

32

STANFORD CHAPARRAL




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**LISTEN, YOU PERPLEXED
MALES.....**

If you're wondering
what to give HER for
Xmas, just forget
your problem right
now, and hie yourself
up to H. Liebes and
Company... That's what
I did, and I'll bet
I'll be head man for
all of '35 because of
it. They have every-
thing any girl would
want, and they will
give you expert ad-
vice on the rights
and wrongs of gifts
for women.... Believe
me, you'll never re-
gret it if you take
my advice, and get up
there fast.

P.S. They have gifts
for the whole family
there too, so you may
as well get it all
done at once, and
assure yourself of a
generous allowance
next year.

*Grant Avenue
in
San Francisco*

Dear Dad:

Have decided to join Sigma Nu, your old fraternity. The boys have possibilities, and they have plans all made for a new house that will be the best on the campus. Love. Junior.

Dear Son:

Glad you liked my fraternity. Grandfather drew those plans when he was in the chapter there, so you can be sure that the house will be a good one. Love. Dad.
—Exchange

"Hic."

"Hic."

"Don't talk back to me."

—Princeton Tiger

I often pause and wonder
At fate's peculiar ways,
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays!

—Cornell Widow

SAWN OF A GUN

I cranka da car,
Bawt she won't run,
These automobile
She's a sawn of a gun!
Shesa stop in da middle
Of da streta upa town,
I loko in da carburetor,
But shesa no drawn,
I pusha da clutch,
Shaka da wheel,
Knocka da brake,
Da horn I feel.
I look in da tank
What I see—yas!
Sawn of a gun!
Shesa outa da gas!

—Borrowed

A friend was chiding the village store-keeper. "Hiram, why are the signs in your windows so illiterate? The grammar is terrible and you misspell everything."
"Well," was the reply, "people come in expecting to get the best of an ignoramus and I surprise 'em. Business is the best it's been in years."

—Arizona Kitty Kat

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I've been taut quite a bit in this school after all.

—Exchange

A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

God bless mother and father. Bless my little brother and sisters, and friends. And good-bye, God, I'm going to college.

—Princeton Tiger

**"OH! OH!
THIS IS JOE!"**



YOU really need a good gas-mask to play blindman's buff successfully when Joe and his gassy old briar are in the game. That surly tobacco he stokes up with gives him away at the first putrid puff.

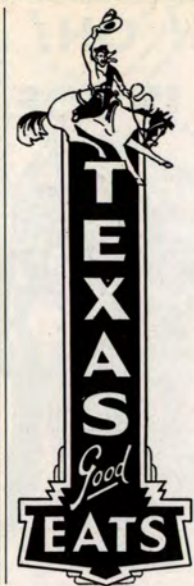
Here's a free hint, Joe. Run a pipe cleaner through your briar, scrape out the polluted bowl—then fill up with mild and pleasant Sir Walter Raleigh. This gentle blending of Kentucky Burleys gives off a delicate and seductive fragrance that appeals to merry widows and wary kiddoes alike. Sir Walter Raleigh is cool. It's slow burning. It's pipe smoking at its very best. Kept fresh in heavy gold foil, it will set you back only fifteen pennies. Try it—you'll be the hit of the party.

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Then there's the co-ed who goes out every night sowing wild oats and on Sunday goes to church to pray for crop failures.
—Rammer Jammer

Tough Guy—For two cents I'd knock your block off.
Wise Guy—Get away from me, you dirty professional.
—S.C. Wampus

At a social function one evening it was decided to hold a scavenger hunt. Various and sundry articles of clothing belonging to various persons were put on the list, as well as other articles difficult to obtain. It was well after midnight when all the participants straggled in, and all had forgotten or missed something—all but one. He had to get a blonde to appear at the party nearly nude, and, sure enough, he showed up with her. "How did you manage to get her?" they asked. "Married her," was the answer.
—Punch Bowl

Give a woman an inch and she'll buy a new girdle.
—Punch Bowl

She—I'm the Monroe Doctrine type.
He—Zat so?
She—Yes, hands off!
—Froth

Nothing relieves the tedium of the pages of a humor magazine like a good joke.
—Syracuse Orange Peel

IT'S TIME TO THINK OF GAY HOLIDAY PARTIES!



...and the proper frocks to grace them. You'll want charming styles... like these. We have plenty!

Picture frock of white taffeta with red velvet bow. \$16.75



Double-duty frock... sans jacket it's formal. In peach crepe. \$19.75

Livingston Bros.

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"Where clothes snowy white
reflect methods right"

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- STANFORD LAUNDRY Phone Palo Alto 6108
- TEMPLE LAUNDRY Phone Ballard 129
- CONSOLIDATED LAUNDRY Phone Ballard 90
- RED STAR LAUNDRY Phone Ballard 69

THESIS

I adore men. They're so convenient, inexpensive, and easy to feed. They love eating the cake you forgot to put baking powder in, that is, if you're diplomatic enough to insist that you baked it just for them. They have commodious pockets for storing lipsticks, compacts, and garters which are hors de combat. The big ones seem to be preferred stock, but the little ones are terribly handy for climbing in pantry windows when you've forgotten your house key. The more attractive ones are definite assets to a girl's personal appearance. Although she can't wear them as she would a dress, she can always take them along as she would an umbrella, to shield her from soused or otherwise unpleasant things or persons. They're also nice to send into a dark room first because, having awfully tender shins, you can tell by their muffled (no nice man swears) exclamations where the furniture is. All in all, men are very useful in a dark room.
—Rammer Jammer

For the modern girl: There's seldom a slip 'twixt the gown and the hip.
—Awgwan

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UNIVERSITY
PRESS

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And for the Christmas gift there is nothing better than PARTRICK'S tasty candy, freshly packed in beautiful gift boxes.

