

# STANFORD Chaparral

1945

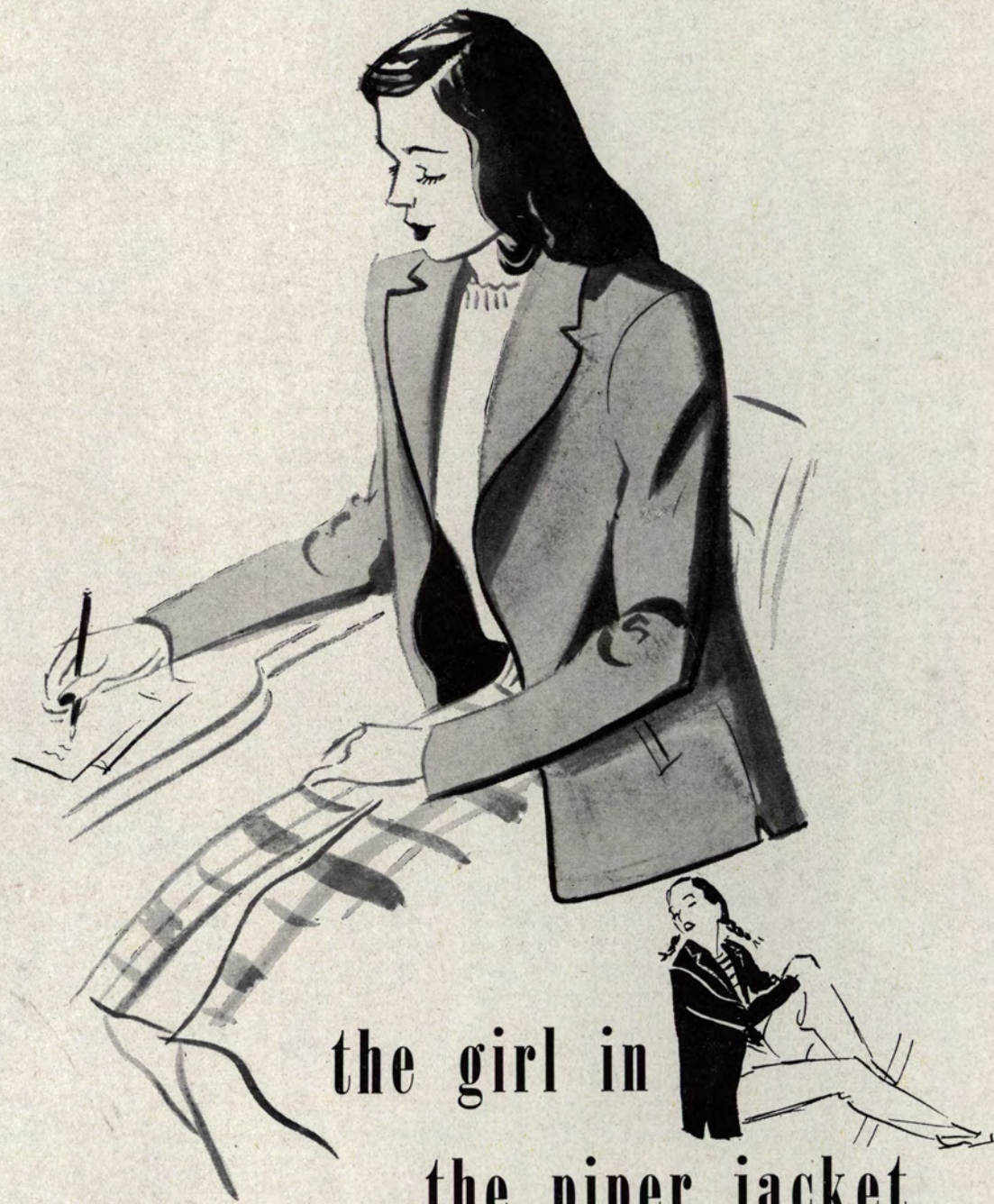
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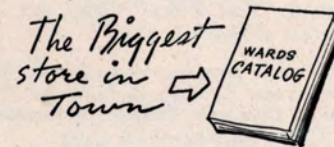


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**THE OLD BOY PRESENTS**

**Cover**

Designed and executed by a campus artist, Al Larson. His work is new to the CHAPPIE, but has been seen on exhibit in both local and distant galleries. We expect that you'll see more of his drafting as time goes on.

**Opener**

A pertinent poem, themingly in keeping with our "Reconversion"

motif. Jan Tarble is a Roble gal who apparently has that "spark."

**Queens**

This month's pretty is straight from Roble, phone 5171. Ed McLellan is responsible for a mighty good-looking page.

**Center Spread**

Don Miller reproduces some happy scenes from local dining establishments. Have you seen your doctor lately?

**You Just Can't Beat the Navy!**

The author, an old CHAPPIE staff member and now an announcer for KJBS, draws from his casual experience to present a typical football game at Cal.

**Mike's Mention**

Complaining in satire, we give you a beautiful example of the soap-box production. This one involves Steela Tram's Second Psychosis.

**How to Speak Russian**

Stan Shpetner, recently of the Wisconsin Octopus, repeats a lecture he claims to have overheard the other day.

(Continued on page 2)



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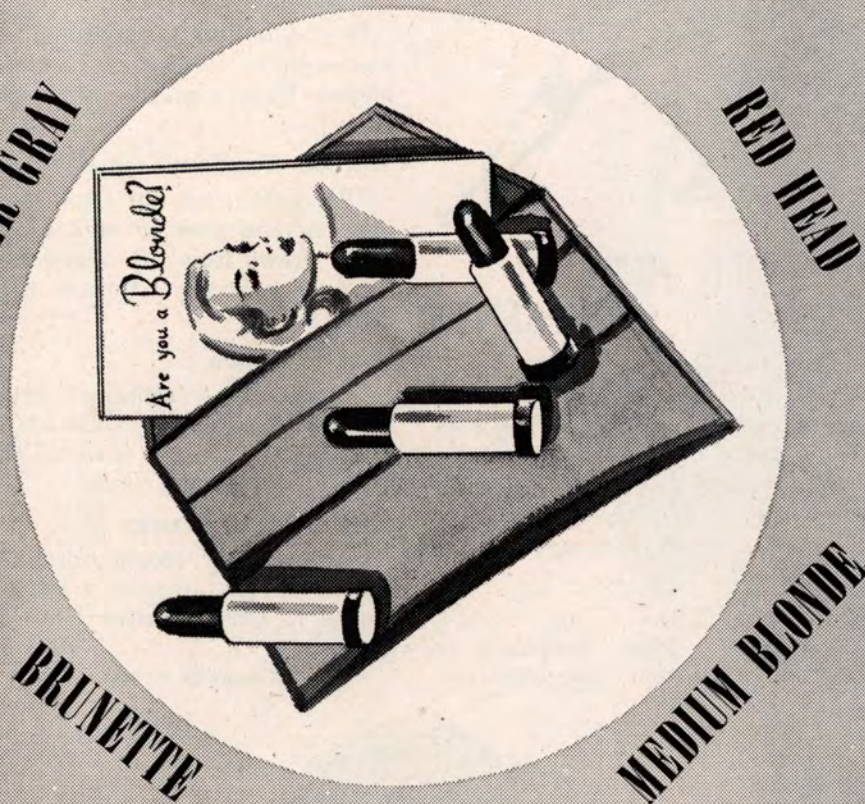
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## PRESENTS

(Continued from page 1)

### Flicks

Never lacking for a hazy plot, Hollywood keeps pouring out the celluloid and pulling in the dough. To keep you well informed on the latest productions, our editor emeritus carefully scrutinizes the list.

### Stompin' Around

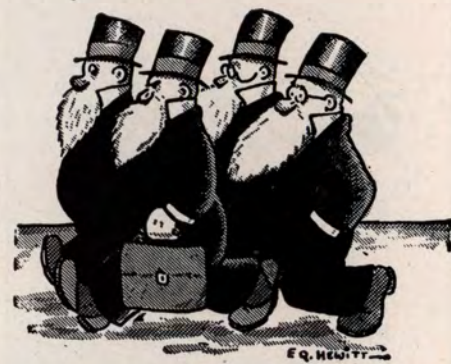
A collection of thoughts on what to hear and buy in the jazz field. By Juanita Smith and Bill Wright.

### Fables

A couple of dillys in this month's exposé. My, what an education these students are receiving!

### Ads, Gags, Cartoons, et al.

We can't possibly mention all the people, or the fertile work they did for this issue, right here. So why don't you just flip the page, and plow your way as only you can do, straight to the fourth cover . . . .



"We're going up to Fort Miley to see about his check."

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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## BEAT THE NAVY

(Continued from page 22)

phone for you, friends . . . . Oh, I'm sorry about that, ladies and gentlemen, but . . . . our field mike was situated directly below and behind the Cal State cheer leader, and . . . . he lost his balance during the half . . . . very unfortunate accident . . . . but my Cal spotter, Bill McKeown, tells me the band is playing the "Anvil Chorus" . . . . just organized the band this week, and he says they're doing well if they get safely through the first four bars . . . . reminds me of some friends of mine who never quite make the third bar . . . . and so the band repeats the first four bars again and again for thirty-two bars . . . . Here come the substitutes . . . . Cal is sending in an entire new left halfback . . . . there's a roar from the crowd below . . . . it's Number Eleven . . . . the great Cal runner, Bowles, who's been saved for just such a moment as this. . . . My Cal spotter, Bill McCloud, tells me that Bowles was called "Red" when he first came to Cal State, because of his red hair . . . . but because of the great school rivalry with St. Anford-on-Crop-share, whose color is red, he was forced to change his name to "Blue" Bowles . . . . Time is in . . . . but going fast . . . . thirty seconds left for the one Cal chance to cop this game . . . . The Bears come out of their huddle . . . . into their T-formation . . . . quarterback up close in back of the center . . . . calling the signals . . . . wait a moment . . . . something wrong there . . . . Cal center is standing up, complaining about something . . . . he points to the quarterback, who is holding his hands high in the air . . . . incidentally, the

(Continued on page 24)

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"No, you can't. It's Navy ROTC."



