

STANFORD
Chaparral





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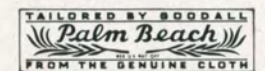


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Palo Alto

The Stanford Chaparral

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906

THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT REFLECTIONS ALL.

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED

NOW THAT a good many thousand words have been spilled over the San Francisco police brutality cases, the Old Boy feels that many more words would only be throwing water on ashes, but he has a few ideas he would expound.

First off, he realizes he could be smug by thanking the San Francisco Police Department for some pretty good ideas for this issue of CHAPPIE, but that is rather infantile.

Second, he wishes to add what he considers a fair thought. The Ancient One has a very warm place in his slightly leaky heart for the City by the Golden Gate. He has had many good times in "the most cosmopolitan city in the world," and he wants to keep right on having them. There is a certain charm about that old pile of fog and smoke-stained stone, a charm found nowhere else. But the thought of such a place having its laws enforced by a

gang of irresponsible youth-beaters curdles the Old One's bile. A city, at best, is a poor place to find the primary controls of a small town, but when over half a million people have to depend on secondary controls, such as the police, to keep the majority in line with their mores they ought to make damn sure they aren't going to be kicked around by the hired help. That last phrase may sound a little European, but it is not meant that way. Our point is that a good many of this country's policemen have a happy knack of completely forgetting that they are supposed to be "public servants." When they assume the whip hand, the community must clamp down. Often, however, the men with the clamp are as bad as those whom they are supposed to punish. This seems to be the case in San Francisco. It is the Old Man's hope that the majority will rid themselves of their usual apathy and will regain the power that is rightfully theirs.

NOW THAT DATE

Now that everyone is taking a low number of units, it behooves us to point out that spring is a quarter for being sociable, playing around, doing nothing, and thinking little. In other words, stay as far away from the books as you possibly can. We might even add that women look better than usual—and they make good dancing partners, too.

Tucked away in the West Portal district is a new salon de boire called the Road to Mandalay. Quite nautical in appearance, this would just be another one of those places but for the attraction of a color organ. This is a gadget that has all sorts of lights that are synchronized with the juke-box, and high notes get blues and greens, while base notes bring out the reds and yellows. Very fascinating.

HOTELS

Mark—Leighton Noble has assumed the podium of the Peacock Court, supplying the customers with suave sweet and smooth swing. This is a return engagement for the man who is no relation to the "Very Thought of You" Noble, and he comes directly from the Waldorf-Astoria. As a gentle reminder to the management, we would like to suggest teaching the waiters a few manners—this seems to be the consensus of the campus, not ours alone.

Palace—Ozzie Nelson follows Glen Gray into the Rose Room Bowl around the first of the month. It is Ozzie's first appearance here, as far as we can remember, but, if Harriet Hilliard is with him, we'll make a point of remembering. Ozzie is a bit on the swingy side, but he can still peddle sweet with the best of 'em.

St. Francis—Enric Madriguera will be in the Mural Room, replacing the ineffably excellent Richard Himber. Madriguera is essentially Latin in his rhythms, but he backs up Patricia Gilmore on vocals that are definitely not Las Vegas. Enric is making his bow in S.F. and will suffice to keep the rumba lovers coming to the "Frantic."

Sir Francis Drake—Bondshu, always Bondshu, at the Persian Room. The orchestra and the room are both first class, but it gets awfully monotonous, trying to think up new things to say about Mr. B. Besides that, you've probably been there once and are going again.

NIGHT CLUBS

Lindy's—This is the ideal setup that you've been looking for. No cover and a slight minimum in the Jewel Room (third floor), where Ernie Heckscher is holding forth. To see this room is worth the admission—but that isn't all. On the second floor there is a bar, with a stage at one end, and the acts are good. However, you may sip a coke here and go upstairs and dance free of charge. If that isn't the answer to a pocketbook's prayer, then just stay home and go to the Cellar.

Russian T Room—Hardly a title for a night club and it really isn't one in the strictest sense of the word. They have installed a new bar and a Management. Vodka is the leitmotif, with other types of stuff to boot.

EATING AROUND

Stagg's Corral—Very definitely in the manner of the Old West, this is tops as far as straight American food goes. The real fun is the collection of nickelodeons (old-fashioned juke-boxes, dope) that stand around all over. They sound like anything from a music box to a full symphony.

—Hutshing



"Let's dance—

... but definitely!

Frolic

at the

Frantic

the

farm's favorite rendezvous

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in the

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NOW THAT THEATER

In a brilliant splash of color and gay music, the Music Department in conjunction with the Speech and Drama Department presented their second opera in as many years last month. This time it was *The Bartered Bride*, by Bedrick Smetana.

This opera of Czechoslovakia is an amusing comedy of a stuttering fool and the efforts of his parents to marry him off. Under the musical direction of Dr. Herbert Popper, the opera was an excellent musical enterprise. Both Dr. Popper and Mr. Ferenc Molnar are due high praise for the training and handling of the orchestra.

The principals were all excellent. Top honors are evenly divided between Keith Allan as the marriage broker and Joel Carter as the fool, Vashek. Allan is a finished comedian and he wrung his part dry. However, the music seemed a bit too low for his baritone, and many times the richness of his voice was lost. Carter's role was very funny and he was a beautiful stutterer. His was more an acting part than any of the others, and he never failed to bring a laugh.

As Marie, Marjorie Benson's voice was beautifully suited to the role. A strong, high, full soprano, she made a lovely heroine. Antonio Rovano was adequate as the hero.

The dancing, directed by Margo Crain and Margaret Jewell, was fast and colorful. Harry Muheim was responsible for the riotous carnival sequence which was the most colorful of all.

(Continued on page 26)

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Spring quarter

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Lacking nine days of a thirty-fifth anniversary, Hammer and Coffin celebrates its birthday with this issue. Started as a local humor society, the trust that runs CHAPARRAL has expanded into a national organization with six chapters throughout the nation. Most of the blame for the '06 earthquake is laid at H & C's door, because it was founded four hours before the temblor struck. Aside from this humorous coincidence, Hammer and Coffin has weathered the vicissitudes of three and one-half decades, not counting one war and a possibility of a second. Always small and select in its size, Hammer and Coffin is supposed to be one of the most exclusive organizations on campus. However, it is select only in that it chooses the zaniest collection of characters to be found in any small group and then converts their nonsense into an economic good. The result is CHAPARRAL, on the stands each month. New members are taken in on the basis of the work they have done for the magazine, and, while some of the members are from the business staff, they eventually wind up in the true spirit of Hammer and Coffin. So H & C takes this opportunity to become slightly self-conscious on the occasion of its birthday, and to let the questioning ones know that it exists as a worthy body, with a definite function.

Governors Elected:

Democratic	66
Republican	14
Undecided	2

—Daily Dartmouth

Politics. Dirty Politics.

—Jack-o-Lantern



Our grandmothers believed that there was a destiny which shaped our ends, but the modern girls place more faith in girdles.

—Froth

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SMOOTHIN' AROUND

It's spring, dammit, it's spring, and here we are cooped up over a hot typewriter trying to think of amusing things to say about pieces of wax. Did it ever occur to you, yes you, just what an unhappy life a columnist leads. Well, it wouldn't interest you, because you aren't feeling very sympathetic anyway. Mr. McLaughlin has a much easier life in his jamming disks, because people never play the same thing twice in exactly the same manner; but we have to listen to innumerable "style" bands that insist upon doing everything their way. Of course, we pick out the best and tell you about it, so quit looking at that babe and give an eye here.

For the rhumbabies we have an interesting selection of "Souise" American tunes. First of all, there is Henry King's Decca Album of Ten Famous Rhumbas; only there are just nine famous rhumbas and one conga. We talked to Mr. King and he believes they are the Latin equivalents of our "Night and Day" and "Stardust," because they are the classics of their own nations. Such gems as "Siboney," "Peanut Vendor," "Say Si Si," "Mama Inez," and "My Shawl" are in this volume, and, if you want to practice the old hip-shaker at home, here's your chance to learn several different tempos. King is at his best, giving a touch to the music that many of the strictly U.S.A. bands lack.

Continuing south of the border, the Enric Madriguera company does an interesting bit on their first Victor cutting. "Un, Dos, Tres, Un Dos" is the numerical monicker of a neat little rumba that sets you to whistling. Lacey in orchestration, this gets a little thin in spots, but the squeaky voiced little tenor is good for a laugh and the contrapuntal chorus in the last part of the record is catchy. "Un Momento," backing this up, is a slow bolero with a very sweet violin sequence and a flute warbling in the background.

Rounding out the Ceesco group is Leo Reisman's disk of "Boa Noite" and "I, Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi." The former is slated to be one of the big hits of the season, but the latter has a set of lyrics that has raised more than one eyebrow. Somehow, the idea of hypnotized hips sends us. "Boa Noite" is very smooth with Anita Boyer on

the vocal and a celeste diddling around somewhere in the rear.

We hear the eagle scream and realize that we are back in Los Estados Unidos, where Sammy Kaye has deserted that old wah-wah style to give out with "Until Tomorrow," his own composition. It features the three Kaydets singing this latter-day "Good Night Sweetheart" a la T. Dorsey. The tenor rises out of the ensemble to handle a few lyrics by himself, only to sink back again. The band takes over for the first half of the second chorus, which is resumed by the boys at the bridge. Very sweet, this is an okay for those who dream over their old disks.

Vaughn Monroe has scooped out his theme song, "Racing with the Moon." A slow, draggy job, it presents the feeling of suppressed swing. Somehow we feel that McLaughlin should have reviewed this, but it isn't swing. Rather, it is the kind of music to which you cheek to cheek and occasionally take a step about quarter to one. It's just powerful, that's all.

From the Gertrude Lawrence show, *Lady in the Dark*, Eddy Duchin has put forth "Jenny." This is a ballad that has riotous lyrics and a series of smart remarks from the chorus, chiming in on the solo vocalist. "Jenny" was quite a gal from what we gather. When she published her memoirs, "wives shot their husbands in thirty-three states." You see, it's worth listening to, because they tell her memoirs in the song.

Saving the best and the worst for last, we turn first to the best. Bing Crosby is on wax with the music from his new picture, *Road to Zanzibar*. In the lilting-swingy style that only Bingsby can peddle, he renders "You Lucky People You" and "Birds of a Feather." The latter is our choice for the new juke-box leader. Cleverly corny is the only adjective we find applicable to the lyrics, and Bing is tops. J. S. Trotter is in a supporting role, and the trombone does a neat trick in the first sixteen bars of the second chorus. "You're Dangerous" fills out the platter, in an ample manner.

Every once in a while, something so horrible comes our way that we just can't pass up the chance to ride

(Continued on page 25)

STOMPIN' AROUND

Now that wicked old witch, Dame Rumor, is making the rounds again, spreading the word that this department is in the pay of Benny Goodman. The truth of this scurrilous allegation we categorically deny, and forthwith hasten to a discussion of the latest masterpieces from the Goodman repertoire.

"Perfidia" is the first of these. Eddie Sauter has dreamed up a consummate arrangement of this latest Latin-American tune to sweep the country, and someone got together some lyrics which make sense. Combined with Helen Forrest's buoyant vocal, Benny's brilliant clarinet, and matchless ensemble punch, these ingredients have produced perhaps the finest ten inches of wax issued yet this year. "Let the Door Knob Hitcha," sung by Cootie Williams, is the reverse; but solid. Not to be outdone by the full band, the Sextet has again gotten together with Count Basie. Benny's clarinet was never more soulful nor liquid, and Cootie's plaintive open horn is equally fine in the slow, easy-riding "On the Alamo." "Gone with What Draft," on the other side, is fast and driving, giving each man an opportunity to display his instrumental virtuosity. Returning, once again, to the full band, it should be noted that the finest pressing of "I Hear a Rhapsody" is that by Benny's crew, Helen Forrest vocalizing.

