor in good taste.

NOW THAT *Compact Magazine* has presented its awards for the finest college humor parody magazines of 1954, the *Elated Jester* is proud to announce that both *The Saturday Evening Pile* and *Lite* from the previous year won first prize. He is still wondering what the prizes are, though.

NOW THAT Coach Chuck has again proved the sports writers to be incompetent in evaluating teams before the season opens, the *Jester* has a modest suggestion to make to the powers that be. The Old One hates to admit it, but could not help

(Continued on page 4)

Funniest experience
of the month ...

by Roos salesman Slick Flintwell

"I was stannin' aroun' parin' my nails when this big joker comes in an says 'Whaddaya got in size 56 suits?' Nothin', Fatso, I says, whyncha try acrost the street in the tent an' awnin' place. Then the poor sport hauls off an' hits me on top the head - druv my ankles clean thru the floor. Laugh! I thought I'd never start.

Salesman Flintwell has been transferred to the snow-shovel department of our Tierra del Fuego store, once more proving conclusively that -

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL
VOL. 56, NO. 1 OCTOBER 1954
Copyright 1954 by The Stanford
Chaparral
Chapter of Hammer and Coffin
Society

Entered as second-class matter at
Stanford, California (Palo Alto, Cali-
fornia, Post Office), under Act of Con-
gress of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly during the school
year, October to June, by the Stanford
Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and
Coffin Society.

An official publication of the Associ-
ated Students of Stanford University.
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(Continued from page 2)

noticing how well the University of California at Berkeley Estuary has adapted the drinking song "The Pope" into a fight song for their athletic contests. The Fabulous Fool wonders whether it would not be too hard to utilize Stanford's own "On the Farm" the same way?

Also the Old Boy wishes to acknowledge his thanks to whoever decided on the new, vout-o-rooty rooters' caps.

NOW THAT the Old Boy's open house for interested workers was a smashing success, he'd like to remind everyone that there's still plenty of room on the staff for interested workers. The Wise Old Jester is ecstatic over the fact that so many were interested in working on his publication, but he knows that if he insists on putting his wonderful ideas into effect this year, he's going to need a lot of nice people to help him over the hump. See you all soon. ■ ■

Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty old sewer and excitedly discussed the spotless, glistening new restaurant in the neighborhood from which they had been barred.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The shelves are clean as a whistle. The floors sparkle like diamonds. It's so clean . . ."

"Please," said the second in disgust, nibbling on a mouldy roll. "Not while I'm eating." —Froth



"I had dried apples and water for lunch."

NOW THAT DATE



Now that Autumn Quarter is well under way amid football games, parties, and the elections, we find ourselves busily trying to avoid that dread disease, the B.O.E. Now the Old Boy can't get all of you I.D.'s, but he does have some suggestions as to where to go for music, dancing, good food and drink.

The week end for all good TGIFers begins Friday afternoon at one of the many beer parlors in the area. Besides the ever-popular *Rossotti's*, *Rudy's*, and *Mama Garcia's*, there is the new enlarged *Emmett's*, the *Alt Heidelberg Beir Garten* on El Camino, and for even more atmosphere and god dark ale, the *Black Forest* in Los Altos. We also hear that *Art's Old Portola* sells some great appleknockers.

For those who like to wade in peanut shells, the *Peanut Farm* on Skyline is interesting for a change. With only Friday night dinners to look forward to, the Old Boy often finds himself out for pizzas at *Rocky's*, *Monty's*, *Cara's*, or *Renato's*. If you like barbecued spare ribs, etc., you might try *Stickney's* in the Town and Country shopping center or for a huge and quite filling meal try the *Old Smoke House* down on El Camino. *Kirk's* offers terrific burgers and then there's always that old steady—the *19¢ Burger Bar*.

Saturday night is the big night, and off to the City go those who have well-lined wallets. For a dinner with a lot of atmosphere try *Trader Vic's*, or for Italian specialties there is *Vanessa's*. If you have a starving date, you might try *The Manger*, where you can get a seven-course dinner quite reasonably. There are also innumerable spots along *Fisherman's Wharf*. If you have a bulging bank account and like an excellent meal, the *Blue Fox* is the place for you.

Music might be your reason for going up to the big city. If so, you'll find many places to choose from. Turk Murphy is downstairs at the *Italian Village*, Bob Scobey plays at the *Tin Angel*, Kid Ory trombones at the *Club Hangover*, and Louis Armstrong is knocking them dead at the *Downbeat*. For an unusual evening and atmosphere, there is the *hungry i* in

the International Settlement. Stan Wilson provides calypso music for the show and a piano fills in between.

Dancing at the *St. Francis* and *Fairmont*, but your tab adds up quickly. For an interesting evening try the *Tonga Room* in the basement of the Fairmont, where the band floats on a swimming pool amid palm trees.

Most of the night spots in the City check I.D.'s, and don't be like the confident senior, armed with the proper papers, who coached his date to be sure to say she was twenty-one, but didn't have a wallet with her. She had twenty-one firmly in mind and when the bartender asked what year she was born, she promptly replied, "1921 of course." They didn't get served.

A great time may be had on the Peninsula where *Frank's*, *L'Ommie's*, *Dinah's*, and *Chez Yvonne* are perennial favorites. We find that the *Music Bar*, *Longbarn's*, *Pink Horse Ranch*, *Adobe Creek*, and the *Old Plantation* can offer an evening of fun quite close to the campus. For powerful drinks and island atmosphere, try the *Lanai*, or for Mexican cuisine—*La Placita*. A great place to take that southern belle is *Vieux Carré*, which has lots of the French touch, plus the best mint juleps in the area.

Down toward Santa Cruz is *Brookdale*, where besides food and drink, you have a real trout stream running right through the dining room.

Most of us end our week ends on Sunday, but the Old Boy has his own club—TBIM (Too Bad It's Monday)—so he starts the week out with a bang and never misses a "happy hour" at *Ramor Oaks* or *Betty and Lee's*. He hopes you'll join him sometime. ■ ■

An amoeba named Joe and his brother Went out to drink toasts to each other, In the midst of their quaffing They split their sides laughing, And found that each one was a mother. —Octopus

It's a woman's world. When a man is born, people ask: "How is the mother?" When he marries, they exclaim: "What a lovely bride!" When he dies they inquire: "How much did he leave her?" —Froth

"Winter draws on," remarked Abner absent-mindedly as he tucked Maggie into his sleigh for an old-fashioned sleigh ride. "Is that any of your business?" retorted Maggie icily. —Froth

"How about a kiss?" "Sir, I have scruples." "That's all right. I've been vaccinated." —Froth

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To make a peach cordial—buy her a drink.

—Orange Peel

Voice from parked car: "Either you take your arm from around my waist or keep it still. I am no ukulele."

—Texas Ranger

Guide: We are now passing the largest brewery in the state.

Student: Why?

—Octopus

Little six-year-old Donna was almost overcome with joy on her birthday when she received two gifts she had most ardently desired—a wrist watch and a bottle of perfume. She chattered about the new possessions all day long, wearying her mother of the subject. Guests were expected for dinner and her mother gently admonished Donna in advance, saying, "Now, dear, everybody knows about your presents and everybody is happy for you. But we mustn't go on talking about them all the time." The little girl held her peace at the table throughout the greater part of the meal. A lull occurred in the conversation and, unable to restrain herself, she burst forth, "If anyone hears or smells anything, it's me!"

—Voo Doo

The Snow Job



I saw her lying in the warm sand, wearing a bathing suit, and at a glance knew that she was my type, a woman.

"Hello," I said. "Haven't I seen you at Stanford?"

She looked at me with a misty brown eye, and I felt mine water in response. She put down the magazine that she had been reading, and smiled from head to toe.

"Perhaps," she said. "Were you at the Junior reunion?"

"No," I replied casually, "but I was at the Senior reunion."

"Oh." Her voice went up and down the scale, and I knew by the glint in her eye that I had said the right thing.

"Yes," I drawled, "perhaps I saw you in the stands at one of the football games?"

"Oh, I wasn't in the stands, I'm a pom pom girl. Did you play football?" Her eyes were wide.

"Oh, of course. Halfback. Three years varsity. Only lettered for two of them though."

"How thrilling! Were you majoring in physical education?"

"Oh no, I'm now doing postgraduate work in law."

"How wonderful! I'll be a senior this year. Perhaps we'll see each other."

"How wonderful," I echoed. "I'll be looking forward to it. I understand there's a jazz concert in San Francisco. We'll have to go."

"How darling—I'd love to go."

"Mmmmm," I rumbled beneath my breath as I studied the possibilities. "And we'll have to go to L'Ommie's or Chez."

"How dear! Have you been nightclubbing in San Francisco lately? I understand there are some wonderful new ones."

I knew I had her now, but she was getting carried away, the wrong way. There was nothing I could do but humor her. "Of course we'll have to go. We can have a wonderful time together. Just the two of us, together. Two. You and me, together."

And it would have been nice too, if I hadn't met her at the Jolly-Up a few weeks ago.

—Rex Burns

SAVE GAS

don't drive as far as

Chez Yvonne's

if you don't have an

I.D.