# The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 47, No. 1, 1945-46  
 Stanford University founded 1891  
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899  
 by Bristow Adams

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Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

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ESTABLISHED BY B. ADAMS '00 OCT 5 1899  
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
 REFLECTIONS  
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

**NOW THAT** the biggest conflict in history is officially hung in the closet, we pause for a moment to look around. What is this "reconversion" we read and hear so much about? Will the world really be improved for you, and you, and you? With what premises do we approach the gigantic problems ahead? The good of the man, or the good of the state? Whose state?

We hesitate to predict the answers to these queries, or to judge too quickly on what little information comes our way. We do know, however, that active thought on the part of each and every guy is an essential quality. And we shall bear in mind questions such as

these whenever the fellow in the seat next to us pipes up with his propositions.

**NOW THAT** we have started reconverting on the Farm, it may be a worth-while idea to toss in a couple of notes on architectural changes which have been suggested. Many of you probably were not aware of it, but an intensive study of campus facilities, including halls, houses, classrooms, the Old Union, gyms, and streets, was carried on from January of this year until the end of July. A large number of necessary changes were discovered; many more were obvious. The information and drawings thus collected were filed in report form

with the Board of Trustees, who, we presume, are busily at work sorting out the important items.

The essence of the theory behind the Planning Report, as we have been able to put it together, is revitalization of the beautiful heart of Stanford: the Inner Quad. By directing a large part of the normal flow of traffic into Inner Quad offices and classrooms, instead of to the new buildings yet to be constructed, it is believed that Stanford will maintain the closely knit atmosphere of which we have always been proud.

Among the immediate proposed changes which may be of interest are a Law Quad and a new men's dorm (top-priority jobs); a shift of the Corp Yard to God-knows-where (we don't), and replacement of it by a spanking new Union, replete with bowling alleys and a students' jitterbug room; removal and relocation of the P.O. and the S.A.E. house to make room for continuation of Santa Teresa Street; final and complete destruction of Sequoia Hall, the original freshman women's dorm; and (we hopefully demand) the construction of an adequate Publications Building to house the QUAD, CHAPPIE, and DAILY. We wish that we could go on from here, but time and space are too insistent. It should be strongly noted, however, that these alterations are but suggested ones at the present time.

And where does all the money come from to finance this reconstruction? Ask Frank Walker—it's all his problem. It may be mentioned, though, that we cannot expect to compete with Cal, which has 37 millions available for revisions. Only the most immediate proposals can be accommodated, so you must go on standing in line in the Cellar for a little while longer. We are confident that necessary changes in the Cellar disorder will be rectified as soon as possible, and we are equally sure that the Board of Trustees will recognize and act upon the need for a suitable Publications Building. Along that topic, Mr. Walker, we remind you that the CHAPARRAL has over \$14,000 in arduously accumulated and carefully hoarded cash with which to establish decent surroundings! We don't really spend all our money on that lovely-yellow-liquid-with-the-foam-on-top, honest.

We would like to pass along our most fervent wishes and thanks to the Board of Trustees for their foresight in this geographical rehabilitation program. When we hear of such worthwhile work being planned and accomplished,

we know that we have the right people at the helm, and we intend to back them whenever possible, even though we may occasionally be just a wee bit critical.

**NOW THAT** fraternities are almost back on their feet, or in their own beds, if you prefer, we insist on expressing our opinion on changes they will have to make. Most of these changes, we feel, are unavoidable; they have occurred as a part of growth in our educational system, and very definitely should not be overlooked. Whether this type of growth is justified or not, we are not qualified to judge, but we think that it is essential that these conditions be recognized now.

The University without a doubt will enter more into the living arrangements of the students. Independent groups *must* maintain the so-called "University standard of living," or be drastically reshaped. This "standard" includes not only the physical plant, but cleanliness, order, personal habits of the occupants, and scholastic average of the group. Certainly not all, but some of the fraternities are going to have *lots* of trouble unless they adapt well and promptly. The advent of a Dean of Students, we believe, is a strong step in this direction.

In addition, fraternities will have to de-emphasize exclusiveness, and must bury many of their most cherished traditions, such as the hazing of neophytes and their "rugged independence." It seems to us that the most reasonable solution would be to replace the past with an organization capable of furnishing the best in living and boarding facilities, plus rituals and traditions which are directed toward helping the members make a good social adjustment to the *entire* community. This theory does not mean that all the "hell-raising" should be removed from fraternal living, but rather that more consideration for outside groups and individuals should be fostered in the members themselves. A lead along this line, we suggest, could well be taken from adult fraternal organizations, wherein the stress is on "one-for-all" instead of "all-for-one."

**NOW THAT** is almost all for this issue. We are noisily happy about the return of sports, more men, and all the other little amenities for which we have been waiting so long. And by this time next year, we hope that we shall be back on our normal three-issue-per-quarter schedule. With your support, and that of our advertisers, it could happen to us.



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### NOW THAT DATE



By Dick Bower

Now that gas rationing and other wartime nuisances have been removed, Peninsula dine-and-dance palaces are enjoying a land-office business. In fact, the only places still operating under wartime restrictions appear to be the **Cellar** and the **Union** dining room. "Canny" Claude Strauss, as always, is serving those piping hot, "businessmen's" vegetable-plate lunches in the former place, and upstairs in the Union a boiled fish dinner is usually the only thing on the menu. Needless to say, food and service are dismal in both establishments. An added feature is the armed guard at the door to "remind" you of the check.

But let's forget about the campus slush and dwell on a few of the finer Peninsula restaurants. One of the prime favorites for the Stanford crowd remains **L'Omelette**, that bit of old France. The food has always been above question, and Pierre can still make mighty appetizing dry Martinis before dinner. You can never go wrong at "The Egg." "C'est la vie."

**Dinah's**, a prewar rendezvous that slipped during the lean war years, has bounced back somewhat and doesn't treat Stanfordites like Paly Highers any more. The hors d'oeuvres have improved, and you can get an occasional "Kansas City steak." The cocktail lounge is still the same cozy, dimly lit affair with the names of countless Stanford students carved on the walls.

Willie and Eddie's **Longbarn** specializes in steaks, and have built up a whopping trade during the past two years. "The Barn" has undergone a face-lifting within the past month and the new place is hard to recognize.

**Rickey's Studio Club**, another wartime baby,  
*(Continued on page 7)*



"Gawd, what a cold!"

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### DATE

*(Continued from page 6)*

appears to be headed to postwar favoritism with delicious roast beef dinners and a grand smörgasbord table. Ted Crawford is at the Wurlitzer and the walls are lined with the works of California artists. The bar is purported to have sought-after brands of booze, but your reporter wouldn't know about that.

**Vieux Carre**, managed by friendly Mr. Lucas, specializes in New Orleans dinners that are well worth your long wait. And don't forget to try one of their prawn salads. Here is a leisurely eating place that will always be an old stand-by. The bar is a two-by-four, but the drinks pack a punch. Just ask anybody.

A popular Sunday night spot is the **Stone Cellar**, on El Camino Real just above Menlo Park. The steak dinners are reasonably priced, service is fast, and you'll be sure to see some of your friends.

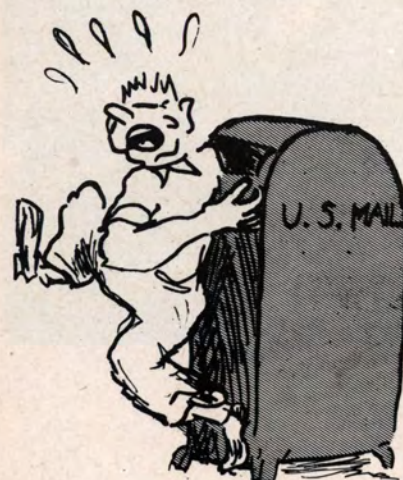
**Villa Chartier**, located a few blocks south of Bay Meadows race track, will be handy for dinner after the races this fall; that is, if you have any money left. But get there early for some semblance of service. This place has really caught on.

**Bella Vista**, on the Skyline, has a restful atmosphere that is perfect for the long fall evenings. The atmosphere is breathtaking and something to remember. Not many people got up there during the war years, but the pilgrimages on Saturday nights have begun again.

**The Fox Shoppe**, in Redwood City on El Camino Highway, usually has a line that extends halfway across the road. But the food is very palatable, if you don't pass out from hunger first.

Sam Nussbaum's **Blue Ox**, just this side of Mountain View, has exceptionally rich food, but Sam is rather cranky with his customers. Better make a reservation or get there early. Their steaks and roast beef are corn-fed, no bull.

Whenever we think of atmosphere, we always think of **Gypsy's**, a strange, haunting place off the highway near San Bruno. Old "Gyp" is quite a gal, and her steak and chicken dinners rest easy on the stomach, if not on the bankbook. This spot was a speak-easy in prohibition days, and still looks like it.



Other places in review: **Auten's**, at Bayshore Boulevard and University, has a dance floor that you can fight your way around; **Pete and Mary's** in Menlo seems to have passed out of the picture; **Villa Lafayette** in Mountain View off 101 serves, as you might guess, French food, but does not cater to the college crowd—which may be just what you're looking for.

