




JACK HURT





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RUSHING

From over the hills and far away
The gals do come, they want to play.
And Stanford waits, its arms aflag,
To see what each new crop doth bring.

Hope springs eternal each succeeding year,
Then each searching look becomes a leer.
The "fifths of five" come searching mates
And Stanford men stay celibates.
—P. Nowell



"There's nothing wrong with you that an insulin shock treatment won't fix."

She—You're the kind of a man a girl can trust.
He—Haven't I met you before?
Your faith is familiar.
—Urchin

"He's a D.U."
"How do you know?"
"He answered to four names in class this morning."
—Old Maid

Roses are blue,
Violets are pink
Immediately after
The thirteenth drink.
—Awwwan

Q.—What do three couples in the moonlight add up to?
A.—Sex.

Oh, Say . . . can you Ski?
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Stompin' Around



With the strain of "Auld Lang Syne" just a dull throbbing in our heads, and the cacophony and bustle of another New Year seeping into oblivion, it's the season to fill up an armchair and bask in the warmth of good solid swing. There's nothing like a twist of Le Jazz Hot on these frosty winter evenings.

While Benny Goodman still wears the ermine coat in swindom, 1939 saw the ascendancy of several new bands swinging on the pearly gates of popularity. Conspicuous among the newcomers is the skyrocketing Glenn Miller and his orchestra. His grooving of "Farewell Blues" is just one of the reasons he is being aired by Chesterfield three times a week. Miller redecorated the old war pony in sparkling new trappings with an outstanding tenor sax solo that floats along on a swishing cymbal beat. On the popular side of the platter is "Indian Summer" with Ray Eberle singing the lyrics in a manner as smooth as a cashmere sweater.

For jazz with the pleasing aroma of mint juleps and candied yams, toss your coin down for Bob Crosby's Bob Cats' double feature of "Love Nest" and "Till We Meet Again." Fazola pours beautifully toned clarinet improvisations over both sides, and Eddie Miller's tenor chorus foams along pleasingly on the latter.

Duke Ellington, who still packs the

black man's burden in the realm of swing, started the year right with two incredibly good disks of his newest tunes. "Grievin'" is the acme of solid sadness with a mumbo-jumbo of jungle wails painting a terrific background for Hodges to blow ebony eloquence through his alto. Across the way, cock your ears for the unusual trumpet duet on "Tootin' through the Roof." The "Little Posey" circle sports a catchy melody with the ensemble flowing like honey on its subtle harmonies.

Red Nichols is high-tailin' it down the old comeback trail with a new group that have a lot on the ball. On "Poor Butterfly," his latest, Red fingers a trumpet that would make Gabriel jealous. The short tenor passage is a pile driver and the ensemble work is solid. With a little more polish and a little less glee club, Nichols should be back on the Varsity band wagon before long.

For a good etching in indigo, whirl Jack Teagarden's "Muddy River Blues." Mr. T, whose vocal chords were built for the blues, draws the lyrics mighty swell. "The Wolverine Blues," across the hole, boasts a guitar with swinging strings as well as a roller-coasting tenor. Bob Chester, a newcomer to the record shelves, has potentialities on "Aunt Hagers' Blues." There's a trombone in the middle ridges that borders perfection. I've a hunch Chester might be Lady Luck's leap-year choice for 1940's "ragtime to riches" band.

Knowing Stanford is not a rendezvous of jitterbugs and hot jazz addicts, but prefers its swing only when it pleases the casual ear, this columnist will not dig into the intricacies and the technique of swing music. You don't have to know the personnel of "Jelly-Roll" Morton's band or who Bix Beiderbecke was to graze in this column. However, we will not acquiesce to those misled individuals who get a thrill out of the pseudo-swing exuded by Clyde McCoy, Sammy Kaye, and the like. That about fills the space for this month. See you knights of the turntable 'long about February.

—Lawrence

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon placed so as to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

—Yale Record

76

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SAYÃO

Before this autumn, the name Bidú Sayao meant nothing to music goers on the West Coast, other than perhaps an unusually good radio voice heard over the Metropolitan Saturday broadcasts. But now, after the Brazilian soprano's outstanding season with the San Francisco Opera Company and her appearance as the second artist on the Stanford Concert Series, she has become a reality of melodic, thrilling voice and charming appearance.

Miss Sayao's voice is light yet full and her choice of selections tended to numbers that would not call for strenuous or heavy singing, bringing out the remarkable lyric and coloratura quality of her voice.

Unlike Lily Pons, Miss Sayao's only near rival, Miss Sayao has a lower register that is just as mellow and rounded as the upper one. The songs that did not call for intricate coloratura arias were presented and received equally as well as the breath-taking gymnastics of "Caro Nome."

Happily, Miss Sayao does not conform to the illusion held by most people regarding the stature of women opera singers, for she is small, with a coquettish smile and gay eyes. Her stage presence and manner of singing fitted in with her appearance, charming and unaffected. —Sprager

Es—Got something in your eye?
Vern—No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb. —Exchange

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The Old Boy Presents

Cover

By Jack Hurt—drawing, idea, and all. Hope it doesn't happen to you.

Snopyquops

First drawn for *Chappie* in 1916 by Feg Murray, '18, and now revived for our Winter Sport issue. Lorraine Murray assisted in the drawing.

Myrna Loy

In the subconscious is described by Richard Taylor in our first short story this year.

Complexes

Are poetically described by our long-lost Sherm Mellinkoff.

Chaucer

Comes in for some parody by that frosh wit, Guy Wiggins.

Stanislaus

Is a takeoff on "Ferdinand the Bull," written by Priscilla Reynolds and illustrated by Jack Hurt.

Sküing

Is looked at quite doubtfully by Hutshing and McLellan in "A Tale is Told."

Rushing

Is described by Parkinson in the story of the Omicron Omicrons.

Ski-Daddle

Is Coline Upshaw's contribution; Terry Green brings us the story of the "Return to Civilization."

Cartoons and Drawings

By Reiser, Robinson, Dyck, Murray, Burtchaell, H. Elliott, Hewitt, McClure, Lawry, Thornton, Moore, J. Elliott, and others.



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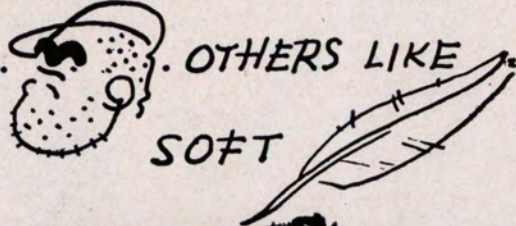
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DREAM PLAY

A play that is "different" is much more stimulating to the imagination than a play which does all your thinking for you. Strindberg's *Dream Play*, presented by the Speech and Drama Department, left a part of its audience struggling to swallow a rather melancholy, pessimistic piece of philosophy. The other half wondered what it was all about. In several spots even the characters did not seem to comprehend the meaning of their lines. The *Dream Play* is a flight of imagination which reconciles all the absurdities of a dream to a very rational interpretation of man's experience on earth. Events take place. Scenes change. All happens as rapidly as a dream. Yet the impression of man constantly defeating his own purpose remains as overpowering as a nightmare.

Serena Frenkel did the most finished job of acting. Her voice was descriptive and clear. Tom O'Leary played with more vigor than emotion or feeling—his was an appealing but mechanical performance. The humorous spot in the production was the Poet, as created by Bucky Henshaw.

The revolving sets were impressionistic. They were meant to suggest the scenes, detail to be filled in by the imagination. With the use of a projector, backgrounds were flashed on a screen in the center of the stage; sometimes these were objects, sometimes faces.

The audience on the whole enjoyed the play because it moved quite rapidly and because it presented a variety of strange characters and scenes.

—R. Slater



"Leap year or no leap year, it still wouldn't be orthodox."

Now That Date



HOTELS

Mark Hopkins—Nick Stuart entertains here nightly. Good band. The dance team keeps you laughing. Try this for a good evening.

Palace—Swing goes over with Vincent Lopez tickling the keyboard. "Put Your Little Foot There" is a new dance craze that Lopez sells nightly. Watch for it on the waxes.

St. Francis—"Idol of the Airlines" Jan Garber comes back with his sweet music. There's always a few impromptu acts that liven up the evening.

Sir Francis Drake—Something new in floor shows. "Frenchy" Hebert's miniature Ice Follies packs 'em in. Carl Ravazza keeps you dancing on ice and M.C.'s the show. Make early reservations for this one.

THEATERS

Geary—First full-length production of *Hamlet* in San Francisco. Maurice Evans stars as the Melancholy Dane. This is a "must see," but bring your lunch; it lasts four hours.

MUSIC

Opera House—Monteux directs the San Francisco Symphony on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Moderns and Classics balance the program. Student rates make it possible to enjoy it inexpensively.

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the Symphony combine to give one short week of Leonide Massine and his troupe. The old favorites split the programs with a few new ballets. "Gaité Parisienne" is one ballet that provides omph to the higher arts.

ART

M. H. de Young Museum—Art lovers take note; this is the biggest display since the Fair. "Seven Centuries of Art" starts with the thirteenth century and comes down to the present.

RESTAURANTS

John's Rendezvous—A gourmet's delight—steaks that melt in your mouth. Prices are high, but it's worth it.

Vanessi's—Spaghetti, ravioli, and everything else Italian. Watch the chefs and the celebrities. Herb Caen sees everyone here.

Tao Yuan—Really Chinese—not a tourist spot. If it's Oriental food you want, try this one. Chopsticks add to the fun.

