

Overturf



JUNE 1938

SENIOR
ISSUE

Stanford CHAPARRAL

15¢

ENDS
JUNE
26TH

HARRY OWENS
AND HIS ROYAL HAWAIIANS

JAN GARBER
THE IDOL OF THE AIR LANES

STARTS
JUNE
28TH

**MURAL ROOM
HOTEL
ST. FRANKS**
Overlooking Union Square • San Francisco
MANAGEMENT DAN E. LONDON

Now That Show

JOHNNY JOHNSON

"Wonderful stuff, this laughing gas." This is the kind of show in which there is one character and a lot of extras. If the characterization of the title role is weak, the play is weak. If Johnny Johnson is played to the limit, it's a grand show. Stanford's production was a grand show.

All of which is an exceedingly complicated way of saying that Bud Cady, as Johnny Johnson, gave the part all the sympathy, understanding, and skillful interpretation possible. While he was on the stage, he was Johnny Johnson. And that's the best orchid you can hand any actor.

The play itself defies all orthodox dramatic forms, and there is much in it that is trite. One recognizes situations and ideas borrowed from *All Quiet*, *Journey's End*, *Farewell to Arms*, and even the expressionist movie, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. But it must be remembered that the stock of original concepts on the theme of war and peace has been pretty well depleted. And there is one original and novel contribution, the central character, which in itself labels the play worth while.

The satire is sometimes overbold, occasionally subtle, but always potent. When you laughed uproariously (and you frequently did), if you stopped to analyze what you were laughing at it was always something that ordinarily you accept quite solemnly. Therein lies the magic of Paul Green's dose of dramatic laughing gas. If those guffaws could be taken out of the theater and used unsparingly on

(Continued on page 2)



"Wait a minute, we forgot the June Chaparral!"

the clothes closet

It's so easy to
FIT YOUR LEGS
in



Belle-Sharmeer STOCKINGS

Stockings that fit every inch of your legs—ready for you the minute you step up to our Hosiery Department—that's *Belle-Sharmeer's* modern miracle! Made in four individual leg sizes, accurately proportioned in *width* as well as length and featured here exclusively. Ask for *Brev* for smalls, *Modite* for mediums, *Duchess* for tall, *Classic* for plump. Here exclusively.

NEW SUMMER COOLS
OVER THE KNEE

THE PERFECT FITTING
GRADUATION GIFT

1.00 to 1.65



a group of specialised women
apparel shops under one roof.

Congratulations!

Back in October we ran a peace editorial entitled "Hello Frosh" which commented upon the irony of investing some \$5,000 in a college education with the possibility of war so imminent. That page was reprinted in magazines, newspapers, and college publications throughout the nation.

It now occurs to us that it is equally ironical to observe graduating Seniors facing a rather ominous future which may involve the total loss of that investment and their increased social usefulness.

The individual college graduate, filled with four years of theory and idealism, appears very small and impotent in the face of world forces and powerful social pressures. But to do something is infinitely better than to do nothing at all. Those who desire peace must forget their other pet beliefs and prejudices and concertedly assert their determination not to become involved in another silly, stupid war.

So we conclude our little experiment in propaganda. If we have helped to convert one good pacifist, or caused even a dozen Stanford men and women to give a little more thought to the problem, we are happy.



RED CAP

(Pure cane sugar, fresh butter, selected Spanish peanuts and pure milk chocolate)

LOVE NEST

(The original, delicious chocolate covered Nut roll)

BEST PAL

(Delicious Caramel, coconut, toasted almonds, and milk chocolate)

CHOK FULL O'ALMONDS

(Whole roasted California almonds coated with pure milk chocolate)

5c EACH

The finest candy bars
you ever tasted

THE EUCLID CANDY
CO. OF CALIFORNIA

San Francisco



MRS. WALKER

BEAUTY SALON Roos Bros

Our beauty staff is prepared to meet your coiffure needs for senior week and for you who are home- and vacation-bound.

PHONE 5533

JOHNNY JOHNSON

(Continued from inside front cover)

the real-life phonies and fools, wouldn't it be nice?

It wasn't the finished professional job that *Kind Lady* was. A few more weeks in rehearsal might have helped, but even so with a cast reading like the BAC payroll there were bound to be ragged edges and unseasoned troupers. Some of the supporting roles deserve special mention—Phil Brown, the most finished actor in Santa Clara County, squeezed every drop out of all his too-few appearances, and was especially excellent as Dr. Mahoden, the psychologist. Hal Kahn's tough Sergeant was splendid, but his French doctor—well, anyway, his tough Sergeant was splendid. Bill Goetze has the old codger parts well mastered and his Grandpa was consistently fine. Dan Holtom, who also constantly plays parts of men over 65, was not so consistent, but merits praise for his Clemenceau and Teddy Roosevelt caricatures. The brief appearances of Virginia Sharpe as Mrs. Tompkins, Quentin Warren as the German boy sniper, and Gerry Schreiber as the French nurse were nicely done. Eloise Lambert was stupendous as the Sister of Delight who

got too much gas. Mildred Green as Minny Belle showed promise of becoming a dependable romantic lead. Her stage personality is very good, but she needs some practice in projecting emotions, which requires something more than raising the voice.

The staging was simple and effective, although Mr. Johansen has done better. Some excellent special effects were created by Fred Giari and Harry Fair, and the music added immensely to the unity of the show. We never saw anybody have quite so much fun as Carl Deisenroth playing Kurt Weill's really excellent score.

And as we left after the last curtain call, we passed a huge marble block in Memorial Hall's lobby, in which are carved the names of 77 Johnny Johnsons.

—Hartmann

IS EUROPE?

Gay, rhythmic, and screwy, the 1938 Spring musical rollicked through two swell performances, and panicked the house each night. Hal Kahn and Ed Kerr gave us a show that for songs and tongue-in-the-cheek farce would be hard to beat anywhere. With superb direction by J. P. Cahn and



The Golden Pheasant POWELL AT GEARY

San Francisco's Most Favorably Known Restaurant

FOR RELIABLE TRANSPORTATION
CONSULT

Mark Tuban



USED CARS

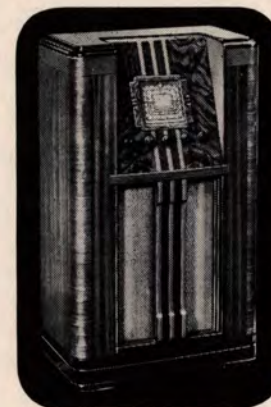
All Makes All Prices

COMPLETE AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE
BODY, PAINT SHOPS

AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

Mark Tuban

492 CASTRO
MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA



"Radio Does Its Best for
Gilfillan Listeners"

We are proud to present Automatic Tuning at its best. Merely press a button and there's your program without distortion, without hissing, without excuse. Only Gilfillan offers so much for so little in the Console class where fine performance and tone are the demand of critical listeners.

Gilfillan

RADIO REFRIGERATION

KAAR
ENGINEERING CO.
619 EMERSON PALO ALTO

Gordy Williams, wonderful musical comedy settings by Gene Callnon, and a honey of a band led by Art McCue, there was nothing wrong. From the start of the overture to the last beat of the finale the whole thing was an unqualified success. Orchids, as Winchell has been reported to say, to Myron Birnbaum and Hoke Roberts for their work with McCue on the music.

Shirley Jones and Owen Clarke led a cast that went through their paces without a hitch. Shirley climaxed her fine work in Stanford musicals with this hit performance, and Owen, who had the lead in *Down the Hatch* last year, showed a marvelous improvement and, as always, a great singing voice. Then there were Jane Clary and coauthor Ed Kerr as the plotting schemers, and a bunch of boys who reached the heights in their burlesquing of Europe's prominent statesmen. These were Charles Bulotti as Joe Duce, a dead ringer in make-up for Mussolini; Earle Fidanque as Joe Furor; Bob Norton as Zsho Zshapan; Lorne Samuels as John Durham of England, who almost stopped the show when he came on with his walk and accent; Don Cady as "Peaches" Blum of France; and Harry Muheim as "Red" Stallin' of Russia.

Marco Thorne has always been suspected at the *Chappie* offices of being a funny-man, and he definitely proved it with his characterization of Izzy A. Ryan, the peddler. With his accent, his gestures, and his truckin', Marc gathered a hefty share of the laughs. Also deserving of much praise was Aubrey Austin as the court herald, with his comic blowing of whatever you call the horn a court herad' blows, and his boxing referee's manner of introducing the celebrities. The Moskovitz twins, Albert and Leonard, made

RANSOHOFFS
259 POST STREET



candy stripes
for sports

There is a great burst of enthusiasm for our imported bedticking playclothes that stay crisp as crackers even after active sports. You will want several - - to juggle about for a dozen costumes. Shorts 3.95, Jackets 6.95, Slacks 5.95, Skirts 4.95, Boleros 3.95. In red or blue, striped in white.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 39, NO. 9 JUNE 1938

Represented nationally by the
W. B. BRADBURY CO., INC.
One Atlantic Street, Stamford, Connecticut
Member American Association of College
Comics

Member Major College Publications
Published nine times during the college year, monthly from October to June, inclusive, by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of The Hammer and Coffin Society.
Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 15 cents.
Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford University, California.
Telephone: Palo Alto 9411, Local No. 312.
Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Palo Alto, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

City Paris
DOUGLAS 4500 PAUL VERDIER PARIS

MEN'S STORE

Here's the latest addition
to our
**GREATEST CLOTHING
CLASSIC**

●
FLANNEL SUITS
with **EXTRA SLACKS**

**FAMOUS HOCKANUM 4-PIECE
TWO-PURPOSE SUITS FOR
TOWN AND COUNTRY**

Regular 39.00
values, now

29.50

- Blues, Greys
- Blue greys
- Cambridge greys
- Silver greys

They just arrived . . . just what smartly dressed men have been looking for . . . and priced right in line with our annual clothing classic. Genuine Hockanum flannels in new double and single-breasted lounge styles in smart striped patterns. And an extra pair of slacks goes with each suit. Wear the suit for business and town . . . the coat and slacks for sports and country.

BUDGET TERMS

City of Paris Men's Store—First Floor

a great little pair of Japanese attendants on Zsho Zshapan.

Virginia Sharpe, who has never failed to please in any part she has taken this year, was a grand Mrs. Ponkey, and Melba Toombs and Hoke Roberts in their straight parts of "the people of Balkania" gave a colorful touch to the production. Barbara Thrasher as Maisie the screwball, Jack Dawson as Stupe, Nelson Wheeler as N. Personam the court attorney, added greatly to the general hilarity. Bud Cady, the old master of comedy, this time appeared in a non-speaking bit part, and without trying stole his scene.

Kay Kloster's make-up jobs and the costuming by Kit Cartwright and Olive Krauthoff were the finest in any show this year, with no exception.

