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## DRUMS

A very usual sort of film is *Drums along the Mohawk*. The sufferings of the frontiersmen at the hands of the Indians during the American Revolution is a theme new to the screen, but the tricks and turnings of the plot are as completely familiar as the expert and entirely unsurprising performances of Henry Fonda (staunch young frontiersman), Claudette Colbert (his city-bred wife), and Edna Mae Oliver (bluff old widow). There are long and tiresome antics revolving around the husband's anguish while his wife is giving birth; and when in the climactic sequence the savages storm the blockhouse and prepare to do unnamed horrors upon the women and children huddled in the church, they are frustrated in the very nick of time by the arrival of the relieving troops. Mr. Zanuck thinks of everything, you see.

*Drums along the Mohawk* fails because it neglects its primary job, which is to portray the essential quality of a given period of history. There is bloodshed and misery in the film, but little to suggest the peculiar barbarity of Indian warfare. Even the very admirable technicolor gives the effect of a series of pretty colored postcards. The tenor of the times is caught only in a single shot: a cannon loaded with grapeshot and canister (the old equivalents of shrapnel) has been discharged into a swarming mass of warriors, and the rising smoke gives just a shadowy hint of the fearful carnage.

The Indians themselves, who should have lent the film a quality of brooding menace, fail to convince. Their whoops and warcries around the invested fort sound rather like a bunch of Y.M.C.A. boys out for a cheap good time on Saturday night; there is nothing about these aborigines to justify the extravagant fear in which they are held by most of the whites. Two of them are even amiable enough to carry Edna Mae Oliver's much-prized bed (an heirloom), with Miss Oliver in it, out of her burning house.

—Taylor



"How did youse boys know we wuzn't coeds?"

—Commerce

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"Trouble with you is—you don't know your own strength."  
 —Frivol

## LAMENT

Her grades  
 Didn't go  
 So very well.  
 She flunked  
 The ex and  
 Cried like—  
 One who  
 Has flunked  
 An ex.

The Quad was lonely,  
 So was he.  
 The moon was high,  
 So was she.  
 We got together,  
 Just we three,  
 And studied  
 Our astronomy. —Bledsoe

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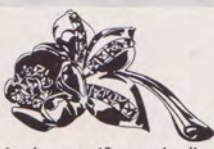
bracelet with an album for 6 photographs, 1.95. . . or a shell with cultured pearl, 1.95



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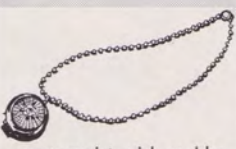
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The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the father. "And all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."

—Kangaroo

It was already dark, and the narrow New England bylane was seldom frequented even in the daytime. The two occupants of the '32 coupe parked at the side of the road were completely oblivious of the approach of a motorcycle cop until the beam of a flashlight broke the peace. "What are you doing in there?" the officer gruffly demanded.

"Nothing," came the imperturbable masculine retort.

"Okay, buddy," rejoined the impeccable cop, "you come out and hold the flashlight!"

—Tiger



He—Pardon me, Miss, but has your dress slipped off, or am I seeing things?  
She—Both.

—Maroon Bee

### Actor

He hadn't acted on the Stanford stage for three years for nothing; he knew a line or two.

He had taken her out and around, and he was driving her home. He thought she was easily this year's best junior transfer; he had an eye for that sort of thing. She had two eyes, both of them wide open and incredulous as she listened to his line about my how nice it is driving like this with the top down and the wind in his hair and the moon and the stars and the cool feeling of the night.

He talked and drove. She listened, and once when he paused she turned to him and said, "My, you must be a sensual person."  
—Jacques



"Tops in Popularity"

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CANDY BARS

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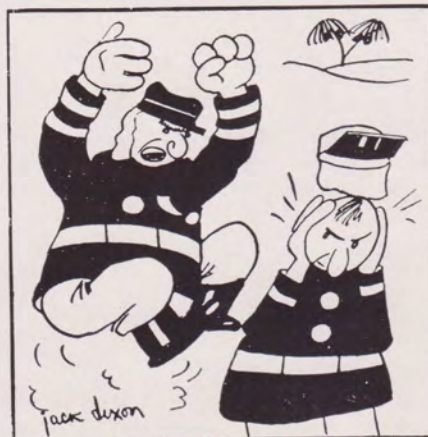
RED CAP

BEST PAL

OL' ENGLISH TOFFEE

CHOK-FULL-O'-ALMONDS

5<sup>c</sup>



"Can't you take my word for it?  
She's a mirage, I tell you."

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

VOL. 41, NO. 3 DECEMBER 1939

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### *The Old Boy Presents*

*Cover*

The idea was by Rieser, and you can't miss Jack Dixon's drawing.

*Fables*

By Rosenfeld and Hutshing. The first one will scare some of you.

*Santantics*

Drawn by Schaffarzick and commented on by Rosenfeld give suggestions to the Bearded One.

*Slams and Bouquets*

More or less are absorbed by *Chaparral* after reading a recently issued book. "We Can Take It" is the story.

*Tall Women*

And *Dates* come in for expositions by those twin frosh wits, John Lawry and Guy Wiggins.

*Pay In—Pay Out*

Is another song parodied by Ed Hutshing. You'll find Coline Upshaw's story on the same page.

*Eleanor Roosevelt*

Has a column called "My Day" which Bledsoe has changed to "Your Day."

*Xmas Cheer*

Is harmless, but quite funny, we thought.

*Glacier County*

In Montana has a newspaper. Enclosed are some illustrated clippings.

*Cartoons*

Galore by our many artists, including Hurt, McClure, Rieser, Hewitt, Dixon, Ponsford, H. and John Elliott, Murray, Serio, Schaff, Winters, and others.

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## Stompin' Around

COLLIE SMALL

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—Sorrowfully we must say that this is the last column that Collie Small will do for the Old Boy. In three years of reviewing for CHAPARRAL Collie has achieved a national reputation among swing circles. We really regret his leaving.)

Now that dusty old turntable is spinning on its last go-round, and we sadly reminisce through three years of hot and blue notes that have felt their way into infinity. Just a little tearfully, from our tiny spot next to the women's lingerie ads, we doff our battered chapeau in one last gesture to the Ancient One.

We're afraid there isn't a self-respecting boll weevil living who wouldn't be shocked at the way Gene Krupa pokes swinging fun at "Old Black Joe" and "My Old Kentucky Home" as the band, at last a well-molded unit, froths easily along and cuts out its patterns the gentle way.

Louis Armstrong, ol' Pappy, is still reaching for his celestial ones, but the fire is daid, yassuh! It's hard to let him go by, but "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home" and "Shanty-boat on the Mississippi" just won't get moving. That beautiful, terrible tone, without the old inspiration, is rapidly writing swing's father his musical obituary.

Melody is plastered all over the easy driving in Goodman's sextet's "Rose-room." Benny's solo, smacking of Lunceford's old arrangement, which, in turn, smacks of Duke Ellington's original effort, is fine, but outstanding is Carl Christian, the colored guitar player. With solid ideas on every string, Christian is sensational, but even he fails to keep "Flying Home" from just monotonously moseying along with one lonely conception.

The latest mysterious whatnot is Count Basie's "Nobody Knows," a little of everything and a lot of nothing, including an organ. It is very short of terrific in its cathedral theme, and Rushing is no choir boy! "Song of the Islands," in spite of a trumpet on the first chorus that clashes badly with the background, is much better, what with an excellent tenor and Basie's piano rocking more mildly than usual.

The etchings in brass and the biting clarinet harmonies make Goodman's "Scatterbrain" a good pop, and "One Sweet Letter from You" co-operates well on the other side. Harry James' "Feet Draggin' Blues" is an excellent blues in its solos, but the ensemble work is, as usual, stilted and ponderous. His trumpet solo is the best and most refined we've heard from James' bell, and the piano on the second chorus is an easy-rider.

Earl "Father" Hines has cut his best for a long, long time in "After All I've Been to You." That famous old piano is not so mechanical as it has recently been, and there is a fancy black vocal with neat saxophone whining in back in agreement with Hines' ivory tinkle. Dour-faced Charlie Barnett has paired two take-offs that really get away. "The Count's Idea" has all the drive of Basie most of the way, and a little more with Barnett's tenor solo. Charlie isn't Johnny Hodges, but close your eyes, and Cootie Williams and the whole gang are there on "The Duke's Idea," à la Ellington, with everything including that baritone grunt in the sax section.

"A Lover Is Blue," featuring Tommy Dorsey, Jack Leonard, and company, could easily be a hit, but remember that the tune's the thing. Mary Lou Williams has four good, but not sensational, piano dreams in "Mr. Freddie Blues," "Sweet Petunia," "The Rocks," and "The Pearls." Jack Teagarden's best "Aunt Hagar's Blues" is the one he did with Paul Whiteman, not his own.

Trailing off toward the end in a wishful, dreamy mood, we hope that Saunders King's beautiful vocals will sound well on wax, and that Jan Savitt will record "It's a Wonderful World." Charlie Barnett's "The Right Idea" will be full of harmonic brass glory and rocking sax rippings, and his "Sleepy Time Gal," we pray, will be made permanent.

And now, with a quick glance over our shoulder at the Old Boy's nodding head and tinkling bells, so be it.

## Now That Book

*Crime Is a Business*, by John C. R. MacDonald. Published by the Stanford University Press, 1939. \$3.00.

If you really think that the old days of tough mugs are still in existence, then maybe you're crazy. At least, they are not in crime as much as before, because the vocation of bunco and gyping has turned into a first-class business.

Mr. MacDonald's book is not a detective story; it is a series of classifications of types of buncos. Talking from experience (he was head of the Oakland Police Bunco Squad for fourteen years) the author gives the inside dope on some of the cases he has been in contact with. And are they smooth!

When you sit down to read this book, you sort of figure that you'll put in an hour and finish the rest later. But I sat down for several hours with the book—read it all at one sitting. In fact, I nearly cured myself of smoking, the book was so fascinating.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," is one adage held up by the tale. When you read about the extent to which buncos will go to get a sucker, you'll be surprised. So clearly and so forcefully does the author portray the feelings of the victims that one can just feel one's self being taken in by these buncos. After it's all done, you'll just wonder why you haven't been taken for a ride by them yet. Or have you? Maybe you will be some day—better read the book and see what they'll do once they start in on you.

—Thorne



The morning after taking Carter's Little Liver Pills (adv.).



