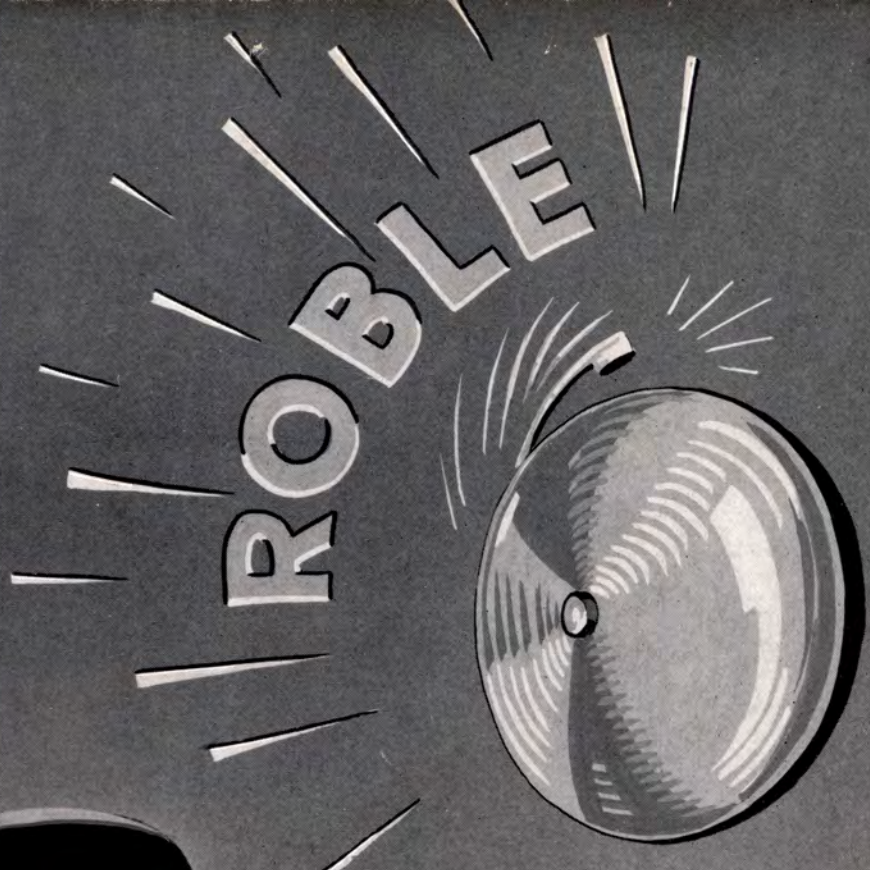


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SECOND FLOOR
• FIRST FLOOR

Screen

The Old Maid

The Old Maid, like that other current attraction, Clare Boothe's *The Women*, is strictly a ladies' day affair. The men are superfluous, except as adjuncts to the women; the interest lies in the portrayal of strictly womanly emotions. (This is not to be interpreted as meaning that the film will not be found interesting, and perhaps enlightening, by gentlemen.) The combatants in *The Old Maid* are only two in number; and they do not indulge in a knock-down and drag-out brawl, for after all, this is 1880 (1860 in the early rounds), but the struggle is none the less fierce for that. *The Old Maid*, it should be said, is no farce, but a mature and occasionally deep-probing piece of work. Let not those solemn words affright you; it is also entertaining.

In keeping with the general scheme of things as sketched above, George Brent appears briefly, just long enough to be jilted by Miriam Hopkins and get her little sister Bette Davis into trouble, and then off he goes to the wars, and the next thing we know he is under a tombstone on a Civil War battlefield. The forlorn little Miss Davis goes out West to bear her child; and then finds herself compelled to raise her daughter in her sister's household, unable to acknowledge the child as her own or to claim daughterly affection. There you have the hell's cauldron; Davis and Hopkins keep it bubbling nicely. I am able to report there is none of the shrieking and ear-shattering tantrums which tend to mark profound feminine emotion as portrayed on the screen. The sentimentality which could easily have slopped over and messed everything up is kept firmly under control; and the whole production is drenched in a pleasing irony.

—Taylor

Jimmy—We've got a new baby down at our house.

Neighbor—How nice—did the stork bring him?

Jimmy—Oh, no. It developed from a unicellular amoeba.

—O'Gosh



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THE NEXT DAY

Stompin' Around

COLLIE SMALL

Now that summer has just been an off-beat in a year of the bouncing needle, and all the tinkling grooves that summer brought are rocking right on into the fall. There were a lot of notes flirting and skirting with the edges of bells and strings, some blue, some hot. Captured on wax, they'll be spinning all their primitive passion into the middle of your souls.

Charlie Barnet, head man in the saxophone department, is music's chameleon—from white to black, and back again with all that wa-wa trumpets and dirty, albeit lifting, tones can imply. "Cherokee" is gold on a turntable, rocking in the brass and sliding with a biting jump in the reed section. The second chorus whirls gently into the peak of the disk—beautiful trumpet harmonies arranged into a melody frothing along on top of the saxes,

backgrounding with the original theme.

"Echoes of Harlem" is another object lesson in perfection by Barnet. An easy, easy rider, it wafts you right into the heart of smoky dens with their sweating black men, bleary-eyed from cocaine, swaying to passionate inspiration swirling to the ceiling on Barnet's exciting alto solos. Tastefully conceived, it slithers 'way down deep and then turns and pulls and grabs and keeps you swinging along in that low groove.

Erskine Hawkins has one that sort of sorrowfully drifts along on an easy beat. Called "Weddin' Blues," it's full of melodic sorrow, and there's an African in the front row that blows a lot of tenor reminiscence. The reverse is "Hot Platter," misleading in its title until Hawkins gets out of his musical cage to plaster raw trumpet notes all over everything.

Lest there be a misled soul blindly, oh-so-blindly, swinging, Benny the Goodman is still keeper of the keys for the pearly gates of Jazz. Interesting is "Rendezvous Times in Patee," arranged by a Mr. Sauter, formerly paid to dream up those delightful subtleties that Red Norvo used to rockingly caress. The introduction is good enough to build a lightly mugging disk on, and Louise Tobin, with a throat full of Texas sand and accent, is strangely fine on the first sixteen and last eight bars—I don't like the stomach crooning on the bridge.

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VOL. 41, NO. 1 OCTOBER 1939

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Duke Ellington's "Serenade to Sweden" found the hole was too close to allow them to get started, but the back, "The Sergeant Was Shy," is screwy enough to take care of both sides. There are spots, both solo and ensemble, that are truly wonderful, but it has such a strong military character that I'm afraid the bandstand was full of spies.

Artie Shaw—remember? His band was originally different, hadn't had time to get stylized. The fellows all slurred together at the beginning, and when the band's notes shrugged their little shoulders, nobody winced—at first. Now, and confidentially, you know what. "Out of Nowhere" has but one spot, a Pastor tenor solo so melodic that you'll wonder why they bothered with "Nowhere."

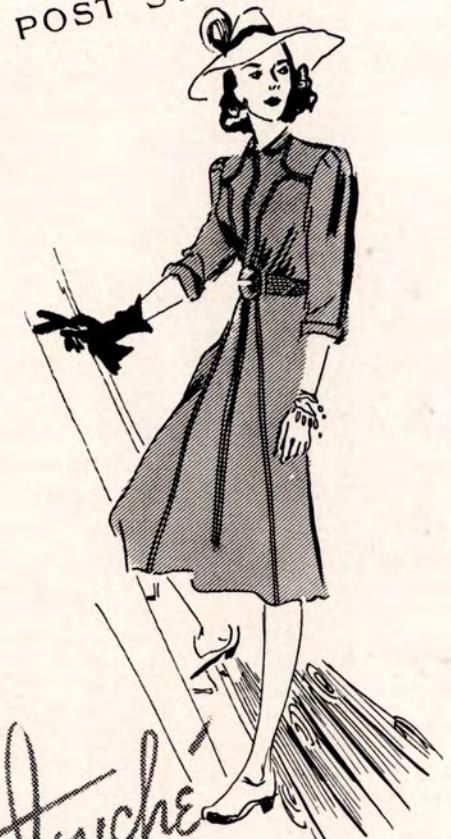
Woody Herman, the man that plays the blues, so they say, did "Dallas Blues" without much effect, but the reverse, "Riverbed Blues," is, to coin a phrase, simply terrific. Really honest-to-goodness blues, it's mostly work by two guitars—two, unless the man uses his feet—with a piano tinkle in back. It's naturally very odd, but at the same time, delightfully so. Herman's vocal is typically along Teagarden lines, and around the edges is a fine blues trombone. A spin will give no better rhythm blues.