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Corsages, cut flowers, and distinctive
floral pieces

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109 THE CIRCLE PALO ALTO
Dial 4322

"Eyes right!" thundered the Negro lieutenant.
"You's wrong!" came back from the depths of the black troops.

—Yellow Jacket

Blessings on thee, football man,
With your summer's coat of tan.
You are carefree, 'cause you know
Some one loves you, for although
You can't pass arithmetic
You can block and run and kick.
Alumni love their little men—
You can help us win again.
There, now, fella, run and play—
After that you get your pay.

—Punch Bowl

"I called at the hospital and they told me that I had another mouth to feed."

"Congratulations! Is it a boy?"

"No, a tapeworm."

—Punch Bowl

"That girl from Georgia you're dating is rather sexy."

"Yes, I know. But I like her Southern assents."

—Froth

If the father of the Dionne family were a gambling man he might think that he hit the jackpot.

—Punch Bowl

Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself to his full height as he replied, "I would not turn out a dog on a night like this."

—Green Goat

"You say your son plays the piano like Paderewski?"

"Yes. He uses both hands."—Christian Science Monitor

Tsk, tsk!

Part of a price list in a second-hand bookstore:

"Bad Girl"—30 cents.

"The Virgin"—20 cents.

—Mercury

Deege—A month ago I was crazy about George, but now I can't stand him.

Alpha—Yes, isn't it strange how changeable men are?

—Arizona Kitty Kat

"A girl may marry and continue her Vassar course if she wishes. She is expected to reside in a dormitory unless factors in her particular case make other living arrangements desirable."—Warden, Vassar College.

Like for instance her husband.

—Pelican

Paints

Electrical Supplies

V. MONET, JR.
HARDWARE

360 University

We have a complete line of electrical appliances which make acceptable gifts

Sandwich Toasters

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Coffee Makers, etc.

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Series Sets, 39c and 69c

Multiple Outdoor Sets, 98c and \$1.79

Crockery

Household Goods

Dear Folks:

I've checked the things I'd like for Christmas . . . you can buy them at Roos Bros:



A new shirred-back Sports coat... one of the new Roos 1935 models in herring-bone tweed. The price is \$17.50.



Neckties. Neat ones ... nothing gaudy. \$1.00, \$1.50 or \$2.50.



An imported English Jaeger or Gleneagle Sweater, I think, would be pretty "right". \$10.00 and \$15.



Socks! If you really want to be a Santa Claus, give me a couple of pairs of these imported Argyles. \$2.50 a pair.



And having practically worn out the room-mate's Tux, I could do with a new one. \$25. For \$7.75 additional, they'll throw in a shirt, tie, collar, vest and sox. Total \$32.75.



Plaid Scarfs, \$2.50. Pig-skin Gloves, \$3.50 or striped socks at 35¢ or 50¢ would be o.k. too.

Roos Bros

125 University Avenue
Encina Hall

A Christmas Service For College Men

Christmas has a habit of sneaking up on you . . . we suggest that you shop before you leave for home this year . . .

You'll make a tremendous impression on friends and family when you arrive home with Magnin packages . . . and there are hundreds of gifts here starting at a dollar.

MARY WRIGHT, our College Gift Guide, will be here through the Holiday Season, anxious to assist you in taking care of the meddlesome details of wrapping and delivery.

**I. MAGNIN
& CO.**



TYPICAL COLLEGE STUDENT

Here today—here tomorrow.

—Punch Bowl

"Say, mister, can yuh gimme adime for a cup of coffee?"
"Surely, but don't you know that coffee is only five cents?"
"Yeah, but I'm keeping a woman."

—Reserve Red Cat

First Student Aviator—Quick, what do I do now, Instructor?
Second ditto—Hell's bells—aren't you the instructor?
—Log

Absent-minded Dean (knocking on the Gates of St. Peter)
—C'mon, open up here or I'll throw the whole fraternity out.

FEMININITY

1

Girls by nothing daunted
Seldom are unwanted.

2

A gal built like an obelisk
Never runs the slightest risk.

3

Lassies with no moral cares
Run around with millionaires.

—Missouri Showme

"How many in this berth?"
"Only one. Here's our ticket."

—Cornell Widow

DIALOGUE

"Wanta neck?"
"No!"
"You could use some backbone."
"Thank you. I'm getting along splendidly."
"You haven't any wings either."
"Don't get sarcastic."
"Well, dammit, you can't have all the white meat, I like it myself."

