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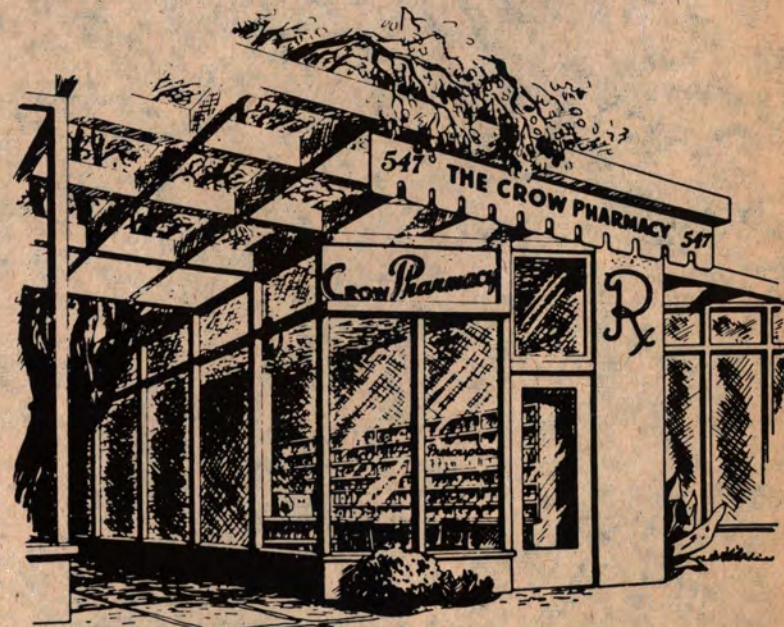


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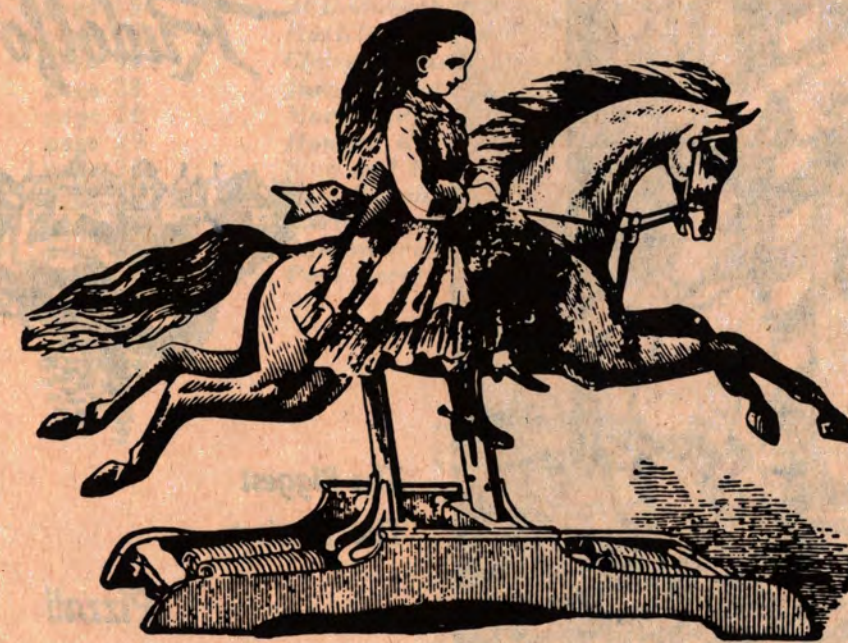


"So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!"

from *Ode to the West Wind*, line 35



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the stanford
CHAPARRAL

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IT IS BETTER TO HAVE LAUGHED THAN BOUGHT A CHAPPIE



The Chappies

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NOW THAT the academic year is threatening to end, and the dismal prospect of a summer of idyllic freedom looms ahead, the Old Boy pauses in his panicked efforts—to make up a whole quarter's work in three days — to ponder the fruits of his labor. Just what has the hardened *Chappie* core accomplished? What indeed? you sneer. Moreover, who cares? Well, you've got us there, but the Ancient One thinks the record shows that some merit has accrued to us.

First of all we've accomplished the noteworthy feat of staying on campus this year, pending the Dean's perusal of the present issue. We seem to have safely navigated that precarious line between the gaping maw of the Dean's office, and the dismal abyss of failure to appeal to the students' smutty taste.

Second, we appear to have stemmed and reversed the slight but still insidious decline in sales which has threatened our delicate egos. This despite the Dean's calculated attempt to hamper us by raising the tuition to such a height that no one could afford a *Chappie*.

Third, we've managed some good social events without getting busted by the ABC. *Camaraderie* probably reached its zenith at the Uva Fest where goblets were hoisted around the old oaken wine keg prior to the annual sacrifice of a virgin. (Unfortunately, this latter part of the ritual was foregone as none could be found).

Lastly, in our never ending effort to help the University to laugh at itself whether it wants to or not, we've had a few ourselves, and hope you have too.

While we wax maudlin—a fond farewell is due one of our number whose rotund self will no longer be a burden to the University next year. This stalwart has been the backbone of the *Chappie* for, lo, these many years. Fare thee well, James Gleason, "Alumni Advisor."

But let us look to the future; The Old Boy welcomes new staffers: Reggie Giles, who we feel has something to offer, despite the fact that he is a Zete; Carole Stevens despite the fact that she goes with Reggie; Rowell Green; Jeannie Howard; and Greg Brown.

These fledglings, and of course the loyal crew, who despite the passage of time refuse even to fade away gracefully, will be back on the job in our never ending efforts to stamp out the *Daily* and the Dean's Office.

—The Old Boy

OK. youse guys!
forget the bank job
this time around.



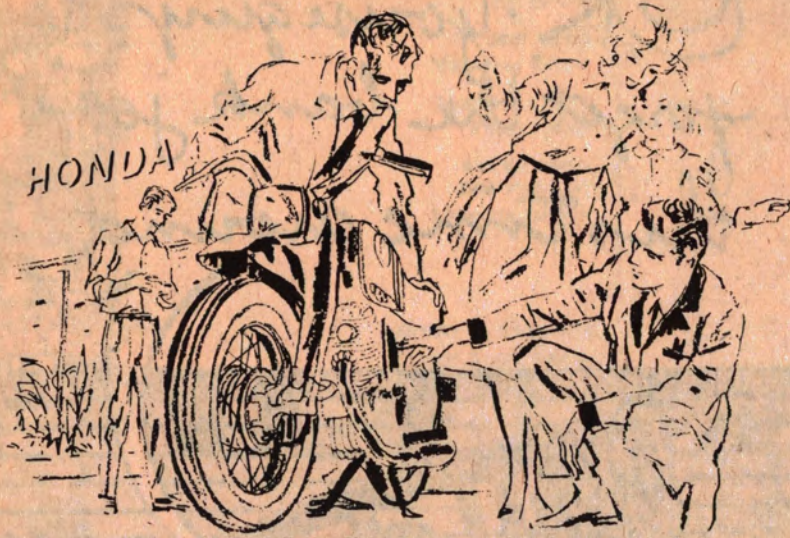
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On a crowded cross-country bus, a youngster occupied one section of the seat just ahead of his father and mother. When the space beside him was pounced upon by a lady of gargantuan proportions, the boy turned to his mother and announced discreetly, "F - A - T, huh, Ma?"

The Indian kept raising his hand and saying "Chance" each time a tourist passed by. Finally one of them asked him, "Why do you keep saying 'Chance' when all the other Indian says 'How'?"

"Me already know how. Me just want chance."

The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test,
On its haunches
Hovering over every desk;
And then it moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.

The manager of a fashionable men's clothing store near campus hired a new salesman who claimed he could sell anything to anybody. The manager decided to test him out, and said, "If you can sell this suit here, I'll give you a ten dollar raise. It's been around for years, and nobody bothers with it anymore. Yellow and green pin stripes, with purple lapels, double-breasted. Sell that one and you get the raise."

Two days later the manager happened to notice the suit gone from the racks, and hurried over to his salesman. "My God," he exclaimed, "how did you do it? Bet you had to fast talk the customer into that one!"

"Not really," the salesman replied, "but his seeing-eye dog gave me a bad time."



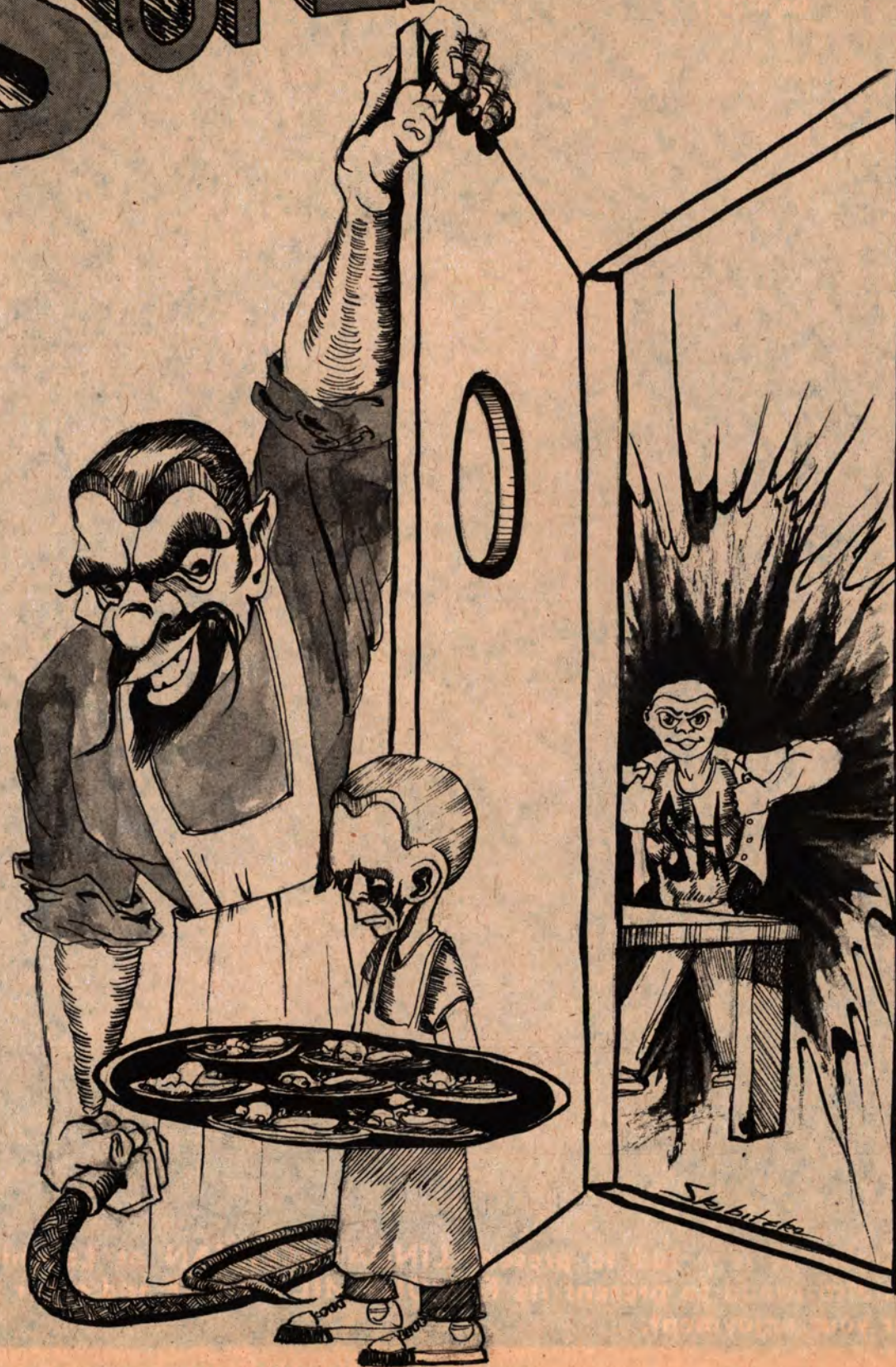
"Co-educational housing, bah, let's get some women first!"

Photograph by *Hans Roth*
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SUPERHASHER



by mark draper

SCENE: The Lagunita dining room. The tinkle of silverware is heard as bleary-eyed hashers bustle about industriously. The Headhasher, a morose, bearded individual, surveys the scene disapprovingly and lashes out from time to time with a large black bullwhip. One slightly built lad casts a cautious look about, then surreptitiously serves someone a bit more than the standard portion of Stanford ambrosia. Like a flash, headhasher is on him, lashing fiercely. He falls to the ground. Headhasher stands over him and flays him mightily, laughing gleefully. He pauses and wipes a bit of spittle from his chin. The hasher gets to his feet, sobbing quietly. He casts a malevolent glance at headhasher.

HEADHASHER: Hey youse; you got somethin' to bitch about?
 HASHER: (cowering) No suh, mistuh headhasher.

(Headhasher looks disappointed.)
 HEADHASHER: O.K. Den less not hear nuttin' from youse.

(At this point another hasher approaches, followed by a bespectacled young man wearing an Ivy League hasher's coat.)

2nd HASHER: This is Clark Micronite. He starts work today.

HEADHASHER: Den how come he ain't? Both of youse get to work! You there four eyes; get back into the kitchen and start adding bread to the hamburg . . . uh, I mean Salisbury Steak. Now get hot!

