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CHAPARRAL

MAY
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1937 May
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■ FROM ■
COLLEGE
COMIC
CONTEMPORARIES**

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LUCKIES are always
kind to your throat

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Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE — made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — THEN — "IT'S TOASTED" — an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

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every Tuesday,
Thursday
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May 1931

Donald P. Morgan
STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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\$25.00 to \$49.00

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SAN FRANCISCO

Joe E. Brown was probably born with a silver ladle in his mouth.
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury

“Oy, I am dying—send for a priest quveeck.”
“Vat, Abie, you don’t vant a rabbi?”
“I should gif heem small pox? Call for a priest.”
—Buffalo Bison

“Where yuh goin’?”
“Fishin’.”
“What fer?”
“Oh, jest fer the halibut.”
—Michigan Gargoyle

He (coily): Do you have this dance taken?
She (rudely): No, but I don’t think I’ll dance with you.
He (blithely): Oh, that’s all right, lady! I’m just taking statistics.
—Primer

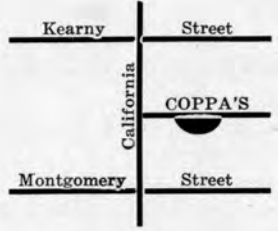
Little Boy (to parson): Please pray for my father’s floating kidney.
Parson: But I can’t pray for any one thing like that.
Little Boy: Well, you prayed for the loose livers the other day.
—Annapolis Log

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of the last waltz
of the last dance**

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D'Arcy	\$35
Beaumont	\$45
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SELIX
“Everything for Evening Wear”
CORNER EDDY & MASON STS
SAN FRANCISCO

“Gee, dear, with a moon like that there are only two things to do—and I don’t feel like writing any poetry!”
—Notre Dame Juggler

The flapper co-ed went up to the young prof and said, “Profy, dear, what are my marks?”
He put his arms around her and whispered sweet nothings in her ear.
—Wesleyan Wasp

“It’s so quiet in here that you could hear a pin drop.”
“Gee whiz! Can’t you hear all the noise?”
“Sure, but I’m talking about a Chi Psi pin.”
—Colorado Dodo

Judge—What are your grounds for divorce?
Bride—He snores.
Judge—How long have you been married?
Bride—Two weeks.
Judge—Granted; he shouldn’t snore.
—New York U. Medley

Customer: Is this bathtub guaranteed?
Salesman: Oh, yes, madam. We stand back of everything we sell.
—Southern California Wampus



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WEEKS**
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**PEACOCK COURT
HOTEL**
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A Complete Argentine
Tango Unit
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Jack Holland and June Knight
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Program of Sparkling
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First Street Cleaner: Guess I'll have to turn the old broom in next spring, Joe. It don't seem to have the old pick-up.

—Missouri Showme

He: Could you learn to love me?
She: Have you enough money to pay for my education?

—Southern California Wampus

"We have a cow outside, and you should taste her buttermilk."

"Hell, cows don't give straight buttermilk."
"Is that so, well this cow is good for nothing buttermilk."

—Lehigh Burr

Professor—This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows.

—Iowa Frivol

"No, dear, a cow-slip is not a bovine indiscretion."

—Missouri Showme

Prof. (sternly)—"This essay on 'Our Dog' is word for word the same as your brother's."

Frosh—"Yes, sir, it's the same dog."

—Buffalo Bison

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ON THE HIGHWAY AT MILLBRAE

Dinners
Short Orders
Sandwiches

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**OPEN
ALL
NIGHT**

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THE HIGHWAY"
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...Noted for Martin's Ham...

SANDWICHES
HAM AND EGGS
RIB STEAKS

We Never Close

Highway at Atherton Line

Phone 935 Redwood City

"Well, miss, are you the farmer's daughter?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, I'm selling petticoats."
"Petticoats? What are they?"
"My name's Jones—Jasper Jones!"

—Buffalo Bison

He: "Did you ever see such a beautiful night? Honey, wouldn't it be wonderful if we could just float off the mountain together into the night, on and on, catching stars as we go along?"

She: "Sure we can take another drink if you want to."

—Sewanee Mountain Goat

WHY TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

1. Hotel food.
2. Beer drunk at breakfast.
3. Beer drunk at lunch.
4. Beer drunk at supper.
5. English beer.
6. French beer.
7. German Beer.
8. Beer.

—Princeton Tiger

FIRESTONE HEADQUARTERS

Check-Your-Tire Service and Repair Methods

Save Money and Mileage



Firestone

Gum-dipped high speed balloons. Equip your car with these superior tires at these low prices

PRICES:			
4.40-21 . . .	\$7.05	5.25-19 . . .	\$10.80
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4.75-20 . . .	8.90	6.00-20 . . .	13.50
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Built with seven outstanding features to give the greatest power and longest life of any battery made.

\$7.45 and up

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The Voice of Firestone on the Air Monday Nights



COTTON MESH
FOR ACTIVE SPORTS
AND COLLEGE WEAR

12.50

I. MAGNIN & CO.

"We need another guy for a party tonight. Will you hold a hand?"
"Sorry, but I don't play bridge."
"Who said anything about playing bridge?"
—Pitt Panther

Little Willie, rough as hell,
Threw his sister down the well.
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."
Said his mother drawing water.
—Northwestern Purple Parrot

He: (parking car on road)—You're my idea of a wonderful girl.
She: Then I hope you're a man who drives an idea right home.
—Boston Beanpot

Jenks: "He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough."
Jinks: "Counterfeiter?"
Jenks: "No—pretzel manufacturer."
—Iowa Frivol

Stanford coeds, trying to raise \$20,000 by a carnival for a new gym, were prevented by the authorities from having "an old fashioned kissing booth."
—from a N. Y. Sun article.
Stay east, young man, stay east.
—Princeton Tiger

Golf » » Baseball » » Tennis



Our Sports Department is ready to serve you.

Come in and make your selection from our complete stocks — and the lowest prices in years.

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University Ave. at Bryant St. Phone 4178

Graduation

Presents

Buy jewelry for the graduate — gifts with permanency that will be remembered and enjoyed.

✕ ✕

Repair Work

of all kinds. Bring in your watches and broken jewelry.

"Gleim will fix it"

✕ ✕

Gleim

Jeweler and Watchmaker
UNIVERSITY AVENUE NEAR MOREY'S
Palo Alto, Calif.

He—What are those brown spots on your lapel—gravy?
Also a He—No; that's rust. They said this suit would wear like iron.
—Colorado Dodo

Dean: What steps ought to be taken to get students to their classes on time?"
Bean: "Faster ones, I'd suggest."
—Illinois Siren

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

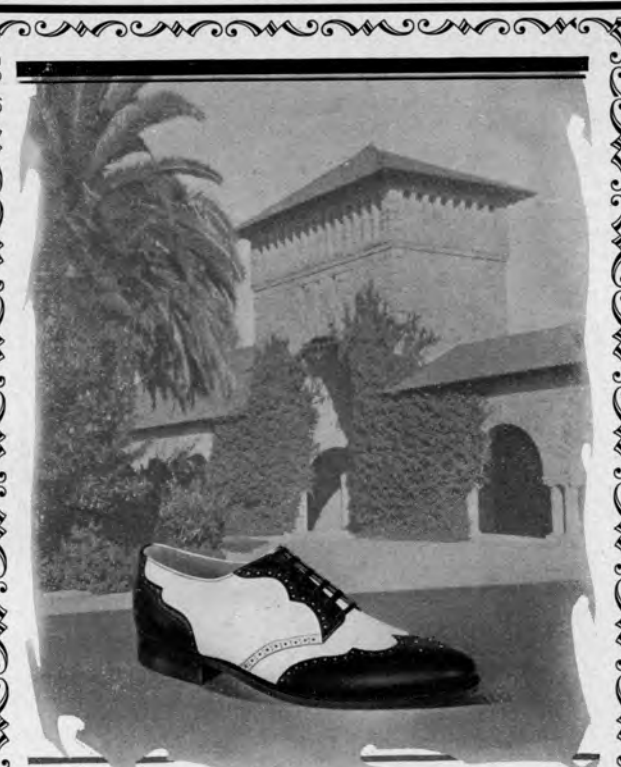
A transient motorist had lost his dog in a small Midwestern town and went to the local weekly paper to insert a notice of his loss, with a proffered \$5 reward for the animal's return.

Shortly after leaving the newspaper office he went back to ask that "no questions asked" be added to his notice.

No one but a small boy seemed to be around the premises, so he asked, "Where is the editor and his staff?"

"Well," the lad replied, "You see, a gent came in a while ago offering \$5 to any one who found a dog, and they're looking for him."
—Kansas Sour Owl

"Have you seen Flossie's new evening gown?"
"No. What does it look like?"
"Well, in most places it looks like quite a bit of Flossie."
—Texas Longhorn



College Men Like the Feel
...of...

