

STANFORD
Chaparral

JUNE

1947

25c



**COLD,
CRUEL
WORLD
ISSUE**

JORGENSEN

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

From simple forward dives to intricate spins and twists, Mildred O'Donnell mastered them all to win New York's Metropolitan diving championship.

"In diving, you practice and try until you find the particular forms and styles that suit you best," explains Champion Mildred O'Donnell.

IT'S TRUE IN DIVING...
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!
...AND IN SMOKING TOO.
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That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a T!

DIVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best - Camel." Millions of others had the same experience, with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history.* But, no matter how great the demand:

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IT WAS NO FUN, the cigarette shortage; but it was a real experience. That's when millions of smokers learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a T."

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IT'S BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT is all. With the last issue of Volume 48 completed the Old Boy heaves a sigh of relief and slumps gratefully into the Coffin. This year, which marks CHAPPIE'S return to the prewar schedule of one issue each month, has been hectic, but the Ancient One has many happy memories to take away with him, besides more practical knowledge than he could ever have gotten in most courses at Stanford. He has many people to thank: The gang at the University Press whose expert work and technical ability have made the magazine possible; and, even more, the students who have contributed in every way to putting out each issue, often doing more than could rightfully be expected of them at the expense of their grade-point standing. The Old Boy's only re-

gret is that he won't be here next year to enjoy it again.

But now that there are a number of new names on the H&C masthead, the Aged One would point out that the guys you saw lugging those hammers around Quad a week or so ago weren't refugees from the Corp Yard, but were Hammer and Coffin initiates, namely: Jim Conner, Terry Green, and Myron Orlofsky, writers; Ken Likes, Bob McKim, and Ray Jorgensen, cartoonists; Bob Rockwell and Ray Elsmore, photographers; and Orlin Harter and John Lilienthal, business staff. With such a capable bunch to carry on, the Old One leaves the Hammer in the talented hands of Jim Conner, the new Old Boy, secure in the knowledge that CHAPPIE will go on to greater heights in Vol. 49.

Congratulations!



Joseph Magnin

L'OMELETTE

AS FRENCH
AS
MONTMARTRE



No chichi
No flafia
No chique
No froufrous
No chochotteries
No blabla
No tralala

But "ON MANGE BIEN (ET ON BOIT BIEN) A L'OMELETTE!"

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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Chaparral

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There is a local tong the members of which always congregate at the same drive-in after a night on the town. You know—birds of a feather.
—Dan Endsley

A man named Stonewall Jackson Coughlin is writing a column for an Alabama paper. He calls it Bull Se-cession.
—Dan Endsley

"What kind of a fellow are you?" she demanded. "Last night you proposed to me, ten minutes later you proposed to another girl down the Row, and fifteen minutes later it was to a Paly girl. How could you do such a thing?"

"Easy," he answered cheerfully, "I've got a bicycle."
—Hunt's Journal

Surgeon—Here's my bill. I wish you'd pay \$100 down and \$25 a week.
Patient—Sounds like buying an automobile.
Surgeon—I am.

"So God has sent you more little brothers, Mary?"
"Yes'm, and He knows where the money is coming from; I heard Daddy say so."
—Hunt's Journal

"I see by the paper that in certain parts of India a wife can be bought for two dollars. Isn't that awful?"
"Oh, I don't know," answered her husband. "A good wife should be worth that."
—Hunt's Journal

"What'll I take for this bad cough, Doc?"
"A tablespoon of castor oil every ten minutes."
"Will that cure me?"
"Maybe not, but you sure will be afraid to cough!"
—Hunt's Journal

The human brain is wonderful. It starts right in working the moment you wake up in the morning and doesn't stop until you are called on in class.
—Hunt's Journal

Livingston Bros.

GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET



16⁹⁵

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YOUNG WORLD SHOP

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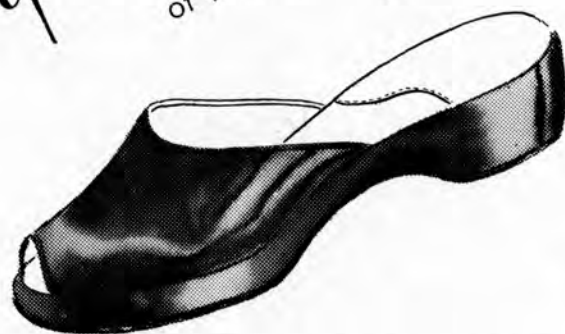
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SUMMER A' SINGING

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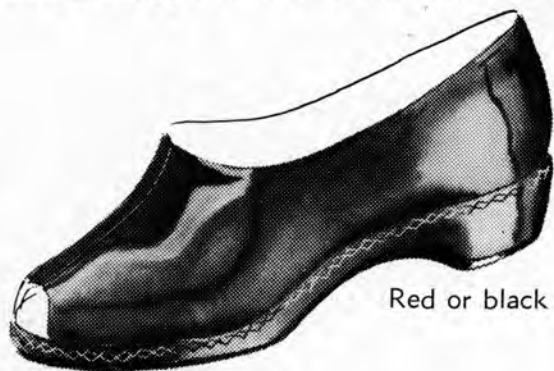
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THE OLD BOY PRESENTS



Cover

Ray Jorgensen covers the cover with a nifty that should make you seniors wish you'd flunked that five-unit course.

Peace? It's a Pipe!

In an effort to lead Stanford students to a more serious consideration of the state of the world, a new man to CHAPPIE'S ranks, Bill Stewart, intelligently discusses the chances for a Permanent World Peace.

Collegiate Styles

If clothes make the man, us guys at Stanford just haven't got a chance according to this survey by Stan Shpetner and Ray Elsmore.

Sensational Exposé

Ever the guardian of Stanford youth, CHAPPIE discloses a sinister threat to the Fundamental Standard. Everybody on the staff got a shiny celluloid badge from the W.C.T.U. for this.

Flix

One of our reviewers is going back home to Oklahoma for the summer where he plans to see some of those pictures he's been writing about all year. The other refuses to go near a movie—claims the popcorn gets in his teeth.

Home-Grown Jokes

Two jokes at the top of page five that would have won the Life-Saver-Gag-of-the-Month Contest but were ruled out on the grounds that Mr. Endsley may be a professional humorist.



By Patty Burwell

Most Stanford women, contrary to practically no beliefs, are the "hungry" Lodestone O'Toole type of gal, who

Through thick and thin
Is constantly in
The mood
For food!!

So, taking due cognizance of this gnawing fact, the CHAPARRAL staff has rallied its resources, strayed from the straight and narrow, neglected its studies (and gained 413 pounds just eating), and all for your enlightenment. So, if you are leaving the sheltered womb of college existence, perhaps even graduating out into the cold cruel world, you may find this unexpurgated report handy in having one last fling on Pa's dough.

BOHEMIAN STUFF

(Turn your coat collar up)

Tony and Mario's—548 Green Street. Italian table d'hôte dinners, and food too. Owned by the old managers of the Blue Fox.

Hotel de France—776 Broadway. French stuff in a hotel, but tasty. Get there early and you have a choice selection of French goodies at Free French prices.

Famous Strictly Kosher—1223 Golden Gate Avenue. Udderly Kosher (no dairy products at any time). Marvelous gefüllte fish, chopped liver pâté, and noodles or kasha.

Bataan—836 Kearny. A native Filipino restaurant recommended for the adventurous only. If you saw limited action in the Pacific campaign, you'll like this fine. The menu is a mixture of Malay and Spanish. Take along your interpreter and try

(Continued on page 9)

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We Have Served Stanford Students for Over 40 Years

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Artistry at its finest
in our creations of
a lovely corsage
for Her at the Senior Ball.

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359 UNIVERSITY AVE.



This is the end . . .

Here it is the month of June,
 When songwriters sing of the silvery moon,
 When many a starry-eyed young bride
 Searches for the groom who's trying to hide.
 Yes, June is the month when finals you're taking,
 When nothing but A's and B's you are making.
 And in June men prepare, or so we hear,
 For what is known as a business career.
 If you happen to fall in this last category,
 Listen a moment to this short story:
 When seeking a job as lawyer, clerk, or mortician,
 Wear a handsome Roos suit to enhance your position.

THE SHACK • 125 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
 THE VILLAGE SHOP

Roos Bros

EVENING OUT

(Continued from page 7)

their manok at ampolaya (chicken with bitter melon) or fritong bapon (fried shrimp).

Cairo—77 Fourth Street. For devotees of shish kebab we recommend Mrs. Novi Garabedian's authentic Armenian cooking. The poor man's Omar Khayyam at un-Khayyamish prices. Sink a tooth into some yaprak sarma (stuffed grape leaves) and you will have tried everything.

Fish and Chips Inn—1552 Market Street. The only joynt in town serving authentic English fish and chips. Private stools for the ladies. Peachie for after the show, but we warn you, it's a dive!

Xochimilco—787 Broadway at Powell. Julian Zavala's Xochimilco is a good bet for colorful Mexican food in colorful surroundings at a non-colorful price (cheep at half zee price, Ceesco). Munch enchiladas or tostadas and listen to the Mexican orchestra. Dancing on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SET

Jack's—615 Sacramento Street. The oldest, and many think the best, French restaurant in town. Quite the spot for the big-shot visiting firemen. Expensive.

Victor Hugo's—225 California Street. You won't be one of Les Miserables until you get the bill.

Paris Louvre—808 Pacific Avenue. For that French sidewalk café atmosphere try the back room, called the Montmartre. Their specialties: ample hors d'oeuvres, onion soup, and sweetbreads *financière* (don't try them unless your stock is up!).

Papagayo Room—California and Mason Streets. Tacos, tamales, tostados, picadillos, quesadillas, chiles relenos, and paisanos. All this and live papagayos too!

St. Julien—1400 Battery Street. Italian food in a knotty-pine, beamed-ceiling locale. Just the spot to steer the family for dinner when they come down to graduation; that is, if father pays the bill.

Fred Solari's—19 Maiden Lane at Kearney. If you like a tasty dish of fish, hold tight and try Solari's for Oysters Kirkpatrick. A mahogany-paneled old San Francisco spot with a satisfying, masculine clubby atmosphere.