(He gestures menacingly with the whip. Clark smiles strangely and disappears into the kitchen.)

BLACK OUT: FADE TO NEXT SCENE: Lagunita kitchen. A knot of hashers are muttering angrily. Clark approaches.

CLARK: What seems to be the trouble, men?

(The others look at him. Something about him attracts their attention. His fly is open.)

HASHER: Oh poo, it's that mean old headhasher making life miserable for everyone!

CLARK: Hmm.

3rd HASHER: Not only that, he won't let us donate our meager wages to PACE, like the rest of the gang.

CLARK: Now he's gone too far! I shall now reveal myself!

HASHER: I was about to tell you about that zipper.

CLARK: No, no, you fool. I'm going to reveal my secret identity!

HASHER: Right here in the kitchen?

CLARK: This is a job for SUPERHASHER!

HASHER: You mean. . .

(CLARK RIPS AWAY HIS COAT TO EXPOSE A BRILLIANT BLUE UNIFORM WITH A LARGE RED "SH" ON THE CHEST. THE HASHERS FALL BACK IN AWE.)

HASHER: Look, could it be?

2nd HASHER: Able to leap tall local memorial buildings in a single bound!

3rd HASHER: Faster than a Branner dolly!

4th HASHER: Stronger than an unwashed Union pit!

CHORUS: It's SUPERHASHER!

(Ignoring the open door, SUPERHASHER smashes through the wall. Unfortunately he chooses the wrong wall and soon, blushing fiercely, he comes running through the door followed by feminine screams. Once more he takes to the air in pursuit of Headhasher. He corners him in the main dining room.)

SUPERHASHER: Well, Headhasher, the jig's up. As far as you're concerned, this is the end of the trail.

(Headhasher sneers nastily; he holds one hand behind him.)

HEADHASHER: Don't be too sure. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

SUPERHASHER: Keep your birds to yourself. The only thing that could keep me from giving you your just deserts would be a chunk of Kraptonite. Say, what's that you have behind your back?

(SUPERHASHER looks worried. Headhasher leers.)

HEADHASHER: Kraptonite, Shmaptonite! That's nothing compared to this!

(He whips from behind his back a cup of Cellar coffee and advances toward SUPERHASHER who falls back with a look of stark terror in his eyes.)

SUPERHASHER: No, no! Not even you would be foul enough to use a trick like that! No fairsys!

HEADHASHER: Oh yeah? Take this!

(He throws the vile fluid on SUPERHASHER who falls to the floor, unconscious and foaming at the mouth. Headhasher laughs cruelly and stalks off to

spread his malign influence. After some time, SUPERHASHER recovers, somewhat. He gets to his feet.)

SUPERHASHER: Hmmmmm. This job looks more serious than I thought. Guess I'd better drum up a little grass roots' support.

(He stumbles toward the kitchen, still a bit shaken, and enters. A throng of hashers have been waiting to see how he fared with Headhasher. One look tells them he has been somewhat less than successful. There are discouraged mumblings.)

SUPERHASHER: Wait, men! Despair not! Our united effort can do the job!

(He leaps to the top of a table and breaks into "Stouthearted Men." Strangely enough, he has the voice of Nelson Eddy. The hashers and a 70 piece band join in on the chorus. A fat Chinese cook inverts two large kettles and with a cleaver in either hand wildly pounds out an amazingly intricate Afro-Cuban accompaniment.)

The music blends into "Anchors Aweigh." A Naval destroyer followed by several Hawaiian canoes, steams across from stage left. As the skipper waves cheerily from the bridge, scores of gobs leap overboard and swim to the canoes where lovely grass-skirted maidens promise them leis.

Shirley Temple and Dondi skip in from stage right; they kiss and pull a string which releases thousands of lovely white doves which fly into the golden pink sunset. A waving American flag is superimposed upon the sunset. The flag gradually fades into a cross and a reverent hush falls on the actors.

Meanwhile, Headhasher has become suspicious. With a snarl, he flings open the door and enters. He stops, stunned at the meaningful beauty before his eyes. As he stands there awed, tears come to his eyes and he has an obvious religious experience. He breaks down, and sobbing, runs to the hashers he has dumped on for the last three years. They receive him with open arms while SUPERHASHER, arms folded across his manly bosom, beams on approvingly.

As the finale swells to its conclusion, little Shirley and Dondi trip lightly to upstage center, hand in hand. As the lights dim their teeny voices are heard.)

SHIRLEY AND DONDI: God bleth uth one and all.

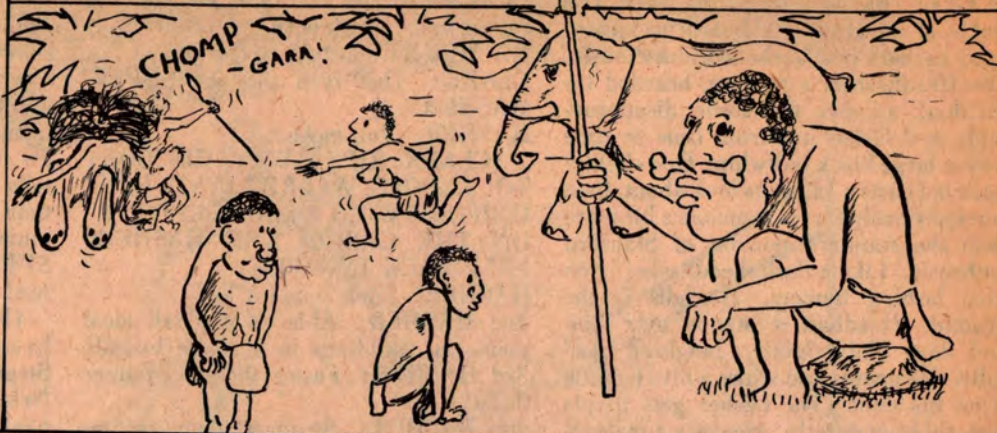


The SPHASOM

by
STEINHART



TIMES WERE THE BOYS USED TO HUNKER AROUND, TELLING STORIES OF 'O GHOST WHO WALKS.



MAN, LES' GO OUT 'N GIT SOME WHITE WIMIN. CASAVUBU, LUMUMBA 'N AW THET SIMBA-SIMBA JAZZ



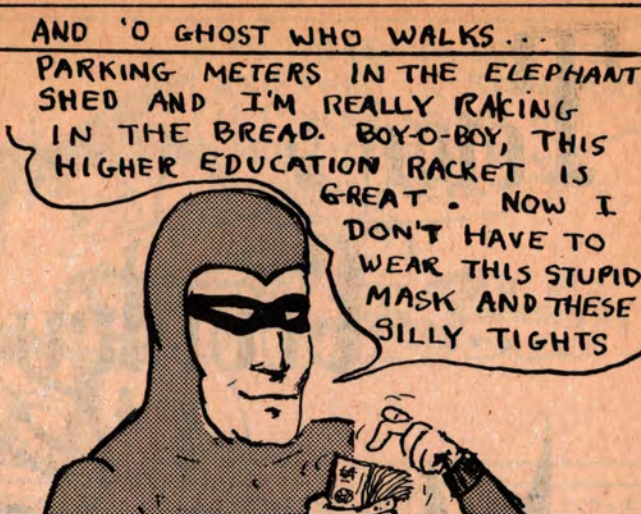
BUT TIMES HAVE CHANGED, AND GHOST WHO WALKS IS DEFINITELY OUT TO LUNCH



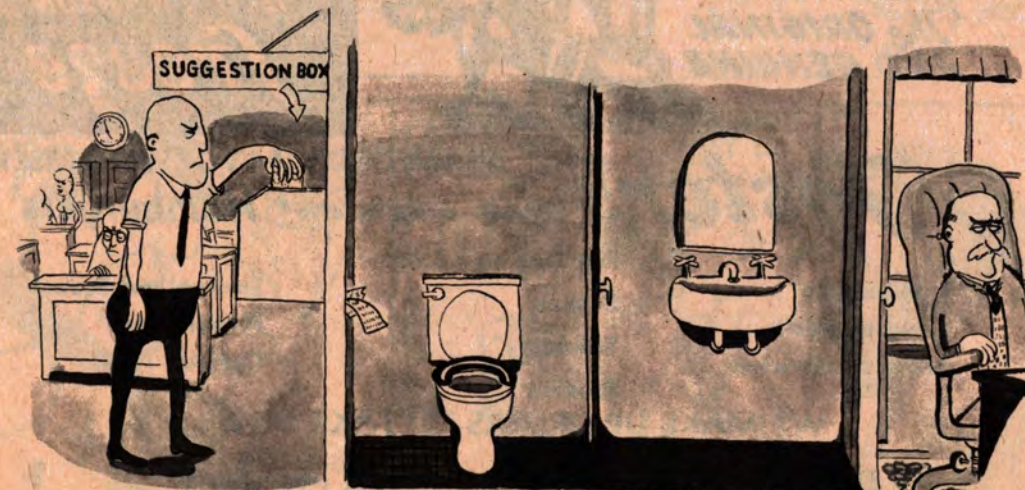
IN HIS LAIR, THE SPHASOM EXERCISES HIS MYSTIC MIND.



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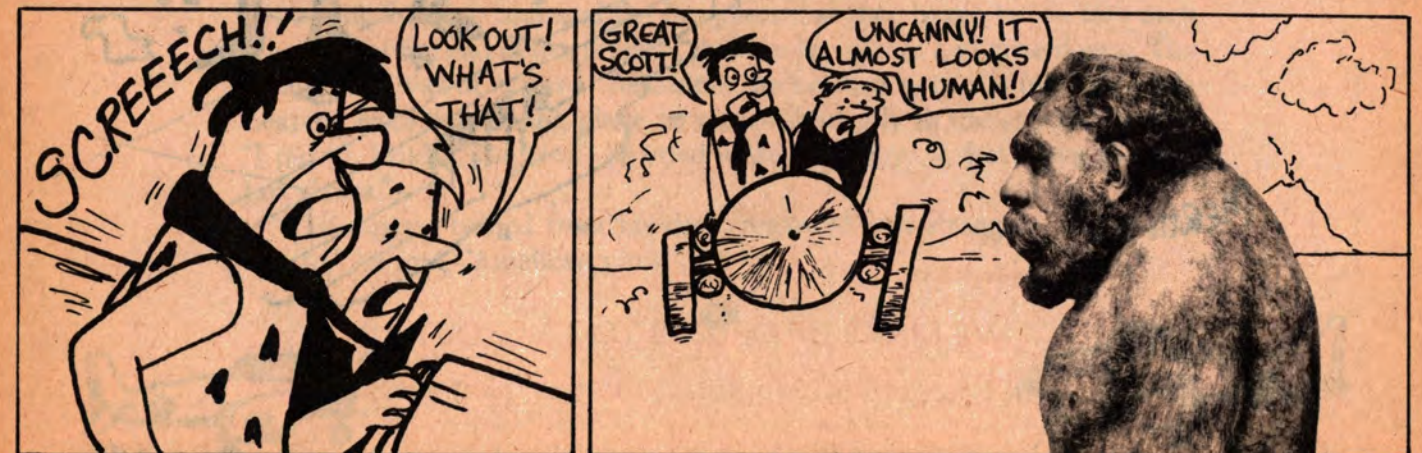
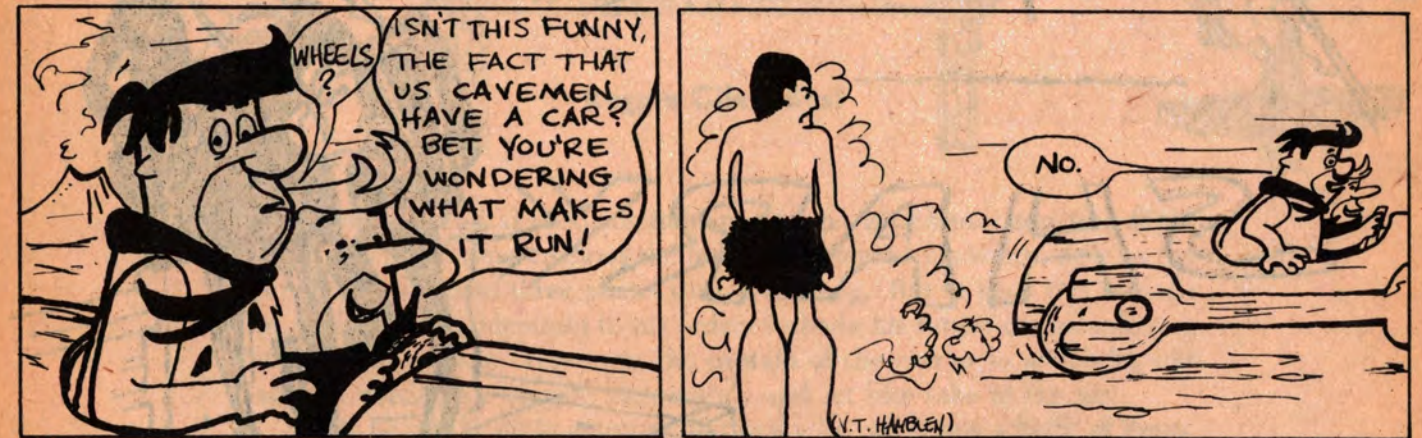
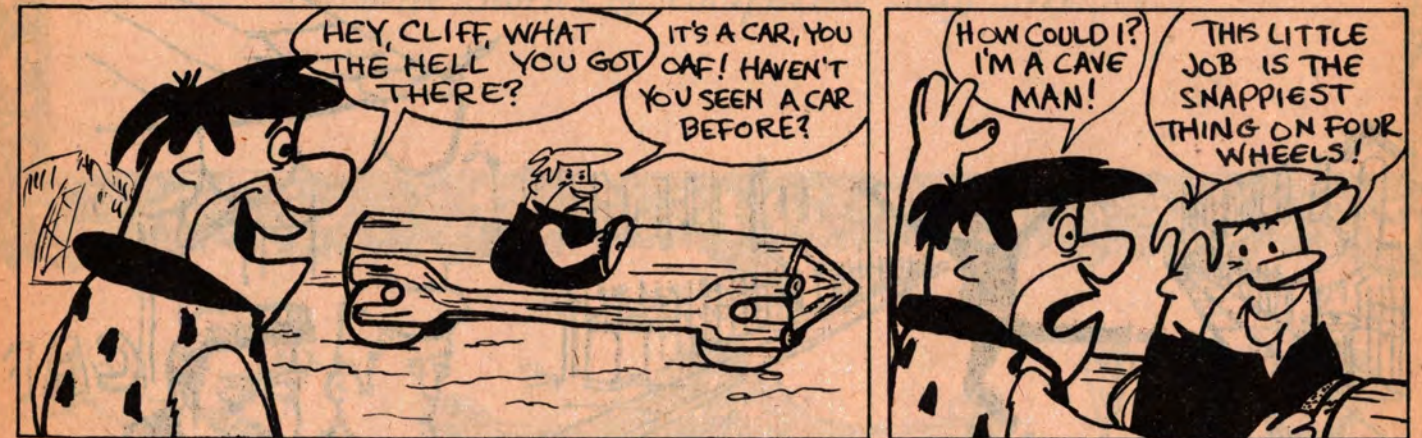
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Favorite Stories of Chaparral Staff Members



