

COOK'S TOURS



MAY 1938

Travel
Issue

Stanford
CHAPARRAL

15¢

Just Twenty...but O. G!

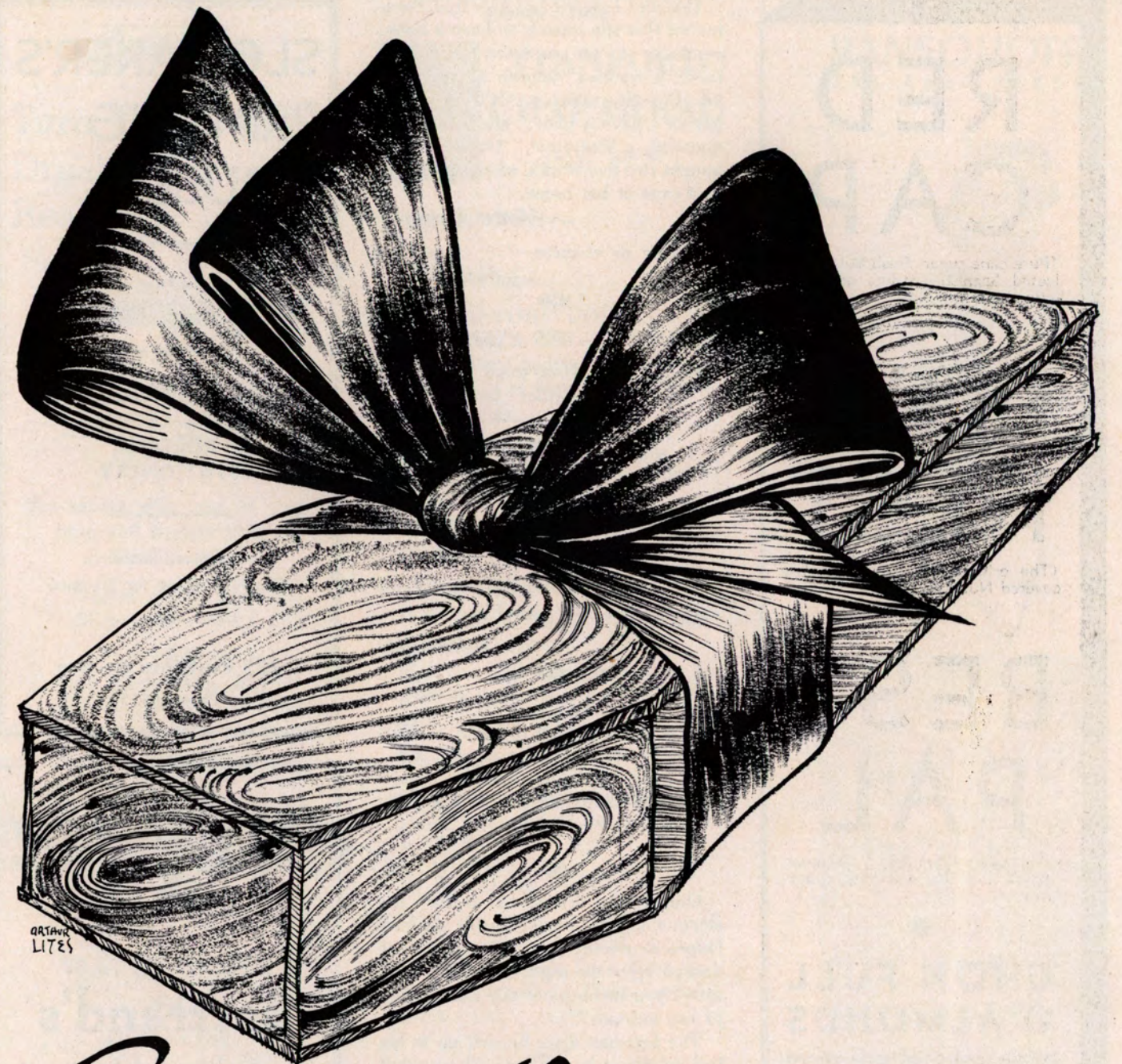
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 Mother's Day

This page is dedicated to the Women.

To the sweethearts and wives and mothers of the future warriors.

Because peace advocates tend to underestimate their importance.

Because upon their definitions of courage and cowardice the future of our nation and our civilization may well depend.

Because men generally do as their women tell them.

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Dorothy Lamour has now told Paramount that she intends to have a baby, contract or no contract. However, there is nothing definite about it, as yet, Dorothy went on. "It'll be a year before I have a baby," she calmly announced. Meantime, Dorothy has bought two live storks, which she keeps in a cage at her home.

—Motion Picture

Taking no chances.

—Ski-U-Mah

JEWELS ON HER EYELASHES

Paris Outdoes Hollywood in Giving a "Come-Hitler" Look.

—K.C. Paper

No wonder Eden quit.

GREAT NECK GIRL WED IN CHURCH

—Social Review (Telegram)

She was . . . eh!

—Medley

Dancing Cocktail Bar

—Southern Tavern

All of which ought to go far in eliminating cocktail shakers.

—Red Cat

Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied: "I wouldn't turn a dog out on a night like this."

—Gargoyle

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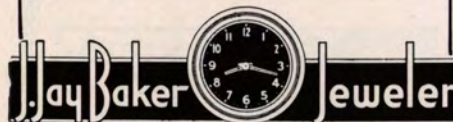


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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

May 1938

THIS MONTH—

COVER

By Curtis Barnes

THE STANFORD DOILY

Descending to the depths of journalism, the Chappies present a special edition of their foolish contemporary

FRONTISPIECE

Specially drawn for this issue by Dick Dawson, '36

FABLES OF THE FARM

As usual

IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

A eerie and tragic tale by Hartmann

THE MILKSOPS

G. Prestridge Ellington writes the greatest poem since the *Iliad*.

SHE MADE A MAN OF HIM

Or, The Power of a Pure Woman's Love; a melodrama by Art Levinson, with terrific illustrations by Doris Tucker

TRAVELGAGS

By Jack Dixon

AND

Candid photos, Pop Off, Stompin' Around, Now That Date, *Kind Lady* review, cartoons, jokes, and so forth

A Hammer and Coffin

Publication

On the hunt for excitement, the eager freshman asked: "Can you suggest something in the way of a good time?"

The disconsolate junior muttered: "The Dean."

—Growler

Frosh to Co-ed Date—Do you osculate?

Co-ed—What do you think I am, a pendulum?

—Pup

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Whether a bright jerkin that makes you reed-slim, a blouse of chiffon suede to wear over your skirt -- suede is the *sine qua non* for spring sports. Also short sleeved vestees, collarless cardigans in bright pastels. Jerkin sketched 10.00. Others to 19.95. Calot 3.95

FACULTY GLOSSARY

Instructor:
Bewildered young college graduate unable to succeed in the business world. Usually young enough to know several good jokes. Marks severely, as he is only one chapter ahead of his students. Lowest in scale of student enemies.

Assistant Professor:
A promoted instructor. Promotion contingent on his lectures. When they become musty, he becomes an assistant professor. Will start to write a textbook and get married. Encourage him to talk about his wife and baby.

Associate Professor:
The most dignified member of the faculty. Originator of the working-my-way-through-school racket; sells his own books instead of magazines. Receives promotion for the same reason as a bus driver—number of years of service. Receives title, however, instead of a gold stripe on his arm.

Professor:
A ripe, disillusioned old man with over-ripe lectures.

—Old Line

The gal in yellow
Might be you,
If so,
How swell!
How grand!
How gay!
How thrilling!
What a shame,
She seems to be
Some other dame.

—Ski-U-Mah

Gladys—Dick called the house four times before I gave him a date.

Lorraine—Whom did he ask for the first three times?

—Old Line

If we cod-fish, we could eat; but the halibut is that we can't fish.

—Gargoyle



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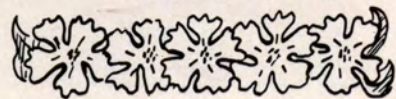
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NOW THAT DATE

SITTING here snowbound on Lasuen, I find it difficult to advise my readers on the spring social swim. I might tell the freshmen that ordinarily one goes canoeing, swimming, or picking wild-flowers, and maybe by the time this article makes its appearance at the local newsstands, spring will be here. If I were giving social tips right now (April 28), I'd suggest a nice skiing trip or sleigh ride, but then summer is nigh, so I think it would be rather novel to just skip the spring season.

Thank heavens for the good old hotels—always fine, rain or shine. The **Frantic** still hulas its way through the evening; even if you can't dance it's fun to sit and try to memorize the lyrics as they sing. Dear old brother **Ravazza** is still in his home port, and always good. We're **Dancin' with Anson** this month, too.

We're now on the home stretch, and having saved hundreds of kiddies from starvation at the Convalescent Home, you can settle down with a clear conscience to doing the quarter's work in the next two weeks.

There will be few, if any, dramatic outbursts for the remainder of the quarter, so I'd suggest **Tuesday Evening Lectures** (really good despite unfavorable ideologies concerning these as social gatherings for the roughs), or a local **Flickie**.

If the weather improves you can head for the great outdoors, and if it doesn't, try **L'Omelette's** home-made sunshine.

—Sister McGonigle

Professor—Sir, I must insist that you do not swear before me.

Stude—Hell, I didn't know you wanted to swear.

—Old Line

"Didn't I see you going down the street the other day with an apple in your hand?"

"Quite so, old chap. I was going to call on the doctor's wife."

—Witt

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SO LET IT BE

*High-handed, low-handed
Labeled and branded,
We are the measures
Which pall all your pleasures.*

Got yourself locked in,
Late by a second?
Yours is a great sin,
Ghastly, we reckon.

Feel you the love urge,
Wouldn't park and express it?
Ours is the love purge.
Now how did you guess it?

*High-handed, low-handed
Labeled and branded,
We are the measures
Which pall all your pleasures.*

These dogs could have rabies
They'll bite you. They're bad!
Protect your babies?
We'll call all dogs mad!

Were you that student
By two miles exceeding?
You weren't very prudent.
Pay, then, for speeding.

*High-handed, low-handed
Labeled and branded,
We are the measures
Which pall all your pleasures.*

We love to control you
Without rime or reason.
Look out or we'll roll you
In any old season.

*High-handed, low-handed
Labeled and branded,
We are the measures
Which pall all your pleasures.
Don't we?*

—Ellington

Addenda—What the hell are you smoking, grape nuts?
Rejoinder—No, this is White Owl.
I forgot to take the feathers off.

—Drexlerd



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SPRING AND YOU

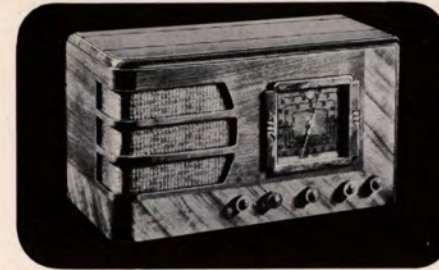
When you feel tired after studying hard

And you want to build up energy for full enjoyment of spring—

Milkshakes from the home of the famous milkshake will do the trick.



Hamilton & Emerson



"Why Not Give the 'House' a Radio?"

If some of you fellows, or girls, really want to make the "house" a swell present from your class, give 'em a Gilfillan Radio. That kind of a gift will never gather dust and when you come back to the Campus as an Alumnus, you'll have some sort of real excuse for staying around the old place. Come into our store and let us show you the various models and their prices.

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INSIDE DOPES

Sister McGonigle



Known to her more intimate friends as Henrietta Elizabeth Marie McGlashan, or Betty, she was born in San Francisco one and a score years ago. She was a very ugly baby.