"Melancholy Lullaby" by Benny Carter is another fine, easy bit of sadness, and a slight twist will give "Plymouth Rock," weirdly bouncing at times but pleasantly and lightly mugged all the way through to the hole. If you liked Hylton's "Just a Gigolo," I'm pleased to report that this disk was recorded in a similar room with a similar crowd—nobody; it has the same sort of mental echo.

Now that is about all the Old Boy will give us space for, but, closing our eyes and remembering, we can't let that old "Numb Fumblin'" by Fats Waller slip by. A piano solo, it is without question the greatest in jazz, and if anyone has the stupid audacity to insist there is anything with more feeling, with more body, and graced with more technique, in classical music, he'll break my heart.

Beautifully conceived, elusively melancholy, and intensely thrilling

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in its delicacy and mood, "Numb Fumblin'" is the story of Waller's search for some evasive happiness that he never quite attains. The mood changes from extreme sorrow to frantic futility and then tinkles off into an exhausted and discouraged sadness with the most cleanly played runs I've ever heard. You must hear it!

"Is your insomnia improving any?"
"Yes—sometimes my foot goes to sleep now."

—Widow

All alone in the moonlight is more fun if you're not.

—Covered Wagon

Sue Berry presents . . .

A smart ensemble for Campus and Sports, modeled by Coline Upshaw, Stanford '40.



Photo by Rex Hardy, Jr.

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The Jacket is plain with pert pockets, boxey shoulders, nipped-in waist; the Skirt is "monotone" plaid, full gored for a circular flair. Both are fine *Strook* wool.

The Sweater is imported Cashmere and the Hat is of French Felt with a crisp quill.



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Jabbertalky

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

Far out beyond Ragundisgott
Where drithy slurbs avant and bork;
The Vundercloong plays at aghaat
With runigbaas of cork.

Beware the Stanford Girl my son
The claws that catch—the jaws that
snatch—
Beware the Jolly-ups and shun
The frumious Roble Batch.

He took his Cadillac in hand
And long the manxome frmale
sought.
He cased the Cellar for a 'coke,'
And stood a while in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabbertalk with eyes of flame
Came whiffing twixt piles of food
And Bumbled as she came.

One! Two! One! Two! Like rubber
glue
His hungry lips went snickersnack.
She hit the floor; he slammed the door
Of his big Cadillac.

"At last I have thee, Jabbertalk!
Come to mine arms, my beamish girl.
Brivish, brivirl, don't be a squirrel,"
He chortled in his joy.

Far out beyond Ragundisgott
Where drithy slurbs avant and bork;
The Vundercloong plays at aghaat
With runigbaas of cork.

—Van Dorn



"But I tell you men don't live at Roble."

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The Old Boy Presents

Cover

By Sherman Boivin. Fire Hat, courtesy Petaluma (Calif.) Fire Department; face, courtesy City of Petaluma.

Roguish Roble

By Jack Dixon, assisted by Bert Rosenfeld. Dixon's spilled soup on the best of them for the last three years.

Fables

By Doug Jacques, Carl Bledsoe, and others.

Wheee!

—says Bud Ames as he mythically goes through the new War Libe. Harry Dyck with the drawing pen.

The Pen Is Mightier

—than the Sword, and "Freedumb of the Press" comes back a bit rejuvenated.

Wise Words

By Carl Bledsoe. He's a soph; grown-up, you know.

Wolf! Wolf!

—cry Stanford maids. Bill Van Dorn shows how *experiencia docets*.

Ode Stuff

—is that poem of Betty Bradley's. Weeps for the frosh, it does.

Faults

—are admitted by Richard Taylor. You gotta read it.

More

—stories by Coline Upshaw, Rea Calvert, Guy Wiggins, and others will keep you busy.

Collie Small's

Stompin' Around starts its third year as the best college record review in the country. Lots of big-shots say so.

And Cartoons

—by Dick Lusby, Jack Hurt, Barney McClure, "Yoga" Jack Grover, Marbry Ponsford, and John Elliot fill the pages. Read the gags out loud—they're funnier that way.



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TUCKER

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Katie Stewart
Elaine Stone
Ruth Whitney
Patricia Young

Professor—I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice from the rear—Go home and sleep it off, old man.

—Black and Blue Jay

The newlyweds on their honeymoon had the drawing-room. The groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on this train we were just married?"

"No, suh," said the dusky porter. "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

—Exchange

O Lord, give me a girl who is:

Beautiful
Intelligent
Witty
Alluring
Well dressed
Sensible
Kind
Charitable
and
just a
wee
wee
bit
sexually inhibited.

O God, why do I go on dreaming . . .

—Tiger

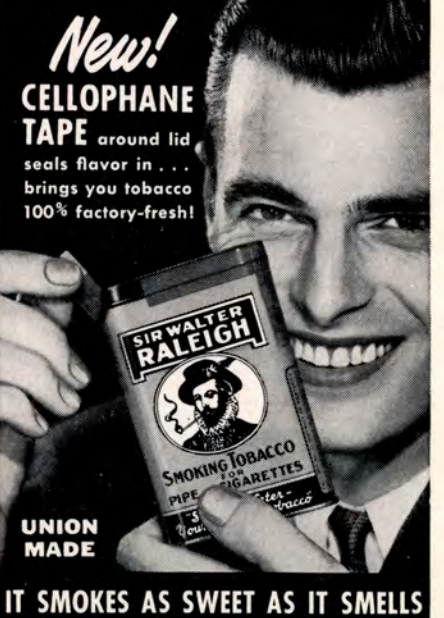
HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!



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Stage

Summer Theater

Looking back through two weeks' vacation, summer theater seems a happy hodgepodge of reading, rehearsals, costume, make-up, cigarettes, Coca-Cola, and performance. For the record I'll put down the productions, but there isn't space enough this side of a half-dozen volumes to give a detailed account of them.

As a whole the summer theater was a big success. There was some fine stuff done and no eggs were laid. The acting was excellent in some cases. Stevens played *The Tempest* for poetry, and in the parts of Ariel and Caliban he got beautiful performances. Bill Dusel played the beast to a turn. His movements were fascinating—reptilian is the word. Milly Green played the a-mortal sprite to perfection, mugging her way to fame, which is no slap in the face. Ruth Martin played the part on alternate nights in a softer, more human, and very fetching manner. Virgil Bergman effectively played Prospero, which is a feat in itself. Virginia Rogers and Joyce Clumeck doubled on Miranda, one being slight, blonde, shyly naïve, the other, tall, dark, and not quite so shy in her naïvete. Both were fine. Charlie Bullotti and Merle Meacham bum-bumped through the parts of Stephano and Trinculo in the proper Elizabethan manner, while Ted Marcuse did what could be done with that amorous necessity, Ferdinand. The king (Ed Arnold) and his retinue held their own with Shakespeare.

The *Two Shepherds* is a quietly humorous, touching two-act play, translated from the Spanish. It tells the story of an old priest who loses his parish and his life to a younger man. The first act shows him arbiter of his village and brings his dismissal. The second act is a study in people's natural acceptance of that which glitters. The new priest is quite an orator. Ralph Parr played the old priest with a sincerity which kept it from the maudlin. Bill Dusel as the doctor was very competent, though a bit monotonous. Wilma Fitts handed in a fine performance of the priest's sister.

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Walster's

Merle Meacham did well as Juanillo, the young orphan, and Fred Giari carried the part of the new priest. All the smaller parts, without exception, were good, some excellent. This was the best integrated play of the season. Each performance softened into a more flowing story.

Night Before the Border is a rather corny piece of melodrama with certain redeeming scenes. It concerns an American newspaper correspondent and his Russian wife who are ordered from Germany. She is shot accidentally, but she hides her wound and sends him across the border with another woman to be saved while she dies alone. Virginia Rogers made the wife theatrically palatable with deft handling and a Russian accent. Joyce Clumeck, cast well, handed in a fine performance of the friend. Neal Barry, back for the summer from legitimate, played the correspondent. Asher Wilson handled the part of Professor Lenkheim, the Jewish refugee, and Virginia Sharpe stole her bit of the show as Karene, the old German frau.