Despite the raft of advance publicity singing hymns of praise, Artie Shaw's "Dancing in the Dark" is rather a disappointment. After one of the eeriest introductions ever to burden any composition, it settles down into a series of reed, brass, and string ensembles relieved periodically only by Artie's squealing clarinet. The Gramercy Five's "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," on the other hand, is fine. Billy Butterfield blows superb muted horn, and it is only unfortunate that Johnny Guarneri is playing a harpsichord rather than a piano. It would have been good. Les Brown pops up with a good vocalist, fine sax scoring, and himself excellently imitating the Shavian clarinet (a doubtful accomplishment) on "Broomstreet" and the traditional air "Barbara Allen."

Twelve sides by as many great bands compose Decca's fine new

"Anthology of Colored Jazz." There's stuff by "Pops" Bechet, Jimmie Noone, and Johnny Dodds for those who revel in jam; Count Basie and Andy Kirk beat it out in driving Kansas City style for them as what likes it; Albert Ammons pounds out boogie-woogie with a powerful left hand; Earl Hines and Coleman Hawkins give smooth treatments to "Rosetta" and "Meditation"; while Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, and Fletcher Henderson are also present. But our personal favorite is the Harlem Express, Jimmy Lunceford's "My Blue Heaven," with Joe Thomas' great tenor pointing the way.

Glen Miller is at it again! A number of poor riffs played by an uninspired aggregation add up to "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Harlem," while "A Stone's Throw from Heaven" features the usual Ray Eberle vocal and about eleven choir-type saxes.

Herb Jeffries was probably a better cowboy than he is a singer, but that is hardly reason enough to neglect the most recent Duke Ellington coupling, "Flamingo" and "The Girl of My Dreams Tries to Look Like You." The first is highlighted by Johnny Hodges great alto, while Ben Webster spins sheer melody out of his tenor on the latter.

Sensing the commercial possibilities of boogie-woogie, the new Broadway production *Buck Privates* sports a couple of numbers which are alleged to be in that idiom. They are not. However, Will Bradley (né Wilbur Schwichtenburger) has provided "Bounce Me Brother with a Solid Four" with competent hot treatment.

On the short line: Una Mae Carlisle, its composer, sings "Walkin' by the River" in a manner to make Dinah Shore sit up and take notice . . . Jimmy Lunceford's "Mixup" is just that . . . best Basie disk in months is "Tickle Toes" . . . there weren't any present when Harry James waxed "Music Makers" . . . the O'Neill Spencer Trio's sincere and almost spiritualistic "John Henry" will be of interest to the connoisseur of the true jazz.

And so, having said our piece, we steal off, to return again when April's showers have blossomed into May's flowers.

—McLaughlin



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Little Abbie—Papa, vot is de defference from prosperity and depressions?

Papa—Vell, my boy, in prosperity ve had vine, vimmen, and song, but in depression all ve got iss beer, mama, and the radio.

—Padget

NOW THAT CONCERT

Once in a while each one of us experiences something, does something, which will never be forgotten. Such a thing happened on March 6 in the Memorial Hall.

Dorothy Maynor had come out for an encore after the group of spirituals and sang "Were You There" without the piano. Her mellow soprano voice, with its tremendous range, rose and fell with the music and then slowly died away. There wasn't a sound in the auditorium when she finished; it was a sort of pleading silence, a silence which begged her to go on, to sing it again.

Richard Strauss' "Fruhlingsfeier" was another high spot on the program. The English translation is "Festival of Spring" and the German's hauntingly beautiful modern music was effectively handled.

This was Miss Maynor's first appearance on the Coast, in her second year of concert work. Although her voice showed, in several places, the lack of experience, the rich quality of her voice, its startlingly wide range, and her charm and grace will make her one of the famous singers of our day.

As part of the Founders' Day program on March 9, the Committee on Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary presented the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting.

The concert, which was held in the Memorial Chapel, included Roy Harris' "Ode to Truth," played for the first time, which was written and dedicated to the University in commemoration of its Fiftieth Anniversary. Roy Harris is considered one of the most exciting modern composers of America, and when Stanford chose him to write a composition, it was not without cause. But the product is most disappointing.

Preceded by the "Good Friday Spell" from *Parsifal*, by Richard Wagner, with its heaven-like, strong yet ethereal quality, and followed by Johannes Brahms' "Symphony No. 2, in D Major," one of his most beautiful symphonies, which like all of them has great depth, the emotionless, shallow Harris number suffered by the comparison.

—Sprager

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Student (in bookstore)—How much is this paper?

Clerk—Seventy-five cents a ream.

Student—It sure is!

—Kitty Kat

The golf links lie so near the mill

That almost every day

The laboring children can look out

And see the men at play.

—Exchange

Woman (aboard ship)—Captain, I'm so sick I don't know what to do.

Captain—Don't worry, lady, you'll do it.

—Jester

She met me—

She necked me—

She told me—

She loved—

She thrilled me—

She—damme—

She married me

room-mate.

—Brown Jug

The inn looked cold and mysterious, and the traveler was not too anxious to spend the night there. A sinister-looking fellow showed him his room, and that looked haunted. The traveler turned to the man and said, "By the way, nothing strange has ever happened here, has it?"

"Not in fifty years," was the reply. "That's good. What happened then?"

"A gentleman who spent the night here appeared for breakfast the next morning."

—Pointer

"Henry, dear, we've been going together now for more than ten years. Don't you think we ought to get married?"

"Yes, you're right—but who'll have us?"

—Exchange

Union Man—Angel, you're my inspiration. Where couldn't I get with a girl like you?

Girl Scout—To first base.

—Log

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No shuffled notes on bedroom floor,
No integrating any more!
My typist has made the last of her hacks;
And never again will I visit the stacks.
But I was almost left in the lurch
Until someone told me that copying
from one book was plagiarism, but
that copying from two books was resurch!

—Record

Pretty Coed—Wonder what's the matter with our big, handsome football hero—he looks so blue?
Her Frosh Escort—His father is always writing to him for money.

—Exchange

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle. "O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."
Baby: "The hell you could, you haven't any teeth."

—Froth

Everything my roommate touches turns to gold. Everything I touch, they make me put back.

—Exchange

Drunk (after bumping into the same tree three times)—Losht, losht in an impenetrable forest.

—Exchange

"Give me Main 4321. Hello, is this the wife?"

"Yes."
"Listen, dear. Will it be all right if I bring a couple of friends home for dinner tonight?"

"Why certainly. I'll be glad to have them."

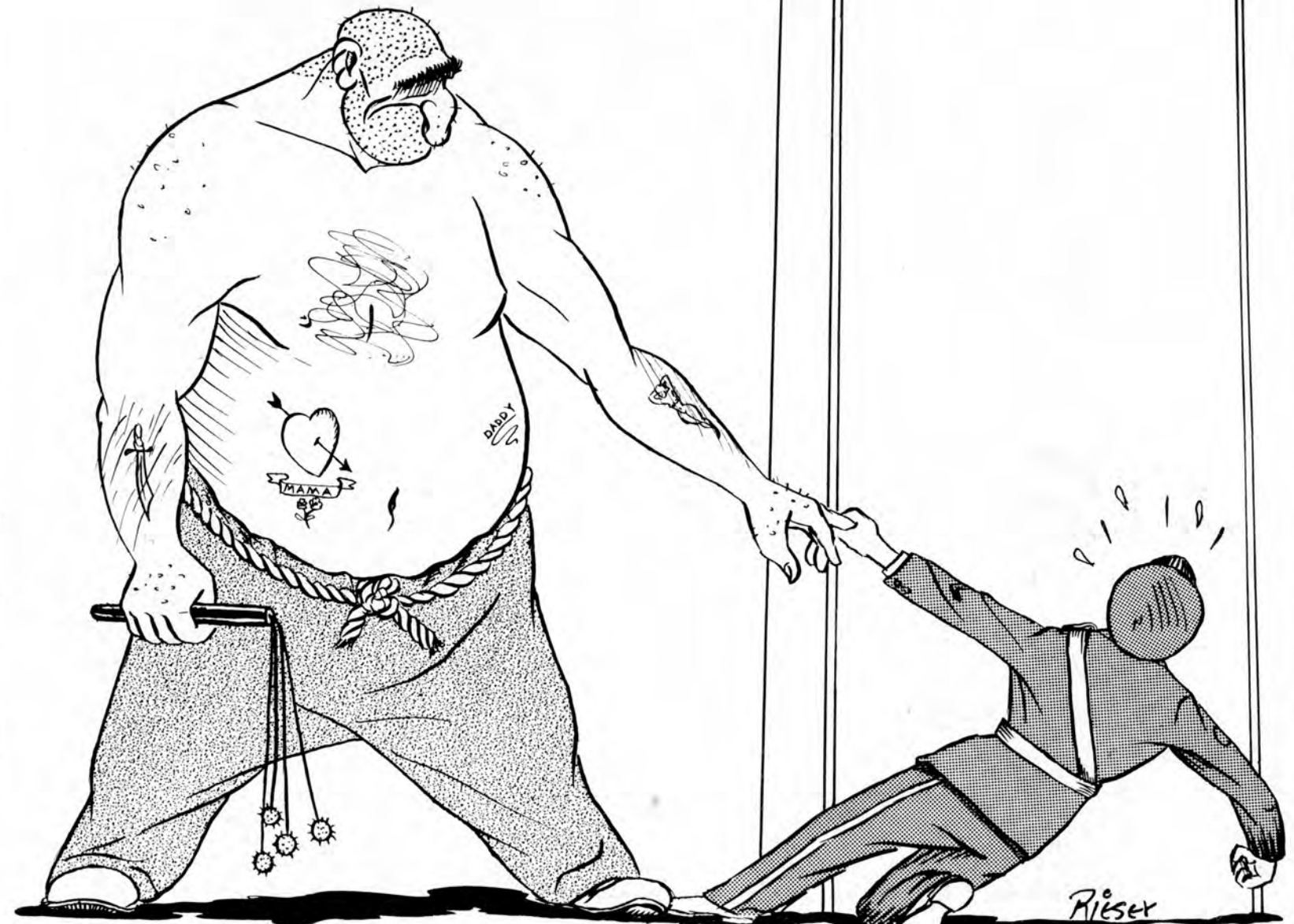
"Oh, pardon me, lady. Wrong number."

—Pup Tent

Prof—What is geometry?
Stude—The little acorn grew and grew and one day woke up and said, "Gee-om-etry."

—Trail Blazer

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



"Lookit, Chief, a new recruit!"



Hector

Now that spring is here the boisterous circus, our secret love, will be coming around again in its blaze of manufactured glory. But it is our fortune to know a lad who has his own circus. It's a small affair, mind you, but it's his to enjoy whenever the whim takes him. He lives in one of those little cottages sprinkled about the campus. His particular abode, "P. B. Manor" by puzzling name, is graced by a small but charming fishpond in its front yard. The pond is a bit overgrown with algae and all, but this furnishes a luxuriant home for a large, somewhat warted frog with a deep, resonant voice. Our friend, amazingly enough, can make the frog perform at will. All he has to do is make like a frog and the frog makes like a frog right back at him. When he wants "Hector" to bow out, our friend merely stamps his foot.

Occasionally, however, "Hector" seems injected with a spirit of independence. The results are intensely bothersome to our comrade, for "Hector" sings all night. And if anyone likes to cuddle with Morpheus, it's our ringmaster friend.

No, Suh!

One of San Francisco's social-minded socialites was hostess to four Eastern debutantes. In order to show her cosmopolitanism, she decided to ring up Fort Ord and secure four draftees to act as escorts over the weekend. The colonel was quite obliging; he asked if there were any special qualifications. "Only one," she said, "no Jewish boys, please."

When the chauffeur arrived to take the men to San Francisco he saw four men of the Negro race standing before headquarters. Upon investigation, he found that they were his charges. "Surely there must be some mistake," he said. "No, suh," one of the dusky gentlemen replied. "No, suh. Colonel Rosenbloom never makes a mistake."