During her youth she attended eight grammar schools and three high schools. Wore pigtails, which were dipped in inkwells. The saddest day of her life was when, at the age of thirteen, her mother informed her that she was to cease playing tackle football in the vacant lot with the boys, and that henceforth she would be expected to help with the housework.

After a few weeks at Cal and a few looks at her brother's fraternity playmates, she picked up and moved across the Bay. She majors in German, does a bit of acting now and again, will graduate in June, and dances divinely.

But the greatest of her Stanford achievements, next to getting a husband, is her stellar place as No. 1 feminine writer for CHAPARRAL. She was lured into this demoralizing occupation last spring by two rather prominent Chappies, who were in a rather fuddled condition at the time, at a rather prominent oasis near by. Her work has been so outstanding that she has been elected an honorary member of Hammer and Coffin, a recognition of wit and good-fellowship seldom bestowed upon members of her sex.

When asked what she thought of Stanford men in general, she replied, "I prefer them in particular." For next month's Senior issue, Betty has promised to write her greatest masterpiece.

So now you know who Sister McG is.



Too much study
Makes me muddy;
Too much smoke
Makes me choke;
Too much drink
makes me feel like the adjective which not only best describes my condition, but also rhymes, and "think" is not an adjective.

—Red Cat



Two WPA workers were pushing wheelbarrows of dirt. One seemed to be working a bit more strenuously than the other and a spectator was prompted to mention to the slower worker that his partner was dumping four barrowfuls to his one.

"I know it," answered the slow one, "I've told him about it three times already."

—Froth

SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



NASAL CRUELTY! Tom's harsh and heavy tobacco was too much for Polly. Home she went and home she stayed until Tom cleaned his pipe and tried Sir Walter Raleigh.



BLISS FOR KEEPS! Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-ounce tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to puffer and puffed-at!

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TALE

I pushed you off the cliff at dawn
And heard you screech, and saw you
hit.

I meditated quite a bit,
And then walked on.

—Old Line

Frances—Now I know why we
women are called birds.

Doug—Because you're always chat-
tering?

Frances—No; because of the worms
we pick up.

—Rammer Jammer

"Are they very strict at your col-
lege?"

"Strict? You remember Brown?
Well, he died in class, and they propped
him up until the lecture was over."

—Exchange

Indignant farmer—Say, look here,
yer ain't getting as much milk as yer
uster.

Hired man—Nope, sorta lost my
pull.

—Pell-Mell

Two men walked into a local beerito-
rium and asked for two big beers.

"Look here," said one of them to the
bartender, "my pal here and I just
made a bet with these drinks as the
stakes. Is it all right with you if we
pay when the bet is decided?"

"Sure," agreed the bartender, and
the drinks went down the hatch, "now
what was the bet?"

"Well," explained the first man, "I
bet that when Angell Hall falls, it will
fall toward State Street, and Joe, here,
bet it would fall the other way."

—Gargoyle

Pop—Well, I received a note from
your teacher today.

Son—Honest, Pop? Give me a quar-
ter and I won't breathe a word about
it.

—Frog

One Guy—Did you mark that place
where fishing was so good?

Another Guy—Yes, I put an X on
the side of the boat.

First Guy—That's silly. What if we
should get another boat?

—Green Gander



The
Golden Pheasant
POWELL AT GEARY

San Francisco's Most Favorably Known Restaurant

Stompin' Around

COLLIE SMALL



YOU and I don't remember the time
when a black boy would sit down,
run his fingers lightly once over,
and dream up inventive moods that
dragged out those pure jazz creations
we hear only on revival days. Now,
instead of a "St. Louis Blues," we
have to listen to the taint of a German
band banging out "Red Sails in the
Sunset" under a thousand different
titles.

Of the disks that are still shiny,
Duke Ellington's "I Let a Song Go
Out of My Heart" gets the impercep-
tible nod. In its dulcet temper and
moody, careless yet delicate phrasing,
it is flawless, and should be well re-
ceived in the library of mellow matter.
But even this is shameful when com-
pared to the old "Sophisticated Lady."
Saxes drifting along faintly behind
Ellington's tinkling piano for sixteen
bars and then leading out on the sec-
ond chorus with those crawling, stretch-
ing pulls that hesitate at the top in
eerie, harmonious vibratos make this
as good as anything with which to
stain a turntable.

There's a nice, solid rock to Bob
Crosby's "Grand Terrace Rhythm," a
Fletcher Henderson product otherwise
known as the "D-Natural Blues." Yank
Lawson's trumpet, while on the short
side of inspiration, is nevertheless a
sending bit of iron, and some shrilly
swinging four-clarinet harmonies drop
effortlessly into the groove.

Count Basie's latest release of the
fire that burns within is strangely
titled "Every Tub," but the name is
just a fooler. Jack Washington's take-
off on his alto is neatly measured and
executed with terrific sock and expres-
sion, while Basie's piano loses none
of that wild drive, making it so effec-
tive. The tempo is almost in race
time, and there's a trumpet slightly
more than tepid. Backed by "Now
Will You Be Good," "Every Tub"

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isn't very much better than its face, notable for the same type of riffing.

It's funny the way these Dorsey kids play around—Jimmy has just finished stabbing Tommy in the back by recording "Don't Be That Way" in a manner designed to make Tommy say, "That's my brother!" The Goodman-Sampson tune is kicked around with a lot of swing, and James' clarinet licks lean toward the tough side. The alto half of the combination is solid if you don't stop to think how Johnny Hodges would do it with his richer tone and more forcible expression.

The T. D. Clambake Seven—shades of Heidelberg—has pressed a couple of old, old numbers entitled "Everybody's Doing It" and "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam." Obviously small combination stuff, it seems shallower than most seven-piece affairs, and even the solos lack punch, although Bud Freeman tries like hell to get in the mood.

Larry Clinton's latest Donald Duck opus, "Cry, Baby, Cry," does pretty well after a hesitant beginning, and by the time Bea Wain's vocal spins around, the record is faintly swinging. Clinton's knack for setting up vocal choruses always helps his numbers, and Wain's little squeal off into end-phrase falsettos is mellow stuff that's hard to do well.

Everybody knew Tommy Dorsey was through after "Stardust" and "Marie," but his "I Never Knew" comes close to making me forget. If Tommy only got the backing in his own band that he got from Leith Stevens on the Swing Session, the man would be sitting on my diamond pile with nobody threatening to bounce him off.

Outside of the above-mentioned, you can find about as much stomp in "Little Pop Off."



I think that I shall never know
A college like the movies show.
A place ruled by a streamlined Prex
Who has the latest views on sex.
Where profs all have that certain thing,
And dissertations are on swing.
Tall, dark, and handsome is the Dean;
He rhumbas with the campus queen.
The students never go to class,
But love to stretch out on the grass.
Education's for the fool!
Just let me go to Zanuck's school.

—Levinson



Stanford CHAPARRAL

MAY 1938



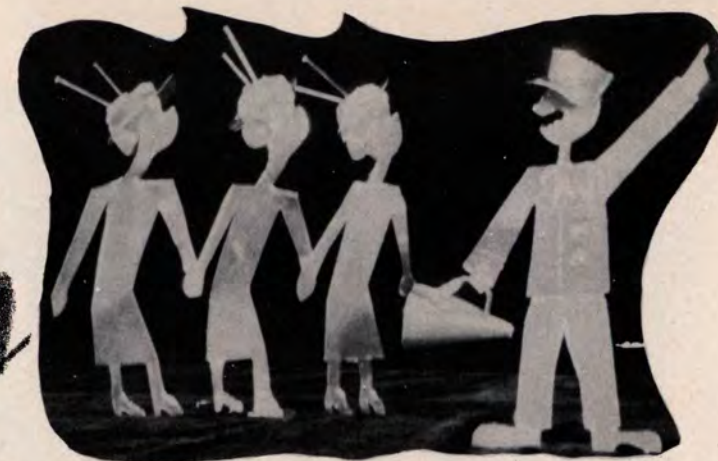
"Any plague to declare?"

Travel Number



"Dash it, man, I can't shoot. They're out of season."

Fables of the Farm



There is a particularly fascinating slot machine at one of the more fascinating highway establishments and, like a few slot machines which we have heard about but never run across, it paid a jackpot one balmy spring evening. That fact alone is unusual, but even more curious is the means by which the feat was accomplished. The group of staid and dignified seniors who had all but emptied their purses into the little mechanical marvel were reduced to their last coin. This they deposited, and then solemnly sank to their knees. During the course of their little prayer one of them reverently pulled the lever and returned to reverie. Then came the manna.

Another good story has reached us concerning the L.A. flood. In one of the most heavily watered areas, which resembled a colony of lake dwellers, a small, solitary sign stuck out of the murky deep. It read: "KEEP OFF. THIS IS SOMEBODY'S FRONT YARD."

Once in a while the Stanford campus is awakened by a fire alarm. The firehouse boys were called out early one evening a week or so back to answer an alarm. But one of their members had a bad foot and so he stayed to toot the whistle, which no one listens to anyway. Quickly each man muttered the address of the fire to him. The fire engines started up, roared out of the firetrap stationhouse and on to the fire. But the crippled one forgot the street, but he remembered the number of the address. So

he took a guess and put variety into the fire signals, and everyone who chased the fire went to different places and missed the fun.

But the payoff was when the fire-smellers came to yon sorority house, with visions of screaming beauties hanging out of antique windows, and ended up by finding that an old discarded kimono, or something, was on fire in the backyard. And they bought a new fire truck just for that sort of stuff! My, my.

A frosh who was sentenced to read Voltaire's *Candide* for his Western Civ. course was heard to exclaim, "Gosh! I don't see how a guy could become famous writing such a dirty book!"

That blind dates, like love, are blind indeed was demonstrated at the Sequoia barn dance last month. A lad in Toyon had contracted for a blind date. But then he discovered that he would be unable to attend the affair, and not wishing to disappoint his blind date he asked a friend to sub for him. Blind in her ignorance, the young lady had a swell time.

One of the boys in one of the local fraternity hotels, his popularity undeniably high with the boys, was tired of having the men of the house tramp into his room to start a bull session. Night after night the embryo Phi Bete would dig into his books, only to be disturbed by the brothers barging in.

To the library he went, and into books he delved—and came out with an idea. His itinerary the next day took him to an electrical shop and back home. In his room he did some tinkering. That night, the mob scene took place again. But each time one

of the brothers would sit down on his bed, he would fly up again and howl. Another one would come in, sit down, and rise rapidly with a like howl. Now no one disturbs the Phi Bete, because he had his bed wired like a Sing Sing electric chair.

One of the more genteel of the Stanford men was invited to go on a blind date to a dance at one of the Peninsula's many girls' finishing schools. After consulting many Stanford men, not so genteel, he found that the girls of this school were not responsive to spring and all of that. Discouraged he went to the dance and resigned himself to fate. His resignation was accepted, for when he came back to the campus the next day, his friends, every time they asked him if he had a good time, expected to hear him grumble and moan. But each time he only smiled and got red in the face.

Gil Gist, last year's CHAPPIE editor, decided to go to New York last summer and study art. So he went and took his new modern patented electric razor. At different towns he stopped and used it to shave off his beard. But in the Middle West he found that there was no current properly suited for his pet debearder, so his beard grew long. On he scurried to Chicago and arrived early in the morning. He needed a shave badly, but had not time to go to a hotel and go through the rigamarole of registering and going into a room to use his tonsorial humming bird. Besides he was hungry. And he wanted to go on to New York, too.

