



JANUARY 1938
FRATERNITY-
SORORITY
ISSUE
CONTEST PIX

Stanford
CHAPARRAL

15¢



As Seen In YOSEMITE

It's a "Christmas-card winter" here! Dark pines against the sparkling snow . . . sleigh-bells in the moonlight . . . logs popping in a huge fireplace. Save your days for skiing at Badger Pass . . . your evenings for skating, tobogganing and sleigh-rides around the Valley floor. Accommodations at Yosemite Lodge or The Ahwahnee. See any travel agent about reservations, or ask at your nearest Yosemite office: *San Francisco, 39 Geary St.; Los Angeles, 612 So. Olive St.*



Yosemite IN SNOW-TIME



"I say we ought to whip the life out of them dirty Japs!"

THE old codgers on the park bench and the swallow-tailed diplomat have the same idea. Should their desires materialize, however, it will be you and I, the young men, the brain and sinew of America, who will put their words into action. We have to fight the wars, killing and being killed, until every vestige of human decency within us is destroyed.

We find it difficult to think of war as a personal catastrophe. Our generation has not known war. Our nation has escaped the unthinkable sufferings of modern warfare. But we must realize that war today concerns our own lives and our own futures—everything for which we have lived and studied and planned.

Benjamin Franklin said, "There

never was a good war or a bad peace." There are among us many milksop pacifists who declare, "Yes, we want peace; but not peace at any price." Next week they will be ranting or orating just as the individuals pictured here, and you and I will march off to another silly, stupid war.

What is the price of peace? It is a considerable sacrifice for all. Good things do not come by mere wishful thinking. Peace will cost you and me, as well as the firms with extensive foreign investments, the munitions-makers and war supplies manufacturers, and the international bankers, a real loss. For you cannot isolate one part of a nation; and what is loss to some is eventually loss to all. What profits are lost on

foreign investments, what interest on foreign loans is made impossible, what decreased production results from curtailment of trade, and what inconveniences and deficiencies arise from lost imports, we the people will have to bear.

These actual economic detriments, together with almost irresistible propaganda appeals, will force us into another conflagration—unless you and I, the young men, the brain and sinew of America, who have to take bayonet in hand and kill and be killed, decide that it shall not be so. The cost of war is high, and demands great sacrifice. The price of peace is less, but it too will demand great exertion. Peace is life. War is death. Peace at any price? Why not?



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A woman arriving in this country
after a short jaunt to Europe came to
the customs office on debarking from
the steamer.

"Anything to declare, Madame?"
asked the official.

"No," she said, "not a thing."
"Quite positive?" insisted the official.

"Quite," she replied angrily.

"Then, Madame," said the official,
"am I to understand that the fur tail
hanging down under your coat is your
own?"

—Exchange

"Know how to keep a horse from
drooling?"

"No."

"Teach him to spit."

—Student

"Now," said the Prof, "pass all your
papers to the end of the row. Have a
carbon under each one so I can correct
all the mistakes at once."

—Varieties

Before they were married, he whis-
pered to her:

"Were I drowning in the middle of
the Atlantic Ocean—going down for
the third time—you would be the last
person I'd think of." It made her feel
happy.

After they had been married several
years he made the same speech. It
didn't seem to have the same meaning
then. Besides, she didn't like the way
he said it. So she hit him with a plate.

—Rammer-Jammer

"Say, you certainly have a barrel
chest."

"Yes, I raised it from a pot."

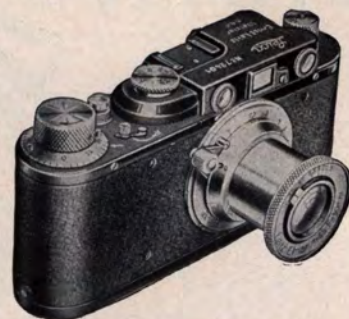
—Log

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STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

January 1938

FRATERNITY-SORORITY
ISSUE

THIS MONTH—

COVER

By Carleton W. Boyd; color by
Art Lites

TINTYPE

By Pat Bosqui; photography by
Maxine Kellogg

FRONTISPIECE

Camera study by Fleming

SPARKS FROM THE SILVER
HAMMER

Reviving an old department of origi-
nal gems of wit and whimsy

OF ANGELA AND ANNABELLA

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written little stories the Old Boy has
seen this year, by that old master
Pres Ellington

BRIDGE TERMS

Illustrated by Monk Antrim, Art
Editor in 1918-19, and one of
CHAPPIE'S best cartoonists of all
time

"SNOW WHITE"

Which will be the outstanding con-
tribution to entertainment in the
coming year, is reviewed on the
basis of inside investigation in "Now
That Show"

FRATERNITY-SORORITY
PICTURES

Winners in CHAPPIE'S candid camera
contest and many other outstanding
contributions depicting life among
the natives

A Hammer and Coffin
Publication

you are young

You lean toward simple
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You like to dress smartly,
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**THE EUCLID CANDY
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San Francisco

An Englishman was being introduced to contemporary collegians and his tour included a student-infested ballroom. He was fascinated by the dancing and spent all evening watching it. His only comment all evening was, "I say, they marry afterwards, don't they?"

—Gargoyle

"He's just a big playful boy, Your Honor. It's a case of too much rum and bad companions. As a matter of fact, he tells me that he never dreamed such a light blow would break the old man's head."

—Urchin

1st Italian Flier—What do you think of Il Duce's son-in-law, Galeazzo Ciano?

2nd Ditto—Oh, he's a good fellow to bomb around with.

—Mad Hatter

Sailor—You aren't getting seasick, are you, buddy?

Recruit—Not exactly, but I'd sure hate to yawn.

—Duke 'n Duchess

Hitch-hikers find more use for thumbs
Than anyone supposes;
In fact, when they're refused a lift
They use them on their noses.

—Exchange

Sign on the sheriff's desk: "Out for lynch. Back at one o'clock."

—Rammer-Jammer

Silence.

More silence.

Strained silence.

He—Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular this evening?

—Pelican

QUEEN ANNE IS FAR FROM DEAD!

—Advt. in N. Y. Times, Nov. 16

She must be having a hell of a good nap, then.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

"I hear your friend Wilson has a job."

"Yeah. Ain't it a shame what some folks will do for money?"

—Ranger

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INSIDE DOPES

Curtis Barnes



Some of you will remember Curt as the originator of Little Swampum and his Big Red Toboggan, which was popular in the *Daily* a few years back. Since CHAPPIE rescued Curt from such futile endeavors, the *Daily* has ceased to be popular, and has now fallen back on writing Union gripes, a sure sign of decadence. However, Curt is now very happy that he joined up with the white folks, for today you will find our hero has attained that cherished pinnacle of fame, the title of Art Editor.

Miss Church, who never forgets a face, a name, or an Encina room number, identifies Curt as originally belonging to the Class of '36, but nobody is quite sure. It just seems Curt has been here forever. But that's quite all right, of course, because he is a pretty good sort of a guy and does bat off some fairly decent stuff now and then. He is one of those few artists that gets an occasional idea of his own, and that virtue sort of makes up for the fact that he's all the time fooling around over in Memorial Hall, because somebody once told him he could act.



*Tailored Shirt . . .
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DEATH TO A JOKE

For many years these sacred pages have been haunted by two or three specter jokes of ancient vintage. We have decided to benefit society by definitely killing one of these old jokes. It will die a ghastly death of repetition. Below you will find our enemy set in immortal type. Feast your eyes upon him until you are sick of him. By this method we shall benefit mankind. So join with us and learn to hate this fiendish joke.

He—What do you think I am, a man or a mouse?

She—You must be a mouse because you scare me.

"I want something nice in oil for a dining room."

"Yes, madam, a landscape or a can of sardines?"

—Red Cat

Sign on Theater—"Mae West in 'It Ain't No Sin'."

Sign on tabernacle across the street: "Tis too."

—Log

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FREEDUMB OF THE PRESS

COMMENT-SUPERFLUOUS DEPARTMENT

HOOVER POUNDS ON ROCKS
—S. F. Examiner

LIVERWURST LOVE CASE ENDS
—S. F. News
As all good things must.

WOMEN JOURNALISTS TO SELL
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—Stanford Daily

At last, a place for the woman journalist.

PINK ANIMALS CHEER CON-
VALESCENTS
—Stanford Daily

Always distressed us.

STANFORD COEDS REVOLT
—S. F. News
Well, they're not quite that bad.

ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE FAN INSTALLED IN MEAT DE- PARTMENT AT DAVIDSON'S

The meat department at Davidson's has installed an electric fan which is an improvement, for it adds to the sanitation and coolness of meats, etc.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mr. Hunt brought a four-pound egg-plant to the *Echo* office this week.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Davis are enjoying a week at Mineral King. The mountains are delightful at this time of year.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Payne were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Payne on Tuesday. Everett had a bad boil which kept him from his work for a day, so they came home to have dinner with the parents.

Raymond Berry was a local visitor on Tuesday. He brought a big electrical refrigerator through the town.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

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NOW THAT DATE

Now that we have a New Year, we finally have a new city band; **Joe Reichman** is holding it down for a limited time at the **Mark**. By now I presume nobody reads this column, and if they do they ought to know that all hotels are drafty, charge exorbitant fees—and you can't dance anyway.

If you like to eat good food at moderate prices, **Mary Solari's** has well-handled beef. The restaurant is owned by the waiters, and they actually bring coffee with the meal, if you want. The best spaghetti in town comes from a lunch-counter effect called **New Joe's**, now in their newly opened and much cleaner place.

Winter quarter brings snow parties into the social whirl, and I don't think **Yosemite** needs any recommendation for winter sports. Here's another idea, if you have time—try the high Sierras around **Soda Springs**, and **Truckee** where the snow is deeper, and the scenery not quite so commercialized. Anyway the Truckee Hotel is a honey—hot water three times a day. I still prefer firesides and indoors and would rather stay home all winter, but if you're the butterfly type try **Del Monte** when your roomy goes snow-bound. (Sometimes it snows on Skyline right above campus, and that's deep enough for me any day.)

Now is the quarter to get re-acquainted with all your old flames, and stop going steady—terrific amount of **House dances**, all free to guests.

If you like your outdoors indoors, go ice skating in the city at the beach, then there are always the **concessions** or **Topsy's Roost** for the more juvenile-minded.

There are those who say that if you haven't heard **Marian Anderson** sing "Ave Maria," you merely exist. I am one of them, and advise putting a circle around February 24 on your calendar. The **San Francisco Symphony** has a splendid season, with **Papa Montaux** again on the podium.

Tobacco Road is coming back to the **Curran**, as you have no doubt heard already, with **John Barton** doing the "B'God and B'Jesusing." Not for children.

Martin Flavin's Blue Jeans has been selected for the winter quarter Stanford Stagers' offering. We've read it and it's a peach. Besides, it'll be a world premiere.

These nights are frightfully cold, but **Dinah's** backyard and **L'Omelette** both have swell fireplaces and invigorating sandwiches.

—McGonigle

MEN ONLY READ THIS

Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

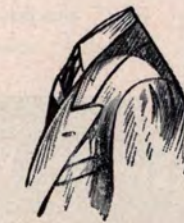
—Record

Illustrating how a Roos "British Lounge" Suit improves on nature!

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THE CASE FOR CARRIER PIGEONS

MORTIMER MUST walked into an Encina phone booth—alone, without a magazine, without whittling or handicraft work. “Ha, ha!” chuckled Mortimer. “I shall ring my lady Betty.”

Several minutes of experimentation convinced Mortimer that the phone was connected. And twenty minutes later the operator said “Hello,” and hung up.

“Hello, Hello!” shouted Mortimer. “Number, please?”

“Give me Roble—No, no, not Paso Robles; all I want is Roble—5171.”

“Just a minute, please,” lied the male switchboard operator. Mortimer heard no more.

“Operator! Operator!”
There! A voice! A response!
“Ah! Ah!” breathed Mortimer.
The operator misunderstood the



“ah.” “Who do you think I am?” he demanded, “the doctor?”

Mortimer’s bland nature was very strained. “Roble! Roble!” he shouted. “I want Roble! You deaf old . . .”

A female voice broke in. “Opera—te—er!” she nasaled.

Mortimer spoke into the mouthpiece in a tense whisper. “Operator, please don’t hang up! My name is Mortimer and I want Betty—no, not Petty, at Roble Hall, 5-1-7-1.”

“Go ahead, please.”

Then came a man’s voice! “Well, Morty, old boy! It’s good to hear your voice again!”

“Operator! Operator! I want Roble!”

“I misunderstood you, sir. I connected you with a New York party who wanted a Mr. Mortimer. Deposit twenty-five cents, please.”

“Twenty-five cents! Why, there’s no coin slot here.”

“Then how did you get the operator, sir?”

“How the hell do I know how I got

LEST YOU FORGETTE!

1 1 1

L'OMELETTE

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1 1 1

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the operator! Give me Roble! Give me Roble!”

“This is Roble.”

“Give me Betty . . . I mean Miss Roble . . . I mean . . .”

Mortimer finally got Betty’s last name straight, and waited twenty minutes more, meanwhile tearing out all his hair. Then, at last—at last! Betty’s voice!

“Hello, Mortimer.”

“Betty, Betty! I’ve gone through . . .”

Click! Silence!

Mortimer ripped the telephone from the wall and flung it on the floor. Jumping up and down on it he yelled and tore off his ears. “Yaaaaah! Yaaaaah! Operator! Phone booth! Coin booth! Phone slot!”

Suddenly he stopped with a wild gleam in his eye. “Men,” he whispered. “Little men! They’re Pixies! They’re dancing all around me!”

Mortimer’s friends found him the next morning fighting pink elephants in the Bull Pen.

—Sherman Mellinkoff



They had been sitting in the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half an hour until—

“Suppose you had money,” she said, “what would you do?”

He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood, “I’d travel!”

He felt her warm, young hand slide into his. When he looked up she was gone. In his hand was a nickel!

—Traveler

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The Chappies have been very busy lately. The Stanford University Press has also been very busy. And in the course of turning out this issue, somebody along the line made an error. It embarrasses us very much. We are humiliated.

On page 18 we left Miss Jeanette Hill’s name off the winning photos in the Sorority Contest. They are swell pictures, and we’re humbly sorry, Jeannette. We’re glad we discovered it in time to insert this notice here.



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A real estate salesman of West Texas had just finished describing the glorious opportunities of that part of the country. "All West Texas needs to become the garden spot of the world is good people and water," he said. "Huh!" replied the prospect, "that's all hell needs."

—Student

The good bishop was approached on the street by one of his flock who was obviously a little oversubscribed, alcoholically speaking.

"Bishop," he said earnestly. "Bishop, can you eshplain to me the differensh between fundamentalism and liberalism in religion?"

"Tut, tut, my good man," cautioned the bishop. "You are intoxicated. If you will come to me when you are sober I shall endeavor to explain to you the difference between fundamentalism and liberalism in religion."

"Yeah, but Bishop," complained the souse, "thash jush the hell of it. When I'm sober I don't give a damn."

—Pup

A long wisp of artificial grain was the ornament on a girl's hat in the tramcar. It was placed horizontally, and it was tickling the face of a man who sat next to the wearer. Soon it came to rest in his ear.

The man took a huge clasp-knife from his pocket and began stropping it on the palm of his hand.

"Oh, what are you going to do?" cried the girl.

"If them oats gets in my ear again, miss," replied the victim, "there's going to be a harvest."

—Punch Bowl

Adolf Hitler, we read, says there have been times when starvation was staring him in the face. Couldn't have been very pleasant for either of them.

—White Mule

Pat was determined to pass his favorite tavern on the way home—As he passed he faltered, but managed to make it. Two blocks further he stopped, turned around, and said, "Well done, Pat, come on back and I'll treat you."

—Exchange

Chemical retort: He who acetates is lost.

—Widow



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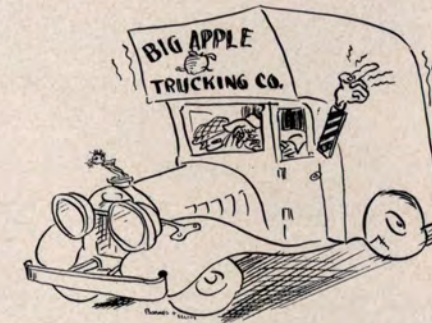
124 University Avenue
322 Post Street

Palo Alto
San Francisco

STOMPIN' AROUND

AN ENGLISH rebellion against the use of the socially shady term "jazz" can be blamed for the birth of the word "swing." Jazz was easily defined as scored, syncopated music in four-four time; that is, music with accentuated off-beats and a certain stress on the first and third. Now, although swing is often referred to as plain jazz, this earlier explanation does not lend itself for application to swing. The best solution lies in satisfying yourself with your own opinion and then thinking everyone else is wrong.