—Hutshing

Your arm slipped slowly 'round my waist,
My willing hand in yours was placed;
Your lips came closer as if by chance,
And you whispered softly, "Shall we dance?"

—Sisk

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Every Laddie has a Lassie.
I can hear that Lassie sigh,
"Oh, how I wish my Laddie'd buy for me

Carlson's home made candy

and be my VALENTINE."

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Now That Book

Doctor's Oral, by George R. Stewart, Random House, New York, 1939. \$2.00.

The graduate student, "sandwiched in between the undergraduates and the faculty," is often the university's forgotten man. Stories have been written about the rah-rah antics of the undergraduate and about the benign dignity of professorial life, but the graduate student is left in his own dusty corner of the library stacks, unsung.

The author, now Associate Professor of English at California, received his A.B. from Princeton, his M.A. at California, and his Ph.D. from Columbia. Having been part of all three academic groups, he feels that the graduate student, "sandwiched" as he is, is potentially as interesting as his more glamorous associates. From behind the hasher's mess jacket, the stacks of uncorrected undergraduate papers, and from his own recollections he draws material for a composite picture of the graduate student, which he calls Joe Grantland.

Joe is a likely fellow of about twenty-seven, not brilliant, but methodical and conscientious. After a struggle of six mid-depression years with English literature, he has arrived at the day of his Doctorate oral, which will decide his success or failure. His growing anxiety through the morning of the examination with its final routine checking on dates and facts, the haircut to build up self-confidence, the send-off luncheon with his friends at the local eatery, the tension of the examination itself, reaches its climax in the single word uttered by the chairman after it is all over. The suspense of the ordeal is heightened by the love of his girl, Julia, the promise of a teaching job, and prestige in the eyes of his friends, all of which hinge on his success.

In his effort to dramatize the lives of Joe Grantlands all over the country, the author tends to fall back on pretty commonplace melodrama. The Bohemianism of Joe and his friends is stagey, smacking a little more of the Left Bank than America. —Isaacs

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A darn good skate was Rose Marie,
But, boy, her *breath* was just Grade Z.
Won't you or someone else please hint
That she should try a Cryst-O-Mint?



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now
and then. Let Life Savers sweeten
and refresh your breath after
eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to the CHAPARRAL editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers!

RIME

Said Billy Rose to Sally Rand,
"Why don't you dance without your fan?"

So Sally danced without her fan,
So Billy Rose.
So Sally Rand.

—San Quentin Sports News

A member of a Psych class on tour
asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

—Puppet

The demure little bride, a trifle pale,
her lips set in a tremendous smile,
slowly walked down the aisle, clinging
to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform
before the altar, her dainty slipped
foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting
it. She looked at the spilled dirt
gravely, and then raised her childlike
eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily,"
she said.

—Old Line

He—Do you neck?
She—That's my business.
He—Oh, a professional.

—Blue Jay



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HUNCHBACK

The Hunchback of Notre Dame is not a good picture, and it was almost impossible that it should be. To confine in two hours of film a novel big, brilliant, and full of incident as Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* means cutting till there is left, not a real story, but a chain of episodes from a famous story. These episodes will not always make much sense, for the characters who move through them have not been firmly established; there hasn't been much time to spend showing what kind of people these are and why they act the way they do. Consequently *The Hunchback* from beginning to end is much like listening to an anecdote which hasn't any point unless you know the people involved in it. It becomes interesting only when the action switches to physical spectacle, of which there is much, mostly of a dark and violent nature. Even in this respect something is lacking; horror has its own fascination, as one of the characters carefully points out, but in this case the accumulated un-

pleasantnesses simply produce in the spectator a dull sense of depression.

The abilities of Charles Laughton seem wasted in the role of Quasimodo, which offers mostly an opportunity to the make-up artists (who come through magnificently. The face of Quasimodo is something to forget if you can; far more convincing and terrifying than any of the grotesque masks of Karloff or Lugosi.) How well Laughton does even with the poor stuff his role affords him may be questioned; I may be irreverent, but Laughton's hunchback strongly and constantly reminded me of Mortimer Snerd. Admitting that a human being is always more interesting than a monster, the honors for acting go to Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the dark fanatic Frolo.

The most interesting thing about this production is the strength with which the social injustice theme is played up. I don't think the film benefits by this injection of contemporary interests. Sometimes it seems as if the script writers are assigning essentially

modern motives to essentially medieval men; and when in behalf of this re-modeled plot Louis XI is portrayed as a genial old progressive—well, really!
—Taylor

ROBLE GIRL

Although she lives at Roble Hall,
She is never seen there at night;
She carries a load of books to the Libe,
Then shoves them out of sight.

She takes in the Libe with guileless gaze.

(God help the poor girl with myopia!)
There she studies Man with the deepest concern,

In this freshman "more-fun-than-Utopia."

She trips to the Cell for a coke about ten,

And her glance is again full of hope,
She's been having cokes every night for two months,

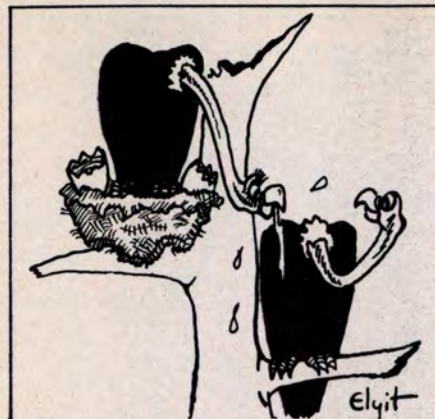
And is now an addict of dope.
She may seem a foolish freshman to you,

But she really is nobody's chump;
She's only enjoying her fast-going youth

While awaiting the Sophomore Slump!
—Lévy



"On top of that, it violates the Honor Code."



"The awfulest thing happened to junior whilst you were gone."

She looked as if she had been poured into her dress and forgot to say when.
—Log

The height of bad luck—seasickness and lockjaw.
—Tiger

He was very arrogant about his golf, always overestimating his ability. On one particular hole he berated his caddy for handing him a driver. A mashie shot and a putt would do it for him. He swung the mashie; the ball dudded off the tee amid clods of dirt. There was a moment's silence, and then the caddy's voice: "Now for a helluva long putt."
—Record

I got me an electric razor.
Huh! You is up-to-date.
Yas, suh! I electrocutes mah opponents!
—Ranger

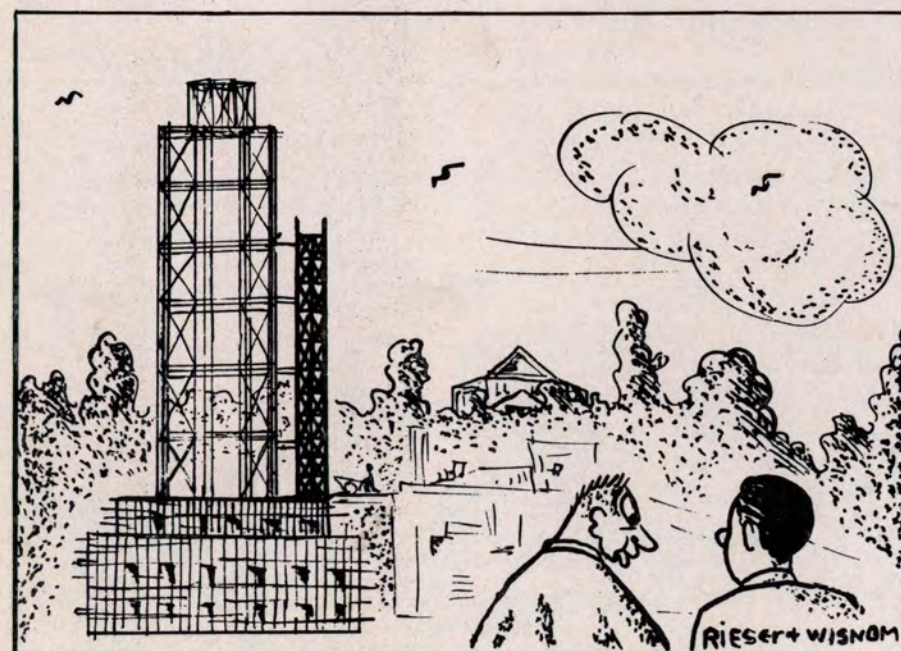
He—We certainly had a big time last night for ten cents.

She—Yes, I wonder how little brother spent it.
—Old Maid

Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for details.
—Old Maid

General Grant formed the habit of never retreating; and he never, under any circumstances, permitted himself to break that habit. For example, one day he started downtown without his rubbers. It had been snowing, and the sidewalks were wet with slush. He had not gone far until he realized he was going to get his feet wet. He wanted to go back and get his rubbers; but he wouldn't permit himself to turn around and retreat back to the house. He forced himself to walk around the block and advance upon the house.

—Dale Carnegie in *Your Life*
Alone, Mr. Carnegie? And unarmed?
—Ranger



"Who's the father?"

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A dashing young fellow named Joe
 Has lost all his happy glow.
 He used to be sunny;
 He had lots of money—
 But that was two blondes ago.

—Claire

Her—Oh, do I shock you?
 He—Go ahead; I'm a shock ab-
 sorber.

—Log

"Are you doing anything for that
 cold of yours?"
 "I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

—Old Line

"I always know when I've had
 enough," she explained brightly. "I
 pass out."

—Commerce

Teacher—Archie, did you want to
 leave the room?

Archie—You don't think I'm stand-
 ing here hitch-hiking, do you?

