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Not all humor left the Stanford Farm with the last of the 500. At least one coiner of bon mots remains: a vivacious vixen of the class of '40.

As she and operative No. 1313 conversed on the Libe steps, there trotted down these steps a pocket-edition professor. Actual data as to height, weight, and width across the shoulders is unknown, but certainly this man of learning doesn't even need to suck a lollipop to get away with a half-fare ticket.

"Ah, there he goes," quoth the lady lackadaisically. "Just like the course I'm taking from him—two units."

And Olympus shook with laughter.

This doesn't make sense to us either, but there were two girls sauntering down the Quad. Said one, "I was out with this guy . . . so then he started to talk about Stanford and Cal. I said to him, 'Oh, Joe, don't be nasty.' And he kissed me Happy New Year."

Respect for library silence means nothing to some transfers. In this instance it was an Eastern transfer, noted about campus for being a boor and making himself generally obnoxious. Into the library he strolled one night with a couple of friends, upstairs into the reference room where Stanford was collectively cramming for finals. The three made much noise with their hard-heeled shoes, clacked back to the end of the room, and stopped. Then said the boorish one, "Gosh almighty, it's sure dead as hell here." And the three stalked out to the amazement of everyone. The librarian hid under the desk.

A certain Stanford student was once quite petit as to stature. Since

this incident, judicious use of the right breakfast foods, hair wash, toothpaste, and cigarettes has lengthened him to a respectable five-foot four, but a year or two back he was quite short indeed. And muscled in proportion.

A more fortunate friend of his rejoiced in a surplus of weight to throw around, and was built accordingly. While no Hercules Ajax, he could flex a crafty bicep, and jaws that he socked remained socked for quite some little time.

This lad was nothing less than bumptious—especially in re the little guy. He enjoyed pushing him around—literally—and playfully knocking his ears back, his stomach in, and his nose off. All in fun, but rather rough.

Happy is he who hath many friends (copyright pending) and the party of the first part—the diminutive individual—had a few more. These other two thought the party was boring as soon as the big-muscle boy began cuffing the little one hither and thither. Sometimes even yon. Right in his own room in Encina, too.

Among the peculiar ways of the heathen, jujitsu is most peculiar. By bending your elbow just so, lifting

your knee like this, and pressing your thumb into the other fellow's eye, you can make his own strength work against him. So the two taught the little guy a few rudimentaries of jujitsu.

Soon afterward, the bumptious boy began to take it out on the tiny tot again . . . and when he had peeled himself off the opposite wall and replaced his head, he decided never to touch another drop.

Despite the Pacific Clipper and breakfast pineapple juice, Hawaii is still a row of pearls in a topaz sea where ukeleles tinkle and the citizenry divides its time between surf bathing and queening the grass-skirted sloe-eyed native girls.

Although 42 Hawaiians are this year seeking assimilation in the Stanford student body politic, there persists a tendency to associate men from "the Islands" with waterfront life, jujitsu, and pith helmets.

A more than presentable young Nordic who had happened to be born, bred, and jammed in Hawaii was thrilling a Stanford girl across the table at a dine-and-dancery. From the near-by floor lilted the liquescent lullaby, "Aloha Oe." She continued plugging Hawaii to the Hawaiian.

It turned out he'd never dived for pearls at Waikiki, and had only thrice risked his neck on a surf board. The Stanford girl tried once more. "Well, at least," she faltered, "well, don't they . . . anyway . . . are you tattooed?"

"Oh, yes," he assured her. "I'm tattooed. I have a fly tattooed on my left leg." And sure enough, as he later proved, he did have a bona-fide fly, a blue one, etched on his left leg.

The Stanford girl was able to hang all her illusions on this tattoo, because the American-Hawaiian did





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not feel called upon to tell her—not having been asked, you know—that he'd acquired the tattoo one night down in Menlo when the carnival came to town. It took five minutes to apply and cost four bits—plus tax.

☛ The Firehouse boys, having their own sandlot football team, one day remembered that the West team, here to play in the Shrine New Year's game, was staying in one of the houses on campus. They called up the West team. "Wanna play the Firehouse men?"

"Who are the Firehouse guys?" they heard a voice mutter over the phone. Then, "Naw, we don't wanna play you guys."

So the Firehouse team is now one of the best. Even the later-to-be-victorious West team was afraid to play them.

☛ One of the Farm's lesser-known rakehells was driving home one night from the city with a girl. Half-way over the Bay Bridge, he suddenly slowed down. The girl was considerably astonished. The driver was one who prided himself on super-speeding; why was he pulling to a stop?

She felt for Dean Mary's five dollars. There it was, safe and sound. At least she wouldn't have to walk home. As her escort threw the brake, she prepared to defend the honor of Stanford womanhood as best she could.

The blade got out of the car, walked up to the hood, and twisted the radiator-cap around. Then he started up again, and made the campus in 29 minutes flat.

He just couldn't stand that chromium-plated dog leering at him thataway.

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MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, 1939—

(Tune: "Melancholy Baby")

String along my democratic babies,
Take my bills and see them through,
Give all my appointments your ap-
proval,
You know, boys, that I'm always
square with you.

Don't cut down on my appropria-
tions,
Give the people something new;
Then banish all your fears,
While the population cheers,
Or G.O.P. will put the sqwitch on
you.

—Rosenfeld

WHO IS SYLLABUS?

Who is syllabus? What is she?
Need all our tomes conceal her?
Bookish, bound, and sage is she.
For strength the Libe did steal her,
That it might admirèd be?

Is she bound to volumes rare?
For knowledge lives with kindness.
Perhaps the Libe will sometimes
care

To help me with my blindness;
For being blind, I see naught there.

Who is syllabus? What is she?
Need all our tomes conceal her?
For strength the Libe did steal her.
When will the Libe reveal her?

—Steve

REASON

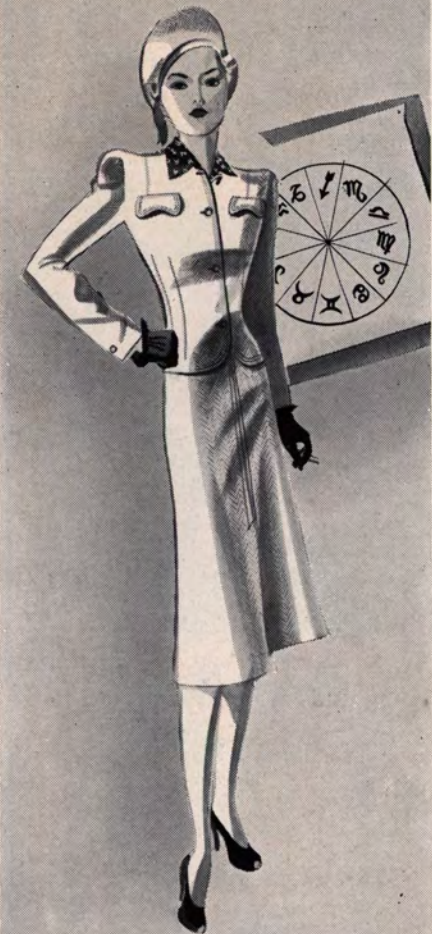
A hobo's life
Is the life for me—
As free and easy
As a bird in a tree.
Nothing to do
But wander all day
Doing no work and
Getting no pay—
Besides, I flunked out
Yesterday.

—Bledsoe

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Man—How much?
Gypsy—Fifty cents.
Man—Correct.

—Gargoyle

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**Now
That
Show**

Gorky Maxim Gorky has written a powerhouse of emotions into his gripping outcry against social injustice, *A Night's Lodging*, or *The Lower Depths*. In Gorky's flophouse are a thief, a shoemaker, a locksmith with his invalid wife, an actor, a musician, a fallen baron, and a philosopher. Also there is a street-walker; later a pie-vendor and two porters come to the scene. The keeper with his wife and her sister are likewise in the action. These people are thrown together in one room and are forced to live with each other. It is striking to notice that each one of the characters has one big scene in which he presents his own philosophy of life. More cynical than the rest, the cap-maker even adds his. When a performance of this play has been seen, there is one thing to remember. Everybody must certainly appreciate life much more.

T. W. Stevens gave Stanford quite professional work in his staging of the play. Bill Bassett's setting was a marvel of filth and dirt with dingy walls and a drab mood. The lighting, supervised by Charles Fitts, was striking. The costumes were superlative.

Gordon Williams as the Pilgrim and J. P. Cahn as Satine were about a toss-up for cast credit. Asher Wilson was a crafty Kostilyoff, the inn-keeper. Wilma Fitts made his wife, Vassilisa, nicely acid and disagreeable. Mary Leles played Natasha, her sister, whose unpleasant fate at the end of Act III is still memorable. John Edwin Arnold, as the uncle, had two or three scenes with Bubnoff the cap-maker, portrayed by Art Levinson. The work of these two helped to keep the standard high. Douglas Bryan played the thief, Pepel, who causes the breach between the two sisters. He did the

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part to the hilt. Kleshtch, the locksmith who fumbles with his files and keys while his wife slowly dies, gave Dana Winters some elaborate stage business during Act I. Dot LeBaker was the pathetic wife. Shirley Jones did the streetwalker to perfection. Charles Bulotti became the fallen baron. The scenes between Miss Jones and Bulotti were admirable. Patty deRouff, the pie-vendor, Kvaschnya, has a definite asset in her resonant voice. Dan Holtom was superior as the tragic actor who huddles by the chimney and finally hangs himself. Adolfo Arias invented some good pantomime for his role as the Tartar porter. Fred Wurster played the other one. Aloyshka, the shoemaker who is just a boy, served Merle Meacham with a concertina. Altogether the cast functioned much as though it were in a stock company. *A Night's Lodging* will be remembered on the campus because of the professional work of the cast even in the small roles.

