

STANFORD

LESSER CLASS '40

CHAPARRAL

JUNE



Stan
Kourdeau
S.F.

Smith
Hills

Jae
Margaret
Richard

Dear
Will
Waffle

May
Bardwell
MR. Walker
R. Schmidt
Bill Tuttle

John
P. Moe
Pearson
N. Baker
RC JOHNSON
36

Benjamin
F. de
Hickel
officiant

XXX

Harry

XXX

XXX

David R. Sears

THE CHAPPIE CRITICS

NOW THAT SHOW

NOAH

Noah, May production at the Community Theatre, was interesting, imaginative, instructive, but not so inspiring as we'd anticipated. That's our one disappointment—we didn't sense the power emanating from it that we'd been led to expect. The snappy dance routines left us cold, as did most of the yelling indulged in by the younger set aboard the Ark. But that's the fault of the play, not the production. When characters settled down to a natural tone of voice and walked about as people usually do, the piece tripled in effectiveness. There was a real punch to the conclusion, beginning with the exodus of the children with the obvious determination to repopulate the earth.

Reversing the usual procedure we'll comment on lesser lights in the cast first. The six children, working principally en masse, were thoroughly satisfactory—visually, audibly, and histrionically. The girls were decoratively played by Gene Glasman, Phyllis Lakin, and Elise Worthman. Lall Martin and Jack Whitting bounded about in fine fettle, with Whitting in particular bewildering us with an exhibition in gymnastics which left us gasping. Don Butler as Ham necessarily stood out over his brethren and future sistern-in-law, handling a slappy "nya-nya-nya" role so effectively as to engender in us indignant thoughts of mayhem. Elizabeth Robinson as Mama Noah had a thankless part, but deserves thanks for her washed-out portrayal. Norris James impressed with a brief but sinister appearance. His hysterical laughter we appreciated; it's a tough assignment. The animals were well conceived; especially did we like Cliff Giffin's bear, till he became too affectionate in the final scene.

And now we come to the old man himself. We've never seen anyone else in the part, but, after watching Sydney Head, we don't think it too great a loss. To quote Hollywood, he was colossal. His opening scene, a monologue directed [to page 35]

FINIS

For many a year Chappie's reviewers have scribbled lengthy articles condemning the antiquated Assembly Hall and the almost invariably mediocre productions which it has occasioned.

At last, during publication of Volume 37, the New Theatre, Chappie's brain child, is about to become a reality. As a matter of fact, with the cornerstone now neatly laid and the edifice itself rising from what several weeks ago was a field of weeds, the Old Boy might be tempted to say that this brain child is already a reality. Quite so.

The Old Boy salutes all those who have been connected with this great crusade. And then, modestly, he bows and bows and bows.

PERPETUAL MOTION

There is no joy in Mudville as far as we're concerned since we struck out by calling the trumpet in Benny Goodman's "Christopher Columbus" Roy Eldridge when it must have been either Pee Wee Irwin or Nate Kazebier. But as for the remarks concerning the Band's getting fluffy, they still hold. "The Glory of Love" is a made-to-order case in point and catches a good band loafing pretty flagrantly. Lord, something must be wrong when "You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes" on the reverse side has Helen Ward almost virginal compared to the way a girl named Dolly Dawn, with nice backing from a gang called her Dawn Patrol, sings it for Bluebird. This Dawn woman has a lot to remind us of Ella Logan.

About one more good commercial like "Stardust" and Goodman will be ready to save his reputation with "Walk, Jenny, Walk," "Lady Be Good," "I've Found a New Baby," or "Goodman Swing." Duncan MacDougald (Jazzbo [to page 2]

THEN THAT MUSIC

PARADISE REGAINED

As the strains of "Sandman" died away, and some four hundred couples filed out of the Pavilion, Jimmy Dorsey's conquest of Stanford was complete. Never in the history of campus dances have the blasé students been so completely thrilled.

Jimmy is one of the swellest persons we have ever met. Quiet, unassuming, modest, and a regular gentleman in all respects. That he himself is one of the country's most terrific clarinet and sax virtuosi, and that his Band is tops musically, seem to make no difference in his ability to rise above delusions of grandeur.

Bobby Byrn, the sensational little trombone man, had his eighteenth birthday about two weeks ago. They tell us he has a brother, fifteen, playing with Rudy Vallee's Band. Joe Yukul, one of the other trombone men, was mightily put out to have to make this trip north. You see, it came just when the amateur baseball team, of which he is the captain, was having two of its most important games. And, after all, what can a team do without its captain?

Taking Dorsey's place at the Palomar in Los Angeles right now is Isham Jones, with one of the finest bands going. Arrangements by Gordon Jenkins and Joe Bishop have created a style which has placed the Band high in the music world for years. Contributing to the style of the Band more than anyone outside of the arrangers is the beautiful tone which John Carlson gets on trumpet.

Isham Jones uses only two basses. Both tuba and string bass go to make up a solid foundation for the rhythm section. Joe Bishop, one of these bass men, besides doing a lot of arranging, is also the author of such tunes as "Blue Prelude" and "Out of Space."

Mainstay in the sax section is the great god of all tenor sax men, Saxie Mansfield. For tone, and smoothness of execution, very [to page 39]

Handwritten notes:
 P.P. Rowle for
 May post
 J. Pierce Mitchell
 Willam
 David R. Sears



UNDER THE BIG TOP. Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. Miss Herbert says: "I'm a devoted Camel smoker. Smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier. And have a royal flavor!"



STOP PRESS! A day's action is crowded into minutes as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahlen, crack newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. That's one good reason why I smoke Camels. It's swell the way they make food taste better and set better."



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Rubrose

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of the Princeton Tiger) writes us that he persuaded Victor to let Goodman groove all of them and is now working to have "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" and "Sugar Foot Stomp" cut. Also rumors of "China Boy" and "Nobody's Sweetheart" by the Trio. The "Stardust" we spoke of is a two-sided affair with Tommy Dorsey doing the second half. While both faces list the bands' personnels, neither is quite the "swing classic" as it says on the record label, although Dorsey's trombone opening in the manner of "I'm Getting Sentimental over You" has an ungodly effect on the female hormones, it has been noticed.

Edythe Wright, famous as Tommy Dorsey's my-my girl, gives Bud Freeman's tenor sax a personal introduction at the first of "At the Codfish Ball" (Dorsey's "Clambake Seven," Victor), and Freeman's subsequent performance is no disappointment. His direct way of getting down to business with a minimum of

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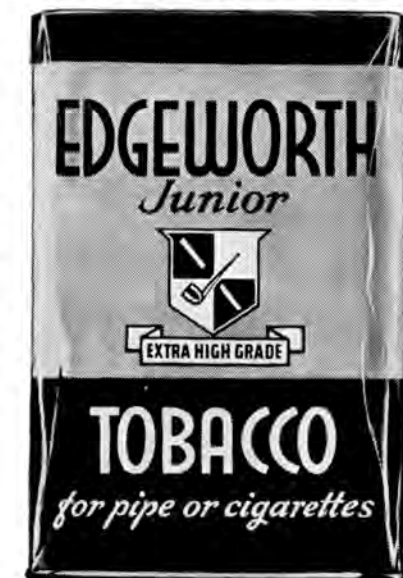
TO THE CHAPARRAL

WINNER OF SPECIAL AWARD

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preliminaries never had a chance to show with Ray Noble, except possibly during the last half of "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans." Freeman's screwy figures following the clarinet on the "Codfish Ball" job stand out to good advantage against the barrel-house atmosphere in which the Band operates. Nothing hotelized about this outfit.

Concerning tenor sax man, Ellis Horne, local whip-dip tenor sax with Fred Nagel, is currently plugging Miller of Bob Crosby's Band. He might possibly be on "Christopher Columbus" (Decca). Dunno though.

The effect of Red Norvo's jazz is somewhat of a horse of a different color. It's all so refined and subdued and polished that it drags you along without your knowing it until Norvo's xylophone or Dave Barbour's guitar cuts loose to set your teeth on edge and leave you biting the air for more. Certainly "Lady Be Good" and "I've Got Rhythm" (Decca) are displays to warm the souls of those who felt pretty sick about what Decca started to palm off in the name of Red Norvo. What a unit Norvo's Swing Sextette is!

Reappearance of Mary Lou Williams' piano with "Overhand" and "Mary's Special" (Decca) ought to call for comment, but we confess we don't know enough about her except to suggest comparison with the thundering pianistics of another Negro girl—uh huh, Cleo Brown. At least both get a similar backing of drums and bass.