As for the Paly eating parlors, the **Stanford Bowl** is a noontime and Sunday morning favorite. Of course, there's always the **Waffle Shop**, otherwise fondly known as "The Greasy Spoon," which stays open all night and never runs out of coffee and hamburgers. Another local "spot" is the **Texas**, which has cheap food and Pabst Blue Ribbon—how they arranged the latter in Palo Alto, we'll never know.

And we musn't forget one of the must-see spots that seem destined to eternal popularity. You should know by this time about **Enrico Rossotti's Beer Garden** on Portola Road, where you can always drop in for a "short one." Enrico's salami sandwiches have become Stanford legend, and the rural setting is distinctly different.

First drunk—We're getting closer to town.

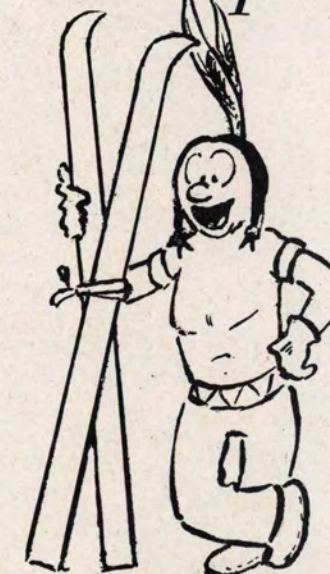
Second drunk—How do you know? First drunk—We're hitting more people.

—Jack-o'-Lantern



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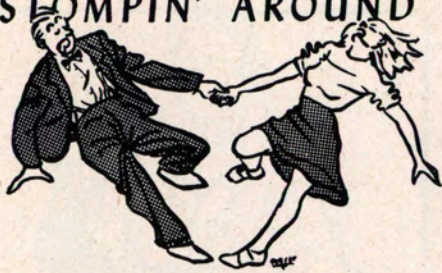
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## STOMPIN' AROUND



By Juanita Smith and Bill Wright

Folks 'way down yonder in Los Angeles finally have something to lure San Franciscans down their way in Kid Ory's Creole Jazz Band. In the last few weeks not only the southern California group but a good part of the San Francisco Hot Jazz Society has been hanging around a Hollywood Boulevard spot to hear the real and righteous stuff played by Edward "Kid" Ory, trombone; Thomas "Papa Mutt" Carey, trumpet; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Ed Garland, bass; Budd Scott, guitar; Buster Wilson, piano; and Minor Hall, drums. Ory plays them good. Papa Mutt's trumpet is the right one for the Kid's tailgate trombone, and the rest of the band all play in the real New Orleans tradition.

For those who can't get down to hear the band there are some new records soon to be released on Exner and Decca labels with the same personnel, except for Jow Darenbourg replacing Howard on clarinet. The Decca titles haven't been announced, but the Exner are "Dippermouth Blues," "Savoy Blues," "High Society," and "Ballin' the Jack." If the records are as good as the originals, they shouldn't be missed.

Other news of live jazz around these parts is a mess of rumors that Lu Watters is back in the country and will head his old band at the Dawn Club before long. In Los Angeles again, Paul Lingle, San Francisco pianist, is playing with Wingy Manone; and another fine pianist, Johnny Wittwer, can be heard around if you look for him. Also in Los Angeles a group of boys calling themselves The Jewel City Stompers are playing good things in sessions around town.

Back to records again, and there isn't much. Brunswick has put out two fine records in the Louis Armstrong album of their collectors' series. The records are "Melancholy" and "Wild Man Blues" with Johnny Dodds's Black Bottom Stompers, and "Georgia Bo-Bo" and "Drop That Sack" with Lil's Hot Shots. The last record was voted northern California's favorite in a slightly stacked poll about a year ago, and it's fine jazz. The Dodds is another collectors' favorite and a beautiful thing. There are two other records in the album, "Static Strut" and "Stomp Off, Let's Go," with Erskine Tate's Vendome Orchestra, and "Terrible Blues" and "Santa Claus Blues," with the Red Onion Jazz Babies, but they're just fillers.

Other interesting new records are some fine Bunk Johnson and Jim Robinson on the American Music label. The Bunk titles are "Tiger Rag," "See-See Rider," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "St. Louis Blues," "Yes, Yes in Your Eyes," and "Low Down Blues," and they're the best he's recorded yet. Bunk's ideas make the old tunes sound new and he has fine backing in Jim Robinson's trombone and George Lewis' clarinet. Robinson takes over the band for "Ice Cream," on which he plays lead trombone that shows off his smooth style and fine timing. The other side, "Burgundy St. Blues," features Lewis with banjo and bass, and they say down South it will "send anyone with a soul."

"May I kiss your hand?"  
"What's the matter, is my mouth sticky?"  
—Pelican



## Joseph Magnin

271 University Ave.

STANFORD

# Chaparral



There's something new at Stanford.  
There's something in the air,  
It might be reconversion  
Or the jeans the roughs all wear.

Oh, yes, the Farm's converting  
On a gigantic postwar plan  
With all the coeds battling  
For that .4 of a man.

We've even got a football team,  
For Stanford they'll do or die.  
A jam-packed schedule now includes  
Madroño, Roble, and P.A. High.

To Cardinals for a job well done  
Goes a 4-qt. loving cup.  
Now that 3.2 is again to be had  
They'll really jolly-up!

The Navy has come to Stanford  
And they've added something new.  
Another song for Newt to lead  
Called "Coats of Navy Blue."

We have veterans on the campus  
Now that the war is won.  
And each coed makes it a must  
To thank them for what they've done.

There's a postwar psychology  
Something strange and rare—  
Dead frogs in biology—  
There's something in the air.

—Jan Tarble

# RETURN of the ROUGH

by *Dunbar*  
YET TO RETURN



### CRITICAL ARTICLE

This little gem comes to us from a campus lass who is registered this quarter in Philosophy 1, Logic (MT-WTh 1:05). The textbook employed in the course, *Language Habits in Human Affairs*, by Irving J. Lee, quotes as follows from Frederic M. Loomis, M.D., in his *Consultation Room*:

"I learned something of the intricacies of plain English at an early stage in my career. A woman of thirty-five came in one day to tell me that she wanted a baby but that she had been told that she had a certain type of heart-disease which might not interfere with a normal life but would be dangerous if she ever had a baby. From her description I thought at once of mitral stenosis. This condition is characterized by a rather distinctive rumbling murmur near the apex of the heart, and especially by a peculiar vibration felt by the examining finger on the patient's chest. The vibration is known as the 'thrill' of mitral stenosis.

"When this woman had been undressed and was lying on my table in her white kimono, my stethoscope quickly found the heart sounds I had expected. Dictating to my nurse, I described them carefully. I put my stethoscope aside and felt intently for the typical vibration which may be found in a small but variable area of the left chest.

"I closed my eyes for better concentration, and felt long and carefully for the tremor. I did not find it and with my hand still on the woman's bare breast, lifting it upward and out of the way, I finally turned to the nurse and said: 'No thrill.'

"The patient's black eyes snapped open, and with venom in her voice she said: 'Well, isn't that just too

bad? Perhaps it's just as well you don't get one. That isn't what I came for.'"

### ALPHABETICAL

Some time ago—the date has slipped our brief memory—a friend with a not-so-brief memory noted one of those humorous little incidents that come everyone's way.

It happened in some sort of a class, a lecture, probably. You know how lectures are, note-taking and all that. A girl in the class, apropos of something, turned to the fellow next to her and asked, "How do you spell Somerset Maugham's name?"

The fellow looked up blankly, then

answered, "I don't know, but I've got a *Bawlout* here. I'll look him up for you."

### IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE

Blind dates are screwy things, no matter how you look at it. One of the local lasses says that they "appeal to her romantic nature," but we usually prefer to stick to the "head in the lion's mouth" version.

There was once a Stanford man who went out occasionally with a California Pi Phi. Why, we don't know. But going up to Berkeley alone is pretty terrible, as you may well imagine; so the fellow prevailed

(Continued on page 23)





# You Just Can't Beat the Navy!



By Bob O'Neill

And here we are back again in the Berkeley Stadium after that brief pause for station identification . . . . Time is still out as we are about to begin the fourth and final quarter between the Golden Bears of California State College and the visiting team from the Alameda Navigational Undulation Station . . . . Teams are changing sides now down there on the field . . . . ball was forfeited by the Bears on the last play, their fourth down on their 46-yard line . . . . Couple of California State backs are dragging the huge body of their right guard over those eight yards and setting him up in position . . . . might mention that the Cal rooters are mighty proud of that guard, for he's very hard to move . . . . Plotz is his name, one of the famous Blocks of Granite, known affectionately by his teammates and professors as "Marble-head" Plotz. Well, the score here as we start the final quarter is . . . . the same as was when we started the last quarter, so there's no need to go into that . . . . There's a roar from the crowd . . . . another game's score was announced . . . . and here it is, just handed to me by the able Cal spotter, Bill Malone. A final score . . . . Monterey Bay Packers, 16, and the Fresno Lighter-Than-Air Base, 17 . . . . and THERE'S an upset by the Fresno boys, who incidentally call themselves the "Flab-bies," from their initials, F-L-A-B. However, the lads from the Alameda Navigational Undulation Station prefer to call themselves the Alameda Anchors . . . . I see the officials are having a little scrimmage among themselves down there, so I think I have time to bring you a short resumé of the game so far . . . . The top-heavy favorite Alameda Anchors were set back on their heels when

Cal won the kickoff. Alameda was penalized again and again for being offside, until the Cal team was kicking off from the Alameda 20-yard line! From there the Cal Fullback Perriwig put it neatly through the goal posts for a field goal and three points to lead the visiting team, and the game took on an odd quality, which has persisted through these first three quarters. Capitalizing on its magnificent forward wall, the Navy team scored four touchbacks before the end of the first quarter, but its backfield seems somewhat confused, playing for the first time on dry land. . . . Then there's been a lot of . . . . this and that, same old stuff, you know, kicking, passing, running, things like that . . . . nothing important . . . . so the score now finds the Bears on the short end of an 8-to-3 tally. There's the whistle, and play is being resumed . . . . it's first and ten for the Anchors on the Cal 46-yard line . . . . the Bear backs are slapping their linemen encouragingly on the rear, knocking them off balance . . . . Those seven "Blocks of Granite" are dug in there, like a huge tank trap . . . . Alameda huddle breaks . . . . up to the line . . . .