Sonny

It is the custom at the Theta Delta house to have the Mothers' Club up for lunch once a month. Late last quarter one of the boys completely forgot the day his mother was to be at the house and he went over to the Phi Kap lunch-wagon for his noon-

day meal. His mother, in the meantime, was being entertained by her son's "brothers." They told her that the house had slipped scholastically. She looked around at the faces, newly washed and shaved for the occasion, and said, "Why, I can't understand that. You all look awfully intelligent, no morons or anything, at least by looks."

The house wit had an answer to that. "Well, no, we don't let them come to meals when we have company."

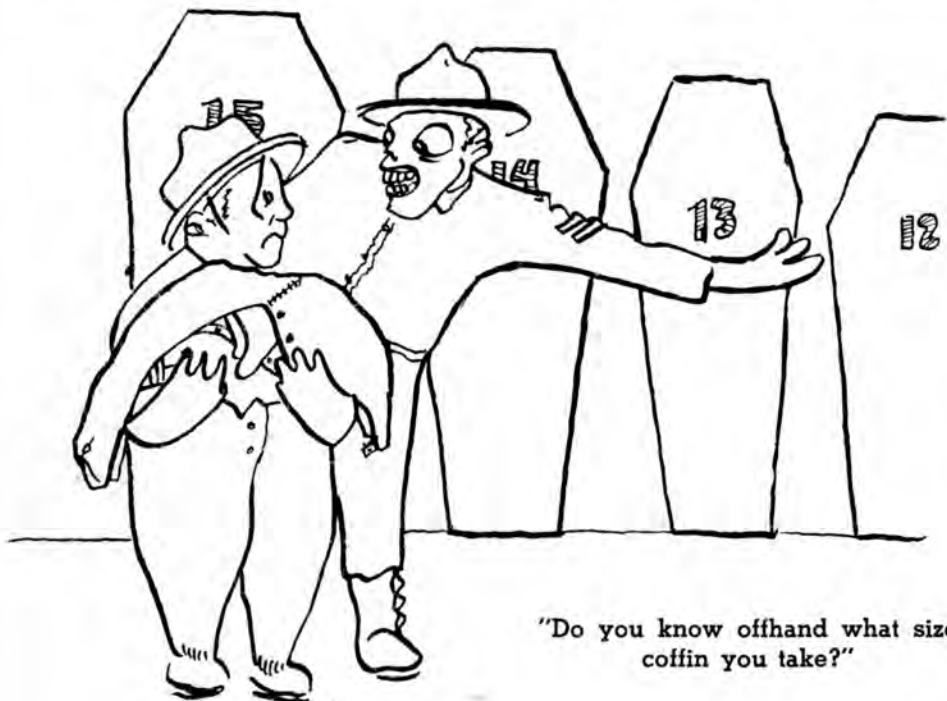
The mother looked around once more, and the student conversationist realized his error just as she said, "I guess that's why my son isn't here today."

On the Screen

We received a note the other week notifying us that the Voice of Prophecy Tabernacle was completed in Palo Alto. Now ordinarily this information would not cause us to breathe extra deeply, but one thing on the announcement caught our eye. It was the date line of a lecture entitled "79 Signs in Palo Alto of the Coming of Christ Shown on the Screen." We knew Palo Alto was a "good" town, but brother, 79 signs!

Society de los Bulls

One of our associate business managers spent an evening of vacation week in that metropolis of the prune belt, San Jose. He was having a pleasant time, meeting his friend's friends, until he ran into an individual who showed an avid interest in Stanford. He fired dozens of questions at our manager, finally asking him if he knew Soandso. The local lad wasn't sure so he inquired about the fellow's activities, living group, and all. The San Jose boy pressed hard, saying, "I think he belongs to some sort of bull society—or something to do with bulls." Not for a full three seconds did the CHAPPIE man realize that he was talking about El Toro.



"Do you know offhand what size coffin you take?"

Dream

We were looking at the bulletin boards around the Quad the other day and noted, here and there, bits of rather perverted wit. For some damn reason we were talking it over with the three people we know. One of these said that it was the dream of his life to see a really humorous sign on a bulletin board. In our opinion, the following just about fills the bill:

TWPING - TIPING - TYPONG

DO you want A papers/
Icharde only 5¢ a sfeet
cAll MAnlo 32X 33o

Pledge

A freshman we know added a rather revealing quip to the peaceful scenery behind the campus the other afternoon. We were riding out Sandhill, admiring the green hills and the pretty posties. When we reached Searsville Lake, our friend commented, "You know, I haven't been out here since before pledge day."

Attention, S.F. Police

For your information, we would like to tell you that Stanford students are not the only ones who go slumming. There is a young woman working in the Cellar who made this clear to us the other afternoon. Smartly ordering "choc frost round a pair" we fell into conversation with the lady in question. She brightly chattered on, finally inquiring as to the health condition of my companion's sister. "I used to go to school with her, you know," she said. Then added quickly, "And look at me now." We smiled in rather embarrassed silence. She picked up the talk again with a startling statement, "I'm only working here," she said, "to gather material for a book I'm writing about Stanford students." "Sort of a sociological experiment, eh?" Sliver asked. "Yeah, yeah, that's it!" she replied, "a sochiological esperment!"

Address: Columbia, Missouri

In the middle of last finals week, horrid remembrance, a couple of "our boys" were sweating away at a

great pace in a room across from the Business School. They went out for a smoke about nine o'clock and were fascinated by the arrival of a dozen or so large, white busses, which formed a long, double-parked row in front of the Quad. They were even more fascinated when well-appointed damsels of assorted shapes and sizes began to troop up the marble steps to the tune of around seven hundred pairs of high heels. One of the Business School boys stared unbelievably for a full two minutes, then wheeled and tore for the building. Once inside he barreled up and down the halls screaming: "Dames! Truck-loads of dames!!! Hundreds of thousands of dames!!!"

Toss-up

While listening to the Abe Simon-Joe Louis marathon a couple of weeks ago one of the staff who has relatives was very pleased when his younger sister showed signs of entering the Old Boy's foolish fold. After listening intently to the blaring radio for a few rounds, she looked up informatively and said, "You know, no matter who wins this fight, Hitler isn't gonna like it."

Reply de Luxe

As some of you may have heard, the CHAPPIE is having a mite of trou-

"It don't heat up so fast since you fixed it."



ble with that form of literary piracy known as plagiarism. We sent the usual letter to a gang of Midwestern gangsters and those boys thought up the most original reply we have yet received—in their next issue they reproduced a CHAPPIE cartoon without credit!

We are now wondering what to do because we have run out of literary cheeks.

When in Rome

Apropos of the cartoons on these pages is a little yarn that just drifted in from the Presidio in San Francisco. It seems that one of the drafted Stanford lads was plunging away at a great rate at bayonet practice. He was giving it the old last war "plunge-up-tear-to-one-side" stuff when he was interrupted by his sergeant, a rather hardy old yardbird. The sergeant came bouncing up, yelling, "What the hell do you think you're doing?" The lad with the exaggerated ice-pick replied, "Why? What's wrong? I'm doing this right, aren't I?" "What are you plunging up for?" countered the sergeant. "Well, the Germans are pretty big guys." The sergeant took the rifle from the rookie and gave him a few examples of how it should be done, giving the bayonet a sweeping down-swing. "Get it, lad. A drive downwards. We're fighting the Japs!"

CONSUMER PROTECTION

Perhaps you have sometimes thought that all you read in the advertisements wasn't entirely the truth. The CHAPPIE, too, had this doubt, but, being the CHAPPIE and not any of the other, behind-the-times

campus publications, we acted on the thought, and made a number of amazing discoveries. Advertisements (with the exception of those appearing in this publication) sometimes hide the truth!

Old Dutch Cleanzit

This candid camera shot shows why Old Dutch's head always wears a bonnet on it.



Pell Mell Cigarettes

We was drafted and we didn't see one Army officer telling another guy about king-sized weeds. Above is General Hepcat de Twumdiddle smoking a Sensation, and damn glad they're little!



Maxwell Home Coffee

"Good to the last drop" — This microscopic examination shows why that last drop ain't so sharp.

By McClure



Cheesecake and Ohio R.R.

"Sleep like a kitten"—Our agents have gone through 17 C. & O. trains and they didn't find a kitten sleeping in one single berth! Besides that, upon examining 57 kittens we found that 47 had insomnia, 5 slept in the damndest positions, none of them wore pajamas, 4 had fleas, and we don't think even C. & O. could teach us how to purr.

Hartford Assurance Co.

"Wherever you go, there's a Hartford agent near!" We sent men to Whistling Gunbarrels, New Mexico; Popocatepal, South Dakota; and Orejas de Torros, San Salvador, and they screamed like anything for a Hartford agent and none showed up. Above is agent X looking for a Hartford man.

NEW SLANGUAGE

(A few weeks ago an article on a new language, "Subdebese," appeared in *Life*. Wondering, as we often do, what would happen if our daily columnists got caught in the whirl, we ground out the following.)

MY DAY

Royalty always sends me, really. Sugarpusses and supermen with titles are just too. I blew yesterday with the Duchess of Wombat. I met her in the too divine dawn, really, and she had the superest wing-ding on! We trotted out to the Pres.'s meat grinder and were away in a cloud of dream-stick dust.

"What are you featurin?" I shot at the Duchess.

"Oh, I feel like the walking dead," she countered; "let's tie on the nose bag. I'll eat anything that don't bite me first!"

So we dashed into the most too perfectly divine little hasher-houser. I sent up a flare for the *garçon* and we downed a mess of the superest guck, really. Our conversation was too perfectly brilliant, filled with such witticisms as "Certainly has . . ." "That's no lie!" and "I can hear you talkin!"

Isn't that just too? Really. Finally the Duchess cried, "Let's axe it." We dashed out to the Pres.'s iron and trundled down the ave. to a girlie-whirlie. It was simply too shattering. Really grim. Too loathsome. That nite the "dutch" met the Pres. She immediately put the clincher to the evening by oogling him and screaming, "Some of Hitler's work, no doubt!"—E. R.

LITERATI

I'm a college man now. I used to read *Spicy Detective*, *Breezy Stories*, and *Le Risqué Nové*. Now I read Nothing but Voltaire, Boccaccio, and Rabelais. Gad! I'm glad I came to college.

—Myers

TOON

Now very soon
It will be June
And we could spoon
Where I could croon
A lovely tune
Beneath the moon
On some lagoon
But you're a goon
So let's forget it.

—Stanley

CYNTHIA C.

O let me remember Cynthia Claire—
Her eyes two oceans of soul.
I went to her room and tarried there;
What was it that I stole?

Oh, only a glance—a flirter's fare—
A sunbeam stopped for a trice;
Our eyes both flickered and dared to dare
And soon I had kissed her thrice.

O let me remember Cynthia Claire—
Though I'd not loved her before
I counted a kiss on every stair,
Then totaled them at the door.

O let me remember Cynthia Claire—
I have to—she is my wife.
What was it I stole?—a flirter's fare.
But she—she stole my life.