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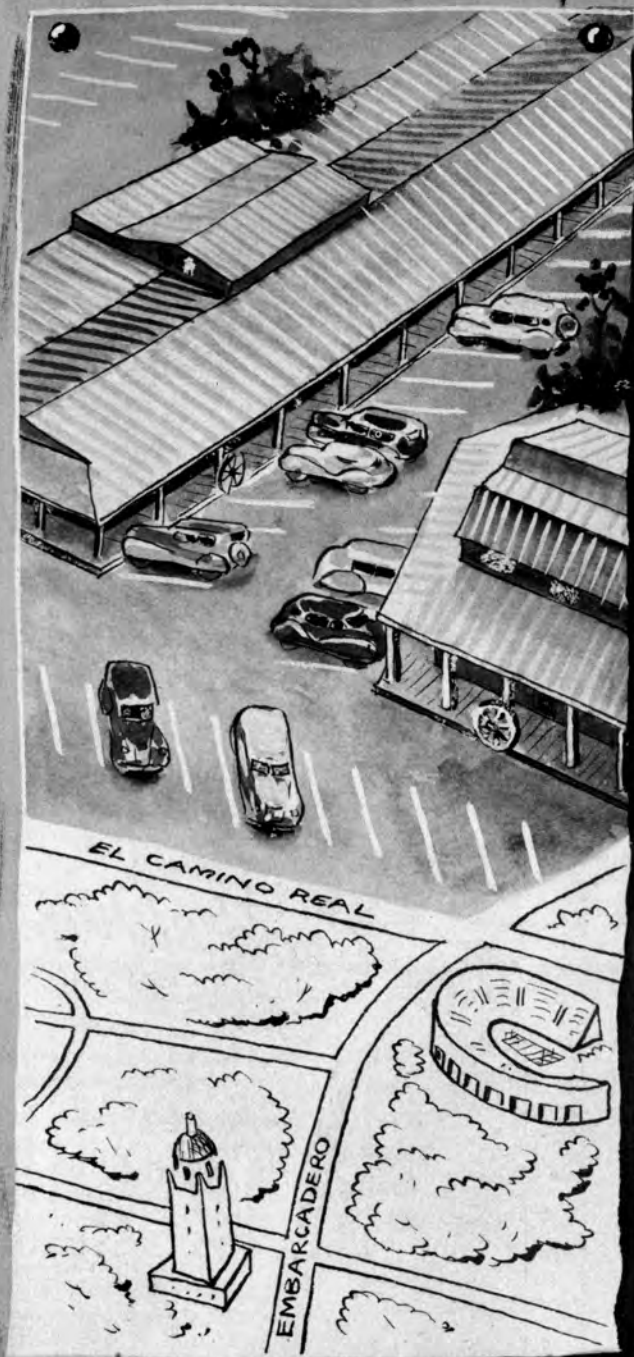
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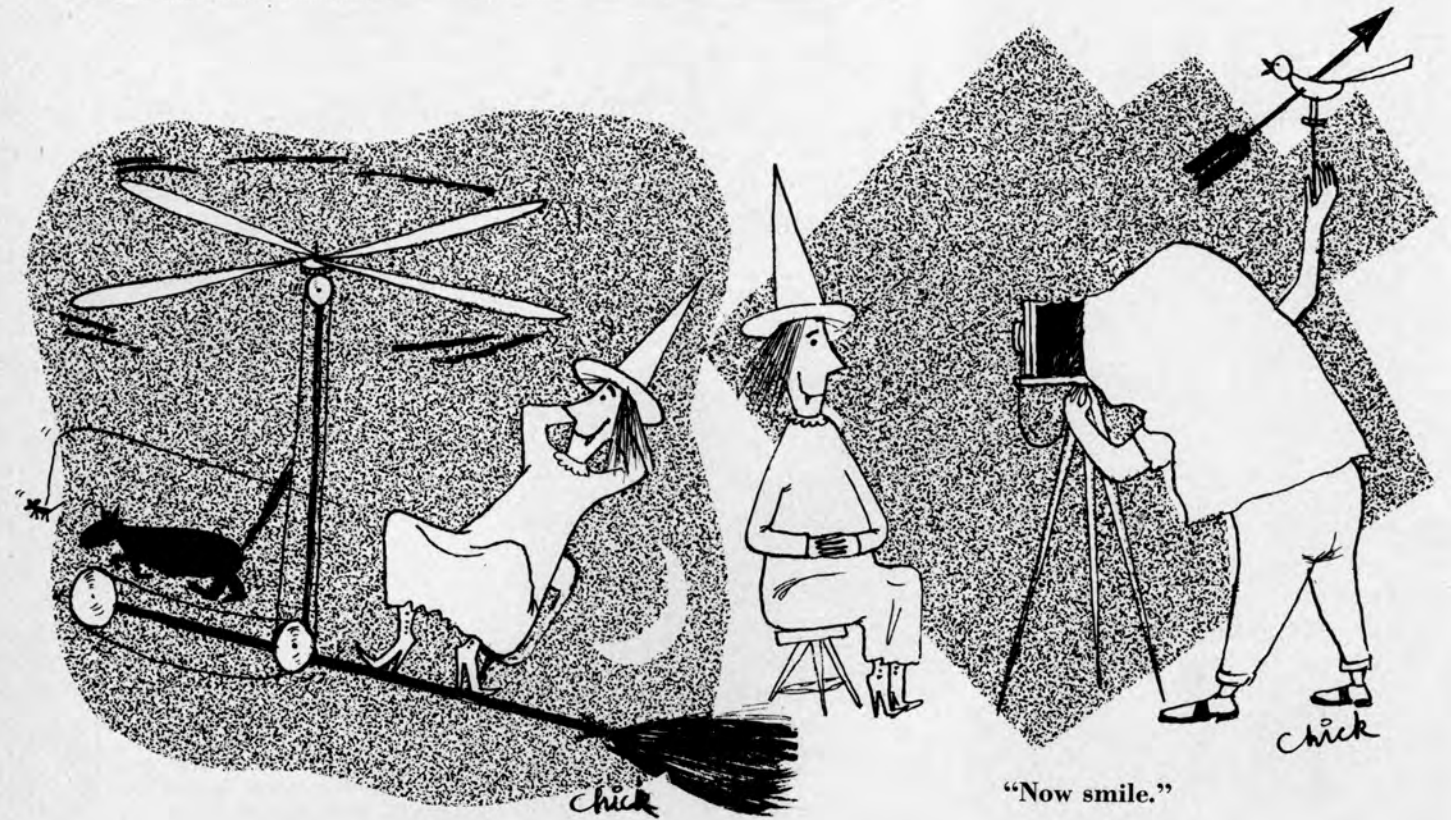
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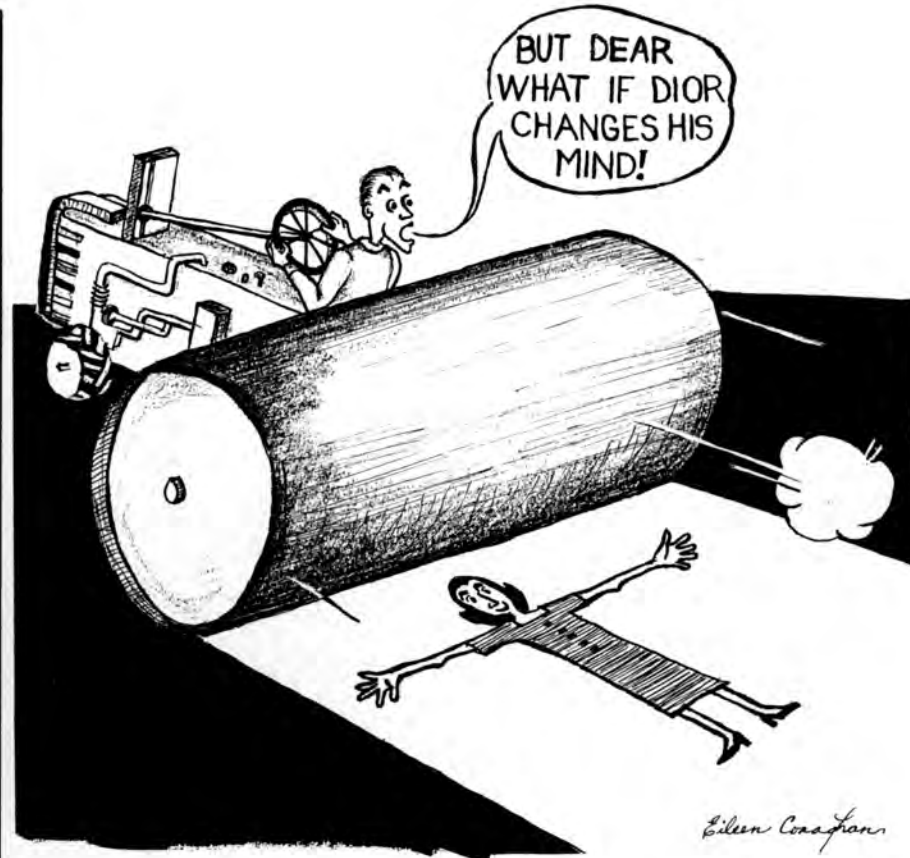
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In a little town in Mexico, Pedro was sipping his beer at a tavern when an excited friend rushed in. "Pedro!" he shouted. "I just saw a man go into your house and start making love to your wife!"

"Is that so?" replied Pedro calmly, and continued sipping his beer. "Was he a tall man?"

"Yes, yes!" shouted his friend.

"Don't get so excited," cautioned Pedro. "Did he have on a brown suit?"

"Yes, he did!"

"And did he have a big moustache?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Oh, that's Emanuel. He make love to everyone."

—Peer

Then there's the sultan who kept his harem three miles from where he lived. Every day he sent his servant to get him a girl. The sultan lived to be eighty-seven, but the servant died when he was only forty.

The moral of the story is: It's not the women that kill you, but the running after them.

—Columns

Two drunks were looking up at the sky. Finally they stopped a third drunk.

First Drunk: Hey, pal, do me a favor. Is the sun going down or the moon coming up?

Third Drunk (after deep concentration): Sorry, buddy, can't tell you. I'm a stranger in town myself.

—Columns

A certain young lady was invited up to her boy friend's apartment the other evening to look at his etchings. When they arrived at his apartment, she was surprised to find no etchings. In fact, to her amazement, she discovered he had no chairs, no tables, no furniture at all. She was floored.

—Urchin

A husband arrived home late frequently and was finally bawled out by his wife one night. When reprimanded, he asked her to swallow some Scotch he had with him. She coughed and coughed and sputtered. "See," he said victoriously, "and you think I enjoy myself Saturday nights."

—Showme



SABRINA



This picture has everything . . . Audrey Hepburn . . . Audrey Hepburn . . . Audrey Hepburn. Bogart and Holden are in it too, but all you have to do is sit and be envious of Mel Ferrer.

A STAR IS BORN



Miscarriage.

REAR WINDOW



Jimmy Stewart qualifies as Holdout of the Year in this gem. It has good photography, some of the best silent acting ever filmed, and Grace Kelly Grace Kelly gracekelly grace . . .

SALT OF THE EARTH



Bring your Party cards to this one. If you own stock in Standard Oil, you may be drummed out of the theater with the rest of THE COMPANY men. This one is a real winner if you want to cry for the downtrodden masses all evening.

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALSWORTH




Tony Curtis is the envy of all the knights with his duck-tail haircut and his one-button roll suit of mail. Any resemblance between this and Hollywood is strictly Janet Leigh.