—Pell Mell

"My boy friend doesn't smoke,
 drink, or swear."

"Does he make all his own dresses,
 too?"

—Pointer



"Slug's eyes ain't what they used to be!"



VOL. 41, NO. 4

Stanford



Chaparral



JANUARY 1940

Fables of the Farm

A Penny Saved

Recently, we journeyed down to a Palo Alto bank to find out if a certain rumor was true. The rumor was not only true but it was worth a notation in this space. One of the tellers in this bank has the appropriate name of Thrift. This is not the only saving grace of this worthy. He was, at one time, the house manager of one of the local Row establishments. We feel that this accounts for the prosperous appearance of the aforementioned house. Next month light patter and dances.

fessor of said course standing beside him. As he slowly sank through the floor he was heard to remark feebly, "Haw, I knew you were there all the time—I really think it's very interesting."

He pointed the sight out to them, saying wistfully, "Isn't it beautiful?" and then drove away, leaving the two alone once more.

Sweet and Light

Needing a light car to run about the countryside, a young Rough purchased himself a '29 Ford roadster. During one of his traipses around the hills of Marin County, this young man and

Business and Politics

Another one on campus cops fits very well in this little sequence. On his usual prowling tour of the campus this campus cop ran across one lone automobile parked in a secluded corner of the famous Cactus Gardens. He pulled alongside of them to tell them "musn't park" but chuckled as he recognized two of the high-and-mighty members of stu-

(Continued on page 30)

Return of Tarzan

Not so recently, one of the faculty member's young sons paid a visit to our praiseworthy Chapel. After having the various wonders pointed out to him, this young modern turned to the picture of Adam on the wall and exclaimed, "Look, Daddy, there's Tarzan!"



his "light" car bumped into a Greyhound bus. The humor of the situation arises out of the fact that the Ford remained undamaged, whereas the bus was rolled over.

Ah, Love

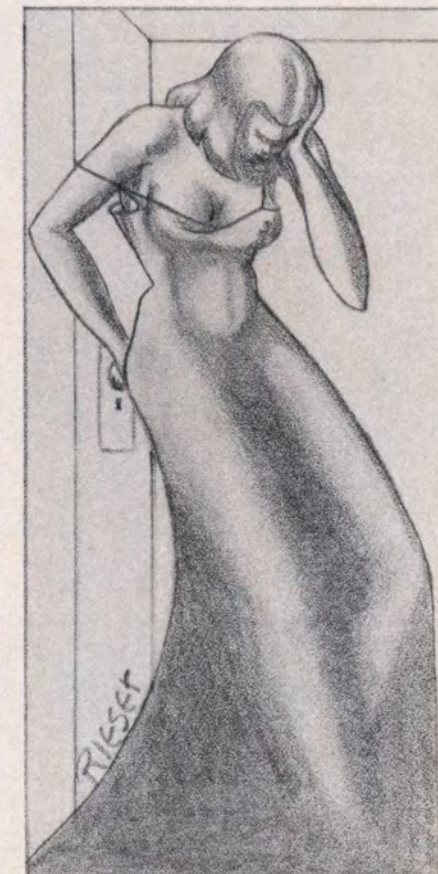
Even the law has a touch of romance in his veins. A campus gangbuster wandered out to the golf course one lovely moonlight evening to dispel the spooners who chose the fairways for trysting places. After shooing away most of the couples, he came across a couple that he knew.

Embarrassed

Add sickening experiences: During the nine o'clock coffee and doughnut hour in the Cellar a local *faux pas* artist was waiting for some of the swift service of the Union Hashers. Having just cut his eight o'clock, this student turned to one of the not-so-lax mem-



bers of the class and remarked, "I just cut that class in (censored). Isn't that a dull and stupid course?" Observing the horrified look on his fellow student's face he turned to find the pro-



"—And he said this was 1940!"

Winter Sport Snappyquops



Myrna Loy, and Your Afternoons Free

Richard Taylor

In his dream it was the most natural thing in the world. He walked down a long, shabby hallway and into a room and there was Myrna Loy, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. The best thing about it was that his alarm clock didn't go off; not then, anyway. Afterward he went on to dream of



other things, but always hovering somewhere was the warm comfortable thought of Myrna Loy.

Then his alarm clock did go off. The chain of actions set in motion by the shattering noise of the clock momentarily blotted everything else from his mind; then as he lay back he remembered his dream. For a few minutes he continued to enjoy its lingering savor, rolling it around on the tip of his memory, so to speak; then he got up, still in a pleasantly exalted state, and dressed, reflecting that for one of his polish and attainments there must be waiting somewhere, if not Myrna Loy herself, someone equally agreeable. By the time he had reached this pleasant conclusion, which involved his standing transfixed for about five minutes in the middle of his room with his shaving brush in his hand, it was already eight-ten.

Missing his breakfast and making himself conspicuous by entering class twenty minutes late, while instructor and class pretended that nothing was happening, were two actions equally repugnant to him; he easily argued himself out of such double folly. Quitting his room in somewhat lower spirits, he walked over to the Union for breakfast, where he sat gloomily pondering on the numerous other eight o'clocks he had missed and the probable nature of his final grades. He felt himself somehow abused,

crushed down by a soulless routine, and longed for the day of his escape into the great free world that contained Myrna Loy and the pursuit, in New York or Hollywood, of a glamorous profession that left afternoons and evenings free for civilized amusements. As he was thinking about these things and gulping at his morning coke, a group of girls came in and went by him, the way they do, all exclamations and with things tied around their heads. Then he heard somebody behind him saying hello, and realized it was Jean.

"Hello," he said, without relish, still under the spell of the glittering world



of Myrna Loy and evenings released from the curse of homework. Jean sat down beside him and began talking. He wondered how she ever could have seemed so attractive, so eminently worth while. The way she dressed, for example. He had always hated those sweaters that button up the back,



when he was not wondering how you got dressed when your roommate went to class an hour earlier than you did; now he found wool socks worn over silk stockings equally loathsome, to say nothing of those necklaces of painted wood designed to look like bear claws or something. And why did they all have to dress alike?

She was saying something about a plan for a picnic.

A picnic? My God! He felt that nothing had ever been so distasteful to him as the idea of that picnic. He wondered if he could hold Jean off for now, not commit himself, and then just never call her up or see her again. He tried to imagine how this would turn out, and a faint uneasiness stirred in his mind. She would keep calling him for a while, and then she would start going out with someone else, and he—he would sit in his room at night doing his homework, and still not be any nearer to Myrna Loy. He began to listen to Jean more attentively.

After all, she did look very different in an evening dress.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. That sounds fine."



"Far be it from me to say anything, Herr Lieutenant . . ."

Barefoot Boy, Modern Style

Blessings on thee, little man,
With a sun-lamp's ruddy tan,
On the beach with the elite
In your wikies, sleek and neat.



Blessings on thee, barefoot boy
(Spoken with a father's joy),
Your account is overdrawn;
Still, I'll help you carry on.

Trim physique from childhood's play
(I got mine by pitching hay),
Son, you make me proud to look:
All this on my pocketbook!



Childhood's play is now de luxe;
Carried on in swanky tux.
But I can't deprive you of
Week-end trips and your young love.

Ah, for childhood's simple joys
(Changed a bit since we were boys),
Champagne parties, polo games,
Jigs to bands with famous names.

All too soon will adult fears
Bring you manhood's bitter tears;
(Wisdom spoken with the knowledge
This is your sixth year in college).

Have your fun while childhood's here
(In your twenty-second year),
When your papa folds up, can
You become a great big man?

—Raynes



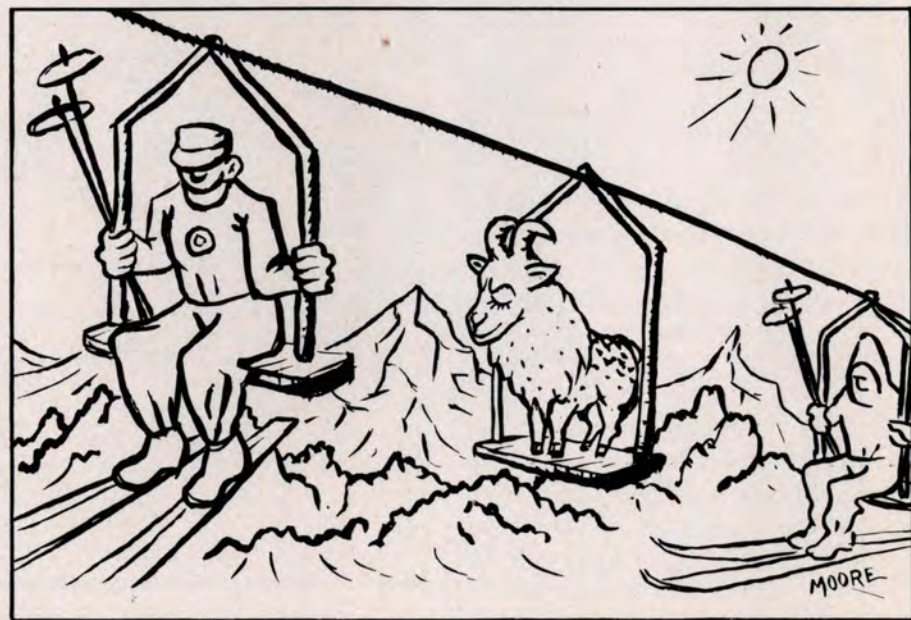
Case History of a Complex

Sherman Mellinkoff

We are oh so gracious women from the husband-hunting Farm;
It's our one obsessive passion to have calculating charm.
We have somewhat more intelligence than strikes the simple eye,
For our shrewdness is devoted to ensnare the passer-by.
We know how to turn on smiles and sweet glacial-blooded looks,
But we didn't come to college for the learning that's in books.
We are schooled in social glamour and a superficial grace
That are sure to get us prizes in the husband-hunting race;
We have captivating manners and a matron's false grimace
That assure us of position when we've wrinkles on the face.