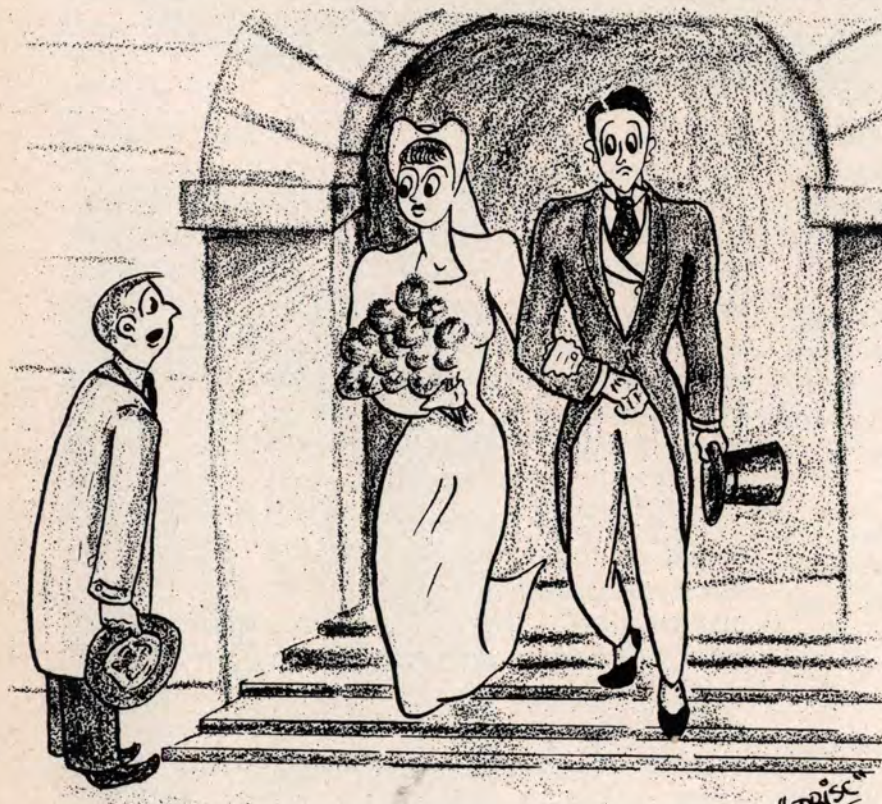


here are the signals . . . . shift is left to a diamond . . . . ball goes to the fullback, who plows across the line for three yards before being mowed under . . . . there's a deceptive sort of play . . . . that plow was evidently smuggled out in the Alameda water cart . . . . they're pulling it out of the playing field now and replacing the earth. . . . Second and seven on the Cal Staté 43 for the Anchors . . . . up to the line, here's the shift . . . . wait a minute . . . . they're taking that shift over . . . . somebody evidently misunderstood the signals . . . . as we mentioned early in the game, the Navy quarterback calls his signals with semaphore signal flags . . . . shift is to the right in a box formation . . . . pass from center . . . . quarter hands it to the left half directly behind him . . . . both of them now fake reverses to the fullback and right half, who are running this way . . . . other two are racing toward the far sidelines . . . . here's the ball-carrier . . . . he pivots, plunges past the line of scrimmage, out into the open . . . . he juggles the ball about . . . . lifts it up . . . . puts it on his HEAD! . . . . Wait a minute . . . . what the —? WELL, I guess they fooled us on that; it was his helmet, folks . . . . heh-heh . . . . There, the left half has the ball, racing along the far side of the field! . . . . He lifts it high, as if to pass . . . . brings it down on his . . . . well, I'll be a sad-eyed son of . . . . another fake with a helmet! . . . . Now there's a tricky play, if ever I saw one, and I'm not even sure I saw this . . . . where's the ball? . . . . where? . . . . Oh, yes, now I see . . . . There's a man behind the line of scrimmage, fading back with the ball . . . . getting ready to pass . . . . fades back five . . . . ten . . . . fifteen . . . . he's being rushed . . . . and he throws, from twenty

yards back . . . . there it goes, a long, wobbling pass . . . . intended for . . . . well, there are five men scurrying around down there under it, running around like so many destroyers under air attack . . . . very deceptive teamwork . . . . here it comes . . . . AND it is . . . . INCOMPLETE! . . . . Plenty of protection down there, but no receiver elected . . . . so it's now third and seven for the Anchors . . . . The trusty Cal spotter on my left here, Bill Muldoon, tells me it was the Alameda left end who threw that pass . . . . seems that the backfield faked with their helmets and went out for the pass, while the ball was handed along the line from the center to the left end, who faded back and passed . . . . you might wonder how the Anchor line could do this, but remember that the heavy Cal State line is very hard to budge . . . . one way or the other . . . . Time out is called by Alameda, and out go the oxygen tanks . . . . Well, folks, here's a real treat for you . . . . California State's greatest football figure, the spark of the great team of '96, Asbestos Jagg, has fought his way through this huge crowd to our broadcasting booth to bring you this great message. "Since I have taken G-NIH-TON, I have felt

no pain whatsoever. I have felt nothing at all. G-NIH-TON is easy to take, you don't even feel it going down. I cannot express to you what improvement I have had after taking G-NIH-TON, pronounced Gene-a-tone. On sale at your local drug stores." Isn't that what you have to tell the folks listening in, Mr. Jagg? . . . . Yes, it certainly is, and that was that grand, jovial, old footballer, Asbestos ("Laughin'") Jagg, who just said "Yes" . . . . and who came up here out of the goodness of his own heart to recommend our sponsor's product to those of you who feel you ought to "take something" . . . . Now back to the game . . . . I see by the scoreboard clock that only four minutes remain to be played in the game . . . . that last play was a little long . . . . What's that, Mr. Jagg? . . . . Money? . . . . Pardon me a moment, folks . . . . Well, many thanks for your magnanimous bit of advice, Asbestos, and we're sorry you have to run . . . . Why, what money could you mean, Mr. Jagg? . . . . No, I'm afraid there must be some misunderstanding . . . . Bill, would you help Mr. Jagg down those stairs? . . . . Thanks . . . . Quite the kiddier, that jovial old gentleman . . . .

(Continued on page 22)



"I take it then, Crudelia, that our engagement is broken?"

(Reprinted from CHAPARRAL, Spring, 1944)



Ave Atque Vale

The entire campus was shocked and saddened by the death of Dick Driscoll from injuries received in an auto crash early this fall. The recent war had somewhat inured us to the tragedy of death, but it could not soften this blow which brought sorrow to all who knew him, a number which includes nearly every student, and many faculty and administration officials. And it was the first and only time that "Drisc" brought unhappiness to any living thing.

Dick's many services to Stanford are well known to all who have been around the school in the past five years. He was the Farley of the Farm, with one significant difference: his interest in people flowed from a bottomless fountain of friendliness, and though a veteran of campus politics, he was never a politician for politics' sake. More people considered him "their best friend" than most Joes get to know in a lifetime.

Despite his many activities, Drisc was first and foremost a CHAPPIE man. At the time of his death he was starting his second term as editor of the magazine. This issue should have been his. Through the pages of the CHAPPIE, Drisc kept alive the traditions of the days of the prewar rough, laughed sympathetically at the changes war wreaked on the campus scene, and dreamed of the days when jeans and jalopies would replace bobby socks and bicycles. Returning roughs will never realize just how much they owe to their old friend for the fact that he kept the faith.

There will be other Irishers, but none will wear the green as gaudily as Paddy Driscoll. There will be other laughter, but none to replace his infectious mirth. There will be other friendships, but his warmth and understanding will be missing. He always said that an Irish wake should be his send-off. But no party would be complete without Drisc.





Reconversion, eh? We've reconverted all right. Right straight back to the 1930's. Back to the good old prewar days of slaughtering helpless Ethiopians and raping Chinese women in Nanking.

It sure is a good thing that the Japanese army wasn't destroyed as some advocated. If it had been, we wouldn't have had anybody to help the British, Dutch, and French shoot down independence-seeking Javanese and Annamese.

Well, you know what they always say: "It is very difficult for the average American to know the full story behind these things, and judgment should not be passed unless one has full knowledge of the facts." O.K., what are the facts?

We thought that the Allied armies were freeing the natives from "hated and oppressive" Jap rule. We thought that the Allies and the natives were on one side and the Japs on the other. Perhaps we're looking at the picture

from the wrong angle. Maybe it isn't sides. It looks like it is a fight for top and bottom—with the natives always destined for the bottom. Japs, you lose—Allies, we win. You know, something like, "Heads I win, tails you lose." We thought that the United Nations had promised all peoples the right to decide upon their own form of government. Come to think of it, we're not Indian givers. Take your choice, boys. British, French, Dutch, or Japs. Which would you rather have shoot you?

We're glad to see that the U.S. Army protested to the Dutch against the "highly provocative" manner of the Dutchmen. "Highly provocative"—that's State Department slang for "murdering manner." Well, that's good. Protest. That's effective as all hell. Protest against the sinking of the "Panay," the Albanian conquests, and the Munich Conference.