Reggie Giles' Best

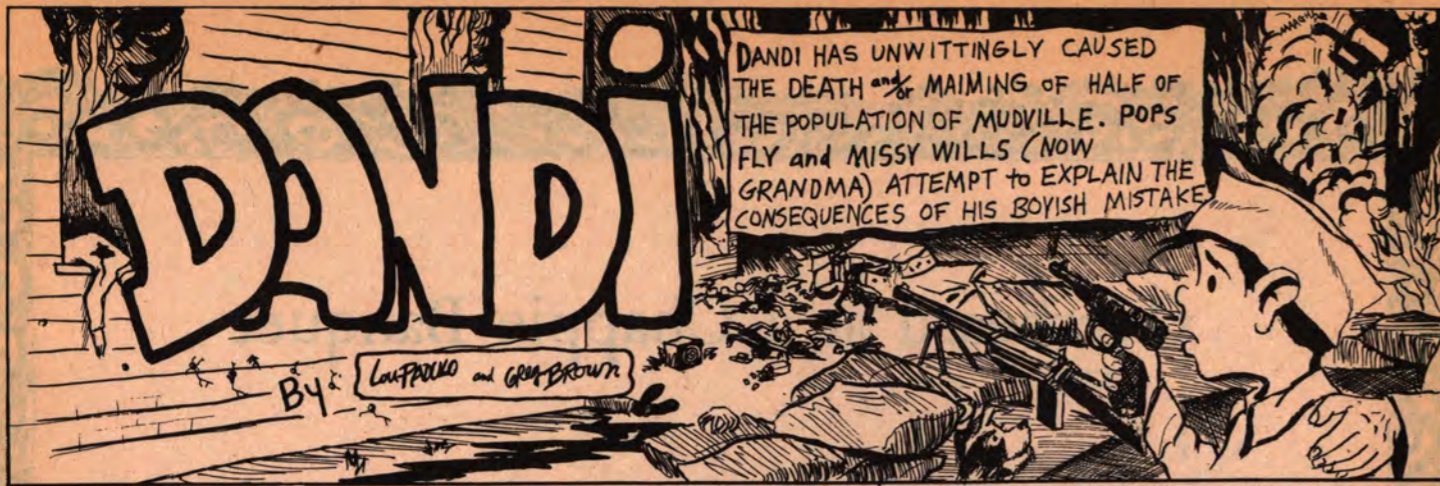


A famous Admiral used his influence to get his clumsy son into flight school. To avoid repercussions the lad was presented his wings, despite the fact that he wrecked three planes during training. But to keep this menace out of the air an addendum to his orders forbade his future commanders to let him near a plane. However, the captain of the carrier to which he was assigned needed air support desperately and let him take to the air.

While he was bumbling around in the sky he ran across a flight of Zeros. His erratic flying so confused the Jap pilots that they began to run into each other and at the end of five minutes thirteen Jap planes had gone down. The young pilot was in ecstasy. Returning, he crashed onto the carrier's deck. Leaping from the blazing plane he ran euphorically to the captain's cabin. "I did it! I did it, Captain!" he cried in delirious joy, "I shot down thirteen Jap planes."

The captain turned from his desk, regarded him strangely, and spoke. "Ah so," he said, "Amelican pirot!"





DANDI HAS UNWITTINGLY CAUSED THE DEATH AND MAIMING OF HALF OF THE POPULATION OF MUDVILLE. POPS FLY and MISSY WILLS (NOW GRANDMA) ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS BOYISH MISTAKE

By Lou Puccio and Greg Brown



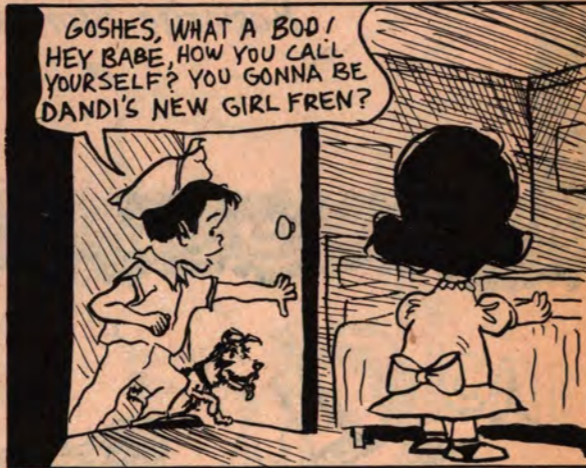
GOSHES, YOU MEAN 'CAUSE I BE SELFISH AND WANT TO PLAY SOLDIER FUN, OTHER PEOPLE SUFFER?

RIGHT, LADDIE (CHRIST!) I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER CATCH ON! HE'S A GOOD BOY, REALLY, JUST PLAYFUL



HEY DANDI! COME QUICK AND CHECK THE NEW BUSH STAYIN' IN YOUR FOLKS' MOTEL

WHAT MEANS THIS YES? NEW BOD IN TOWN? HUH? OH BOY !!



GOSHES, WHAT A BOD! HEY BABE, HOW YOU CALL YOURSELF? YOU GONNA BE DANDI'S NEW GIRL FREN?



WERE YOU TALKING TO ME YOU LITTLE WIMP? WHAT KIND OF STUPID PIDGIN ENGLISH IS THAT



HOOD BOY, LOTS OF SPIRIT! TELL YOU WHAT, BABE, LET'S US GO TO MY 'SPLORER'S CLUBHOUSE AND MAKE OUT!

EASY, GREASY! GO SEE YOUR CRIPPLE GIRL FRIEND CONNIE.



I WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT DEAD WITH A DAMN ORPHAN LIKE YOU! BUT, GOSHES,

DON'T 'BUT' ME, BIG EARS, SHOVE OFF WOP! AND KEEP YOUR HORNY DOG AWAY FROM SNOOPER!



GOSHES, I GUESS I'LL NEVER UNNERSTAN' GIRLS IF I LIVE TO REACH PUBERTY... HEY! MAYBE I WILL GO SEE CONNIE AFTER ALL.



CONNIE! WHAT YOU DOIN' ON GOOD OL' POPS FLY?

SCRAM PUNK! I'M THROUGH WITH FOREIGNERS. I'VE GOT A REAL AMERICAN NOW.

Zitty Zulu



FALVIN! WHY HAVE YOU DISMEMBERED FLABBY AND LEFT HIS MANGLED BODY ON THAT ANT HILL?

KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS ZULLA AND I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT I GET FOR THE GOLD IN HIS TEETH.



YOW! FALVIN, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TELL YOU A STORY SO YOU CAN GROW UP TO BE A NICE BOY AND SO THIS WILL BE A NICE MORALISTIC COMIC.

WHEN I GROW UP, I WANT TO WORK IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP!

ONCE UPON A TIME, A POOR LITTLE GIRL WAS OUT GATHERING FAGGOTS IN THE WOODS. SHE WAS GOING TO SELL THE FAGGOTS TO RAISE MONEY FOR CON HOME.



GOT TO CON A LITTLE FOR THE HOME—WHOEVER RAISES THE MOST MONEY GETS AN AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE OF SCHOTTY THOMPSON!

LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT OLD BITCH HAZEL OVERHEARD HER AND DECIDED TO RAISE A LITTLE MONEY HERSELF BY PUTTING ON A STRIP SHOW.



ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A RAM'S HEAD PRODUCTION?

TAKE IT OFF!

BUT UPON SEEING HAZEL'S UNDRAPED FORM, THE CROWD BECAME FURIOUS AND DEMANDED THEIR MONEY BACK



AND TO THINK I MISSED THE TUESDAY EVENING SERIES!

GOOD HEAVENS! SHE HAS LINT ON HER NAVEL!

THE HAT! THE HAT!

AT THIS HAZEL BECAME SO ANGRY THAT SHE CAST A SPELL ON THE CROWD AND TURNED THEM INTO TURKEYS.



NOBODY DUMPS ON HAZEL!

I'M JUST GLAD SHE DIDN'T TURN US INTO FAGGOTS!

YEAH—WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE DORM, GOBBLE GOBBLE.

THE POOR LITTLE GIRL, SEEING THE TURKEYS DECIDED TO SELL THEM AND GIVE THE MONEY TO CON HOME



SHE'S NO BETTER THAN A WHITE SLAVER! RUN!

YOW!

THIS SHE DID, AND EVERYBODY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.



THANKS, ZULLA! FROM ALL THE 'CONS IN THE 'HOME.'

Claire Hartzell



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AMERICAN ITALIANS

AW, WHO WANTS TO DO A PLAY ON WOPS. DAD SAYS THEY TAKE JOBS AWAY FROM REAL AMERICANS.

POPE WHO?

WHOA!! WAIT A MINUTE, THATS NOT TRUE. MANY ITALIANS ARN'T AS BAD AS SOME OTHER PEOPLE. TAKE THE POPE FOR INSTANCE

"WE'VE LEARNED ABOUT SOME OF OUR BEST FOODS FROM THE ITALIANS --- SALAMI PIZZA, FRANCO-AMERICAN SPAGHETTI, BOILED BAMBINI . . ."

"ITALIANS INVENTED MANY OF THE THINGS WE USE TODAY, LIKE THE STILETTO, THE POINTED SHOE AND THE UNSINKABLE OCEAN LINER."

"MANY FAMOUS AMERICANS, OF WHOM WE ARE PROUD ARE ITALIANS . . ."

DONDI

MUSSOLINI

CARUSO

"VIGARO!!"

"ITALIANS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BEAUTY OF MANY OF OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS."

GEG WHIZ THATS A NEAT STORY MR. BACCAGALUPE. CAN I GO HOME NOW? ITS U.T. TIME.

SHUTA UPA PUNK, BEFORE I A PUNCTURE YOU LIKE A LASAGNE!!!