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## SHADOW

*Shadow and Substance*, by Paul Vincent Carroll, is a story of the Very Reverend Thomas Canon Skerritt of Ardmahone, County Leith, Ireland, and of his maid, Brigid. Such a tale might well be off-color, but it isn't. Carroll deals with a contrast between the Classic Catholic Church of the Renaissance and the emotional Catholicism of Ireland. The Canon is a well-traveled, crotchety old gentleman. His ideals are good taste and classic beauty. He abhors both excess and emotionalism in any form, and he despises both his curates and his parishioners, for they are all good, emotional Irish Catholics. Brigid is a naïve, uneducated Irish serving-girl, who is continually having visions of St. Brigid. Toss in a schoolmaster to fight with the Canon on the matter of the parochial school equipment, a pair of Irish curates, and a few townspeople, and you have the makings of the play.

O'Flingsley, the schoolmaster, publishes a book which derides Catholicism in Ireland. The Canon quietly tracks O'Flingsley down, dismisses him, and gives the post of schoolmaster to Francis Ignatius O'Connor, whom he matches for marriage with his obnoxiously common niece, Thomasina Concannon. Brigid, who has been declared sick by the Canon, since she refuses to give up her visions of St. Brigid, slips from the house to go to O'Flingsley. She is killed by a stone which was meant for the schoolmaster. The substance of religion—the pure, simple emotionalism of Brigid—is dead. The shadow, the moderation and classical beauty of the Canon, lives on.

Top acting honors go to Milly Green for her portrayal of Brigid. Though her voice wasn't quite large enough for the main auditorium, it made no difference. She played the part with feeling and with insight of the character. Phil Harris turned in the next best performance as the schoolmaster. His characterization was second only in quality and his brogue was excellent. Richard Glyer played the Canon as I have never seen a part played before, based on pure technique. It was



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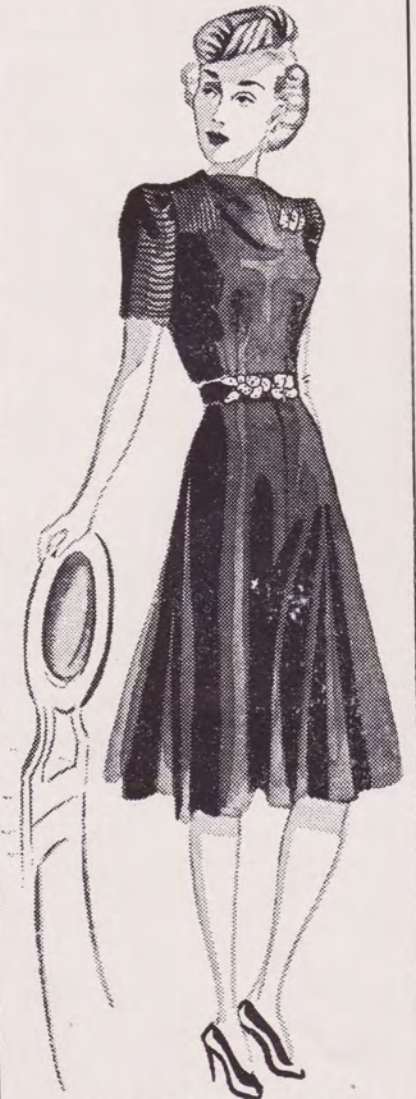
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PALO ALTO

a smooth performance, but he missed the dramatic sequences for lack of strong feeling. Personally I believe he played it for too many laughs. Frank Burt and Hugh Keenan did very well as the two curates, as did Helen Ann Young with the part of Jemima Cooney. Mary McClerkin and Jean Pennington did well with the parts of Thomasina Concannon and Rosey Violet, respectively, though I do believe that Mary became a bit broad at times. Robert Ridgeway as Francis Ignatius O'Connor and Douglas Duke as Martin Mullahone were both quite adequate, though the latter's voice is not fit for the large stage.

As a whole the directing was adequate, but not brilliant. The set, though, was beautiful, and often the lighting and color combinations were strokes of pure genius.

—Wilson



—Record

### HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!



**HAVE A HEART** on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his pipe that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy tobacco he always buys.



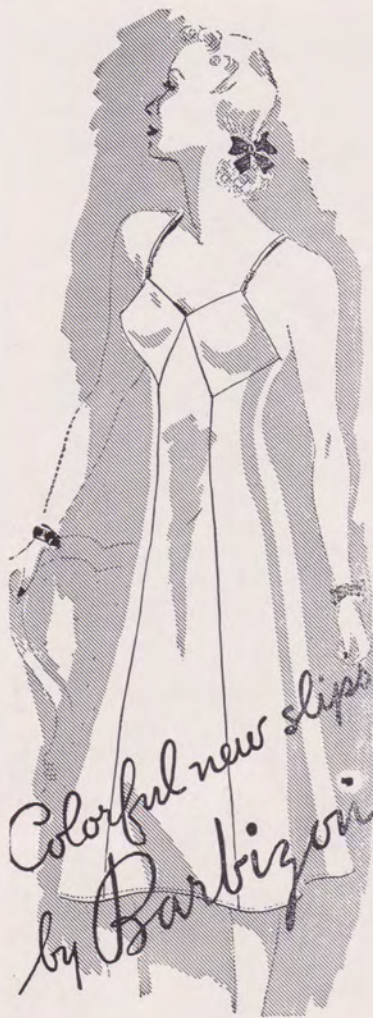
**NO MORE FIGHTS.** Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it never bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for aroma!

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**CELLOPHANE TAPE** around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

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**Walster's**

## Now That Date

"Spike's Jazz Band" has been playing at the Palace Hotel's Rose Room these evenings. In case you don't know, Spike is none other than Glen Gray, the name coming from his original orchestra, which he started in 1923. "Spike," or Glen, as he is popularly known, started out to be an engineer but shortage of funds prevented him from continuing his career. He thinks it was a lucky break because, kawote, "I'd probably be starving to death now!" Nothing like being frank.

Another professional career that was nipped in the bud was Orrin Tucker's. Over a glass of milk and a piece of cake, he confided that he had studied to be a doctor but the band had become popular before he had a chance to go back to med. school. "Anyway," he said wistfully, "I still think that I would have been a good doctor. Maybe not a great surgeon, but just an all-round doctor." Dr. Tucker, would you mind waving your scalpel and cut me out a piece of "Stop! It's Wonderful" with the aid of "Nurse" Baker?

Freddy Martin keeps up the good work at the St. Francis until after the first. One of our favorites is his rendition of "When You're Seventeen," a reminiscent bit of prep stuff. He flies south this month to make some new recordings, so all you Platterbugs save up your pennies and maybe you will be able to afford one by January.

On the gourmet side: Grace and Pierre's serves one of the best duck dinners on the Coast. If you don't believe it, drop in and try one. *On mange bien chez Café de Paris.*

Carl Ravazza is promoting those Wednesday "Stanford Nights" with a great deal of fervor; he comes down to the Farm every Tuesday to pick talent for the shows. If you can do anything that is amusing, tell the Sir Francis Drake representatives and they'll get you a tryout.

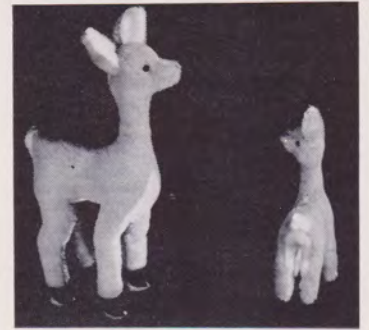
You ain't seen nothin' yet,  
Till you've seen L'Omelette.

—Hutshing



And then there was the guy who thought Vat 69 was the phone number of the Pope.

You will find Gifts at  
**Brown's** that Santa  
himself envies



1. Bambi
2. Flying Monkey and Cowardly Lion
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Gifts, Christmas Cards, and  
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Wedding Teas a Specialty

Operated for benefit of Stanford Convalescent Home for Children

## Freedom of the Press



HARDY SNAPS  
VOODOO PRIEST  
IN CEREMONY

—Stanford Daily

Milwaukee, Oct. 4—John Basten was nursing a bump today. He stuck his head in the elevator shaft to see what was holding up the elevator. It was coming down.

The thyroid gland is the best known of the duckless glands. It is seated in the front of the base of the neck, and everyone must have seen it outlined under the skin in people with goiter.

—Los Angeles Examiner

I smell a quack!

Come next Sunday and hear Rev. Hugh Danning. *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.*

—Westwood Baptist Church

Hold on a minute, Rev., we're coming.

—Lampoon

MAYOR ON WATCH  
FOR SECOND BABE

—Headline from a Portland, Oregon, paper.

You should have seen the one that got away.

—Tiger



BEARD REVEALS  
TYPHOID FACTS

Stanford Professor  
Shows Germ Habits

—Stanford Daily

U.S. VISIT TO ENRICH 5-YEAR-  
OLD MOTHER

—Call-Bulletin

DIONNES TO GET SPLIT IN  
QUINT FORTUNE

—News

Mothers who for riches strive  
Memorize this rule of five:  
Motherhood at five or under  
Never was financial blunder  
Having lots of five or over  
Also lands the moms in clover.

—Pelican



"Mrs. Roosevelt in closing off the White House driveway in the evening said that the White House area was henceforth no place for trysting."

—Newsflash on the radio.

You mean necking, eh, Mrs. R?

"Fred has all the shots," said Vines. "He can run like a deer and he is one of the smartest players in the business."

—New York Times

One more crack like that and people will start talking.

—Lampoon

SAN FRANCISCO MAYOR  
NOT SATISFIED WITH  
VICE CONDITIONS

SAYS SITUATION COULD BE BETTER

—Pasadena Star-News

Could be.

—Exchange



ALL COVERED UP IN  
BRIGHT TWEED

19<sup>95</sup> and 29<sup>95</sup>

Ranleigh evening wraps boldly tailored

## Mighty Senior

Dear Dad,

I must admit it's true,  
Just seven months and I'll be through;  
A Senior? Bah! Poor crazy fool;  
Just seven months are left of school.



Then no more eight o'clocks to skip,  
Nor rushing frosh we'd like to whip;  
And no more paddling on the lake,  
Or eating up my roommate's cake;

No more cramming for the exes,  
Or receiving grades that vex us.  
This is life, and well I know  
Departing here will leave me low.

Gee, Dad, I fear the month of June  
Will be upon us all too soon;  
I rue the moment when I find  
The days of school are left behind;



Then I'll have real cause to sob:  
Paying tribute to the JOB!  
Yes, Dad, the future sure looks black:  
Next fall I won't be coming back.

Guess I'd better have my fun now  
While there's time; and seeing as how  
I've got a date with a new skirt,  
Need thirty bucks.