A list of ten outstanding recordings in the annals of swing has been compiled by **Wilder Hobson**, critic ex-



traordinary. You may find, by going to the right places, "He's Tight Like That" by **Louis Armstrong** (Okeh), "Friar's Point Shuffle" by the **Jungle Kings** (Paramount), "Boogie Woogie Stomp" by **Albert Ammons** (Decca),

and "That's a Serious Thing" by **Eddie's Hot Shots** (Victor). If one is to look on "corn" as an old, out-moded style of playing, as technically it is, then these renditions are necessarily corny. Judged according to present standards, they can be appreciated only by the caliber of individual performances and as a matter of historical interest.

Benny Goodman, greatest of modern white clarinetists, utilizes his long legato phrases to good advantage in a number of new issues. The best of these is "Camel Hop," a fine tribute to the arranging of **Mary Lou Williams**, who currently plays piano with **Andy**

"Sticky" **Wilson is back** . . . and is again serving the high quality food, fountain refreshments and candy that made **WILSON'S** famous for forty years.

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Kirk. Here the saxes, so delicately full, glide through three silky verses in the first chorus with astonishing flexibility, and although this velvet-like quality disappears with the advent of prominent brass, the whole recording merits a place in your library.

Larry Clinton, an old arranger but new maestro, is receiving a lot of plugging from Victor. "The One Rose," murdered by so many bands, is finally saved by his swing version, and a Scotch affair to end all bag-pipe lampooning is called "The Campbell's Are Swingin'." With the cleanest trumpets I've ever heard any place, he proves his men can yell in unison as well as **Tommy Dorsey's** with "Oh Lady Be Good." **Bea Wain**, the bit of charm with **Clinton**, makes a pop tune, "I Double Dare You," very, very pleasant.

Cab Calloway, that dusky gentleman on the rebound, has started up again with "Hi-de-ho Romeo," backed by "Moon at Sea." From a standpoint of power and capacity, **Cab's** voice is effective, albeit rather harsh. "Moon at Sea" is worth the price just for its odd-but-straight piano. What causes this one to be different mystifies me—the chords are on every piano—but perhaps it's the tonal quality of the particular instrument coupled with excellent, subtle phrasing.

"Bei Mir Bist du Schön," originally written for a Jewish musical and purportedly sold for \$20, receives its best treatment from **Glen Gray** and **Pee-wee Hunt**. **Hal Kemp** supplies a lesson in instrumental acrobatics with "In Dutch with the Duchess" and displeases everyone with an interpretation, "Powerhouse." The loveliest late love lament, "True Confession," has been recorded well not once but twice, the first time by **Larry Clinton** and the second by **Mal Hallet**, an Eastern favorite. **Red Norvo**, who hopes never to return to San Francisco, shares a deep sadness with **Mildred Bailey** in "Worried over You" and "Tears in My Heart," both of which are typically good.

For the surprise of the month: **Al Bowly**, formerly a singer with **Ray Noble**, has his own swing band now—it's very cute.

—Collie Small



Eat, drink, and be merry—for tomorrow the installment collectors may take the stove, the cocktail shaker, and the radio.

—Exchange



Stanford

CHAPARRAL

JANUARY 1938



"Won't you come into my parlor. . ."



Fraternity



Joe Graves

FABLES OF THE FARM

Two members of a fraternity house recently became weary of the plain food reputed to be conducive to high thinking, and determined to seek out a brace of delicate quail in a direct manner. Before setting forth upon the chase, the hunters were subjected to a great deal of sarcasm from their equally hungry yet less ambitious brothers. When they actually set out they realized that they must bring home some quail.

They tramped wearily along, blasting at any animate object, but without sighting any quail. At long last they succeeded in bringing down a flicker, which is a first cousin to a woodpecker but a very distant relative to a quail. Unabashed they removed wings, feathers, and head and returned in triumph.

They were greeted with jealousy and envy. The cook was delighted and concentrated her creative ability upon this new delicacy. The hunters decided to present their "quail" to the house manager as a hint to the future. At dinner the noble dish was served to him and he relished it with fervor and ignorance. He has recently taken ill but the food in the house has improved vastly, although no quail is served.

One girl in Roble is very impressed with Stanford men, especially a certain athlete whom we shall call "Bobby." She was quite impulsive; so much so that she centered her whole life about the somewhat apathetic Bobby.

One day Bobby took sick with pneumonia and was packed off to the hospital. The impulsive one grieved so much that one evening she was seen to dive into the fishpond in Union Court.



When she was dragged out by two passerby strangers she laughed with glee.

She was hurried home muttering something about being able to catch pneumonia and being sent also to the hospital to be with her Bobby. However, she remained quite healthy.

But she did rescue two tadpoles from the pond which are now grown frogs, and which she keeps in a tank in her room to satisfy her symbolic desire for Bobby.

A few years ago a fraternity house was inhabited by a horde of mice. The romantic brothers hit upon a sporting method of eradicating these

vermin. A hunting party was organized consisting of a head hunter, a gun holder, three beaters, and two scouts. The scouts would find a beast in a room and sound the tally-ho. The beaters would prevent the mouse from getting out of the room while the gun holder passed tennis balls to the head hunter who would fire them at the mouse until dead. The corpse would be hung on the wall of the house. The custom is now dead because of the fierce jealousy that arose between the scouts, beaters, etc., and because of the machine age which has instigated the less sporting method of trapping.

Some of the zealous lads on the Row thought they had located a real nugget, and were just a trifle disconcerted when the nugget sent them this letter:

DEAR SIRS:

I appreciate very much your kind invitation to the house in the fourth rushing period, but I regret that good taste and a sense of tact common to members of this fraternity prevents me from accepting, since I have been affiliated with Tappa Keg for seven weeks.

Were this not the case, I would be delighted to accept your kind and thoughtful invitation, but being rushing chairman of one house, and rushed by another would be very incongruous.

*Chairman of Junior Rushing
Tappa Keg*

A Toyon switchboard operator was made very angry one night. He

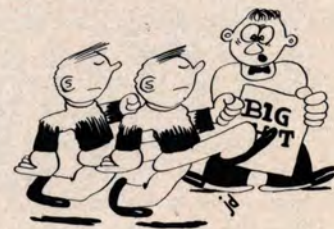
(Continued on page 29)



"That's Mortimer;
he's our individualist."

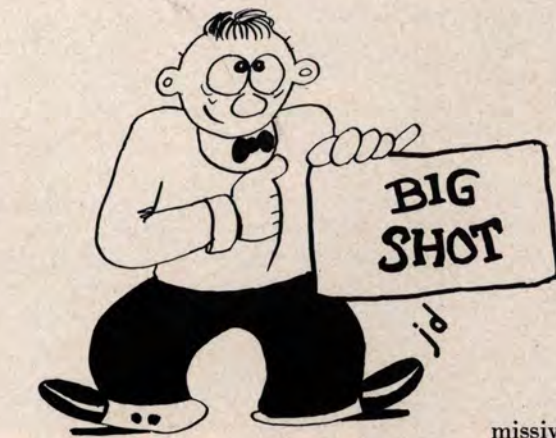
The first five hundred yards of his tour took him to the post office, where he encountered two ignorant students who noticed him only to the extent of flicking ashes upon him. He passed this off with the thought that they were ignorant freshmen unaware of his importance. His itinerary included the Union, where he was rewarded by having two mongrels sniff at his ankles. At the Engineering Corner two or three slide-rule boys impeded his passage and hurled formulas at him. At the once sacred Law Steps, two or three legal cogs threw disdainful glances at him which forced him to detour slightly. As he cruised past the English Corner, not a single student cast an eye in his direction. Mortified to the point of adopting the attitude of a fugitive he sought the relatively abundant concealment of the bushes grouped around the Quad for the rest of his tour.

Randon questioned various people whom he met in the jungle, but none had heard of him. Highly discouraged by his lack of success he at last contacted an urchin who was obviously a member of the *Daily* staff. Easing up to this poor unfortunate, Randon posed his much-worn question. The poor infant shook his head in wonderment. Randon followed this with a query as to what composed a Campus Big Shot. The infant's visage brightened and he lifted his head and told Randon that the only big shots the students knew of were the janitors in Encina and the Editor of the *Daily*. Randon awaited nightfall when he could creep home unnoticed and resign.