(Continued on page 34)

America's Finest

MARQUARD'S DRIVE-IN RESTAURANT



"ADJOINING THE CAMPUS"

Open 8:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. every day of the year

Corner El Camino Real and Cambridge Ave., Menlo Park
 Food at its best—moderately priced, appetizingly served
DELIVERY SERVICE Through arrangements with Yellow Cab Co.
 Any place on campus, any time

TRY THESE TASTY SPECIALS:

- Milkfed spring chicken** (one-half) . . . 1.25
 —fried to a golden brown, hot biscuits with butter and honey, shoestring potatoes, and coleslaw.
- Chicken pie**65
 —piping hot individual chicken pie, served with mixed green salad, hot biscuits with butter and honey.
- Chef's special salad bowl**65
 —green leaf salad, brimming with diced vegetables, and topped with avocados and asparagus tips, and your favorite dressing.

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wonderful
shirtwaist
dress
is
still
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Renschoffs



in cool chambray...sufficient unto itself...yet either the skirt or shirt
to wear with other things. Aqua, brown, blue, rust, 19.95 Second floor.

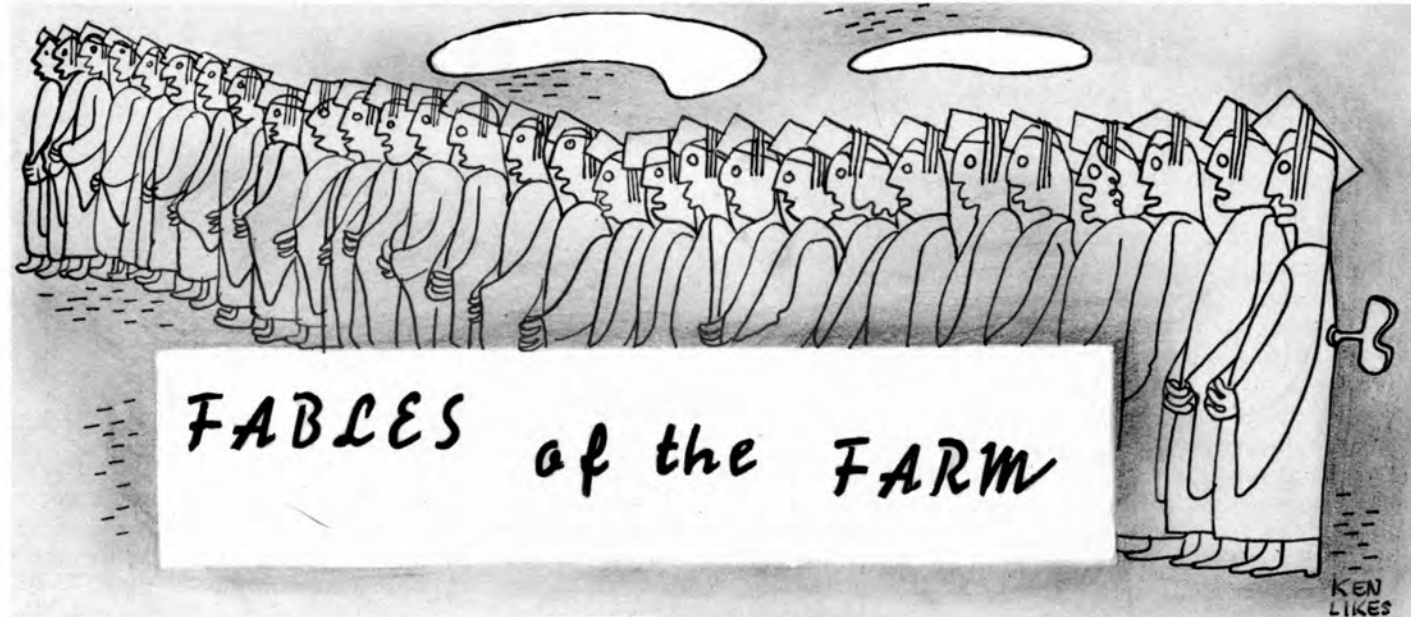
STANFORD Chaparral

Blessings on thee, senior man,
With thy pallid neon tan,
In thy salvaged Army clothes
And thy rented tux from Mose;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Small reward for Dinah's bill.

Thou hast had thy little fling,
Thou art through as lock-out king.
Thou wilt find thy memory lingers;
Stanford has such sticky fingers,
They'll remind thee, now and then,
Stanford needs some dough again.

—Storms and Shpetner





FABLES of the **FARM**

The Best Laid Plans

Two Stanford Roughts of our acquaintance stopped by their house the other night before taking their dates to a dance. Leaving their queens in the car, they thought, they rushed up to wash their hands. The girls were evidently afraid of the dark and followed them into the hall, their objective being a powder room for females on the downstairs floor. At this point it must be stated that the wash-room on the second floor is like the sounding board on a violin. With the door open every word floats down the stairwell with more clarity than you can believe.

Well, these Roughts were discussing their respective dates in great detail, and were planning their line of approach for the current evening when they were interrupted by a brother Rought. "Say," he said, "who belongs to those two lovelies in the hall?"

They were stopped for the moment, but clearly it was a gag, and their derision of their brother-in-blood was loud and pornographic. They arrived at the head of the stairs just in time to see their dates stalking out the front door. Nothing was said, but our informant tells us that plans for the evening were considerably revised and everybody was home by one-fifteen.

Mechanized Warfare

In one of our more informal history classes the prof recently asked what were the outstanding differences between the uniforms of the first World War and the second. It happened that he addressed this query to a sweet and innocent young thing who stood dumbfounded for several moments, and then with great pride, retorted, "Zippers?"

Molehills into Mountains

One of the brighter heads on the Row was thumbing through a pulp magazine the other day and came across an ad, "Fifteen Days to a More Bountiful Bust." Well, Robert (this chap's name is Robert) sat right down and got off a letter to this firm in San Francisco, signed Roberta, asking for details. Within three days he received an illustrated booklet explaining the operation of an unusual little hydraulic machine which could be used "in the privacy of your own home," together with a pleasant form letter urging that he send in \$12.95, and that a salesman would call for a private demonstration. He posted the letter and the pamphlet on the bulletin board of the house and gave the matter no further thought.

Several days later just before the dinner hour a personable older man carrying a small black suitcase turned up at the house. The several sophomore loungers were confused but polite when he asked for Roberta, until he told them he was from the Ever Bountiful Breast Corporation. Then they rolled on the floor. No one could bring himself to give the sales representative the word. In fact, one of the younger lads became hysterical and had to be doused in the shower. When last seen the salesman was walking down the Row shaking his head sadly, and his suitcase appeared very heavy.

Obliging

The story goes that one of the profs, disgusted with the feeble attempts of one of the operators to complete a long-distance call, gave up with the remark, "Go to Hell!" He was duly reported, called up by the supervisor, and informed that his phone would be disconnected if he didn't apologize to the operator. He finally saw the light, agreed, and called her back. "Is this the young girl I told to go to Hell?" he asked.

"Yes," came the reply, obviously expectant of an embarrassed apology. "Well," he said, "you needn't go," and hung up.

Yes, You!

A "Brannerette" and her date were walking home the other evening past Encina, when the sweet young thing expressed her curiosity to hear the much-publicized remarks from the upper stories of the hall. Her escort,

(Continued on page 24)

CHAPPIE PRESENTS:

Lagunita

Maile Scott

QUEEN of the MONTH

Portrait by Robert Rockwell

ALL THE world wants peace; you want peace; I want peace; even that genial old despot, Uncle Adolf Hitler wanted peace. In fact, it may be truthfully said that the peace-loving propensities of this generation are only exceeded by the peace-loving propensities of other generations.

In order to examine more fully the attitudes of this and other generations toward peace, let us clamber aboard the nearest white dove and take a little jaunt down the lavender-scented corridors of yesteryear . . . back past Teddy Roosevelt, gloriously preventing the Nicaraguans from settling a revolution in their own country; back past gallant General Kitchener, slaughtering the barbarous Fuzzie-Wuzzie with automatic cannon; back



past the Crimean War which demonstrated the efficacy of modern weapons, proving in the process that Alfred Lord Tennyson was the man for the Poet Laureateship of England and that the noble six hundred, like the heroine of many a modern novel, rode not wisely but too well. Back, back to Vienna, the Vienna of 1815, romantic song-tossed capital of a land all of whose people were happy, with the possible exception of suppressed minorities too numerous to mention.

Here it was that representatives from the four corners of Europe met in 1815 to wine, to dance, to love, and incidentally to write the peace concluding the Napoleonic Wars. The peoples of Europe were tired of war. They felt, and the ninety-odd delegates felt, that here at last would be written a peace that would last for aye.

Outstanding among the glittering



By Jose Schmoldt

celebrities were: Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, who was so reactionary he talked backwards, beclouding both the issue and his opponents; Talleyrand, the Fox of France, who reputedly maintained three mistresses under one roof so as always to have a fourth for whist; Castlereagh, the English delegate, whose only outstanding quality was the lack of an outstanding quality; Alexander II, Czar of all the Russias, whose policy of benevolent paternalism even extended to lending a helping hand to the starving Spaniards . . . helping to crush them; and Von Steim, the Prussian representative, who found himself at the end of the Vienna Con-



gress clasp a rather large, empty black satchel and a one-way ticket to Berlin.

At long last, the delegates assembled in solemn conclave and raised their glasses to the Concert of Europe . . . but even as the drinks were being passed around, along with the lesser states, Alexander II tapped Castlereagh, Castlereagh tapped Talleyrand, Talleyrand tapped Metternich, Metternich tapped Von Steim, and arm in arm this worthy group strolled to a chamber at the rear where

events indicate that Von Steim tapped a large keg of beer. In like wise the important affairs of the peace were handled, and this delightful interim drawing to a close, the delegates returned to their separate countries where they devoted themselves con-



scientiously to destroying the work of the Congress.

And so, for a hundred years or so, we had a concert of Europe, somewhat lacking harmony, which culminated in the war of 1914-18, the so-called Great War, at the conclusion of which the peoples of the world felt the time was ripe for a peace which would prevent wars of the then future.

THE SCENE was Versailles, the palace of Louis XIV, and the gathering of representatives was equally impressive. Clemenceau was there, tolerant, loving Georges Clemenceau, who felt that with a little persuasion, such as a ten-month period of starvation, the German people could be

Peace? It's a Pipe!



made to see the error of their ways. For some reason his friends called him the "Tiger." For England the representative was Lloyd George, lovable, kindly, old Lloyd George, quick to forgive and forget, and quicker still to emasculate an opponent.

Early in the proceedings it was discovered that the Italian representative, Orlando, did not understand English, and as a consequence of this discovery of his linguistic shortcomings, it was immediately voted that all proceedings be conducted in that lan-



guage. Orlando's part in the conferences that followed was limited to an occasionally interpolated, "Bravo" or "Bravissimo." He was later to remark, "It was all Greek to me."

