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Chaparral



March 1941 15c

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CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —

MARCH 1941

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of the most photogenic
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will appear
in each issue of
the Chaparral
Spring quarter

THE
NICHOLAS JOHNSTON
REMBRANDT STUDIO

119 University Ave. P.A. 9775



THE OLD BOY PRESENTS

Spring Fashions

Containing a real bevy of assorted campus beauties. Incidentally, this is the biggest fashion review ever to appear between CHAPPIE's slick covers.

The Cover

Apropos to the average campus wench and her attitude toward the importance of world affairs. Executed by Associate Editor Jack Hurt, and neatly done, eh?

Hot from Vichy

What the well-dressed campus Romeo will be seen without this season. The latest French dope on the French dopes.

But Not Heaven Too

Storm, local mystery character, tells you what will happen to the Stanford lad who believes in the goodness of life and all.

Through the Time Schedule

With Barney McClure as your guide to those must-not-miss classes, you can't go wrong—far.

Androcles and the Lion

Another in Barbara Blum's modern interpretations of the old Aesop Fables.

How to Arrange Flars So They Look Good

An informative little piece, of extreme value to every campus figure, dished up by Fellow, who also has added a couple of dukey war cartoons.

And Our Usual Pack of Goodies

Like poems by several verse-artists, those informative columns, and those little fillers you all love so well.

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The Stanford Chaparral

Volume 42, 1940-41

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

REFLECTIONS

NOW THAT the end of bear-down-and-study-like-hell quarter is just around the coming week of horror, the Old Boy would think, perhaps dream, of next quarter. The Old Man's heart grows warm at the thought of spring-time goodies. To him the green-grass season means a lot. Among which is the thought of small, swell picnics in the hills, complete with cans of that amber-colored dream-stuff.

When you really get to thinking about it, spring is not as good as all the poets say it is. It is better—by far. Spring is really nice. It is that lovely season between mud and drought. Spring brings on all sorts of things, like a dry Libe lot (which by June will be ankle-deep in

dust). It brings on nice clothes, like the ones shown on our following pages. Women always look better in spring. Maybe it's the sweaters. What do I mean, maybe?

Rule No. 1 for Spring Quarter is don't study. If you do, people won't like you. A few of them might even grow to hate you. So go up to Lagunita and drink in the beauty and a few health-giving gulps of mud. Take hossa-back rides into the hills. It will develop your appreciation of nature, among other things like unused muscles.

So, as the Old One looks forward to what will probably be his last Spring Quarter at Stanford, he smiles. Smiles at the pretty girl passing his booth. And makes that familiar motion for another short one.

"You bet I think
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NOW THAT DATE

Now that the last of winter quarter is sliding out from under our feet, via the sewer, we find that the ennui of rain, broken-down skiers, and a flock of books yet to be read is slowly driving us mad. Everybody goes dancing in the city; everybody has his or her favorite rendezvous. The two bright spots in this clouded vale are the discovery of a new singer and a new night club.

Audrey Brownell is the young lady who delightfully warbles at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley. Even though this is the hangout of the nefarious Bears, we feel that they show some discrimination in appreciating the talents of this fifteen-year-old (get that, Gayer?) chanteuse. She has the combined talents of Dinah Shore and Ethel Merman; and when she sings "It All Comes Back to Me Now," brother, it sends you. Don Kaye's band is good too, it suffering somewhat from over-orchestration.

Lindy's is the new club de soir, and it promises to be the sensation of the S.F. night life. Entertainers downstairs and Ernie Heckscher's enlarged orchestra on the second floor are just a few of the features of this double-deck delight. And for the benefit of brethren who fear clip-joints, Lindy's has a very nominal minimum, and no cover. See you there.

HOTELS

Mark Hopkins—"Royally entertained to the regal rhythms of Henry King and his Orchestra" is getting to be a cliché around these parts. The man with the marvelous marcel seems to make the Peacock Court his base of operations and just ventures back East to let them know he is still around. We have no complaints about King, because we cut our dancing teeth to his music, and his piano calls back the many nights that have fled into the draftless past. Up in the eaves (Top o' the Mark, to you) they have the rumba band still holding forth from twelve to two.