—Nevada Desert Wolf

WHAT THE COLLEGE STUDENT KNOWS

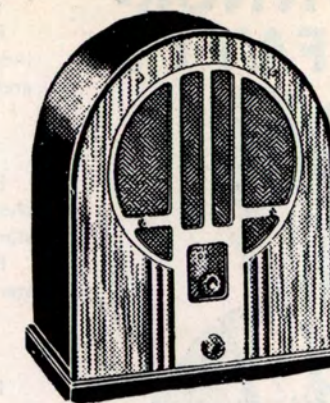
The score of last week's game.
All gags in Mae West's last show.
Where to get biggest 6% fish-bowl for a dime.
How to crash a dance.
Phone numbers of all college queens.
How to pick up a date on High Street.
Location of newest nightclub.
What waitresses can be dated.
Nothing about College.

—Sundial

CHIEF AIM OF MAN

At four—To wear trousers.
At eight—To miss Sunday School.
At twelve—To be president.
At eighteen—To have monogrammed cigarettes.
At nineteen—To be in a fraternity.
At twenty—To be out.
At twenty-one—To take a show girl out to dinner.

—Sundial



In time for CHRISTMAS, PHILCO presents forty-nine magnificent new models. The set pictured above is an ideal gift for the college student.

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from the major producers

FOX STANFORD THEATRE

Dec. 13-14-15 William Powell - Myrna Loy
Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. "EVELYN PRENTICE" and
"CHU CHIN CHOW"

Dec. 16-17-18 Ruby Keeler - Dick Powell
Sun.-Mon.-Tues. "FLIRTATION WALK"

Dec. 19-20 "PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" and
Wed.-Thurs. "BACHELOR OF ARTS"

Dec. 21-22 W. C. Fields
Fri.-Sat. "IT'S A GIFT" and
"THE GAY BRIDE"

COMING SOON

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES"
"GRIDIRON FLASH"
"BABES IN TOYLAND"
"COLLEGE RHYTHM"
"KID MILLIONS"

FOX VARSITY THEATRE

Dec. 13-14 "BELLE OF THE 90's" and
Thurs.-Fri. "BRITISH AGENT"

Dec. 15-16-17 "RETURN OF THE TERROR"
Sat.-Sun.-Mon. and "DUDE RANGER"

Dec. 18-19 "AGE OF INNOCENCE" and
Tues.-Wed. "WAKE UP AND DREAM"

Dec. 20-21 "6-DAY BIKE RIDER" and
Thurs.-Fri. "CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG"

Watch for list of our
Coming Attractions

"THE MOST OF THE BEST FOR THE LEAST"

O'CONNOR-MOFFATT'S



Stately yet young..this formal of.. frosty, white crepe and sequins. \$25 3rd. floor..

O'CONNOR-MOFFATT CO. Stockton at O'Farrell

DEFINITION

Willie—What's a lawyer, pa?
Pa—A lawyer, my son, is a man who induces two other men to strip and fight and then runs off with their clothes.
—Log

If a man refuses an invitation from a chorus girl, there is evidently a circumstance.
But if he accepts, then there is circumstantial evidence.
—Punch Bowl

Then there's the childless couple that ate lots of oatmeal because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children.
—Purple Parrot

He (asking a riddle)—Why is it you have so many boy friends?
She—I give up.
—Rammer Jammer

"Writing home?"
"Yeah."
"Mind making a carbon?"
—Witt

"So you say the water that you get here at the fraternity house is unsafe."
"Yeah."
"Well, tell me what precautions do you take against it?"
"First, we filter it."
"Yes."
"Then we boil it."
"Yes."
"Then we add chemicals to it."
"Yes."
"And then we drink beer."
—Punch Bowl

"High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead."
—Readers' Digest

WITH APOLOGIES TO DOROTHY PARKER

Men don't jump hurdles
For girls who wear girdles.
I will not squander a single dime
On the babe who mutters:
"C'm up sum time!"
Girls don't chase after
A "sox-at-half-master."
—Puppet

Freshman—May I have the last dance with you?
Footsore—You've had it.
—Pelican

A SCREAM

"What would you do if I'd kiss you?"
"I'd yell."
Silence. A kiss. Silence.
"Well?"
"I'm still hoarse from last night."
—Punch Bowl

He—The doctor says I'll have to cut out smoking. One lung's nearly gone.
She—Couldn't you have held out a little longer until we got enough coupons to get a new rug?
—Burr

A censor is a lovely man—
I know you think so, too;
He sees three meanings in a joke—
When there are only two!
—Record

"OH! CENSORS?"