AND SO, the war of most recent date. It was a time of terrible deprivations on the American home front, where our people were forced to earn money on an unprecedented scale,

and sugar, coffee, and meat were rationed to slightly above prewar consumption. America's successes on the battlefield and on the production line were more than matched by the adroitness of our diplomats and our diplomatic policies, and it is clear to



even the unthinking observer that we are winning the peace as we have won the war.

From America, melting pot of the world, came tough, shrewd Woodrow Wilson, who, if he erred, did so on the side of practicality. This man, the white hope of Europe, was singularly well equipped to deal with the gentle, scholarly Georges Clemenceau and Lloyd George. The peace conference was scarcely under way before he was invited into a back room along with the well-meaning but little-understanding Orlando, and there he received the sharp end of the fourteen points. Worn by the soft insistence of the European delegates, he returned at last to America with the vague consciousness that all was not well.

This disquieting element having returned whence it came, the nations of Europe lived together in peaceful harmony. There were the usual petty

discords: the Greeks were slaughtered by the Turks in a short but bloody conflict, the Russians were fighting on fourteen fronts, and the Italians were whaling the bejazes out of the Ethiopians. But the basic fairness of the Versailles Treaty, as was pointed out to audiences in America in 1939 by the Rt. Hon. Alfred Duff Cooper, had made possible a lasting peace. Later in the year there were vague rumors of disturbances on the Continent . . . rumors which even reached England, along with one or two Messerschmidts.

The important thing to keep in view, however, is the lack of selfish interest and the sincere desire to eliminate any possibility of future war which the great of the modern world brought to the planning tables of peace. The blueprint is amazingly original; every loophole has been covered. War has even been outlawed. The important nations, the United States of America, the U.S.S.R., and we might possibly include England, have shown amazing co-operation and lack of desire for territorial and other advantages. The peoples of the world can now settle back to



enjoy some hundreds of years of well-deserved peace, untarnished by any thoughts of atomic warfare.

ASQUIB in the Los Angeles Times for June 3, however, points out that properties in the more inaccessible regions of the Sierra Nevadas are selling for unprecedented prices.

WAR STORY

By James Storms

Had Lieutenant and Mrs. Ballard moved into one of the large, downtown apartment houses, it is doubtful that anyone would have noticed them. At Mrs. Dillon's establishment, however, the building was small and each new arrival was given close scrutiny by his fellow apartment dwellers. Everyone in the little community made it his business to know what his neighbors were doing, which made privacy extremely difficult. If the Lieutenant had known all this it is questionable that he would have wished to live there, as the place was certainly not ideal for the purposes to which he later put it.

The building was an ancient Jackson Street residence that had outlived its day of grandeur and, too large for any one family, it had been broken up into dingy apartments. However, with housing such a scarce commodity in San Francisco, the officer and his wife were quite willing to overlook any shortcomings and were even happy to pay the exorbitant rent that Mrs. Dillon had named. But the landlady still hesitated. Service people were

at best a bad risk—here today and gone tomorrow—and while patriotism was all right in its place (only that day she had purchased a thousand-dollar War Bond, made possible by the fine rents she had been getting lately), one also had to look to the business end in these matters.

It was Mrs. Ballard who settled the issue. She was one of those rare individuals possessing an innocently childish charm that is universally attractive. She didn't look over twenty; not really beautiful, but the type of girl for whom men feel a brotherly affection as well as an attraction not so platonic. With this she combined a quality rare in women; other women were impelled to like her. When Mrs. Dillon was confronted by her standing in front of the marble fireplace in the apartment, looking so hopeful and helpless, she couldn't refuse.

By the time the Ballards had moved their few belongings into their new home they had met most of the neighbors. The couple seemed naturally friendly, and in the course of a few minutes became "Al" and "Jean" to the other residents. Lieutenant Ballard was well enough received, although he might have been a bit too smooth to receive an unqualified vote of confidence, but his wife was generally conceded to be utterly charming. Husbands and wives alike could not do enough to be helpful to her, and bachelor Mr. Jordan, their middle-aged next-door neighbor, made himself a nuisance trying to be of assistance.

As is so seldom the case, time only seemed to show Mrs. Ballard in a more favorable light. She was an excellent cook and hostess, played a good game of bridge, and maintained her sunny disposition at all times. During the course of the first few days it developed that she was on a two-week vacation from a defense job in Sacramento, which she had taken when Al had gone overseas and to which she expected to return at the end of that period. "The pay is so good," she explained, "and I can be here week ends." She blushed slightly. "After all," she said, "we may need the money one of these days."

It was generally agreed that she was a very sensible girl to take such a self-sacrificing attitude, but there was some comment that Al was a bit too willing to let her be away from him during the week. She had barely left when any suspicions on this score became well grounded. Shocking things began to happen at Mrs. Dillon's.

At about 10:00 P.M. Al was seen, inebriated, weaving into his apartment with a quite passable blonde on his arm. According to the best information available, which in this case was very accurate, they did not come out until 7:30 the next morning. The radio had been on for the first few minutes, but the intervening hours had been suggestively quiet.

There was little else for a topic of conversation the next day, but that

(Continued on page 28)



COLUMBIA: University men know that "all work and no play, etc." Here a typical student takes time out for a stroll around Columbia's lovely campus. He may allow three minutes for a "coke" at Tilson's. His dress includes the formal hat, a necessity at King's College where brainy students need extra storage space for ever-increasing gray matter.

FASHION PLATE



TEXAS: Although he can use no word containing more than one syllable, this homespun lad finds himself at home at Texas U. and is rapidly learning to read and write. Here, in his "go-to-meetin'" clothes, he studies in the University library.

In an effort to introduce our readers to college fashion plates across the nation, we picture below four students from selected universities in the United States.

ILLINOIS: The fighting Illini's great state university is located half in Urbana and half in Champaign. This is due to a surveyor's error and also a fast move by the Trustees who are seeking to avoid payment of local taxes. The young man shown neatly attired in the latest college fashions is on his way to Bidwell's candy shop. Mr. Bidwell sells candy in the front part of the shop.



STANFORD: The outstanding academic center of the entire United States is located at Palo Alto, California. On the beautiful campus of this institution, known to the natives as "Paly High," we show a student from near-by Stanford University visiting this seat of the nation's learning. Neatly dressed, he resembles an Esquire fashion plate. It is no wonder that Stanford men are noted the nation over for their smooth dress and "date appeal."

Words by Stan Shpetner

Pictures by Ray Elsmore

Loves Labor Loses

By Terry Green



"Love," the poet said, "is what makes the head go round. Love," he expounded, "is an astigmatic blind-fold dropped over the complacent eyes of unprotesting males by the fragile fingers of finagling females. Love makes the huskiest football player trudge across fields in the springtime carrying posies plucked by a pragmatic Persephone. Love makes the puniest bantamweight snarl at the gorilla who uses the wrong four-letter word in a barroom. Love makes men's minds murky.

"Take the case of Pete Riordan," the Bard of Bayshore continued. "For three and a half years Pete was a straightforward, level-headed lover-and-leaver. His technique was faultless, his timing perfect, his convertible always loaded to the gunwales with faultless feminine forms. He had studied the thing and had learned how to change women without having the forsaken one cling tearfully and wail, 'But darling, we were so happy . . . I.' Then Cupid ambushed Pete. Pete tried to escape but, to paraphrase Shakespeare, he zigged when he should have zagged, and Cupid put a cloth-yard shaft square through his left clavicle.

"The cherubic chastiser of man-

kind performed this feat of archery for the benefit of one Luella Hastings, a red-headed Rhode Islander. She latched onto him along toward the close of Autumn Quarter. Fast work was necessary, since Lu was to graduate at the end of Winter Quarter. But she measured up to the job, and what started off for Pete as something to liven up a dull day she skillfully turned into a lifetime career. They had their wedding date set by the start of Dead Week, and after finals Lu boarded a stratoliner with a misty-eyed Riordan energetically waving a handkerchief from behind the barrier.

"But Pete's troubles didn't really start until about mid-term time in Spring Quarter. Then it was that he began to arrange his trip to R.I. to perpetrate his matrimony."

The Coleridge of El Camino stared reflectively into his beer and sighed. "Pete," he said, "found out why the railroads pay income taxes. He went down to the railroad station to buy a round-trip ticket from here to Providence, Rhode Island, and back to Klamath Falls, Oregon, and a one-way from Providence to Klamath Falls. The railroad spit on its sleeves and went to work.

"First they laid out an itinerary that included a six-hour layover in Saint Louis, a day and a half in Chicago, and two changes in New York City. Pete informed them that he had seen America already and merely wanted to get to Providence, Rhode Island, in time to get welded to his woman. They tore that schedule up and began again.

"The second try took him from Denver to Chicago on milk trains. 'I could hitchhike faster,' Pete stated.

"The third schedule was all on

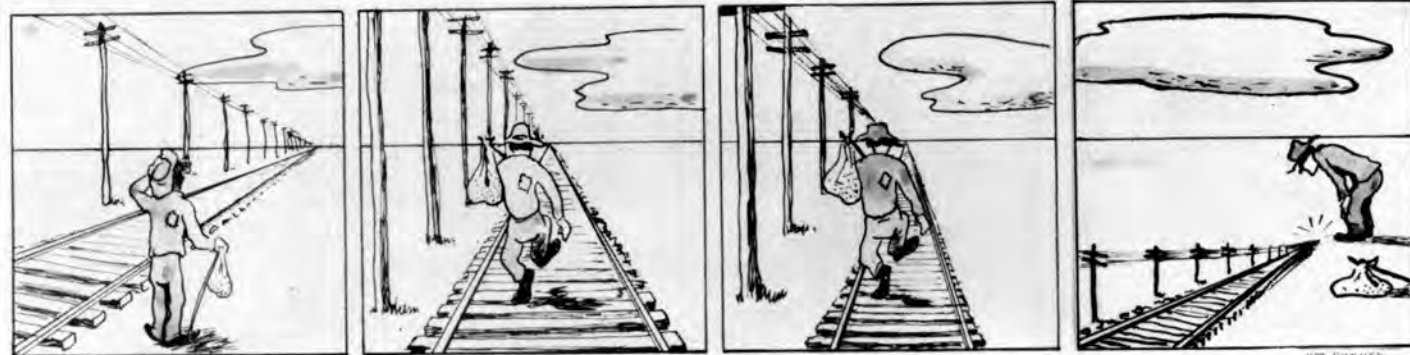
fast trains, and went by way of Montreal, Canada.

