

the stanford

CHAPARRAL

november 35c



CLUB VINO

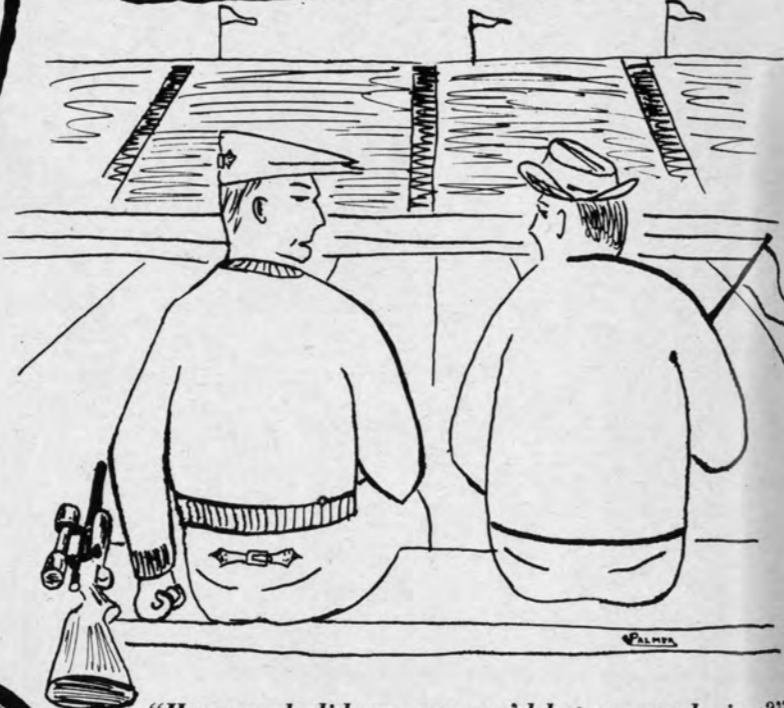
Newton



"Coach says to keep mixing the plays up, fumble, penalty, interception . . ."



"Don't feel bad, I thought 'Big Game' was a safari movie too."



"How much did you say you'd bet on our losing?"

Belly Grabbers



"You gentlemen both know the rules of the game. Please don't answer until after I read the questions."



"Take me to your dealer."

Nancy Jo Sweeney wears one of the fine selections from the Colony



the colony
TOWN and COUNTRY CLOTHES

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
HILLSDALE SHOPPING CENTER

THE CROW PHARMACY

Phone DA 3-4169

Hours: Monday through Saturday: 8:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.

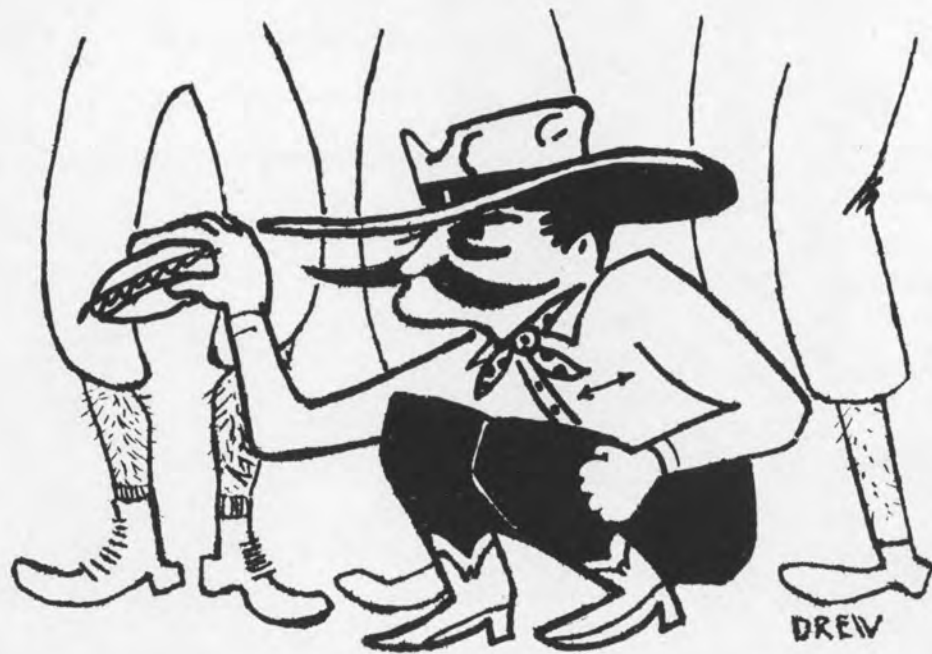
Sundays and Holidays: 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

Free Delivery



Prescription Specialists

547 BRYANT STREET • PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA



"TIME OUT FOR A PARDBURGER!"

PARDS BAR-B-Q

4191 EL CAMINO REAL PALO ALTO
ONE BLOCK NORTH OF RICKEY'S

Open daily, 6:30 a.m. to
midnight
PALO ALTO
DA 3-5858

THIS SHELL IN A MONTHNUT

- Nov. 1: Football, USC (riots optional), house burning ceremony.
- Nov. 2: Flicks: "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Grad School"; National Sex Week begins.
- Nov. 3: Young Republicans Rally, Sherman Adams; H-bomb test, Stanford Village.
- Nov. 4: Lecture, "Travel Impressions of Palo Alto," Castilleja Mother's Club. Last chance to join Daily staff.
- Nov. 5: Faculty taffy pull, Bender Room; intramural rock throwing, Wilbur.
- Nov. 6: Stanford Players, "The Wild Wazoo" (mandatory attendance for frosh English classes).
- Nov. 7: "I" Club monsoon; fall rush party, Stern.
- Nov. 8: Football, University of Beirut (there); Chug-a-lug party, Roble dining hall.
- Nov. 9: Flicks, "I Was a Teen-Age Japanese Gardener"; chamber music concert, Cellar.
- Nov. 10: Mouseketeers meeting (attendance optional).
- Nov. 11: Hate Russia Rally: pick up sticks contest, Beta house.
- Nov. 12: Concert Series, Maria Callas (performance optional).
- Nov. 13: Alpine Club, Hoover Tower; Ma Perkins at Mem Aud.
- Nov. 14: "I" Club loyalty oath signing; Seance, Branner lounge.
- Nov. 15: Football, Agnew (there).
- Nov. 16: Memorial Church, Rev. T. Aquinas; chariot race to Rosotti's.
- Nov. 17: Opening ceremonies, Stanford in Disneyland.
- Nov. 18: Tuesday Evening Series: Norman Vincent Peale, Road Runner cartoon.
- Nov. 19: Candlelight service, Women's Gym; very last chance to join Daily staff.

- Nov. 20: Witch burning and rally (BYOW).
- Nov. 21: Senior Holocaust (attendance mandatory), hide and seek matches, Cactus Gardens.
- Nov. 22: Open for study.
- Nov. 23: Flicks, "I Was Dean Craig for the F.B.I."
- Nov. 24: Contact lens hunt, Inner Quad; three months bicycle race begins.
- Nov. 25: Lecture: "The Sane Society," O. Faubus; intramural Frisbee, Beta house.
- Nov. 26: Soph turkey pluck; full moon.
- Nov. 27: Thanksgiving holiday (optional).
- Nov. 28: Underwater ballet, Faisan basement; launching of the space satellite
- Nov. 29: Last possible chance to join the Daily staff.
- Nov. 30: Flicks, "The Life of Schweitzer," B. Bardot.
- Nov. 31: Open for study.

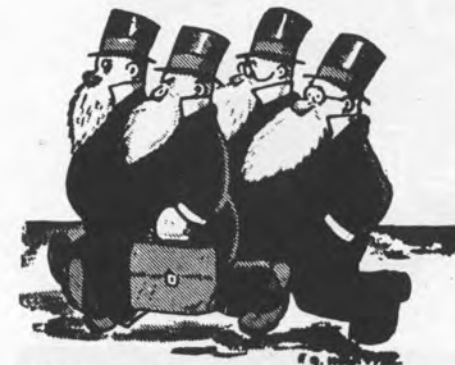
Question: If a policeman is a minion of the law, what is a policewoman?
Answer: A filly minion.

To err is human, but when the eraser wears out before the pencil you're overdoing it.

Two Hollywood producers, looking for talent, sat in a front seat watching the star of a Las Vegas show.

"I wonder who made her dress?" the first asked.

"It's hard to say," the second replied, "probably the police."



"The house of David sent me an invitation."

Gleim's
Take a leaf from our book

... if you don't know diamonds ... know your jeweler!

You can depend on the skill and knowledge of Palo Alto's oldest jewelry firm.

Convenient Credit Terms

119 Stanford Center
322 University Avenue
408 California Avenue

Palo Alto's Oldest Jeweler

Gleim's
Certified Gemologist

...traditional
Japanese Dining
Sukiyaki • Teriyaki • Tempura

• LUNCHEON
• DINNERS
• COCKTAILS

Sakura Gardens

Closed Mon. RESERVATIONS: YORKSHIRE 8-1694-8-1695.
2116 El Camino Real Mountain View

Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mondays and Tuesdays. Good old "L'Omelette." On

Egg. Never a dull moment at "L'Omelette." Except on Mon. & Tues.

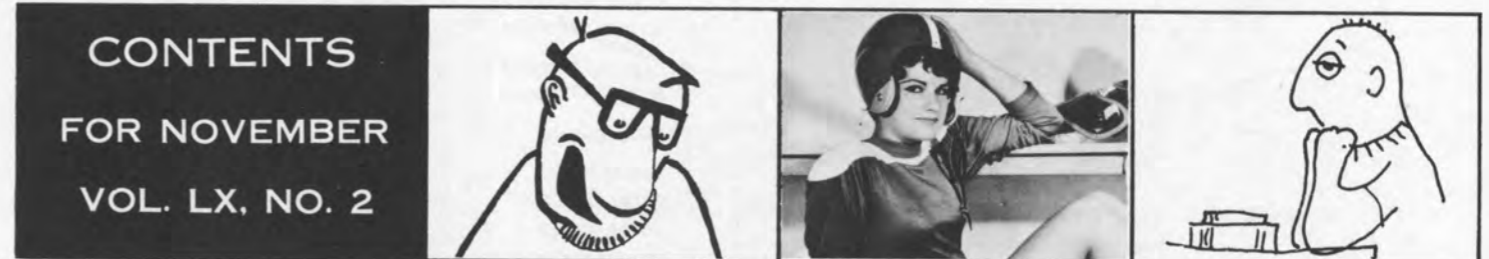


"BIG GAME" WEEK AT "L'OMELETTE". BY A. DUBOUT NOVEMBER 1947.