THE CAINE MUTINY




One of the best recruiting pictures the Navy has ever had done about it. You too can be scuttled for breathing hard. Rush right out and buy your steel ball bearings now while the supply lasts. As you were, mister. Actually, it is quite good, but we hate to boost everything Bogart is in. ■■



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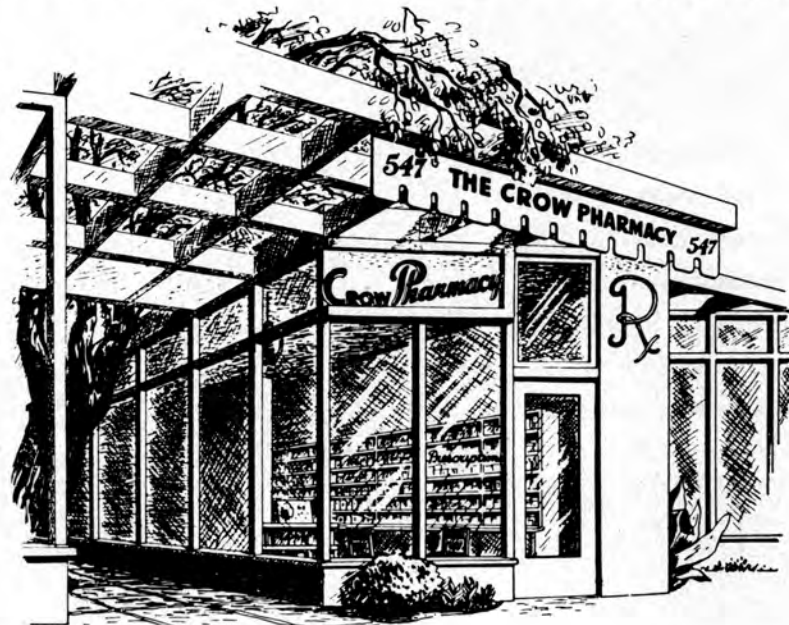
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The Old Boy Presents



Articles

In keeping with the Chappie's new design, The Old Boy offers his readers the true facts concerning Harland Stroud, compiled by Dick Maltzman. The zany duet of John Woehler and Fred Frye has painstakingly collected good advice on dating freshman girls.

Stories

Willie Hindle, just recently returned from Pago Pago, creates a light fantasy concerning the adventures of a Stanford girl in Europe. Newcomer Rex Burns scribbled out "The Snow Job." Those two maniacs, Hayes and Timberlake, wrote their latest farce, "The Last Train," on the back of their Reg books while waiting in line.

Art

This issue might just as easily be called the Go Ape For Art number. There is everything from minuscule art spots to a full page plus illustrations by Bob Haydock. Some fine old engravings were found on the floor and found their way to the press. There are multitudes of original cartoons to be found scattered throughout the entire magazine. They're all excruciatingly funny and if you don't laugh, it's only because you don't understand them.

Ads

The Old One was happy to find most of the stores still in operation when he returned to school. This is good. It means the CHAPARRAL will publish nine issues this year. A bit of good advice—visit the advertisers.

Queen

Isn't she pretty! A credit to any college and The Doddering One is happy to welcome her to Stanford.



Take a bunch of brand-new freshmen,
Mix them well in a beer confection,
Shake in a load or two of texts,
And add a tasteful dose of sex.

Bruise in lines for football games,
Sit for hours discussing dames,
Pour it in a Hoover glass,
Age a while on Libe lawn grass,
Save for time and situation—
Here's Le Cocktail Registration.

—Woehler

Photo by
Doug Van Orden
and Bill Richards

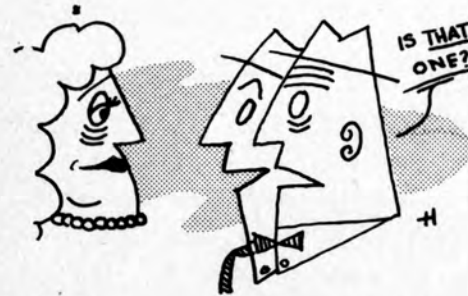


Chappie presents
ANN LYON
Roble
... our Freshman Queen
for October

tales which deal of
alcoholism among babies, baseball fans, and
ladies of the night,
among other things.

Innocents Abroad

One of our editors recently took a summer tour of Europe, and he returned with quite a selection of stories about language difficulties and peculiar plumbing appurtenances—the kind of story any continental



traveler tells. His favorite, though, tells of the time he and a group of friends were wandering through Picadilly Circus in London, which, despite its gentle-sounding name, is something of a modern-day Barbary Coast. Anyway, he and the other young Americans in the group were spending a leisurely evening watching the drunks and the petty thieves when a very tipsy lady of some sixty years approached them. She surveyed the group of Americans foggily, examining them from all angles, and finally turned to her companion, saying, "Ullo, Mamie! Lookut all the virgins!"

Dial J—for Jones

A friend of ours has a home telephone number which is almost the same as that of the Olympic Club at Lakeside, a San Francisco golf course. He reports that his family encounters little difficulty because of the similarity in numbers, but recently a strange woman with a domineering voice has been calling his number regularly every Saturday night between eight and nine. The conversation each week goes something like this:

Our Friend: Hello.

Strange Woman: Hello, Olympic Club? I want to speak to George Jones.

O.F.: I'm sorry madam, but . . .

S.W.: Don't try to fool me, young man! I know he's there.

O.F.: But . . .

S.W.: But nothing! Either you put him on the telephone or I come out there and get him, no matter where he is. I'll yank him out of the locker room if I have to!

O.F.: But, madam . . .

S.W.: You just think I can't go into the locker room and get him, do you? You just wait and see, young man! I'm coming out to get him right now! Goodbye! (She hangs up.)

Our friend says he doesn't hear from her again until the next Saturday. He's debating calling up the Olympic Club and warning the locker room attendant one of these nights, but he figures that she's either been making idle threats, or else the Club is used to her attacks on the men's locker room by now. He's simply watching and waiting.

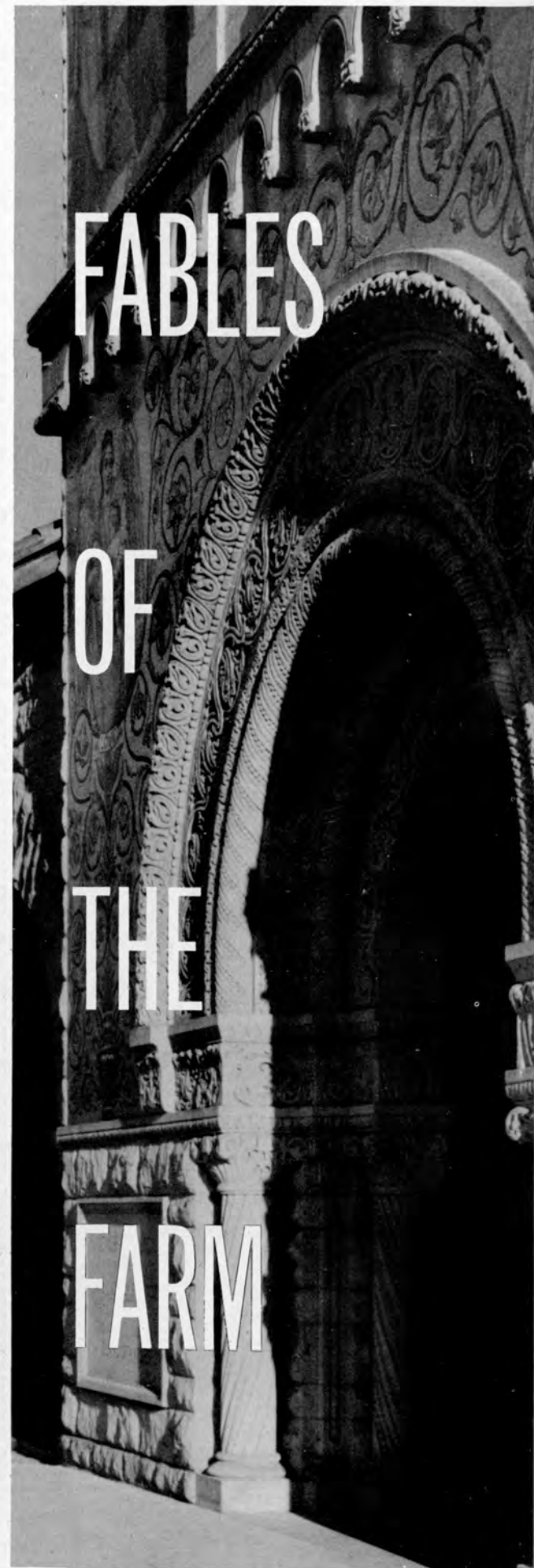
Contemporary Scientific Child Care

One of our staffers went to visit a friend of his recently, a young divorcée who was sharing an apartment with another young girl in the same plight. The staff member has nothing to report about his friend, but the other young lady, he says, has interesting concepts of child care and training. While he and his friend were talking, a five-year-old boy with a dirty face walked determinedly up to them. He was carrying an empty beer can, and said truculently, "Gary want



more beer." Our friend turned questioningly to his friend, who said, "Go find your mama, Gary." Gary walked bitterly out of the room. A couple of minutes later our friend heard the question repeated sweetly. The feminine answer came back: "Don't come whining to me about it! Go get your own damn beer."

(More Fables on page 33)





For years, Stanford men have needed
a comprehensive guide to dating tactics.

Here for the first time we offer

a real socko guide to the subject.



ALWAYS ABOUT THIS TIME of year the Stanford male's thoughts turn to the incoming crop of freshman women. Both upper and lower classmen face the same major problems of technique . . . old and new. No true male wants to be limited to the same old gambits. Therefore, we present this handy guide to provide a quick check on the latest romantic techniques. Use it merely as a reference, for dating is a game in which novelty is the keynote of success.



A GUIDE TO FRESHMAN DATING

I. The Opening Move:

There are many Opening Moves . . . These are subdivided into Approaches. Here are some of the more favored ones. It is important that the opening is smooth and that the timing is perfect.