We like to know intimate details about great men—but when the "New York Times Book Review" prints an article entitled, "Tolstoy as His Wife Saw Him," we think that is going a little too far.
—W. P. Pointer

She—Can you drive with one arm?
He—You bet I can.
She—Then have an apple.
—Sundial

"Were you surprised when you got the nomination?"
"I'll say. My acceptance speech nearly fell out of my hand."
—Temple Owl

"Going around with women a lot keeps you young."
"How come?"
"I started in going around with them four years ago when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman."
—Exchange

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," announced the guide.
"The hell we are," shouted the American tourist as he hopped off the sight-seeing bus.
—Log

FRESHMAN BEATITUDES

Blessed are the wealthy, for they will be pledged.
—Ohioan
"Going over to the library?"
"Nope. I've already got a date."
—Dodo



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



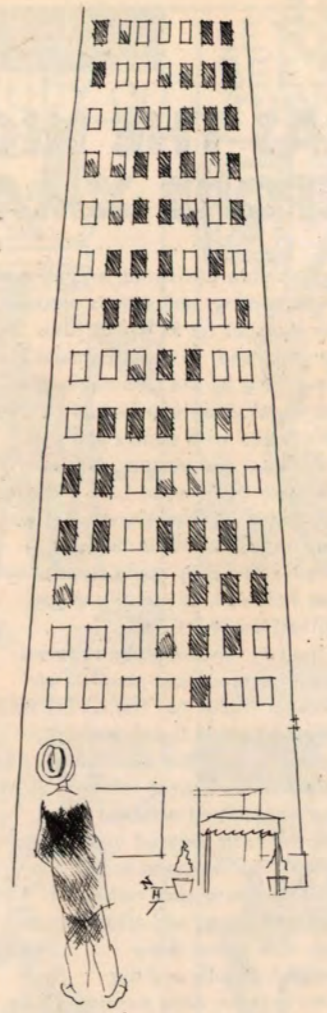


"My cousin Emily's second husband in Peoria follows your profession."

CALL OF THE WILD

What ho!
 The snow
 Is falling,
 Calling
 Me back
 To my little grass shack—
 Whoa,
 How could there be any
 Snoa
 Where grass groa?
 Or could there?
 Where in hell is that place anyway?
 Can't remember right now;
 But anyway—
 What ho!
 The snow
 Is falling,
 Calling
 Me back
 To—
 To—
 Dammit, stuck again;
 Well—
 The snow—
 Say, whose idea was this poem anyway?
 Yours?
 Well, how does it goa—er, go?
 What ho!
 The snow—
 Never mind,
 Seems to me I've heard it before,
 It either went tum-te-tum
 Or—
 What ho!
 The snow—
 Or something like that.

—Frank Cady



"Wonder if anybody's home?"