One Acts Now that Ramshead has finally become the chosen name of the society which will promote student-written, student-acted, and student-directed plays, the campus at Stanford has a good idea of what can be expected and supplied in student drama.

Melba Rae Toombs, director of one-act plays for Ramshead, promoted an illuminating evening of theater. I suppose that her job as general impresario rightfully deserves credit of sorts, but I should like to get one thing off my mind before I tell how thoroughly I enjoyed everything as a whole. She probably was very much concerned about the success of her venture; however an oversight must surely have occurred when, in a moment of too much haste or too much interest in her goal, she presented a single play, instead of three. I should hesitate to call James Stone a dramatist in the purist manner because he gives a vivid character sketch without plot. His characters become real people in a situation which has a beginning with no end.

June Lee Dimmitt catches a nice bit of atmosphere in her contribution to the program. The eerie feeling of mystery is good until its in-

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terest begins to fall off. She creates a group of characters and suggests the plots which might come from their lives. With all the something or other that results when her people meet at an inn, an avalanche crashes into the place with the result that the person who is attempting to give the exposition of the action cannot be heard for the din of sound effects.

When Art Levinson wrote his play, "Thirty Years," he chose a whirlpool of action for his characters. What he does with the suspense after he has introduced his problem is gripping, naturalistic theater. He may have made his characters just a little too profane for the likes of a romantic, yet his play was really the only event of the evening. It was worthy of performance in anyone's language.

A long line of performers did an excellent job of the acting. I do sincerely give Adolfo Arias bravo for his scenes as the innkeeper in Miss Dimmitt's "Angry Mountain." Geraldine Schreiber was appropriately bitter as a young woman whose friend has eloped with a student they met in Paris. If John Collins had kept away from the hearth a little, I should have been able more to enjoy Marian Guyselman's work as an old woman.

Dana Winters and Lorne Samuels were very fine as the main characters in the Levinson play. The entire cast seemed to sense the situation so that the roles were nicely done. Charles Bulotti got every last line over in fine shape. He and Bill Turner were natural as soldiers. Bryon Carlson, Willard Keith, and Frank Martin impressed me in the various roles. Even Lee Williams should get some honor; for the look of scorn which he gave the heavy is the best I've seen in a long while.

If James Stone had written his own music for "Beginning Without End," I think the sketch would have been better. Bucky Henshaw composed a kind that was different from the sort the play should have had; his music has definite worth in a rhapsody but not in a gangster scene. Henshaw is a better actor than a musician. He and Harry Muheim wowed as the desperate composer and the gangster respectively. Tony Cefaratti, with Hugh Hinman for support, was fine.



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They Would Both Be Surprised

Once after I had been drunk, really drunk, for the first time in my life, I woke up in the bed of a certain Mrs. McCarthy.

Mrs. McCarthy was not in the bed.

She was not around at all; she was vacationing in British Columbia with Mr. McCarthy.

That was how her son George was able to give that sort of a party.

It seemed to me very funny that I should be in the bed of Mrs. McCarthy.

I was worried, too.

My head was not very clear yet.

I hoped that Mrs. McCarthy would not return suddenly and find me in her bed.

Mrs. McCarthy's clock said it was six o'clock.

Outside the birds were making a great deal of noise.

I was almost sure the birds were outside.

I raised my head a little to make absolutely certain the birds were outside.

Someone was in Mr. McCarthy's bed.

It was not Mr. McCarthy.

It was a person whom I had known once, a long while ago.

The night before.

We had not been on good terms. I had let fly at him with something.

A bottle of brandied cherries.

Now I felt a great warmth of friendship for him.

I was not alone in my distress.

If Mrs. McCarthy should walk in suddenly there would be two stranger guests.

One in her bed and one in Mr. McCarthy's bed.

They would both be surprised.

I wondered who was in my bed.

I decided no one.

Mrs. McCarthy's bed was very comfortable.

The springs were good, and the mattress was soft.

But I wished I were in my own bed.

I would lie there and eat pineapple sherbet.

Perhaps I would eat lime sherbet.



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I wished I had the bottle of brandied cherries.

They were not really brandied. The label said "artificially colored and flavored."

It would be nice to have them anyway

If Mrs. McCarthy came, maybe she would not be angry.

Maybe she would put cold towels on my forehead, and bring me pineapple sherbet.

Then Mr. McCarthy would stamp around.

He would not like it.

But she would not pay any attention.

I wished Mrs. McCarthy would hurry up and come home.

Outside, the birds were noisier than ever.

More and more sunlight was coming through the window.

The day was coming.

I did not care to think about it.

My head ached, I could feel that the inside of my mouth was stained a dark brown.

But I was warm and felt luxurious.

I thought, the hell with it.

I went back to sleep.

—Richard Taylor

Tongue twisters have always been amusing, but we have one that we guarantee will send any

party goofy. All that is needed is a few drinks and the most amazing things will result from attempting to master the following: A skunk sat on a stump. The skunk thunk the stump stunk and the stump thunk the skunk stunk.

—Jester

"No, you can't take my daughter out riding!"

"Why not, sir?"

"Aren't you a college student?"

"Hell, no. I work over at Kelly's pool hall."

"I beg your pardon. My daughter will be ready in a moment."

—Orange Peel

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HOMER

There is an old gentleman with curly hair and a curly beard who hangs around Stanford a good deal. His name is Homer, and he is done in white marble—from the neck up. He always stays in the same place, day by day, in a niche near the Hoover War Library reading-room. Timothy Hopkins (as a brass plaque on the bust's pedestal explains) has paid Homer's room rent for life.

Homer was an alumnus of the Class of 1053 B.C. Later he became an author of some repute in ancient Athens—that was in the silent days before all the supposedly good writers sold out to Hollywood. No one knows what Goldwyn paid Homer for the rights to *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, *Helen of Troy*, and his other well-known characters. At present he seems to be on the Hays office black-list; and the magazines, not even the bad ones, will touch his stuff any more.

Now it's a standing joke that those with full beards must allow for birds nesting in them. So it is with Homer; he kept his nest egg in his beard. When we went to interview him in his present marble state, we found in the carving of the beard not an egg but an ordinary nickel.

Homer's not complaining; he just rests on his pillar with the moody look of one who has ceased to care where his next royalty check is coming from.

—Left

Headline in a Berlin newspaper:

MAN SHOT IN HEAD ACCIDENTALLY DIES

—Medley

The greatest fall recorded was at Madison, Wis., with 3.10 inches. At Prairie du Chien, Wis., the fall was 2.20; Rockford, Ill., 1.62; Milwaukee, 1.60; La Crosse, Wis., \$1.58.

—Capital Times

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—Octopus

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—Advertising Sign

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—Lampon

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Dunk of History

This epic is prompted by the popular interest in the art of dunking, which varies in popularity with the number of yachts one possesses. Many consider the custom a bright invention of a glittering mechanical age, but this tale should dispel any such thoughts.

Gaius Voxpopulus belonged to the bright young set of ancient Rome and went to the coliseum accompanied by two blondes and a flask of vino. He possessed many acres of land and no virtues. His fashions and fads were the talk of Rome, and ladies wriggled with delight when he wore his toga backwards. He would have passed unnoticed on Hollywood Boulevard today but in Rome he was the lion's appetite. His feasts were greeted with delight by the crusty upper crust, who were often rewarded with some new fad such as drinking a goblet of wine through the nose.

It was thus with great expectancy that the multitude arrived at Gaius' house for the feast I am about to describe. The guests flocked into the huge banquet hall and collapsed on divans around massive tables straining under the burden of a colossal feast. Gaius arrived and a hush fell upon the multitude as they awaited the new fad which usually broke the ice. Upon his brow he wore a laurel wreath bestowed upon him that day by the emperor for his ability to consume an entire goblet at one draught. He stood before his place and fixed his eye upon his guests. His hands then stole up to his brow and removed the wreath. With a profound gesture he dipped it in red wine and proceeded to munch the moistened leaves. A wild cheer broke from a thousand throats and the custom of dunking was heralded in to remain forever.

—Tom Fleming

He—Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?

She—Yes, why?

He—I just wondered who in hell lifted them off the stove for you.

—Battalion

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Another Dream

"Ladies and gentlemen: This course in Education 999 is designed for the study of university professorial teaching methods. Has everyone a blue card?"

