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Chaparral



15¢ October 1941

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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 43, 1941-42
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Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams

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

NOW THAT the draft has come and gone for the second time and the CHAPPIE staff has remained intact, even to the Graphic Art majors who do the cartooning in these pages, the Old Boy can start breathing once more and set his stodgy mind to dreaming of bigger and better issues throughout the year. Still there are big problems getting in everybody's hair and it's not right the CHAPPIE should just sit back and forget all about them when the rest of the world and newspaper headlines are going mad at least twice a day. So the Old Boy has grayed another batch of what were once greasy black hairs, and has done a little worrying on his own.

These conclusions, gleaned from speeches by Lindbergh and Wheeler, Roosevelt and Wilkie, and lots of

in-betweeners, should settle for all time the CHAPPIE's stand on what should be stood on. Probably the Old One will be branded a rabble-rouser, a war-monger, and an isolationist. But he feels a say coming on and he'll have it.

He's all out for this V-for-victory campaign ever since he held up the traditional first two fingers for victory and got two jiggers instead of one. Also he believes in the ARP, providing the letters stand for All Roguery Permitted. Locally, the Old One believes the *Daily* is still good fire-lighter-upper-with, sororities are still up the Row and halls are good places to live, and all evils are not nice and will never never appear in the CHAPARRAL. In the meantime he is violently torn between his loyalty to the administration and to the student body.

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Third Floor



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS

The Cover

Ed McLellan gets the credit for all photography and lots of other work on the cover—the first photo cover in years.

House Takes All

Gives one way to make money in a hurry. It might explain a lot, but is really all in fun. Written by the Old Boy after a going over on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Freedumb of the Press

A whole page of Dillies. Dressed up by Jack Hurt.

The Value of Pi

In which Mac Myers, Chappie's unpredictable genius, who has never had a math course in his life, cuts loose the most fantastic fantasy yet.

Queens

The number is cut down to two—but the quality is undeniable.

Old Boy in O.D.'s

A couple of the Farm's characters dress up like soldiers and spend half the summer getting themselves on K.P. the other half, down at Fort Ord.

Also

A whole raft of cartoons by Hurt, Rieser, Hewitt, Oglesby, and others. Also poems, shorter stories, and lots of jokes.



Lil Injun says—

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Companion Feature!

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NOW THAT DATE



DEAR, DEAR FRESHMEN: Contrary to what you may have gathered from the newspapers, Stanford people, as a rule, do not spend their spare evenings being kicked around by the San Francisco Police. Their customary pursuits are on a slightly higher level, if not intellectually, at least socially. The following will be your list of beginners' knots in the process of learning the necessary ropes of off-Farm frolic.

You probably know by now that to a Stanford woman the thing next best to a blue diamond is a date to go hotel dancing. We expect to quote the average expenditures of such an excursion only once; the level is rather static. Most hotels have a cover charge beginning at seventy-five cents on week nights and climbing to a dollar twenty-five on pay-days. The cost of what you consume on the premises will be in addition to the cover charge. If you belong to the super-smooth minority you will be interested in tea dancing of a Saturday afternoon. Revenue on this luxury varies from almost nothing to slightly over a dollar per person. However, don't count your pennies too closely on either type of diversion, because state, federal, and luxury taxes, etc., will always tidy up your pocketbook.

When you want to break away from campus food you will find an unequaled variety of recommendable restaurants in San Francisco and on the peninsula. We feel ourselves rather hypercritical about such things, so any restaurant that gets into this column is practically guaranteed. Here are the principal dens of iniquity:

HOTELS

St. Francis—Freddie Martin, the man with the singing saxophone, returns once again to the Mural Room on the 23rd to satisfy a long-eager public. His orchestra is notable for its very smooth arrangements and its reminiscent medleys; you and the rest of the country have been drooling over Martin records for months. You'll pay a little more than usual for Freddie's music, but it's well worth it.

Palace—"Everything New But the Rhapsody in Blue" is the theme of the variety show that Paul Whiteman has brought with his orchestra to the luxurious Rose Room Bowl. Paul believes that swing music is tending toward the blues. Accordingly, he plays his swing in a blues style, and it comes out strolling, but solid. This is the first hotel booking Paul Whiteman has played in S.F. since he held the drumsticks in Art Hickman's old band, and believe us, that was really in the old days. Mr. W. has since branched out a bit.

(Continued on page 24)



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I wonder why women don't grow mustaches.

Didja ever see grass grow on a race track?

—Exchange

Judge—What do you do for a living?

Victim—I'm a panhandler. I'm night orderly in the hospital.

—Exchange

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STOMPIN' AROUND



Now that Fate which guides our destinies has, in the past three months, moved men and nations about in the proverbial manner of pawns upon a chessboard. But with all her machinations she has failed to disturb the status quo in the musical world. As he has during the past half-dozen years, Benny Goodman reigns as the King of Swing, head and shoulders above all other contemporary jazz figures. It is only fitting and proper, therefore, that this first column of the new curricular year should, in large part, be devoted to the recent waxings of the King.

Perhaps the best of a fine lot is the beautiful Jerome Kern melody, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Helen Forrest's perfect vocal is set against a masterful Eddie Sauter arrangement, while Benny's clarinet, never more soulful, spins out a solo of matchless beauty. This is one of those records you'll carry around intact in your memory—a record of rare and haunting perfection. "La Rosita," the backing, is an old favorite dressed up very acceptably in the modern mode. In a subdued mood, Benny cut another of the popular tunes of yesteryear, "Time on My Hands," in which a fine upper-register trumpet is featured over a superb sax section background. And delving even deeper into the past, he came up with the postwar classic, "I Found a Million Dollar Baby." Sung plaintively by Miss Forrest in slow tempo, this is one of the nicer ballads of any year. "When the Sun Comes Out" is a tune that might have been written especially for Helen Forrest, and she renders it accordingly, while the reverse is, as its title implies, "Something New," though more in arrangement than in its basic conception.

Waxing hotter, Benny took one of his own Sextet numbers, "Good Enough to Keep," and arranged it for the full band under the title of "Air Mail Special." Although it's good, it creates the impression that there are too many people trying to play it. The reverse is just that, a Count Basie jump tune called "Tuesday at Ten." The Goodman clarinet sparkles as always, but the palm goes to Lou McGarity for his trombone solo, one of the dirtiest and most savage this department has ever had the pleasure of hearing. "Anything" and "From One Love to Another" ("Danza Lucumi") are nice pops sung by Tommy Taylor, while the de-Forrested band has Peggy Lee singing "Elmer's Tune," which isn't good.

"Snowfall" is a delicate, dreamy disk of Claude Thornhill's theme, ensemble clarinets setting the stage for the restrained sparkle of the maestro's deft piano. Excursioning on the hot side of the fence, Tommy Dorsey turned out "Yes Indeed." Sy Oliver's sepia arrangement and vocals by Oliver and Jo Stafford make this the best cutting of the Dorsey crew

(Continued on page 27)

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Most college men are perplexed by the problem of when it is proper for a gentleman to raise his hat. Without resorting to any encyclopedia on manners, or consulting any of the authorities on etiquette, for the benefit of our readers and for the sake of posterity, we shall answer the question. At the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the hat should be doffed, tipped, removed, or lifted, as circumstances indicate: when taking a shower; when mopping the brow; when eating; when striking a lady; when using military brushes; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when being shampooed; and when standing on the head.

—Exchange

Then there was the absent-minded musician who blew his nose and wiped his piccolo.

—Exchange

You kissed and told
But that's all right;
The guy you told
Called up last night.

—Record

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PLASTIC COAT
to tuck in your
pocket

or a transparent
SILK COAT
SILK CAPE
Sizes to 46
White, Red,
Blue

\$8.50 and
\$10.00



SMOOTHIN' AROUND



Now that all the guys who escaped the draft and all the gals who mourn the loss of Hutshing have reassembled for another nine months of bucolic erudition on the Farm, we'd like to reopen this department under new management to call to your attention a few disks that you may have forgotten or overlooked in the rush of the dog days of late summer.