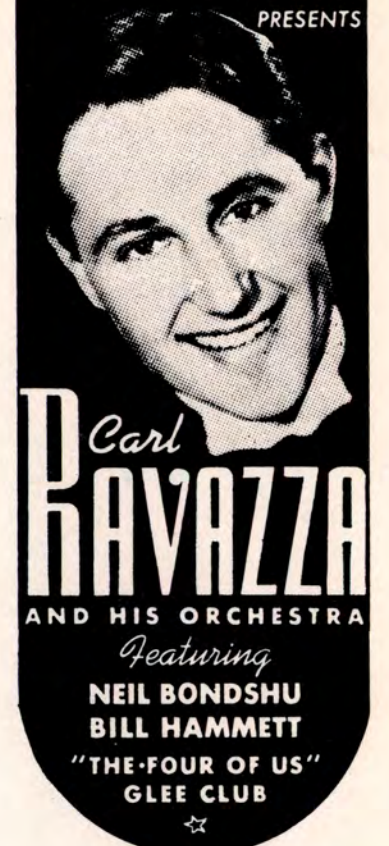
The technical work throughout the summer was tops. Mr. Johansen built a revolving set for *The Tempest*, and in the ship scene *the ship rocked*. Helen Green's costumes, especially for *The Tempest*, were well adapted to the individual characters. And it's not well to forget about the fellow in the light booth. Some day you may want an extra spot. Chuck Fitt's lighting, per usual, was excellent.

Now we come to direction. In college productions it means everything. Someone has to see the play as a complete picture, must watch tempo, stage balance and a dozen other things. It is his job to make a success. The summer theater's success belongs to Thomas Wood Stevens. The loss in his departure this fall is infinitely great. Both Stanford audiences and those who have worked under him realize the magnitude of that loss.

—Wilson

My blind date was so thin that when she drank the tomato juice she looked like a thermometer.

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\$39.50 to \$125.00

Now That Book

The Seven Lady Godivas, by Dr. Seuss, Random House (\$1.75)

In these god-awful days, as the big guns boom along the Rhine again and the Poles are strafed in Lwow and along the Bug, joy is a precious and volatile thing. Found too seldom and lost much too soon.

Woe.

How then, can I approach a book like the good Dr. Seuss' unless it is with a whoop of thankfulness? Don't most of you remember, as I do, that creator and ringmaster of that circus of splendid, insane creatures that romped in the pages of the old *Life* and *Judge*? The first human with enough of the three-year-old left in him to observe and depict the Dilemma (with horns). And there was "Quick Henry, the Flit!" too, which brought gloom to the lives of millions of gnats and flies, joy to the hearts of readers, and plenty of coin to the Flit folks.

So.

When Dr. Seuss blasts the web of lies from around the Godiva myth and shows for the first time the seven lumpy and lovable Godiva girls (Lulu, Gussie, Teenie, Mitzi, Arabella, Hedwig, and Dorcas J.) in their quest for the seven great horse-truths, I am ready to cry out "Praises on you, Dr. Seuss, from a bewildered fellow in a sick world. You are the sodium acetal salicylate to the headache of humanity!"

So.

Allow me now please to recommend *The Seven Lady Godivas* in as close as I can come to the spirit in which it is written and illustrated. Not sly, libelous, or alarming, it is as sinister as a squirt gun and as much fun as your first loose tooth.

—Elliott

"What do naughty Egyptian girls become?"

"Mummies."

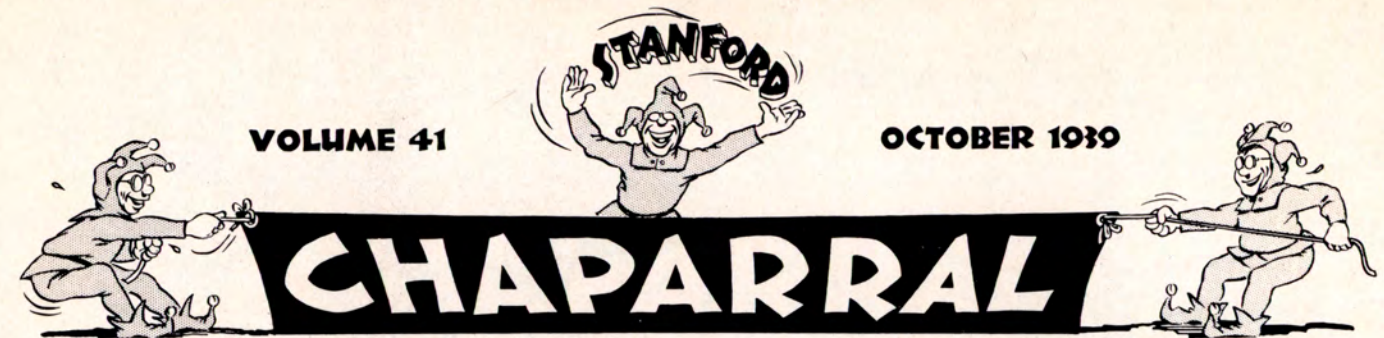
—World Almanac

Splendid bargain—Slightly used tombstone for sale. Swell bargain for family named Duffy.

—Lyre

VOLUME 41

OCTOBER 1939



Fables of the Farm

Through the Mill

One of the houses up the Row is getting a big laugh out of this one. Not long ago two of the better-known Row men treated two of the Mills College lassies to a large-sized evening at the City. At dinner the next night one of the wise boys leaned across the table and stage-whispered to a confederate, "Say, did you hear about the epidemic of trench mouth at Mills?" The wit had hardly finished his little speech when the two horror-stricken victims jumped from their seats. "Oh, M'Gawd!" they coughed. Their dinner forgotten, the two boys spent the remainder of the evening before the mirror, minutely inspecting their oral cavities for signs of deterioration. S'truth, we swear it!

New Yorker

We know a chap who went to New York. That is undoubtedly a very ingenious opening statement, yet it puts the facts right before you as they are: We know a chap, comma, and he went to New York, period. One night while he was in New York he was walking down a street when the woman (if it had been daytime it would have been the man trying to sell him the Empire State Building; we have read a book or two), yes, the woman, brushed against his sleeve and said, "Where are you going, honey?" Now this chap always has an answer to everything. It may be good or it may be bad, but it is always fast. Before she could so much as raise a come-hither eyebrow, he dragged out

an obscure play on words, saying, "Where are you from?"

"New York, honey."

"Oh," he said, "New York. Oh. Well. Well, good night," and started to walk on.

The woman stopped him. "Well what the hell do you expect from New York, Brenda Frazier?"

Where Is It?

It was that terribly hot Saturday before Pre-Reg that we picked up one of the boys waiting for a ride at the head of Palm Drive. "This is no day to be standing on a corner in the sun," we said.

"Yeah."

That was all; just, "Yeah." No more until we had driven clear into Palo Alto almost to Webster Street; he just sat there looking worried and not saying anything.

But just before Webster, his street, he said, "If the English have captured the 'Bremen,' why don't they say so?"

"Yeah." It was my turn.

I stopped the car at the corner, and as he got out he said, "You would think they would announce it. Well, thanks."

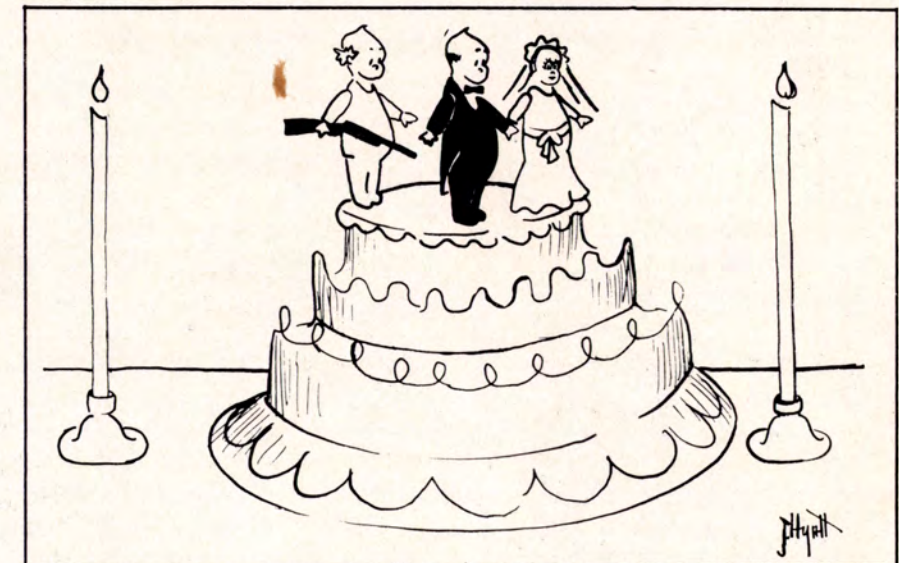
I watched him walk away worrying about the "Bremen."

