



DORIS TUCKER

STANFORD
Chaparral



Greek Philosophy

15c

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Danse Macabre



With this issue Volume 40 of the *Stanford Chaparral* presents its last organized anti-war propaganda. This move is not occasioned by, as some cynics will think, the gathering threats of impending war. The *Chaparral* ends this campaign because it feels that it has said all it can to this campus on the subject, and that any more of the same feature is repetitious. From now on the anti-war drive will be carried out with spot cartoons and comment.

The appeal of this series of anti-war pages, covering the last year and a quarter, has been directed primarily at American college youth—"the flower of American manhood"—the future fertilizer of the soil of foreign nations. Begun by last year's editor Bob Hartmann, the *Chaparral's* organized drive against war spread rapidly among other college magazines, and when Hartmann's year ended last June, the illustration for the Peace Page of that month was reprinted all over the country, in a concerted expression of opinion among the colleges.

The *Chaparral*, although it realizes that when the bands play martial music and the drums throb and the fifes shrill, emotionalism will reign and hot-heads will rush off to save our financial investments in Europe, hopes that its Peace Pages have helped college students, and especially those of Stanford, to a clearer conception of the aspects of war. And it hopes that when jingo newspaper editors scream for murder that the "cannon fodder" of this country will first ascertain the reason for fighting.

This writer here wishes to briefly discuss when to, and when not to fight. For in expressing the opinion of the magazine he does not say that peace at any price

is honorable. He would have fully condoned a stand by Czechoslovakia against the rape by Hitler of that country. For there the Czechs would have been fighting for their existence in freedom, and to the writer's mind existence without freedom cannot be borne.

But if the men of other nations had been called on to fight for the Czechs—there is a different matter. For how is it fair to force a London shopkeeper or a French peasant farmer to leave the life he has built for himself, to march for no real cause against men he has never seen, and whose leaders can be dealt with without war.

The pact of Munich is a disgrace; that is fully recognized. It should never have been made, for there are other and more effective means of punishing a nation than by wholesale murder. (Did Hitler really believe that he could stand against both England and France, even with Italy's aid, and with Japan involved with China and fearful of a war with Russia?)

As it would have been wrong to ask the people of England and France to fight for Czechoslovakia, so it would be the lowest stupidity for our American youth to be sacrificed abroad on the altar of our statesmen's errors.

Should this country be attacked, the writer would volunteer his services. But these Peace Pages have been based on the not too foolish assumption that such a thing is very unlikely to happen. And so their theme has been an attempt to make you realize that before you go to war abroad, before you tread the Danse Macabre, you must know WHY!

—Arthur Levinson
Editor, *Chaparral*

THE MUSIC OF TODAY



BY
Herbie
KAY

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Nightly except Mondays,
and Saturday afternoons
for Tea Dansant in the
MURAL ROOM

HOTEL
ST. FRANCIS
UNION SQUARE • SAN FRANCISCO

FOR RESERVATIONS
DICK LUSBY P.A. 8986

Happy New Year!

Happy New Year to the campus—
Ivory Tower of the Stanford pam-
pas;
Happy New Year every one,
Every daughter and son-of-a-gun.
Cheerio, Encina Hall,
Where a roach makes a darn good
soccer ball
And life is grand as a gilded dome
Once an infant's away from home.
The Commons, too, receives its cut
Despite its soul-revolting grut.
(Yes, bits of meat in yellow scum
Would wreck a goat's duodenum.)
And same for the philanthropic
Union—
Site of all gas-pains' reunion.
(Coffee was once a dime there,
babe,
Till the crusader: Mellinkoff, Abe.)
Happy New Year, Robleites.
May you reach the social heights
And make the best sororities.
(Your house bill's due now, if you
please.)
Happy New Year, Margery Bailey!
You flunked me cold, but I just can't
wail-y.
I'm grieved to disappoint you so,
But I am I, as all must know.
Happy New Year, transfer girls,
(Among the oysters are some
PEARLS!)
May you dance well at jollyups
And deftly exercise your pups.
Happy New Year, eating clubs.
Make sure your members aren't all
dubs,
Assert your Brahminical rights
And have much fun in water fights.
Happy New Year to the Row
Where rushing's pure as drifted
snow.
(How far it's drifted is no matter
When Life is sleek, without a tatter.)
Now I know this stuff is slop and
ham,
And I could go on ad nauseam,
Yet for The Little Man With a Sensi-
tive Nose
I think I'll bring it to a close.
But greetings, 1939;
You know, this is your year to shine.
So though high water and hell come
I bid you a punchdrunk welcome.
—Art Levinson

The oyster's a fortunate chap.
He can lay himself down for a nap
And hatch out a pearl
To take to his girl.
For dough he cares not a rap.

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nothing to be desired in the way of
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DICK SUTTON

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WALTHAM WATCHES**

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Paul D. Culver
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SORORITY SONG

Verse

Her grandpa killed Injuns.
It's Kappa for her.
Her mamma's Society—
Theta for sure.
That baby has charm—
Pi Phi will provide.
If she runs for an office,
Tri Delt's open wide.

Chorus

My daddy has money,
But Mary's has more—
So she'll board on the Row,
While at Union I'M BORED!

—Margaret Miedel

Dear Ma,

Have just completed a very suc-
cessful quarter. Here 'tis in a nut-
shell!

1. Have made 8 units of A.
2. " " 7 units of B.
3. " " lots of new friends.
4. " MET some wonderful
women.

Your loving son,

—Decker

Our Brother

What art Up the Row
Phoo Gffa be Thy name.
Thy pledge shall come
Thy will be done
During Hell Week
As 'tis forever.
Give us this week
Our daily paddling
And forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive those who
Pledge this house
Next year.
Oh boy!

—Left

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
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Arresting as a stop-light
our B. H. Wragge spring
exclusives. Stunning colors,
a new design -- glorifying
the Queen's Thistle.

gored wool skirt - - 8.50
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She'll LOVE



A spray of sweet music, a sprinkling of swing . . . a touch of rhumba, tango and waltz.

Rose Room Bowl

The
PALACE
Hotel

HIC! ST. NICK!

On Christmas day last, in the year we've just passed.

I had a nightmare most charming, For in it Saint Nick was as tight as a tick

With staggers and hiccoughs alarming.

But the old Patron Saint in spite of the taint

Of the stuff for which Milwaukee's prating,

Had the Farm by the ears, and neglecting his years,

Did some first-class Christmas creating.

"Now shee here!" said he with a slap of his knee,

And breathed on his sack-like-a-mountain;

And lo! there was space where had stood in its place

That crudely suggestible fountain!

"An' not only that," he purred like a cat,

"That Tower idea is banished!"

And as I gazed with a grin o'er the scene of his sin

The idea had certainly vanished.

I thought he'd gone wild while thus he reviled,

Destroying as fast as he'd list 'em:

"I hate to be raucous, but down with the caucus,

The Bawlout and 'telephone system'."

"Oh ho! and He whee! I've gone on a spree!"

Mr. Claus shrieked out as he ran.

"And one parting glory to prove I'm no tory:

Fifty women to every man!"

The nightmare and whimsy were fleeting and flimsy—

The New Year has come and I'm grieving.

For good old Saint Nick (who was tight as a tick)

Was good-hearted but highly deceiving.

But for all his fine friends there are lots of amends

(He told me this too with a grin);

There is many a cellar that holds the old heller—

But just call him Hennessy Gin!

—Mellinkoff

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Relax
in the
healthiest way

at the

COLLEGE BOWLING ALLEYS

You'll meet
Your Friends
there!

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Phone P.A. 8722

ENCINA

The night before ex's,
And all through the hall
Not a sound to be heard,
Not even a brawl.

Suddenly a scream,
A Frosh gone amuck,
A roar in the hall
Like a ten-ton truck.

A waterbag splashes,
A bottle zooms,
A balustrade crashes,
And massacre looms.

Now all is serene,
The outbursts are few
Except for an occasional
"To hell with '42!"

—Carl Bledsoe

FRESHMAN TOUR

Oh see the great high arches
Where high the seagull dozes.
They have to build them high,
You see,

So all the Stanford royalty
Won't bump their little noses.

—Margaret Miedel

NOTE TO A CO-ED

You exercise with vigor
'Cause you want to keep your figger
But then you eat your dinner
And you're hardly any thinner.

NOTE TO DIOGENES

Early to bed and early to rise
Is the claim of more virtuous guys
Me—I'm not healthy, wealthy, or wise
But I do have one virtue—I tell no lies.

—Gordon Steedman

'Tis Up the Row that there combine
The best of all that's superfine.
For only blue-bloods socially
May join a Farm Fraternity
And those who rate within Pan-Hell
Must be the snootiest of the swell.
These facts are taught by those gone Row.

They say so, and they ought to know!

—Left

Walster's

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an excellent new Joyce Hubrite
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Campus tweeds that are as flattering as your formals . . . slimly chiseled lines and colors as pretty as a sunset.

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TWO'S COMPANY

Oh sweet co-ed with auburn hair,
Forgive me if I seem to stare;
You're very easy on the eyes,
And just about the perfect size.

Now that's a combination
That demands some contemplation;
I neglect my education
For poetic instigation:

Those lips, that nose, your flowing
grace,
There's charm reflected in your
face—
Those lovely eyes, they seem to
know
The reason why I'm gaping so.

Those nifty lines, so sure of fame,
Make ancient Venus blush in shame.
My mind won't stay on Roman Lit.
While there upon my right you sit.

But all this wouldn't turn my head
If I were sitting there instead.
Now lovely gal don't misconstrue,
A mouse is sitting there with you!
—Bert Rosenfeld

It's wonderful
To look into your eyes
And realize
The spell is overthrown.
It's wonderful
To feel that I am free,
It's glorious
To know that we're apart
And that my heart
Again belongs to me.
It's laughable
How silly I could be.
To think
I'd be such a sap
As to fall
For your magic.
I nearly fell
In the trap,
And that
Might have been
Oh, so tragic!
It's wonderful
Now that you're
In my past—
You're not the last
But still
I've won
This time.
It's wonderful
That I have kept
Your pin!

—Levinson

Keep a Song
in Your Heart

And a light in your eyes. Let
me send you sailing the deep
blue this summer.