Reconversion, eh? We've reconverted all right. We're right back where we started from.

(CHAPARRAL invites reprints of this page)

# HOW TO SPEAK RUSSIAN

By Stan Shpetner

(In view of the increased importance of Russo-American relations, Professor Stanislaus has consented to give CHAPPIE readers a lesson in the Russian language—first important step on the road to understanding a foreign educational system.)

Am beginning lason right from start. Langwige is influencing much of da conwersation between Amerakanski and Russkie. Is important that stwedent u stwedentka are understanding sauceal customs so as not saying wrong Russki word at right time.

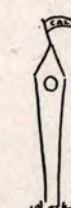
In Russyah is custom for boys to go around wit girls. So. If you are being boy, first stap is gedding girl to go around wit. You are walking into beeg hotel in Mosckva and are looking for "hotbabski" (Russian word for unescorted young lady who looks hohkay). When seeing hotbabski, you are going over and saying, "Ezdravstveeteh." This is meaning hello in Russian. Howeevar, beginning stwedent is hahving so much trable saying des word; is using easier approach. Stwedent is throwing arms around "hotbabski" and is muttering "Olga." You are doing



The B.M.O.C.

this until you find "hotbabski" who is throwing her arms around you and is saying "Dahlink." From dis point on, any goot stwedent should not be finding language a barrier.

Russia is very cold cantry. Russeyahn peasants are taking any old useless paper and are wrapping paper around themselves under overcoat. Clevair stwedents from Stanfordsova, before making treep to Russiah, are going around campus every morning peecking up useless newspapers (wheech I understant are



very pleentiful near place call "Dayleeshak").

Is important for Amerakanskii stwendtka going to Russiayan universetat to undstanding ways of gattin along on Russiayan campoos. Due to warh wit Nastis is shortage of bohks. Stwedents are going to place called "Reservski Bohk Roomski." Unless Amerakanski stwedents are using right idioms are not getting bohks. Right way is saying to girl behind counter, "Am givinski youski fivespotski. Howski boutski slippinski me booksi." Clevair Amerakanski stwedent will be recognizing that word "me" in above phrase is same as English word "me." Whole phrase in idiomatic exprashoon which is very importahant if stwedent is evair wanting to gat books.

If stwedent is wanting (to use Russian phrase) "make time with galski" is inviting girl to go oud wit him. Is many places to go. Stwedents in Russiayah are going to vodka house called "Roosatskis!" Howeevar, if stwedent is desiring nother place to go and making lav to girl, is saying "Letski goingski downski to Ampha-theatreski." This is very good start to making love in Russian universitates.

Manny times stwedents are going by beeg place where Russian stwedentka new at universetat are moving in called Robleski, and is seeing "hot-



babski" that is loohking badder than "hotbabski" he is going around wit now. Sauceal custom in Russiayah is providing nice idiom for telling first "hotbabski" good-bye. Is taking undesirable "hotbabski" to vodka bout, and after is taking home. When is saying good-bye—in Russian is "dosveedonyah" — is adding another phrase. Is saying all togehter, "dosveedonyah-seeyouonquodski." This is meaning you are now ready to go after new hotbabski and as is place I started lason am quivting.



" . . . is a highly concentrated form of dextrose, lecithin, niacin, iron yeast, cod-liver extract, powdered milk carbohydrates, chocolate malt, and sulfadiazine.

# Where We of Stanford Eat—



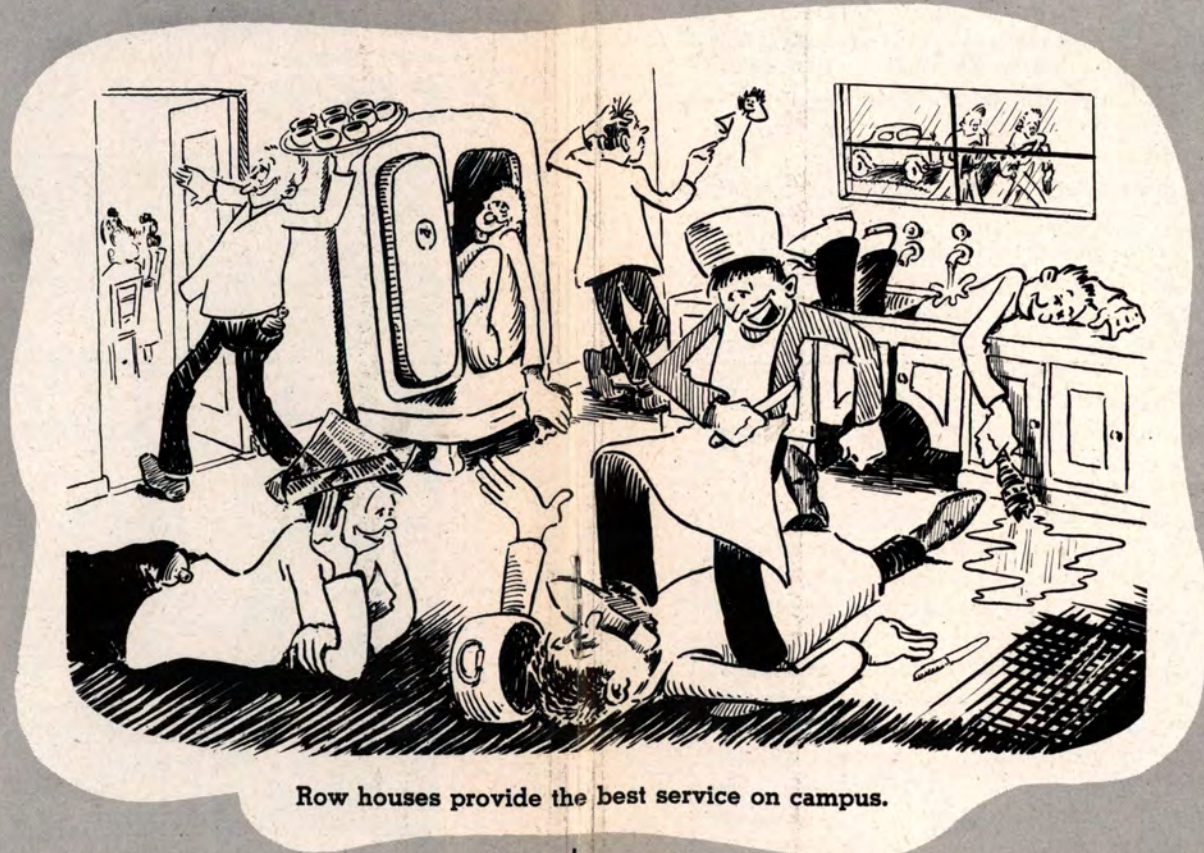
The vicious circle at Encina.



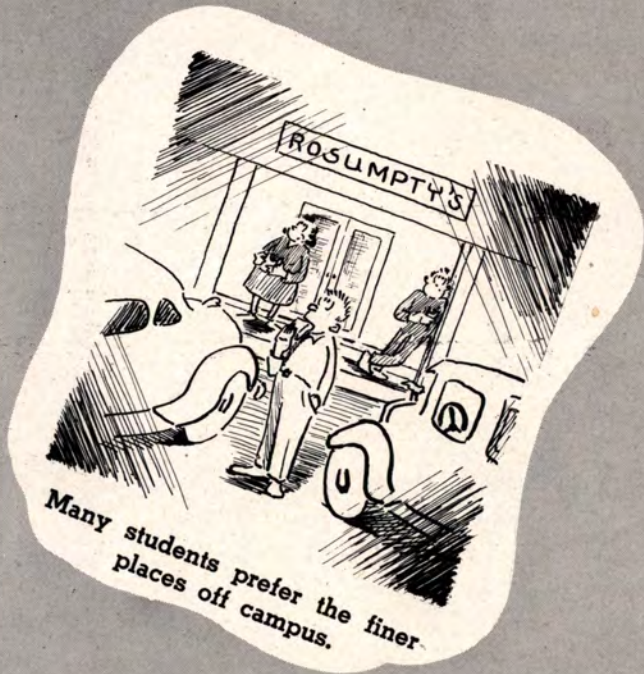
The Cellar conquers the weighty problem of disappearing checks.



Dieting girls receive delicate portions at Roble tables.



Row houses provide the best service on campus.



Many students prefer the finer places off campus.

# MIKE'S MENTION

By Mike Minchin

**ANNOUNCER:** Good afternoon, ladies . . . again we bring you another chapter in the stirring, heart-rending drama of life . . . Steela Tram's Second Psychosis . . . the story of a big girl's little desire to make a name for herself in the modern city . . . but first, a message of importance to you all.

**COMMERCIAL:** Now, we have a special message for all of you young men listening in. Do you ever wish you were "one of the boys?" Do the older fellows laugh when you walk by and whisper behind your back? In short, are you among the unfortunate few who haven't learned about the new easy way to popularity among your associates? You are? . . . then listen to this friendly little tip from the makers of that sensational little product . . . Wallblue's Super Snuff. Nothing will give you that manicured appearance any quicker than will a can of fresh, dated Wallblue's Snuff. It's depressing . . . it's dirty . . . it's degrading! And remember . . . it comes in those six disgusting colors: rust, brown, deep purple, midnight blue, black, and for those who just don't give a damn . . . extra black. Get some today . . . and don't forget . . . the empty can makes an excellent biscuit cutter! Here again is your announcer to give you a brief summary of the exciting episodes which have gone before.

**ANNOUNCER:** Remember, when we left Steela yesterday, she was locked in Dannie O'Hollogain's wardrobe trunk. She was mostly worried over the outcome of her sister's trial, to say nothing of her first daughter's elopement with John Baxter, who is really Dannie O'Hollogain's brother, the only person who can testify at the trial. As we look in on the scene today, Dannie is opening the trunk to get out a bottle of Channel Number Five . . . listen . . .