mange bien at "L'Ommie's." Stanford's favorite since 1932. "The

Egg" has banquet rooms for frat parties, birthdays, engagements, divorces. Never a dull moment at The

the stanford CHAPARRAL

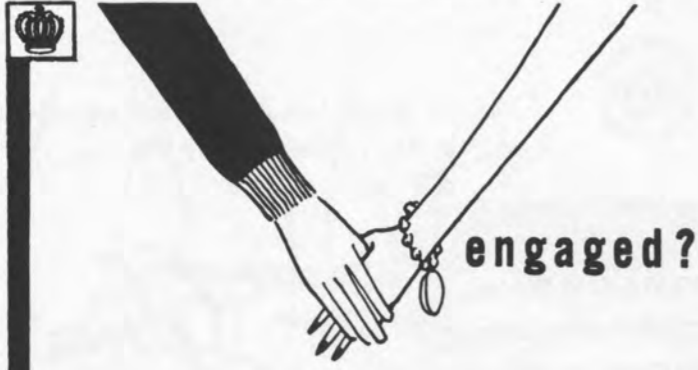


CONTENTS
FOR NOVEMBER
VOL. LX, NO. 2

page 14 page 17 page 27

| | | |
|---------|-------|--------------------------|
| page 2 | | This Shell in a Monthnut |
| page 10 | | The Short Cool Weekend |
| page 14 | | Allumox |
| page 17 | | Big Game Queen |
| page 22 | | Sic Sic |
| page 27 | | She's Really Very |
| page 29 | | Moom Pics |

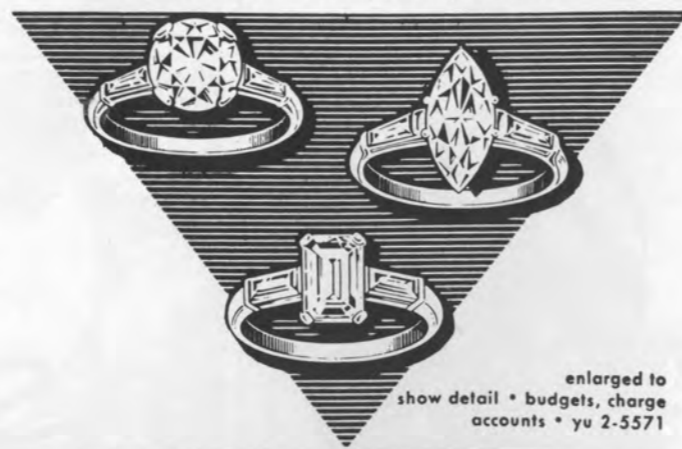
Stanford University founded 1891; *Stanford Chaparral* established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and published by the Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society, founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906; Barney Gilmore, president; Robert d'Alessio, vice-president; Bill Sater, secretary-treasurer. © 1958 by *The Stanford Chaparral*, chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society. Entered as second-class matter at Stanford, California (Palo Alto, California, Post Office), under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Published monthly nine times a year, October to June, by the Stanford Chaparral Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society; subscription price, \$3.00 per year. An official publication of the Associated Students of Stanford University. Bona fide college humor magazines are granted reprint rights of material herein contained if credit is given to *The Stanford Chaparral*; all others should seek reprint rights from the editor or be held liable for actions involving infringement of copyright laws. Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford, California. Represented nationally by the W. D. Bradbury Co., 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17, New York.



engaged?

See our beautiful diamond rings
in exquisite designs by Paul de Vries... all,
extraordinary direct European import values.

- PRICES INCLUDE FED. TAX
- brilliant cut blue white diamond ring,
one carat, two baguettes. **\$650.**
 - marquis cut blue white diamond ring,
three quarter carat, two baguettes. **\$650.**
 - emerald cut blue white diamond ring,
three quarter carat, two baguettes. **\$550.**



enlarged to
show detail • budgets, charge
accounts • yu 2-5571

Louis and Co. 300 POST ST. AT UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND SEEN BIG GAME THAN NEVER TO HAVE LAUGHED AT ALL



The Chappies

EDITORIAL

JON BARNARD GILMORE
Editor

DOUG NEWTON
Art Editor

AL DODWORTH
Managing Editor

JIM SUTHERLAND
Photo Editor

BILL CORBUS
National Secretary-Treasurer

BILL SATER
Secretary-Treasurer

JOHN FRANKENSTEIN
Associate Editor

BUSINESS AND CIRCULATION

ROBERT D'ALESSIO
Business Manager

CHRISTOPHER ADAMS
FRANK KELLY
Advertising Directors

DAVE HENDRY
Advertising Sales Manager

RALPH THOMPSON
Circulation Manager

HAMMER AND COFFIN AUXILIARY

LINDY MOORE
Women's Manager

CAROLINE COOLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

BARB EWING

SUE ECHOLS

SHERI BALLEW

JULIE BYRER

HELEN HAWTHORN

HAMMER AND COFFIN

JOHN MCKELVEY

KENNETH RIEDMAN

TIG TARLETON

TAL LINDSTROM

TOM TIMBERLAKE

RON FREUND

JAMES M. GLEASON

BURT KUFUS

BILL RICHARDS

BELTON FLEISHER

CARL BLOM

MARK HAMMER

DREW FAGEN

DOUG HELSING

WARD MCAFFEE

CONTRIBUTORS

ED MATHIAS
CHRIS WHORF
ERIC WILSON
JUDY RASCOE
ED LOWE
PETER FITZGERALD
JIM DUNN
FRED PARK
ERNIE CUNLIFF
DON PALMER
ANN CILLY
ANDY SCHWARTZ
TONY WHITE
CHARLES LANDES
RUSTY WILLIAMS
BILL RINEHART
JUDY BROWNRIDGE
NANA WEINBERG

NOW THAT the farm's big red machine is preparing for the traditional trek north and west (in exact reverse of most farm labor movements in the late fall), the coms, cogs, spirits, and tape which propel and bind it become more apparent. It might be interesting to examine them at this time. At the heart of the *machine* lies the team, depending on whether your blueprints come from the BAC, Encina, or room 10. But let's assume for now that the team *is* the heart of the "the family."

Now of course the heart provides life-power; thus the team generates power for the big red machine. This power is partly latent as becomes apparent in alumni gifts after an unusually good season (a season when the LA papers give the farm a lot of attention). Some of the power is used directly to keep the machine running. The rest of the power, a surplus, is fed by a system of pulleys to Encina, the liver if you will, where it is parcelled out as needed. A careful look at your blueprints will probably show that the machine has its cab in the vicinity of room 10; the head as it were. Unlike naval war machines, the head is not prominent in importance. It is the size of the liver that counts.



But this is just the main outline of the machine. As it moves on toward Berkeley one notes many accessories about the skeleton. These are the coms and cogs mentioned before. Basically they are little wheels, some idlers, others drivers. They serve to allow the machine greater versatility and thereby allow it to roam further in its search for work and fuel. Sometimes these wheels work at cross purposes putting a drain on the team at the heart of the machine. Engineers have called this variously apathy, intellectualism, and/or radicalism. These are not to be found specifically in the blueprints, but they seem to have become an integral part of the completed vehicle.

There is another part of the big red machine which does appear in the blueprints however. The whole design seems to be integrally dependent on spirits. At first this doesn't seem surprising if swelling the liver is the ideal of the machine. But of all things, someone blundered, and those kind of spirits are forbidden around and about the machinery. The spirit that the ma-



"Isn't it thrilling to be here the very year they form the new western football league?"

chine exudes as it makes its way north, is of the Stanford variety, i.e., faith in head, heart, and liver. This is truly a grand, comical sight.

Of course the whole machine is held together by tape. This accounts for its red color. Mark Twain once estimated there was 375,000 miles of tape in the bureaucracy that holds up the various parts of the big red. The Old Boy puts the figure around 395,000 miles. The blueprints call for somewhat less than this amount however. And this explains, I think, why so much at Stanford is not what the simple would like it to be. Is it any wonder that no student really knows if Stanford is the place to become a social executive or a critical scholar? Well, yes; it is. It's a damn shame too. But that is how it is. Perhaps someday in the not-too-distant future someone will consolidate the

various blueprints floating around, and the big red machine will take on a consistent and efficient mode of operation. Amen. Meanwhile, rah team.

The ancient one realizes that what he has said on this page recently has been somewhat of the long way around. However, when you take the long way around you often see more on the way and can enter your destination by a more illuminating gate, i.e. humor. There is another type of humor too, the type that sells magazines, risque, sexy, humor. Fear not. The inquiring mind shall seek and find.

—The Old Boy



The Chappies

EDITORIAL

JON BARNARD GILMORE
Editor

DOUG NEWTON
Art Editor

AL DODWORTH
Managing Editor

JIM SUTHERLAND
Photo Editor

BILL CORBUS
National Secretary-Treasurer

BILL SATER
Secretary-Treasurer

JOHN FRANKENSTEIN
Associate Editor

BUSINESS AND CIRCULATION

ROBERT D'ALESSIO
Business Manager

CHRISTOPHER ADAMS
FRANK KELLY
Advertising Directors

DAVE HENDRY
Advertising Sales Manager

RALPH THOMPSON
Circulation Manager

HAMMER AND COFFIN AUXILIARY

LINDY MOORE
Women's Manager

CAROLINE COOLEY
Secretary-Treasurer

BARB EWING

SUE ECHOLS

SHERI BALLEW

JULIE BYRER

HELEN HAWTHORN

HAMMER AND COFFIN

JOHN MCKELVEY

KENNETH RIEDMAN

TIG TARLETON

TAL LINDSTROM

TOM TIMBERLAKE

RON FREUND

JAMES M. GLEASON

BURT KUFUS

BILL RICHARDS

BELTON FLEISHER

CARL BLOM

MARK HAMMER

DREW FAGEN

DOUG HELSING

WARD MCAFEE

HONORARY

ANDRE FRELIER

PIERRE FRELIER

ROGER FRELIER

JOAN BOHRER

NOW THAT the farm's big red machine is preparing for the traditional trek north and west (in exact reverse of most farm labor movements in the late fall), the coms, cogs, spirits, and tape which propel and bind it become more apparent. It might be interesting to examine them at this time. At the heart of the *machine* lies the team, depending on whether your blueprints come from the BAC, Encina, or room 10. But let's assume for now that the team *is* the heart of the "the family."

Now of course the heart provides life-power; thus the team generates power for the big red machine. This power is partly latent as becomes apparent in alumni gifts after an unusually good season (a season when the LA papers give the farm a lot of attention). Some of the power is used directly to keep the machine running. The rest of the power, a surplus, is fed by a system of pulleys to Encina, the liver if you will, where it is parcelled out as needed. A careful look at your blueprints will probably show that the machine has its cab in the vicinity of room 10; the head as it were. Unlike naval war machines, the head is not prominent in importance. It is the size of the liver that counts.



But this is just the main outline of the machine. As it moves on toward Berkeley one notes many accessories about the skeleton. These are the coms and cogs mentioned before. Basically they are little wheels, some idlers, others drivers. They serve to allow the machine greater versatility and thereby allow it to roam further in its search for work and fuel. Sometimes these wheels work at cross purposes putting a drain on the team at the heart of the machine. Engineers have called this variously apathy, intellectualism, and/or radicalism. These are not to be found specifically in the blueprints, but they seem to have become an integral part of the completed vehicle.

There is another part of the big red machine which does appear in the blueprints however. The whole design seems to be integrally dependent on spirits. At first this doesn't seem surprising if swelling the liver is the ideal of the machine. But of all things, someone blundered, and those kind of spirits are forbidden around and about the machinery. The spirit that the ma-



"Isn't it thrilling to be here the very year they form the new western football league?"

chine exudes as it makes its way north, is of the Stanford variety, i.e., faith in head, heart, and liver. This is truly a grand, comical sight.