So he went into a restaurant, ordered a breakfast that would take hours to cook, took out his electric

(Continued on page 32)

TRAVELGOGS

By
DIXON



1. You set out full of hope.



2. Glamor wanes.



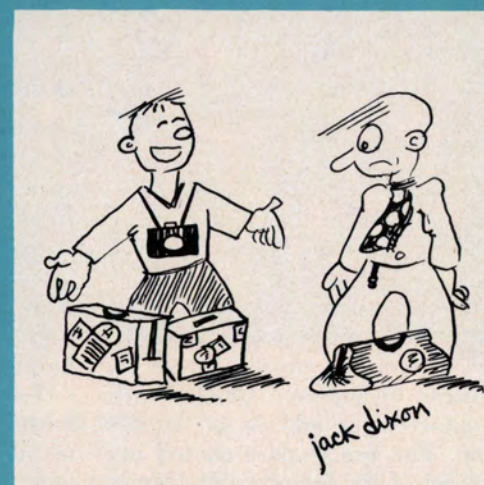
3. You see the Eiffel Tower through a cloud of garlic.



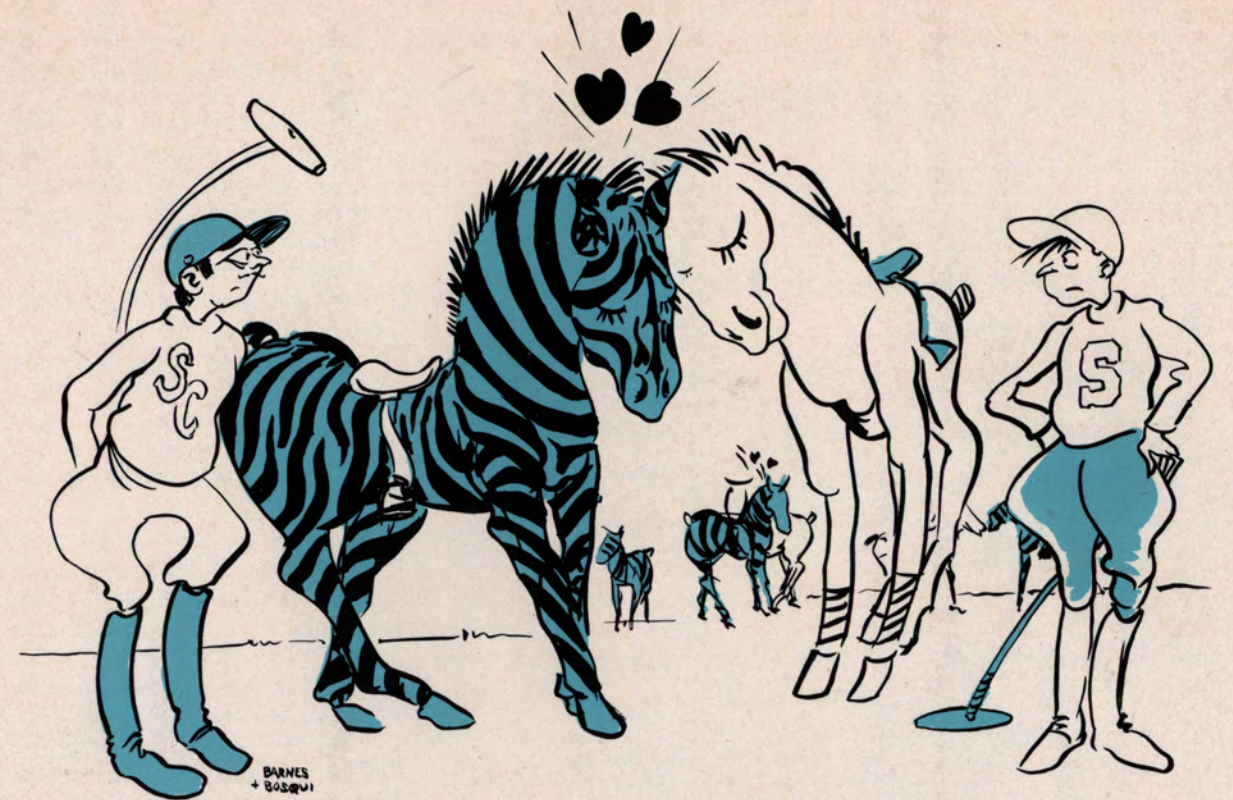
4. You are dragged up the Matterhorn for a nominal sum.



5. You meet that man who knows where Stanford is.



6. That man who went to Niagara and got more stickers than you.



The Stanford polo team plays U.S.C. at Hollywood in the spring.

IN THE GUILD OF THE NIGHT

HARTMANN

IN ORDER to avoid criminal libel, or assault and battery, the hero of this story must remain anonymous. Outwardly, he is a very nice appearing chap. He behaves well in social gatherings, is very polite to people, and is quite popular. Almost anybody would think him quite normal.

Anybody, that is, who has never seen him going to bed. I have never seen him myself, exactly, but I have heard him. You see I always retire before he does, no matter how late that may be, and sometimes it's really dreadfully late.

But I have heard him. To be precise, I have heard him every single night

for the last year, except once when I went to a Tuesday evening lecture and forgot to go home. His entrance, disrobing, and reclining procedure is as well known to me as the nose on my face. I am trying to forget both.

He begins by ferociously beating on the door for several eternities. When he has become sufficiently impressed with the fact that either no one is home or nobody is going to get out of bed and let him in, he takes out his key and unlocks the door, damaging the key, the lock, the door, and his finger, precipitating an entirely unprovoked roar of pain and profanity.

Then he walks upstairs. At this point it might be apropos to mention that he wears cast-iron soles on his shoes, for reasons he alone knows. There are only 14 steps, I have counted them a dozen times (one or twice I got 11 and 15, but no matter), but his equine patter seems to continue indefinitely. He does reach the head of the stairs sooner or later, however, where he pauses immediately outside my door for an extended coughing spell. Then he enters his room.

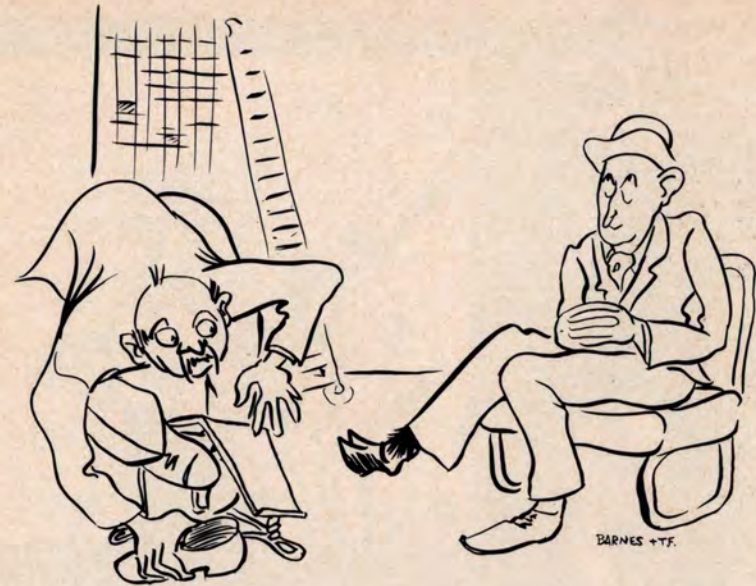
I must tell you about the door to his room. It sticks. I have worked on

the hinges and the knob and I even sawed the bottom off two feet from the floor, which pleased the cat but didn't keep the door from sticking. So, he wrestles with the door, his rage increasing, until he finally masters it by a vicious boot which shakes the house. Speaking of shaking the house, I forgot to say that he also slams the front door violently when he enters. After forcing entrance to his room he violently slams that door too, shaking the house. It is a very shaky house.

Upon achieving his room, he pro-

(Continued on page 32)



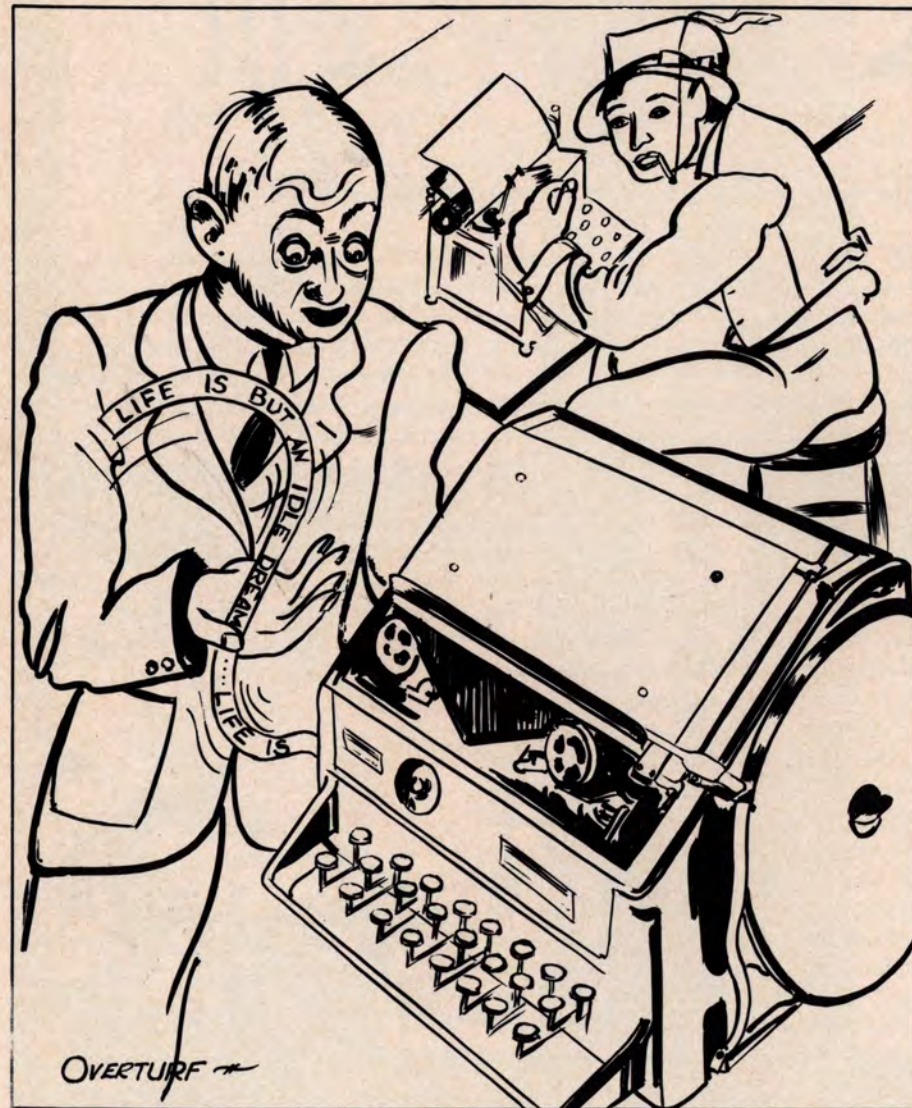


Tropical Tragedy

I AM about to leave on an extended tour of the South Seas. A thirst equaled only by that of a cactus plant has forced me to this extreme. I have constantly attempted to quench my thirst in Hollywood but instead of bars I have been greeted with establishments that would make the Matson Line sigh with envy. These intriguing night spots are supposed to represent the places of amusement which are meant to exist in the tropics.

You drive idly about Hollywood until you hear the groans of Hawaiian music sweetening the night air. You stop the car and discover a haystack with a door in it. You push your way through the door and arrive inside, covered with paper leis created in Nippon. You see a closely packed mob surrounding the bar which you don't see, so you are forced to sink into a rattan chair having a large quota of splinters. As your eyes rove around, you think you are surrounded with a picket fence, laid on extra thick, but this later proves to be bamboo. Coconuts hang from the walls, apparently growing from the bamboo trees. When you become satiated with your surroundings, you begin to consider a drink, the need of which you have begun to feel urgently. A native from Main Street arrives with a menu which contains various peculiar names such as Diver's Helmet, Octopus Eyes, etc., but containing none of the simpler drinks. You order the one with the longest name which, like all the rest, proves to be a daiquiri. It arrives in the form of a glorified ice cream cone

(Continued on page 35)



"I see the teletype machine's talking to itself again."