—Parker

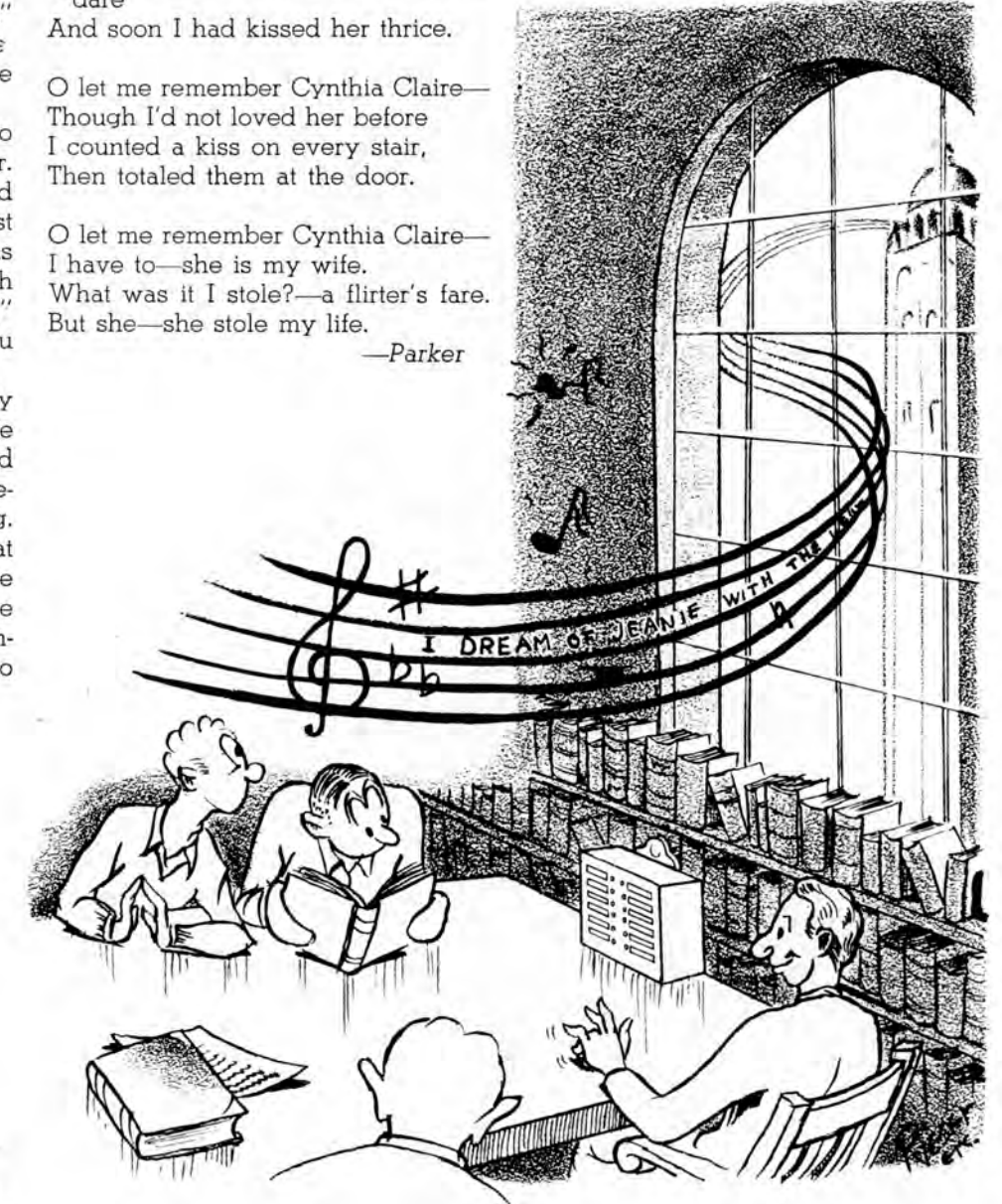
Lines on Alienating the A.S.S.U.

Why must Stanford women think
That it's ladylike to shrink
From everything that isn't nice,
Like stories with a dash of spice.
Or do you have unholy fright
Of doing something not quite right?
I suppose it's really warming
In the thought of all conforming
To a certain standard type,
Which most of you agree is tripe.
But nonetheless, you still obey
And go your smug, self-righteous way.

Of course, you'd have the shrieking fits,

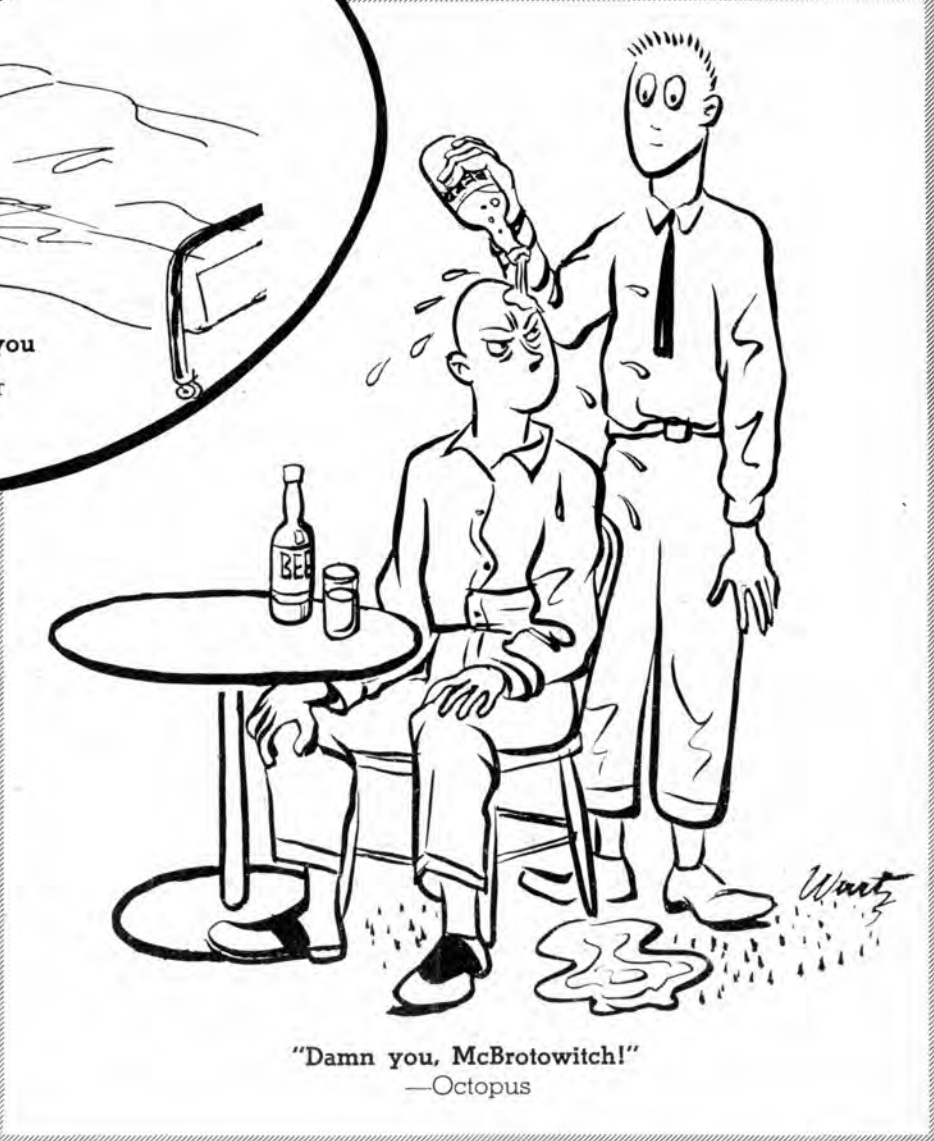
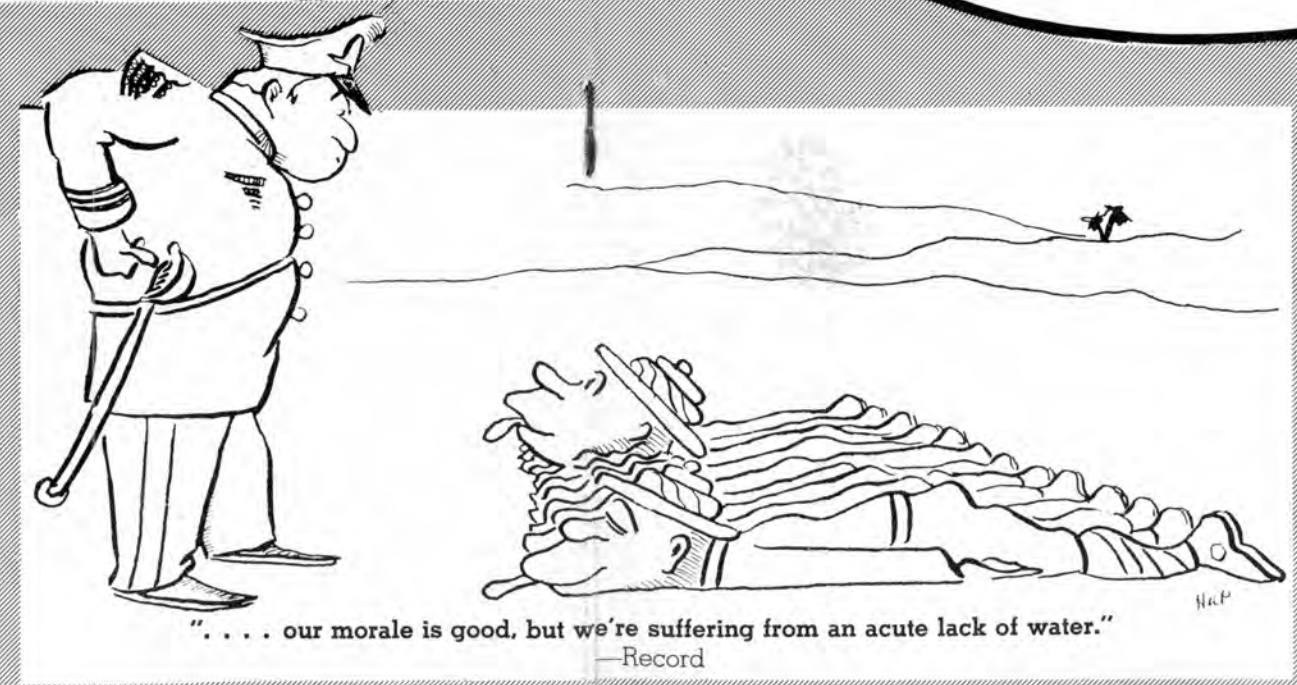
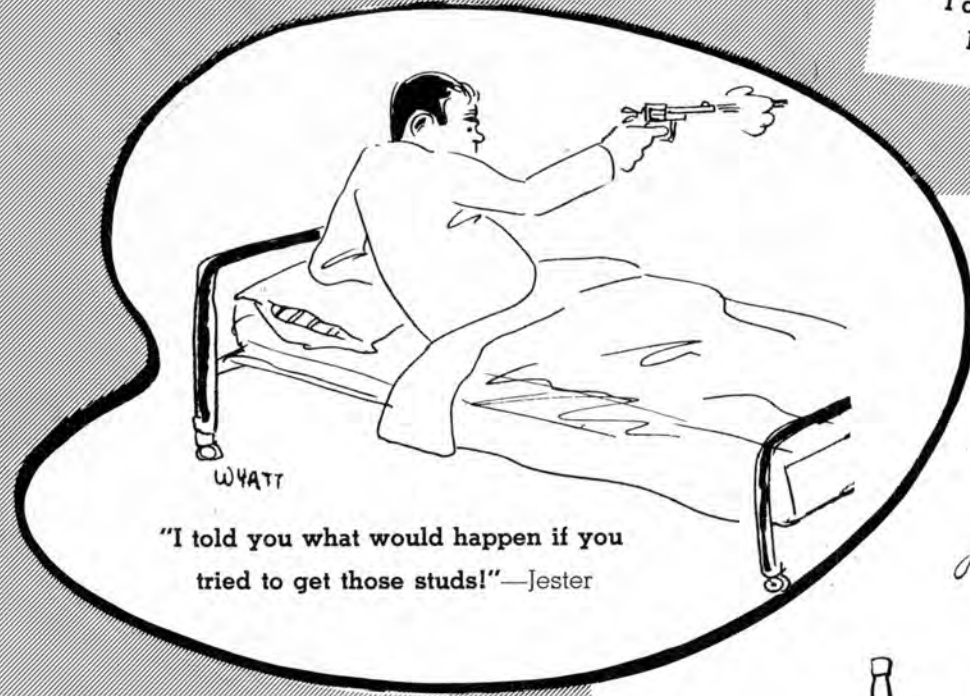
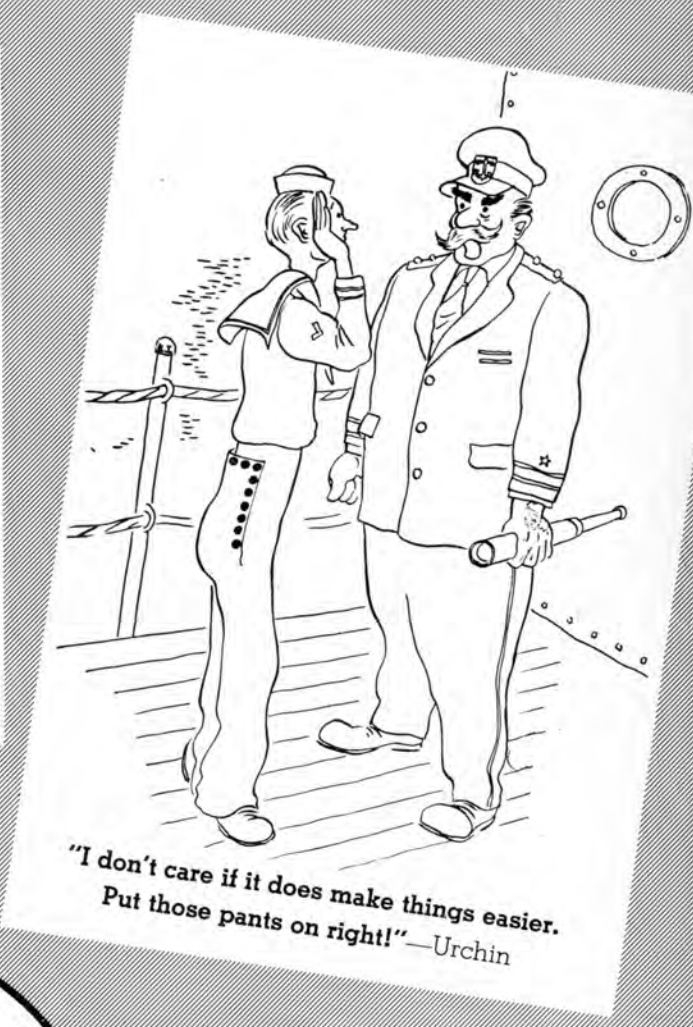
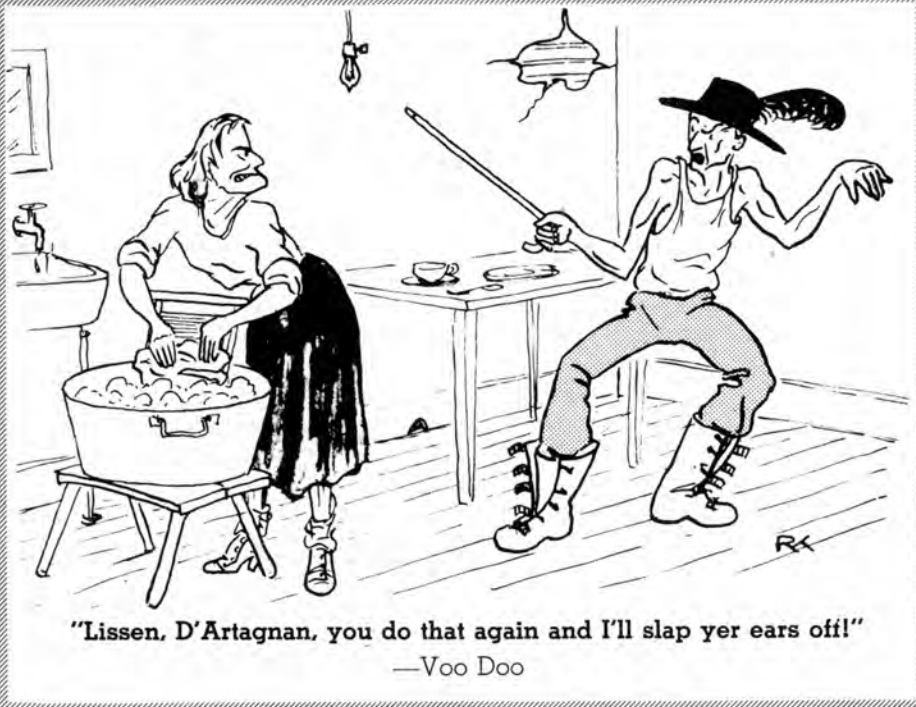
If someone called you hypocrites.
Male reader, you may laugh, but, lad,
You have no cause; you're just as bad!