Sincerely,  
Bert.  
—Rosenfeld



"It's a boy!"



# Stanford Chaparral



Jim Robinson

DECEMBER 1939



## Over Twenty-one

Early this fall three local couples sped off to the City for an evening of dancing. They secured a table at one of the finer hotels, ordered their drinks, and began to dance. Returning to their table after a few times around the floor, they found the drinks, sure enough, but also an ominous-looking gentleman standing near by. He came up and introduced himself as a representative of the State Board of Equalization. Could the six individuals prove themselves of age before enjoying the alcoholic beverages? Alas, only one lad had reached maturity, and he rose to the occasion by declaring that all six drinks were for himself. And the state's representative stood by while our hero quickly—a bit too quickly—proved that the refreshments were bought for him alone.

## Celery

He didn't have time for women. He was too busy with his major—biology. But one day last spring he looked up from his microscope, and love walked right in—a cute blonde—also a biology major. Perhaps it was his shy, glistening smile that got her (he had such lovely teeth). Anyway, he made a hit. One thing led to another, and finally he acquired enough courage to ask her to dinner. That very night they whisked off to L'Omelette. Only the best was served, for this was to be

# Fables of the Farm

a glorious evening. The meal began, like all such meals should, with the hors d'oeuvres. Applying all the gusto of a medieval aristocrat presiding at his birthday dinner, our young man reached for a long, juicy stalk of celery. He bit firmly and then drew back in horror. His outstretched hand displayed the remnants of the stalk with his two store-bought front ivories securely imbedded in the end.

## Hold-up

It happened this summer while some of the boys were working for the B.A.C. One afternoon one of the lesser brilliants walked by the Education Building and found a few fellows pushing against the side of the wall. Upon asking what was the matter, he was informed that the plumbing was about six inches out of line and they

were trying to straighten it up. He was asked to push against the wall while they went upstairs to check on it and put it in place. He held up the wall for twenty minutes before the truth dawned on him.

## Bum Steer

There is a story concerning the lad who had made no friends while at Stanford, so as a defense mechanism he would drown his sorrows with alcohol every Saturday night. His only means of steering himself home on these occasions was to turn left at the fifth light on Palm Drive. One night the first light went out, but he still counted five—and he sold his car to the junk dealer as soon as he left the hospital.

—Hutshing and Rosenfeld



"I wonder how in hell they took the crane off the Hoover War Libe?"



## FRESHMAN PHILOSOPHY

"I'm alone," he observed, "all alone in the world,  
There's nobody else besides me.  
The philosophers say—and I know it's that way—  
In solitude ever I'll be."

In the gathering gloom of his bare college room,  
He sat and he pondered his lot—  
"Tho' that chair over there may resemble a chair,"  
He sighed, "I know damn well it's not."

Below, as he brooded, a car came and tooted,  
And shattered his deep concentration.  
He said, "This may seem to my senses no dream;  
But it's just secondhand nerve sensation!"

"My roommates may swear and the radios blare—  
But I know I'm alone, all alone!  
Naught can penetrate to my subconscious state—  
If I do have to answer the phone!"  
—Kline



"What in hell d'ya want now?"

# STANFORDIA GIGANTEA

Stanford is unique in many ways. It has the Honor Code, the *Gaieties*, the Pajamerino, and the *Stanfordia Gigantea*. The *Gigantea*, the last remaining tribe of Amazons, gets its name from Stanford, as in university, and from *Gigantea*, as in *Stanfordia Gigantea*. There are a thousand representatives of this gigantic female species, generally scattered around the campus; they seem to flourish most numerous in, or about, Roble and Lagunita. As I am not capable of describing to you, with an unbiased mind, this strange form of growth, we must refer to M. N. Ekk's book, *A Short Study of Anatomical Phenomena*, for a totally unprejudiced discussion of this notorious parasite.

"The *Stanfordia Gigantea* blooms on the Pacific slope, slightly south of Market Street. It is repulsive to the sight when first viewed, but after several months one's eyes become accustomed to the *Gigantea*, and there are those

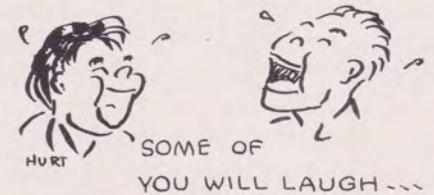


...STUDY AND ISOLATION...

who have, after months of study and isolation, noted points of beauty in the growth's features. The *Stanfordia Gigantea* grows to tremendous height, throwing out thick and knotty limbs when you least expect them. This plant is in grave danger of becoming extinct. Recent studies, conducted by the Stanford School of Education, prove that the *Gigantea* of 1938 produced an average family of only 1.0006 children, as against the average of 2.90 per family in 1916." These figures prove only one thing to the thinking man—something must be done. I hereby call on every able-bodied man to throw himself into this battle to save the *Stanfordia Gigantea*.

Our main purpose in this article is

to tell how this growth may best be cultivated. The *Gigantea* seems best suited to a warm climate, constant attention, sleep during lectures, and the rumble seat of a parked car. Another difficulty in cultivating the "thing" is that it only blooms after six o'clock in the evening. It remains blooming until 10:30 of week nights; somewhat later of a Friday or Saturday. It has been reliably reported that, in a few cases, the *Gigantea* has greeted the morning's rays—still blooming.



Some of you will laugh at this article, and you will not give it another thought, but there may be a few who will be provoked to contemplation by what has been set down. It is to you that I address these last few remarks. If you are one of the young men who is genuinely interested in the *Stanfordia Gigantea*, if you believe that something can be done to improve the place of this underprivileged growth, and if you are determined to take steps in this direction, there is but one course of action open to you! Grow taller; these Stanford women are the tallest females I've ever seen.

—Lawry



# We Can Take It

Edited by HUTSHING—Illustrated by PONSFORD

Libel is somewhat of a treacherous thing, in fact we were quite surprised when we visited the Stanford University Press recently and happened to pick up a pretty book they had just published. Glancing through the pages



of the work, Lester Rowntree's *Flowering Shrubs of California*, we noticed a chapter on "The Chaparral." Now we have tried to make the *Chappie* office a nice place, and tried to make *Chaparral* a magazine to be appreciated by all, but when we read the chapter in the book, we nearly forgot that Mrs. Rowntree was talking about our namesake shrub. You knew, of course, that *Chappie* was named after a California bush, didn't you?

Just to show you what we mean, we read that "True Chaparral never gets mangy." Really we haven't the itch! But the author tells one to ". . . shut your ears to the radios in other peoples' cars and your eyes to burned spots, the cruel cuts and scars, the transmission lines, the bottles and beer cans, and the chewing-gum wrappers" so that "This intermittent obliviousness and a little imagination will give you some idea of Chaparral and of what the country must have been like before automobiles came to make highways so necessary."



Maybe you didn't realize it, but "all you need for exploring [Chaparral] is sturdy clothing that will withstand its clutches. Even in your best clothes and from the cushions of a closed car you can get some joy from it."

We're quite delighted with the following, however: "Fragrance is a

marked characteristic of the Chaparral. Especially after rain its scent . . . is the scent of orange blossoms." (Can't you smell them?) "Early one spring, after several days of scouting, I stopped at a hotel in a small southern California town to clean up. The little maid, coming in with an armful of towels, stopped short in the middle of the room, threw back her head, and began sniffing the air like a warhorse, while I watched her in some perplexity. 'Chaparral!' she said wistfully. 'Oh! You've been in the Chaparral!'" Now we surely would not want people to think that the *Chappies* have an odor about them—but then . . .



This also delighted us: "From another aspect . . . Chaparral . . . is like a symphony." But to be told that "Fire in the Chaparral is a dis-



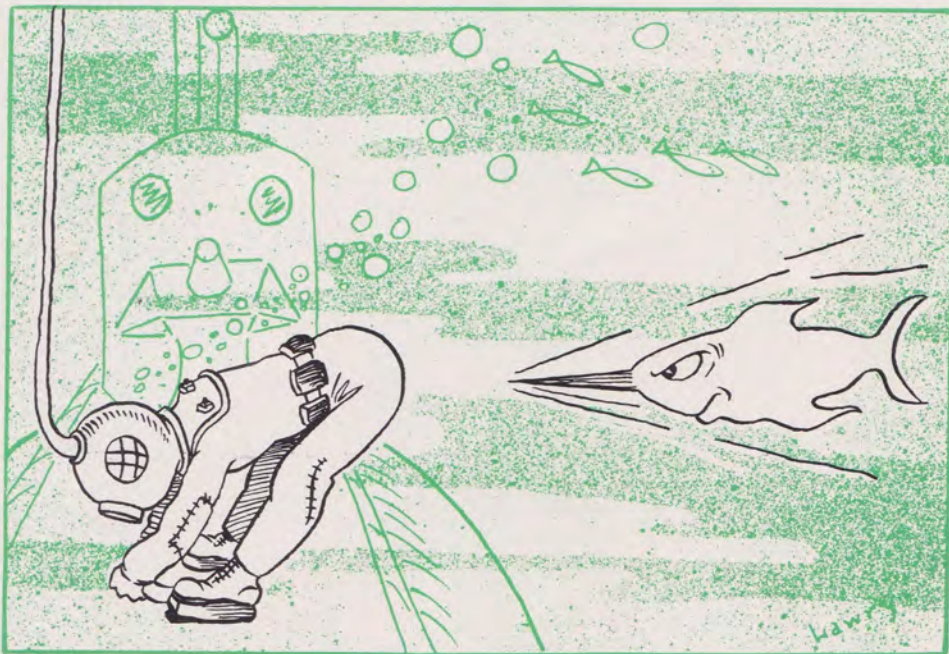
astrous thing . . ." is sort of laying it on thick. We consider the following thought that "Chaparral is not the place for a lady in skirts and silk stockings" just a bit too reflective on our gentlemanly qualities. Of course, if you expect to come up to our office some day, we quote from Mrs. Rown-



tree, "Wear high boots if you can be burdened with their weight, for even heavy-ribbed cotton stockings are in shreds at the day's end."



Believe it or not, but "Many of the component species of Chaparral spring up again after they have been burned off." Hmmm. But the payoff remark is the crack that says that "[Chaparral] mounts places inaccessible to most people."