Palace—Glen Gray is really at the Rose Room Bowl, in spite of our jumping the gun a month last time. Among Gray's new arrangements is a little tune called "Blue Champagne," which is just about right, and it gives that reedy clarinet section a chance to dream you away. Daryl Harpa has his Marimba band around for those lovers of Latin lassitude on the hardwood.

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

—Rammer Jammer

Scientists have definitely proved that the bumblebee has not enough wing space with which to fly. However, the bumblebee does not know this and flies anyway.

—Pace

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks,
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It plainly showed for weeks.

—Pell Mell

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STOMPIN' AROUND

Now that Spring Vacation is nearly here, and time is going to be hanging heavily on your hands. So peruse this column carefully, and when one of those drear evenings presses upon you, why spin the turntable and receive solace. There's nothing better, and only a few things like it—wine and women, to mention a couple.

Number-one record, at least in interest, of this month is the Metronome All-Star Band pressing of "One o'-Clock Jump" and "Bugle Call Rag." The musicians are the world's finest, and the sides cannot help being good. But somewhere, somehow, something essential is lacking. It just isn't there.

Following the popular trend toward small combinations, Woody Herman has got together a group of four Chips. Results on "Chip's Blues" and "Chip's Boogie Woogie" are far better than average, and Tom Linehan's piano sparkles rather unexpectedly. "More Than You Know" shows Benny Goodman's band at its subtle best, Helen Forrest (she re-replaced Mildred Bailey) and Benny taking the palms. But "Superman" demonstrates merely that Cootie Williams can play any and all kinds of trumpet. We knew that already. Old-time New Orleans pianist Terry Shand has got together a band that, on the strength of its first pressings, promises to develop into something. "Southern Fried" and "Missouri Scrambler" are the titles, and though there's nothing sensational it's all plenty solid.

For the purists: The Decca race list sometimes includes good jazz, and Erskine Butterfield's "Whatcha Know Joe" and "Beale Street Mama" are definitely such. Fine, though unpolished, piano, guitar, and clarinet are features on both, and more than offset the questionable lyrics of the latter. Rough and harsh, but possessing all of the drive of the old Basie band at its best, is Harlan Leonard's "Ride My Blues Away." It's Kansas City at its best.

On the short line: Nappy LaMare's vocal and Muggsy Spanier's terrific trumpet highlight Bob Crosby's nonsensical "Dry Bones" . . . Phil Harris' theme, "The Groove Song," has been grooved again, this time on Decca . . . "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume" and "When the Quail Come Back to San Quentin" (Artie Shaw) are two terrific titles, we think . . .

(Continued on page 30)

SMOOTHIN' AROUND

There's no accounting for tastes" is an old saying that has been slammed into this humble one's head with increasing vigor ever since this column was foaled. Some object to certain records on the grounds that they aren't sweet; some object to our reviews on the grounds that they aren't good; at least one coed didn't care for our attitude toward local fimmies in relation to Dinah Shore; and some people just object to us. All of this is by way of saying that we are expressing our own opinions, and, if you don't like them, just skip this length of type and go look at the cartoons.

Two new albums have us foaming at the mouth a bit this month. The first is another Hal Kemp Memorial Album recently put on the market by Victor. Hal, himself, favored these eight tunes as the high spots of his career, and they are certainly representative. Skinnay Ennis is featured on the three songs that are always associated with him and the Kemp outfit: "Remember Me," "Got a Date with an Angel," and "Lamplight." Hal experimented quite successfully with unique arrangements, and two of his most clever are "Whispers in the Dark" and "Speak Your Heart," with Bob Allen handling the vocal on the former. Another side that should be added to this group is "Eighteenth Century Drawing Room." For the most sophisticated lyrics of all time, we doff the old skull doily to "Love for Sale," wherein Kemp renders a clarinet solo that is ample.

Our second album is Mary Martin vocalizing six Cole Porter hits for Decca. Miss Martin has never been one of our raves, but, without a doubt, she has climbed in our estimation with these waxes. Starting with "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and coming up to "Katie Went to Haiti," the album runs the gamut of Porter hits through the years. In practically every collection of disks, there are always a couple of lemons, but there isn't one poor recording here. One of the more amusing aspects is the backing of "Let's Do It" and "Why Shouldn't I?" We strongly suspect Freudian symbolism. For the first time, the unexpurgated edition of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" is released, and it is joined to "I Get a Kick out of You." Anyone who is a

(Continued on page 28)

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra

WITH PEE WEE HUNT AND KENNY SARGENT



The Palace Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO'S SMARTEST ENTERTAINMENT

A Scotchman walked up to a friend at the bar and began telling about a hunting trip.