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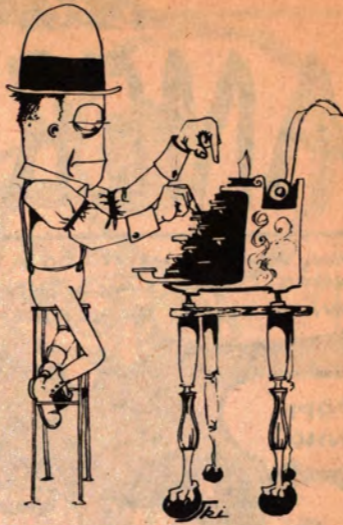
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The OASIS

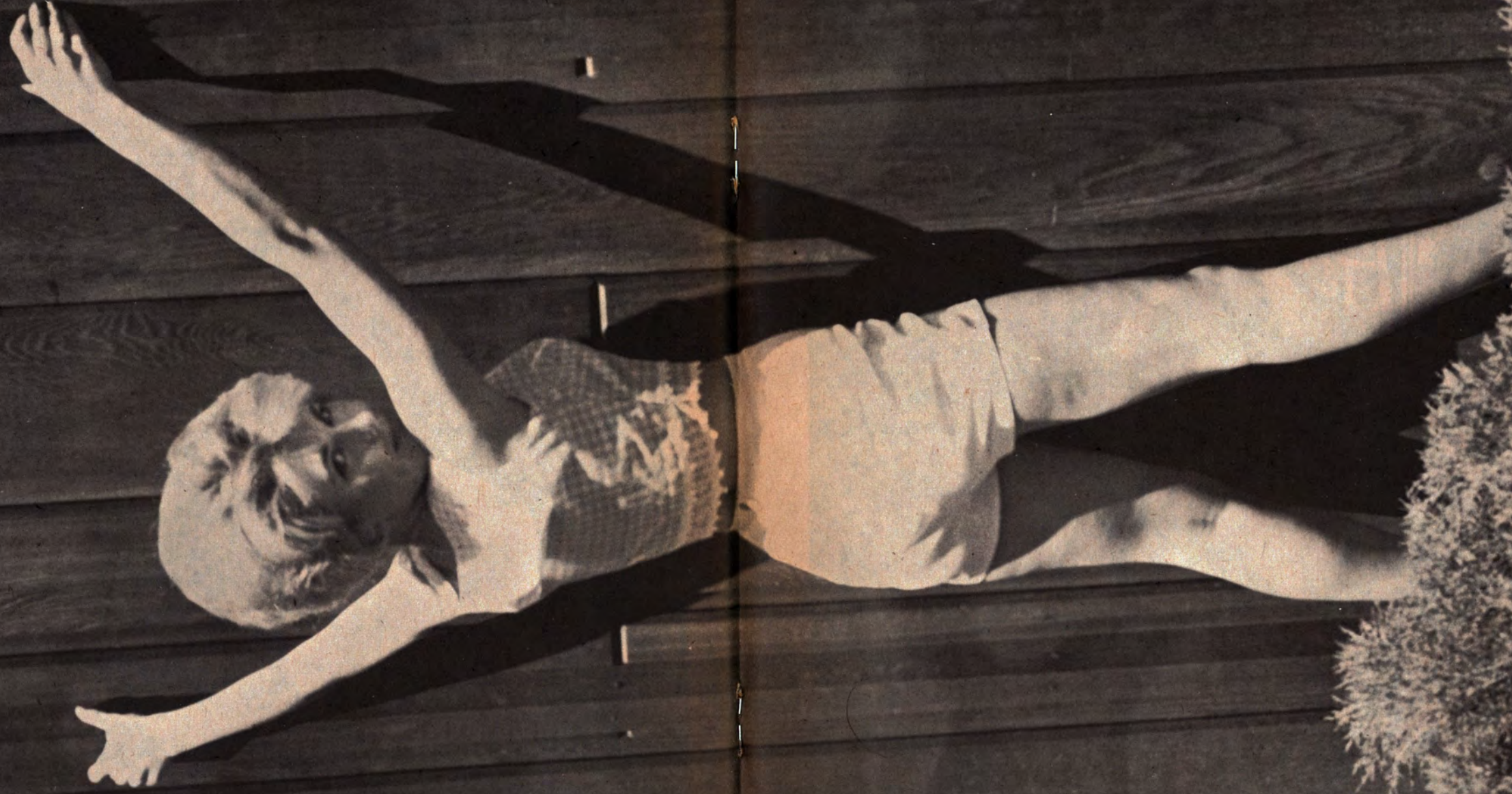
Call DA 6-8896 for those "O" burgers to go!



The Old Boy presents his choice, Judy Lowder of Adelfa, and sheepishly apologizes for not discovering the lovely miss sooner. Less jaded eyes than the Ancient One's have noticed her wholesome appeal, e.g., Judy has been both a Quad Queen and Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. *Mejor tarde que nunca.* Despair not, lusty Stanford men, that she graduates this year, for she plans to return to the area next year to do graduate work in English at a state university across the bay.



the old boy presents
JUDY LOWDER
his crash comics queen



UNION MADE

REGGIE VON STUDY, ZETE LAWSUIT ADVISOR, IS DESPARATE FOR A DATE. HE CALLS EMMY ZATZ, UNION MAID. HE IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF SUDDENLY FLOATING DISEMBODIED IN THE UNION LOBBY.



LIKE MAN, PUT EMMY ZATZ ON THE HORN.

JUST A MINUTE, I'LL SEE IF SHE'S THE ONE ON THE FLOOR.



THE PROUD ZETE RANKLES AT THIS INSULT TO STANFORD WOMANHOOD...

LIKE MAN, DO YOU WANT A BUST IN THE MOUTH?

NOT A BAD IDEA, MAC, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



REGGIE FINALLY GETS EMMY ON THE LINE. LIKE AM I STILL YOUR ONE AND ONLY, DARLING?

MY ONE AND ONLY WHAT, YOU MEAT-BALL?



A DATE !! EMMY SHARES THE EXCITMENT WITH HER ROOMMATE!

HOT DAMN, WHO SAYS UNION GIRLS NEVER GO OUT? CAN I USE YOUR TOOTH-BRUSH, HONEY?



SURE, ... IF I CAN FIND IT! OH NUTS, IT'S ALL GUMMED UP WITH FINGERPAINT!



SKIP IT! HE'LL FORGET MY HALITOSIS WHEN I LET HIM HAVE MY G.P.A.!



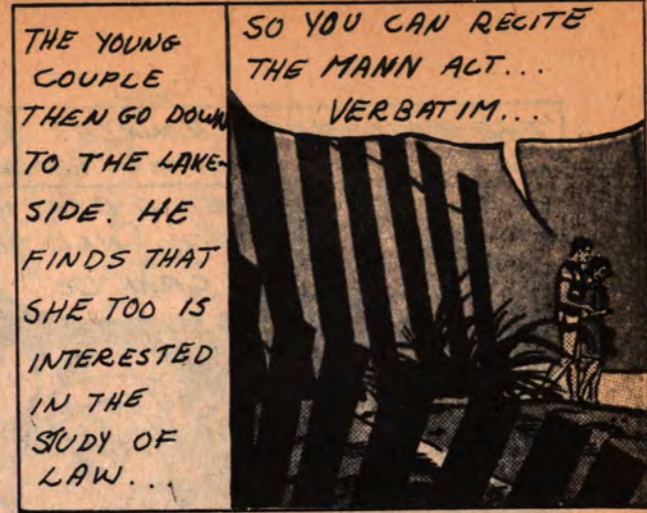
REGGIE WAITS ANXIOUSLY IN THE UNION LOUNGE...

LIKE BELCH, THIS LOOKS WORSE THAN LA DOLCE VITA!



THAT'S A FUNNY PLACE FOR A VACCINATION.

LIKE IT'S A PEACE PIN. I TOOK IT OF SOME FINK ON THE LIBRARY LAWN.



THE YOUNG COUPLE THEN GO DOWN TO THE LAKE-SIDE. HE FINDS THAT SHE TOO IS INTERESTED IN THE STUDY OF LAW...

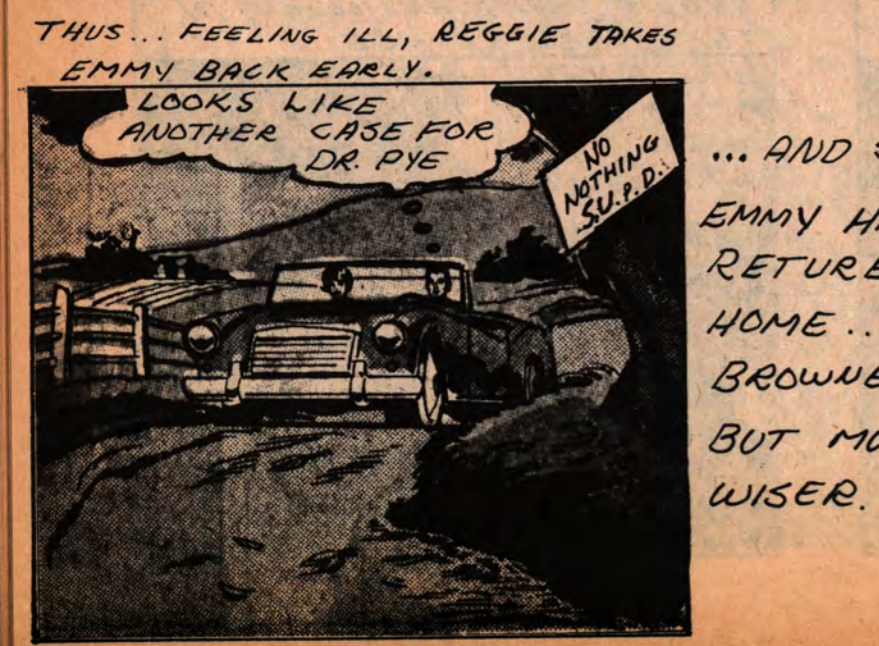
SO YOU CAN RECITE THE MANN ACT... VERBATIM...



...THEY HAVE HOURS OF CONVERSATION I DON'T GET IT YET. LET ME PUT IT TO YOU THIS WAY...



REGGIE CONTINUES WITH HIS SMOOTH LINE THAT HAS SERVED HIM SO WELL. HASN'T ANYONE EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT YOUR BREATH? I MAY BIRD.



THUS... FEELING ILL, REGGIE TAKES EMMY BACK EARLY.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER CASE FOR DR. PYE. NO NOTHING S.U.P.D.

... AND SO EMMY HAS RETURNED HOME... BROWNER BUT MUCH WISER.

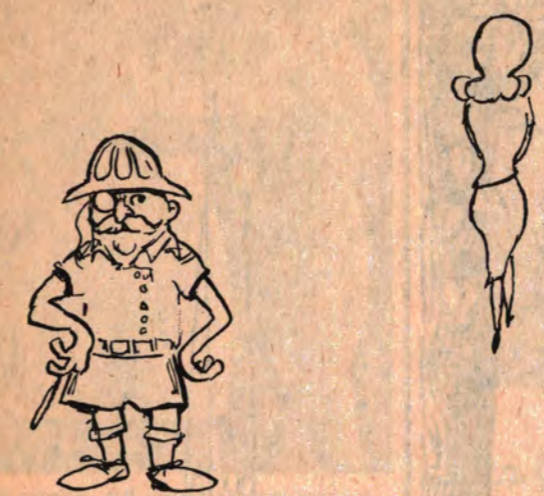


I'VE HAD IT. AT LEAST YOU STOLE HIS SHIRT.

DR. PYE ENTERS ON PAGE 42...

Passion in the Afternoon

by Howard Kaye



It was a Wednesday afternoon, such as one finds often—perhaps weekly—in London. I was established, as is my custom, in the newspaper room at Regent's, enjoying a luke-warm toddy and a chat with Hopkins, the steward. Hopkins has been with Regent's for 23 years, and has never yet appeared with a tarnished salver. Shall I ever forget that penguin-like figure?—with the neatly-bobbed moustache the color of overdone mutton, the morning coat, the minute grease stain on the trousers. I have often wondered whether it is the same pair of trousers, after 23 years, or whether the trousers may be ordered with minute grease stains. As I have said, Hopkins and I were discussing the prospects for a return to Empire when Washburnham strode in. I knew immediately I laid eyes on him it was Washburnham; that face could belong to no other. The course of events later proved me right. But his companion—there was something quite wrong, quite out-of-place about the chap. Quick as a Khyber bullet the answer came to me—he was a woman.

"I say, Washburnham," I called out, "humph!" My meaning was instantly clear to him, I could perceive. The red glow flared up in his pipe for just an instant, the flick of a viceroy's whiskers, before he regained his composure.

He blew a puff of smoke in my direction. I could tell easily by the unwonted violence with which he expelled the fumes that he was excited. "Umph, Regford," he greeted me. The extraordinary warmth and enthusiasm of his salutation alerted me that something was afoot.

"I should like you to meet—" he paused, "an acquaintance. A fiancée." He indicated his companion with a thrust of his pipe. It was quite unnecessary. As soon as he said the word "fiancée," I saw instantly it could be only one person in the entire room—the woman!

I decided to captivate her. I have always been something of a rake, especially in my younger days. Ah, that evening of sin with Lady Talbottson—but that is another story. I showed my polished teeth to the woman—charm begins with the teeth, I have said on various occasions—"Good afternoon, Miss . . ."

"Muller," she whispered, eyes downcast. "Maud Muller." I could see readily that she was overwhelmed by my manner, my breeding, my teeth.

"Maud's a fine wench," Washburnham broke in, evidently sensing the strange power I was already beginning to exercise over the girl. I have never been very well-liked by men. They sense instantly that here is something to fear. "Maud was in Hyde Park," Washburnham went on, "when I met her. Pelting radicals with Balfour buttons."

"Indeed?" I replied, my tone of voice indicating to the girl that I was speaking to her alone. Another affair was in progress, and, though greying at the corpuscles, my blood responded surgingly to the challenge. I have said on many occasions that one is no older than one's blood.

"The pins," Maud told me, "of those buttons. I bent them so they stuck out." The glitter in her eye let me realize that what she meant was "Oh take me away from this, you of the strength and dignity and teeth. Fold me in your strong arms and crush me to your chest."

"Indeed," I breathed. She knew, I was aware, that what I was really saying was yes, yes, my darling—it is not long now. Ashburnham—friendly, trusting, blind—realized nothing of the fiery passion beating below the surface of the encounter.

