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**Chaparral**



May  
1939

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**PSYCHOLOGY 51**

Rats in mazes!  
Rats in mazes!  
That's all I've read  
For days and dayses!

Rats in mazes!  
Rats in mazes!  
In my dreams  
I see their fazes!

Rats in mazes!  
Rats in mazes!  
They sit around  
And at me gazes!

Rats in mazes!  
Rats in mazes!  
Just one more  
Will drive me crazes!

Rats in mazes!  
Rats in mazes!  
Cats to catch them—  
All I prayses!

—Jean Sturtevant



Neighbor—I heard your kid bawling last night.

Parent—Yes, after four bawls he got his base warmed.

—Maroon Bee



He (asking a riddle)—Why is it you have so many boy friends?

She—I give up.

—Scottie



If brains were dynamite—  
You wouldn't have enough to blow your nose!

—Yellow Jacket

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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# FABLES OF THE FARM



It was in an anatomy class that the students were learning of the lacteal glands by dissecting cats. (Yes, these things do go on—over behind Sequoia Hall.)

Now the pirates of old used to sail two points closer to the wind when there was a woman aboard; a woman was a jinx. And in this anatomy course there was a woman—very much of a jinx to male students trying to concentrate, it being spring and all that sort of thing.

In the course of the period the lecturer came to her bench and indicated various organs, vessels, and such. "And these," he pointed out, "are the mammary veins."

"Thanks for the mammaries!" she caroled melodiously, and scalpels leaped from their sheaths.

One naturally wonders what goes on when two med students, male and female, go on a date. Of course, we know, the postman take his girl for a walk; the sailor goes rowing with his. But what does a future doctor do and say to a future doctoress when they are alone at midnight in the back seat?

The Chaparral Research Laboratory is pleased to present a case history:

After the small talk had been disposed of, the male med student learned toward the female med student. Soon, she could feel the tender caress of his hand upon her cheek. Gently he stroked it.

"What are you looking for," she demanded, "the carotid artery?"

While on the subject, it may be observed that the carotid artery is that pulse in the temple which beats faster when the subject is emotionally aroused. Try it some-time.

One of the Roble Rascals had a bit of literature which created something of a whirl. The little book had a picture of One of Those Women on the front and was named, *The Bride's Confession* (illustrated). A junior sponsor discovered it in the Hole one evening and streamed up three flights of stairs To Be Alone, shrieking like a fire whistle all the way. There was an expectant gleam in her eye as she opened the book to learn about Things.

*Bang!*

The explosion of a hidden cap suddenly disillusioned her. Roble's head sponsor was curious, too. And disappointed. Maybe someone should tell them.

The urbane maestro of Extemporaneous Speaking (Speech 15, MWF 11) is Professor Lee Chapin. Aiming to make the speeches extemporaneous with a vengeance, Mr. Chapin started the course by ripping a sheaf of pages at random from the *Announcement of Courses* and calling on students to: (1) walk to the front of the room; (2) pick up one of the sheets; (3) face the class; (4) deliver a two-minute address on

the first course listed on the paper which met his eye.

Some football players during spring quarter are like fish on dry land. One well-known gridiron hero who was an engineer major to boot drew as a topic, "Masterpieces of Medieval Literature." His two-minute harangue went something as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen. I have been asked to speak on Masterpieces of Medieval Literature. I don't know anything about this course but it probably has to do with studying masterpieces of medieval literature, I guess. It would be a good course for anybody interested in masterpieces of medieval literature. It should . . . I BEEN STABBED!" He sat down.

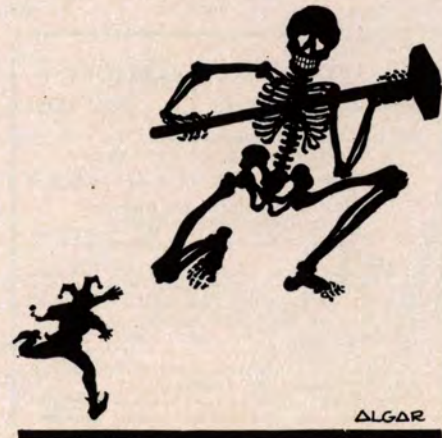
"That's fine," said Mr. Chapin above the roar, and called the next victim.

A misogynist is one who hates women. Yes, one who hates women! The hero of this paragraph was a misogynist; he loathed all femininity, and he let the fact be known.

His fraternity brothers, resolving that no misogynist should blight the Greek letters of their house, paired off this specimen with a certain calorific woman one night. She had been tipped off and took the contract to cure him.

But friend woman-hater could see what was coming. They started the evening off with dinner, and he donned his defense mechanism. "Waiter," he commanded, "bring me half a raw onion." As the garçon jotted this down, he leered inwardly at the pinch-hitter for Venus across the table.

"Waiter," commanded the ama-



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teur siren, "bring me the other half."

Christmas is gone and forgotten, except for the monthly mortifications of installment collectors. But we are happy, however late the date, to report here the receipt of a bill rendered in the true Christmas spirit.

A Peninsulan we know has a garden which she entrusts to the care of a Japanese gardener. The latter's bill, when submitted at the end of December, was itemized in conventional style: "Labor 15; Plants 5," etc. Then, as though overcome by the Dickensonian atmosphere of the season, the gardener had added: "One yard of topsoil I gift to you a Christmas present."

An aristocratic section of aristocratic Palo Alto is distinguished by its aristocratic canines. All of them, naturally, have aristocratic pedigrees. That is, all except "Jerry."

Jerry started out to be a thoroughbred with the help of his mother, but his father was a traveling salesman with no background whatever. Jerry's master's affection was in no way dimmed by the animal's variegated strain, but it was embarrassing when friends brought up the question: "What kind of dog is he?"

For the self-respect of dog and man this was settled some time ago, when black-and-white Jerry was regularly registered with the city officials. All the master has to do now is to present the license, which records the breed as "HOLSTEIN."

"You know," confided the fellow across the table at Union Cellar as he slit the envelope, "I never dare to open letters in the Cellar. Last time I did, a lock of red hair fluttered out."

And the orchestra played on.

The Chinese have a word for it, "Cumshah." Literally translated from the tongue of Confucius, this means "something-for-nothing." In general, cumshah refers to the kind of money you give the porter—a tip.