Equestrians

I know a guy who says he is a restaurateur but isn't, because a restaurateur is a man who owns a restaurant, and not what he thinks it is. And I know two other guys who say they are equestrians but aren't, because being an equestrian can't be what they think it is, never really having seen themselves on a horse from behind.

But the other day they were riding

(Continued on page 25)



Roguish Roble



MARY THE NIC

The pride and joy of cigarette companies conducts her approach upon the poor male behind a well-laid smoke screen. An exponent of Ling Po's famous proverb: "See no evil; do no evil."



THE QUEEN

Yes, brother, this is the "glamour" girl that you and I look for and see with other fellows, pray for and never get to know. Yes, brother—this is she.



LOCK-OUT LOLA

Shocking, the hours she keeps. But she loves it and who doesn't? Firmly believes that Monday morning lectures were made for sleep.



MOUTH-PIECE MAZIE

Pacific Tel and Tel's excuse for raising rates at the Young Ladies' Home: Sounds like a wound-up cement mixer over the 'phone.



OLLIE AND OSCAR

Ollie is the hasher's curse. Can stow away more vittles than a chef on his night off. Oscar? Oh, he's the tapeworm the hasher's think she's got.



MASCARA KID

The human paint job. This well-covered fa(r)ce acts as camouflage for quick attacks upon the eternal victim, Adam. Don't cry, Kitty.

**JACK DIXON
BERT ROSENFELD**

Whee!!

BUD AMES

Illustrations by **HARRY DYCK**

The tall Speaker of the day rose from the glass crate on which he was sitting and began: "Mr. Chairman, board members, faculty, fellow assistants, students, visitors, and—and, oh my yes, the Honored Guest." But the Honored Guest had disappeared. Messengers were dispatched to find him but they were frozen on the threshold of the library by a growing, blood-curdling wail that came from within the library. Wheeeee! What was, who was the beast that was making that noise—that awful noise?

The Speaker carried on bravely. "Mr. Chairman, bored members—get it?—bored members. Oh yes, faculty, fellow assistants, students—" He never finished. A tomato hit him right in the middle of page four. "Well,



"He never finished . . ."

anyway it really is a pleasure to dedicate this super-duper structure, the Library of War, Peace, Revolution, and stuff, which you have come so to love. When sketches for this library were submitted to me ten or twenty years ago, I little dreamt that some sunshiny day (*adv.* California Chamber of Commerce) I would ever behold this huge pile of—huge pile of—mortar and stone. What a nifty drive-in it will make in a few years when all the cement begins to harden. When we look at this overgrown pop-cicle in future years we must give a

vote of thanks to the Alumni Association, various alumni bodies, the sponsor, and the FHA which floated a building loan. To be perfectly frank with you all I am unable, due to the recent foggy weather (*adv.* Florida Chamber of Commerce) to inform you whether or not the loan covered the last three stories.

"Now if someone will hand me the bottle of milk which was donated by the Drippy Milk Company (*slogan:* It's the Water) we will dedicate this



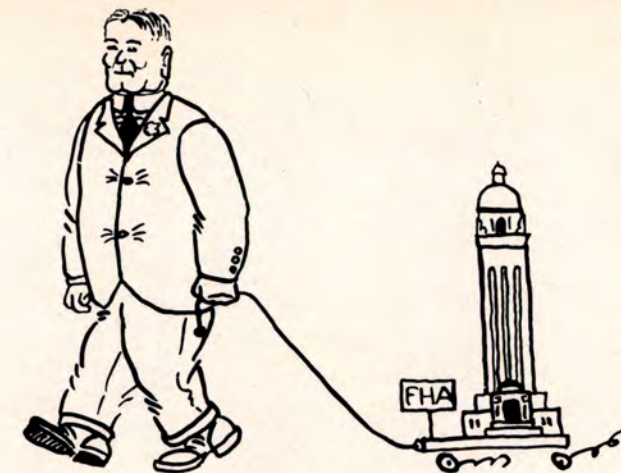
"Sketches were submitted . . ."

thing and then you all can roam through the building and swipe a few of the nifty clay tablets and dirty old posters and the rest of the junk. Remember—guided tours leave every ten minutes. A careful courteous, coughing guide will be glad to direct you to the Propaganda room, the Helmet room, and any other rooms you may want to go to."

"WHHEEEEEEEEE!"

There was that weird cry again, the same cry that might be emitted by a reader seeking, seeking, ever seeking, a funny joke in the CHAPARRAL. It was too, too terrible. The cry, I mean.

Someone handed the speaker a half-empty bottle and then passed out cold—right into the Hocked World War Medals Department which was really the Used Puttees Department. The speaker swung a little low and busted Major Blagard's seismological receptor-receiver-telegiggy which had been used



" . . . had been spelling . . ."

(and we quote) "for a series of ground quake tests to determine how many light bulbs could be dropped from the tenth floor on a windy day—or even Sunday." It didn't make any difference because the Major said that for the past month the wiggly lines on the graph paper had been spelling out dirty words. Which was all right except that the library's seventh under-under secretary to the World War underwear filer kept wandering about the library repeating the words and then making up still dirtier stories to fit the situations.

The dedication over, I stepped into the library. Somewhere in the Black-out Lamps Department I stumbled—yes stumbled—into one of those careful, courteous, coughing guide tours, so I tagged along just for the ride. And there, somewhere in the Armistice Day Confetti exhibit, I heard it again.

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

It was awful. Here I was on the ninth floor, but still I could hear it. I tried to close my ears to the terrible sounds but they kept growing, growing, growing and then—they died away, away, away—to nothing.

"WHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

I turned back to the shaking guide who continued his lecture. He mentioned that in this very room was one of the finest collections of Armistice

(Continued on page 28)

Freedumb of the Press

**PENINSULA PUPPIES
GIVE PIANO RECITAL**
—Paly Times
Howling success, no doubt.



Douglas Howard, 5113 Argus Drive, was bit by a dog Wednesday, near the corner of La Roda and Hill Drive. The dog who was owned by O. Stratton, 5330 La Roda was instructed to keep it tied up until examined.
—Eagle Rock (Calif.) Sentinel
Or at least keep a string on it.

**BLIND SNAIL SPECIES
FOUND IN VIRGINIA**
—Paly Times
Find 'em in any parked car—using Braille system.



Does Dorothy Lamour pack as much Oomph as all that, or is she padded My heart belongs to Dotty.

—San Quentin News
Such Dotty minds

**\$10,000 DOPE SEIZED
ON S. F. DOCK**

—Item in Oakland Tribune
Cal. man, no doubt.
—Chaser



SOPHS ACTIVE

WOMAN RUNS

—Daily Californian
Precocious, we'd say.



DETROIT POLICE

CAP PISTOL SHOOT

—S.F. Examiner
With the Junior G-Men?



The body of William Rollins, 50, of 52 Reeves Place was found gloating yesterday afternoon in the Narrows.

—The Brooklyn Daily Eagle
He who laughs last.

—Medley

To Hell With the Pelican
To Hell With the Chaparral
They Ain't Got What We
Hope to Have

Signed
The Chaser

What's that, Chaser?

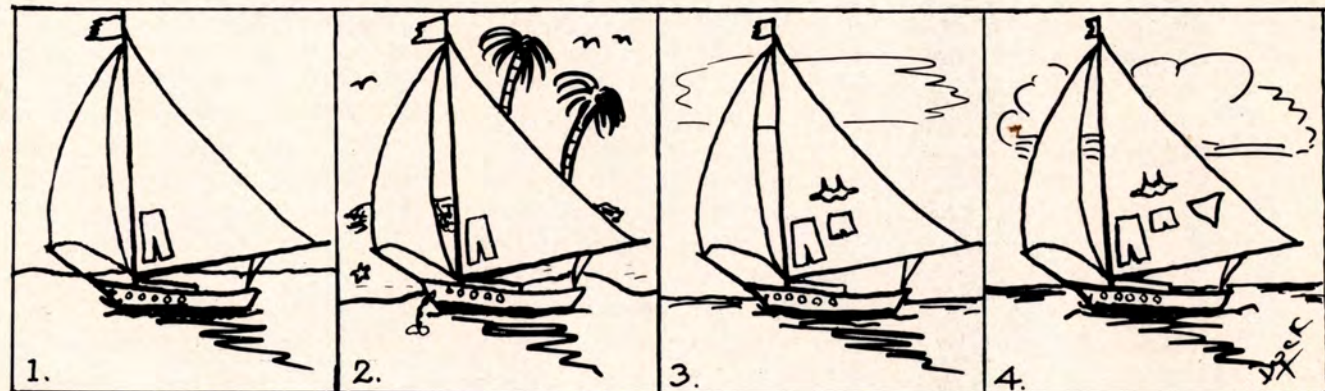


ALL FOAM NO BEER

**ALL FIGURES REVEAL
FEWER CLOTHES WORN**

—San Antonio Express
We beg your pardon, but haven't you got that backward?