"The fourth went straight through but he had to trade railroads at Indianapolis. Pete thought that one up himself; it took him an hour and a half to explain it to the routing clerk. The railroad didn't care much for it. Pete shifted his tongue to overdrive and his hands were nothing but vague blurs for forty-five minutes, but he ended up with the Clerk in Charge of Routing, the Assistant Division Manager in Charge of Passenger Accommodations, the Fourth Assistant Vice-President in Charge of Keeping the Public Happy, and the Seventh Assistant Office Boy in Charge of Picking Up Discarded Schedules from the Floor and Putting Them in the Wastebasket, all elocuted into unwilling acquiescence. He staggered out to his house and revived himself with a medicinal dose of eight-year-old straight cough syrup.

"Two days later he reopened the engagement. A clerk with a regretful smile then told him it was impossible to buy the 'go' half of a round-trip ticket 'coach' and the 'return' half 'Pullman.' They were knee deep in lawbooks and railroad office manuals before Pete capitulated. That made it one-and-one and the third round coming up.

"Pete mentioned the dates he wanted the reservations for. He had them down pat. The wedding was set for the Saturday after finals. He and Lu had settled that date after a very brief discussion; what can a man do when a woman calmly informs him it's either then or wait two weeks? So he had fought with three professors and with the Scholarship Committee and the Upper Division Committee and the Graduation Committee and the Rules Committee and the Steering Committee and the Committee on Ways and Means, and had finally achieved permission to take his finals early. He was free to leave

(Continued on page 30)



THE FUNDAMENTAL STANDARD HAS BEEN VIOLATED!

By Detective Grunion Schmeckenklipp

While Farm officials drone on in their ivory towers, the shadow of demon rum is creeping across the campus, poisoning all it touches, leaving staggering students and broken homes in its line of march. How long will John Barleycorn proceed unchecked? How much longer will the blatant advertising of liquor products be allowed to continue? With the proctors of our University working on the problem of lifting that final five cents from the Veterans' Administration tuition allowance, it has been left to Stanford CHAPARRAL, fearless guardian of student morality, to bring to the notice of those students as yet untouched by drink the condition existing in our Student Union. The CHAPARRAL engaged its own staff of undercover operators on "The Case of the Wayward Machine."

These, then, are the facts: Along the wall of the Union cigar counter, opposite the front entrance, in full view of the passer-by, stands a sinister device. To all intents and purposes it is an "innocent" postage-stamp vending machine (pat. pending), but our operatives have uncovered the real nature of its existence. If a gullible student is unfortunate enough to need a stamp, and finds the



This remarkable picture taken by intrepid photographer Rockhead, disguised as a Doctor Pepper delivery man, shows Guido (The Chopper) Ravelli and "Knuckle Nose" Mandlebaum printing illicit propaganda for alcoholic beverages. Neither of these men was later apprehended by the local police or the F.B.I.

Post Office closed at the hour (and what student is more gullible than one wanting to mail a letter late at night?), he deposits a dime and receives something less than his money's worth in federal stamps. Far be it from the Old

One to criticize the economics involved. A fair profit for a fair day's work has always been his motto.

But—and here's the rub—do these stamps come from the machine just as they come from the engravers? No! Into the moist palm of the eager correspondent falls a propaganda leaflet advertising a well-known intoxicating beverage. You may well stand aghast! With fiendish ingenuity the purveyors of this morally debilitating advertisement state that the purpose of this packaging is to deliver the stamps to the consumer untouched by human hands.

To be specific the advertisement shows a glass (perhaps the word is flagon or tankard, we must confess to a certain innocence in such matters) of this amber fluid, and names a special brand. The implication is that one who needs stamps is well in need of a stimulant!

How long must this continue? Shall each student find an ingratiating invitation to wickedness along with his small portraits of Washington, Franklin, and that invention of the good American brothers Orville and Wilbur? Shall the Cellar be permitted to lead students astray, in direct contradiction to the avowed desires of Mrs. Stanford?

Oh Tresidder, where is thy sting; Oh Stalnaker, thy victory?

The FUNDAMENTAL STANDARD, whatever that is, is in jeopardy. Stanford Students Unite. UP THE RED!



Special Investigator Grunion Schmeckenklipp, hired by the Stanford CHAPARRAL, points out cleverly concealed advertisement of intoxicant (inset) as described in this startling exposé.



"Wanta race?"



"Well, you could wait."



"It was owned by an old couple who just sat in it on Sundays."



KAN LIVES

COMMY COUP COLLAPSES!

By Rea Calvert and Dave Baty

RED BLUSHES AS BOMB PLOT FLOPS

WASHINGTON, May 15 (PU).—Ivan P. Comintern, traveling secretary of the American Youth for Tennis Assoc., was arrested here late this evening in connection with an abortive bomb plot against the House Committee on Unamerican Activities. The Committee had summoned him to answer charges that some members of his organization openly preferred red tennis balls to white ones. Comrade Comintern contended that the red balls were much easier to see than the white balls, and to prove his point drew one of each from his pocket. At the sight of the red ball, Rep. Lies (Tory, Taixus) leaped from his seat and seized it. "This," he cried, his face as crimson as the ball he held in his outstretched hand, "is but another insidious device to mislead the youth of the nation." At this point the ball exploded with a loud "ppffft." Comintern dashed from the Committee room but was apprehended several hours later in the front row of the Gaiety Theater.

ATOMIC SCIENTISTS ANALYZE BOMB

PINE BRIDGE, Tenn., May 16 (APE).—Samuel Lillywhite, chairman of the Atomic Power Commission, announced that the tennis-ball-bomb employed in yesterday's notorious plot against the House Committee on Un-American Activities, failed only because the terrorists had used irium instead of uranium. Lillywhite added that the remaining portion of the bomb was being turned over to J. Blomberg Swivelchair, head of the Federal Bolshevich Investigators for further study.

AYT MOVES TO CLEAN OUT REDS

NEW YORK, May 16 (PU).—Harry Ennis, chairman of the American Youth for Tennis, moved swiftly in an all-out attempt to stamp out Communist infiltration in the AYT. He has

STATE LEGISLATURE STARTS INVESTIGATION

M A C R A S E N T O, May 20.—Brother Kenney (Dem., Dago)—not to be confused with Sister Tenney of Hollywood—took the floor of the Senate today to demand passage of a bill giving his committee complete control over education in the state. Said Brother Kenney, "We have betrayed our sacred trust. We have shirked our holy duty. We have kept our hands off the schools and in so doing have fattened a venomous snake which now bids fair to strangle our precious Way of Life!" Several charwomen and the night watchman are reported to have applauded the conclusion of Brother Kenney's address.

EXTRA! SWIVELCHAIR CRACKS CASE

A L O P A L T O, May 22 (PU).—J. Blomberg Swivelchair has proved once again that he is America's superest sleuth. Late this afternoon he announced that the infamous Tennis-Ball-Bomb Case is solved. At first Mr. Swivelchair was reluctant to tell how he had unraveled the baffling mystery, but as the evening wore on he became increasingly amiable and voluble, and at closing time he ran through the story again for the benefit of your correspondent and a few others who had missed the first seven recitals. The story is too long and too incoherent to print in its entirety, but briefly it is this: A small group of men from the Phi Omicron fraternity (obviously members of the "stinking five percent") sent the bomb to Comintern as a gag. When last seen the jokers were headed toward the Berkeley branch of UCLA. When asked what action would be taken against the culprits or Phi Omicron fraternity, Mr. Swivelchair said that the matter would probably be quietly dropped. "After all," he said, "boys will be boys, and girls will be girls. Besides, I'm an old Ph. O. myself."



SWIVELCHAIR STARTS SNOOPIN!

WASHINGTON, May 17 (PU).—J. Blomberg Swivelchair, head of the Federal Bolshevich Investigators, announced tonight that his organization would launch an immediate investigation of subversive elements in the nation's colleges and universities. Swivelchair revealed that microscopic examination of the famed tennis-ball-bomb showed traces of cactus needles and Lucky Lager and that he himself would fly to Drofnats U. in Alo Palto, California, to take charge of the investigation.



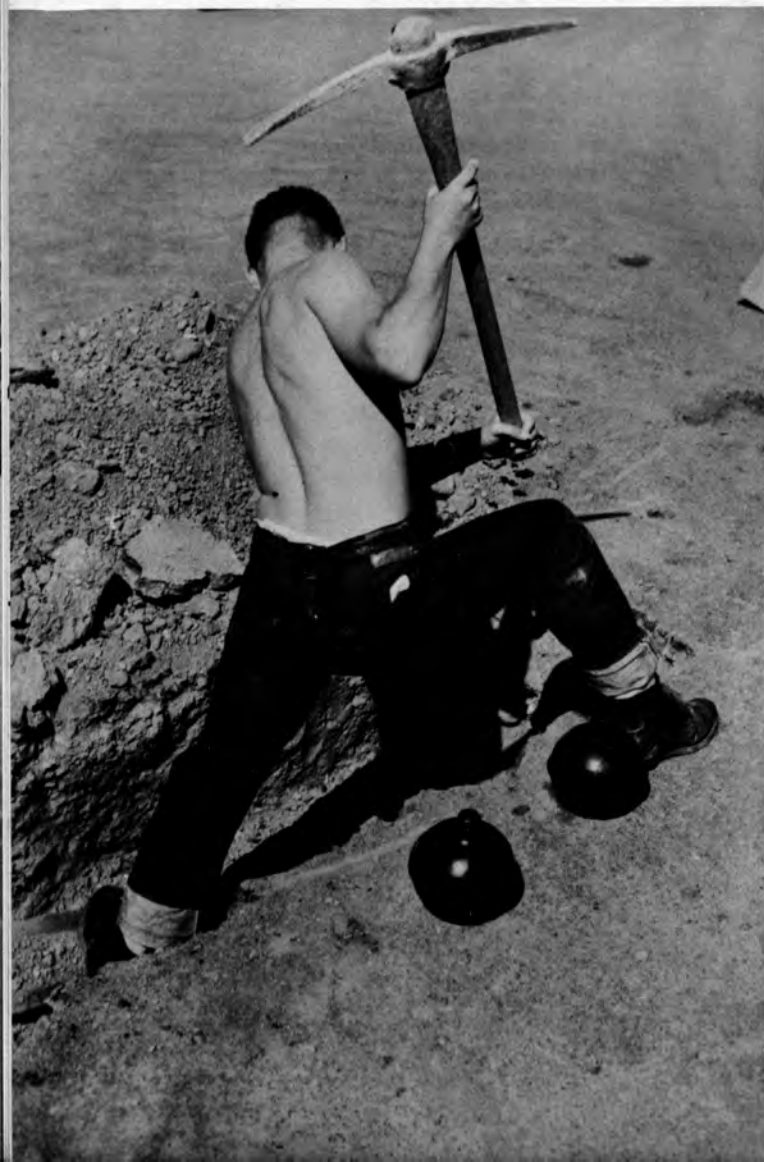


J. Witherspoon Throckmorton III, who graduated in third place from the Stanford School of Business, is rapidly building up a prosperous business in the mobile-restaurant trade. Gourmets from as far as Third and Townsend make the voyage to sample his luscious wares.