## Why Xmas Is Not

COLINE UPSHAW

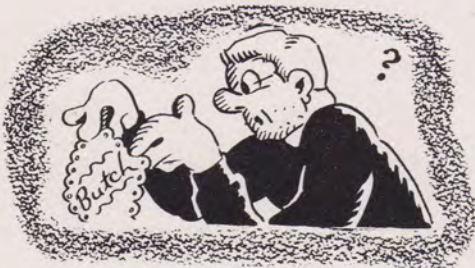
What it is cracked up to be, I mean, of course. It's not that I'm bitter, not really; Santa Claus hasn't taken my name from his Blue Book. Not yet. But Christmas just isn't what it used to be. How well I remember those days when I wrote out all those important letters asking for a bright red scooter, an air rifle, an Indian suit, a set of Oz books, a Sandy Andy, some Lincoln Logs, and all the other things that make the world go round when you are



a little one. Needless to say, I never did get that air rifle, but you can't have everything. But today, what happens, I ask you. You're too old to write a letter, and so you just have to sit back and wonder. Of course, you can drop hints—all of which are ignored. And do you ever get the things you want? Certainly not! I guess we would look pretty silly writing Santy a letter requesting that cutie blond freshman we danced with at the Roble Jolly-up or that senior transfer from Cal, an A in Administrative Organization, a diploma (not to be opened till June), or



Hitler with an apple in his mouth. So we smile sweetly and thank Aunt Mamie for the gorgeous pairs—five in all—of lisle hose, white in color; slap Uncle Louie on the back and tell him you've simply been pining for a new straightedged razor; and gush over the hand-embroidered (Pattern No. 4) flowers-and-birds pillow slip your grammar-school teacher always comes through with (you must have a good dozen, at least, by now).



## Pay In-

Pay in, pay out;  
The same old phrase just follows me  
about.  
The same old clutching claw that  
grasps  
For money what'er I do,  
And, boy, does it hurt me to  
Pay in and pay out.



Come spring, come fall;  
His damned old college seems to take  
my all.  
But my biggest bill is the money he  
spends  
On football games and dizzy dames.  
Still my son wants more, the collegiate  
lout.  
And so I must pay in, pay out.

—Hutshing + Rieser

So my suggestion, and I beg you not to shout it about, is to follow the plan of "It is more blessed to give than receive." Go out early and send your gifts long before your dear friends can buy theirs, and send them without "Do-not-open-until-Christmas" stickers. Get Aunt Mamie a long, black cigarette holder, because she doesn't smoke; Uncle Louie silk Chinese pajamas, because he wears a nightshirt; and that teacher with the cross-eyed look, a case of beer. And how about a bomb to the Registrar's Office before they send those grades?

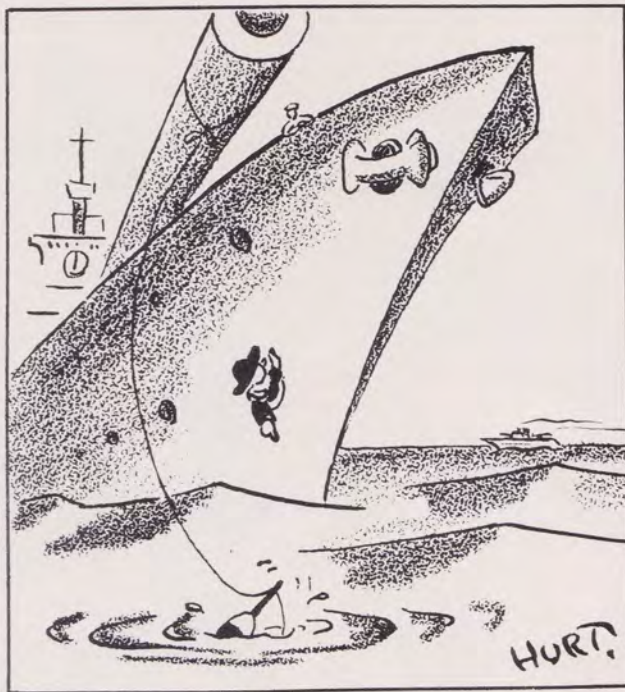




# Pay Out



Pay out, pay in;  
 The way he spends my money is a  
 sin.  
 Tuition takes up one-fifteen every  
 quarter;  
 Syllabus fees give me a stroke;  
 Books each cost more than seven dol-  
 lars:  
 I am broke.



Shhhhh I think I've got a nibble.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENCINA WOLF

(Apologies to Guy Wiggins from Lord Byron  
 for using his material without obtaining per-  
 mission)



The freshman came down like the  
 wolf on the fold,  
 Though his neck was uncleanly he  
 carried much gold,  
 And the shine of his car was like stars  
 on the sea  
 Or the sparkle of intellect at old  
 Roble-ly.



Like the leaves of the forest  
 And equally green  
 That host with its roadsters  
 At Roble was seen.



Like a crowd of commuters  
 When whistles have blown  
 That host after finals  
 Was on its way home.

For the passion of freshman  
 And new transferred soph  
 Has melted like snow  
 At an F from the prof.



—Wiggins

# Santantics

SCHAFF & ROSENFELD



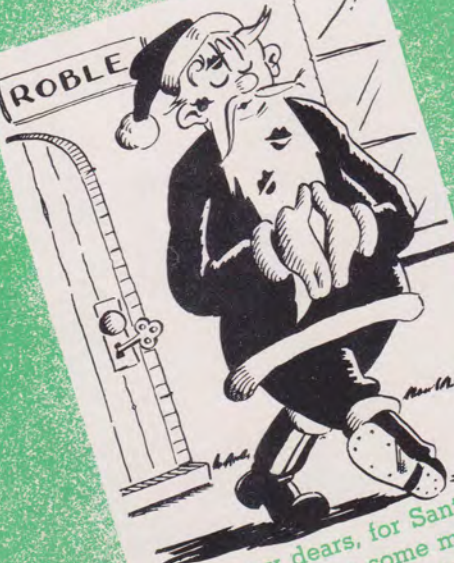
St. Nick, you kid, where did you learn  
To gayly jib and jive?  
Now that's a gift to give a lift,  
And keep the gang alive.



Ahoy there, Santa, mend your ways,  
Dean says that isn't right;  
Encina boys await their toys,  
While you are acting t-t.



Why hesitate, you sage old dear?  
Let's give our Joe a break;  
His record's poor? Don't be a boor!  
God bless the college fake.



A cheer, my dears, for Santa Claus  
Who's been to see some misses;  
They ask for men with lots of yen,  
Then smother him with kisses.



Why Mr. Claus! Imagine you!  
And at your tender age;  
Now if you stay, I'll come your way,  
When this dope turns the page.

# Practice Date

GUY WIGGINS

As I look back into the opalescent haze of my lost youth, back over the span of years—three of them—to the time when I was sixteen I realize how dear that age is to me. For it was then that love first revealed itself to my enraptured gaze, and I, in consequence, received a moral, mental, and physical drubbing unparalleled in a career already conspicuous for drubbings of the more advanced sort.

I was a serious lad, much given to romantic poetry and to the attacks of wens and pimples, principally about the nose, which was as a result unpleasantly distended at several points. Unhappy wretch that I was, I stepped off the deep end as soon as I met the girl in question. And all this in spite of the fact that her ankles, as my elder sister disinterestedly pointed out, were built on strictly functional principles with an eye to support rather than



Beauty of 1,000 stars

grace of line. But that was later. At the time, Love being blind as well as imbecilic, had attempted to make up his defection by seeing things that weren't there, with the result that I, peering as I thought into the varying and mutable maze of her mind, erroneously decided that she was reciprocating my noble pash. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

On the night that I plan to tell you about, if the old wound has healed enough to permit me, I came to get her, and upon seeing her "dressed in robes of moonlight" (and, unfortunately, others of a more tangible nature), I made some observation along these lines, "It seems you're fairer than the evening air clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." Nauseating, of course,

but at the time I thought it very apt and glowed inwardly.

At the country club dance we spent most of the time outside, not because the moon had lent a glory to the night and the breeze rustling in the tree tops



Given to romantic poetry

seemed to be whispering promises of love, but because my dancing was so vile that not even a girl of her substantial underpinnings could stand it more than ten minutes together.

Much as it makes me writhe to confess it, I believe I quoted not two or three lines of Byron's "She Walks in Beauty Like the Night" but the entire opus, for which feat I was rewarded with a giggle or two (more, at that, than I deserved). At the time her laugh was wages more to be desired than the treasure trove of an Indian potentate, and "hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her."

"Oh, Sally," I cried with consider-

ably more passion than restraint, "there be none of beauty's daughters with a magic like thee." I might add that at the time, Sally seemed to me to have as much poetic force as Locasta or Chloe, if not more.

She made some answer, setting a new high in banality, such as "Do you really thing so?" But at the time owing to a slight bias I thought it one of the most profound commentaries on Byron I had ever heard.

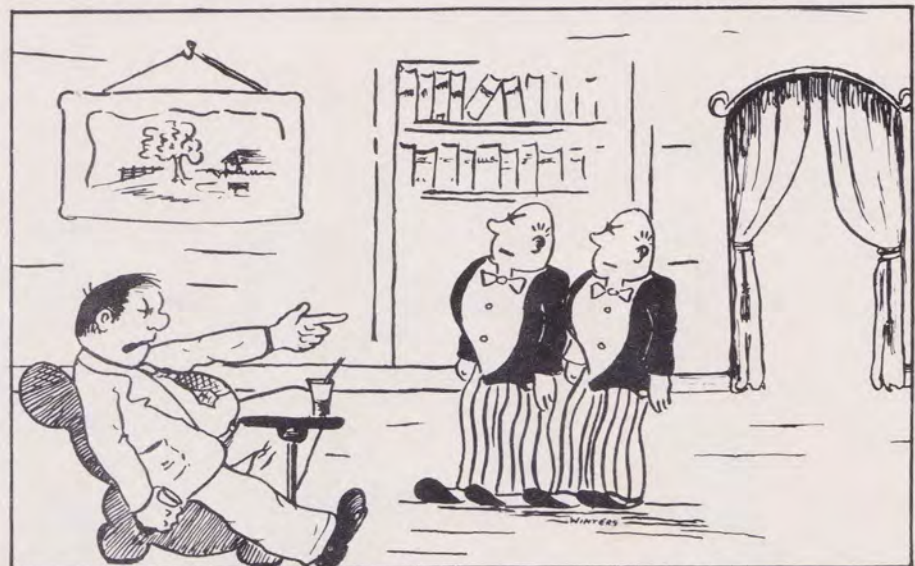
I was about to inform her that she was "a phantom of delight," when a jitter bug, who exuded a ghastly sort



Cutting an excellent pace

of gaiety, came up to Sally, did a little soft-shoe number for her benefit, gave me the recognition that Hitler would give a Polish ambassador, and addressed these words to her, which are, you will notice, remarkable for their vigorous classicism: "C'mon, worm,

(Continued on page 26)



"Tsk! Tsk! Watkins, your temper. I've had just one drink and you're beside yourself!"