—Ranger



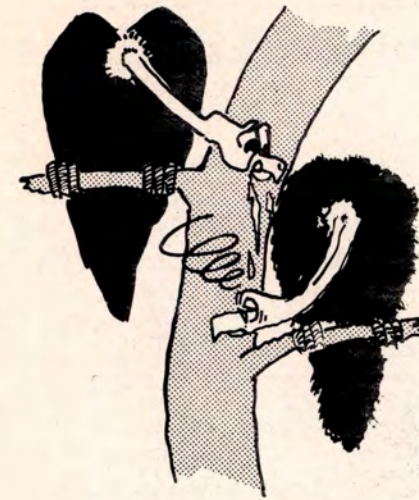
Smashing into Stanford

Long before the French started referring to "softening up the Siegfried Line" by smashing away with artillery, the Registrar's office, the medical office, the post office, the R.O.T.C., the Dean of Men's office, Encina Hall office, and the San Jose Reformatory Parole office were smashing away at us, and the effect was softening to a degree, brain-softening.

Around the middle of March after an ominous quiet that we should have known boded evil, the Registrar gave the signal. He probably turned to his assistant with infinite grace and without a tremor in his voice, and said "You may fire when ready, Gridley," or, perhaps, more formally, "Miss Gridley." With that the whole line went into action with heavy intellectual howitzers. We were bombarded with application blanks. Perhaps this would have cowed the ordinary man isolated thousands of miles from home with no place to turn, no fair feminine hand to cool his fevered brow or bring him a slug of rye, but we stood our ground, "took the saber

straight and took it striking," so to speak. However, we made the tactical blunder of raising the head while filling out the first blanks and so received a scholarship blank athwart the skull. This forced us to beat an orderly retreat during which we were stormed at with blank and card, but gravely we wrote. At this point it became necessary to call the College Entrance Examination Board into the conflict. They came in willingly, old hands at this sort of slaughter. We sent them four or five little literary gems and eventually achieved the delicate nuance of meaning for which they had been waiting, viz., "Please send our Exam results to Stanford!" They replied that they would be unable to do so. However there was a silver lining to every cloud. Columbia had the results and would be glad to oblige. Well, that brought Columbia into it. And this guy Hitler talks about Germany being encircled! But don't think for one moment that during this time all was peaceful on the

(Continued on page 30)



"Feeling sort of sick, eh, Henry?"

I Repeat

Blank Studios
Maple Dale
Thursday

DEAR MISS SMITH:

Received your letter concerning your proofs being lost for the high school book. Have you a good clear proof of yourself that you could send me so I would be able to tell what you look like from your proof. Their are so many girls from your school that aint sent their proofs back yet and due to the fact that I havent seen you or your proof I wouldn't know which proofs to remake and send you so you could have your proofs. A boy from Monterey lost his proofs and sent a proof of himself and I found his proofs right away. So if you can send me a proof of yourself I will be able to make another set of proofs right away and then you can have your proofs. If you havent got any proofs send me a description of how you was dressed if you had a certain kind of necklace or a fancy pin and how you ware your hair. If you want your proofs do this and I will send you your proofs right away. I will appreciate this as I want you to have your proofs.

Sincerely,
Blank Studio

(P.S. That is, if you want your proofs!)

—Anonymous



"So I says to her, 'Either the dog goes, or I go'"

A Word from the Wise

CARL BLEDSOE

To you, the class of '43, I sincerely submit this short article which will, I hope, be taken at its words and heeded as good advice to you members of this newly risen generation.

You have taken upon yourselves, as you undoubtedly know, the burdens of our troubled world, as we of the class of '42 did when we entered our college with high hopes of reform and revolution. This is THE crucial period in your young, untouched lives, and you must begin your task with a well-planned campaign and definite ideas concerning your futures.

To you future "Stanford Women" I can say little, for my words to you would be decidedly handicapped by a sad lack of personal experience. However, one thing does present itself to my mind. Never, young ladies, let your studies interfere with your social life. After all, you did lengthen your academic pursuits for the sole purpose of finding a prospective husband on the side—or vice versa. Beyond this I have no further advice for the alleged better third of you Farmhands.

But now you young men—hear me out, and heed my words without ques-

tion, for I speak to you as father to son, or as an old, time-and-experience-worn Soph to a fresh, starry-eyed Frosh.

As your priceless Frosh Bible tells you, Stanford is filthy with, or shall we say hallowed by, tradition. No one will say to you, "Don't do thus and so." It will, though, be whispered in your pink ear that to do thus and so is to break tradition, and *that* simply isn't *done*. For instance, it is traditional that Frosh do not wear "cords." This sacred honor is reserved for the Juniors, who probably believe that the dirtier they look the more their dignity and esteem will be upheld.

In order to stay on the bandwagon you must have certain grievances to air to the world. Yours, however, is not the right to mount a soapbox in Encina lobby and voice your rabble-rousing to the few who might stop to hear you out. Your best bid for attention to your opinions is a letter to the *Stanford Daily*, vulgarly called "Dippy," stating your case in as many epithets as possible. Your chances of having the letter published depend on the mood of the staff and the fre-

(Continued on page 29)

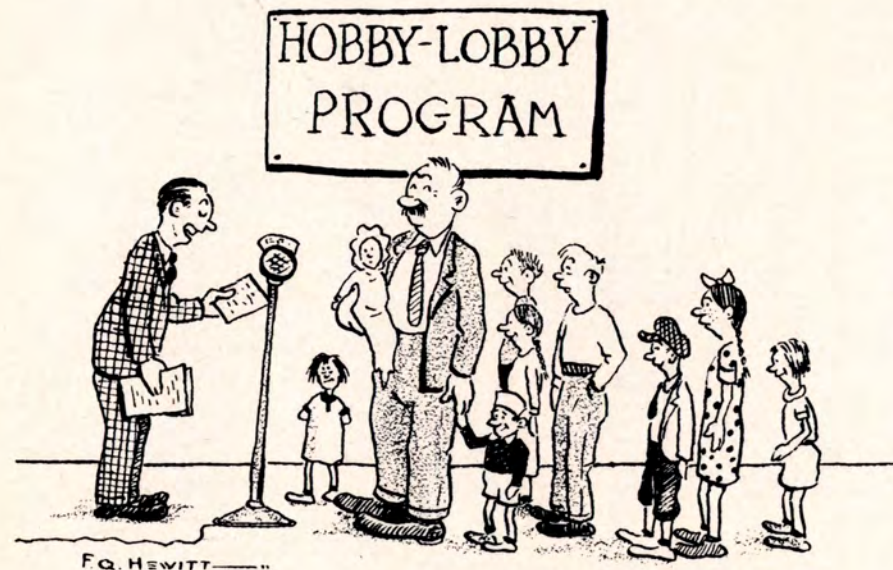


And How Was Your Summer?

COLINE UPSHAW

Hello, Nancy. Gosh but it's good to see you. Thinner aren't you? Me, oh, no, I lost about ten pounds in Mexico. The food, you know, my dear . . . really and they don't wash anything, not anything, mice on the floor . . . Didn't you know? Oh, yes, all summer . . . marvelous place . . . and the men!! Here, grab a suitcase and come up to my room while I unpack. Where was I? Oh, yes . . . I did lose a little weight, but I gained it all back at home in two weeks. We only got back two weeks before school. I had a marvelous time. We all did, really. I . . . You did? How nice . . . but really, Mexico . . . Where do coathangers disappear to at the end of spring? Dirty trick to take them. Like this dress? Yes, it's new . . . Really all my things were so tired after this summer. Dressing in Mexico is like dressing in S.F. all winter . . . Oh, yes, quite dressy. What do you think about the fashions this fall? Silly, aren't they? I really think we could have saved our mother's things from 1910 and shortened the skirts . . . Of course skirts so short are perfectly awful when you haven't lovely legs . . . take mine for instance . . . Oh, no they're not, they're like a piano's . . . don't you really think so? Oh, well, I don't know . . . of course Pancho always said . . . Pancho? Oh, didn't I write you about him? Luis? Oh, that was

(Continued on page 27)



Libido Lullaby

I'm not happy, psychologists say
'Cause my libido doesn't get to play.
Rules and mores make me neurotic
My own real self is more exotic.
Taboos arouse this true self, subconscious
With irritating kicks upon the haunches.