"We shot a couple of bears," he said, "but the biggest thrill was tracking yuers."

"What is yuers?" asked the friend.

"I'll have a beer, thanks," said the Scotchman.

Just as they reached the bottom of their glasses, the friend remarked: "Well, I'll have to be going. Got to get home and do my chores."

"What chores?" asked the Scotchman.

"Beer, please," said the other.

—Pup Tent

They laughed when I stood up to sing—how was I to know I was under the table?

—Scripts 'n Pranks

"Joe Homer always makes a hit with the bleachers."

"Baseball player, eh?"

"No, he goes in for peroxide blondes."

—Old Maid

The glow-worm writhed and twisted; He whose humble day consisted In sole pursuit of food and life Was dying now in pain and strife. The glow-worm forced one final fire To burn, and lit himself, his pyre.

—Lampoon

Joe—I can't eat this soup.

Waiter—Sorry, I'll call the manager.

Joe (to manager)—This soup, I can't eat it.

Manager—I'll take care of it at once. Call the chef.

Joe (to chef)—For gosh sakes, I can't eat this soup!

Chef—What's the matter with it?

Joe—No spoon.

—Jester

She—How kind of you to bring these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet.

He (stammering in great embarrassment)—Yes, but I am going to pay the florist tomorrow.

—Octopus

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NOW THAT THEATER

The increasingly active Stanford Players offered two widely varied productions to the community last month.

The first was George Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*, an extravagant production with all the color and pomp of last year's *Richard II*. In looking back on a production with such a large cast, several characters naturally stand out.

Frank Burt as John de Stogumber, chaplain to Winchester, heads the list. Giving the most finished and moving performance of the production, his last scene, which was his most dramatic, was terrifyingly real; the discomfort of watching a man completely break down was felt by every member of the audience. Shaw used De Stogumber also for comedy relief, which Burt carried off beautifully.

Literally carrying the load of the play, Janice Schwensen played a memorable Joan. The only criticism which can be made is that she reached her peak too soon, and when a tremendous pitch in the play was reached, there was not enough contrast to make it effective. After all, at the beginning Joan was a peasant girl, intensely sincere and believing, and only through circumstance was she a girl warrior. Her big scene was the trial scene and it was very well done.

Dave Regnery, in his wonderful underacting style, as the carefree and a bit cynical Dunois was an excellent foil for the intense Joan. His power lies in the fact that he does underplay most of his lines without losing the effect of the characterization.

Hal Millen made a brief, dashing appearance as Captain Robert de Baudricourt, the lord of Joan. Ted Marcuse was outstanding in his scenes as the Earl of Warwick. Bud Cady brought laughs with his characterization of the Dauphin.

Most of the reviews which have been written about *St. Joan* have made some mention of the fact that the epilogue was omitted. Director Charles Vance must have had some reason for leaving it out, but the whole play seems to lead up to the epilogue. All through the play Shaw pokes fun at the clergy, the French, in fact the whole background of the play. His thought, feelings, and the

(Continued on page 31)

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Dolores Thornton

Although this strapless gown is new,
I ask no heavy boon of you;
I ask of you no flowers to wear
At my waist—or in my hair,
And though 'twill touch the pavement
slab

I ask of you no taxicab.
One thing I ask—it's not appalling—
Just tell me if you see it FALLING!
—Kitty Kat

Mah Lobely Pitunya,
Ah jest had de best
victuals dat Ise eber
et at dat der Easton
Creamery. Dey gibbed
me da best suthern fried
chicken. It musta bin
a young un 'cause it sho
was tendah as yo. An yo
oughta hab tasted dem
'licious muffens. Dey
was pipin hot, wid honey
just as sweet as yo all
is. Ah tells ya, Pi-
tunya, ef yo cook vic-
tuals as well as dey
do at de Easton Cream-
ery, Ah tinks we'se
oughta git hitched up.
Much lub N Smacks
Black Sambo

EASTON CREAMERY

416 University

OH YOU KID!