TOM FLEMING

missive which Randon had received earlier in the day informing him that he was a member of the Committee on Interesting Relations. For three years he had awaited this much desired prominence. Cruising around the room two or three times he satisfied himself as to his personal appearance and prepared to exhibit himself upon the campus in all his pristine glory.



RANDON REYOLK leered at himself in the mirror. His image replied with a duplicate leer which boosted his ego no end. Thus satisfied he strutted across the room and posed for an imaginary audience. These seemingly peculiar actions were justified by a

MODERN
MOTHER
GOOSE

PB



We like little freshmen,
Their eyes are so wide,
They've not been here long
And they've nothing to hide.
So we'll feed them good food
And not turn them away,
And if we are lucky
We'll pledge them today!



Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How did your prestige grow?
At rushing teas
I strove to please
The moguls of the Row.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick.
Join a tong
With political clique.



Hickory, dickory, dock,
Two-thirty by the clock.
A tire's flat
And a lockout's pat.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Girls who go
Know naught of woe,
But girls who are left
Are oft bereft.

—Art Levinson

THE TRAGIC TALE OF TESSIE

SISTER

McGONIGLE



Tess

Now Tessie couldn't help it—she wanted more than anything in the world to have a lovely tin badge that would show she was a member of a tong; any tong, as long as she could be a Greek. However, Fate did not smile kindly on our Tessie; pledge night came and went, and she did not receive the mystic and joyful summons. So Tessie resigned herself to living in Lagunita, complete with hot and cold running water. The future was black, and poor Tess was truly feeling like a Thomas Hardy creation.

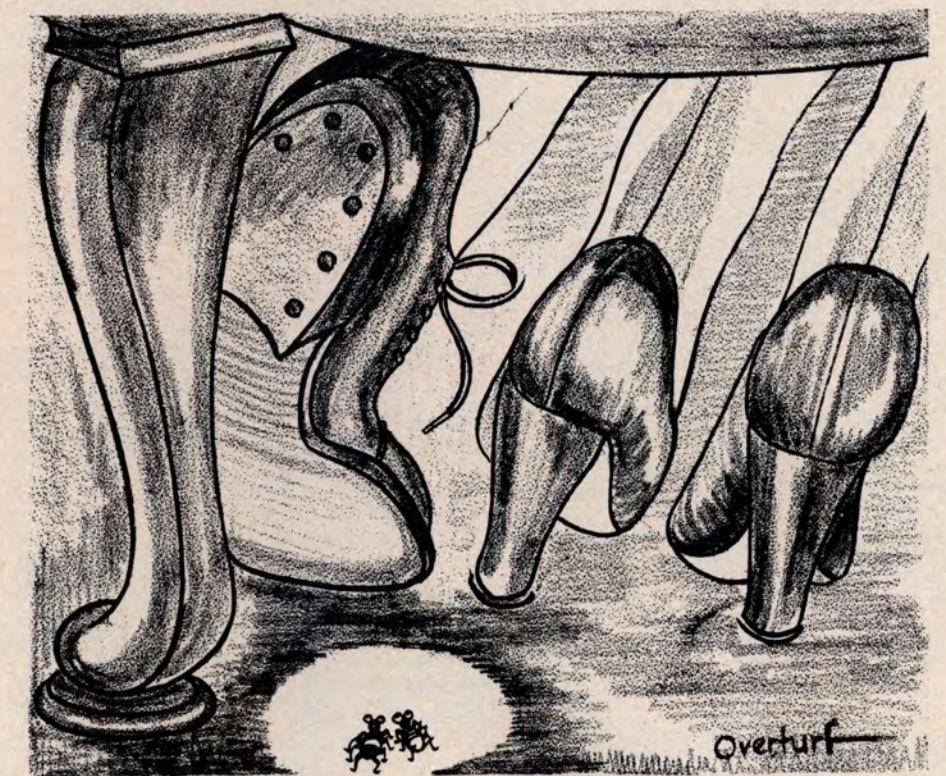
While the tide was at low ebb, a wonderful thing happened! There was a depression that left not even the Promised Greek Land untouched; so Tessie and her bank roll were once

more rushed. This time they made the grade, and instead of traveling the lonesome path to Lagunita at the end of the year, she was permitted to go up the Row.

When the millennium came, Tessie packed her grips and started out for an old shack that had possibly been the model for "The House of Usher." On arriving there, she was shown into a small cubicle and told that she and three other sisters were to share it. The room had a chair without any legs, and a bed that had out-creaked its usefulness. All this did not daunt our Tess, for she realized this was all part of the fun of being a house woman.

This proved, however, to be only one of many little things that the sis-

(Continued on page 31)



"You never gave me no fraternity pin, Oscar."

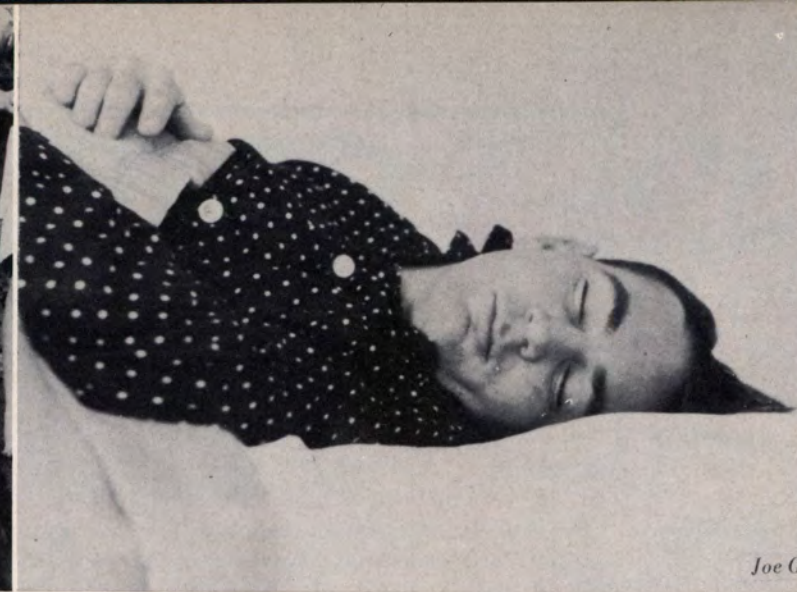
The two sleepy shots below tied for First in the Sorority competition, but since both were taken by the same person of the same people at the same time, it doesn't matter much, does it? To the right is the Second Prize winner.



Frances McCowan



John Beckett



Joe Graves

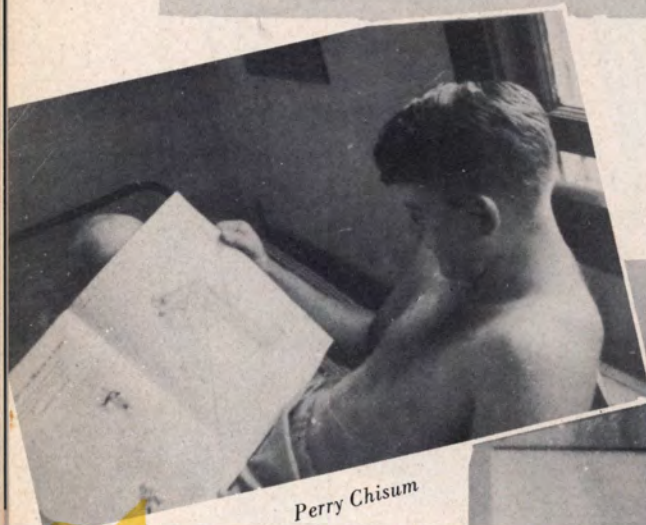


CHAPPIE'S WINNING

PIX

The Old Boy and his cohorts have selected the four pictures on this page out of the dozens of worthy entries, because they seemed to tell the best story and present the most accurate and informal picture of Row life. Prizes totaling \$20 in photographic equipment have been furnished by the Camera Shoppe and David Keeble's in Palo Alto. To the First Prize winners in each group goes \$7.50, and to the runners-up, \$2.50.

The best picture of "Fraternity Life" submitted was this Sunday morning scene by Des Mactavish.



Perry Chisum

This study in concentration demonstrating the reading habits of fraternal groups earns second place in the Fraternity class.