To those of you who know the joys and possibilities of a drifting canoe in the moonlight with a portable phonograph in the bow and the O.A.O. in your arms, let us especially recall Carman Cavallaro's two Decca albums of reminiscent piano unobtrusively supported by string bass, guitar, and drums playing such erotic oldies as "Body and Soul," "Dancing in the Dark," "Temptation," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," and several others. More important among the latter is his rendition of "Time on My Hands"; a sure road to insanity if you are foolhardy enough to play it in solitude. The mood of both albums of Cavallaro's virtuosity is as subtle as Saki's humor and as penetrating as musk.

Following our predecessor's predilection for Miss Dinah Shore, and in direct opposition to confrere McLaughlin's opinion, we make haste to recommend unqualifiedly her cutting of "Love Me or Leave Me." Technically very well put together with the help of Henry Levine's orchestra (known from here to there as premier artistes on Monday Evening Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street with whom dear Dinah got her start), the record comes forth with Miss Shore's inevitable ease to fill us with abandoned melancholy. Backed by Berlin's "All Alone," aided by Paul Wetstein also of MECMS of LBS fame, Dinah Shore has suc-

(Continued on page 28)



PIPE MAKES AUNT CRY "UNCLE!" —but her nephew's out of the dog house now!



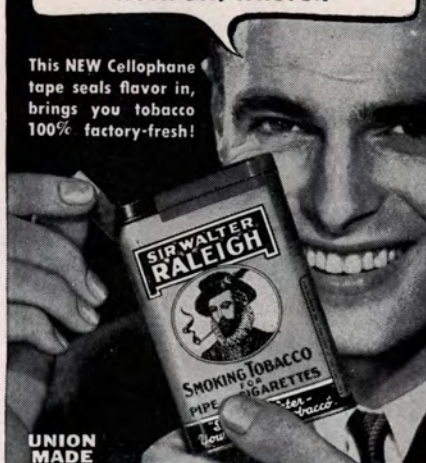
HECTOR BOARDED (free of charge) with his rich old aunt. But his pipe smelled like a Fourth-of-July punk, and one day it made her explode. She chased him out for good.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL there's a way to get mentioned in it. Hector switched to Sir Walter, the mild blend of fragrant burleys... and see how it worked! Try it, men. 50 pipe loads, 15¢.

KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE WITH SIR WALTER

This NEW Cellophane
tape seals flavor in,
brings you tobacco
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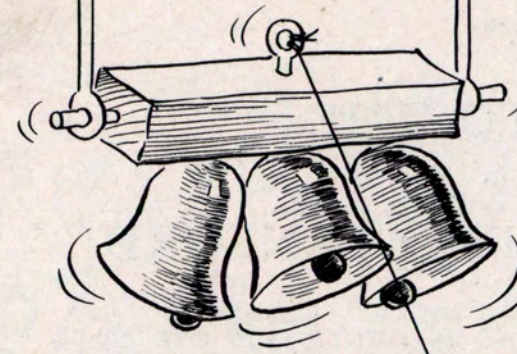
The drunk tottered along the curb.
Several times he slipped off into the gutter. Each time he clambered on the sidewalk again.

"Long stairway" he muttered.

—Exchange

If you woo, and woo in vain,
You'll live to woo another Jane.
But if perchance you do succeed,
It's lots of money you will need.

—Myers



Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet—Here's to the land we love, and vice-versa.

—Old Line

"I know a place where women don't wear anything—except a string of beads once in awhile."

"Holy gee, where?"

"Around their necks, stupid."

—Old Line

Some girls are like trees. Those with thick limbs are the hardest to shake.

—Exchange

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"These marks on my nose were made by glasses."

"Yeah, how many glasses?"

—Exchange

Hubby—Darling, tell me, how did you get Junior to eat olives?

Wifey—Simple. I started him on Martinis.

—Pointer

And then there's the girl who was so dumb she thought Vat 69 was the Pope's telephone number.

—Pell-Mell

A young fellow was arrested for speeding, and somebody told him that the judge was a hearty, genial old boy who would be sure to respond favorably to the right kind of approach—the hail-fellow-well-met kind.

So the youth swaggered up to the bench, put out his paw, gave a laugh and boomed:

"Morning, judge, old boy, how are you?"

The judge said:

"Fine—\$20."

—Topper

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Oh the chimes play "Reilly's Daughter."
And the "lake" is minus water:
The ratio makes each scrawny hag a queen.
The members of the tribe
Go dancing in the libe,
And the Union coffee rots away their spleen.

Where the storied Stanford Rough
Has turned into a fluff,
Advised by John and Ray to shun the brew
After fifty years of thirst
Here comes the fifty-first—
And we'll still be dry in 1992.

Where a burlap bag or sack
Is enough to clothe the back
Of the fairest mistress of the female charm:
Nowhere else upon this sphere
Would these unique scenes appear.
It could only happen down upon the Farm!

—Were



PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF STANFORD



WE, THE FOUNDERS OF THIS INSTITUTION, IN ORDER TO FORM A MORE PERFECT UNION BETWEEN THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES AND THE VARIOUS ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS, DO HEREBY ORDAIN AND DECLARE THIS CONSTITUTION TO BE IN EFFECT IMMEDIATELY TO FORESTALL ANY SERIOUS STUDY BY INQUISITIVE OUTSIDERS. IT SHALL BE THE POLICY OF THIS HEREBY AFOREMENTIONED UNIVERSITY TO ESTABLISH A RELATIVELY SMALL TUITION CHARGE TO GET THE FIRST SUCKERS INTO THE PLACE. IT SHALL THEN BE A PRACTICE HEREAFTER TO RAISE THE TUITION GRADUALLY EACH YEAR IN ORDER NOT TO INCITE ANY UNWARRANTED SUSPICIONS OF OUR ACTIONS BY THE STUDENT BODY AND THEIR WELL-HEELED PARENTS. ALSO TO AID IN BOLSTERING OUR ALREADY BULGING PURSES WE SHALL PLACE HIGH SYLLABUS FEES ON ALL COURSES IN ORDER TO ALLOW THE PROFESSORS TO TAKE THEIR ANNUAL EXCURSIONS ABROAD. EVENTUALLY WE HOPE TO ATTAIN A STRAIGHT FEE THAT WILL BE HIGHER THAN THAT PAID BY THE MAJORITY OF THE STUDENTS. TO CONTINUE IN THE GENERAL LINE OF OUR POLICY WE SHALL MAKE SPASMODIC BIG CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VICE OF ALL SORTS ON THE CAMPUS, FROM SPIN-THE-BOTTLE ON UP. THIS ALWAYS MAKES THE GOOD IMPRESSION THAT WE ARE ON OUR TOES TO KEEP THE WAYWARD SONS IN LINE. THEN, THERE SHALL BE STRICT CENSORSHIP OF THE TWO PUBLICATIONS ON CAMPUS, THE HUMOR MAGAZINE AND THE YEARBOOK. THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF A STUDENT-PUBLISHED NEWSPAPER BUT THESE ARE MERELY FABRICATIONS OF A DELUDED MIND. TO INCREASE THE SCOPE OF OUR STUDENTS' TRAVEL WE SHALL ALLOW ONLY A SMALL NUMBER OF WOMEN TO MATRICULATE, AND THOSE ARE TO BE TO ZIEGFELD GIRLS AS SPARROWS ARE TO PEACOCKS. THIS REGULATION WILL INDUCE OUR MEN TO GO ELSEWHERE FOR THEIR FEMALE COMPANIONSHIP AND WILL INCREASE THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY NO END.

WITH THESE HIGH IDEALS IN MIND WE, THE FOUNDERS, HAVE SET HEREUNTO THE STATEMENT OF OUR POLICY CONCERNING THE STUDENTS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY. OUR MOTTO FOREVER AFTER THIS DAY SHALL BE, "WE'LL DO ALL RIGHT IF WE BLEED 'EM WHITE."

—Bledsoe



FABLES OF THE FARM

Dekes at Play

This one sort of caps the climax to all those stories that set the Deke house a little apart from the rest of the campus. Maybe they don't throw water bags any more or throw parties for sorority house presidents, but they still give before-school rushing parties in true Deke fashion. This fable concerns one of these parties that was given a year ago, but only now has the story gotten out. It seems this deal was being given on one of the southern California beaches and was progressing quite nicely. However, one minor incident sort of marred the perfection of the afternoon. In a good old Deke roughhouse one of the rushees got his neck broken. The guy recovered and came to school in time for Winter Quarter—but he didn't pledge Deke.



seabag on his shoulder, he was stopped by the third mate. The boy proudly handed over his papers and announced that he was the new passenger. After a long and dignified silence the mate generalized slowly, "Ohhhh, a parasite."