Among the songs, "Strange As It Seems," by Jim Stone and Barbara, is a number that with enough plugging might easily achieve national prominence especially as given by Owen and Shirley. "Two Dictators," created by Bud Cady and Hank Rhoads, with the added stanzas written for each dictator as he came on, was catchy and lilting. With Clary and Kerr warbling "Ten per Cent Woo-Woo"; Owen Clarke in a great rendition of "King on a String"; Shirley and Owen singing "Pleased to Meet You"; and Ruth Martin with "Trial and Error," the tunes sung individually or in duet went over with a loud bang. Then with Shirley leading the students in "Balkan Break," and the bunch getting together for "Swing to Think" and "Alma Mater," it was shown that Cady, Roberts, Cahn, Rhoads, Stone, and Rosenblatt really have something in the way of songwriting.

And so *Is Europe* was a sparkling finish to this year's major productions in Memorial Hall.

—Levinson



"Last year Dr. Wilbur got his toe caught."

First College Comic in the West
Founded 1899



**STANFORD
CHAPARRAL**

June 1938

THIS MONTH—

COVER

By Ken Overturf, '38

WATER COLORS

By John Stoll

CONGRATULATIONS

Art Lites and Bob Hartmann, '38, conclude CHAPPIE's experiment in propaganda.

THESE WE HAVE LOVED

The subtle and facile hand of Curt Barnes catches the atmosphere of the unacademic centers of our college years.

FOUR YEARS

Photographic evidence of the value of a Stanford education.

**RANDOLPH AND THE WIDE
WORLD**

Gordy Pearson, '38, writes a beautiful story in the vein of humor that brings a smile and a tear.

J. P. MACABEE, PROP.

Kaki Page, '38, does a sparkling poem of "collitch life." Illustrated by Barnes.

I WON'T DANCE

Two letters found by Norrie Lorton, '38. Getting a date for the Senior Ball is one thing, but getting rid of it is another.

PORTRAITS

By a little god, which in this case is Ed Kerr, '38. Beautifully searching vignettes of campus types.

THE LAST WORD

From the present editor. You may be interested in the pretty pictures accompanying.

FINALS AREN'T SO BAD

Mellinkoff, a freshman, doesn't envy the seniors much, and says so poetically.

WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

Sister McGonigle—oh hell, why keep up the nom de plume—Betty McGlashan, '38, writes her last exposé of Greek atrocities.

THE YEAR ON THE STAGE

In retrospect, the first year in the new theater looks impressive, and indicative of bigger things to come.

City Paris
Geary, Stockton & O'Farrell Douglas 4500



Add to your honors in one of
these outstanding

**GRADUATION
DRESSES 19.95**

Proven styles in floaty chiffon, net or marquisette. Also smart new cottons. Skirts with yards of filmy fabrics, snug little waists—frocks that are artful, not ingenué. White and delicate pastel colors in sizes 9 to 15.

COLLEGETTE SHOP, THIRD FLOOR

TAKE IT EASY IN
Roos Sports Shirts



the "In and Outer"
—wear it in as a shirt or
out as a jacket— \$2.95

Roos Bros
125 UNIVERSITY AVE

The Ancient One is proud to announce the election of the following wits and good fellows to membership in Hammer and Coffin Society.

- Jack Dixon
- Allan Kittell
- Dick Lusby
- Sherman Mellinkoff
- Collie Small
- Kenneth Smith
- Mike Sparrow
- Stan Swafford

HONORARY

- Patricia Bosqui
- Eunice Emry

Fall fashions demand slim hips, slim waists, slim this, and slim that.

—N.Y. Times

Come on, come on—be specific!

—Williams Purple Cow



"Well, I finally got into the movies."

"How did you do it?"

"Paid them a quarter."

—Frivol



Meade: What's the big idea, wearing my raincoat?

Moose: It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?

—Lampoon



Teacher: Every one of God's creatures is here for a useful purpose. Now what do we learn from the mosquito, Jimmie?

Jimmie: We learn from the mosquito how easy it is to get stung.

—Pelican



"Heavens! We've forgotten the mothballs!"

KINGSCOTE GARDENS

ON THE CAMPUS

CLOSE TO THE CENTER OF ACTIVITY

* * *

Comfortable, attractive apartments
reasonably priced

Beautiful surroundings—restful atmosphere

For information, call or write
Edith Armstrong, Mgr., P.A. 8871



INSIDE DOPES

**Robert Trowbridge
Hartmann**



Debater, editor, writer, cartoonist, pacifist, and a "good fellow," are only some terms necessary to describe Bob Hartmann, this year's editor of CHAPARRAL. Bob, a native son of Rapid City, South Dakota, was born on Easter Sunday, April 8, 1917. While a young boy he did nothing of significance and had no ambitions but to be an aviator.

Later his parents moved to California and to Beverly Hills, Bob's present home. It was while in high school that he got his first ideas of world peace after winning umpteenth place in a speech contest in 1932 on the subject of "World Friendship."

Bob always wanted to come to Stanford and did. He has never regretted it. As a freshman he worked on CHAPPIE with Bob Gillespie, one doing the writing, the other the cartooning. Bob worked for three weeks

on the *Daily*, which is why he likes CHAPPIE so much. Even while an Encinasylum inmate he had eyes on the editor's job. Two years ago he was elected a member of Hammer and Coffin Society. At present he is president of the Stanford CHAPARRAL chapter and of the National Society.

Hartmann's interests and hobbies have been varied. He collects symphonic recordings and actually plays them. He likes debating and last year represented Stanford against Edinburgh University in a trans-oceanic radio debate. CHAPPIE has been his real "love" and Bob has done right well by it. His accomplishments this year read like all of Hammer and Coffin's ambitions: new style of covers, which have been very popular; sellouts in every edition; re-establishment of the National Society; a successful antiwar campaign and other things too numerous to mention. [EDITOR'S NOTE: We don't quite understand what he means by "successful."]

In the future, young Hartmann hopes to be the writer of the great American novel, or at least a writer, or at least he hopes.

—Marco Thorne

A TOAST

Here's to Stanford, best of schools
And days when we were busy fools.
Here's to the campus, beautifully green
And hours on Quad always serene.

Here's to the courses that we took
And often passed—not cracking a book.
We'll need that knowledge in days to come,
Then our ex-professor his nose can thumb.

Here's to the grades we didn't get,
And here's to those drunken brawls.
And here's to our dreams of the future
When we'll work in overalls.

Here's to the dates we didn't have,
And to the girl we never kissed.
It's a lot of fun to write about,
But it's hell to think what we missed.

—Bill Moses

**DO BEAUTY TASTES VARY
—by COLLEGES?**

Tastes differ—one man's date may be somebody else's wall-flower. How much does the taste of one college vary from another? In July Redbook the editors ask "Which is the Typical American Girl?" Frankly, we are curious, and want to know. In July Redbook there are portraits of America's ten most beautiful models, ballots, voting instructions, and an announcement of three cash prizes for winning letters. Later, Redbook will announce the result by colleges. But meanwhile, you have an opportunity to combine amusement with possible profit.



MISS MAY B. MAYBENOT does not exist but her beauty does. For she is a composite portrait of ten celebrated models whose likenesses you will find in July Redbook.

SEE THE JULY
ISSUE...
ON SALE JUNE 3rd

REDBOOK

I. MAGNIN & CO.

DRESSMAKER SWIM SUITS

Be picturesque as you swim—or use these for sun basking—printed piques, colorful cottons, pastel acetates, wool jersey lined—and the invincible lastex-shirred maillot to fit all figures—becoming, new, dashing.

4⁹⁵ to 8⁹⁵



NOW THAT DATE

Now that finals are nearly here, and now that I am about to leave you, and now that this is the last time I have to pretend that I know what is going on at the local hot-spots—thank gawd!

As to my first suggestion on what to do for the summer: why don't you try going home? Or come to summer school; no work and much play gets Jack about 15 extra units (very handy to have around spring quarter). University of Mexico summer school ought to be really good this summer, according to Hearst and his henchmen.

My best suggestion for June is to try the library; it's fairly comfortable after you get over the initial strangeness of the place.

All the hotel bands in the city will be pouring it out all through finals; if you can't get up to the city the radio is really just as good, and easier on the feet.

Here's a hot tip for seniors! June 19 there is going to be a tremendous blowout in the Frost Memorial. Don't miss it; if you do miss it, I reiterate, head down the highway.

As I shed a parting tear, I must pause to remind you that you are not being deserted, for, come Autumn Quarter, some fine new person will give you fireside hints on how to be a social lion, while he sits home wondering how you really do.

—Sister McGonigle



"Hold everything! We forgot to put Fontius in."



Stanford

CHAPARRAL

JUNE 1938

Die Luft der Freiheit

This is a story about Aeolus who as you all know was a God and a mighty Powerful God at that.

Why he was the God who could control all the Winds on the earth and in the sky, And he kept these winds in his cave, deep Down in the earth, and he was proud of them, Although he seldom let them go and blow. Well, once Aeolus was sitting at dinner When all of a sudden Mercury came flying down The entrance of his cave and told him that Jupiter, the head God, had need of some of his Winds. And what kind of winds does he want? Asked Aeolus with one of his eyes closed. The winds of freedom, said Mercury with a laugh. Well, well, you may have them, said Aeolus, And he got up heavily from his table and Went over to a cupboard and took out a small Sack and handed it to Mercury. What does He want them for? he asked. Oh, said Mercury, Oh, he wants them for somebody on earth. Heh, heh, said Aeolus, heh, heh, heh. Why do you laugh? asked Mercury. Oh, said Aeolus, for no special reason, heh, heh.



So Mercury took the winds of freedom to Jupiter And Jupiter sent them down to earth and gave Them to someone who thought they could be useful. And time passed on for many years, Until one night when Aeolus was eating again, There was a sound of wind outside his cave entrance. When he got up and went outside to see what it Was, there before him blew the winds of freedom Which he had given to Mercury so many years before. And why are you back, my little ones? he asked. The winds swirled and blew around him and played Up and down the sides of the cave. Really? said Aeolus. Well, now, it's a shame, but I suppose You are glad to be back home again. I didn't think you'd Stay this long. And the winds swished back and forth gaily And then quieted down.