"How about a date?"
"I should say not!"
"Oh, I don't mean now. Some
nasty wet winter afternoon when
there's nobody else in town."
—Pointer

Adolf Hitler
Is littler
But more of a meanie
Than Mussolini.
—Pelican

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YOU STALKED BY

You stalked by,
I dropped my jaw and stared;
You stalked by,
My God, babe, I was scared.
You looked lovely at the dance last
night,
But this morning, dearie, you're a
fright!
You stalked by,
And children stopped their play;
You stalked by,
And frightened them away.
How you turned my stomach sick
with fear

When you stalked by, my dear.
—Hutshing

YEA, BUY

We are Phi Betes
Tried and true,
We get no girls
Our dates are few;
But we are smart,
You bet your life—
We'll make some dough
And BUY a wife.

—Stanley

Coach of the Year

SHAUGHNESSY


We returned to Hanover before
Christmas vacation was over and the
first thing we did was break into Rob-
inson Hall. We wanted to see our
office, for some unaccountable rea-
son; we wanted to see the typewrit-
ers, the screamingly funny things on
the bulletin board, the piles of old
exchanges. The entire building was
dark. We entered the office casually,
sat down, noticed nothing for a while.
Then a sticker on the window caught
our eye.

FORGE-ON-ESSY with SHAUGHNESSY

the sticker said, in red letters. How
many others are stuck around the col-
lege we don't know, but it's extremely
startling to come upon something like
that unexpectedly. Especially when
the building has been locked for two
weeks. Maybe the Players have hired
some little brown men for their next
show.

Who in hell is Shaughnessy?
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

We might ask, who in hell is Dart-
mouth?



Infantile Paralysis
(POLIOMELITIS)

Probably no disease, with the exception of cancer has been studied as exhaustively as has Infantile Paralysis. Various agencies have been given as its cause, but as yet, none of these have been definitely proven.

Medical science is constantly working to find the cause and develop effective treatment. By avoiding crowded places when an epidemic is reported, the public can best cooperate with the medical profession in preventing the spread of the disease.

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Sin—Hear about Jack? He drank sulphuric acid by mistake.

Copation—Kill him?

Sin—Hell, no; he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose.

—Pup

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Stripper

Three lads from El Capitan had made a habit of dropping in on "The Streets of Paris" in San Francisco for the sole reason of viewing the entertaining artists of undress featured at that establishment. In the course of their visits they had become quite friendly with several of these strip-terpsichoreans; so friendly, in fact, that the girls made a practice of sitting at their table.

It came to pass that one of the boys was in the big city with a date—and she wanted to go to "The Streets of Paris." Tongue in cheek he escorted her in, sat down, and spotted one of his erstwhile feminine friends heading for his table. Hurriedly, he rushed his Stanford gal out onto the dance floor. But there, smiling over the shoulder of a bald-headed man, was his entertaining friend—headed unerringly for him.

The Stanford gal spent the rest of the evening demanding an explanation for their sudden exit from "The Streets of Paris." She said that they hadn't even seen a strip-teaser.

O. B.

Stories of absent-minded professors are legend, but CHAPARRAL, always in the vanguard, has uncovered the absent-minded student. This forgetful chap makes his abode in the Beta house, where he is known as "Odd-ball." It was only one of his minor accomplishments when he asked a Gamma Phi for a date to the Soph Cotillion three months after the dance took place. He caused some amaze-

ment to his female companion when he came out of a show one night and found, after three hours, that the motor of his car was still smoothly idling. But that was nothing.

One day he came home for lunch and found that his car was missing. Thinking that one of the brothers had borrowed it, he lost little time worrying that day. However, the next afternoon the car still had not come back, and no admittance of guilt by the brothers. He didn't worry; the car was insured; the exercise did him good. The third day arrived; still no car. O. B. sat down and thought the situation over. Where would he be if he were a car? Why shouldn't his car be at the house? Finally it dawned on him like a bright light: one morning he had been late to class and driven to the English Corner. There his car sat, with a little pink tag on it, when he went to get it—the next day!

Vice Versa

One of our local lassies had been dating with numerous and sundry males, but her special emphasis had been on one. A short time back he had to leave. His day of departure was held up, much to her ignorance, so she dated another lad for the cinema. Upon arriving at the amusement palace, she was astounded to find herself sitting next to the supposedly departed guy. Each of her companions sought her hand during the progress of the show, so, being a broad-minded girl, she folded her arms underneath her coat and gave her left to the gent on her right and vice versa.