"The first, and in many ways the most important, subject on the syllabus under Roman numeral One is that of 'Professorial diction.' Today our college professors in their lectures use certain words so often that their very meaning is lost. We have all heard time and again those old expressions 'analyze,' 'interpret,' 'orient.' But most abused of those symbols we call words are three: 'problem,' 'factor,' and the adjective 'vast.'

"In the course of a fifty-minute lecture, the average professor uses these three words from eight to thirty-three times; as determined by the Gallop poll.

"Hence, this problem of academic diction is a decisive factor. If all cliché words, phrases, and expressions could be removed from our vocabulary—and if we analyze our daily speech, this could be done—then a vast improvement would be seen in the quality of university instruction.

"There will be no class on Friday. Thank you."

—Left

BALLAD

'Twas a dark and windy night,
And the clouds were rushing low.
From the window we saw a light—
'Twas Granny shoveling snow!
She huffed and puffed and stamped
her feet

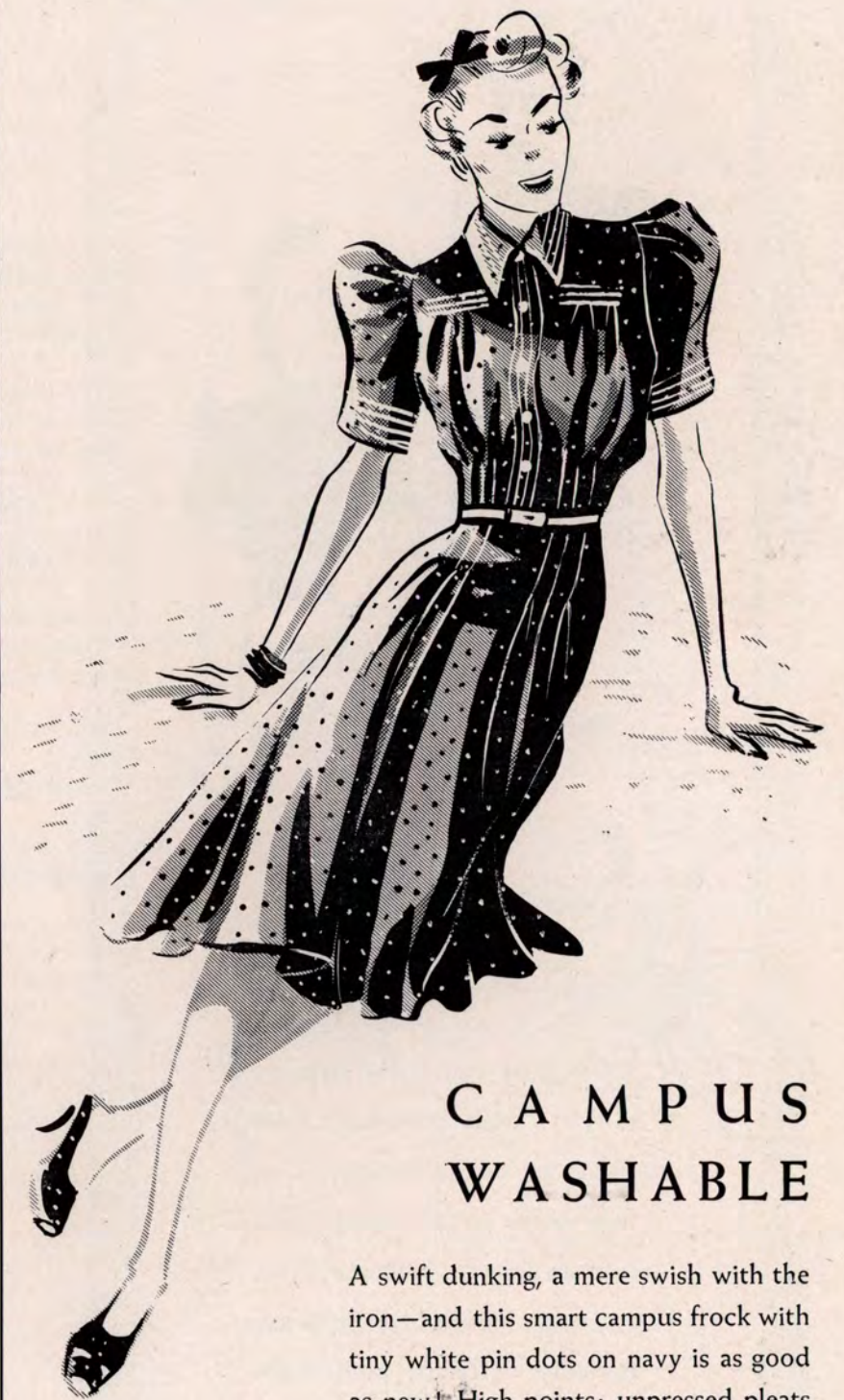
Trying to get circulation.
She grumbled a stream of appropriate oaths
That would shock a congregation.
Don't ask me why she did it,
Or how we heard her swear.
I'm only the guy who wrote this thing—

As for reasons, I don't care.
Somehow I have a feeling
Way down deep inside
That the last lines of this ditty
Ain't going to coincide.
The error is intentional—
I hate to be conventional.
Besides, I'm tired—
Goodnight.

—Bledsoe

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Soft, mossy-knit little sweaters to wear with everything from slacks to dinner dresses . . . at these prices you'll want all your favorite colors: chartreuse, rose, cyclamen, French blue, japonica, turquoise, clayfair, pink, light blue, maize, navy, and white.

SPORTS SHOP . . . FOURTH FLOOR

Dear Mr. Plato

There are several kinds of knowledge
That work their way to college,
And some of them do seem a bit extreme:
For instance, philosophic
Matters of Greek rhetoric
That would convince me life is all
a dream.

They get you up from your sleeping
For sublimated weeping
To listen to Schopenhauer subtly
bawl,
And then with deadly logic
And cruelty pedagogic,
They'll prove you aren't alive or
there at all.

Pins don't really hurt you
If you believe in virtue,
And minds that are impossible to
see
Are temporal but spaceless
And mystically braceless
And jump from place to place in-
cessantly.

You can be sure that they're exist-
ent
Although they're nonresistant—
They're a glorious sort of formless
sort of mind.
And your brain is unimportant
(Howe'er that seems abhorrent)
For in your head you've only got
the rind.

The psychically aseptic
Believing sons of skeptic
Will find this mental concept nice to
use,
For it's wonderfully handy
Not to have to stop and bandy
But, know that minds are absent
when you choose.

—Mellinkoff

Germany's insane desire to grab
Europe brings to mind the story of
a conversation between a mission-
ary and a Hindu.

"Come now," said the missionary,
"wouldn't you like to go to Heaven
when you die?"

The Hindu shook his head in po-
lite regret. "I do not think that
Heaven can be very good or the
British would have annexed it years
ago."

—Maroon Bee

STANFORD Chaparral

APRIL 1939



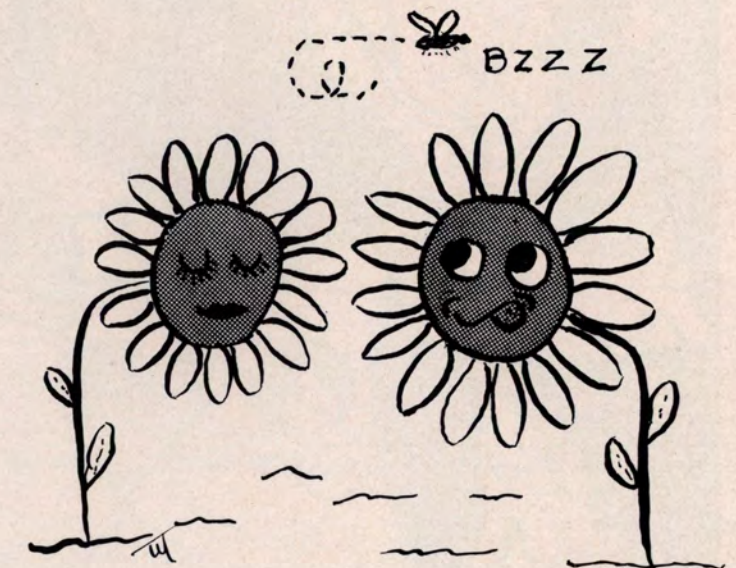
The earth awakes to slyly bring
That mystic season we call Spring;
The air is rent with pollination
Whose sole objective is creation.

A balmy breeze and swaying trees,
Soft whispers in the night;
While life by day means fun and
play,
And singing birds in flight.

The young man's fancy makes the
turn;
I'll wager that he soon will learn
(In some secluded rendezvous)
A few things which to him are new.

Yet all this needn't indicate
That life's so very swell;
It's just a month 'til Summer when
The weather's hot as
It's always been in summer.