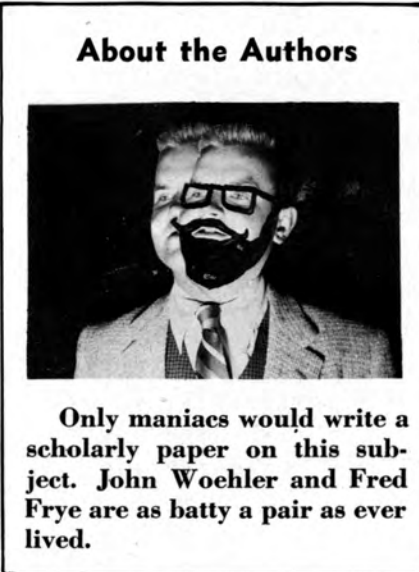
1. *The Name . . . How To Get It:*
 - a. Peer over shoulder while subject is filling out Reg book.
 - b. Steal purse and read off driver's license.
 - c. Take off some article of clothing and look for name tag (dangerous if no tag on clothing).
 - d. "Do you want a ride to Roble/Branner?"
 - e. Ask her. (Note: This is strictly last-resort type Approach.)
2. *Topic of Conversation . . . The Reconnaissance:*
 - a. "Where are you from—Do you know . . .?"
 - b. How does she like:
 - (1) Civ
 - (2) The Reg line
 - (3) The book line
 - (4) Cellar coffee
 - (5) Booze
 - (6) Sex
 - c. How was summer vacation?
 - d. What does her roommate look like? (Only after all else fails.)

II. The Opening Attack . . . (The Move):

If, after careful consideration and observation, the subject passes the tests set up by the player, The Attack is started.

1. Asking For A Date . . . Methods:

- a. Let's have some coffee tonight after you get settled.
- b. Let's have a beer *now*.
- c. Let's.



About the Authors
Only maniacs would write a scholarly paper on this subject. John Woehler and Fred Frye are as batty a pair as ever lived.

2. Where To Go On Date . . . (Financial Status Important Factor):

- a. Cellar.
- b. The 19¢ hamburger stand. Park in far lot.
- c. Rossotti's. If she nurses beer try pouring straight vodka in it while she is on trip to girl's room.

Photography by Bill Richards

- d. Frank's for dancing and finding out if all is true.
- e. L'Omelette's.
- f. Top of Mark. If you're this loaded forget other methods. You don't need to go to them . . . they'll come to you.

3. The Softening-up Process:

- a. Drinks are advisable for first few times.
- b. The "No one understands me" routine.
- c. The appeal to maturity . . . "Now we're both grown-up people, and—"
- d. "I've got you figured, Dolly, you're insecure . . ."
- e. The "I'm hot for your body" approach is good, but not subtle.
- f. The "I love you" routine is sometimes effective, but is extremely dangerous in committing your position, especially in these days of the recording devices.

4. Where To Go After Date:

- a. Home. *Chicken!*
- b. The Westridge Hills.
- c. The Los Trancos Woods (for real privacy).
- d. The Ventura parking lot.
- e. In front of Stanford Chapel.
- f. _____ (You guessed it.)

III. The Score:

1. _____
- a. _____
- b. _____
- c. _____



Palo Alto
June 1, 1954



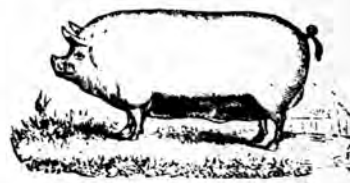
EAR DIARY: I finally found a way to get a trip to Europe this summer out of daddy . . . I told him that I was dating a Corporal in the Air Force who wants to take me to Mississippi and raise cane, and corn, and things. You should have heard him choke. It was cruel, dear diary, but honestly—a girl just doesn't stand a chance until she's been *dans la nus*. Somebody in my German class said that means "in the right places." Anyway, I couldn't pack fast enough to suit daddy. He told me over the phone to stay in my room until my last final, and take many showers. I asked him if the latter stipulation was to blunt the "spring drive." He said not to flatter myself—that I'm getting the thirty-two-dollar tour and it doesn't include bathing, so I should stock up. He was just kidding, dear diary. I know daddy.

Mid-Atlantic
June 21, 1954

Dear Diary: I've never been below deck on an old banana boat before. It doesn't smell very good down here at all; sort of like the Cellar on a warm day. I wonder if daddy really meant that about the thirty-two-dollar tour? Of course not. He loves me. He said so in 1939. It was on the way to

- FANNY'S FOREIGN FROLICS -

This account has been reproduced at practically no expense by special permission from the person involved, the daughter of a well-known Pismo Beach family, famous for large crabs and other sea foods.



the California Exposition in San Francisco. He stopped the car on the Oakland Bridge, said he loved me very much and wanted me to do something for him. Then he opened the door, and pointed toward the railing. A police car came along then and made daddy drive on. At any rate, I'm sure this is just a very good joke, and that soon I'll realize that the Queen Mary has been under me all along . . . or something like that. There is a chaperone on board, however. Something of a female Gabby Hayes. Not that she shaves or anything . . . she doesn't. Not that she couldn't use one . . . she can. She doesn't talk at all unless in low grunts, has long arms, has the remarkable ability to swing from steam pipe to steam pipe, and doesn't mind Guy Lombardo. If I didn't know better, dear diary, I'd say that . . . oh well, they're blowing out the candle in a few minutes, so good night. I know he does; he told me so in 1939.

July 13, 1954 . . .
I think.

Dear Diary: The boat is in port . . . I can hear the dock against the hull. In the past few weeks I located three other students here in the dark and we all agree—we're not on the Queen Mary. Someone, I couldn't see which one, speculated that we may be in South Africa. That might very well be true—the other day I caught a glimpse

through a seam in the bulkhead and saw a sign "You Are Now Leaving Los Angeles." That leaves only South Africa and Communist China. We'll be ashore soon I think. A large amount of water seems to be coming in the hole where my foot sank through the bananas the other day (or night . . . I don't know). Everyone's terribly excited, two have the fever, and one we buried at sea. Actually, 1939 isn't so long ago.

Marrakech, Morocco
July 15, 1954

Dear Diary: Don't expect an explanation; the boat must have made a wrong turn at Santa Monica, and here we are 100 miles inland. By "we" I mean the other tourists and the chaperone who has been labeled Miss Retaliation For Some Unspecified Sneak Attack. We've all decided that Italy should be our destination. It seems that on the thirty-two-dollar tour (and let's not kid ourselves any longer . . . this is the thirty-two-dollar tour) the group must fare for itself. The other night, while sitting around the campfire, singing that old American folk song, "If You Love Me, Really Love Me, Let It Happen, I Won't Care," we decided to pool our resources and rent some camels. (Have you ever heard of renting cigarettes before?) After that we would cut across the Atlas Mountains, cut across Algeria, and then cut over to Sicily, thence to Italy. A native told us it would only take a few weeks. Our camels arrived just

now and so we're off, dear diary. I wonder why he pointed at the railing?

Palermo
August 6, 1954

Dear Diary: We finally made it. We had to pawn Miss Retaliation and two male students from Yale in Tunis, but here we are as fat (bloated), happy (delirious), and sassy (cynical) as we can be. It's strange what a few days at sea in an open boat can do for you . . . in fact it's downright weird. I seemed to have lost my checkbook somewhere and needed cash badly the other day. Spying some Americans in the market place, I immediately slit my skirt to the hip (the one with "Beat Marin J.C." across the back) and did a wee dance I learned in Turkey. I can remember the gentleman's words as he threw me ten dollars in lire . . . "We haven't got anything like this back in the States." Pinching me in the area around Providence, he left. All of us are now aboard the Tiber Express . . . it won't be long now. Thirty-two-dollar special . . . really! I would have been better off in Mississippi, cane and all.

Rome
September 1, 1954

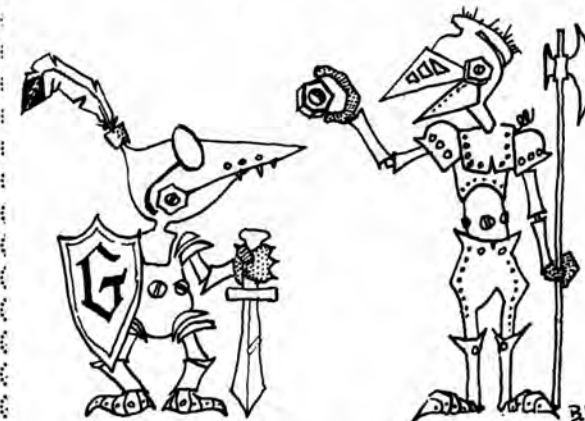
Dear Diary: Dig these crazy drinking fountains . . . some of them twenty feet high. Visiting the Colosseum the other day, I ran across an ancient piece of writing in the gladiator pits. From what I

(Continued on page 34)

by Bill
Hindle

GALAHAD

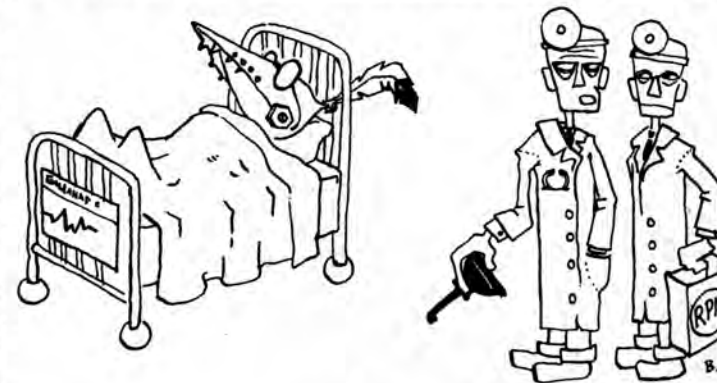
by Bill Davis



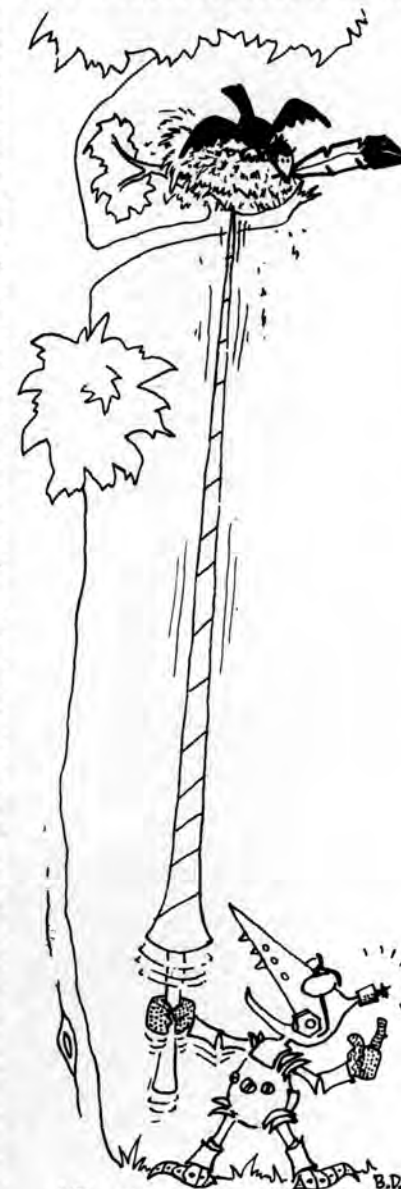
"Yours?"