The people who didn't go to hear Jimmy Dorsey when he played on the campus won't care much what records are issued this summer. But those that did may be interested in hearing that this same Dun-

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mer vacation. But assuredly you haven't—not until you come to Long Beach. Make this summer one grand long party. Arrange now to meet your boy and girl friends at this fascinating "pleasure port of the Pacific."

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can MacDougald has talked Victor into gathering a *Bix Beiderbecke Album* with the great god's greatest work on the old pressings of Jean Goldkette and Paul Whiteman. Oom Paul, the Jazzbo boy calls him. Right?

—Curtis Prendergast

It seems that three storks were bragging about their deliveries of the past week. Said the first baby carrier: "I delivered the *Dionne* quintuplets one afternoon." Said the second bird of ill omen, "That's nothing, I carried five sets of twins to one house in one evening." Both of the braggarts turned to the third member of the crew and asked him just what he had to boast about. The third member laconically replied, "Well, I didn't make any deliveries, but I sure scared hell out of a stenographer." —Tiger Rag

Jack got up the morning after the big dance in a very cheerful mood. He sang and whistled but suddenly at breakfast his sister noticed a change. He appeared to be thinking very hard and frowned with clenched teeth. So she inquired, "What's the matter, Jack? Didn't you have a good time at the dance?"

"Well," he answered slowly. "I was just thinking. In the rumble seat last night the girl I was with said she was cold. So I put the auto robe over her. She was still cold and I lent her my coat. She didn't say anything after that but I just happened to think . . ."

—Widow

ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

Manuel Alley reports that at their home they have a baby chick which has three feet. Two are placed in the normal position the third being at the tail. The extra foot is not used by the baby but simply hangs out.
—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

If you were tired after a hard days work or ill and could not get away how would you like it if a group of people made noisy whoopie under your windows all night, or practically all night!

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

I'd probably make noisy whoopie right back at 'em.

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—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

You're sure it isn't "B" class (good)?

He was cleaning a culbert between Woodlake and Three Rivers, when reaching in to pull out a handful of grass he found the rattlers wrapped around his arm. He got rid of the snake but not knowing whether or not he had been bitten, rushed to the hospital where he found he was O.K.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Can he read?

Don't forget the basketball game to be played this week end. Lots of fun, snap and zip.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

That is, if dirty old Si Black umps.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield and family returned to Woodlake over the week-end and are established in the home left them by Grandmother Hatfield. Mr. Hatfield recently got his thumb in a buzz saw cutting it so badly he had to have thirteen stitches taken. He reports his thumb will be stiff the rest of his life.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

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WIMPOLE STREET

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Elizabeth Barrett communicate with R. J. Barrett (husband). E. 582 Times.
—New York Times

Last time we heard about her she was going steady with a guy named Browning.
—Record

A bricklayer, whose nationality was apparent in all he said and did, was working on a scaffold when suddenly a brick slipped from his hand and dropped with a sickening thud on to the head of his pal, who was mixing mortar below.

The unfortunate man started dancing about and groaning in his agony. The bricklayer stared down at him with something very like contempt in his eyes.

"Come, come!" he yelled down at last. "It can't have hurt as much as that, man. Why, it wasn't on your head half a second!"
—Pointer

Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!
Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!
Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong!
Guess it must of been midnight.
—Owl

Johnny, ten years old, applied for a job as grocer's boy for the summer. The grocer wanted a serious-minded youth, so he put Johnny to a little test.

"Well, my boy, what would you do with a million dollars?" he asked.
"Oh, gee, I don't know—I wasn't expecting so much at the start."
—Pointer

COALS TO NEWCASTLE DEPARTMENT
6 White Horses to Bear
Huge Cheese to Roosevelt
—New York Herald-Tribune
—Exchange

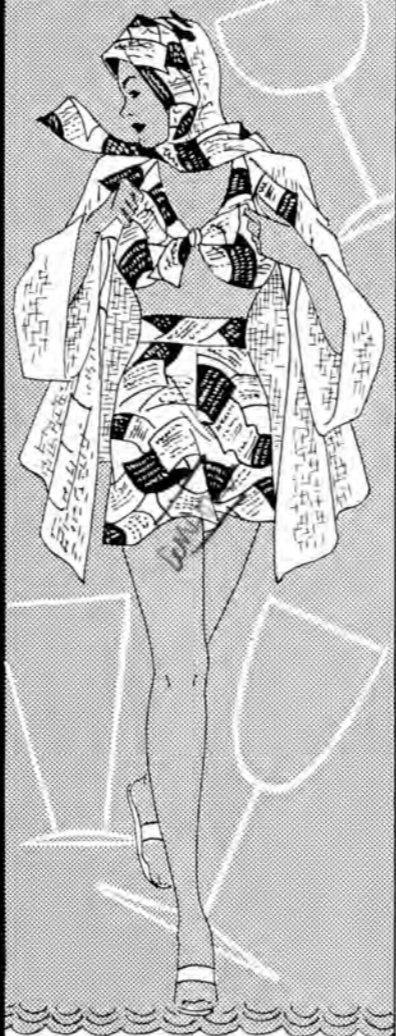
"I drink about fifty cups of coffee a day."
"My Gawd. Doesn't that keep you awake?"
"It helps."
—Ranger

A Virginia gentleman of color tells us that he doesn't hit his wife any more since he got fined in police court.

"No, sah, from now on, when dat wife zassperates me, I'se gwine kick 'er good—den she can't show it to de Judge."
—Whirlwind

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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.

Voice from the rear—Where's his sled? —Log

▶
A simple countryman saw a gaudy-plumaged parrot on the roof of his cottage. He climbed up to capture it.

The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir, I thought you was a bird." —Puppet

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Little Martha in the attic
Found her father's automatic.
Then, in simple childish glee,
Shot the iceman in the knee.
Mother whined: "Gosh, what a bother,
Why, he might have been your father."

—Humbug

▶
Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam." —Drexler

ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

Henry Cano, of Redbanks is serving a 6 months sentence in the County jail because he was weaving back and forth across the streets of Woodlake and Constable Rennie C. Brown saw him.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

They call him "Bright Eyes."

▶
From Yellowstone they motored on to Salt Lake City where they stopped at the Morman Temple grounds and visited the tabernacle there. This tabernacle is to well designed accoustically that it is possible to hear a pin drop. The Haury's were seated near the back of the building and report they could ear the pin distinctly.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

VERA HOYLE DEPT.

Mrs. Vera Hoyle was down from Sequoia National Park on Sunday. According to current reports she will come down to remain at the Sequoia hospital for a time to allow the nurse now at the hospital to go to the park.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Our hospital has a nurse too.

▶
Eddie Hoyle spent Sunday with his wife at the Sequoia hospital.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Better than some places we've heard of.

▶
A number of the friends of Mrs. Vera Hoyle presented her with a Valentine box containing Valentines candy and about every other gift on Wednesday as a welcome home gift. She is recivering from an appendicitis operation at the hospital.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Chappie wishes her a speedy recovery.

▶
Eddie Hoyle was a Sunday visitor at the Sequoia hospital where his wife, Vera is a nurse.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

You said that once.



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HEUGH!

Sonny had the habit of tearing his pants whenever he was playing. His mother in exasperation finally said, "The next time you tear your pants I'm going to make you fix them yourself."

Sure enough, Sonny came in from play with his pants torn. True to her promise, his mother sent him upstairs to fix them. After about an hour had passed and Sonny had not appeared, his mother went upstairs to investigate. The pants were lying on a chair, but no Sonny in sight. However, his mother heard a noise in the basement and went to the stairs and called down, "Are you running around down there without your pants on?"

"No, ma'am," a bass voice replied, "I'm reading the gas meter."
—Red Cat

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English Inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady. "Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady. "Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.
—Old Line

Then there is the very, very, very ancient story about the baby born with blisters on his feet, trying to keep time with the wedding march.
—Mountain Goat

POPULAR SONG

(And Dance)

Hello there, frosh, you sure look good—
We'd like to pledge you if we could;
We think you'd like it here, you would.
That's what you think.

And we have meals surpassed by none;
When we serve steaks they're really done;
And you don't have to stop with one!
That's what you think.

We think that you should know the score:
There is no Hell Week any more!
And you won't have to wax the floor!
That's what you think.

We'll pledge you now—we might as well—
We'll trust to luck that you won't tell;
The brothers all think you are SWELL!
That's what you think.

—Bob Hartmann & Donald Gibson

"When I was in Atlantic City I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

"Why, the Ambassador Hotel is in Philadelphia."

"What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach!"
—Exchange



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Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

This month's winner was submitted by Charles H. "Pop Off" Hood:

Tea?
Thanks.
Lemon?
Thanks.
Sugar?
Four please.
Cream?
If you don't mind.
Here, you take the gawdam thing.