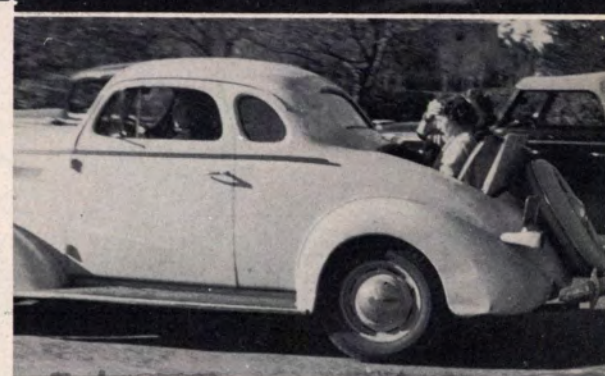
Perry Chisum



PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES

The merciless eye of the camera violates the privacy of the Row, boring from without and within so that all may see the intimate habits and quaint customs of the Greeks, whose fatal fascination for blithe young freshmen remains the great unsolved problem of the age.

These photos are the pick of those entered in the contest together with those taken especially for this issue by CHAPPIE's own photographers.

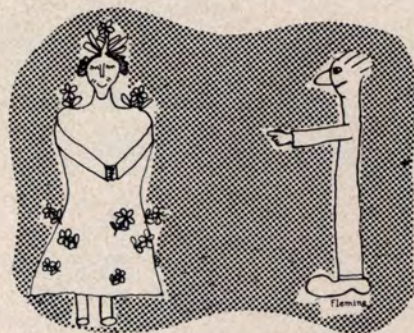


Bernard deRoche



SPARKS

FROM THE SILVER HAMMER



"I see that Dorothea is blossoming into womanhood."

Mr. Will Hays has praised the newsreels for their candid, impartial handling of controversial events. And we can say ourselves that they have been just as unbiased as *The Masses*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and that fascinating little pamphlet we got yesterday from the Japanese Chamber of Commerce.

Time-to-leave remark: "Well, I think we can fix you up with a hashing job."



"Good morning, Robert, how's mother?"

Jack Dixon

"We think you'll fit in," said the burial detail.

Little Brother—Can I borrow your driver's license?

Big Brother—Sure, but I don't want you doing any drinking.

Little Brother—Hell, no, I wanna see the dirty movies.

LOS ANGELES, MUSIC CENTER OF THE WEST, PRESENTS

The San Francisco Opera Company
—Billboard in L.A.

FRATERNITY SONG

Come brothers join the chorus
And raise your voices high
In tones sweet and sonorous
For dear old Lambda Phi

For Lambda Phi we'd gladly die
On scaffold, rack, or pyre
But though we raise our voices high
Our housebills will be higher

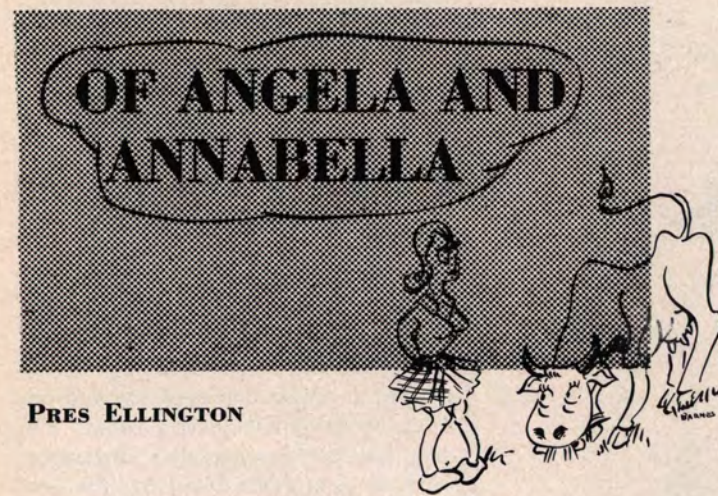
"Yes," said the barber, "I've been in this business ever since I was a little shaver."

NO-BRAINS-AT-ALL DEPARTMENT

Walter K—, 81, retired capitalist, suffered severe facial burns today from lighting a firecracker which he mistook for a cigarette.

—L. A. Times

I care not for fraternity
Such foolishness is not for me;
I wouldn't join your silly crew
Not even if you asked me to.



PRES ELLINGTON

ANGELA walked among the cows. She liked the cows because they were so friendly and trustworthy and because they seemed so complacent in their friendship. So Angela walked among the cows and sang a tuneless tune. She was feeling very much alive. After awhile Angela came to a cow with an especially expressionless face and an especially rooted look in the way it stood.

"Hello, Annabella," said Angela. "How are things with you today?"

"Not so very well," answered Annabella. "I seem to have a pain in my left flank."

Annabella looked at Angela the way females do when they describe their ills—that knowing look—and Angela said, "Perhaps you're going to have a little calf!"

"Perhaps I am," said Annabella. But she seemed not at all disturbed and she kept on chewing her cud. "Perhaps I am," she said.

"Well, well, well," said Angela. "Congratulations."

"A bit premature, aren't you?" said Annabella. But Angela ignored the answer and said, "What shall we name the little newcomer?"

"That is, if I have one," said Annabella.

"Yes, of course, that is if you have one."

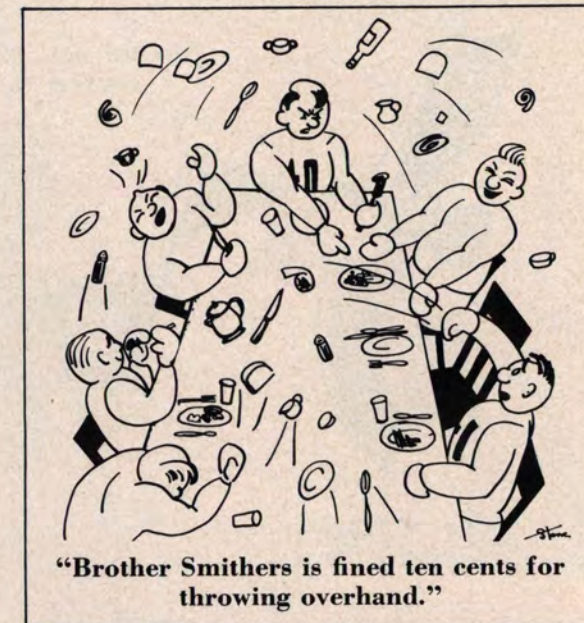
"Well," said Annabella seriously, "I shall name my calf by whatever color it turns out to be."

"What do you mean, color?" asked Angela.

"Black or white or otherwise," said Annabella.

"Haven't you had a hint as to the color of your calf?" asked Angela. She was really worried about the color of Annabella's calf-to-be.

(Continued on page 32)

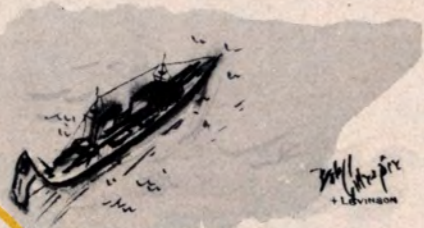


"Brother Smithers is fined ten cents for throwing overhand."



"You won't like him at first."

"Better not. It might cause another 'incident'."



"Do you mind horribly if I smoke?"

STATISTICAL STATIC

KEN OVERTURE

IN THE *Readers' Digest* for October 1937, at page 82, there was the following reprint from *The Rotarian*:

"Finding that some of the boys at Proctor Academy were playing the slot machines, the headmaster, Dr. J. Halsey Gulick, went to police headquarters, secured a confiscated machine and set it up in the mathematics room. He then had the mathematics instructor work up a problem involving the law of mathematical probability to be solved by playing the machine with 'phony' money.

"The boys learned that a player hits the jack pot once in 4,000 times—at a nickel a throw; that meant it would cost about \$200 to win \$5. They learned also that the next highest payoff was once in 2,000 plays—it cost \$100 to win \$1.

"The boys soon gave up gambling."