St. Barney's Pooch

Our last cover, the skier chasing the gasping St. Bernard with the XXX stuff beneath his chin, inspired a friend of ours to remember an odd tale he once heard. It seems that the Timberline Lodge, on Mt. Hood, had in its possession two fine, extra-big St. Bernards. Everyone felt secure as anything with them around, knowing of their reputation for finding lost people. Everyone felt good, that is, until one day when the Lodge had to send out a searching party for one of the dogs.

Beta

One of those quaint chaps from the Beta house was helping out with the campus coke concession. His particular duty was to replenish the supply in the Theta house. Happily singing out "Man on second," he headed for the shower room wherein reposed the coke machine. Humming cheerfully, he re-filled the machine; then drained out the dirty ice-water into a bucket. "Throw the old water into the shower," he had been told. Tossing back the curtain, he hurled the frigid bucketful into a shower-booth. Too late he realized that the figure cowering in the corner was a Theta, trapped in the booth, who had turned off the water and hoped that he would go away. Her agonized scream rang out as she was struck with the icy deluge. Another might have become confused and handed her a towel. But being a Beta, he merely said, "Pardon me, Sir," and moved leisurely away, humming happily.



The Complete Ensemble: To have the *savoir-faire* of the American college youth, you must be dressed as fashion dictates. These tips, hot from Vichy, will guarantee you an entree to the best fraternities on campus. Note particularly that both buttons are being buttoned this season, sleeves are not to be worn too long, for an ample portion of crisp, white shirt cuff must be visible, and hair must be cut high on the sides and long on top, giving you that air of *je ne sais quoi*.



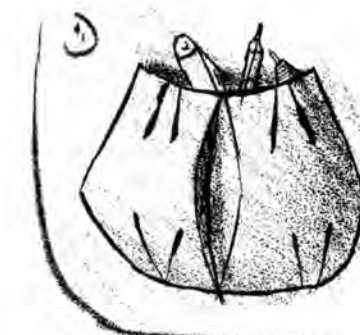
The Collar and Cravat: Collars are being worn rakishly high this season, allowing a generous space of shirt to show between the coat and collar proper. Note, too, the carefree wings of the collar, which should be worn with an *abandonne*. The cravat should be worn not too snugly and a trifle off-center.

HOT FROM VICHY

by
RISSEY



The Shoes: Note the black-and-white lace-work pattern, so popular in Salinas, fashion center of the Valley. Cuban heels are to be desired, and combined with sleek pointed toes you can't possibly be *gauche*.



The Pockets: Patch-pockets are all the rage in Vichy this season. They should be complete with broad pleat and many, many little tucks at the bottom. Of course, they must be large to accommodate pencils, erasers, fishing tackle, and all those things no college man would be found without.



The Trousers: The essential feature of trousers this season is that they must fit snugly about the hips. Pleats are completely outmoded. Replacing them in popular favor is a discreet showing of the pocket linings. The picture is completed by a large, preferably black, belt. And a big, studded, two-prong buckle? *Mais oui!*



The Coat: Coats must be cut low and worn high, allowing great freedom for the *derriere*. Note, too, the tight waistband, the accentuated pleats, and the well-padded shoulders. Many full tucks and pleats are advisable.



BUT NOT HEAVEN TOO

Stuart Havermyer awoke slowly and tried to place his surroundings. This was not his own familiar room at the Phi Phi Phi House with its Petty drawings, nor did he detect the faint aroma of stale beer which hung about the dwellings of his numerous off-campus friends. But awakening in strange beds was all a part of a Stanford education, so he relaxed and waited for his host.

He was not kept waiting long. The door was flung open and a large, beetle-browed individual stalked in with an air of consummate importance. "Havermyer?" he inquired ominously. Stuart confessed to his surname with some misgivings. This was not the type of treatment he had expected, and the person addressing him was a total stranger. The burly one surveyed him in a manner that made him cringe. "I," he announced majestically, "am your new sponsor." Stuart gasped faintly. "Where am I?" he inquired. The self-styled sponsor spoke with the air of one who knows he imparts important information. "You," he said, "are in Heaven."

