

STANFORD  
*Chaparral*  
APRIL 25c 1947



**"It's Spring" Issue**

CONNER '47

**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!**

From the rivers of Georgia, Mrs. Dorothy Newstead has followed the trail of game fish to the Atlantic and Pacific.

*Mrs. Dorothy Allan Newstead*  
Holder of the International Women's All-Tackle Record for Cobia

A record catch! Sixty-nine pounds of the rare yellow-bellied cobia. Landed in 35 minutes by Mrs. Dorothy Newstead in the Gulf Stream.

**EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER... IN DEEP-SEA FISHING... IN CIGARETTES TOO! CAMELS SUIT ME TO A T**

More people are smoking CAMELS today than ever before in history!

Remember? You stood in line to get cigarettes... took whatever you could get. That's when millions learned Camels suited them best.

Yes, experience during the war shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

• Mrs. Dorothy Newstead speaking: "During the war shortage, I smoked many different brands. That's when I found Camels suit my 'T-Zone' best!"

You and millions of other smokers, Mrs. Newstead.

Result: Today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand, this you can be sure of:

Camel quality is not to be tampered with. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.

**YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...**  
T for Taste...  
T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a T

**CAMEL**  
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

**MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS**  
than any other cigarette

• Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors - in every branch of medicine - to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

# Rickey's



Famous for succulent Charcoal Broiled Steaks and real Southern Fried Chicken, Rickey's is also unsurpassed for the quality of its renowned 57 varieties Smorgasbord.



One of the features that gives Rickey's its charming distinctiveness is the new Hammond Organ from which comes delightful melodies - truly a fitting accompaniment for a fine meal.



"Silence" by Arthur T. Cox is one of many fine paintings and handmade prints by contemporary Bay Area artists which are for sale at Rickey's Studio Club. On Tuesday and Friday evenings a small painting or print is given away by Mr. Rickey.

# Rickey's Studio Club

4219 El Camino Real—South of Stanford University

One of America's Truly Outstanding Restaurants

Recently redecorated, now more beautiful than ever!

Telephones: Palo Alto 8637 or 2-3516  
Enterprise 1-0108

Open for lunch and dinner every day except Monday  
Private dining rooms may be reserved

**The Stanford Chaparral**

Volume 48, 1946-47  
 Stanford University founded 1891  
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 by Bristow Adams  
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of  
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**The Chappies**

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Jim Conner Managing Editor		
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Arlene Myerson Women's Manager	Art Lites	Al Novikoff Gertrude Owler

ESTABLISHED 1899    ORGANIZED 1906  
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
**REFLECTIONS**

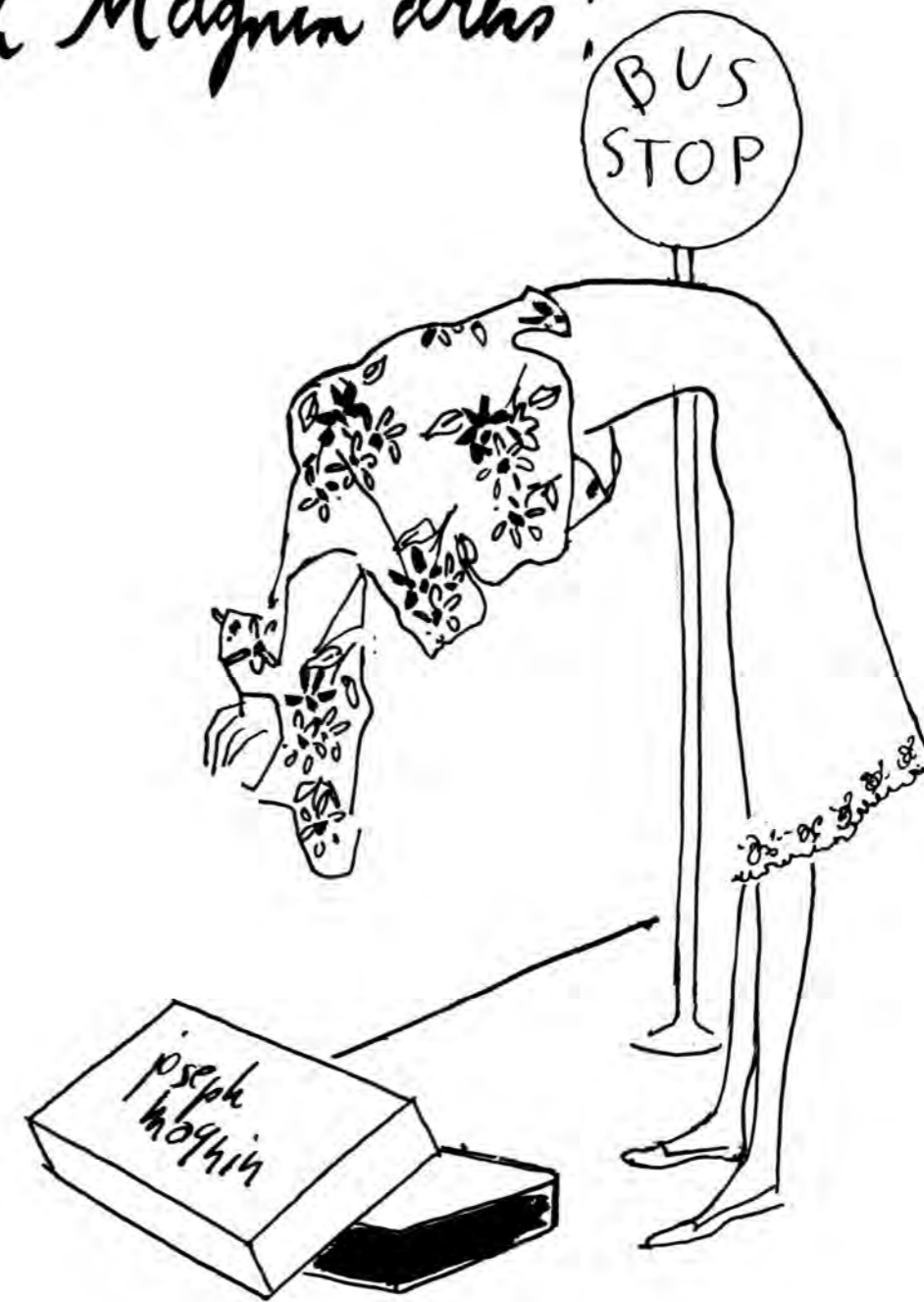
**NOW THAT** spring has at last arrived and with it the flowers, grass, Lake Lagunita, and the numerous offspring of our four- and two-footed friends, the Old One also feels a new charge of life coursing through his ancient veins. It is not entirely the sight of the figures of freshmen in their modern bathing suits, nor is it entirely the warmth of the spring air. It is more because that after six months of laborious searching he has at last found a Worthy Cause about which to editorialize.

However, the Old Boy will not tell what the Cause is in this month's issue. He intends to save it for the final number of the year. He is

doing this for numerous reasons: first, because during the summer vacation you will have more leisure time in which to ponder upon the startling truths which he will offer; second, he too will be on vacation and safely out of the clutches of any irate readers; third, he wants you to be sure to buy the next two issues; fourth, he is presenting several Queens this month and feels that you are already getting more than enough for your twenty-five cents; and, last, because the Cause which the Ancient One has found has something to do with freshmen in bathing suits and the warm spring air, he needs more time to work out the details.

—M. M.

she couldn't wait  
to put on her  
Joseph Magnin dress!



Joseph Magnin, 300 university avenue, palo alto • Joseph Magnin, 300 university avenue, palo alto

City  Paris

# WHITE COTTON BLOUSES

impeccable!

long sleeved, 3.95  
short sleeved, 2.95



blouses, first floor and in our San Mateo Store

And then there was the Scotch girl who was expecting her first-born. She moved out to the country to take advantage of rural free delivery. —Battalion

An absent-minded professor was strap-hanging in a bus. His left arm clasped a half-dozen bundles. He swayed to and fro. Slowly his face took on a look of apprehension.

Noting this, a young man standing beside him said, "Can I help you, sir?"

"Yes," said the professor with relief. "Hold on to this strap while I get my fare out."

"The new baby has his father's nose and his mother's eyes."

"Yes, and if grandpop doesn't stop leaning over the crib, it's going to have his teeth."

A pink elephant, a green rat, and a yellow snake walked into a cocktail bar.

"You're a little early boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."

After the collection had been taken up, the minister announced that it amounted to \$100.03, and he added sarcastically that there must be a Scotchman in the church.

A Voice from the Rear: "Hoot, mon! There's three of us!"

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Chapter of Hammer and Coffin Society

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Telephone: Palo Alto 9411, Local No. 297.

Meek Voice—Doctor, this is Mr. Henpeck. My wife has just dislocated her jaw. If you're out this way within the next week or two, you might drop in.

A recently discharged Navy gun captain was home dozing peacefully in front of the stove. The door of the stove came open and flames shot out.

The captain leaped to his feet, grabbed the cat, shoved it into the stove, slammed the door, opened the draft, and shouted up the stove pipe, "Ready Two!"

She—There's one thing I want to tell you before you go any further. He—What's that? She—Don't go any further.

Rastus—Say, Sambo, what time in yoah life does yo' think yo' wuz scared de worstes?

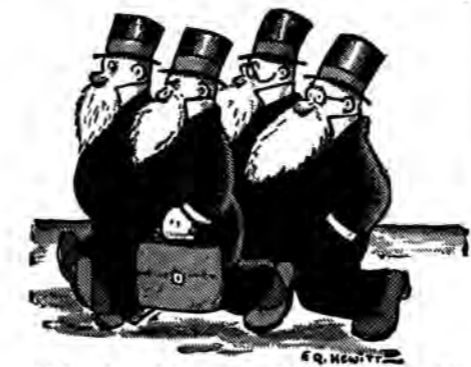
Sambo—Once when Ah wuz callin' on a married gal and her husban' came in and caught me. Boy, wuz Ah scared!

Rastus—How are yo' shuah dat wuz de worstes time?

Sambo—'Cause her husban' turned to dat wife of his an' say, "Mandy, what's dis white man doin' heah?"

Joe—My wife is scared to death that someone will steal her clothes. Moe—Doesn't she have them insured?

Joe—She has a better idea than that. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them. I found him in there last night.



"How're things in Glocca Morra?"

# SAVE THIS AD!

It's worth 50 cents on your repair bill!

This Radio Repair Shop is Bonded, by Western National Indemnity Co., to:

- 1—Guarantee all radio repair work for 90 days.
- 2—Use only parts of recognized quality.
- 3—Charge not over established prices for parts.
- 4—Test customers' tubes as accurately as possible.
- 5—Keep labor charges at a reasonable level.
- 6—Perform only such work as necessary.
- 7—Maintain the highest quality service.
- 8—Maintain proper equipment for good repair work.

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Sales and Service

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Palo Alto 2-1341

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(Next door to the Fire House)

Webster Automatic Record Changer—plays twelve 10" or ten 12" records through any radio—no attachments necessary. \$54.95—terms

REMEMBER, it is our aim to please you!

# COMPLETE SHOE SERVICE



WE REPAIR AND REFINISH LUGGAGE

Complete Line of Polishes and Accessories

## UNITED SHOE RENEWING

"WHILE YOU WAIT SERVICE"

541 Emerson Street

P.A. 2-4912

Are you a  
*Llod maerd*\*



Does your poise rate zero when you hear "hubba-hubba"? Do you look over-anxious when the stag line stares? That's no way for a dream doll to click! Relax, instead! Munch on a yummy Life Saver. They're such wonderful little tension-breakers. They keep your breath sweet, too.

\* "Dream Doll" backwards



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

Send contribu-  
tions to Life-  
Saver Gag Contest  
Editor  
Box 3013

This month's win-  
ner: Myron Orlof-  
sky, General Deliv-  
ery, Stanford.