A number of miscellaneous encounters with the un-American practice of tipping have been reported by globe-trotting Stanfordites. In Lithuania, one chill winter, a mere slip of a girl carrying an even slip-



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per baby, and dressed in nothing but a mere chemise, was begging in the cruel snow of a Baltic winter. Moved by that compassion engendered by the Stanford Mother's Club, a student's mother bungled up with a kroner, or whatever the Lithuanians use for coin. The girl took the alms, ran into a near-by hovel and immediately reappeared in thick rich clothes, leather shoes, and a sneering laugh. Sort of puts a crimp in one's faith in human nature.

The next Gulliver was sojourning in St. Kitts, a tiny British isle. In search of a certain rare brand of tobacco, he chartered a couple of little colored boys, who took him into the blackest native alleys and inquired of old sepia hags smoking cheroots over smoky fires, but none of them had the merchandise. At the end of a fruitless hunt, the Stanford gentleman, as a sop to his social stratum, reached for a shilling and a ha'penny, with which to pay off his pilots.

Immediately, a slew of black dead-end kids materialized, and one said with easy confidence. "Well, what about me, chum?"

Pressing the button on his savoir-faire, the student said to the native moocher, "Well, what about you?"

"Gimme a shilling," he proposed.

"Why?"

"Oh, just 'cause I like you and you like me."

Kipling was right.

A third Baron Munchausen, plus a friend, made the long and dangerous safari to The City. On Grant Avenue, in the heart of Chinatown, a brace of Mongolian gamins ran up. "Shine, boss?"

"No, thanks," said the friend.

But after a session of importuning, the friend succumbed and gave him a nickel just to be rid of him. At this, the first fellow didn't have the heart not to offer a jitney to the second Chinaboy.

But the second Mongolian moppet refused. "What?" said his benefactor. "Don't you want the nickel?"

His head bobbed up and down, indicating "yes."

"Then why don't you take it?"

The tiniest of the yellow race replied, "It wouldn't be honorable." You see, he hadn't earned it. There is still hope for the human race!

Livingston Bros.



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Striped rayon jersey dancing dress with one of those alluring hoods—adaptation of an origination by Chanel. In brilliant yellow and black, 35.00. One of a whole collection of more or less informal formals, 19.95 to 49.95.

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MUSIC OF THE  
MAGIC ISLES



HARRY  
OWENS

AND HIS ROYAL HAWAIIANS


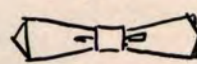
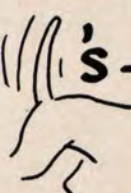
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 want a  white   
 and  's - WE HAVE THEM!



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 TAILS \$30

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125 University

## Letter to the Farm

(This is an actual letter, written by the actual male parent of an actual student here)

My dear Son:

After some considerable lapse of time, there is a possibility, I hope, of your becoming sufficiently compos mentis to realize the import of this communication. Please do not feel, I beg of you, that it is tinged in any sense with an atmosphere of acerbity. It has no such motivation. Instead it is an attempt to instill into your mind the fact that there are certain derelictions of children to their parents which cannot be easily brooked.

You have such a dereliction even to the point of contumacy. Need I be specific? Perhaps I should be in view of the fact that the exigencies of the situation are great. I refer to your total failure as a fabricator of epistolary communications. In fact, if I may descend to the jargon of the vulgar, you are a very poor sport in that regard.

Shortly before the first of the present month I requested a statement of your financial situation after you had paid your monthly dues to the noble organization to which you presently belong. In addition, your closest ancestor on the maternal side recently forwarded to you a box of delicious confection which you have not as yet acknowledged. On top of all that, there is no regularity in your communications with your immediate progenitors. Suffice it to say that there should be and will be in the future. Hereafter you will write to either one of us without fail on each Sunday. Not only are we interested in your well-being but also in your doings. We are particularly interested in knowing that you continue to be aware of our existence and, I blush to say it, your dependence upon us for food and sustenance. You may not be aware of that latter fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

May I assure you again that all the above is not tinged with acerbity in any sense; neither is it a mere recognition of the conventions. It is an attempt instead to impress you with the fact that we have some interest in you even if you have very little in us.

I have the honor to be your  
 Father

## Ah, Hollywood!

In order to bring to the screen new departures in cinema fare, moving-picture studios are paying well for "originals," synopses of movie stories with fresh angles.—News item


### Original No. 1

Title: "Man of the Islands"  
 Synopsis: Jerry Abernathy (Errol Flynn) is the wastrel good-for-nothing son of Andrew Fortesque Abernathy (Walter Connolly), shipping magnate, and of Patricia Cabot Abernathy (Margaret Dumont), his socialite spouse.


One night, Jerry goes to a cheap dive on the S.F. waterfront, gets offensively drunk, and awakes in the alley the next morning to find he has been "rolled" for all his dough; the assaulter has also left him with only an old shirt and pair of dungarees. The clout alongside the head causes Jerry to forget his identity long enough to give a sailor a pack of rolling tobacco (found in dungarees in exchange for a berth on the S.S. "City of Nancy Bell," a tramp freighter, owned by Jerry's own father.

The virile life of an Ordinary Seaman, with the salt wind blowing in his face (place here for angle shot of Jerry on the cross-trucks) fails to restore Jerry's memory. The "City of Nancy Bell" puts into the trading port of Hoola Hoola on the Island of Teeheeti. Here Jerry finds life in the raw, as presented by a scheming native girl (Hedy Lamarr), but is lured into the interior by Mona Leighton (Katherine Hepburn) whose father (C. Aubrey Smith) is a poor missionary ministering to the souls of savages.

Mona had found Jerry in a saloon by the docks. Having tried to cheat the native Teeheetian gambler (Leo Carillo), he earns himself another mid-iron shot on the brow. Recovering under the soothing ministrations of Mona, he recalls his identity, but does not disclose this to Mona. Months of lying around on the Leighton coconut farm, run as an adjunct to the missionarying, listening to and longing for the photogenic Mona, only whet Jerry's appetite for likker. One night he escapes her vigilance and gets down to



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**ORRIN TUCKER**  
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**BONNIE BAKER**  
 and the  
**LORRAINE SISTERS**  
 opening in  
**PEACOCK COURT**  
**FRIDAY EVENING**  
**MAY 5**



HOTEL  
**MARK HOPKINS**

## LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



ONE WHIFF of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that smells good!