—Hutshing





Through our mail chute each day come magazines from other colleges. Some of these are good; some of these are bad. Being impartial, we look at them all, searching constantly for real humor. There are a few college comics which we await each month, for we know they will be good. The cartoons on these pages reflect, we believe, the best type of American college cartoon humor. Their number is small, but their quality tops.



A WAY OUT

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A ONE-CELLED ORGANISM

(Form 158—Biology Division)

I,, being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of a one-celled organism (viz.):

1. Do you reproduce by binary fission? Often?
2. Do you go places by means of cillia, flagella, pseudopodia?
3. Have you ever been the object of an infinitive?
4. *Ex libris, e pluribus unum, ad infinitum? Ibid.? Op. cit.?*
5. Do you have an intense dislike for Dr. Oliphant?
6. Does Biology corner give you the creepsies?
7. Have you ever been on the spot, given the third degree by a Roble bag with no brains and big eyes?
8. Do you believe in a six-party system of gov't? (Good! Carry on.)
9. What is your stand on second lieutenants?
10. Do you belong to any of the following organizations?
 - a) Little Creepers Society of North Salinas.
 - b) Hard to See Things, Inc.
 - c) Associated Amoebae Protective League.
 - d) The Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval Club.

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING AN ELF

(Form 158—Leprechaun Division)

I, (none of that pixie stuff, bud), being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of elfhood (viz.):

1. Are you enchanted?
2. Do you believe in humans?
3. Do you resent Disney?
4. Number of known elves on father's

A large number of our friends, and that includes a lot of people, have besieged us with requests for a way out of the draft. They have praised us to the skies, telling us that we are geniuses who should be able to figure these things out. Blown up with pride and a desire to do a good turn, we present these questionnaires which we feel the Army needs.

- side, mother's side, homicide, germicide, and suicide? Answer yes or no.
5. Do you believe in a tri-party system of gov't? (Good! Carry on.)
 6. Do you have people in the bottom of your garden?
 7. Do you date wood-nymphs? Nectar?
 8. Are you addicted to honey-suckle?
 9. Do you belong to any of the following organizations?
 - a) The Little People of America and South Haiti.
 - b) Benevolent and Protective Order of Elfs (BPOE).
 - c) The Tired Fauns Club.
 - d) Rills, Fens, and Shady Dells Dragon Fly Riding Academy.
 10. Do you want to be a dewboy?

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A VAMPIRE

(Form 162—Ghoul Division)

I,, being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of vampirism (viz.):

1. Do you sleep in a coffin? (You know, you might just be eccentric.)
2. Do you bite holes in women's necks?
3. Are you allergic to a blood cocktail?
4. Are you bats?
5. Is your family home a ruined castle in Transylvania?
6. Have you been dead very long?
7. Do you pointedly avoid churches?

8. Can you see your reflection in a mirror?
9. Is Dracula a close relative of yours?
10. Are you an active member of any of the following organizations?
 - a) Nocturnal Creatures Association of the Antipodes (N.C. A.A.).
 - b) Frightener of Little Children and Fly-by-Night Luncheon Club.
 - c) Bat-Wing Boys Aeronautical Legion.
 - d) Toothsome Bit Society.

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A WEREWOLF

(Form 158—Lycanthropy Division)

I, (human name, please), being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of werewolfism (viz.):

1. Do you believe in miracles? (Affirmative answer to this question does not exempt you as yet.)
2. Number of known werewolves on mother's side?
3. Number of known werewolves on father's side?
4. Number of unknown werewolves on either side? (Be very specific.)
5. Do you believe in a bi-party system of gov't? (Good! Carry on.)
6. Do you prefer white, dark, or red meat?
7. Are you an active member of any of the following organizations? (Underline.)
 - a) Ancient Order of the Gleaming Fang.
 - b) Affiliated Werpups of the White Fanglet.
 - c) Human Hounds of America and Eurasia.
 - d) Full Moon People-Eating Society.
8. Are you a lone werewolf?
9. Do you chase cats, bury bones, and eat grass when ill?
10. Are you house-broken?

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A CENTAUR

(Form 158—Hippoanthropic Division)

I, (don't horse around, brother), being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of centaurism (viz.):

1. Do you want to be a cavalry?
2. Which end of the horse are you?
3. Are you stable?
4. Are you easily foaled?
5. Are you a vegetarian? (If not, see Werewolf Division.)
6. Do you curry favors?
7. What is your hayburning capacity?
8. Do you believe in four-party gov't? (Good! Carry on.)
9. Are you hard on shoes?
10. Are you a unicorn?

APPLICATION FOR DRAFT EXEMPTION ON ACCOUNT OF BEING A SIGN OF THE ZODIAC

(Form 158—Astrology Division)

I, (no freak stuff, if you pliz), being of unsound mind and inhuman form, do hereby petition for exemption from military service because I exhibit all the following symptoms of astrologism (viz.):

1. Do you carry water?
2. Do you have a spike on your tail?
3. Is your name Gemini?
4. Are you a bow and arrow combination set?
5. Are you a Virgo?
6. Do you spin around the polar star?
7. Do you believe in a five-party system of gov't? (Good! Carry on.)
8. Do you swim like two fish?
9. Are you an active member of:
 - a) The United Crystal Gazers Brotherhood of West Alviso.
 - b) The Roosevelt-is-a-Stinker-of-the-First-Water Club.
 - c) The Card Sharps Protective League.
 - d) The Silver Palm and Tea Cup Society.
10. Are you seen rather often in the company of odd friends?



"Handicapped as I was with the gun in my left hand, I managed to hit him with my right."

KIPLING

Just a rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair,
That's a woman, right there!
Fifty of every hundred are women,
And twenty-five men don't care;
Therefore, there must be plenty of women
To spare.
Lots to spare of nothing at all,
But oh God! How I wish I had
A rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair.
—Myers

THE LAWR

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I staggered weak and weary
Through many a quaint and curious
text of forgotten lore.
While I nodded, eyes a'drooping
Suddenly there came a snooping
A dark, sinewy slew-foot of the San
Francisco lawr.
Etc. . . . Crash Ouch
Etc!