SLATER'S
SPORT SHOES

Like College Chums they're easy to get along with; so cool and comfortable and so amiable to your feet, that you've never a complaint through the hottest summer weather.

The oxford illustrated (which by the way sells at \$8.50) has all the qualities that have made C. B. SLATER'S shoes famous at so many Universities and Colleges. Made of soft white elk trimmed either with Dull Black or Tony Brown calfskin — they stride along with the best and smartest summer outfits.

Ask for B1264 and B1265.

Shorts

174 UNIVERSITY AVENUE
Palo Alto

dance

Tonight
 TO THE JOYOUS RHYTHM
 OF
LOFNER-HARRIS
 and their versatile entertain-
 ing orchestra playing in the
 beautiful new
EMBASSY ROOM
Every Friday—
A Gala College Night Party
 A Riot of color and fun . . .
 magic rhythms . . . soft lights
 . . . merriment supreme . . .
 with balloons, noise-makers,
 favors, and novelties adding
 to the evening's festivities.

HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
 Management JAS. H. McCABE



**EMBASSY ROOM
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS**

Gantner Swim Suits



The 1931 Season
 opens with a
SPLASH!....

For never before have GANTNER swim suits been as smartly styled, as colorful, as gay (nor as inexpensive), and they stay looking well because they are specially designed for form-fitting, shape-retaining ease. Pure wool, ribstitch at \$2.95, \$3.95, \$5.00.

You can always tell a GANTNER
 They are Knit-to-Fit

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MAY
1931

college
comic
contemporary
number



Cover of April
 Pennsylvania
 Punch Bowl



STANFORD CHAPARRAL



Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bristow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society,
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Burnell Gould '31 Editor
Berk Anthony '32 Art Editor
Harold David '32 Manager
Reidar Winther '32 Circulation

Managing Editors
Paul Lorton '31 Don Cameron '32
Thorington Putnam '32 Assistant Art Editor

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Bob Perry '31 Nelson Carter '30
Ed Coats '31 Bill Robinson '30
Steve Farrand '31 George Moore '30
Hugh Paddleford '31 Myron Tower '31
George Eastman '31 Frank Clough '32
Francis Bates '32

HONORARY

Eileen Aldwell '31, Women's Manager
Helen Halderman '31
Jack McDowell '00
Harold Helvenston
Gregor Duncan

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

NOW THAT the altruistically proposed Second Theater Fund Follies, informal benefit vaudeville, has been frowned upon by the Administration, the Old Boy wonders just what things have come to here on the Farm, anyhow.

Two years ago Hammer and Coffin Society started the Theater Fund, and roused friends of Stanford dramatics to contribute sums totalling around \$4000. The disgraceful Assembly Hall had too long hampered the production of the fine shows that Gordon Davis produced; shows that had built an enviable reputation for Stanford theatricals.

Then Gordon Davis, like other able men who have given their best to the University at inadequate pay, could not afford to remain. Gordon left, and the fine young scenic artist, Harold Helvenston, tried directing, with rather mixed results.

In the meantime, a soundly and carefully devised program has received no consideration from the Powers; the promised report on diverting the long-latent War Memorial Fund has not yet been delivered. Now with the Senior Farce eliminated and the Junior Opera moved a month ahead, clear out of the once-colorful Junior Week, the Spring Quarter has been effectively cleared of any student project that might interfere with studies. So when it was desired to stage an informal vaudeville this month to revive interest in the Theater Fund the Deans and the President balked.

They always do. Why? No student knows, but most students do know this: that the Administration has for some time gone far out of its way to interfere with legitimate student enterprise.

The reasons given for disapproving of the Spring Follies were: (1) that the show would have to be very good to uphold the Dramatic Council's reputation for high class productions and (2) that to be this good the show would take more preparation than could be spared from scholastic duties "at this trying time of the year."

Arguments against this were obviously futile. The proponents dropped the project, and later the Dramatic Council held an amusing Irish Wake over the corpse, without bothering to inform the relatives of the deceased.

What students are saying now is exactly this: "Why try to promote anything constructive, or pleasureable, or progressive—it won't get by, so what's the use?"

Strongly responsible for the lassitude afflicting the Stanford student body is the lack of sympathy from the Elders of the Institution. If only the students were not everlastingly battling each other! But they are. There is small hope of a united front in a common cause.

All night the Old Boy has pondered the problem, and as dawn outlines the old trees over on Governor's Lane, the Ancient One prays for a Dawn of clear light; a new day free of the fog of all our mistakes. A Farm should be a place of mellow yellow grain, not blazing haystacks.



VOLUME 32

MAY 1931

NUMBER 8

CHAPPIE JUDGES HIS CONTEMPORARIES

BOLDLY, yet with some inner trepidation, does Chappie set forth his views on his Contemporaries. It is really none of his business. Chappie has gone about in his own doddering way, trying to make the Old Book the Best Book of All. Whether he has succeeded is a question partly to be answered in personal pride, yes, but far more in the judgment of Chappie's readers, and even more in the critical opinion of his College Comic Contemporaries.

The Old Boy has seen a great wealth of humor pour in on him during the year. A hundred magazines have flooded the editorial offices with their issues—numbers which represented the best that each staff could do, within the limitations of their field and the abilities of their members.

Some are pretty darn good; others are terrible. Yet every single one is issued For Fun, and each comic is loaded with the gay fancies, careless crudities, and fiercely flung darts of youthful humorists quite like the very men whom Chappie sees in his editorial room every day.

A dozen fellow comics have especially aided the Old Boy in this issue, and Chappie presents to a Stanford campus some very best examples of college comic art work from leading artists of leading magazines.

Pennsylvania's thick, ad-laden *Punch Bowl* has been perhaps the outstanding comic on the Atlantic Coast this year. With a large engraving budget, two beautiful four process color jobs have been possible for covers on the magazine. Chappie is reprinting one on the opening page of this issue, the Mask and Wig Number cover. Editor Julius Comroe has a flossy staff of artists, and the *Punch Bowl's* wits are frothy, but funny.

The Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern, in its smaller field, is quite as creditable, and new editor Joseph Boldt deserves a hand for recovering so ably from the

loss of delirious Charles O'Neill, outgoing chief, and Abner Epstein, certainly one of the best college artists of the day. One of Epstein's halftones is reproduced in this issue.

Chappie likes the Princeton *Tiger* best of the Holy Trinity, completed by the Yale *Record* and Harvard *Lampoon*. These magazines, with the Cornell *Widow*, *Punch Bowl*, and *Chaparral*, were the first college comics in the nation.

The *Tiger* is distinctly a Princeton book; pretends to be little more. It is written quietly, but rather well. Whitney Darrow, at his best, is about the best of the cartoonists in the three Universities.

Careless art work is pretty typical of certain Eastern comics, and the very good Yale *Record* is unfortunately not free from this fault. The last two covers have been bad, but the Blessed Event one was a pip. Jaro Fabry follows a little too obviously in Arno's footsteps, but is indisputably a smooth artist. The *Record's* thrusts at the Yale Building Plan have been appreciated even without too extensive a knowledge of the subject.

The Harvard *Lampoon*, now suspended until fall by its own Board of Control for alleged disrespect, is as distinctly Harvard as *Chaparral* is Stanford. And Harvard strikes the Westerner as being distinctly British in flare. The *Lampoon* even put out a Royalty Number. There is an ancient flavor of *Punch* about *Lampoon* which is not entirely musty, however. At least *Lampoon* is not the collegiate comic of the South or Middle West.

When *Judge* was still holding College Wits contests, the Cornell *Widow* was ahead of Chappie for first place before Chappie won the cup. Now, in spite of a peachy Celebrities Number, ranking very close to the almost unbeatable Laughing Lion numbers of the Columbia *Jester*, the Little Lady has grown a leetle less attractive than of yore.

The *Jester*, with its Laughing Lion

Society comparable to Hammer and Coffin, has gone in pretty strongly for the crude and ultra-modern in comic illustration for a brand of sophistication a bit out of the line of the college comic's old ideals. Its counterpart, on the West Coast, is the California *Pelican* across the Bay.

Pelly Editor Doug Nicholson took his Old Bird for a flight into strange lands, and achieved some amazingly original things, but sacrificed the Funny for the Odd. It is too bad that always at California each artist has seemed to copy the last one, so that they have had Cosby imitators, followed by Eggleston imitators, and now Nicholson imitators. Harry Thornally is changing the book back somewhat.

The Southern California *Wampus* is big, but quite impossible. A feminine-edited magazine, as the *Wampus* has twice been, shows always the same faults. A woman's field is assuredly not in the comics, and *Wampus* has not helped its reputation by going "literary".

Neither has the Washington *Columns*, but somehow Ralph Shaffer has managed to put out a literary comic, or a comic lit, which is about the smartest looking job in the country. *Columns*, formerly *Sun Dodger*, is a Hammer and Coffin publication.