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

IN THE "HORSELESS CARRIAGE" DAYS

OH-H, THE COLONEL LEFT HIS TOBACCO HERE. HE TOLD ME HE HAS IT SPECIALLY MIXED UP FOR HIMSELF. NOW WHAT ARE YOU CHUCKLING ABOUT, DADDY?

WELL, CHUBBINS - I LEARNED ABOUT MIX-UPS OF ALL SORTS YEARS AGO WHEN HORSELESS CARRIAGES WERE IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE

ROBBINS, YOU MIX UP THIS NEW CHEMICAL OF MINE WITH THE GASOLINE IN YOUR AUTOMOBILE - I KNOW IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SPEED 75 PER CENT - MAN, IT WILL MAKE US RICH! I'LL LET YOU IN ON IT

ANNABELLE - YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE MOST SURPRISIN' THING YOU EVER SAW! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

GIT A HOSS!

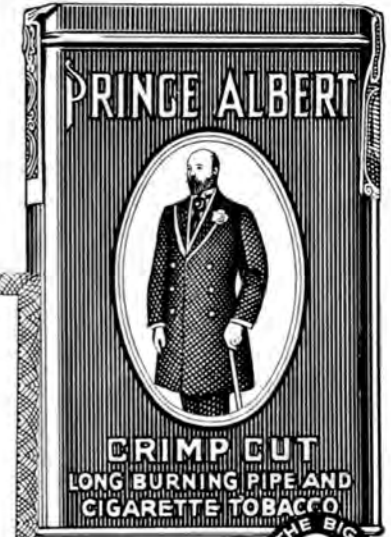
BANG

AND SO - I BLEW UP MY CAR, LOST MY GIRL AND A CHANCE AT A FORTUNE - ALL BECAUSE OF A MIX-UP. BUT PRINCE ALBERT IS NO UNTRIED EXPERIMENT. IT'S COMBINED RICHNESS, FLAVOR, AND MELLOWNESS ARE EVERYTHING A MAN WANTS IN HIS TOBACCO



Meet the prince of pipe tobaccos - Prince Albert

Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Prove to yourself that there is no other tobacco like P. A. As a tobacco fancier, notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a longer, cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the tongue. See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting it is! Prince Albert is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. Try it at our risk. Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.



OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

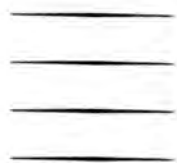
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

WELCOME

TO

Long Beach

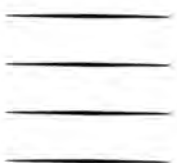
California



CAREFUL DRIVING

WILL BE

APPRECIATED



*Long Beach Traffic
Safety Council*

THE CURSE OF THE RUMPLETWITS

One fine spring afternoon in the early years of the eighteenth century, Baron Rumpelwit was spurring his roan mare down a shadowy path on his country estate. Suddenly a gypsy woman, old and picturesque, appeared from the underbrush and grasped his bridle. The baron casually tossed her a shilling.

"Only a shilling?" screamed the hag. "Only a shilling? Curse ye for your parsimony, Baron Rumpelwit! Curse ye and your son and your son's son, and every child born in your castle to the seventh generation! The gypsy's curse be upon ye!"

The baron paid no attention and cantered cheerfully home. Little did he dream of the future that was in store for his descendants. From then on the castle was mantled with the dread shadow of the curse of the Rumpelwits.

The baron lived on to a contented old age. His son and his son's son also lived peacefully and happily till they died of old age. And so it went for six generations.

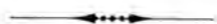
The seventh descendant of the old baron, Luth Rumpelwit, was a handsome lad, popular and well liked by all who knew him. He was brave as well, and had no fear of the dire curse of the Rumpelwits. In fact, he hadn't even heard of the dire curse of the Rumpelwits.

Luther Rumpelwit, too, died of old age. The gypsy was sore as hell.
—Lampoon

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

FLASH!

A CURE FOR FINALITIS!



Eat a meal in peace
and away from your
studies and usual
surroundings

UNION DINING ROOM

ENCINA CELLAR

UNION CELLAR





GLOOMY SUNDAY

Each Registration Day there arrives in our midst a photographer. With satchel in hand, he marches deep down into the bowels of the Administration Building, there to enter upon the task of photographing all the unsuspecting new students. CHAPPIE is happy to present on this page the results of some of his artistic efforts. Are you fortunate enough to find yourself included in this motley array? If so, may God help you!



Fables of the Farm



The art class had to draw labels supposedly to go on cans containing fourth-grade fruit. Most of the class drew a nice ordinary label, lettering on it somewhere the required warning: "Below U.S. Government Standards but Still Fit to Eat"; but one genius drew his label like this:



However, since we are vegetarian, it really doesn't matter. It really doesn't matter at all.

We raise our eyebrows at the California mathematics professor who has the habit of chewing tobacco while lecturing to his students. He handles the expectation problem by keeping one of the windows near the lecture platform open. One day the professorial sermon was especially dull, and the hero of this little tale amused himself by watching the professor, after he had worked up a sizable cud in his cheek, back over to the open window, whirl around, and let fly a mess of tobacco juice on to the shrubbery outside. It was when our hero noticed that the windows had just received their annual bath that a great inspiration dawned on him. While the professor was absorbed in working a problem on the blackboard, he reached up and closed the window.

In due time the professor had again worked the quid up to the point where unburdening himself was absolutely necessary. He backed over to the window and jerked his head around and let it go. The unfortunate windowpane rattled back and forth.

The professor stared fascinated at the little brown streams trickling

down the glass. A horrible moment of silence, and then he roared: "What the hell! Class dismissed . . . goddammit!"

Saddest tale of all concerns the young lady and young man who were both first-rate tanks and darn proud of it. Lest Drs. Wilbur, Yost & Culver jump too quickly at conclusions, we should add before we go any farther that the couple were not from Stanford. Anyway, the young lady was extremely chary of her person and would not permit herself to be promiscuously pawed. One evening, however, she relented to the point of allowing herself to be drawn into a little wager. It was to be a drinking bout, with the bet to be one dollar spent by the loser for a pair of silk stockings for her, the stockings to be personally placed on her legs by the winner. Do you follow us? All right then; they bought a gallon of wine and set out. At the



end of two hours the wine was all gone and she rose unsteadily from her chair and staggered across the room. He, feeling fit as a fiddle although perhaps tight like a drum, thought, shucks! this is a cinch—and started to get up to claim his victory.

He was practically demoralized to find that he could not budge an inch from his chair.

Old Mass Jim Copp tells us about the Wild Men's Club he used to belong to down south. Said they had

this machine gun that they'd load with blanks and carry with them around town. When they came upon a man and his wife they suddenly would wave the gun at the man, snarl, now we've got you ya rat, and let him have it. The little ones would faint, but the big ones, Copp said, would usually hide behind their wives.

The depths of hell are practically a summer resort compared to a course called C.E. 110. The examination problems usually don't have enough information given, so that the students have to make up their own data, but the master stroke of all was reserved one year for the final. The ex was scheduled for eight. Eight-ten, and then eight-twenty passed and no sign of the professor. Some of the victims sneaked out while the rest sat waiting for the executioner. At eight-thirty he finally arrived, all dressed up in his golfing togs. He rushed to the window, threw it open, whiffed the spring air.

"Ah, what a lovely day," he beamed. "What a day to be out on the golf course! And you know, all these last few days have been so lovely that I just couldn't bring myself around to writing out the examination."



The class rubbed their hands with glee—Santa Claus really came in the spring that year. Most of them put their pens away and got ready to leave.

"But—" the professor [to page 33]



Baccalaurate



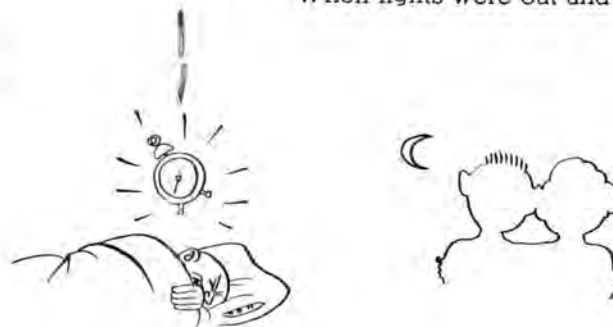
One day in June a man awoke
In state of disarray
To suddenly recall that it
Was graduation day.
In cap and gown he dressed himself,
Before the mirror addressed himself,
Pulled in his chin, and started for the fray.



And dance and sing the whole day through,
Throw waterbags at sponsors too,
And fool around till day was through,
When lights were out and he was too.



Good guy he was, and sensible,
No manners reprehensible;
He'd learned a lot, egad, he had—
'Twas graduation day.