Would you like to know
what you can do with your
available time and money?

Your inquiry invited.

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FREEDUMB OF THE
PRESS

GROUP OF FIFTEEN TO CON-
SIDER PLAN TO CURB
FRATERNITIES

—San Antonio Express

All the king's horses
And all the king's men
—Ranger

WORLD FAIR TO GET INTO
WOMEN'S HAIR

—N.Y. Times

It's in ours already.

—Lampoon

THREE ASK POST TO
FIND LOST DOGS

—Denver Post

Very unusual, we'd say.

—Wake Forest Student

We Have the Finest Home-Dressed
TURKEYS, DUCKS, and CHICKENS
Procurable at Reasonable Prices
Also plenty of Celery, Lettuce,
Squash, Turnips and Cranberries,
and don't forget we sell that Heluva
Good Cheese from the Sodus
Cheese Joint.

—Ad. in Lake Shore News

An' bring da mob wid youse.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

FOWLS TO HELP
ENTERTAIN AT DANCE
FOR UNIVERSITY CLUB

—The Daily Texan

Mentioning no names, of course.
—Ranger

"Then back to the hotel, and he
gets into his dinner clothes, takes a
quick shower, and appears in the
banquet hall looking as fresh as if
he had been resting all day."

—Boston Post

But probably a little wet.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

MRS. VANDERBILT WANTS CHILD
—Pennsylvanian

Line forms to right.

—Gargoyle

**RICH MAN'S
PIPE-TOBACCO AT
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MAN'S PRICE**



Rare tobaccos give BOND
STREET cool . . . different
flavor . . . aroma even co-eds
take to. And anyone can afford
BOND STREET . . . even that
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check from home is a couple
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Even if you spend plenty for
your own special pipe-mixture,
you generally wind up with a
blend comparable to BOND
STREET. Yet, BOND STREET
costs only 15¢.

For a pipeful of pleasure try
BOND STREET today!



BOND STREET 15¢
PIPE TOBACCO
A PRODUCT OF PHILIP MORRIS

NOTE: . . . If
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Morris, 110
Fifth Avenue,
New York City

Now that year 1938 slid by into oblivion without a single death knoll for swing in all the bells of New Year's Eve. Music's mewling babe has safely passed the milk-toast and colic stage, and while Mr. Toscanini still isn't waving at many empty balcony seats, the bawling infant is growing into a refined drawing-room addition.

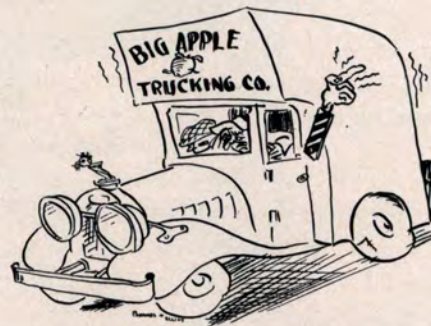
Chick Webb, filling in the grooves on the other side of his sequel, "I Found My Yellow Basket," overdid it, and all the notes make "Ella" the better half. The solos are strong, but easy-riding and not hard to follow, while Taft Jordan's moanin' in melody slides smoothly off in African patterns.

Pure, inspirational melody drapes itself around the bell of Jack Teagarden's magnificent trombone in "I'm Comin' Virginia" with the Modernaires and Paul Whiteman's Swing Wing. The vocal chorus is hi-de-hoed harmoniously, following note for note Bix Beiderbecke's immortal chorus, and before you know it, Jackson has gone away with a hot last chorus. The reverse, "Aunt Hagar's Blues," is equally fine with an added grain of pleasantry in Big Gate's foghorn singing that reaches down and makes you grin as it tickles with its rasp.

Artie Shaw, THE ace rhythm dispenser, blows blue notes in ex-King Goodman's ear that remind Benny he should have remembered, "Lest we sit and forget there are others." With a throatier sax section that fits

Stompin' Around

COLLIE SMALL



the scheme with finer tonal balance as related to the entire ensemble, more appealing build-up-then-recede brass and reed accents that are creeping into Goodman's late releases, a peculiar solidity that the old master has let slide by, and a clarinet squealing with more original and melodious ideas, Shaw makes his pops compare with B.G.'s swing classics. All of Artie's recent tunes are good: "They Say," and "A Room With a View," "Thanks for Everything," and "Between a Kiss and a Sigh," "Day after Day," and "Deep in a Dream," "Copenhagen," and a Hammerstein-Romberg composition, "Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise."

In spite of some left-handed compliments and a kangaroo for Goodman, his late offerings indicate a trend to the more precise and mel-

low. "My Honey's Lovin' Arms" leads out with a first chorus in silky saxes and sharp brass licks in front of ensemble patterns that actually tinkle. Stacy's incomparable piano is exquisite, and the record spins away into the air with a lesson in finesse with—pardon me—guts. Even tougher is the back, "Louise," a hot and faster rock with a James trumpet that startles in its delicate, muted mood. "It Had to Be You" rolls in a neat arrangement that you can't help liking; Dave Matthews comes out from behind his music with a truly felt alto solo and the pinpoint brass slides à la Shaw on the first chorus. "Smoke House Rhythm" and "Topsy" are two more that should remind the fast-forgetting, fickle public that the king has only been usurped.

Tommy Dorsey, after a heart-rending period of lemon chiffon releases, is on the up-beat with some swing that approximates the genuine. At the moment, we leer reservedly at this pure inspiration in favor of "Sweet Sue," another one like "Marie" where the band sings what Leonard doesn't have time to fit in. We still can't understand such farces, however, as "Sailing at Midnight," and, in the same category, Larry Clinton's "Lullaby" ("Berceuse" from *Jocelyn*), in which he only went halfway toward swinging a classic and made a terrific mess. Clinton almost had us fooled with his resurrected brass in a fine "Chant of the Jungle." His other

FOR THAT HEN PARTY . . . L'OMELETTE
 FOR THAT STAG DINNER . . . L'OMELETTE
 FOR THAT HEAVY DATE . . . L'OMELETTE
 FOR THAT LATE SNACK . . . L'OMELETTE

FOR THE MOST FRIENDLY WELCOME,

L'OMELETTE

good recording of all time is "Boogie-Woogie," if you'll believe me.

Small combinations often irritate in their unbridled moods of cacophonous dreaming, but never will the "Wail of the Scromph" by Sedic and his Honey Bears make a raspberry rash. Sedic, Waller's tenor, has incorporated in this slow, meaningful drive melodious solos topped off with an exquisite guitar; you can't understand it! Still in the few-but-mellow mood is John Kirby and his Onyx Club Boys' "Undecided" and "From A Flat to C," the latter featuring a magnificent piano by one of our favorites, Billy Kyle. All the solos in these releases are oddly restrained, and melody seems to be overcoming wild passion and inspiration.

Now these are good but few, but beyond them, we're afraid you'll have to beat your own ears in the search for the lilting rock.

Colored Maid—You is married?
 Visitor—No, I am not married. I am a maiden lady.

C.M.—You is! Did you ever have any chillun?

V. (indignantly)—No, of course not.

C.M.—Law sakes, ain't you lucky!
 —Yellow Jacket

"I want a quarter's worth of rat poison."

"O. K. Will you take it with you?"
 "Oh dear, no! I'll send the rats down after it."

—Jester



"That's a lie! I never went out with a Theta in my life!"

Livingston Bros.



PRINTS CHARMING

. . . to please your Prince Charming. (Well, it's spring, we can't help it). These new formals of printed silk crepe are as simple and unpretentious as the first crocus, with, at the same time, something definitely potent there, somewhere. 25.00.

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When you're stymied by a
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Cheer up with a good

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CANDY BAR**

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TOFFEE

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KNOX MANNING

"Headlines on Parade"

and meet the Hollywood stars
in person!

Every Monday, 5:30 p.m. P.S.T.
Columbia Pacific Coast Network



Now that Date

Now that the Farm is in the midst of its winter social whirl and we have all had our tokens from Sandy Claus, the main object of every man an' gal is to plan his extra-curricular activities for the coming season.

Soon the gala Exposition will open on San Francisco's Treasure Island. Along with this super attraction will come all the night clubs, restaurants, and dance places that will thrive on the swelling, care-free, joy-seeking population. Among the better and newest spots to open is the Shalimar, with Gene Krupa as the mad maestro to lift your puppies in the Frisco Hi-de-ho. A two-story job, constructed on the site of an old skating rink on the corner of Jones and Eddy, the modern and elite dance rendezvous will feature name bands and be in the same class as the Palomar in L.A. There will be none of the dance-hall stigma on this place that has always been the case in San Francisco.

Because of San Francisco's cosmopolitan nature there are many and varied unique entertainment and food centers in the various districts of the city. On Mason out in North Beach, or Little Italy, is a Mexican oasis called the Sinaloa that has an atmosphere of geniality, friendliness, and utter lack of care that will rival any other spot in the city. When you enter you are greeted as an old friend by Pancho in the native language, and during your stay the air is constantly filled with cries and singing of happy songs. The crowd wears the white star of decency and the floor show is right. Extraordinary talent is displayed by the performers and the whole thing is much more real than a lot of dives that attempt the same effect.

Doing the uptown lowdown, you might drop in at the Tahiti Club where there's never a dull moment and always something to see even



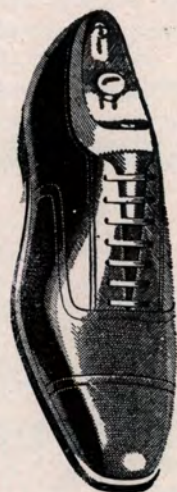
Break the ice—get a
hot drink or sundae

at the



Hamilton & Emerson

The type of shoe every man
should have for informal dress
wear. At Thoits from
\$5.00 to \$10.00



Thoits

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Good Shoes Since 1893

if you don't stay long—which is usually advisable.

The hotels are still doing business downtown and up on the hill, and the remarkable number of friends one bumps into—and I do mean bumps—plus the refined air and good orks is always worth the price of admission.