We are well equipped with weapons as you readily can see
To get comfort and high station in the best society.
But there's one annoying worry at our prestige-hungry start:
That we must not let our passions interfere with being smart.
We may long for real romancing or a freely given kiss,
But regardless of our feelings we must still remember this:
For no quick-betraying moment may we have non-acting ease;
We must ever play it cagey if the scions we would please,
And for this we must be frigid, though it's lovely just to tease;
There's designing in our greeting or a condescending squeeze.

Can't you see us when we're forty, when we're frozen to the core,
With a powder-puff complexion and no passions any more?
We will spend our time at luncheons with a boring social set
Where one wears the latest fashions and looks through a lorgnette.
We will only do the reading that will give us things to say
In the parlors we inhabit in a glibly stupid way.
We will proudly go on acting and our bosoms high will swell,
For our girlhood ambitions have turned out so very well.
But our overpaid psychiatrist we will fashionably tell
That we're full of inhibitions and we wish we'd gone to hell!



Ye Pilgrimage to

Ye Shrine of Bacchus

Guy Wiggins



FROM Olde Stanforde not so longe ago,¹ I wot, set forthe four squires from Brenner Halle or from ye Rowe (I wot not which for both were much given to looking longe eke lovyngly upon ye wine when it was redde).² And with them wenten also a verry parfait gentil knight³ ylepted or named an Instructor.⁴ They planned to visite e'en so far as ye citie wherein there was a shrine to the godde of the vine, Bacchus.

Alas, their schemes didde gang oft a-gly⁵ for as they passed that denne of iniquitie ylepted ye Oasis, it seemeth that their throates were sorely dry and back they turned to getten a draught or more⁶ of beer as browne as their mistresses' eyen.

Whenne at last they left three houres later to put one foote before another



it gave them ye greatest difficultie. And after clymbyng into ye car ye Instructor passeth out cold.⁷ But ye other laddes were not quite blotto⁸ and nothyng would please them but to stop at Bombo's. This Bombo was a seemly man and worthie hoste withal. He ne'er stooped to asken of ye Stanforde

¹ "Not so longe ago" refers of course to the time at which the unknown author was writing. This sort of thing never happens at Stanford any more.—Editor.

² I am happy to say that Stanford men are no longer guilty of this.

³ The author should have put quotation marks around these words as he obviously lifted them from Chaucer.

⁴ The only explanation of the Instructor's presence is that he went along to keep the boys out of mischief.

⁵ Did Robert Burns plagiarize this author? If so, for God's sake, why?

⁶ Probably the latter.

⁷ The tense may be confused but the meaning is clear.

⁸ Inebriated.

men their ages. They left ye gentil knight upon ye car's floore for hardly a muscle could he moven. And that were scathe.⁹ Two houres later three of them oute from myne hoste's came again. But ye fourth young squire laye beneath ye cosy shade of table five. For aught I ken he lies there nouth¹⁰ for myxyng scotch and rye and gyn give ye stomach no more chance than Stanforde hadde to beaten California at ye gaim of footballe.¹¹ And as they droven offe ye parfait knight yrose up from ye car floore and moaned ryght piteously until one squier with scant



respecte brought adown upon his pate a wrench. From that tyme on he slepte ryght quietly.¹² And nouth¹³ one

⁹ Too bad, as, of course, it was.

¹⁰ Now (but does it matter?).

¹¹ A form of athletic activity at which Stanford did not excel.

¹² Which hardly comes to us as a surprise.



youthe suggested that three faerie¹⁴ wenches should they take along withe themme upon this worthie pilgrimage to ye shrine of Bacchus.

I durst swear they were full tyred of Stanforde femmes as who are not?¹⁵ Sure enough they acted upon this sage suggestion and the reste of ye journie waxed ryght merrie. 'Tis said they . . .¹⁶ But when at laste they reached Bacchus dere shrine it was closed as tyght as Roble Halle. Half a douzen houres hadde ye journie ta'en, but alle agreed they hadde a goode tyme any-howe.¹⁷

Ryght too badde it is thate afterward a squadde of ye local constabularie collared all foure, ye girles also, and that they spente ye nexte daie in durance vile for they were flunge into ye wellknowne juggle. They should notte have tryed to sell Golden Gate Bridge to a dope¹⁷ from Hollywoode.

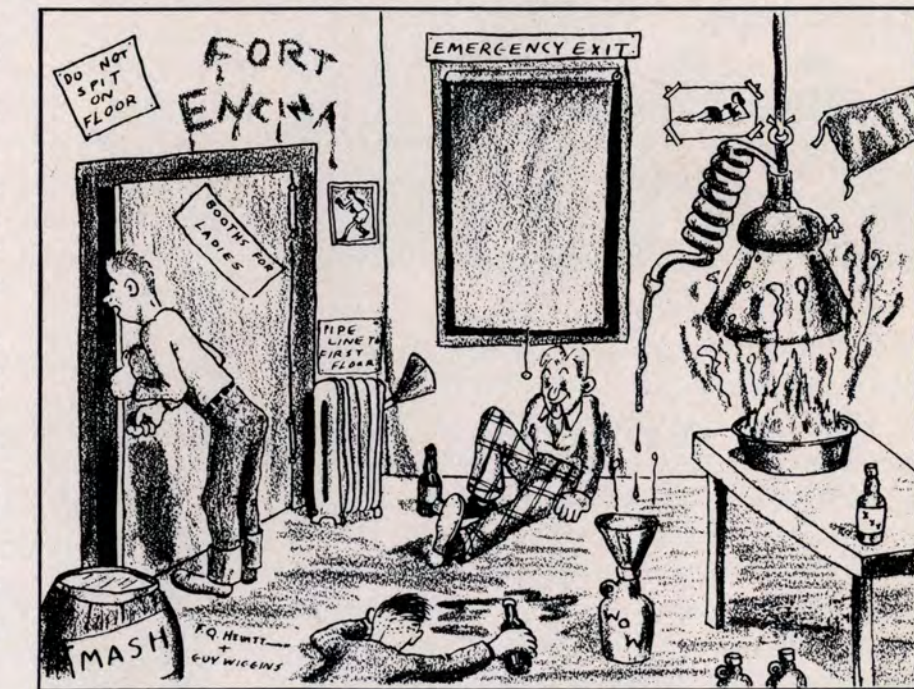
¹³ Don't take these old MSS too seriously.

¹⁴ An intelligent question intelligently asked.

¹⁵ Unfortunately a large section of the MS seems to have been burned at this point.

¹⁶ Obviously.

¹⁷ The usual name, apparently.



"Whaddya mean you're gonna inspect th' room? We're on the Honor System, ain't we?"



Once upon a time at Stanford, there was a little frosh and his name was Stanislaus. All the other little frosh he lived with would run and jump around and throw water-bags, but not Stanislaus. He liked to sit just quietly and "drag on a weed." He had a favorite spot out in the cactus garden near a cactus plant. It was his favorite plant and he would sit in the sun all day and drag on a weed. Sometimes his roommate, who was a boy, would worry about him. He was afraid he would be lonesome all by himself.

"Why don't you run and play with the other little frosh and throw water-bags and set off fire alarms?" he would say.



But Stanislaus would shake his head. "I like it better here where I can sit just quietly and drag on a weed."

His roommate saw that he was not lonesome, and because he was an understanding roommate, even though he was a boy, he let him just sit there and be happy.

As the years went by Stanislaus grew and grew until he became a very big and strong senior. All the other boys who had grown up with him in the same class would practice skiing with each other all day. They would bump each other and stick each other with

The Story of Stanislaus

By Priscilla Reynolds

Apologies to Munro Leaf

their poles. What they wanted most of all was to be picked to jump in the ski meet at Sun Valley. But not Stanislaus—he still liked to sit just quietly by the cactus plant and drag on a weed.



One day five coaches came in very funny outfits to pick the stockiest, fastest, toughest "rough" to jump at Sun Valley. All the other "roughs" ran around sliding and gliding, leaping and jumping, so the men would think they looked like Norwegians, very, very strong and tough, and pick them. Stanislaus knew that they wouldn't pick him and he didn't care. So he went out to his favorite cactus plant to sit down. He didn't look where he was sitting and instead of sitting on the nice warm ground in the sun he sat on

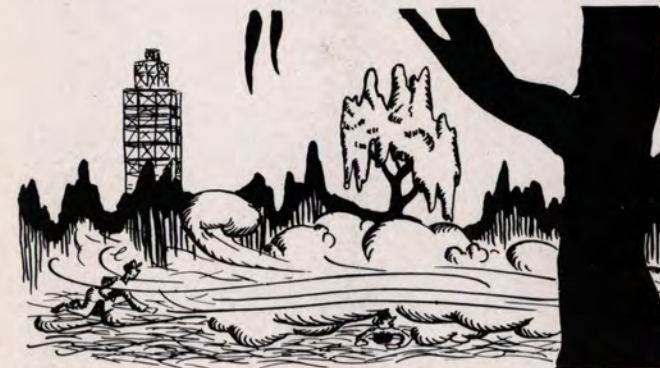


of Stanislaus

Illustrated by Jack Hurt

and to Robert Lawson

a thorn. Well, if you were a thorn and a Stanford senior sat on you what would you do? You would prick him. And that is just what the thorn did to Stanislaus. Wow! Did it hurt! Stanislaus jumped up and swore. He



ran around kicking and cussing, leaping and jumping up from the ground as if he were crazy. The five coaches saw him and they all shouted with joy. Here was the toughest and fiercest "rough" of all. Just the one to jump in the ski meet at Sun Valley. So they took him away for the meet in a "crate."