AFTER THEY quieted Bess, they made it a permanent peace by refilling the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend: Sir Walter Raleigh!

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS



PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN. In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureaus of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

NEW RADIO PROGRAM: Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDST Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.

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CHECK UP ON  
YOUR DANCING

Whirlwind of bright and white tiny  
gingham checks as the skirt sweeps  
wide in the dance . . . sheer jersey  
Summer formal that clings to your  
little waist . . . with a brief jacket  
for evenings that are less formal . . .  
Ranleigh little-girl success. **35.00**

Hoola Hoola again and gets roaring  
drunk in company with the schem-  
ing native girl.

Just then the tall ship, S.S. "South  
Sea Princess" ("Normandie"), flag  
ship of the Abernathy Line, comes  
into port, bearing old Andrew F.  
Abernathy himself and his wife,  
looking for their errant son. Simul-  
taneously, Mona, at great personal  
hazard, has defied the wilderness  
to seek for Jerry.

But neither his parents nor the  
love of a pure woman avail. Jerry  
is lying in a back room. The third  
swat on the head has done the busi-  
ness.

### Original No. 2

Title: "The Range Rider's Re-  
venge" (in twelve chapters)

Synopsis "Bow-Legs" Gleason  
(Gary Cooper) is a cowboy em-  
ployed on the 100,000-acre Texas  
ranch of Herkimer L. Wimple (Henry  
Kolker).

One day, while down in the Rio  
Grande River bottoms tracking some  
rustlers who have driven off 4,000  
head of prime steers, Bow-Legs finds  
a bleeding Mexican (Central Cast-  
ing Bureau) gasping out his last by  
a dry arroyo. A swig from Bow-  
Legs' canteen revives him long  
enough to gasp that the "Kallikak  
Kid" is responsible for the rustling.  
He dies.

The entire range is up in arms at  
this mysterious Kallikak Kid. Scene  
shifts to a hidden camp where we  
find a breathless masked figure  
galloping up to an adobe hide-out  
on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle.  
Dismounting, he rushes in and  
gasps, "Chief, there's a posse out.  
And they've got a rope!"

The unperturbable Kallikak Kid  
(Humphrey Bogart) lights a cig and  
drawls, "So what?"

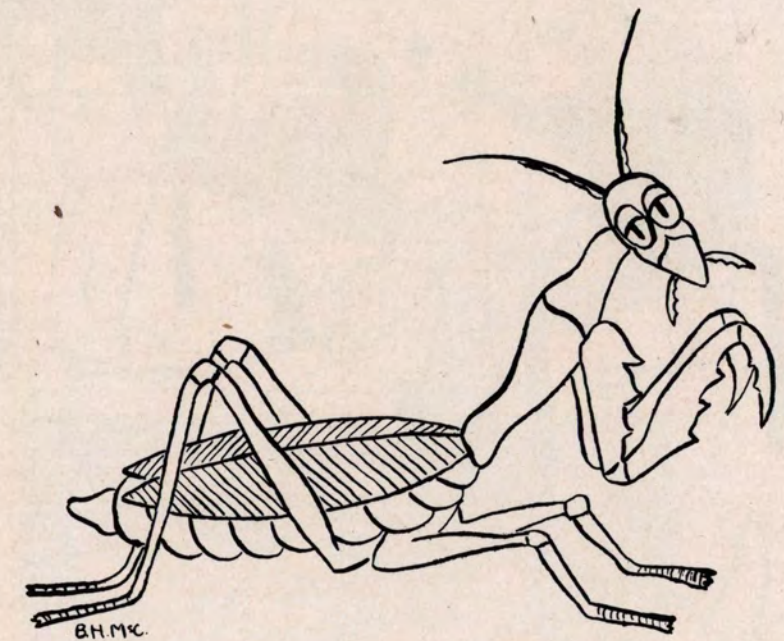
We next find Bow-Legs dangling  
by his fingernails from a sheer ledge  
419 feet above a gulch called Rattle-  
snake Gulch because it isn't full of  
garter snakes. Up rides Kallikak  
Kid on his radio-equipped Harley-  
Davidson. "So," he snarls "you're  
laying for me, eh?" Saying which,  
he draws his slingshot, and picks  
off Bow-Legs right between the  
wide, level, honest blue eyes.

M.G.M., Warner's, and Fox-Twen-  
tieth Century please note: Make all  
checks payable to

—Dave Left

# STANFORD Chaparral

MAY 1939



"Now I lay me down to sleep."



"So I says to this little heifer . . ."

## College Life

There's nothing but work at college  
And very little fun.  
You read and type and slave and  
work  
From dawn till day is done.

And when the day is over,  
And your dinner has been eaten,  
It's trudin' to the libe you go  
On a path that's old and beaten.

The sleep you get is short and sweet  
(And often full of dreams),  
But with the sun you rise once more,  
And work and work it seems.

And when the week-ends roll  
around  
You want some relaxation.  
But college life is not that way,  
No time for contemplation.

'Cause on your dates you're work-  
ing hard  
To find a man that's steady,  
A man who will not box your ears  
'Cause you're not always ready.

Getting a man's no art at all,  
That fact is widely known,  
But where the week-end work  
comes in,  
Is keeping him your own.