Let's look in on the end of that class in applied probability

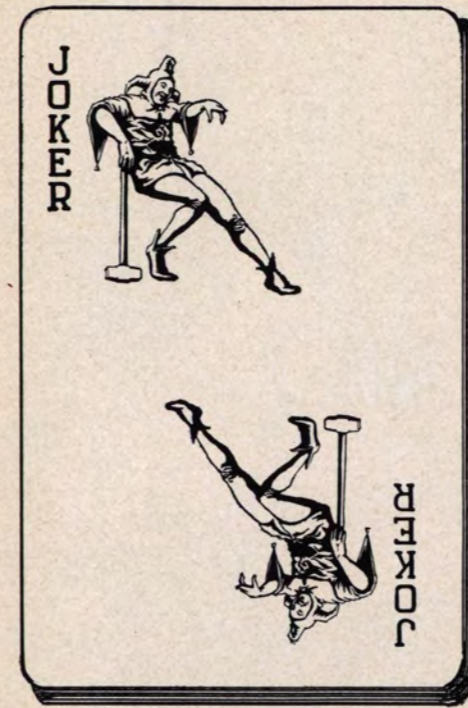
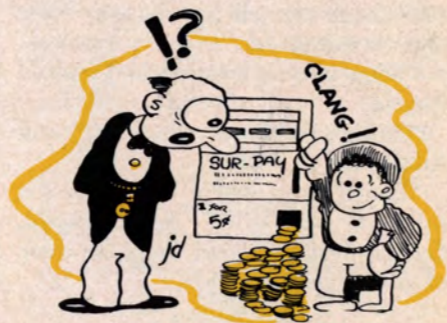
Mr. McGill, the math prof: "And now, boys, I hope I have forcefully brought home the point that these spinning discs only drop a 'jack pot' once in 4,000 attempts. You are dismissed but save your nickels for more worthy expenditure."

All pupils filed out awed at the lecture and somewhat disgusted with Dame Fortune, that is, all but Joseph Glog. Joe approached the teacher rather shamefacedly with his eyes following the cracks between the floorboards.

MCGILL: "Well, what is it, Joe?"

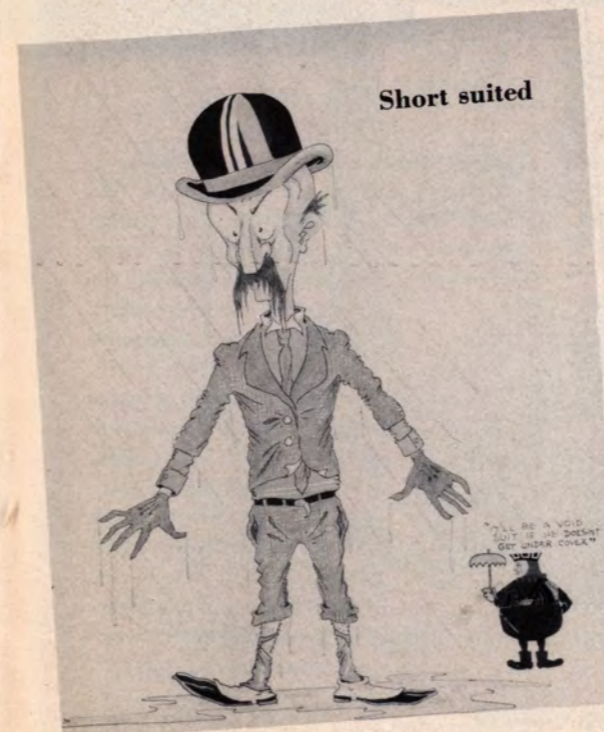
JOE: "It's this way, Mr. McGill, I

(Continued on page 33)

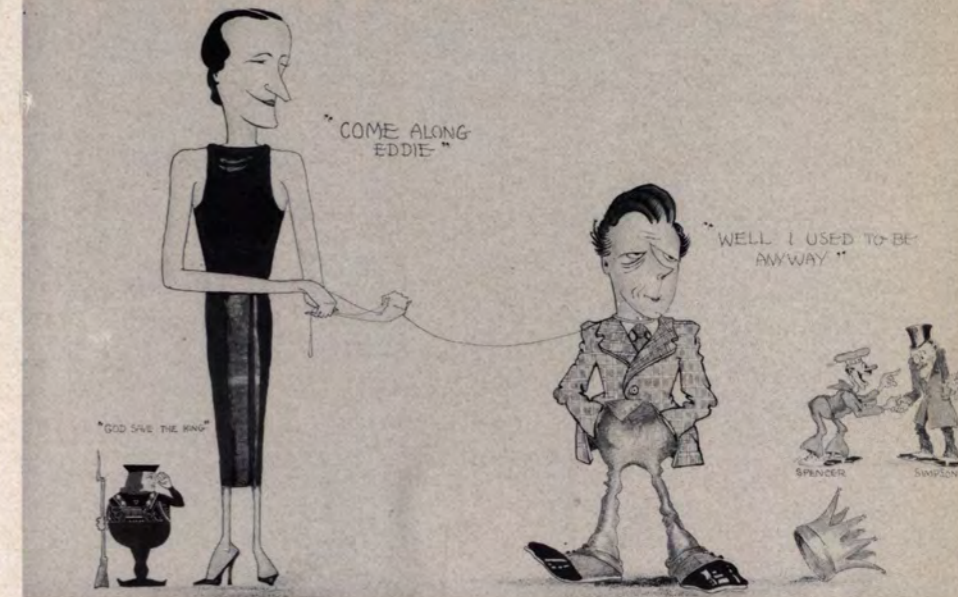


BRIDGE TERMS

In the days just before the Great War, W. E. Antrim, affectionately known as "Monk," was CHAPPIE'S Art Editor and Stanford's bad boy. One of those colorful figures who enrich Hammer and Coffin legend, Monk popped into the office the other day with these swell drawings. We have some more, and if you think they're as superb as we do, more will appear in future issues.



Leading a King

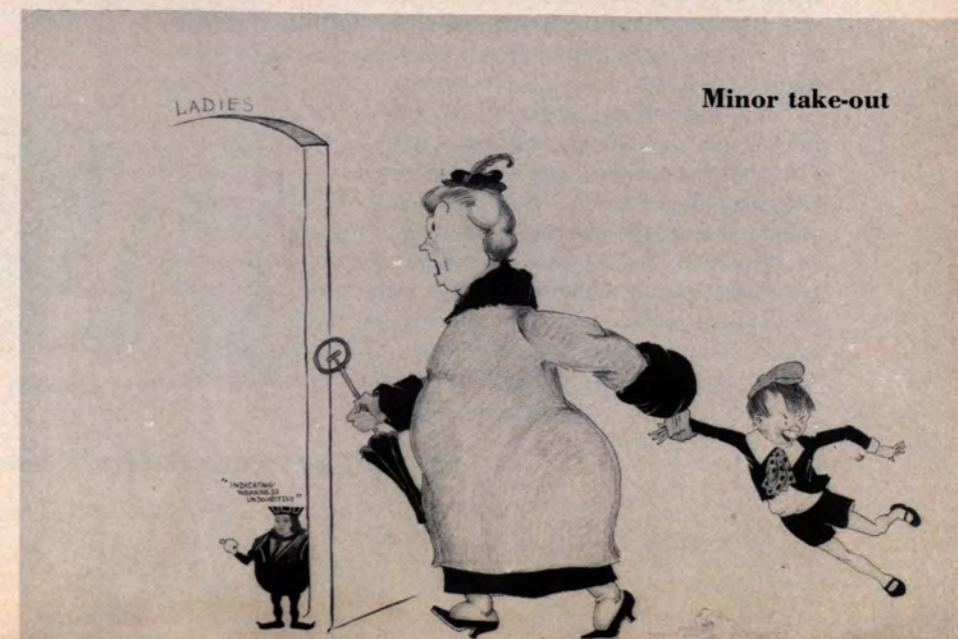


Your cut!



Short suited

Minor take-out



The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 39, 1937-38
 Stanford University founded 1891
 Stanford Chaparral established October 5, 1899,
 by Bristow Adams
 Owned and Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
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ESTABLISHED OCT 5 1899
 ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906
 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT bane, or boon—as you prefer—of Fraternities and Sororities is always with us. To those who have espoused the cause of the Row, the Ancient Fellow has a few words to say. To the freshman he offers this futile admonition—think long and well and choose wisely (as you would a wife) for everyday companionship, inspiration, and similarity of interests and ideals. To the brothers he would point out that the American college fraternity is apparently on the decline, and that it can survive only by successful competition with other living facilities. Get rid of all the stupid paraphernalia of the collegiate era. Provide good living where men can eat, sleep, and study comfortably, with a real and not artificial cam-

raderie. To everybody concerned, including the Interfraternity Council and the Administration—endeavor to perfect the rushing system so that selection, the fundamental basis of fraternal groups, will be more effective and honest, and not place a premium on superficiality, hypocrisy, and high-pressure salesmanship. The Old Boy has spoken.