So when the time had come for him
To take his sheepskin, take with him
Certificate of what he'd learned,
Certificate of what he'd earned—

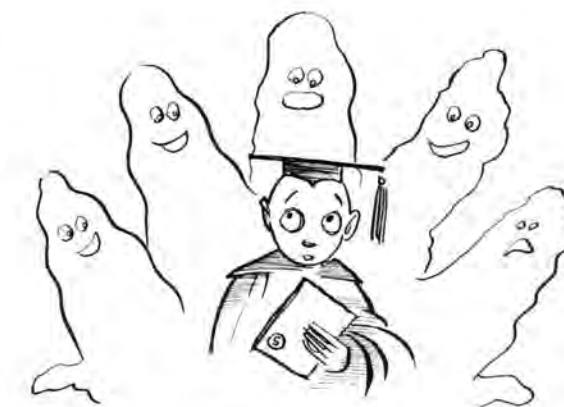


He'd learned to work a slot machine,
A stupid, rather "shot" machine,
A "put you on the spot" machine,
If Father's check were overdue.

Pink elephants were trite to him,
A not unusual sight to him,
Quite ordinary, trite to him,
No fright to him, no bugaboo.



By working hard
And striving for
An education,
Thriving for
The chance to say that he was wise,
Well-versed and cultured, extra wise
From reading just a book or two
(Hypothesizing things untrue)
From operating slot machines
(Though crooked, not-so-hot machines)
And when, I say, this time had come
To tread the aisles to which he'd come
To stretch his hand
(Create a headline)
Stretch his hand
(As in a breadline)
Stretch his hand out in a coma,
Grab a neatly rolled diploma—
He thought he heard a gentle whisper,
Not a shout but just a whisper;
Yes, for sure, he heard a whisper,
Now a laugh, a stifled cry:
"Congratulations, boy, goodbye—
To hell with you, kind sir!"



And then he'd read a book or two
Hypothesizing things untrue
(Or true perhaps) a thing or two
He'd soon forget, he guessed, he thought.



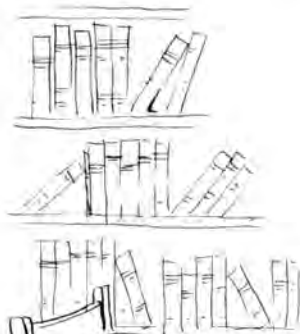
He'd met a damsel in a glade,
Swimming naked, unafraid,
Laughing softly in a glade,
Suggesting things that Freud had taught.



—Jim Copp

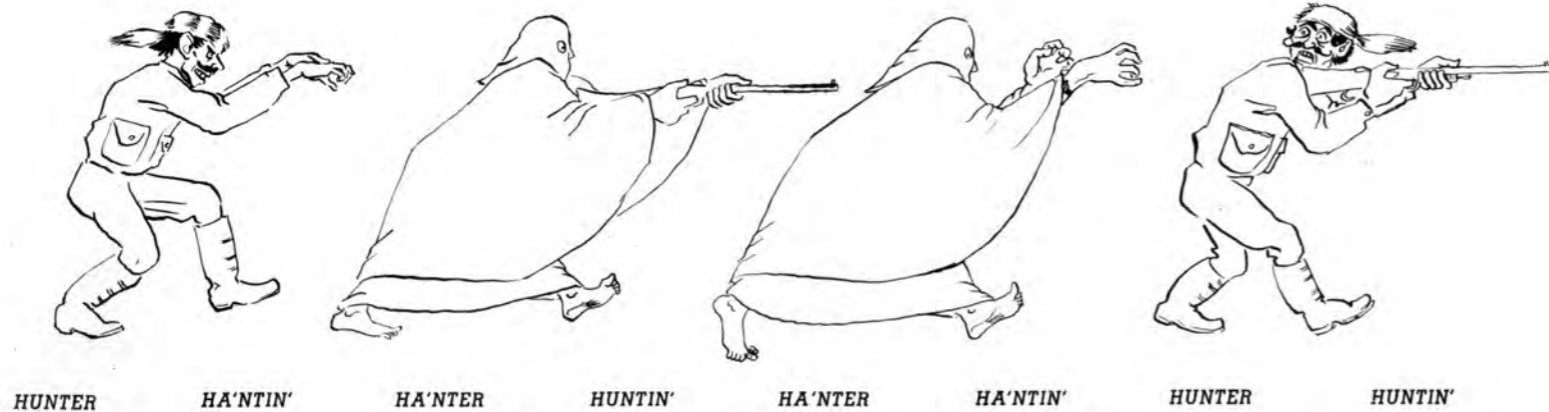


To some hotel he'd take his girl
On wings of song and wheels that whirl;
With poise he'd wine and dine his girl
With muffled curse for half-past two.





"Say—gotta match?"



HUNTER HA'NTIN' HA'NTER HUNTIN' HA'NTER HA'NTIN' HUNTER HUNTIN'

WHAT BIG MOUTHS YOU HAVE, GRANDMÆ

Situation:

A Stanford eating club banqueted in the city last spring at the well-known Pierres. The food, not what it should have been, combined with the bill, not what it should have been, caused the president of the eating club to write a letter to Pierre, demanding an explanation. Pierre replied in longhand, flowingly written on the back of a typical Pierre menu:

Los Arcos Club
Mr. Robert Richard Gros

DEAR SIR:

I take pleasure in answering your esteemed letter dated Sunday "Sine Die" in which you are expressing a regret "Ex Officio." I am very sorry that this should happen and especially in a month of May—when every flower is blooming and the nature is caressing us so kindly in California. It seems to me that you are not fully awakened to that fact "The gifts of gods" not by the spirit of this letter.

It is not necessary to excuse ourselves for we feel "Sans Reproche et sans Peur" In Gastronomy—in feeling—in conscience! If perchance you find that the conscience at large is disturbing you then: Will you be kind enough to let us have back our *Cuspidor* which perhaps was taken by mistake and the table cover in which it was wrapped. Up to the time when you will let us have it back (and very soon we hope) we will consider this an April fool joke in May. Otherwise I would be very sorry to comment to Dr. Wilbur, who is my dear friend upon the matter. I am sure that you will take this very seriously. May I also refreshen your memory of the splendid Dinner which you have had for the small sum of 1:25 p.c.

- Salade Printaniere—aux Anchovis
- Soup Famille
- Grand Mama Zoe
- Sandabs Meuviere
- Sauce Tartare
- (The best fish for which Calif. is known and such as we prepare!)
- Sweet Breads aux Champignon
- (Grown in Palo Alto)
- Home Made Tagliarini Italienne
- Petit poulet de Grasi en Casserole
- aux Legums de Jardin
- Small Candy Brand
- Banana Begrets au Sauce Bonbon
- A glass of white Wine
- 5 years old
- Demi Tasse M.J.B.

And so ends our Epicurelogue! This speaks for itself Cum Magna Laude! I am sure that you feel a spark of it in your heart. If you wish we would like to convince you only as well.

I hope my dear and young Sir that this will rekindle the light and find you all: In rebus jucundis.

I am Sincerely Yours,
PIERRE KOCEL

P.S.—The essence of the things are in their thoughts about them! Sursum Corda?! Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam, quasi lumen de suo lumine accendit facit: Nihil ominus epsi luceat cum illi accenderit.

Problem:

In what manner should the president of the eating club answer this? Following is an excerpt from his letter of reply:

... I too write quotations in letters, my dear Pierre. I quote not from ancient Latin script, not from the French classics. I, Pierre, quote from the Bible:
"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"



"I am a good cook; tuba, tubae, tubae, tubam, tuba!"