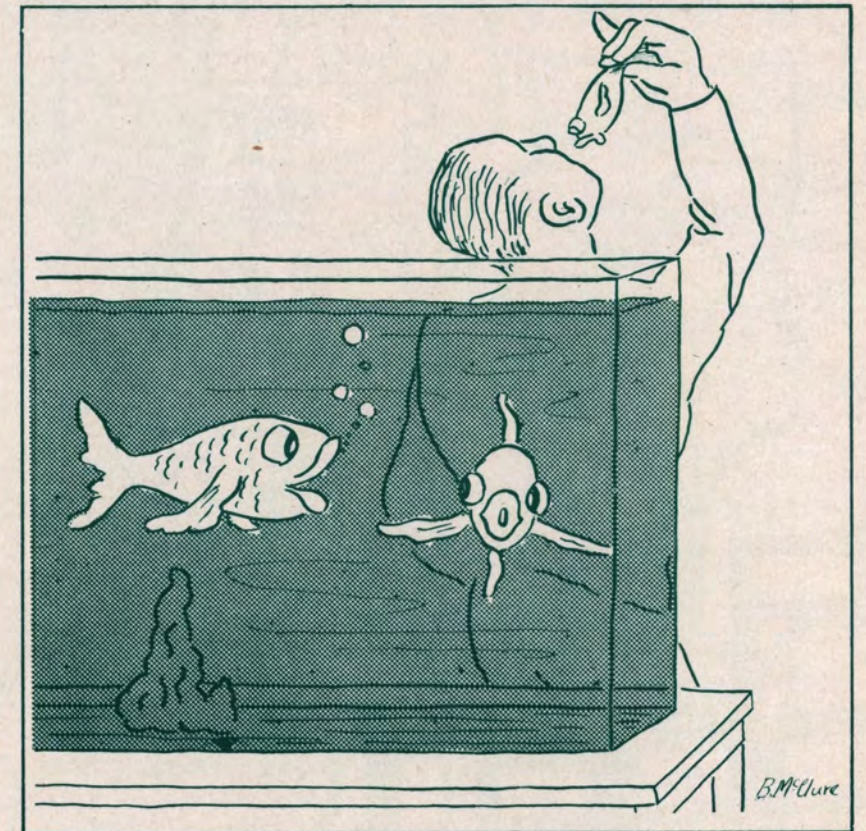
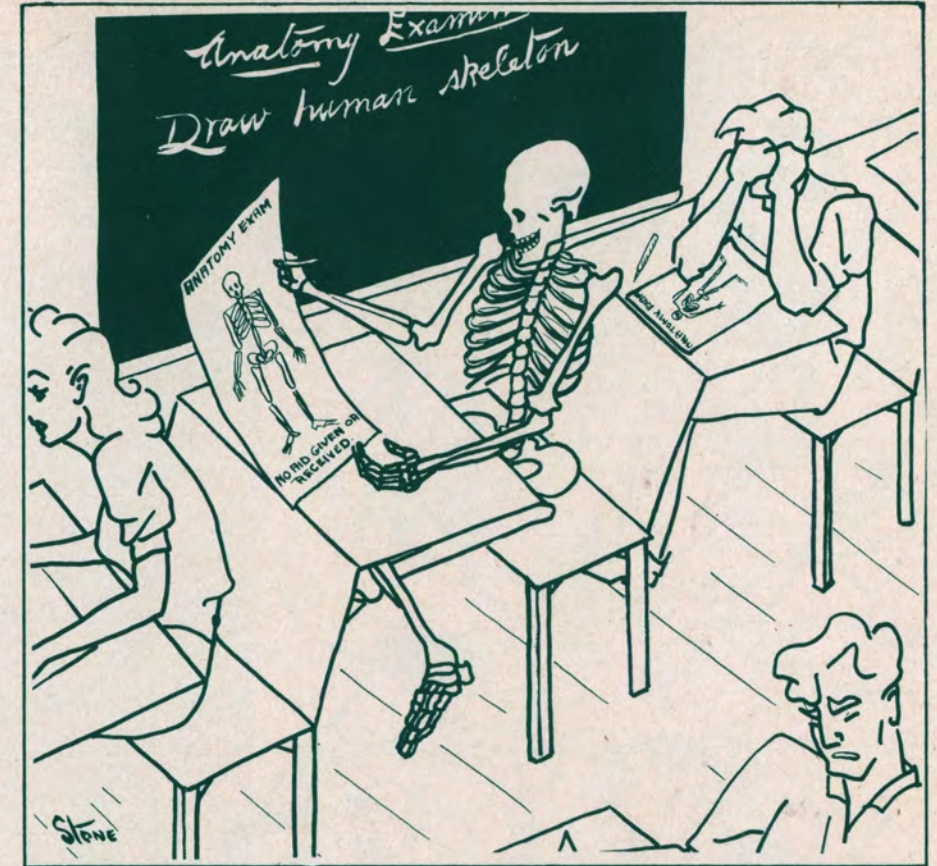
And so you work, day in, day out,  
To get your love and knowledge.  
We'll still be working till we die  
Or at least get out of college.  
—Roble Rebel