The 365 Club on Market Street, near the Ferry Building, owned by Monk Young, food connoisseur, known practically the world over for the concoctions he has served in his restaurants up and down the Pacific Coast, is not typical of the Market Street places, but serves a wonderfully tasteful dinner and has for a feature, besides the nightly entertainment, different rooms for serving of various types of beverages. The dining room is aglow with soft colors—amber glass windows overlooking the street from the third floor; table cloths and napkins of pink, yellow, blue, green; and candles in bottles in harmonious shades. There is a friendliness about the place that encourages informality and enjoyment.

The popcorn is always fresh at Andre's L'Omelette on 101.

—Dave Walker

"How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

"Three, and don't call me dizzy!"
—Pell Mell

First—What is the age limit for soldiers?

Second—Listen, soldiers are the limit at any age.

—Rammer Jammer



"All right, all right! You came here to forget you were once a D.U."



Presenting a new collection of

Print Dresses

19.95

Gay, flattering, gorgeous prints, every one a new design. Prints gayly strewn with flower sprays or monotone patterns. Frocks to dress-up your merriest cocktail moods or the more tailored shirt-maker styles. Soft, lovely pure-dye silks, also acetates.

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NOW! ALL ON OUR
THIRD FLOOR!

ask for a Ranleigh

Sizes 10 to 20

Ranleigh Dresses for day or evening
19.95 to 35.00

Ranleigh Coats . 25.00 to 49.95

Ranleigh Suits . 22.95 to 49.95

Third Floor

NUDGES AT NEOPHYTES

I

All Tri Delt women must allege,
"Agatha is a lowly pledge."
Agatha was scrimping
From too much primping;
Her purse was limping.
Then she saw a glimmer
(Copper and silver shimmer);
Now her purse is slimmer.

All Tri Delt women must allege,
"Agatha has a social edge."

II

Gone are the hats of yesteryear;
Tradition is no longer here.
Gone is the dink of freshman yore,
Just like hats that seniors wore;
Where are the hats of yesteryear?
Hidden by a sophomore?
We pledges hesitate to sneer
At people who never do revere
The very tinge of Stanford cheer.
We have no weakness in our core;
We have no apathy of chore;
We simply yawn. Why bother
more?

Tradition is no longer here.
Where are the hats of yesteryear?

—Steve

You thought this
Was going to be
A poem. It sure
Is funny the way
People will go on
Reading stuff like
This when it doesn't
Get you anything
But the D.T.'s.

—Carl Bledsoe

A WORD TO THE WISE

Your handsome face
Is no disgrace,
But strictly *entre-nous*,
A lipsticked face
Is out of place,
Your wife will misconstrue.

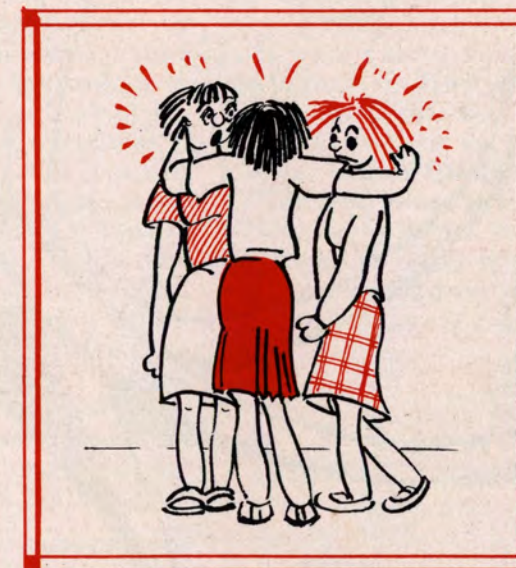
TOEING THE MARK

Girls who dance on toes of others
Go to proms with their own brothers.
And then again—
Guys what dance on dainty tootsies
Need swift kicks with girlies' foot-
sies.

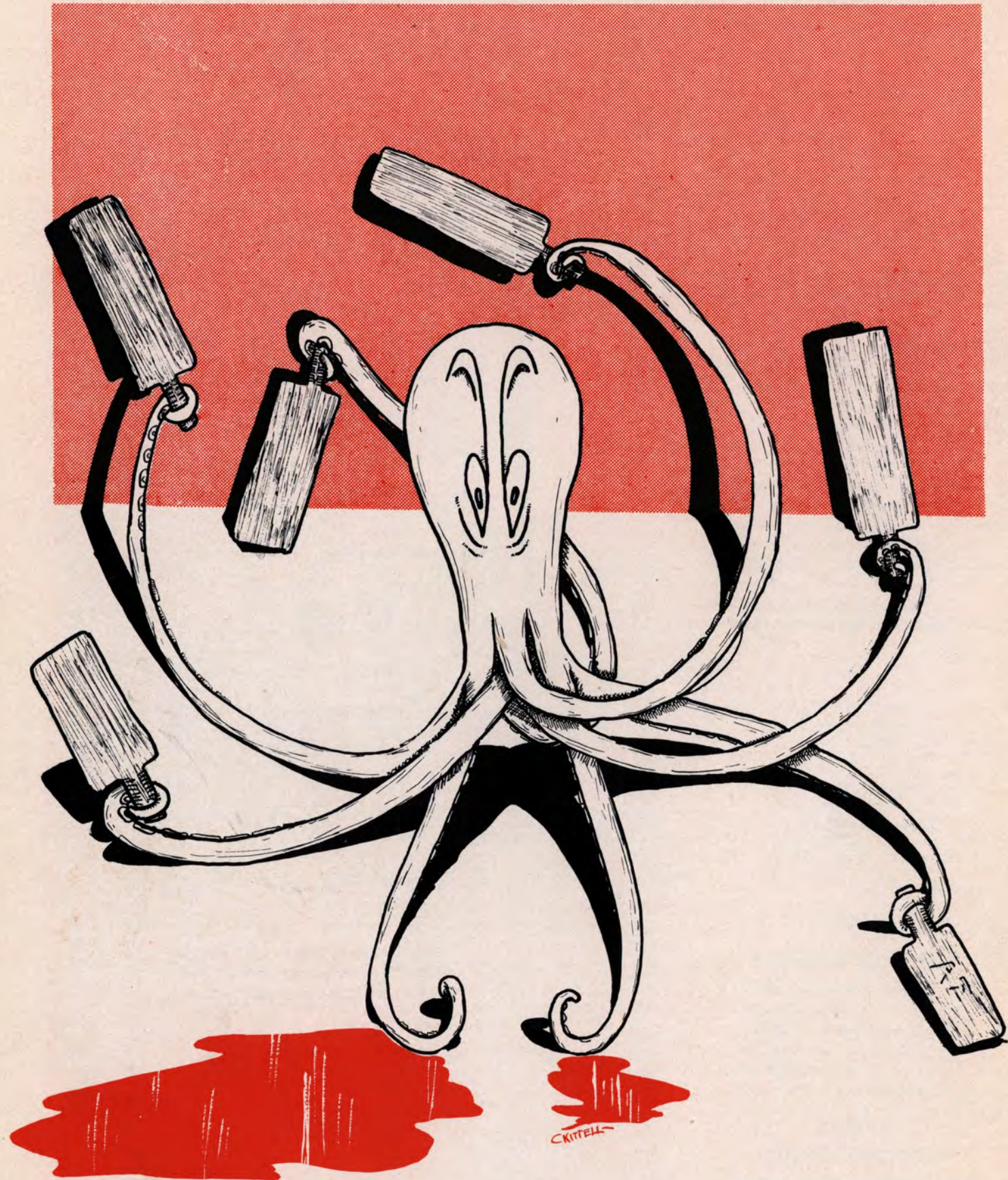
—Bert Rosenfeld

STANFORD Chaparral

JANUARY 1939



"Sister Schmootz has had her pin
lifted for refusing to go out for
Rally Committee."



Fables

Of the Farm

One of the Row men, out for a date before the end of last quarter, called at his girl's dormitory, asked for her, and waited. As he paced the floor it grew warmer, so he took off his overcoat. Finally, his girl came down and they began to leave. He took his overcoat and started out, when suddenly she stopped him.

"I don't mean to be rude," she said, "but your suspenders are draped over your pants." And he turned and saw that he had forgotten to sling them over his shoulder.

After one Row dance, this same fraternity boy took his time taking his girl home—got her a lockout by a minute. Rather than send her a present, he decided to take her out again for an apology. They went out the next night, dined, danced, and what-not. And he got her another lockout by 45 seconds.

Time: The present.
Place: The Row.
Characters: Father, Mother, Son.
Synopsis: The father, in an elder day, had belonged to fraternity A. The son, regardless of the old man's heart trouble and lapsed life insurance, pledged fraternity B.

After his initiation, the son's mother, once a sorority member on the Farm, gave him a pin from fraternity B.

"But Mother, Father was an A brother."

"I know, Son," she explained. "But these things happen. Don't tell your father."

Thus recorded is the true tale of the first woman on record to hang her pin on a man.

Rushing is by no means limited to the Row only. There still is the minister from Palo Alto who makes his yearly visit to Encinamates who are of his religious calling. Last year he continued his custom of calling on the several men of Encina, to paint for them the glories of Sunday School and allied activities.

One day he visited a boy on the third floor, and stood in the man's room, exhorting him, telling him what he had to gain by being a Sunday School addict. But he did not go on long, for of a sudden there was a "swoosh," a "plop," and the minister had received the full benefit of a waterbag thrown through the transom by some unknown but welcome stranger in the hall.

Once before this same minister had visited Encina. That was during the prohibition days. The man he was going to call on was expecting a visit from his uncle, and had gone out, leaving word with his roommate to tell his uncle, when he came up, where he had gone and to have him wait until he came back. But instead, up came the minister, anxious to see this boy whom he had heard was just the right man to join his church.

When the minister knocked, the roommate answered the door and

asked the minister in, thinking it was the uncle.

"And where is ———?" the minister asked.

"Gone to see a bootlegger. He'll be back soon with some good stuff." The minister left.

The firehouse laddies nearly went nuts over the Christmas holidays, sitting around with no fires to put out. Eagerly they eyed the telephone, but no answer. Suddenly, one day it rang, long and loud. The boys nearly broke their necks trying to reach it. They had visions of Toyon, the Quad, anything, going up in flames. Over the phone came a voice, "Hey, is this the firehouse?"