Immigration  
agent — Are you  
Russian?

Immigrant —  
Hell, no! I ain't in  
no hurry at all.

## THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



### Cover

Jim Conner, boy-artist, managing editor, and part-time author, is responsible for this dilly, which we think typifies L.S.J.U. in the spring.

### Now That Evening Out

Spring quarter is traditionally play quarter, so columnist Pat Burwell gives a résumé of the high spots she has hit and you should hit.

### Fables

We were sorely tempted to sell these things to the *Reader's Digest* for "Life in These United States," but our better nature won over.

### Queens (Six—count'em—Six)

In spring the Old Boy's fancy turns to women . . . so this time there are a half-dozen lovelies to tempt you.

### Center Spread

If you don't get more than a few chuckles out of this stuff we guarantee you double your money back upon receipt of your complaint written on the face of a five-dollar bill.

### Stories

A well-rounded collection to please the most indiscriminating tastes . . . by Jerry Gilligan, James Storms, and Mac Myers.

### Directory of Advertisers

This little gem in the middle of the last page has been a regular feature for years, and every month has won the "Grunion P. Schmeckenklipp Award" for the least read item in the magazine!

## Contributors' Staff

### Literary

Gerald Gilligan  
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Mac Myers  
Dan Page  
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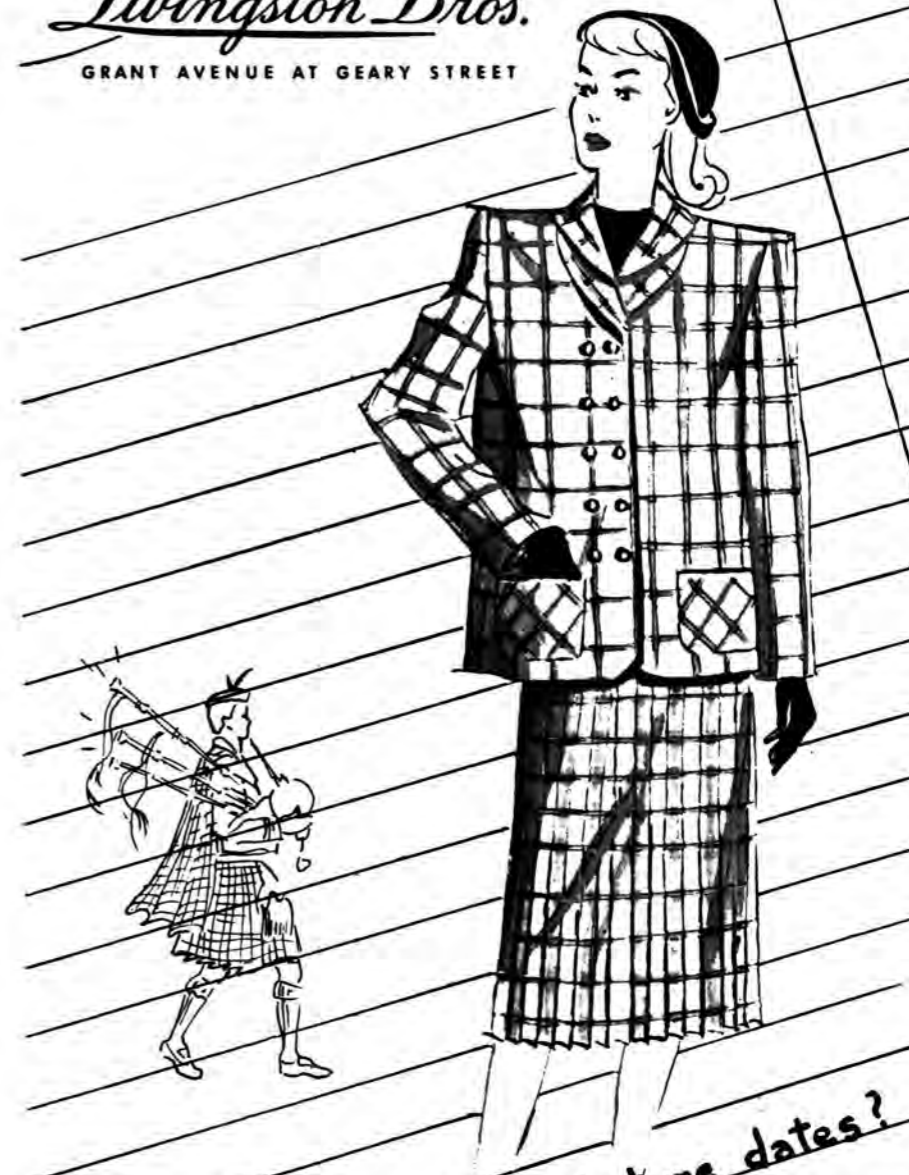
### Women's Auxiliary Hammer and Coffin

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Flo Bailey  
Jane Galbraith  
Jo Glasson  
M. L. Huff  
Carol Lowry  
Bobbie Wolf

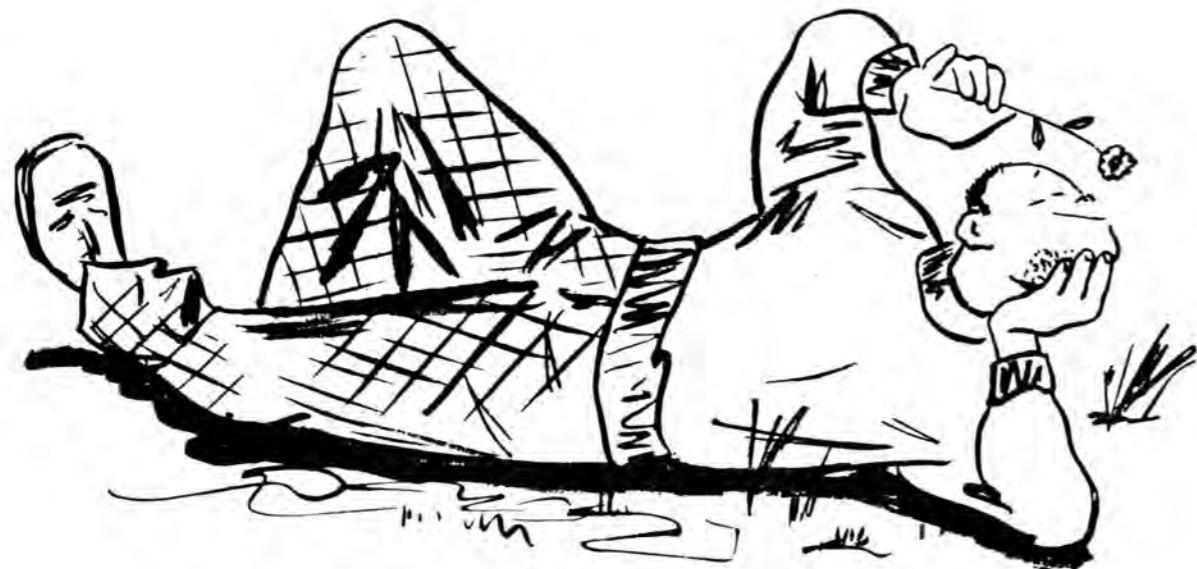


"For the escape you bring ski wax!"

*Livingston Bros.*  
GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



Going "Scotch" on future dates?  
Make it a Glenplaid—  
Stepping out with a new look—  
Is yours to be had!  
SUIT 55.00  
YOUNG WORLD SHOP SIZES 9-15  
FIFTH FLOOR



## This Time we Spring some Fancy Stuff on you

In the Spring a young man's Fancy,  
(Whether his name be Glotz or Clancy)  
Lightly turns. Or so we hear.

But to what it turns, isn't always clear.

On a balmy afternoon, with gentle breezes cool,  
Old Fancy jerks you from the lab and lands you  
in the pool.

Then Spring air heckles you and weakens both your  
knees,

Fancy scorns your ten o'clock, you snooze be-  
neath the trees.

Now comes that comely lass, your smile she never  
spurns—

That's another time when a fellow's Fancy turns.  
If perchance the Springtime leaves you cold,  
Come on, brother, you're not *that* old.

Drop the body into campus clothes by Roos,  
Then go ahead and turn your Fancy loose.

# Roos Bros

The Shack • 125 University Avenue • The Village Shop



By Patty Burwell

With all this talk of spring, I feel we really should remark: the sunshine's not its chief appeal, it's springtime after dark! And working on that theory, we of the CHAPARRAL suggest that you tear yourself away from that research on Waterbagging 103, and indulge in a little nocturnal wandering. Of course, by now you've hocked all your books (plus your winter underwear), completely ceased going to class, and are holding forth in seminars scattered from Rossotti's to the Top 'o the Mark. In case you haven't seen your roommate or your best girl for the past two weeks . . . first, check the Cactus Gardens. If not successful, they probably have gone somewhere to eat or make merry.

In line with the CHAPARRAL's policy of bringing you pregnant thoughts on pertinent subjects, herewith, we are furnishing a comprehensive listing of all the spots we have covered in the last two quarters, and we guarantee that in some of these places you will find your roommate with your girl, or some girl with her roommate, or, at least, some girl.

### STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

(Cadillac Drivers Only)

**Lombard's**—1906 Van Ness Avenue. Good food, good drinks, Good God—the bill!

**Balalaika**—960 Bush Street. Thick steaks, thick carpets, and a wandering Gypsy violinist.

**John's Rendezvous**—50 Osgood Place (near the International Settlement). One of the old-time choice eating spots. Ladies' Room, first door to the left; John, first door to the right.

**El Prado**—Post at Stockton. Noted for their chef's special on wheels,

and Baked Alaska. You'd be baked to go there without a healthy pocket-book.

**Tonga Room**—Fairmont Hotel. If you want something bigger than the finger bowl, and care for a dip after dinner, there's a swimming pool handy. Chinese food, after-show snacks, and a hothouse atmosphere.

**Amelio's**—1630 Powell. Small and dark. Amelio has a moustache, you have steaks, and everyone has a good time until the bill arrives.

**Omar Khayyam's**—O'Farrell at Powell. Shish kabob plus a lot of other things you can't pronounce, or cocktails in the Rubaiyat Lounge, will put you in a class with the starving Armenians for the rest of the month.

**Grison's Steak House**—Van Ness at Pacific. A fine place to sink your uppers in a big old hunk o' juicy steak.

**Forbidden City**—363 Sutter. Like Eve said, if it's forbidden it's bound to be good; and anything that's good is illegal, immoral, or fattening.

**Maison Marin**—Highway 101 at Novato (north of San Rafael). Marin County's first attempt at an overstuffed, swank spot.

**Galli's**—Highway 101 at Ignacio (north of San Rafael). One of the best eating spots in northern California, if you can get along with the owner.

**Trader Vic's**—Oakland. Fine place to go if there's no wind. Rum runners at inflation prices. You can eat, too.

**Planter's Dock**—Oakland. If you are a planter, or if you don't mind being docked, the atmosphere is cheap at half the price. When they cut the price in half, we'll go back.

**Villa Chartier**—El Camino at San Mateo. Take your cousin from the country to the Chartier (something like the Casbah); he'll think it's real peachy.

**Bondy's**—El Camino at Belmont. The lights are bright so you can recognize the celebrities as they come in with other people's wives.

**Chukker**—El Camino at San Mateo. The horsey set hangs out here; wish they'd wipe their feet off before entering!

**Rickey's**—El Camino Just Three Miles South of Stanford University. Mass confusion to the music of a Hammond organ. Good smörgasbord, though.

**Dinah's**—Just a little bit south of South Palo Alto. Fine for a shack date.

(Continued on page 11)



ON CAMPUSES everywhere  
Beech-Nut Gum is a favorite

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

Beech-Nut Gum



**GOLDEN GATE-R\***

a brief Coat, long on wear, by

*Koret of California*

It's double-breasted with buttons bright as mad money.