### HE PROMISED HE'D MARRY HER

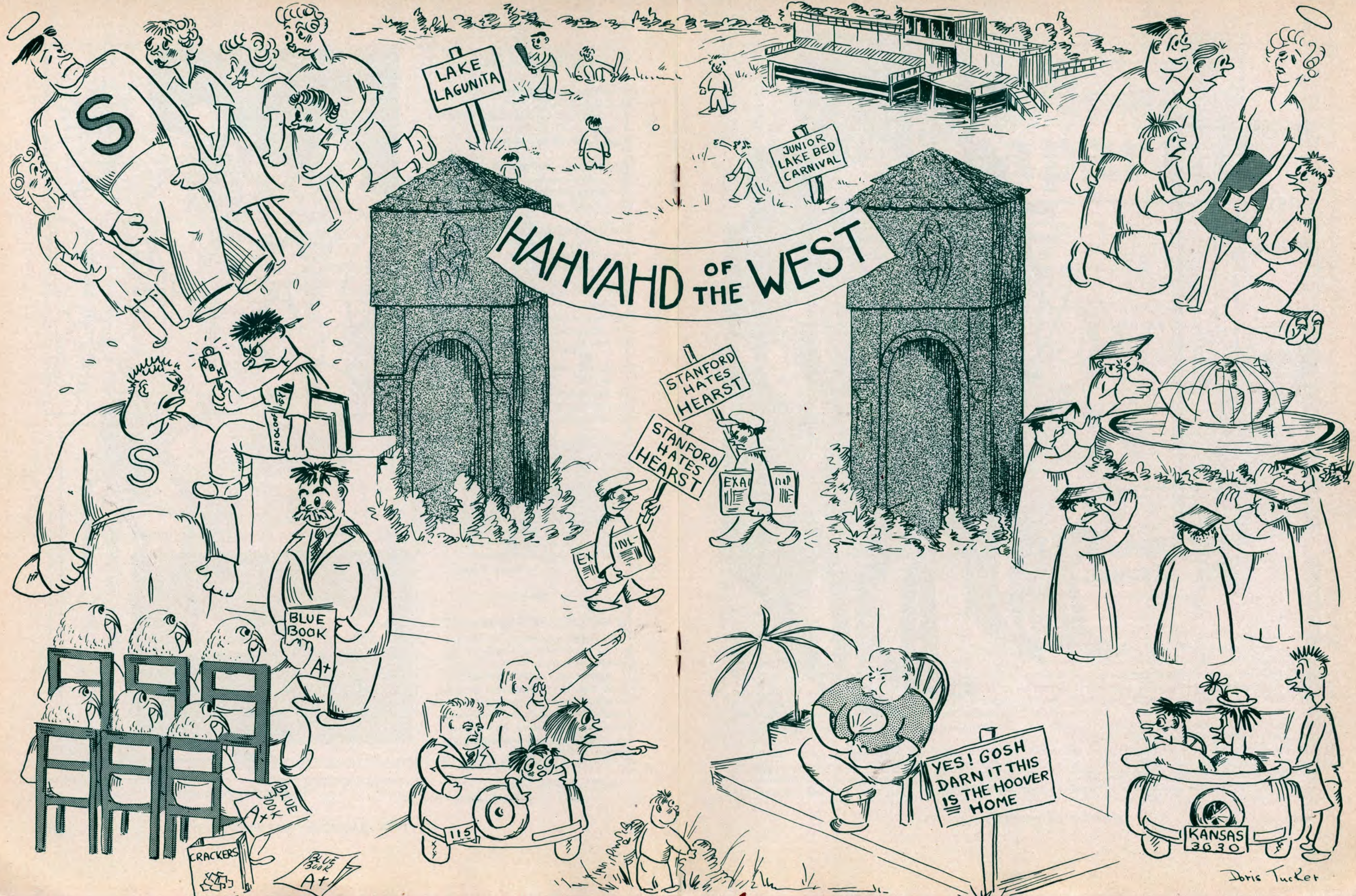
An unwed mother at 18—thrown  
out by her family—forsaken by her  
friends. Where can she turn? Listen  
in tonight on radio's sensational  
Good Will Hour. Hear real people  
bare their most intimate problems  
frankly, freely, to John J. Anthony,  
noted radio counselor, and receive  
his expert, humanly understanding  
advice. It may help you, too.

—N. Y. Daily Mirror Ad.

Don't look at me, mister.  
—Jack-o'-Lantern



"How are they biting today?"



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STANFORD HATES HEARST

BLUE BOOK A+

BLUE BOOK A+

CRACKERS

BLUE BOOK A+

YES! GOSH DARN IT THIS IS THE HOOVER HOME

KANSAS 3630

Doris Tucker





"Burn any good books lately?"

ll.  
and  
John Colby

# The STANFORD Chaparral

Volume 40, 1938-39  
 Stanford University founded 1891  
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899  
 by Bristow Adams  
 Owned and published by Chaparral Chapter of  
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 President Chapter, Hammer and Coffin, 1938-39  
 Member, Executive Board, American Association of  
 Collegiate Comics  
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REFLECTIONS

**NOW THAT** Ancient One bestows the accolade on these four Stanford students: Betty Bradley, Mary Macomber, Sam Woolington, and Noel Anderson. Last quarter the very excellent idea occurred to them of organizing at this University a Premedical Club, whose purpose is "To give premedical students an opportunity to share ideas; to promote closer relationships between premedical faculty members and students."

Six men were selected from the faculty to serve as sponsors for the club, and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, an enthusiastic honorary sponsor, was the group's first speaker and has since taken an active interest.

Not only has the group secured as speakers medical men of note, but it has taken several trips to such places as the San Quentin Sick Call and the San Francisco City and County Hospital. Thus the premedical students here are given every opportunity to learn more about their chosen profession than they ordinarily would.

The Old Boy is very glad that such a society has been organized. He knows, of course (who better than he!), that college means fun and plenty of it. But the droopy Joe College idea of fun begins to pall after awhile, and then comes the realization that there is a long life of work ahead, after college.



"I think I'm going to need some insurance."

OWED TO SPRING

Sweetly falling water  
Languishes and dies,  
While the lovers listen  
With averted eyes.

Springtime is the pensive  
Season of the year;  
Dream of high explosives—  
Music to the ear.

Underneath Orion,  
In the gentle night,  
Runs the silent fire  
To the dynamite.

Birds renew their carols  
When they see the dawn,  
And raise their joyous chorus:  
"Thank God, the Fountain's gone!"  
—Anonymous



The danger lies in permitting little  
folks to handle near-dynamite as  
they would a lollipop or a stick of  
chewing-gum.

—Editorial, Boston American

Especially on an empty stomach.  
—Exchange

Sin-copated Cellar

Go eat at the cellar, where all the frosh have fun  
Sipping cokes and list'ning to the nickelodeon;  
Where the torch songs are the hottest and the melodies most mad,  
And it's "Want My Sea-Food Mama," but "My Heart Belongs to Dad."

You sit down at a private booth in Joe the hashier's station,  
Your appetite enlivened by the tintinabulation.  
There stands the hashier dreaming with his ear to the loudspeaker  
While you holler for a menu as your lungs grow weak and weaker.

Then at last he takes your order as you give a final squawk  
And he goes to get your lamb chop with a jerky Lamb-eth walk;  
And you beat upon the table to the rumble of the drums  
Till the hashier brings your 'X', and boleros as he comes.

Then you sip your soup in rhythm to the crazed cacophony,  
And you cut your chop to music, and you drink your milk in key,  
And you tune your tuning fork up when the song is wild and wavy,  
And you jive until you wind up with your elbow in the gravy.

Then you watch your tea-dance cake-walk, as your turkey trots along  
To the sauce-y tin-pan tremolo of sugar-blues-y song;  
And your hot potato snuggles, so you both begin to spoon,  
While the sink-opated bus-boy clears your table with a croon.

Then it's time to start the floor show, so the couple next to you  
Do a lively baked big apple until both are in a stew.



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(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,  
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THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



SO  
MILD!

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

And you settle back with cigarette to watch each crazy antic  
Of the dancers on the program as their stompin' grows more frantic.