"Yes, yes, where's the fire?"
 "Oh, there's no fire, we just called for advice. If a guy in draw poker has five cards no good, can he throw

(Continued on page 31)

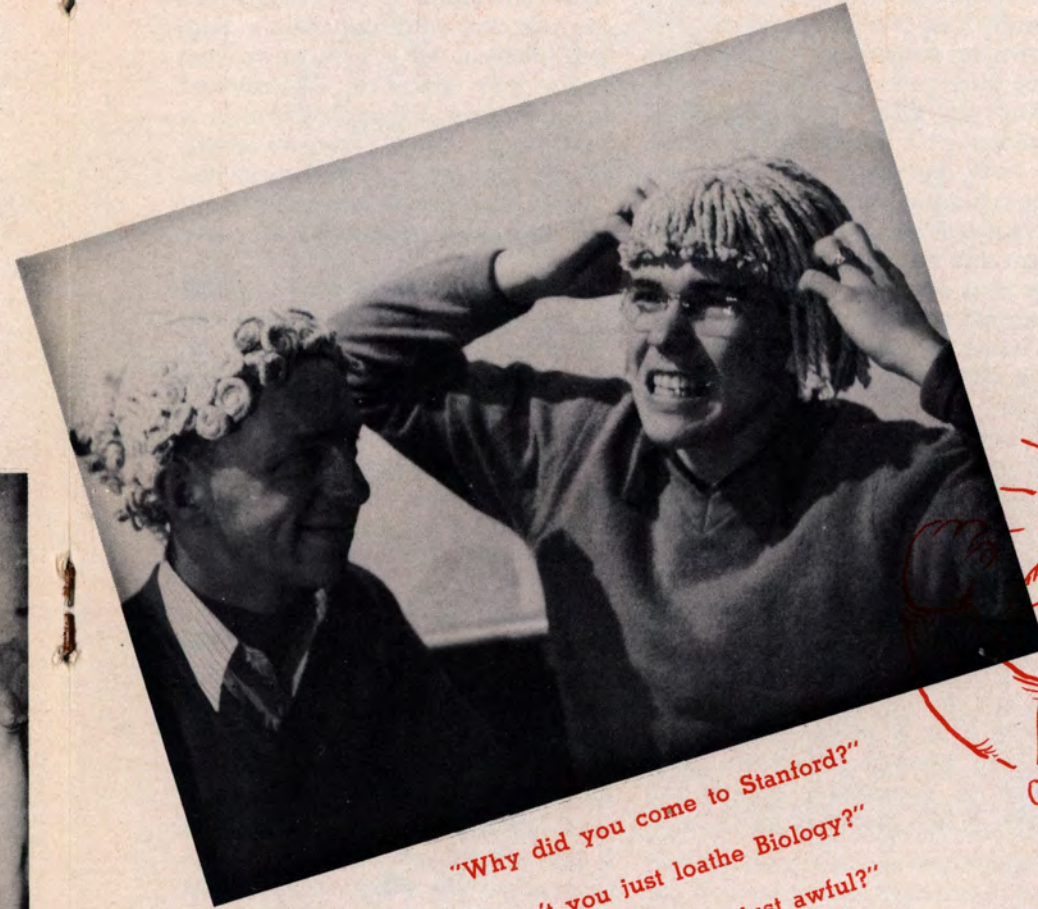




"Row" BOATIN'



"Eat!!!"

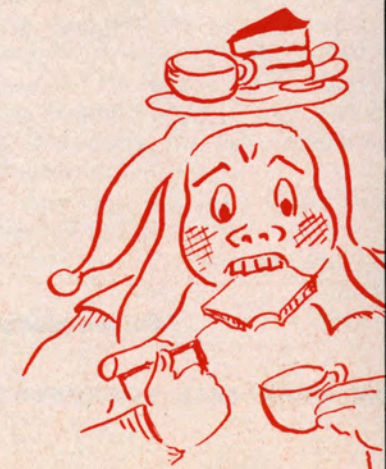


"Why did you come to Stanford?"
"Don't you just loathe Biology?"
"Aren't Roble beds just awful?"

"Cigarette?"



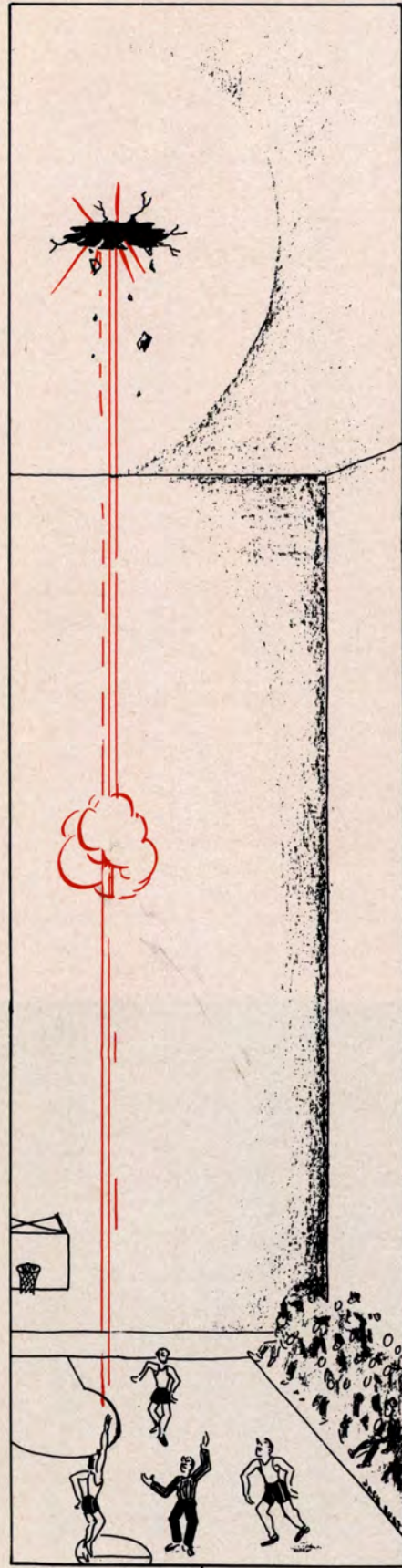
"Reach for China."



"Have a sandwich."



"Joe's too darn anxious."



Now, the Dag-Nab-It Guy is a very strait-laced Rough—his word is as good as gold, and he is never known to give anybody the double cross. He is called the Dag-Nab-It Guy because anytime it is anyone's chance to hear him utter a cuss word, it is always "Dag-Nab-It," although it is known he sometimes means something stronger.

Anyway, this Rough is elected president of a bunch of Greeks on the Row, and he is with big ideas of making his house "tops" among the fraternities. He spends many hours this summer planning about how and what to do in his campaign for a bigger and better tong. So, when he returns to the campus, he is with many a great ideas in his noggin.

When the brothers return with new cars, new clothes, and new bank accounts, it is truly a wonderful atmosphere, and the prexy's smile grows wider as the quarter moves along. It is plain to see that the guys make a big impression upon the campus queens.

It is coming on the holiday season, and the Dag-Nab-It Guy thinks maybe it is a swell thing if the brothers attempt to reform their choice of vocabulary around the house. It is a matter of much com-

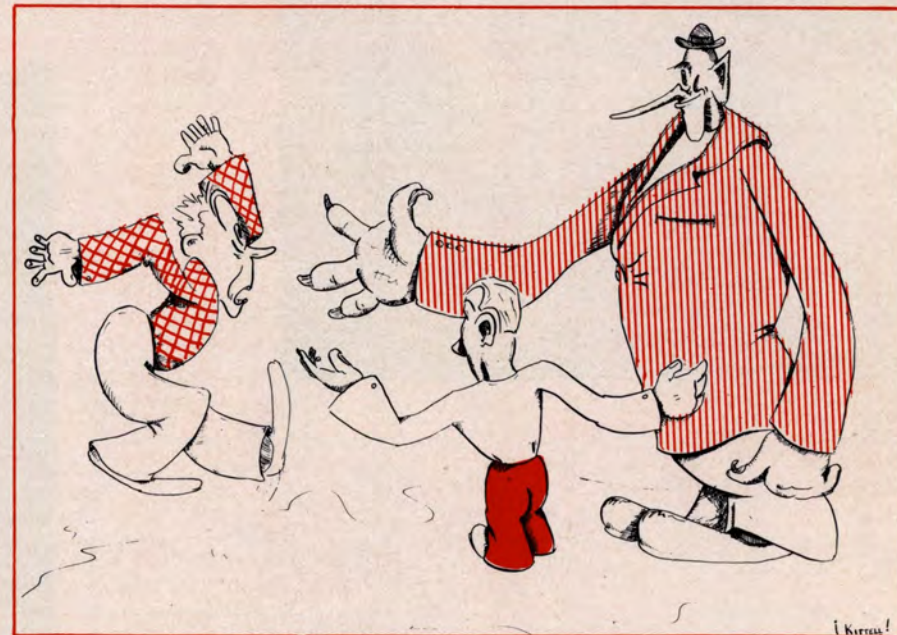
The Dag-Nab-It Guy

mon knowledge that his tong is not too smooth with the King's English—though let it be known that for a Row house to be frowned upon for use of naughty words is really sad, indeed, because every Rough and his brother knows that certain cuss words are very important means of expression now and then.

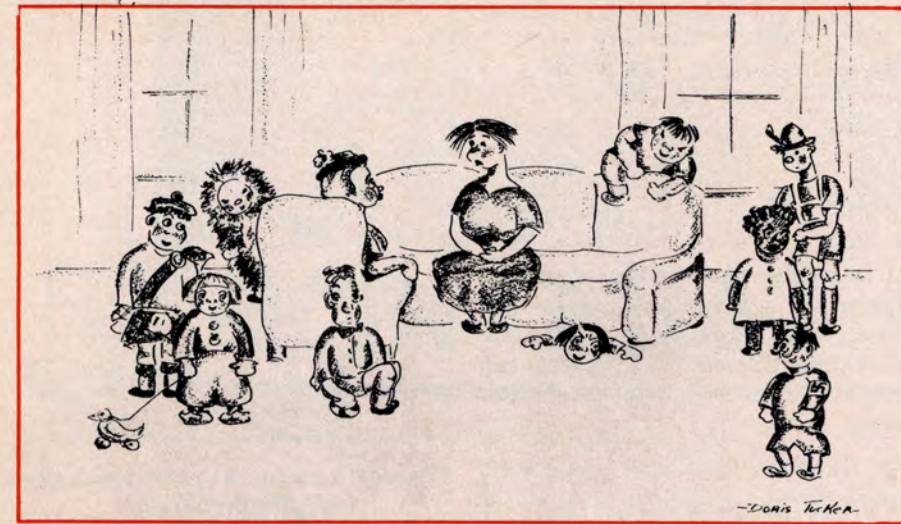
Anyway, his attempt to improve the brothers' use of cuss words to "Dag-Nab-It" is not making too much headway.