The Old Boy hastens to reassure worried Stanford seniors who are about to embark on their life's career. Throughout the world a Stanford man is a Stanford man, and you know what that means. Below we show what that means.



Percy Rollandon, graduate of the Department of Speech and Drama who starred in many Farm productions and won the Joffre Debate, now thrills, chills, and kills large appreciative audiences daily. At present he is playing minor roles for one of the nation's most prominent showmen, but a glowing future is opening out ahead of him.



Steve Trowbridge, Engineering major, was the first man at Stanford to work out a feasible plan for filling Lake Lagunita each spring. He is now engaged in work of great importance in connection with a vast building project at Milpitas, California.



Albert M. Coingold began his college career by not getting into Stanford. Taking a fast ship home from the Pacific he slipped into the Farm during a lull in enrollment figures. Brandishing a pen and blank checkbook he was admitted, only to go minus 30 his first quarter. Tossed out, we bring him up as a horrible example. Coingold has made the mistake of getting into tax brackets where 96 percent of his yearly take goes to the federal government.

J. S. Aurillio della Plata graduated with highest honors from the Romance Languages Department and quickly found remunerative employment fitted to his training. He is now a prominent figure in the Latin Quarter as assistant to an eminent art dealer.



NOW THAT FLICK



By Dan Page and Myron Orlofsky

THE SEA WOLF

John Garfield turns out to be a water rat in disguise.

BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME

Lassie did it better.

FUN ON A WEEKEND

In spring there are better ways to have it than sitting through this.

THE IMPERFECT LADY

The broad aspect of ladyhood in a truly imperfect picture.

THIS HAPPY BREED

Somehow in spring it always comes around to this sooner or later.

HOMESTRETCH

Or, Mudder, dear Mudder, come home with me now, your fodder is getting cold.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

This isn't the story you've known since the sixth grade, though.

BEDELIA

Margaret Lockwood definitely puts the accent on the first syllable.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN

Aren't they all?



FABLES

(Continued from page 13)

a man of action, took her around in back and yelled, "To Hell with '50!" This naturally started a torrent of unprintable replies. When her curiosity was satisfied, the young lass put an abrupt end to the clamor by sweetly replying, "Who, me?"

Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

During the Labor Day operations associated with the Con Home Drive, one of Toyon's healthy huskies was scything a field while a bunch of Branner freshwomen were hoeing the hay into windrows near by. The girls finished what they were doing and started off, whereupon the Pride of Toyon called out in a loud, loud voice, "Hey, why don't some of you Branner hoe-ers come over here?" It is reported that he was knocked down and badly trampled in the rush of the eager workers.

Out of the Mouths . . .

This example of normal, happy, American family life was in a neighborhood theater which was showing a tale of drama, passion, and love. The flick reached its climactic point as the hero bared his good right hand, slapped the long-suffering heroine several times, and stalked off. Then a small, high voice from the rear of the theater piped: "Mama, why doesn't she hit him back like you do, Mama?"



"This looks like a good place to do our Physical Science."

FREEDUMB of the PRESS

2-PERSONALS
Is liquor ruining your life? You CAN stop drinking. We did. No cost, no preaching, confidential. Alcoholics Anonymous. P.O. Box 12, Palo Alto. Will party who bought man's overcoat from me in a local cafe please return same and receive double amount. Ph. P.A. 2-4247.

Other good man-hunting areas are named as Reno, Miami, Norfolk, Tacoma, and Phoenix. In short, the advise is for women, "go West."

—San Francisco Life
"Sure, gals, go West to Miami . . . the world is round!"

"No comment." —P.A. Times

Up High With the Hamsters Oakland lyFer After Altitude Record

—S.F. Chronicle
"Up, up, and over those prison walls, eh Hamster?"

Very Long Animal
CAPETOWN (U.P.) — The giraffe, the tallest of all mammals, sometimes reaches a height of 18 feet 7 inches.

—S.F. Chronicle
"U.P. gives world coverage!"

according to data given out by another source there can be good reasons for the gals giving a likable passing male acquaintance nothing more than a "Hi, pal—" It all depends upon what the gals are looking for.

—San Francisco Life
"You can say that again, pal!"

Though Russia still is primitive and its people still are underprivileged by American standards, her siding where she started, probably is unprecedented.

—S.F. News
"Probably!"

FINAL SCENE in ESCSECSECEMHTMHTTFRADFRAWDOWDOYLL
"Starring Etaoin Shrdlu?"
—Stanford Daily

The trend of the birth rate in World War II has been quite different from that in the last war, he pointed out: Whereas there was a drop during World War I, and a slight rise only after the Armistice, —Complete last paragraph of story in the Chronicle.

"The new men at Time have never heard the story of Peter Mathews," said one official, "and the older men seem to have for-
—Complete last paragraph of next story in the Chronicle.
"Hey, Allen, newspapers have vice-presidents, too!"

A successful marriage, said Magistrate Powell, must have a foundation of mutual respect. "The acute housing problem does not help either, as many couples have to live with a mother-in-law."
He told a man in court: "You years, two sons and a daughter magistrate at Clerkenwell."
—S.F. Chronicle
"That's telling them, Judge."



U.N. Me, Baby!

By Bill Rehnquist



I have been speeding around in my Cadillac lately, chasing Stanford women, and it's really been revealing. Don't get me wrong. I've only been trying to determine if it's true what they say; what the fellows whisper to themselves in corners at parties, "Stanford women only come to college to catch a husband!" You men can relax. It's completely untrue. It's merely an ugly rumor started by a group of misogynists who once lived in Sequoia Hall.

No siree! It may be true at overcrowded state universities—like that upstate place I've heard some talk about—but not here. Our little lovelies are just loaded with information about the burning questions of the day, and thoughts of husbands and futures are just about the farthest thing from their little minds. Of course, there are occasional unpleasant incidents, like the time the two Alpha Deltas got caught in that bear trap in the driveway of Hurlburt House and spent most of the night before a sortie of stout hearts from the chapter was able to extricate them and bring them home. They were pretty well done in after their harrowing experience, but with a couple of days' rest they were as right as rain.

No siree! I've been out and talked to these girls myself, and they stack up pretty well. On the burning issues of the day, that is. Early this quarter I picked up a splendid type of the Stanford woman, pretty as a picture if you admire surrealistic work, but it was plain to see that beneath the surface ran deep currents of intellectual preoccupation. She smiled as I told her that the moment she came in sight I recognized her for the typical Stanford girl. Blushing, she murmured, "What you've just said proves that Stanford is a truly democratic school. I went to a large state

school before, I hesitate to mention any names, and there I found two heads a handicap. But here at Stanford I fit right in."

I reached for my glasses. I always see double without my glasses. The conversation didn't go much further. She was going on up the Row, and, as hard luck would have it, I had to turn right at the next corner. Yes siree! I had to turn right down to Beltramo's where I went into hibernation and didn't come out until after Groundhog Day.

My next interview with a Stanford woman, after Alcoholics Anonymous had pronounced me fit to return to school, occurred the Wednesday before last. A svelte brunette slithered up to me while I was lounging at the English Corner and shoved a petition into my hand.

"What's it for?" I asked.

"It's a petition to Excom to extend women's late leaves. If it passes, all Upper Division women minus more than ten will be allowed forty 4:30's a quarter."

This struck me as a charming innovation, but I am not one to sell my vote lightly. "Won't it be a little tiring?"

She smiled at my naïveté and continued, "We Upper Division women certainly are mature enough to make

our own decisions. After all, we've been through the war."

"Yes, honey, I know," said I, "but what decisions?"

"You know what I mean," she smirked. "It just isn't merely a matter of time. After all, if a girl is going to be . . . well . . . er . . . indiscreet, two-thirty or four-thirty makes little difference."

I tried to look as much like Ray Lyman Wilbur as possible, saying, "Of course, that's pretty late. With nothing on your hands but time, there might be more temptation to be indiscreet."

"That's ridiculous," she said. "Anyway, I thought the boys were all for this. You're the first one I've talked to who wouldn't sign."

"Who said I wouldn't sign!" I scrawled my approval. "How about a date as soon as this goes into effect?"

"Well, maybe I could work you in after a couple of weeks. But I want you to understand I have no personal motivation in all this. It's the democratic process that's so important. We're doing this just the way it says in the A.S.S.U. Constitution."

She tooled off on this note, leaving me with a brand new interest in student government.

Last Tuesday morning I had one more experience in the field of research into femininity on our campus. There was a stunning blonde standing by the bus stop. I asked myself, "In what field of activity would she be prominent?" Perhaps she was even then on her way to an important meeting. I pulled my Cadillac over to the curb and accosted her. "May I give you a lift?" She nodded and climbed in. "Where are you going?" I said.

"Brother, I'm headin' for the nearest bar for a couple of quick shots," she growled.

Amazed at the thought of a Stanford woman treating the Fundamental Standard so cavalierly, I asked her how long she had been on campus.

"Just down for the day," she said. "You mean you don't go to school here?"

"Hell, no. I work at the Acme Bottlin' Works in the City."

"What do you think of the UN?" I queried.



FOR THAT DATE
IN
SAN FRANCISCO
IT'S
CORSAGES FROM
PODESTA AND
BALDOCCHI

America's Most Famous
Florist
224 Grant Avenue
and in the
FAIRMONT HOTEL
Tel. Su. 6200



"I think all of these damn labor organizations should get a good kick in the teeth," she snarled. "Uncle Jake used to make a good living as a scab, and lately he don't make nothin'."

"And this is just your day off?"

"Yeah."

"How many days off do you have now?"

"Two."

"Made any plans?"

"Naw."