Model shoulders, deep slit pockets in 100% Wool.

Western Playland colors both gay and basic.

Sizes 12-18.

**\$14.95**

*Walster's*

355 University Ave.

\*Trade Mark

**EVENING OUT**

(Continued from page 9)

(Ford Drivers)

**Vieux Carré**—El Camino south of Paly. For a pleasant surprise, polite waiters. New Orleans-style dinners and an excellent bar.

**L'Omelette**—The egg and you will get along fine here. Andre and Pierre, two of our better French importations, hold forth at The Place to meet The Group.

**Blue Ox**—El Camino south of Dinah's. Take your best bell heifer down to meet the Blue Ox; Paul Bunyan was here, and he liked it.

**Ramor Oaks**—El Camino in Atherton. Try this when you're up a tree; sensational stuff served free at cocktail hour. We recommend the rosbif.

**Rolfo's Redwood Room**—El Camino south of Paly. For the price of a cocktail or six you can dance all evening to the music of a rumba band composed of all legitimate Souse Americans from San Jose.

**Pioneer Hotel**—Hotel dancing in the roaring 'eighties manner; bring your six-shooter and drape yourself over the horseshoe bar. We don't think they have rooms for rent, but you might check up on this.

**Gene's**—536 Pacific. No handwriting on the wall, but footsteps on the ceiling. Roast beef, steaks, and newspapermen; who could ask for anything more?

**Vanessi's**—Broadway at Kearny. Just the thing if you're feeling a little Italian. Take her to Vanessi's.

**Cliff House**—Seal Rocks at the Beach. Ceiling zero. Auk, auk, auk. Throw the seals a fish.

**Blue Fox**—659 Merchant. Good food and handy to the morgue; you can't miss on the roast beef.

**Shadows**—1349 Montgomery (Telegraph Hill). Take your uncle from Iowa; he'll fit in just fine. On a very clear night you can see the mediocre food.

**The Manger**—611 Washington. Looks like a barn; *voilà*, it is a barn . . . but cozy, with banana fritters and some of the best food in town.

**Robert's at the Beach**—At the Beach, natch. Community singing, community eating, and afterward . . . the beach is so nice in the spring.

(Continued on page 31)

*America's Finest*

**MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT**



Corner El Camino Real and Cambridge Ave., Menlo Park  
 Food at its best—moderately priced, appetizingly served  
**DELIVERY SERVICE** Through arrangements with Yellow Cab Co.  
 Any place on campus, any time

**TRY THESE TASTY SPECIALS:**

**Chicken pie** . . . . . **.65**

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

**Fish and chips** . . . . . **.45**

— generous portion, appetizingly served with shoestring potatoes, tartar sauce, cold slaw, and buttered toasted bun.

**Spring chicken** (one-half) . . . . . **1.25**

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

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

**Complete Fountain Service**

some things just go together

like baked beans



and brown bread . . .



Helen and Paris . . .



but . . .

the most perfect match of all . . .



our dyed-to-match

**Cashmere**

sweaters

and

**Gabardine**

skirts

*Renschoffs*

2nd floor

Pullover, 13.95, cardigan, 15.95, skirts, 22.95. Red, gold, acorn, greige, waterlily blue.

And the gabardine is Forstmann's gabardine. Need we say more?

# STANFORD Chaparral

As I was out walking one morning in springtime,  
As I was out walking one morn on the Quad,  
I met with the Old Boy a-singing and dancing  
And cutting bright capers upon the green sod.

I said to the Old Boy, "What causes this nonsense?"  
He danced a quick jig and he told me, "It's spring!  
I'll dash to the office and put out a CHAPPIE  
And tell them the time's come to dance and to sing!"

The Old Boy's so happy I know that this CHAPPIE  
Is far from the usual dolorous thing;  
So read it and heed it—although you don't need it  
To tell you the time of the year is now spring!  
—Green







### Retouch Artist

One of our Stanfordites had the misfortune to be engaged to a girl who terminated their relationship by getting married to another gent. He had a very nice Maxine Kellogg photograph of the girl, and thought it would be sporting of him to return it to her mother, so he wrapped it up and tossed it in the pocket of his car in order to have it handy when he happened by their house. He finally got the opportunity to return the photograph, and did so with a very nice little speech. The girl's mother opened the package to have a look, and she now thinks our friend is quite a character. Unbeknownst to him, his current girl friend had found the photo in his car pocket and painted a large, black moustache on his ex-financée.

### Box Score

One of the wings in Branner contains eighteen women. Of these, one was engaged just before this story occurred. One of the other seventeen hooked a man and told the corridor, who congratulated her plenty. The next morning a sign was found on that wing's bulletin board: "Adelaide got engaged last night. Two down, sixteen to go."

### Operation Operation

A local boardinghouse that had catered to junior officers during the war has an interesting file, maintained for the benefit of its residents. The file lists Stanford—and other—girls, with some enlightening military comments as to their desirability as dates. One notation said, "Roger—Over." Another on a local belle, "Wilco." A terse comment on a Paly girl said simply, "Contact!" The one we liked best, though, concerned a girl in Lagunita. After the girl's name and address was the notation, "D-Date plus two." It took us a little while to figure that one out, but we thought more of the unknown genius for it.

Of course we immediately checked up on the above listings. None was still available, and we'll bet they're all happily married.

### Visiting Professor

At one of the girls' halls one evening, when Dr. Tresidder was a guest for dinner, one of the girls caught the last part of one of the President's remarks, ". . . Professor Emeritus."

"Who's that?" asked the girl, turning to Dr. Tresidder, "I've never heard of him."

### Just Look

One of our smoother operatives—smooth enough to get upstairs in one of the women's houses on the Row anyway—told us this one: Seems like the girls in this particular house, like most females, have an intense passion for naming things. Therefore, each and every room in the house has a special name, something like Pullman cars. One end-room on the third floor, though, has a title worthy of note: It's "Deke-Peek."

### Oop—Slips

A Rough of our acquaintance went into Lagunita the other night to pick up his date for a formal affair (dance, that is). They were a bit late, and she rushed into the lobby holding a wrap and white scarf. She handed him, these accouterments, and he dutifully helped her into the wrap. Next he shook out the white scarf, to find himself and date getting extremely pink about the ears as he stood there holding a white silk slip in his hand. After trying for a few seconds to think of an old CHAPPIE gag that would be appropriate to get him out of the situation in a sophisticated manner, he finally handed her the moderately unmentionable article in utter silence. She went off, also without comment, to make them even more late as she exchanged her error for a white scarf.

### Sex Rejected

A local character who would like to write for a living turned out a rather down-to-earth article on New York gangsters. He submitted it in turn to nearly every magazine in the country,

(Continued on page 35)

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

PIG of the MONTH

## Swift's Lady of Menlo

NOW THAT PIG has more dates than any other girl on campus, and not only dates, but also soybeans, mash, and garbage. Like most women she prefers men who feed her. Last year she was voted "The Girl Most Likely to Bring Home the Bacon." She says that success is merely a matter of blood, sweat, and rears. Vital statistics: weight, 436 pounds; height, 3 feet 5 inches; hips, 126 inches; waist, 126 inches; bust, 126 inches.

Portrait by Robert Rockwell



By Jerry Gilligan

## One at the Counter

The counterman sprang out of his corner with a snarl, slapped a little pad down beside the mustard, and looked at me. The fellow sitting beside me coughed. The counterman made three quick marks on the paper and shouted an order to the kitchen. Then he turned his full attention to me.

I couldn't make up my mind just what to get. The tension was building up between us as I struggled between minced essence of sauté with chips for 65¢ or the creamed casserole on toast for 75¢. Finally I decided on the salad.

"I'll have the salad," I ventured, ducking quickly behind the *Daily*. At first I thought I felt a thousand eyes boring into me but then I realized that it was just a thousand I's boring me—I was on the editorial page.

"What was that?" the man in white with the coffee polka dots demanded.

"Salad," I said humbly.

"D," he said crisply, engraving it on the pad. Then he wiped the counter with a dirty rag and went behind the coffee urn.

I had just finished reading about the lack of interest in student government and had turned to a diatribe on the Library lights, when I turned the paper over to see if I were reading today's issue. My salad was sitting right beside me unnoticed. I salted it well and began to eat.

It was probably the best salad I had ever had in the Cellar. The lettuce was crisp, though slightly dry, while

salt brought out the full flavor of the asparagus tips. I was about to plunge my eager tines into the cleverly prepared garnish which oddly resembled a feather, when another salad dropped down in front of me. I looked up into the jaundiced eye of the counterman.

Suddenly the woman beside me shrieked and grabbed at the salad I had been eating. She tried to put it on her head but it didn't look well any



KEN LIKES

## Counter

more. I had eaten right down to the lining. I had thought it rather queer that the salad should have a label on it, but with everyone unionized these days you can't tell.

With a savage thrust she slapped the remnants on my head and left in a huff, which was conveniently waiting.

"Anathin else?" the white-coated one queried.

"Coffee," I said, trying to be enigmatic and twitching my jaw inscrutably. Before the fellow who had taken the seat on the left had time to tell me more about how the Speech Clinic could aid me, the counterman had taken the offensive again.

"Black or white?" he snorted.

"With cream," I answered.

He didn't say anything for a while. Then he looked at me pathetically and repeated very slowly, "Black or white?" I was beginning to attract quite a bit of attention now. I was getting somewhat alarmed myself. All I wanted was a little cream in the coffee.

Finally he tried me again.

"Look, Buddy," he said, "ya gotta have ya coffee black or white, see? Now OK, howdayawanit?"

"With cream," I said. I wanted to switch my order to milk but I couldn't

(Continued on page 28)



## QUADRANGLE

For the third time in the past half-hour, Dave untangled his mind from last Saturday's experiment in Analytical Chemistry, half-turned in his chair, and said, "Yes, dear."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you again," Myra began, as she always said but never seemed to feel. "I was just wondering if you saw Glen or Jean today and found out what they're doing Saturday."

Irritated by the interruption and partly because he had forgotten to say anything when he had seen Glen during the afternoon, Dave mumbled that he hadn't run into them. Somewhere in the back of his mind he hoped that the Dowlings had fallen in the path of a road roller.

During the past two months Myra had become attached to Jean Dowling and was constantly maneuvering joint social engagements. Dave enjoyed spending an evening with Glen Dowling about as much as a few hours with Senator Taft, but he had never taken issue on the matter. As long as they lived in the apartment upstairs, and Myra liked them, it seemed best to say nothing. Besides, Jean was

sort of interesting—dark red hair, a damned fine body, and pleasant personality.

He was just channeling his thoughts back to the studies when Myra stood up.

"I think I'll go on up and see Jean for awhile and give you a chance to get something done."

"Don't worry if I'm not here when



"How high can he get?"

you get back. I may have to go out to school and see somebody about this work."

After the door closed, Dave decided to leave. Taking the papers, he went out the back way, got in the car. The night was warm, and as he passed the corner tavern, a beer seemed like an excellent idea.

He was about to sit down at the bar when he saw Jean Dowling in a booth at the left.

"What's the matter, Jean, Glen driving you to drink?" he asked, sliding in beside her.

"Hello, Dave," she smiled. "As a matter of fact, you caught me at my secret vice, drinking alone. I wanted to see a picture tonight, and I knew he couldn't take the time from his books, and I got all the way down to the bus stop before I remembered the show doesn't change until tomorrow. I came in here on an impulse, but I really don't make a habit of it."