"What ho, gentlemen! Lounging before the jousts?"



"... lockjaw."



"Feather your nest with grass, you popinjay!"

The HARLAND STROUD Incident



Photography by Doug Van Orden and Bill Richards



Editor's Note: This is the story of Dick Maltzman, CHAPARRAL staff member, who performed a truly courageous act—he worked on the *Daily*. For two solid years he worked on sports side, and showed such drive, ability, and enthusiasm that he worked his way up from cub reporter to the intramurals beat. Here in this report he reveals just what happens above, under, and on top of the *Daily* Sports Desk. *This story is true.* We've changed some names to protect ourselves from lawsuits.

TO THOSE OF YOU who have sweated out Stanford for a fair share of years—to the professional and semiprofessional students in our midst, the truth of this article will be obvious—you were here when it happened. To the rest, it will appear, most likely, as just another touch of CHAPARRAL fantasy. Take it for what it's worth. This is a true story: the story of Harland Stroud. The whole thing started one night several



by Dick Maltzman

years back. I was still at the *Daily* after we put the sports page to bed. I was tied into a bridge game with a fellow known as Zimbo as a partner, and was down 60 cents. That, the fact that someone had forgotten to replenish the beer supply in the coke machine, and my two midterms the next day were all keeping me on edge. But I certainly wasn't ready for what was about to happen.

The glad-hander of the *Daily* in those days was a fellow named Pete—a rabid young man around campus with a financial tie-up with the *Chronicle* that kept him in turtle-neck sweaters. Pete was smiling when he came in, so we knew he wanted a story.

"Gee, fellows, got any hot stuff for me to send up to the City—huh?"

Zimbo, my partner, was a huge guy, built like an elephant around the seat of the pants, with a straight-faced sense of humor that was darn near deadly. He spoke:

"Gee, Pete, I don't know what you could write about—nothing new has happened . . . or . . . wait a minute! I got an idea for you, Pete. Why don't you go interview Harland Stroud?"

"Who?"

"Harland Stroud," answered Zimbo. "Haven't you ever heard of Harland Stroud? Why, boy, he's probably the greatest all-round athlete to come to Stanford since Ernie Nevers. When he was playing for Horace Mann High in New York, the Eastern sports writers voted him the greatest high school athlete in the country. He could pass over 70 yards in the air, run the hundred in 9.9, broad jump 25 feet, and could hit 36 home runs in a 10-game season. He was the outstanding soccer player in the East, won the Northeastern prep tennis championships, and averaged over 200 yards per game in rushing and passing during the regular football season. The kid's tremendous—he's 6'7" and 245. As a sophomore he played against our school in basketball and scored 48 points from the guard spot. The kid's just great."

Pete was hooked. He couldn't wait to score the best journalistic beat of his life.

"Well, I lost sight of the kid for a couple of years—they said he was in the army or something—when I saw him just this afternoon walking down Quad. It even looked like he might have grown some

He was the answer to any coach's dream.

But then, it's too bad he wasn't real. This is a perfect example of an "Ah well, it might have been" situation.

more since I saw him last. Well, I called him over, and I find he's been enrolled in school all Fall Quarter—and nobody has ever made a move to have him come out for ball. He says he's very unhappy—the least the coach could have done was talk to the kid."

This was about three weeks after we had been beaten by five touchdowns in the Rose Bowl, and two months after getting trounced by Cal for the fifth straight time. Freshmen were eligible that year. Pete was fighting both of us to get at a phone. He made it.

Well, when I picked up my paper the next morning at breakfast, I saw that the show was on the road. There, accentuated highly in a column on the right side of the front page of the *Chronicle* Sports Section, was the startling truth about how "the coach," whose team had been so savagely beaten but a few short weeks before, had overlooked the greatest football prospect ever to hit the Farm.

Things happened fast. By noon the columnist who had written the story was all over the place, the coach couldn't be found, and the old alums were gathering their forces at Rickey's for the attack.

And we were ready for them. We bribed a friend in the Registrar's Office to drop an enrollment card in for Harland Stroud. I was living at the Village at the time, and did what little I could. I went into the office and asked to see the master sheet—"I was trying to find someone." I noticed that they had all new students written in in pencil. When I left the office, I had a new roommate named Harland Stroud.

(Continued on page 24)





Football history was made the day they missed . . .

The Last Train

by Timberlake and Hayes

WHEN NANCY AND I left the Coliseum after the UCLA game, both of us were looking forward to the reception at the Town House. The postgame traffic was heavy, and all the cars which passed us seemed to belong to Stanford students. We anticipated the biggest alumni reception ever held for a Stanford game in the south.

We weren't disappointed. The Zebra Room was packed with sons of the Old Red. We were both tired, and, armed with two exorbitantly priced highballs, we fought our way over to the last two available seats in the house. We were at a table for four, and sharing it with us were a heavy-set gentleman and a tiny woman. He was wearing a card pinned to his lapel which read *Ed "Buster" Bulkley, '27*. The woman, pinched and school-teacherish, was obviously his wife.

Nancy opened the conversation innocently enough by saying, "Nice game, wasn't it?"

Mr. Bulkley's smile broadened jovially. "Yes, sir, that *was* a whizzer!" he said in such booming tones that Nancy flinched slightly. "Just about as good as they had in my day, and I've seen some *real* dandies. Why, I remember one when I was at Stanford . . ."

He chuckled to himself happily. Nancy said politely, "Oh, do go on," before I could kick her under the table.

He went on: "Of course, I wouldn't want to bore you youngsters by jawin' about the old days, but there was one game I'll never forget. No sir, you never hear much about it now, what with these panty-waist T formations and G formations and whatever you got. You may not believe this, but when I was back on the Farm I used to manage the varsity football team. Yes sir, we were quite a bunch in those days," he said, winking mischievously at Nancy.

Nancy inched a little closer to me. "Well, sir, I was sayin' that there's one game I'll never forget. Back when I was managing the team, it was. In those days, we'd never heard of UCLA, but believe you me, when we went south to play old USC, that was a mighty big thing. Of course, makin' the trip wasn't so easy, then. The kids who drove down used to start three or four days early, and if you didn't leave until the night before the game, you went by train."

He laughed to himself. "Hah. Some train that was, too. Everybody had to bring their own camp chairs, a box lunch, a barrel o' beer, and a change o' underwear, seein' as the old S.P. used to sell as many tickets as they had room. By the time the old train pulled into Glendale,

you'd think we'd all be tired as a truck-horse. But were we? Not us. We'd get a bite to eat and go right on out to the old SC field to get good seats. The Coliseum wasn't built then, and you should have seen us trying to cram 60,000 people around a field with seating for 12,000. Course, in my senior year I was manager. Used to sit on the bench with the team, then. And that's what I want to tell you about."

Before we had a chance to excuse ourselves, he was ordering another round of drinks. "Well, sir, Stanford had a *team* that year. Five games undefeated and unscored on. We rolled over the Fifth Army, Oregon Aggies, Nevada, the Olympic Club, and La Verne in succession, and we were going south to play that USC Thundering Herd. Andy Smith wasn't coaching at Cal any more, and they weren't figured for much. We went on to beat 'em 41 to 6 that year . . . but I'm getting ahead of myself. The most important game we played that season was against those SC guys, and we were really primed for old Howard Jones.



"Well, as I was sayin', we were playin' SC down in L.A. that year, and everybody knew that the team that won this one won the league. That game was a sellout before the tickets were printed. You couldn't get a seat for love nor money, but the University printed up a whole batch of end zone standing room tickets. Everybody had one then. After that things started goin' wrong. Monday before the game old "Tank" Trucks, our center, busted his hand, and Tuesday the S.P. went on strike and cut their train scheduling in half.

He paused to light a cigarette. "Well, sir, bein' football manager was a pretty important job, and I was the guy that got the team reservations on that train down Friday afternoon. I went down to the Palo Alto station on Wednesday to pick

(Continued on page 28)

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That reminds me,
I'd better take my watch to

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HARLAND STROUD

(Continued from page 21)

Then I went to the phone, called up the switchboard, and told them that I was Harland Stroud. I'd moved in last week, and a friend had tried to call me last night and the switchboard had claimed I didn't live here. "Check on it, would you please?" She called back in five minutes, confirming the existence of Harland Stroud for all the world to hear.

From then on we kept one of the boys by the phone all the time—everyone was tipped off to the situation. When the calls came in for Stroud (and there was one every half hour) we always answered something like this:

"Harland? Wait one moment please, he's out in front playing football—I'll get him for you. (Three-minute pause.) Hello, you still there? Sorry, but Harland kicked the ball a little too far and he and some of the boys have driven out to get it. He should be back any moment—is there a message?" Unfortunately, Harland never quite made it back.

And so it went for three days, with all the peninsula and city sheets, led by the *Stanford Daily*, searching for the shy, withdrawn, and modest superman, Harland Stroud. The articles, which told about this sudden burst of publicity, and how the clean-cut kid went underground rather than to get his coach in trouble, made emotion-packed reading.

And so it went. As Harland was hidden by those who loved the bashful giant, angry murmurings could be heard all along the Pacific Coast. And the papers continued on their way:

"We'll find him if it kills us!!!!!" shouted the *Daily*. "We'll find him if it kills him," shouted the city papers. "We'll find him and we'll kill him!" shouted the coaching staff.

And meanwhile, unrest was everywhere. Students and alumni milled about the BAC. Rumors sprang up and died as quickly as they grew. No one knew the full story, but everyone had a theory.

And then, as swiftly as it all had started, it was over. The *Daily* roared with its scoop—"HARLAND STROUD A FAKE!" The story was written by Zimbo. Zimbo had been sports desk editor the night before, and he'd scooped even Pete.

Of course, there were some that were a little put out about the whole thing. The *Chronicle* columnist who had started the whole thing was all ready to come down and tear Zimbo apart—until Pete told him how big Zimbo was (whereupon he told Pete to do the job). The coaches were still looking for Harland—and some people in the know tell me that they're still looking for him.