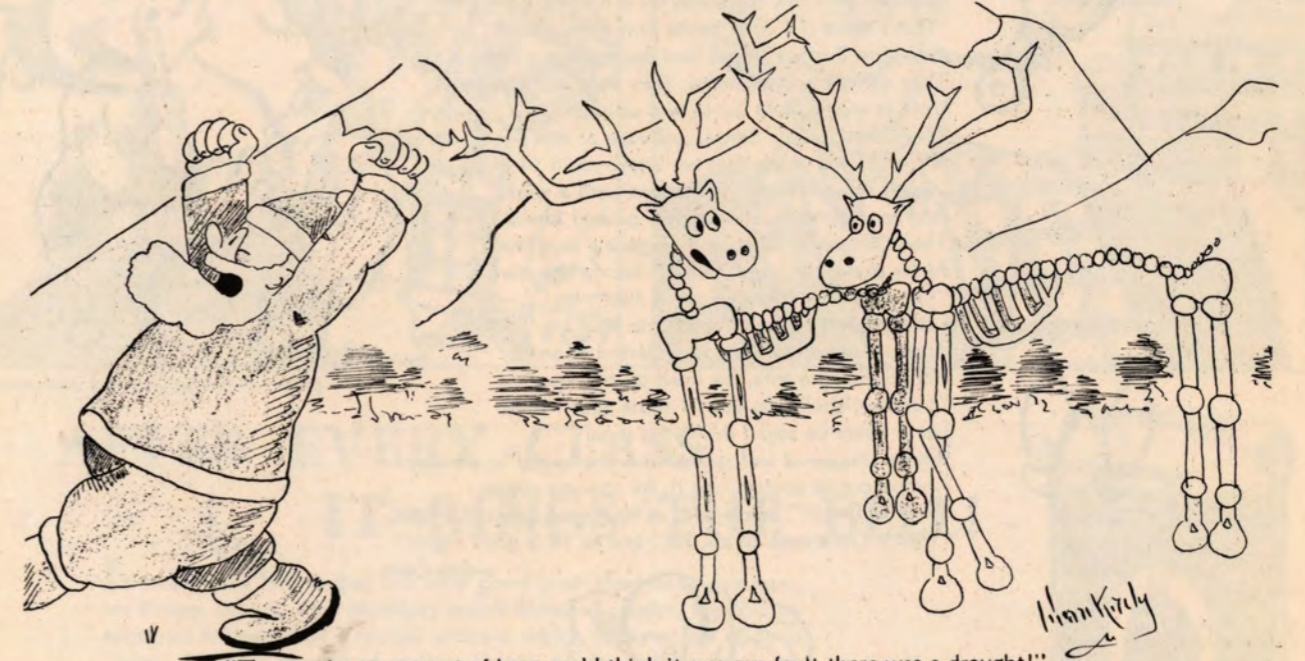
GLOSSARY

- Glib: Something which holds something else on to something else. Example: Paper glib.
- Fiasco: A kind of small Italian automobile.
- Effete: Celebration, such as on May Day.
- Carat: A small conveyance having either two or four wheels. Ex.: Dog carat.
- Moose: Groups of mice.
- Spree: Small drops of water. Ex.: Ocean spree.
- Terrier: One who endangers others or makes them afraid. Ex.: He was a terrier among the women.
- Dacoits: Holes in the ground in which soldiers sometimes live.
- Starveling: One young but successful in the movies. Ex.: Shirley Temple.
- Fields: Past tense of the verb "to feel."
- Code: That which forces one to carry under one's arm two boxes of Kleenex. (This is not an ad.)
- Cigar: What is left after the razor slips.
- Gridiron: A large, heavy frying pan for making griddlecakes.
- Gauge: Canary house.
- Settee: One who is too tired to get up.
- Creek: The fellow who shines your shoes.
- Point: Injured by fire or heat. Or, colloquially, as in "Was he point up!"

—R. Teiser

Many's the time Santa Claus has been left holding the bag.

On Xmas Eve the wolf was standing outside the door—full of the old nick.



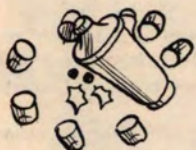
"The way he storms out of here you'd think it was our fault there was a drought!"





'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS

'T WAS the night before Christmas, and all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .
 Which was rather unusual for Pi Kappa Rho.
 (I live right next door, and, ye gods, I should know!)
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that the laundryman soon would be there.
 The floor was all covered with papers and mess,
 A job for the house-boy and pledges, I guess
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 The neighbors all cussed. (They knew what was the matter.)
 In walked Brother Impus, his tie in his hand;
 His gait was all tipsy; he hardly could stand.
 Brother Glimperee followed, so merry and gay,
 Waving a bottle; half-empty, I'd say.
 "We've been to the city, we want you to know.
 We're drunker than hootowls, but rarin' to go."
 And with that Brother Impus fell flat on his face,
 Then lighted a Murad to hide the disgrace.
 (It was holiday season . . . the rest had gone home,
 And these two, poor fellows, were left here alone.)
 Brother Glimperee nodded and wobbled about,
 And then towards the radio weaved in and out.
 The "Hi-de-ho Hour" he managed to get,
 With screeching of trumpets, poor radio set!
 Brother Impus stood blinking, and after a pause
 Cried, "Glimperee, look! over there . . . Shanta Claus!"
 And yes, sure enough! all jolly and big,
 Santa Claus and his reindeer were dancing a jig.
 "Come on over," said Impus. "You're tired, I think.
 Come on over, my man, and we'll fix you a drink."
 "Don't mind if I do!" Santa said with a wink;
 And soon Brother Impus had poured him a drink.
 They danced and cavorted; they sang and caroused,
 Until it was evident Santa was soused.
 Then Impus said, "Santa, just look at this pin!
 We want you to pledge; we know you'll fit in!"
 "Don't mind if I do!" Santa said with a wink;
 And soon Brother Glimperee'd poured him a drink.
 Then Glimperee yelled and he gave a loud cheer,
 As he presently found himself facing the mirror.
 "I think I look funny. I think that I do.
 I think I feel funny; Impush, do you?"
 Brother Impus, by now, had started to snore,
 His feet on the sofa, his head on the floor.
 "I think I shall help you. I think that I shall.
 Let it never be said I desherthed a pal!"
 But he staggered and stumbled and plopped in a heap,
 And before he could know it, he too was asleep.
 "Pretty shwell!" Santa said, as he turned down the light,
 "Merry Christmas to all, hic! and to all a good night!"



=qist=

—Jim Copp

ZOOLOGY

ZOOLOGY IS THE STUDY OF THE INSIDE AS WELL AS THE OUTSIDE OF ANIMALS

LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE BEE'S PROTHORACIC LEG THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE.

BZZZZZ

IN THE PROTHORACIC LEG THERE ARE THE COXA, TROCHANTER, FEMUR, TIBIA, METATARSUS, TARSUS, AND PULVILLUS. THE CLAW IS --- ETC.,

EEK!
EEK!

SMOKOLOGY

I NEVER KNEW HOW GOOD A PIPE COULD TASTE UNTIL I GOT ONTO PRINCE ALBERT

M - M - M - M - M!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

If you would like to find out how good your pipe really can taste, try Prince Albert. This excellent secret blend of choice, top-quality tobaccos is treated by a special process which removes all trace of "bite." Smoke a pipeful of mellow Prince Albert and see for yourself why pipe smokers everywhere call it "The National Joy Smoke."

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke





S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L

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

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RANDAL BOGUSH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

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

NOW THAT attitude assumed by the Daily on the subject of "honor" societies evokes the OLD BOY'S untraditional approval. For once, that funny paper has tried to do something about a pathetically comic situation—only to be set down by the comically pathetic Ex Committee.

The OLD GENTLEMAN believes that honor societies are fine—in fact, necessary—adjuncts when they exist for a purpose and when their actions justify their existence. But in the case of a number of groups where there is no definite purpose (or at least no observance of a purpose) the organizations become just so much dead wood to a student body already slightly resembling a petrified forest. It is unnecessary to point out that "honor" is not a justification for their existence; in many cases the term "honor" is incongruous—a glance at those "in" and those "out" will reveal the political distribution of "honors." But the main point of criticism is not membership, nor the collection of dues. Rather it is that of lethargy—"what is the reason for them unless they do something?" The very existence of legiti-



mate societies—Sword & Sandals, Ram's Head, Hammer & Coffin, English Club, to mention a few of the few—which really DO something accentuates the character of the sloth societies.