—Ellington

These We Have Loved

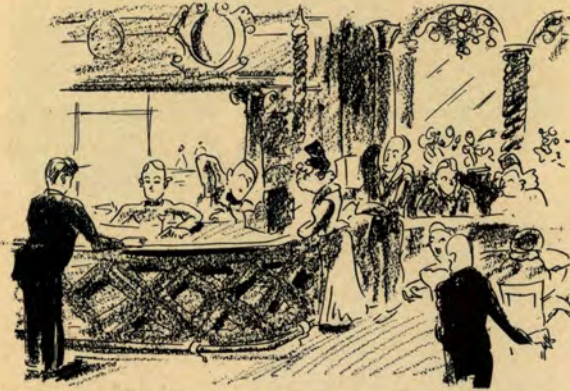
Sketches by Curtis Barnes



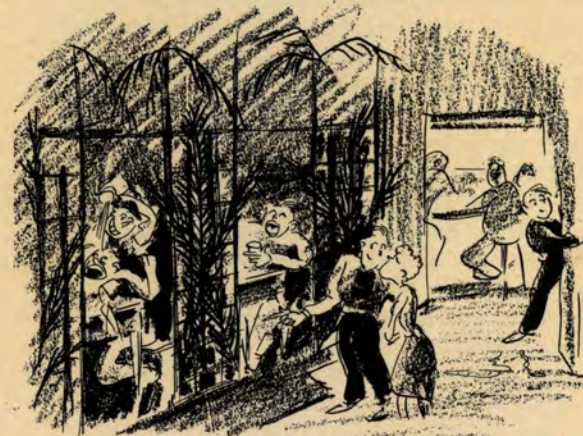
L'OMELETTE—Life begins at Andre's. Long after the law of diminishing returns has been forgotten, we'll have our fond memories of friendly comfort, mint juleps, and the best soup in the world.



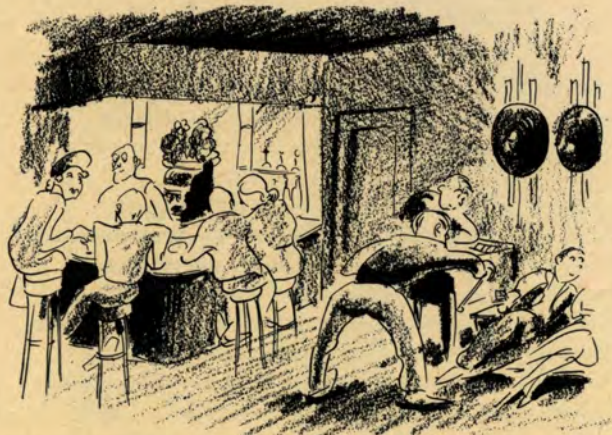
THE FRANTIC—Beneath the awesome and somewhat perplexing murals we jostled each other around for a nominal covert. But it hasn't been quite the same since Coakley left. And Virginia Haig.



THE MARK—There was a bit of a lull between Williams and Weeks, but now things are going fine on Nob Hill, where there's always room to park, if you like climbing. This is the bar, which is very dull except on Big Game night.



BELTRAMO'S—Affectionately termed the B.A.C., many things have happened to this legendary oasis since 1934. The scraggly green palm branches have been replaced by more private but less romantic pine woodwork, beer only is served, and nice girls sometimes go there.



MILLER'S—Come back with me for a moment to the days of our youth. This was Miller's, and everybody was there. The big shots, if tight enough, would even speak to us frosh. Some day a great leader will come out of the wilderness and drive out the B.P.O.E. hordes.



DEL MONTE—For those who never see the place in daylight, this scene will be familiar. Nagel plays rhumbas for the vacationing baldheads and the Stanford week-enders. The ceiling is a wretched gold job, but some mighty fine parties happen here—mighty fine.



Tables of the Farm



THE CHAPPIE award for the best stunt of the year goes to three members of a certain eating club, who have pulled something that should really go down in history.

Thoroughly irked by their club's habit of electing members who had not been around enough even to get acquainted, the three brought up a mythical prospect at the weekly meeting, and gave him a terrific buildup. He was a transfer from San Jose State, they said, had a fine record in athletic and social achievements, and was a nugget that simply could not be overlooked. Asserting that he had been a guest at the club for three meals, they proposed him for membership. Some of the brothers scratched their heads and opined that they didn't quite remember him, but no objections were raised, and a vote, by the usual method of secret ballot, was taken.

Whereupon the three conspirators dinged their imaginary nugget. And when the ballots were counted and three blackballs were found, they raised a thundering protest as to why the nugget had been dinged when everyone seemed in favor of his election. There was some confusion at this, but after some two hours of wrangling, the club constitution was suspended and a revote taken, admitting the new member.

But now the three Machiavellis are a little worried, because the club members are constantly asking them when the new member will come around, and they are afraid they must produce or else.

President Ray Lyman Wilbur, who has been heard on several occasions to express an antipathy for spirituous liquids, was attending a meeting of University administrators. Now Stanford University had been selected for the next meeting of University administrators, and President Wilbur was dwelling on the glories of our fair campus. He described the rolling foothills, the inner Quad, the Chapel, Memorial Hall, and all the other attractions. Then one of the administrators broke in.

"That's all very nice, Doctor Wilbur," he said. "But may I ask where the cocktails will be served?"

Doctor Wilbur looked at him very gravely. "There will be no cocktails," he replied. "Tea will be served."

A Roble girl was so unfortunate as to qualify for a lockout. The next day she was called down to the main desk. And who should be there but a delivery boy. And what should he have for her but a very large, very flat tire, with a very large and very blue ribbon tied around it.

A little boy was taken by his mother to visit the Chapel. While looking around inside he spied the mosaic of Adam and Eve. "Oh look, mother!" he shouted. "It's Tarzan of the Apes!"

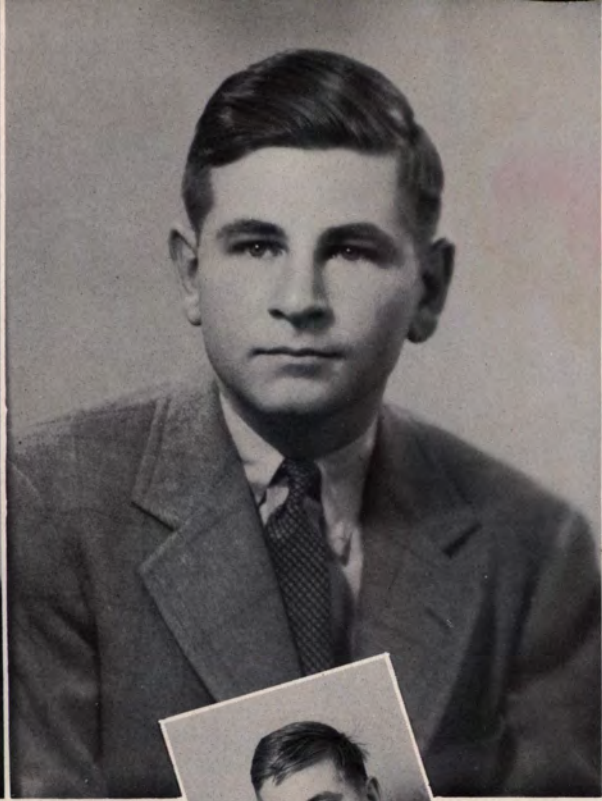
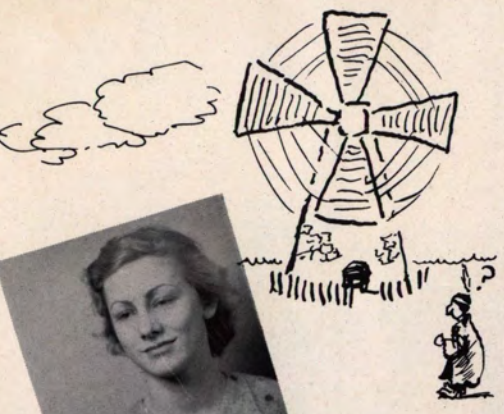
There is a lad in Toyon Hall whose peculiar sense of humor led him to roam through the corridors knocking on the various doors. After an extended period of such fun, he succeeded, as is generally the case, in thoroughly antagonizing the boys who lived in that wing, and they got together and swore vengeance. Finally their chance came. The knocker went to the showers one day, leaving his room open. A couple of fellows got inside and locked him out. And they kept him shivering in the corridor, inasmuch as he had neglected to wear anything, until he promised to be good.

A Senior here tells this one on himself. During his first few days in Encina, when the agency wolves were swarming about the green ones, he had a busy time. And having been urged to buy so much grut, he was not at all surprised when one evening someone walked into his room and asked if he wouldn't like to subscribe to the *Stanford Daily*. The price was only three dollars for the three quarters, he was told, and everyone else was taking the paper.

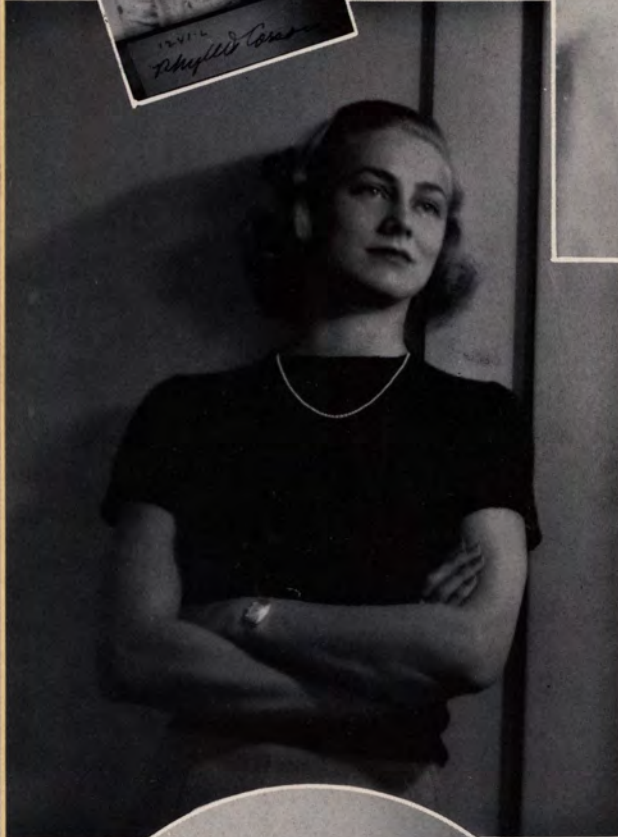
So the sucker subscribed. And every morning he would see copies of the *Daily* outside the doors, and he concluded that the agent was right in

(Continued on page 31)





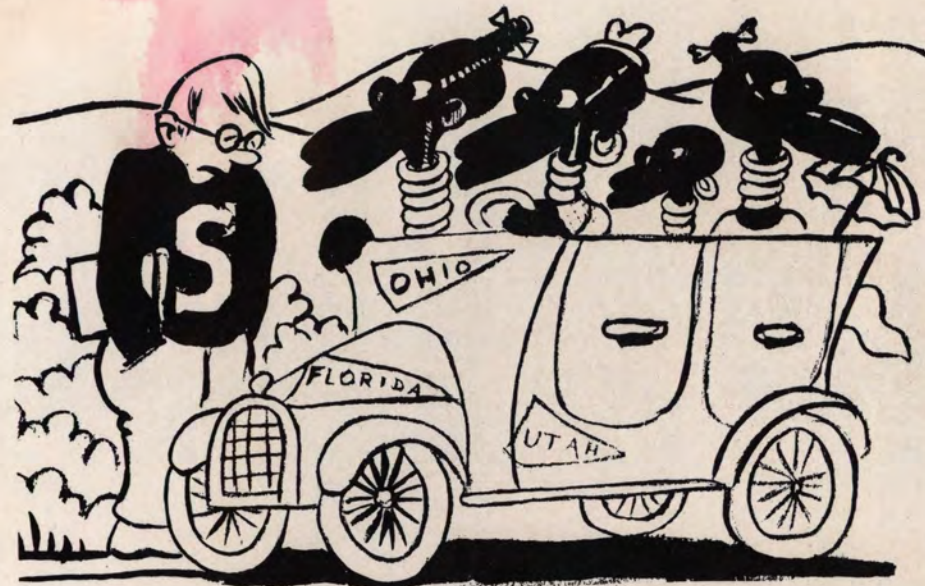
Portraits by
Maxine Kellogg



Thru the Mill!