—Rosentfeld

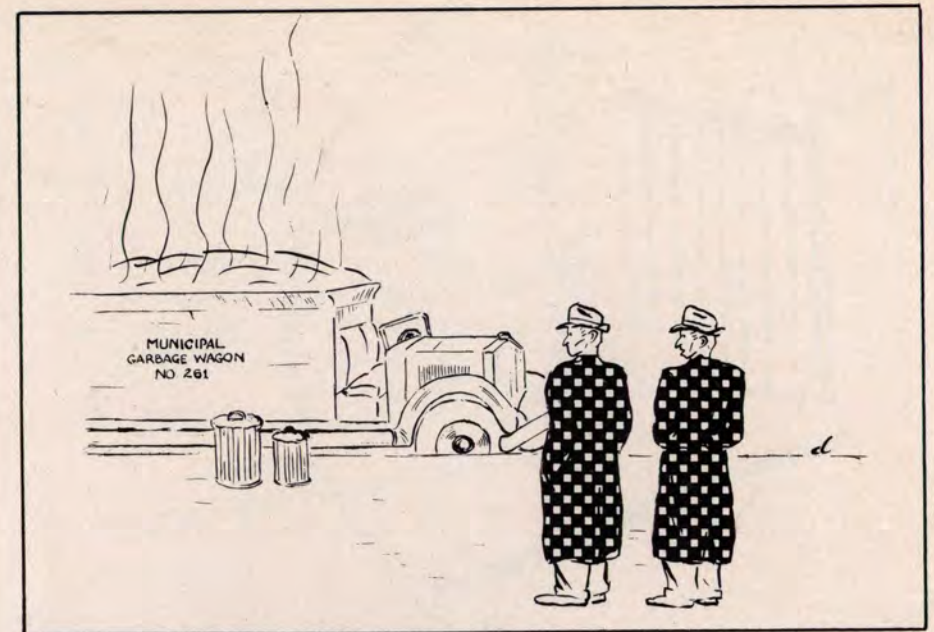




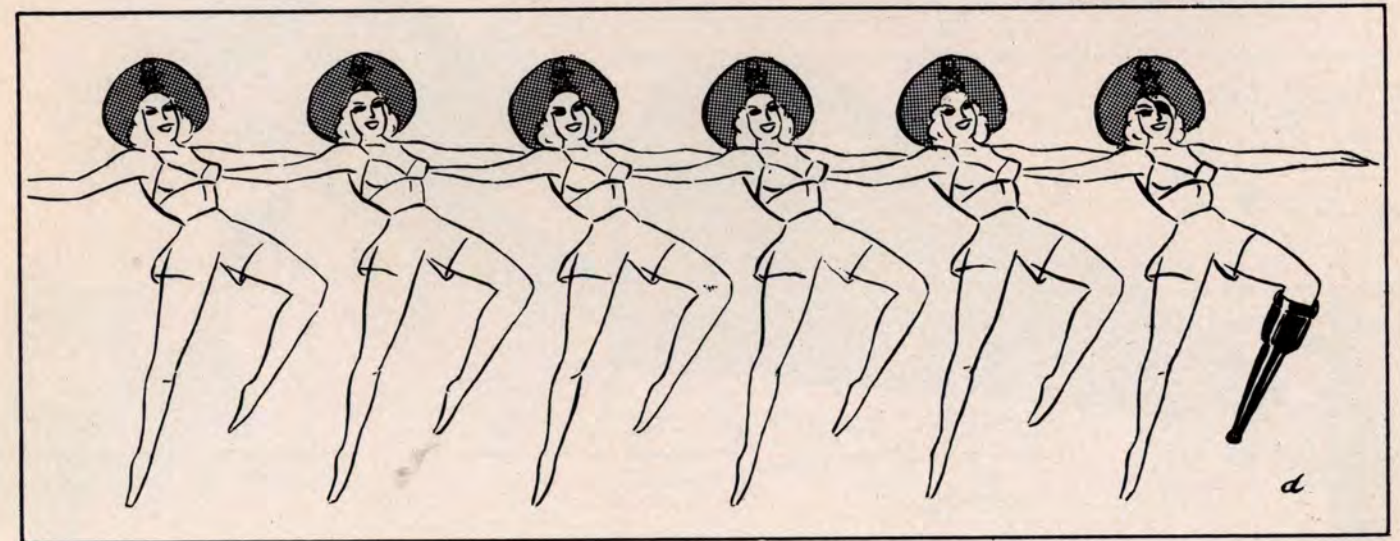
Rejoice, Kleinchen! We're establishing a Protectorate!

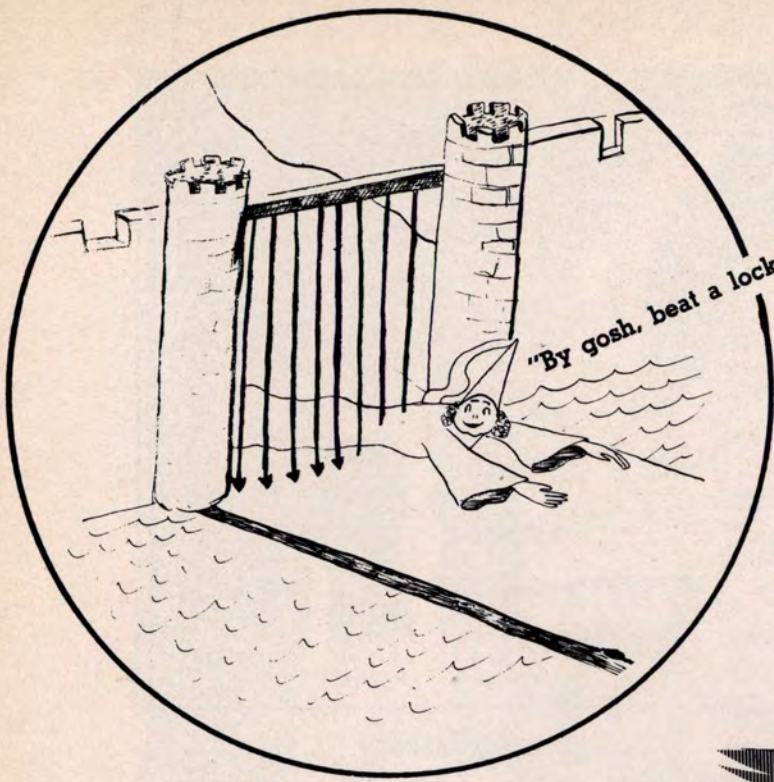
Sport-Phooey!

All this talk
Of sports and games
Has got me thinkin'
Dirty names.
A soul like me
'Tis easy to see
Likes to sleep
For energy.
Take golf, for one—
An asinine game;
You walk and walk
Till your legs are lame,
And when you're through
What have you got?
Oh, you made a birdie?
All right—so what?
And then there's hunting—
The sport of kings.
You stalk dumb beasts
And kill poor things,
Bring home the limit,
Wife says you're cruel.
Then where do you stand?
You feel like a fool!
All in all
It seems to me
Sport is a fad
Of the bourgeoisie.
There's one more point
I'd like to make
Loafing's genuine
Sport can be fake.
So women love sportsmen?
With a chest full of hair?
Well, let them love it—
What the hell do I care?
—Bledsoe



"Confidentially . . ."

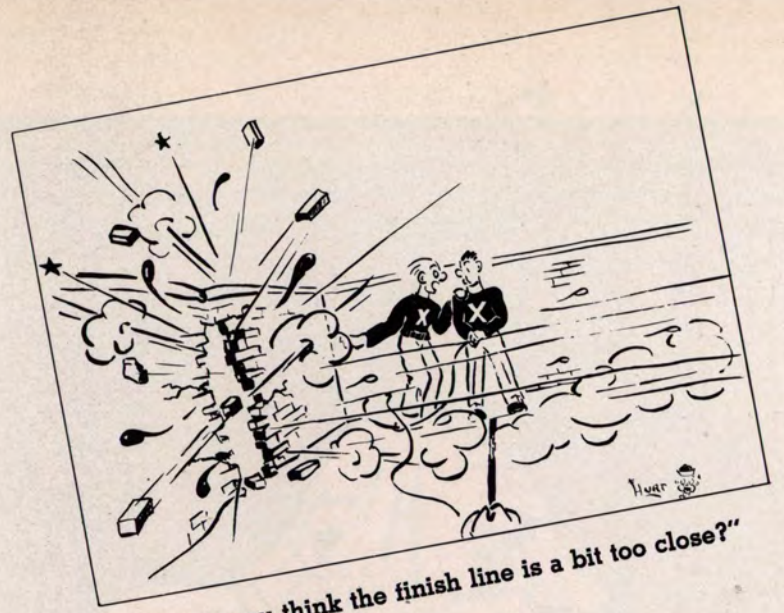




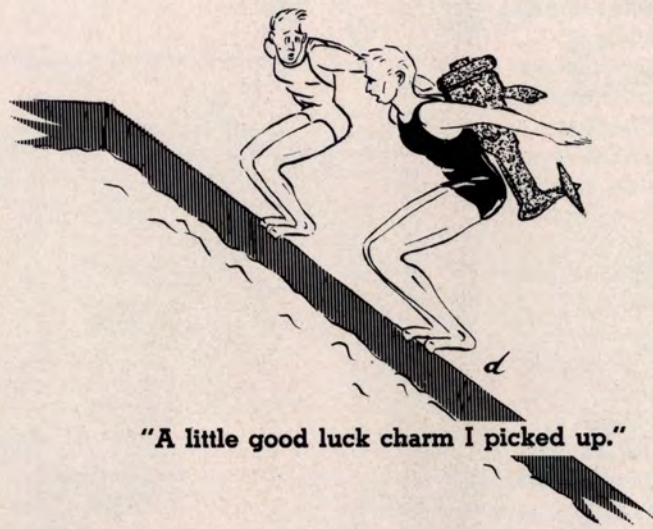
"By gosh, beat a lockout!"