So is the Northwestern Purple Parrot, and the new editor is going to have difficulty surpassing the sharp art work led by the sometimes gruesome, but invariably funny cartoons of Irv Bregar. Parrot has long been a college comic leader.

Instead of the Notre Dame *Juggler*, which in Chappie's opinion shades the rest of the Middle Western comics, and maybe all of 'em, the Michigan *Gargoyle* used to be the fancy magazine.

Editor Paul Showers got lots of laughs into his Campus Sin Number, after the Michigan fraternity house liquor raids, but still hasn't quite the book that Maury Litchenstein made with his inimitable cartoons.

(Continued on Page 32)



"Goodnight, Jim.
I had an
awfully nice time."

Len Hall, Jr., in the Williams Purple Cow

A SENSE OF HUMOR

Sketches from life by Andy Harris



Quality most finely rare!
Possess'd by few divinely fair.
How seldom doth one chance to find
Such happy nicety of mind!
Or recognize it when it's there?

Mighty few realize (more is the pity)
Always to primp is not to be pretty.
Ever to laugh is not to be witty.

Now frankly, from close observation, not from rumor
How many girls whom You know have a sense of humor?

—MOORE ANON

(These three
Certainly)
—EDITOR



**THE OLD BOY
TALKS IT OVER**
with the
**STANFORD
DAILY**

"The Mountain and the Squirrel had a quarrel
And the CHAPPIE called the DAILY little prig."

THIS is the editor of the *Daily*, Old Boy."

"Ah, yes. Please sit down. . . I haven't much to say to you, Mr. Editor, but I'm going to have a hard time holding my temper while I say it. Chappie will generally defend, with Voltaire, your right to say what you think, but—well, this is just a little too much. . .

"To me that front page editorial you printed about 'A Certain Student' the morning of the spring election was the meanest, low, dirty piece of personal rancor that I have seen in 31 years of watching an often-worthless Stanford daily newspaper.

"Your vicious personal attack on this decent fellow for running for Men's Council after being convicted before that body for alleged violation of the Honor Code was more than unethical and unfair—it was a disgrace to Stanford journalism, far worse than your turncoat editorial on the proposed *Stanford Forum*. Since your rag is not a newspaper, that editorial will not reflect on the decency of newspapers in general.

"With the *Campus Opinion* printed that same day you left no doubt as to 'A Certain Student's' identity, which left the San Francisco *Barnacle* free, with their own peculiar lack of ethics, to print his name in full—all without leaving this student the slightest chance to defend himself.

"Your gullible assumption that his convictions proved his guilt shows how little you know of the fallibility of justice, Mr. Editor. He doesn't think he's guilty; he seeks vindication—a natural and sound move, until his perfidy is Exposed by the *Stanford Daily*, Defender of the Faith, holiest of the Pharisees, not the first to throw a stone, but the cruelest.

"Suppose this innocent boy were guilty, Mr. Editor—your stigmatizing action was still black-hearted. Square shooters give folks a chance to redeem themselves. Those of mellow experience don't believe much in Crime and Punishment.

"But this student is a straighter, more honorable individual than yourself, Mr. Editor, or your carrot-headed predecessor who, with all a turnip's soul and judgment, inspired and dictated that brilliant editorial. This ex-editor has never himself been truly elected to Men's Council; he has been emphatically defeated



Irving Breger

Irving Breger in the Northwestern Purple Parrot

after the supposedly quiet conviction in this case last quarter. He has been reappointed, for no reason that meets the eye, but we shan't go into that.

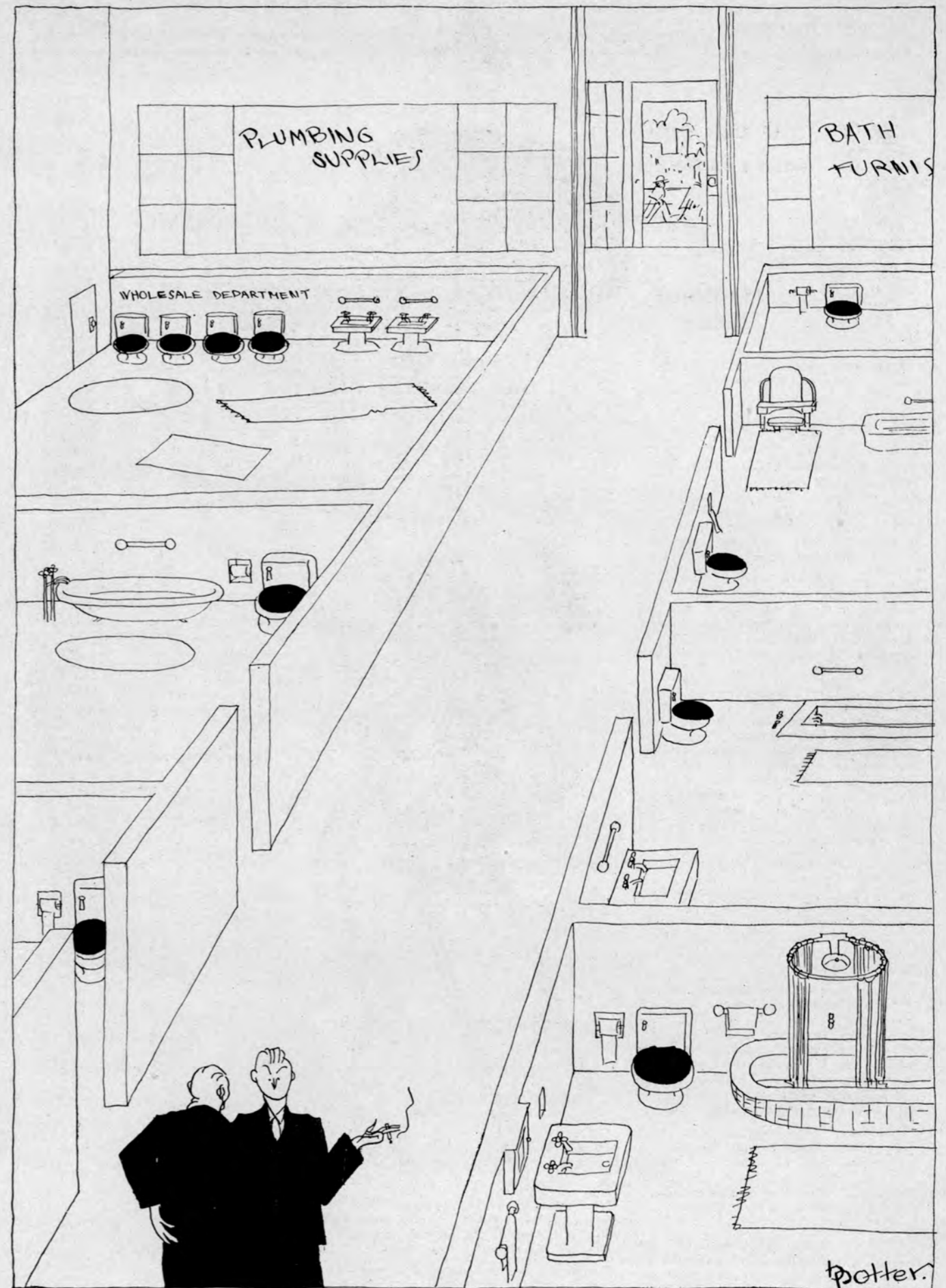
"Why don't you tack up a Gentleman's Code in your *Daily* office, since you are no longer using the old Newspaper Code of Ethics, Mr. Editor?"

"That will be all. Chappie would never want press censorship, but just the same

your dingy sheet needs a trip to the laundry. Goodbye and God forgive you."

"Whew, you certainly laid it in, Old Boy. And I thought you were such a mild-mannered old cuss."

"Well, I reckon I generally am, but you younger Chappies haven't the gout. The *Stanford Daily* always has made it twinge something fierce."



potter.

Bernard Potter in the Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

"Could you direct me to the gentlemen's room?"



IN PRAISE OF LADY NICOTINE

Verses by LARRY HARRIS

WHEN I go
to an eight
o'clock quiz,
And I know
that I'm late,
as it is;
Tho' it's nearly eight-ten,
I succumb to a yen
That is in me again
For a "Cig."

On the tee
When I swing
at my pill,
When I see
that the thing
lies quite still

Ten feet from the pin—
I light up with a grin—
For a puff on a thin
Cigarette.

At night,
when it looks
like I'm dumb;
And the sight,
of the books
makes me numb

My only relief
Through hours of grief
Is a soothing but brief
Cigarette.

The beer
I don't miss,
or the gin;
But it's clear,
that to this
I give in—

I need, I repeat,
My tasty and neat,—
My destructive, but sweet—
Cigarette.