One evening it comes a formal house dinner party, and the brothers have their best queens on their arms, their best clothes on their backs, and their best manners in their grasp. The crowd is sitting around munching on the last crust of Chinese-Boy Pong's pie as the prexy guy gets to his feet and begins to speak. Although by this time the Roughts begin to realize that everything is not on the "honky-tonk," because one by one the boys turn a bright red color, and person-

(Continued on page 26)



"But we pledged his dad in '06."



"I loved not wisely, but too well."

Letter to the Farm

Dear Bud,

Believe it or not, your brother at long last writes you. But the occasion for this is some of the stuff I saw when I visited you on campus last fall. Man, oh man, how things have changed. You'd think it was a school for old women and crippled men the way things are now.

You know, I remember that old trolley car that ran from the campus to Paly, and the time that Chappie ran a campaign for a three-cent fare for a one-way ride. Now they have a bus that charges a dime, and gives lousy service.

And the automobiles that they drive around! In my time it was transportation the student wanted, not the show-off involved in a car. We didn't care how fancy the thing we drove looked like; in fact, we marked our buggies up. Although that would be silly now, at least our object was transportation, not ornament. Then, too, we kept our enter-

tainment on campus, instead of running to the City every week-end. You surely must have a bunch of lamebrains if they can't find something to do on campus. With all your halls, I should think they would spend the same money on campus dances or something.

Now, I read by the papers, they are going to erect a Hoover War Library. Admitting that the collection is one deserving of a separate building, and that our most famous alumnus has done a noble work in bringing this wonderful material to Stanford, I see no reason why an enormous tower should rise high above the skyline of Stanford to commemorate War. Stanford's architecture is built low—and is beautiful—but to have a big thing like that projecting way up is beyond me. This University was built in memory of one person only—Leland Stanford, Jr.—and he only, that is unless someone has changed the name since I left, and no one should share that memorial. He was a good character; the Stanford's loved him and built a University for the "children of California."

Anyway, I'm glad I went there when I did, not now.

Your brother,

Jimmy
—Thorne



"Look! Seagulls!"

Whispers & Dispatches

SHERMAN MELLINKOFF

Rupert Hughes claims that Hollywood is comparable in modern creativeness with Shakespeare in Elizabethan times. How Howard's poor uncle could bring himself to such a masterpiece of understatement is hard to imagine. Everyone knows that the super-colossal works of art for art's sake greatly surpass the dull work of Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Why Sam Goldwyn should be really peeved! That little insignificant bard of Avon. Hmph!

The recent Coster-Musica scandal revealed some facts which William Randolph Hearst calls "very interesting." It seems that Mr. Musica was at one time employed to investigate Hearst's Mexican Machinations—considered traitorous by a few United States Senators. And now Hearst is investigating Musica. Hearst's *Herald-Express* says, "This scandal just goes to show what sort

of infamous and unscrupulous extortionists were employed to besmirch the reputation of William Randolph Hearst!" You never can tell who is investigating you these days.

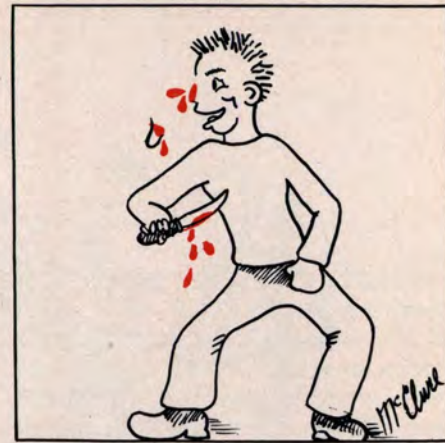
The time is coming now for (1) a coup d'état in Russia, (2) a world war in Europe, and (3) another Roble Revolt. Kipling had the right idea:

The shouting and the tumult dies
The sisters and the pledged depart,
But they have purified themselves
With words, and have a contrite heart.

"Roble Revolts are so indicative; and lots of fun besides." That's what one of the sponsors said, according to an authoritative rumor.

General "woe-and-medal-be-decked" Geering remarked with a

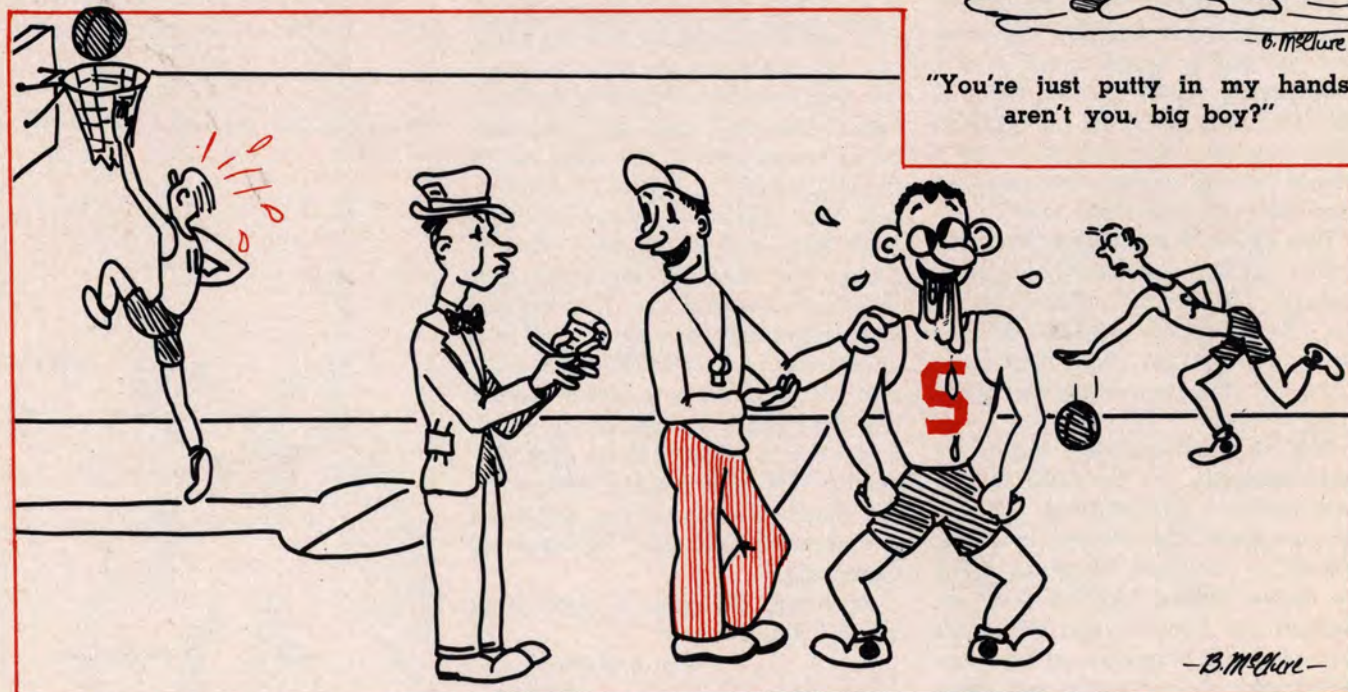
(Continued on page 27)



"There! I guess that will teach my face a thing or two."



"You're just putty in my hands, aren't you, big boy?"



"Schmaltz here is our best dribbler."



Stage

Concert

Screen

Tobias Humor is a funny thing. It depends on incongruity in human elements. That's why James Bridie's *Tobias and the Angel* was a humorous play. However, that's all it was. The audience laughed at *Tobias* just as it would have laughed at Charlie Chaplin catching a ripe custard pie in the puss; *Tobias* was as funny as being tickled under the armpits.

Bridie took the Biblical story of a naïve young Jewish boy being inspired to love and fortune by the Archangel Raphael. Eugene O'Neill might have worked that theme with surrealistic mutterings and flashes of heavenly inspiration. Billy Rose would have used five hundred seraphim in tights and a Last Judgment dance routine under purple spotlights. Bridie did it with slapstick.

Tobias is characterized as an ordinary country bumpkin; Raphael as one who knows what it's all about. There is no place in the script for such a line as "The bonny, bonny banks of the Tigris" except to raise a laugh. The same motive inspired calling a demon "Stinker."

But Thomas Wood Stevens' cast went far toward making of this literary sow's ear a dramatic silk purse. The players were having as much fun with their parts as was the audience; they overacted, but in the nature of the play it didn't matter.

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Iturbi The best possible way to start a new quarter is to take in something optimistic and inspirational, and those who attended the Jose Iturbi piano recital received the best of starts.

Iturbi, optimist of music that he is, timid and smiling, presented a program that sparkled with good musical composition, elevated with an exhibition of technique that would stir even those only slightly acquainted with the better music.

To this reviewer the outstanding selections were Mr. Iturbi's variations on Handel's "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and the "Etude Symphonique" of Schumann. The artist commenced the program with an arrangement that was light and appealing, and played with a simplicity and skill that put the audience into a receptive mood for the remainder of the concert. Variations are a test of instrumental skill. Too often they tend to be so complicated that the original theme is either distorted or lost entirely; but Iturbi kept it simple, played it well, and ended with the original theme still in everyone's mind.

The "Etude Symphonique," coming before the intermission, and with which he earned an early encore, utilized the possibilities of the pianoforte plus the abilities of Mr. Iturbi. This selection exhibited the

(Continued on page 29)

Musings Sometime during the next month 88,000,000 people will go to the movies at least once — or is it that one person will go at least 88,000,000 times? In any event, there will be that many paid admissions for what it makes me sad to think about, because going to see a movie is so darn subject to the gods' whim, rather being a predetermined business like reading a book.