NEWS IN REFUSE

By MILL BILIOUS

What is the foreign policy of the continent of Atlantis? According to a law enacted by Wm. Randolph Hearst, and enforced by the United States Marines, it is one of impure isolation, especially since the discovery on the continent of the rare and almost extinct specimen of the Giant Winged polyshaped amoeba. The discovery of this animal will, it is believed, materially aid in the production of smokeful cotton.

Bernarr McFadden again entered the field of politics by announcing his intention of seeking the Presidential nomination in 1940. Mr. McFadden's platform: Compulsory reading of True Story Magazine for all citizens with an I.Q. of 60 or less; fasting when not eating; confiscation of all Japanese fishing scows carrying sixteen inch guns; and clean living.

An international incident was almost created when Adolph Hitler, caught picking his nose by Benito Mussolini, and was severely chided. Hitler became so angry that for awhile he refused to allow the Italian soldiers to goosestep.

The rapprochement of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. was finally accomplished when the two labor rodeo in Madison Square Garden, a no end of pænicuous suopæy the proceeds to go to the support of John L. Lewis' estate at San Simeon, California.

Summary: On rainy days the sky is generally not blue.—Oleomargarine was used instead of butter during the World War—The state of California is in the state of California.

DOILY APOLOGIZES FOR INSULT

The Doily apologizes for a perfectly innocent and unintentional insult in yesterday's paper, when it made unfavorable implications and aspersions as to the authenticity of the paternity of George Z. Snaff. The Doily offers no excuses, it is merely apologizing profusely. In fact, Mr. Snaff is lucky to get any more publicity at all.

It is estimated that two and two equal four, almost constantly.

INSIPID PRESS

PRICE \$115.00

Stanford University, California, Friday, May 13, 1938

VOLUME 3 QUARTS

Sex, Peace Course to Be Given



COOKIE ASTERISK (right), Women's Confab president, and Chuck Fearless, student manager, leaders in student demand for a course in Peace and Marital Relations.

Amberclb to Bore Students

New course in Peace and Marital Relations was granted yesterday despite the Ex Commich. Professor Amberclb of the English dept. is to conduct the course because he is ignorant of both subjects and therefore will offer an unprejudiced opinion.

Students Urged

Student agitation for courses having sex interest and public interest has forced the authorities to combine the two into a pipe resembling a conduit. The course will be of such a nature that no thinking or studing will be required.

Hurry Hurry

Only 500 students will be admitted so you are urged to sign up early. No reason was offered as to why you should sign up early but we suppose it is so that the first may be admitted instead of the last.

Some Banned

It was stated that any student who has partippatted in any campus opinion discussions on peace or is married or something should be banned because he would be but most definitely prejudiced.

Sex

Those concerned only with the Marital Relations part of the course are referred to the Hygiene dept.

Unimportant Details

Registration for the course must be placed in the Registrapla office and positively no auditors unless you sneak in. Dr. Amberclb smokes Creepo cigars despite the propaganda of the advertising agencies. No left handed students to be admitted because there are no left handed desks in the room to be used. The room it is to be given in is not yet known. It is believed that this course will start a long line of popular courses despite the Ex. Commich.

DOILY NAMED IN LIBEL ACTION

George Z. Snaff, Stanford student, filed charges of criminal libel in Superior Court today naming as defendant the Stanford (Calif.) Doily.

Franco Signed For Prowl

Vocalist Banned By Committee

Franky Franco and his internationally famous orchestra, the famous "Spanish Insurgents," will bring their sensuous Latin rythms to the Farm next weekend for the Senior Prowl.

Bud Stalemate, chairman of the Prowl committee, announced today that a contract had been signed last night with the band's agents, who will be paid a fabulous sum to make music for the sponsors while the dancers drive off to other places.

The Committee on Morning Exercises refused to approve the appearance of the band's featured vocalist, Lotta Pep, because one of the members was stood up by her in 1927.

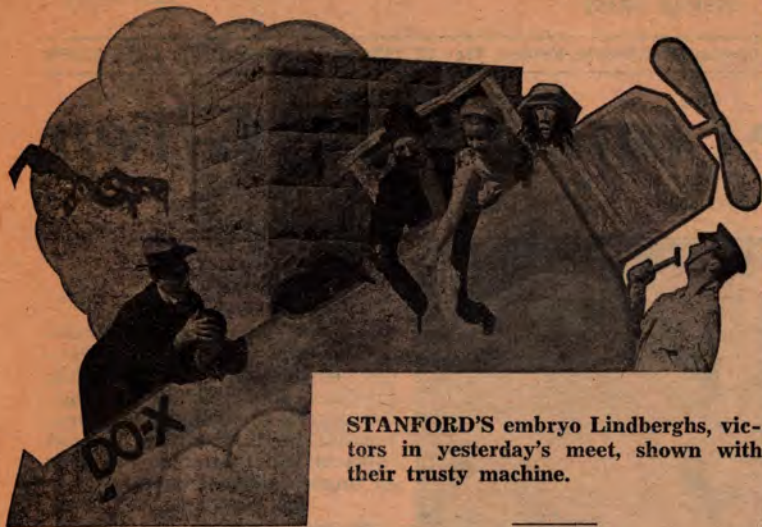
Bids for the dance are strictly limited and are almost sold out, according to Stalemate. There are 1564 of them left.

Franco, who comes here direct from the Coconut Grave, is known to all by his theme, "Lay Waste To Me."

Ex Committee Probes Stuff

The Ex Committee met last night to discuss the question of fraternity initiations. The commish ruled that in the future all houses must furnish detailed motion pictures of the ceremony. Any vulgar scenes will be cut out and kept in the files of the Ex Commich. FEATURES DISCUSSED: In addition various minor matters were discussed to too great length and were finally thrown out. DATE SET: The date for the Laginta all night dance was set for July 24 so that it would not conflict with any events of importance to the Ex Commich. CHAIRMAN SCINTILLATES: The chairman wore a most attractive grey suit with a blue tie. Several members were heard to laugh when two of the members burned their fingers on the Stanford Union. Drinking on the campus was stated to be illegal but they all knew it anyhow. ATHLETES RULED: A ruling was established which stated that athletes must attend at least one class per week but the method of passing was declared illegal and the ruling was tabled.

Farm Aces Pilot High



STANFORD'S embryo Lindberghs, victors in yesterday's meet, shown with their trusty machine.

STANFORD FLYERS DEFY DEATH

Win Meet With Paly Kite Klub

The Stanford Flyers had another big meet yesterday but two of the planes have not yet returned so the results are not entirely known. Dave Moojoot was the winner of the balloon spearing contest but he stated that he learned it when he used to bob for apples when he was but a child. Will Mmlk was disqualified in the bombing practice because he dropped one of the silly bags of flour on one of the judges.

The judge laughed but mirthlessly. The other team was somewhat limited by the fact that they had no planes and were forced to fly kites instead but Stanford won thus maintaining its national championship although it has only competed against one other school. Ace Mcgosh, president, stated that we could beat anybody unless they had had flying training.

Honor Society Clandestines

Gulp and Belch, honorary drinking and mutual admiration society, met today in the stacks of the Library for their annual clandestine beer-bust and whist party.

The society was established at the University of Northwest Somoa in 1924 by a drunken sailor. After a jolly afternoon, the meeting adjourned with the group singing the society's song, "For We Are Jolly Good Fellows."

President's Report Given

"Stanford's revenues are either increasing or decreasing, and gasoline and alcohol do not mix." With these words the President summarized the academic year 1937-38 in his Annual Report, hot off the presses.

In 638 pages, plus appendices (see School of Medicine) the President briefly summarizes the fine work that is being done by the University. Numerous scholarly treatises have been written, one of which was published in the North American Spermatozoa Review, which has a circulation of 24. This, the report emphasizes, does much to spread the prestige and improve the position of the University.

Under The WEATHER...

Hospital

Leonard Breeze, Atwood Geep, Molster Boyle, Payburn Hughpy, Asgood Asnot, Louella Cremp, Mandy Pease, Rachel Sachs.

Men's Rest Home

Alfred Tork, Jasper Julep, Elwood Aberfunk, George McGrutty, Susan Clinch.

Women's Rest Home

Bertrand Phips, Anna Asterisk, Myrtle Mutt, Prudence Glipfelt.

Beltramo's

Isadore Jones, Kewpie Snitzer.

CAMPUS OPINION

The Editor, Sir. When one is forced for four years to read such a wretched and unfunny publication as the Chaparral one finds great comfort in having the Daily delivered at our house each morning. We wrap the garbage in it. Mr and Mrs. Pedro Pogoppolus.

Politicians Dish Gravy

The mighty political machine of the Class of '41 wnet into motion tonight as Row moguls began priming their pledges for next May's election. Leader of the juggernaut was Stupe McSnitch, prominent Zeke nugget, who has served on the Paly Committee and the Convalescent Home Palm Drive. McSnitch expressed confidence in the ability of his machine to keep the A.S.S. presidency in the Row and asserted that the solidity of his class would weld the recent row split which threatened to permit the election of the Hall, ticket, which would have been just awful.

Row moguls showed little dismay and tended to favor a "waitful watching" policy. They appeared quite pleased with their recent showing at the poles, despite the bolt of Lagunita and Union women, who, they said "could never be depended upon to come through." The Halls succeeded in preventing the election of several Row candidates, which would have been just awful.

NEW YORK, May 13 (LP).—A terrific earthquake and tidal wave destroyed this city and environs yesterday, survivors reported.

Chaparral Out Again

Very Funny Says Old Boy

The very funny Chaparral will be on sale on the English and Engineering corners today, according to very funny Old Boy Hartmannnnnn. It will be very very funny. There will be very funny Fables of the Farm, very funny stories, very funny cartoons, and a very funny cover by somebody or other. "The issue is the best yet, and very funny," said Hartmann, retching.

Squeaks Tonite



Murgatroyd Mubble Rants and Raves

Debaters To Debate

"Medaille Pouf" to Be Awarded Victor

Murgatroyd Mubble, Elwood Oxnard, and Joe Smith will disgrace Stanford tonight on the stage of Wheelchair Auditorium at Berkeley in the 43rd annual debate for the "Medaille Pouf."

This is the moldiest consecutive forensic encounter between Stanford and California, and was originated by Napoleon III as propaganda before the Neutrality Laws were passed by Congress in 1934, which is really of no consequence whatever.

The winner will receive the solid silver (value 74c) "Medaille Pouf" which is struck in the National Mint of France. Being of high caste, it never strikes back.

Mubble has had a great deal of experience. Oxnard is considered a very fine debater and has won several arguments with Cellar hashers. His hobbies are dunking and goldfish. Smith, a senior, has participated in debates with Harvard, Yale, S.C., and Dinwiddie College for Near-Sighted Girls.

The question will be selected eleven minutes and 14 seconds before the debate on the general topic "Forty Million Frenchmen can't be Wrong" and will concern France's role in the Far-Eastern crisis. The whole thing will no doubt be very dull.

Interviewed at a late hour last evening concerning the chances of his team, Debate Coach Cas-sius Escrow said: "Well, the boys have worked hard and shrdlu234 5789etaoin worked had shrdlu 234 5789*etaoinzp.

President Roosevelt is president of the United States, it is agreed by most competent observers.

SIDELINE SLANTS

With athletic purists all over the country yelping about the professionalism in college sports, it is refreshing to consider the Stanford croquet team, which is an amateur outfit of the purest ray serene, as the poet would have it.