I have carefully considered the matter you discuss, regarding the stolen treasure from your Epicurean Palace, my dear friend Pierre. I conclude that yours is indeed an excellent idea . . . namely that you write directly to the Dr. Wilbur whom we both love. I am sure that he would secure the return of your stolen treasure in a much more effective manner than your humble friend,

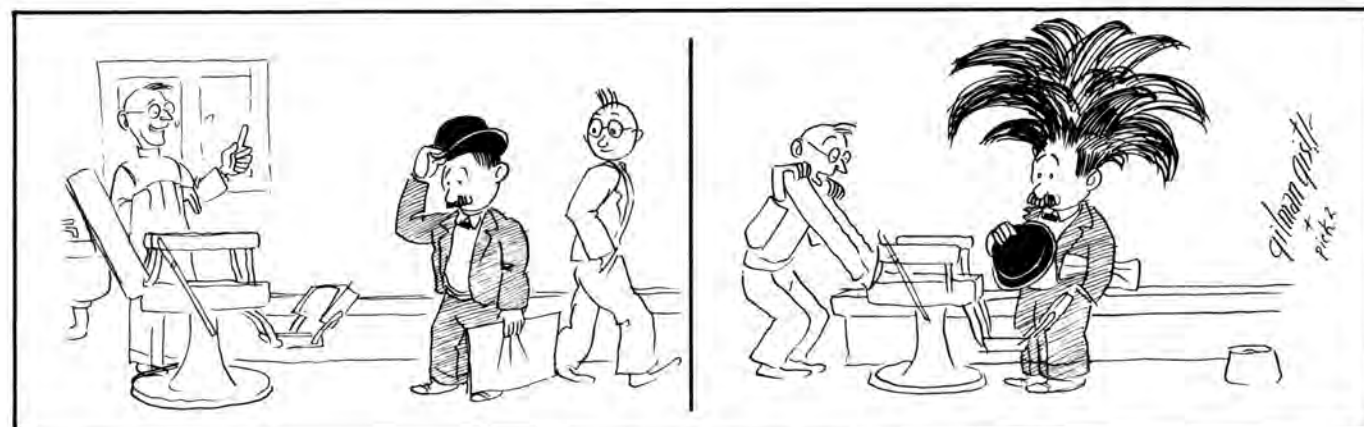
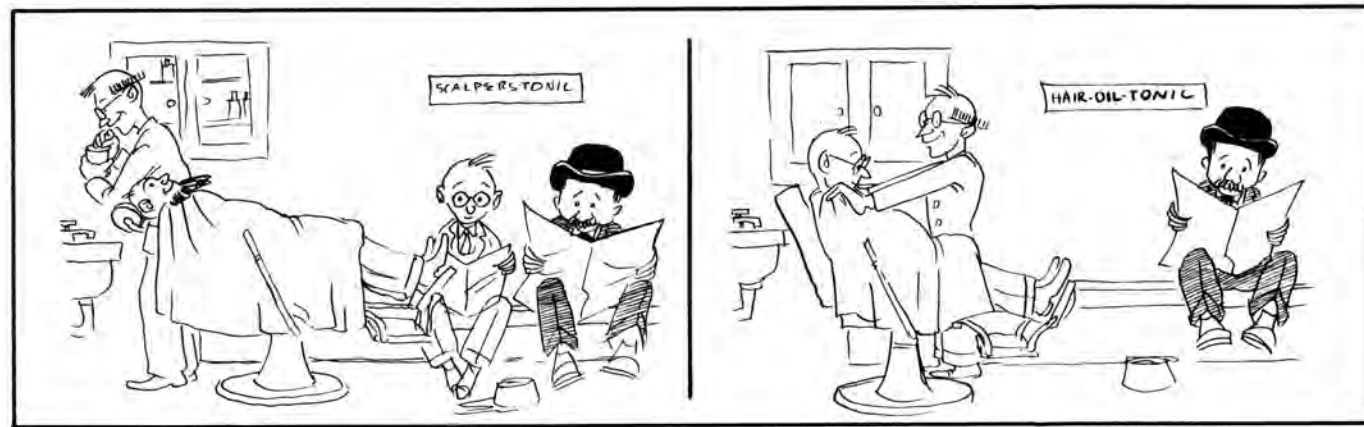
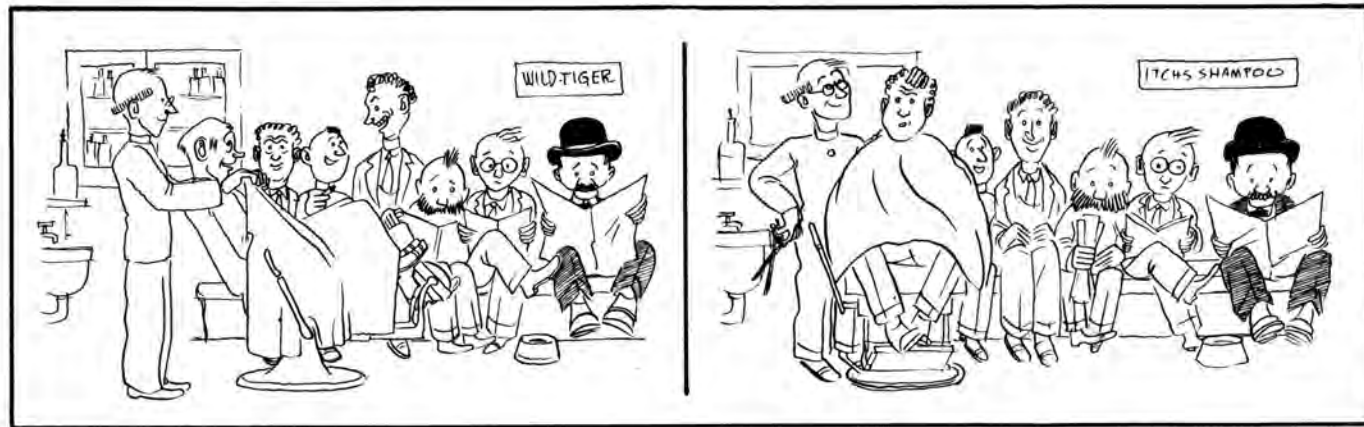
ROBERT R. GROS

Result:

Said eating club president was promptly made student manager.



HA'NTER HUNTIN' HUNTER HA'NTIN' HUNTER HUNTIN' HA'NTER HA'NTIN'



ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

THE LARGEST

Newspaper published in any unincorporated town in the San Joaquin Valley.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

The Young People of the Presbyterian church of Woodlake was give an one act play Sunday evening, the 25th of this Monday in the evening.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

ECHO WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

We do not usually talk about the selling power of the want ads in the Echo but because other papers talk for themselves, so we publish the following letter from a Three Rivers man:

GENTLEMEN: Please send bill of the advertisement I had in the Echo. I sold both horse and cow from it by only having it in one insertion which is pretty good.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

ALMOND CUSTARD PIE SUPREME

If you were searching for a truly unusual pie—one so delicious, so then your quest could not be satisfied better than with this recipe.

The shedded almonds create a lovely effect. Their aroma and taste are superb. Upon baking, the pie separates into three layers which instantly tempt the appetite. The custard mixture is of a satin smoothness. The irradiated evaporated milk is concentrated and therefore adds superior consistency.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Very nice—and how do we make the pie?

Some time ago W. B. Millett asked his friend Roy Brown if, when he came down from his camp at Redwood hill where he and his son are making posts, he would bring with him some Redwood bark, just enough to make a pin cushion. Mr. Millett's hobbies are working with



wood and fishing and he wanted to try his skill with that pin cushion. On Saturday Mr. Roy Brown made his appearance with that piece of bark. It proved to be 30 inches thick and about as wide. Mr. Millett was much pleased with the gift but he is wondering what he will make out of it—it would make enough pin cushion for the whole town.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

STELLA STOUT IMPROVING

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Or, so the boys say.

It is considered unethical to speak ill of the dead but we can not feel that the loss of Long was of a great disaster to the country although we are sorry he is dead.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

The Carlsbad cavern, the world's greatest natural wonder, will be shown here next Friday evening at the Presbyterian church.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Standing room only.

While in Armour I met Charlotte Shuck. Byciling was a popular sport in those days and we took many a ride together. We were married.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Oh, well—that makes it all right then.

GENEALOGY OF AN ISM

I am a cute little Ism. You think you don't know me, but you do. I dart hither and thither through the pages of history. I come from a long and proud race of Isms. A long time ago I had two very famous ancestors, Feudal Ism and Medieval Ism. My American grandparents were Bimetal and Imperial Ism. Today I have scads of happy little brothers and sisters all over the place. There is a fat little Capital and precocious little Femin. Not long after Mr. Hearst stayed at our house, Mother had little American. He is a noisy child but not very easy to find. Then there is my big, strong, bully brother, Militar, who plays with all the foreign cousins. One of the sickly children is Social, like his brother Commun, who ran away from home to Russia when Mr. Hearst came. But little Social is getting stronger since he went to California. One of the children died recently, poor little Individual. But we're awfully proud of the new baby, whom we have named Townsend. There is also Athe, who is nice enough except that he takes all the toys away from his brothers and sisters. People just love us and we keep them happy. Wouldn't you like to be an Ism! Have you a little Ism in your home?

—Robert Hartmann

When a girl gets to be about twelve years old and sees that she is going to be pretty, she gives her brains a permanent vacation.