I FIND that when my thoughts are in a state of some distraction,
When sitting down and dreaming has a definite attraction—
There is nothing which is equal to the soothing satisfaction
Of My Pipe.
When matters that I care about seem all to be confusion,
Repeatedly, it seems to me, I come to this conclusion—
The remedy is always just an hour of seclusion
With My Pipe.
Then I sit, and as I puff, I make a careful retrospection,
And the slowly rising smoke appears to pull me from dejection—
And with my rising hopes there comes a feeling of affection
For My Pipe.
It is something which is sure to bring a sense of relaxation,
For it seems to lend a hand when you're in need of concentration—
It is looked upon by me with—well,—a sort of veneration,
It's My Pipe.

HOW ABOUT IT, GROUCHO?

HAIL PROGRESS—and see if he will stop. Now that some one
has advocated a seven cent nickel, or even an eight cent nickel, I'm
going to advocate an eight hour day,—not an eight hour working day,
but an eight hour sleeping daze. I've stopped drinking coffee for break-
fast. It keeps me awake all day.

It just occurred to me that if every one slept all the time, there
wouldn't be any more wars,—that is, unless there was too much snoring.
How much nicer it would be if the government spent the millions it
has been putting into armaments on noses? Something ornamental in-
stead of armamental.

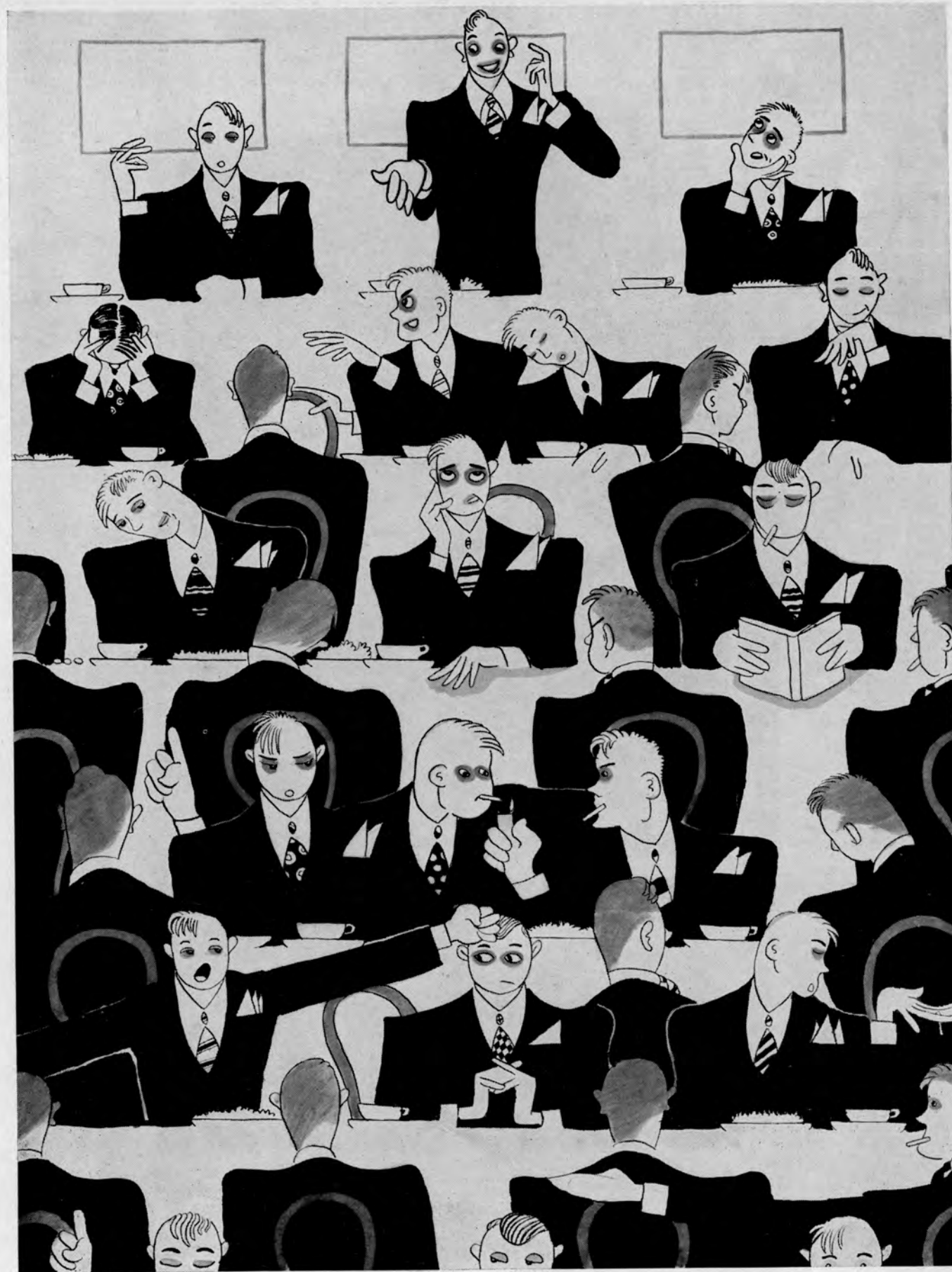
For years the doctor has been putting the patient to sleep to oper-
ate on him How much more modern with the
eight hour sleeping daze? The surgeon, the poor
fish, could perform the operation in his sleep, etc.

—JACK SKILLERN



Drawn by Ned Hilton

"Snubbing Mr. Jones! Snubbing Mr. Jones!"



William H. O'Brien in the Notre Dame Juggler

Portrait of a Man Telling a Joke at the College Comic Convention



Sam Guerra in the California Pelican

"Eleanor? Eleanor? Who the hell is Eleanor?"

"I'm glad I don't like onions."
"How come?"
"Cause if I did I'd be eating them all the time, and I hate the darn things."

From the Stanford Daily—

SOFIA, April 27. (AP)—M. Malinoff, who announced yesterday that his attempts to form a new cabinet had failed, was again entrusted with the task today by King Boris.

FOR SALE

DAILY WANT ADS BRING RESULTS.

TO GET THAT FUR COAT
If at first you don't succeed, cry, cry, again.



Phil Holliday in the Wisconsin Octopus

On Looking Into Pagany

COME, O Orthopedic Muse,
Analyse the funny feet
That all the modern poets use.
Make my day-dreams indiscreet,
Put my senses all to rout
And make my brain a muddy mess
So I may trace and write about
The gutter of my consciousness.

Punctuation is a bore
And capitals are declasse
i'll not use them any more
when i write a modern lay
o bacchus thee i now invoke
to get my poem's printer drunk
let no one think it is a joke
when he sets up my awful junk

i k t
e is ! * -)
l h
edwin e williams



Harold Bloom

Harold Bloom in the Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

The Man Who Spit in the Cremo Office



Jack Morley in the Pitt Panther

"Are you hurt?"
"Oh, no, Madam, only a crick in the neck."



FABLES OF THE FARM



STUDENT SALESMEN

WE were quite awakened from a sound sleep late the other night by loud bangings on our bedroom door and stumbling footsteps in the living room. Somebody was yelling our name boisterously and somebody else was giggling, and between giggles yelling "1933! Ray!" We clambered slowly out of bed, walked over and opened the bedroom door, and there stood two very boiled seniors. "Hey!" said the tall one, "y'wanna buy a duck?" We already had three ducks, we told him in those soothing tones that one cultivates when one is awakened at three o'clock. And with three ducks to take care of, we didn't believe we really needed any more. The logic overwhelmed this salesman, but the other was not satisfied. "Hey!" he said, "y'wanna buy a duck?" We repeated our little formula to him about having three ducks, and he stood there for a minute in deep thought. "Aw," he said, "you're s'posed t'say y'wanna buy a duck. It's a gag, see? But if y'say no all th'time, then I don't know what the hell we do. You're a hell of a guy, spoilin' a guy's fun!" And with that he pulled himself stiffly erect, took his bearings facing the door, and very slowly weaved his way across the room. He took his friend lightly by the arm, and both of them left with great dignity.

—PRINCETON TIGER

THE BLOOD CLUE

THOUGH the rest of this month's Fables are from other colleges, here's a Stanford one altogether too rich to leave out. Here it is, without embellishment:

A Sequoia man parked his car in a clump of trees behind the Hall one night recently. It so happened that there were a number of bloodstains and a butcher knife in the machine. At midnight along comes Campus Cop Fred Frehe, prowling about with a searchlight, looking for a certain stolen car. He played his light over the machine and saw the bloodstains and knife. He thought he had come across a DEATH CAR—a MURDER! So Frehe jacks up the auto, and tows it to the firehouse for the rest of the night.

In the morning the Sequoian wakes up and finds his car gone. He reports it to Frehe, who gives him a third degree and then reluctantly relinquishes the captured car.

TO THE READER

FABLES OF THE FARM this month are not of the Farm at all, but come out of rather similar departments from contemporary college comics. Out of the wealth of anecdotes printed in Chappie's exchanges, these short ones have been clipped from the Princeton Tiger, Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern, Michigan Gargoyle, and Columbia Jester. Incidentally, Chappie welcomes student contributions to all pages, of course, but particularly to Fables of the Farm.