"As long as Glen doesn't expect you back, why don't you come over to the campus with me? I have to

(Continued on page 29)



*Pat Auman*



*Derce Quackenbush*



*Marta Safwenberg*

**CHAPPIE  
PRESENTS:  
QUEENS of**

Portraits by Robert Rockwell



**the MONTH**

NOW THAT all these Queens are freshmen  
it will give you wolves lots of time to get  
acquainted. We're seniors ourselves . . .  
dammit!



*Joan Dekker*



*Marilyn Schwartz*



*Desirée Marsh*

# CIGARETTE?

By Mac Myers



"No thanks, I never smoke Herbert Tareytons! Of course I know that all cigarettes are the same, but somehow in my mind I associate Herbert Tareytons with being afraid. Whenever I smoke them I can't help but think of fields of asphodels smelling when the wind blows toward you like oceans of gin. The asphodel, as I suppose you know, was the flower of death to the ancient Greeks. Though why in my imagination they should have an aroma of gin, I'm not exactly sure. Unless perhaps it's because the first time in my life that I smoked Herbert Tareytons I drank nothing but straight gin. Still what all this has to do with the asphodel is a mystery of my subconscious. To the best of my knowledge I have never actually seen the flower or even a picture of it.

The time when I smoked my first Tareyton was a year ago, during Easter vacation. I had had to stay a few days after my last final to finish a term paper. After I had finished it and handed it in, I put my luggage and other belongings in my car and started for my home in Reno. On my way down University in Palo Alto it occurred to me that some of the fellows with whom I often drank beer might possibly be in the small bar which we frequented on Bayshore. I decided to look in there, for I hadn't seen any of them since before finals.

Arriving there I opened the door and stood on the threshold scanning the place for my friends. Observing that none of them was present I was about to leave, when someone at the

bar yelled, "Hey, O'Sophskyl!" I turned and looked at him intently, not merely because my name is O'Sophsky but more because I have usually found that I like people who are not afraid to make themselves heard in public places, especially a bar. After two days of nothing but reading and writing, I was exceptionally desirous for that type of a companion. I walked to where he was seated at the bar and offered my hand. "It's good to see you again," I said. "Where have you been all quarter?" "I've been studying. Haven't had much time for playing lately."

Again I looked at him closely and still couldn't remember ever having seen him before. He had perfectly straight blond hair, not one strand of which was out of place, and a profile similar to those referred to as collarad. The rest of him, however, seemed nothing out of the ordinary. He was tall enough and sufficiently well built, but it was only his hair and face that would cause one to remember him. Still I couldn't, and I told him that somehow his name had slipped my mind.

"My name's Boswell, Hank Boswell. We took Biology together."

"That's right." I actually did remember his name, now. "That was a long time ago."

"Will you have a drink?"



"Just one; I'm on my way home." "You'll need one for the road. I'm drinking gin; okay with you?"

"Sure." I thought he meant a Tom Collins, a Gin Fizz, or perhaps a Martini. But he meant gin straight. I took my drink when it came, picked it up, smelled it, and then finished it in a gulp.

"Don't drink much gin, do you?" he said.

I didn't answer him but called to John, the bartender, "Two more gins." I'd been drinking gin in various cocktails since I was in high school. I wasn't fool enough to think that I could drink him under the table, but I knew that I could hold enough so that Boswell wouldn't be thirsty when we left.

I never got any closer to Reno that night than that bar. We started to talk and it soon became apparent that Hank Boswell was something of an authority on human nature. He informed me of facts and theories about people that I'd always half-believed but had never been able to put into such concrete forms. Some of the theories were his own. He said he knew that he was slightly cynical; that's why he drank gin. Then we had another drink. And the more we drank the more fascinated with and convinced of the truth of his ideas I became.

Early in our conversation I smoked the last cigarette in my pack. A few minutes later while we were having our third drink, I asked John for a package of Old Golds. John was getting them when Boswell called to him, "Change that to Herbert Tareytons, will you, John?"

I told Boswell that I preferred Old Golds though I admitted that I had never tried a Tareyton. He offered one of his and I accepted it. John brought me the package of Herbert Tareytons which Boswell had ordered. I remember thinking that the cigarette I was smoking tasted just as good as an Old Gold; and I thought no more about it that evening. Later when I had finished this pack I bought another of Herbert Tareytons.

About two drinks after I had purchased that first package of cigarettes, Boswell and I had decided that these theories were valueless to us unless

we could obtain actual proof of their validity. In short, his ideas were that not might, but superior intelligence, makes right. I told him that that amounted to the same thing. He agreed, but said that everything which is true had already been discovered; and it was only possible to make minor variations on the established truths. The time had passed, he said, when a great prophet could add a completely new idea to the world's store.

We were smoking two of my Herbert Tareytons, when we decided that if we were to prove the omnipotence of intelligence tonight, we must take advantage of all the present conditions. We decided that the most difficult task for us under these circumstances would be to buy a bar with a bad check. The bar had to be worth at least \$20,000, and we would pay up to \$25,000 for it. It was to be of course only a temporary arrangement; we would return the ownership papers to the bartender as soon as the deal was completed.

We realized that we were both intoxicated. A bartender would be the most difficult person to deceive in our present state. But knowing that we were both of superior intelligence, we had to pit our brains against, at the least, a far-above-average mind. Therefore we must have a bartender who was unusually intelligent and at the same time the sole owner of his bar.

This scheme of ours sounds more or less like those of many others in an equally intoxicated condition. The only difference between ours and the others was that ours was actually attempted. We left the bar in which we were and drove to another, a few miles south of Mayfield on El Camino Real. It was a pleasant bar with large overstuffed chairs and a good fire on the hearth. It had a half-Hawaiian atmosphere and a clientele of middle-aged successful businessmen and their wives. The bartender, I knew, had graduated from the University of California, and had built his place up over a period of years to where it was one of the better places to be seen on the Peninsula.

We seated ourselves on two stools at the bar, lit a couple of cigarettes, and ordered gin. For the first twenty minutes we talked casually of what would be the best way to begin our project. But after our second drink Boswell became more and more terse

in his conversation; he appeared to be completely uninterested in the affair. Soon he ceased talking entirely. Then after about ten minutes of silence, he asked the bartender if he had a piece of paper and a pencil. When the bartender brought them Boswell drew a couple of lines with the pencil and threw it into the fire. It went into the fireplace and bounced out. Boswell got up and kicked it into the flames. "Too damn hard," he said.

The boss seemed considerably annoyed when he walked over to where we were sitting. "What's the matter?" he asked Boswell.

"Damn thing's too hard."



"Okay, I'll get you another. Only don't throw this one in the fire."

He brought Boswell another pencil. Boswell drew a few lines with it and threw it too into the fire. It didn't bounce. Again the boss approached Boswell; and this time in a very calm voice he said, "You don't have to throw those pencils in the fire."

Boswell smiled as if he had just heard a moderately funny story. "I'm sorry," he said. "I had an idea and when I have one I hate to be hindered in its execution by things like that. I'm sorry; here's ten cents for the pencils. Okay?"

"Keep your money. I just get pushed at things like that." He left us for a few seconds and then returned, saying, "I'll buy you a drink." He poured the drinks and put them before us. Boswell remained silent. I thanked the boss for the drinks.

Then we sat and sipped them slowly. Soon the boss came over again and asked, "What was that idea you had?" "Oh, nothing," Boswell said. "Just an idea what I'd do if I owned this dump."

The boss's face grew red at the word "dump." Again he left us and went to the other end of the bar. But he came back about five minutes later and said, "You know everybody that comes in here has plans. I've got plans too. This place of mine could really be something, only it takes money. See that wall over there? I'm going to knock that out and make this all one big room. Then I'm going to change the whole atmosphere, make it typical South Sea Island. You don't know it, but I've got a set of blueprints all drawn up."

Boswell looked at him and laughed. "Who drew them, Frank Lloyd Wright?"

"Now don't get smart! I was just beginning to like you fellows. I'll show you the prints and let you judge for yourselves. Just wait a minute." He entered a small door behind the bar and emerged a few seconds later with a large roll of papers encased in a waterproof jacket. "Here, look them over and I'll get some drinks." He got us two gins and waited for the money. Then he left to wait on some other customers.

Boswell looked at his watch after the boss had gone and said, "Everything's working according to schedule. Even better than I'd hoped."

The boss turned the lights out in all the lamps in the rear and then walked over and stood between us. "What do you think of them?" he said to Boswell.

Until then Boswell hadn't bothered to look at the prints but he answered, "They're okay, but I don't think you do as much as you could with this place." And then he sighed as he said, "There's so much you could do."

The boss was looking at his watch. "Twelve o'clock, folks! Got to close up." Then he turned to us, "You fellows stick around a minute. I'll buy you a drink." In small groups the people in the bar left. When the last couple walked out, he came over with two gins and a Coca-Cola for himself. "Never drink around here, boys. It's a bad habit to start. Now what were you saying about what else I could do?"

"It's not what else you could do

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# Chappie Spends a Day with a Typical **STANFORD** WOMAN

Words by Stan Shpetner

Photos by Ray Elsmore



1 At the crack of dawn, in her residence in the most beautiful women's dormitory in the United States, lovely, sophisticated B. J. Buttright is awakened from a healthy, languorous sleep by the gentle touch of her kindly old housemother, Mrs. Omega Hausenpfeffer.



2 Designed for digestion is the well-balanced breakfast served to co-eds. Smartly groomed to meet the hashers, Miss Buttright is about to breakfast in the quiet, dignified surroundings of the dormitory's palatial *salle à manger*.



3 At ten o'clock B.J. has a class in the Theory of Contemporary Economic Theory. She finds it a stimulating topic in this modern changing world. Here, at ten-thirty, we find her engaged in an earnest discussion with other members of her class.



4 At one o'clock our "typical girl's" scheduled class is in Modern Architecture. At one-thirty, we see her studying an up-to-date, solid structure.



5 At two o'clock, Buttie, as she is familiarly called, has enrolled in a five-unit course in Social Relations. By two-thirty she is well immersed in research work.



6 At 8:00 p.m. B.J.'s boy friend, Studs, calls for her. A clean-cut Stanford youth, Studs is well known on the campus for his smooth collegiate dress.



7 B.J. enjoys a stimulating evening, while an unidentified friend waits his chance to join in the group games.



8 Bringing his date home is Studs, as usual the smooth Stanford . . . oops . . . Apparently Miss Buttright, our "typical Stanford girl," has become somewhat confused during the evening as to just who her date is. Regardless, she says good night, keeping in mind the motto of the Stanford co-ed—"A hearty handshake will suffice."

**NOW THAT FLICK**



By Myron Orlofsky  
and Dan Page

**MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE**

"Old Ski-snoot" pulls a repeat on his defective detective in *My Favorite Blonde* and throws mud in the private-eye business. What Marlowe can do, Hope can do funnier!

**HUMAN WRECKAGE**

It says out front: "Don't get married until you see this picture." Better still, cross out the second to fifth words.

**THE RED HOUSE**

Much hokum and hush-hush about a shack in the woods, but Julie London is a big sexcess.

**SUSIE STEPS OUT**

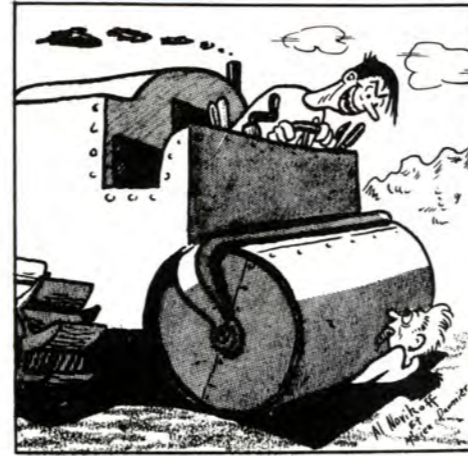
But not before the audience did.

**THE SIN OF JANET AMES**

Quote: Don't condemn her until you've seen the movie. Unquote. Sure, wait and get them both at the same time.