What a day it was! Banners were flying, bands were playing and all the lovely ladies had ear-muffs in their hair. They had a parade to the ski jump. First came the band in red and white uniform to play for Stanislaus and inspire him. Next came the rooters and they had yells to yell to him to inspire him more. Then came the other contestants, one



proudest of all—he thought he was pretty smooth and skied around the jump. He wore a blue and gold outfit and was supposed to have the last laugh. Then came the Stanford ski jumper and you know who that was, don't you? They called him Stanislaus the Staunch and the band was playing for him and the rooters were cheering for him and the other contestants were scared stiff. Stanislaus climbed to the top of the jump and everyone shouted and clapped because they thought he was going to jump high and land perfectly and keep his rear end in the slickest Scandinavian form. But not Stanislaus. When he got to the top of the jump he saw



the smoke rings coming from below and he just sat down quietly and pulled out a weed. He wouldn't jump and look Norwegian no matter what they did. He just sat and smoked. And the band was mad and the rooters were madder and the flagman was so mad he cried because he couldn't show off his flag.

So they took Stanislaus out of the meet. And for all I know he is back sitting near his favorite cactus plant dragging on a weed, just quietly. He is very happy.

A Tale is Told

Ed Hutshing and Ed McLellan



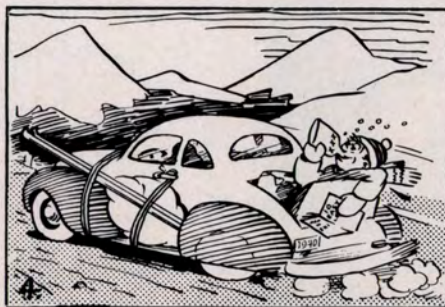
1. A "rough," he would a-skiing go;
About the art he doesn't know.



2. He buys himself some brand new skis,
Some winter clothes, so he won't freeze.



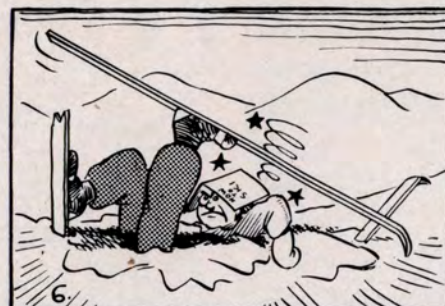
3. Awahnee calls; he packs his duds,
His tux, his tails, his diamond studs.



4. And off he goes for winter sports,
Emboldened by a few quick snorts.



5. Upon arrival out he goes
To try his skill upon the snows;



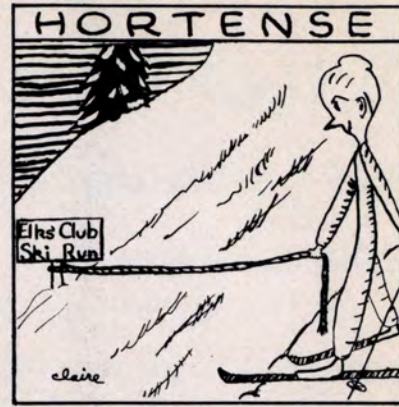
6. He tries a jump, his leap is clear,
But when he lands, it's on his ear.



7. Alas! poor "rough," he's filled with care,
He's gone and froze his derriere!



?



ROMANCE

He held her tight, they didn't speak;
He kissed her, held her tighter still.
He felt her breath upon his cheek;
She softly yielded to his will.

If you expect a tale that met
With rank frustration, you are wrong;
He merely held her tighter yet
And then continued right along.

—Raynes

What Is This Thing?

I've read at least a thousand poems
About love and all its aspects;
Still all I've learned from books and tomes
Makes love more vague and complex.

I don't know why it's so involved.
If "love is elemental"—
How can each writer get it solved
With a different fundamental?

Some write of love as a sweet old song
Everlastingly tender;
While others find love goes all wrong—
Sour as last night's bender.

Some think of love as something new,
And others call it old;
Love is free—from one point of view,
From another it is sold.

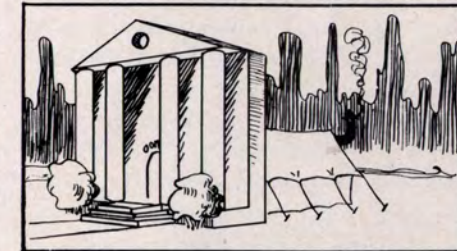
Now what is love—what has it got
That it cannot be classified?
One calls love cold—another hot,
And each of them is satisfied.

Now all these writings ever show
Is love can mean a lot,
But if I've got love—how can I know
Just what the hell I've got?

—Steedman

The Omicron Omicrons Rush Ludwig

Ben Parkinson



VOICE ON ENCINA TELEPHONE: Ludwig Golden?

FROSH: Yes.

VOICE: Well, Ludwig, old man! This is Horace Thromble up at the Omicron Omicron Mu house. How is school, Ludwig, old man?

LUDWIG: Well, in Western Civ I . . .

THROMBLE: That's fine, old man! Y' studying hard?

LUDWIG: Well, I studied my biology for an hour and forty-five minutes and I . . .

THROMBLE: "That's fine, Ludwig. We'll be around to see you right away. O.K.? O.K."

(Time out while Thromble and his brother O.O.Mu Lintzil whip over to Encina in a Deussenberg borrowed for the occasion.)

THROMBLE (while driving over): I'm telling you, Lintzil, his father is the Golden who owns the bridge of the same name, two islands off the coast of Jamaica, and a meat market in Jackson, Mississippi. (Car now zooms up to Encina.)

THROMBLE: Hello, Ludwig, old man. Jeez, it's good to see you. This is Al Lintzil. Al, this is Ludwig Golden.

LUDWIG: Pleeztameetcha.

LINTZIL: Harya.

LUDWIG: Well, I am fine, but as I always say . . .

THROMBLE: That's good. Say, Ludwig, old man, what do you think of the fraternity situation?

LUDWIG: Well, as I always say, there are two sides to every question, the first and the second sides . . .

THROMBLE: Well, of course that is the way to think about it, but think what a big shot you would be if you were an Omicron Omicron Mu.

LUDWIG: Jeez.

THROMBLE: House bill is only \$52.50.

LINTZIL: We are right next to two sororities.

LUDWIG: Jees.

THROMBLE: Bunch of swell guys . . .

LINTZIL: You made a big hit with everybody, frankly.

THROMBLE: Frankly, we think you are our type.

LINTZIL: To be frank, we think that with you in our nucleus we will have the best nucleus of all . . .

THROMBLE: To be frank, we like leaders like you in . . .

LINTZIL: We are building a new house next year—think of how proud you would be.

LUDWIG: Well, as Dad always said in his junk business, "Is that true?" By

thunder, I think I will accept the Omicron Omicron Mus. I like your house because you are close to the Quad and also I like the color of the house.

THROMBLE: Junk business! (mumble, mumble) Uh—say, Ludwig, there is one thing about the Omicron Omicrons. A couple of the boys are dope fiends.

LUDWIG: That's o.k. Where is the pin?

LINTZIL: And Ludwig, a lot of guys steal things.

LUDWIG: That's o.k. I do too sometimes . . .

THROMBLE: Will you go out and see if we have a flat tire, Ludwig?

LUDWIG: Sure—hey, wait for me; come back. Why, you dirty &% #\$.



"Better bring the baby into the cabin, Myrtle."

Ski-Daddle

I really ought to go skiing.
I've tried hard to be brave,
But my courage always seems to waver
Cause when the snow snows,
How red, my nose!

I really ought to go skiing.
Everyone says it's loads of fun;
And it certainly is being done.
But in the slush and blinding sleet,
How cold, my feet!

I really ought to go skiing.
It's easy except for jumping jumps
And buried rocks and hidden stumps.
But still at the thought of sliding skis,
How weak, my knees!

I really ought to go skiing.
For years I've seen the smoother men
Pack up and toward the mountains
wend.
But in a snowdrift on my face,
How lost, my grace!

I really ought to go skiing.
But I don't suppose I ever shall.
I'll leave that for some outdoor gal,
Because if I should ski and meet de-
feat,
How damp, my pants!

—Upshaw



Helpful Hints to Heckled Hashers

Carl Bledsoe

Not that it makes a lot of difference to me personally, but I think this little article should be very helpful to those poor Cellar hashers who are hounded by talkative and oversolicitous custom-



ers at mealtimes when they are in a big hurry.

To make your unwanted conversation shorter and a wee bit more interesting (for you), try jabbering one of these little phrases every time there's a break in the rhythm of your heckler's drivel. Better be sure that you are bigger than he is, or, if you aren't, be quite certain that you can outrun him. Here goes, but don't blame me—I only thought up half of them.