Instead of looking at the question with indifference, the Ex Committee, supposedly concerned with promoting student interests, might utilize these organizations for some good. There are, obviously, many things to be done around Stanford. Why does not the Ex Committee ask the lethargic societies to choose some purpose—to sponsor some activity—and then place them on probation for a year? Then if they show achievement, if they justify their existence through some tangible or intangible accomplishment, they should be considered legitimate and desirable—as long as they remain active. Professional honor societies may work to increase interest in their academic fields, scholastic societies for scholarships, activities groups for observance of customs and traditions—it matters not the type of the society—the result will be an increased contribution to Stanford University and to the Stanford student body. Only when they DO something constructive is there an excuse for societies.

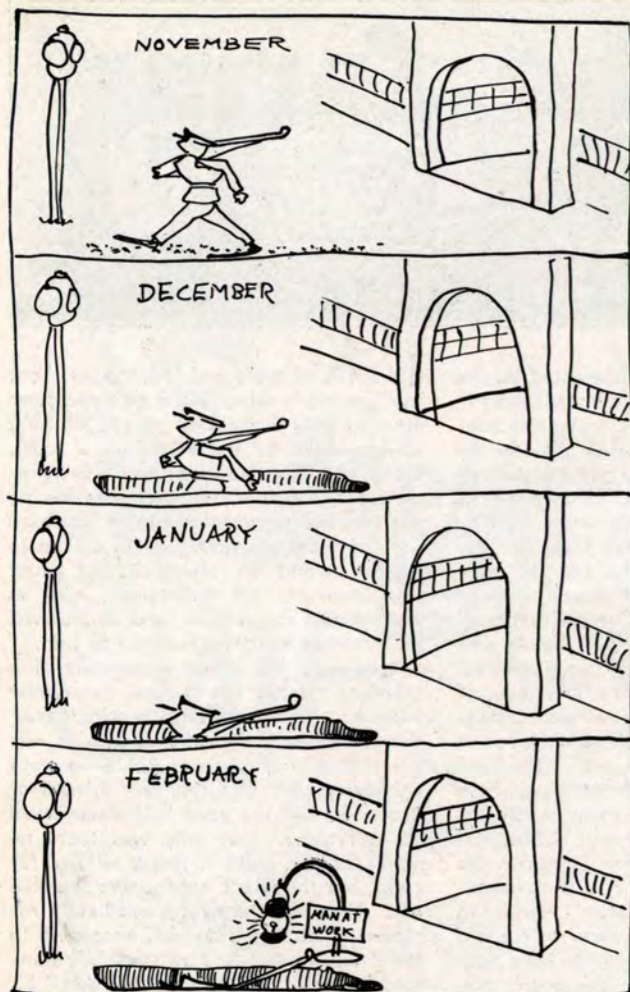
NOW THAT editorial in the last issue perhaps needs some further clarification. Some thought the intent was "humor"; some thought it arose from a desire to be "sensational." Both ideas are wrong—the edits are the OLD BOY'S forgivable indulgence in the serious. As to the latter criticism, not ALL college editors are "sensationalists."

The ANCIENT ONE realizes the impracticability of paying athletes even a modest hourly rate under present conditions. He recognizes the fact that his proposal is extreme—but only by advocating the most radical will controversy be aroused which may eventually lead to even a moderate change. There are few who will not admit that athletes are human ("even as you and I," superior physiques notwithstanding)—they need help in going through college just as many other students do. If an alumnus, or the administration, helps a student with loans, scholarships, or jobs, there is no criticism—it is a commendable thing. But if a student happens to possess unusual ability in running, throwing a ball, or pushing ten yards through a line, then any financial aid toward making his college attendance possible automatically becomes a crime. It is the OLD BOY'S hope that the fallacy of such a distinction may be seen—that rational discussion of the problem of athletics and the need of students in general will disprove the idea that to help a man through school—if he happens to be an athlete—is a sin.

NOW THAT edict postponing registration one day because of the Rose Bowl game is a fine thing—on the face of it. However, like many physiognomies, there is another aspect to the face. The OLD BOY, along with the rest of the student body, gave joyous thanks, but then, as he does once in awhile, he began to think and figure—and the result was amazing!

The postponement means one day less of school—fine! But to anyone with a mercenary mind and still under the effects of Econ 55, it means something more. Without the extra day's vacation for recovery, a rough estimate shows sixty-three days of instruction including Saturdays. At the prevailing rates for scholastic interest of \$114 this means we pay a mite over \$1.70 per day. Now count your pennies—by losing one day of higher learning (including Econ) we lose \$1.70—my goodness! The OLD BOY respectfully petitions the administration for such a rebate on his tuition. (Not granted—but that's what you get for teaching economics.)