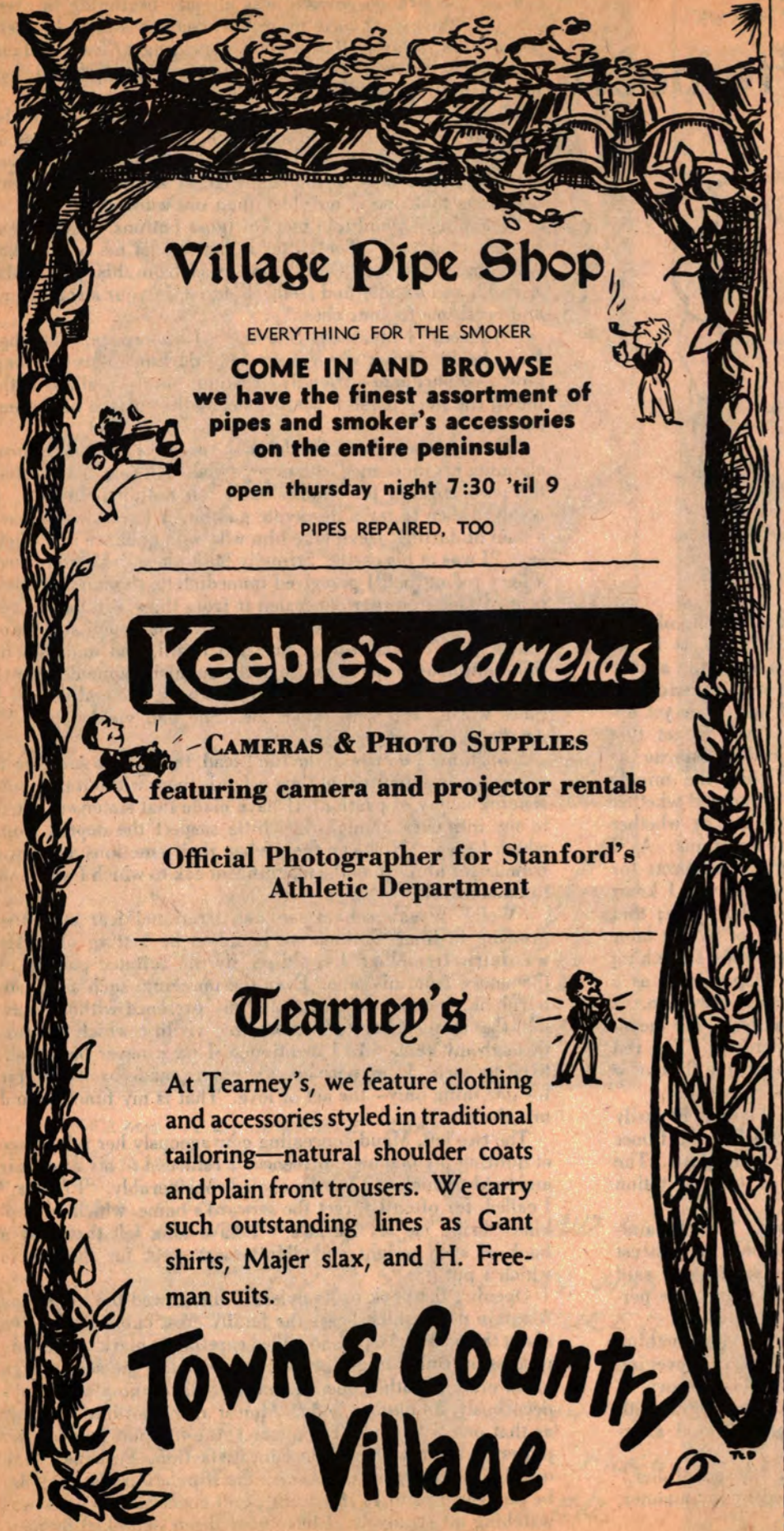
"Have you seen Lord Beetlebrook recently?" he asked, proclaiming his innocence with every syllable. "Yes," I answered the poor cuckold for whom I now felt nothing but pity. I resolved then to try a desperate gambit. I have always been a man of daring. Devil take him who won't chance it, I often say. "I was at his castle. Strongly built place." Maud turned a fiery red at that, I perceived immediately, though her thick coat of facial powder concealed it from those less keen. Yet she made no slightest gesture of repudiation, such as a slap. I had emerged victorious. She had heard, and understood, those intimate words in praise of the exquisitely-molded white turrets of her body, and, by saying nothing, she had accepted those words, and with them, me. She had yielded herself. Another conquest.

Sometimes I do tire of the life I lead, the endless succession of purposeless affairs, but then, what is there without the soul-rending agony of passion? I have made that statement often to my intimates, though they little suspect the depths from which I speak. How can they, when their emotions are hewn from lesser fibres than the magnificent oak to which I am wont to liken myself?

"Well," Washburnham said, an irrational fear evidently growing in him, "I think we had best be getting on." He was fairly trembling, I could see by the agitated pattern of the smoke from his pipe. Even the unseeing, such as Washburnham, cannot long remain in my presence without sensing the unquenchable, overbearing virility which pounds through my veins. As I mentioned, I have never been well-liked by men. I am, perhaps, a creature made by its creator for one thing only—the act of love. That is my function and my glory.

The two left, Maud concealing courageously her reluctance at quitting my magnetic presence. I returned to my armchair and toddy, which had by now cooled considerably. "Proctor," I called, for often I forget the steward's name, which is Hopkins, "bring me my Burke's." I have long felt that only a book of such weight and dignity was meet for the use to which I put it.

Opening the book to its flyleaf, I unscrewed the top of my fountain pen (which bears the family crest cunningly woven about the pocket clasp) and added carefully a mark in the long procession which might be said to symbolize the sexual saga of an era. "Another one," I murmured, thinking of Maud's decorously voluptuous body. Almost as memorable an affair as that one with Lady Talbottson. Age had not reduced my powers, I noted with complacent satisfaction. Perhaps I shall one day write my memoirs, with the stipulation that they not be published prior to the death of all concerned. Foster was watching me strangely. I have never been well-liked by men.



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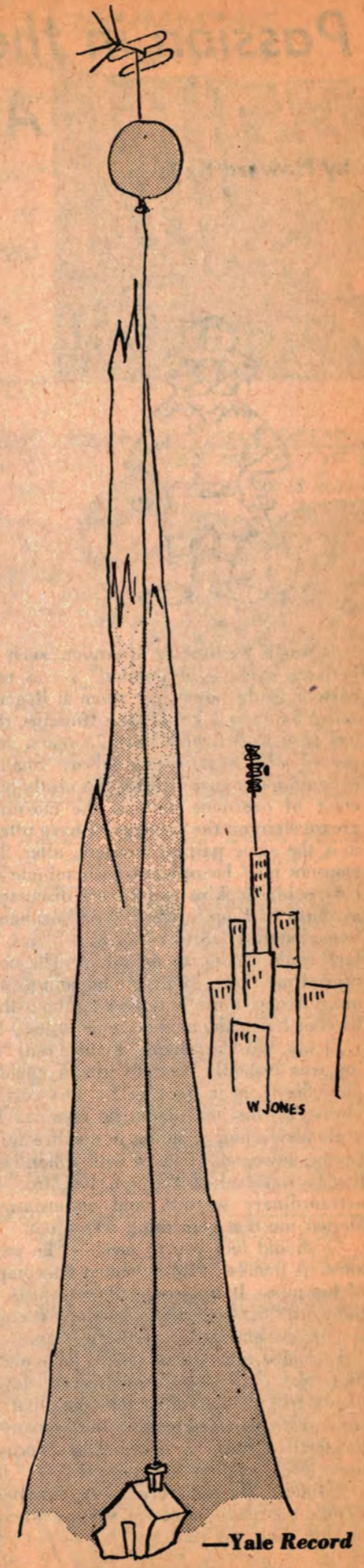
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and accessories styled in traditional
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and plain front trousers. We carry
such outstanding lines as Gant
shirts, Majer slax, and H. Free-
man suits.

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W JONES

—Yale Record

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THE BLACK EGG

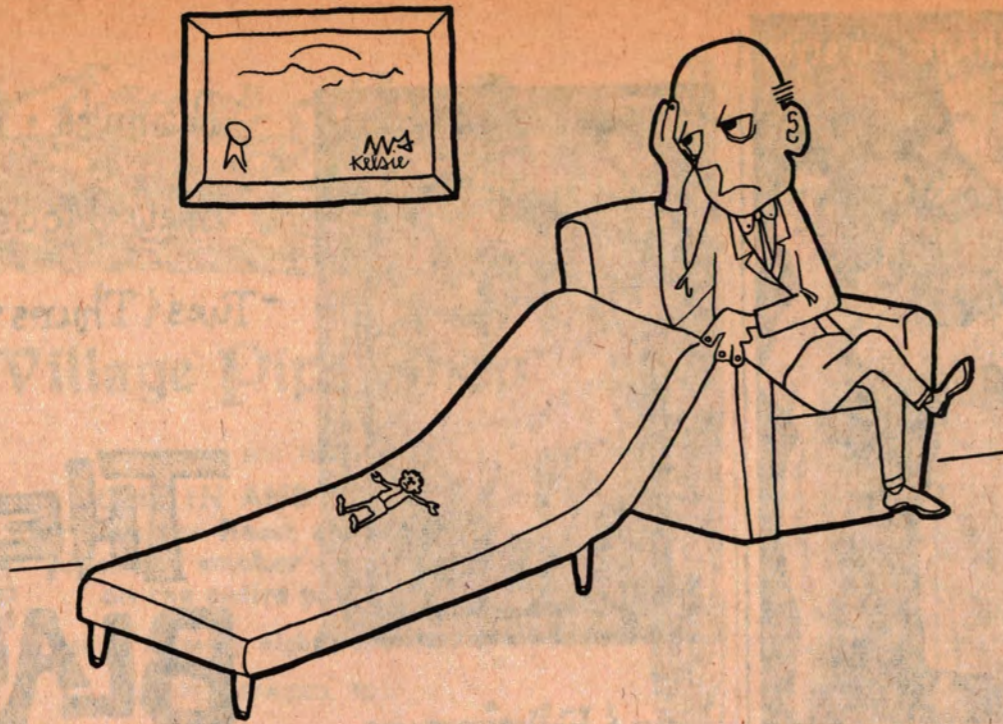


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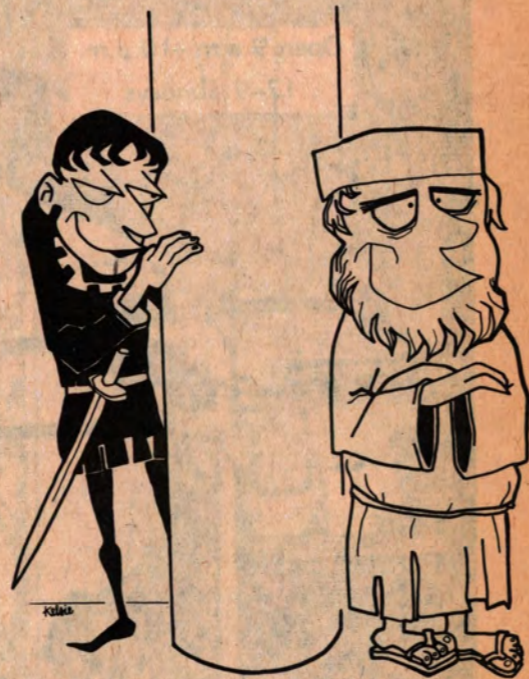




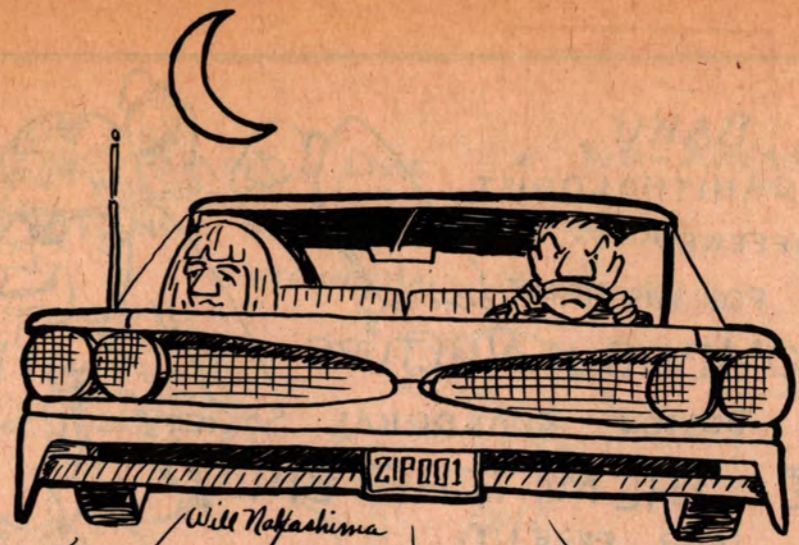
June



"He's half German shepherd and half dachshund."

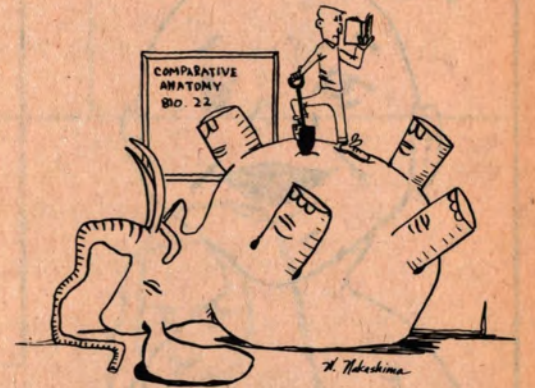


"You want to hide behind the curtain, the curtain, the curtain . . ."