Four - Years - on - the - Farm does do something, as is obvious from these before-and-after views of eight seniors. Maxine Kellogg's camera seems to have brought out a great improvement in the same faces we brought with us in 1934. If the University ever needs an advertising slogan we might advocate "Stanford Makes You Beautifuller" or "Palo Alto for Pulchritude."
(Lack of space forbids our including all the members of the Senior Class on this page. These lucky people were chosen by throwing darts at an open *Bawlout*. Our apologies to the forgotten fishes, and if you're still mad, go buy a *Quad*.)



"Which way is the Hoover home?"

Randolph AND THE WIDE WORLD

GORDON PEARSON

RANDOLPH looked a little droopier than usual that hot spring afternoon. When he had gotten up in the morning, he had picked up the same old blue shirt and unpressed pants from the floor, and by now he needed a shave and a combing. He shuffled along through the Administration building as though he were kicking up dust for the fun of it on a country road, and his wavering path straightened into a line as through his well-smudged glasses he saw "EMPLOYMENT SERVICE—Mrs. Groat."

Mrs. Groat's office chair squeaked as she swung around from her typewriter to face Randolph on the other side of her desk.

"What can I do for you, young man?" she said brightly, fussing with the papers in front of her. "Won't you please sit down?"

Randolph sat on the edge of the shiny, varnished chair and supported half of his weight with hands that gripped the corner of the seat.

"Well, you see, my name's Randolph Rampant, and I got a letter from my father yesterday, telling me I ought to stop in and see you."

"Oh, I see," Mrs. Groat interrupted. "You're graduating this June, I take it."

"Well, I *should* graduate. If I don't get any D's this quarter, everything will be all right."

"I'm sure everything will come out all right," Mrs. Groat said as she fluttered more papers and reached for a pencil. "Now, what are you interested in?"

Randolph thought a minute and gulped quietly to himself. "Well, Mrs. Groat, I'm interested in a lot of things. In fact, I'm interested in almost anything that happens to be at hand—a book, or a water spider sprinting across a pond. Right now I guess I'm mainly interested in you."

Mrs. Groat looked intently at the guileless face across from her and changed her mind.

"No, no, Mr. Rampant—what I meant was, what kind of job would you like to have when you graduate?"

"I've thought the matter over for some time, Mrs. Groat," Randolph answered, "and I've decided that I'd like to go into the paint business."

"Something with Sherman Williams or Fuller, perhaps?"

"Oh my no, Mrs. Groat. I just want to be a painter."

"I see, Mr. Rampant, you're thinking of doing illustrations, or perhaps advertising work?"

Randolph fidgeted and stared about the room. "To be frank, Mrs. Groat, I just want to be a plain old house painter."

Mrs. Groat adjusted her glasses in dismay. "Why, Mr. Rampant, here you are a college graduate, and you want to enter a trade. Thousands of dollars have been spent on your education and to think that you'd be willing to throw it all away to become a painter. And what will you be doing ten years from now? Still painting!"

Randolph smiled contentedly. "There's where you're wrong, Mrs. Groat; ten years from now I'll be running a little grocery store. You see, Mrs. Groat, this college education seems to have affected me the wrong way. It hasn't made me want to go out and work real hard. It's taught me how many books there are to read and how many things there are to look at and try to understand. Now if I'd never come to college, I'd probably be willing to work fifteen hours a day in

(Continued on page 33)

THE LIBE—

You probably tried to get a date here once in 1935. After this you quit going, because you learned that all the books you ever needed were out, or in some other department you never quite found, or in cold storage where you couldn't get at them.

But it's a pretty building, and now it's married to the School of Education, and we hope they will both be very happy.

Watercolor by John Stoll



J. P. MACABEE

This is a story about some young people who went to college
(As it is the customary thing to do these days).
They didn't go particularly for the knowledge;
Although they considered this a minor issue in some ways
Commendable,
Even recommendable,

Because classrooms afforded an excellent opportunity
To make the necessary business contacts;
And, furthermore, the library could boost you socially to some degree,
For here you could learn and contribute to others interesting "facts"
Concerning all your friends—informative and decorative vignettes
(Providing you remained outside smoking numerous cigarettes),
Which are worth reserving for future reference
Since one never knows when intelligence like this won't in some way settle or
sway a preference.

. . . . But to return to the young people and my narration:
One spring day they were driving in the country—a frequent occupation,
When they stopped at a grocery store,
The habitation
Of J. P.
MACABEE,
Proprietor.
They went in and ate sandwiches and discussed what they were going to do
with their education
(Being seniors they were serious and earnest students),
And from their conversation
Mr. Macabee reflected on the rudiments.

These young people were all extremely ambitious,
Because they considered it propitious
And auspicious
To make a lot of money—
And J. P.
MACABEE
Thought this was very funny.

After they had driven off in their British tan
Convertible sedan,
He went into his room in the rear and looked at a framed document
Hung on the wall beneath a picture of Our President.



Perhaps the sight of a B.A.
Degree
Didn't in any way
Sentimentally dismay
Old Mr. Macabee.
I think on the contrary
His contemplation
Made him smile—
The smile reputedly sardonic—
As he weighed awhile
The situation
Indisputably ironic.

. . . . And the young people drove back to the college 87 miles per hour because
they all
Had to change into baby clothes and go to a Campus Ball.

I Won't Dance

NORRIS LORTON



June 1

DEAR GEORGIE PORGIE:

I am only writing this letter to you because I have not heard from you for so long and I thought you might be sick or something but of course I know you are kept busy with your studying all the time but I remember your saying once that sometimes after a hard week end you do not feel well. Your mother has told my mother that you should not study so hard all the time because you don't look so good when you come home for the vacations. Which at this time reminds me that I think you carry this studying business too far sometimes because you said when you were home at Christmas time that you would have to study right through the week vacation in March and one of my girl friends said that she saw you up in the snow and I think that is an awful funny place to study but of course you know what is best for yourself.

Because you haven't written I have been sort of thinking that isn't it almost time for the Senior Ball which comes before the graduation and if you remember last summer you promised me you would take me to that dance that was when you told me all those nice things. You didn't mention anything about it at Christmas and I thought it was a little early for me to say anything. But I would kind of like to know about it now so I will know when to buy a new dress and I have to know when I am to come down there and Ma will have to buy a new dress too. So I will be very glad if you write and let me know soon.

The weather up home here is just like summer. I guess you wish you were out in the country like it is up here where you could go swimming or boating when you wanted to. Everybody up here is fine and hope you are

(Continued on page 34)

Portraits

BY A LITTLE GOD

We are Stanford students, realizing our superiority to other college students, but unable quite to comprehend the great gulf that lies between us and the common "man in the street." However, we are democratic, very democratic, and we won't let anyone know that we know about our superiority.

I am an athlete. My superior physical strength, skill, and stamina make me the object of great admiration to people who don't know me. The girls love me, and justly so, because I am not a weakling. My brains, when good, make me the model man and I am proud.

I am a social lioness. I have only to crook my littlest finger and the men come up in droves. I don't bother to do this any more. My only worries are: keeping up my reputation for having the best in my wake at all times, and managing to look permanently indifferent. Little Shots need not apply, or if they should (as they do) and should I accept, they need not expect me to grace them with my company if something smoother comes along.

I am an activities man. I belong to the best fraternity. I am smooth and I do lots of useful things. Among my outstanding activities I number being outstanding. I head things and get my picture in the paper (a rather poor picture, but people get to know me, and that's important). I am getting very good experience, and I know it. I feel it my further duty to instruct future Student Leaders in the way I have learned to do my work efficiently, as I do it, you know.

I am very popular. "Hiyah, Joe." I'm not consciously trying to—Excuse me. "How's it going, fellow? How'd you go last quarter?" What were you saying? Oh, yes. I'm not trying to be friendly or run for office. I honestly feel this way. "Glad to see you again, Ruth. How's the leg?" I remember names because I like to, and I feel continually exuberant. Well, so long, fellow. I'll be seeing you. So long, old man.



I act. The fact that I do it all the time makes no difference. I am very clever. I laugh at those silly committee people, and debaters, and Daily reporters who work so hard and uselessly, and people who start these new and very important institutes and forums, and even at the Chappies who claim to have the most fun in working. Acting is very important. I am not foolishly serious about world affairs as these other people are. I am self-sufficient, and superbly egotistical. I may laugh at acting, but only superficially. I realize that it means something.

I write. I think college kids are very juvenile. They are stupid and immature. I create. When I am not creating I live with the great minds of the past. Creation only is important. Others do what anyone could do. I do what I alone of all the world can do. I hold myself aloof and do not pay attention to collegians and their antics.

I am a student. This is what college is for. I mean it, seriously. Only studying is important. Excuse me, I must plod.

I am a committee woman. I work on numerous committees. I do many obscure but important things, such as decorating booths, serving at unnecessary dinners, etc. I live to serve, and besides I get my name in the paper, and my roommate sees it among the other names, and I can send it home. These things have to be done. I will make a remarkable clubwoman when I marry (soon, I hope). I already write very dull reports.

I write this mockery. I am most superior of all, because I am all of these things and none of them. I laugh at every one, even the mockers, because I see through them. I understand. I even see through myself, and so attain the pinnacle of superiority. I laugh at myself for laughing at others, because I know that it gratifies my ego. I am above everyone because I know that everything is equally futile and unnecessary. I am a fool!

—Ed Kerr



THE FARM—

This is the way the red-tiled roofs look from the hill-tops in the daytime, in case you never noticed.

At the risk of waxing sentimental, we'll bet that not

many of us will ever quite forget the rolling green hills that stretch out along Sand Hill Road, dotted in the spring with blue and orange blossoms and, of course, cows.

Watercolor by John Stoll



THE QUAD—

Spiritually and geographically the center of the campus may be the Chapel, but practically and socially it's the English Corner. Here the weary student finds warm sunshine, happy faces, gay

laughter, and somebody who has "an extra cigarette."

Of course, this isn't the English Corner. But if you look at it in a mirror you won't know the difference.

Watercolor by John Stoll



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 39, 1937-38
 Stanford University founded 1891. Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899, by Bristow Adams. Owned and Published by Hammer and Coffin Society. Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906.