Of course the whole machine is held together by tape. This accounts for its red color. Mark Twain once estimated there was 375,000 miles of tape in the bureaucracy that holds up the various parts of the big red. The Old Boy puts the figure around 395,000 miles. The blueprints call for somewhat less than this amount however. And this explains, I think, why so much at Stanford is not what the simple would like it to be. Is it any wonder that no student really knows if Stanford is the place to become a social executive or a critical scholar? Well, yes; it is. It's a damn shame too. But that is how it is. Perhaps someday in the not-too-distant future someone will consolidate the

various blueprints floating around, and the big red machine will take on a consistent and efficient mode of operation. Amen. Meanwhile, rah team.

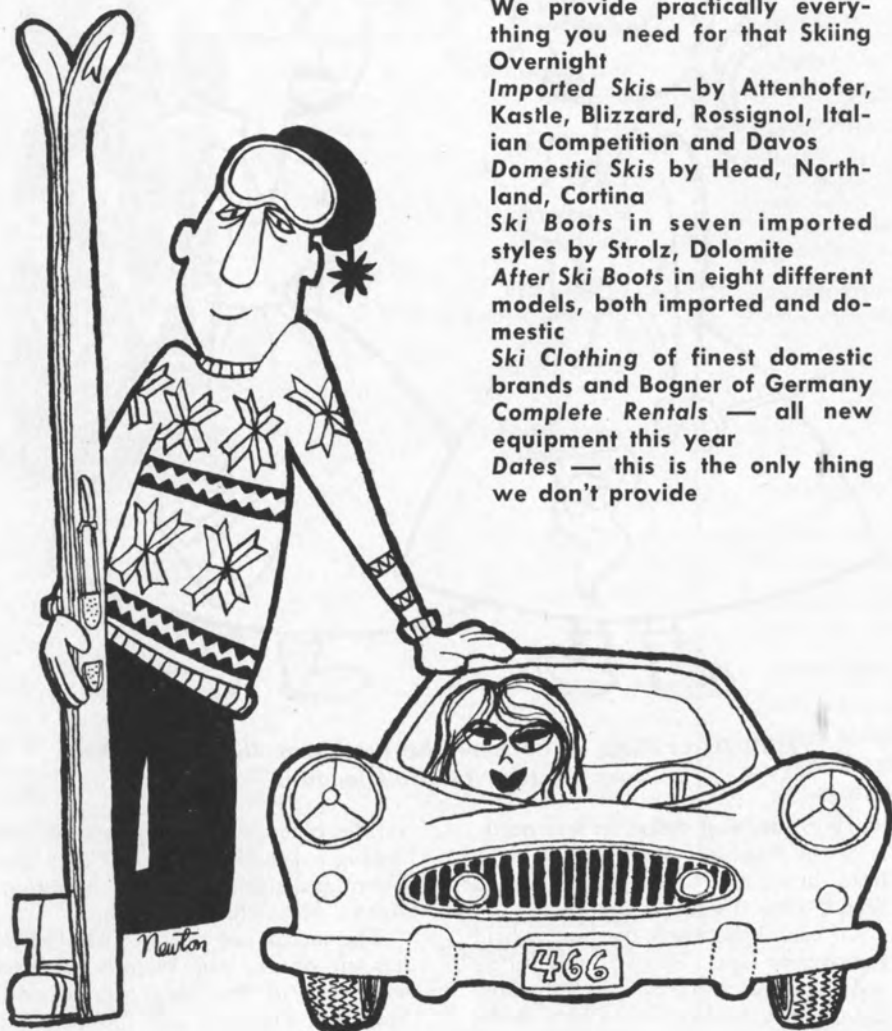
The ancient one realizes that what he has said on this page recently has been somewhat of the long way around. However, when you take the long way around you often see more on the way and can enter your destination by a more illuminating gate, i.e., humor. There is another type of humor too, the type that sells magazines, risqué, sexy, humor. Fear not. The inquiring mind shall seek and find.

—The Old Boy



SKI WITH SPIRO'S

We provide practically everything you need for that Skiing Overnight
Imported Skis — by Attenhofer, Kastle, Blizzard, Rossignol, Italian Competition and Davos
Domestic Skis by Head, Northland, Cortina
Ski Boots in seven imported styles by Strolz, Dolomite
After Ski Boots in eight different models, both imported and domestic
Ski Clothing of finest domestic brands and Bogner of Germany
Complete Rentals — all new equipment this year
Dates — this is the only thing we don't provide



Use your Spiro's charge account or convenient 90-day-to-pay plan.
 Open Thursday til 9 p.m.



Finest Sporting Goods Store in the West

Catty-Corner from Stanford Stadium
 Town & Country Village El Camino Real

A bachelor has no children to speak of.

“For what was Louis XIV chiefly responsible?” asked the history professor. The eager beaver in the front row had his hand up in a jiffy.
 “Louis XV, sir,” he said.

The little man came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man. Seizing the man's umbrella, he raised it high above his head with both hands and brought it down sharply over his own knees. It broke in two.
 “There!” cried the little man. “Now I hope it rains!”

“May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home.”
 “I'm not experienced.”
 “You're not home yet.”



BILL JONES
 —Record

First Co-ed: “I've been asked to get married lots of times.”
 Second Co-ed: “Who asked you?”
 First Co-ed: “Mother and father.”

Photograph by *Hans Roth*
 173 University Avenue
 Palo Alto, California
 DA 4-2224



Peninsula Creamery is proud to present SHARON GADBERRY of Lagunita. Peninsula is also proud to present its FAMOUS MILKSHAKE and other fine dairy products for your enjoyment.

Hamilton at Emerson

Peninsula Creamery

DA 3-3176

THE SHORT, COOL WEEKEND

(a rather brief and noncontinuous playlet)

by JOHN FRANKENSTEIN



(The scene is the front porch of the Beta Omega house on the University of California fraternity row. The BO house is styled in ersatz Northern California Southern United States Gothic. Blue and yellow streamers are hung erratically over the porch. Sidney Liphboy and Hardy Stinker, two BO's, are sitting on the chairless porch. It is evening.)
 Liphboy: Say, Hardy, sure is a nice evening.
 Stinker: Yeah.
 Liphboy: And tomorrow's the big day, huh?
 Stinker: Yeah.
 Liphboy: Who you think gonna win, Hardy?
 Stinker: Unh.
 Liphboy (after a short silence): Yeah.
 Stinker: Sure.

Liphboy: Yeah . . . say, Hardy?
 Stinker: Huh?
 Liphboy: You really think we're gonna win?
 Stinker: Unh.
 Liphboy: Yeah, I think so too. Well, I gotta go. See ya tomorrow.
 Stinker: Sure.
 Liphboy: 'Bye. (He gets up and walks into the house.)
 Stinker: Damn redhot! (He gets up and starts to follow Liphboy.)
 A Shout from offstage: Hey Stinker, wanna go burn up something?
 Stinker: Sure, wait a minute. (He runs offstage as the lights dim out.)



(The scene now shifts to the Inner Quadrangle on the Stanford University campus, styled in its famous ersatz Northern California Southern Spain Romanesque. It is late at night. Hardy Stinker minces to the middle of the stage.)
 Stinker: Hey, come on, you guys, there's nobody here. (George Plaguey and Thomas Funge rush to Stinker's side.)
 Plaguey: You sure?
 Stinker: Yeah.
 Plaguey: That's odd.
 Funge: Man, like I thought they always had their bonfire here.
 Plaguey: So did I. Guess they're not having it this year.
 Stinker: Yeah.
 (Suddenly Captain Midnight and his faithful wonder dog, Old Yeller, jump out from the shadows.)
 Old Yeller: Arf.
 Midnight: Awright you guys, whatcha doing? You got an ID?

Funge: Well, like man, we was looking for . . .
 Old Yeller: Arf.
 Stinker: Say, cop, call off your mutt.
 Midnight: Stay, Old Yeller.
 Plaguey: Really, we were going to the bonfire . . .
 Midnight: Oh. Well, it ain't here. I'll show you how to get there. (From his jacket he pulls a map.) Now, YOU ARE HERE! And the bonfire's here. See?
 Stinker: Yeah.
 Midnight: Be good. (He and Old Yeller leap back into the night.)
 Funge: Man, that was close. Like I mean it, man.
 Plaguey: I don't understand it. Now, when I was a freshman, they had the bonfire here . . . I think.
 Stinker: Yeah.
 (The three amble off the stage as Old Yeller "arfs" and the lights dim.)



(The scene shifts, once again, to the parking lot in front of the California Memorial Stadium on the University of California campus. It is constructed in ersatz Northern California Southern Italian Roman (circa 100 B.C.). It is early in the morning. Simon Pure, and his date, Goody Gumdrops, enter the parking lot in Pure's green, purple, orange and chrome Superbomb Impaler Supersports Convertible Coupe Sedan Mark III. Red and white streamers are hung erratically over the vehicle.)
 Pure: Now, where is a park spa in ths park lo in front of Mem Stad for my Superbo Impa Superspo Con Co Sed Ma

III?
 Gumdrops: Yes dear, hurry, or we'll get caught in the back of the line for the BG.
 Pure: Sure, hon, just wait a min . . . aha! There one. (Pure begins to wheel his car to the space when he is suddenly overwhelmed by a screaming horde of Volkswagens.)
 Gumdrops: Eek!
 (The lights dim and the scene ends as a Fiat, which had fallen off the Golden Gate Bridge and had been wafted by the smoggy breeze to Berkeley, lands on top of the Volkswagens.)

(continued on next page)



(The scene is the same as the above, except that the Volkswagens and the Fiat have been cleared from the vast expanses of Pure's automobile. However, one Volkswagen was squawered on one the various antennae that protrude from the Superbomb and its owner is trying, in vain, to remove his car.)

Owner: Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn! My poor little car. Ruined! (He gives and runs off stage, babbling.) At this moment, the crowds from the stadium emerge, laughing, lurching and belching. Pure, with Gumdrops and his friend, Stan Fun and his date Honor Bright, weave to Pure's car.)

Bright: Look at that funny little car. Look, Goody, it's flying.

Gumdrops: Hic, yet indeedly.

Fun: Come on, kids, let's see if we can remove it. (They try, but fail.)

Pure: Aw, to hell with it.

Fun: Yeah.

Pure: Let's get in. (The four get in the car.)

Gumdrops: Whee, Si, go faster!

Pure: I can't find the keys.

Bright: Oh, Goody, we're going fast.

Gumdrops: Good.

Pure: I can't find the keys. (Stinker, Liphboy, Plaguey and Funge stumble onto the stage singing "Fight on for Old SC.") Hey, you guys!

Liphboy: Yeah?

Pure: You guys see any keys around here?

Funge: Nah.

Bright: Oh, dear! Me!

Stinker (exaggeratedly): Heavens to Betshie!

Liphboy: Fight on for old SC!

Gumdrops: Go faster, Si!

Plaguey: Let's go for a ride, huh, guy?

Pure: If I can find the keys maybe we'll be able to.

Stinker (pointing): Good God, look at that.

Liphboy: What?

Stinker: That VW!! It's flying.

Gumdrops: Whee, we're flying now.

Plaguey: Godamn. (The Owner enters.)

Owner: My poor little car. My lovely little car. I love my little car.

Funge: Hey man, what bugs ya?