This gallant group has no coach, no uniforms, no regular practice hours. What's better, no one ever comes to practice. In fact, there is no team at all which makes us perfect amateurs in the sport of croquet. Nuts you guys who howl about proselyting.

Just in case you didn't know what kind of a guy Knuckles Mc-Smutch, coach of the dice team, is, there is a story about the Knucks that goes back to his days as a Stanford undergraduate.

Knuckles, who whenever he gets drunk swears he was born with a pair of dice in his hand, found himself in financial difficulties and had to raise money. In his quaint way he wrote to U.S.C. asking for a scholarship. The Southern school, anxious to get this sterling athlete, wrote him to come down at once, guaranteeing him all expenses and a B average. But then remorse overtook Knuckles and he doubted whether he should leave Stanford. So he got out his trusty pair of dice (he denies indignantly that they are loaded) and shook them. He resolved that if he threw a seven he would stay at Stanford, and if he rolled any other number he would go to U.S.C.

And he rolled a seven! There's the true Stanford spirit for you, boys.

Trophy Given Aiding Sport

Undergraduate Jim Slamlik, Oregon transfer, has presented a cup for the years most outstanding ice hockey man. The cup is three and one-half feet high and of slightly solid silver. Due to the singular law of ice in this region the cup will be awarded on the basis of who is the most outstanding transfer from Oregon whose initials are J. S. This cup will no doubt stimulate the production of more J. S.'s from Oregon.

Oyster Cove, Nebraska, s planning a municipal necking area.

It is now generally believed that the world is not flat.

THE STANFORD DOILY Sports

WELT PETALGROOP, SPORTS EDITOR

Relay Star in Thrilling Finish



MERTON GALLOPWEEL, stellar runner, takes the baton from Osro Halpint in last Saturday's Pig Meat. Pink Dumpleton's men lost, 129-2.

Indians Trounce Castilleja

After losing 456982 contests in a row, Coach Tinny Anthill's Indians came to life with a bang and swamped the Castilleja team by a score of 3-2. This sewing team, which Tinny avers is the best he has ever coached, scored the decisive goal on play sixty-seven, when Pill Crawlman, playing left out, reversed his own end, and scooted down the field, aided by splendid interference by Jemy Crawfish, the stellar mud-guard.

Rising to the challenge, Castilleja immediately knit one, purled one, and completed a French knot, to creep within a point of the Cardinals. But Tinny's men held the lead, and won the game.

By this victory the Indians climbed up within striking distance of the cellar position in the league, and expect to get there soon.

FIRESIDE GROUP

To improve student-faculty relations, a weekly Fireside Chit-chat has been established under the direction of Dr. Drydust.

Farm Alumna Wins Fame

NEW YORK, May 13 (I.P.)—Portia Kratzmer, ex-'31, has become a success on Broadway (New York City). Portia was recently acclaimed by the entire Atlantic Fleet as "the world's best strip-teaser." Portia left Stanford in 1930, by request.

Dribbly Discusses Debussy

Professor Eugene Dribbly of the Music and Paleontology department will speak on the Stanford Radio Hour over KGO next Monday evening at 8. His subject will be "The Influence of a Limburger Cheese Sandwich on Debussy's 'Clair de Lune.'"

Dr. Dribbly has spent considerable research on this subject—the cheese, not Debussy—and will no doubt cause many listeners to turn their dials to Fred Allen's program.

Bulletin Bored

BINGO game starts promptly at 8:00 in the Little Theater.

SLINGERS CLUB meets promptly at 7:30 in room '00.

SENIOR CLASS graft session at 11:00 in the Hydraulics lab.

DOILY STAFF meeting as usual.

SEA LION CLUB meets tonight to find out what its function is.

POLI. SCI. 2 will not meet today because the lecture notes have been lost.

ROBLE CLUB meets tonight at 7:30 to discuss gowns.

MANUAL TRAINING to be given tonight to freshmen at 7:43 in Encina.

HAMMER AND COFFIN will meet tonight at the Pi Phi house. STAGERS will meet tonight to exchange scrap books.

STANFORD DAMES. Mrs. Lot-tabustle will deliver a lecture to the Mothers Club at 7:30. She is reputed to have a very ugly voice.

Would You Take the Gold from Your Granny's Teeth? Do You Steal Pennies from Blindmen's Cups?



The Doily Needs Men of Your Calibre!

Come in and talk it over with Longtime Swipe, Business Manager

Editoroil . . . Futile . . . Comment

THE STANFORD DOILY

Owled and published daily except Saturday, Sunday, and All Fool's Day by the Associated Students of STANFORD UNIVERSITY
Entered as low-class matter at the Post Office.
Subscription rate: Atrocious

SLOYD SLAPHAPPY
Editor

LONGTIME SWIPE
Business Manager

A New Course

That new course on Beace and Marital Relations sounds kind of like a right smart idea. Of course there are many pitfalls which must be avoided, such as swinging doors and mustard gass. But the Daily, who started this agitation, has great faith in the uselessness of this course, and in the ability of student and faculty participants to make it a truly unusual and worthless part of the curriculum. There is a great need in our institutions of higher learning for just such courses as this, we feel. We are mighty happy about the whole affair.

There are many sides to the question of peace as also to the problem of marital relations. We feel sure that Professor Amberclb will do an excellent job of confusing the issues. Still, the course will be very valueable. J.S.

The Wheels Grind

It seems to me high time to do something about it. It may sem easy to just lie down and sleep but in fact it is. The point is that it is high time that something be done about it. Now we are just students who are learning how to prejudice our opinions and it seems to me that if you all agree with me everything will be settled because we can present a united front.

The Time Is Come

Whipping along with the agility of a toe dancing elephant, Ex Committee deliberated last night on the devastating problem of fraternity intitiations. Now it seems hardly fair to remind Ex Committee that this is without the sphere of their allotted prerogative, but we aren't always fair, are we?

In its adolescent moralizing, the molders of the Farm's destiny tore veil after veil from the face of truth, but at the conclusion found truth as unapproachable as a debtuante at a hog-wallow. Alll of which causes ust to conclude that all is not gold that glitters. J.C.

BILE SESSION

I spoke to my friend Bellweather the other day and he said the usual dull and boring things about it all. Says B. "Regimentation is very obnoxious." I wondered about his intelligence but realized that he must be a moron since I created him in the first place. I then left him and crossed the street and on the other side I met Bellweather. He says, "Fie upon regimentation," and I realize that he is being boring as usual.

"Bellweather," says I, "they tell me that you polled some votes in the elections."

"Tis true," says he.

Says I, "My God, then there must be other morons than you and I. What a happy world"

Now what the students must realize is that Bellweather is right. We must do something. The world is facing a black future. You may wonder what you can do. Well that is your problem and the easiest way to settle it is to go out and do it. Courage, that's what we need. What do I mean by courage? Why, that is also your problem. Here comes Bellweather again and I will not bore you with his customary remarks. He is my problem. —Always Dreary

HEY? WAIT FOR ME

Frankly we are a bit annoyed. All evening we have been trying to get some one to go to a movie with us, or have a glass of beer, or even talk to us. But a lot of good it does, and here we are, all alone again.

So with the usual sharp pains in the small of our back which represent the service stripes in our kidneys that we have earned nding new highway joints for you, we went out to look for some highway joints. You ought to go to Jack's (the Ripper) some time. He has the cutiest sawed-off billiard cue, and if you give him a knowing wink he will be only too glad to settle that argument with your argumentative friend. I know your friend and he drinks.

You know, we rather like Jack. He is very nice about giving us free drinks if we plug him in this column which we are only too inclined to do when it so pleases us. —McSquirt

Mae West Scores Heavily Says Reviewer

"Romeo and Juliet," continently playing at Memorial Hall.

Imagine my non-adhesive, im-miscible, incoherent catalytic amazement when this latest ostentatious attempt of Hollywood to give us the benefit of the ultramarine, smalt, tri-choistic works of the motley, marblele Board of Avon, had me completely, wholly, and absolutely obfuscated by its richness, splendor, and porraceous quality, which was fully as much like the feet of an archbishop as a panther is like a one-cylinder farm tractor.

May West, that erudite, modificate, schismatic actress, scored heavily as Juliet. Wallace Beery as the opusculle, enchiridion Romeo came up to my avid titillating expectations, but Charlel McCarthy as Mercutio had me quivering, pothering, heaving, fluttering, palpitating, and fermenting with warmth, glow, unctio, vehemence, and fervour, which may be likened to the devout fastidiousness of a pinioned hebescule.

A laudaminous indignation of praise to Snow White for her swanky, specious portrayal of the old nurse. For the Charof Tybalt the movies enlisted the aid of that ancient-era favorite, Rin-Tin-Tin, whose death some years ago made no difference to that groyne, ductile, magnate, Sam Goldwyn, who is reputed to have paid omniscient, pantagorous sums to have the star brought back, a pulverulence which I can only compare to the semiliquidity of a truncated eurythmy.

—Slighter

For the
Senior Prow!!

•
South Sea Sarongs in
99 Bright Colors

•
GOOS

Knows the Campus

How to Get Boats and Influence Attendants

SISTER MCGONICLE

(With most humble apologies to Mr. Carnegie)

BEFORE starting this little treatise, I must impress upon the reader the fact that this is not a light matter, but one that is daily harassing a score of would-be canoe tippers. If any of you have attempted to secure a boat at Lagunita, you know the devious route to be followed before reaching El Dorado; and if you have never yet ventured to try the lake, this may serve as timely warning.

Any day in the near future, you may be walking along the Quad and suddenly feel a mad urge to be athletic, and naturally your first thought will be of that slightly muddy, but none the less lovely, Lagunita. Try to control your passions, as there is a long road ahead.

First, I would suggest that you nonchalantly walk around the edge of the lake, so as not to let the attendants think you really want a boat and give them an advantage. You might try taking off your shoes and stockings and wading around near the boathouse, making loud remarks to the effect that it's a very cold day, and certainly not one for canoeing. (This should completely fool the boathouse cowboys.) When your toes are blocks of solid ice, it is then time to come out and stroll toward the landing pier (with measured gait, of course, so as not to arouse suspicion). Engage the boys in casual conversation. Flatter them—e.g., ask them if they are seniors when it is very apparent that they* are freshmen or sophomores. You might even play a few card tricks, or ask to feel their muscles (this applies only to men readers). After you have completely won their confidence, start edging over toward the boathouse, avoiding meanwhile all mention of boats or their use.

Once inside the boathouse, your

*The use of the plural "they" indicates that this species hunts better in packs.

(Continued on page 35)

The BALLARD of BOLIN GREEN

"SCHUCKS," said BUCK, as he laid down his CARDS. "You FELLOWS must be SHARPerS. You took everything but my SHUEs and SOX. What a FISH I am for LUCK. I shouldn't have come to TOWNE today. HAAS anyone got the PRICE of a SIPPY of SCOTTch?"

"Sure," said HUSKY, "I'm RICH today, so I'll TREAT you all." And the cowboys went to the BARR and put their feet on the RAEL.

"Gosh," BUCK exclaimed, "this BRAND of stuff sure raises CAIN with your insides when it goes DUNN your ADAMS apple. What do you BOYES think?"

"Well, I'm a STRONG man, but if I have any insides left, this will BURNHAM out. It SEARS McLEAN through, and I'm not LYON."

"LISTON," BROWNie breathed, as he LYNNed against the BARR. "Do you HERRE that ANGELL sing?"

"HALL of me, why not take HALL of me," warbled ALMOND-eyed ANIBAL, the entertainer.

"OGGwan," snorted ERBert, the Englishman. "H'I wouldn't give a

NICOL for 'er, or even a SCHILLING.