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—West Point Pointer

XMAS SHOPPING EQUIPMENT

THIS cry about "Do your Xmas shopping early" is an anachronism. Even the best people aren't doing it this season. So Chappie, in the interest of your personal welfare, suggests the proper equipment for doing your shopping late.

1. Most important is the shopping list. No one yet has gone through the complete gamut without losing his list. The solution is a stencil of probable purchases. All you do is carry a bucket of paint along and stencil your list on the back of a person in front of you and then follow him around.
2. When your arms are full, you never seem to be able to reach in your pocket for your money—if any. Tie a cash register around your neck so that all the clerk has to do is ring up the sale and make change—be careful that only the clerks operate the machine.
3. How to carry your packages is always a problem. If you have no little octopus in your home, attach a lot of ropes to your hat and tie the gifts on. Perhaps you may have time to grow a beard while waiting—if so, many things can be attached to a beard.
4. Skis are always helpful—more people can stand on your feet; sometimes helpful in carrying you through the crowd.
5. A short-wave radio set will help if the clerks are radio-minded. Broadcast your desires and perhaps the packages will be ready by the time you reach the counter.
6. If you shop with anyone else, follow the Swiss mountain-climbing system and tie a rope between you; it can't make getting through the crowd more difficult—that's impossible.
7. A pillow is always appreciated. Place it on the back of the person in front and rest. When thrown off balance you will awake in time to move on. Repeat often.
8. Unless you are a ventriloquist and can safely call for help, a fire siren is a decided asset for clearing the way.
9. One of the most essential items is a compass. Thousands of men have been found delirious in the lingerie department after unsuccessful attempts to find the automobile accessories section.
10. Perhaps you cannot get this equipment in time for this year's shopping—but don't worry; these very things will probably be given you for Xmas—so you'll be all set for next year.

—Steedman

BRAVERY

He's a traitor
But not frai'ter
Thumb his biggle
At Blue Iggle

Eddie Cantor has been singing a dopey song about putting a tax on love. If a tax were put on wit, Cantor would be exempt.

"You're hungry, aren't you?"
"How did you know?"
"Oh, I heard rumblings to the effect."

A trusting lass was Little Nell,
A lad said, "Pet, and I won't tell."
But just as fast as he was able,
He spilled it at the poker table.
Now if you try to know her well,
"Go ta Hell," yells Little Nell.
—Ritchie

Sign on a Paly theatre:
**WE LIVE AGAIN and
I SELL ANYTHING**
Fine! But how about the rest of us?
We're giving up the ghost, too.

A couple of boys out in loway were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

"The drought sure has made the wheat short this year."

"Short? Say I had to lather mine to mow it!"

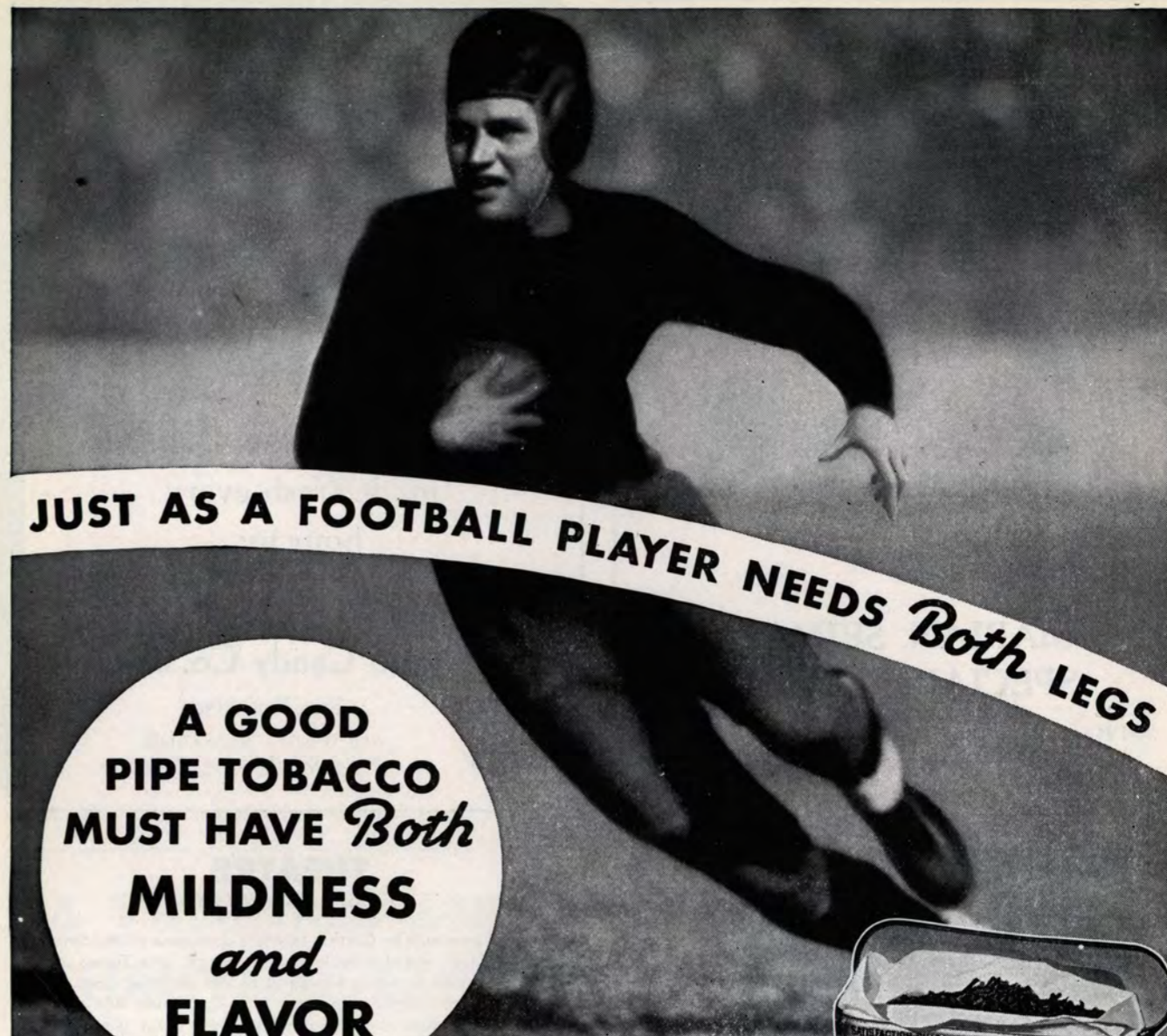
Matrimonial Scandal: A piece of flattery to all women in which they indulge to persuade themselves that they are virtuous.