NOW THAT newly organized International Committee is a fine idea, and the Old Boy wishes to express his approval and support. To extend traditional American and Farm hospitality to students from other lands is not only elementary courtesy, but provides a rare

opportunity for all concerned to gain intimate insight into the viewpoints, customs, and rich culture of other peoples. It is high time Stanford provided for its guests, and the Ancient One applauds the Committee and its program.

NOW THAT discussion of Stanford's finances has been somewhat cramped this month for lack of space, but we might have room for a brief resumé of how gifts to the University are secured. You remember the Old Boy pointed out last month that gifts are necessary to increase our income, which is the answer to 90 per cent of the perpetual Farm gripes.

Gifts may be restricted as to use, or may be general in nature. Restricted amounts may specify use in a certain project of research, in endowing a teaching chair, or in financing a scholarship. General gifts are used at administrative discretion where they seem most needed. Gifts need not be in money. Dr. Wilbur will tell you that the University can use almost anything—books, art pieces, historical gadgets, or equipment. Small money contributions from the great mass of alumni total a most worth-while sum.

It can be seen that any and all gifts, big and small, are useful and appreciated. The original Stanford endowment was considered fabulous, and leaders of older schools tried unsuccessfully to advise Senator and Mrs. Stanford against so large a grant. At that time, Stanford was the world's richest school, and it has been hard to live down that slightly onerous reputation. Today it stands tenth, its 31 million dwarfed by over 100 million at Harvard and Yale. In annual gifts it rates twelfth (over a six-year period). The Stanford Associates have an ambitious and already productive program which endeavors to appeal to potential givers of all sizes—not in the name of charity, but by developing in them a genuine interest in the work Stanford is doing. Stanford is by no means poor, but it can find good use for additional funds. The Stanford family of alumni, faculty, administration, and students can help, if not by actual giving, at least by good salesmanship toward those who can.

NOW THAT swell cover is the work of Carleton W. Boyd, who because of other pressures is forced to resign the job of Art Editor which he has competently held for a year and a half. The Old Boy and all the Chappies extend to him their warm thanks and sincere regret, and at the same time proudly announce the appointment of Curtis

Barnes to take his place, and wish Curt a most jolly time in the back-breaking position of bossing our temperamental artists.

NOW THAT Ancient One, with his trusty hammer, has always been prepared to knock when knocking was in order. Right now, however, he wishes to propose a hearty toast to Dean George B. Culver, and to John Bunn, his successor. Men like these have made and will continue to make Stanford the haven of intelligent, democratic, decent men and women which the Ancient One fervently prays it will always remain.

NOW THAT Ancient One has been doing a little rushing himself, and he is simply puffed up with pride to announce the election of those superb wits and *bon vivants*, Gordon Pearson, Norris Lorton, and Betty McGlashan to membership and honorary membership in Hammer and Coffin Society. "Here's to all of 'em, good and true. . . ."

NOW THAT this issue has been whipped into submission, the Old Boy's befuddled mind is dazed by the vast numbers of those whose co-operation has made it possible. First of all a palm goes to Art Lites, the guy about whom editors have written and will write reams of praise and yet will never be able to thank enough. To Jimmy Algar, ex-editor who made possible the exclusive story on *Snow White*, another bouquet. To the Hammer and Coffin alumni, editors, artists, photographers, and writers, who submitted such a volume of fine material that it was impossible to print it all—a thousand thanks. The Camera Shoppe and Keeble's generously furnished the prizes in the photo contest. The Ancient One hopes that readers will appreciate the genuine interest and co-operation of these businesses in Stanford endeavors.

Next month CHAPARRAL will contain a special colored insert portraying the latest fashions, modeled by beautiful girls, and the Old Boy in his wisdom knows that both male and female readers will enjoy it immensely. For the dyed-in-the-wool cynics, however, the magazine will poke sly fun at the absurdities, eccentricities, and regimentations of "style." The Ancient Dodderer will be pleased to accept any and all cartoons, photographs, or literary masterpieces on this or any other humorous theme, at his sumptuous suite in the Press Building.



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Girl

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**THE PLACE
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FABLES

(Continued from page 15)

was terribly busy, answering one call after another, with absolutely no rest. Two or three calls came at once. He plugged in one, which was from Encina, and a voice drawled, "You can send up my ice water now."

One of the old Chappies found himself in dire economic straits many years ago. In order to extricate himself from this predicament, he and another Stanfordite devised a scheme known as the "Hot Brick Dancing Duck." The outlay of expenses included a square of canvas, a duck, two bricks, and a gramophone. The Chappie would deliver a fine speech about the dancing ability of the duck, while his partner heated up the bricks. At the end of the speech the bricks were neatly slipped under the canvas, the gramophone was started and the duck was placed upon the canvas. The result would be a soul-satisfying display of lively dancing on the part of the duck. The stunt was a great success until a conscientious woman attended the performance several times in a row. She finally discovered the source of the duck's skill and the two Stanford men were subjected to the indignity of residing in the local jail.

In the old postwar days the Chappies were very wild and inclined to imbibe to excess. One of them went up the highway for an interesting evening. The constant drinking resulted in the dulling of his senses. He managed, however, to get back to the campus, but he collapsed at the Engineering Corner.

The night watchman eventually found him and shook him vigorously. The Chappie lifted his head and peered through one eye at his irate tormenter.



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ice cream, Stanford's
favorite!

209 University Harry Christiansen '35

The watchman shouted in anger, "What do you think you are?"

"Sir," replied the Chappie, "I am the public school system of Guatemala."

Some time ago one of our fraternities was in the throes of social convention and had adopted the custom of having the brothers wear coats and ties to dinner. The brothers objected to this custom, and one day they asked the president what to wear for dinner. The president ordered coats and ties. The brothers wore coats and ties to dinner—but nothing else.

Two of Stanford's young writers had been fighting a verbal duel by means of the "Campus Opinion" columns. Hate was becoming manifest and muttered threats indicated that should the two ever meet a battle would result.

On a certain foggy evening one of them was driving back to school from Paly, and stopped at the bumming station to give someone a lift. He opened the door and his arch enemy entered. Both were slightly shocked but maintained their dignity by utter silence.

ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER

Here is the answer to your
laundry problem

PALO ALTO LAUNDRY

A service for every budget

P.A. 6612

644 Emerson

The palm trees flashed by and not a word was uttered. At length the passenger muttered, "Here." The car stopped and he emerged. They still hate each other and will do battle if they meet man-to-man.

—The Editors

LITTLE POP OFF

(Continued from page 25)

laugh and ask what hogan-of-much-big-talk will do for him but braves just talk louder about braves in hogan then pretty soon they tell him he will be fine fellow after he joins and can make big medicine with squaws, so Pop Off ask what happen next year if he join and braves get red in face like sunset in desert and say he fine fellow and they treat him fine so Pop Off get up and push his way to door and laugh so hard he fall down like lame deer because last year he join a hogan and after few moons braves beat him with sticks and make him work like squaw. So Pop Off go back to his tepee and drink firewater and laugh because he know what happen in hogans-of-much-hunting-for-young-bucks and Pop Off happy.



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TESSIE

(Continued from page 17)

ters had neglected to mention in rushing: There was the small matter of sophomore duties, no seconds at meals, no sleep except between the hours of 3:00 and 6:00 A.M. Often she would see her less fortunate friends at Lagunita, and she would smile and try not to think of their luxuries.

During this time Tessie still liked to think that she had been chosen to share the joys because of personal merit, but even this illusion was shattered at her first rushing meeting during her sophomore year. Nuggets, for some strange reason, always managed to have money—not that it made any difference; legacies were railroaded through; and the *Blue Book* was the rushing bible. Our fair Tessie was a sweet child, and liked not to dwell on these things.

Her delightful naïveté allowed her to cheerfully pay miscellaneous fees to perpetuate the joys of the sisterhood. In this happy haze our Tessie spent four years, until quite an unforeseen incident destroyed her illusions—the depression was over, and Tess was no longer a vital and integral part of the Greek cash-register machine. All her castles fell about our Tess, and she finally ended her dismal career as an education major residing in Lagunita.

"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

Mary had a little slam
For everyone, and so
The leaves of her engagement book
Were always white as snow.