THE CHAPPIES

Robert T. Hartmann, '38 <i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Foster Markolf, '38 <i>Business Manager</i>
Curtis Barnes, '35 <i>Art Editor</i>	Ted Cornell, '39 <i>Circulation Manager</i>
Tom Fleming III, '39 <i>Managing Editor</i>	Arthur Levinson, '39 <i>Managing Editor</i>
Guy Combs, '38 <i>Associate Managers</i>	Robert Harper, '38 <i>Associate Managers</i>
Robert Ransom, '35 <i>Secretary-Treasurer of Hammer and Coffin</i>	
Harold Barnes, '38	Charles Hood, '36
Carleton W. Boyd, '38	Norris Lorton, '38
Bud Cady, '37	George McKenna, '38
Alan Ducommun, '38	Wm. J. Moir, '37
Prestridge Ellington, '38	Kendahl Overturf, '38
Bob Gillespie, '38	Gordon Pearson, '38

HONORARY

Arthur Lites, '32	Beryl Randall, '38
James Nute, '31	<i>Women's Manager</i>
Betty McGlashan, '38	

ESTABLISHED OCT 5 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED
 THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

WENZEL 1938



NOW THAT curtain is coming down on Volume 39 and another year on the Farm, the last year for the Seniors to whom the Old Boy dedicates this issue, wishing them Godspeed. The present editor is very sad and sentimental. But the Old Boy is happy, because he has high hopes for his beloved University and his funny little magazine. He knows that next year's CHAPPIE is in good hands, and that it will continue to record the fun of Stanford life, puncturing the inflated phonies and capturing the lively flavor of the warm, friendly Farm, as it has for 40 years.

And although it is difficult for the graduating seniors to realize, the University will go on, too. For universities deal with youth and truth, and both are immortal. The things which the great university symbolizes are extremely perishable in a high-speed world of violence and intolerance. The Old Boy wants Stanford to continue at the head of the parade, never forgetting in the little squabbles over Union food, B.A.C. tactics, Administration ineptitudes, student foibles, and financial demands that the great mission of the University is to bring more truth to youth, and more youth to truth, where the winds of freedom blow.



NOW THAT is all. Before doffing the cap and bells, handing over the silver-girdled hammer to Art, and climbing into the quiet and comfortable coffin, final resting place of all editors, I must say a few things that are swelling up inside me and making a big lump.

It's been great fun. Hounding contributors whose stuff was late, pounding a typewriter all night to make a deadline, tearing my hair over troubles in the press, trying to be funny in the dark, dark days of Winter Quarter, all these have been fun. It's been the best year of my life, and the reason it's been so swell has been the swell people who have worked with me all the way. To all of them my sincere affection and gratitude, and to some of them a few more words must be said.

To Art Lites: No one will ever know how much of whatever success Volume 39 can claim has been due to you—your splendid Peace pages, your patience and understanding and genuine friendship, and your cheerful readiness to straighten out a tough problem or suggest a scintillating idea. Thanks, Art, I'll miss our bull sessions.

To Tom and Art and Marco: You've had the glamorous title of Managing Editors, but you and I know that you've been Minute Men, the come-through boys that could always be depended upon. Big job or little job, planning out an issue or getting me cigarettes, you three have been the solid rock on which our little book has been painstakingly built each month. Only one of you could be elected Editor, but it will be the three of you together who will make Volume 40 the greatest CHAPPIE ever.

To Curt Barnes: When we needed a one-inch cut or a cover, somebody went to look for you. Sometimes we had diffi-

culty finding you, and you never started anything more than ten minutes before the absolute deadline, but you knocked out some brilliant stuff.

To Beryl: There's not much glory in typing bills and letters, especially with a mob of madmen hanging around. But the thorough way you've done your job, and you yourself, won't be forgotten by the Chappies or by me.

To Ted: The fact that you always sold them all will always be something of a miracle to me. Once a month the office smelled of glue and wrapping paper and string and there was much hustle and bustle and Cornell was doing his job.

To Bob Ransom: You took Hammer and Coffin and injected new life into it, not only by the fine job you did on the new Charter but by your example of what a real H&C man is like.

To Foster: You old son-of-a-gun, I don't know what to say. I've been too sentimental already and I left you till the last and now I'm going to get positively maudlin. When we got together last summer and dreamed of tremendous plans for our "baby," we thought it would be a lot of fun. But we didn't begin to imagine how much fun it has been. No one will believe that we haven't had a fight all year, because editors and managers are supposed to be constantly at odds, and anyone who can stay on speaking terms with me for a whole year is a genius. But I can honestly say that CHAPPIE never has had and never will have a better Business Manager than you, Fos, one who has a finer sensibility and balanced conception of the purposes of our magazine, or one who will devote himself more diligently and effectively to the realization of those purposes. Or one who is a better guy to work with.

Sincerely,



FINALS AREN'T SO BAD!

The very *thought* of graduation
Is a sad enunciation,
And it chills my circulation
With the sort of glaciation
That will spoil my June vacation
And my mental relaxation.

Think of *all* those hapless Seniors
Facing four and fifty lean years
In this world where their ideals
Take a second place to meals.
And plans for peace are unromantic
Just across the blue Atlantic.

Think of all the Senior girls
In this mad world's social whirls
Where ambitions are forgotten,
Sims and Culbertson begotten,
And the D.A.R. is hunting
For its pedigrees and bunting.

Willy Randolph and his writing
And the Asiatic fighting
When you ever stop to heed 'em
Sort of chill the winds of freedom,
And the wrangling world's aroma
Stains a college man's diploma.

I propose to start debunking
All the bad that's said of flunking;
Who can blame a lad for staying
(Just as long as Father's paying)
Where the saddest circumstances
Are the ways of boat-house dances?
I will flunk and take my chances!

I am weeping for you, Seniors;
But be brave for fifty lean years,
Then perhaps what here you've gotten
Will be happily forgotten
And besides for relaxation
You can spend a long vacation
Quite forgetting all that vexes
Taking twenty-unit exes!

—Sherman Mellinkoff

THE TOWER—

There are two of these towers, this one and the other one, which is just as beautiful and a lot more practical. It has a clock on it which tells you how late you are to class or whether you'll make that 2:30 or not.

Watercolor by John Stoll

Women

I HAVE KNOWN

SISTER MCGONIGLE

AFTER wading through the trials and tribulations of the Greek world on various occasions, it seems only natural that I should pay a fitting tribute to those who have given me such a wealth of experience on which to base my tales. Of course, need I mention that "any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental."

For three happy years I have dwelled within the cloisters of Amma Fly Baita on the hill with thirty sistern. Our destinies were carefully guided by a house mouse who was given to sneaking into corners to spy on young,

unsuspecting, and romantic couples. She was a friendly gal in the same way that a granite block is. A noble woman of unquestioned moral virtue, but very questionable understanding of the younger generation. Need I say that she added quite a warm spark to our living group. One gets used to rain in winter; water follows the path of least resistance; and so after four years we had all become quite fond of her.

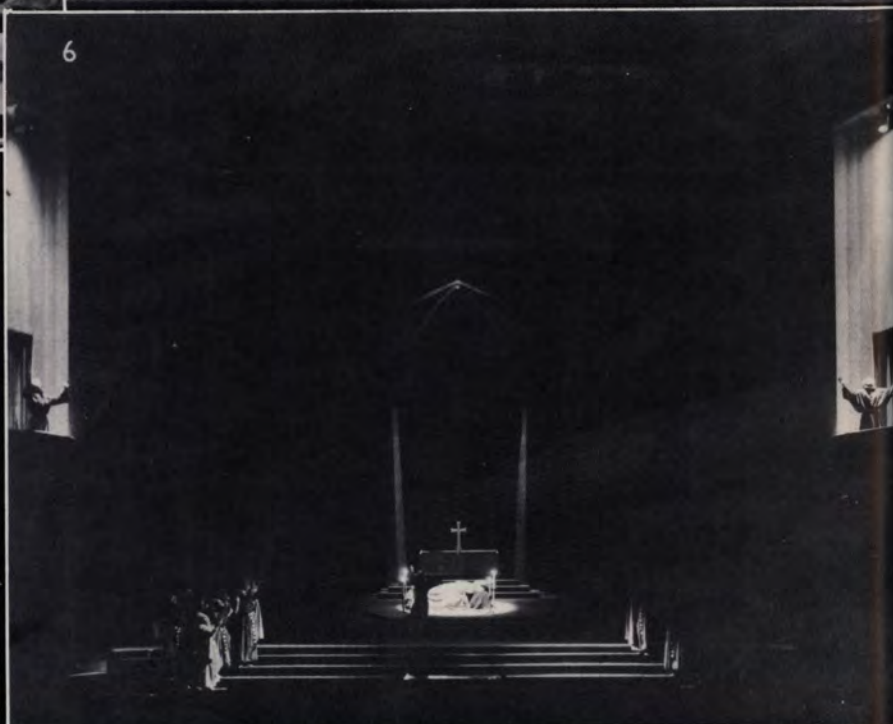
It is only natural that I should first find myself describing those who were better acquainted with me. First among

(Continued on page 35)



P. Bitzing

"De mint's all gone, suh, so ah jest used spinach"



The Chappies, who started the New Theater Movement back in 1919, and contributed the first money to the Memorial Hall fund, have anxiously watched the results of the first year of the realization of their project.

It has been an auspicious beginning, and the Ancient One is pleased. There have been growing pains, but recent events indicate that Stanford is passing out of her dramatic "awkward age" and that next year will see a fine School of the Theater attracting ambitious actors from near and far and producing, in keeping with its superb physical equipment, a stimulating variety of worth-while shows, combining the best in training with the best in entertainment.

The Old Boy, to evidence his sincere and continuing interest in Stanford drama, would like to inaugurate an annual award for the "Bests" of the year in the Farm's theatrical efforts. These will be chosen by the CHAPPIE Reviewing Staff and Editors, and there won't be any prize, except what little glory our opinion is worth.

Here are the first year's winners:

- Best all-round production: Molière's *Don Juan*, directed by Thomas Wood Stevens. Runners-up: Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, directed by H. Miles Heberer; Chodorov's *Kind Lady*, directed by H. Miles Heberer.
- Best actor (lead): Bud Cady in the title role of *Johnny Johnson*. Runners-up: Phil Brown in *The Star Wagon*, J. P. Cahn in *Murder in the Cathedral*, Gary Simpson in *Don Juan*.
- Best actress (lead): Janet Dole as Hecuba in *The Trojan Women*. Runners-up: Kay Campbell in *Kind Lady*, Frances Farmer as Hjordis in *The Vikings*.
- Best supporting actor: Gary Simpson in *The Vikings*. Runners-up: Bud Cady in *Don Juan*, Hal Kahn in *Kind Lady*.
- Best supporting actress: Kay Campbell in *The Trojan Women*. Runners-up: Melba Toombs in *Kind Lady*, Virginia Rogers in *The Vikings*.
- Best set designs: William Bassett's for *Kind Lady*. Runners-up: Waldemar Johansen's for *The Vikings*, Phil Brown's for *Murder in the Cathedral*.