House Tux

When one of Encina's countless thousands of laundry-and-cleaning agents was closing out his account at the end of last year he commented that after each spring dance one particular tuxedo always returned, but each time with a different name on it. The man from the cleaning agency was unimpressed. "The Phi Delt's openly have a house tux. Everyone from Standlee on down uses it. When more than one goes to a dance, I wouldn't know what happens unless they just rotate it."

With Water Wings?

Last spring one of the many lads from the Farm who spent the between-quarters lull at Carmel made the headlines by getting himself caught in a rip tide. In fact, if it hadn't been for a bunch of DU's he would have done a pretty thorough job of drowning himself. Anyway, the experience must have taught him something, because he spent the last part of the summer as a lifeguard at a pool down in Saratoga.

Free Trip

When a Stanford Farmer had been turned down by the Seamen's Union he prevailed upon the company to let him take a trip on one of their freighters. After signing endless releases and other legal papers the boy presented himself at the pier. The guard examined him, decided that he was no saboteur, and let him pass. Walking up the gangplank with his

Dangerous Dan

Everyone has heard about the old racket in Encina of selling *Daily* subscriptions to the frosh during the pre-Reg period. This year, it seemed, the business manager of the *Daily* decided to revive the old shakedown in a somewhat smoother fashion. The deal was this: You might have noticed a small white card fall out of your pre-Reg paper. If you had taken the

trouble to read the card you would have found an ad for subscribing to the sheet and appropriate blanks to fill out to make the duty easier. However innocent the little blank seemed, it was conceived with fiendish intent, for nowhere on the card or in the paper did it explain to the innocent entering freshmen that the *Daily* would be delivered free to them whether they filled out the card or not.

Progress

Coming back to school early this year put us in a position to notice a lot of things that are usually obscured by hordes of students after the registration shakedown. One of the most notable is the sign on the front of the Boathouse concerning the lake, which has been dry these many months. It reads: DANGER!!! Unsafe to Swim. While they were at it they might have put one in the Inner Quad—where it is also dangerous to go swimming. A shock to us was Mr. Juke's latest creation in the Union Cellar. In the place's emptiness during the latter part of the summer it loomed up like a combination of Auten's and the Hoover War Libe.

Round-up Time

During the big Rodeo in Salinas last summer we had occasion to try cashing a check. We started at the biggest bar in town where we were directed to the leading hotel who directed us to the next leading hotel who told us to go to the Western Union who sicked us onto the Postal Telegraph who suggested the City Hall who sent us to the Police Department who said the Military Police would be our best bet. Finally we reached the office of the M.P. top kick only to find he had been out for the last hour and a half . . . trying to get a check cashed!



by Jack Oglesby

Plurbus Unum was born a Stanford man. He had no other choice. You see, his father was a Stanford man. But as much as he loved the Farm, he had no hopes of ever becoming part of The Family. Unfortunately his father had majored in engineering and was now Chief Engineer on a San Francisco tug. He (Plurbus) had to be satisfied with a copy of the *Daily* as the only affiliation with the great University. And that's a hell of a thing to be satisfied with as the only affiliation with. He bought an annual copy by going without lunch.

Then one day a terrible thing happened. He read the *Daily*. It was an editorial entitled, "Sumpin's Gotta Be Done, by Gum, Chum." And it went on to say, there was a problem threatening to destroy the world-famous ballad by Robin Hood, "Come Join the Band." Some Cal gals and Berk jerks had the annoying habit of filling in the gap after the line "Stanford for you" with "But not for me," and quite loudly, too. If this gap was allowed to remain open, it would soon ruin the song.

Suddenly he got a brilliant idea. He planned everything carefully, point by point, until everything was quite ready. All that was left to be done was to get money. So he went down to the bank. After he opened an account, he opened the bank. He only got a few thousand, but it would

last him a couple of weeks at Stanford, at least.

In the following weeks he bought the necessary clothing—"T" shirts and a tux—and registered at the Farm. Then he started his campaign. At any meeting, assembly, or bull session where that famous ballad written by Adolf Hitler, "Come Join the Bund," might be sung, one would find Plurbus tucked away in a corner, waiting to plant the seed of his idea at the proper moment.

Things did not, however, go as well as Unum (Plurbus) had hoped. It was near the end of the second week and another laundry bill would clean him out. Then the thing began to catch on. More and more it was heard. The whole campus was rocking to the revitalized, world-famed ballad written by Sally's Fan Club, "Come Join the Rand."

Success! But would Plurbus Unum take credit for his great work? . . . Not he! He just left as quietly as he had arrived, an unsung hero. Yet he is happy just knowing that he, in his humble way, had done something for his ideal.

And if by chance he is near a radio during the Big Game, let us hope that he once again becomes a Stanford Man for a few brief moments when he hears his line echoing across the stadium like this:

". . . Stanford for you, AND NO REMARKS!!!!!"



SHACKLED

Now when a girl is out late
With her handsome new date,
And her libido goes all on the blink,
No one finds fault
With her attempts at assault—
In the morning she blames it on drink.

If she knows about men,
Is tolerant toward sin,
People smile and say it's quite normal.
She's just being kind,
She has a broad mind.
It's old and passé to be formal.

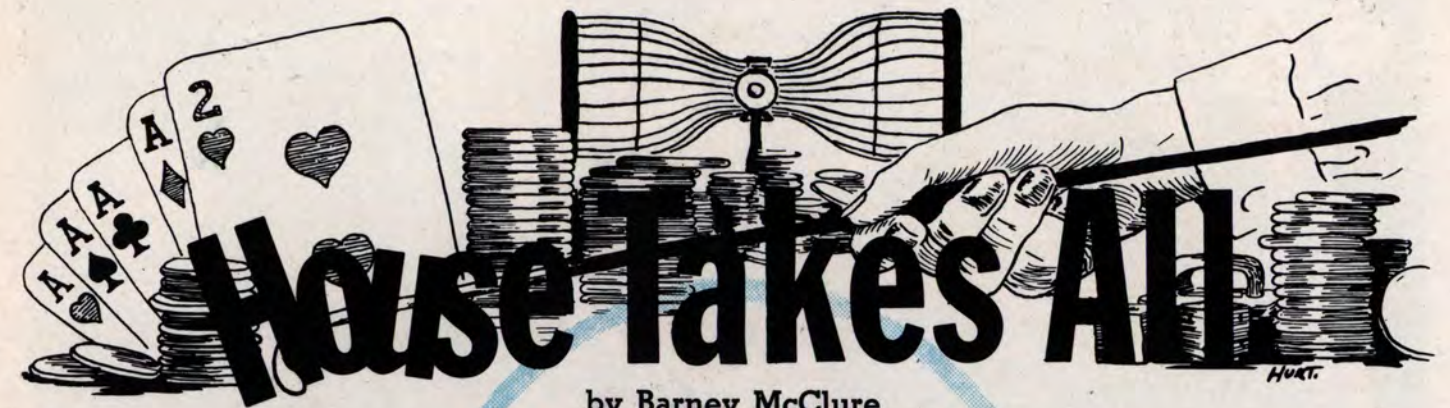
But for me I'm a mug,
A lascivious thug,
With scruples and ethics ill-fated.
I'm dubbed a man to distrust,
Filled with evil and lust,
A rotter, a beast dissipated.

All this I was named,
My honor defamed,
Because I whispered to her of my fate.
Then her hand I had grasped
In a brotherly clasp—
But it was only our twenty-third date.
—Chuck

Thoughts on an About-Face

Now for several years our nation
Has been told the awful tale
Of Joe Stalin's perpetration
Of high crimes that make us quail.
He has burned down all the churches;
He has murdered all his friends;
And his record's filled with smirches
Of his deep and dirty trends.
Yet this very same Joe Stalin
We have learned to all abhor
Has been raised from out the fallen;
Now he fights religion's war.
Yes, this terror of all Russia,
With his black and bloody band,
Fight against our foes in Prussia.
He's Democracy's right hand!