I sighed. I would miss the Tuesday Evening Series, but the change would do me good.

Date Bait:

for blondes . . .

a tube of incomparable "Almondettes" is recommended. Her resistance will melt after one luscious bite.

for brunettes . . .

Bittersweet Mints will do the trick. They're tangy and unique—a compliment to her svelte taste.

for redheads . . .

better go all-out for a Traveler Box. It's a super-assortment . . . strictly exciting. Just like her.

**PERTINENT
to your
POCKETBOOK**

Not a penny does it cost to call
ENTERPRISE 1-0027
Blum's Toll Free Number



polk at california
America's Most Distinguished Confections

In Peninsula Products

YOU CAN
TASTE
THE QUALITY

PENINSULA CREAMERY

Hamilton at Emerson - Telephone 3176

Christie Alice Swanson



Photographed by Hans Roth

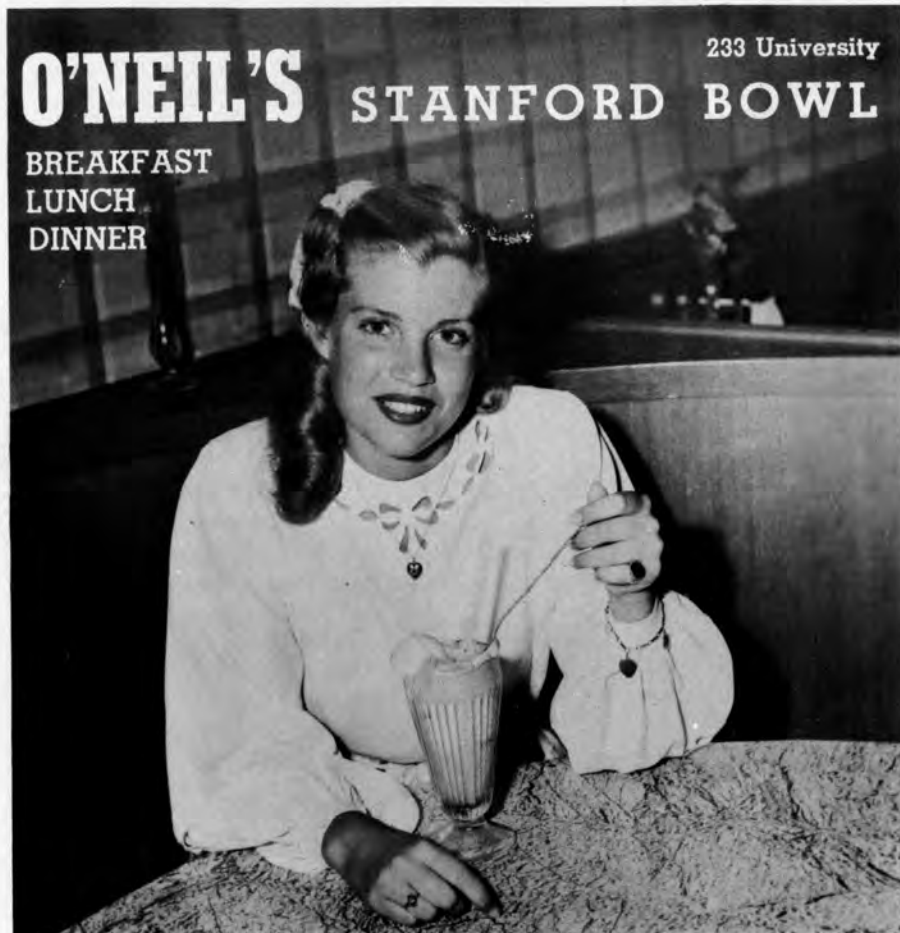


Photo by Ray Elsmore

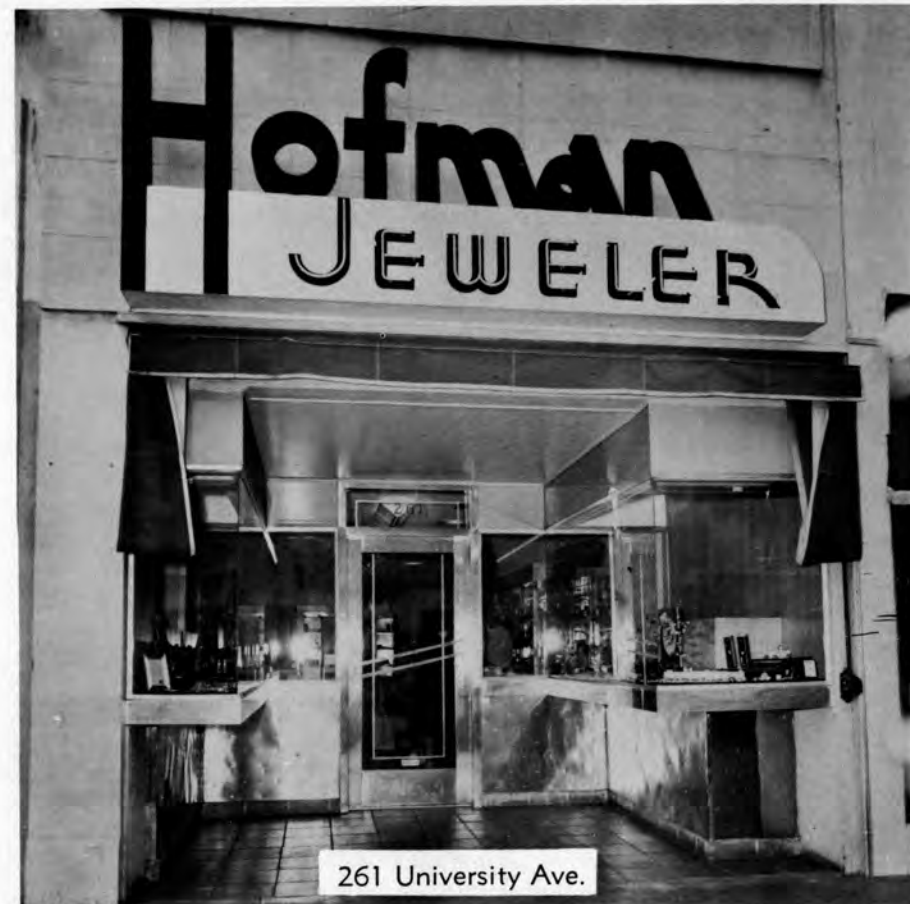


Photo by Ray Elsmore

WAR STORY

(Continued from page 16)

was just the beginning. The Lieutenant seemed to have an endless number of female acquaintances, all grudgingly admitted to be "not bad," and limitless energy. His popularity at Mrs. Dillon's waned to the point that only bachelor Mr. Jordan and the more venturesome married males dared speak to him, the latter with the smirk of camaraderie in sin. The feminine contingent would have been solidly in favor of having him evicted or, more properly, tarred and feathered, were it not for their friendship with his wife. As it was, they strained to be pleasant to him while she was home week ends so that she would suspect nothing, and she seemed completely unaware of his infidelity.



The situation was becoming intolerable, when one evening Mr. Jordan, returning home from work, noticed a young naval officer searching the register by the street entrance. Jordan offered his assistance and learned that the officer was looking for Ballard, who had neglected putting his name on the list of tenants. With some show of cordiality, the middle-aged man led the way upstairs.

There was no answer to their knocking on Ballard's door; it was a bit early for him to be home, so Jordan invited the officer, a taciturn Southerner who introduced himself as Lieutenant Brand, into his apartment while they awaited Al's arrival. It developed that Brand and Ballard had been shipmates, and were planning a little get-together which would include doing the town.

Mr. Jordan suddenly became inspired; he had been trying for some time to screw his courage up to the point of speaking to Ballard about his social activities, but this was an even better opportunity. This officer, who was a close friend of Al's, could act as intermediary. Clearing his throat in an embarrassed fashion, he remarked as casually as possible, "Lieutenant Ballard is quite a lady's man, isn't he?"

Brand answered without taking his attention from a dish of mixed nuts on a side table, through which he had apparently been searching for his favorite variety. "Uh-huh," he said laconically.

More embarrassed by this unfavorable beginning, Jordan tried another tack. "Do you know Jean?" he inquired with the same strained casualness.

This time the Lieutenant looked up. "Jack's told me about her," he replied in a somewhat puzzled tone.

Jordan decided he would take the bull by the horns. "Well," he said coldly, "do you think he's fair to her, dating every girl in town while she's not here with him?"

Brand shrugged as though the whole matter were of little consequence to him. "After all," he said unexcitedly, "she's not being very fair to her husband, him a Jap prisoner for a couple of years now—"

He stopped, with the sudden realization of having made a colossal blunder as he saw Jordan's aghast expression. "Geez," he said softly, "did they tell you they were married?"



"Cliché!"

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DEPENDABLE SERVICE



MAILE SCOTT Lagunita

"Queen of the Month" in a picture skirt of hand-blocked print from New Mexico—\$10.00
Sanforized, washable Batiste blouse—\$5.95



Photo by Ray Elsmore

FUR STORAGE

FRANK LOUDA, JR.
The Furrier

472 University Avenue
Palo Alto

Lincoln Avenue
Carmel



JOAN DRESSER
Madrono

in a Rose Marie Reid
original two-piece bathing
suit—\$17.95
matching coat—\$10.95

PHELPS-TERKEL
215 University Avenue

Photo by Ray Elsmore

LOVE'S LABOR

(Continued from page 18)

Sunday of finals week and wanted to leave Sunday so as to get into Providence a day or so before the wedding, but the railroad smilingly told him there was no Sunday train to Indianapolis. By that time, too, the railroad had found a statute which forbade it to sell a ticket on any train which called for a change at Indianapolis on the second Tuesday of any even-numbered month.

"He finally got a new schedule figured out. It was all on streamliners and went by way of Los Angeles and Macon, Georgia. It worked out fine, too, because the line from Mobile to Chattanooga had sleeping-car service on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

"Pete was worn to the warp and woof by then and Round Four also went to the railroad. He and Lu were to come back to Klamath Falls to set up housekeeping close to his job. The ticket called for a change at New York with a seventeen-hour layover,



a day-and-a-half layover at Chicago, a seven-hour layover at Denver, and a fourteen-hour layover at Reno. They convinced Pete that he wouldn't mind these layovers. The Clerk, the Assistant Division Manager, and the Fourth Assistant Vice-President all smiled and told him of the layovers they'd had on their honeymoon trips and how they hadn't minded them. The Seventh Assistant Office Boy contributed nothing to that discussion, but listened closely.