For example, let's say that you are a typical one of the 88,000,000. Playing around the country, you notice, are *Angels with Dirty Faces*, *The Beachcomber*, *The Citadel*, *Dawn Patrol*, *Grand Illusion*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Pygmalion*, *The Sisters*, *Sweethearts*, *That Certain Age*, *Trade Winds*, *Young Dr. Kildare*.

Out of those you'd like to see *The Beachcomber* because Charles Laughton is it, you saw the review in *Life*, and heard part of the original cast dramatize the dialogue on the Magic Key; you'd like to see *The Citadel* because you read the book; you'd like to see *Grand Illusion* because somebody told you it was good and French; you'd like to see *The Lady Vanishes* because the 300-pound English mystery-master-director, Alfred Hitchcock, directed it; you'd like to see *Pygmalion* because it's the first successful movie adaptation of a G. B.

(Continued on page 29)

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

REFLECTIONS

R. N. WENZEL 1936

NOW THAT intended Hoover War Memorial Library tower has set the greater portion of the campus agog. A student body strongly irked by the misdirected liquor purge, by the Library syllabus fee, by the stupid Women's Conference slap at Maxine Turner—a girl who does her own share in going through a revolving door—and the nightmare of design and stonemasonry that is the Library fountain, might be expected to cry out against a tower set on our flat campus amid the other buildings of French Romanesque architecture.

Now the Ancient One, who uses his silver-girdled hammer to knock where knocking is needed, and to

boost those projects he feels need boosting, has listened to every argument pro and con this situation. And he has concluded that the tower might not be so bad after all. This structure will not be a slim shaft like Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames. It will be much better proportioned for the campus.

Furthermore, it will be—although only God knows when, and He refuses to tell—part of a third Quad. When that dream is realized, Stanford will have an architectural design symbolic of ideals beyond the campus limits, and higher than the roof of the boat-house. Let us take our eyes from the ground and build for the future.

Case of the Missing Nugget

ART LEVINSON

Outside my quiet office, newsboys screamed the headlines of the *Stanford Daily*—"Frou-frou Knish is missing!" The screams drifted in one ear and out the other as I listened to the impassioned plea of the delegation from the Pho Watta Baba sorority.

"And so, Mr. Pantz," beseeched their leader, "you are our last hope. Will you take the case?"

My stern chin jutted into space as I considered, and my strange gray eyes, under their craggy brows, were full of deep meaning. Thoughtfully I pulled on a cheroot (it was really a pipe but I like the sound of the word better) as I considered my other great exploits.

There was the time I located the shrimp in a Union shrimp salad. There was the memorable day I managed to get into Encina without being struck by a waterbag. There was the thrilling afternoon a Bookstore clerk admitted that she had overcharged me. With such a record behind me, could I, the great detective Anson Pantz, fail in a search for a lousy sorority nugget? "Tell me more about this Frou-frou Knish," I suggested, calming the hysterical girls with a single sweep of my sea-gray eyes.

"Well," one of them began, "she intended to major in Social Sciences."

"Interestin' major, Social Sciences," I murmured, and waited

expectantly. Nothing happened. "Watson," I said gently, and then more sharply, "Watson!"

Absorbedly Watson dug himself out of his study of the *Stanford Bulletin* and queried, "Huh?"

"You missed a cue, lunkhead," I reminded him, caving in his shinbone with a well-directed kick.

"Oh! Well take the line over again."

"Interestin' major, Social Sciences," I murmured.

"You sap!" Watson hissed in my ear. "That's plagiarism. Philo Vance talks that way."

I wiped out my ear and turned to the delegation. "Just who is this Frou-frou Knish?"

"Well, her father is president of National Knishcuit Company, and she has two Cords, a Dusenbergs, and a mink coat, and we practically had to wipe out every other sorority on the campus to get her!" She raised her sleeve and showed a clawed arm. "I got that when we eliminated the Kappas."

"Note that down, Watson," I said. "Now tell me, how did you manage to pledge her?"

"We promised her that by hook or crook we'd get her at least one date a week."

"I see. And were there any preliminary ill omens, any forebodings of disaster?"

"Oh, yes!" the leader of the delegation answered eagerly. "One day,

at a rushing tea, a sinister figure appeared out of the flower vase, handed her a note, and with a horrible chuckle disappeared into the flower vase again!" In unison the girls shuddered.

"Here is the note," added the leader, wiping her eyes. I gazed with keen penetration at the message. Written in BLOOD it said: "MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO STANFORD UNIVERSITY." In spite of my iron control a thrill of horror shot through me.

"But this was only the beginning," the girl went on hysterically. "The very next day Frou-frou was run over by a fire-truck and was killed. We tried to laugh it off, determined not to establish a coincidence between the note and the accident, but when, the day after, she wrecked her car on the Bayshore and was taken to the morgue—well, we really thought we should keep close tabs on her, especially since her father had promised to rebuild the house. But then she disappeared! At the beginning of this quarter we were unable to find her!"

"We engaged Officers Burns and Davis to hunt for her. They didn't seem to do much, and one night, when I was out with a Zete, we found them parked behind the Angel of Grief. They were awaiting developments, they said." She paused, breathing deeply.

(Continued on page 30)



Collegocracy -- A Fantasy

MARCO THORNE

The usual group around the English Corner was more in a huff than usual, with the *Daily* announcing that war had been declared. The R.O.T.C. boys were really pale around the gills, and other men had glum ideas about fighting in the big fracas across the water. Professor Hoskins, young, quite popular, and "one of the boys," came down to light a cigarette.

"What do you think of the United States declaring war?" ventured a fraternity man.

"Not so hot," answered the professor. He puffed at his cigarette. "Seems to me," and he carefully looked about to see that too many people did not hear him, "that you men ought to get out of this somehow."

"Gosh, professor, Jane and I wanted to get married this summer. Now I have to go fight some guys I never saw before."

"Well, I'll probably be dragged in too," said Hoskins, "and to be frank I don't like the idea of going to war either."

For a moment silence reigned. Others, seeing the professor, joined the group.

"Maybe we could go somewhere," mused Frank, manager of one of the better houses.

"Maybe," muttered another. "I wish I was up on my Dad's ranch in the hills, back in Montana. Gee, no one's been back in there for years—Dad and Ma are away—and—"

But he was stopped. Somebody else had an idea. And another idea was volunteered—until—

That night a caravan of cars, thirty of them, led by Professor and Mrs. Hoskins with their trailer full of books and materials headed for the hills of Montana. Allowance checks had been cashed, and supplies bought for the encampment. Two days later they were in the hills.

They stopped and maneuvered their cars into a formation. The men formed Little Encina, the women, Little Roble, and the Hoskins' trailer and car was the Ad Building, Libe, Quad, and Theater in one.

In two weeks they had built some cabins, supplemented with log furniture and car seats. After another week classes began. Between the professor's versatile knowledge, French taught by one of the girls, some engineering taught by one of the grad students, and other subjects, they kept classes going among the hundred-odd students. After two months they had built their Little Quad, consisting of five buildings.

But the living problem eventually became acute—there were dissensions, as there always are. Three of the men moved their cars over away from the Quad and started a fraternity. There had been a quarrel about who was going to be the leader of Little Encina—and the faction behind the losing man moved out. The three of them looked forward to the day they might have their own cabin, so sought to proselyte other Encina men with a gospel of Little Row life. They lured one of the best log-choppers to the site of their future house, where now a car was parked.

"We're telling you—there's nothing like living in a small group. Look at the upholstery in the car—swell to sleep on or go out on a date with. We have hot water all the time for shaving," said one as he picked up the hood on the car. "Just set a can with water on the motor and we can heat it in no time—no smoke, no flame, no bother with building fires."

"What's the house fee?"

There was a quick consultation by the three housemen; then one of them answered, "Seeing as it's you, all you have to do is help us build

our cabin. You've got an axe—you chop logs for us."

The rushee wanted time to think it over. He did and decided to start his own house. He went to Professor Hoskins and got permission, for the professor said that it was "part of the natural growth of any college." With three other men, the log-chopper moved one of their cars to the new site, next to the first house's place, and built the first fraternity house on the campus. It was too big for only four men, so they leased part of it out to grad students, in return for hunting and cooking duty—as well as a little tutoring thrown in.

In Little Roble the same sort of dissension was going on as in Encina—it was too crowded. A car was moved to a third site on the Little Row, and then another sorority car. But then there was the problem of building houses for themselves. And, too, Mrs. Hoskins, as dean of women, said they couldn't be forever sleeping in cars. She laid down certain rules—honor code, twelve o'clock late leaves on weekends, nine o'clock's during the week. There was no place to go on a date but to walk back in the hills or sit in one of the cars, and usually there was company from the rest of the house, so real late leaves were unnecessary. Mrs. Hoskins insisted that when each girl came in that she sound the horn of the car, so that she could count the number of girls, and be sure none was lost in the hills.

The girls had a good idea in one group. "I'm telling you, it will work," said Marge to the other four girls. "We'll go down to town some night" (there was a town fifty miles away to which they were forbidden to go, for fear someone would find out where the college colony was located) "and get some good stuff

to eat. We'll feed the two fraternities in return for the building of our own house."

"Sounds good, Marge. But who'll proposition them?"

"There are eight men on the Row—and eight girls—and we'll have to get the other sorority in with us. We'll throw a dance outside here—use my phonograph for music—and then it's up to every girl to convince her date to help us build."

Two nights later they held the dance. Between three lockouts and one lockin (one date kissed his girl goodnight, and then slammed the car door loud enough to awaken Mrs. Hoskins) they did a good job of convincing the men. The next night the girls sneaked a car into town and bought some food for the fraternities. A month later there were two sorority houses—and one girl was an expectant mother.

Graduation was near. With Professor Hoskins reading the ceremony (captains of ships read the service, so why not the head of a college?) the oncoming mother and her fraternity man were married. They graduated two weeks later, moved their belongings about a quarter-mile from the Little Quad, and started Little Paly. Two other couples were married and moved in with them. The whole campus pitched in and built them cabins. The next February, the first baby was born—and Little Paly began to grow.

Within a year Professor Hoskins was the target of dissension. A graduate student in mathematics, or some other useless subject, decided that the professor did not have a good math course in the college, got his friends together, and, after an election by the students, who were fooled by the revolting faction, retired the professor. The math grad became new president, and made everyone take his math courses. The tyranny became worse. The professor, now reduced to a retired philosopher, looked on ironically. A riot broke out because one man had brewed some spirituous liquor from fruit gathered near by. The campus was in turmoil.