## BULL SESSION

Statistics will show  
And I'm sure we all know  
That the average male conversation  
Takes two to three minutes  
To get well within its  
Discussion of female frustration.

Statistics will prove  
The discussion will move  
Very freely about orbits sexual;  
Speak of women and girls  
And of females and whirls,  
But never become intellectual.

They are never quite void  
Of the thesis of Freud;  
Of discussions about woman's torso.  
Should it bulge with a vim  
Or perhaps be quite slim,  
Or possibly be even more so?

Statistics available,  
Lewd and not mailable  
(Oh, what a shock this entails)  
Prove without doubt  
That men talk about—  
(This one will slay you)—Females!  
—Raynes

# The Frosh and the Devil

ED HUTSHING

Hank Faust was a worried freshman. He was worried because he had flunked an exam. He couldn't help it if he didn't understand chemistry. Just because some old ancestor of his had been a success at chem. was no reason Hank should have to take it. Of course, there had been some talk about that Faust ancestor but nothing had ever been proved.

However, the real story begins when Hank mixed some hydrogen sulphide with a little T.N.T. The result was an explosion and a blinding flash, coupled with an odor of rotten eggs. Hank picked himself up from the corner and noticed that a man was standing in the middle of the room. No need to describe him—you know who it was.

"Who are you?" asked Hank.

"I call myself Satan; that's my maiden name," the sly old Devil replied. "I see you sent for me," he went on. "What is it, woman trouble again?"

"Hell, no," said Hank. "I'm a Stanford man. But I wonder if you could pass my chem. final for me?"

"That's easily done," Mephistopheles reassured him. "But what's my cut on this?"

"Well, I'll fix you up with a Roble

girl and see that you get a rooter's ticket for the Rose Bowl game next year," was Hank's offer.

"It's a bargain," said the Devil. "When is the exam?"

"Next Thursday."

With that the Devil made a melodramatic exit by sinking through the floor. The fact that termites had eaten away that part of the Chem. Building had nothing to do with it, of course.

When the following Thursday had rolled around, Satan, assuming the guise of Hank Faust, went into the class and managed to get off some hellish remarks before the test began. Once it started, however, he went at it like a fiend and was the first one to leave. This is amazing, in view of the fact that he observed the honor system, but he knew there would be hell to pay if he didn't.

Up above the clouds, an old gray-bearded Gentleman laughed and laughed when he saw what was going on, for he was aware that he was the only one, besides the prof, who knew the answers to the exam. And this is why Hank and the Devil (and half of the class) flunked.



## To a Logician

Say you thus and say you so—  
Tell me, do you really know  
What it is you speak about?  
Does there never come a doubt  
As to the validity  
Of the things you say must be?  
Is it true vocabulary  
Really makes a man so very  
Much more certain than the rest—  
Who, it is to be confessed,  
Cannot follow very clearly  
All the words you use and merely  
Wonder what it's all about?  
Come, sir! Do you never doubt?  
Say you thus and say you so—  
Tell me, do you really know?

—Tuttle



"Amateurs! !"

# Echoes from Glacier County



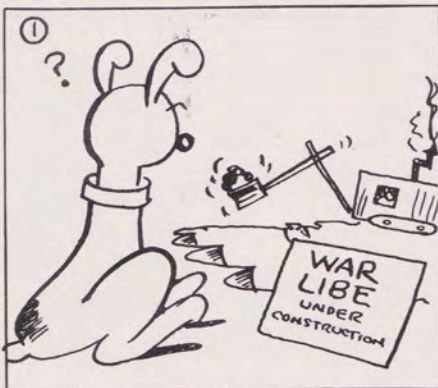
THE INDIAN AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Doctor Wilbur has the answer.



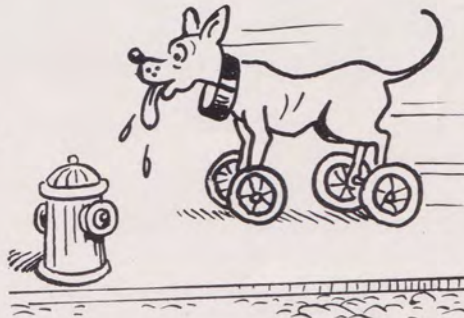
CEMETERY WATER PROJECT COMPLETED  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Why don't you try the golf-course?



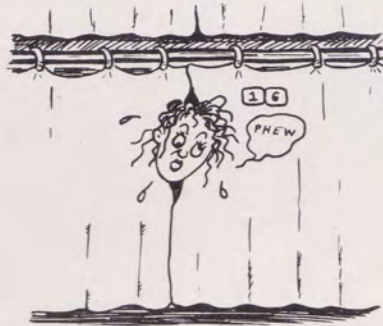
DUCK SEASON OPENS EARLIER THAN WAS PLANNED; BAGS GOOD  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Nothing like a duck dinner and a woman.



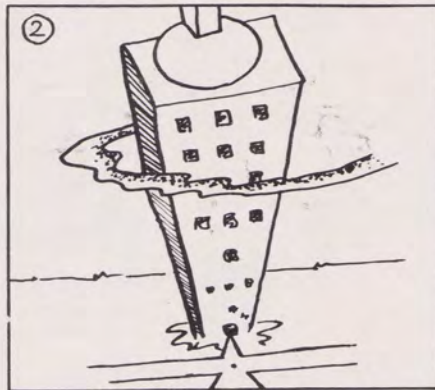
"He said the new lights are as important to driving as four-wheel barks, and that they probably will reduce night highway crash fatalities."  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief



BUTTE BOY LAUDS PARISIAN MORALE  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
No remarks; this is too obvious.



FORMER BUTTE GIRL THOUGHT ATHENIA BERTH WAS "LUCKY"  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Looks intentional to us.



PARKING PLACE FOR SNAKES IS PROBLEM  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief

WINTER HERE TOO SEVERE FOR OATS  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Even wild ones?

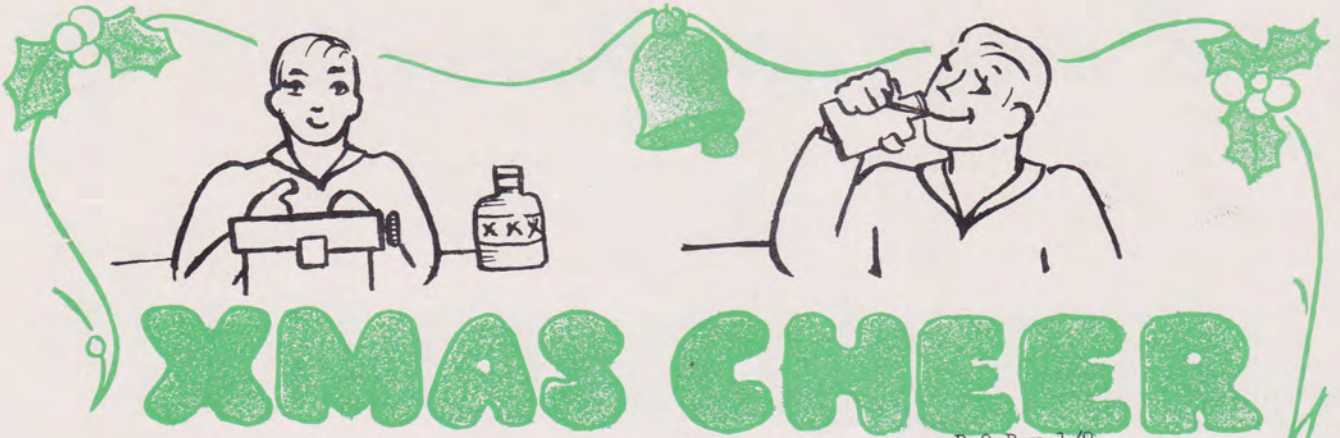
MONTANA BOY WINS PRIZE FOR OIL ESSAY  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
Pretty smooth.



THE RAILROADS ARE READY  
—Glacier County (Mont.) Chief  
For what?



jack dixon



# XMAS CHEER

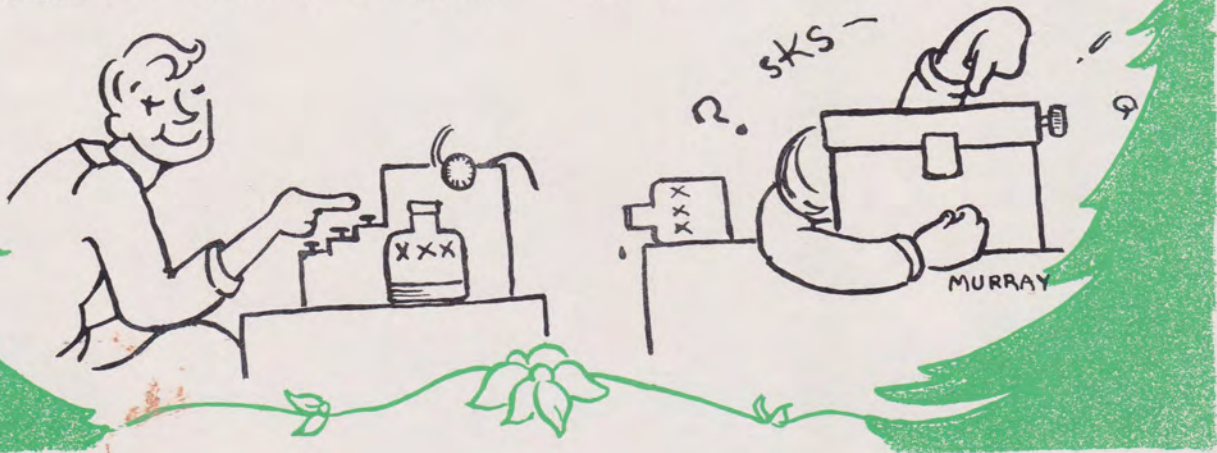
PoO Box 1/2  
Stanford University  
California

Dear Mother,

I received your letter of the 29th, in which you warned me at some length of the evils of drink and ended with an exhortation to leave the stuff alone. Now it is a well known fact that liquor does no one any harm if they can hold it. So, as a direct refutation of the insinuations in your letter, I am going to do this: I have beside me on the table a bottle of whiskey. I intend to alternately drink whiskey and write this letter until the bottle is gone. Here goes for the second drink.