"EWELL go too FAST one of these days," growled BROWNie. "I could reCLINE here all day and hear her. What the EELLS the matter with you? DOANE you think she's PURDY?"

"Yes, but the BANE of my life is a woman who BARKS like a BLACK BIRD on the WING. They h'ought to COOPER up."

"Them's HARSH words, my FRIEND. I adMEYER that gal, and I won't hear you TAINTER name. If you express reMORSE we'll go outside and settle this with BAYER fists. I'm a regular SAMSON when I'm MADVIG anyone. I can ring the BELL on anyone of your BREID any time. So you be STILLSON about that SWEET thing or I'll knock you loose from your BEARD and they WILBURY you on the lone prairie."

But ERBert gave him a CUTTING look, and BROWNie BLINKed. "LANZ sakes!" cried BUCK. "It's NYE time to go to CHURCH."

—Levinson



"Bosqlitz wore his 'Quad clothes'."



SHE MADE A MAN OF HIM

Or, The Power of a Pure Woman's Love

By ART LEVINSON

ACT I

SCENE: The kitchen of Pap Wormwood's humble farmhouse, in the isolated little hamlet of Oatmeal Center

[Pap sits at the kitchen table stroking his long white whiskers (tied behind the ears with black ribbon). Abner sits by the fireplace, whittling, while Appleblossom moons in a corner.]

PAP: Abner, you and Appleblossom been keeping company now for nigh onto a year. Don't you young folks think it was time you was gettin' hitched.

[Appleblossom crosses to Abner and strokes his hair hopefully.]

ABNER: Well, shucks, Pap, I been fixin' to be right proper about this. I don't figger I know Appleblossom long enough. (Aside) Gadzooks! What would these honest peasants think if they knew that in reality I am not Abner Prunejuice, a simple farmer, but Ronald Grosvenor Cholmondely (pronounced Chumley) the black sheep of one of the most distinguished families in England. Bowed down by disgrace I fled my home and came to this land of the Red Indians. How can I, a cashiered officer of the Coldstream Guards, ask for the hand of this pure pastoral flower?



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PAP WORMWOOD, an honest, toil-worn son of the soil
 APPLEBLOSSOM, his daughter, a pure lily of the pastures
 ABNER PRUNEJUICE, shy and stalwart
 CYRIL SMOOTHTONGUE, a city slicker
 WILFRED GROSVENOR CHOLMONDELY (PRONOUNCED CHUMLEY), guess who!
 BUTTONS, who leers and hops bells

PAP: Be you Cyril Smoothtongue, the feller who bought up the mortgage?
 CYRIL: That's right, my good man, that's right! And no doubt you have the money ready? Heh, heh, heh!
 PAP: I'm afeard I ain't. Be you goin' to turn us out?
 CYRIL: That's right, gaffer.
 PAP: Mr. Smoothtongue, I'm an old man, and I ain't got much longer to go. Man and boy I lived on this here hog farm for eighty year. I'd just plumb die of heartbreak if you took it away from me.
 CYRIL: Old man, your white hairs move me to compassion, and I am inclined to be lenient. I will grant you an extension, on one condition.
 PAP: I'll do anything you say, Mr. Smoothtongue.
 CYRIL (aside): Aha, he has fallen into my trap! (Aloud) Well, my dear sir, your daughter Appleblossom must marry me.

[Much shrieking and moaning by Appleblossom and by the wind outside.]

ABNER: What's that, you dog?
 CYRIL: You heard me! Either this ripe young plum marries me, or out goes her father!

APPLEBLOSSOM: Abner, are you going to stand by and let this monster insult me?

ABNER: Why, I—, I— (Aside) Oh, merciful heavens, what can I do? My old weakness has come on me again! (He hangs his head—from his shoulders.)

APPLEBLOSSOM (with a searing glance of scorn at Abner): Well, then, if there is no strong man to rescue me, I must yield to the whim of this snake. Cyril, I accept your terms! I will marry you! Take me away.

ABNER: Appleblossom, stop! (He rushes at Cyril, who snarls and knocks him down. Cyril and Appleblossom go out. Abner and Pap sink down, broken. The wind howls in mockery.)

[Curtain]

ACT II

SCENE: A sinister room in a sinister hotel in the sinister city of Sin

[A bellhop comes in with the luggage, followed by Appleblossom and Cyril.]

(Continued on page 30)

APPLEBLOSSOM: Abner, honey.
 ABNER: Yeah, Appleblossom.
 APPLEBLOSSOM: Here's a little poem I learned in school once: "If you love me like I love you, No axe can cut our love in two." (Aside) I do believe he loves me at heart. I must keep trying.
 [Abner wanders away, biting his fingernails. Appleblossom sighs gustily. Pap suddenly groans aloud.]
 APPLEBLOSSOM: Why, Pap, what on earth is the matter?
 PAP: Nothin', Appleblossom.
 APPLEBLOSSOM: Come, Pap, what is it? I am your daughter, a true Wormwood, and your troubles are mine.
 PAP: Wal, honey, the man who bought up the mortgage is comin' here tonight to collect, and I ain't got the money to pay him. I reckon we're goin' to lose our hog farm.
 ABNER: Pap, I ain't got but little, but it's all yourn. (Aside) Egad! Had I but a tiny part of the inheritance I have squandered, I could free this

good old man from his slavish bondage.
 PAP: No, thankee, Abner, I'll fight this out on my own. (Aside) That's a right nice young feller, alright. Willin' to give all that's his'n.
 [Outside, the wind howls madly and ominously (if the sound effects work right). There is a thunderous knock at the door. Appleblossom rushes to open it. Cyril Smoothtongue swaggers in, chucking her under the chin.]
 CYRIL: Aha, me little chickadee! Give us a kiss.
 APPLEBLOSSOM: Sir!
 ABNER: Take yore hands off her, city slicker!
 CYRIL (snapping his fingers at him): A fig for you, country boy. (Aside) Ha! This may not be so simple as I anticipated. When I glimpsed this little rosebud walking through town this afternoon I resolved to have her, and this farm to boot. Heh, heh, heh. But yon churlish yokel must not frustrate my plans. I shall intimidate him and the old man.

Travel

TOM FLEMING

TRAVEL is a very boring type of amusement that is usually done by means of air, rail, and sea, or bus or walking. On this page are depicted most of the methods, but I find the one on the right center the best because it merely involves sitting. A lot of romance is credited to the sea, but if you will observe the picture of the storm you will realize that it is much better in a picture. Now people like myself are always roaming around taking pictures, so all you have to do is know us and we will show you our albums and you can remain ensconced in your arm-



chair. Of course it is all very interesting and costs a lot of money but when all is said and done what difference does it make? I personally feel like the little tug. I should like to just cruise around smoking and accomplishing very little. Well, I wish I was as blasé as all that, but I really like it as much as you. This is the only way I could get my friends to look at my travel pictures.

Of Milksons

Long, long ago
Right in this very place
There lived and studied and ate
And really, really laughed
Many nice people.
And everyone knew everyone else
And everyone was happy,
For they liked to live there
And laugh and know everyone else.

But one day
A stranger, a very strange
Stranger
Came to the place.
He was a milkson.
And he brought with him another
milkson
Who was a female one.
And all the nice people
Who lived and studied and ate
And really, really laughed
Were nice to the milksons
Because they did not know
Any better
And because they had never seen
A milkson before
Or after.

But the milksons
Kept to themselves and muttered
Off to themselves in
Dark corners,
For they were milksons,
See?
And they did not act at all
Like the happy people around them.
That was because they
Were the only milksons
There.

So one day
The two milksons muttered
To themselves and left the place.
And they went to some place
And were married in some
Church.
And, as is the way with milksons,
It wasn't long until
There were many little milksons
Muttering to themselves
In dark corners.

After a few years too few
The milksons' children
Were sent to the same
Place where their
Parent milksons had been
Sometime before,
Remember?



"Move along, buddy. It's all part of a murder mystery."

Well, from here on
The story becomes dull,
Because it is just a case of
More milksons and more milksons
Marrying more and more milksons
And breeding, breeding, breeding,
And sending all their children
To the same place.
Until, at last, everyone,
Almost, at the place
Became milksons.
And there were only a few
Of the happy, happy people
Left.
And they weren't very happy.

And they shouldn't be happy.
Would you be happy if
You had to live
Among real live
Milksons?
I'll wager not.
Why no one would like it
Unless he didn't know
What a milkson looked like,
And acted like.
Or unless he was a milkson
Himself.

—Ellington

FACULTY FROLIC

THE well-known Faculty Dinner is the type of institution which should be participated in more often. The other night I was fortunate enough to be included in one devised by the ladies of Lagunita. I arrived with a bold heart and entered the lobby which was filled with youthful pulchritude attired in that peculiar costume known as the semiformal. I chanced to have a gravy spot on my waistcoat which was taken for a Phi Bete key and I was paid the homage due a faculty member despite my humble position. I was lured into a casa, a form of dwelling designed to create sectionalism amidst the unity of Lagunita, where thousands of people milled around and thrust little dishes at me. After I was thoroughly stuffed with appetizers, which ruined my appetite, I was ushered into their hangar-like dining room. Two or three professors cast hostile glances at me but did not disclose my humble standing for fear that their Phi Bete keys might be taken for grease spots. A phenomenal dinner was served which defied the ugly rumors about Lagunita Sunday-night

(Continued on page 33)

The Stanford Chaparral

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ESTABLISHED 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT two scholarships have been set up for future Farm Thespians, the Old Boy applauds both Stagers and the Alumni Association. He believes that the idea has a great deal more merit than merely providing tuition for two actors per year, although that is laudable in itself. It is a recognition and public announcement of the place of worth-while activities in Stanford life, and provides a precedent for future aid to a type of student who has been pretty generally overlooked in the past.

With notable exceptions, of course, it has been the potential Phi Bete or athletic "great" to whom the helping hand has been extended by the University or its friends. A Stanford education is valuable to the individual, but the individuals are also valuable to the University.

The ability, versatility, and high caliber of the students are Stanford's greatest assets.

The Ancient One is not prepared to hold a brief for the value of the much-maligned and highly touted "activities." Some of them are no doubt a waste of time; many are undeniably extremely valuable both as experience and as educational devices. But the finest feature of university life should be its cosmopolitanism. Many types of people possessing various talents, thoughts, and degrees of opinion; a multitude of peepholes through which the student may glimpse the complex pattern of life—these are the requisites of a great university.

Stanford has an abundance of activities, and performs most of them remarkably well. They play their part in

enriching our four-year exposure and making it livable and real. The exceptional student who deserves an opportunity to participate with credit in these phases of Stanford life has at last found a champion. The Ancient One hopes the practice will continue in other worth-while fields.



NOW THAT special edition of the *Stanford Daily* which appears within these covers is a token of our special esteem for that worthy contemporary of ours. In order to be worth razzing, a thing must have some value, even if it is difficult to distinguish. We assume this to console ourselves from the ribbings of the *Daily's* able freshmen reporters and we feel it only fair to concede them the same satisfaction.

We have tried awfully hard to be funny with the *Daily*. We wish they wouldn't try so hard not to be.

NOW THAT Journalism Department stands out like an airport beacon, beckoning to the weary student who has lost faith in the horse-and-buggy methods of pedagogy. Professor Chilton R. Bush, head of the department, has built it into one of the best in the country. Despite our constant search for new methods of education, journalism is still comparatively rare in universities' curricula.

Practical training is afforded by *The Stanford Daily*, and in addition to this arrangements have been made with San Francisco newspapers and advertising agencies which permit the students to work with them. A well-equipped type-lab lets the students get their hands dirty and learn that type is not made of rubber. A teletype machine is installed during winter quarter so that the students may

learn how to make a full-page story out of the short paragraph sent in by a news agency. Certain courses deal with the history of journalism and its world-wide aspects. Sigma Delta Chi, the honorary journalism society, helps its members secure positions upon graduation. This chapter recently won a national award for having every member employed within a few months after graduation.