XMAS LAMENT

'T was the night before deadline and up in his room,
The Editor pondered, enveloped in gloom,
His copy was spread on a desk, all with care.
But the OLD BOY wildly was tearing his hair,
For he knew that he'd never be able to slumber
Until he'd created this same Xmas number.

But his copy consisted of parodied verse
On "The night before Xmas," some bad,
mostly worse.
But the time was so fleeting that as we have hinted,
He must use it all—and that's how this got printed.

"Do you know where you'll go if you don't behave?"
"Oh, most anywhere."



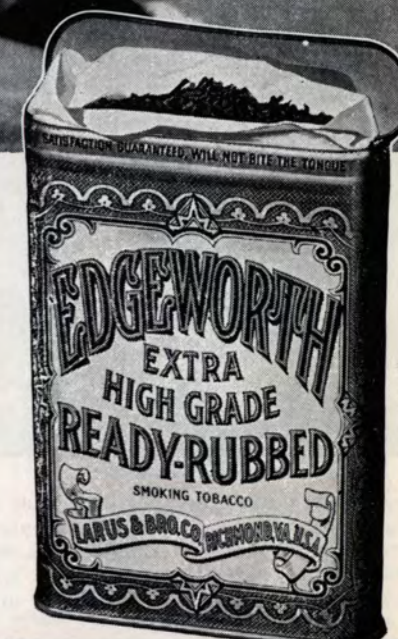
NOW, Mr. Pipe-Smoker, you may have the tobacco flavor you enjoy, with the mildness that makes comfortable smoking a certainty.

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Smokes slowly—a tin lasts a long time. Some smokers report fifty minutes to an hour per pipeful. So—why punish yourself with

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Candy Bar

5c

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hour by

The Euclid Candy Co. of Cal.

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Build Western Pay Rolls

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ALLIED ARTS GUILD
ARBOR ROAD AT CREEK DRIVE
MENLO PARK-CALIFORNIA

THEATRE

(Continued from page 20)

the weird overture by Gordon Heche's orchestra to the finale by the Glee Club, was decidedly above average. Hit Tune: "Major in Love"—with music by Margaret Krohn and Mac Gordon, and lyrics by Anne Ritchie (honorary H & C); Ruth Williams and Tro Harper before the stage mike. Best vocal work, in our opinion, was Barbara Patten's singing of Gordon's "Maybe You Think I Don't Know."

The chorus, "Twelve Campus Beauties," proved the best in years (we're gushing); a fine job of direction by Heston Beau-doin. Best number: a cane strut, with smoothy Phil Brown doing a nice bit in full dress. A clever lad.

Best gag: in Steedman's (H & C) continuity—"Is that Wilber you're phoning? Ask him if he's got a friend!"

That's all there is to say about the "Gaieties"; a damn fine show; if we left out any names, blame it on the linotyper. Curt Prendergast, who collaborated with your official pass-grabber on the foregoing review, has the following to say about "The English Opera Players" (Community Theatre, Palo Alto):

"The company didn't sing 'God Save the King' as a grand finale, but with that one exception their presentation of two eighteenth-century English operas ('Love in a Village' and 'The Farmer') was as thoroughly British as Queen Mary—and about as lively.

"We dropped in to see 'The Farmer,' written by William Shield in 1787. The plot was a masterpiece of hopeless complication, with long-lost uncles turning up with fortunes at the very end, and all that. We won't attempt to explain it, because, frankly, we weren't quite able to untangle it all ourselves. One scene, we must admit, was rather amusing—that of two flat-broke lovers each trying to borrow money off the other to carry on love affairs.

"Art may be art, but your reviewer is going to fortify himself with a couple glasses of Guinness Stout before the NEXT English opera."

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