**NORA PRENTISS**

If you were Nora Prentiss, would you keep your mouth shut? Here's your chance to find out for only 85 cents . . . immediate waiting for all seats. It may be the same Sheridan, but it ain't the same old OOMPH!



"Touché!"

**SHADOW OF A WOMAN**

The Thin Man's wife has at long last reached the screen!

**BEGINNING OR THE END**

Right from the beginning you wait for the end.

**BLAZE AT NOON**

The poor guys who hung by their knees to take pictures of planes flying under the Brooklyn Bridge must be a little browned off at the actors who louse up the rest of the picture.

**SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING**

What's Paulette Goddard got that can't be fixed at any garage.

**SINBAD THE SAILOR**

Another navel movie, with all the trimmings.

**THE FABULOUS DORSEYS**

A little T.D.-ous.

**THE LATE GEORGE APLEY**

At long last comes Peggy Cummins, Miss Fornever Amber. Notable for a little of the original Marquand wit and humor which managed to slip by the Hollywood hacks who wrote the screen play.



**Date with a Doll**

By James Storms

The book was almost hidden between two large volumes of Old English literature, where it had obviously been misplaced. It was small and well worn, with the look that a volume gets after years of intense use. In this case it was centuries of use, for the date of publication was 1687.

Greg thumbed through it idly, then became strangely interested in its contents. He glanced about; no one was watching him. People who went

to the Rare Book Room usually were wrapped up in their own thoughts. He slipped the book inside his jacket, and walked out past the watchful librarian without detection.

Once outside, he took it out and walked slowly along the Quad reading over some passages that caught his attention. His steps took him up to the Union, and being so close to Marian's house he thought he'd drop over and show the book to her. Their

tastes were similar enough so that he knew she'd enjoy it.

She laughed when he showed it to her. "What a title," she said. "*Voodoo Rites: Spells and Incantations*. There are a couple of people I'd like to cast them on. How do we make with the spells?"

"There's one trick here that looks pretty good," said Greg. "You make a little doll to represent the person and then stick pins in it. It gives all the dope for the mumbo-jumbo."

They read through that chapter. Marian looked at him and giggled. "Let's try it," she said.

Greg grinned back. "You make the doll," he said.

They settled on their chemistry professor as the first victim, as he had given them both D's on the mid-quarter, and with much hilarity they stuck a pin into the doll's foot. When the professor limped into class the next day, they looked at each other and burst out laughing. That afternoon they put another pin in the doll's upper leg, much amused by the coincidence that had caused the chem prof's limp.

It gave them something of a shock when they next saw the professor in class. He was walking with the aid of a cane. They knew it was still coincidence, but rather strange. Both of them tried to keep from showing what they were thinking; that there

(Continued on page 39)



JORGENSEN



"By Gad, he can do anything a man can do!"

Castle  
Wheat

STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
OMNIA VINCIT LIQUOR

O'Halloran was a Stanford man  
Who loved to be in college;  
He drank his beer with a ringing cheer  
And hated all kinds of knowledge.

A cagey man was O'Halloran,  
Of women extremely wary;  
He'd had a lot and never been caught—  
And then he met young Mary.

Now Mary O'Toole was nobody's fool,  
Dark and pleasingly chubby;  
She loved to see a man who was free  
For she was out for a hubby.

They went in his car to a Bayshore bar  
And there they stayed till closing;  
He took her back in a Yellow hack,  
For he never drove while dozing.

The following night the moon was bright,  
He fed her beer and more beer;  
He asked her twice, he asked her nice,  
But all she said was, "No, dear."

She went with him where the lights were dim  
And the service unobtrusive;  
She fed him whisky until he got frisky,  
But she remained elusive.

He passed clear out on liquor and stout  
In a bar on El Camino;  
He awoke in Nevada, wiser and sadder,  
For they marry you quick in Reno.

Now O'Halloran is a Stanford man  
Who hates to be in college;  
His life is muddy for she makes him study,  
But he's getting lots of knowledge.



Queen

While walking down the Quad one day  
In the merry, merry month of May  
I was taken by surprise  
By a pair of brownish eyes—  
Cutest darn collie I ever did see.  
—Orlotsky

"How long have you been interested in girls?"  
"Ever since I found out they weren't boys."  
—John Murray

The average  
Homo Sap  
Will tell you  
Life's a trap.  
—Verde

Paly High Gal—Why do Stanford men go out with high-school girls?  
Rough—Have you heard about the bees and the birds?  
PHG—Yes, but—  
Rough—Well, baby, there's nothing left at Stanford but turkeys!  
—Cluck

# I Dove for Pearl at LAKE LAGUNITA!



1 "Kee-rist, what an experience," writes Grunion Schmeckenklipp, one of the few friends of Albanian Club who can write. "I'd been watching the native divers go over the side hunting for Pearl, when I decided I would like to try it. I knew they risked their lives with every descent, but that old Spring Quarter urge for a thrill, plus nine or ten shots of that tasty ole Albanian Club, overcame my fears. I asked Miguel, the head diver, to let me suit up, and prepared to enter the treacherous waters of Lagunita. Few people realize the perils that await beneath the surface of this uncharted sea of mud, deep in the uncharted foothills of the uncharted King's Mountains near the half-civilized Stanford campus. A twisted life line can mean dizzy spells . . . a slip of the finger can mean almost anything.



2 "First, a rubber-lined suit, followed by lead shoes, lead sox, and lead goamies. I was really loaded when they finally put on the helmet! They crowded about to give advice, such as 'Don't spit on your hands!' 'Look out for Krakens!' (a mythical sea monster common in these waters), and 'Why didn't you think of that before you put the suit on?'

3 "I was lowered over the side with a reassuring pat on the helmet from Miguel and I soon found myself lost in an exotic marine world. Then suddenly cold fear gripped me as a fierce blood-sucking leech attacked me from behind! I tugged frantically at the life line and managed to pull Miguel off-balance. He dived over the side and with a quick slash of his 'mussel knife' separated me from the 'Stanford Woman,' as these creatures are called.

4 "In a matter of seconds I was back on the dock, thoroughly shaken! They all assured me that such monsters abound hereabouts, in various forms, and their blood-sucking tactics often prove fatal to the natives. Even as they stood congratulating me on my narrow escape we noticed that one of the divers was missing. But what the hell—it was cocktail time.



5 "We celebrated my escape with Albanian Club highballs. Beats me how even these ill-bred Stanford oafs have learned that Albanian Club is quicker and cheaper than comparable luxury beverages such as canned heat, rubbing alcohol, or gasoline and buttermilk."

6 How come this far-flung fame? Albanian Club is rich as mineral water, tasty as kerosene, cheap as dirt. You can stay with Albanian Club all night, and retch all the next morning. That's what made Albanian Club the poorest-selling deported whisky from the Balkans.

IN 87 GLANDS NO OTHER WHISKY REACTS LIKE

## "Albanian Club"



Imported from Milpitas, Albania, by Hiram Ulcer & Stuff, Inc., St. Anford, Cal. • Blended Albanian Whisky • 86 Octane

## ONE AT THE COUNTER

(Continued from page 16)

now. This was becoming a big issue. The people waiting in line had split into improvised cheering sections and were being led by two fellows on top of the ice-cream cabinet.

"Waiter! Waiter! Dull as a potato!" one group would yell as the cashier laughed hysterically, dumping coins into the cash register the while.

"Whimple! Whimple! Smart as a pimple!" the others would scream shortly afterward.

The waiter whipped out of the kitchen, leading the manager.

"Here he is," he said brokenly, pointing at me. I was beginning to feel quite sorry for him. "I've been here for twenty years, boss, and it's always been 'black or white,'" he cried. "I don't know what it means, but it's always been 'black or white.'" He was becoming uncontrollable. He

vaulted the soda fountain and fled past the cashier. She tried to stop him but couldn't. She was sore as hell and rang up "No Sale."

The manager looked at me sternly and said:

"Now look, sir, you must order your coffee either black or white. We've always done it that way here at Stanford." He was beginning to cry a little himself. "Now let's have your order. What do you want, black or white?" He dabbed the tears out of his eyes with a piece of bread.

"Could I have just a little cream in it?" I whispered, quietly indicating just a tiny pinch with my fingers.

The Cellar was getting so jammed that everyone had to breathe in unison to keep from forcing five men out. There was a fellow in a white coat down by the main gate near Palo Alto signaling to the crowd outside, "Three or four?"

The manager had gotten some official in the Business Office to get off the dime and come over to the Cellar. I was sitting around autographing famous coffee brands and playing Beano with coffee beans when he appeared. He checked the cash register before he spoke to me.

"What seems to be the trouble here, son?" he said.

"Nothing," I said, "I'm just waiting for my coffee."

"Nothing," I said, "I'm just waiting for my coffee." He jotted a few notes on the back of some old tuition bills and then looked up. His dog Feefee was standing beside him.

"Fine, fine," he said just from habit. Then he said, "Mr. Whimple, this issue has got to be settled. We dispense two types of coffee at Stanford, black and white. You may specify either one. But it is contrary to our policy to entertain radical notions. Now which do you want, black or white?"

I knew that a man from the Business Office would give no quarter. His fingers were caressing the check machine as he tried my mettle. He must have decided it was gold because he punched \$5.00 on the machine, while muttering "fine, fine" to himself.

I turned back to the *Daily* momentarily but couldn't stand it any longer. This was my fourth day on that stool. The lights from the cameras blinded me while reporters harried me constantly. The city papers carried a statement from the Chief Justice concerning the "Whimple Coffee Case." "In this famous coffee case," the Supreme Court said, "there are as yet no grounds on which to base a decision."

The man from the Business Office threatened to take it before the United Nations. But I was adamant. I threatened to counter with discrimination because of color. He left to consult with the Board of Overseers.

The next day the Board convened in front of the coffee urn. They had been at Stanford so long they wore red tiles instead of hats. They eyed me with ire as they spread their documents out on the meat block and began a study of the case.

They wrangled for three more days. They almost overpowered me when they placed tea and milk before me. But my cheering section nearly went hoarse when I calmly poured them in my neighbor's soup.

(Continued on page 30)

## QUADRANGLE

(Continued from page 17)

stop in at one of the houses for awhile, but it won't take long."

"Sounds like a good idea, it's such a nice night."

Jean sat quite close to him on the way out, and Dave felt a sense of elation watching her face bright in the moonlight. He started to say something about Myra's having gone up to the apartment looking for her but suddenly decided not to mention it, and turned on the radio.

When he came back to the car, she turned to him. "Let's drive up by the lake, I haven't seen it this year."

A chorus of crickets, accompanied by deeper notes of frogs, filled the night air when the sound of the motor ceased. A warm breeze stirred the water, shattering the reflected moonlight on its surface.

With a motion that he saw more than felt, his hands caught hers. Her



face seemed to float against the background of silver and shadow. The shrill voices around them rose to a far-off, insistent cry, beating through muffling black curtains.

With an aching recall to time, he saw his watch.

"God, Jean, we've got to get out of here. It's one o'clock." He put the car in gear, backed onto the road. "I don't know what to say, I—it's just that this sort of thing has never happened to me before. I don't know

what we do now; I guess there's nothing we can do."

"I don't think I've ever really loved Glen, but that doesn't help," Jean said slowly. "We'll have to hope that they never know."

She said nothing more until they turned into their street.

"Stop here and I'll get out. I'll tell him I had to catch the late bus."

Dave drove into the garage, shut the doors, and noticed the light still on in the kitchen. As he walked toward the door, he felt that he could never face Myra. Maybe the best

thing would be to tell her, and let her make the decision. But he knew her too well; her pale, colorless mind could never understand. Jean was right, they could only go on.

Myra wasn't in the kitchen. He walked softly into the bedroom, but it was empty. He returned to the living room, and the door opened. Momentarily startled, her face became blank and she spoke.