Owner: That's my car.

Pure: Oh? Well, get it down from there.

Owner: I can't, I've tried. (He collapses, sobbing.)

Fun: Hey, Si, I've found the keys.

Gumdrops: Faster.

Pure: Good work, Stan. Where did you find them?

Fun: Well, Honor and I were on the floor of the back seat and well, really, she found them.

Pure: I see . . .

Stinker: Can we have that ride, huh?

Pure: Sure, pile in. (He motions to the Owner.) Say, you coming?

Owner (disconsolately): Yeah, I guess so. (The four BO's and he get in.)

(Pure guns his car out of the parking space and roars off through the traffic, the Volkswagen spinning on the antenna like the propeller on a frosh beanie.)



(The scene now changes to Palm Drive on the Stanford University campus, styled in ersatz asphalt. It is early in the morning and very quiet. Pure's car comes lurching up the road at great speed, all ten headlights blazing into the smog which has already coated the landscape with grime. We can see that the Volkswagen has been removed from the antenna; this implies that the Owner has been placated and consoled. Stinker, Liphboy, Plaguey and Funge are nowhere to be seen and it is highly probable that they are in Berkeley carousing. Stan Fun and Honor Bright are not in view either: they are looking for more keys on the floor of

Pure's car. Only Pure and Goody Gumdrops are visible and they are more or less emeshed with each other and the steering wheel. Suddenly Captain Midnight jumps out from behind one of the palm trees, astride Old Yeller.)
Midnight: Aha, another speeder, another promotion. Gittem up, Old Yeller. (He gives spirited chase. As the curtain falls, we hear Old Yeller "arf" as he is enveloped by a large chuckhole developed by a bomb blast originally intended for Hoover Tower by a disgruntled pre-law student.)

FINIS

kirk's



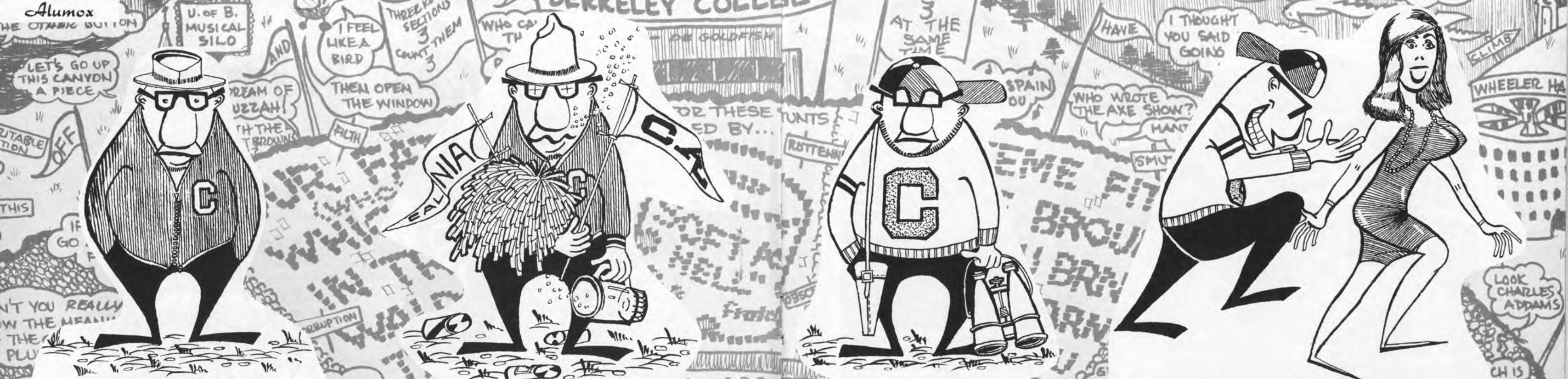
PHELPS-TERKEL

219 University

Palo Alto

DA 2-2193

The long torso, bulky sweater comes in a brown, grey and white stripe combination—\$19.95. The skirt is brown, box pleated flannel—\$25.95. Both fashions by Cabana. Model—Nancy Rhodes



(1) Once there lived a gentleman named Alumox.

(2) He had heritage.

(3) And vision.

(4) Every year Alumox used to travel and increase his heritage.



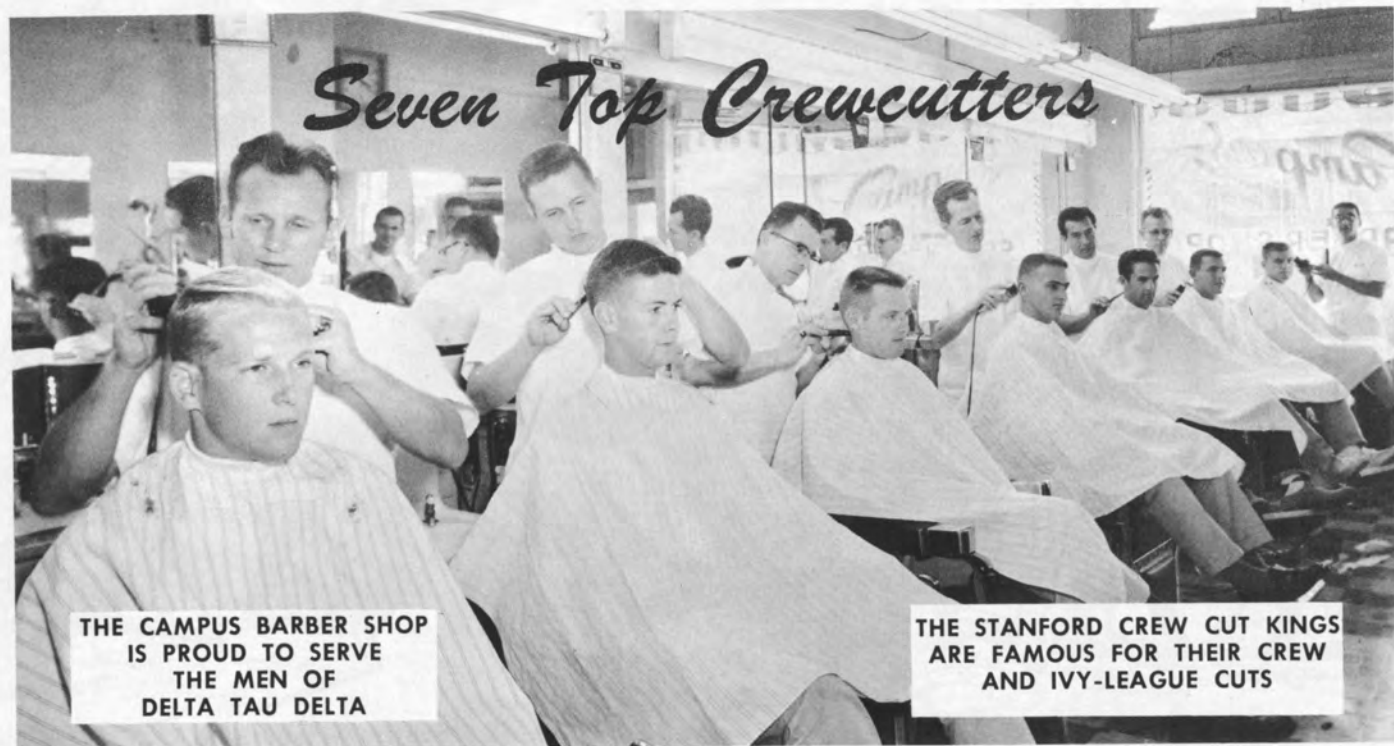
(5) And his vision.

(6) And each year he shared his good fortune with the undergraduates.

(7) Until one dark day, when the P.C.C. came to call.

(8) And now Alumox has found a worthwhile place in life.

Moral: A tool and his money are soon parted



Seven Top Crewcutters

THE CAMPUS BARBER SHOP
IS PROUD TO SERVE
THE MEN OF
DELTA TAU DELTA

THE STANFORD CREW CUT KINGS
ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR CREW
AND IVY-LEAGUE CUTS

STANFORD MEN COME VISIT Charlies and Mike AT THEIR ALL NEW CAMPUS BARBER SHOP

Hours 8:30 to 6:00 (closed Mondays) DA 5-9728
493 California Ave. So. Palo Alto
Across the street from the Bank of America



Hamburgers
Cheeseburgers
Steak Sandwiches

Hot Dog on a Stick
Shakes
Sundaes
Freezes

Shrimp and French Fries
French Fries
Coffee

WE MAKE UP ORDERS TO TAKE OUT

Don't forget Foster's Freeze for that next party

Just south of the Stadium on El Camino Real
Corner Park Avenue

Phone DA 2-0340
Open 11 A.M.-11 P.M.



equipment courtesy of

SPIRO'S
PALO ALTO



The ancient one's search for his big game queen was a long and rewarding one. It finally ended in the lovely-laden cast room over at mem aud where Miss Niki Record was exercising her talented right, as head choreographer of Gaieties, to dance. With just a tiny bit of coaxing the old boy learned that Niki comes from the land of the Washoe (Reno) and that she is a Senior. When not over at mem aud—she is a dramatics major—Niki can be found at Storey House. Her dark eyes and hair are only part of the attractive features belonging to our 5'4" queen; you see, her secret wish is as yet unrealized. That's right. She tells us there is a certain senior who has neglected, so far; his right and duty. In case you don't know, that date will be Nov. 26th.

the old boy presents

Niki Record

his gaities queen



"Glass for all purposes"

ACME

GLASS CO.

Established 1927

635 Emerson

Phone DA 3-4127

Perfectly in Place!
INTERLOCKING
RING SETS by ...

GENUINE REGISTERED
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS

And how proudly she wears her Keepsake Rings—for the Keepsake engagement center diamond is perfect—the finest and most beautiful that money can buy.

The exquisite beauty of her Keepsake Diamond Rings is never marred by slipping or turning because they are firmly but secretly locked in place.

ALWAYS TOGETHER

ALWAYS LIKE THIS

NEVER LIKE THIS



DUDLEY \$300.
Wedding Ring \$125.

Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include Federal Tax



The Peninsula's Leading
Diamond and Watch Specialist



218 University Ave. Downtown Palo Alto

DA 3-2834

NO EXTRA CHARGE

OPEN MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS 'TIL 9 P.M.

CONVENIENT TERMS ARRANGED

VIKING MOTOR BODY CO.

JOE G. CALVELLO

HAL E. HAMERTON

COMPLETE MOTOR REPAIRS—PAINT & BODY WORK
BATTERIES—TIRES—MOTOR TUNE-UP—WASHING
POLISHING—SEAT COVERS

98 Churchill Avenue
PALO ALTO, CALIF.

DAvenport 3-6222



—Ranger

"Glad to see you, old man. Can you lend me five dollars?"

"Sorry, but I haven't a cent with me today."

"And at home?"

"They're all very well, thank you."

Prof: "Are you cheating on this exam?"

Student: "No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper."

Lady (holding cookie above Fido's head): "Speak, speak."

Dog: "What shall I say?"

"How did you puncture your tire?"

"Ran over a milk bottle."

"Didn't you see it?"

"Naw, the kid had it under his coat."



"S...T...A..."