GARGOYLE'S influence, such as it is, is just spreading like the dickens. Convict 29224 at Jackson prison sent a money order for our Campus Sin issue, which was sold out.

The business staff, always gallant, found a copy, and returned it with the money order. Because Convict 29224 is Orie E. Brown, recently arrested student bootlegger, and he has a rather parental feeling for the issue.

(For it seems they sort of raided some "frat" house at Michigan recently.)

—MICHIGAN GARGOYLE

'TIS WELL, NEOPHYTE

A NEW high in *sadism* seems to have been reached by one of our fraternities during the recent Hell Week. An unfortunate pledge was given a box seat for a Saturday night performance of Katherine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. He was given his instructions and left in his place, with one of the brothers on the watch to see that he obeyed them. At the climatic moment of the play, the tense silence prevailing throughout the staid old Empire was shattered by a hoarse shout emanating from the pledge in the box. "For God's sake, is there a doctor in the house?" cried the neophyte.

Amid the uproar which ensued, the play was stopped while a dignified gentleman in the orchestra arose and made himself heard above the clamor. "I'm a doctor," he exclaimed, "is anything wrong?"

"Hi, Doc," shouted back our friend, "how do you like the show?"

(The sequel to the tale is that the pledge was forcibly removed from the theatre and thrown into jail on a charge of disorderly conduct.)

—COLUMBIA JESTER

SCANDAL

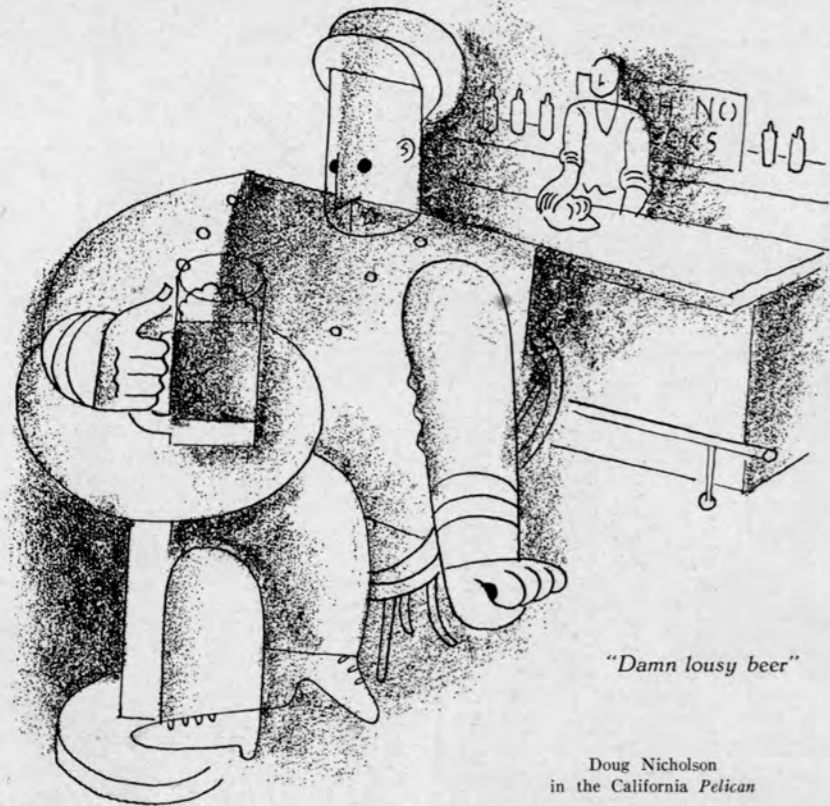
THE afternoon was Hanover spring at its best. Along the sidewalk that runs in front of the library ambled a senior, blithely swinging his cane and obviously at peace with the world. Toward him walked a lady pushing a baby carriage. Suddenly, as they came abreast, the child in the carriage espied the senior, gave vent to a gurgle of delight, and cried, "Daddy!" The lady gazed straight ahead, the senior threw a flustered glance over his shoulder and hurried on.

—DARTMOUTH JACK-O-LANTERN



Doug Nicholson in the California Pelican

"Oh, sorry! Must be wrong room."



"Damn lousy beer"

Doug Nicholson
in the California Pelican

PUN PENALTY

EDITOR Stanford Chaparral
Dear Sir:

Last month, if you remember, I wrote a joke for your humor magazine which you had the goodness to print over my name. If you have any of my jokes still around your office, would you please tear them up?

Shortly after your last issue came out my companions began to look at me askance. Soon, everytime I approached a group of them, they would call out and greet me variously:

"Hello, Robert Benchley."
"How's the comedian?"
"Got any new jokes?"

Well, sir, I stood this good-naturedly enough, as a fellow will, but soon I began to feel that all students I passed on the Quad were secretly nudging one another and whispering, "There goes the 'humorist'." He writes for the funny mag.

The climax was not long in coming. Last Wednesday night I called on Susan Nertz, a girl who had favored my manifestations of affection. But no sooner had I entered the door than she threw up her arms and cried: "Oh! How is my funny mans tonight?" Well, sir, this was more than I could stand. Please respect my wish in regard to disposal of any of my jokes you may have and save further bloodshed.

Your obedient servant,
GOTCH-EAR LORTON.
My new name and address:
Number 583782, San Quentin.

TRANSFERS, PLEASE

THE big, red, Stanford Street Car is no longer a flyer.

Now it's a one-man bus, stopping at all the corners for transfers.

The motorman is home-talent stuff but the juice comes from Washington.

The Company charges \$114 fare for a bumpy ride.

"The law forbids conversation with the motorman."
The answer would be "no", anyway.

The Ex Committee ought to stop playing with the trolley.

The end of the line is still as disappointing as it ever was.

—ANTHONY

THE LOWELLS AND CABOTS

(with revisions)

AND here's to dear old Stanford,
Where "hello" is now just a faint nod.

Where the Betas just speak to the Kappas,

And the Kappas speak only to God.



Drawn by Ned Hilton

"Oh, Mr. Bloggs, rumor has linked your name with Miss Clara Bow."



ABNER J. EPSTEIN

Abner J. Epstein in the Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

"It may not be pretty, Oscar, but it's Life!"



BANANA MOTIF RULES IN ART, SAYS CRITIC

From the SAN FRANCISCO NEWS

By MORTON SONTHEIMER

This is the year of the great banana motif in art, according to Charles W. Duncan's judgment of the 53rd annual exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association.

To Duncan, himself a former director of the association, the whole show at the Palace of the Legion of Honor is just one big banana—the lowly, soft fruit has wrapped its slippery skin about nearly every work in the exhibit, and "Yes, We Have No Bananas" would be a fitting theme song for the whole shebang.

"Both in painting and in sculpture there are bananas," he said today. "Bananas green, ripe and rotten—bananas for hands, arms, legs, feet, trees, rocks, and even curtains and draperies made of bananas—conscious or subconscious—a full crop."

"Show Is Aglare"

Literally, of course, there isn't a genuine banana in evidence. But Duncan sees bananas where the casual observer

EXTINGUISHING AN OLD FLAME

Miss Cornelia Winch,
R. F. D. Route No. 2,
Cupertino.

Dear Cornelia:

I received your letter reminding me of the time I asked you to the Senior Ball four years ago. Of course I remember, Cornelia, and I would really like to have you down for the affair. But I don't know whether you would enjoy yourself here, Cornelia, so I won't insist that you make such a long trip just out of a sense of duty.

Lots of my friends drink, and I'm sure you wouldn't care to dance with anyone who carried the taint of liquor. Also some of them are bringing girls they invited when they were still in high school and who are really not the type one would care to associate with.

Everybody down here is predicting that the Ball won't be very good, and lots of fellows are not even going. You remember, I am not a very good dancer, Cornelia, and I am regarded as a "bum date". I am telling you this in all fairness, so that you will not make a mistake. Besides "imports" aren't very popular here. I don't want you to feel bound by that date we made so long ago Cornelia, and if you don't feel like coming, why I won't hold it against you.

I suppose you will be going to the Saturday barn dance at Cupertino that night. As for me, I guess I'll just date up some old Kappa that nobody else would take out and drop in on the Ball to see how bad it really is. Thanks very much for the letter and have a good time at the barn dance!

yours sincerely
—PAUL LORTON

notes nothing but oddly shaped objects on canvas. The banana, be it explained, is the 1931 version of art's raspberry.