—Hutshing



by Barney McClure

I was a vacationing Stanford man wandering from bar to bar in Red Gold Gulch—a boom mining town in southwestern Nevada. I hadn't been in town long before a neon sign at the far end of the street attracted my attention. It said: "The Red S Saloon." I headed for the sign and soon was entering the battered swinging doors of the place. At first it looked like the usual type of gambling joint, bar, and dance hall. A typical assortment of characters crowded it—cowboys with wrinkled boots, girls in evening dress, women of the world, and young kids crowding around the nickel roulette wheel. But there was something different about it. Everybody was playing, there was the high-pitched happy hubbub of a gambling joint—the click of glasses and chips, the whir of roulette wheels and slot machines. But even though everyone was playing there was one peculiarity—no one was winning! I was fascinated by the place and felt myself being drawn into the center of it. Somehow, even though it was entirely new to me, I felt right at home—as though I was back on the Stanford campus.

I went over to one of the tables. One of the players looked at me strangely and finally sidled over to me. "Don't look now, chum. But it's not traditional to smoke on this side of the roulette table. Just a tip." I quickly put out my cigarette and the sense of familiarity deepened. The urge to play, even if I had yet to see anyone win, was even stronger now, and I threw a couple of fifty-cent pieces on the table. "No, no," the man who had spoken to me before said, "it's not a house rule, but it's traditional to play nothing smaller than silver dollars." I flushed and added another half dollar to each already on the board. Somehow, I had a deathly fear of breaking one

of these strange traditions. It just couldn't be, yet it seemed perfectly natural!

I sauntered over to one of the Twenty-one tables I had passed on my way in. I hadn't played at the time, although it was my favorite game, because the minimum of a dollar, I thought, was too high. Now, to my amazement the ante had gone up to a dollar and a half. I asked an oldtimer standing next to me what the score was. "Oh," he said, "they raise the ante every time you turn around. Funny thing, but people don't seem to squawk about it." I couldn't control my urge to play again, and put my dollar and a half on a vacant circle. My hole cards were two face cards, so I slipped them under my bet. The dealer went the rounds and flipped up his hole card. The ace of spades! With his jack of hearts it made a natural. "That's ten times in a row," someone muttered. But none of the players left the game.

By now my curiosity was thoroughly aroused. I had noticed the game and the people playing, but up until now I hadn't noticed the croupiers. As a rule you don't. Their black coats, eyeshades, and pallid faces ordinarily put them in the class with bartenders and waiters. You know they're there but never seem to realize they have an identity separate from their jobs. There was something about this dealer that attracted my attention, however. He didn't have the usual slicked-back, black hair, but his was tightly curled and gray. And even under his eyeshade I could see he had piercing black eyes. Suddenly the man's identity hit me. I hung on to the table for support. It couldn't be! And yet here he was. The last time I had seen him it had been in his office. You know, the one in the Ad Building. I looked

around wildly at the other employees of the place. That tall man in the white coat and high collar handing out the drinks behind the bar. The receding chin, the circles under the eyes—it couldn't be any other and yet it was fantastic. I staggered over and propped myself up on the rail. "An Acme, quick!" I gasped and dropped a quarter on the counter. The tall bartender handed me a glass—filled with Coco-Cola! "Gasoline and alcohol don't mix, young man," he said in a deep, resonant voice. I futilely tried to get release from the juice of a cola bean—but it was hopeless.

I looked around again. This time a sad-eyed, gray-haired woman in a red formal looked at me from the other end of the bar. Obviously a hostess—yet I had seen her, too, and suddenly I knew where! I tried to get hold of myself. "You're mad," I told me. "This just isn't so. One coke can't do this to a man!" I closed my eyes and shook my head. I looked around again—but everything was unchanged.

Suddenly the double swinging doors burst open and a man ran in yelling: "It's a raid! Raid! Run!" In the shambles that followed someone shot out the lights. I was trying to push my way to the door but found myself being carried about by the crowd. By this time bottles and oaths were following each other around in the air of the place. Women were screaming and men were fighting their way out. I now seemed to have been pushed clear over to the other side of the room, next to the table behind which had been the curly-haired dealer—the first I had recognized.

It was right about then that a bottle crashed into my head, but as I sank to the floor I thought I heard someone

(Continued on page 26)



Women's Clubs: Federation Hurls Challenge at Hitler

"The women of this country will see that the demon Hitler meets his Waterloo when he crosses swords with the women of America."

—San Francisco Chronicle

Cap #
FREEDUMB of the PRESS

HONOLULU, Sept. 5 (AP)—Twenty-six University of Hawaii football players soiled on the Matsonia today . . .

—San Francisco Chronicle
Rub their noses in it.

"It is particularly important at this time, when we are on the very edge of war, that we encourage forums which develop open and full discussion of the policies of Government," he said as he stepped from a plane.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Watch out for that first step. It's a lulu!

Now he is taking comfort out of the thought that, although rejected for army service because of his health, he can do his part for national defense by producing rubber and its by-products.

—San Francisco Chronicle

. . . and making money hand over fist.

Due to previous engagements, Brown had to cut his visit short, but still he found time to accompany the warden to Condemned Row, where he put on a short comedy skit.

—San Quentin News

Laugh? I thought I'd die!

He paid high tribute to American journalists in England, calling them a "fine body of men, who wishek their lives nightly."

—San Francisco Chronicle

Wishek: an old English verb meaning "to drink."

They will spend Sunday and Sunday touring the great natural wonderland and being feted by officials of the National Park service.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Then, between Tuesday, they'll go home.

. . . already, produced more than 1000 pounds of rubber that literally stands up under fire, he reports, and he proposes to utilize thousands of acres of milk-weed going to waste.

That must be from the Chronicle.

Gaston Henry-Haye, French Ambassador, sought today to repair the strained relations with the United States.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Come, come, Chronicle, you're not improving conditions.

Mrs. Brill, a famed football star at the University of Colorado, was a member of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Women football players, maybe; but female Fijis, well!

. . . I'd enjoyed a thoroughly satisfactory day, knocked in four runs, and was cocky as all get out.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Must have gone to his head.

Merchants, co-operating with the Chamber of Commerce, sponsor of the revue, advertised discounts ranging from one to 90 per cent on sales of redheads over the week-end.

—San Francisco Chronicle

A good time to stock up for the winter.

Growers in both Santa Clara and San Benito areas are attempting to solidify their positions in the price war by arranging for drying the fruit rather than sell at the present rate.

—Call Bulletin

MORE! MORE! . . . isy Gh . . . Looks like you've had too much already.

Both Stanford graduates, the bride is a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and her husband is a Deke. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Thaddeus Moore of San Francisco, who went . . .

—San Francisco Chronicle

Aw, hell, cut it out.

WITH ARMY IN LOUISIANA—Aug. 23 (AP)—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge (R., Mass.) is "having the time of my life" as a Captain with the 2d Armored Division in the Louisiana maneuvers.

—San Francisco Chronicle

The Spirit of '76, eh, Senator?

What suddenly made him a winning pitcher? He says he was made suddenly in four seasons, made suddenly in four seasons, which doesn't seem so terribly sudden at that.

—San Francisco Chronicle

Since you put it that way, no.



In fact, the regimented life—in the interests of 100 per cent defense—is coming to be the regular thing.

—San Francisco Chronicle

That is, for everyone but linotype operators.

3.14159265... THE VALUE OF π

by Mac Myers

Illustrated by Jack Hurt

Professor Joseph Reynolds was only twenty-six and already he had received five honorary degrees and had been considered the most promising faculty member of the Mathematics Department. And now, after his famous discussion with Albert Einstein, most people considered that his brilliant career had been terminated. The fellows who had patted him on the back when he had discovered the true value of pi, now had trouble remembering his name when he came to faculty meetings.

Reynolds was typical of the other-half-of-the-double-date man. He was a little too short, his straight, coal-black hair was brushed tightly back from his low, almost pure white, forehead. With his native intelligence he should have been a rather entertaining companion, but he had never had many opportunities to use his intelligence in this way. Probably because no woman had ever bothered about him, Reynolds was just vaguely aware that it was love, not mathematics, that made the world go round.

Professor Reynolds walked along the Inner Quad and thought half-bitterly, half-pityingly of the stupidity of his colleagues. Those muddle-headed aristocrats of the slide-rule! Why, the fifth dimension, time, is scarcely harder to comprehend than the first four. By merely using sequent square root and multiplying

the total by absolute pi, time would never again be an obstacle to science. Einstein should have been able to see that—but then conservatism always creeps in as men grow older.