- Good deal, Lucille
- Pretty sad, Galahad
- Damn fine, Clementine
- Pretty cheesy, Louise
- Awful terrible, Clarabelle
- Kinda rank, Frank
- Take it easy, Greasy
- Where to, Larue?
- It ain't funny, Honey
- Gad, what a cad

God, what a pod
My heavens, Devens
Some stuff, Rough
Don't dribble, Sybil
Don't be nosey, Rosie

After rattling off a few of these beauties you'll either be left alone or will be slugged in the teeth with a fistful of knuckles and then tromped on. Either way should surely convince someone that you aren't the least bit interested in what he has to say.

However, if you don't want to run the risk of being trampled on, you can always fall back on the old but good "well - I'll - be - damned - what's - that - behind - you" gag. As the conversation rolls on, subtly switch your rapt attention to something far behind his shoulder and hold it there. Sooner or later he will turn too, and you can up and vanish like last month's allowance from home. Very tricky, Nicky.

If you're long on legs and short on patience, though, you can just walk off and fling a nonchalant "go to hell" back at him. This little beauty never fails. (Oh, yeah?)

A good way, too, even if a little tactless, is to stick your fist down his



throat and extract his vocal cords with one deft yank. A friend of mine got ten years for doing the same thing, but he was aided and abetted by a straight razor, which rather complicated things. Stick to your bare hands—it's much more fun anyway, to have that warm feeling of accomplishment when you're through.

Simplest way of all, boys, is to keep your own mouths shut and not give him a chance to start a stream of small talk.

If you ever want to use one of these aids on me, please use the "what's-that-behind-you" gag. I never notice that you've disappeared till the next day and by then I don't care. You aren't so damned brilliant yourselves. Thanks.

Return to Civilization

Terry Green

So you went home over Christmas vacation, huh? Well, Frosh, I'll bet you made an ungodly ass of yourself. Now listen here, after living three months in Encina a person doesn't know how to act when he's in a civilized place. I know. What's that? Oh, you did, huh? Well, Bud, one buck says that I can tell you exactly what happened. Okay, it's a bet.

The first morning you woke up early. You roll over and start to go back to sleep, then you glance at the time and jump out of bed like you were shot. "Migawd," you say, "Biology . . ." And then you stand there



in the middle of the room with the icy air whistling through your ears and cuss yourself up one side and down the other. Right? Right.

And then you go to take a bath. Mother comes up and gives you a big square piece of soft, white cloth. "What's this?" you ask her. "It's a towel," she says. "Oh, no," you tell her, "this isn't a towel. I know what a towel is, we have 'em in Encina and they're nothing like this. This thing is all soft and fuzzy and stuff." But she finally convinces you that it's all okay and you wander on into the bathroom. You see a big, white, vaguely familiar thing in the corner. You yell to Mom and ask her what it is. "Silly," she says, "that's a bathtub." Hm m m m m.



Well, it did look familiar. But the pay-off comes when you sidle up to the faucet, give it a snap and jump away

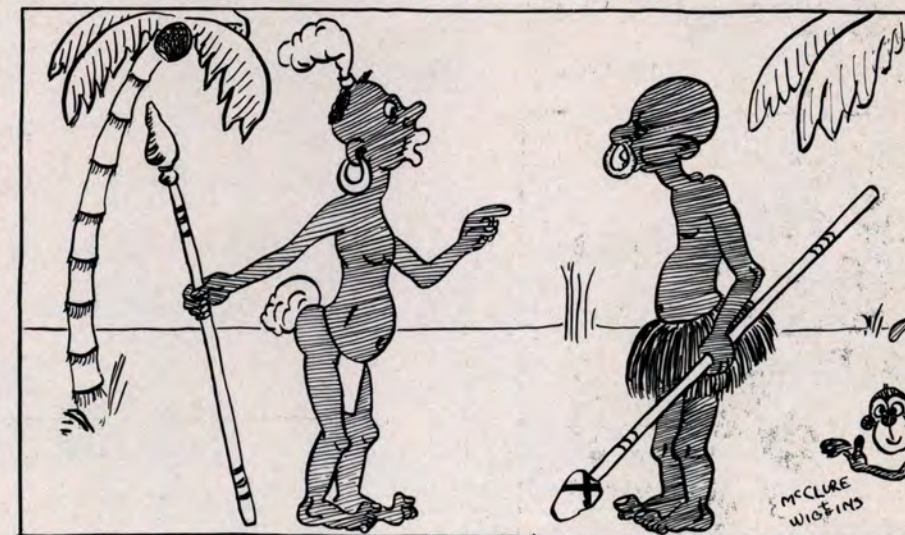
and the towel rack dissects four ribs out of you. Right? Right.

And then there's the time that Mom decides that the return of a son from way out West in the haunts of the savage Indians is worthy of a banquet, and invites Aunt Hortense and Aunt Prudence and the whole darn family. And you sit there with your hair combed and your tie tied, and with your shoes, vest, and coat on, and just about die. Then kind of absent-mindedly you refill your plate. Your sister nudges you. "Whazza matter?" "Look how much you took." Well, you say, so what? And then you see how much the others took and memory clicks all of a sudden and you just about die.

And then later in the meal you act by instinct again. You notice there's been certain things on the table used



up, so you reach out and flick a couple of buns off the platter onto the cloth and hand the platter to the maid and



say, "More bread and butter, and are there any seconds on meat?" Then it hits you all in a heap. You look around. They're all staring at you like one or the other of you was crazy. You try a feeble grin. No luck. They don't think it's a joke. And the floor won't do it's duty, it's as steady as a rock, so you have to stay and face it.



And then don't forget the time that you went out in the clothes you wear on the Quad and the police picked you up for vagrancy, and the time that . . . Whazzat? I win? Okay, pay off. Now listen here, Bud, you owe me one buck and you can't fool me with that. I'm an upperclassman here and I cughta know, and I know that money isn't made of paper . . .

TRY THIS ON YOUR BACK!

Lightly Brushed

ALL WOOL SWEATERS

\$2.98

in powder blue, teal green, camel tan

Men's Department

J. C. Penney Co.

University at Bryant
Palo Alto

"I think that I shall never see a hazard rougher than a tree—a tree o'er which my ball must fly if on the green it is to lie: a tree which stands that green to guard, and makes the shot extremely hard; a tree whose leafy arms extend to kill the mashie shot I send; a tree that stands in silence there, while angry golfers rave and swear. Niblicks were made for fools like me, who cannot ever miss a tree."

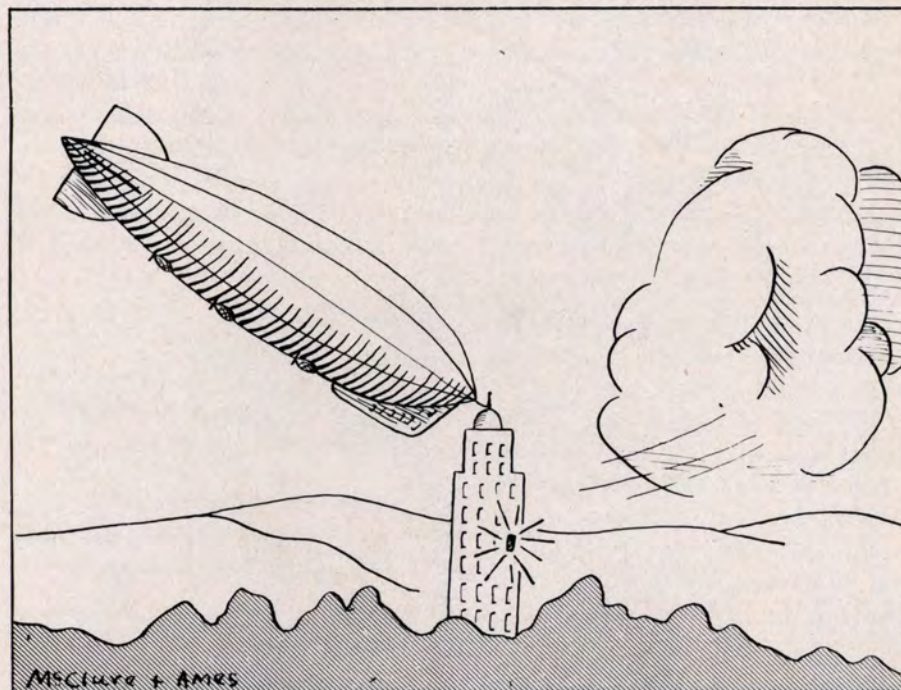
—Aggievator



"I tell you Stanford men aren't slow."



"You shee, Mr. Fagan, it'sh just like I shaid on that ex. The law of diminishing marginal utility just doesn't work!"



"Mr. Hoover, I think I have a surprise for you!"

WATCHES - DIAMONDS - JEWELRY

Sterling Silver and Artwares



LUCIEN LELONG PERFUMES
"GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS"

374 UNIVERSITY AVENUE

PHONE 4541

TACT

(A play in one act)

Characters—A boy and a girl.
Setting—A boarding house.
Time—Evening.

Bashful student approaches bathroom door and knocks timidly—"Knock, knock."

Sweet, soft voice from within—"Please don't come in. I'm bathing."

TEN MINUTES LATER

Same bashful student approaches bathroom door and knocks just as timidly—"Knock, knock, knock."

Same sweet voice from within—"Please don't come in. I'm bathing."