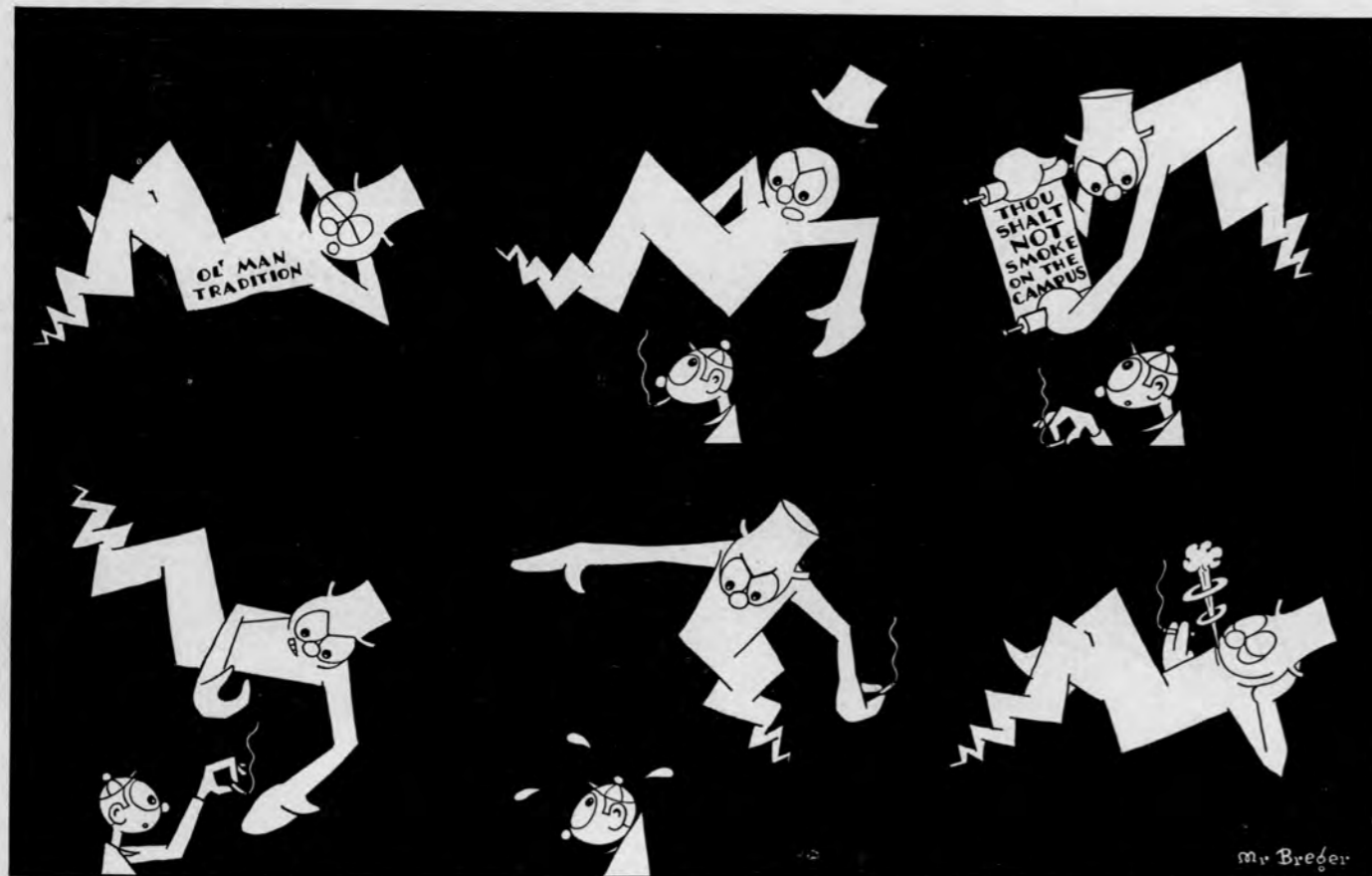
Influence Mentioned

Duncan doesn't mention Diego de Rivera by name, but he does suggest that perhaps the banana mania is "due to the present Mexican influence."

And he adds that "one is much inclined to suspect that some of our artists on this jury of awards did not dare to have honest opinions of their own in the presence of the Mexican giant."

Yes, he says the whole show is just one great big banana.

And you're just a great big banana, too, Mr. Sontheimer!



Irving Breger in the Northwestern Purple Parrot

A happy thought the Sampler!

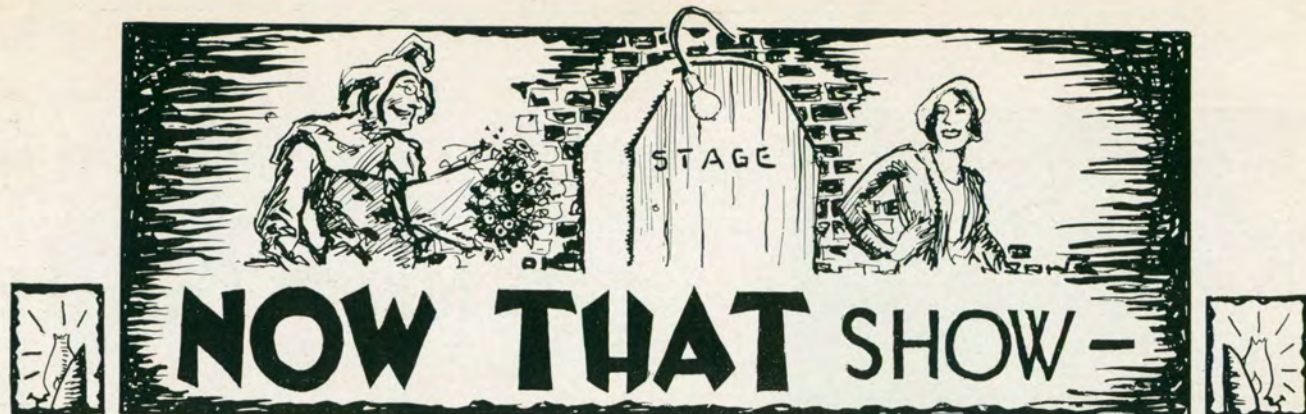


It has won a place all its own in the home life and the social life of America. A permanent place on the living room table. The first thought in paying social debts.

Whitman's
Sampler

© S.F.W. & Son, Inc.

Whitman's famous candies are sold by
Kenyon's Pharmacy, 386 University Ave., Palo Alto



The 1931 Junior Opera
PROLETARIAT PLUS
and the Curtain Raiser

A LAUGH riot from overtures to adjournment!

The Junior Opera's annual curtain raiser, supplanting the Senior Farce, was the best ever! As funny as its predecessors were, the Class of 1932 Opera farce surpassed all—in the deft jabs on personalities, the broad strokes of burlesque in dialogue, and the carefree slashing quality of the action.

Frank Norris, playing his first straight role as the bluff, hearty chairman, carried the part to perfection. Dick Friendlich and Eph Engleman were a great comedy team—Friendlich as the hard-boiled reporter who had got in the wrong committee room, and Engleman as the song pluggler from the Small Time. Laughs were plentiful when these two comics held the spotlight. Miss Sandy Lieb was charming as the wise-cracking, witty ingenue.

Funniest of all, yet with a touch of pathos, was the harassed little Class President who appointed the Committee and then found that nobody knew anything about the subject, but all were willing to express opinions. Bob Thornton was appealing in the role.

But enough of the droll curtain raiser. On to the show!

Don Cameron wrote the basic plot for *Proletariat Plus*, Paul Lorton collaborating. Neither were experienced in whittling out bright dialogue, and some of the forced gags badly needed cutting. A number of awkward song and entrance cues detracted from the smoothness of the action, and the Roughs quite defensibly birded the scenes which were mushiest written. The last act, unfortunately, swung away from burlesque and into the conventional musical comedy plot, "lightly serious" and consequently out of place. So the denouement, instead of being satire, was merely final curtain tag line stuff. Added quite unintentionally to the comedy were the Three Violinists, who that night bid fair to become local rivals of the Four Marx Brothers.

Now for the good parts—and there were many. *Proletariat Plus* was more logically knitted than any of its recent predecessors. It lent itself well to color in costumes, sets, and song. It had half a dozen really funny gags, and a peach of a first act, which got increased laughs on a built-up burlesque atmosphere.

The cast was good and put over the music of Director Griff Williams, Roger Sumner, George Starbird, and Bob Thornton far better than Junior Opera Music is usually put over.

Cleverest of the numbers was Thornton's "Introducing Me", Tal Morgan lyric, arranged for girl's and men's trios. High solo mood was Steve Farrand's singing of his Peasant strain.

Williams' stirring Loyalty Song, with fine words by Nels Carter, was outstanding even without the strong-singing men's chorus it sorely needed.

Helen Sue Eyster was quiet and graceful in the feminine lead, and revealed a surprisingly pleasant singing voice, doing the good commercial tune "Another Day" and the soft "You're My Reason" very well. John Skinner, fists gripping lapels, tried hard as the tenor juvenile. Catherine Cray and Lucile Morgan were bright in brief ingenue roles. Catharine Musante, arms akimbo to burlesque her vampire role, had the best singing voice, but rendering "Another Day" in Russian added little to her laurels.