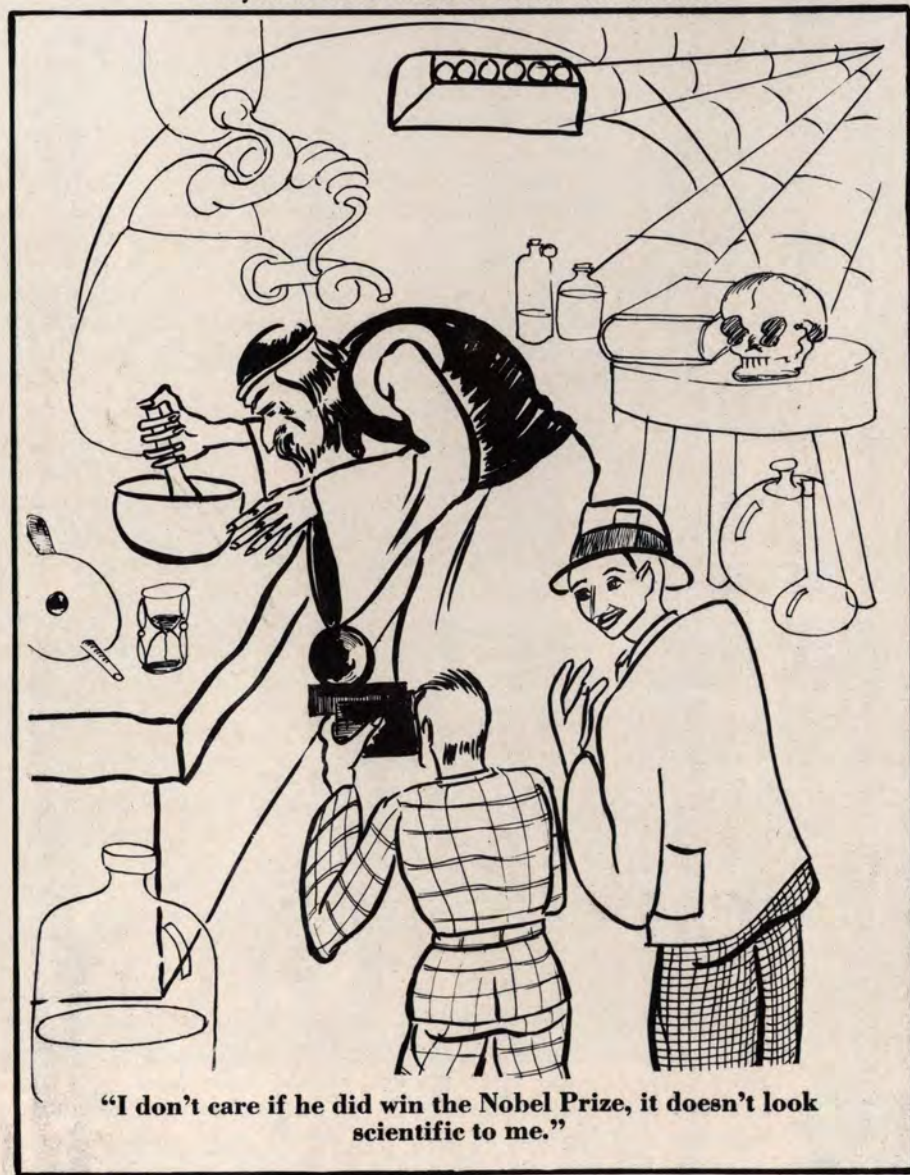


(1) *The Trojan Women*, (2) *The Vikings*, (3) *Trial by Jury*, (4) *Winter's Tale*, (5) *The Star Wagon*, (6) *Murder in the Cathedral*, (7) *Don Juan*, (8) *Johnny Johnson*, (9) Cady and Dawson make faces, (10) Hal Kahn scratches Fran Farmer's nose, (11) *Is Europe?* in rehearsal, (12) Gerry Schreiber and Dawson, stars of *Blue Jeans*, apply grease-paint, (13) In the Green Room, waiting for the curtain, Carol Guerin, Shirley Jones, and Kay Campbell trump each other's aces, (14) Virginia Sharpe puts on the finishing touches, (15) *Kind Lady*. Candid Photos by Howard Roberts. Photo of Memorial Hall by Gerald Coffman. Other pictures courtesy Department of Speech and Drama.

Stanford's New Theater
is no longer New!



"Do you fellows mind if I ride side-saddle?"



"I don't care if he did win the Nobel Prize, it doesn't look scientific to me."

Little Pop Off

TOM FLEMING

COME season-of-much-sad-parting Pop Off run around with braves and squaws and make much sport and drink b-r and dance and pay much wampum but at night he feel very sad and cry because pretty soon he leave Pueblo-Much-High-Learning and never come back. Many braves pound him on back and say how lucky he through and he very smart but Pop Off think they are all loco. Because he leave, Pop Off have to buy black robes and put name on birchbark which make him ancestor and he have to buy birchbark saying he leave which all seem very silly because Pop Off want to stay for long time. Then one day he wonder why he leave so he go and talk to big chief and tell him he want to stay but chief say only bad braves stay for long time. So Pop Off try to be bad brave and he go around looking for trouble. He pull squaws' scalps and make much noise but nobody notice him. Then he get on pony and ride fast as hell past police chief but they no notice him either so he feel very small. He go around and break windows in hogans but nobody see him and he take squaw out and keep her late but she have late leave so nothing happen. Then he fill goatskin with water and drop on head of dean but dean just laugh and Pop Off get very mad. Then he go to bad brave and ask how can Pop Off be bad brave but brave look at Pop Off and laugh and hit him on head with stick until Pop Off have to run away. Then little brave think for long time and remember that braves who no pound birchbark have to stay for long time in PMHL. So Pop Off no take final birchbark pounding and sit in tepee and smoke his pipe. Pretty soon big medicine man come in and say Pop Off have to stay in PMHL for long time. So Pop Off know how to stay in PMHL forever and he very happy. Pop Off's father Chief Hot-and-Cold-Running-Water send him many bad smoke signals but Pop Off no give a damn and he very happy little brave.

STOMPIN' AROUND

COLLIE SMALL



GENE KRUPA, self-appointed "Prince of Percussion," made his grand entrance with less punch than last night's ginger ale. Uncertain brass, loose reeds, and poor arrangements give rise to an unholy odor which all the perfume on Helen Ward cannot sweeten—she apparently went domestic as Mrs. Krupa and contracted a bad case of dishwater throat. The law of averages says that Krupa, with men such as Vido Musso taxing the clefs, must improve, but his "One More Dream" will never, never become a collector's item.

Benny Goodman, who, it is rumored, doesn't make out checks under three hundred dollars any one week, wasn't fooling in his switch to the mellow. "That Feeling Is Gone" is slow and gently rocking, with a Martha Tilton vocal in front of a humming sax ensemble that's mild and delicate. The back, "Lullaby in Rhythm," is the kind of swing that goes with a pipe, a fire, and an easy chair along about

nine. It's those saxes in the cradle that make the lullaby, and while Benny comes perilously close to departing from the mood, he stays in his restrained groove and makes it a sort of sundown in four-four time.

With his new band of fourteen men, Fats Waller is entitled to be recognized as Mr. Waller. With a Heaven-sent backing that's at last solid and re-

fined, Fats no longer comments about the weather between bars, but bleats his vocals as per instructions on the score. At least, such is the case with "I Simply Adore You," and may I offer up a prayer that this will be typical of that which is yet to come swinging off the wax.

For the type of swing that isn't exactly Ritz-Carlton, Count Basie kicks "Topsy" around no little bit. Black at times and possessed of that typical drive, his piano fits well and the tough tenor is not for the gentle.

Red Norvo's broad, rolling saxes drift through "Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time" with that dreamy phrasing so remindful of the surging opening bars of "Remember." His xylophone, which won't admit that Hampton's vibraphone is a relative, is warm and relaxed, and swings softly and freely. Norvo and Mildred Bailey will have a copy of "Rock It for Me" around the first of June, according to



P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER. Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

**GOODBYE, SENIORS,
BON VOYAGE!**



It has been four years of fun serving you.

Here's hoping this vacation will be the best ever.

Let me arrange your honeymoon trip

STREET TRAVEL SERVICE

109 Circle Palo Alto

AGENT ALL LINES
SPECIALIST IN ROUND-THE-WORLD TOURS



"It says 'Honorable conduct in academic work is the spirit of conduct in this University'."

My fondness for Dixieland allows me to say that I like the space immediately adjoining the hole just as well as the noise issuing from the grooves.

Johnny Hodges, my own choice for king of soloists, has taken a small group out of Duke Ellington's band for several recordings. What it lacks in solidity, the combination makes up in finesse, and the way Hodges glides to the top of his drives and then slides into the note at the last possible moment with a melodious squeal is wonderful.

One of the lads at Penn State writes me that some fancy jam-sessions are being printed under the label of Milt Gabler's Commodore Shop and include Eddie Condon and his Windy City Seven and Bud Freeman's Trio. No recommendation other than the fact that this particular fellow knows more than one of the angles.

Courteous, Dependable Service

Palo Alto Transfer and Storage Company
151 Homer

Storage
Packing
Shipping

Palo Alto 9081

To my friends I'll admit I like Phil Harris, and his "Groove Song," backed by "Constantly" from the "Follies of 1910," is one of his best.

And now, many thanks to the Old Boy for harboring these wandering comments of the past year, and a pleasant summer full of bolero beats to the guy that reads this column.

Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, Inc. This, of course, is the tune which was submitted, unpublished, to Chick Webb by its composers, the twin-sister Werners, and which he recorded so well with Ella Fitzgerald.

The "Big Crash from China" is a late Bob Crosby and his Bobcats effort, and is just what the title implies.



MERCI!