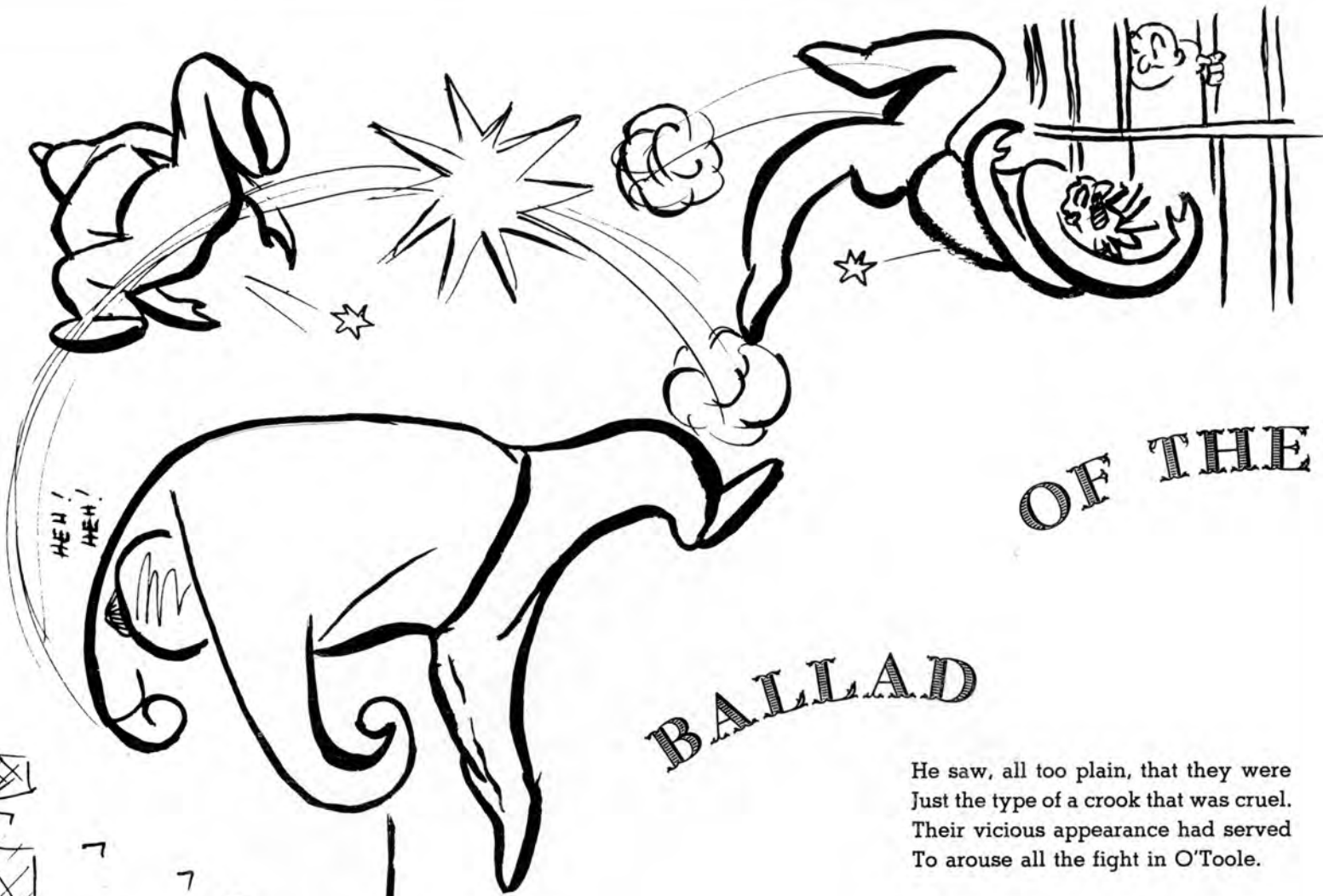
—Means

MASSAGE

She beat me and struck me—
She threw me on the floor,
Then walked all across me
And walked out the door.

I felt fresh and fine then—
All comfy and snug;
I'm used to such treatment,
Cause you see, I'm a rug.

—Stanley



BALLAD OF THE

He saw, all too plain, that they were
Just the type of a crook that was cruel.
Their vicious appearance had served
To arouse all the fight in O'Toole.

O'Toole was the pride of the force,
A son of old Erin was he.
He was built like a percheron horse,
And stood close to six foot and three.

His face was as red as a beet.
His eyes were a merry, bright blue.
He had such ungodly big feet,
They used a whole cow for one shoe.

One night there were two sharp
young lads
Who were bent upon finding the
truth
About bums in the town, but they
caught
The eye of our amateur sleuth.

So he manfully grasped these two
thugs,
And hurried them off to the jail,
Where they trumped up a charge to
permit
A slight raise in price of the bail.

They locked up these gangsters right
quick;
But O'Toole gave this action a frown;
For he'd heard that you must beat a
crook,
In order to make him leave town.

So he went to the cell of these lads,
And told them he'd show them their
place.



ROGUISH

POLICEMAN

He showed them they'd made a mis-
take,
By using his club on their face.

He got in the swing of the thing,
And then kept it up for a while.
O'Toole wasn't mad, you could see
By his boyishly Gaelic broad smile.

Of course, this was quite a mistake
On the part of our friend, Mike
O'Toole;
For he didn't know they weren't
crooks,
But were boys from a neighboring
school.

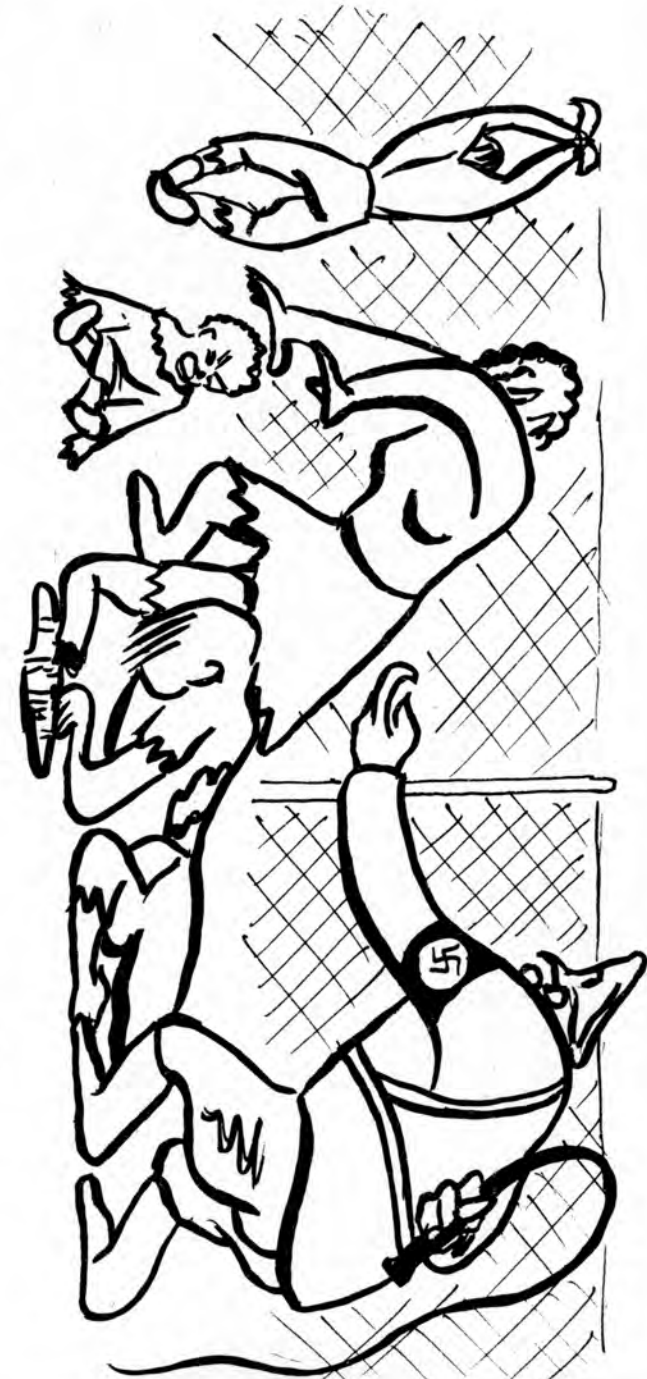
The next day the news got in print,
And gave the police quite a pain.
For, O'Toole got a ride from the press,
And the force, as a whole, bore the
stain.

To beat up a bum is all right:
It's really good fun and has charm.
But students are strictly taboo,
Especially those off the Farm.

O'Toole was discharged from the
force,
To cause public clamor to cease.
Don't worry, he has a new job—
He's chief of the Berlin police.

He's doing quite well, so I hear;
His prisoners won't put up a fight.
And he's training new cops for their
job
With a textbook called *Out of the
Night*.

—Hutshing



Death by Frustration

Now that I'm out of mourning I can tell you about my roommate. He died about a month after the start of Autumn Quarter.

When I first walked into my room in Encina I could see he wasn't an ordinary guy; he was too good-looking. You've all probably seen a woman of the world; he was the only man of the world I've ever seen. He combined the handsomeness of Apollo with the *savoir faire* and dash of Casanova; in fact it was rumored that he was a direct descendant of Casanova. As for me, I believe it.

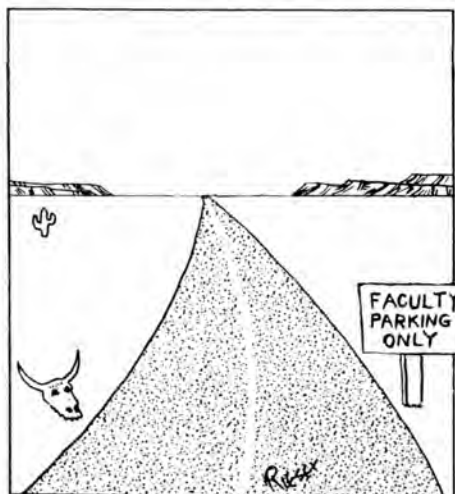
Our first night, he told me something of his days in high school—President of the school, left half on the football team, center and captain of the basketball team. I was right, he wasn't an ordinary guy. I said to him, "I suppose you're going to the Freshman Jolly-Up?"

There was a quiet distain in his voice, "No, I don't think so, I've never been much of a guy for liking kids."

I nodded my agreement.

However, I managed to talk him into going, and boy, was I proud of him. He danced with the best-looking girls in the class, and they all laughed and showed their dimples whenever he said something. I didn't dance much; it was fun just to stand and watch him. Gad, was he smooth!

Two good-looking girls standing in front of me looked at each other, and the taller one smiled. There was something strange about that smile; it was the kind of a smile you'd expect a black widow to give her mate.



There was something strange about the rest of the girl, too. She was a sort of blonde Dragon Lady; her calm green eyes were sure and confident.

After that dance, I saw my roommate start to come over to me. Something must have stopped him, because when he was about ten feet away, he seemed to remember something he'd forgotten and turned suddenly and went in the opposite direction.

When the music started, he came toward me again, but I could see his eyes weren't on me. He was looking at that girl next to me. Just then, she refused to dance with a tall, blond fellow. Still my roommate kept coming. He walked right up to her—didn't say a word—just grabbed her and started dancing. From where I was, she looked pretty mad. Of course you never can tell about those things. I didn't see him again until later when he came into our room. I was already in bed. He didn't say much, though he must have seen that I was pretty curious. We didn't see much of each other for the next week.

Then one night he came home before 10:30; I knew instinctively that something was wrong. On the way to our nine o'clock, my roommate and I passed a couple of girls going the other way. You could bet my roommate would know them. He said, "Morning, Joan; morning, Marion." He didn't say it like he used to, he was kind of sad and apologetic.

The girls didn't say anything. They just walked.

My roommate walked.

About two minutes later we saw another girl. My roommate started to speak, but got only as far as "Good —" when his voice broke off in a choked gurgle.

He didn't eat much at lunch that day; I could see my roommate had been killed. It was only a matter of days before it was a biological certainty.

It was only as his coffin was being carried out of the Chapel that I found out what happened. The girl to my left turned and asked, "Is it true that he tried to kiss a Stanford girl on only their seventh date?"

—Myers



POWDER RUFF

I've never seen a Stanford Rough,
I have no hopes of seeing one,
But I've gone through my old man's
dough

In my attempts at being one.
I've paid the rent at Phelps-Terkel,
I've worn a path to Thoits,
But all my efforts are in vain
In winning Roble skoits.
I even tried those T-shirts
And jeans with eight-inch cuffs,
But all that I collected
Were feminine rebuffs.

And when the rains had started,
I swore I'd be the cats,
I bought a fancy raincoat,
A bright red pork-pie hat.
Well, that really ruined me
And filled me full of gloom;
The first damn day it drizzled,
Four thousand pork-pies bloomed.
I think I'd better give it up
And wear my plain old slacks,
And forget about the Stanford Rough
And to hell with those Roble sacks.

—Bledsoe

AUTO

Darling you will always be
The sweetest boy of all to me,
As long as you stay as you are
And still retain that nice new car.

—Stanley

HOIMAN AND HORATIO

Horatio Fauntleroy went to Stanford.
Horatio Fauntleroy had an automobile.

Horatio Fauntleroy had a roommate
named Hoiman.

Hoiman went to Stanford.
Hoiman did not have an automobile.
Hoiman had a girl friend named
Alice.

Alice asked Hoiman to the Roble Formal.

Hoiman said, "I will come."
Alice said, "Bring a car."

Hoiman borrowed his roommate's
car.

(Hoiman had a roommate named
Horatio Fauntleroy.)

Horatio Fauntleroy goes to Stanford.



"Sergeant, Sir, I would be killing two birds with one stone if you would pass me on my camping merit badge."