As he passed in front of the Chapel, Professor Reynolds noticed again the numeral plaques placed in the cement by each succeeding graduating class. Even those fellows back in the 'nineties could see some value in sequence, he thought. If I wanted to, I could, by using these plaques and the squares as yet unnumbered, project myself forward in time. But what would be the object? Could I prove anything by it? Even as he was thinking of the uselessness of the project his mind unconsciously began adding the square roots of the years. $\sqrt{1942} = 44.07$, $\sqrt{1943} = 44.08$. He followed the same procedure for 122 years, took the square root of that, divided it into the summation of the other square roots, and then multiplied the total by absolute pi. Then, standing on the square which might someday bear the numeral of the class of 2063, he closed his eyes and repeated slowly the seven-digit number.

He opened his eyes and looked around; the Quad seemed much the same. He repeated the number again, but without apparent success. I can't figure out why this experiment should fail, he mused. Perhaps those fellows were right after all! With bowed head, Reynolds started to walk away. And then he noticed at his feet, in bright new brass, a plaque bearing the numeral, '63.

He wasn't elated. Before, when he thought he had failed, he knew that really it wasn't he who had been wrong, but the world. Now he turned into the first classroom he saw. The professor was addressing the class. "In psychology, as in all other sciences everything has been reduced to its mathematical minimum." Reynolds thought, here, at any rate, the

professors show at least normal intelligence. "For example, as you may not know, love-making was once done not by mathematical formulae but by a series of half-articulate groans interspersed with one syllable words. With our present system of clearly enunciated numbers, even the 10-year-old children of backward Africa never experience frustration in love."

The words of the professor unleashed the bonds which had for so long inhibited Reynold's normal functions. Choosing a young girl who was sitting directly in front of the lecturer and whose dress showed exactly the right amount of knee above her crossed legs, Reynolds walked up to her and said to her: "6996" (I'd like to take a walk with you.)

She said, "5" (Well, I don't think I should.)

Reynolds thought, it's not my love-making that she objects to, it's my appearance. Perhaps I could change what she sees by saying the numbers which describe me in reverse. "859."

"375845" (Why I'd love to take that walk. I didn't realize what I was saying.)

The girl thought that she walked out of the classroom with a tall, wavy-haired blond.

The next few days were like a sunrise from the top of Mount Popocatepetl. High green mountains beneath a faint blue sky. Small summer cirrus clouds came and were gone. The snow on the mountain tops glistened in the first light of day. Thoughts of mathematics vanished from Reynold's mind. Life was a poem by Byron, a picture by Van Gogh.

Then one day, as the two were talking in the usual manner, the girl suddenly spoke in conventional speech. "The world is coming to an end."

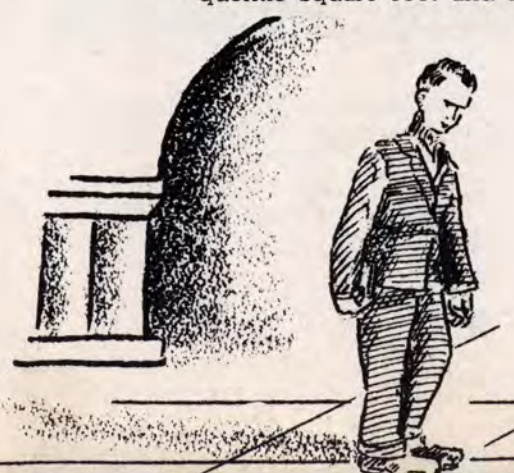
"Where did you get an absurd idea like that?"

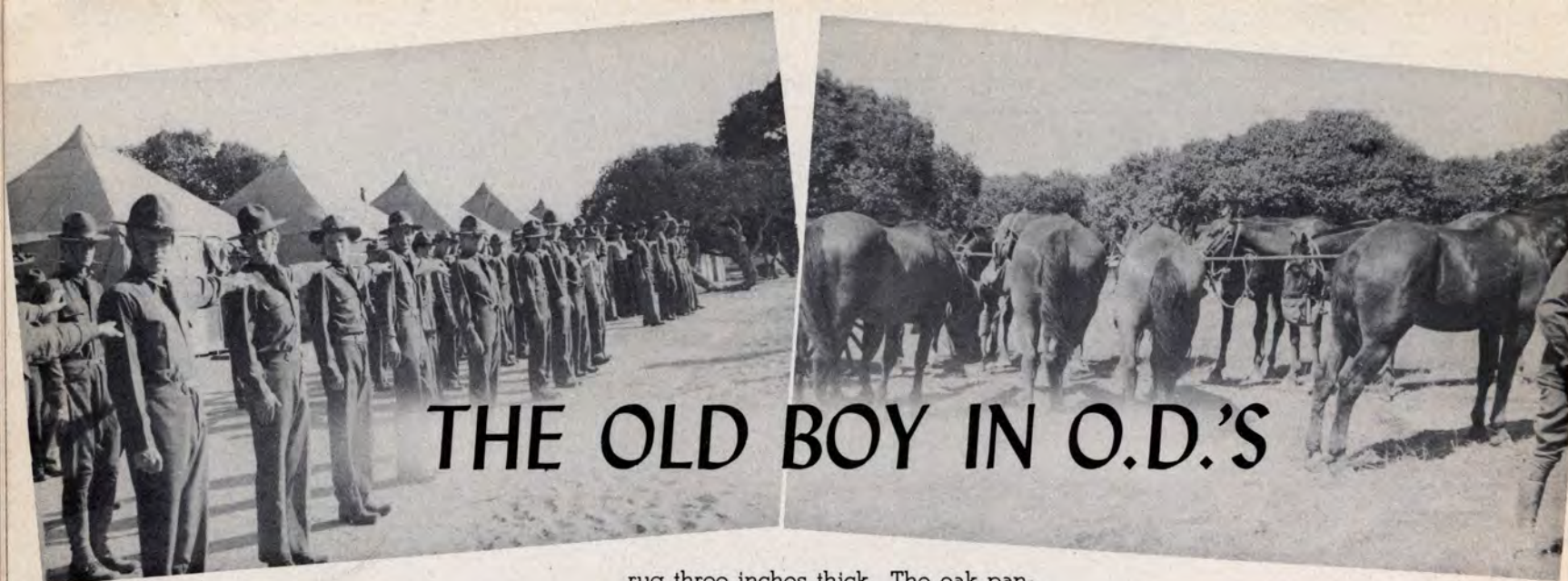
"This morning in history our professor said that the end of the world will come definitely in the next thousand years. It might come tomorrow or it might come five hundred years from now—there's no way of telling."

Reynolds worked with his figures for over three hours before it became obvious that the world could not possibly come to an end for at least another million years. But the figures intrigued him and he kept working. The appearance and reappearance of the number four showed him there was something unknown to him which was distorting his figures. Suddenly, the difficulty was clear to him. The world wasn't coming to an end, it was merely that in 2092 there would not be a single member of the human race alive.

There was one, and only one, solution to this problem. The human race might begin again, but it must begin from 0. He would take the girl to the class of '63 plaque and walk far enough west so they would be many years beyond the disappearance of the human race. And this time the world would be different. Reynolds swore to that.

Many children were born unto the two. And there were good ones, but, too, there were bad ones. And the world began anew.





THE OLD BOY IN O.D.'S

"Whoop, whoop, whoop . . . it's modern design that make the diff— . . . Ta-de-da-da-ta . . . to the soldier that means Fight, Fight for the U.S.A., but to you it says 'Buy a bond for the U.S.O.' . . . RrrrrrrrrRRRR!! Keep 'em flying—." With a quick flick of the wrist most of the Farm's future fodder dismissed the Army this summer by merely changing the station when the announcer brought the unpleasant thought to mind. To a bunch of us though (and that includes the Old Boy and two or three younger boys on the staff) the Army meant six weeks of work at the traditional dollar a day, beans three meals a day, dust six inches thick between meals, and the rough khaki that scratches its way to your heart. About 70 future officers from the Farm discovered that to be an officer, you have to understand the point of view of the buck private and you can only do that, it seems, the hard way. With all its trying moments the six weeks at Fort Ord, the Dust Bowl of the Far West, offered us, through the efforts of two of the local characters, a lot of laughs that should be preserved among the long-to-be-remembered "Stanford-does-its-part-days" of the Second World War.