Certainly this department is a refreshing relief from the purely academic courses which fill us with culture but are of little assistance in learning to operate a gas pump. Many people of college age cannot afford to spend four years in purely academic education. Journalism majors are not only offered cultural education and practical training, but the amazing thing is that they actually seem to like it.

—T. F.



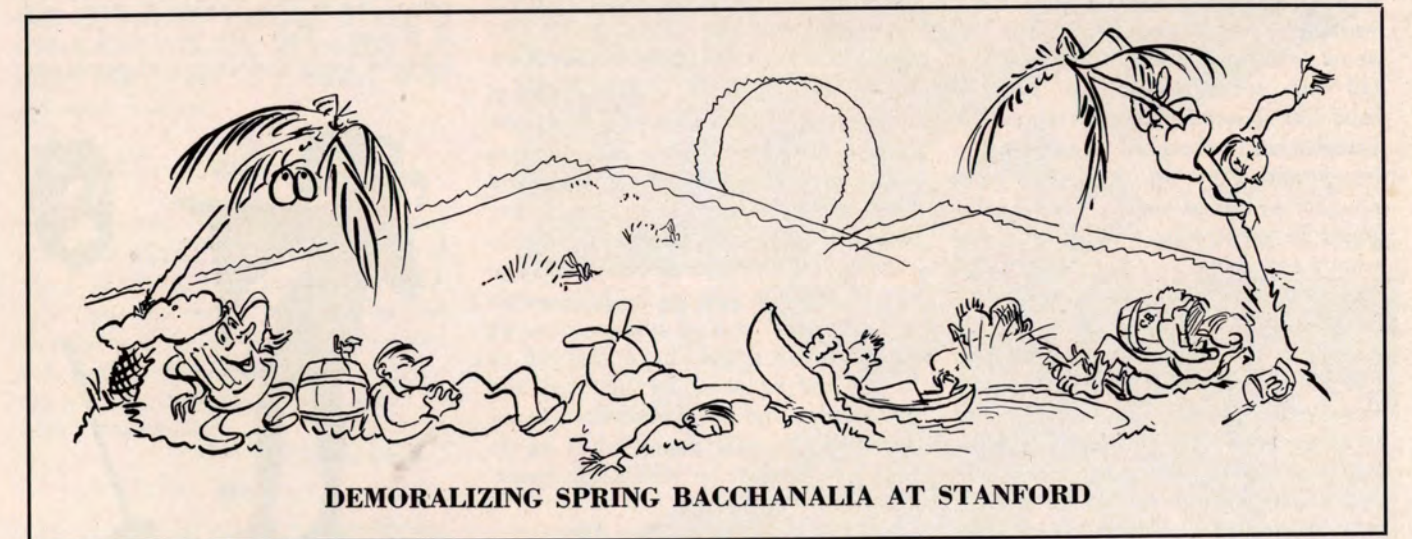
NOW THAT reminds the present wearer of the cap and bells that only one more issue remains for him. While this may bring much gladness to the hearts of many, to him it is a bit sad.

For many months, however, he and his faithful cohorts have gathered secretly in dark, smoky places and laid plans for the June issue, the last fling, the swan song of Volume 39. Many stupendous ideas have been born and many have died, but some—the best of them—will be incorporated in what we hope to make the finest CHAPARRAL of the year.

There will be more colors than you can find in the optics lab, more photographs than even the *Quad* can boast, more fun and humor than ever before.

All contributions will be welcomed at our offices in the Press Building.

NOW THAT Ancient One wishes to thank Managing Editor Tom Fleming for his fine assistance in the preparation of this issue.



Little Pop Off



DURING season of much-heart-pounding Pop Off feel like young buck so he find squaw named Happy-in-Spring and he make big talk and forget all about Little-Speak-Softly and birch-bark-pounding. He take squaw to many big feasts and spend much wampum. All braves tell Pop Off about place by great waters so Pop Off take squaw there too. He find sand like desert and he run around in breech clout and squaw wear very few beads and Pop Off think this very naughty but good sport. Many braves jump in great waters and make war whoop and drink b—r but Pop Off find water cold like many squaws at Pueblo-Much-High-Learning so he make big noise but not go in. Pretty soon Pop Off feel like cooking stone and he see that he is a pretty red Indian so he wrap up in blanket and feel like many witch doctors poke him and many evil spirits burn him and he wonder why braves run around in breech clout

in sun so he take squaw back to P-M-H-L. She say he very bad to leave but Pop Off say he red enough Indian. Next day he take little Happy-in-Spring out in birchbark canoe on lake but she act like rabbit and jump around until canoe tip over and this make Pop Off very mad but she say it good joke ha-ha so Pop Off pretend to think so too but he think evil thoughts at same time. Then squaw want to go to rain dance, sun dance, and papoose dance until Pop Off get very sick and just want to sit and smoke pipe. Pretty soon he get mad and do down to Pueblo - of - Gettingwell - Papooses and say he want to join so he have somebody to take care of him because he tired but big squaw throw him out so he go and squat under big tree and smoke pipe and think everybody crazy and Pop Off only happy when he do nothing or when he with Little-Speak-Softly.

—Tom Fleming

NOW THAT SHOW

KIND LADY

THE PLAY began, and the audience was enveloped in an atmosphere of brooding danger, of eerie things to come. As the plot unfolded, the atmosphere increased, grew tenser, and at the final curtain the relief was like the lifting of oppressive clouds.

Skillfully directing a cast that was exactly suited in character delineation, H. Miles Heberer brought to full life this melodrama by Edward Chodorov, based on Hugh Walpole's successful short story of several years ago, "The Silver Mask." Its slow, ominous rhythm, except in a few spots, hardly faltered, and but for some slight lapses, the characterization was as fine as any seen on a professional stage. My only fault with the pacing, and it is of slight consequence, is that at times the tempo might have increased a bit more. (Tempo in this instance must be taken to mean intensity, and not speed.)

As for the actors, I should say that Melba Toombs stood out against the others, even Kay Campbell, although Melba, in her role as a Cockney woman crook, was given opportunity for a more cleancut delineation. She was never out of her part, and had mastered a walk and other mannerisms that were arresting.

Yet Kay gave a much more gripping portrayal as the "kind lady" overpowered by the gang of confidence men, almost completely broken, but still preserving her inner will to be free of them when the opportunity came. As in *The Trojan Women* and *A Winter's Tale*, she projected a nobility of spirit and flashes of greatness.



ALGAR

Hal Kahn got off to a somewhat slow start in the role of Henry Abbott, insomuch that at first he was deficient in the debonair insolence that his role required. But with the course of the play this missing quality was found.

His usual fine performance was turned in by Dan Holtom, who turned out to be the rescuer of the kind lady. Dan, however, should be careful not to slip too easily into the mannerisms that were so effective for him in *The Governor's Wife*. J. P. Cahn, in that wig of his, was a truly sinister figure. His only fault was in not being consistent in his Cockney dialect. The play's lighter moments were provided by Bud Cady and Margaret Paulson. Bud, especially, was good for a laugh as soon as he came on. Shirley Jones, as the mentally deficient tool of the gang, did a great deal toward furthering the eerie quality of the production.

Virginia Sharpe gave the finest performance of her Stanford career as the friend of the kind lady. Her poise and stage presence were among the high spots. Kay Kalenborn also comes in for much praise in her characterization of the commonsense maid, devoted to her mistress. Barbara Thrasher, Olive Krauthoff, Elster Haile, and Vaughn Raymond all did very well, although Raymond, as a French art dealer, was not too well prepared in his accent.

The setting, by William Bassett, was as splendid a modern interior scene as could be found anywhere. Perfectly designed for sight lines and for placing of furniture to allow the action to proceed logically, it had a tremendous influence in making me forget that I was in a theater while the show was on.

—Levinson

The colored minister was describing the "bad place," to a congregation of awed listeners. "Friends," he said, "you has seen meltin' iron runnin' out of a furnace, hain't you? It am white hot, sizzlin', and hissin'. Well, dey use dat stuff for ice cream in de place I's tellin' you about."

—Punch Bowl

A prof wrote "Please wash" on the blackboard and the janitor took his bath before Saturday.

—Sour Mash



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SECOND FLOOR

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SHE MADE A MAN OF HIM

(Continued from page 23)

CYRIL (flipping the bellhop a coin): Here you are, son. Be off, and no peeking at the keyhole, d'ye hear? [The bellhop leers and goes out.]

CYRIL (twisting his silky mustaches): Alone at last, me little gem. Give us a kiss, eh?

APPLEBLOSSOM: No, no! We are not married yet!

CYRIL: Well, what of that? I have sent for a preacher to unite us in the holy bonds of wedlock, and he'll be here any minute. Heh, heh, heh. (He advances toward her.)

APPLEBLOSSOM: Help, help! (Aside) Oh, Abner, why did you forsake me? (Aloud) Abner, Abner!

ABNER (stepping in the door): I am here, Appleblossom. Let her go, you rat!

CYRIL: Grrr! (He leaps on Abner and hurls him to the ground, then commences to strangle our hero.)

ABNER: You can't hurt me, you snake-in-the-grass! (Aside) Ah, but he is hurting me. I grow weak! I am about to swoon! (He grows limp in Cyril's murderous grasp.)

APPLEBLOSSOM: Abner, I love you! Save me!

ABNER: I will, Appleblossom! (Aside) Three cheers and a tiger! The purity of her love has restored to me my strength. Now shall this cur know the worth of Ronald Grosvenor Cholmondely (pronounced Chumley) and he shall feel my wrath! (He gets free and knocks Cyril about with great gusto.)

CYRIL: Grrr! Curses on you, fellow, you shall not foil me!

[They grapple, but clean living and a pure woman's love are too much for the slicker, who falters.]

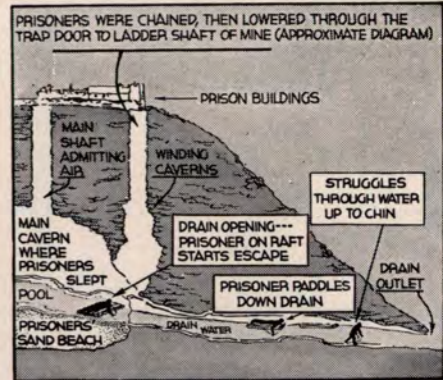
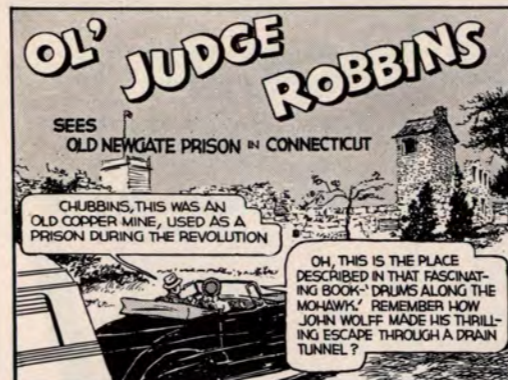
ABNER (aside): Now for a bit of fun with the knave! (Taking up a towel, or something, he waves it in front of Cyril, who charges at him. Abner deftly steps aside and Cyril crashes into the wall, unconscious.)

APPLEBLOSSOM: Abner, my hero! (She leaps into his arms.)

ABNER: Appleblossom, honey, you shoulda knew this skunk warn't fixin' to marry you. Ain't you ever seen no movin' pictures?

[The door opens, and in comes the remaining member of the cast.]