"I didn't expect to find you up, Dave. Jean and I got into a long session after Glen went to bed, and I completely forgot the time."

**BARBARA LANG, Union**

Let's get in the swim with the new collection of swim suits — both cotton and lastex from 7.50 to 10.95

**Lois Fowler**

"The Shop with the Waterfall"

Photo by Ray Elsmore



"Did I ever show you my apparition?"

JORGENSEN



**ONE AT THE COUNTER**

(Continued from page 28)

It was definitely an impasse. I knew I could hold out only a few moments longer. Suddenly I beckoned a hoary member of the Board. His whiskers covered the menu as he leaned over to listen to my words. I brushed them aside and looked over the items.

As I opened my mouth, twenty networks listened with baited mikes. "A cup of coffee," I ordered. "Black or white?" he asked. A hush stole over the room.

"Black," I said quietly, "with a side order of cream."

"Black with a side order of cream," he shouted into the kitchen.

After I drank the coffee I was carried out of the Cellar on a gigantic percolator as a publicity stunt for the Tanka Coffee Company. Four men named Coffee supported the corners and coughed continuously.

When I left they changed the menu. Coffee is no longer listed as such. Instead it reads: Coffea negra 10¢—Coffea blanca 20¢.

The sugar daddy and a cute chick were enjoying a small supper in the private room of a road house. As the waiter cleared away the desert dishes, the tycoon cleared his throat and purred, "Now, dear, how about a little demitasse?"

"I might have known there was a string attached!" she exploded.

—Kickapoo

Tita—You're certainly bashful, my man. You drop your eyes when I gaze into them.

Beta—Bashful, nothin'. I'm lookin' at your legs!

—Froth

"Doctor," she said loudly, bouncing into the room, "I want you to say frankly what's wrong with me."

He surveyed her from head to foot. "Madam," he said at length, "I've just three things to tell you."

"First, your weight should be reduced by nearly fifty pounds.

"Second, you should use about one-tenth as much rouge and lipstick.

"And third, I'm an artist—the doctor lives on the next floor."

—Yellow Jacket



**MARILYN SIDWELL**  
Madrono

in an all-wool suit, white jacket and red or navy skirt—69.95  
Pure-dye silk scarf by RUTH—17.95

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Photo by Ray Elsmore

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**EVENING OUT**

(Continued from page 11)

(Carless Characters)

**Fior D'Italia**—Next to Vanessi's on Broadway. Spaghetti at prewar prices.

**Tadich Grill**—Off Montgomery on Clay. Fish, fish, fish! Good here, if you like it.

**Ray's**—318 Columbus. Chummy spot with good beef.

**La Favorite**—825 Pacific. French but cheap; practically free French.

**Old Grotto**—Edge of International Settlement. Looks like a dive; is a dive. What do you expect for the price when you get singing waiters, too?

**Ripley's**—846 Jackson. Good college hangout; walk downstairs and save two dollars.

**Far East Cafe**—631 Grant. Opium den atmosphere without the opium.

**Des Alpes**—732 Broadway. Family-style stuff; you get whatever they feel like feeding you at \$1.25. Get there at 5:15 or 7:15 for dinner or you won't be served. We like it.

**Bella Vista**—Skyline Boulevard behind the campus. Good view, fireplace, and atmosphere. Tradition has it this spot used to be a lovers' rendezvous; and it's spring again, lover.

**Stone Cellar**—El Camino north of Paly. Hey, Pedro, bring the flashlight; I cannot find the sugar.

**Bertrand's**—Middlefield Road just north of Paly. Where everyone eats out on fish night.

**Cook's Sea Food**—El Camino in Menlo. Fish and chips around four bits; good for lunch.

**Lupo's**—International Settlement. Red lights in front of the booths; don't stumble over those beer kegs going in. Good pizza.

**WATERING SPOTS**

**Li Po's**—916 Grant. Specializes in Passion Drinks for Spring Quarter.

**Cardinal Richelieu Room**—Van Ness at Geary. Fine spot for a drink if you happen to be a Cardinal at Van Ness and Geary.

**House That Jack Built**—2014 Grant. Maybe it's the liquor, but this place looks crooked.

**William Tell**—International Settlement. This is a long shot; humboldts, schottisches, and beer.

**Black Cat**—International Settlement. Usually has a good boogie man on the piano; fine if you're a character.

(Continued on page 32)



JOAN ALLEN, Roble

Photo by Ray Elsmore



261 University Ave.

Photo by Ray Elsmore

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**JO ANN CROSS, Lagunita,**  
in a candy-stripe cotton  
chambray with fish-tail  
peplum.  
12.95

**Lundin-McBride**  
150 University Ave.

Photo by Ray Elsmore

**EVENING OUT**

(Continued from page 31)

**Gangplank**—44 Campton Place. So nautical you're liable to get sick. Seasick, that is.

**Cirque Room**—Fairmont Hotel. Good combo; crowded dance floor; steaming intimacy.

**Orchid Room**—St. Francis Hotel. Commonly known as the Padded Cell. Sooner or later you'll meet everyone you know. Seats are small and tacked to the floor; gee, those imitation orchids are purty.

**Bandbox**—El Camino in Atherton. Walter Oakes and his O'Rooney O'Voutays Hip Hip Combo, featuring the Great Eddie Matthews at the Piano. (That's what their ads say.)

**Hilo**—El Camino in Atherton. Just the place to meet those Redwood City debutantes.

**GOINGS ON AROUND TOWN**

For you theater lovers, *Accidentally Yours* is still playing at the **Curran**. Grant Mitchell plays Spencer Mosby, a typical college professor (God forbid!), and Billie Burke is his dotting wife Gladys, who is madly in love with her husband. Gladys lives a life solely motivated with a blind ambition that dear Spencer must go places and rise above this routine balderdash. Really pretty funny all the way through.

At the **Geary** the world's super magician, Blackstone, with a company of 30 (mostly girls) is holding forth with two and a half hours of voodoo, black magic, and such like (the show of 1,001 wonders). At last the bunny outdoes Blackstone.

"Suthahn gentleman" James Melton puts in his dark (well-fed) appearance at the **Opera House** on Tuesday evening, April 22. A leading American tenor, Mr. Melton is jovial, genial, natural, and captivating. On top of that, he sounds good. You can't miss!

Strictly in the things-to-come dept., the San Francisco Civic Light Opera Ass'n has scheduled *Rosalinda* at the **Curran** running from April 28 till May 17. This should be a "goody," with tickets ranging from \$1.80 to \$4.20. Following *Rosalinda* is the Grieg masterpiece, *Song of Norway*, with tickets starting at \$2.40. Don't miss this; it's sensational!

The horses are running at **Tanforan Racetrack** again; just the place to make a fortune . . . drop around to the office for a hot tip on the fourth.

**FREDUMB of the PRESS**

*Cap* In jail in Reno are Theodore Costa, 21, of North Fair Oaks, near Redwood City, father of a 3-week-old baby and husband of a youthful wife, and three boys, 19, 19, and 15 years old. Police Chief Jack Yount of Menlo Park is scheduled to go to Reno tomorrow to bring them back to Menlo Park. —P.A. Times

*#* A few good-night kisses are quite harmless, especially if neither party has syphilis. —Sex Problems of Young People, by George W. Crane, Ph.D., M.D. "Or buckteeth."

*Cap* "Today, sex has taken on a new air of respectability." —U. of Chicago Pulse "As my pet rabbit was saying to me yesterday . . ."

Mrs. Winters, a divorcee, had a police record for intoxication, drunk driving and resorting. "To what?" —S.F. News

An old gray mare lost her life today in a vain effort to avert an ignominious end in an Oakland dog food factory. But before she died, game to the end, of oxerexertio, after a wild 10-mile gallop through Oakland, she had given Oakland and Bay Bridge police a bad time day. —Oakland Tribune "And even penicillin won't help oxerexertio."

"In jail for bigamy?" A faint echo calls "not so pure." Heads turn in mute astonishment, and again the echo, "What about sex?" Well, what about it? —U. of Chicago Pulse "Would you mind chasing down that echo?"

Q. I have a problem. I want to make my French husband happy and I need your help. Have you a recipe for braised endive? Mrs. Michel Seymour Greenwich, Connecticut —Gourmet "Are you sure that's what will make him happy?"

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Charlotte Fisher, Roble, enjoying a dish of Peninsula's rich ice cream



Photographed by Hans Roth

Portrait by Hans Roth

Charlotte Fisher, Roble



*A Freshman Girl* is always a favorite with us at Wilson's. Usually we meet her right away and then follow four years of very pleasant friendship.

We see her often. We see her friends and her family.

And about the time she graduates, if there is an engagement and she announces it on campus, it is with the traditional five pound box of Wilson's superb chocolates.

135 University Avenue, Palo Alto



Telephone 5225

### FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

but got it back each time with the stock comments. The last magazine he sent it to returned it with a unique rejection slip. It said, "We are not in the habit of making comments on rejected manuscripts, but in this case I feel it necessary to state that this is probably the most unnecessary and obscene article I have ever read."

He has thrown away the manuscript, but retains the rejection slip as his only claim to literary fame.

### Roughly Speaking

Maybe it's spring, or maybe it's just coincidence, but conversations around campus seem to be a bit one-trackish. Of three Roughts in deep discussion, one startled a passer-by with, "I don't know if it was such a good idea to give her black lace pants for Valentine's Day."

Maybe we should stop now, but at one of the houses on the Row a girl made a slightly Freudian error: When asked about one of the other girls in the house, she replied, "Oh, she's in the necking room living with Bob."

### Pushed Out of Shape?

One of the Farm's fair females from the sunny South went down home over the spring vacation. Somewhere she had fallen into the habit of using "P.O." as a verb quite a bit. While she was home she was P.O.'d by this and P.O.'d by that, so one day her mother asked her what P.O. meant. Fast as a tack-sitter-onner, she said, "Why—uh—why it means 'put out,' Mother." Mother then allowed as how it was a charming bit of American college slang. Before the beautiful young thing knew just what was happening, her mother was saying P.O. all over the place and so was her father.

She didn't know just what to do about it. A few days before she came back to start the quarter, her father came home from the office, stalked into the library where she was, glared at her, came over to her chair, glared some more, and said, "Young lady, a veteran in the office told me today what P.O. means." An awful time was had by all.

Immigration agent—Are you Russian?

Immigrant—Hell, no! I ain't in no hurry at all.  
—Orlolsky

### Low Flying

One of our recently returned buzzboys was driving home from an evening's imbibing in, somewhat disheveled mental condition when he noticed a car looming up on the road in front of him. Making use of his government-tuned, conditioned reflexes, he pulled back on the steering wheel and gave his car the gas. Result: A badly smashed front end on the car, and a broken nose for the flyboy. Moral: If you drink, don't fly—low, that is.

Gull—Father is so pleased to hear that you are a poet.

Buoy—Is he? That makes me divinely happy.

Gull—Yes, you see he tried to throw out my last boy friend and he was a wrestler.

—Whirlwind



Teacher—Children, what must we do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?

Chorus—We gotta sin!

—Ballyhoo



JERRY JACKSON, Roble,

in Joan Miller's classic button front dress with patch pockets and winky gold buttons.

Cream, aqua, maize, pink  
Sizes 9-15—\$14.95

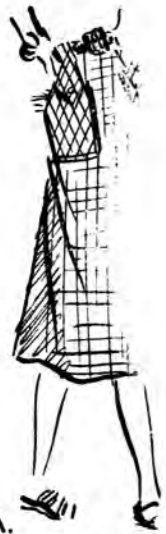
*Bryant's*

263 University Ave.

Photo by Ray Elsmore

*the clothes closet*

## ABC's for spring picnics!



A. wool flannel muted plaid pencil skirt—\$10



B. White Stag gabardine "expert" slacks—\$15.95



C. candy striped boxy pleated skirt—\$9.95

*the clothes closet*

520 Ramona—Palo Alto

## CIGARETTE

(Continued from page 21)

at all. It's merely the difference between the almost and the perfectly right thing." He drew a few lines on the blueprint. "Seel!" he said.