In Texas, the students are accustomed to the Indian population traveling on trains. One Indian and his squaw boarded a train for the very first time. He had the upper berth, and she the lower. The Indian said, "Me thirsty!" and his squaw left her berth to get him some water. He kept this up all night, his squaw getting up each time he needed water. Finally near morning, she answered, "Me no can gettum more water, paleface sittum on well!"

"I was abroad myself for two years but a psychiatrist fixed me up."

He only drinks to calm himself,
His steadiness to improve.
Last night he got so steady,
He couldn't even move.

The old river boat captain was bragging to one of his passengers.

"Yup," he said proudly, "I really know this river like the palm of my hand. There ain't a sand bar on it that I ain't familiar with."

Just then the boat ran aground, with a sickening lurch.

"See," he said calmly, "there's one of 'em now."



"... well actually I came to Stanford because of the ratio."

A Navy recruit lost his rifle on the firing range. When told he would have to pay for it, he protested. "Suppose I was driving a jeep and somebody stole it. Would I have to pay for that, too?" He was informed that he would have to pay. "Now," said the recruit, "I know why the captain always goes down with his ship."

tres agreeable (or driving is fun again)

La Dauphine
by Renault



Renault La Dauphine \$1995.00 delivered Models: Sue Garth and B. J. Russell

RENAULT

SALES & SERVICE

PALO ALTO RENAULT

623 ALMA STREET

DA 6-9370



Rolly Somer • Norm Standlee

JUICE

JUGS

JOKES

3005 El Camino Real

DA 2-2214

Atherton

EM 6-9952

1. HEY, MAN, WE GO ON THE CYCE, HEY MAN?



YEAH, MAN

RHMM RHMM



3. HEY, MAN, REV UP THE CYCE AGAIN - IT MAKES ME FEEL MASCULINE AS HELL, MAN!



OK, MAN

RHMM RHMM



5. MAN, I CAN FEEL THE MASCULINITY THROUGH MY VEINS - REV IT UP AGAIN, MAN!



OK, MAN

RHMM RHMM



2. ARE WE READY TO GO, MAN?



YEAH, MAN

RHMM RHMM



M M M M SPUT COUGH SPAFF SPUT WHEEF SIGHHHH

9. MAN, WHAT'S THE SKINNY?



MAN, LIKE THE MASCULINITY SYMBOL IS OUT OF GAS

10. GET SOME MORE, MAN?



LIKE I'M OUT OF BREAD, MAN

11. LIKE, ME TOO, MAN



I GUESS WE DON'T BE MASCULINE 'TIL AFTER PAYDAY, MAN

12. LET'S GO BUM A MARLBORO OFF ONE OF THE GUYS LIKE, WHAT SHALL WE DO, MAN?



ART YOUNGS SOUTHGATE MOTORS

HILLMAN • SUNBEAM • WILLYS

Sales and Service

999 Alma St. • DA 5-5611

Specialists in All Imported Car Repairs



GENERATOR AND STARTER REBUILDING
WHEEL BALANCING AND ALIGNING
GENERAL REPAIRING TUNE-UPS
COMPLETE LUBRICATING

Stanfordites Given Special Consideration

CAMERA SHOP

541 Bryant
Palo Alto
DA 2-1715



340 California
South Palo Alto
DA 6-3344

photo finishing • cameras
application & passport pictures
photographic supplies
picture framing
photostat copies

"Serving all your
typing needs"



PALO ALTO TYPEWRITER
palo alto office equipment co.

171 University—DA 4-1688

Everyone but GROGAN'S seems to have an advertising jingle nowadays, so like to the tune of 'Pepsi Cola' here for the first and probably the last time anywhere:

GROGAN jeweler is the spot
Rings and diamonds all quite hot
Easy terms and the coppers too
GROGAN jeweler is the place for you

I'd also like to take this opportunity to announce GROGAN'S Christmas shopper special. If you come downtown during the month of December, just go into the store and tell him that you saw his ad in the Chappie and he will give you a nickel (big deal!) for your hour's parking. I haven't told him of this fantastic plan yet, so if many of you go in there, someone else may be writing this ad next month.

GROGAN THE JEWELER 205 University Palo Alto



"Dark? Don't be silly, I know this path like the palm of my . . . oh! Wait a minute, Gloria, you don't understand! GLORIA . . ."

Senior: Remember, when a woman says "no," she means "maybe." And if she says "maybe" she means "yes."

Freshman: I know, but what does she mean when she just says "phooey"?

The seven-year-old daughter of a famous judge always introduced herself as "Judge Clarke's daughter" instead of plain "Betty Clarke." One day her mother corrected her rather firmly about this. "That's not the right thing to say, dear; it sounds snobbish. So, after this just say you're Betty Clarke."

A few days later someone asked the little girl if she were Judge Clarke's daughter. "I thought I was," answered the child, "but mother says not."

Scotch Gent—My lad, are you to be my caddie?

Caddie—Yes, sir.

Scot—And how are you at finding lost balls?

Caddie—Very good, sir.

S. Gent—Well, look around and find one and we'll start the game.

1st Femme: "I see that George asked you to marry him. Did he tell you that he had once proposed to me?"

2nd Femme: "No, but he said there were some things in his past life he was ashamed of."

A certain Persian Shah went on a hunting trip, leaving his second in command, the Shan, in charge of the palace. One day the Shan went berserk and raced through the palace slaughtering people with his heavy sword.

The same evening the Shah returned. The first sight that greeted him was that of two servants picking up dismembered torsos and putting them in a basket. When the Shah inquired as to what had happened, the first servant looked up and said, "Where were you when the fit hit the Shan?"

The business tycoon was dying, and the priest hadn't yet arrived. "John," he gasped to his partner, who was sitting by the side of the bed, "I want to confess to you. I stole that \$74,000 from the safe. And I'm the one who told your wife about your mistress. And, John—I sold our secret patents to our rivals for \$200,000. And John . . ."

"That's O.K.," John whispered. "I poisoned you."

Slowly, her eyes glowing softly, the beautiful debutante re-raised the glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe, its music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ears, and I am transferred to the make-believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me belch."

Then there was the aeronautical engineer who was confused because girls with the streamlined figures offered the most resistance.

Man waiting to see doctor: "May I go first, please? I just swallowed a hand grenade."



"Then I told her I wasn't that kind of doctor."

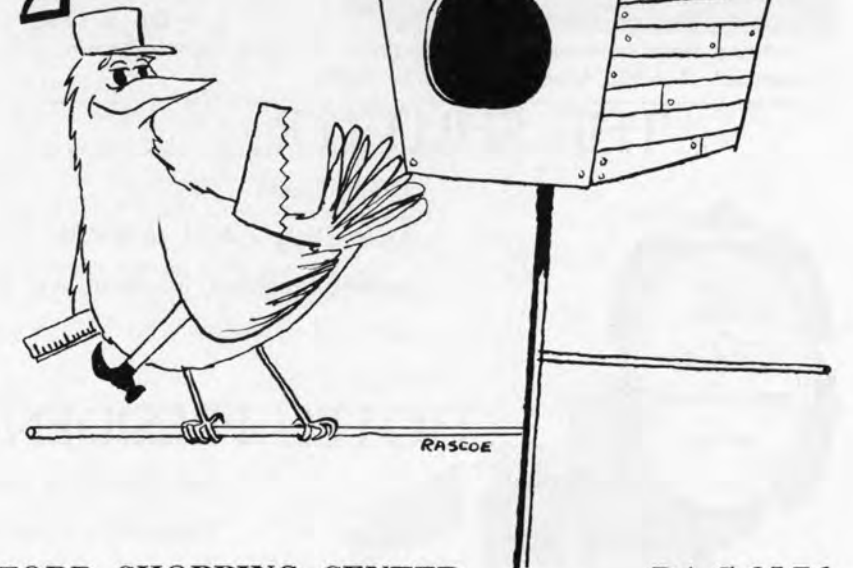


Stanford students
enjoying the
ice cream parlor at

Edy's

73 EMBARCADERO TOWN & COUNTRY

Your store for gifts homeware hardware

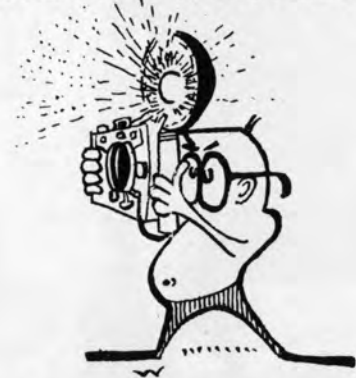


STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER

DA 5-0176

CAMERAS and SUPPLIES

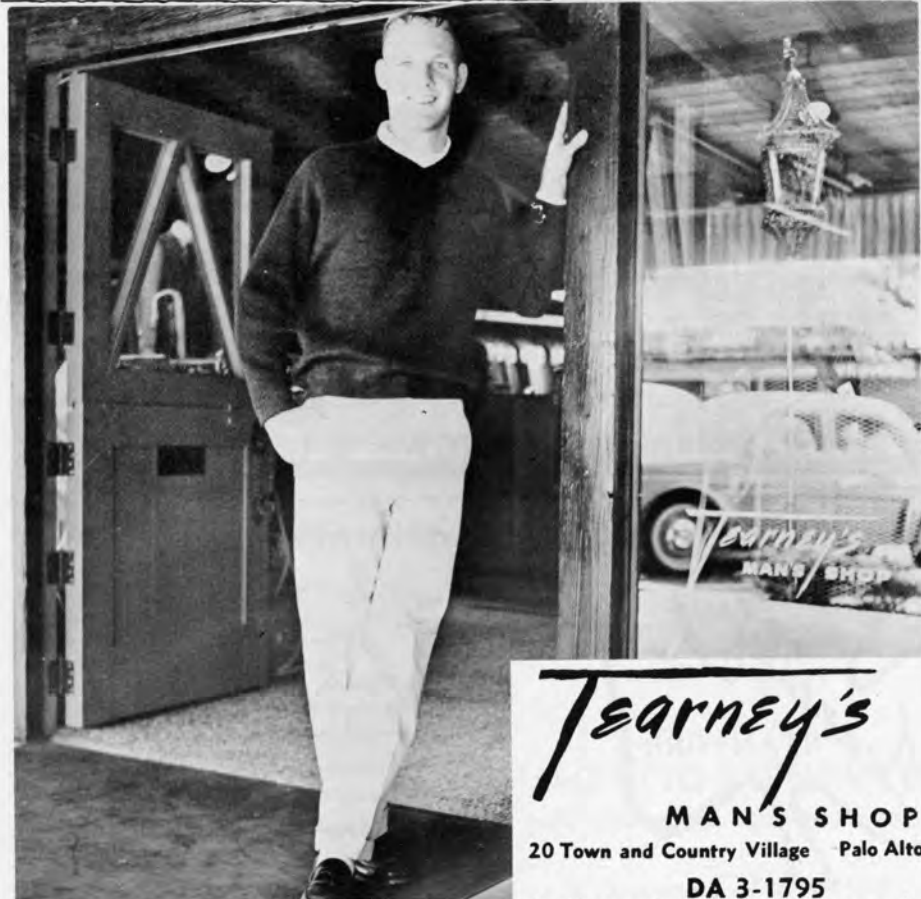
Developing, printing and enlarging in our own modern plant



Passport and I. D. pictures at our Stanford store

KEEBLES
18 Town and Country

Two stores to serve you **KEEBLES & LOHMAN**
121 Stanford Plaza



Shetland sweater imported from England. In three colors—brown, gray and charcoal. \$16.95. Model: Marvin Corlette

THE SHUTTER

Dining Room
Open Daily 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.
Serving breakfast, luncheon, and dinner



HOTEL PRESIDENT
488 University Avenue
Palo Alto

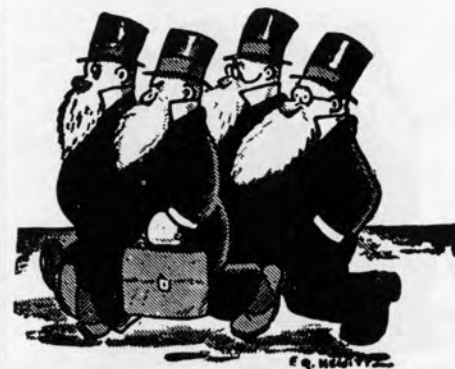
Clifford J. Shea, Manager.