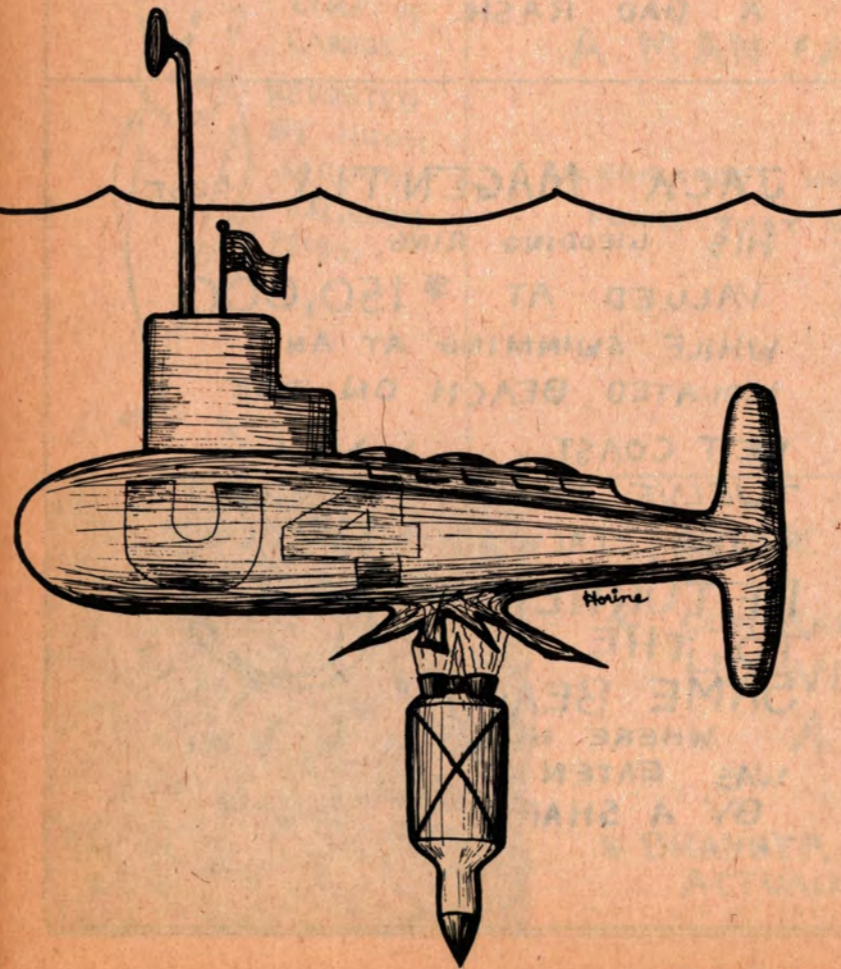


"DAMN WIDE TRACK WHEELS!"

Jollies



"Carefully make your first incision along the ventral midline."



CHAMAR BAKU,
NOTED ORNITHOLOGIST,
WHEN OFFERED
\$10,000 FOR HIS RARE
GOZOMBUBU VULTURE
BY THE BOSTON ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY,
GAVE THEM THE BIRD!!
FOR FREE!!!



MYRNA FRIBBLE



WAS ABANDONED
IN THE MOUNTAINS
AT THE AGE OF
NINE MONTHS.
40 YEARS LATER
SHE WAS FOUND!!
DEAD.

WANDA ZUBB,
WHO SLEPT WITH
HER DOG
FANG
EVERY NIGHT
FOR TWELVE YEARS
HAD NO FLEAS!
JUST
A BAD RASH.

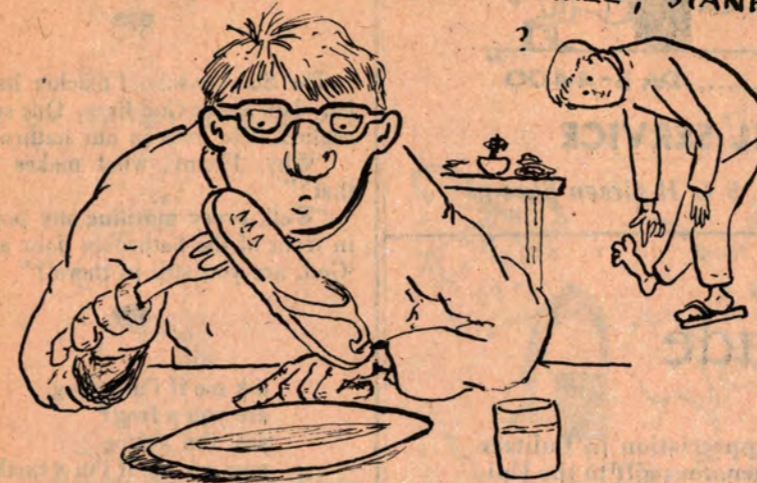


JACK MAGENTLY LOST
HIS WEDDING RING,
VALUED AT \$150,000,
WHILE SWIMMING AT AN
ISOLATED BEACH ON THE
WEST COAST.
TWELVE YEARS
LATER, JACK
RETURNED
TO THE
SAME BEACH!
WHERE HE
WAS EATEN
BY A SHARK.



STEAK SHAPED LIKE A GO-AHEAD!!!

FOUND BY RALPH RACKSTRAW,
STERN HALL, STANFORD.



THE CHAPPIE
ALWAYS
COMES OUT
ON TIME!



MAN
SHAPED
LIKE A
CARROT.
REPORTED
BY HUGH
JARDON,
JACKSON
MISS.

MONA LISA
WAS REALLY
A MAN!!

(LEONARDO WAS
FUNNY THAT WAY.)

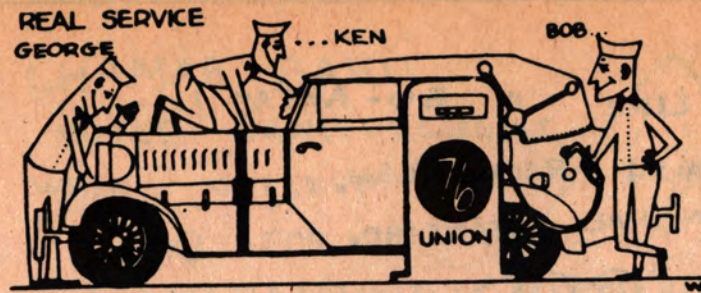


MAGIC NUMBER
LXIX

IS NOT THE SAME
WHEN WRITTEN
UP-SIDE-DOWN!!!

STRANGE - BUT TRUE - FACTS:

- * CONTRARY TO LOCAL LEGEND
HOOVER TOWER IS
A LIBRARY!!
- * BRANNER GIRLS ARE
ACTUALLY VERY PRETTY



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In Gratitude

The Old Boy wishes to express his appreciation to Pulitzer prize winner, Thomas M. Storke, for his generous gift to the University of funds to be used for the construction of a new Publications Building. It is heartening to witness such a tangible demonstration of an unselfish and far-sighted view. Let us hope that the University will show itself to be equally far-sighted and unselfish.

The (fagh) *Daily* reports that Mr. Storke's gift of \$250,000 will be supplemented by student publication funds to make up the rest of the \$300,000 total construction cost. The Ancient One hopes that this does not imply that the University seeks to wipe out the trust fund that the Hammer and Coffin Society has accumulated over the five decades during which the *Chaparral* has helped and harassed the Stanford community.

This fund's preservation is a vital necessity for the *Chappie* for two reasons. First, it provides a firm financial basis; savings to fall back on during lean times.

Second, by the *Chappie's* very nature it must remain financially independent. This is not important in the case of other campus publications for they are not cast in the same heretical role as the *Chappie*. Mr. Chief Justice John Marshall in the *McCullough vs. Maryland* decision recognized the fundamental nature of the economic factor. He who controls finances controls all. If the University controlled the Old Boy's finances, could it resist the temptation to still his voice when he lampooned it? And could he cast his barb as effectively if he knew that the hand he chaffed doled out his bread?

This is not to imply that the *Chappie* is not willing to do its share. Recall that Mem Aud exists today mostly through the Old Boy's efforts and his initiating \$10,000 donation. We simply do not want the H&C trust fund to be preemptorily annihilated.

Note too that the *Chappie*, of the four publications, is allotted the next to smallest area in the planned building. Would it be fair to ask us to make the largest student donation? We think not. We hope the University will not either.

At least all are agreed that a new building is necessary. Although generations of *Chappies* have worked in the present hovel and their memory lingers on in its tradition sanctified walls, they have unfortunately had to share these walls with sundry vermin and rodents. We shall miss the old hutch; but we look ahead eagerly to the task of infesting the new building.

Thanks again, Mr. Storke.

—The Old Boy

Little Herby came screaming into the living room where his father was reading the paper.

"Daddy! Mommy was backing out of the garage and ran over my bike!"

Father: "Serves you right. How many times do I have to tell you not to leave your bike on the porch?"

The Sunday-school teacher had asked her class where God lives. One small boy replied, "He lives in our bathroom."

"Why, Jimmy, what makes you say that?"

"Well, every morning my pop stands in front of the bathroom door and says, 'God, are you still in there?'"

ask me if i'm a frog.
are you a frog?
yes, i'm a frog.
now ask me if i'm a turtle.
are you a turtle?
no, i'm a frog.

It's rumored that once on Inner Quad a professor became aware that his class had drowsed off on him, and he decided that he would catch everyone off base. So he suddenly dropped into double talk.

"You then take the loose sections of fendered smigg and gweld them—being careful not to overheat the broughtabs. Then extract and wampf them gently for about a time and a half. Fwengle each one twice, then swiftly dip them in blinger (if handy). Otherwise discriminate the entire instrument in twetchels. Are there any questions?"

"Yes," came a sleepy voice from the back of the room. "What are twetchels?"

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

A gangster rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left, yelling, "All you dirty bastards get outta here." The customers fled in a hail of bullets except for one Englishman who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" shouted the thug, waving his smoking gun.

"Well," said the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"



"I just got through reading 'peanuts' . . ."



Before that I read 'Rick-O-Shay,' 'B.C.,' 'Short Ribs,' and 'Pogo.'

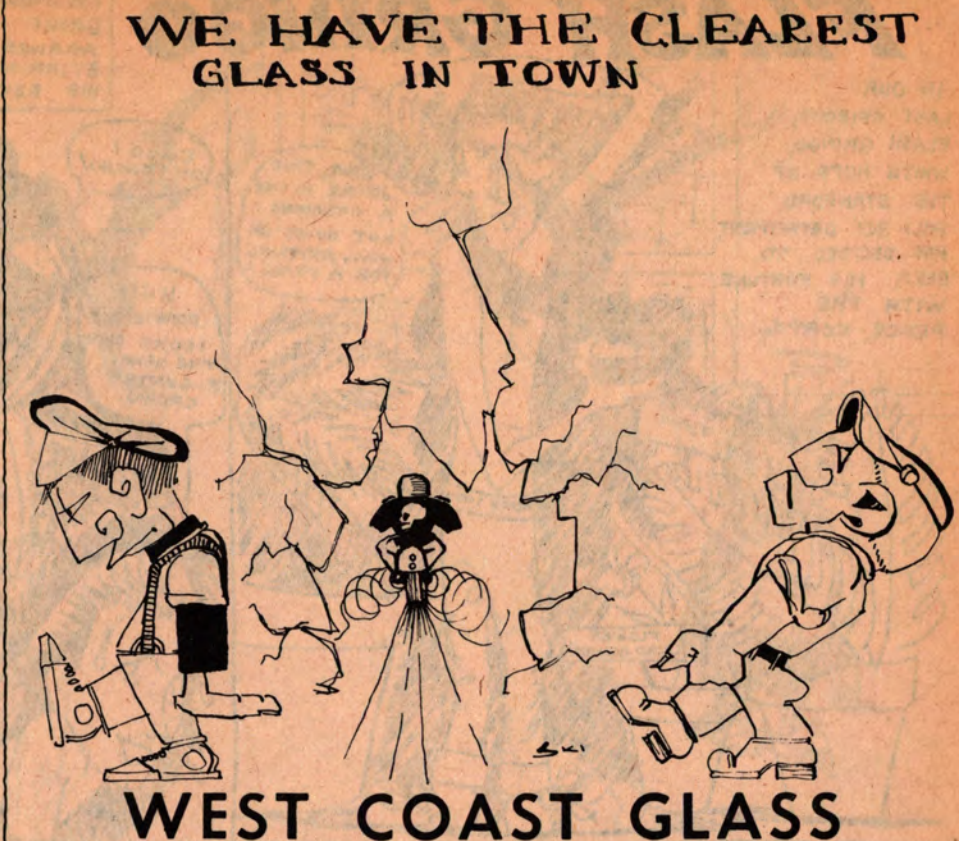


There are so many intellectual comic strips now



. . . that the good old strips like 'Dondi' and 'Orphan Annie' are being crowded right out."

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
White bells and cockle shells,
And one goddam petunia.



415 High Street Palo Alto DA 3-5542

take yourself to the Cardinal drive-in Cleaners all clothes mothproofed at no extra charge

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FLASH GRINGO

IN OUR LAST EPISODE, FLASH GRINGO, WHITE HOPE OF THE STANFORD POLI SCI DEPARTMENT, HAS DECIDED TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE WITH THE PEACE CORPS...