Planting time come and go before Pop Off know it, and then come growing season, and then start harvest season, and still planting season in Pop Off's village many water hole away, and Pop Off think what a crazy place the land of the California tribe be, and think about home, and what a fine time the time of no learning is at the Pueblo Much High Learning, and wish that that time soon come, and then go to many big foot race and watch little brave run like hell, but always run in circle so not get very far but much fun to watch, and then go out and lay in sun and take bath from Great Sun Father, and then go to Ocean, and have much fun, and all brave try and work but no brave do much work and sit around and talk and talk, and all little brave promise to see all friends during time of no learning, and all big brave grow more and more important, and hold many many pow wows and smoke much on pipe of friendship and worry much about sheep skin, and all of sudden whoosh like arrow come time of big question almost and then forget all about how nice weather is and forget all about much plans and forget all about sun bath, and just study on book learning very much all the time, and wish like all hell have not taken so many sun bath and not go squaw kiss so much, and all big brave forget how important they just were, and just burn midnight oil, and keep ponies locked up in corral all night, and then come time of big question, and Pop Off get through two day early, and go out and drink b - - r and come home to hogan, and on way back look just like two Moon

Goddess look down at Pop Off, and get back and go and laugh like all hell at all brave working, and brave throw many moccasin at Pop Off but he no care, and just laugh more, and then lay down on bear skin and catch up on much shut eye, and then all brave finish up and many many brave go out and drink many drink of fire water and get sick and think they going to die, and still think they have much fun, and all big brave get picture took in funny war bonnet, and very cheap blanket which they pay much wampum to borrow, and Pop Off think maybe so they got bees in bonnet, and everybody pack all clothes up, and put all book in big boxes and then all big brave and squaw get all fixed up in very stiff blankets and put on much war paint, and get scalp shaved extra fine and go to big fandango and make more noise than if on war path, and drink much fire water and then go sit in corner and hold little pow wows and cry much tears about very fine old Pueblo and very fine old Big Chief Stand-Like-Corn-Stalk who run Pueblo, and Pop Off think maybe so Big Chief see them now he no think so fine, and then next morning come and all indian from long long way around come and see big brave, and say how bad they look, and big brave say yes study too hard, and then all indian from miles around try to get into tepee of medicine man, but tepee not big enough, and look like many sardine in too few cans, and Pop Off finish all up with packing and climb on pony and start home, and some how little Pop Off just happy as all hell all over.

—Charles Hood

MY ST&nog

*Mt stnog is oj hwr vacatipn/
my Syenig id ober th3 sea?
mY steboh ks on he\$ vacztin¾
O brig bacj my stmog to mw,*

Brung nadk, brInt back
O b5ing nafk m- setnog t9 me: yo
ne,*

*bring vAck drimg Bqxx,
O Bromf back :t strno¾ 69 mr@
—Robert Hartmann*

ODE TO POLITICAL SPEAKERS

*Alas, that we should think ourselves
The greatest of the nations,
When soon the air will overflow
With grut and declamations.*

*Land of the free is Brave indeed
With all our politicians;
How sad that we should talk so loud
And give such exhibitions.*

*And yet the idea's old as hell,
So why should we be daunted?
Think of the speech that Adam gave
To get the things he wanted.*

*So listen to the speaker rave
Of bonds no sword can sever,
For men may come and men may go
But he goes on forever.*

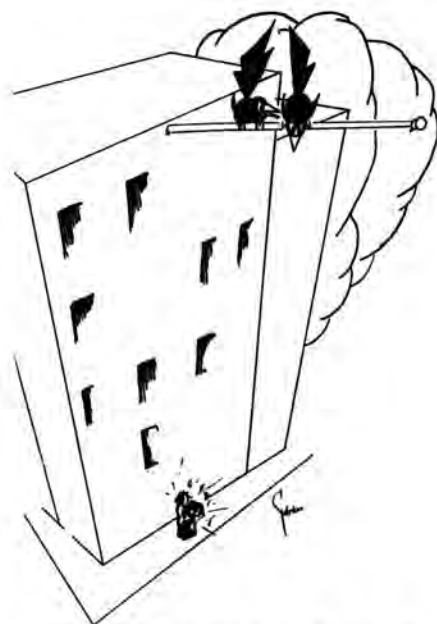
—Robert Hartmann

REQUEST

*Oh, sing me a song of life and love
That I may learn to love thee.
Oh, sing me a song of stars above
And tell me that you love me,*

*Or sing me a song without a tune,
Or a song without a word.
Or grant me yet another boon:
Get me my ear trumpet.*

—Ruth Teiser



"Shall I give him the gong, George?"



"Here it is our wedding night and you had to go eat an elephant!"

A RACKET THERE WAS

1934

APPLICATION FOR POSITION OF CARDINAL

Activities in High School:

1. Student Body President
2. Secretary Debating Club
3. Secretary Dramatic Club
4. Managing Editor Newspaper
5. Member of Annual Staff
6. Vice - President Scholarship Committee
7. Track Letterman
8. Among Ten of Graduating Class to be awarded seal for "Outstanding Participation in Student Activities"

Activities in College:

1. Freshman Stunt in *Gaieties*
2. Convalescent Home Drive Committee
3. Basketball Games Official

Committee Note: **REJECTED.**

1935

APPLICATION FOR POSITION OF CARDINAL

DEAR FELLOWS:

In high school I was really quite popular and held a number of responsible positions. Then I transferred to a preparatory school where I was also popular. I was president of the student body there.

Here in college I also am quite popular. I know the name of every girl in Roble, and am a terror to all the housemothers and telephone operators. I was part of an animal in the *Gaieties*. I was not the front end. I was part of an animal in the *Gaieties*. I got my gavel in debating—on the head. I once talked the University out of paying any syllabus fees. They closed the Administration Building for two days after that and fired three clerks.

I hope you make me a Cardinal. Thanks very much.

Committee Note: **REJECTED. WHO IS THIS GUY ANYWAY?**

1936

APPLICATION FOR POSITION OF CARDINAL

1. Friend of Student Manager
2. Fraternity brother already a Cardinal
3. Friend of A.S.S.U. President

Committee Note: **ACCEPTED. A GOOD GUY, THIS.**

—Walton Wickett

Not long ago in a particularly sloppy district of Detroit we were shocked to see a sign which read:

HOTEL ESSEX

Probably the only reason we were shocked was that the lights in the middle four letters were out.

S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1908

THE CHAPPIES

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LINK MALMQUIST '39

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

NOW THAT month of June to most is a beautiful time of the year indeed, but for the Old Boy, aha, it holds nothing but gloom—gloom, gloom, how sad, too bad—for then it is that a new crop of neophytes make their entrance into Hammer and Coffin Society. You may ask just what kind of neophytes they are. The Old Boy suggests that you judge for yourself.

Bob Hartmann—ever heard of 'im? He comes from Beverly Hills; he laughs at his own jokes. And there's Alan Ducommun, who writes poetry and then requests that a credit line be omitted because—get a load of this—because his fraternity brothers razz him. And there's Pres Ellington, the guy who takes part in plays and proceeds to review them for CHAPPIE; nice kind of person, that. Ever meet Bill Moir? The Old Boy

certainly hasn't; he drops his copy through the door, and then runs like mad every time. He's Bill Moir the Third. If there are two others, then God help the Moir family! Hart Preston is another of the same type, except that he mails his copy in—can't run so fast.

Now, the Old Gink wouldn't complain so much if the above mentioned were all, but there's a whole string of artists besides, all of whom must have crawled through the keyhole or under the door. Just because Page Gilman is Jack in "One Man's Family" he thinks he has a right to hand in horrible drawings. They make nice scratch paper though, and the Old Boy really shouldn't complain. (He draws big.) And what could a man ever do about this slippery talking Bob Gillespie and this Quad stooge McKenna? The Old Boy flatly refuses to mention Carleton W. Boyd,

who goes under the name of Jack, and who probably thinks, alas alack, that his name is Albert.

Those of the business department diluted themselves with three likewise incapables named Rae Simonson (who thinks he's going to fill Creamer's shoes next year), Foster Markolf, and Herbert Charters—also funny. Harold Barnes was elected too, and Ruth Goodan and Katie Jennings are the new honoraries.

Ho hum, maybe it's just the proverbial Spring Fever, but the Old Boy's downright disgusted. Whoosh!

NOW THAT the time has come for all good students to climb into their airplanes, their horseless buggies, and their velocipedes, and journey homeward, the time also has come for the new Board to supplant the old. Gilman Gist, artist unbelievable, will take over the silver hammer. The Old Boy congratulates him and feels assured that CHAPARRAL will be a great success next year.

As the Old Boy has intimated many times, he is proud of his brood and the work they have accomplished during the past year. There was the Celebrity Number which created an unprecedented amount of comment in newspapers and magazines throughout the nation. And then there was *Quad Quips*, the supplement published by Hammer and Coffin on the occasion of its thirtieth anniversary. And there were other things as well, including a Business Manager. Creamer, you old \$%:L\$: . . .! you've done a good job, even though you are an old \$%:L\$: . . .!