The first of these we will call SWC for short, because he is the only Student-with-a-Cadillac we know. It was the evening after an intensive taproom bout that SWC culminated his camp career. He was wandering through the upper floors of Monterey's famous hostel and became lost in a labyrinth of rooms and corridors. After what seemed hours of getting no place, he wandered into one room that made him stop still for a moment in awe—even in his condition. This room was at least fifty feet in length and about as wide. On the floor was a Turkish

rug three inches thick. The oak panels stretched up out of sight in the darkness, and in the center of all this grandeur was a mahogany desk big enough for a battery mess table. SWC headed for the desk like a homing pigeon—maybe it reminded him of his Cadillac. After climbing over it he found himself seated in a deep swivel chair. This is great, he thought. Now I know how it feels to be president. "My friendsh—," he started experimentally with a fireside chat, but stopped as his voice echoed in the upper darkness of the room. Then his eye was caught by a stack of official-looking documents lying to one side of the desk piled a foot high. Here was a chance to prove he was president! Taking a plume pen from its holster he started at the top of the pile and worked his way to the bottom, signing each and every one of the documents.

As he slammed the tent flap early the next morning we heard him mutter: "Quarter of a million bucks—just spent a quarter of a million bucks."

The next character is a Beta whom we will call "Joe." Joe was the boy who pulled strings and worked the angles to be the Colonel's orderly the first day of mounted gun drill. That's where the whole battery swears and sweats trying to put six-horse teams through a lot of tricky movements—all except the Colonel's orderly. His whole job is following the Colonel and doing little duties for him, and it wasn't long before Joe recognized the advantage of his position. While watching one of the more tricky movements of the caissons he casually remarked, as though he didn't know the Colonel was a student of ancient history, "I say there, Colonel, looking at these beautiful maneuvers reminds me of my studies of the movements of the Phoenician galleys."

That made a target hit and the Colonel turned in his saddle and said: "By jove, Orderly, you have made a wise observation. I think I will make you my orderly on the overnight field trip." Which put Joe high in the pear tree for the rest of the summer.

Among other things marking Joe's career was the time he overslept twelve hours under a bush, the frequent times he ran out of gas, had flats, lost his car keys, and the time he went A.W.O.L. on pay day. The climax was capped on the last day when equipment had to be accounted for. Joe staggered into the Q.M. tent piled high with blankets, mattresses, and uniforms.

"Joe," the Captain said, "I've just won five dollars on you."

"Oh, is that so, sir? How come?" Joe answered.

"I bet the Colonel," the Captain said, "that you would be the last man to turn in your equipment—and you are."

That ended Joe's active military career for one year, at which time he will be a full-fledged officer and probably assigned to telling draftees how to be efficient the U.S. Army way.

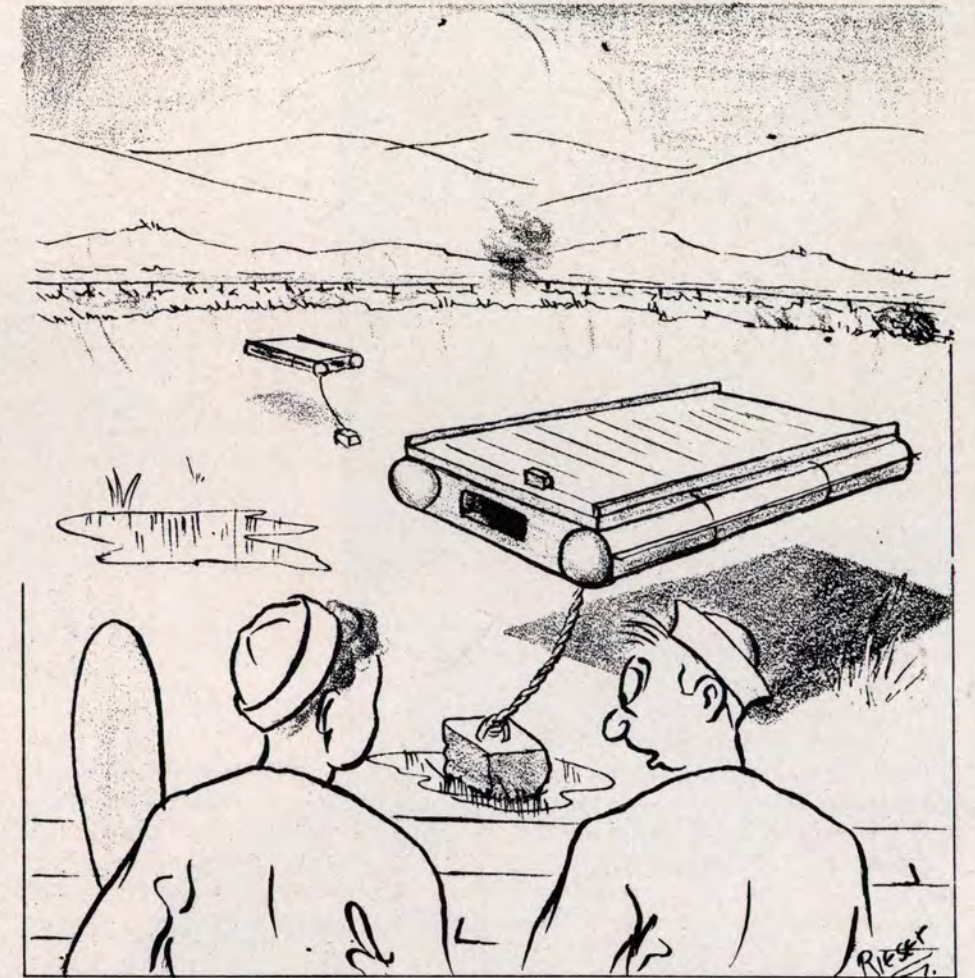


"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

OUR'S NOT TO QUESTION WHY

It has rained in San Francisco, snowed in Los Angeles, and boiled in New York. I went shopping for new clothes. By the way, they told me that jackets are being worn longer this season, but I've worn mine for three years, and that's long enough. The Pre-Reg Committee's mechanized units have come and gone, getting the class of '45 off to a frightened and bewildered start. I've changed my major again, and registered in all of the wrong courses. I'm all unpacked, and have already written home for money. I've passed 18 hot dogs and 47 cokes to a tapeworm in my row at the stadium. I've looked over those cute freshmen girls, who, from my standpoint, are too numerous and nauseous to mention. 176 Stanford professors issued a joint statement, which sounds like an ultimatum about John's or someplace, but in reality is an endorsement of the present governmental regime and its foreign policy. It's nice to know where they stand, especially if you're in the poli sci department. I've short-changed the second-hand book man, and missed Miss Yost's speech again. So Fall Quarter is officially here, and off to a vicious start.

But soon enough the leaves will turn and drop dead; then finals come along, and I'll do likewise. Vacation is only an inadequate reminder of life outside, and then Winter Quarter sets in. Winter Quarter! Precipitation coming by the inches is considered right in a line with normalcy. Which makes me wonder when they'll put the water line on the War Libe. The Basketball Pavilion will come into its own, being used for basketball—which has completely demoralized Rally Committee. The frosh will go slushing to rushing, but I won't go anywhere—I can't ever find a hat that won't leak around the eaves, and it's too late to start now. Last year I bought boots so that my feet wouldn't get wet up to the knees; now they've fixed up the place so that no respectable eruption would dare to cause a puddle. However, the lake will fill up, which is nice. But does it have to overflow? Ground Hog Day will come and go again, leaving disappointment and discouragement in its wake. I will just sit around waiting for a slow death from some minatory epidemic.



"Hey, we forgot to take in the floats!"

Then it's all over, and I take my flu home to Mother.

Suddenly Spring Quarter is upon us. Ah, spring! When a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of golf. Spring, when the lake is there with all its glory and green fungus; when Carmel has its winter sports; when I always sneak just ten units past my advisor; when Bull Session has run down; and when the War Libe tunes up on "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair." Spring Quarter, when I cut my ten o'clock for a Cellar coke with my professor who thought of it first. There'll be the Senior Ball, and the Mausoleum, and farewells, and those nervous birds on Inner Quad. Thoughts of graduation, and where on earth could I get a job with my education. Then there'll be Dr. Wilbur in one hand and my diploma in the other, and it'll be all over.