—Dodo

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

—Urchin

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ANGELA AND ANNABELLA

(Continued from page 21)

"No, not exactly," said Annabella.

"That is strange," said Angela.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Annabella. And she kept right on chewing her cud.

Angela sat for awhile, watching Annabella chewing her cud, and finally she said, "It must be trying, to have calves, Annabella. How many have you had?"

"Oh, about five I guess," said Annabella. At this point Annabella gave Angela such a nasty look that she thought it best to change the subject.

"It looks like rain, Annabella, doesn't it?" Angela said. But Annabella stomped her left hind hoof and flicked a fly from her flank—the one

which hurt—and stared straight ahead of her. Angela had not been really conscious of the weather; she had merely said that because she wanted to be polite. After all, cows are noted for the delicacy of their feelings.

"What are you going to name the calf, Annabella?" said Angela.

"You asked me that before," said Annabella.

"But you didn't answer."

"Know I didn't," said Annabella, rather peeved now. "It's my own business what I name my calf, and little of your concern."

There was silence for quite awhile now. Annabella grazed slowly. Finally she raised her head and looked worried.

"Hmnnn," she said.

"What do you mean, 'Hmnnn'," said Angela.

"How long is it till Christmas?"

"Oh, about twelve months," said Angela. "Are you going to have your little calf then?" She was a persistent little girl.

"No," said Annabella, "not then."

"What did you say 'Hmnnn' for, then," said Angela.

"Oh, I was just thinking how fast time flies," said Annabella.

"I hope," said Angela, "that this calf will be as healthy as the others you've had."

"So do I," said Annabella.

"What will you name it?" asked Angela again.

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"You know," said Annabella softly, "you know, I don't believe that I'm going to have a calf after all."

"Not really?" said Angela.

"No, not really," said Annabella. "Now please, Angela, go home and stop annoying me. I'm nervous. Go home."

"Oh," said Angela, "you are in a nasty mood, aren't you?"

"Yes I am! It's because my flank hurts," said Annabella.

"Perhaps you're going to have a little calf," said Angela.

"Perhaps I am, Angela," said Annabella with an air of mystery one seldom finds in cows. "Perhaps I am."

STATISTICAL STATIC

(Continued from page 22)

got this—here nickel left and I'd kinda like to try the machine jest onct." He extended a grimy paw with a five-cent piece in it.

McGILL: "Evidently my figures had little effect on you. You still persist in a desire to take a chance."

JOE: "Well, it ain't exactly like takin' a chance. See Ma onct won a turkey in a sewin' club raffle."

McGILL (condescendingly in a hopeless tone): "All right then, Joe. Perhaps if seeing the figures won't help you, actual experience will do some good—go ahead."

Joe happily inserted his nickel, watched it slide in past the window, and then gave the handle an expert jerk. Joe and the math teacher leaned over the dial as the wheels slowed their spinning. Snap, a bar showed on the first. A moment later, the second disc clicked to a stop showing a bar also. McGill swallowed audibly. The third bar clicked in and McGill almost choked.

"Gees, I got the jack pot!" screamed Joe. And the machine spewed forth a heap of nickels and slugs in Joe's hands and on the table and floor. Joe excitedly stuffed his pockets full and bade McGill goodbye.

McGill stood looking at the machine stupidly. He scratched his head and murmured, "Well, I'll be damned." Slowly his hand moved to a lower vest pocket.

"Imagine my embezzlement," the cashier chirped as he absconded with \$50,000.

—Ski-U-Mah

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STAGE

(Continued from page 24)

legendary conflict—the recovery of Helen.

The dark dread beauty of Euripides' lines, combined with Director Stevens' method of staging the play, made it an unforgettable performance.

As Andromache, who saw her child killed and returned to her dead, Kathleen Campbell was the most moving character. Janet Dole was surprisingly good as Hecuba, in a role quite different from the sugar-and-water parts she had been handed up to that time. Cassandra was played by Virginia Rogers, who also was excellent. Gary Simpson, as the Greek messenger, played an unsympathetic character, yet managed to fully win the sympathy of the audience.

BIOGRAPHY

Biography, given by the Community Players, was like this: During the first act I won three games of tit-tat-toe from my companion. The play had no lilt, the action was static, and I grew awfully tired of just sitting there waiting for gag lines. Jack Gillis was far below his usual standard, and Jane Clary, playing opposite him in the leading role, was unsuccessful in trying to

imitate Lynn Fontanne. Her gaiety seemed laid on with a trowel. The tempo, if charted, would all have been on one level.

The second act was much better. Still, Gerold Cullinan, taking the part of a matinee idol, was the only one who really caught the rhythm intended by the playwright, S. N. Behrman.

Then came the third act. And with the introduction of Frank Toft as a vigorous, he-man newspaper publisher who loved fresh air, and of Ruth Martin as his disrespectful daughter, the play came to life with a bang! The others on the stage were swept forward by the freshness and vigor of Toft and Miss Martin, and from then on, instead of twiddling my thumbs, I was absorbed in the action, living the plot with the characters. The performance ended gloriously.

—Levinson

"Shay lishen, lady, you're the homeliest woman I ever saw."

"Well, you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know, lady, but I won't be in the morning."

—Exchange

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SCREEN

(Continued from page 24)

The Hollywood apologists who defend the usual run of tripe which desecrates our screens claim that "people don't want to see life. They go to the pictures to get away from realities. They want to see the ideal, not the sordid facts." If this school of thought whose influence dominates the super-colossals is correct, then I would suggest they close up all their mammoth studios and go in for animated cartoons. Except that they wouldn't listen to me, anyway.

Of course everyone who hasn't seen *Snow White* is speculating, "I wonder if a full-length feature won't be too much." Well, if you'll take my word for it, it isn't. In fact, you go out of the theater sorry that it's over. Another query put to us by the perpetual scoffers is, "What about the human characters?" Of course the job of animating realistic human characters such as Snow White, the Prince, the Wicked Queen, and the Huntsman is a terrific one. In the animals or caricatured figures (such as the Seven Dwarfs) we don't expect so much, and exaggerated expressions and actions seem natural. When you consider what a problem exists, and that this is the first attempt in this field, you can't help but marvel at the result which has been achieved. A slight flickering of the outline on the human characters may bother you at first, but after the first ten minutes you'll be so carried away that you will have forgotten it.

Each of the Seven Dwarfs, Doc, Sleepy, Grumpy, Bashful, Sneezy, Happy, and Dopey has a distinct and captivating personality. Bashful turns a most gorgeous tomato red whenever Snow White appears, and Sneezy and Dopey are positively hilarious. The show never lets down for a moment. If you aren't chuckling, you're in the throes of a full-blown belly-laugh. The millions of ingenious little antics and situations are a tribute to the collective imagination of the Disney staff.

But it's the animals that have the greatest appeal. They are just swell. I am not generally known as a softy or a sentimentalist but the little rabbits, squirrels, badgers, and deer who frolic through Snow White's adventures were simply irresistible.

The color tones used are soft and delicate, much more so than in the usual Mickey Mouses or Silly Sym-

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phonies. These and the excellent musical score blend perfectly with the story and add immensely to the picture's success. In addition, the Multiplane process, which gives a third dimensional effect to the scenes, marks *Snow White* as a milestone in cinema history.

—Hartmann

LIGHT FANTASTIC

When I was young I read in books
Of loves that last forever.
The luckless lovers loved and loved
But joy was brief—or never.

But still I looked around to find
A great and tragic deep love.
A give-your-all, no-trouble-at-all,
Don't-look-before-you-leap love.

Of great sad loves I found a dearth,
Of small, gay loves a plethora.
'Tis better to have loved a lot
Than never to et cetera.

—Anne Ritchie

Jack be agile, Jack be spry,
Jack bound over the illuminated taper.

—Blue Bucket

The public-spirited lady met the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halted her.

"Little boy, haven't you any home?" she asked.

"Oh, yes'm. I've got a home."

"And loving parents?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm afraid you do not know what affection really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

"Yes'm."

"Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

"Yes'm."

"Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' at 2 o'clock next Monday afternoon in Lyceum Hall?"

"What the hell's the matter with you, Ma!"

—Blue Jay

Girl—You were plenty stewed last night and you'll have a fit when I tell you who I am! I am your wife!

Guy—Huh. That's nothing at all. Wait till you hear what I am!

Girl—What?

Guy—A bigamist!

—Rammer Jammer

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