ABNER: Wilfred, you here!
WILFRED: Yes, Ronald, it is I, your brother, Wilfred Grosvenor Chol-



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mondely (pronounced Chumley). I have long been seeking you, and I bring good news! But stay, who is this beautiful damsel, and who is yon unconscious man? (Aside) Zounds, but the girl is a looker!

ABNER: This is my bride to be, Wilfred, and that fellow is of no import. But tell me, what is the good news of which you speak?

WILFRED: Your gambling debts have been paid off, and you have been completely forgiven. You must return home, Ronald, to our ancestral estate.

ABNER: Nay, brother, Ronald Grosvenor Cholmondely (pronounced Chumley) is no more! For I intend to stay here with my beloved, and beget children, and raise hogs! I am a man again! (He embraces Appleblossom, while Wilfred and the wind outside moan sweetly.)

FINIS



"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"
"Oh, no."
"Then let's take a stroll through the infirmary."
—Ranger

The foreman of one of the WPA projects found that due to breakage and wear and tear he had run short of shovels, so he wired to Mr. Hopkins in Washington, requesting that more shovels be sent to him.

The next day, he received a reply, which read: "Have no more shovels. Tell the men to lean on each other."
—Exchange

And now they've even taken to criticizing the National Broadcasting Company because it had a Red network.
—Drexard

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
And all the simple little geese
Are in the soph'more class.
—Click

Farmer—That new cowhand is terribly dumb.
Son—How's that?
Farmer—He found some milk bottles in the grass and insisted that he had found a cow's nest.
—Pointer

A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram. "Hazel gave birth to a girl this morning; both doing well." On the message was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."
—Wataugan

Said the raindrop to the particle of dust: "This settles you, your name is mud."
—Exchange

First Co-ed—She told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her.
Second Co-ed—The mean thing! I told her not to tell you I told her.
First Co-ed—Well, don't tell her I told you that she told me.
—Exchange

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FABLES

(Continued from page 13)

razor, plugged it in a wall socket, put a menu over his face, and took a shave.

☞ It seems that there is a sweet-looking little flower girl, who resembles some of Charles Dickens' characters, who haunts some of the highway restaurants. One night she came pitifully out of the cold and into one of these restaurants, selling her flowers for the mere pittance of fifty cents. Despite the growls and threatened discontinuance of the customers' patronage the proprietor shooed the little Dickens girl from his eatery. One customer told him he was cruel. The proprietor merely smiled confidently and answered that the little girl's father was outside waiting for her in a new eight-cylinder Chrysler. His restaurant business is still prospering.



STILL OF THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 15)

ceeds to go through his dresser drawers methodically, occasionally dropping one or two. After this he wanders to the bathroom, with more slamming of doors, which I shall delicately pass over. When he returns to his room he begins undressing. All goes well for a time, permitting my strained nerves to relax, and sleep almost captures me again. At that point, however, he places a chair on his bed. Mounting this pedestal and reaching clear to the ceiling, he drops his shoes, one by one. I know this is what he does because I have seen the dents in the floor. I calculated it by Newton's laws that only a heavy iron object dropped from a height of about 12 feet could do it.

Then the chair collapses, and after picking himself off the floor he practices drumming with the broken pieces. This exhausts him, and he is ready for bed. His is not an ordinary bed. It squeaks and groans. It is almost human. He rolls in this bed for several hours making strange clucking noises to himself. I don't mind this so much. If it weren't for the fact that I know he has forgotten to raise his window, a deafening process which shakes the whole house, I would probably be able to go to sleep.

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And if the clouds are out at all they will have a silver lining.

I must go down to L'Omelette again, for the quality that's best
Has a soft charm and a sweet charm that far outweighs the rest.
And all I ask is a quiet nook with soft music playing,
And the warm glow of a rested mind, and the girl friend saying



We must come back to L'Omelette again, to escape from the study grind,
For continual pounding of the books is a strain on the tired mind.
And all I ask is a dinner here, for there is no better food,
And André's fame is a guarantee of everything that's good.

—Art Levinson

FACULTY FROLIC

(Continued from page 25)

suppers. After a heavy meal and light conversation I was returned to the casa and more little dishes were thrust upon me. Then the floor show commenced, which proved very excellent. When it was over a curt announcement informed us that we could leave, so I left by the process of bowing and mouthing and at length found myself outside. As I trudged home a warm spot glowed in my heart. For years I had wanted to be a professor, and now I had enjoyed their pleasures. I had been waited upon, fed, and amused, and I really felt that I had gotten to know the students much better.

—Tom Fleming

Here lies the body of Susan Jones,
Resting beneath these polished stones.
Her name was Brown instead of Jones,
But Brown won't rhyme with polished stones.
And she won't know if it's Brown or Jones.

—Log

☞
"Son, how often must I tell you it isn't good manners to dip your bread in the gravy?"

"Yes, father, but it is good taste."
—Sour Owl

☞
"Can you love two girls at once?"
"Yes, sir, immediately."

—Gargoyle

My kitty has gone a-galivanting:
I don't know where she's at.
Curse this city
That lured my kitty—
By dawn she'll be a cat.

—Ski-U-Mah

☞
Lawyer—Why didn't you scream as soon as he touched you?

Old Maid—I didn't know he wanted my money.

—Yellow Jacket

☞
Nurse—I think he's regaining consciousness, doctor; he just tried to blow the foam off his medicine.

—Exchange

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HOW TO GET BOATS

(Continued from page 21)

goal is in sight. It is a relatively simple matter to egg the boys on until they take a canoe out and put it in the water for you, by saying little taunting phrases like, "Bet your old boats won't even float," or, if you are a gal, "Aren't those boats too heavy for you to lift?" (He will then lift the boat high in the air and rush it out to the water.) Once the boats have been placed in the water, it is easy to lower yourself into the boat, and (keeping up a steady chatter all the while) float away.

There are, of course, alternate solutions to the problem, such as luring the boys into the lake for an invigorating game of water-tag and drowning them. I believe you can see the possibilities in this plan without further comment. Or you can steal out to the lake at night and steal a canoe, cache it in the bushes, and use it the next day. (The boathouse boys can't count so they'll never discover the theft.)

The last solution I offer is to go up to the boys and stoutly demand a canoe, being prepared, however, to deal with any unpleasant situation that may arise from the use of such tactics. I personally find it easier to buy a canoe or just use the lake for swimming.

TROPICAL TRAGEDY

(Continued from page 16)

having a straw jutting out of its interior. A few sucks on the straw causes its death and you discard its limp form. You attempt to lick it and you get nothing but ice. You attempt to drink it and freeze your nose. Finally you try eating it, but all you get is snow water. Your thirst is now getting tremendous, so you fix the waiter with your eye and demand a Scotch-and-Splash. He reverts to the happy Polynesian temperament by bursting into gay laughter and departing. He returns, of course, with another ice cream cone. You contemplate throwing it at him but his husky colleagues dissuade you, so you quietly slip out tripping slightly over your dangling tongue.

That is the reason for my South Seas voyage, because I have heard from reliable sources that there are no bars but American bars in the South Seas, and the only atmosphere in them is the type which one breathes.

—Tom Fleming

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ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

Marjorie Ann Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Smith, had the time of her life Saturday night when she was chosen queen of the Scabbard and Blade, military honor society. She had her picture in all the Bay city dailies. Good luck Marj.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Al's Variety Store has had a gay new awning put up this week.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Sunday found what seemed like most of the residents of Los Angeles enjoying the flower decked fields between Bakersfield and the mountains. The country was a mass of blue and red and was gayly decked with people in great numbers.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Toyon and Branner Hall men will dance tonight to the music of Ernie Heckscher and his orchestra at the sport dance to be held in the lobby of Toyon Hall from 9 to 1 o'clock. Dorothy Diven will be soloist with the band.

—Stanford Daily

**MEN SEARCH
FACULTY FOR
FIELD MATES**

—Stanford Daily

The six ages of a woman—the infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

—Exchange

Mary had a little lamp,
She filled it with benzine;
She went to light her little lamp,
And hasn't since benzine.

—Urchin



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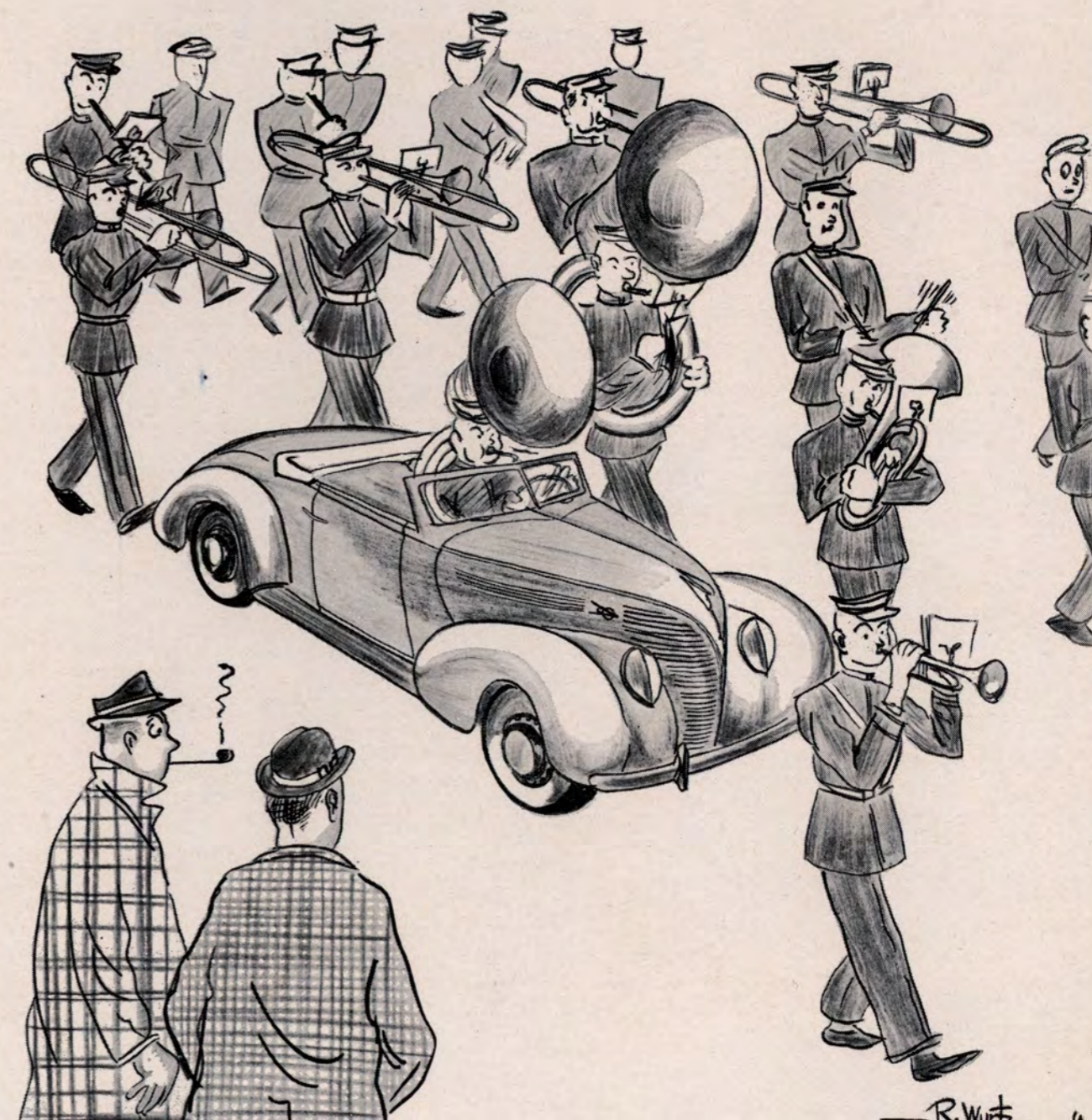
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