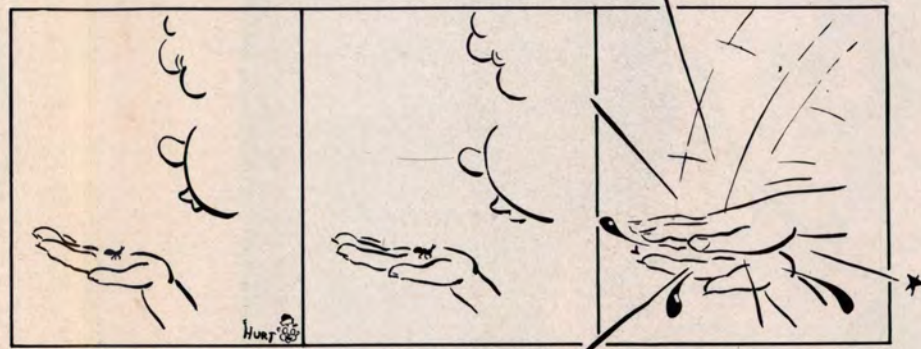
"Psst! Charlie's dead."



"Don't you think the finish line is a bit too close?"



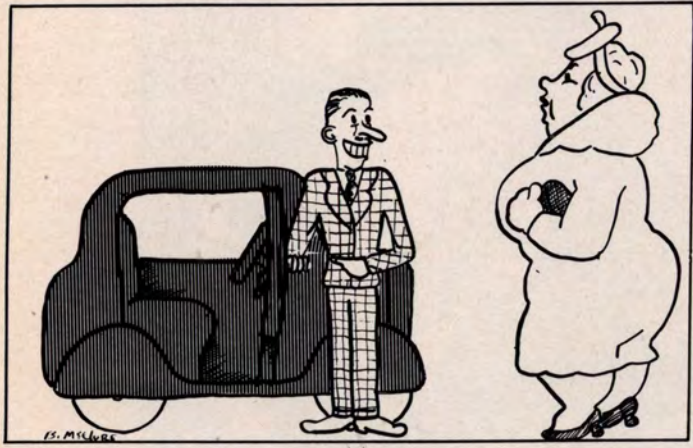
"A little good luck charm I picked up."



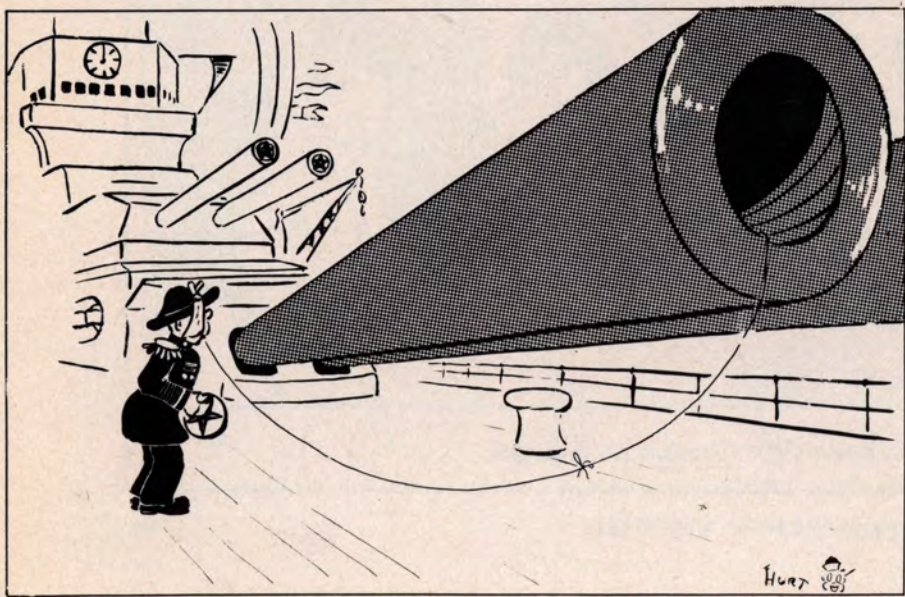
"Hello, little bug. Wanna see God?"



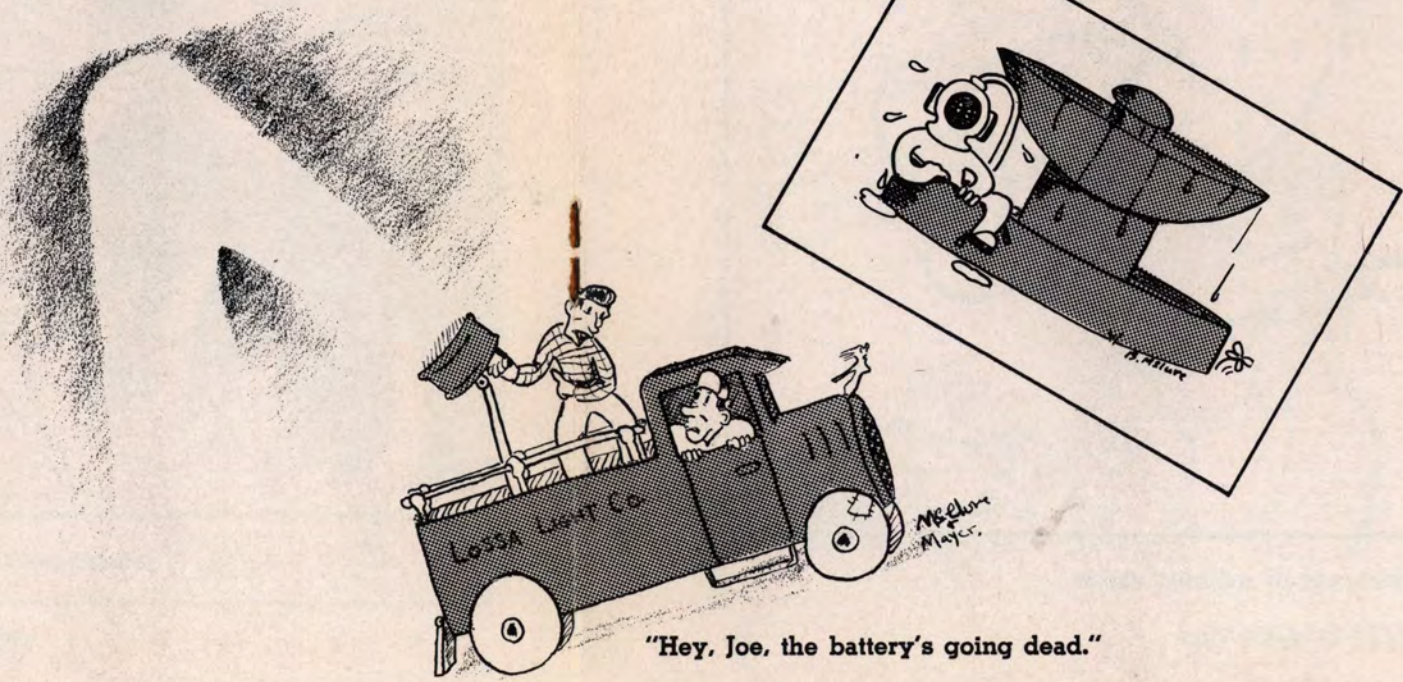
"Them's my trousseau."



"Slip into this for size."