It all came back to him then. That eighth beer that he knew he shouldn't have taken, trying to manipulate his

car over the Woodside road at eighty, and then, turning over and over— He recalled how practically all his life had flashed through his mind in that last split second, being interrupted by his car hitting something very solid just at the point when he was about to kiss his first Pi Phi. Having taken a couple of philosophy courses, he meditated a moment over the cruel quirk of fate which had always awakened him at the best spot in his dreams and had, even in his last seconds, cut off the best half-hour of his life.

The sponsor's voice interrupted his thoughts. "Here's a little volume which we call the *Freshman Handbook*," he was saying. "You'll find in it all the information you'll need regarding our institutions; the 'Hello tradition,' the Honor Code, and all that stuff. They'll be in to measure you for a set of wings this afternoon." Stuart looked at him suspiciously. "The administration thinks we should wear wings here?" he inquired. The sponsor looked about quickly with a slight apprehension, then "Yeah," he growled and turned sheepishly to display for the first time a trailing pair of snow-white wings with but one

black feather. He noticed Stuart's interest in the solitary phenomenon. "I slipped once," he said defiantly.

Stuart thought the situation over for a while, then inquired apprehensively, "They have women here?" "Oh yes," he was reassured, "but there are two men for every woman. The women have to be extra good to get in, you know." "You mean good-looking?" queried Havermyer hopefully. The sponsor sighed wistfully. "No, not good-looking," he said, "appetite test and that sort of thing." He sighed again. "Most of them don't even have one black feather in their wings. You'll have to go off campus for a bit of hell." He caught himself abruptly, feeling that he had let himself be carried away beyond the bounds of propriety. Brusquely, he went on: "Then there's the matter of tuition—"

Stuart Havermyer sat bolt upright in bed. "I see through it all now," he said indignantly; "this has gone far enough. If the administration intends to scare us into being good in this way they're not going to succeed. This isn't Heaven at all; it's just a hoax of the Dean's Office. I'm leaving; where did you hide my pants?"

Suddenly he realized that while he had been speaking a benevolent figure had been standing in the doorway. On his back were a pair of pure white embroidered wings, fringed in white lace; his face wore an expression of magnificent calm and goodness. As Stuart quaked with inward guilt the figure spoke in a voice that reflected peace of mind. "You are not a fitting person to stay here in Heaven," he said sadly. "Your kind do not work out well in our select group. I'm sorry, but I must send you down to"—his voice took on a sudden diabolical note—"Hell!"

As he spoke he pulled a lever that had escaped Stuart's notice, and the bed instantaneously turned into a chute that plummeted him down—down—down—. Now he was coming into sight of his new home and could see barrel after barrel of beer, beautiful women, Cal. rooters' caps

Then he came to. A nurse was smiling at him, and she said, "Now we can get some details about you; name, address, religion—." Stuart Havermyer thought the last question over for a long time; then, "Militant atheist," he said.

—Storm



SCHAFFARZICK

"Oh, to be in England, now that spring is here!"

Chaparral Takes Pride in Presenting

- *The Queens of the Month*
- *The Fashions of the Season*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REMBRANDT STUDIOS



"Old Boy" Puppet by Barney McClure

Comments by Lois Emry

Art Direction by Ed McLellan



Nancy Burkett, '42, Kappa Kappa Gamma



Betty Martin, '44, Kappa Alpha Theta pledge

The Queens of the Month

Carroll Edwards, '41, Kappa Alpha Theta



Gertrude Brawner, '43, Mariposa



It's Anchors Aweigh for Ruth Ann Greene, Elm, in this navy blue and white nautical slack outfit from **I. Magnin & Co.** For contrast, soft red leather play shoes. Slack suit, \$22.95; shoes, \$5.95; hat, \$3.95.



Smooth number Virginia Anderson pauses by the Tri Delt fireplace in a silk jersey formal from **Ransohoffs.** The peasant blouse and full black skirt are accentuated with a wide red sash. This exclusive creation for \$29.95.





Waiting for that date is Dwight Hutchinson, ex "Daily" ed, in a three-button, full-back model, natural tan gabardine suit with saddle-stitched lapels. It's from **Roos Bros.** Price, \$40.00. Duke of Kent shirt, \$2.00.