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

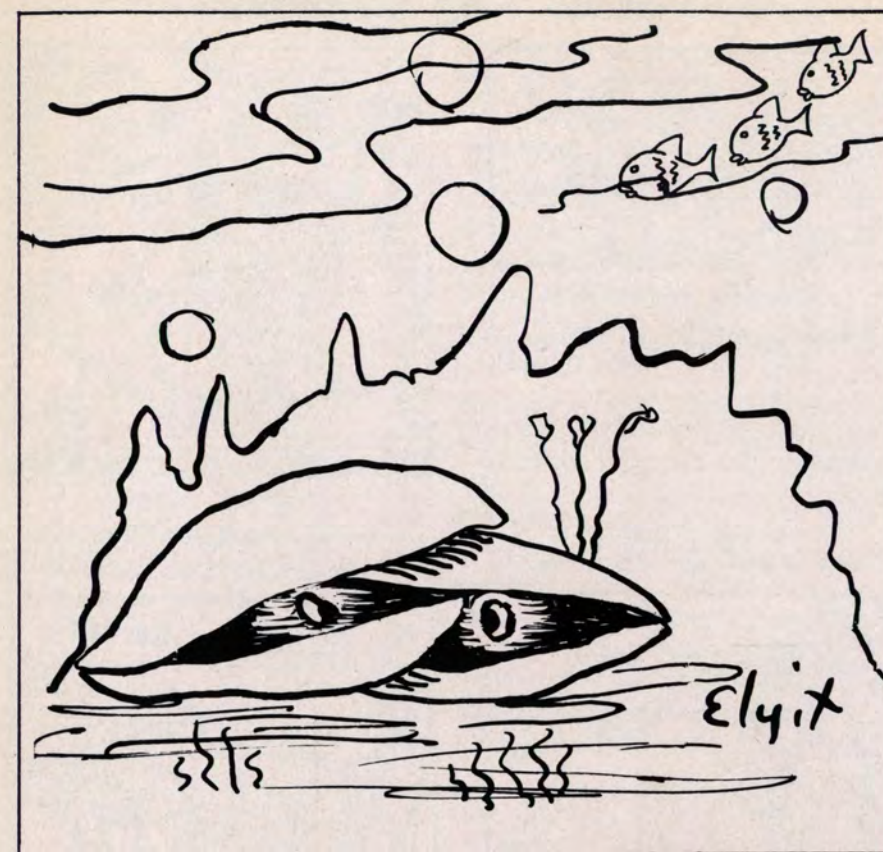
Same student approaches bathroom door and knocks even more timidly—"Knock, knock, knock."

Same gentle voice from within—"Please don't come in. I'm bathing."

Student (bashfully)—Yes, I know. But would you mind turning your head a minute? I want to come in and get my razor but I don't have a shirt on."

Curtain

—Exchange



"Just because we're married doesn't mean that you can come in and look at my pearls any time you want to!"

She—Honey, what did you do to me?

He—Darling, I scared you.

She—Scare me again.

Ten minutes later. She—Please scare me again.

One hour later. She—Please scare me once more.

He—Boo!

—Covered Wagon

There once was a handsome young Mr.

Who saw a girl and kr.

He gave in to her charms

And stayed in her arms

For he could not easily resr.

Iceman (entering kitchen with a cake of ice)—Hello, sonny.

Little Boy—Hey, bud, when you say that—smile!

—Voodoo

Hiccoughs are messages from departed spirits.

—Old Maid



"If we don't hurry up, Lover, we'll be extinct!"

Freedumb of the Press

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"I'm getting married!"
"How careless of you."

—Frivol

"Did you kiss my daughter?"
"Sir, you flatter me. I kissed the maid's daughter."
"Sir, you flatter me."

—Awgwan

We point with pride to the purity of the white spaces between our jokes.

—Lyre

Then there's the guy who got thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

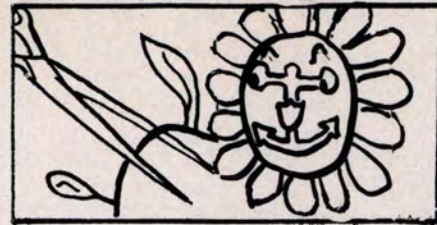
—Voodoo

"No, Miss Lentz, a neckerchief is not a president of a sorority."

—Ski-u-Mah

After being admitted to the bar, it takes some practice to get home.

—Epitome



DEEGEE PLEDGE

Panhellenic announces the pledging of J— B—, '43, to Delta Gamma.

A good time to prune spring flowering shrubs is just after the flowering period.

—Stanford Daily

That just about says everything.



PRINCESS LOSES SUIT FOR CASH

Strip tease? —S.F. Chronicle



CHEYENNE BARE

MISS VICTORY

—Fairview (Okla.) Republican
Just reverse the order of the lines.

KEEP GIRLS WELL FILLED

—Perry (Okla.) Daily Journal
With?

RUSSIA SAYS SHE IS FREE AS AIR

—Perry (Okla.) Daily Journal
And it's blue with vodka.



LIBERAL GROUP SEEKS ROOSEVELT

—Woodland (Okla.) Daily Press



200 CHASE POSSUMS WITH LEGIONNAIRES

—Stillwater (Okla.) Gazette



SEAL SALE IS GOING AHEAD

—Harper County (Okla.) Journal
Specials in walruses tomorrow, while they're hot.

GRADE SCHOOL OPERETTA TO BE PRESENTED FRIDAY, DEC. 22; NO ADMISSION

—Garber (Okla.) Sentinel

No stoop, no squat, no squint, no nothing, just dark.

Drunk finally finds keyhole and stomps into house, where he stumbles around looking for lights. Wife pipes up, "That you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass. "Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me." —Log

Ode to a Bug

Oh, Little Bug, with your legs still waving,
Your juice on the glass an epitaph graving,
To thee I dedicate this raving.

"Here lies the body of B. Bugg. He screamed through the air; not a minute to spare—

Left a spot on the glass about four inches square.

A living example of 'haste makes waste,'

A translucent film, where his entrails traced

And a memory never to be erased. No more will he zoom through the darkling sky,

A silicon sheet hath cast his die. Death down him hath drugg."

—Van Dorn

TRANSITION

The Roble women don't ask much; For just a simple little touch Of smoothness, coupled with a car That's new, will take a fellow far.

Oh, Lord knows that he needn't be A bigger man than six-foot-three, And even Gable's profile might Suffice to kiss a frosh goodnight.

In upperclass their standards change; Their tastes include a greater range, And it will need be no more than A date, so long as it's a man.

—Raynes

WAR LIBE

Gross, ungainly structure rearing High above our campus, leering, On our campus frolics brooding, In our privacy intruding With the watchful eye of learning, Common height with grandeur spurning.

We don't care if you are really Higher than the Campanile; As for me you're just a mar Where I used to park my car.

—Raynes

ANNE BARRETT AND PENNY PARKER musically suggest



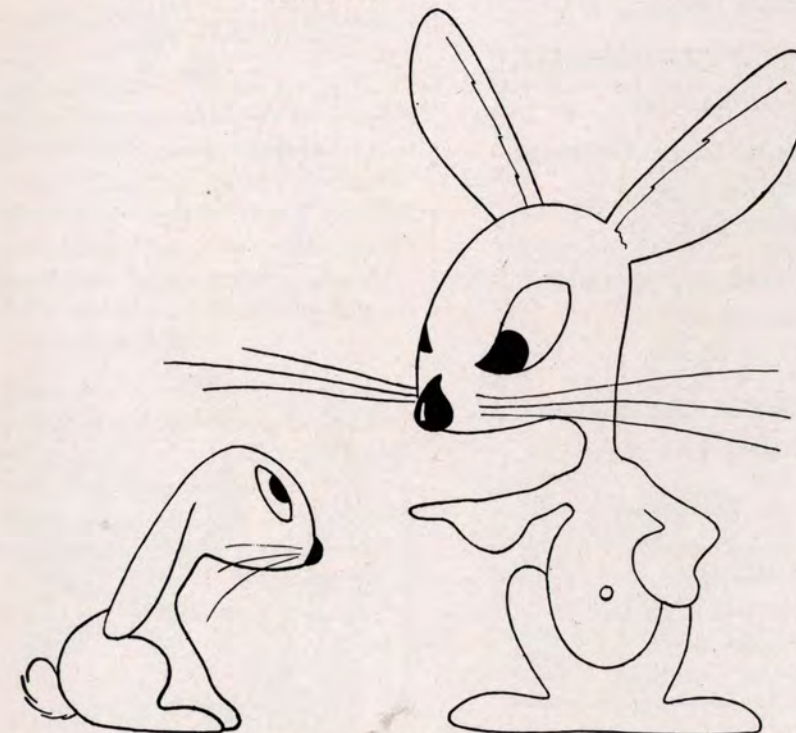
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Euler

... Professor Maynard had already fertilized rabbits with a brine solution. —Time

"You go down to the ocean, dear, but don't go near the water!"

—Tiger

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Bill Masters Palo Alto 8998
Helen McShea Palo Alto 8826



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Scene in the counting room of the election committee in a small town in Georgia.

Time: Two hours before the closing of the polls.

Official Counter—Say, what do ah do with this heah Republican ballot?
—Oshkosh O'Gosh

"She isn't good looking; she's a terrible dancer; she plays bridge best when she's the dummy; her figure would please only Barnum; in fact she's a terrible mess, but she's my girl and I love her!"

"My girl isn't exactly a pauper, either."

—Pointer

One night an old man of Algiers
Drank seven-and-seventy beers.

He would have kept on,
Except that by dawn

It started to squirt from his ears.

—Pelican

The Old Boy doffs his cap and bells to Mr. Arthur C. Barnes, head of the Stanford University Press composing room, whose untimely death is regretted by all his associates, and by those of us whom he helped so much.