And so another year passes on, and it's not such an unusual occurrence either—as a matter of fact, it happens every twelve months. Far from wishing to stand in the way of progress, the Old Boy is glad that another year is almost gone, for he visions even greater things for the future. He sees a Stanford which will have expanded, and whose reputation will be more outstanding than ever. He sees a Stanford a bit more refined, where the Rough, now condemned and slowly dying, will be most extraordinarily extinct. He perceives a Stanford where, one day, the once casual onlooker will suddenly stand and shout out in amazement, "Here, my good fellow, there has been an awakening; and, lo, my good fellow, the automobile at last has replaced the horse!"

NEW INITIATES OF HAMMER AND COFFIN

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Carleton W. Boyd	Foster Markolf
Herbert F. Charters	George E. McKenna
Alan N. Ducommun	William J. Moir III
Prestridge Ellington	Hart L. Preston
Robert M. Gillespie	H. Rae Simonson
Page Gilman	

Honorary

Ruth Goodan	Catherine Jennings
-------------	--------------------

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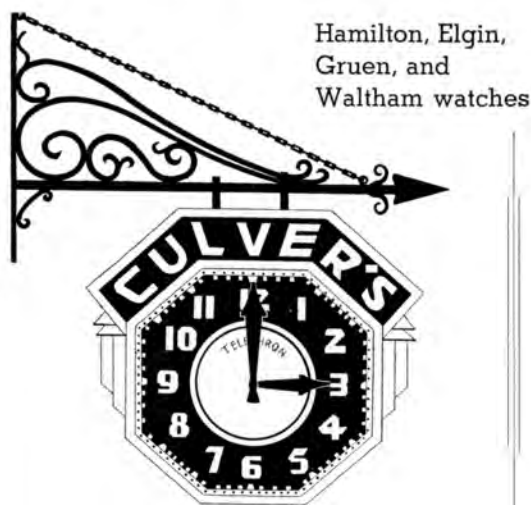
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"It's very simple, once you get on to it. It took me a long time to learn it; but I'll try to show you all I can in the time we have today. Got your gloves on? Fine. Well, here's the first point—you raise your left hand—like this. Duck your chin behind your shoulder—like this.

"Got it? Fine. Now the jab goes like this . . . OOPS, sorry! Awfully sorry, really—only meant to demonstrate. Try again, eh? O.K.—here we go. Now you try the left jab . . . OOPS! Come on, get up. You threw that in there wrong—left yourself wide open for that hook.

"You feel O.K.? All right, try it again, just like I showed you the first time. Ready . . . OOPS! Sorry. Here, I'll help you up—whooie, what a shiner you have! You left yourself wide open for that right cross that time. Too bad—you should have kept your chin behind your shoulder and—HEY! Drop that stool . . . HEY!"

"OOPS, sorry!—you should have covered the top of your head."

—Bud Cady



PRINCETOWN.—Woods and sand dunes were being combed here early today by a posse of 100 men and boys for Miss Agatha Marris, thirty-eight, who left her home in Shepard Street without clothing and ran into the woods last night.

—Boston Herald

Men, men, they're all alike.

—Lampoon

Stanford Memorial Theater



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To the Editor:

Love and romance at the University seems to have settled down to a condition of going steady. How many boys and girls can there be found on the campus who are not going steady? Very, very few, I think.

Just notice the next time you are introduced to another student or some other young thing of opposite sex, how soon the conversation tends toward the question—"I hope I don't sound too inquisitive, but are you going steady with somebody?"

And what a question. There are only two answers. You either are, or are not, going steady; there can be no two ways about it; and either answer is not the right one. If you say you are going steady, you can almost see the other party's interest in you fall like a plummet. If you say you are not going steady, and if the other party is a girl and you have been in school for longer than two quarters, the girl wants to know why or how come you are not going steady. It seems that if a person is not going steady he is so homely or terrible looking that no one would go steady with him. If a person is already going steady, the assumption is that he is so in love or interested in someone that it would be foolish even to try to be anything more than just friends.

This "steady" business has gained such a firm footing here at the U. that a person must conform or else—!

Don Ryberg
—Minnesota Daily

Out with it, or else—*what?* —Exchange

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FABLES OF THE FARM

(Continued from page 19)

cheerfully continued, "since we MUST have a final examination, I have figured out something for you to do. Now, look out that window. See the Chapel there? Well, just assume something—and then GET TO WORK!"

In Encina there were these two roommates, one of them an engineering student, and the other a nighthawk of the first rank. The engineering student would work himself into a jelly over his math, go to bed early, and then raise a terrific howl when his roommate came in late and started typing. One night, though, the roommate came in and went right to bed. The engineering student, whose bed was in between the other two beds in the room, started up out of his sleep and began groping around first on one bed and then on the other.

"That's funny," he said, "I left it right here."

"What's that? What did you lose?"

The engineer replied in a ghostly voice: "Part of an equation."

Ah sweet nectar of barley! Look what it did for one mental giant who went into a final roaring drunk. He wrote a powerhouse of an ex—two blue books full, complete with diagrams and everything. That afternoon, when things had sort of quieted down for him, the professor rang him up and asked him to come down to his office. When he got there the professor asked him if he had known the answers to the examination questions. The boy said that he had, in fact he thought he had written a pretty fair final. He asked the professor if anything was wrong with what he had written. "Oh, nothing much," the professor replied, and handed him what he had written that morning. He had filled two blue books full of wavy lines.

Some of you may remember the *New Yorker's* sparrows-getting-drunk-on-the-champagne-poured-in-the-bird-bath cartoon. In case you doubt the possibility of birds getting the burr on, visit the Men's Rest Home in Paly some summer day. The grapes that have fallen off the

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vines lie around on the ground rotting and fermenting. The robins come up and peck at the grapes, and after the birds have a good meal and make a couple circuits of the arbor—they stagger!

—Curtis Prendergast

ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

The annual Three Rivers barn dance will be held Friday, March 27.

The "Poison Oak Orchestra" will furnish the music. This orchestra is composed of four instruments—one will play waltzes, one foxtrots, one one steps and one two steps so that everyone can dance his favorite dance all evening according to Mr. Jason Barton.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Mr. and Mrs. Lorney Payne and family spent their Labor Day vacation in the southland where they enjoyed a trip to San Pedro. They greatly enjoyed looking at the big ships as they came into the harbor. They went out to the fishing harbor and watched the girls pack the fish. On the way home they had automobile trouble near Fillmore which was so bad they abandoned their old car and came home with a new one.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

A pleasant climax to any vacation.

BUGS WIN BALL GAME

The "Smelly Green" Bugs won the baseball game between Lemon night at the lighted field.

The boys of both teams came out to bat against one another but found a multitude of those nasty smelling green bugs there. A man would try to bat but a flock of the pests would crawl up his pants legs or down his neck and he just had to do something about it. So he had to pay attention to the bugs rather than the ball. The audience also had swarms of the bugs crawling over themselves. Being a friendly and kindly town the audience stayed awhile swatting bugs then a few of those who could not stand it any more departed to be followed by others until everyone even the players went home and left the field to the swarming victors.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

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NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

to God and His little creatures, couldn't be bettered. His sorely taxed patience made us admire him, and we wanted to give three whoops and a holler when he hung one on Ham. For what it's worth (no cracks!), we nominate Syd as the best character actor of the year.

Ralph's direction was very good, and showed up particularly in his handling of the youngsters' difficult overlapping speeches. He's also to be congratulated on the smoothness of the production as a whole, which was enhanced by the super musical accompaniment.

Carroll's sets hit a new high as far as we're concerned. They showed imagination, and their very crudeness was their principal charm.

In conclusion, a huzza for those responsible for choosing *Noah*. It effectively quashed any ideas of commercialism on the part of the Community Players.

—Fred Clark

JUNE MOON

We liked the recent Dramatic Council production of *June Moon*, but it wasn't quite up to our anticipations. Somehow it lacked the vigor required to really put over Lardner-Kauffman dialogue. The whole thing needed something to give it sparkle and impetus.

The opening scene was good. The pace set by the splendid acting of Dawson as the naive country boy, Fred, and Dole as the sweet young thing, Edna, gave the play a really effective start. Then, in succeeding scenes, it slowed down into a snail's dash for freedom. There were many places, however, when the strides lengthened out, and good color came into the performance. Some of those places were: whenever Dawson went into his nervous, twitching gymnastics on the chair; when Benet bustled into the scene with her too few lines (give her eight, or eight hundred lines, and she's still plenty good); when Goldner shouted his "Tokio," and sang "Name Our Child" (meanwhile getting almost purple in the face); when Reeder as the gold-digging, hip-swinging Eileen came swaying in like a reduced Mae West (just a bit exaggerated, though, don't you think?).