At last the rhythm gets you, and you truck into the aisle  
Till the scowl of the head hasher sort of cramps your swingin' style,  
But still you're feeling happy, though the Cellar is a wreck,  
Till you get the final jolt—that's when the hasher brings your check.

Then you know the fun is over, for it's getting rather late,  
So you waltz to pay the cashier through the little wicket grate;  
And though your dough has disappeared, you feel a strange elation  
From the smooth synthetic symphony of soothing syncopation.

Then the chiming of the clock-tow'r tells it's only half-past one,  
And you still have time to linger, for your lab has "just begun."  
So you bum a magazine or two and lounge to read awhile,  
While the counter clerk smirks cynically with sneering, leering smile.

Then you con the campus cuties as they chorus down the steps,  
And you judge which ones are beauties, and the ones who have the reps.  
Till the last frosh has departed and the music box is silent—  
And you leave before the quiet makes you absolutely violent.

Sing a song of Cellars, where the students all have fun and fun and fun—  
List'ning to the records from the jitneys of the freshman in the roaring,  
raucous, blatting, blaring, blatant clangor of the nickelodeon.  
—Rita Szekeres



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—Time

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—Oakwood Junior College Catalogue

So AAA Junior is carrying on Papa's work.  
—Ranger

A rare and horrible growth it was, too.  
—Lampoon

### GOLDEN GATE EXPOSITION

I went to the 'Frisco Fair,  
And found variety there:  
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Places to drink and eat,  
To rest the howling feet;  
Buildings of some friendly nations  
Indicate no strained relations;  
Fountains, houses, lovely lake—  
Add 'em up for beauty's sake.

But I cannot truly say,  
"I saw the Fair in the Bay."  
I found delights beneath the lights  
That shine on the ole Gayway.  
—Rosenfeld



Miss Natalie Coolidge (left) and Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, a niece of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and daughter of J. Cutter Roosevelt of Boston, photographed on their arrival in New York aboard the S. S. "President Roosevelt." They toured Europe on bicycles.  
—Boston Herald, picture caption  
Roosevelt bicycles?  
—Jack-o'-Lantern

### Stompín' Around

COLLIE SMALL

Now that bouncing needle has scratched out a rock from Red Norvo's cradle of swing which includes a Mildred Bailey vocal chorus that will cut melodic grooves in your soul. Called "There'll Never Be Another You," it's the pink chiffon disc-of-the-month, with a magnificent xylophone solo drifting off the wax much like the notes come rolling out of the earlier "Tea Time." Face down on the turntable felt is "Toadie Toddle," a tidy little lift that sort of skids right along.

There's something more than soul in Helen O'Connell's singing on Jimmy Dorsey's "All of Me," but there's some of that, too, in her exquisite phrasing and vibratos. Dorsey's alto solo is all that's left, and while it's fine, it hasn't the dreamy feeling that Johnny Hodges would have imparted.

Falling easily out of Red Nichols' trumpet bell is a beautiful solo on "Hour of Parting" which dreamily flirts with the melody until an unfortunate clarinet bounce with a pastel odor drops in; a short tenor solo lifts the record again, and it finally crawls out of the grooves. In spite of its several faults, it leaves you with a pleasant taste in your ears. The "King Kong," more-than-faintly reminiscent of "Down Home Rag," slightly disgraces the other side.

Hot violins are always remindful of barns and pastures and then they lead to corn, but Joe Venuti's "Flip" and "Flop" ride along on top of a solid groove. "Comin' on with the Blues" by Floyd Ray slides into an occasionally fine rock and "Three o'Clock in the Morning" has some of the neatest band singing that has yet to resound out of a wax slot. Charlie Barnet's "In a Mizz" is pleasingly low-down, sort of on the curb, and "Night Song" rocks gently.

You who swing and sway with Stinky Kaye won't like "Minor's Swing" and "Viper's Dreams" at all, and there's a question whether or not those that know will. Recorded by the Quintet of the Hot Club of France with three guitars, a violin, and a bass, it's terrific in a strange sort of way, but it's hard to understand.

Count Basie slips into an endless

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groove with "Rock-a-bye Basie," his new coming-on-the-air tune. It has a milder drive than usual, and a pleasantly powerful tenor cuts out neat little patterns in front of quiet brass backgrounding until the Count's piano tinkles the whole thing away. "Baby, Don't Tell on Me" has edges on it; it sounds as though "Sent for You Yesterday" might have had something to do with it; and besides all of that, James Rushing howls out an owl-like vocal chorus that's practically nerve-shattering.

The Count sat down, twinkled a couple of keys, called three of the boys, and came up with a rhythm quartet that has that stuff. "How Long How Long Blues" is delicate, forceful, slow and easy, sometimes moody, and where - else - can - you - buy - Heaven - for - thirty - five - cents?

Sorority Swing (not exactly recommended). — "Shut-eye" and "I Promise You" by Glen Gray; "Our Love" and "Only When You're in My Arms" filled with oil and vaseline by Tommy Dorsey and his dove, Jack Leonard; "Tears from My Inkwell" and "I Never Knew that Heaven Could Speak" (did you?) by Red Nichols; and "You Grow Sweeter as the Years Go by" as thrown together by Artie Shaw to back "If You Ever Change Your Mind."

Oh, Pure Jazz. — "Windy City Stomp" by Miiff Mole; "Ballin' the Jack" by the Louisiana Rhythm Kings; "Krazy Kapers" and "Once upon a Time" by the Chocolate Dandies; "Cornet Chop Suey" by Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five, and "One and Two Blues" by Bessie Smith and her Blue Boys; "Loveless Love" on the masters by Jack Teagarden; "Coal Cart Blues" by Clarence Williams' Blue Five; "P.D.Q. Blues" and "Livery Stable Blues" by Fletcher Henderson; "Pleasing Paul" and "Make a Country Bird Fly Wild" by Henry Allen; and "Trumbology" and "For No Reason at All in C" by Frankie Trumbauer. Price lists, as well as the discs, are obtainable from the Hot Record Society at 827 Seventh Avenue in New York City.

Just Remembering.—"Minnie the Mocher's Wedding Day" in all its harmonious brass glory by Benny Goodman; "Dream of You" and its mellow doing by Jimmie Lunceford; Ambrose's jumping "Night Ride."