But I mustn't become maudlin. It's still Autumn Quarter, and I still have to explain that syllabus fee business to the finance committee at home.

—Gail McInerney



"Pardon me, Shorty, can ya tell me where I report?"



Harriet Price, '42
Pi Beta Phi



Chappie presents: Queens of the Month

Photos by Hans Roth

Pat Adams, '42
Delta Delta Delta
Vice-President of the Student Body



REQUIEM

Midst the world of blood and gore,
We greet the class of 'forty-four.
Next year, if we are still alive,
We'll greet the class of 'forty-five.

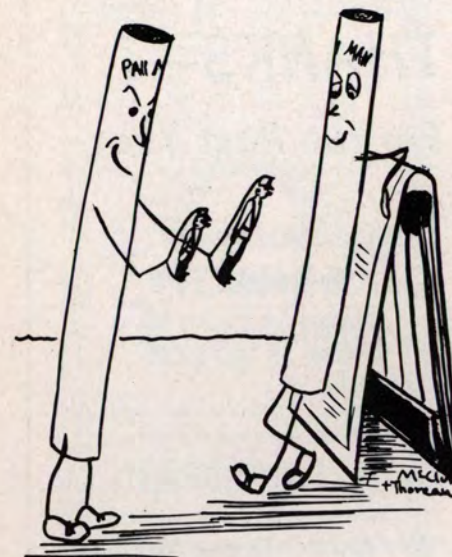
—California Pelican

The year has gone and you're alive
To greet the class of 'forty-five.
But you know well you're in a fix
And won't be there for 'forty-six.
And all the boys of 'forty-one,
Who had their moment in the sun,
Are in the Army or at work,
Just like any other jerk.

—Hutshing



"What pot of gold program?"



Dead-End Dirge

As a Frosh I was charming,
Demure, and disarming,
The seniors offered me pins by the
score.
And all of them pleaded
For the attention they needed,
But that's when I showed them the
door.

My Sophomore year came,
It was almost the same
Only this time the Juniors pursued.
But when with passion they burned
They were tactfully spurned
And made to feel common and rude.

When a Junior I reigned,
Sophs who had heard of my fame
Paid tribute to me with great ardor.
I was coy and sweet,
But immensely discreet—
It made them try all the harder.

Now a Senior I am
And I don't give a damn
For the Frosh who are hot for the
chase.
But I have to be game
For me they're all that remain—
The very last of the masculine race.

So my complaint you have heard
And I give you my word
That not once did I ever give in.
But take my advice
And don't ever think twice
When a Senior is offering his pin.
Oh, gosh—
I wish I was a Frosh again!

—Sally



"Hold your ears!"

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I was charmed by the look in her eye,
By her nightingale voice I was smitten,
And her beautiful figure, oh my!
By her glorious hair I was bitten.
She's really the charmingest girl, sir,
In her arms any man would find bliss, sir.
But what struck me mostly about her
Was her hand when I started to kiss her.

—Widow

When a gigolo marries it becomes love, honor, and no pay.

—Exchange

She—Why didn't you shave before taking me to the Prom?

He—I did.

She—When?

He—Just before I came over to wait for you.

—Old Line

The burglar, finding the lady in the bath, covered her with his revolver.

—Old Line

Would you scream if I kissed you?
How could I if you did it properly?

—Exchange



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"Kiss me, mah fool."

Kiss.
Interval.
She: "I'll bet you're a bugler in the R.O.T.C."

—Log

"What a splendid fit," said the tailor as he carried the epileptic out of his shop.

—Exchange

"I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

—Punch Bowl

"Did you know the French drink their coffee out of bowls?"

"Well, the Americans drink their beer out-of-doors."

—Mustang



"And here's to Hawaii, land of Romance."

"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts, So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

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June 27, 1941

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Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it is tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

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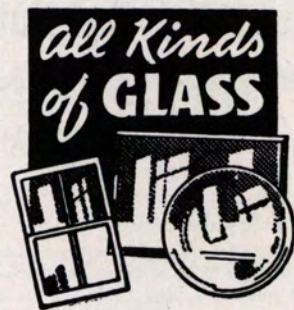
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DATE

(Continued from page 3)

Sir Francis Drake—This hostelry charges no cover and no minimum. Anything more you'd like, just ask for it. Currently billed in the Persian Room is Bill Clifford, whose orchestra plays plenty danceable music. If you like these musical games, try the Drake on a Wednesday night, when Musical Baseball goes on the air. If you can tell a Strauss waltz from boogie-woogie you've a chance for some good prizes.

Mark Hopkins—Hard-luck boy on the local scene is Herbie Holmes, who opened with his orchestra in the Peacock Court just one week before the hotel strike broke out. He managed to prove that he and his varied organization were well worth importing from down N'Awlins way, however. In spite of the strike, the management has made an attempt to keep open the Top o' the Mark—a sort of compensation for the darkened Peacock Court.

RESTAURANTS

Cliff House—A good way to start in on S.F. eating traditions is a trip to the city's famed Cliff House, overlooking the ocean by the Seal Rocks. Every celebrity who can write has left his autographed photo on the walls. Prices are quite normal, and the place combines the qualities of Hollywood's Brown Derby and New Orleans' famous Antoine's. For the best view, get there toward sundown on a clear day.

Villa Chartier—South of San Mateo on El Camino Real is an attractive lodge that serves some of the best food to be found on the Peninsula. It's on the left going north, and is

easy to find. You'll pay solidly for what you get, but you won't regret it. After one of these steaks or chickens you'll know why life is worth living in spite of the draft board.

NIGHT CLUBS

Goman's Gay '90's—One of the newest and most popular of night spots in Pacific Street's International Settlement. This place is recommendable for the way the old-fashioned theme is carried out. Waiters wear the old striped shirts and flowing mustaches, while the cigarette girls look fresh from a can-can routine. Floor show and community singing are in the "Sweet Adeline" tradition.

You've found out by now about such favorites of the vicinity as Auten's and the new L'Omelette, of course. Just for novelty, we'd like to suggest trying that brand-new chapter of the Los Angeles mania, the New Colonial Drive-Inn, a place you'll find by turning left from El Camino onto the Nineteenth Avenue cutoff just south of the City.

—O'Neill

If brevity is the soul of wit, then my girl's dress is funny as hell, and I can see through the joke.

—Exchange

How do you like my new evening dress?

I can't tell until you get up from the table.

—Exchange

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James—See that woman with the dirty face, daddy?

Father—Why James, her face is not dirty, she is that way all over.

James—Gee, pa you know everything.

—Exchange

Little Freshman, why so sad? Miss the fun that Father had? Little Freshman, do not cry, You'll be a Hero by and by.

—Pelican

She was peeved and called him "Mr."

Not because he went and kr.,

But because just before,

As she opened the door,

This same Mr. kr. sr.

—Ranger

Pretty girl to old gent waiting on first tee of golf course—Would you like to play a round with me, sir?

—Jester



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HOUSE TAKES ALL

(Continued from page 13)

yell: "It's that Atherton guy again. He's always messing things up for us!"

It must have been several hours later when I came to, for the early light of dawn clearly lighted the joint. I sat up and shook my head. It throbbed and a thin trickle of blood had dried on my forehead. I looked around and the whole fantastic thing came back to me. The place was a shambles. Overturned tables, cards, chips, broken glasses, and even money covered the floor. Not an article of furniture was in one piece. In the cold light of day my experience of the night before was unbelievable. That hostess, and the bartender—the resemblance was remarkable, but it was just an amazing coincidence. And the dealer beside whose table I now sat—he couldn't, just couldn't have been the man I thought I had recognized. In spite of my aching head I had to smile, but gradually the smile disappeared as I picked up a broken piece of watch chain. For hanging from the chain was a gold basketball inscribed: "To our coach, from the championship team of '37."

Now I'm back on the campus. I say "hello" to everyone I meet. I don't smoke on the Quad and they've raised the tuition again. But still I can't forget that place in Nevada. Now a friend comes up to me.

"Did you hear the news?" he asks, all smiles. I hadn't.

"They raised enough money this summer to put up a whole new Chem Building. I wonder how they did it!"