**SOUND:** KEY RATTLE . . . WOMAN'S SCREAM . . . THEME MUSIC (ORGAN) . . .



**ANNOUNCER:** Well! Does Dannie recognize Steela? What does Steela say? Will Dannie's brother testify at the trial? What about Steela's daughter's elopement? For the answer to these questions, tune in tomorrow's chapter of Steela Tram's Second Psychosis. And now, here is a brief message from our sponsor . . .

**COMMERCIAL:** Before we close today's thrilling chapter in the life of Steela Tram, we have another urgent message for you from our sponsor. About forty years ago, while experimenting in his little laboratory next to the Chicago stockyards, Mr. Wallblue accidentally discovered the wonderful recipe which was destined to make him the American snuff king. Throughout the years this recipe has remained a closely guarded secret, until today there is no other snuff on the market which gives one that glorious let-down feeling! (Sniff) With men who know snuff best, it's Wallblue's one-half to one! It has strictly home-grown flavor of rich burlap snuffweed, and the enticing aroma of the salt of the earth. And remember that sensational offer Wallblue is making this week only . . . send in the wrapper from one can of Wallblue's Super Snuff and you will receive absolutely free a handsomely engraved genuine teakwood snuff stick! (Sniff) Don't wait . . . the prewar supply is dwindling rapidly . . . Wallblue is producing for peace!



"Well! That'll teach those young ruffians whose girl you are!"

# DRAW THAT GAG!

Occasional scratchings  
by some local artists



"Skin me, Jack!"



"Big, round, and beautiful—just like your eyes, sweetheart."



"Oh, he likes the wind and the rain in his hair."



**NOW THAT FLICK**



By Dick Fayram

**KISS AND TELL**

If you expect a poor movie version of a first-rate play, you're in for a big surprise. This flick is to movie-goers what flies are to soup. Worth a standard balcony ticket; go see what a seventeen-year-old bride looks like.

**THE LOST WEEKEND**

Although it hasn't been released yet, we throw in a note about this because of the liquid interest. The story concerns the befuddlement of a precocious drunk. And the entire booze industry may soon endorse it to stop the W.C.T.U. from using it as propaganda!

**THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET**

The producer of *Fighting Lady* turns in a semi-factual version of an FBI horse race during the war. Good for you who like to balance on the edge of your seats.

**HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY**

Obviously lacking for more feasible plots, MGM grinds up *Aesop's Fables* and extrudes a doubtful reel or three. Unfortunately, the stars are expected to shine too brightly, and Hedy's parts are lost in the maze. We are still plenty impressed by June Allyson.

**WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF**

We were distinctly reminded of a well-known salad. Big names just ooze out of the celluloid, dressing the title with such celebs as Van Johnson (whistle, girls), Bob Benchley, Lana you-know-who, Walter "Bird" Pidgeon, Ginger Rogers, and Edward Arnold. An overworked story of what not to do at the Waldorf in forty-eight hours.

**SWAMP WATER**

Paramount loses its head and Johnny Weissmuller loses his hairy garb. Ye Gods, we'll never know the old ape now!

**STATE FAIR**

Thank Gawd we've started away from Class D war pictures! There ain't a smell of blundering Japs or blond gruesome Huns in this one. Some darned good songs, though, and what looks like very tasty preserved fruit.

**LOVE LETTERS**

The professional critics gave this pic a thorough razzing. But if utterly fantastic stories appeal to you, you may be able to choke it down. Jennifer Jones is cute; Joe Cotton shows as a fair actor; and William Dieterle, the director, has a swell imagination.



"Mr. Anthony, I have a problem."

Bob Hope says an apprentice seaman is a sailor who would like to drown his troubles but can't get the chief to go swimming with him.  
—Exchange

A sailor and his girl were riding out in the country on horseback. As they stopped for a rest the two horses rubbed necks affectionately.  
"Ah, me," said the sailor, "that's what I'd like to do."  
"Well, go ahead," answered the girl, "it's your horse."  
—Log

Beggar—Have you got enough for a cup of coffee?  
Freshman—I'll manage, thanks.  
—The Log

← **QUEEN OF THE MONTH:** Joan Clay, '49, whose home town is Burlingame, posed pertly in front of these familiar scenes. Although her time is now taken up mainly by Western Civ, she is contemplating a major in art. Her secret ambition, she confided, is some day to write an epic novel.

### BEAT THE NAVY

(Continued from page 13)

But here we are, ready to go again . . . . Alameda up to the line . . . . here are the signals . . . . the shift . . . . there's a box to the right . . . . the ball is snapped . . . . wait a minute . . . . umpire has halted play while that box is removed from the field . . . . he rules that they lose a down for leaving that orange crate in their backfield . . . . and it's fourth down for the Anchors . . . . These Navy boys come from a wave-measuring station in Alameda . . . . Navigational undulation, they call it . . . . boys claim they have equipment to take the measurement of any wave in the Bay area . . . . a great team for making passes, by the way . . . . but here's the shift . . . . ball comes back, and here comes the fullback behind good interference around right end . . . . up to the thirty . . . . past the twenty . . . . finally hit on the ten . . . . he's fighting ahead . . . . he LATERALS . . . . AND it falls short . . . . have the decision on that in a minute . . . . officials rule that an illegal lateral, and bring it back to the Cal 43, where the Bears have time for just one or two plays . . . . That big clock says only thirty seconds remain, and this looks like the crucial moment for the Bears . . . . one touchdown would do it, you know . . . . and it's their final chance for a great upset . . . . Cal takes time out . . . . some Bears are limbering up near the bench below us . . . . arms enlaced, kicking alternate legs in unison . . . . seem to have some musical accompaniment from the Cal band in the rooting section directly beneath us . . . . We'll try to pick that up on our field micro-

(Continued on page 3)

### JANET SPEAR Parnie Storey House

Young, alive, important. A perfect "year around" dress. Colorful. Gabardines, fashioned with battlejacket lines.



## Phelps-Terkel

### WOMAN'S SHOP

219 UNIVERSITY

PALO ALTO

## Distributors & Salesmen WANTED

Territories open from Berlin To Tokyo. New Fast Items. No Experience Needed. Millions of Satisfied Customers.

### SELL FEELTHY POSTCARDS!



## TYPEWRITER SHOP

O. E. Rosenberry

382 University Ave.

Phone P.A. 23114

### FABLES

(Continued from page 11)

upon his Pi Phi friend to get a blind date for a buddy. Everything was arranged, and the fellows went to Berkeley. They got to the sorority house, and the girl who had arranged the deal came down. They would have to wait a few minutes, she said. The other girl wasn't quite ready. After about ten minutes, the co-ed came down the stairs. She stopped on the landing a few steps up and asked, "Which one is mine?"

Introductions and explanations were made, and the girl continued to stand there for about a minute without saying a word. She looked her date over carefully, frowned slightly, and then turned on her heel and went back upstairs.

—Reprinted from CHAPARRAL

### CARDINAL IDENTIFICATION

A friend of ours, an old CHAPPIE man by avocation, dropped in the other day from a tour of duty in the South Pacific. He has been stationed on a minesweeper, and on occasion their ship stops at various ports for supplies, both solid and liquid. He frequently runs into Stanford alumni during these periodic halts, and of course the convivial spirit is carried on whenever possible.

One day a brother alumnus decided to visit our friend for a while, and on approaching the latter's ship, he discovered that he had forgotten his identification card. Refusing to give up when he was so close to his goal, he hopefully searched his wallet for a suitable substitute. Finding one, he strode rapidly up to the sentry at the ship's gangplank, and flashed the Sigma Chi membership card at the guard who waved him on without a second glance.

Thereafter, the fraternity card was found to be a most adequate i.d. card when visits to our friend's ship were desired, no questions asked.

Prom Trotter—I can't see why you stayed outside so long with such a splendid dancer as William.

Date—Well, he showed me some new steps and we sat on them.

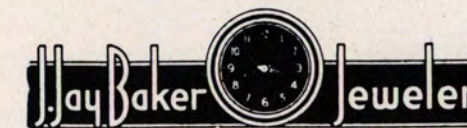
—Covered Wagon

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

—Exchange

## WATCHES - DIAMONDS - JEWELRY

### Sterling Silver Gifts



### LUCIEN LELONG PERFUMES "GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS"

374 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

PHONE 4541



### JOAN CLAY Roble

wearing a

### DEBUTANTE FROCK—25.00

This nationally advertised line of dresses is exclusive in Palo Alto—

at

### MARY ROY

"The Shop with the Waterfall"

436 University Ave.



### BEAT THE NAVY

(Continued from page 3)

Bears are wearing blue jerseys and gold pants . . . the entire seat section of these pants is made of pink lastex, for stretch . . . very colorful team . . . the Cal trainer is running out now . . . has a pair of leather gloves for the quarterback . . . this seems to satisfy the Cal center . . . and the play resumes . . . the crowds are hushed with excitement . . . fans are flowing out of the stands and a group of armed guards from the Naval Station is keeping them off the playing field . . . everyone is on his feet . . . here are the signals for this crucial play . . . only seconds left in the game . . . there's the shift . . . The ball goes to Bowles in a reverse, and he's coming wide around end . . . past the scrimmage line . . . he dodges one tackler . . . straight-arms another . . . side-steps a third . . . twisting . . . leaping . . . can he do it? . . . can he break through to the goal line? . . . past the Alameda forty . . . one man between him and the goal . . . past the thirty he goes . . . safety man moving up for the tackle . . . past

the twenty . . . here comes the tackle . . . he hits! . . . HE MISSES! . . . and "Blue" Bowles goes bouncing down the field! . . . the fifteen . . . the ten . . . AND THERE'S the gun that ends the game! . . . WAIT! . . . Bowles FALLS on the two-yard line, within INCHES of a score that would have won this ball game! . . . What? . . . Just a moment, folks . . . my Cal spotter, Bill McCue, says that was NOT the gun that ended the game . . . there's a commotion at the goal posts . . . Oh, I see . . . The police have arrested one of the naval armed guards . . . his rifle is still smoking . . . Good heavens! He has SHOT Big "Blue" Bowles to prevent him from scoring! . . . There's the timekeeper's signal now . . . AND THE GAME IS OVER! . . . WELL; this was quite a thrill-packed contest . . . the game really ended with a bang, didn't it, folks? . . . Heh-heh . . . the Alameda boys really pulled that game out of the fire with some quick thinking . . . sort of fighting fire with fire! . . . Heh-heh . . . So once again it seems that you just CAN'T beat the Navy! . . .