A minister, making a call, and his hostess were sitting in the parlor when a small boy came running in carrying a dead rat. "Don't worry, ma, it's dead. We bashed him and beat him until . . ." And noticing the minister for the first time, he added in a lowered voice, "until God called him home."

A castaway on a desert island pulled ashore a girl clinging to a barrel. "How long have you been here?" asked the girl. "Thirteen years," replied the castaway. "All alone? Then you're going to have something that you haven't had for thirteen years," said the girl. "You don't mean to tell me there's beer in that barrel," said he.

An English farmer was out in his field one day, sprinkling purple dust over the ground, when a stranger passed by. "Why are you sprinkling that purple dust over the ground?" he asked. "To keep the lions away." "My dear man," said the stranger, "don't you know there hasn't been a lion in England for two thousand years?" "Well, confidentially," said the farmer, "it's a lucky thing. This stuff isn't very good."

The excited voice of a young women's dorm resident came over the phone: "Two boys are trying to break into my room through the window!" "Listen, lady, this ain't the police department, it's the fire station." "I know," she replied, "but my room is on the second floor and they need a ladder."



"Of course I can't prove it, I haven't checked with Leon yet."

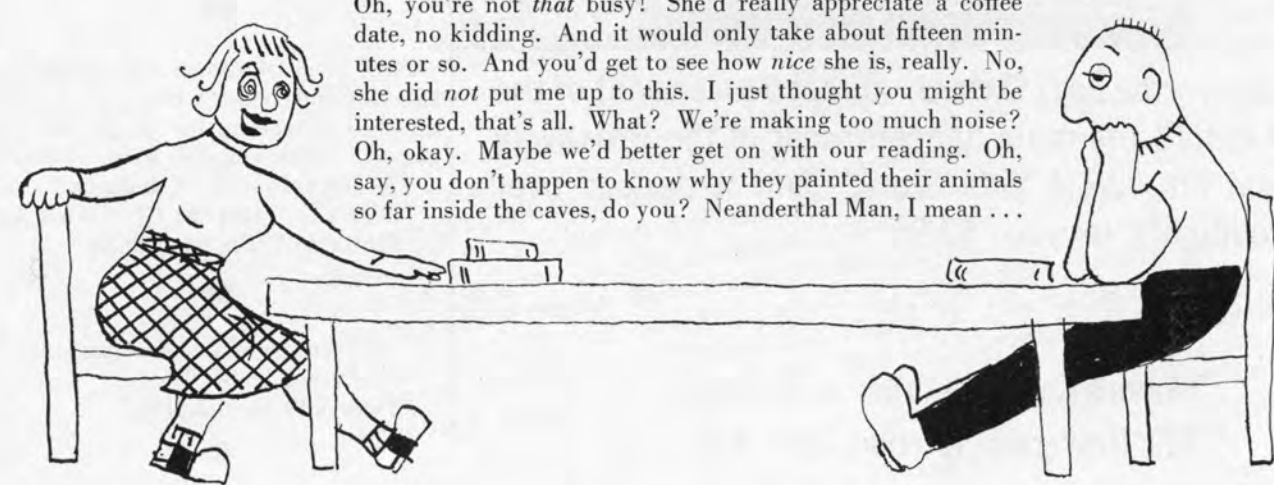
SHE'S REALLY VERY . . .

(or, "Where have I heard this before?")

by **ERIC WILSON**



Oh, hi! What are you doing here at the Civ Libe? Really? It is a pretty tough assignment, isn't it? Fifty pages on art and the Cro-Magnin Man. I don't know why I'm reading it, actually. I never can answer the questions, even when I've read the material. Our teacher always comes up with something that *nobody* can answer, like "Why did Neanderthal Man paint his animal pictures so far inside the caves?" I might just as well not bother reading the assignment, for all the good it does me. What? Oh, pretty busy, you know how it is. How have you been? Oh, don't tell me you're complaining, too! Honestly, all you guys seem to talk about is "the ratio." It's not *that* bad. Why, there are lots of girls that don't go out much at all, just because all the boys are afraid they've already got a date. What? Saturday night? Oh, I'd really love to, but I've already got a date. No, but take my roommate, for instance. She's really very nice, and yet *she* doesn't always have a date. I bet you'd like her. What's she like? Well, she's really *very* popular. It's just that . . . well, she's sort of quiet, and it's hard for boys to really get to know her. But once you know her, you'll really think she's terrific! Oh, *that's* no attitude to take. She's got a *very* nice personality, even though she is rather quiet. And she's really *cute*. Describe her? Oh. Well, she's got . . . sort of brownish hair and . . . sort of darkish eyes and . . . and she really dresses very well. What? Oh, she's not terribly *glamorous* or anything like that, but then who is, really? And besides, you don't really notice how she looks because she's got such a good personality. If you get to know her. . . How tall is she? Well, she's just a little bit tall, maybe, for a girl. But then you don't really notice how tall she is, because she's so *interesting*. She's really *very* nice. You're five nine? Oh, good! She's just perfect for you. Only a little *bit* over five eight. And she dresses so well that you don't even notice that she might look tall. What? How is she on a date? Why, I'm sure she's fascinating! She's majoring in sociology, you know. Really a *lot* of fun! Why haven't you seen her before? Well, she's *very* popular, and all that. It's just that she's kind of shy, and all the boys here just haven't noticed her yet. You don't think you will ask her out? Oh, come on! Not even for a coffee date? Why *not*? Oh, you're not *that* busy! She'd really appreciate a coffee date, no kidding. And it would only take about fifteen minutes or so. And you'd get to see how *nice* she is, really. No, she did *not* put me up to this. I just thought you might be interested, that's all. What? We're making too much noise? Oh, okay. Maybe we'd better get on with our reading. Oh, say, you don't happen to know why they painted their animals so far inside the caves, do you? Neanderthal Man, I mean . . .

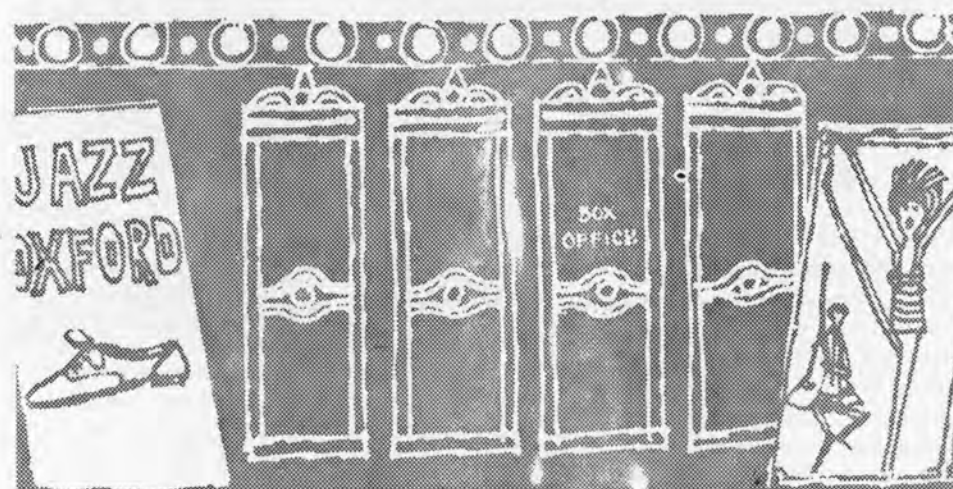




Capezio's® Jazz Oxford

dances out of

West Side Story



Just born — the Jazz Oxford — direct descendant of the ballet oxford the male dancers wear in the Broadway musical hit, "West Side Story." And it dances over the footlights to you \$9.95

Bloom's Capezio Corner at Elwoods
222 University Avenue, Palo Alto

Little boy watching milkman's horse:
"Mister, I'll bet you ain't gonna get home with your wagon."
Milkman: "Why?"
Little boy: "'Cause your horse just lost all his gasoline."

During World War II, there was this whale, see. Now this whale musta been nearsighted as a bat—because he upped and fell in love with a U.S. submarine.

He was so much in love that it hurt. He followed the sub all over the world, see—and every time it ejected a torpedo this lovesick whale would pass out cigars.

CHAPPIE



• on sale December 3rd

A GI from Oklahoma was engaged in hand-to-hand combat with a Jap. As they thrashed around in the jungle, the GI gasped, "Whew you hail from, mister?"
The Jap answered, "Yokohama."
"Holy cow," said the GI. "What are we fightin' fo'? I'm from Tulsa."

"Ah, I see you went to eco class today."
"How'd you know?"
"Your suit's been slept in."



the stanford CHAPARRAL

box 3013 . . . stanford . california

November 14, 1958
(quarter moon, waxing)

to the editor,
Stanford Daily
Stanford, California

Dear Sir or Madam, as the case may be;

This letter is being written in the place of "Moom Pics" for several reasons. The first and most important reason is to report the score of the recent Daily-Chappie game, the pre-game publicity for which you gave such fine coverage, but, understandably, the score of which you somehow did not find time nor space to print. We do, however, find this neglect far more acceptable than the practice resorted to not so many years ago of printing the score but reversing the point totals so that the Daily would seem to be the winner. Last year, when the Chappie won as usual, the Editor saw fit to print the correct score, but this was last year when the Editor was an honorable man and the Daily at least bore a reasonable resemblance to a newspaper. So just for the record, the final score was the CHAPPIE 12, the daily 8.