Leo Matesky starred as the heavily burlesqued villain, Garski. Red Hand was humorless as the rival leader.

Campus comedians Joe Thompson and Harry Lee Logan squeezed all they could out of not very juicy material. Thompson's part was spotty as written; he was best in his own inimitable ad libbing. Logan fought his stuff a little too much, but

THAT'S GRATITUDE

THAT'S GRATITUDE is one of the most delightful dramas that has been in Chicago in years. Frank Craven wrote it and acted in the New York production. The dialogue is the cleverest and most human that the FUNNY FELLOW has heard in many a performance; and he recommends *That's Gratitude* to the girls because it forecasts what many of them are going to have to contend with—the idiosyncrasies of a husband.

—NOTRE DAME JUGGLER

THAT'S GRATITUDE, with personable Author Frank Craven in the leading role, is pleasing audiences at the Alcazar now.

STREET SCENE

NEXT to Chekhov's play *Street Scene* is the best entertainment Pittsburgh theatres have offered all fall. Elmer Rice's play is a truthful, natural exhibition of every day life. The trouble with Russian provincials in *Uncle Vanya* is that they think too much; the trouble with Rice's polyglot American tenement-dwellers is that they think too little. *Street Scene*, in three noisy, humorous, pathetic acts, shows us Italians, Jews, Germans, Swedes, realtors, coeds, nursemaids, cops, old-clothes men, icemen, milkmen, gin-drinking youth, meddlesome middle age, foolish old age, all embroiled in the busy, harum scarum, thoughtless life of a big-city street. *Street Scene* cannot be described; it must be seen, and heard, and felt.

—PITT PANTHER

STREET SCENE, a raw slice out of New York life, opens at the Geary this week. Elmer Rice's great *ADDING MACHINE* was Gordon Davis's next-to-last play at Stanford.

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

THIS was a good show, though not a great one. It has once again demonstrated that heroic drama is not for the modern stage. We Americans still worship heroes, still admire the grand manner, but only in real life, not on the stage. Lynn Fontaine as *Queen Elizabeth* worked desperately, painfully hard, but was stopped time and again for no gain. Alfred Lunt's *Essex* was stronger, but never seriously threatened to score. The power, the gusto, wasn't there, neither in the play nor in the cast. The modern actor cannot pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon. *Elizabeth the Queen* was beautifully costumed, well mounted, painstakingly acted, but high blood-pressures in the audience were never in jeopardy.

—PITT PANTHER

ELIZABETH THE QUEEN is now playing at the Curran, with Pauline Frederick in the lead, supported by Ian Keith. Maxwell Anderson, a Stanford graduate, wrote this fine poetic character drama.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN AGAIN

DE WOLF HOPPER, who is a tradition in comic opera, has been secured to do his old role of Dick Deadeye in *H. M. S. Pinafore*, which the San Francisco Player's Guild is reviving at the Tivoli Monday, May 25. *The Mikado* may follow if the public demands it. Let's hope they will. Treats like these are all too rare.

his unrelenting energy added speed to the pace of the play.

Harold Helvenston's direction showed his usual care of detail. Joe Gordon's lighting brought out nicely the brilliant costumes against Helvenston's splendid dark settings.

The audience liked the show pretty well, thank you, but was not the large Junior Opera crowd of yore. Timid Dramatic Council tactics may explain that.

"I've marched with the Foreign Legion"



yet you sign for me at your country club"

What do the grim watchdogs of the desert know of luxuries? Well, try to take their Chesterfields away from them! Over there—and here too—a good cigarette means good tobaccos. What you taste in Chesterfield cigarettes is *milder* and *better tobaccos*—nothing else—blended and "cross-blended" to produce a satisfying fragrance, a flavor which is Chesterfield's alone!

Chesterfield



Greater mildness
... better taste!



NASH TRASH

Invidious Notes on a New Celebrity

LIKE a rocket, flaring up from nowhere into vision,
This raucous rhymester, better meriting derision,
Has caught the public fancy,
And by some lucky chance he
Is cheered and feted, given the glad hand,
And welcomed home by the home-town band.

This is all
I'd like to know, what's he got on the ball?
He rhymes only in couplets,
Maybe once in a while in triplets or quadruplets,
But at any rate it's hardly complicated
And can more than easily be duplicated;
His rhymes, as if that were not enough, are often feminine
(Why do these bennies always drag the women in?)
As if we'd not already been rhymed to death by the Brownings,
And got entirely sick and tired to death of their clownings;
Half the time
They don't even rhyme,
And then this simple doak
Has to go and spell it wrong or we'd choak
Trying to make it rhyme.

Well, it's about time
Somebody showed this buzzard up.
And I'm not going to "stup"
(That's one of his juicy ones—"up"
And "stup"!)
Until I've given you the cold dope.
Nope,
Not that I or anybody ealous
Is just the leastest, littlest, tiniest bit jealous
(Caramba! "Ealous,
jealous"!)
But I don't even have to be stiff to write THAT lousy.

Disregarding his rhymes, which are indubitably frowsy,
Look at the fellow's utter lack of meter,
Than which the roughest verse is sweeter;
I don't like free verse,
But this drivell is a thousand times worse.

This is the sort of tripe the poor oaf writes.
And, not wanting to get myself into any fights,
Let me tell you, anyway, that in fifteen minutes I've got
all this done
The likes of him make writing no more fun.
Say,
Who the hell is this Nash guy, anyway?
—DARRELL AMYX

THE "SPECIAL" SALE

MR. PAUL LORTON
Stanford, Palo Alto
Dear Sir:

We are having a special sale on suits and o' coats starting next Thursday, and we want you to participate in it. The sale will not be announced to the public until that day. We want our regular customers to get the best in stock, so we are taking this opportunity to let you know of the sale, so you may get in on the ground floor. Come any time before Thursday.

Yours sincerely, R. RISSENBASHER, CLOTHIERS.

R. Rissenbasher, Clothiers,
Honorable Sirs:

I am in receipt of your enjoyable letter. So good of you, to be sure, to let me know of your jolly little sale of suits and—as you so nicely put it—o'coats. What I appreciate most is your advising me of the sale before the General Public gets a whack at the stock. But aren't we just a bit selfish, Messrs. Rissenbasher, Clothiers? Doesn't this smack a little of the "Public-be-damned" spirit?

Still, on second thought, I think it will be just too much fun for words to keep this a little secret just between ourselves. Mind, now, not a word of this to anyone! I shall feel very furtive when I slink into your shop Tuesday next. I can see myself now, selecting suits and o'coats, crouching behind a divan when any passerby looks in the window.

Yours secretively, Paul (ALIAS GOTCH EAR) Lorton.

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is full flavored and smooth,
and has a fine bouquet. Enjoy a cup with our delightful

Breakfast
50c Lunch
75c Dinner

A second cup if you wish!

.... Good Things to Eat
and Drink at Meal Time
and Between Times

Wilson's... in Vallejo

This beautiful new store at 444 Georgia Street renders the same service for which Wilson's Stores are famous in Palo Alto, San Francisco, Fresno, Stockton and Sacramento.



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the University of Virginia campus with the Rotunda in the background

Now, in smart personal transportation—it's Chevrolet



Now, in smart personal transportation it's the new Chevrolet Six—the finest performing car that Chevrolet has ever built. Lightning getaway, all kinds of speed and power, fingertip handling ease, downright dependability and operating expense as low as the lowest. What's more, here is the best-looking inexpensive automobile you have ever seen—long, low-swung lines; smartly styled new Fisher bodies; happy new color harmonies;

and the very last word in fittings and appointments. In all, the new Chevrolet Six is the most modern, most advanced expression of fine, low-cost transportation. And that means—besides smart appearance and sprightly performance—generous comfort in roomy interiors, every modern appliance for driving convenience, consistent economy through seasons of use—and, in fact, every advantage that modern design and quality standards can build into a car.