But Zimbo, being a big-hearted guy, figured he'd pull old Pete out of the doghouse with the *Chronicle*, so he wrote the following letter:

February 4

DEAR SIR:

It has recently been brought to our attention that a certain misleading bit of information concerning one Harland Stroud was sent up to you by your campus reporter. Further, certain malicious persons have started the vile rumor that Harland Stroud never existed. We are sure that you know that this is obviously not true—the *Chronicle* would never print anything without verifying it first. Harland is everything we said he was—great in football, basketball, baseball, tennis, soccer, rugby, golf, polo, hockey, and track. He would have made a brilliant contribution to Stanford sports, but unfortunately after enrolling at Stanford he changed his mind about the West Coast and enrolled at Bucknell. We can't tell you how sorry we are if there was any mix-up in the story.

Sincerely,

THE DAILY SPORTS STAFF

P.S. He would have been great on our crew, too—he had eight arms. ■ ■



The army was camped next to a jungle river, and a private was sent out to get some water. He soon returned, saying, "Sir, there is a big crocodile in the river and I'm afraid to get any water."

"Nonsense," replied the lieutenant. "That crocodile is probably four times as scared of you as you are of him."

"Well, sir," replied the private. "If that crocodile is only half as scared of me as I am of him, that water ain't fit to drink."

—Widow



Moe: How was your date last night?
Joe: No good. She was just a stuffed shirt.

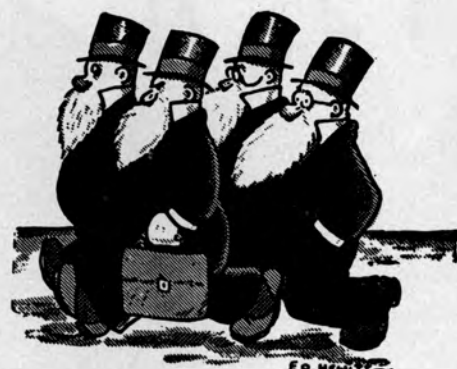
—Profile



"I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me!"

"I knew you'd weaken."

—Sundial



"How many pretty frosh do you have?"



Portrait by
Hans Roth

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A college senior entered a professor's office one morning and said:

"Last night, professor, your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. Fully realizing the importance of the step, I have called upon you to see you and to inquire if there is any insanity in your family."

The professor looked up over his glasses and surveyed the young man in silence for a moment, then sadly nodded his head and remarked:

"Yes, yes. There must be."

—Pelican

Voice (Behind the arras): Knock, knock.

Hamlet: Who's there?

Voice: Polonius.

Hamlet: Polonius who?

Voice: Polonius shanty in old shanty town.

—Pelican

The prairie tourist, marveling at New England's scenery, finally asked a New Hampshire farmer where all the rocks came from.

The native replied, "The great glacier brought them here."

"Well," demanded the stranger, "where's the glacier now?"

"It went back for more rocks," the farmer drawled.

—Pelican

Two travelers were discussing the careless way in which trunks and suitcases were handled by some of the railroad companies.

"I had a very cute idea for preventing that once," said one. "I labeled each one of my bags 'With Care—Breakable—Fragile—China.'"

"And did that have any effect?" asked the other.

"Well, I don't know yet," was the reply. "You see, they shipped the whole lot off to Shanghai."

—Pelican

PeeWee Hunt: Knock, knock.

Pete Daily: Who's there?

PeeWee Hunt: Cervantes.

Pete Daily: Cervantes who?

PeeWee Hunt: Cervantes saints go marching in.

—Pelican

"Do you enjoy Kipling?"

"I don't know—how do you kipple?"

—Pennpix



Dinah's

Some girls are cold sober. Others are always cold.

—Profile

A baby rabbit had been annoying its mother all day. Finally in exasperation she said, "Stop asking questions, you were pulled out of a magician's hat."

—Voo Doo

"I know a guy who swallows swords." "That's nothing. I inhale camels."

—Sundial



"All the Arab women are married!"

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THE LAST TRAIN

(Continued from page 22)

up the tickets, and the S.P. had a guy down at the station just tellin' people the railroad was all out of space, there were that many people wanting to go south!

"The rest of the week went pretty fast, and before I knew it, it was Friday morning and I was checking equipment out to the traveling squad. Well, around noon the whole team was loaded on the bus, and we were on our way down to the station. We got there with what we figured was plenty of time to spare—maybe twenty minutes—and you should have seen the mob. Every guy on campus had the idea that there was room for one more on that train.

"We unloaded our gear and started shoving our way toward the passenger cars. Well, you kids know Stanford students. That bunch was so eager to get on that train they didn't even know we was the team. I was behind Dutch Hammersmith (he was All-American tackle that year), and we'd just about shoved our way up to the train when darned if it didn't start to move. Well sir, five minutes later that whole danged football team was standing there on that station platform watching that caboose go on down south.

"I was all set to go back into the station to get the team seats on the next train when old Pop came out of the station. Pop was our coach that year, and he didn't look too happy. In fact, he looked like he'd seen a ghost. He put his arm on my shoulder and said, "There're no more trains, boy." And there weren't, either. Believe it or not, that was the last train in the Bay Area. There weren't no more, and that was that," he said, grinding out his cigarette.

"Well, we sent a telegram down to old Howard Jones at SC and told him we'd missed the last train down. Quicker'n a wink we got a telegram back. Said that since his team was down there, all the trains was down there, we was up there—why, they'd come up here. The answer was as simple as that. Of course, we'd forgotten about the 60,000 fans who'd paid their way into the game down there, but we decided it was better to have a game with no fans than no game at all.

"Next morning, the SC boys had arrived, and went right out to Stanford Stadium to limber up. Of course, the city papers made a big play of this, and the story reached the stands a few hours before game time. The L.A. papers were too late with the story to keep all those fans from going to the game. Well, one of those city reporters got the idea that we owed something to all those people who'd paid their way in down south, so he called up old Graham MacNamee of KQW. Well, radio was pretty much a

one-man show in those days, but Graham was down an hour before game time stringing up wires all over the place. He'd sent a cablegram to some of his friends in L.A., and KQW upped their power output so much they was clear bustin' the transmitter at the seams. The boys down south was setting up a high-powered receiver and a loudspeaker system in L.A., and by the time the game rolled around, there was old Graham broadcasting pretty as could be to 60,000 people down in the SC stadium. We'd gotten together enough of a crew to let people buy admission at the gate, and by the end of the game there were 50,000 more people in Stanford Stadium up here. Well sir, that game marked three things. Stanford went to the Rose Bowl, the game brought 110,000 paid admissions, and we'd seen the first San Francisco to L.A. radio hookup. What do you think of that?"

"That's quite a story," I said, as Nancy and I backed away from the table.

Buster lit a cigarette and said, "Yes sir, that really was a great game."

Nancy and I walked away together. Idly, I wondered what was in that cigarette. ■ ■

A traveling salesman was about to check in at a hotel when he noticed a very charming bit of femininity give him the so-called "glad-eye." In a casual manner he walked over and spoke to her as though he had known her all his life. Both walked back to the desk and registered as Mr. and Mrs. After a three-day stay, he walked up to the desk and informed the clerk that he was checking out.

"There's a mistake here," he protested upon seeing the bill. "I have been here only three days."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "But your wife has been here a month."

—Profile

"Poppa, vot is a vacuum?"

"A vacuum is a void."

"Yah, I know dot poppa, vot's de void mean?"

—Sundial

The young couple had just returned from their honeymoon. All the bride's friends gathered around her, and one of them asked, "How did John register at the first hotel you stopped at?"

"Just fine," replied the young bride, blushing happily.

—Wampus

If all the co-eds in the world who didn't neck gathered in one room what would we do with her?

—Voo Doo

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A little boy went to school for the first time last week and the teacher explained to him that if he wanted to go to the wash-room at any time he should raise two fingers.
The little boy, looking very puzzled, asked, "How's that going to stop it?"
—Octopus

"Who's there?" asked St. Peter.
"It is I," came the reply solemnly.
"Go to hell," he answered. "We have too many English majors already."
—Ranger

He: I understand kisses speak the language of love.
She: Yes?
He: Let's talk things over.
—Sundial

He: Say something soft and sweet.
She: Custard pie.
—Sundial

Mr. Newlywed: There's something wrong with this steak, dear!
Mrs. Newlywed: There shouldn't be. I burned it a little, but I rubbed Vaseline on it right away.
—Yellow Jacket

One of the local waitresses kept scratching her nose as she took an order.
"Do you have eczema?" inquired the customer.
She replied, "No special orders, just what's on the menu."
—Betty Crocker's Cook Book



"I can't recall the mane, but his pace is familiar."



A little boy talking to his mother of his recent trip to the circus: "There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and monkeyesses, elephants and elephantesses, and bears."
—Octopus



"They forgot to send the olives!"

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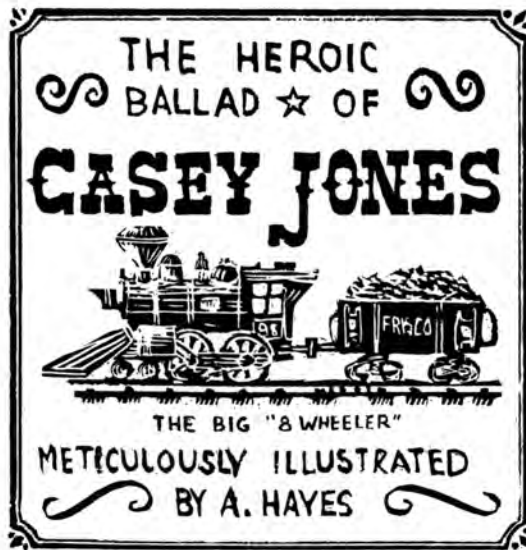
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1. Oh, come, all you rounders who want to hear
A story about a brave engineer,
Now Casey Jones was the rounder's name—
On a big eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called Casey at a half-past four.
He kissed his wife at the station door,
And he mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
And he took his farewell journey to the promis'd land.

Chorus:
Casey Jones—
Mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones—
With his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones—
Mounted to the cabin,
And he took his farewell journey to the promis'd land.