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## Now That Show

**Tovarich** In all amateur theater work, the selection of any play to be produced must be carefully considered in the light of the casting possibilities at hand. The evening of April 8 saw the performance by the Alumni Association of a play with fatal casting difficulties for amateurs. *Tovarich* is as clever and as enjoyable a comedy as has appeared in recent years, but an amateur group must think twice before attempting it.

The incredible, hyperbolic subtleties of the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna and her suave Prince Consort are elements beyond the range of pure acting technique. It is to the discredit of neither Melba Toombs nor Jim Clancy that they both left a good deal to be desired. Both their performances were carefully handled technically, and at times Jim came very close to capturing the spirit of his grand Russian exile. But it takes more than suave aplomb to match the champagne sparkle of Tina and Michel, and more than an occasional rolling on the floor to set the tempo for their whirling, comic-tragic dance. It was quite enjoyable to watch Melba and Jim waltz through their scenes, but with neither Tina nor Michel present, the performance was not quite *Tovarich*.

Leland Chapin and Joe Lawry were good as Chauffourier-Dubieff and Count Brekensky, in spite of the former's distracting tendency to jiggle and Joe Lawry's somewhat too vital voice. David Leff filled the part of the squeaky, timid Martelleau. One of the best in the cast was Grove Day as the self-conscious harassed banker, Dupont. Even better, though not so striking, was his wife. Ann Wayland did her role with a composure and naturalness that were uncommonly fine. Bill Goetze and Jeanette Rosenfeld were all right as the shallow, light-hearted, irresponsible son and daughter.

The second act was dying on its feet when Virginia Sharpe barged in as the aggressive Madame Van Hemert. Her gifts for characterization gave the play one of its brightest moments. Perhaps best of all was William Pabst as the assured,

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somewhat sinister Soviet commissar. His control was excellent throughout his scenes, and he alone seemed conscious of the essential mood of the final scene.

Just as the acting of the leads lacked the facile urbanity that was so essential, so the directing missed the Continental flavor of high comedy. Movement and groupings were often excellent but timing was off and pacing slow. The Martelleau scene was particularly static. The second scene of the first act was picked up considerably. However, the advantage gained was dropped in the first scene of the second act.

After some tricky line-juggling between the two young Duponts, the scene settled down to a steady,

unvaried development until the entrance of the various dinner guests. But after the introduction of the new characters, the intensities were not sustained and the scene dropped with the result that many effective points were missed. The lighting was low on this scene which may have been responsible in part for its unheightened values. The final scene was unable to dispel the fog in spite of the fine work of William Pabst. Melba Toombs and Jim Clancy seemed to miss the grandiose melodrama of the scene and as a result there was no reaction to point their curtain. An exceedingly difficult scene to direct, the position and movement were particularly static.

William Bassett's sets were consistently excellent—a characteristic which is becoming so normal that we come to look forward to the initial curtains. James Walters' lighting was also fine, with the exception of an uncomfortably brilliant spot on the up-stage right entrance in the last scene of the play, which silhouetted anyone who stood in front of it. Make-up was as it should be, naturally unnoticeable.

**The Royal Family** Barbara Thrasher hung another medal on Ram's Head's wooly chest with her reading of *The Royal Family* early last month. George Kaufman and Edna Ferber's take-off of the Terry-Drew-Barrymore family stew is a

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fast and funny play that adapts itself well to readings.

The show was nicely paced although at times a bit ragged, and the lines carefully pointed. Casting and characterizations, however, were not so satisfactory. Barbara Thrasher got her laughs very successfully, but she was hardly the "about forty" actress-mother Julia Cavendish. Shirley Jones, however, was exactly right as her daughter; and Ted Marcuse as her fiancé was natural and effective. Eloise Lambert was excellent as "Ellen Terry" Cavendish, dowager-mother of the temperamental brood. Equally effective was Asher Wilson as her brother. His wife was a little too young and vital in Joyce Clumeck's reading, although these defects are very difficult to eliminate without the aid of make-up.

Jack Dawson's "Barrymore" Cavendish was fine and his control was complete when he took over a scene. His description of the "modern" play he wanted to do was priceless. Bob Norton's Wolfe was strong and particularly at home in comedy. Bill Milton was steady in his reading, but a little too broad, with a tendency to steamroll his words. The rest of the cast was uniformly good, although Dorothy LeBaker's voice seemed a shade too nicely cultivated for the "ain'ts" of a maid.

The usual difficulties of a reading—lagging lines, slow cues, and misread lines—were reduced to a minimum. The scenes of mad confusion were particularly good, although boisterous to the extreme. One important problem slipped through rehearsals without checking. This concerned the amount of "acting" to be desired. Eloise Lam-

bert and Asher Wilson had a tendency to use their eyes and heads strongly. This was not at all disagreeable, but it contrasted with the experienced self-control of Shirley, Barbara, and Jack. Consistency may be a hob-goblin to Emerson, but it is quite essential in a play reading.

Although this is a relatively trivial point, it is somewhat grotesque—even in a reading—for blond and healthy Quentin Warren to simulate the "tall, sinister figure of Gunga." One more detail: Barbara Thrasher wore a bright tiara in her hair which caught the stage lights and flashed disconcertingly in the audience.

—Holtom

## LITTLE SLAM

Mary had a little lamb.  
Its brains were very few,  
But everything that Mary said,  
The lamb was sure to do.

She followed it through school each year;

She put it on each slate.  
It made the caucus yell like hell,  
But Mary said, "It's great."

And if the caucus turned it out,  
Then still it wouldn't quit  
But waited patiently about,  
While Conf'rence threw a fit.

You, too, can handle politics;  
You can be sitting so pretty,  
If you can kick the girls in line  
With a nominating committee.

(The characters in this "verse" are purely fictitious, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or on Conference, is just your dirty mind.)