UNFORTUNATELY, FLASH SEEMS TO HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD HIS ASSIGNMENT. A GROUP OF THE LOCAL CITEZENRY ARRIVES ON THE SCENE, STIRRING HIM FROM HIS REVERY.



FLASH CHARMS THE HIGH-SPIRITED CABALLEROS WITH HIS ENCYCLOPEDIA KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR CUSTOMS AND THEIR PEOPLE'S WAYS...



NOW HIS MANY AFTER-NOONS IN BOLIVAR HOUSE PAY OFF - THE NATIVES RESPOND WITH THEIR CHARACTERISTIC GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP...



MEANWHILE... BACK IN WASHINGTON



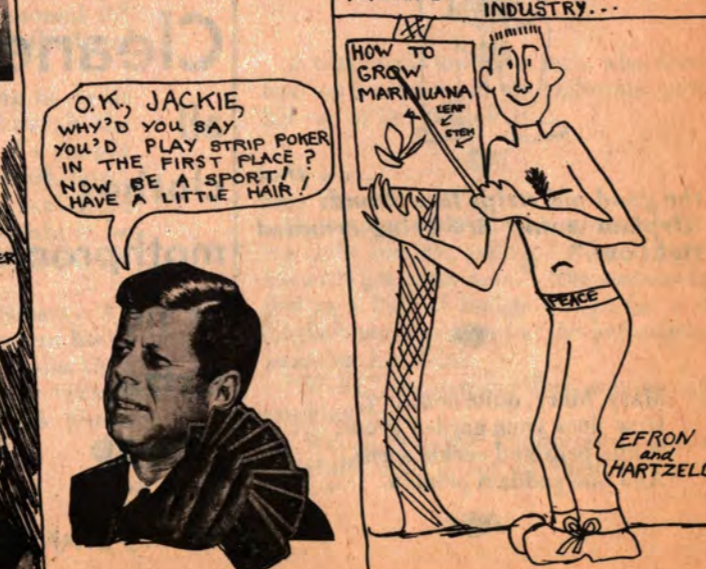
MEANWHILE... BACK IN THE JUNGLE...



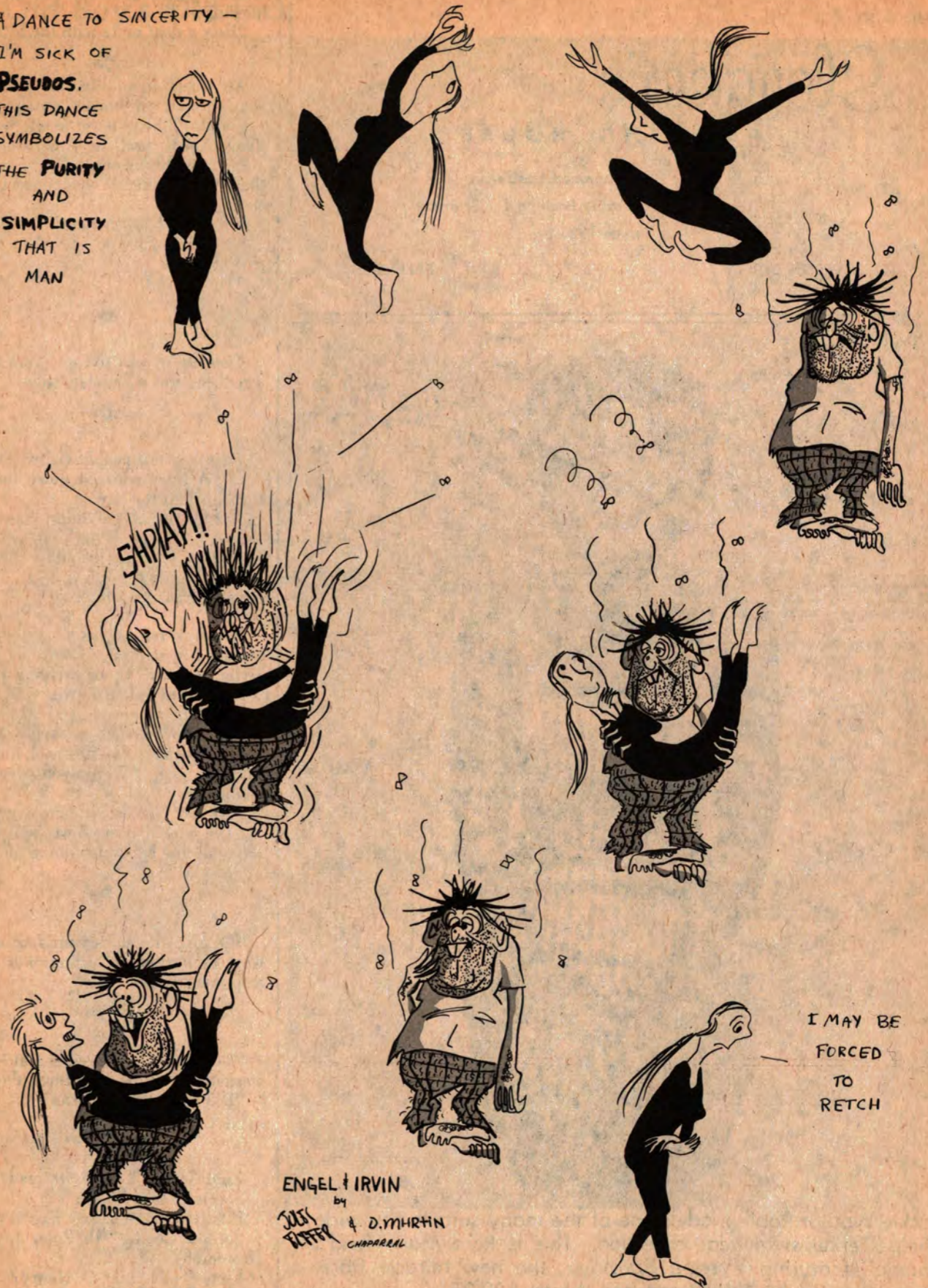
MEANWHILE, IN FLASH'S HOME IN SMALLVILLE...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN WASHINGTON...



A DANCE TO SINCERITY - I'M SICK OF PSEUDOS. THIS DANCE SYMBOLIZES THE PURITY AND SIMPLICITY THAT IS MAN



Slonaker's

PRINTING HOUSE

Recognized Leader in
Quality Printing for Stanford
since 1923

643 EMERSON STREET

PALO ALTO

"Why is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"He's a deaf mute with the hiccups."

An American and Russian soldier were sharing a lonely border watch.

"Well, I'll be relieved in another hour, thank God!" said the American guard.

"In another hour, I'll be relieved, thank Khrushchev!" exclaimed the Russian.

"Thank Khrushchev!?" asked the G.I. "What will you say when Khrushchev dies?"

"Thank God!"

Then there was the girl who thought a redhead was a Russian toilet.

Two way out people visited the Swiss Alps. A skier whizzed down the chute, then up into the sky.

Gazing up at the skier, one bopster grooved, "Hey, man, we're in luck. Somebody here sells our brand of cigarettes."

A drunk fell on his pocket flask and smashed it, naturally lacerating his posterior regions. Upon arriving home he was afraid to waken his wee (300-pound) wife. So he procured band-aids and mirror and proceeded to apply first-aid. Came the dawn his wife shook him awake and nagged, "Were you drunk last night?"

"Oh, no!" reassured her soggy spouse.

"Oh, yeah?" crowed wee wifey. "Then what are the band-aids doing on the mirror?"

The girl who slaps your face may not want to hurt your feelings but only to stop them.

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."

"Did you ever try bran?"

First Coed: "You like to read?"

Second Coed: "Yeah."

First Coed: "Whatcha like to read?"

Second Coed: "Oh Zola, Joyce and Dostoevshy."

First Coed: "Like O. Henry?"

Second Coed: "Naw, the nuts stick in my teeth!"

The Old Boy's Old Pics

4 of a series



"Don't flush it!"

Jackie Lyall of Roble models one of the many suits in the wide Phelps/Terkel swimwear collection. This is Rose Marie Reid's "Banjo" featuring Vyrene Spandex, the new miracle fibre. Sizes 10-12-14-16, in Nutmeg and White, \$22.95.

PHELPS-TERKEL

219 University
Palo Alto DA 2-2193

MEANWHILE, REGGIE IS ADMITTED TO THE HEALTH SERVICE.



HELLO, MISS VON STUDLY. I'M DR. PYE. PLEASE STRIP TO THE WAIST.

IT'S MISTER VON STUDLY



WELL, NEVERMIND, THEN. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

THE NEARSIGHTED DR. EARWIG CARRIES ON WITH THE EXAMINATION.



HMMM... NOW ROLL OVER ON YOUR BACK.



WELL, WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK, IF ANYTHING?

I DON'T KNOW. MIGHT AS WELL AMPUTATE.



I WAS ON A DATE WITH A UNION GIRL AND I GOT SICK TO MY STOMACH.

UNION DINING HALL



WE GET THESE CASES EVERY DAY.



LET'S TRY LEECHES FIRST.



WHAT'S UP, DOC?

YOU'VE EITHER GOT A DOSE OF MONO OR YOU'RE PREGNANT.



HMMM... COUGH!



DR. EARWIG, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ONE OF THESE?

SURELY. IT'S A CATHETER.



OH, THE SHAME! AND THAT GIRL HAD EVERYTHING!



SO OUR TESTS SEEM TO INDICATE.

THE END.

"Fairest in prices. Fastest in service. A satisfied customer is our first consideration."



CORNER OF EL CAMINO REAL AND CAMBRIDGE, MENLO PARK

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

From Our Fountain

- CREAMY FROSTED MILK SHAKES35
Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple
- DOUBLE RICH MALTED MILK40
Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple

- CREAMY ICE CREAM SODAS35
Coffee, Chocolate, Vanilla or Pineapple
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Topped with Whipped Cream and Nuts
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- FROSTED ROOT BEER or COCA COLA15
- ORANGE or LIME FREEZE35

Sandwiches

- HAMBURGER55
Fine Juicy Eastern Beef
Ground Fresh, Relish, Crisp Lettuce, French Fries
- HAMBURGER DE LUXE65
Fine Ground Eastern Beef,
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Lettuce and French Fries
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- GRILLED HAM and CHEESE75
- HAM or BACON and EGG75
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- HOT TURKEY SANDWICH 1.00
Sage Dressing, Giblet Gravy, and Potatoes
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- FRIED EGG45
- DEVILED EGG45
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A FABLE OF THE FARM

This issue the Old Boy presents a tale of the sea; of choppy waves and salty winds, of fo'csles and fan-tails, of bos'ns and marlin spikes, of iron men and iron ships.

This story is dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Navy without whom none of this would have been possible. Appreciation is also expressed to the Secretary of the Navy, despite his efforts to smother the story.

The plot unfolds aboard the U.S.S. *Neverdeck*, a *Hornet* class carrier which has since been converted to a submarine by her skipper when he ran it aground on the shoals of Point Loma attempting to break the harbor record for speedy entrances.

The executive officer discovered the first sign that something was amiss aboard the mighty ship. As he was about to step from his cabin, he suddenly glanced down in disbelief.

"What's that?" he asked a young lieutenant.

"That's ———, sir!" replied the lieutenant, snapping to attention and saluting.

And so the bright young officer earned a promotion for his quick perception. But the significance of the first incident was missed, and no one thought of it until the next day when the captain made a similar discovery upon stepping sternly through a hatch. A note lay beside the evidence: "The Phantom strikes again!"

After that masterful beginning the Phantom struck again and again savagely throughout the ship, sparing none. Next to fall victim were the ship's officers who quickly detected a violation of the ducts of the ward room air conditioning. A chief petty officer was decimated when, failing to exercise proper caution, he leaped off his bunk into his shoes.

Then during battle practice the Chief Personnel Officer put on his helmet a little too quickly. No one was safe nor did one know when or where the Phantom might strike. The Disbursing Officer opened the ship's safe one morning to a horrible discovery. During a Red Alert the Wing Commander leaped recklessly to his dismay, into his plane. A squadron Leader started his jet one morning and blasted havoc down the hangar bay. A tug boat came along side the mighty carrier while entering port and her captain too learned of the Phantom's presence when doom came whistling down at him from 60 feet above. The Phantom showed a certain wry sense of humor when he struck on the poop deck. But more than that he showed imagination, skill, daring, and constant perseverance.

The forces of right and authority were in full swing, however, striving to bring the Phantom to justice. Telegraph messages sped across the fleet and worry lines gathered around the eyes of the officers. Then the Phantom pulled off his greatest coup. He managed to plug into the ship's public address system. The crew heard: "The stars are out. The moon is bright. THE PHANTOM WILL STRIKE TONIGHT! I will strike on the quarterdeck at 2400!"

The captain ground his teeth at the dastard's effrontery. He was determined to capture the culprit. The ship's marines were called out and threw a cordon completely around the quarterdeck.

All eyes were on the quarterdeck as the hour approached. The ship plowed through the waves in silence. Tension mounted. Finally the bells tolled midnight. Nothing happened. Sailors remained at their stations for hours, but the Phantom failed to appear.