An infant was awakened from a peaceful slumber in a hospital. Looking down at his raiment he yelled over to the occupant of the next crib, "Did you spill water on my diaper?"

"Naw," was the answer.

The first speaker looked puzzled for a moment and then said, "Hmm, must have been an inside job."

—Punch Bowl



"We can't leave now and let the enemy have this valuable territory."

He shifted gears and turned to his charming girl companion, "The car's running a little badly tonight—"

She raised one eyebrow and cynically replied. "Ye-es! A cylinder is going to miss and in a few seconds we're going to have to stop by the bend in the river up yonder, and no, I haven't any objection to just one little kiss occasionally, but not from you, and no I'm not interested in taking a drink from the bottle you carry around just in case of an emergency—emergencies like this—and yes, I'm sometimes a prude, and I don't love you just a wee wee bit, and yes, I know my eyes are attractive and I realize you don't say this to everybody—"

—Analyst

Dean—Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college.

—Showme

1/c—Where have you been, Bill?

2/c—In the phone booth talking to my girl, but, darn it, someone wanted to use the phone and we had to get out.

—Log

A patient in an insane asylum was trying to convince an attendant that he was Hitler.

"But who told you that you were Hitler?" inquired the attendant.

"God did," replied the inmate.

"No, I didn't, either," came a voice from the next bed.

—Urchin

The drunk tiptoed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife, glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoth he.

"You were drunk last night?" she replied.

"Why, darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"
—Drexlerd

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There was a young girl in the choir
Whose voice rose up hoir and hoir
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight
And they found it next day in the
spoir.

—Awgwan

“Why did the goose stop laying the
golden eggs?”

“I haven't the slightest idea.”

“Because she lacked the propa-
ganda.”

—Tiger

A cute little lass approached the
floorwalker and asked, “Do you have
any notions on this floor?”

The floorwalker looked her over and
then remarked, “Yes, madam, but we
must suppress them during business
hours.”

—Exchange

Girls wear ribbons in their hair be-
cause—all bags should be tied at the
top.

—Snake-Eye

SOLITUDE

In the library I'm haunted
By noises that are very high.
In the library I'm taunted
By noises that will never die.
I sit in my chair,
I'm filled with despair,
There's no one could be so sad.
With noise ev'rywhere,
I sit and I stare,
I know that I'll soon go mad.
In the library I'm praying.
Dear Lord on high, please tell me
WHY!

—J. R. Levy

Worm;
Him dummy.
Him got no mummy,
Him got no legs;
Him crawl on his tummy,
Him dummy,
Worm.

—Applesauce

Lilacs in the Rain

I see Stanford in the rain,
And my feet are wet again.
When winter changes the Quad to a
pond.
When we left home on the train,
The skies were tearful with rain,
But thoughts of raincoats remained
far beyond.
So many colds around here now.
Another cold has found you now.
But when Sol forgets to smile,
My darling, once in a while,
Remember winter and Stanford in the
rain.

—J. R. Levy



“Yes, that's what we talk about in all
of our bull sessions.”

A gentleman in the optical business
was instructing his son in the techni-
que of chiseling a fair and honest
price out of a customer. He said: “Son,
after you have fitted the glasses to a
customer, and the customer asks,
‘What's the charge?’ you should say:

“The charge is ten dollars.”
“Then pause and watch for the
flinch.”

“If the customer does NOT flinch,
you say: ‘That's for the frames; the
lenses will be another ten dollars.’

“Then you pause again—but this
time just slightly—and again you
watch for the flinch.”

“If the customer doesn't flinch, you
say, ‘Each.’”

—Pointer

There should be no monotony
In studying your botany;
It helps to spur and train the brain
Unless you haven't gotny.

—Eight-ball

Maisie was in a bar having a beer
when her friend from England walked
in.

“Aye say, Maisie, are you 'aving
one?”

“No! It's just the cut of me coat.”
—Lyre

“Why does Geraldine let all the boys
kiss her?”

“She once slapped a lad who was
chewing tobacco.”

—Drexerd

A modern young flapper was Min,
She tried every scheme to get thin,
In her attempt to reduce,
She sipped orange juice,
Till she slipped through the straw and
fell in.

—Gargoyle

DEAR MISS LONELYHEARTS:

I'm in love with a man but hesitate
to marry him because he just can't bear
children. What shall I do?

IDA

DEAR IDA:

God, how much do you expect from
a man?

MISS LONELYHEARTS

—Froth

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Another thing we've often won-
dered about—where do the footprints
of time come from when everyone
knows that time flies?

—Panther

Prayer is like a towering spire
Which strains itself to heaven's reach,
As if to lift us from the mire
Into which we have sunk—plunk.

—Sisk

“Ah can't come to work tomorrow,
ma'am. Mah little boy is sick.”

“Why, Mandy! I thought you said
you were an old maid!”

“Ah is, but ah ain't one of dem
fussy kind.”

—DeHeg

MEET

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center layer of rich caram-
el . . . dipped in a
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with finely chopped
roasted almonds.

TRY

RUSTY
TODAY!



“Blackout, in a pig's eye, Lord Brittlebeak; take your hand off that
light switch!”

—Banter

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Harry—Ah, there you are. Where have you been during the last three dances?

Alma—Jimmy was showing me some new steps.

Harry—Were they very hard?

Alma—No, we took some cushions along.

—Drexer

"You are an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

—Awgwan



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C. E. Rosenberry

FABLES

(Continued from page 11)

dent-body government. Ambling over to their car he leaned in the window and beamed at them.

"Well, well," said the cop, "I see that even those in authority have their moments." And with this he drove off, whistling "In the Good Ol' Summer-time."

Hidden Plunder

If you lived in Encina three or more years ago, you'll recall how the concerts were held in the Pavilion. You'll recall how Stanford society, bedecked in all its finery, very conveniently parked their carriages below the home of wild youth and trudged to the revised basketball court. On a concert night in this dim past, the frosh were gaily throwing water-bags on the formals below. One room, containing three of the uncouth, was especially guilty. They were using balloons as containers for the flying water. On the door of said room—well locked, of course—came suddenly the ominous knock of the sponsor. The evidence was rapidly and miraculously cleared away, and the mighty individual was ushered into the den of iniquity. The young ones were asked if they had been throwing water-bags. They shook their heads negatively. Were they sure they hadn't? They shook their heads affirmatively. Apparently convinced, the mighty one left the room. Then three very relieved frosh none too daintily removed wads of rubber balloons from their overstuffed mouths.

—Hutshing + Raines + Bledsoe

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Hello.
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Yes.
Hop in.
Wait.
What?
Nice boy?
Yes.
All right.
Wait.
What?
Nice girl?
Yes.
Good-bye.
—Aggievator

First Drunk—What did you shay when you lost at strip poker?
Second Frat Man—I shed plenty.
—Octopus

Maxine—Mmmmmm, but that popcorn has a heavenly smell!
Ban—Hasn't it? I'll drive a little closer.
—Frovol

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"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was my brother. He just walks that way."

—Exchange

Gwendolyn—I had a date with a general last night.

Madeline—Major general?

Gwendolyn—Not yet.

—Colorado Dodo

Boy—Hello!

Girl—

Boy—Oh, well.

—Pieces of Eight



"Living on the Row gave you more prestige, did it?"



"Say, Eve, how would you like to go to hell?"

—Froth

The Stanford Chaparral

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

NOW THAT war on the other side of the Atlantic has resulted in many small countries being bullied by larger ones. First was Poland, and everyone sighed and said, "Oh, well—." Now it's Finland, holding out against the Soviet horde. And, most noteworthy of all, Stanford's "most famous alumnus" is running one of his usual relief campaigns, this time for Finland. Great stuff that is; as soon as a foreign country is attacked and there is a good chance for some glory, then is the time to show people that you are the champion of the underdog. Great stuff; but be sure you get it for Finland; for heaven's sake, don't raise money for those starving at home; to hell with them. Stop the Red Horde in Finland. Let people die in Cleveland or in the Dust Bowl. Come to the aid of starving Americans? Tsk, tsk; that's Communistic.

NOW THAT *Daily* had a good idea in the revival of crew as a regular Varsity sport. Facilities at Redwood City might be enlarged if the sport succeeds at Stanford, and for all we know Stanford might regain a long-lost prestige for its fine oar-pulling teams. True it is that shells and equipment are expensive, but might it not be very worth while for Stanford to dig into its collective jeans and support the "navy"? There is plenty competition on the Coast; Washington, California, U.C.L.A., and a few Jaysees have crew as a regular sport. There are four good courses at various places on the Coast. The fine thing would be that we'd have a new sport, free from all the money-making scandal and corruption that now has hold of football. At least crew would be maintained as a sport, not as a revenue income—and that justifies it.

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MONTGOMERY WARD

Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night? —Ranger

He—I loved you more than you know.

She—How dared you take advantage of me while I was drunk! —Covered Wagon

Toastmaster, introducing the speaker: "I'm sure that Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."
 —Tiger

Wife (to drunken husband)—Dear, let's go to bed.

Husband—Might as well; I'll catch hell when I get home, anyway.
 —Pieces of Eight

If all the co-eds in the world that didn't neck were gathered in one room, what would we do with her?
 —Exchange

I think the happiest couples are those that have not met at all.
 —Analyst



"Yes, it's got to be done every quarter."

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"Hold my hand."
 "One thing at a time, baby."
 —Buccaneer

Prof—Can you tell me one of the uses of cowhide?
 Coed—Yes, it keeps the cow together.
 —Exchange

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