You see that your unjust suspicions are utterly unfounded. I can hold by whiskey as well as anyone. Mother you don't realize that I am now a man grown. I can hold it as well as any grown man living here on the campus as I do learn a lot and this is one of the things. Now don't think that all I do is drink whisky ---- beer is my drink and can I stow it away. I am not going for the slug it's sure fine stuff

Ma i heard a good hoke the oether day a revenue officer was in a town in Missouri and he wanted to find a still he new was up in the hills some place so he asked a little boy the boy says that my father's still the revenue says will we show me how to get there for five dollars sure the boy said ---- here I go on the next three or four ---- ok the boy said fine said the officer will pay you when we get back no says the boy you pay me now cause you ain't coming back....he didn't too. I just took another if I fill fine today remember the wine you used to put up for days will did you know how I use to slip it out and was it good. I think I learned to drink there I'm pretty good TOO AND DO I LOVE IT A O BOY IS IT good I just took another my boy saw that I can drink her I have practically a bottle of si whisckkkkky in me and I'm still sober as a judge and I know what to you see that a you will see that I know how to drink I'm going to take another no I'll finish the bottle why don't we have stuff like this at and keep due the dime t ajti3 q8aje t andie apq kehpa enth maie ahei33031303 and 3mh hkelahit app; ad epeankeut dksoeitie9slckeie aaneke; a j pppp ajea dkdienthosoceueuemu mwjc; akdqmz. woz , sw8 jemmd censueix,c woeixl iels. siels,c ks asidkdue s,s dic,e soeixodie skciem alspei dieos sicie9; sldi3xc, ks kskss,sks s xk ls xkk xl ks sjiflpjeu s,s ,sm s s dki s eieoe



# Your Day

CARL BLEDSOE, with apologies to ELEANOR

So you've got an eight o'clock? All right, so what? It's a lot more comfortable (and warmer, too) to just stay nice and comfy under the blankets—like an unshelled peanut, no less. A half-hour drifts by, and the other thirty minutes drizzle after it like



Comfy under the blankets

warm molasses. Nine o'clock. Three classes left? Ah, pfft (razzberry to you), is it worth it already! So you roll over, burp, and go back to sleep. Time—and you know the rest. Anyway, aforementioned Time has a nasty little habit of scooting ahead when you ain't lookin', and ten o'clock slides into home plate with little or no fanfare. And at ten you are to learn why Japanese goldfish don't use compound low gear when going up hills, and why female moths aren't called myths? It



Use compound low

doesn't sound like a very thrilling way to spend a perfectly good hour, so to hell with it.

But you *will* get up, because you're beginning to take root to the mattress. Go on, roll out into a shower to wake up and to rid yourself of last night's dark brown taste—or green, if you're particular what you put into your mouth. One class remains before lunch and freedom. Fortunately, no great debate of wills is needed to determine just why you should sit on your—uh, desk for an hour and learn via lecture what the Polynesians' do with used



Use razor blades

razor blades. So that's settled. And besides, a little relaxation in the middle of the week does wonders for one.

Since most of the morning is shot to hell anyway, you naturally sprawl out on the divan, light a cigarette, and run through the stock reports, which don't mean a damn thing to you. From the radio comes Ma Perkins' voice, telling you very sweetly and homey-like how one should wash one's dainties. If Ma only knew; "roughs" never touch the stuff. Nuts to Ma Perkins; let's have some swing.

As noon sneaks in, so do the boys, for lunch. They are haggard, exhausted, and strained beyond speech from the rigor of morning classes. You laugh at them—ha, ha, ha—and a three-pound Econ book puts you to sleep. Upon regaining a form of

pseudoconsciousness, common on the campus, you become conscience-stricken and your mind is pregnant with great ideas of work, deep concentration, and like thoughts repugnant to the Stanford student's ideal and philosophy. After lunch, however, the inner glow that follows a meal soon

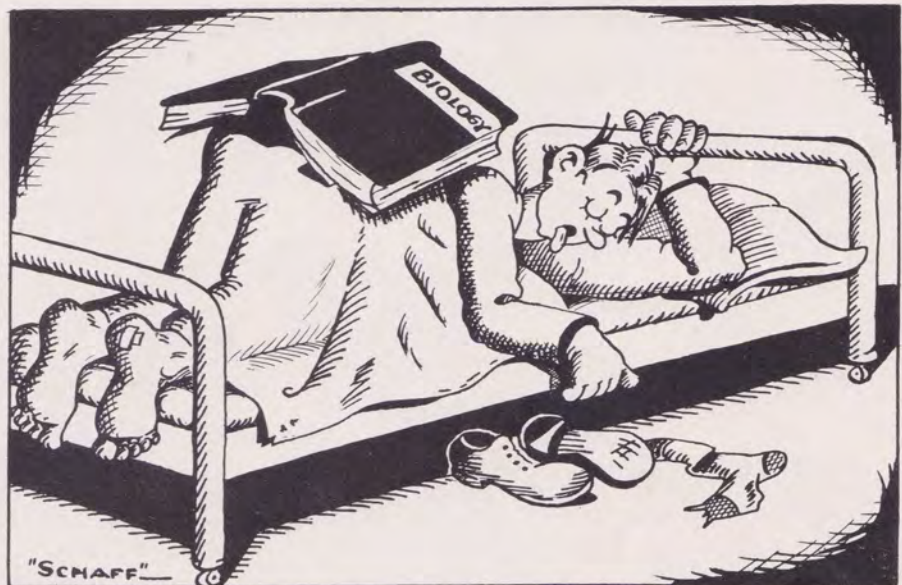


Through stock reports

dispels all of those silly thoughts you had entertained.

A leisurely walk down to the Libe, with no earthly intention of entering the place, helps brace up one's morale. It's great fun to join the group of hecklers that hang out by that "thing" on the other side of the Libe, and hear their smart remarks about why it is being built. Tiring of this, you can

(Continued on page 27)



"SCHAFF"

"The best method of assimilating knowledge is through the subconscious."—Freud



# The STANFORD Chaparral

Volume 41, 1939-40

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Thomas Fleming, '39	Collie Small, '39
Hal Barnes, '38	

### HONORARY

Art Lites, '32	Doris Tucker, '40
Jim Nute, '31	Women's Manager
Gertrude Owlser	



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

## REFLECTIONS



**NOW THAT** we have completed this December issue we wish to extend to you our hopes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The cover, with the Three Wise Men, is a sort of parting gift to you before you leave for home and Christmas turkey. The Wise Men, you see, have more or less absorbed the Stanford

spirit and all the accompanying riveting that is taking place on that enormous Hoover War Libe. Maybe you've noticed that we've said a few things about the Libe in our columns these last three issues. If you haven't, others have. Some say we are mocking the whole project. Some say we're trying to create an abortion—to have the Libe torn down. Some say we don't like Mr. Hoover. Now that is all untrue and this Ancient Dodderer wishes here and now to tell various people that the new War Libe is funny. It is funny because it is different. This Antique One will argue long and loud about its shape, but he surely does not deny its ultimate usefulness. Nevertheless, humor concerning it does exist now, and may not exist in a few years. While it is yet fresh in our minds, we will reflect the humor surrounding the Libe's construction.



Signs of the Times



"Ladies and Gentlemen: Uncostumed as I am for public speaking . . ."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CLASS SYSTEM

Freshman, Freshman passing by,  
With that twinkle in your eye.

Sophomore, Sophomore passing by,  
With that twinkle in your eye.

Junior, Junior passing by,  
With that twinkle in your eye.

Senior, Senior passing by,  
Jeez, but you look jaded!

—Hutshing

ALUMNI PLEASE NOTE

Oh, where are the students of yesteryear?

Of those men of the 'twenties please tell us.

Have they succumbed to their bootleg beer

And the teachings of Havelock Ellis?

—Hutshing



On a Paly theater:  
"The Women"  
"The Battle Fleet of England"

Another Paly show spot:  
"History Is Made at Night"  
"Grand Jury Secrets"

And another:  
"Honeymoon in Bali"  
"Death of a Champion"

In the City:  
"Stronger Than Desire"  
"Unexpected Father"



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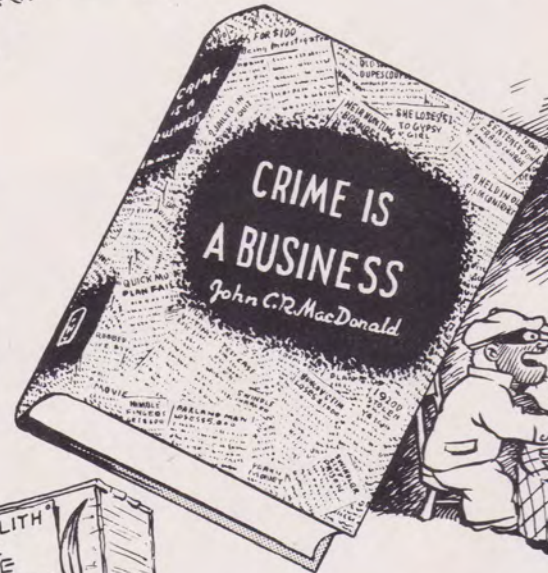
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# Give Stanford Books For Christmas!



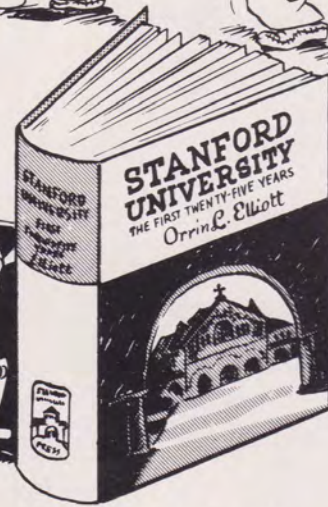
If you want the truth about Chaparral ("true chaparral never gets mangy . . .," "a medley of shrubs so jammed together that they lose all individuality in the service of general ground coverage . . ." etc.—statements from the book referring to flowering shrubs), *Ceanothus* (wild lilacs, to you), or other native shrubs, this is the book. Illustrated. \$3.00



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No time limit for the enjoyment of this book. It will find a permanent place in your library. Illustrated. \$3.00



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# STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

**Stanford As the Poets Would Have Written About It**

*(Why should I apologize? "A lad that's quick and has his will is worth a dozen dead.")*

**THE PROFESSOR**

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Red are his no-passing marks,  
Countless as the sand.  
He flows along forever  
With flunks on either hand.

**THE PROFESSOR**

*John Gay*

F's in his eyes sit playing  
And shed scholastic death,  
F's on his lips are straying  
And warbling in his breath.