We thought that Garred was miscast; at least his lines lacked the usual force and direction he gives them. Clark, too, was not up to his average high standards. There was one scene, however (the one after his wife has walked out on him), where he did an excellent bit of repressed acting. We thought that Dole did the part of Edna just about as well as it could have been done. Albertson, somehow, slipped in her part of Lucille. She was all right, but she's done work a lot better. Dawson was the show itself. His part was played very consistently throughout the entire play. This was difficult in that almost the whole interest of a large number of the scenes centered around the part. We especially thought that his pitch of voice and awkward gestures were choice.

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Farmer, Beaty, Barnett, and Carr were all darn good support.

The presentation of *June Moon* was just about mechanically perfect—we'll grant you that, Dr. Uhler. But what about the tempo?

(P.S.—Phil Brown's sets didn't look a "bean-soup" color to us, but were, for that matter, plenty good. And, we must add, Birnbaum and Stevens must have used mighty powerful mutes on their instruments—we didn't even hear them.)

—Prestridge Ellington

Hmmmm da da daa, do da da
Alma Mater thee,
Hm mmm de do classics halls
Hm mmm la la dee dee ivied walls,
Alma Mater three.
Hm mmm dada do la
Hopes and fears,
Hm mmmmmmm lee da lee lee da da years
Alma Mater theeee'. —Exchange

He (at the movies)—Can you see all right?
She—Yes.

He—Is there a draught on you?

She—No.

He—Is your seat comfortable?

She—Yes.

He—Will you change places with me?

—Pointer

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IN LAST SUMMER'S MAIL

Battery "B," R.O.T.C. Camp
Fort Monroe, Virginia
July 1, 1935

Dear Mother:

It hardly seems possible that I have been away from home for two weeks. They make us work so hard, the time seems to fly. In fact, the other day one of the boys in my battery fainted from exhaustion—but please don't worry, Mother.

Every day they pester us with a physical examination. There was a case of measles in the barracks and it seems quite certain that an epidemic is going to spread, but you need not worry about that.

The sun beats down like anything. Some of the fellows are actually poisoned from sunburn. Although I have a fair complexion and am susceptible to sunburn, I don't think you should worry about that.

In your letter you said that you missed me. Hereafter I'll write more often to cheer you up.

Your son,

BILL

P.S.—One of my friends just broke his arm. Please don't worry about me.

Battery "B," R.O.T.C. Camp
Fort Monroe, Virginia
July 2, 1935

Darling:

Every minute away from you seems an eternity. For two weeks I have done nothing but think of you. The others down here run around with girls, but I spend my evenings alone with thoughts of you. I have no desire to go out at all. My happiness lies in knowing that each fleeting minute brings nearer the time when I can again see you.

All my love,

BILL

Battery "B," R.O.T.C. Camp
Fort Monroe, Virginia
July 2, 1935

Dear Joe:

Boy, you ought to get an eye-full of these southern belles. There is a wonderful collection of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and what have you. Believe me, they sure are hotsy-totsy. I've had a date with a different gal every night since we got here, and I'm still going strong. No kidding, Joe, the place is overrun with women, and they all have that sweet-as-honey talk and that peaches-and-cream complexion. There certainly are no girls like these back home. If you can only get a chance to come down here, I'll give you a knockdown to a lot of gorgeous females.

Your pal,

BILL

—Panther

There was a drunk who stared at a homely passenger in the elevator. He finally blurted out, "My God, you're ugly!" The homely one, in an effort to control himself, replied, "I can't help the way I look." This answer did not seem to satisfy the drunk for he fairly screamed, "Well, you could stay at home!"

—Record

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THE TURTLE AND THE FROG

One fine day a turtle swam up to a frog in a lily pond to pass the time away. The turtle, sensing something wrong, spoke first:

"How are you, little frog?"

"Terrible. I have a headache that's driving me mad."

"Do you want me to go to the drug store, Froggie, to get some aspirins? That will stop your headache."

"If you will," replied the frog. With that the turtle dove down deep into the water and swam away.

Night came but there was no sign of the turtle. The little frog was in agony. The next day passed and then a week but the turtle didn't come back. The poor little frog thought his head would split open; his headache kept getting worse and worse. A month passed and another and another and still the turtle didn't return. At the end of six months, the little frog, dying from the intense pain in his head, said, "My mother always told me never to trust a turtle. They're slow as molasses, they are."

With that the turtle stuck his head out of the water and said, "O.K., if that's the way you feel about it, I won't go." —Medley



A little colored boy was sitting slumped down in a chair with his feet resting on top of the table, when his mammy came into the room and said: "Lord, yo' is a lazy boy; youse zackly like yo' pappy. Thank God I didn't marry dat man!" —Exchange

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and a lot of other things
besides

Naturally we paid less than an independent store would have. This saving is automatically yours. Make the best of it next fall.

Stanford Bookstore

THEN THAT MUSIC

(Continued from page 1)

few white men can hold a candle. They say he's hard to get along with, however. But that makes no difference in his technique, which is flawless.

Some people claim that the Band doesn't swing. But a few listens should be sufficient to convince. To be sure, it's not the tight four-four swing of Lunceford, or the heavy after-beat groove of Goodman. It's a looser, more easygoing four-four groove than you hear in most of the colored bands, but very effective. With one of the largest units in the business, Jones has for years turned out the most consistently distinctive uptown music in the nation. For sweet, full

ensemble work on tunes like "We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye," nobody can touch him. Our hats are off to Mr. Palomar for consistently hiring really big-time talent. They say that before long he will have Ray Noble and Glen Gray out here. Let's hope and pray.

Senior Ball committeemen are offering Grade "A" ham to their classmates at \$8.50 per plate. Messrs. Bailey and Schreiber of MCA are to be congratulated on a fine job of salesmanship.

Freddie Nagel signed up with MCA last week, and will move his Band to Bal Bijou on the shores of Lake

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Tahoe for the summer. With any kind of success he should be able to book a fine spot in the fall, which should send him on the road to big time.

—Peter Knecht



One day a beautiful nudist wandered away from the protective confines of the camp to take a dip in a deep, secluded pool near by. She had not been swimming long when she heard someone walking through the underbrush toward the pool.

"Who is it?" she cried.

"It's me, Bobbie Yaun," a voice replied.

"How old are you, Bobbie?"

"Eighty-six, gawd dammit."

—Pup



A young lady of our acquaintance was recently dismissed from Vassar College whence she went to the University of Indiana. Here she made the Dean's list, which was considered quite a feat. When her name appeared on the list, which was published in a local newspaper, she clipped the item, underlined her name, and enclosed it in a letter to the dean of Vassar and added these words:

"And I wouldn't come back to your damn school if you gave me a scholarship and a Yale man for a roommate."

—Exchange

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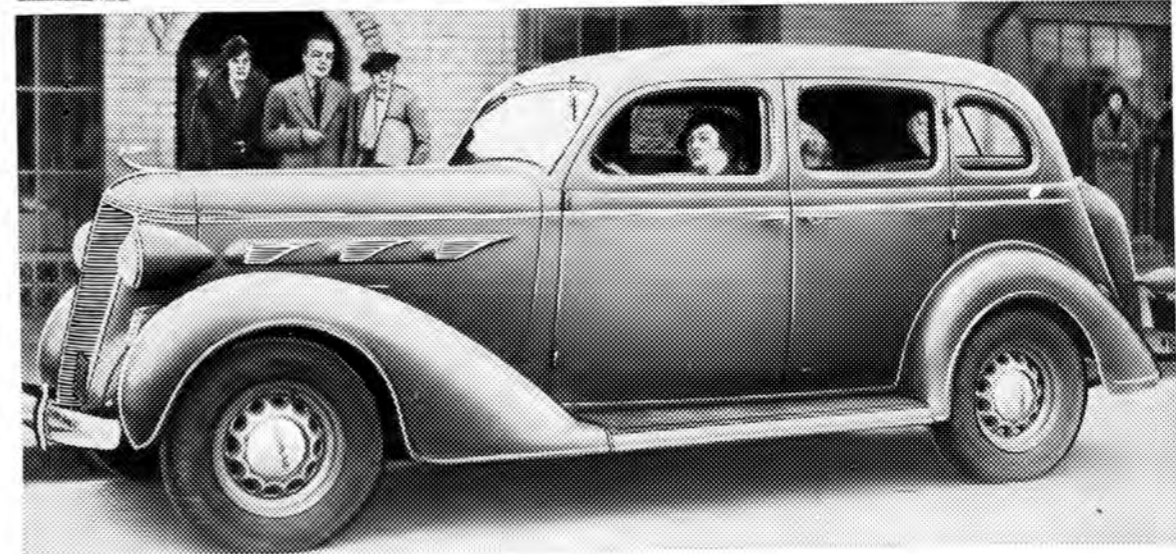
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