A lot of fun there'd be (for me)
With my inhibitions all set free.
Some day I'd like to open up the spout
And let those dammed-up complexes stretch and run about.



"Open up the spout . . ."

I know just where I'd start at first—
A minor vengeance not the worst,
Inflicted on a small, spoiled, squawking brat.
With a fine old scholarly hand
I'd teach him where I stand
So he'd not forget his manners when he'd sat!



"His manners when he sat . . ."

All my life I have foregone
The hidden pleasures in a lawn—
Little things that add enjoyment to a task,
Like spraying people with a hose
When they go by in Sunday clothes.
Just tree will and such a target's all I ask!



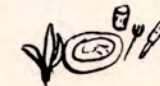
"Like spraying people with a hose . . ."

Stodgy characters important
Inspire thoughts they oughtn't,
And I've yearned to deflate them with a pin.
And some dressed-up, pretty sissy
Will look and feel most fishy
When I have slapped a mackerel over him!



"Look and feel most fishy . . ."

This new-born sadistic satyr
Will wreak havoc with a waiter
Who exploits that haughty hotel manager.
Just a hamburger would I order
Plus an icy glass of water
And for a tip he'd get the skin of a bannaner!



"The skin of a bannaner . . ."

All my desires aren't malicious
In fact, but few are vicious—
We all find certain things that irk us.
Of all my inhibitions
I most love exhibitions,
And one day I'd love to travel with a circus.



"Travel with a circus . . ."

GORDON STEEDMAN

I think it would be grand
To be a barker for Miss Rand,
Enticing suckers into a side show.
And with a psychologic line
On the human form divine
Make them pay to see nothing they don't know.

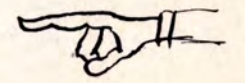


But these are dreams—wishful dreams
And life is the wide-awake nightmare it seems.
Alas! Alack! Unhappy me—
I'm bound to the rules of society.



"Rules of Society . . ."

So bosh! to all you psychologists
With your tests, formulas, and crazy lists.
I'm afraid to do what I'd like to do
And damn it—so are you and YOU!



"—And you . . ."

Admitting They Have Faults

RICHARD TAYLOR

It was on my mind all during the hot spell—days of freakish and unnatural weather when catastrophe seemed entirely in the order of things. My thoughts were running along the line of sudden devastation. Spring quarter I learned that, somewhere outside the Golden Gate, disaster was piling up strength. It is a process I understand poorly; the geologists themselves are not too clear about it, but the general idea is that along one side of a great gash in the sea bottom the rock is slowly moving, and when the strain created in this way has suddenly become great enough, the rock will suddenly snap back into its original position. In other words, an earthquake.

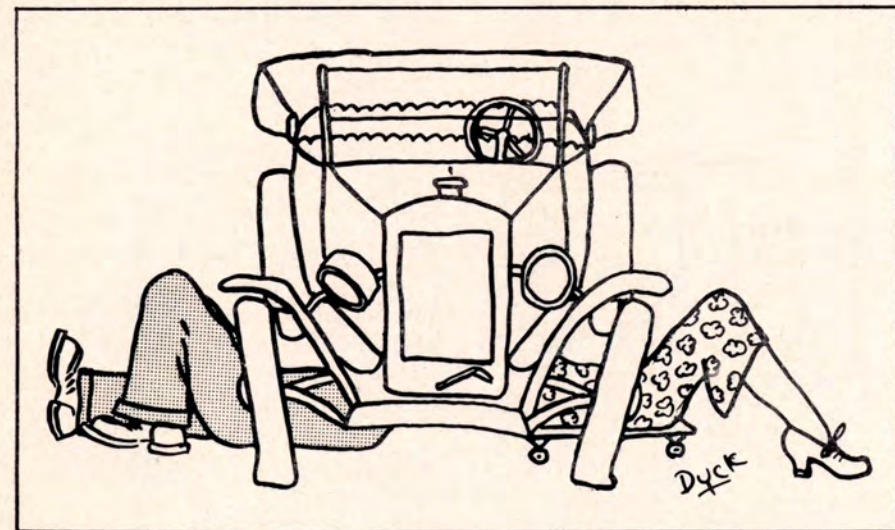
Anyone who has spent any time on the campus can see that such a phenomenon might have its points. When I came back here, one of the first things I did was to go to look at the large hole from which the Hoover Library on War, Revolution, Peace, Appeasement, and Treaty Obligation Fulfilment will some day arise. It occurred to me that perhaps here was what whoever throws the switch on earthquakes was waiting for. Everybody knows the story of the Tower of Babel. The builders of that structure also had

their heads full of rash dreams of a great edifice dominating the flat surrounding plain. The powers that chastised those old-time contractors and construction engineers are presumably still at work. I am glad that I am not a member of the Board of Trustees of Stanford University.

Perhaps I am wrong in thinking it will be an earthquake that will punish this presumption. There was a nice ingenuity shown in the incident at Babel, after which an earthquake might seem rather heavy-handed. A plague of paper-moths would come nearer to the old standard.

I really don't wish any harm to Mr. Hoover's library; in fact, I think it only fair to leave it unharmed unless Farley's postoffice is also razed; but I am expressing no impiety in hoping that the Chapel gets it in the neck. It's the only building I have ever seen that looked exactly like its picture on a colored postcard. Roget's *Thesaurus* covers the situation adequately in paragraph 882, the one that begins with "ostentatious" and ends with "*captandum vulgus*." I am thinking particularly of the mosaic. I am not alone in these views; marked celestial displeasure has already been shown. The

(Continued on page 23)



"Oh! Is that where it goes, Mrs. Roosevelt?"

—Steedman



Class Notes

The prof who fills me with remorse
Says "Buy MY textbook for this course!"

I wish I had another name
So I could sit next to *that* dame!

A jolly-up is a thing of sin,
When you get stuck no one cuts in.

At a jolly-up it's still a sin
When you're with a "queen" some mug cuts in.

Higher education's value plus
Is the mysterious fee for a syllabus!

Have you ever wondered
What became of the "five hundred"?

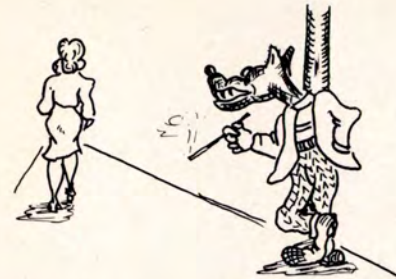
Football time is here again
See the big block-letter men?

Time was when the men were
"roughs,"
Now their shirts all have clean cuffs!

Everything comes to him who waits,
Ask a man who's tried blind dates.

The guy who thinks all things are bad
Is the one who signs himself "old grad."

The Paly-Highway intersection
Will someday cause an auto wreck-
tion.



THE STANFORD WOLF

The Stanford Wolf, his hunger sated,
Leaves the Cellar still undated,
Ready for the slaughter.

His trembling fingers draw a fag
And slip it 'neath his lip's mean sag;
He knows he shouldn't oughter.

Up toward Roble Hall he slinks
His honor ever deeper sinks.
He glances o'er his shoulder.

He pulls a bottle from his hip
Won't hurt to have a little nip;
Makes one feel much bolder.

He slithers in and settles down
His forehead twisted in a frown.
He scans the empty lobby.

The bottled confidence within
Accentuates his leering grin—
A masher at his hobby.

An hour: and nary a girlish form
Garnished the silent dorm.
How empty is his cup.

No gust of girlish laughter warms him
But a *Dippy* tacitly informs him
There's a Freshman Jolly-up!

—Van Dorn



"Hey, guy, we found what happened to Wong!"

ABOUT NEFARIOUS NINCOMPOOPS

We nominate for Hall of Hate,
The theater-going fop
Who scrapes gum from beneath the seat
And rubs it in on top.

May we suggest as loathsome guest,
The dinner-table goop
Who yodels "Sweet Lalani" as
He coyly drinks his soup?

We know the dope we'd like to rope:
That driver who won't learn;
He gives a left-hand signal and
Then makes a right-hand turn.

We'd think it cute to execute
That drugstore counter twirp
Who leans across our shoulder just
To liberate a burp.

There is no place of love or grace
For rabid football fans
Who mix their cheers with wh---y and
Then weave about the stands.

—Rosenfeld



ODE TO A FRESHMAN

The kids come in from North and South
And fly from East to West
The sponsors say the "perfect class,"
But seniors know what's best.

That familiar cry that haunts the Row
Sends rushing off pell-mell
The rules and regulations start
And govern old Pan Hell.

The frosh desired to pledge a house
But found they lacked a car.
They try to get to classes
But they find it's too damn far.