One morning they found the professor's car and trailer gone—slipped away in the night. He returned two days later with a posse of men. "We might as well go back

to Stanford," he told them. "I brought these men to help us move."

Everyone gazed at each other with despair—the professor was a traitor! "You've done us a bad deal," said one student to Hoskins.

But Hoskins only laughed. "You remember we came up here because a war started."

"Yeah, by gosh we did," mused one fraternity man.

"I found out in town that it didn't last a month—there was a revolt in the country we were fighting; and the war stopped."

"And we've been up here nearly a year—"

That night with some of the cars going under their own power, others being towed, they started back—that is, all but those in Little Paly. They came later and moved into Palo Alto.

And that was the way one war situation was taken care of.

Once upon a time there were seven brothers. The first one was a lawyer and the second one didn't know anything either. The third was a politician and the fourth was a crook too. The fifth was a banker and the sixth occupied the cell next to him. And the seventh was a bachelor—just like his father.

—Punch Bowl

Campus Lad's Idea of Perfect Date:
She doesn't eat much
She's good-looking
She doesn't eat much
She's a good dancer
She doesn't eat much.

—Exchange

First Negro—What for dat doctah comin' outa youah house?

Second Negro—Ah dunno, but ah think ah's got an inkling.

—Exchange

A dainty foot, a lovely torso,
Can make a friendly feeling more so.

—Medley

"What happened to that big skunk you used to fool around with?"

"Oh, I gave him the sac!"

—Exchange

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DAG-NAB-IT GUY

(Continued from page 18)

ally I think they will like to disappear under the table. The Dag-Nab-It prexy is cussing a very blue streak, and he does not spare any words. He is cussing up and down like a lighthouse keeper's Polly parrot. It is simply fierce, indeed, for the guy does not forget or leave out any questionable phrases. As the last brother swoons in his queen's lap, the prexy ends with, "That's what I hear every day going on around among you! Now, I ask you, how does it sound?"

—Jack Dixon

HEARD ON THE ROW

Hi pledge!
Hullo.
Wot's Nu?
Can't Sigma work.
Pi?
O, micron hurts.

She was only a Delta,
But she made a good Tri.

Alpha Eta Pi.
Epsilon Nu.
Omega Xi.
So would you.

—Steve

"Are you secretly married to her?"

"Naw, she knows it."

—Gargoyle

MOTTOES

Egotist's—An I for an I.
Tightwad's—Backward, turn backward, O dime in thy flight.
Farmer's—Weed 'em and reap.
College Boy's—Don't count your chickens before they show up for the date.
The Old Folk's—When is the younger generation coming to?
Crook's—A thing of booty is a joy forever.
Londoner's—There's no police like Holmes.
Frat Parties—Come one, come oiled.

—Punch Bowl

"Carry on!" cried the vulture as he spied the dying horse on the desert.

—Pointer

First Burglar—Where've you been?
Second ditto—Robbing one of the fraternity houses.

First B—Lose anything?

—Gargoyle

There was a young man from the west,
Whose chin was tattooed on his chest,
And his knees on his nose,
And his ears on his toes,
Which confused his appearance at best.

—Pelican

SOLILOQUY

An Encina bedlamite
Possesses masculine huzzah;
He becomes a socialite,
A momentary Alpha Tau
With fraternity éclat.
Suffering insomnia,
Interfraternity, impolite,
With banners and bravado bourgeois,
Excludes the boy tarantula.
The news is hardly recondite.
Insists the intelligentsia:
"He's not a social parasite.
To live with him would disunite
Our plans for friendly dynamite."

Brave Encina neophyte!!!
You prefer phenomena
Like discussing sporophyte
Or bisecting amphibia,
Cultivating bacteria.
Scientifics are faux pas;
Really, you're an eremite,
Not a lowly heteroclite.
With dignitaries incognita
You like to live "et cetera."
"We prefer a blatherskite,"
Insists the intelligentsia,
"To live with him would disunite
Our plans for friendly dynamite.
He's not a social parasite."

—Steve

And here's a new angle for that odd-cent racket: If a student approaches you and asks if you have an odd cent, squelch him with, "No, I use Lifebuoy!"

—Jester



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WHISPERS AND DISPATCHES

(Continued from page 20)

casual good humor that President Roosevelt's message to Congress was "warlike compared to the peaceful New Year's message of Adolf Hitler." Things have certainly come to a pretty pass when our Chief Executive violates the spirit of peace that pervades Germany and the rest of Europe! Der Führer has filled his jails with priests, and his words are just as holy. Why, ask we Republicans, why should President Roosevelt take it upon himself to quarrel with him, especially on the dawn of a great New Year of amicable understandings?

But probably the greatest indication of decadence in Germany was the horse-whipping of Dr. Goebbels. And for what? Just putting a guy in a concentration camp and then trying to steal his wife! Is that a thing to get ruffled up about? And the nerve of Mrs. Goebbels wanting a divorce! Good thing Adolf stopped her.

Boy—I haven't heard a squeak out of you since we started dancing.
Pi Phi—Oh, I'm pretty well oiled.
—Lyre

Patient—Is it a fact that married men live longer?
Doctor—No; it only seems longer.
—Exchange

Young Man—Er—sir—I—er—that is, I came to say that your daughter tells me that she—er—loves me.

Parent—And I suppose you have come to ask permission to marry her?

Young Man—No, sir; I came to ask you to make her behave herself.
—Puppet

She—Painter, are you working?
Painter—Yes, ma'am.

She—I can't hear you making a sound.

Painter—Perhaps not, ma'am, I ain't putting the paint on with a hammer.
—Eight-Ball



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STAGE

(Continued from page 21)

Tobias' daddy, the poor blind Jew Tobit, was made a humorous lovable old gentleman by Robert Coombs. In portraying his querulous, hen-pecking, sharp-tongued old spouse, Anna, Melba Rae Toombs was a shade too querulous, hen-pecking, and sharp-tongued, but again it didn't matter.

Tobias himself was supposed to be a grown-up baby, helpless and starry-eyed. Dan Holtom was all of that and then some. The character was delivered as intended but there was no development or variation in Tobias' childish schoolboy voice and mannerisms. Tobias does not know that "Azurias," his chaperon to Persia, is the Archangel Raphael. But the audience knows and Raphael knows the audience knows. It was not Douglas Bryan's fault that he had to adopt a tone and stiffness to match this situation; such a device is shallow and facile on the author's part. Just the old "menace" formula in Bible clothes.

Gene Callnon and Charles Bulotti alternated in playing Raguél, the rich Jew whose daughter Sara becomes Tobias' wife. Margaret Paulson and Kae Kalenborn took turns at Sara. Any girl whose seven husbands have been strangled on their wedding night by the libidinous demon Asmoday (who wanted Sara himself) is liable to be distraught and emotional. Sara was. Any girl whose eighth marriage (with Tobias) foils the demon is apt to be smitten

by the tall red-headed dignified Azurias. Sara was.

Also, any demon who, having strangled seven husbands and is frustrated by the Archangel Raphael, his old schoolmate, on behalf of the eighth, may be expected to shriek horrible hoarse yells and mouthings. Adolfo Arias, who played Asmoday in unconvincing tail and horns, did this and flew off in a puff of smoke, pursued by the resplendent archangel, all in gold wings and halo.

Sara's harem of lackadaisical drum-tappers and dancers was worth a guffaw at each appearance. The part of Azorah, a Circassian torso-tosser, was shared by Kae Kalenborn and Paula George. Patty deRouff and Virginia Sharpe were Sherah, a singing girl, and Tamkah, Sara's phlegmatic companion.

Black as the soul of Hitler was the shiny skin of J. P. Cahn as the Nubian slave. Dana Winters was a most excruciatingly bloodthirsty but weak-kneed bandit. One can't blame Dana Winters—he was just reading his lines—but James Bridie should never have had his bandit invoke Allah in a play of the time "before the reign of Ahasuerus," at least a thousand years before Mohammed.

All honors to Missy Fout, a black-and-white terrier who did the walk-on as "Toby," Tobias' little canine pet. Be it to the pup's credit: it was thoroughly stage-broken.

The curtain went up on a stage lined with kneeling anonymities in red turbans headed by a bearded majordomo. When he bangs the

cymbal, all the anonymities scamper around, and lo, with the aid of a few more bangings, they set the stage as "Tobit's house in a Nineveh slum." Scene Two is set in the same frank and open manner as "The east bank of the Tigris."

Costumes and lighting were complete and in the grand manner.

—Leff

Dash off a rhyme that the students like;

Cleverly phrase it and mildly scent it;

Offer it up with a joyous heart—
And never a censor will let you print it;

Dash off a rhyme that the censors like,

Muffle it, soften it, tame it—and bleed it!

Offer it up with a weeping soul—
For nary a student will ever read it.

—Yellow Jacket

Prof.—Keep it up; keep up the work and you'll be like Washington.
Co-ed—How's that?

Prof.—You'll go down in history.

—Exchange

King Arthur—How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?

Lancelot—Three cents an ounce, Art. It's first-class mail.

—Gargoyle

Space is a footless stocking without any leg.

—Log

CONCERT

(Continued from page 21)

artist's technique. Coupled with beautiful arrangement and timing, the proper contrasts and rhythm that only a true pianist can effect, the whole study was a tribute to the composing skill of Schumann. The piano had the effect of an orchestra, not loud, not brazen, but alternately forceful and soft. Thus Mr. Iturbi rose in our estimation to higher levels of musical optimism.

This reviewer admires the work of Delphine Joy and her staff in bringing first Yehudi Menuhin and now Jose Iturbi to Stanford. Their work is a contribution to Stanford's cultural activities. However, this writer objects to the attitude of Palo Alto "culture hounds"—old provincials whose only interest in music is to brag that they heard this or that artist—who are detrimental by being the first ones to rise and leave, thus insulting the artist and preventing him from giving encores, which to our mind is when the artist really enjoys himself. Encores are informal, entertaining to both audience and artist. And surely these oldsters from across the tracks kill all the enthusiasm and praise that Stanford students are willing to bestow on the artists.