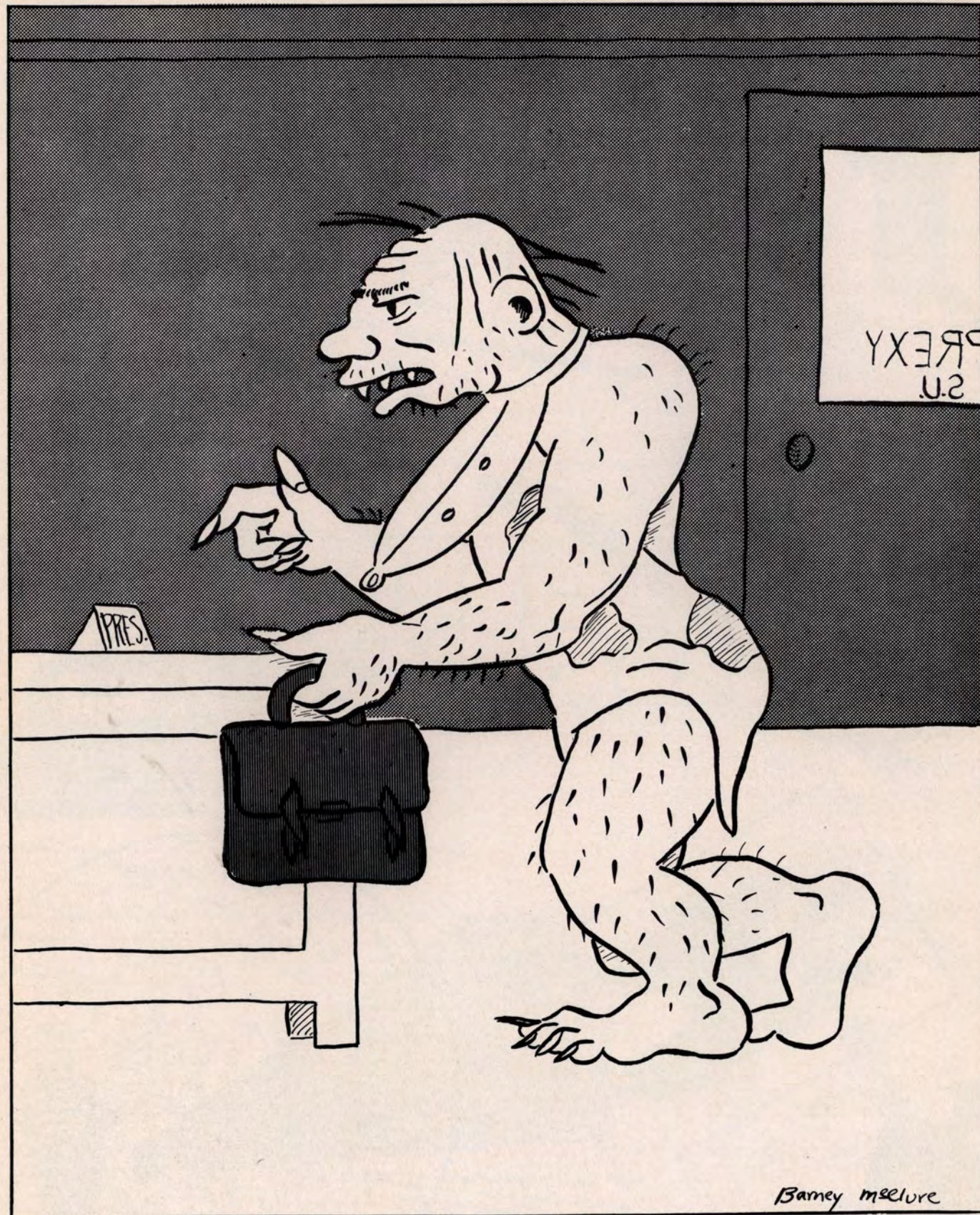
"Fire!"



"Hey, Joe, the battery's going dead."



"The gentleman would like a mint julep."



"Sequoia Hall, Dr. Wilbur, demands its minority rights."

Barney McElure

Tra-La Spring

LEVINSON & TUCKER

A sadistic old monk from St. Loe
Sought out young wayward girls in
the snow.
And after he knew them
He'd sorely beshrew them
And shriek, "To a nunnery go!"



The head of an orphanage asylum
Hates children; he'll beat and revile
'em.
His frequent mass whippings
Make newspaper clippings;
He'll gloatingly read 'em and file
'em.

O'Mara, the Fifteenth Ward boss,
Owned a three-legged, broken-
backed hoss.
He'd promised it oats
If it brought him in votes,
And then he would not come across.



A dowager dame at the Ritz
Owned a Pekinese lap-dog named
Fritz.
A mean little devil,
He caused her to revel
When he tore little newsboys to bits.



A stout cop, from walking a beat,
Developed a case of flat feet.
To ease up the pain
He would forcefully brain
All the fruit peddlers working the
street.





"That's what I get for playing swing."

REMEDY

Dames, skirts,
Hairpins, flirts,
Fems, frails,
Queens, quails,
They're all the same
Despite the names
That people call them.
Poets rave,
But we just save
Our dough to date
And maul them.
It seems to me
The case should be
The other way around.
If the gals enjoy dancing
With a little romancing
Let *THEM* pay every third round!
I know you'll jeer,
And say I'm queer—
That my idea is very unfunny—
But I'm just trying to aid
Those friends I have made
By saving them some money!

"SWELLHEAD"

He was the craze
In his high-school days,
An All-State man to boot.
He'd go to college
But not for knowledge—
Sports he'd substitute.
In his eye was a gleam
As he tried for the team,
His head was as big as the moon.
His playing was slow,
But still he'd crow,
"I'll be All-American soon."
But coach was no dummy,
The big shot was crummy;
He was what they might call a
stench.
So now he keeps calling,
"I wish they'd quit stalling,
And take me off of this bench."
—Bledsoe

As the curtain went up I was discovered in a bright red velvet dress lying on a bench in front of the fireplace—flat on my back, legs off and head down—very 'abandoned.
—From "I Wanted to Be an Actress,"
Stage, October

Like an old rag doll, you might say.

—Ranger

The STANFORD Chaparral

Volume 40, 1938-39
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Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899
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Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of
Hammer and Coffin National Honorary Humor Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906
President Chapter, Hammer and Coffin, 1938-39
Member, Executive Board, American Association of
Collegiate Comics
Member, Major College Publications

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT Ancient One sets down his silver-girdled hammer, doffs his cap with its jingling bells, and raises high the silver chalice—filled with pure, sparkling spring water—to drink a toast to Stanford's Steinbeck Committee.

On a campus known—and with much good cause—as a country club, where despite the large percentage of students working their way there is still a general air of lackadaisical self-complacency, it is refreshing and stimulating to see students who are interested in affairs beyond such matters as making a splash at a house formal. The Old Boy, pulling his unkempt beard, wonders how many of our campus

hothouse plants, yea, and even those who are working, know just how lucky they are to bask in this sheltered garden spot, instead of walking the streets looking for work, or trying to support a family. And a comparison of the position of any Stanford student today with that of a human being in Spain, or Germany, or Austria, or Czechoslovakia that was, gives rise to a derisive humor that borders on the macabre.

Yes, the Venerable Cuckoo is very pleased, very pleased, with the Steinbeck Committee. Its endeavors have already brought good results, and only a fool beset by wishful thinking can maintain that it will not continue as a constructive unit of human society.

THE SINGAPORE SLINGER

ART LEVINSON



The East has always been the East
And the West has been the West.
And bread is made to rise by yeast.
Is that egg-yolk on your vest?

This came about in One-Eyed Zeke's
In the town of Singapore.
The joint was crammed with bums
and freaks
Who wallowed on the floor.

The bluish smoke was a poison fog
That wedged its way down your
throat;
It would make a corpse get up and
jog,
It would stupefy a goat.

Zeke's place was host to the dregs
of the sea.
"The Singapore Slinger," 'twas
called.
The Mickey Finns flowed fast and
free,
And left each victim bald.

Yellow and white and black and
brown,
Those men were packed in there.
Men at the bottom, or going down,
Men with that vacant stare.

Killers, cutthroats, crimps, and
thieves,
They shouted and drank and fought.
Furtive men with knives in their
sleeves,
Whose life was a rimless nought.

Two men stood staring face to face,
Toe to toe they stood.
Their knives came out; joy hit the
place,
For they weltered in their blood.

Against the bar a woman leaned,
And she yawned at the bloody
sight.
" 'Twas on T.N.T. that I was weaned;
Let's have another fight!"

Her hair was a faded cherry red;
Her eyes were dull green ice.
Contemptuously she jerked her
head,
And spat at the men, "You lice!"

But as her glance roved 'round the
room

At each man who'd arrive,
Her nose would twitch with the
smell of Doom!
And she prayed, "Let's have air in
this dive!"

"Give me a snort," she said to Zeke,
"For I've a feeling of unrest.
This life of mine is cold and bleak
And there's Death inside my
breast."

The tears were coursing down her
neck
And they made a pool on the floor.
A waiter slipped and broke his neck,
And the crowd all yelled, "Encore!"

But she spied a lad, who had fallen
down;
He'd a cigarette at his lips.
And she softly spoke with maternal
frown—
"Why not use ivory tips?"

Then a table she took, and she sat
alone,
Waiting, ah, waiting, you see,
For some customer to whom she'd
shown
Her love—at a nominal fee.

Then in he came—Sir Rodney
Schlieml
The missionary worker.
The plight of the lonely he could
feel,
For he'd once been a soda-jerker.

In he breezed, hung his hat on a
rack
(He was higher than a kite),
And slapped the woman on the
back.

"Say, toots, have you seen the
Light?"

But that night his banter brought no
laugh,
No grin slid off her lips.
"Tonight my technique's cut in half,
And there ain't no life in my hips.

"Sir Rod, you hypocritical scamp,
I'm pensive tonight, you see.
My thoughts are far from you, you
tramp,
On my boy across the sea."

Sir Rodney downed a quart of rye
And choked 'till he split his face.
"I can't believe, but that look in
your eye—
In what hole have you hid that
ace?"

"It's God's truth I am telling you;
It's Truth alone, I vow!
I'm sending a son through Stan-
ford U.
At least, he's a gentleman now."

The hypocrite, he bent his head.
"I'll believe you then, I guess."
Yet in awhile he slyly said,
"But say, is your boy a success?"

She smiled, "My boy is high in the
world"
(By gad, she almost looked pretty),
"His clothes are pressed, his hair is
curled,
And he's on the Rally Committee!"