When they get a ride to Paly
In someone's new machine
They think they're part of Stanford
But there're things they haven't seen.

Ah, for the life of a freshman,
Say the seniors quite sedate,
For they'd rather be in Hades
Than to try and graduate.

And so when passing by their halls
As loud as it can be,
The familiar chant will ring me more
To hell with 'forty-three!!!

—Bradley



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 41, 1939-40
 Stanford University founded 1891
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 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
 Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
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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 the first baby of the 41st volume of CHAPARRAL has been delivered, the Old Boy wishes to tell you what he plans for the year. This old campus is chock full of humor—plenty of it. The bells on the Ancient One's cap tingle as he turns his head and sees humor of one sort or another all around him. Therefore, he wants to make CHAPPIE the purveyor of that humor in printed form. He'll joke with you, throw in some satire occasionally, swing his sledge on detrimental things, and in general try to make Stanford life just a bit more interesting. Of course, he'll not forget the antics of the world at the other end of Palm Drive; his main purpose, however, is to mirror the humor of Stanford.

NOW THAT you've read this far we might as well tell you that we've more or less dedicated this issue to yon ivy-covered Roble. They're a bit more "Hollywood" this year—"glamour" girls, "typical" girls, and whatnot have publicized the fact that the old haven of '43 is up to par with past years. Despite any ribbings we've given them in these pages we still like 'em. This Antique Fool swings his swivel-chair and notices them as they wend their way from the Quad to Roble. Maybe he's getting old—but not too old to appreciate the fact that football does not reign supreme at Stanford, nor does anything else but the Stanford woman. After summer it's refreshing to come back and see a Stanford girl.

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Listen to Sam Hayes
 "Euclid Ballot Box"
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 Every Thursday



"He's one of the 'Dead End Kids'!"
 —Columns

FAULTS

(Continued from page 18)

earthquake of 1906 left the *façade of the chapel in ruins*. Another mosaic was ordered from Italy; the ship carrying it sank. A third was rashly commissioned, and put in place without further difficulty. There must be something good brewing this time.

The most sophisticated friend I ever had would never sit down at a soda fountain because, he said, no one could look anything but ridiculous seated on one of those stools. I feel the same way about the library stairs. They are too shallow and too broad. Go up one at a time, and you feel yourself part of a processional, wending its dignified way to a smoking altar. Also, it takes a hell of a time to get to the top. Go up two at a time, and you find yourself moving in an odd rocking gait, not unlike that of the giraffe. This is an intolerable dilemma, and it is not too much to wish for the destruction of the whole building in order to escape it.

I hope nobody thinks I'm wishing for all this. It's coming anyhow, you know, and we might as well get what good we can out of it. When it does come I hope that whoever stage-manages it will proceed along the lines I have indicated. And remembers that I put in a good word for him.

Simile: Unconcerned as a nudist reading about a textile strike.
 —Bored Walk

Is that Rudy Vallee or do we need a new needle?
 —Covered Wagon



"THE MURAL ROOM AND THAT WONDERFUL MUSIC? darling you're marvelous!"

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Distinctive Coiffures

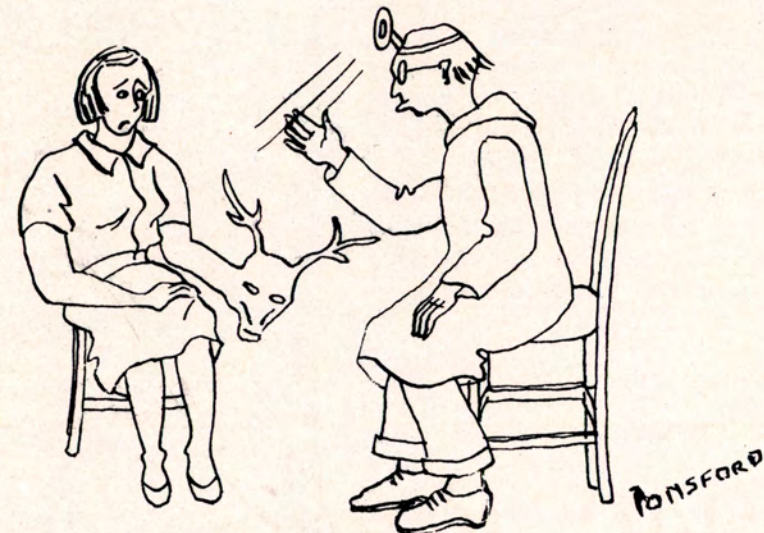
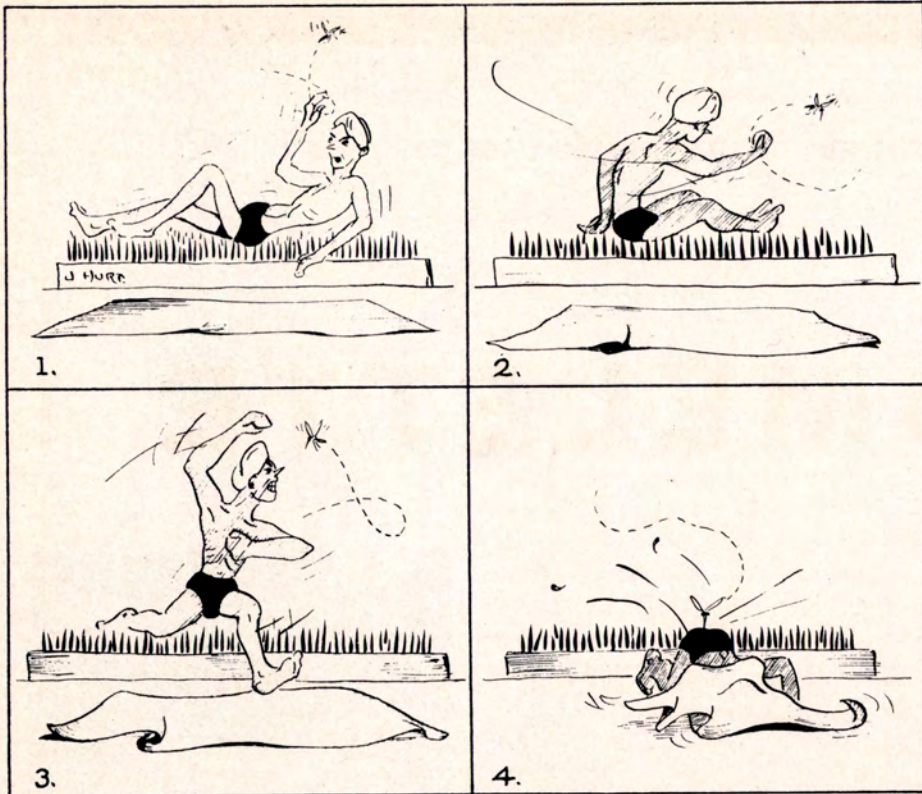
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—Exchange

Two little boys stood on a corner. A little girl passed by.

Said one—Her neck's dirty.

Said the other—Her does?

—Old Line

Pop—Son, what do you mean by playing hookey? What makes you stay away from school?

Son—Class hatred, Pop.

—Awwgan

Old Lady—Why, you bad boy, throw that cigarette away.

Little Boy—Lady, are you in the habit of speaking to strange men on the street?

—Exchange

Prof.—What's a skeleton?

Frosh—A stack of bones with all the people scraped off.

—Awwgan

A New England epitaph reads: "Here lies an atheist. All dressed up and no place to go."

—Log

FABLES

(Continued from page 11)

over on the beach near Half Moon Bay, riding at a full gallop across the sand. One of them kept clucking to his horse urging him on, and the two horses were racing down the beach in a full run, bruising the somewhat equestrians at every stride.

"Come on boy, let's go!" yelled the one.

"Hey," the other bellowed, "lay off the g-i-d-d-a-p!"

—Jacques, Bledsoe, et al.

She—I wear this gown only to teas.

He—Whom? —Old Line

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—Froth

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AND HOW WAS YOUR SUMMER?