F's in his breast sit waiting  
To spring on lad and lass;  
And nothing more is needed  
To flunk the whole damn class.

**THE PROFESSOR**

*William Wordsworth*

He was a phantom and a fright  
When first he glimpsed upon my sight,  
A ghastly apparition sent  
To make my days a long torment.

Within his eyes a fishy stare,  
Like old Medusa's was his hair.  
He was, as any child could see,  
A clear case of misanthropy.

**FINALS**

*Robert Browning*

The year is abating,  
"The tests are at dawn;  
You'd better not slip!"  
The challenge is hurled.

The professors are waiting,  
The crammers look worn,  
God's on a trip,  
All's wrong with the world!

**AFTER FINALS**

*A. E. Housman*

With rue my heart is laden  
For golden friends I had  
For many a fog-bound maiden  
And many a dense young lad.

They worked too hard at college life  
And so the lads are gone  
Because a frog was spared the knife,  
Alone I rouse at dawn.

—Wiggins

**DARWIN THEORY**

Bananas are the fruit of life;  
They are the food of monkeys.  
If it weren't for bananas,  
Where would we be?

—Yost



**POME**

With all these poems about the rabbit  
And all about the rabbit's habit,  
What would we do  
For rabbit stew,  
If rabbits didn't habit?

—Yost



Billing on theater marquee: "Mae West in 'I'm No Angel'—'Come and Get It.'"

Second ditto: "Hedy Lamarr in 'Ecstasy'—also shorts."



Nervous Suitor—Sir, er—that is, I would like to—er—that is, I mean I have been going with your daughter for five years—

Father—Well, whaddye want—a pension?

—Penn Punch Bowl



"But I tell you, race intermarriage means race degeneracy."

*THE Persian Room*  
PRESENTS



*Carl*  
**RAVAZZA**  
AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
*Featuring*  
**NEIL BONDSHU**  
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"THE FOUR OF US"  
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ON ICE  
IN THE  
PERSIAN ROOM  
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 and **THE COMING YEAR**

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644 Emerson

**Xmas Lament**

As the Yuletide time approaches  
 I am giving me reproaches  
 For all those misspent opportunities  
 For Xmas presents and gratuities.

—Henry

**Progress**

Nine o'clock: chinning  
 Ten o'clock: dining  
 Eleven: winning  
 Twelve: sinning.

—Henry



"... and who put the shaving cream next to my toothbrush!"  
 —Kangaroo

**50¢ HOLDS THESE  
 SKIS 'TIL XMAS!**



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**Choice of length**

Best second-growth white hickory.  
 Hand assembled, metal bound edges. Prepared bottoms ready to use. Built by expert craftsmen from the best wood known for skis. Pairs carefully matched for balance and flexibility.

**MONTGOMERY WARD CO.**

**PRACTICE DATE**

(Continued from page 21)

le's wiggle." She did so. Did so so completely in fact that although I looked myopically but earnestly for her all night I only managed to catch a glimpse of her as she hurdled the hedge in back of the clubhouse and cutting out an excellent pace disappeared into the darkness. She proved as elusive as the "Bremen" though somewhat smaller.

It was certainly a salutary if somewhat violent treatment for my peculiar malady. I went home and consigned Byron, Shelley, and Keats to flames, and since then have read nothing but Housman who said, if you will remember, "Give crowns and pounds and guineas but not your heart away. Give pearls away and rubies, but leave your fancy free."



"May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."

"But I'm not experienced."

"No, and you're not home yet, either."

—Kangaroo



**Funny People, Men**

Men tell us we talk too much  
 And never say a thing.  
 They tell us that we never tire  
 Of endless arguing.  
 We cat about our women friends (?)—  
 Don't like 'em if they're cute.  
 Figures on our checkbook tabs  
 We never can compute.  
 When behind an auto wheel  
 We're awfully dangerous.  
 Happiness is never ours  
 Unless we fuss and fuss.  
 All we think about is males—  
 At least, that's what they say.  
 We concentrate upon our man,  
 Pursue him night and day.  
 We load him down with gadgets  
 That we should put in a purse.  
 We decide on one thing, but  
 Our mind goes in reverse.  
 Gossip's our favorite diversion,  
 Marriage, our greatest yen;  
 If we're pretty, we can't be smart—  
 Funny people, men.

—Claire



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**ON THE CAMPUS**  
**CLOSE TO THE CENTER OF ACTIVITY**

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Comfortable, attractive apartments  
 reasonably priced

Suitable for students and families

Beautiful surroundings—restful atmosphere

For information, call or write  
 Edith Armstrong, Mgr., P.A. 8871

**YOUR DAY**

*(Continued from page 15)*

have just as much fun listening to the riveting, and comparing the sound to that made by some of your rattling lecture profs. Or even the noise can be made enjoyable by pretending that the riveters are really machine-gunners firing at three prominent European gentlemen—at close range.

A coke at the Cellar, a rambling walk home, and then dinner before going to an evening movie to relax after the hard day's work. What a lovely day!

This is fun, but too much of it and it

isn't long before you are relieved of the obligation to "make all checks payable to Stanford University." Don't say I didn't warn you.



To old-fashioned girl—Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

To modern girl—Be good, sweet maid, and let who will. Be clever.

—Bored Walk



Junior's just a little paunch drunk," said the kangaroo mother.

—Rammer Jammer

Kappa—Let's have a kiss.

Sig Ep—Not on an empty stomach.

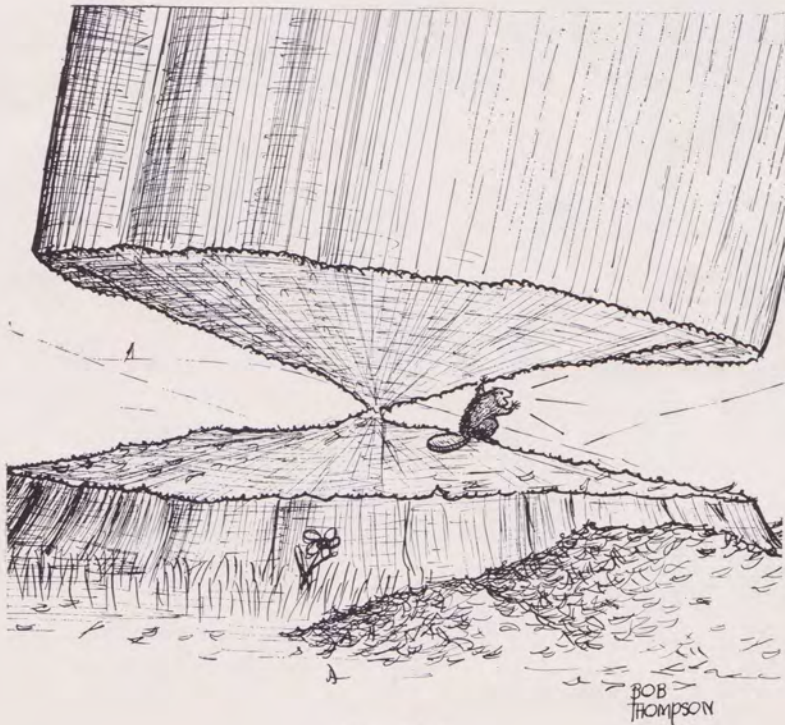
Kappa—Of course not. Right where the last one was.

—Covered Wagon



Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it was not necessary to ask her.

—Cal. Tech.



"Timber"

—Panther

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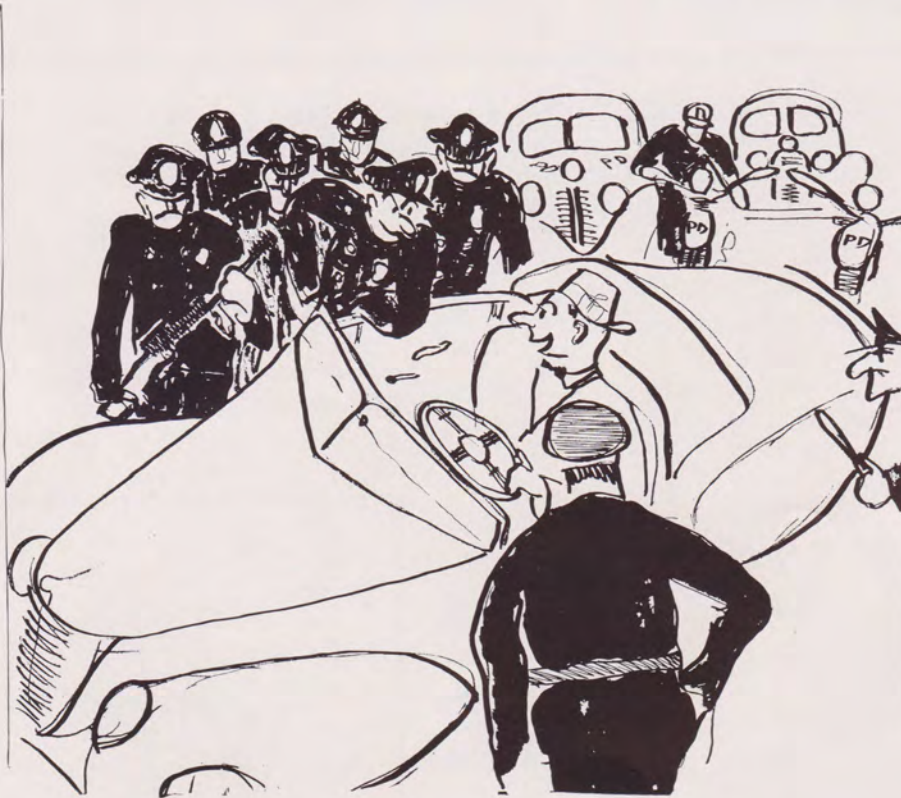
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"Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Twenty-eight blocks on one light!"  
—Record



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And if your typewriter is in a bad way  
We'll fix it while you go on a holiday.

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### NEVER KISS A GIRL

UNLESS you're bored, in love, or don't have anything else to do.

UNLESS your lungs are in good working order, as you may be under a long time. Practice in "being under" may be obtained by holding your head under water while swimming. Wash basins may also be used. Drinking glasses and finger bowls are not advised.

UNLESS you have removed all ornamental articles, including monacles and spectacles. It may be a warm evening and glass melts at approximately 1500 degrees.

UNLESS you have removed all powder and lipstick with HER handkerchief. There may be a law student in the next room.

UNLESS you have the permission of the girl's fourth cousin and great-grandmother. People still have peculiar minds.

UNLESS you can come out of a clinch in a hurry. You may get a charleyhorse.