—Thorne

"Here's where I cut a good figure," said the college girl as she sat on a broken bottle.

—Caveman

Junior—Let's teach that dumb blonde the difference between right and wrong.

Senior—You teach her what's right.

—Brigadie

Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it not necessary to ask her.

—Calif. Tech.

A certain young woman of Spain Faced dishonor again and again,
And again and again,
And again and again,
And again and again and again.

—Pelican

SCREEN

(Continued from page 21)

Shaw play, and Leslie Howard is in it; you'd like to see *Trade Winds* because you're human and because of the Joan Bennett-as-a-brunette-looks-like-Hedy Lamarr ballyhoo.

And, for varying reasons, you'd like not to see the other things around. Maybe your hate for Jeanette MacDonald is excelled only by your hate for Jeanette MacDonald co-starred with Nelson Eddy.

What happens? You have time to see only four pictures during, say, a month. Two are what you wanted to see. One, *The Citadel*, is really a fine treatment of a "rat" in the medical profession. The second, *Trade Winds*, turns sour on you and is nothing but Joan Bennett and Fredric March, wrapped in each other's arms, in the tropics, mouthing, "Darling," "Yes," "Do you feel" (Gasp) "I know what you mean"

On the other two ventures you're stuck outright. For one you get one of those cute dates who loves Lew Ayres; so you squirm through *Young Dr. Kildare*. And for the other as a nice gesture you take your kindly old grandmother, who insists *Sweethearts* must be grand if N. Eddy and J. MacDonald are in it.

—Zelver

"I shouldn't care so much about the bugs, madam," said the pale, thin lodger, "but the fact is, I haven't so much blood to spare."

—Log

Gypsy—I'll tell your fortune.
Wabash man—How much?
Gypsy—Fifty cents.
W. M.—Correct.

—Caveman

The cockroach, a voracious beast, Eats everything from eggs to yeast; They're belly-ful and gay as satyrs Till banquets with exterminatyr.

—Jester

"That's the spirit," cried the medium as the table began to rise.

—Caveman

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THE MISSING NUGGET

(Continued from page 23)

"What happened then?" I prompted.

"Nothing. We left them and moved on to the Ryan Lab."

Thoughtfully I stroked my chin, burning my fingers on my cheroot (pipe). "How would you like to go out with me tonight," I suggested, "and cover the same ground? Who knows what might be revealed?"

For an hour after they left I thoughtfully stroked my chin and cursed as I burned my fingers. Then I turned to Watson.

"Did you take all that down?"

"You betcha!" he chirped, but I just smiled tolerantly, because I knew that he couldn't read his own writing, and would have to ask me what had been said.

At this point I feel it imperative to tell how Watson happened to be working with me instead of with Sherlock Holmes. I had communicated with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by spirit (Four Roses) medium, and had secured his permission to use Watson. The catch was that I had to agree to pay a huge royalty,

which is hardly worth it, even for the comic relief.

Frou-frou Knish was still missing! The moon waxed and waned, the tides ebbed and flowed. Soon summer would fall, and from its prostrate carcass winter would spring. But no Frou-frou.

The Pho Watta Babas grew discouraged and weary, and told me to drop the search. But loath to give up the lovely expense account that went with it, I allowed them to peek into my files at the data I had accumulated during my years on the Stanford campus. Some of the data abruptly changed their minds; they voted me a bonus and urged me to carry on.

But still my professional pride was hurt at not being able to solve the riddle. I had scoured every fraternity house on the campus, I had covered and recovered the waterfront with no avail. Something had to be done; the Pho Watta Baba budget could not stand much more.

And then, one night, alone in my den, I sat and idly watched a group of pink elephants dancing a quadrille. One of the elephants melted

away, and its partner ran about bleating piteously, then came to me and beat its tiny fists on my breast in supplication.

"Ah, mate hunger!" I breathed, and took another swig of milk. And in no more time than it takes to deliver a Commencement address, there was another pink elephant gravely dancing the quadrille. And everyone was happy.

Said I every one? Ah, but nay! For how could Anson Pantz be happy with this case unsolved. And then, and then, and then, and—oh, what the hell—the inspiration hit me.

Instantly I rose to action. It took but an hour to drain the last two bottles of milk, and I was off! I went to my cabinet of disguises, and soon set forth, clad only in a long black beard. (My laundry had not come back.) I also carried an umbrella, so as to pass for an innocent professor taking his evening stroll.

Suddenly a voice behind me snarled, "Don't look now, but I think you're being followed!" I turned, and beheld a Loathsome Thing, with a glittering knife poised to strike.

"My good fellow," I loftily sniffed, "you are following the wrong party. I do not have a hangover."

The Loathsome Thing was abashed. "I'm sorry, sir," it mumbled, finger in mouth. "You know how it is, sir. We all make mistakes, sir." Then it tipped its hat a dime and wandered off.

I continued walking until I reached my destination, which was none other than the Registrar's office. As I entered, the secretary smiled at me brightly. "Why, Art, what's this, another Chappie publicity stunt?"

With a bellow of rage I leaped from my stool, hurled my beret to the ground, and threw my megaphone clear to Tia Juana. Tia muffed it, and we lost the ball on downs. "Fool!" I roared. "You 'ave spoil' ze scene! Take heem over!"

But this was the only disturbing incident, and I waited there, the electric knowledge going through me that Anson Pantz was about to solve another mystery.

The secretary returned from the files. She looked carefully about her, put her finger to her lips, and hissed "Shh!" I looked carefully about me, put my finger to my lips, and hissed "Shh." Then, as if our

movements had been rehearsed—and you can bet they had, and very carefully, too—our heads moved together and she breathed the fatal words into my eager faun-like ear.

"Frou-frou Knish flunked out of school the first quarter, and did not return!"

A student waiting for Mrs. Coverley woke abruptly from a deep slumber, a six-year old copy of *The London Times* dropping from his lap to the floor.

"Is that so!" he ejaculated. "No wonder, then, she didn't keep her date with me!"

But I leaned back and relaxed. In delicious anticipation of my fee, which I intended to spend at L'Omelette, I murmured, "Watson."

No answer. "Damn you, Watson!" I exclaimed irritably. "You missed a cue again and I want to end this thing."

"Sorry, Pantz," Watson said apologetically, as he emerged from an inkwell wiping the ink from his eyes. "Take that line again."

"Watson."

"Yes, Pantz."

"Watson," I murmured, "the case is closed."

FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

in all five for new ones, or does he have to keep one."

And no one in the firehouse knew the answer.

☞ A Row man, familiar with the terrors in certain names, decided to pull a "fastie" on the Libe. He needed some books from the Reserve Room to study for a course he was going to flunk anyhow. He knew the Libe allowed only one book per course to go out overnight, and he needed four. He conceived an idea. He asked for four books and signed the cards with "Adolf Hitler."

Leisurely he read the books, not overnight, but for several days. Then he wrote a note to the keeper-of-the-reserve-books: "You'll find your books beside the Libe fountain in the morning." And there they were found.

But he made his "a's" peculiarly, and the Libe boys, thumbing through the signatures on those cards one makes out on Reg day, found the culprit. They regretted

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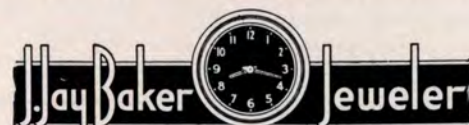
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Everyone hears and tells plenty of jokes, but who has ever made up a fully matured joke himself? Who has ever known someone who was the father of a joke? Does anyone know someone who knows someone who once made up a joke all by himself?

Jack Shoup, who edited *Chappie* through the days of the 1929 panic gave birth to an anecdote the other day, as follows:

Sandy McArgyle, while seeing America first, visits Echo Canyon. There is a twenty-five cent admission charge to Echo Canyon, which the Caledonian pays, though grudgingly. Then he marches out to the promontory which faces a sheer cliff many hundreds of feet high.

"High-ee-oh!" shouts the Scot.

"High-ee-oh!" returns the echo.

"High-ee-oh!" repeats Sandy.

"High-ee-oh!" repeats the echo.

After ten or a dozen of these. McArgyle expanded. "High-ee-oh for Bonny Scotland!" he bawled.

"Hey, vat you vanting for twenty-five tsents?" echo answered.

—Thorne and Left

I think that I shall never see
A girl refuse a meal that's free;
A girl with hungry eyes not fixed
Upon the drink that's being mixed;
A girl who doesn't like to wear
A lot of junk to match her hair;
Girls are loved by guys like me—
For who on earth will kiss a tree?
—Epitome

On one of the billboards featuring Smith Bros. cough drops, the slogan reads: "Take one to bed with you." Under which some wag scrawled: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em."

—Wall Street Journal

I crept upstairs, my shoes in hand,
Just as the night took wing—
And I saw my wife four steps
above,
Doing the same darned thing.

—Dirge

"Girls, I'm going to be awfully busy after I go to the shore."

"Getting your affairs in shape?"

"No; getting my shape in affairs."

—Punch Bowl

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Showed me ways to spend my leisure,

Lent me cars, and wrote my papers,
Treated me like a child in diapers.

Said I was the best o' the lot.

"Other houses?" Not so hot!

I would get a lucky break!

How did I know it was fake?

First it was a slap on the back,
A leering smile, a joke, a crack,
A ride to the City to drink some

b-r;
They banished all remaining fear.

Next a card—"Come eat free meal."
They gave me dinner, good roast

veal;
Smuggled b-r to wash it down;
Took me to a show in town.

Again they got me in the house;
'Round the rooms they let me
browse.

I met the cook who was the best,
He made me feel the honored guest.

They put a pledge pin on my coat.
On a couple checks I wrote
Enormous sums to cinch my place
Among those with "fraternity face."

Next year brought us awful "hell
week,"

No longer big, but small and meek
I cleaned the house, swept up the
floors,

Got a paddling on my drawers.

They made me walk for miles one
night;

Warming l-r made me tight.

I butchered exams and flunked a
course

From working like a bloomin' horse.

They made me just another mem-
ber.

Now I look to next November
When I take some sucker frosh,
Repeat to him the rushing bosh.

I'll really give him all the works:
Make him suffer in little jerks,
Throw him up and drag him down.
Then, like me, he'll move to town.

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