The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a lamp post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone fence, and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck. "Darling," she exclaimed, "that's what I call a kiss!"

—Sundial



Her (at prom)—Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose. Her (three dances later)—Been waiting long?

Him—No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

—Sundial

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STOMPIN'

(Continued from page 5)

in recent months. In the tradition of "Marie" and others of the yelling-bee series comes "Blue Skies," nothing special but a cut above the average.

Based on the Jewish chant "Eli Eli," Jimmy Lunceford's "Peace and Love for All" is a weird and haunting melody as Dan Grissom sings the lyrics and Russell Boles comes up for a fine trombone spot. "Blue Prelude," Woody Herman's old theme, is the coupling and likewise features a Grissom vocal. In a modified boogie-woogie style, "Chocolate" combines excellent piano, trombone, and trumpet solos with a tremendous ensemble drive. Backing is "Battle Axe"—not much of anything.

For the purists: Wonderful piano by the Father, a passionately moving vocal by Billy Eckstein, and a wailing clarinet that's spine-chilling in its intensity make a great blues, Earl Hines' "Jelly, Jelly." Straight from Kansas City, via Decca's Sepia Series, are two sides by Jay McShann, one of the finest and least well-known pianists in the country. "Hootie Blues" is by the band, while "Confessin' the Blues" displays McShann's keyboard artistry unaccompanied.

On the short line: Bing Crosby and John Scott Trotter's Eight make a pretty fair attempt at singin' and playin' hot on "Be Honest with Me" . . . Cab Calloway's treatment of "St. James Infirmary" does little or nothing for it . . . half a dozen tunes, all better than their combination, are readily recognizable in Count Basie's "Goin' to Chicago Blues" . . . a callope under full steam with all stops open makes less noise and more music than the T. Dorsey outfit blasting "Deep River."

—Dorsey H. McLaughlin

What is it?
What is it?
That's felt on the air
From the North
To the South
In this land everywhere?

What is it?
What is it?
That makes us all one?
We all pull
Together
When once we've begun!

What is it?
What is it?
This spirit that haunts us
To all be
Good workers
For the great cause that wants
us?

What is it?
What is it?
How can we forget?
I refer to,
Of course,
The great National Debt.
—Pelican wrote it!

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One lecturer on this campus was so boring in one of his classes that two empty seats got up and walked out.
 —Stolen by Pelican

Old timer—How do you like our little town?
 Visitor—It's the first cemetery that I've ever seen with lights in it.
 —Snitched by Pelican

Friend — When your husband craves a kiss do you always give it to him?
 Wife—I wish I knew.
 —Exchange

"What's your name?"
 "I don't know, but I'm beautiful."
 —Froth

—B. G. Miller

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SMOOTHIN'

(Continued from page 7)

ceeded in producing a fine double. To our mind, and for our money, Missy Dinah can sing this type of thing, just to us, for the duration of Time.

Let it herewith be noted that the prevailing policy of this column will tend toward reviews of the sweet output of normally stomp aggregations. We like it sweet without being saccharine. In this line are T. Dorsey's "Without a Song" with a Sinatra vocal on a twelve-inch Victor—comment would be sacrilege (for the backside see "Stompin'"); Glenn Miller's dual, "Take the A Train" and "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest" with the Modernaires whose harmony is so close there have been complaints from the Hays office; and T. Dorsey again on "Neiani" and "This Love of Mine" with Sinatra doing well, thanks.

On the narrow gauge: Claude Thornhill showing what a year can do for a band in "Overnight" and "When the Lilacs Bloom Again" capably sung by Dick Harding . . . that so placid tune, "It's So Peaceful in the Country," by Harry James with Dick Haymes singing lyrics that we can feel have no particular meaning, but they are still felt.

They took our entire class for a visit to an insane asylum. Why, we still don't know. Perhaps they wanted to show us what happens if you study too hard.

The reason we bring this up is that while we were there, we lost our professor. Only yesterday, did we find out what happened to him.

The professor had noticed one of the inmates painting a white line down the middle of the floor as if it were a roadway. He stopped the nut and asked, "What are you doing?"

The inmate whispered, "They think I'm crazy, but in a straight line with the one I'm making, fifty yards from the gate, under an oak tree, lies buried a pot of gold, and I don't want to forget where it is. When you leave, get the gold, and hire a doctor and a lawyer to get me out of here. I'll split the remains with you."

The professor dashed out. He measured fifty yards from the gate and found the oak tree. He began to dig. He kept digging the entire night. In the morning, he returned, tired and dirty, and found the inmate still painting the line.

"There wasn't any gold there," he shouted at the nut.

"Here, you paint for a while," replied the inmate.

—Exchange

Once upon a time there was a traveling salesman who pulled up at a country farmhouse about dusk. The farmer's daughter came out to see what he wanted. "Any brushes today?" he asked.

"No, thanks," she replied, "but won't you spend the night? Father isn't here."

"I've got more work to do," he answered, and drove off.

—Tiger

"Hello! Is Mary in?"
 "Yes, this is Mary."
 "It doesn't sound like Mary."
 "But I tell you it is Mary."
 "Well, listen, Mary. I can't make it Friday night."
 "All right. I'll tell her when she comes in."

—Swiped by Pelican

And there was the tugboat that committed suicide when it found out that its mother was a tramp and its father was a ferry.

—Banter

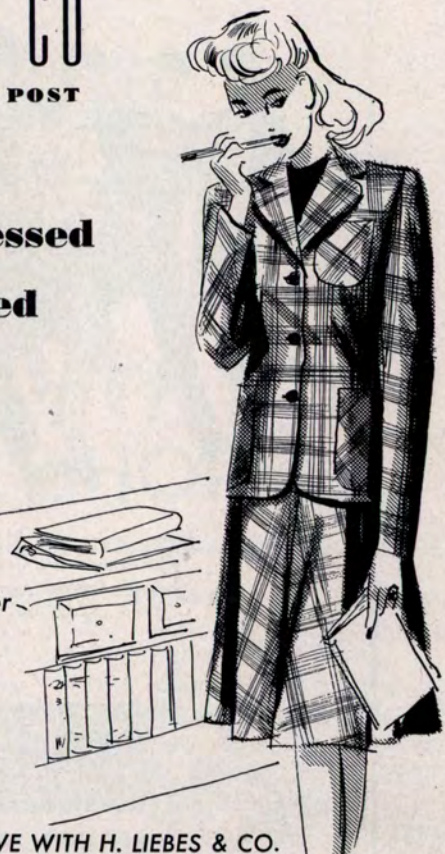
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He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning. —Pell-Mell

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Frosh—No, I'll take it with me. —Froth

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"High ho," she said. "And how long have you been here?"

"Nigh on ten years," said the sailor. "Gracious," said the woman. "Then I shall give you something you certainly haven't had in a long time."

"Bust my leg!" said the sailor. "Don't tell me you got beer in that barrel!?"

—Yellow Jacket


A girl attending Bryn Mawr Committed a dreadful faux pas. She loosened a stay In her décollette Exposing her je-ne-sais-quois.

—The Growler

FASHION NOTE: With these new tight skirts, Stanford women may not get a higher education, but they are certainly well rounded in the fundamentals.

—Winston Norman, Vol. XXIX

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Girl—I don't have a husband.

Doctor—What is your boy friend's name?
Girl—I don't have a boy friend.

The doctor went to the office window and raised the shade. The young girl asked why he did it and he said, "Last time I heard this story a star rose in the east, and I don't want to miss it this time."

—Topper

You can't spit and expectorate.
—Green Gander

My life is mine to save or spend,
Mine to keep or mine to end,
Mine to live from day to day
However I wish, in my own sweet way
So why don't you mind your own business?

—Yendys

Santa Claus is the only one who can run around with a bag all night and not get talked about.

—Drexard

"Is the doctor in?"
"No, he went out for lunch."
"Will he be in after lunch?"
"No, that's what he went out after."

—Froth

It may be imagination,
But I think it's an indication
Of the state of the nation,
That despite preoccupation
With the current inflation
Of every international relation,
We can still find relaxation
In healthy dissipation.

—Record

"It was a warm balmy evening at the State Insane Asylum."
—Exchange

Wimen in backs
Shouldn't turn their slacks.
—Parker Dorothy



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