UNLESS you are a strong man with a good constitution. She may be a Theta.

UNLESS you are sure she won't mind it. Take a preliminary peck at the phone book or grand piano just to see how she likes the general idea, and—

UNLESS she kisses you first, why get in there and pitch, but remember—

UNLESS you don't give a hang, fill all the cracks and chinks in the logs with putty. Sinister columnists may be around.

—Analyst



A man came up to his Mrs.  
And showered her with hugs and krs.

For he wanted to go out  
And drink b—r and stout  
With the many old cronies he mrs.



Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's scorching today  
Use Lifebuoy, I do.

—Bradley

Dear Sir: I am engaged to a Pi Phi. A fraternity brother of mine has informed me that you were seen kissing her. Kindly call at my fraternity house at eleven o'clock tomorrow night and make an explanation.

—(Signed) HERBERT HARMS

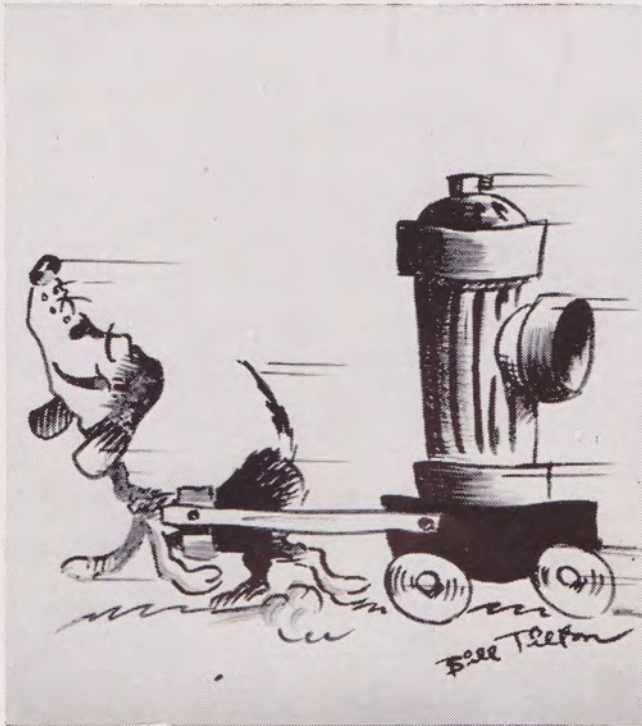
Dear Herbert: I received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting. —The Sour Owl



"I'm a ballet dancer."

"Doesn't it hurt dancing on it?"

—Pell Mell



—Frivol

Two street urchins were watching a barber sing a customer's hair. "Gee," said one to the other, "he's hunting 'em with a light."

—Varieties



"How do you like Kipling?"

"I don't know. How does one kipple?"

—Railway Age



No fairy tale is 100 per cent untrue. Even the one about the stork is true—with reference to baby storks.

—Show Me

## Selective and Outstanding Christmas Gifts

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### V. MONET'S HARDWARE

370 University

Phone 4781

A year of reading Freshman English papers glistens and is golden only in retrospect. We've all got our cherished mesalliances of metaphor, culled from hundreds of bright young papers. Not many of us care about the word "boners," but we save them, and are justly proud of the talented three or four in a class who "come through" constantly. One of ours, a paper on the American home and family, had this sentence: "Sometimes I wonder whether it is best to be married, or singular." The *same* paper: "My family come from an uninhibited mountain region."

This example of metonymy has, our friends agree, an apocalyptic note in it: "Yesterday there was a large hand working in the fields."

Other *obiter dicta* for the tired reader:

"A strong temper coupled with a powerful physic frequently leads to disaster."

"It was not until her first child was born that he became aware she was interested in men."

—Pelican

A jolly-up is a thing you go hopefully over to and get sadly down about.

—Claire

## WATCHES - DIAMONDS - JEWELRY

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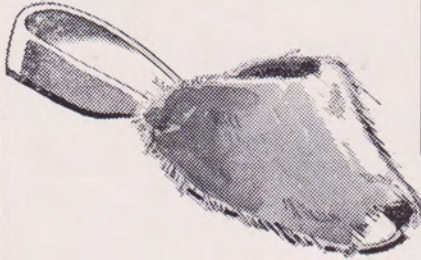
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and hosiery

**Thoit's**

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He—Let's create a disturbance.  
She—You'll marry me first.

—Jester



He—Do you know the secret of pop-  
ularity?

She—Yes, but mother said I mustn't.  
—Jack-o'-Lantern

### Finals

Blench not, my friend, e'en though  
thou knowest  
The trial by fire is near;  
Let not the pallor of thy face  
Reveal thy fear.

Bear up, bear up thy sinking head  
And firm thy trembling chin,  
Let not thy fear show in thy gait  
As thou goest in.

Thy quivering fingers keep at rest,  
Erase that nervous frown.  
Thy cruel foe meet face to face  
And cast him down.

For thou hast met this foe before  
And drave him fast before thee  
And from the battle thou hast come  
In mists of glory.

So grasp thy pencil firm in hand  
And summon up thy strength.  
The struggle will be hard but thou  
Shalt win at length.

—Green



He—Darling, I'm groping for  
words.

She—Well! You won't find them  
there.

—Covered Wagon



She—I'll be back in two shakes,  
dear.

He—All right, lamb. —Pell Mell

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Quality Printing for Stanford

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Freshman (peering through tele-  
scope)—Gawd!

Wow! Some telescope!

—Owl



Movie Director—Unmarried?  
Applicant—Twice.

—Froth

*"A Votre Sante, Claus!"*

# L'OMELETTE

"The Peninsula's French Restaurant"

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and

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Patsy Mayer

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Katie Stewart

Ruth Whitney

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Feudal Lord—Son, I understand you were misbehaving while I was away.

Son—In what manor, sire?

—Pointer



Tri-Delt (coyly)—You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again.

S.A.E.—I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in this party.

—Yellow Jacket

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After Hours, 6902 or 6728

Reformer—And furthermore, hell is just filled with cocktails, roulette wheels, and 'naughty chorus girls.

Voice from the rear (faintly, with a sigh)—Oh, Death!

—Panther



Diner—I see that tips are forbidden here.

Waitress—Bless your heart, sir, so was the apple in the Garden of Eden.

—Exchange

## Our Advertisers

Are establishments conducted on the basis of service and dependability. Every advertisement represents an investment on the part of one of these establishments for the purpose of securing campus trade.

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CAMPUS BOOSTERS

# CAMPUS ADVERTISERS

are

*Stanford Supporters*

WHY NOT BACK THEM?

RECIPROCATE WITH YOUR PATRONAGE

## Alpha to Omega

We consulted the student guides who stand guard at the entrance of the University and take ogling tourists to see the Chapel. Stopping us on Palm Drive the other day one of the guides told us a story that could be repeated many times. It seems that many of the tourists are college grads and visit Stanford to give it the look-over for comparison with their own alma maters.

One corpulent ex-fraternity man, now advanced in years, was the prize of them all. Calling on a student guide, he asked to be shown the Chapel, with its prize collection of colored rocks made into pictures. Inside the dark, cool lobby they stepped, when the corpulent one stopped short and pointed his cane at the east wall of the lobby where are placed the Greek letters, alpha and omega. Now everyone (anyway, nearly everyone) knows that these are religious symbols, signifying "from the beginning to the end." But the brazen, antiquated fraternity man proved his atheism by asking very gruffly, "Where in all blazes are the Phi Deltis on there—and the Fijis—? How come the Alpha Omegas get the whole show?"



"Hell, yes," said the Devil, as he picked up the phone.

—Owl



Won't you join me in a cup of coffee?

You get in first.

—Urchin

A man somewhat under the influence of good cheer attempted to pass through the revolving doors of a department store in Detroit. Each time he entered he made the complete round and found himself in the street again. After several unsuccessful attempts he sat down on the sidewalk to work things out.

A moment later a young man walked rapidly up the street and went in. The door went around and a young lady came out. The inebriate was puzzled.

"What gets me," he remarked, "is what the devil did he do with his other clothes?"

—Gargoyle



We wonder why the iceman smiles so,

When his glance happens to meet  
The sign: "Please drive slow,

The child in the street  
May be yours you know."

—Pell Mell



Patient—I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

—Lyre



"How do you know your daughter trusts in God?"

"By the company she keeps."

—Gargoyle



"Go ahead and write Santa Claus early. Maybe he won't be out of harems this time."

Johnny was over visiting the Chi Omegas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him: "You're kissing beautifully tonight, Johnny!"

"Johnny, Hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. John's at the door taking tickets."

—Vanderbilt



He—Do you know what virgins dream about?

She—No, what?

He—I suspected as much!

—Froth



"Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

"Was he surprised? Why, the gun almost fell out of his hands."

—Yellow Jacket



Father—Why do you go with that girl?

Son—Because I want to.

Father (suspiciously)—Want to what?

—Duke 'n' Duchess

## GAJETIES

Old Assembly Hall days returned momentarily with this year's *Big Game Gaieties*, held the day before that excuse for sand-lot football. Charles Bulotti really showed them how when he directed one of the funniest shows seen here in many a moon. Aided by Harry Muheim, who wrote a good number of the skits, Bulotti had good dialogue to work with; with a nucleus of experienced actors he had a minimum of directional worries; with an experienced technical director, Chet Johnson, he had fine sets; with a capable stage crew he had a fast-moving show. The *Gaieties* stole the thunder of Big Game week end; the Game itself seemed like an appendage to the show.

The big thing about the show was that it was of Stanford, by Stanford, and for Stanford. Sets were not designed to have skits built around them; it was the opposite, as it should have been. With the exception of the last skit before the finale, every act was received in good mood by the audience. And the songs, especially those sung by Bob Stevens and the Glee Club, by Mickey Smith, and by Eloise Lambert were especially fine.

The possibilities of pantomime were shown in several skits, and incidentally uncovered some new talent along that line. In the "Owed to Morpheus" skit about the fraternity sleeping-porch, Aubrey Austin proved that he can do something else besides being a master of ceremonies. Aubrey was the backbone of the act, and kept the house laughing. Tony Cefaratti, as the drunken fraternity brother, kept the audience screaming for over five minutes while he tried to get undressed and into bed. Another find was Bobbe Harris in the "Stanford Traditions" skit. Bobbe fills a long-time need for a good woman pantomimist; it's a surprise to us that she has not been given a better break.

Two more talented ones were discovered, John Lawry, who has had some experience in Paly Community Theater, and Shorty Grannis, who out-Roosevelted F. D. R. An eye should be kept on those two.

—Gerson



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