"And never he'll know the sorrows
of Life,
And he'll never work with his
hand.
His eye is on a society wife,
And he'll live on the fat of the land.

"She's a dime for each of the au-
tumn leaves,
Yet she's ugly, and stupid, and fat—
But her ancestors were cattle thieves
So she's an aristocrat."

Sir Rodney stroked her faded hair
And said, "I'm damned if you ain't,
Behind the paint and powder there,
An honest-to-goodness saint!"

"What's more, by gum, you've
saved my soul

With your tale of sacrifice.
No more in the spittoons shall I roll,
No more shall I cheat at dice!"

Lascar Joe, the cutthroat 'breed,
Then tapped him on the knob,
And bellowed, "Rodney! Hahzit,
keed?
Whaddya hear? From the mob?"

Sir Rodney stared at him, aghast,
Then cried, "My mission's true!
I'm starting con-vert-ing at last,
And I'll begin on you!"

He knocked the ruffian to the floor,
Took hold of the hair of his head,
And as he dragged him toward the
door
He turned to the woman and said:

"My sister in joy" (he gave a gulp)
"I wish you'd leave this hole
To watch me beat this bum to a pulp,
And then to save his soul."

But she gently waved him to the
door,
And said, "You go; you're free.

But I must stay and work some more
For my boy's diploma fee."

Yes, the East has always been the
East
And the West has been the West.
And I think I'm a man, by Judas
Priest,
For I've grown a hair on my chest!

Temperance Lecturer — And in
conclusion, my dear fellow citizens,
I will give you a practical demon-
stration of the evils of the Demon
Rum. I have two glasses here on
the table: one is filled with water,
and the other whiskey. I will now
place an angleworm in the glass of
water; see how it lives, squirms,
vibrates with the very spark of life.
Now I will place a worm in the glass
of whiskey; see how it curls up,
writhes in agony, and then dies.
Now, young man, what moral do
you get from this story?

Tipsy young chap—If ya don'
wan' worms, drink whiskey!
—Exchange

Gaunt little Sir Horace Wilson of
the foreign offtime carried Chamber-
lain's personal message to Hitler.
—Capital Times

May we point out that, despite
Chamberlain, one still refers to it as
the "foreign office."
—Octopus

It was estimated that the President
had spent \$000,000 to date to further
the purposes of his "purge." This
was undoubtedly put to a useful
purpose.
—Newark Evening News

Undoubtedly—but even that's a
lot to spend.
—Tiger

MOTHER OF TWENTY
WINS DIVORCE
FOR NEGLECT
—Yonkers Statesman

If that's the word.
—Urchin



I DIDN'T
RISK A PENNY TO
TRY PRINCE ALBERT
ON THAT
MONEY-BACK OFFER
— AND I SURE
FOUND SMOKING
JOY!

PIPE FANS, HERE'S P.A.'S GUARANTEE!

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 To-
bacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE
ALBERT
THE NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE



SO
MILD!

50

pipefuls of fragrant to-
bacco in every handy
tin of Prince Albert

H-LIEBES & CO*Grant Avenue at Post Street***BRAMLEY**

jackets and skirts . . . our
spring loves. Of exquisite
fabrics, their precise tai-
loring is a miracle of fit.

Plaid jackets . . . **14.95**Plain skirts . . . **6.95****Lorne-iettes**

Now Myrtle is a lady
And really very cute,
She swims in deep pools shady
But wears no swimming suit.

She never even blushes
When seen without a girdle;
She doesn't hide in rushes
'Cause Myrtle is a turtle.

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

As a matter of tact
I'd say she's a honey—
As a matter of fact
I'd say it's her money.

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

We are Phi Betes
Tried and true
We get no girls
Our dates are few
But we are smart
You bet your life
We'll make some dough
And buy a wife.

Little birdies in the tree,
Little birdies sing to me,
Lift your little bills and sing,
Sing a soft, sweet song of spring;
Sing of roses dipped in dew,
Of sun, and warmth, and skies of
blue;
Trill a note first high, then low,
While you're flitting to and fro;
Warble through the day with might,

DID SHE GET A LOCKOUT?

She'll forgive you if
you buy her a
box of

Carlson's
home made candy

343 University P.A. 22455

WHIP IN

For an
INDIAN QUICK SHAKE
(A heap better milkshake)

**INDIAN DRIVE-IN**Opposite Stanford Stadium
Road

On El Camino Real

Twit away the livelong night;
I'll give you then a meal of crumbs,
So you won't eat my berries,
You bums.

I've studied hard, I know the stuff;
I've studied long, I'm sure enough.
Um, let me see, it's just now one,
Six hours till I see the sun;
My eyelids droop; I'm near asleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I die before I wake
I pray the Lord my ex to take.

I slipped on the soap
And fell on the floor
I felt like a dope
As I slid through the door.

I shot down the rest
Of the space to the hall,
Took one look at the guest
And wanted to bawl.

My mother was mad
And startled you bet,
And so was my dad
The guest is shocked yet.

As I got to my feet
Not a word had been said,
Their faces were white
And mine was bright red.

As I stood there abashed
At a loss what to do,
The floor boards I smashed
Then sank swiftly through!

What this country needs I think
I know you will agree
Is just a good substantial law
Forbidding grades like D.

—Lorne Samuels

There were three men in a boat
with four cigarettes but no matches.
What did they do? They threw out
one cigarette and made the boat a
cigarette lighter.

—Drexer

There was an old man of Blackheath
Who sat on his set of false teeth,
Said he, with a start,
"Oh, Lord, bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath!"

—Cavalier

SENSATIONAL
New
VASSAR
Swim Trunks

As Snug and
Responsive as Your
Own Hide

**\$3.95 \$2.95**Write for the name of
the store nearest you,
and for a complete
descriptive folder.

HERE'S eye-appeal *plus!* Brief, bright, ballast-free!
Vassars are fashioned to fit with plenty of "hold"
and all-over support from waist to thigh! There's no
belt or bulky built-in supporter, because you actually
don't need them! No matter how hard you swim,
dive and exercise, Vassars never bind, chafe, roll or
slip . . . no readjusting *anywhere*. Just day-long com-
fort and freedom. Equally favored for wrestling, hand-
ball, rowing, squash, and other vigorous sports.
Conservative or broadminded colors in a choice of
two fabric-combinations: high-luster rayon outside,
soft lisle inside, "Lastex" in-between . . . or mercerized
yarn outside, fine wool inside, "Lastex" in-between.

Vassar Company • 2529 Diversey Parkway • Chicago, Illinois

IN THE SPRING

Most everyone naturally thinks of cool crisp salads, tasty sandwiches and refreshing cold drinks. For over forty years "Sticky" Wilson's has served discriminating Stanford men and women with high quality food and refreshments, and that is why you naturally think of Wilson's these warm spring days.

GOOD FOOD
SODA FOUNTAIN



BANQUETS
CATERING

GUERNSEY LOST
TO RICE NETTERS
FOR '39 SEASON

And just below:

TEXAS DAIRY PRODUCTS
SHOW AUGUST DECREASE
—The Daily Texan

Ah, science!

—Ranger

MOTHER'S MIND

Read by boy, 11.

—Cincinnati Enquirer

Saw her reach for the clothes
brush, no doubt.

—Sundial

Inull left \$1,000; debts 14 million.
Instructs executor to pay debts. All
of the residue to go to his wife.

—World Telegram

That's love.

—Varieties

Before the English-Speaking Union
last week, Dame Sybil Thorndike,
British actress, defined war as the
culmination of "little silly things,
stupidness and grabbings that we
let grow."

—New York Times

Like the nasty tweaking of Spain,
the silly pinching of China, and the
childish plucking of Czechoslo-
vakia?

—Octopus

PUBLICIZED U. T.
"STUDENT" NEVER HERE

—The Daily Texan

You mean not one, Mr. Daniels?

—Ranger

Fred Wells celebrated his seventh
anniversary, Monday, by "taking
his own wife to Rochester," accord-
ing to information received at head-
quarters. From this, we assume that
it was his wedding anniversary to
which reference was made.

—Lake Shore News

To be read with a sly wink.

—Jack-o'-Lantern



Spring Fever?

and you want to get out of doors? You can do this by getting your school work done faster and more efficiently on a typewriter.

THE TYPEWRITER SHOP

317 University Ave.

Phone 23114

C. E. Rosenberry

Stompin' Around

COLLIE SMALL

Now that newest angel of swing, Nan Wynn, has trilled all her indescribable sweetness into the wax of "Good for Nothin' but Love," and has made it the milk-and-honey record of the month. With a mellow, albeit tender, negroid second chorus, and with Teddy Wilson's exquisite dreaming in rhythm in the background, Nan has slipped her voice into the same groove-from-Heaven that Mildred Bailey uses.

Harry James used to hang notes all over the chandeliers when he played trumpet with Benny Goodman, but now he has his own band which he must have picked out of a barber shop on a busy afternoon. "Two o'Clock Jump," disgustingly smacking of Goodman's "One o'Clock," "Ciribiribin," "Sweet Georgia Brown," and other unmentionables, find him happily blowing the silver out of his bell until the hole in the middle of the record fortunately cuts him off. The word, I think, is "stink!"