Well, there it is, folks . . . another thrilling afternoon of the best in sports, brought to you by the makers of G-NIH-TON. . . . Remember, friends . . . it's tasteless, harmless, and spelled backwards means . . . NOT-HIN-G!



A doctor, according to *The Canadian Doctor*, was talking to a farmer's wife who had recently given birth to her sixteenth child and was about to leave the hospital.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I'll see you again in another 16 or 18 months?"

The lady said, "No." The doctor, surprised at the idea of no more children from this source, asked why.

"Cause," she retorted, "me an' my ol' man done foun' out what's causin' em."

—Urchin

You know what fatal thing will happen if you swallow too much Three Feathers?

**You'll tickle yourself to death!**

—M. McClure

**Bryant's**  
263 University Avenue

**BEATTY O'HAIR**  
Lathrop  
wearing 100% wool flannel  
Sacony Suit. Gray, brown,  
and tan.  
22.95

Head for the roundhouse, Nellie; he'll never corner you there.

—Exchange

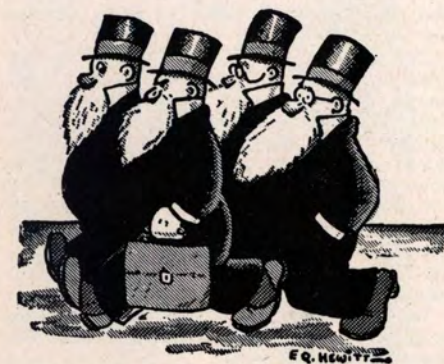
Little Tommy, age five, wished to bid his little sister, Mary, age three, good-night. He knocked brazenly upon the door of the nursery and requested of his sister, "Tan I tum in?"

"No," Mary replied emphatically, "Nurthy thaid it isn't nith for little boys to thee little dirls in their nighties." A short pause, and then from inside the nursery door, "Otay, you tin tum in now . . . I took it off."

—Exchange

She was only a private's sweetheart, but now she's an officer's mess.

—Exchange



"I don't care if he is your old roommate. Five in one room is too many."

We'd like to pass on for your file of useful addresses a small bit of escapist literature which appeared as an ad recently in the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

**PRETEND YOU'RE IN THE EAST!**  
Five beautiful viewcards, twenty-five cents. Write message and return. I'll remail them in New Jersey. G. Stahl, 2259 Gross Avenue, North Merchantville, N.J.

The possibilities of this little ad are enormous. Aside from the obvious uses such a device might be put to, such as fleeing bill collectors, or explaining why you missed that midterm, it opens up new avenues for the dreamer who wants to "get away from it all." If you are bored with Stanford, why not pretend that you are in Bermuda? Write yourself a little note and have it remailed on a card with a view of Hamilton and the bay, and say, "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here."

**CALIFORNIA SUNRAY CREATION**  
Leather soles — 2½-9.  
Black, brown, red, green — suede.  
Patent Leather—6.95

220 University Ave.

**L'OMELETTE**

ON MANGE BIEN  
A  
L'OMELETTE

Closed  
Mondays and Tuesdays

3 MILES SOUTH OF PALO ALTO  
Telephone: Palo Alto 8922

**Shoets**  
SHOE STORE

ARCH PRESERVERS  
RHYTHM STEP  
SPALDING  
and  
JOYCE

Shoes for Women

•

FLORSHEIM  
and  
CROSBY SQUARE

Shoes for Men

•

174 University Avenue  
Palo Alto



By Dick Stark

The month of October, in the Great Halls of Exhibition (De Young Gallery and Palace of the Legion of Honor), has presented three top-flight Americans for comparison in the works of William Gropper and Copeland Burg at the De Young, and those of Ernest Fiene at the Legion Palace.

About his artistic beginning says 48-year-old Gropper, "I was hit on the head with a rock in a gang fight . . . that's how I became an artist," and one can readily see that he is still in the scrap. Born and tempered in the East Side New York sweatshop of social injustice, Gropper's predilections lead him into contact with the Communist Party, for whose publications, *The Daily Worker* and *The New Masses*, he has been artist-commentator, dealing out invective with his Daumier-like line and powerful black-and-white climaxes. Gropper's contempt for the frailties of senility, for the entrenched order, and for the Nazi ravagers of his beloved Russia, which he saw with Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser in 1927, find expression in his oils, "Honorable Representatives," in which the solons are literally at one another's throats; his "Pupil and Master," wherein the art student is giving Leonardo the "bird" in the best Brooklyn tra-

dition; and in "Plunderers," in which Nazi soldiers are pillaging a Russian village. A master of dark and light, Gropper's color fails to match it in drama. One oil of Soviet women harvesting draws heavily upon Breughal, being warm in the earth colors of Peter the Elder's "Harvesting." When the ACA Gallery of New York moved from Greenwich Village uptown into its flossy new quarters, it opened with a Gropper show, redolent with Russian war endeavor. Highly criticized for depicting that with which the artist was unfamiliar, the ACA countered with, "Well, da Vinci did rather well for not having attended the 'Last Supper.'"

Montana-born, Chicago-bred Copeland Burg has been hanging about the Art Institute of Chicago for some time, only recently showing in Santa Barbara and currently at the De Young Big House. Loosely composed and often painted in muddy color, many of Burg's oils miss the boat, but in his strongly climactic "Lili's Place" his color is as strong as and very reminiscent of van Gogh's, "Night Cafe." An ominous Chicago slum landscape escapes the murk with some singing greens and purples, and the "Mexican Funeral" in the room of oils painted in that country makes up in dignity of design and warm-to-cool color pattern what the other pictures lack in composition and definition of objective. We think Mr. Burg will not be bounded by Santa Barbara and Chicago.

Ernest Fiene came from Germany to this country in 1912 and has since become well known as a portrayer of the Connecticut-New York scene. The melancholy monochrome of the winter claims Fiene, not the riot of spring colors, and one feels considerable strength in the chill of his muddled snow, the tenacles of leafless boughs that jab imploringly toward the sky, the dignity of evening chores. One wonders why his "Destruction of the New York Post Office," and not one of his stronger paintings, won the Carnegie International.

November brings Charles Burchfield, pre-eminent American watercolorist, to the San Francisco Museum of Art.



"No, I didn't. You have to be in Group I nowadays."

"Captain, is this a good ship?"  
"Why, madam, this is her maiden voyage."

—Voo Doo

The earth's surface is a crust—each man having his due share.

—L. H. Davis, '19 (reprinted)

Ad of a proprietress of a second-hand store: "Mrs. McFoskey has cast off clothes and cordially invites inspection."

—Exchange



**O'NEIL'S** STANFORD BOWL

233 University

**What the Girls of All Nations Say the Morning After**

Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."

Spanish Girl: "For this I shall love you always."

German Girl: "After we rest awhile, maybe we go to beer stube, Jah?"

Swedish Girl: "I tank I go home."

French Girl: "For zis I get a new dress, oui?"

Chinese Girl: "Now you know it isn't so."

English Girl: "It was rather pleasant, really. We must try it again sometime, don't you know."

American Girl: "My God, I must have been drunk. What did you say your name was?"

—Exchange



"Coo . . . shay . . . ?"

Long Awaited

**June 1931 Stanford Quad**

IS

Now Ready

FOR

Subscribers

LATE — But Worth IT

Finally Made IT

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold)—I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died.

Silence for ten seconds.

The Voice from the Rear—Where's the sled?

—Voo Doo

It happened in a large department store during a rush. The elevator was jammed, and the cables groaned.

The elevator rose slowly, and as it neared the third floor, a piercing scream caused the operator to stop the car midway. All eyes were cast on a large woman in a short seal jacket who wore an injured expression. A small boy, not yet of school age, stood directly behind her.

"I did it," he announced truculently. "It was in my face, so I bit it."

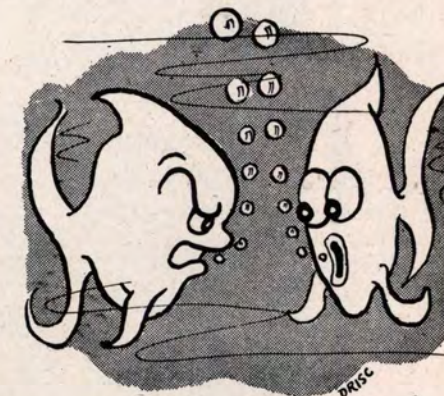
—Pelican

Professor—Did you write this unaided?

Student—I did.

Professor—Then I am very pleased to meet you, Lord Tennyson. I thought you died years ago.

—Exchange



"What do you mean he's been discharged and is coming back? You've been wearing my pin."