—John Cobbs

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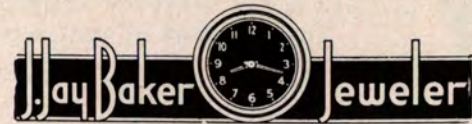
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## Fixer-Upper

Hello, may I speak to Virginia, please? Hello, Virginia? This is Joe. Say, listen, who are ya goin' to the exchange dinner tonight with? . . . Y'are? . . . Well, I don't want to . . . Well, ya know how it is . . . Well, Virginia, frankly, I'd advise you to either change the date or not go at all. . . . What? . . . Yeah, I know him . . . What? . . . Say, hold the line just a minit, will ya? Hey, fellas, for God's sake lay off awhile . . . Sure she's good! Hello, Virginia? Say, listen, I got a friend . . . Yeah, swell fella . . . Yeah . . . just the right height . . . Good . . . Swell, then . . . Yeah, his name is Charlie O'Ghoulihan an' he's an El Kitten . . . Yeah, he'll pick ya up about 5:30 . . . O.K., So long, Virginia.

Now, how about you, Bill? No soap? Well, I'll get busy on it. I got it! Jes' the thing!

22151, please. Hello, Susie? This is Joe . . . Yeah, I'm fine, but say,

listen, who ya goin' to the exchange dinner tonight with? . . . Ya haven't? . . . SWELL . . . I've got just the guy for ya . . . Oh, sure you want ta go, besides, he's got a bran' new Buick phaeton . . . Ya will? . . . swell . . . Yeah . . . His name is Bill Bust an' he's an El Ferdinando . . . Yeah, about 5:30 . . . O.K., g'bye.

Now to ring my own sweet gal and fix the time. 22151 . . . Yeah . . . Hello Jane. How's my honey bun—, eh? . . . Her roommate! . . . Well, where's Janie? . . . What! . . . Up to the city with a young man! . . . Hey, she can't do this to . . . Hey, wait a minit . . .

—Rosentfeld  
—Scott

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## Chappie Reads a Book

*Sculpture Inside and Out*, by Malvina Hoffman (W. W. Norton Company, New York), \$3.75, at The Bookshop, Palo Alto

This is a book about art, and a special phase of it at that, which is nevertheless written for everybody. That is, for artists and students of art as well as for that part of the laity which is mildly interested in what goes into the making of sculpture.

Miss Hoffman is already well known for her Chicago Field Museum figures, the life-sized anthropological studies that carried her to the hunting grounds of all the races of the world. She sets herself the task of telling about sculpture in as workmanlike a fashion as one imagines she went about the job of securing her racial types.

Beginning with the origins of form in life itself she brings the reader up through an outline of the

history of sculpture to the present. This done with quickly, she proceeds to show what one must be able to feel and to do if one is to be a sculptor, or any kind of an artist, for that matter.

Here the book looks as if it would be of interest to anyone. While it tells the "young hopeful" how sculpture is achieved technically, it also explains many of the mysteries of the art, technical and spiritual, to the outsider.

If you don't read a word of it, it's still worth the price, for, as do so many good art publications these days, it contains a mass of excellent, well-edited reproductions and photographs.

Little Lucy had just returned from the children's party and had been called into the living room to be exhibited before the tea guests.

"Tell the ladies what mama's little darling did at the party," urged the proud mother.

"I frowned up," said little Lucy.  
—Mustang



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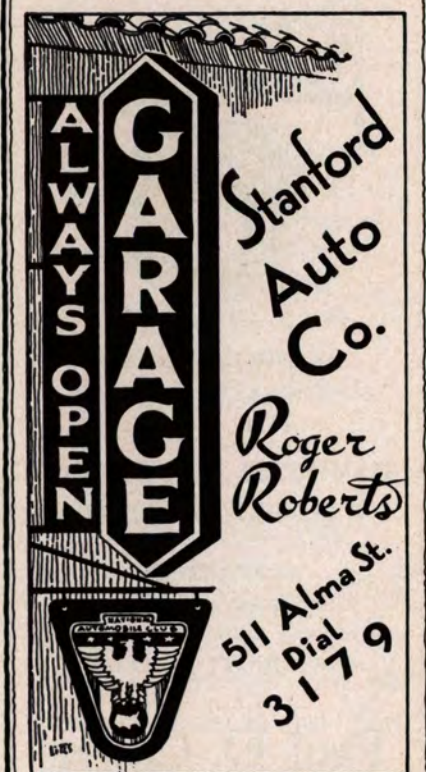
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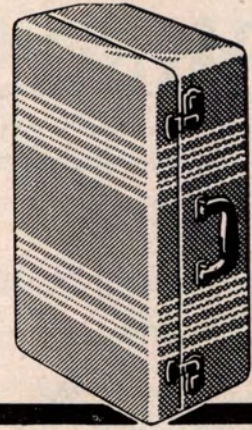
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—Plainfield Courier-News

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—Jester

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**FOR MILKSHAKES**

and

**Troutmere Guernsey Guaranteed Milk**

and

**Witt's Delightfully Different Ice Cream**

Luncheons 25c

**TROUTMERE CREAMERY**

367 University Ave. P.A. 4148

There is a **MERMAN** in the Library Fountain!  
**THE JUNE CHAPPIE CARRIES HIS PHOTOGRAPH!**



Also

"Laff" Goes to Stanford

The "Adios" Number on sale June 7

**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.

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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

**Mr. Motorist:**

Are you hard to please? If so, please try our service. Repairs to all makes of cars by skilled mechanics with not less than 10 years' experience.

PHIL MIEBACH, '14  
Proprietor

**PALO ALTO GARAGE**

440 Emerson St. Phones 6134 6135

**M O S E** STANFORD COLLEGE CLOTHING  
—  
CONVENIENTLY AND QUICKLY CHANGES YOUR UNUSED CLOTHING INTO CASH  
—  
BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

**THAT FELLOW MOSE**

Spring has really come to stay Don't bother with old clothes Why not take that easy way And sell them to our Mose

520 High St. P.A. 4912



ON THE CAMPUS SEE  
DICK SUTTON

HAMILTON, GRUEN, AND  
WALTHAM WATCHES

GUARANTEED  
WATCH REPAIRS

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167 University Ave. P.A. 5331



N. LEVY  
1930 WILSHIRE BLVD  
LOS ANGELES

# Chesterfield

... the catch of the season  
for more smoking pleasure



In every part of the country  
smokers are turning to Chesterfields  
for what they really want in a ciga-  
rette...*refreshing mildness...better taste*  
...and a more pleasing aroma.