Chevrolet prices range from \$475 to \$650, f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

THE
MERCURY PRESS

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*We are proud to have
been chosen by the
"Old Boy" to bring
forth the Monarch of
College Comics*



**STANFORD
CHAPARRAL**

*"A thing of Beauty
is a Joy Forever"*

REFRESHING
they take your breath away

try a LIFE SAVER

331-COLLEGE COMICS

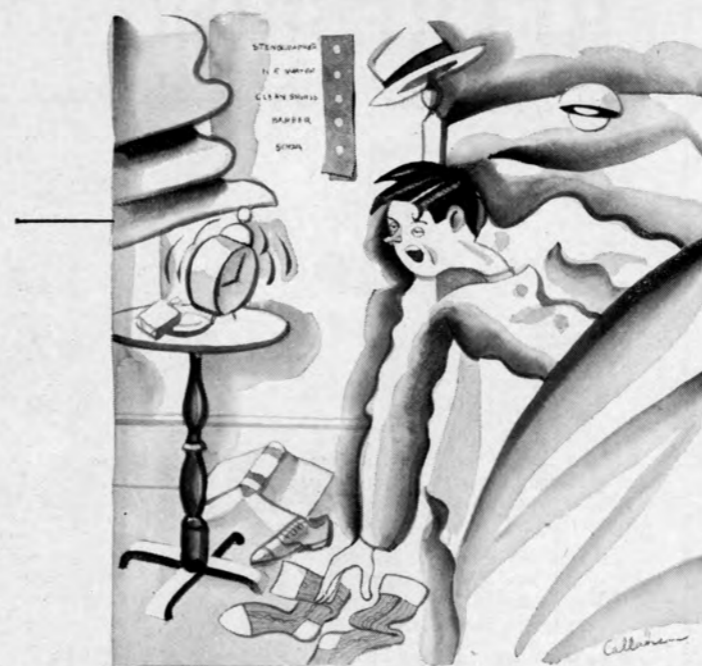
FAMOUS LAST WORDS

⊗ "Kiss me, honey."
"We're not going to make this turn."
"Pardon me lady, but haven't I met you some place?"
"I had this gin tested myself."
"Let's mix these."
"Any gas in the tank?"
"Bottoms up!"
"Oh, so you're the ice-man!"
—Wesleyan Wasp

She: "Now, you pride yourself on being able to judge a woman's character by her clothes. What would be the verdict on my sister over there?"
Frosh (looking at her sister's scant attire): "Insufficient evidence."
—Iowa State Green Gander

Phi Psi: I didn't sleep a wink last nite.
Bro: Why not?
Phi Psi: The shade was up.
Bro: Well, why didn't you pull it down?
Phi Psi: I couldn't reach to the Theta house.
—Minn. Ski-U-Mah

"I see where they are conducting blindfold breakfast food tests now."
"Oh, grueling contests, eh."
—Notre Dame Juggler



Those golden Minutes! — Save them with

HOLEPROOF

Autogarts
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Pend.

the Self-Supporting Socks

*Just pull 'em up
and they stay up!*

55¢ and \$1.00

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"Sleep, blessed sleep" — the college man craves it — and saves those extra golden minutes by wearing Holeproof Autogarts. Just pull them up and there you are — trim and fresh for the rest of the day. The Autogart is a part of the sock and outlasts it, too. That's going some because the sock is a Holeproof Autogart. — with the famous Holeproof extra wear — and those snappy new patterns for which Holeproof is famous.



WAISTCOATS OF REAL QUALITY
 BEFORE you buy a dress or dinner waistcoat, make it a point to look for the green label of Catoir Vesting on the strap. If it is not there, you may be certain that you are not getting the best in either fabric or workmanship.

CATOIR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
 [Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]
 VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

CHAPPIE JUDGES HIS CONTEMPORARIES

(Continued from Page 11)

The Juggler is surprisingly good; no illusions concerning the Greatness of Football seem to bother Juggler. John Dempsey has put out a bright book, with excellent art work. William O'Brien's cartoons have been consistently good (one is reprinted here) and Joe Lopker has done a couple of rich girl's head drawings out of his rather heavy series.

No Southern comic is in the class of the aforementioned, unless the John Hopkins *Black and Blue Jay* can be considered a Dixie product. It is a good magazine, though they have not yet explained the perverted plagiarism of *The Menckens at Home* from the October *Chaparral*. The *Mountain Goat*, at the little University of the South, is growing as it grazes in its small pasture.

The spiciest of all comics, the *Virginia Reel*, finally went under ban, and is now the partly-literary *Cavalier*. The same thing happened, apparently, to the *Carolina Buccaneer*, which often outdid *Reel*. Georgia and Alabama publications are not good. The *Texas Ranger* is not improved as the *Longhorn*.

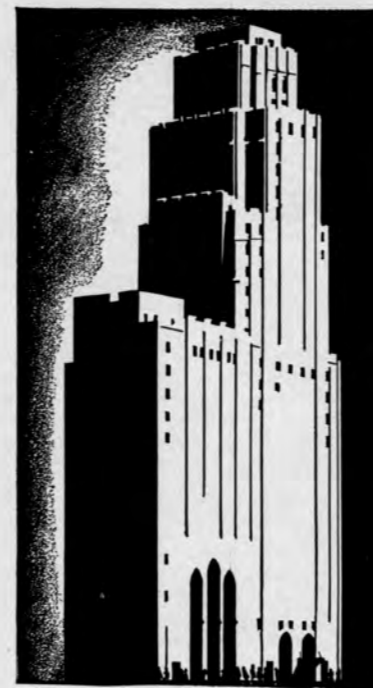
The *Arizona Kitty Kat*, a recently enrolled *Hammer and Coffin* member, is showing great promise, and may be steadily on the upgrade if a good successor can be found to the able *Chalky Key*.

The *Chicago Phoenix* might better have stayed in the Society. It is now considerably below the standard it had when Ed Graham was on the staff. It got into trouble on an allegedly raw short story recently, but came right back at its critics.

Nevada Desert Wolf has been battling the Ex Committee on finances and policy, and deserves to win. In such a small college, it is not at all a bad magazine. The little-heard-from *Utah Humbug* is also creditable.

Let's see, the *Minnesota Ski-U-Mah* deserves mention, if only for its bright covers. Cartoonist Clem Erlanger is remembered with especial satisfaction. *Ski-U-Mah* is a well printed, clear magazine.

The *Wisconsin Octopus* should have been praised before this, for Jimmy Watrous and Phil Holliday have showed



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clearly what good art will do to aid an already good book. *Iowa Frivol*, *Missouri Showme*, *Illinois Siren*, and the new *Indiana Bored Walk* are not as big as their Universities could stand, certainly.

Penn State Froth, given to much white space, is not as good this year as *Punch Bowl*, but is still a sound publication, with a definite editorial tradition.

Well, if anyone has read this far in Chappie's rambling, careless, critical journey among his Contemporaries, he will know that the Doddering One has rather stuck his weather-beaten bugle out. A dime a poke. Line forms on the right.

The *Old Boy* has left out a whole lot of comics, some better than ones he has mentioned, but Lordy, you should see the huge stack in his office. He had almost forgotten the *Pitt Panther*, which started this whole business by raking some of its contemporaries earlier in the year.

The *Pitt Panther* has taken a slight drop without benefit of Jack Morley's keen-lined cartoons.
 Now let it rain!

“Robinson?”
 “Here.”
 “Rosenthal?”
 “Present!”
 “Mary Smith?”
 “Here, sir.”
 “Wanamaker?”
 “Hell, yes!”
 —*Kansas Sour Owl*

Enamored: “I think June is the ideal Prom girl.”
 Disgusted room-mate: “Yeah, prominent ears, prominent teeth, prominent chin.”
 Enamored: “True, but go on.”
 —*Massachusetts Tech Voo Doo*



Page Mr. Peanut
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RED STAR LAUNDRY	Phone Ballard	69

"Just think, children," said the missionary, "in Africa there are six million square miles where little boys and girls have no Sunday school. Now, what should we all strive to save our money for?"

"To go to Africa!" cried a chorus of cheery voices.

—Texas Longhorn

Prof. (after lengthy lecture): "Now, is there anything anyone would like to ask?"

Voice from rear row: "What time is it?"

—Texas Longhorn

Mrs. Brown: "Our little Herby is at the top of his class this week. His father is going to take him to the zoo."

Mrs. Jones: "Really? We're sending Willie to college."

—Texas Longhorn

Did you take part in this fight or were you just a witness?

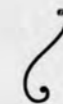
Man with black-eye: I was only an eye witness.

—Ohio State Sun Dial

Patron: What do you like about this job?
Taxi-driver: Oh, the work itself and the people I run into.

—Kansas Sour Owl

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We heard of a girl who was so dumb that when she went to New York she thought Central Park was where the telephone girls spent their off hours.
—Wisconsin Octopus

One of those Dear Old-Fashioned Gentlemen: "May I kiss your hand?"
She: "What's a matter, is my mouth dirty?"
—Alabama Rammer Jammer

They say that bread contains alcohol, so let's drink a little toast.
—West Point Pointer

Ants may be industrious, but they spend a great deal of their time at picnics.
—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern



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The crime wave, too, strikes a breakwater



An alarm! Headquarters radios it to cruising cars.

Police Radio is "joining the force" in many a city—acting as a breakwater in checking the surge of criminal activity . . . The apparatus the

police are using comes out of the telephone workshop. It is logical that

Western Electric should make the equipment, drawing on a fifty-year

experience as manufacturer of telephones for the Bell System . . . Serv-

ing this vast organization is a huge responsibility. Carrying it out means



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keeping an open mind on new methods of manufacture, new sources of

supply, new channels of distribution. It means welcoming and taking

full advantage of every worth-while aid that modern science offers.



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