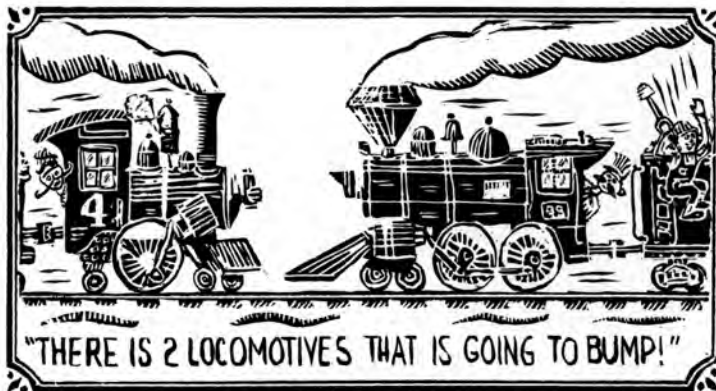
2. When Casey pulled up to that Beno hill,
He whistled for the crossin' with
an awful shrill.
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was
Casey Jones.
He looked at his water, and his water was low,
He looked at his watch,
and his watch was slow.
He turned to his fireman,
and this is what he said:
"Boy, we're gonna reach 'Frisco,
but we'll all be dead!"

Chorus:
Casey Jones—
Gonna reach 'Frisco,
Casey Jones—
But we'll all be dead.
Casey Jones—
Gonna reach 'Frisco,
Boy, we're gonna reach 'Frisco,
but we'll all be dead!



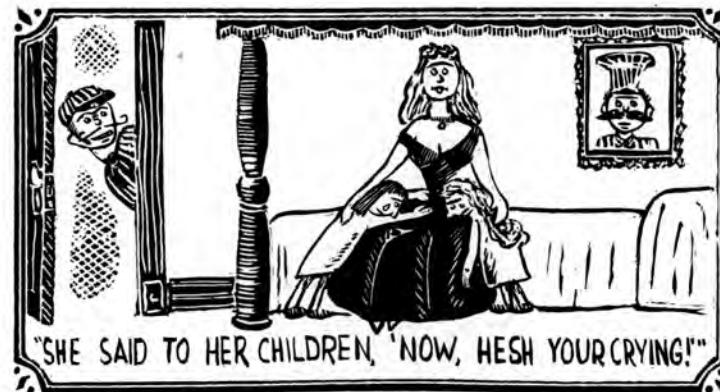
3. Turn on your water, shovel in your coal;
Stick your head out the window,
watch them drivers roll—
"I'm gonna drive 'er till she leaves the rail,
'Cause I'm six hours late by the
Western Mail!"
When Casey was within six miles of the place,
There old Number 4 stared him
square in the face.
He said to the fireman, "Boy,
you'd better jump,
'Cause there's two locomotives
that's a-goin' to bump!"

Chorus:
Casey Jones—
Two locomotives,
Casey Jones—
That's a-goin' to bump,
Casey Jones—
Two locomotives,
Boy, there's two locomotives
that's a-goin' to bump!



4. Now, Casey said just before he died,
"There's two more lines that
I'd like to ride."
The fireman said, "What can they be?"
"They're the Southern Pacific
and the Santa Fe."
Now, Missus Jones sat on her bed a-sighin',
When she heard the news that her
Casey was dyin'.
She said to her children, "Now,
a-hush your cryin',
'Cause you got another poppa on the
Salt Lake Line!"

Chorus:
Missus Casey Jones—
Got another poppa,
Missus Casey Jones—
On the the Salt Lake Line,
Missus Casey Jones—
Got another poppa,
Kids, you got another poppa on the
Salt Lake Line!



MORE FABLES
(Continued from page 15)

Tickets, Please

It's a time-honored Stanford tradition that the sophomores try to sneak into the frosh Jolly-Up during the pre-reg orientation period. All sorts of systems have been tried, but we like the one five ingenious sophomores utilized just this year. Their technique was disarmingly simple. All they did was stand in front of the door of the Women's Gym, all wearing very unofficial and very impressive red satin armbands. As soon as a fresh contingent of freshman men would arrive at the door, our friends would start calling "TICKETS, TICKETS!" and wait for the inescapable conclusion. The Freshmen would dutifully peel off their pre-reg cards from their shirt fronts, and the sophomores would collect them. When they had five cards (which, believe us, didn't take long), they walked blithely into the Gym, leaving five very disgruntled freshmen with a sour first impression of Stanford social life.

The Yanksh by a Tousand

We had the fun of taking in a Pacific Coast League baseball game a while ago between the Oakland Oaks and the Sacramento Solons. The game was on the dull side, but our evening was enlivened by a gentleman in front of us who drank a bottle of beer every half inning, regular as clockwork. We won't say it affected his judgment any, but by the seventh inning he was yelling, "Come on, Shan Diego!" at the top of his lungs.

Traffic Laws Strictly Enforced

A guy we know was driving through the State of Washington recently, and he's come to the conclusion that even though the traffic laws may be archaic (maximum speed permissible on all roads is 50 m.p.h.), their enforcement seems more up to date. He was rolling along at a smooth 70 in the left-hand lane of a four-lane highway when another car shot by him on his right. Immediately following the other car (which was doing a good 90) came a squad car, sirens blazing and lights flashing. The speeder and the cop disappeared over a hill in front of him, and as he cleared the top of the rise, he saw the cop had caught the culprit and was writing him a tag. As he pulled abreast of the police car, the traffic officer waved him over to the side of the road. He fully expected a ticket, for he had been breaking the speed limit by a good 20 miles per hour. As a result, he was a little surprised when the red-faced cop shoved his face in the car window and yelled, "Dammit! If you're gonna drive slow, drive in the right-hand lane!" and waved him on.

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FANNIE'S FROLICS

(Continued from page 18)

could make out it said "Preserve this moment forever on film . . . But do it with Cinemascope. You and the Lion in gorgeous color, three pieces of gold." And too, dear diary, I met a dream of a man . . . dark hair, moustache, and speaks perfect English. Had he not been Italian, and my time so limited, I most certainly would have cut short his continental advances . . . but, oh, dear diary, not on our last night before I would have to tell him that I had to return to America. . . .

Mid-Atlantic
September 12, 1954

Dear Diary: Heading home now aboard an old cattle boat . . . they make more noise than the bananas. There are quite a number of us now; not so many students, but mostly political exiles seeking asylum in America . . . among them, Mrs. Andre Vishinski, author of that best seller, "I Married a Communist." By now I'm used to the thirty-two-buck special . . . it isn't that which tears at my heart. It's Tony. Why is it that love always flares at the most inopportune times? Now he is gone, and I must carry on hiding the pain in my breast . . . or something. Soon we will dock. We have been floating in New York harbor for three days (engine dead), but the captain assures us the currents are favorable this time of year. I think I'm going to be sick.

Palo Alto
September 29, 1954

Dear Diary: Oh, that I had never deceived daddy—that I had never made the thirty-two-dollar special; oh, life so cruel . . . that I had never had the urge to be *dans la nus*. There, serving the oatmeal this morning in the dining hall, was Tony . . . only he wasn't Tony, he was Alfred, and his moustache was gone. No wonder he could speak English so well; he was on a thirty-two-dollar tour too! Born in Santa Barbara, Junior, class '56. And after I told him my name was Sally Stanford, that the big, West Coast university belonged to my grandfather, that San Francisco was part of my back yard. Oh, Mississippi, where is thy sting? ■■



"General Supply sent us a snowplow!"

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A citizen was walking up Fifth Avenue when he was button-holed by a character who said: "Shay, can you tell me where to find Alcoloisich Anonymush?"
 "Why? Do you want to join?"
 "No, I wanna resign."
 —Yellow Jacket

A true lover of music is a man who, upon hearing a soprano voice in the bathroom, puts his ear to the keyhole.
 —Lost Chord

It was a day late in 1980, when socialized medicine had become the law of the land. A man was seized with a violent cramp in his stomach and sought relief at the modern white structure erected for the purpose in his home town. Upon entering the building he found himself in a hall with two doors. One was marked "male" and the other "female." Naturally, he entered the door marked "male."

"Did your watch stop when it dropped on the floor?" asked a man of his friend.
 "Sure," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"
 —Timber

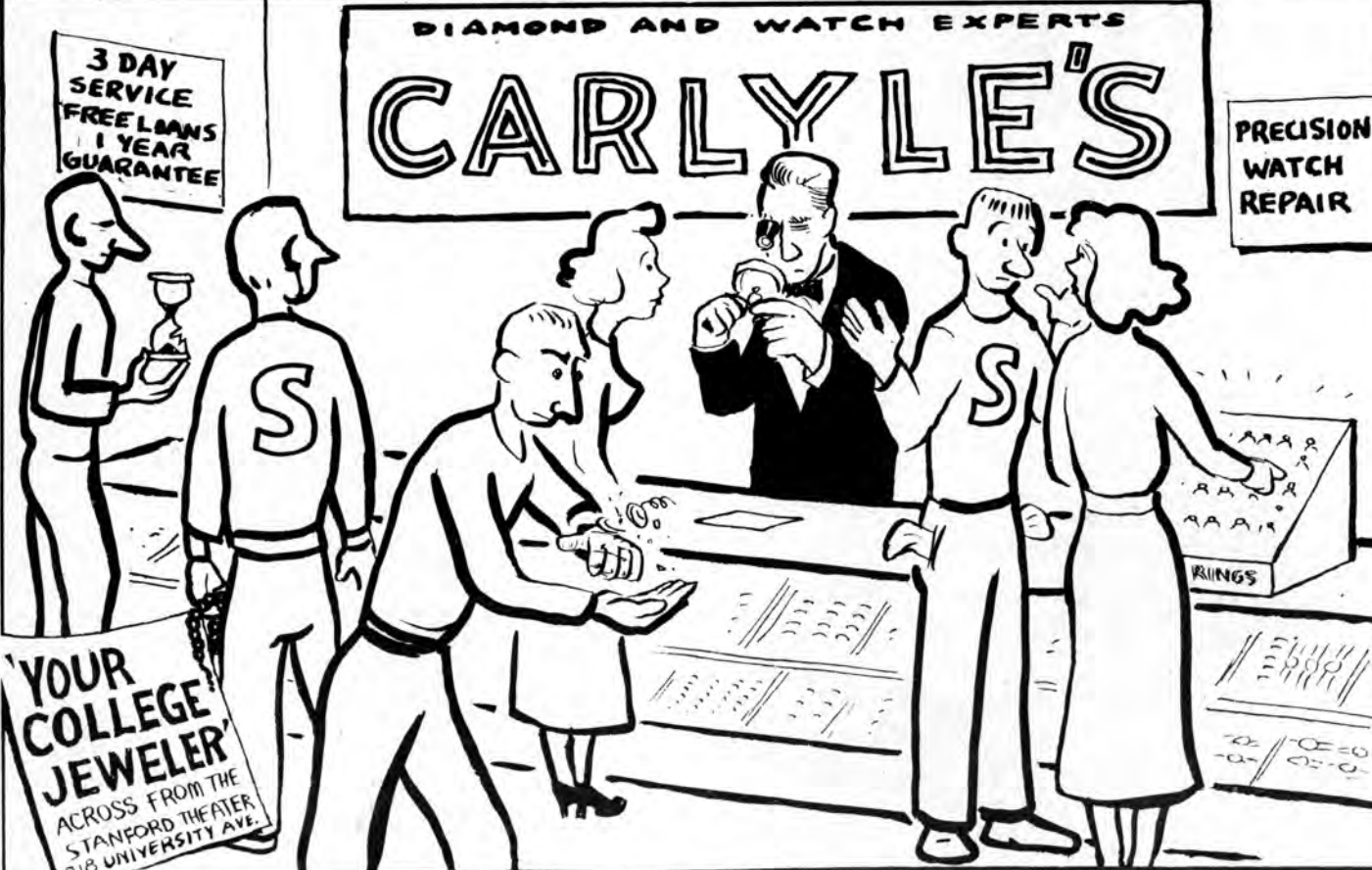


"— but happiness won't buy money!"