MAE

Glancing through our roommate's
cousin's trade journal, the *San Quentin News*, the other eve, we found the following literary masterpiece, written by Mae West, the prison's favorite screen star:

To the Men of San Quentin:

I want to thank you for your beautiful Valentine. It was a lovely thought. And the Valentine, itself, was so artistically lettered and beautifully colored. I imagine you made it there yourselves, as I don't think you could get out to get one. So, because it is your own work I appreciate it all the more.

Maybe I can return the compliment by "comin' up to see you" in person. Of course, I don't think I can improve your minds. I'm afraid that is a little out of my line. But I could try and cheer you up a little. In fact, my gentlemen friends have told me I cheer them up a whole lot. And I guess if I get up there to see you I can at least be a kind influence, although I can't exactly say what kind. Somehow, I always seem to make a good impression in the worst way.

But kidding aside, boys, I would like to see you. It would certainly be a fascinatin' experience to call on so many men—usually they call on me.

There must be a lot to learn about San Quentin—but that takes time.

Thanks again for being so nice to me, boys.

Sin-sationally yours,
MAE WEST

SUNG

Spring has sprung
And I have sung
Most split a lung
And swoll' my tongue
Your phone I've rung
I'm all unstrung
To me you've clung
My heart I've flung
My pin I've hung
If me you've strung
Your neck I'll wrung.

—Stanley

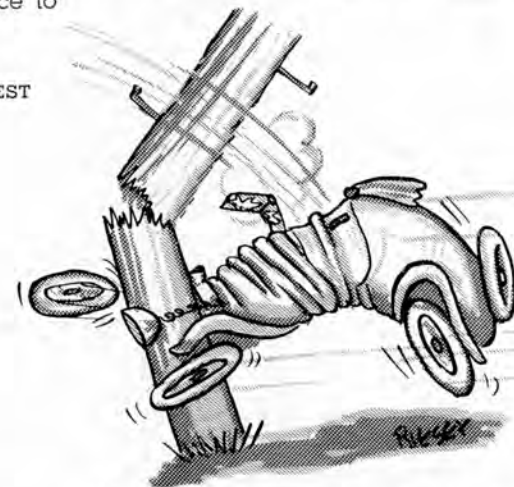
NATURE IN THE "ROUGH"

'Tis spring, and women walk the
Quad
In garments that are fetching.
Now this is just the time that men
Begin their vernal latching.

So, Woman, if you make a date,
Remember that it's risky.
Though men are men the whole year
'round.

It's springtime when they're frisky.

—Hutshing



Horatio Fauntleroy does not have an
automobile.

Horatio Fauntleroy does not have a
roommate named Hoiman.

Hoiman does not go to Stanford.
Hoiman does not have an automo-
bile.

Hoiman does not have a girl friend
named Alice.

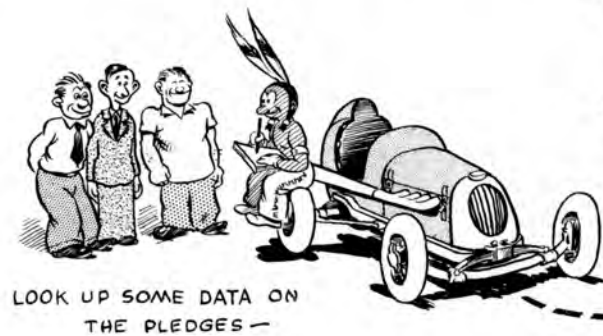
Alice does not have a boy friend
named Hoiman.

Alice does not have a boy friend
named Horatio Fauntleroy.

—Blum

SPRINGTIME...

the time to prepare your house letters



LOOK UP SOME DATA ON THE PLEDGES—



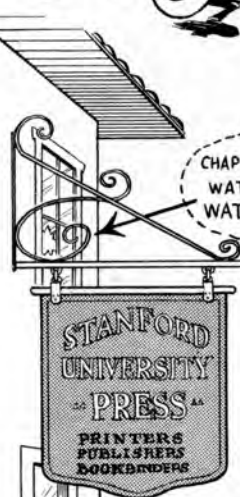
CAN I QUOTE YOU ON THAT PRES?

GET A MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT—



SNATCH SOME CARTOONS—

CHAPPIE OFFICE UPSTAIRS WATCH OUT FOR WATER BAGS!



—AND TAKE IT TO STANFORD'S OWN SHOP FOR PRINTING.



TAKE SOME PICTURES—

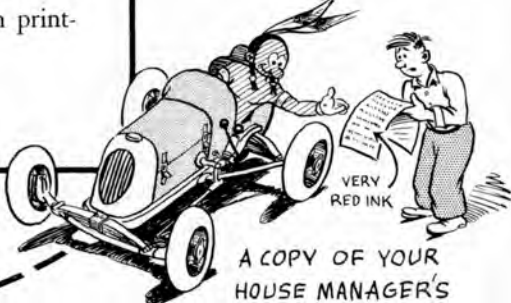
There's no better way to put out a house letter the chapter will be proud of than to take it to the place where quality workmanship is a routine matter—where you can follow your book over grades and around curves until it's a finished product. The Stanford Press maintains photolith equipment for turning out your formal and informal bulletins of all kinds and presents an organization whose easy craftsmanship is the product of years of publishing experience.

With this in mind chapter editors can gather their most representative material, receive expert advice on layouts and presentation, and follow the job through with the sense of personal service which the Farm's own printshop inspires.

WRITE AN EDITORIAL—



DIG OUT SOME OLD PHOTOS—



A COPY OF YOUR HOUSE MANAGER'S REPORT, AND A LOT OF OTHER STUFF—



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STADIUM SERVICE STATION

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P.A. 8696

Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?
I wasn't out; I was just dozing.
—Owl

Junior—Are these eggs fresh?
Waitress—Fresh! Why, the hens haven't missed 'em yet.
—Exchange

Sign in Cuban dance hall: No Dancing Without Moving the Feet.
—Exchange

Compliments of the
Oasis

SMOOTHIN'

(Continued from page 6)

it. Glenn Miller was sucked into recording a pair of Irving "God Bless America" tunes in the same vein. These two examples of hysterical patriotism are "Little Old Church in England" and "When That Man Is Dead and Gone." The first thing is handled by a choir that is straggly and has lyrics that sound like some fifteen-year-old high-school girl had written them. The second retching record is a Harlem version of something about a man with a moustache. Really, you can't appreciate the nauseating effect of this until you've heard it—but don't buy it. If Berlin hadn't written it, we'd suspect Wilhelmstrasse of putting it out as propaganda.

Sorry, if we've offended your patriotic sensitivity, but popular music is one thing and profiteering on the war is something else. We're going up to the lake now, kiddies, see you there.

—Hutshing

The drunk tottered along the curb. Several times he slipped off the curb into the gutter. Each time he clambered on the sidewalk again. "Long stairway," he muttered.
—Dodo

This one is said to have happened once in a criminal court. (We wouldn't want to come right out and swear to the truth of such things, but it's a lot of fun anyway.) Anyway, the poor man on the stand was accused of a double murder. He had pleaded guilty to both of the slayings, and the prosecutor was questioning him as to his motives. "Well," the prosecutor was saying "it's fairly obvious that the motive for the first murder was robbery. But I can't see just why you stabbed the second man?"

"Well," said the defendant, "I had to hide the knife, didn't I?"
—Pointer

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."
—Mis-I-Sip

Before you take that tough exam
Before you start to work and cram
Whether it's rain or shine or snow
The Indian Drive-in is the place to go



THE
INDIAN
DRIVE-IN

EL CAMINO

PALO ALTO

One purple evening cool and pleasant
In the field I shot a pheasant,
But then—Oh damn; came a voice uncouth,
"Gimme two buckth, you've killed my goothe."

—Widow

CHINESE TOMBSTONE

Me, in person
No movie,
No talkie.

—Bored Walk

GET YOUR HAIR CUT

And your checks cashed at the same time

NO LIMIT to the size of haircut
NO LIMIT to the size of checks cashed

JIM THE BARBER
OLD UNION

BRYANT'S

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on the Avenue



Ladies' and Misses' Wearing
Apparel

3-piece Shetland
Suit

with Taffeta-Lined Jacket
and Cape

Only \$24.95

Be SMART and Buy at

BRYANT'S

261 University Ave. Palo Alto

The captain of the golf team stepped up to the tee and drove off. The ball sailed straight down the fairway, leaped onto the green, and rolled into the hole. The golfer threw his club in the air with excitement. "What have you suddenly gone crazy about?" asked the Freshman manager, who was trying to learn something about the game.

"Why, I just did a hole in one!" yelled the golfer, a wild gleam of delight in his eyes. "Did you?" asked the Frosh placidly. "Do it again, I didn't see you."

—Exchange

First Mosquito — Hooray! Here comes a new arrival.

Second ditto—Good. Let's stick him for the drinks.

—Sage Hen

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."
"The poor thing must have lost its balance. It was sitting on the rim of the bowl when I brought your soup in."

—Record

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University Ave. at Bryant St.
Dial 4178

THEATER

(Continued from page 4)

Ram's Head presented their second reading of the year when they gave *The Male Animal*, by James Thurber and Elliott Nugent. A comedy about a big-game week-end in the life of a college professor, the play pokes fun, preaches, and has a happy ending.

Ted Marcuse as the young English professor whose life is disrupted by former football players and trustee boards, made Tommy a bit more forceful perhaps than the authors intended. However, he played very well the interpretation he gave the role, and his performance was the most finished of all.

Frank Burt, the liberally inclined college editor, yelled and was socially conscious in his best manner. His scene with Marcuse, in which both are drunk, was the highlight of the play.

Dean Damon as portrayed by John High was another outstanding role. High really made the dean a retiring, henpecked, long-suffering English professor. Chuck Phelps was smooth as the former football player.

Pat Allen as Tommy's wife, Ellen, did a neat job, as did Nancy Burkett as Ellen's sister. Lois Terrell's Cleota was also a standout.

—Sprager

They sat alone in the moonlight,
She soothed his troubled brow.
"Dearest, I know my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

—Bison

Erster—Wer war die Dame mit der ich Dich gestern Abend sah?

Zweiter—Das war keine Dame, das war meine Frau.

SIMPSON MOTORS

BUICK

SALES and SERVICE

The moon had been shining a few minutes ago, but now there was pouring from the heavens, cats, dogs, pitchforks, hoes, rakes, Sears Roebuck catalogues, and some rain. Our ardent young lover was caught at his "one and only's" house, without an umbrella (as though an umbrella would be of use against the elements on a night like this). His sweet young thing heaved and sighed, "Darling, I can't let you go home on a night like this; you'll catch your death of cold. I'll ask mother to fix the guest room." The lad was all thanks as the beauty disappeared into another room in search of her parents.

A few minutes later the young girl came back to find her lover's favorite chair empty. She called his name several times and, receiving no answer, was about to call out the state militia, for a night like this was enough to frighten anyone, when a timid tapping suddenly sounded on the front door. She cautiously opened it and peered outside to find our young hero soaking wet and drenched, with a small package under his arm.

"Where have you been?"

"Who? Me?" he said. "Oh, I just went home for my pajamas."

—Urchin

Her dress was tight—
She scarce could breathe
She sneezed aloud
And there stood Eve!

—Exchange

Hello! Is this the Smight Apartment? . . . Well, I'm McTavish in the apartment below you . . . Listen, it's three in the morning now, and your party has kept me awake all night . . . I don't mind the pounding and shrieking and music and stamping and singing and banging that's been going on over my head, but put some more sugar in that Tom Collins that's dripping through the ceiling.

—Punch Bowl

Stern Parent (to applicant for daughter's hand)—Young man, can you support a family?

Young Man (meekly) — I only wanted Sarah.

—Pointer

Under a warm June sky we strolled, A perfumed breeze enhanced the air, A rustic bench in a secluded nook Invited us to stay.
You took me in your arms—
The moon winked,
The stars blinked,
You sighed
A sigh of love, yet full of pain—
Oh! my dear
How did I know you were sitting on a nail?

—Pointer

"Hello, is this the Fidelity Insurance Company?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I want to have my husband's fidelity insured."