**10 CHECKS**  
for \$ **1**

**OPEN A SPECIAL CHECKING ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK TODAY**

**No Minimum Balance Required**  
**No Monthly Service Charge**

Simplify your bill paying by using a Crocker First National Bank Special Checking Account. Personal checks are safer and more convenient than making cash payments. Housewives, salaried workers, wage earners, and others with a limited use for a checking account find this service particularly fits their needs.

CALL OR WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION



ONE MONTGOMERY STREET - SAN FRANCISCO 20, MEMBER FDIC

Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered, "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, presently she heard the pad of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

—Exchange

Sarah—I bet that man was embarrassed when you caught him looking through the transom.

Sue—Gosh, yes. I thought he'd never get over it.

—Covered Wagon

When I was young  
And in my prime  
I used to do it  
All the time.  
But now that I  
Am old and gray,  
I only do it  
Once a day:  
Burma Shave.

—Dodo

In Honolulu I loved a lass  
With eyes of brown and skirts of  
grass.

I thought she loved me too you see,  
But I was wrong, alack alas,  
She wore a sign that clearly said:

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

—Exchange

Little boy—Teacher, may I leave  
the room?

Teacher—No, Henry, you stay  
right here and fill up the ink wells.

—Exchange



"Yeah? And what's wrong with Cal?"

**MAGGIE LIGON**  
Ventura

wearing our gray all-wool covert coat in smart belted model—deep set armhole for wearing over your suit.

**Lundin-McBride**  
PALO ALTO

**Fur Storage**

**FRANK LOUDA, JR.**  
The Furrier

472 University Avenue  
Palo Alto

Lincoln Avenue  
Carmel

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

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#### REMEMBER

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

CAMPUS ADVERTISERS ARE CAMPUS FRIENDS

"Too bad about the disappearance of Professor Smith. He was a profound thinker."

"Yes, he was always thinking, no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming and he suddenly called out: 'I'm thinking! I'm thinking!'"

"You fool! Professor Smith spoke with a lisp."

—Pelican

Henry (over phone)—Is Emily in?  
Maid—She's taking a bath.

Henry—Sorry, I have the wrong number.

—Urchin

"On Your Way to the City"

HAVE DINNER AT

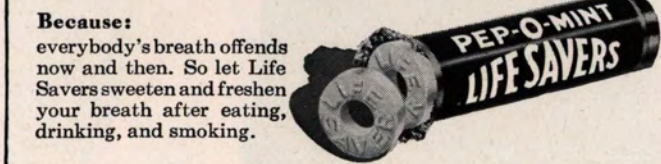
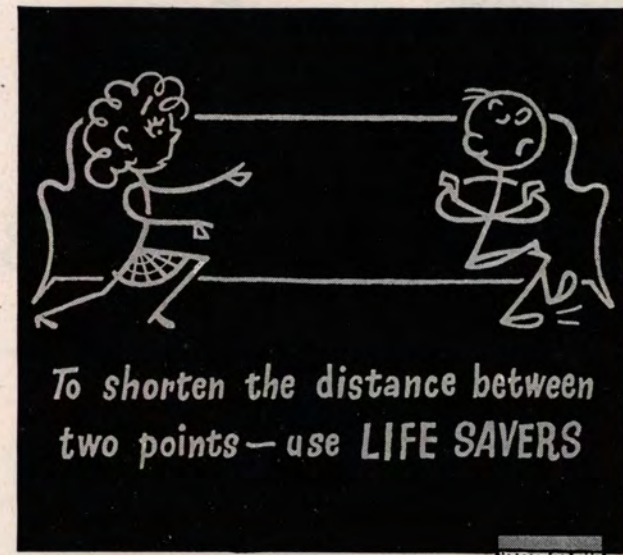
## The ARAGON

Dinner from 4 to 9 p.m. weekdays  
12:30 to 9 p.m. Sunday—Closed Monday

**RUDOLF S. de VRIES**  
Former Stanford Union Chef

PHONE 3-9960  
1106 El Camino Real  
San Mateo

### Geometry Lesson



#### Because:

everybody's breath offends now and then. So let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE!

#### A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST GAG

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

Back in the winter of 1944 a happy lad came through with this one:

"Why were you running away from that coupé the other night?"  
"I wasn't running, I was being chaste."

Not bad hey? Well, if the joke doesn't go over the box of Life Savers will.





# New Slants

for Style and Comfort

## Quilted Robe

Diagonal Satin Weave in this Quilted Robe—

A small pink baby rose on background of white to add daintiness to this strictly tailored robe. All around self belt, large pocket, deep turnback collar.

17.95

## Brunch Coat

For late breakfast slip into this cuddily fleeced rayon Brunch Coat. Trapunto trim shoulder. Small notched collar—self belt. Blue, peach, or white. Sizes 10 to 18.

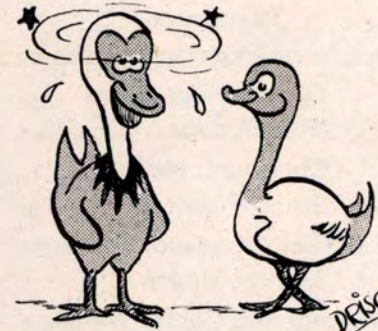
9.40

## Chenille Robes

These Chenille Robes have no cleaning worries. Tub them at home—shake them when dry and they fluff as pretty and soft as when first worn. Finely embroidered candlewick. Full generous wrap. Cardigan neckline. Blue, rose, and white. Sizes 12 to 20.

12.95

*Walster's*  
PALO ALTO



"Bay Meadows? Yeah, that third race was a dilly!"

"If you don't marry me, I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now, Herbert. You know Pa doesn't like to have you hanging around."

Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from father)—I can hardly realize that these beautiful furs come from such a small, sneaking beast.

Father—I don't ask for thanks, my dear, but I must insist on respect.

The teacher one day was giving her class a temperance lesson. On the table were two glasses—one filled with water, and the other with alcohol. In her hand she held a live, active worm.

Dipping the worm into the glass of water had no effect on the slimy thing, but in the glass of alcohol, it dried up and died.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "what lesson do you get from this experiment?"

"Well, ma'm," replied the lad, "I don't exactly know. But I think that if you drink alcohol, you won't have worms!"

First NROTC—You were really making time in your car after the dance last night.

Second ditto—What was her name?

Baby Corn—Where did I come from, Mamma?

Mamma Corn—Hush, darling. The stalk brought you.

*your*  
**Date Appeal**  
*assured when dressed*

*by*

**Sue Berry**

Palo Alto



"Don't be alarmed, sir. We're just enjoying your Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

Johnnie lies awake  
The whole night through  
Thinking of the bills  
That will soon be due.



Jimmie sleeps sound.  
Debts? He hasn't any.  
He's a "lay-away" shopper  
At J. C. Penney!



**PENNEY'S**  
J. C. PENNEY COMPANY, INC.



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## the clothes closet

520 Ramona Street Palo Alto

Eventful  
 Dresses



Our exciting collection of important dresses, designed to make an evening an Event. Silhouettes on the straight-and-narrow, unbroken but by the jut of a peplum . . . the soft fullness of a winged sleeve . . . both long and short.

18 to 50

## the clothes closet

520 Ramona Street Palo Alto

THE WORLD'S FINEST

Introducing . . .

# FRANTIC

a bewitching new  
 perfume. Light . . .  
 lovely, refined. Un-  
 usual, lasting quality

Perfume 1.45 dram  
 to 9.50 ounce

Cologne . . . 2.25

Plus 20% Federal Tax

# Rolley

120 GEARY  
 near Grant  
 361 SUTTER  
 near Stockton

SAN FRANCISCO 8, CALIFORNIA

Scenes like this were common **IN THE 50's**  
 when our founders established this business



The renowned  
 Flame-Grain Kaywoodie,  
 inlaid with Turkish Meerschaum,  
 \$12.50  
 Shape No. 07. "Billiard."

PHOTO BY MATHEW BRADY



A rare old photograph, with authentic colors added, of Lower BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, as it looked to our founders when they were making pipes nearby. They began this business in 1851 at No. 59 The Bowery, and in 1860 moved to No. 121 William St. A reproduction of the Broadway illustration in colors, together with booklet illustrating Kaywoodie Pipes, will be sent on receipt of 10¢ to cover costs.

*Kaywoodie Pipes* are well known to pipe smokers in all parts of the world.

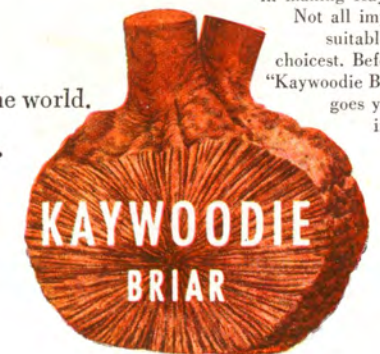
Each Kaywoodie is the product of 94 years of pipe manufacturing experience.

The qualities that make pipe smoking more enjoyable will always be found

in Kaywoodie. Kaywoodies may be had at your dealer's for \$3.50, \$5,

\$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$20 and \$25. Kaywoodie Company, New York

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Only IMPORTED briar is used, in making Kaywoodie Pipes. Not all imported briar is suitable, but only the choicest. Before it becomes "Kaywoodie Briar," it undergoes years of seasoning and curing.



And Don't Forget  
Your  
**A B C's**

**A**lways **B**uy **C**hesterfield

MILDER... BETTER-TASTING... COOLER

Yes, when you remember your A B C's of smoking pleasure you remember the three important benefits that Chesterfield's Right Combination... World's Best Tobaccos gives you. Here they are: **A-ALWAYS MILDER, B-BETTER TASTE** and **C-COOLER SMOKING.**



**C**hesterfield *They Satisfy*

**RIGHT COMBINATION • WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS**

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