"They sold Pete the ticket, shook hands all around, and two days later the railroad announced a 20 percent rise in prices effective the first of June. The next day a carpenter earned \$1.85 an hour sanding knuckle marks out of the Fourth Assistant

Vice-President's desk. The \$3.70 came out of the check the Fourth Assistant Vice-President had got from Pete.

"Pete was a man of stamina, though; he breezed through finals and caught the Sunday train. His coat was several shades blacker and coal dust poured from his pants cuffs when he arrived in Providence, Rhode Island, Thursday afternoon. The second thing Lu said to him was, 'Honey, I'm the stupidest thing, really I am. I was all flustered when I set our wedding date and do you know what I did? I made a mistake. We can't be married until next Saturday. Really now, wasn't that a silly thing to do?'"

The Omar of the Oasis paused and chug-a-lugged a bumper of brew. "You probably have this Pete placed by now," he said, "he's the fellow the newspapers called Riordan the Ripper. But his lawyer was smart and got him an all-male jury. After the jury heard his story they wouldn't convict him of more than manslaughter. He'll be out of the Rhode Island State Penitentiary any decade now."



He—You're just like a sister to me.
She—My God, what a home life!
—Odorono



A myopic young optimist, Walter,
Led a camouflaged lass to the altar,
A beauty he thought her,
But soap and warm water,
Made her look like the rock of Gibraltar.

—Sundial

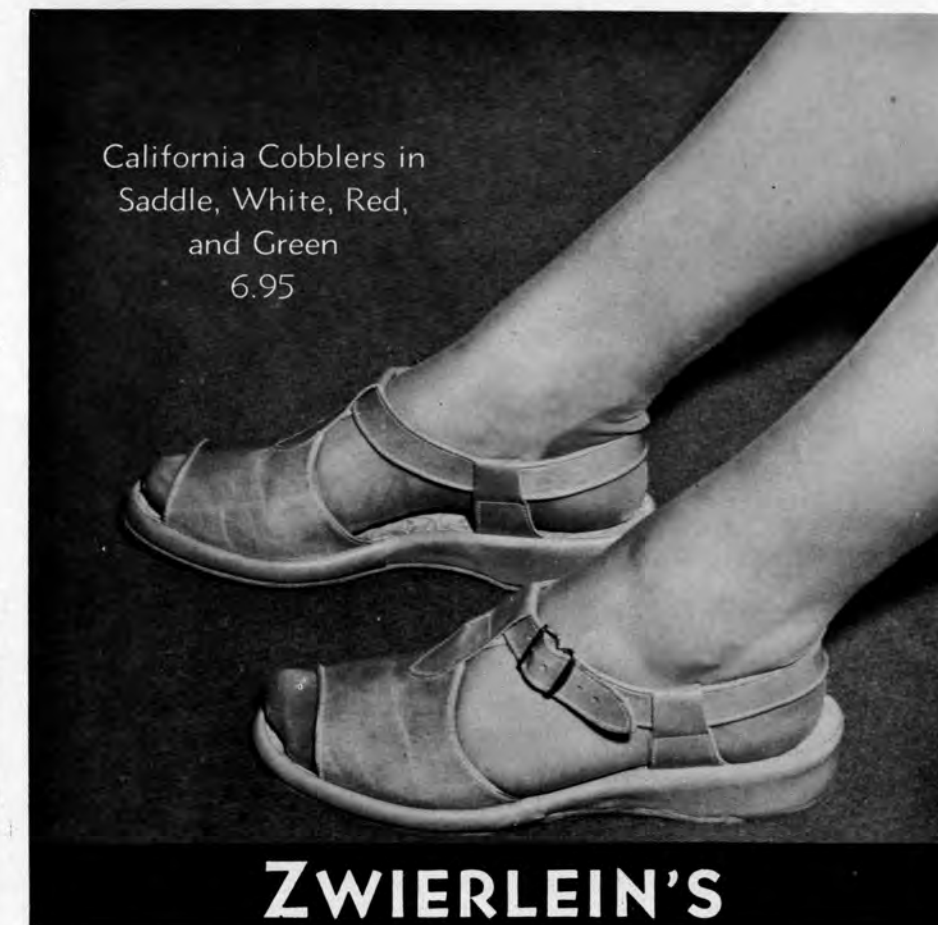


There once was a man unique
Who imagined himself quite a shique
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all—
He made only twenty a wique.

—Exchange




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and Green
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Photo by Ray Elsmore

Portrait by *Hans Roth* Palo Alto
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DA 3-3176

THOUGHTS FROM ROSOTT'S

I think that I shall never hear
 A phrase as lovely as "a beer";
 As to my mouth a stein is pressed
 To soothe and cool my parched breast.
 A beer that sets on ice all day,
 To put my burning thirst away.
 In hottest summertime I roam
 Through gallons of its fragrant foam.
 Upon my tongue its nectar drops,
 Leaves lingering the breath of hops.
 Poems are made by me and you,
 But only Schlitz can make a brew.

—Jack Lewis



"Oops, I think I'm going to man!"

She stood in the street at midnight
 As the traffic homeward sped.
 She was struck by the beautiful
 moonlight—
 But that's not the reason she's dead.
 —Exchange

Let others dream to see their love
 Come down a marble stair
 In gracious, flowing, formal gown
 With flowers in her hair.

Let others dream to greet their maids
 In twilight shadowed wood,
 To have the moor come just as close
 To touch them if it could.

Let others wish to see their loves
 In scenes of poet's rhyme,
 My love looks fairer far to me
 Just meeting her on time!
 —Exchange

The other night I held a hand
 So dainty and so sweet.
 I thought my heart would burst with
 joy,
 So loudly did it beat.
 No other hand into my soul
 Could so much solace bring
 As the hand I held the other night—
 Four aces and a king.
 —Exchange

Photo by Ray Elsmore

HOW TO GET TO Adobe Creek Lodge: YOU GO THAT WAY TILL YOU COME TO EL CAMINO REAL—THEN HEAD SOUTH (STREET ON THE RIGHT) KEEP GOING TILL YOU GET TO SAN ANTONIO RD. TURN RIGHT AT FREEMAN ST. TAKE THE R.R. TRACKS AT 1ST CROSSING—STAY ON THE ROAD FOR 3/4 MILE AND YOU'RE THERE

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or just 2 — GRAB YOUR DATE and come up for the time of your life.. DANCE under the Stars to AL FERGUSON and his BAND EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY NIGHT. COME EARLY FOR A SWIM & A BARBECUE RATES: FRI. & FRI. NIGHTS \$1.00 plus tax SAT. & SAT. NIGHTS \$1.25 . . .

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The clothes closet
520 Ramona—Palo Alto

Photo by Ray Elsmore

EVENING OUT

(Continued from page 9)

Troika—445 Powell. Nova schmoz ka pop . . . it's Russian! Russian decor, Russian waitresses, and Wall Street prices.

Troc—3565 Geary Boulevard in the Richmond District. Elaborate American food (along the line of Lombard's) with an accent on banana fritters and Baked Alaska Flambeau. Very plush, very slick, and very expensive.

Lambros—315 Bush Street near Montgomery. You'll think cherries jubilee when they're through with you! Mighty fine if you're feeling plush.

Iron Pot—Arty—Arty—Arty! Run by Angie Bova, a Stanford man who left Biz School last year to go into business. Featured a Stanford art exhibit last month.

Auten's—Paly at Bayshore. Impossible!!! ooooooff!!

The House of Lords—Paly at Bayshore. If this is the House of Lords, hand me the coal shovel, Jasper

The Bon Ton—Bayshore at Moffett. Hear "Lulu Belle," her accordion, and Arkansas woodchoppers. Fine if you're from Arkansas, but frankly we're from Oregon. Next!

Hilo—El Camino at Redwood City. Featuring the Jay Gould Trio—the sweetest music this side of Guy Lombardo. This is one place that Kilroy missed . . . need we say more?

The Club Deacon—El Camino at Redwood City. Slim and Bernice—those characters—entertaining nightly. Awk!

Bella Vista—Skyline Road. Sensational steaks, terrific view, chummy dancing.



Boots and Saddles Lodge—La Honda. Dinners, dancing, and "dunking in the creek." Better bring along your identification or they won't even serve you prime ribs of beef au jus unless you are twenty-one.

The Pioneer—At Woodside. Stop in for a stirrup cup on your way home from the beach.

Lupino's—El Camino at San Mateo. Owned by Anthony Cantalupo (second cousin of the famous San Francisco Lupu), who puts out six different varieties of spaghetti as well as pizza pie. Who could ask for anything more?



HOTEL LIFE

A wide variety of slightly subdued big-name bands are sounding forth from the various hotels in the City, affording Stanford dancers a plush evening of conservative rhythm. The Noble music of Leighton Noble emanates nightly from the beauty spot of California (the Claremont, in pidgin English). Arthur Murray dancing contests for a champagne prize liven up the tedium on week ends.

Henry King is back at the Peacock Court in Hotel Mark Hopkins, rendering fashionable music to fashionable dancers from this fashionable spot. If you like to be fashionable you'll enjoy H. King. Also featured is Dorothy (of the slightly risqué records) Shay.

Following Sablon's engagement at the Palace is Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra in the Rose Room.

The Hal Pruden Orchestra is still holding a last-ditch stand at the St. Francis. Mr. Pruden has an overly Sinatra-ish vocalist who lends charm, vigor, and sex appeal to the Mural Room, and might account for the nightly crowds.

One of the best after-dark bargains in town is the two-band continuous dance policy at the Persian Room of the Hotel Sir Francis Drake, featuring Eddie Orta's Orchestra and Picante's Rhumba Band.

(Continued on page 38)

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Photo by Ray Elsmore



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Dorothy Gray
Seventeen
Tabu

Cody
Yardley
Shelton's

The CROW Pharmacy

330 University Avenue Dial 4169

Thermometers aren't the only things that are graduated with degrees without having brains.

—Hunt's Journal

"Mommie, can Jimmie come over and play with me?"

"No! You two make too much noise and tear the house apart. You'd better go over to his house."

—Hunt's Journal

Here lie the remains of poor Joe Bent. He thought that by silence she gave her consent.

—Exchange

"Paw?"
"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both flies when he had the chance?"

—Hunt's Journal

"I'll take the dollar dinner, waiter."

"Yes, sir. On white or on rye?"

—Hunt's Journal

An odorous company is bringing out a new line of perfume made from the blood of female sheep. It will be called Ewe de Cologne.