For a few seconds the boss didn't see. I think he wanted to save the rest of his blueprints from similar desecration. Boswell sat there with a contented smile on his face. Finally the boss looked at the marks Boswell had made on the paper. Then he too smiled and said, "By God, you're right." Boswell grabbed another of the blueprints and drew pencil lines all through it. I looked at the first one and had to admit, even to myself, that Boswell had captured a feeling in that wall which the original author of the blueprints had completely missed. Boswell kept drawing more and more lines over the prints. Soon he had them completely covered with pencil marks and in fact his variations were all far superior to the originals.

It was around three o'clock I think, though I'm not exactly sure, because I'd been dozing off occasionally while Boswell had been alternately drawing and talking, when he said to the boss, "Got a blank check, Bill?"

Bill went to the cash register and returned with a checkbook and a pen. Boswell made out a check for \$23,000 on the Bank of America in Palo Alto. "Here, witness this," Boswell said to me. I signed my name on a scrap of paper on the top of which he had written something to the effect that the undersigned had duly witnessed the transaction in which Henry T. Boswell had, for the sum of \$23,000, bought such-and-such real property.

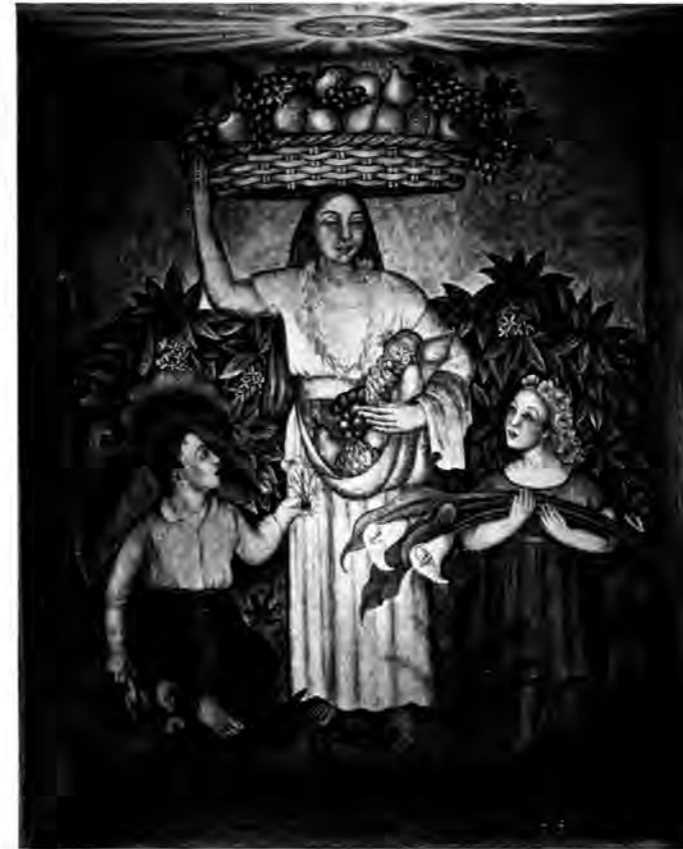
We had succeeded. We had proved our contentions. It only remained now for Boswell to explain that it had all been in the search of a finer truth. If we could successfully appease Bill's inevitable displeasure, we would enjoy an even greater triumph.

Bill went to get us another drink. I lit a Herbert Tareyton and said to Boswell, "Let's get out of here. He's going to be sore when you tell him that the check's no good."

"Don't worry," Boswell said, "everything's going to be peaches and cream."

When Bill returned with the drinks, Hank said, "Say, can I see that check of mine for a minute?" Bill took the

(Continued on page 38)



"California—land of plenty." One of the beautiful murals in the court of the Allied Arts Guild.

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Forget  
Mother  
on  
Mother's  
Day!

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Photo by Ray Elsmore



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Seventeen  
Tabu

Cody  
Yardley  
Shelton's

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**CIGARETTE**

(Continued from page 36)

check out of the cash register and handed it to Boswell. He looked at the check for a few seconds and then tore it into small pieces saying, "I'll write you another one tomorrow. I'm drunk tonight and I know that you wouldn't want to conclude a business deal under these conditions. We'll

finish everything tomorrow when I'm sober."

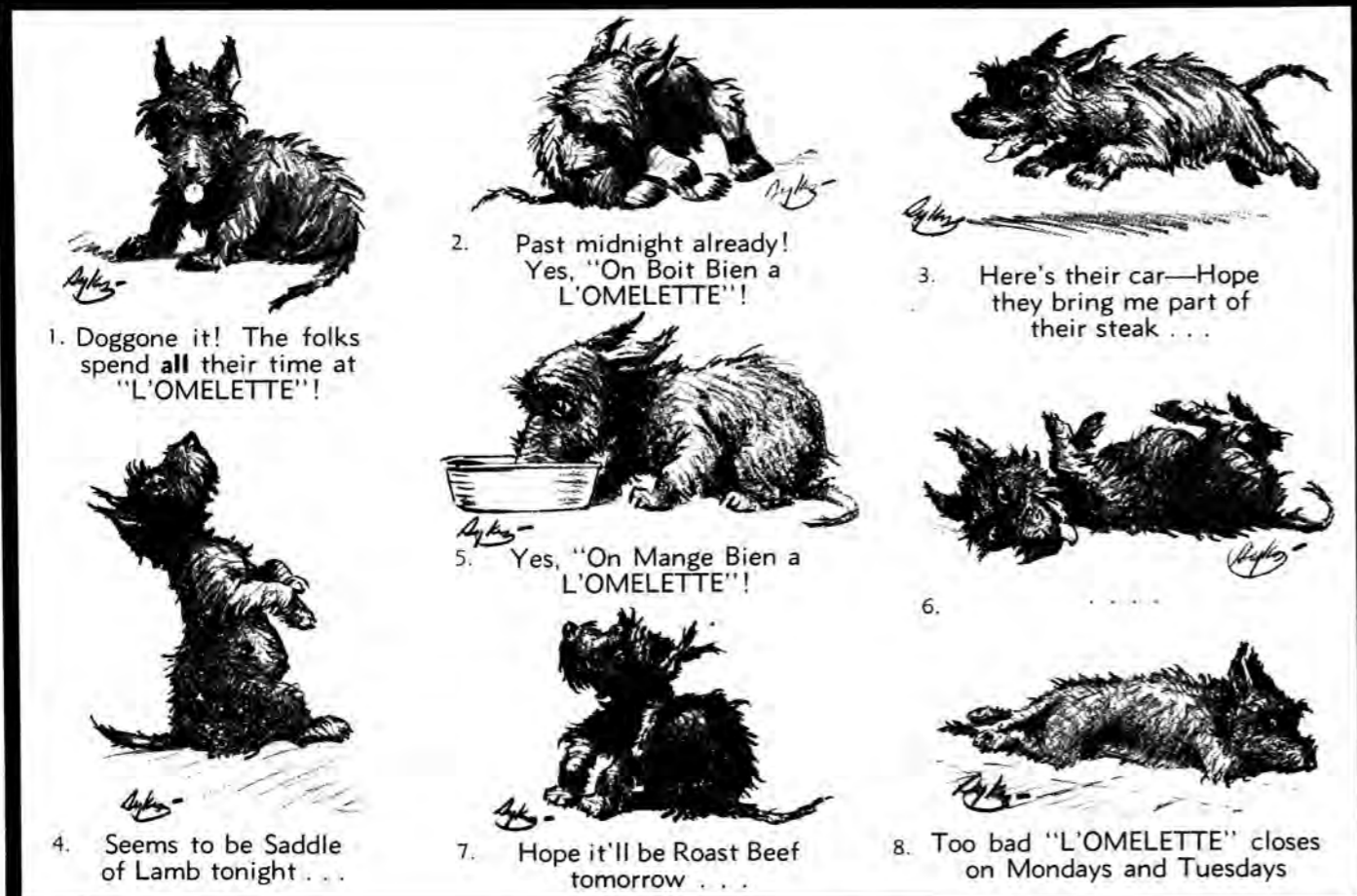
Bill stood and stared alternately at the torn pieces of the check and then at Boswell. Boswell stood up, put out his hand, and said, "Hasta mañana, Bill." Bill didn't say anything.

We left and as we were driving back toward school, Boswell said something that frequently comes into

my mind and invariably makes me scared, "You see, it's nothing but knowing where you're going."

"If you stay over night at my house, you'll have to make your own bed." "I don't mind."

"Here's a hammer and saw."  
—Kickapoo



1. Doggone it! The folks spend **all** their time at "L'OMELETTE"!
2. Past midnight already! Yes, "On Boit Bien a L'OMELETTE"!
3. Here's their car—Hope they bring me part of their steak . . .
4. Seems to be Saddle of Lamb tonight . . .
5. Yes, "On Mange Bien a L'OMELETTE"!
6. . . . .
7. Hope it'll be Roast Beef tomorrow . . .
8. Too bad "L'OMELETTE" closes on Mondays and Tuesdays

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**DATE WITH A DOLL**

(Continued from page 25)

might be something to the ritual. They kept it up for two weeks. The professor got sicker each day, but they felt they couldn't stop now. On the fifteenth day the Chemistry Department canceled all classes.

Of course, they still weren't sure. The professor was an old man and might have died anyway. But there was an R.A. that had caused Marian a little trouble; she was young and healthy. Would it work on her? They started the treatment.

Somewhere along the line, about the time the R.A. went to the Rest Home, they realized their power. And, as in most cases where people have the power of life and death, their minds became warped with the weight of their decisions. After the R.A. was replaced, they went on a rampage which included the Dean of Men, a Cellar hasher, and a student who refused to pay for Greg's fender after backing into it. The system seemed infallible, but it had implications they had never counted on.

Greg and Marian had been going around together for a year before they started the voodoo business, and had

always taken it for granted that they would get married someday. At first the enormity of their secret tied them closer together, but eventually the strain began to tell. They felt ill at ease on a double date, and couldn't stand other people's company. At the same time, they were getting so that they couldn't stand each other's company. This was bound to end in a blowoff, and it came one night as they were driving home from the City.

It was just a small thing that started the argument; Greg said he wished she wouldn't drink Manhattans after dinner as she always had a foul disposition the next day. That led to further comments on dispositions and personalities until they had forgotten the original cause and were in a full-fledged brawl.

They had been too close for a mild lover's quarrel; what had been love turned to hatred as they called names and hurled threats at each other. When they reached her house Greg didn't bother to turn off the motor or offer to open the car door. "Don't trip getting out," he said coldly.

She turned, half out of the car. All the fury that women can muster on

(Continued on page 40)



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TELEPHONE 9383

473 University Ave., Palo Alto

## DATE WITH A DOLL

(Continued from page 39)

such occasions flashed out. She tried to think of something clever, then, "You go to hell," she spit at him. He watched her disappear up the stairs, then drove away, whistling softly to himself.

For the first time in weeks Greg felt good. He had been severed from something that had made him a slave; now his mind was relieved as he put all that behind him and resolved never to use The Power again.

That was the first day. The next day he felt strangely ill, but didn't think anything about it. The third day he had a myriad of sharp, shooting pains. It dawned on him then. The idea made him panicky for a minute; he thought of going to Marian, begging her to stop. Then he began to get his temper up. He'd show her that she couldn't get away with this on him! With fevered fingers he sewed together a crude doll and started the incantation working on Marian.