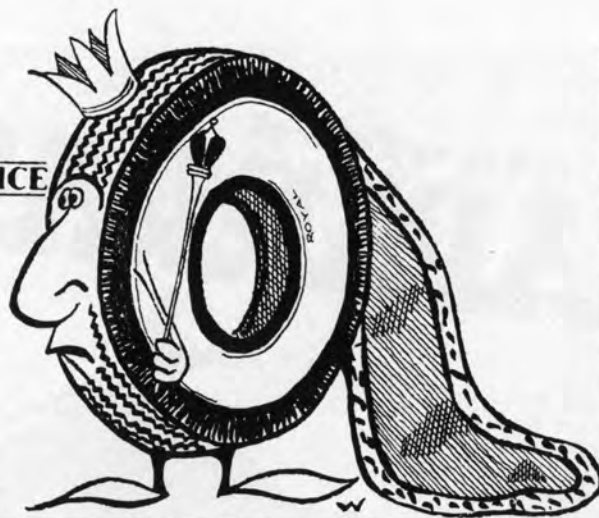
The second thing this letter will concern itself with is the paragraphs of drivel and pale attempts at humor written for your rag by one Ellington K. Farthingale. The items of so-called information are classics of irresponsible journalism and collections of half-truths and untruths. Last week's blurb concerning the fact that the Chappie would be out this week instead of when listed on the social calendar was a good example. It is true that the magazine was scheduled for that day; yet it is also true that it could have been on the stands that day. However, since the staff returned to school, several things were pointed out to them that made the change of date logical. It was noted that the Big Game issue of the magazine always came out during the Big Game week and was part of the tradition of that week; also, that a Big Game issue will sell better during Big Game week. So, the sale date was changed. As for the bits of trash that you run as reviews of the Chappie, little can be said. At the office, no regard can be given the content because they contain not one bit of serious, thoughtful criticism, however, consideration of sales is a different thing. The Chappie, unlike the Daily, is sold to the students and is in no way subsidised by them, and there are some of these students who will read E.K.F.'s reveiws and take as truth her declarations that there is nothing good in the Chappie. When it is considered that any profits the magazine might make comes from sales, the seriousness of the responsibility for honest, truthful, and constructive reveiws becomes apparent. We live a little too close to the magazine to be completely objective about it, so constructive criticism could be helpful to

(Continued on inside back cover)

founded at stanford university in 1899 • published by the hammer and coffin society

ROYAL TIRE SERVICE
Palo Alto
 Distributor

U.S. ROYAL TIRES AND TUBES
 Quality Recapping
 Special Discount to Students and Faculty
 955 Alma St. DA 3-1357



RECORDS
 • classical
 • popular
 • jazz
 PHONOGRAPHS
 RADIOS



BROWN'S MUSIC CO.

Stanford Shopping Center
 DA 6-1561

Rossotti's

Donald Horther
 Howard Stone
 — Proprietors



*With an I.D. you can see the label

We give S & H Green Stamps

REAL SERVICE
 GEORGE



FREE PICK-UP AND DELIVERY.....DA-3-4400

STANFORD UNION OIL SERVICE

Behind Stanford Shopping Center



Herodotus in Egypt

A political science professor was struggling with a drowsy class on a warm spring afternoon. They were discussing the constitution.

Spotting a particularly sleepy fellow in the back row, the professor snapped, "Sir, if the President of the United States died, who would get the job?"

The student puzzled a moment, then replied, "A Republican undertaker."

She: "But I'm only thirteen!"
 He: "This is no time for superstition."

Mother (entering the room unexpectedly): "Well, I never!"

Daughter: "Oh mother, you must have."

Two small boys were standing on the corner when a little girl passed by.
 Said one: "Her neck's dirty."
 Said the other: "Her does?"

"Of course I realize it," he snapped.
 "Do you realize," said a coed in the Union to a friend across the table, "that you are reading your *Chaparral* upside down?"



Plato and Socrates

Little Edna seemed to be enjoying herself thoroughly at the zoo with her father. As they were looking at the lions, however, Edna suddenly got a very troubled look on her face, and her father asked her what the trouble was.

"I was just wondering, daddy. In case a lion breaks loose and eats you, what number bus do I take home?"

Professor: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Student: No wonder so many of us flunk our exams.

Country Girl: "My paw is the best rifle shot in these parts."

City Slicker: "Well, what does that make me?"

Country Girl: "My fiancé."

He: "Kiss me."
 She: "No."
 He: "Why not?"
 She: "Because I'm a lady."
 He: "Listen, if I wanted a man, I'd have called your brother."

Three ways to end a dinner conversation:

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married. Should she say "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says "No," ask how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says "Yes," ask her if she's married.



"So I told the Gillette people, 'No; not for any amount.'"

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



CORNER OF EL CAMINO REAL AND CAMBRIDGE, MENLO PARK

For "take-outs," phone DA 3-9562, and we'll have 'em for you in a jiffy!



"I'm sick of these mushy pillows! Wish they'd hurry and invent the BarcaLounge!"



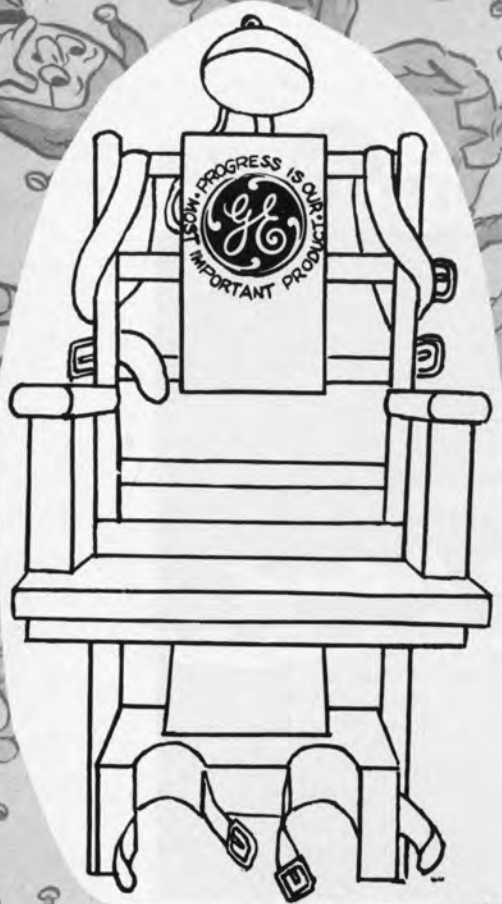
BarcaLounge®

CONTOUR CHAIR SHOP
 122 Town & Country DA 3-2866



Binders (zipper and 3-ring), writing implements (ball points, "Snorkel" point, regular point), paper (all kinds) . . . we even cash students' checks!

School Suppliers & Stationers
 University at Ramona



"You wonder how people can watch a game like this."

II

—Jack-O-Lantern



"Now I ask you gentlemen, just how mild can a cigarette be?"

—Froth



"And that was just in the first quarter."



—Chaff SIGALE

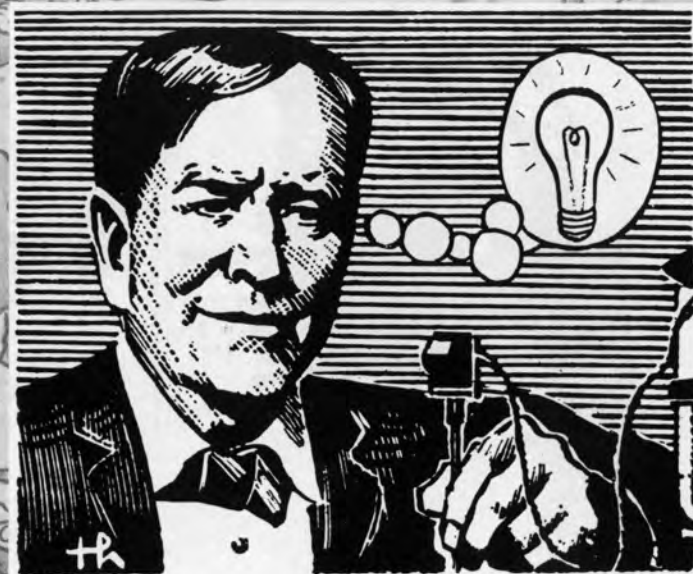


"Ten steps, Harrigan! Ten steps!"

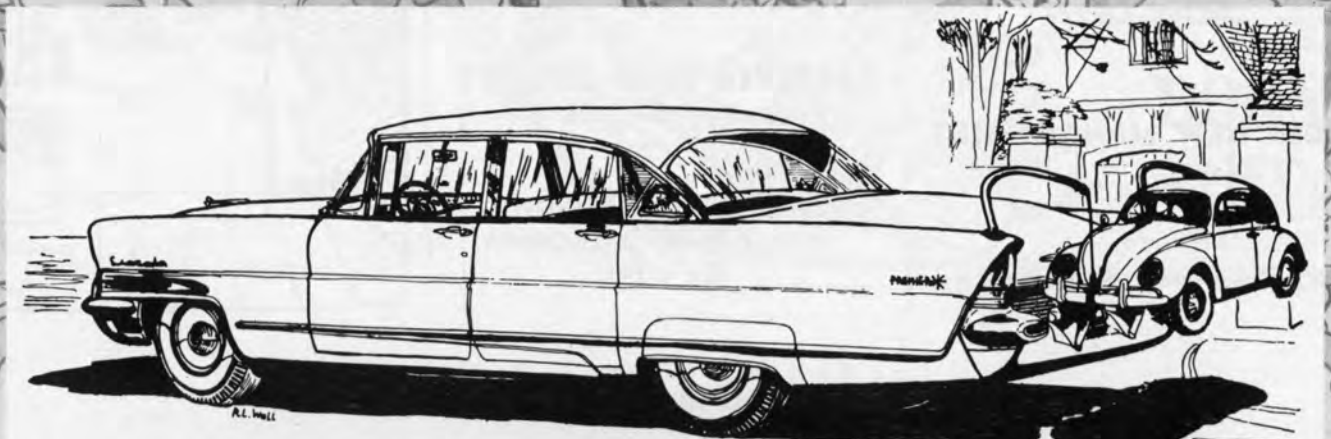
—Pelican



—Lampoon



—Kitty Kat



—Lampoon

EXIT

LAUGHING



Country Squire
AT RICKEY'S STUDIO INN

Telephone 4219 El Camino Real
DAvenport 5-3353 Palo Alto, California

The good-looking clothes worn by Suzanne Berger and Bill Crowell are shown at the Country Squire



THE CRACKED POT

NOW OPEN

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

2785 El Camino Redwood City



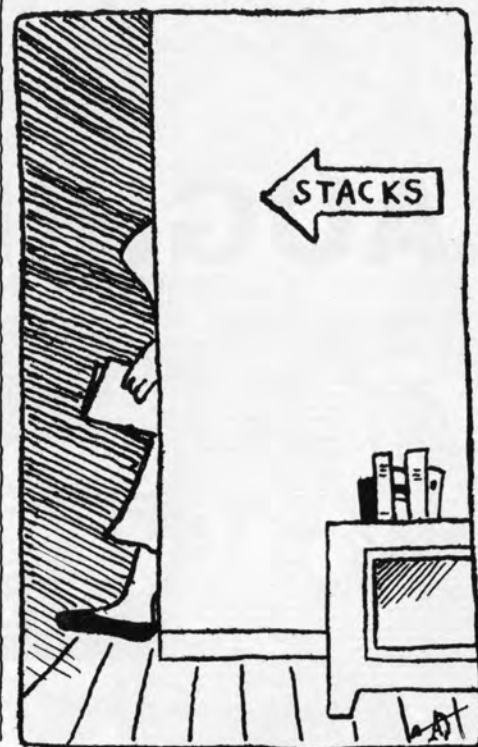
LOWEST COST MOTOROLA® STEREO PORTABLE HAS 2 BIG SPEAKERS
Small price tag, big sound! Plays stereo, plays LP's. Deluxe 4-speed automatic changer. Dual sapphire styli. One speaker in detachable lid—one in the phono. Acoustinator tone control. Leather-textured miracle fabric in Brown or Blue.
(Model SF11) **\$9995**

GARDINER HIGH FIDELITY

Radios - Phonographs

701 SANTA CRUZ AVENUE
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA
DA 6-3902

The latest in drinks! Vodka and milk of magnesia. It's called a Phillips Screwdriver.