ET À
L'ANNÉE
PROCHAINE

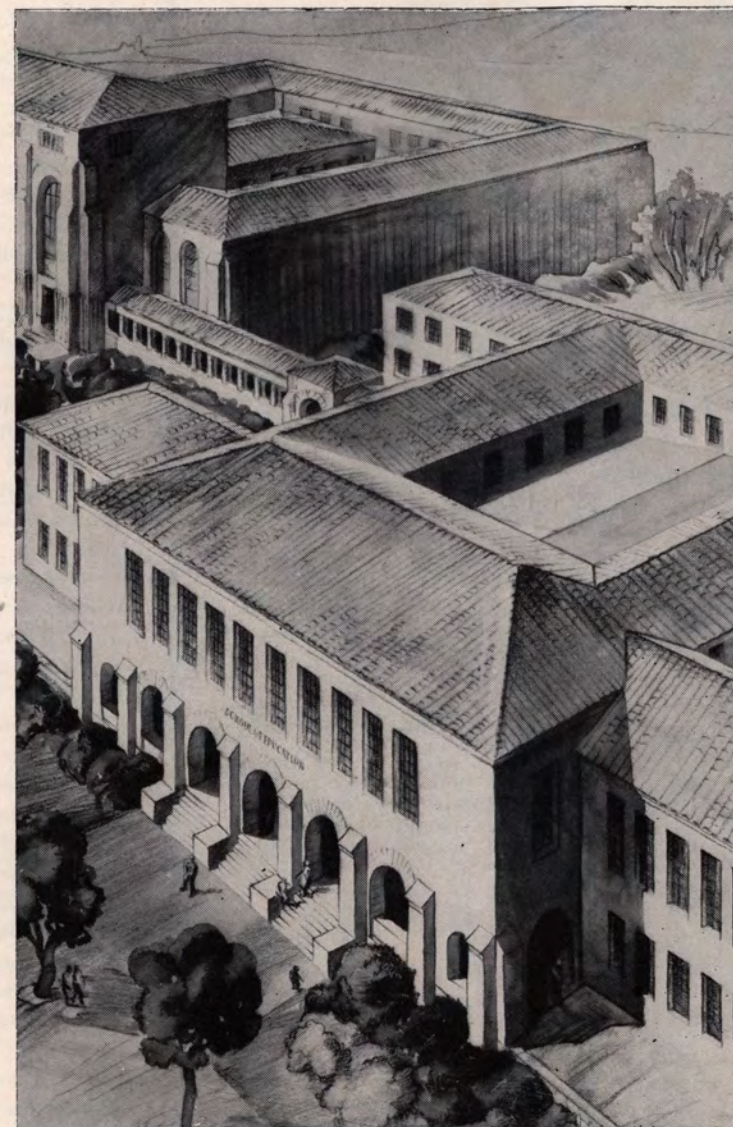
1 1 1

L'OMELETTE

Téléphone—Mt. View 830

Fermé Tous Les Lundis.

New School of Education Building



GEORGE WAGNER
Building Construction

R. L. REAVES
Roofing

JAMES H. PINKERTON
Plumbing



BEFORE VACATION

finish **THOSE ODDS AND ENDS
AROUND THE HOUSE**

If you're smart you'll finish up *right now* all of those odds and ends around the house that just have to be done. Because — the open road, fishing, picnics, and what not, will soon be irresistible. Finish up NOW with

FULLER *they last* PAINTS



SPAR VARNISH

Fullerspar is the finest quality varnish, for either outside or inside use. It resists wear.

QUART

\$1.42



SCREEN ENAMEL

DecoratScreen Enamel protects screens from rusting and keeps them new-looking. Available in green and black.

PINT
Black

45¢



HOUSE PAINT

Fuller Pure Prepared is the highest quality "house" paint, made by the west's largest paint manufacturers. It lasts.

GALLON

\$3.40



PORCH PAINT

Fuller Porch and Deck Paint stands hard outside use. Glossy finish. Doesn't show water marks.

QUART

\$1.05

PAINTS and GLASS

Cubberley Education Building

by

W. P. FULLER & CO.

New School of Education Building

STANFORD's modern School of Education Building now nearing completion will be one of the finest in the United States. The building of this newest addition to the Stanford plant was made possible by a gift from the Dean Emeritus of Stanford's School of Education, Dr. Ellwood P. Cubberley, and Mrs. Cubberley. Dr. Cubberley's reputation is national because of his research work and his publications in the field of education.

The building is architecturally designed to fit into Stanford's general scheme of Romanesque Revival architecture and was planned from drawings made by Dr. Cubberley, himself a talented amateur architect. The front of the building is covered with sandstone with large arches to harmonize with other Stanford buildings and joined to the Library by an arcade.

In the interior will be seminar rooms, classrooms, child research rooms, as well as an auditorium seating 720 people and with provisions for a projection room for motion pictures and slides for lectures.

The building was virtually a surprise to the campus when Dr. and Mrs. Cubberley announced their contribution to Stanford's educational system last year. Dr. Cubberley saved the sum from a lifetime devoted to education, and as the last work is being finished, sees the realization of his dream.

Instrumental in the building of the structure were George Wagner, building construction, James H. Pinkerton Company, W. P. Fuller Company and R. L. Reaves, roofing, as well as the Palace Hardware Company.



"Ann's dancing is like a telephone office."

"How come?"

"Every line's busy."

—Banter



Guard: Sir, the prisoners are rioting again.

Warden: What's the matter now?

Guard: The chef used to cook for a fraternity.

—Chicken Soup

Palace HARDWARE CO.

581 Market St. San Francisco

SUPPLIERS OF

P. & F. CORBINS

Builders' Hardware



STANLEY BUTTS

Rixson Floor Hinges



FOR

STANFORD'S NEW

CUBBERLEY

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

BUILDING

FABLES

(Continued from page 11)

saying that everyone else in the hall was taking the paper.

It wasn't until two quarters later that he found out.

☞ Another Senior, who happened to be in Washington, D.C., during the recent flood in Los Angeles that sent the Chamber of Commerce there into hiding, relates that he heard a Washington newsboy cry out, "Extra! Extra! U.S. Navy looking for Los Angeles!"

☞ This same fellow, always keenly alive to the humorous possibilities in any situation, was watching the movie, "Way Down East." He was terribly bored with the show, but being slightly crooked he was able to bear it. However, when Rochelle Hudson dashed across the ice, clutching her baby to her bosom, the slightly crooked one simply could not resist, and standing up, he bayed long and mournfully. He was not allowed to see the rest of the show.

☞ A chem smoker was held not long ago in the basement room of the Women's Clubhouse, and as part of the entertainment one of the students got up to give an imitation of his prof in action. He was going at it full tilt when a girl prominent in activities here popped in through a window.

"What's he doing?" she asked, indicating the figure holding the center of attention.

"Why, he's supposed to be So-and-So," someone answered.

"So-and-So? What party does he belong to? Say, what bunch is this, anyway?"

"Oh, excuse me!" she said, when told. "I thought this was the Student Political Union."

☞ Spring is the time of year when all things come to life. In proof of this, a horde of ants recently invaded the Stanford University Press. Irked by these tiny friends, the Press called in the aid of a pest exterminating company. Their agent arrived with various lethal weapons and asked one of the girls in the office where the ants were. "Oh, right here in my drawers," she replied.

☞ A Senior who was thoroughly accustomed to the habits of women called one night at a sorority house

For the Woman Graduate

Hand-Made Lingerie

(Hand embroidered)

Yolande and Barbizon

Brands

Hosiery

GOTHAM GOLD-STRIPE

NOLDE & HORST

Brands

Marian Seimas

257 UNIVERSITY

PALO ALTO

Dear House Manager

(for Next Year)

Could we suggest that if the gals or fellows want bread of any kind—or be it snails or do-nuts — baked especially for them — that you please phone us.

Sincerely yours,

The

Liddicoat Bakery

340 University

P.A. 5981



The "Gilfillan Audience" hears every word

No distortion even at full volume (when you are in a distant corner at home). This and all other features of a truly modern radio are yours when you join the Gilfillan Audience. Come in for a Gilfillan Test Audition today.

Gilfillan
RADIO REFRIGERATION

KAAR ENGINEERING CO.
619 EMERSON - PALO ALTO



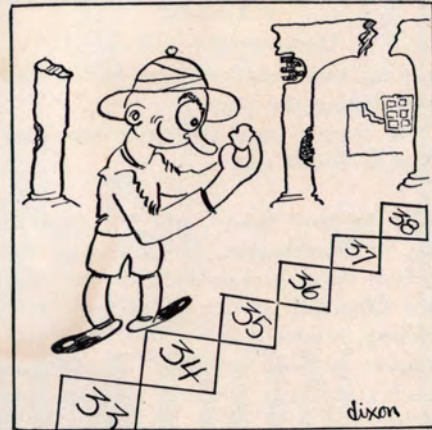
Cool, Smart Towncraft
SHIRTS

Non-Wilt
Collars!

\$1.49

Trim, white shirts that'll keep you looking fit on the hottest days! Combed, pre-shrunk broadcloth in comfortable sizes — Nu-Craft no-starch collars attached! Lustrous buttons.

PENNEY'S
PENNEY COMPANY, INC.
300 University Ave. Palo Alto



"Hm. Looks like a fragment of the Stanford Daily. How quaint!"

for his girl. He shouted her name up the stairs in the customary manner and then sought a comfortable spot to rest. Lying down in a side room he fell asleep. The girl came down, looked around, then returned to her room. The caller awoke at 12:00 and crept silently out into the night. The girl is still working off her lock-in.

Several years ago a professor lived up to his reputation of absent-mindedness in a spectacular manner. He had a dinner engagement and his wife was anxious for him to make it. She called him in to change his clothes. He went upstairs and remained there. His wife called anxiously several times and finally went up to investigate. She found him asleep in his pajamas. The power of suggestion in removing his clothes had been too much for him and he had retired.

One of the zealous members of the Convalescent Home Drive committee went canvassing in Palo Alto. Admitted into a house, he went into his song and dance. The response was not encouraging, and he went on to greater efforts. He argued himself blue in the face, he pleaded with tears in his eyes, he painted horrible pictures of the plight of the suffering tots. As he was about to drop from exhaustion, he was handed a four-bit piece.

Our hero put the dough in his pocket, and stood there for a minute, wiping off the sweat. Then he thanked the people, smiled, bowed, and stepped backward toward the door. Feeling the doorknob in his hand, he pulled the door open, turned around, and found himself in a clothes closet.

—Levinson and Fleming

ALWAYS OPEN GARAGE Stanford Auto Co.
 Roger Roberts
 511 Alma St. Dial 3179
 Representative of National Automobile Club

So you didn't
ORDER A QUAD!

However, it's still not too late to get one. We still have a few copies on hand at the regular price \$5.67

Get yours now at
The A.S.S.U. Office
or
The Quad Office



"This, Professor, appears to be a petrified Union Snail."

RANDOLPH

(Continued from page 14)

an office, because I'd never have found out about all the fine things there are to look at. But now, I can be a painter for eight hours a day and have plenty of time to do all the things I've learned to like to do here at college. And when I get a little money saved up, I can get that grocery store, and then I can talk to people and read and watch swallows build nests under the eaves and everything. I guess if I were smarter, I'd stay here at school and get to be a professor some day. But I'm not very smart, and then there are so many things I like, I wouldn't know what to be a professor of."

Mrs. Groat's eyes were turned toward her desk but they were not focused on anything. Finally she gave her head a little toss. "Well, there's not much point in your filing your application here, Mr. Rampant."

"Well, gosh, I didn't come here to bother you about that. You see, you were the lady that gave my dad a lift when he ran out of gas outside of Salinas last week. He just wrote me and told me to be sure and stop in to thank you again, that's all."