And God did save the king! Benny Goodman is worried enough about Artie Shaw so that he is back at his old terrific peak that you hear sighs about these hungry days. Just remembering: "Japanese Sandman," full of soulful solos never surpassed by very far; "Sometimes I'm Happy," sweetly swinging; "Chloe," a delicate web of silky swing; "Can't We Be Friends," just solid; and "Stompin' at the Savoy." Came then "Roll 'Em," "Camel Hop," and "Sugarfoot Stomp," and now comes "Undecided," full of the old master's rock.

"Sent for You Yesterday and Here You Come Today," also à la the king, is full of Basie's riffs and ideas, but with the exception of Ziggy Elman's trumpet solo that he lifted from Buck Clayton, who gets not a bit of credit, "Sent for You" is just short of being terrific. Johnny Mercer seldom gets all the cotton out of his Southern accent, but this side finds him going well. That truly solid drummer, Schutz, is magnificent on riding the beat out on his cymbals, and if you happen to care, please note that he is one of the few with the ability to pick



NELLY DON
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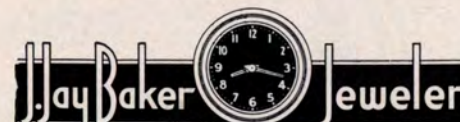
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up temp smoothly and carry the band with him.

"And the Angels Sing" is pleasant, but Elman rears his ugly trumpet again and this time he shows his poor taste by stealing his own solo! As a result, his swing is illegitimate, taken as it is from his "Fralich in Swing" which, incidentally, is the same tune as "Angels" but recorded previous to the latter and carrying no vocal chorus. Commercial romance describes "Home in the Clouds," a good pop with Tilton, and "Cuckoo in the Clock," is remindful of something clever with Johnny Mercer again doing the throat work.

So help me, but Jack Leonard's dovelike cooing actually caused my ears to droop in Tommy Dorsey's "You Taught Me to Love Again," the acme in silky, velvety smooth music. He has never been better, and a very pleasant tune does its bit toward keeping the disc from the kangaroos. Dorsey's "Blue Moon" is—oh, well, the fellas all yell again. "Panama" got away

and is kicked around quite a little bit although it's not very outstanding in any sense. "Peckin' with the Penguins" is neat with its Sunday-evening - long - about - nine swing, even in view of the Mickey Mouse influence. All of this should finish Dorsey for quite some time—he keeps his average pretty low!

Fats Waller's band has been on the debit side of nothing for so many issues that I almost rolled "Rosetta" away. There is none of that froggy croaking you may be afraid of, and Fats supplies one of the most beautiful backgrounds to ever bounce off a keyboard. Cedric's tenor is restrained, delicate, and melodic, while Autrey's trumpet is gentle and easy-riding. I beg of you, don't let the name of Waller frighten you off.

"My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "Sing for Your Supper," "The Blues I Like to Hear," and "Blame It on My Last Affair," all by Count Basie, have more of that mellow stuff and less of drive than his usual efforts. "Shorty George" and "Thursday"



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have edges which are ragged, but they do get along in spite of it. The Ink Spots, even with all this listening to "If I Didn't Care," still have as their best disc "Brown Gal" and "Pork Chops and Gravy," the latter side falling far short of the former. Don Redman's "Sweet Leilani" isn't very remindful of coconuts and hulas, but it remains the best job on a bad tune; "Deed I Do" spins along the same lines on the reverse.

Frankie Newton's effortless trumpet and James P. Johnson's fine piano cause Newton's gentle "All the World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" to whirl more than pleasantly. The small combination is strangely mild on this side, but it gets rougher on the back, "Rosetta."

For the neatest bit of sorority swing of the month, look for Glen Gray's "Sunrise Serenade." Concise, slightly rocking in a sense, and so simple that we wonder why a band needs more than clarinets and brass, it's one of the better different efforts.

And still they swing! A quick

last twist finds Charlie Barnet and "Knockin' at the Famous Door," "Tin Roof Blues," "Swing Street Strut," "Jump Session," and the fine "The Gal from Joe's"; Les Brown and "Plumber's Revenge" and "Duckfoot Waddle"; Artie Shaw and a mediocre "Rose Room" but, by hearsay, a good "Pastel Blue," backed by "Deep Purple," which gave Shaw more potentialities than his results would show. Now that about spins it off.

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

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Chappie Reads a Book

The Grapes of Wrath, by John Steinbeck (Viking Press), \$2.75, at The Bookshop, Palo Alto

Steinbeck again. This time it will be a best seller for a while and then The Guilty will squirm and slander the author. It will sell because Steinbeck has so many ardent admirers and because the publishers aren't going to miss the chance of pushing it and cashing in on the fame of their rising star and it is "the thing" to read Steinbeck. But it won't go as well as *Mice and Men*.

For it indicts the whole slipshod, legally fortified American system of exploiting and killing American people and America itself. It's going to make a lot of people uncomfortable.

The six hundred pages carry us through three phases in the lives of mid-western dispossessed sharecroppers fooled into flooding California with cheap labor — themselves. Oklahoma and the end of sharecropping is the first stage. The banks own the land. Tractors are more efficient than men and horses. One man and a tractor can do the work of a whole family on a forty-acre farm. "You got to get off. It ain't my fault." Who's to blame, then? "The Shawnee Lan' an' Cattle

Company. I just got orders." Who's the company? "It ain't nobody. It's a company." Got a fella crazy. There's nobody to lay for.

The slick "business men" move in. They buy all the farm equipment, horses, plows, household goods. "Junk." Eighteen dollars for the essential tools of a whole farm. The croppers sell everything. They buy cars to go to California. The cars are mostly propped-up wrecks. Ruthless cheating is clever. It makes a man rich. Overnight almost.

Then the long miles of chugging over U.S. Highway 66. Grampa dying on the road. Watching every penny. Bury him in a field to save expenses. Fix it so the law won't be on us. Some cars break down.

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Then California and the dumps the hated "Okies" live in: "Hoover-villes." There are too many people wanting work. When your kids are starving you'll take 15 cents an hour and slowly starve. Pelagra. That's outbreaking on small bloated stomachs. One decent place: The Government Camp. The "Association" tries to break it up because it makes the goddam "Okies" dissatisfied. Hot water and toilets! Next they'll want clean sheets on the bed. Strikes and innocent strikebreakers. Pay them five cents a box for peaches. When the cops break the strike the rate goes down one-half. The company store takes a usurious profit. Everything we make goes back to the company and there ain't enough to eat. Beatings and murder. The resentment begins to feed on the barefaced brutality. The *Grapes of Wrath* are being trampled upon.

The publishers forecast a great, living future for this novel. "Perhaps *The Grapes of Wrath* is the greatest modern American novel; perhaps it is the greatest single creative work this country has ever produced." Perhaps. There are passages in the book that are as brilliant and economical in content and design as a well-cut precious stone. And there are others that should have been left out or done over. There's the Steinbeck "sentimentality" too, which you may think he's wallowing in at times. But the

book is great for the present. It is an important document of changing America. The facts are clear. It is a prophecy of life or death for America.

Diego Rivera: His Life and Times, by Bertram D. Wolfe (New York: A. A. Knopf), illustrated, \$6.00, at The Bookshop, Palo Alto

Four hundred pages of a thrilling biography of a great man, profusely illustrated with photographs of his life and of his works. The phases of his development from a fat-boy genius to a mature master of colossal proportions and importance. His training and experiments. His immense capacity for research and long, long hours of titanic labor. His humane heart and revolutionary struggles—in life and paint.

Diego Rivera tried to reorganize a school for artists in Mexico City. The curriculum was profoundly sound and thorough. To an artist it would seem nothing could be better for a background. Wolfe chuckles a little and says Rivera was trying to graduate giants, like himself. The regents reacted; so did some students.

Rivera and his great art school ideas were moved out. Rivera painted a mural for Rockefeller Center. "A fresco in the temple of the money-changers." He could be only honest in his work. They fired him and crushed the plaster to dust—his greatest mural. Now, in 1939, Rivera is at odds with the Communists and the capitalists. There are no more walls to paint. A lion pacing in a cage.

For a rich story of a great man, his world, work, and wives, friends, foes, and favorites, read *Diego Rivera: His Life and Times*.

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Only three home events are listed on the Yale sports calendar for tomorrow. In the afternoon at 2:30 the Varsity rifle team will shoot Harvard at the Payne Whitney Range . . .

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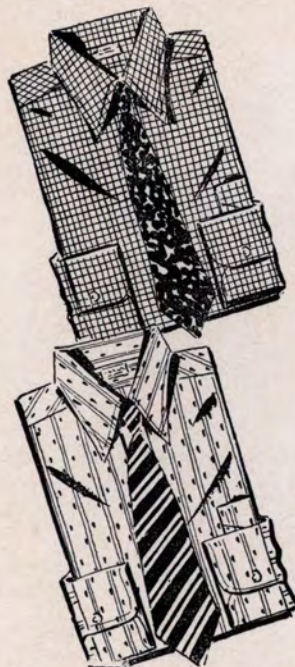
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