It was a weird race, and touch and go all the way. She had a head start on him, but he had the book and knew she couldn't remember all the details of the ritual. At the end of two weeks he could barely get around, and was beginning to lose his nerve. He approached the phone at least twenty times that day to ring her, to beg her to stop before it was too late. Then the phone rang! He leaped at it, answered with trembling voice. It wasn't Marian, though; it was her roommate. He listened for a moment. "Oh," he said. "What a shame." He mumbled something more, then hung up and collapsed into a chair. He had won the race.

Days passed, but he improved only slightly. He finally figured out what the trouble was; he must get the doll she had made and remove the pins. It was the only thing that would cure him.

He rang Marian's house. Her ex-roommate answered. He tried to appear solicitous about Marian's death; said the usual things. Then, trying to keep the anxiety out of his voice, asked if they had found a little doll among her belongings. A doll with pins stuck in it.

The girl seemed understandably puzzled at this inquiry. "Why, yes," she said, "we did find a doll like that."

He could no longer conceal his eagerness. "Do you have it there?"

"Why," she said, now openly per-

plexed, "It was here a minute ago, but Marian's mother was just getting her clothes together and thought the doll was such an ugly thing she wanted it destroyed. She gave it to one of the girls to take down to the furnace."

She paused, "Greg?" She waited a minute for an answer, then shrugged. "He must have hung up." She replaced the receiver on its hook.

At the other end of the wire the telephone dangled limply on its cord. Around it curled a thin wisp of smoke rising from the small pile of ashes that lay in front of the telephone table.

She fell upon the icy pave  
And a man who watched her whirls,  
Said, "There you'll have to lie, my dear;

"I never pick up girls."

—Kitty Kat

Prof—Are you cheating on this exam?

Stude—No, sir, I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper.

—Caveman

"Swear that you love me."

"All right, dammit, I love you."

—Ski-U-Mah

There's one about the Scotchman who emigrated to New York and was sitting on a pier in Jersey City when a diver came to the surface, removed his headgear, and lit a cigarette. "Hoot, mon," said the Scot, "why did no one tell me about this? I'd have walked over maself."

—Boulder

The hen is immortal. Her son never sets.

—Hooli-Pooli

The husband answering the phone said: "I don't know; call up the Weather Bureau," and hung up.

"What was that?" asked his wife. "Some fellow asked if the coast was clear."

—Froth

"Everybody is crazy over me," said the first-floor inmate of the insane asylum.

—El Burro

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"I don't feel like working this morning. I tossed all night."  
"Insomnia?"  
"No, dice."  
—Ood Oov

Their cars having collided, Jock and Pat were surveying the situation. Jock offered Pat a drink from his bottle. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

"Aye," replied Jock, "but not until after the police have been here."  
—Spartan

The biddy comes on little flat feet, she stands looking over liquor and pastry, takes silent munches, and then moves on.  
—Sun Dial

George M. Cohan takes a worthless piece of paper and writes a song hit. He sells the copy for \$50,000. That's Genius.

John D. Rockefeller can sign his name to a piece of worthless paper and make it worth half a million. That's Capital.

A man can buy \$5 worth of steel and make \$1,000 worth of watch springs out of it. That's Skill.

A cop can take a worthless piece of paper and write your number on it and make you out ten bucks. That's your Hard Luck.

But—when a man looks for an apartment, finds just what he wants, and when the manager asks, "Have you any children?" puts on a long face and answers, "Yes, but they're in the cemetery"; pays six months' rent in advance; gets a receipt; then goes out to the cemetery, gets his children, and brings them to the apartment. That's Brains!  
—Pointer

"Girls can be divided into two classes—the goods and the bads."

"So what?"  
"Well, some fellows never get caught with the goods."  
—Voo Doo

Tillie Trent quit her job as a steno when the boss asked her to show a little more incentive.  
—Old Line

for Men!



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Golfer—Notice any improvement since last year?

Caddy—Had your clubs shined up, haven't you?  
—Hunt's Journal

There should be no monotony  
In studying your botany  
It helps to spur and train the brain,  
Unless you haven't got any.  
—Widow

It seems that two young student nurses had been out for the evening and had become so absorbed in their dates that they completely forgot about the curfew at the hospital. As they were sneaking down the corridor to their room, trying to escape being caught by the Chief Nurse, they spied a young intern round the corner and head straight toward them. It was too late to hide, so they said a silent prayer, and as they passed him they whispered:

"Shhhh, we're just coming in after hours."

"That's all right," he replied, "I'm just going out after mine."  
—Jack o'Lantern

"Hello, Afton, can I see you tonight?"

"Sure thing, Ronnie; come on over."

"But I'm not Ronnie."

"And I'm not Afton."  
—Odorono

Detective—You're looking for your cashier? Is he tall or short?

Banker—Both.  
—Lampoon

"Drink broke up my home."

"Couldn't you stop it?"

"No, the damn still exploded."  
—Exchange

1st Co-ed—Would you marry a man for his money?

2d Co-ed—Not exactly. But I'd want my husband to have a lovely disposition, and if he didn't have money, he might be worried and ill-natured.  
—Exchange

"This pen leaks," said the convict, as the rain came through the roof.  
—Exchange

## BALONEY?



No, we don't serve baloney—but our **STEAKS** are transcendental\*—in fact, this is where the restaurant owners eat!

THE GREATEST DINING-OUT  
VALUE ON THE PENINSULA

Complete de luxe dinners from \$1.50.

## THE BLUE OX

4 miles south of Stanford on  
El Camino Real

Phone: Mountain View 6825

CLOSED MONDAYS

\* (They're really out of this world!)

Carolyn Kelsey  
Beauty Salon

For Appointment  
Dial 8460

Hairstyling

by  
*Susan*

and

*George*

Use Your  
Charge  
Account



(CLOSED MONDAYS)

## VILLA CHARTIER

Just South of Beautiful  
Bay Meadows

A Pleasant Place to Dine

Bill Nokes at the  
Hammond Organ

Open Daily for  
Luncheon and Dinner

San Mateo 5-1651

The man who feels trapped by marriage  
And tied to a baby carriage  
Should stop and reflect  
That the babe that he necked  
Is also worse for the wearage.  
—Vassarette

### Our Advertisers

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.

#### DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

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United Shoe Renewing	5
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W. E. Neilson	40
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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

## PRINTING

POSTERS

BIDS—PROGRAMS

HOUSE LETTERS

WEDDING  
ANNOUNCEMENTS

Slonaker's  
PRINTING HOUSE

THE HOME OF  
THOUGHTFUL PRINTING

255 HAMILTON AVENUE  
PALO ALTO

Recognized Leader in Quality  
Printing for Stanford

Lil' Injun Says:



Listen!

The rhythmic beat  
of dancing feet  
in  
Evening Sandals  
from

Thoits

174 University Ave.

"Good Shoes Since 1893"



## Cramer's Beauty Salon

Lou Cramer of San Francisco  
352 University Ave.  
Kleer Drug Mezzanine

Permanent Specialists  
Hair Styling

We use soft water  
Call 7722 for appointment

# DON'T BE A DRIVLING IDIOT!



## PATRONIZE CHAPARRAL ADVERTISERS

### DO YOURSELF A FAVOR

After all, "Chaparral" advertisers carry quality merchandise at reasonable prices—merchandise you've been looking for, too.

You'll get fine service, because "Chaparral" advertisers are soliciting your trade—they're anxious to please you.

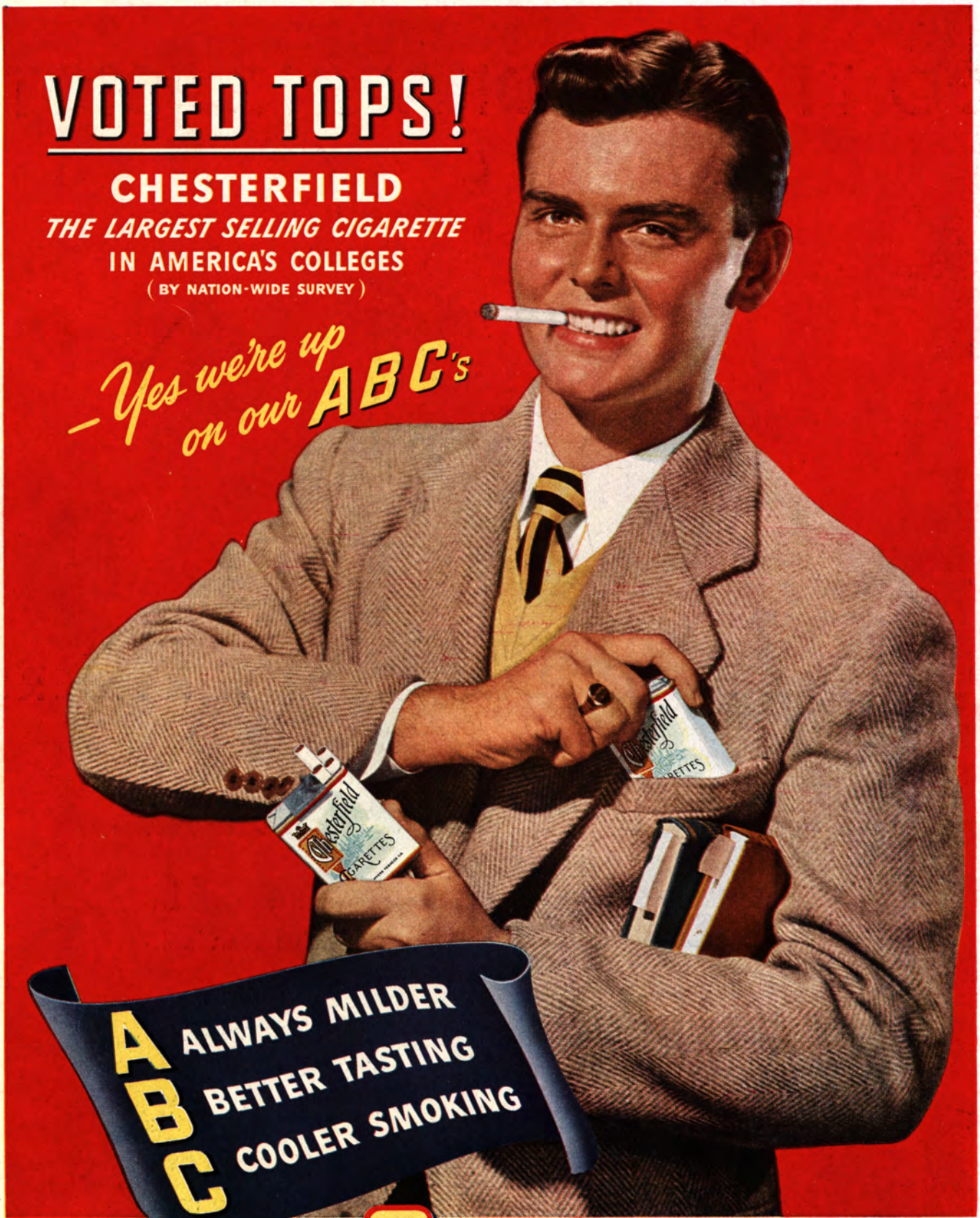
So, next time you're shopping, whether in Paly, on the Peninsula, or in the City, do your buying at places that advertise in the "Chappie." You'll be ahead, the merchant will be happy, and the "Chappie" will be able to continue to bring you the kind of stuff you want.



**VOTED TOPS!**

**CHESTERFIELD**  
THE LARGEST SELLING CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA'S COLLEGES  
(BY NATION-WIDE SURVEY)

*- Yes we're up  
on our ABC's*



**A** ALWAYS Milder  
**B** BETTER TASTING  
**C** COOLER SMOKING

**Always Buy CHESTERFIELD**

ALL OVER AMERICA - THEY'RE TOPS - *They Satisfy*