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Over 21," the other "Under 21."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Serious Illness," the other "Minor Indisposition." Since he was doubled up with pain by this time, he staggered through the door marked "Serious Illness."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Democrats," the other "Republicans." Since he had voted a straight Republican ticket all his life, he entered the door marked "Republicans"—and found himself out on the street.
 —Tut

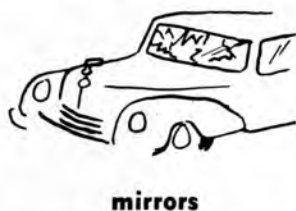


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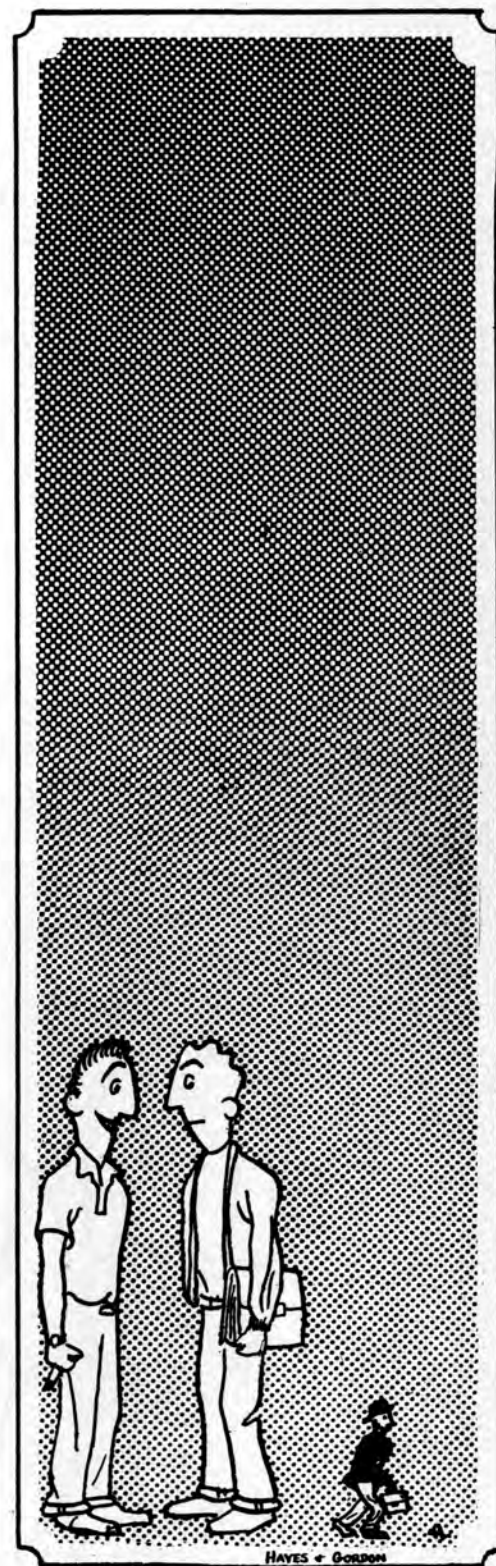
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Said the sweet young thing to the fraternity boy as they alighted from the airplane, "That's the first experience I've had in the air."

—Wampus

In the old days, when a fellow told a girl a naughty story, she blushed. Nowadays she tells him a funnier punch line.

—Octopus



"Oh, yes . . . That's Dr. Fridley of microtechnique."

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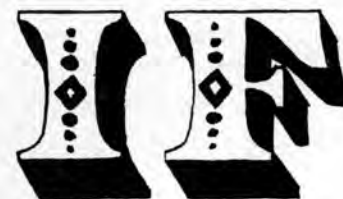
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Yes . . . I want to send the Old Boy home for eight issues! Here's my \$2.40.
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Address
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"I heard you took your Sabbatical in the East this summer, professor."

Dinah's

It isn't too often any more that you hear about really true friendship. When old Mr. Cockerill died of malnutrition and was being buried in a pauper's grave, his only friend was much moved.

A passer-by stopped by the old man, crying softly over the grave, and said quietly, "You must have thought a great deal of him."

"Thought a great deal of him? I should say. There was a true friend. He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I happened to know perfectly well that he was starving to death."

—Voo Doo

A well-known zoology professor was unwrapping a parcel before his class which, he explained to his pupils, was a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon disclosing two sandwiches, a hard-boiled egg, and a banana, he was very surprised and exclaimed, "But surely I ate my lunch."

—Froth

"This university turns out some great men."

"When did you graduate?"

"I didn't graduate. I was turned out."

—Widow

"You've read that passage wrong, Miss Adams—it's 'All men are created equal,' not 'All men are made the same way.'"

—Widow

"Drink broke up my home."

"Couldn't stop it?"

"No, the damn still exploded."

—Widow

Lundin McBride



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Photograph by *Hans Roth*
173 University Avenue

Ah, when you whisper, "George I love you,"
How my heart begins to thrill;
And when you snuggle close and say it—
I forget my name is Bill.
—Widow

She used to be the belle of the town,
until someone tolled on her.
—Sundial

Professor: Who was the first man?
Co-ed (blushing): I'd rather not tell.
—Orange Peel

Did you hear about the cannibal's son?
He liked the gals best when they were stewed.
—Hoot

Joe: I see that in New York a man is run over every half-hour.
Moe: Poor fellow.
—Hoot

Robin: What's that spotted egg doing in the nest?
Mrs. Robin: Oh, I just did it for a lark.
—Yellow Jacket

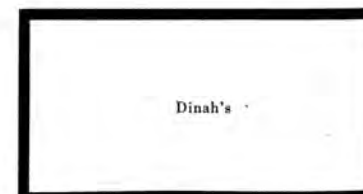


"Why not try Chlorophyll toothpaste?"

A spinster was shocked at the language used by workmen repairing a telephone line near her home, so she wrote the company. The foreman was requested immediately to make a report of what had happened.

The report read as follows:
"Me and Spike were on this job. I was up the pole and let the hot lead fall on Spike—right down his neck. Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful.'"
—Froth

Sailor: You aren't getting seasick are you, buddy?
2nd Looie: Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn.
—Pot



A musician was practicing on his saxophone late at night when the landlord came in. "Do you know there's a little old lady sick upstairs?" asked the landlord.
"No," answered the musician. "Hum a little of it."
—Pot

Reformer: And besides, hell is just full of drunkards, cocktails, roulette wheels, and naughty chorus girls.
Voice from the rear: Oh, Death, where is thy sting?
—Yellow Jacket

The little darling wanted very much to wear her mother's girdle—but she didn't have the guts.
—Octopus

A man ambled into a tennis tournament and sat down on the bench.
"Whose game?" he asked.
A shy young thing answered, "Not me."
—Pot

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CHAPARRAL

A big beautiful blonde walked up to the window in the bank and plunked down forty-five twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"Naughty, naughty," said the teller. "You've been hoarding."

"Listen, big boy," snapped the lady, "it's none of your business how I earned this money; all you've got to do is deposit it!"

—Octopus

"I have a riddle to ask you," the enterprising lad said. "Why do you have so many boy friends?"

Innocently she smiled and replied, "I give up."

—Octopus

Gent: I wish to marry your daughter. Her mother: Do you drink a lot, young man?

Gent: Thanks, but let's settle this other thing first.

—Octopus

A young student with matrimony in mind had just popped the question to his girl friend.

"Oh, I don't know, Hector," she said slowly. "I've been asked to get married lots of times."

"Gee," he said, crestfallen, "who asked yuh, Daisy?"

She blushed. "Oh, maw and paw."

—Froth



Our Cover

This month's cover depicts campusites here, there, all around the Farm. There are the ones you don't see too often, the ones you can't avoid over that cup of Cellar coffee, and the ones you met at a party the night before and can't remember in the morning. Missed a few? Send in their names to the Chappie office and we'll hit them on next month's Beat Cal cover.

—Mark Farmer



"Where do you bank? I deposit at the First National."

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... and how it started.

TERESA WRIGHT says: "Up to 16, my knowledge of acting had been gleaned from seeing movies. When I saw my first professional play, that was it: I only wanted to act. I got into high school plays, wrestled props at Provincetown, understudied, sat for months in producers' reception rooms. One rainy night, sick with a cold, I read for a good role, and got it!"

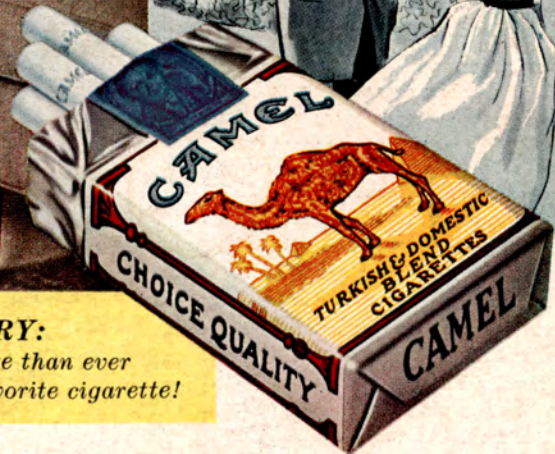


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