Much later the skipper, a tired and lonely man, trudged back to his cabin. He sank into the chair at his desk and heaved a weary sigh. Well, he thought, at least we broke the Phantom's spirit. We proved he isn't invulnerable—after all he *was* afraid to strike!

He leaned forward on his desk and his jaw sagged when he realized that the Phantom *had* struck and on the captain's desk!

And so ends the Old Boy's tribute to the daring ingenuity of one member of the U.S. Navy. Of such stuff are made the sea-borne warriors who guard our nation's freedom.

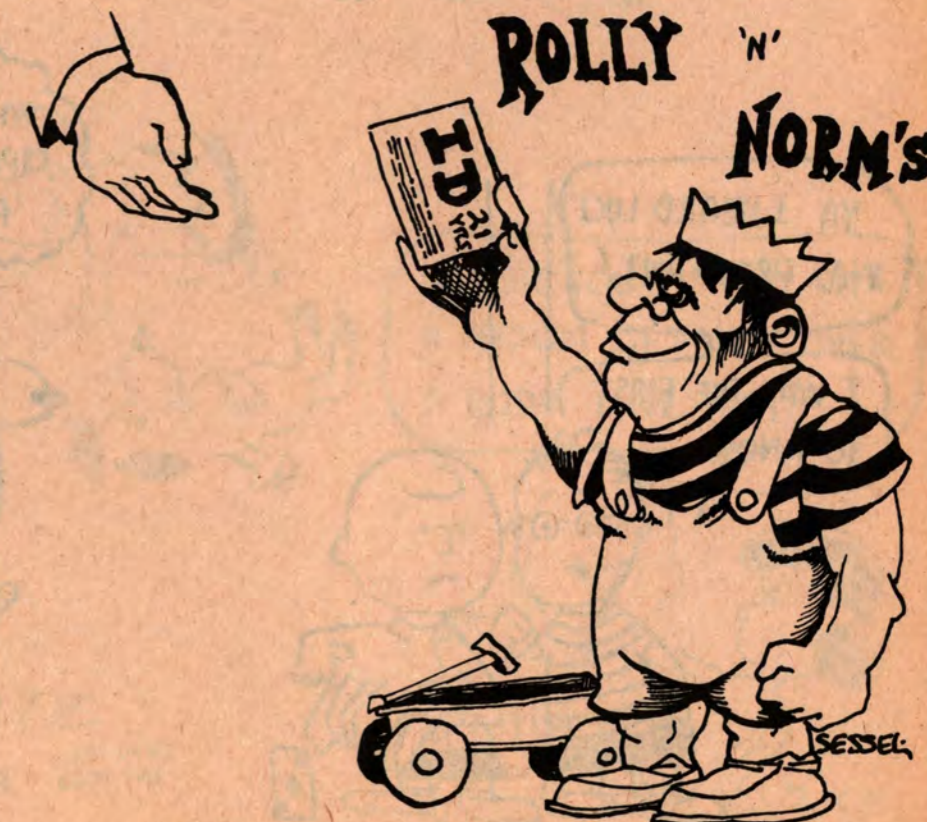
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I'LL TEACH THAT DAMN DOG TO BITE ME



YA I HEARD LOCI WAS PREGNANT!

I WAS THE FIRST TO KNOW



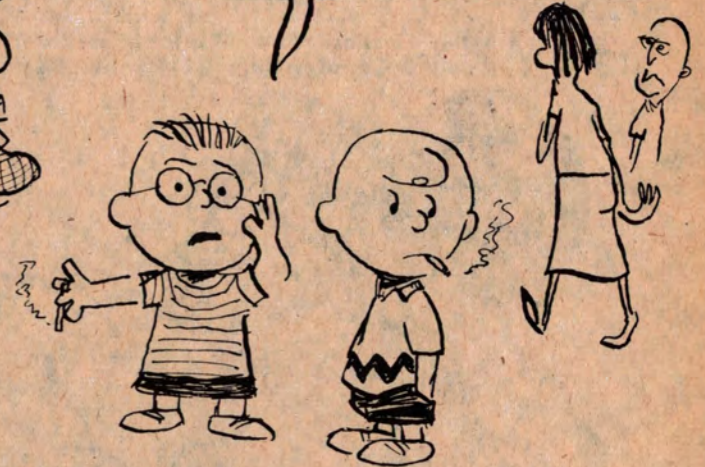
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT FROM A DOG...



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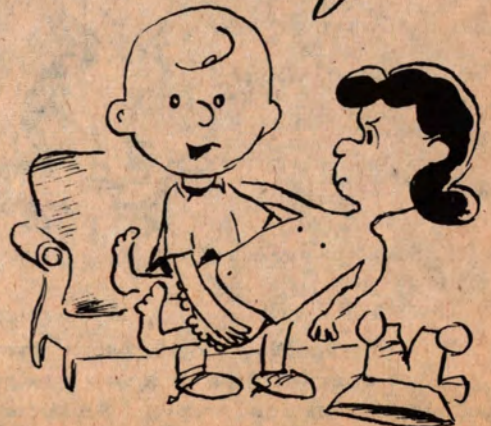


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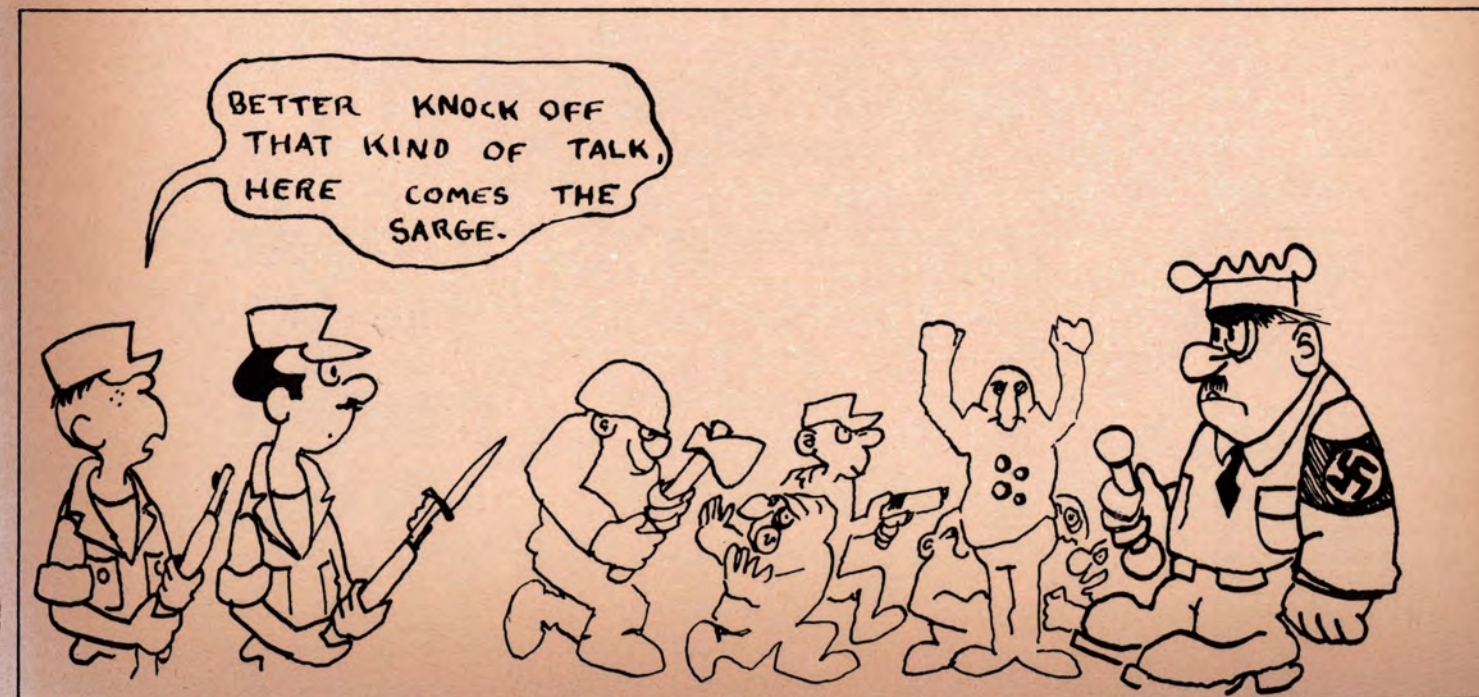
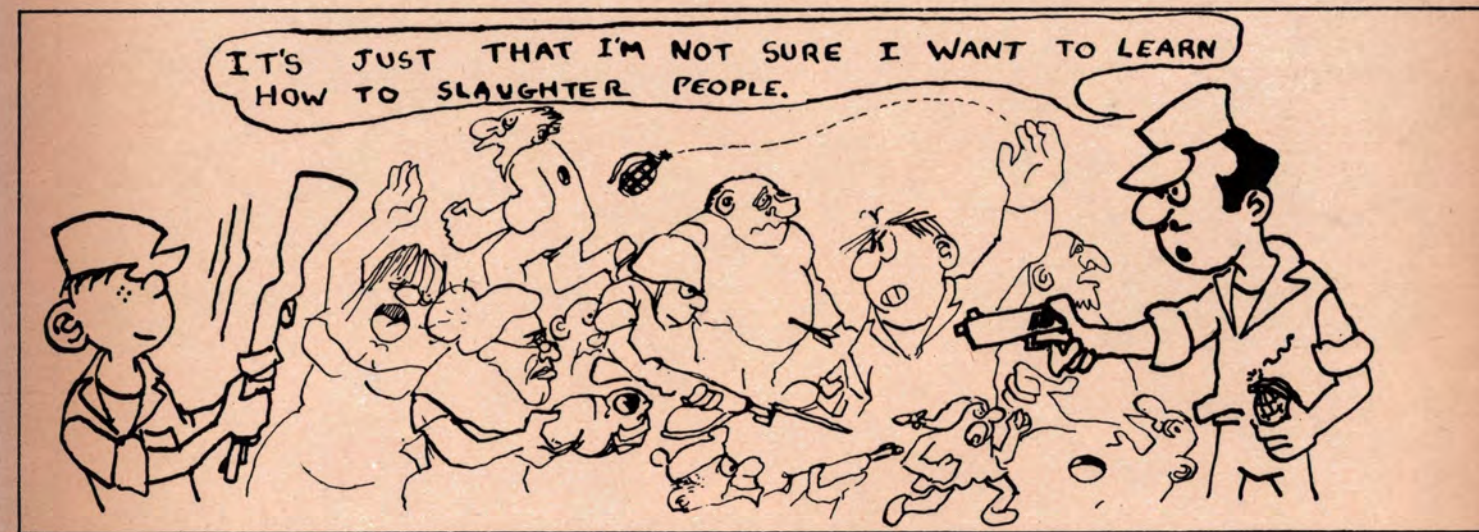
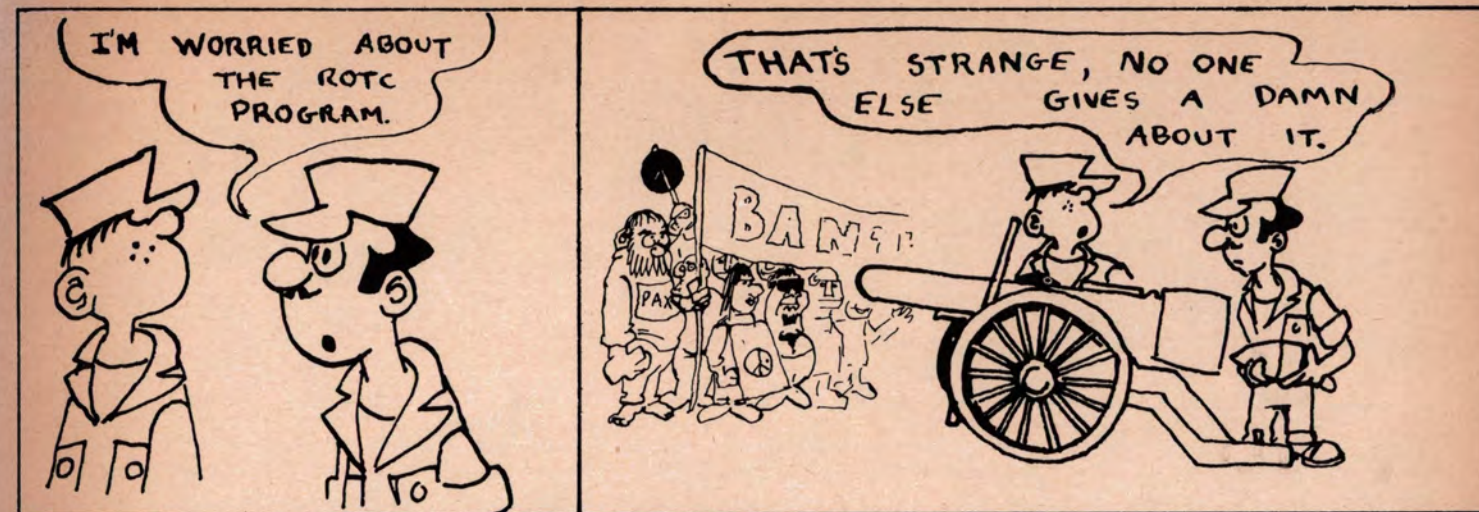
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