"I want a book about 'The Red Ship,' 'The Scarlet Cruiser,' or something."

Salesman: "Here you are, 'The Rubaiyat'."

—Punch Bowl

Golfer (unbalanced by some afternoon drinks) to opponent: Sir, I wish you clearly to understand that I resent your interference with my game. Tilt the green once more and I chuck the match.

—Pup

Livingston Bros.

You'll be in stripes.

... and you'll love it when the stripes are in this denim play ensemble; blue and white with a red zipper to make the overalls form-fitting. Only 4.95 for the whole outfit! Second Floor.



GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET • SAN FRANCISCO.



And
Caesar Said:

"Yes, Marc, milkshakes made at The Peninsula Creamery are the finest in this village. All the crowd's ordering one after the show." Right you are, Caesar!



Hamilton & Emerson



Paul D. Culver

Pioneer Jeweler

Hamilton, Elgin, Gruen, and
Waltham Watches

Guaranteed Watch Repairs
FRATERNITY JEWELRY

BOB MANGAN, '37
Campus Representative

E. W. Wright, Opt.D.
Optometrist

167 University

Phone 5331

GOOD LAUNDRY WINS!

Truly careful and expert laundry service means that clothes last thru the school year
and

The wearer always looks better-dressed

"Your laundry"

THE PALO ALTO LAUNDRY

P.A. 6612

644 Emerson

I WON'T DANCE

(Continued from page 16)

the same. I can hardly wait to hear about when that dance is so I hope you write soon.

Your loving
JOSIE

June 1

DEAR JOSEPHINE:

Please don't call me that awful name; nobody calls me that any more, except you, and besides the fellows here in the house open the wrong letters by mistake sometimes.

The reason I haven't written to you before is because I have so much work to do. Everybody studies just twice as hard during spring quarter and that makes the averages much higher.

About that business of my being up in the snow—I was on a field trip doing some research work. You see, not all the work we do comes out of books. On field trips you have to travel around quite a bit. Sometimes we even go down to Los Angeles for a whole week end at a time to study conditions.

The reason I didn't say anything about the Senior Ball when I was

home during Christmas vacation was because I thought you had forgotten about it, and besides I had found out some things about it that made me decide that you probably wouldn't want to go anyway. For one thing they only serve squab for breakfast, and, then, they always get just some hotel orchestra to play; then there is the matter of souvenirs which are usually just compacts or some little thing like that; besides, nobody really ever goes but a bunch of old Kappas. I just wouldn't feel right about you and your mother buying new dresses and making that long trip just for this old dance. In fact, I can see it was a mistake on my part to have even suggested the idea because I don't think a nice girl like you would have a good time.

I am feeling fine.

Your friend,
GEORGE

P.S. I don't think I'll even bother to go to the dance myself.

G.

"That's a famous bed. A sugar king once slept in it."

"Yeh, I can still feel the lumps."

—Purple Parrot

Carlson's

home made candy

Phone 23455

343 University Avenue Palo Alto, California

GRADUATION GIFTS AND CARDS

Parker — Sheaffer — Waterman Pens
and Desk Sets

Cameras — both movies and stills

Leather Goods — Framed Pictures

Socially Correct Wedding Announcements

323 University

David Keeble

P.A. 4204

WOMEN

(Continued from page 23)

these I turn to a gal who normally was above average intelligence, but when it came to her man, she was crowding Schlitzky on Terman's list. Slightly hipped on all matters pornographic, she always was quite the central figure of any bull session, for what does any sorority bull session finally weave around to if it is not "The Birds and the Bees"? The sisterhood is dandy for clearing up all those points that mother missed, and this sister particularly.

Then there were always a slough of house wits who might have been funny at the beginning of their careers as local Punchinellos; but the encouragement they had received not only dulled, but killed all semblances of humor in their miniature brains.

No story would be complete without a reference to the "committee women," those who really enjoy rushing, initiation banquets, and other iniquitous Greek practices. These are the gals who constantly disturb your life by reminding you of how "we must all cooperate," and have an unholy faculty of originating thousands of useless house-functions simply because they

have little else to do with their time.

The "powers-that-be" are still another type, as a rule women who are elected to their positions, not because of ability but because they have the fewest enemies. These same women become co-partners with Ivan the Terrible in their misuse of authority.

Generally the rest of the house is composed of mass personality: nice, unobtrusive, catty (whenever possible), not overly intelligent gals.

Some of the most outstanding axioms I have listened to in my past years are: we "are the most congenial group on campus" (each tong believes this individually and religiously); that "all sisters are true and faithful friends, ever loyal to the oaths of —" (excluding, of course, that small group that would pay a King's ransom for your head); and finally that "whatever you do reflects upon the group" (it is remarkable nevertheless the way pins can be lifted from wayward sisters and the group thereby whitewashed with amazing rapidity).

Before I finally pass into the limbo of alumni, let us drink one last toast (four P.M. at Mr. B's) to sisterly bonds, Greek mysticism, and individuality in the Greek world. Amen!

H. LIEBES & CO
GRANT AVENUE • FURS SINCE 1864



DESIGNED
FOR PLAYING

snug and sleek elastic-knit
waistlines. a daytime pet in
printed seersucker

9.95

W. E. NEILSON & SON

PUBLISHING AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING
GENUINE ENGRAVED STATIONERY
ENGRAVING

PHONE 7711

632 EMERSON



Palm Hut

Fresh Pure Citrus Juices

STANFORD

We appreciate your patronage of this year and it will be our pleasure to serve you again next year.

"Drink to your own health"

El Camino Real at Charleston Road
Telephone P.A. 3873

V
I
S
I
T

Bertrand's

Oakwood Inn

75 Middlefield Road

Famous for Fine Food

Popular Prices

Large Banquet Rooms

Open Every Day

Our Advertisers

Are establishments conducted on the basis of service and dependability. Every advertisement represents an investment on the part of one of these establishments for the purpose of securing campus trade.

DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

	Page
J. Jay Baker.....	36
Sue Berry.....	Inside Back Cover
Bertrand's.....	36
Carlson's.....	34
Chesterfield.....	Back Cover
City of Paris.....	4, 5
Clothes Closet.....	Inside Front Cover
Culver's.....	34
Euclid Candy Co.....	2
W. P. Fuller.....	30
Golden Pheasant.....	2
Kaar Engineering Co.....	3, 32
David Keeble.....	35
Kingscote Gardens.....	7
Liddicoat Bakery.....	31
H. Liebes Co.....	35
Livingston Bros.....	33
L'Omelette.....	28
Frank Louda.....	36
I. Magnin & Company.....	8
W. E. Neilson & Son.....	35
Palace Hardware Co.....	31
Palm Hut.....	36
Palo Alto Laundry.....	34
Palo Alto Transfer.....	28
Peninsula Creamery.....	34
J. C. Penney Co.....	32
James H. Pinkerton Co.....	29
Prince Albert.....	27
Ransohoff's.....	3
R. L. Reaves Co.....	29
Redbook Magazine.....	7
Roos Brothers.....	6
Roos Brothers' Beauty Salon.....	2
Marian Seimas.....	31
Stanford Auto Co.....	32
Stanford Motor Court.....	31
Stanford Quad.....	32
Hotel St. Francis.....	Inside Front Cover
Street Travel Service.....	28
Mark Tuban.....	3
University Press.....	Inside Back Cover
George Wagner.....	29

Remember

It is because of the support which the campus publications receive from their advertisers that they are able to exist.

CAMPUS ADVERTISERS ARE
CAMPUS BOOSTERS



WATCHMAKER
and
JEWELER

"Gifts for All Occasions"

374 University Ave.
(near Waverley St.)

2228 CHESTNUT STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

frank louda, jr.

THE FURRIER

P.A. 7113

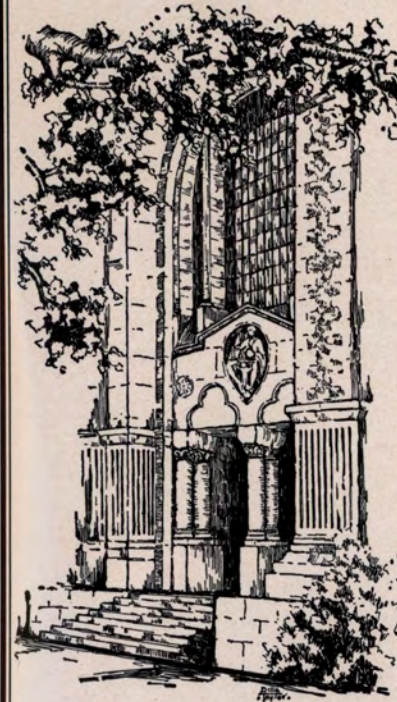
472 University Avenue
Palo Alto

209 POST STREET
1014 HOWARD BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO

A GOOD

"Morgue"

from which
to pick



Use cuts and photographs of University scenes to illustrate your programs, booklets, and house letters. Stanford University Press has a large assortment.

Let us assist you with the design and plan the typography. Competent technical advice will save you work and worry.

STANFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Additional CONTRIBUTORS To This Issue

Literary

Ed Kerr, '38
Sherman Mellinkoff, '41
Bill Moses, '38
Kaki Page, '38
Collie Small, '39

Art

Phyllis Bitzing, '38
Jack Dixon, '40
Doris Tucker, '40

Photography

Howard Roberts, '39
Maxine Kellogg Studios
Department of Speech and
Drama

We suspect that a tuba quartette would be known as a tubafour.
—Washington Columns

1st Drunk: Say, know what time it is?

2d Drunk: Yeah.

1st Drunk: Thanks.

—Cherub

Student: Do you always know what you are talking about?

Prof: Certainly, I study my notes after class.

—Froth

Princeton town.

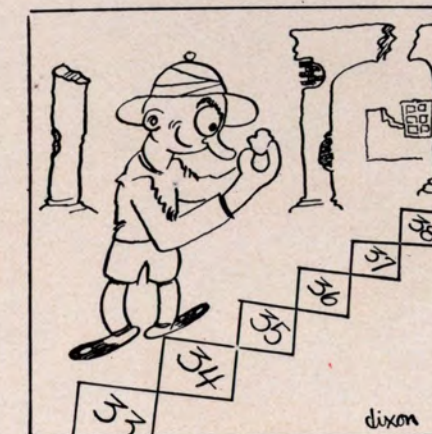
Promtime gown.

Pretty Miss.

Should want to kiss.

But I don't, 'cause she's my sister.

—Tiger



"I would say it is a large hunk of 'Stanford Spirit'."

Your Summer Wardrobe

Slacks

Play Suits

Sheer Travel Suits

Dinner and

Formal

Dresses

Can be
completed
at

sue berry
salon

538 RAMONA

PALO ALTO



*Mr
Mrs*

and
Chesterfields

for a lifetime of
MORE PLEASURE



.. better taste
.. refreshing mildness

They Satisfy