(Continued from page 16)

early in the summer. Didn't I write after that? Well, really, my dear, I was in such a whirl I just forgot everything. Pancho and I . . . Pancho? Oh, he's divine, he's everything I ever could dream of . . . A real Prince Charming . . . and he's not all Mexican, part French and American. He's of the better class, the old Mexican aristocracy. They're poor now, but once, my dear, they were of the wealthiest landowning group. And manners, why he's so smooth, he just . . . This? Haven't you seen them before? You simply have to wear one to look well in these dresses that squish your waist in and your tummy in and lift you out in back. Barbarous, I think. Did you ever see such a gadget? And let me tell you it's so darn uncomfortable, these stays. I think they're pointed

. . . poke you in the front and it pinches you when you sit down. Certainly not the thing for the theater. Gosh, I've not been to the theater since I left Pancho. We just went everywhere together. He taught me the rumba and the tango and all sorts of things, dances I mean. And the things he called me, like "mi borrachita," and "mi muchachita fea." And he knew all the places to go; it was so handy, because he drove my car for me. The traffic is awful there, horns honking and brakes screeching all the time. Only place there wasn't much traffic was in the country and in the Park . . . You know, you can't park in the Chapultapec Park. Yes, that's the one where Carlotta and Juarez used to walk . . . Well, if they catch you parking there you have to get married to the man you're with. That's something Gordie and Burns should try. Yeah, I know, you'd

probably get caught with some dope. Of course, I don't suppose I'll be going out much this year. I'm not a bit interested in men any more. I'll probably go back to Mexico and Pancho next year. For good I mean. No, he didn't actually ask me to marry him, not yet. But I'm sure he will. Anyway he'll be true to me and I must to him. Love is a wonderful thing. I never would have thought I'd go to Mexico and meet the man of my life . . . and if you'd said I'd ever love a Mexican, well, I'd have just laughed, that's all, just laughed . . . and now look at me, practically a married woman, and . . . what are you looking at? Where? Across the street? Where? Where? My dear, he must be new!! He's so neat looking . . . Wow! . . . Wonder what his name is?



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"But I'm not under twenty-one, I tell ya . . ."



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LIBERAL TERMS
OPEN EVENINGS

WHEE!!

(Continued from page 13)

Day Confetti in the whole world—why, even in the whole state of California (*another adv.* California Chamber of Commerce). There was green confetti, postage-stamp confetti, a lovely exhibit of *Spicy Detective* confetti. They say that all the boys from Thirteenth to Fifty-second Street used the Armistice Day as an excuse to tear up all their swell old copies of *Spicy Detective* (*no adv.*; we won't accept it) they had saved up for a rainy day—or something.

But before I could say anything the guide passed us on into the—

But there it came again. "WHeeee-eee!" I turned to see a bulky specter float past me down, and down, all the way to the bottom of the spiraling staircase. As it passed I was in pursuit—down, down, down, round, round,

and round the spiral staircase. But I caught it, caught it at the last step, and as I looked into its face I recognized—The Honored Guest.

"Wheeee!" he laughed. "What a ride! For forty years I've wanted one, and now I've got, I've got it. A bannister all my very own. It was worth it, even if I did have to build the whole tower. Wheeeeeeeee! Fifteen floors of waxed mahogany bannister and all my own. Wheeeeeeeee-eee!" And he was off up the stairs again for another ride.

"What lovely antique furniture! I wonder where Mrs. Smith got that huge old chest?"

"Well, they tell me her mother was the same way."

—Awgwan

Did you ever hear about the man who smoked so many Camels and his nerves got so steady that he couldn't move?

—Spectator

Gent from West—Waiter, take this steak out and have it cooked.

Eastern Waiter—But, Sir, that steak is cooked.

Gent—Cooked, hell! I've seen cows hurt worse than that stand up and walk away.

—Covered Wagon

In the Freshman class of one of our smaller schools, three American boys and one Chinaman ate at the same table. The Chinaman, being outnumbered, was hazed quite a bit by the Americans. However, he never complained and the Americans, feeling bad about their pranks, approached the Chinaman one day. "Wong," they said, "we have decided to quit putting salt in your tea and pepper on your salad." Wong replied, "Very well, then, I quit putting mud in your coffee."

—Analyst

The decrepit old T-model Ford rolled up to the toll bridge.

"Fifty cents," called the gateman. "Sold," said the man in the Ford.

—Covered Wagon

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GIFTS



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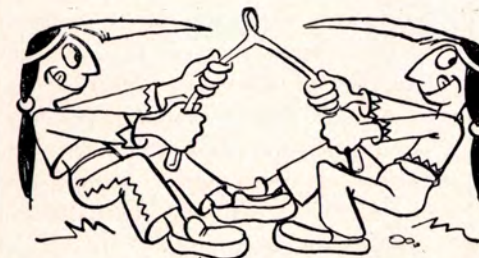
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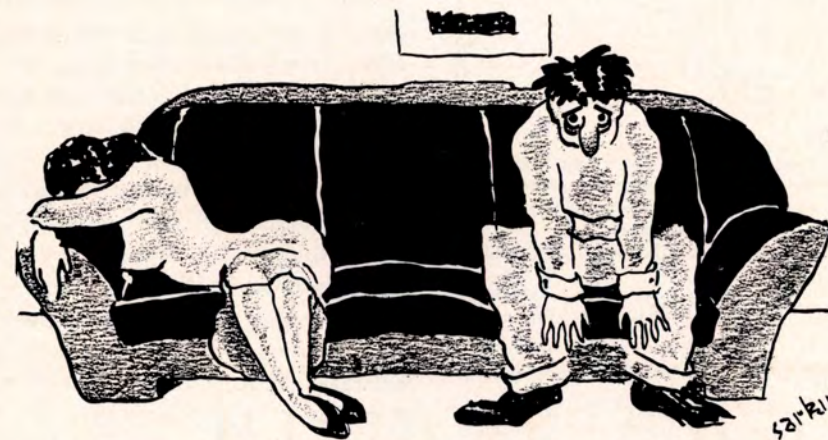
WORD FROM WISE

(Continued from page 16)

quency of profanity. If your letter *is* published, you will have other bold publicity hounds answering you within a week. With your first comeback your place in the "Campus Who's Who" is reserved.

Let us skip back a moment to another aspect of college social life. You fellows probably know by now

that getting a "lockout" for a young lady means that a peace offering is to be made—usually consisting of flowers or candy. Another tradition; but, boys, here's a helpful hint regarding this one. Don't duck lockouts. Get them when your girl friend is a wee bit of Okay, and you have the perfect, foolproof excuse for another date. In other words, a lockout means another date. A subtle aid to romance, indeed.



"Sure I love you. I'm just resting."

—Point

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"Lady, did you ever see a hippopotamus?"

—Awwan

When a man wants his handkerchief, he reaches around and yanks it out of his pocket. When a lady wants hers, she rises, shakes herself, and picks it off the floor.

—Scottie

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Owner—How did you come to puncture this tire?

Chauffeur—Ran over a milk bottle.

Owner—Didn't you see it in time?

Chauffeur—No, the kid had it under his coat.

—Spartan

Shoe shine, Mister?

No.

I can shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em.

I said no!

Coward!

—Purple Parrot

ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER

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SMASHING INTO STANFORD

(Continued from page 15)

home front. A vaccination requirement screaming across no-man's land caught us full in the arm, and then, of course, there was the accompanying trenchant question, "Do you have Beri-beri?" Did we have Beri-beri, that was the question. We didn't know, by this time we didn't even know whether Shirley Temple was a girl or a church. The question preyed on our minds and frayed nerves until finally we broke down, sobbing softly and sometimes punctuating this rather monotonous sound with high-pitched hysterical laughter. Fortunately, after this there was a brief lull and we began to mend, but we were still unable, however, to eat anything more solid than a bottle of gin, which we did.

We are happy to record that at one point we rose above the mass of blanks long enough to grab a cold pork chop before being engulfed and buried once more. On September 7, convulsions set in; on September 8, we were temporarily revived by a personal letter from James Farley thanking us for pulling the United States post office out of the Red for the fiscal year 1939-40.

This brief case history will enable you to understand why we are registering this protest. We may well ask ourselves, "Is it wise to weaken the moral, mental, and physical fiber of the incoming Stanford student in this manner. May he not become, if not a mental case, at least a prey to subversive influences of every kind while in this weakened state?" And our answer to you is "yes," most emphatically, and we offer our own case as conclusive proof. Here we are, trying out for CHAPPIE and writing articles like this. *Quod est Demonstrandum.*

—Wiggins

Old Paw was in his rocking chair on the front porch, rocking due E. and W. Beside him was Sonny Boy, an innocent of 40, rocking N. and S. Presently Paw said, "Son, why wear yo'self out thataway? Rock with the grain and save your strength."

—Yellow Jacket

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

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

—Old Line

Women are taking a lot of jobs away from men these days, but there is one job they'll never take away. Can you imagine a woman auctioneer standing behind a bed asking, "Will anyone make me an offer?"

—Punch Bowl

"You can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Virginia."

"That's O.K., buddy. We ain't arresting you for breeding purposes."

—Buccaneer

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