A pretty, young secretary got tired of standing up on the bus every morning on the way to work. So one morning she tried an experiment. She got on the bus carrying a copy of a book entitled *Having Your First Baby*. Worked like a charm. She kept repeating the experiment. Almost every morning for eight months she was offered a seat on the crowded bus.

One night the young lady's steady boyfriend finally brought himself to the point of proposing marriage. She accepted. The next morning she got on the bus flashing a new engagement ring.

The bus driver gave an admiring look and nodded approvingly. Then he pointed to a series of pencil marks on the dashboard in front of him:

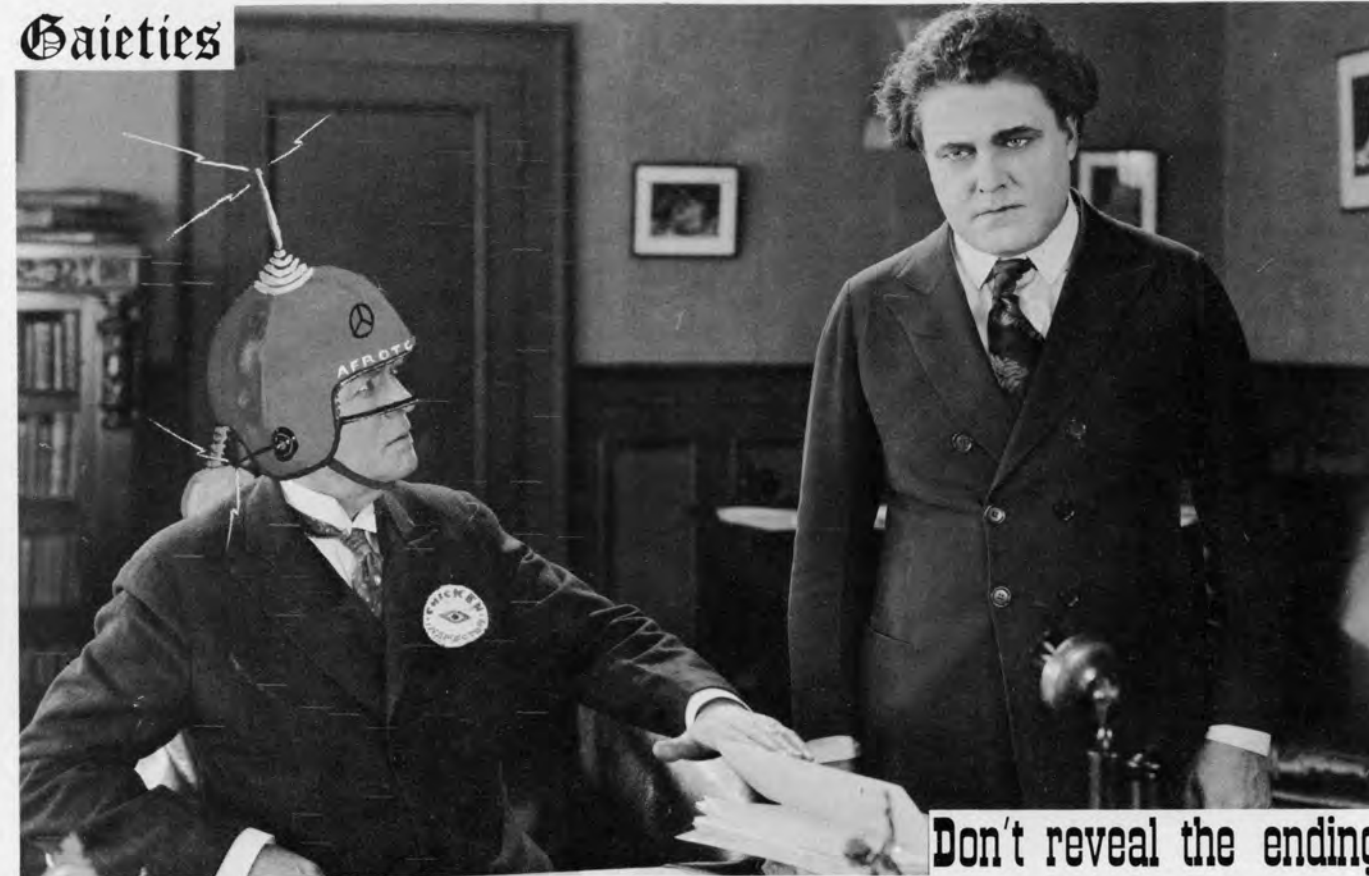
"I've been keeping track, sister," he said. "You're just getting in under the wire, you know."

Frosh: I just brought back a skunk.
Roomie: Where ya gonna keep him?
Frosh: I'm gonna tie him under the bed.

Roomie: What about the smell?
Frosh: He'll get used to it, like I did.

"Would you care to contribute to the Indian Relief Fund, Mrs. Custer?"

Gaieties



Don't reveal the ending.

presented by **Ram's Head**

Wed. and Fri.—8:30 Curtain Thurs.—9:30 Curtain Tickets at Memorial Hall Box Office—\$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.75



• on sale December 3rd



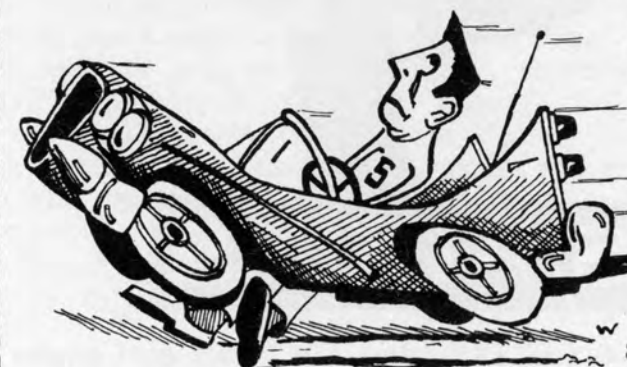
Ask Ann, the cook, at
Alpha Delta Phi

She serves California's
favorite ice cream and
milk!

600 Willow Road DA 3-9046

(free rides back to campus)

Slow down the easy way . . .



Let Dorn's
✓ your brakes
stop your shimmy
get you started

DORN'S

SAFETY
SERVICE

DA 3-3928

801 Alma Street, Palo Alto

Sports wear

Roos/Atkins has selection perfection in



ROOS/ATKINS

STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER / and The Shack on Campus

Our Advertisers

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------|
| ACME GLASS | 20 |
| BROWN'S MUSIC CO. | 30 |
| BLOOM'S AT ELWOODS | 28 |
| CAMERA SHOP | 24 |
| CAMPUS BARBER SHOP | 16 |
| CARLYLE'S | 20 |
| COLONY | 1 |
| CONGDON & CHROME | 31 |
| CONTOUR CHAIR | 31 |
| COUNTRY SQUIRE | 34 |
| CRACKED POT | 35 |
| CROW PHARMACY | 2 |
| DONNELLY'S | 25 |
| DORN'S SAFETY SERVICE | 35 |
| EDY'S | 25 |
| FOSTER'S FREEZE | 16 |
| GAITIES | 35 |
| GARDINER HI-FI | 35 |
| GOLDEN STATE | 35 |
| GLEIM'S | 3 |
| GROGAN'S | 24 |
| KEEBLE & LOHMAN'S | 26 |
| KIRK'S | 13 |
| L'OMMIES | 4 |
| LOUIS & CO. | 4 |
| MARQUARD'S | 31 |
| PALO ALTO OFFICE EQUIPMENT | 24 |
| PARD'S | 2 |
| PENINSULA CREAMERY | 9 |
| PHELPS-TERKEL | 13 |
| RENAULT | 21 |
| R. J. REYNOLDS | BACK COVER |
| HANS ROTH | 9 |
| ROLLY AND NORM'S | 21 |
| ROOS ATKINS | 36 |
| ROSSOTTI'S | 30 |
| ROYAL TIRE | 30 |
| SAKURA GARDENS | 3 |
| THE SHUTTER | 26 |
| SOUTHGATE MOTORS | 24 |
| SPIRO'S | 8 |
| STANFORD UNION SERVICE | 30 |
| TEARNEY'S | 26 |
| VIKING MOTORS | 20 |

(Letter to the Daily, Continued)

us and the students who read both the Daily and the Chappie. As it stands now, your vehicles of venom serve no purpose other than to illustrate how ill-equipped and immature some of the Daily journalists are. You publish for a pre-sold market; we do not, and we ask you how long you honestly think you could go on printing a paper the way you are now if you had no subsidy and if you had to sell each issue for from, say, two to five cents. We do not ask for special treatment in reveiwing, nor do we wish to be ignored. All we ask is that you treat us with biased honesty. This does not rule out wit, but we do understand that a good, humorous reveiw will be a good deal harder for activity credit hacks to write.

Another thing that we would like to point out is the difficulty there is for the Chappie, or for any other group for that matter, to carry its case to the public. For the only feasible means of doing so is in the "Letters to the Editor" column, and the Daily staff, of course, chooses which letters to print and when to print them. The Chappie has a media at its disposal, but the mechanics of magazine production are such that up-to-the-minute rebutals, or whatever you wish to call them, are out of question. For instance, as this is being written the deadline for copy to be set for the December issue has already passed, therefore, in order to have anything appear in typeset copy, rather than type-written as this is, that might be an answer to something you might say about the November issue or this letter, we would have to wait until the January issue.

The time factor, the fact that the magazine is published at the Press where almost anyone on the Daily staff who cares to can see the page forms up to a week before the issue is on the stands, and the fact that we send you complimentary copies early, means that it is rather easy for the Daily to "scoop" the Chappie. Whenever this happens -- as it could with this letter -- the Daily staff seems to take great delight in their accomplishment. This mystifies the Chappies since it is so easy and since there seems to be really very little "scoop" value in a daily publication beating a monthly publication. So we should not be surprised if you print an answer before this appears, or, most likely, if you choose not to answer this at all.

We leave you with the thought that so far this year, generally, the only public opinion you have been able to mold effectively is against yourself. Before finding so many faults with the Chappie, most of which are imagined, look to yourself. Ask a few people what they think of the Daily this year, and then do something about it. Last year the students and the Pub Board were told that the reduction from the eight to seven column Daily would improve the paper. About the only improvement that we can see, outside of less indistinct pictures and a reasonably good sports page, is that there is simply less of the Daily to look at each morning. Remember that you are a small group of students who are devoting your time to the entire student body and other large and small groups of students within that student body, not just yourselves. We think this time and devotion you expend could be more beneficial to all concerned if you only directed a little more of it to introspection.

A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



★ **menthol
fresh**

Salem brings a wholly new quality to smoking...Spring-time-softness in every puff. Salem refreshes your taste the way a Spring morning refreshes you.

★ **rich tobacco
taste**

Smoking was never like this before! You taste that rich tobacco...then, surprise!...there's an unexpected softness that gives smoking new comfort and ease.

★ **modern filter,
too**

Through Salem's pure-white modern filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. You smoke refreshed, pack after pack, when you buy Salems by the carton.