—Dan Endsley

DOING
ANYTHING TONIGHT?

WHAT
ABOUT JOINING The CROWD That

COMES
EVERY EVENING TO RAMOR OAKS?

NATURALLY
YOU'LL ENJOY YOURSELF

Ramor Oaks

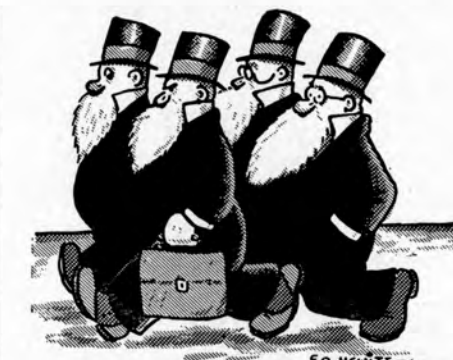
3435 EL CAMINO REAL
ATHERTON

I often wonder why dogs don't speak—
Just sleep and eat all day.
Maybe it's because, when people are through
There isn't much left for a dog to say.
—Columns

2d Classman—I met a girl last week end who doesn't drink anything stronger than pop.

1st Classman — What does pop drink?

—Octopus



"Is it true what they say about Chinese girls . . . that they really eat rice all the time?"

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Svan
and
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- sedan
- or a cozy coup

1946 Models

AUTO RENTAL CO.

744 High St.

Palo Alto

Phone 5105

EVENING OUT

(Continued from page 35)

SLIGHTLY CULTURAL

If you are a light-opera lover (and we hear the balcony is always good) you will not want to miss the gala homecoming of the New York company and production of the *Song of Norway* (which was premiered in San Francisco in 1944). Based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg, the production features Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Marie Walker, plus twenty members of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo (who have given up gambling for the season). Now playing at the Curran until July 7.

The Curran may have operetta, but the Geary has Katharine Cornell, who is co-starring with Brian Aherne in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which is a good bet for anybody's money.

For those of you who prefer your foolishness frosted, we suggest the *Ice Follies of 1947*, which opens its eleventh lush run at Winterland on June 11. "The finest in spectacle entertainment" is scheduled for a limited run only.



Women are seeking the wide open spaces.

Blouses with eyelets and sheerest of laces,

Stockings of mesh, a sandal that shows

Through punctured partitions sections of toes.

It goes very hard on sensitive souls To see them attired in nothing but holes.

—Exchange



A lady was walking along a street when she came upon a crowd of children standing around a cat. She asked them what they were doing.

"We're having a contest," said one. "Whoever tells the biggest story wins the cat."

"What a naughty competition," cried the lady, holding up her hands in horror. "When I was a little girl I never told an untrue story."

"Give her the cat," shouted the little girls.

—Wampus



Good books we read and put aside Their thoughts in our hearts still abide Long after a good friend departs His footsteps echo in our hearts.

—Record

SCHOOL SPIRIT IS NOTHING NEW

(Inscription on an amphora found at Piraeus and ignored by all reputable archaeologists)

I

All hail, the old Academy!

All hail, the cloistered grove!
Among whose trees and shaded walks

Learning grew and throve!
Let none disparage Athens U.,
Let all good people dart a Sneering and a haughty glance Upon the U. of Sparta.

CHORUS:

Hail, Academy! Hail! Hail! Hail!

Hail, old Athens U.!

Hail, thy lawns and curving walks,
Thy noble sports, thy learned talks,
Pandora's box of mankind's learning,
Gross materialism spurning,

Hail, old Athens U.!

II

Count them off, the learned men
Who grace Academy,
Who stroll among the stately trees
Speaking wise and free;

Learning is a thing of which

We have loads and loads,
A thing which never can be said
About the U. of Rhodes.

III

The Ptolemy's of Egypt land
At Alexander City

Are trying to begin a school—

What a stinking pity!

They're buying teachers, students,
books,

All of whom will be clipped,
For there is no Academy
In all the land of Egypt.

IV

The Romans are a sturdy race

Strong of limb and liver,

They've built a bustling little town
Upon a muddy river;

Some day they'll be the rulers of

The land of Italy—

And where do you think they send
their kids?

To Academy!

—Green



An Arkansas hillbilly built a house having lots of windows, but no doors. When his wife asked him where the doors were, he looked at her with contempt, and drawled, "Doors? You going somewhere?"

—Hunt's Journal

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9.95

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JUNE 1947

STROLLING

As you walk beneath memorial tower
On a beautiful moonlit night
Your mind is where it ought to be
And all is very quiet
You walk a little farther
You murmur soft and low
And then you have to straighten up
As a cop passes on his stroll
You stop within the shadows
You speak—the words a little high
There is no audible answer
Just a little sigh
You've decided now the time has come
No more do you want to roam
Oh what the hell you're all alone
You might as well go home.
—Blackjack

Women are divided into two types:
the careless ones who lose their
gloves, and the careful ones who just
lose one.

—Hunt's Journal

To flirt is very wrong;
I don't.
Wild youths chase women, wine, and
song;
I don't.
I kiss no girls, not even one;
I don't know how the thing is done;
You wouldn't think I have much fun—
I don't.

—Exchange

Angry customer—Here's that shirt
I bought from you last week. You
said you would return my money if
it wasn't satisfactory.

Merchant (politely)—That's what I
said but I am happy to tell you I found
the money very satisfactory.

—Pelican

"Hey, you guys, where you carry-
ing that fellow? Is he drunk?"

"Nope."

"Sick?"

"Nope."

"Just a gag, huh?"

"Nope."

"Dizzy spells, maybe?"

"Nope."

"Very tired, I guess."

"Nope."

"Well, what the hell is the matter
with him?"

"Dead."

—Covered Wagon

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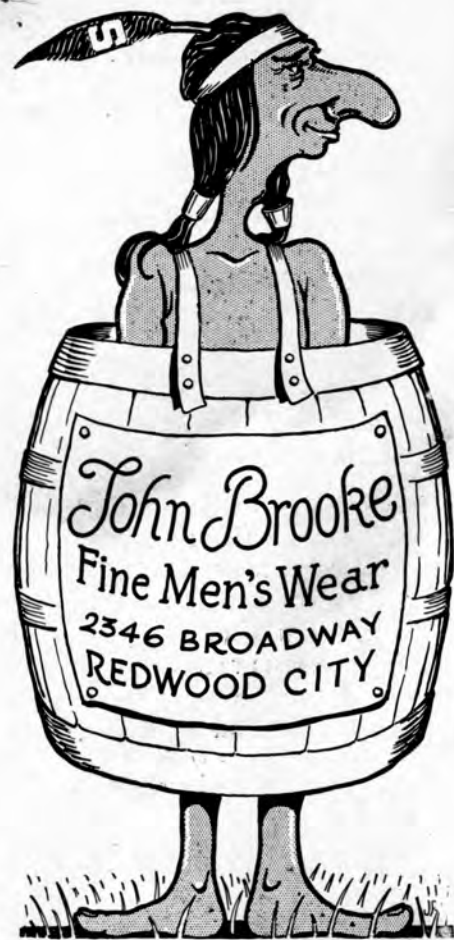


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sion! Take your pick of
types, styles, and colors!

PENNEY'S
J. C. PENNEY CO., INC.
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My lover left me; he thinks he's bereft
me
Of pride, that I'm cut to the quick;
But how can I rankle, when his pres-
ent girl's ankle,
Is nothing at all if not thick?

For hours without lag, he'd boast and
he'd brag,
That just Grade A gams won his favor;
But judging from Jenny, the not-so-
bright penny,
His technique lost some of its savor.

So hey, nonny, though her hair is
bonny
As the wheat that thrives in Dakota;
I laugh up my sleeve, at the sweet
Genevieve,
With slightly more calf than her quota.
—Old Maid

Two little girls were busily discus-
singing their families.
"Why does your grandmother read
the Bible so much?" asked one.
"I think," said the other little girl,
"that she's cramming for her finals."
—Covered Wagon

A local tavern keeper, who had a
reputation for keeping strong brews,
was awakened the other midnight by
some heavy pounding on his front
door. Putting his head out of the win-
dow, he shouted: "Go away! You
can't have anything to drink at this
hour."

"Who wants anything to drink,"
was the reply. "I left here at closing
time without my crutches."
—Trussbuster

Some time this past week a man
appeared at the gate of a nudist col-
ony, rang the bell and waited.

Voice (from inside)—What do you
want?

Man—I want to join.

Voice—You can't join with that blue
suit on.

Man—That isn't a blue suit, sir. I'm
just cold.
—Diputs

Proud Father—My son is quite a
wrestler now. He wrestles with all
the big shots.

Neighbor—Is that so?

Proud Father—Yep, he writes that
the Dean had him on the carpet the
other day.
—The Goblet

LET'S GO

get some
really good food

Spring has sprung, so
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OUS** food at reasonable
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Drop in some night after
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try one of our really **fancy**
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Printing for Stanford

"My uncle is in Africa hunting ant-
eaters. He wants to bring one back
alive."

"Wants to bring back an anteater?
Why?"

"Hates my aunt." —Diputs

The mistress of the boardinghouse
glanced grimly around the table as
she announced: "We have a deli-
cious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly,
all, that is, but one.

He glanced nervously downward,
shifting his feet. One foot struck
something soft, something that said,
"Meow."

Up came his head. A relieved smile
crossed his face as he gasped, "Thank
God."

—Panther

Hypochondriac—Doctor, I have just
read a medical book and I am much
afraid that I have kidney trouble.

Physician—But, my dear man, the
curious thing about that disease is
that the victim does not experience
the least pain or discomfort.

Hypochondriac (gasping)—I knew
it. My symptoms exactly.

—Ranger

Returning from the movie one night
a comely maiden chanced upon a
stray young dog who was lost. She
felt sorry for the pup so she took it
home with her.

She petted it all evening and when
it was time to go to bed, she took it
to her room. The next morning when
she awoke, to her great horror, the
puppy had turned into a great big
handsome man! AND HER MOTHER
DIDN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER.

—Medley

As one strawberry said to the other,
"We wouldn't be in this jam if we
hadn't been in that bed together."

—Record

First bride—I've got my husband
where he eats out of my hand.

Second same—Saves a lot of dish-
washing, doesn't it?

—Hunt's Journal

Tom—My, she's beautiful. Can she
cook?

Joe—She can make the best ice
cubes you ever tasted. —Widow

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career.

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"And then there were the two maggots who were necking in dead Ernest."
—Mudpie



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