—Exchange

"Reports are given on what progress has been made during the year. The president served 10 years in Joliet for forgery. He is now head of a business that employs 534 persons. Three of his board of directors and his private secretary have all served prison terms."

—San Quentin News

How would you like to own some stock in that outfit?

"Ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"
"Yes, but it was only quiet while I was kissing it."

—Pointer

The honeymoon is over when he discovers he wouldn't have been caught in the draft anyway.

—Sour Owl



Tom couldn't reach the initial sack
With marvelous, matchless Mae,
Until he gave her a succulent pack
Of Life Savers every day.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, or smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK

What is the best joke that you heard on campus this week? Send it in to the CHAPARRAL editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

HAPPY HOMECOMING STANFORD MEN

and a horn with you
after

THE BIG MEET

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Lumber supplies the needs of industry throughout the nation. Think of us when you buy lumber. We're Stanford men who handle the finest in every kind and grade of lumber. And we're thirsty too.

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WHOLESALE LUMBER

Los Angeles

She—Sir, I believe you're trying to kiss me.

He—Well, now that you understand, suppose we quit assaulting each other and co-operate a little.

—Exchange

"Is he to be trusted?"

"I'll say he is. He worked in a Turkish Bath for two years and never took one bath."

—Log

"My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."

"Well, personally, I don't enjoy a large audience either."

—Variety

The poet who rhymes "college" With "knowledge"

Is making a very serious blunder; But not one-half so grave, by thunder,

As he who rhymes "learning" With "earning."

—Record

A society matron had hired a private detective to shadow her husband and when the dick presented the bill, she gasped in astonishment: "Why, you've charged me just half the amount we agreed upon. How come?"

"Well, you see," answered the detective, "the dame I caught him with was my wife."

—Turn-Out

There was a young girl from Peru, Who decided her loves were too few, So she walked from her door, With a fig-leaf, no more; And now she's in bed with the flu.

—Awgwan

"How do you know the defendant was drunk, officer?"

"I saw him put a penny in the patrol box, and then he took out his watch and roared: 'I've lost 15 pounds.'"

—Pointer

Isn't
It
Absurd
To
What
Lengths
Some
People
Will
Go
For
A
Joke
?

—Myers

The traditionally absent-minded professor entered a barber shop and seated himself firmly in the barber's chair.

"A haircut," he requested mildly. The barber looked perplexed.

"Sir, your hat; you haven't removed your hat."

Instantly the professor was all apologies.

"I'm so sorry," said the professor; "I didn't know there were ladies present."

—Exchange

For your Spring Socials

The PALM HUT

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SOME PIPE TOBACCOS ARE LIKE BLIND-DATES!

MAN, ESPECIALLY the pipe-smoking kind, is the eternal optimist. With each new brand—he expects the pipe tobacco of his dreams. Yet after each fresh disappointment, he returns anew to the search.

THAT'S WHY we point with pride to the thousands of college men who started pipe smoking with a tin of **EDGEWORTH** and have still to find a smoother, mellower tobacco.

WE THINK EDGEWORTH will bring you the same pleasure—and we'd like a chance to prove it.

WE WANT to send you a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco. And here's a double guarantee to go with it. First, **EDGEWORTH** is blended of the finest, costliest leaf grown. And, second, **EDGEWORTH** is specially blended to a young man's taste—

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203 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, at your expense, a generous sample of **EDGEWORTH** Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

NAME _____
(Please print your name and address clearly)
ADDRESS _____
CITY OR TOWN _____
STATE _____

With a puzzled look on his chubby face, the small boy sought his mother.

"I wish daddy wasn't a professor," he said. "It makes him so absent-minded."

"Why, what's he done now?" asked mother.

"Well, I met him in the street just now and he said: 'Hello, my boy. I seem to know your face. How's your father?'"

—Exchange

The purple Emud is a bird,
The likes of which you've never heard,

For the only thing that loves an Emur
Is the sweetly-scented She-mur.

—Lampoon

When an Englishman is told a joke, he laughs three times: first, to be polite, second, when the joke is explained, and third, when he catches on.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice: first, to be polite, and second, when the joke is explained. He doesn't catch on.

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once: he catches on immediately.

When an American is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all: he's heard it before.

... Oh, well, you're an American, aren't you?

—Pelican

Papa turtle, mama turtle, and baby turtle went into a beer garden and ordered three beers, when papa turtle suddenly remembered he'd left his money in his other pants. So baby turtle was sent to get the money, and papa and mama promised not to drink their beer until he got back.

One day and night passes, and another day and night, and on the third day, mama turtle said, "I think we'd better drink our beer, papa, or it won't be any good."

At that, baby turtle stuck his head around the corner and said, "If you start talking like that, I won't go!"

—Exchange

First Prof.—Say, know what time it is?

Second—Yeah.

First—Thanks.

—Exchange

Clerk—Please sir, I'd like next week off if it's convenient.

Boss—Oh, you do, eh? What's up?
Clerk—Well, my girl's going on her honeymoon, and I'd kinda like to go with her.

Stanford is a place where women are chaste and men are captured.

—Storm

Is he conceited? Well, I'd just like to buy him at my price and sell him at his!

—Scripts and Pranks

Study is if you can't get a date and it is raining you are going to.

—Exchange

BETTY WATERMAN

DOUGLAS 3637



The Blue Lagoon

1531 Maiden Lane

LUNCHEON — DINNER

Captain Basil Webb Discusses
Your Future

Music by Step Brothers from 5:30 on



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PLAYSUITS

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Gay, new, and different
playsuits for spring quar-
ter and all summer.

CHECKS, PLAIDS, AND
FLORAL DESIGNS

We also want you to see
our new striped cotton
gaberdine "Cricket" suits.
(3-piece — skirt, jacket,
and beanie.)



It was the first time she had been
to dinner with them, and they smiled
indulgently as she refused a Scotch
and soda.

"I've never touched it in my life,"
she explained.

"Why not try?" urged her host.
"See if you like the taste."

She blushed and shyly consented.
He lifted the decanter and mixed a
drink, which she delicately raised to
her lips.

"Why," she cried, "that's rye!"
—Drexler

"What did he die of?"
"Oh, nothing serious."
—Rice Owl

A wedding is a funeral where you
can smell your own flowers.
—Pelican

"Hear about the awful predicament
the local flagpole sitter was in?"
"His wife died and he had to sit at
half mast."
—Old Maid

The burlesque queen woke up the
morning after the raid to find herself
fully clothed.

Expecting the worst, she screamed,
"My God! I've been draped!"
—Exchange

We're broom mates;
We sweep together
Dust we two.
—Battalion

"Hey, what's the big idea, painting
your car red on one side and blue on
the other?"

"It's a great idea. You should hear
the witnesses contradicting them-
selves."
—Ranger

Heaven protects the working girl,
But Heaven, I fear, is shirking.
For who protects, I'd like to know,
The fellow she is working?
—Log

R

CHECK YOURSELF

YES

NO

**What's your
Health I.Q.?**

- Have you a regular bedtime?
- Do you take a daily rest?
- Do you overwork, and eat when overtired?
- Do you eat regularly?
- Do you eat hurriedly?
- Do you have a regular time for bowel movement?
- Do you exercise regularly outdoors?
- Do you use coffee, tea or tobacco moderately?
- Are you free of undue worry and irritability?

All of these have a bearing on your health, and a study of these questions might be an "eye opener". **KEEP FIT** — take care of your health.

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Doctor To Keep You Well!

An agitator was addressing a band
of strikers.

"Only \$12 a week!" he cried. "How
can a man be a Christian on \$12 a
week?"

"How," yelled a voice, "can he be
anything else?"
—Columns

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K. Oki Albi, violin

J. Ullstein (of Shanghai), 'cello

LUNCHES

DINNERS

Mr. D. D. of Shanghai, Mgr.

325 Sutter Street, San Francisco

OPEN TO 1:30 A.M.

It was a lonely country road on a
balmy moonlit night. Suddenly with-
out any warning the car came to a
stop.

She—Now if you are going to pull
that one about the gas—

He—Nothing of the kind. We are
not out of gas. The motor is not miss-
ing. We do not have a flat tire. We—

She—So you have an original ex-
cuse.

He—There isn't any excuse. The
only reason I stopped is because I
want to neck.

She—Oh! That's different. Why
didn't you say—mmmm—
—Ranger

She paints,
She powders,
She reads *La Vie Parisienne*,
She drinks my liquor,
She curses too,
She eats lobsters at midnight,
And does lots of other things she
oughtn't to.

But dammit, she's my grandmother
and I love her!
—The Roughrider

Autoist—We're nearing the tunnel.
You're not afraid, honey.

Sweetie—Not if you take that cigar
out of your mouth.
—Pelican

"The best luck any man can have is
never to have been born; but that sel-
dom happens to anyone."
—Pelican

We all look askance
At men without pance,
But girls minus skirts
Are too good for wirts.

—Pelican

He—Do you think I'm stuck up?
She—No, why?
He—People as good looking as I
am usually are.

—Simms

A Sweetheart!



*That's what they say
about each of the*

EUCLID CANDY BARS

LOVE NEST • BEST PAL

RED CAP • RUSTY

CHOK-FULL-O'-ALMONDS

OL' ENGLISH TOFFEE

H. LIEBES & CO
GRANT AVENUE AT POST



"Invitation"

Here's just one of a
whole collection of sweet
young date dresses... all at
one wonderfully low price!

16.95

Nothing rhymes with orange:
Borange, corange, dorange,
Forange, gorange, horange,
Jorange, korange, lorange,
Morange, norange, porange,
Quorange, Rorange, Sorange,
Torange, Vorange, Worange,
Xorange, Yorange, Zorange.
Nothing rhymes with orange.
—Exchange

"These university professors don't know a thing. Why, not one of them could teach anywhere else and get away with it. They're just dumb. They ought to get a whole new teaching staff."
"Yeah, I flunked, too."
—Banter

Obvious: "Go to hell, professor. I may not be the smartest student in this university, but I'm the drunkest."
—Simms

I do not skate
I do not ski
I tempt not fate
Fate lets me be.

I do not ski
I do not skate
My bones are whole
At any rate.
So go my friend
To skate and ski
And break your leg
And crack your knee
But don't persist
In asking me.

Again I state
I do not skate
Nor do I—
Will I
Ski.
—Lampoon

"Give me a chicken salad," said a man in a suburban restaurant.
"Do you want the forty cent one or the fifty cent one?" asked the waitress.
"What's the difference?"
"The forty cent ones are made of veal and pork, and the fifty cent ones are made of tuna."
—Old Maid

**HEARTY
WELCOME
Indians**

JOHN'S
Bayshore and University Ave.

Barney—Surely you don't think I'm the sort of fellow who kisses any and every girl, do you?
Milly—Heavens no, if you did you'd know something about kissing.
—Exchange

Soph—Was your father a college man?
Frosh—Yes, but we never mention it. The college he went to had a rotten football team.
—Exchange

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ARTHUR YOUNG, Prop.

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Wheel Aligning
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Boss—Henry, you're a liar. You took a day off to bury your mother-in-law and I met her in the park this morning.
Henry—Oh, I didn't say she was dead, sir. I just said I would like to go to her funeral.
—Exchange

Student (in car, to sweet young thing)—Pardon me—er—but—
Sweet Young Thing—No, you've never met me at Palm Beach, Newport, or Aranac Lake. I wasn't in the Pullman car on the New York Express last Tuesday afternoon. I know I'm good looking and I'm not bashful. I'm not going your way, and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I didn't ever go to school with you; I'm not waiting for a street car; I don't want a lift, and I know plenty of college boys. Furthermore, I have a 220-pound fiance waiting for me. Now, were you going to say something?

Student (in car)—Yes, darn it; you're losing your underwear!
—Exchange

They marked the exams so strictly they flunked him for having a period upside down.
—Jester

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and
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The Gas Company in a college town inserted the following ad in the local paper:
"Wanted: Burly, beauty-proof man to read gas meters in the sorority houses. We haven't made a dollar in two years."
—Exchange

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