Make "big talk" but step as lightly as "small talk" in these tea-dancing black patent sandals worn by Lee Henkel, new Dee Gee prexy. They are \$10.95 at **Zwierlein's.**



When not playing basketball, Bill Cowden, DU, gets around in this Glen Urquhart plaid suit made exclusively for **Bullock & Jones.** Red silk tie carries out the red stripe in the suit. Pigeon gray Cavanaugh hat. Suit, \$45.00; tie, \$2.50; hat, \$7.50.



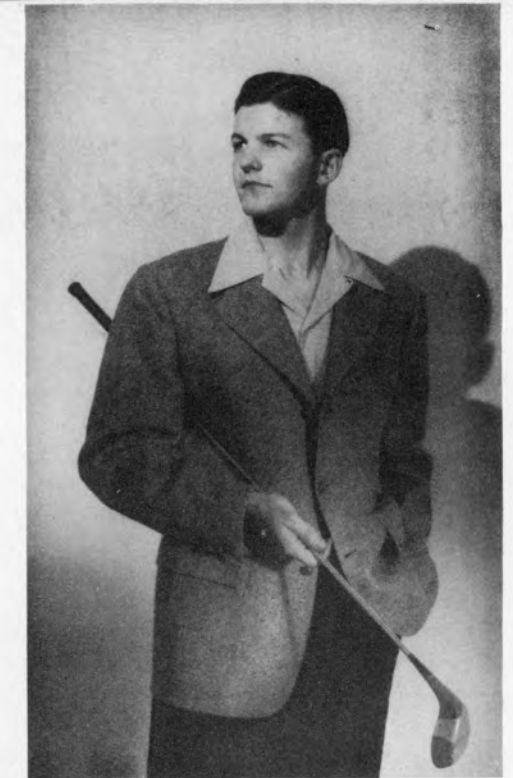
Very much at ease are Pi Phi Harriet Price and Alpha Phi Sylvia Berry in their nude-colored covert cloth outfits from **Roos Bros.** Harriet's suit has hand-stitched lapels with "little boy" collar (\$29.95). The pockets on Sylvia's matching topcoat are also handstitched (\$29.95). Both hats are smoked palm filter straw by Dobbs (\$7.50).

Heads will turn to view this season's slickeroo styled by the **Personality Beauty Shop** and worn by beautiful Libby Jones, Gamma Phi. Pompadour bangs may be worn up or down.





Lagunita's full again and Pi Phi Nedra Bordwell turns out at the Boathouse in a play dress with tapa print skirt and sail-cloth blouse (\$4.50). Audrey Steele, Lagunita, is ready for play in cotton twill shorts (\$2.50) and South Sea blouse (\$2.25). Both outfits from the **Clothes Closet**.



Making par will be a breeze for Ralph Bjorklund, Phi Delt, in this stair-step tweed sport coat (\$15.00), cotton challis sport shirt (\$1.65), and covert cloth slacks (\$8.95) from **Spring's** in San Jose. Jimmy Thomson No. 3 wood (\$8.00) is from Spring's Spalding department. Ralph's fraternity brother, Don McFarland, is campus representative.

Off for the city is lovely Yvonne Seybold, Chi O, in one of the new mix or match Bramley pastel suits from **H. Liebes & Co.** The hat, also by Bramley, has the new bend-over brim. The gloves are washable doeskin. Skirt, \$8.95; jacket, \$13.95; hat, \$7.95; bag, \$5.50; gloves, \$2.95.



Helen Savory, Dee Gee pledge, is decked out from **Penney's** in a navy blue wool suit, with brass buttons and eagle insignia. The skirt is pleated "bow and stern." Suit, \$9.90; navy blue hat, \$.98; red sweater, \$.98; navy blue brushed kid pumps, \$2.98.



Elizabeth Terry, Pi Phi pledge, dreams of spring in a soft green sweater of imported cashmere from **Arnold Mertens** in Burlingame. Price, \$13.95. Other styles in an unlimited range of colors, \$5.50 to \$17.50.



Tropical rhythm for star-studded nights is this gay Hawaiian print, with a full sweeping skirt from **Bryant's**, worn by exotic Marlyn Whedon, Madrono prexy. The white blouse is accented by the snug green waistband. Price \$14.95.



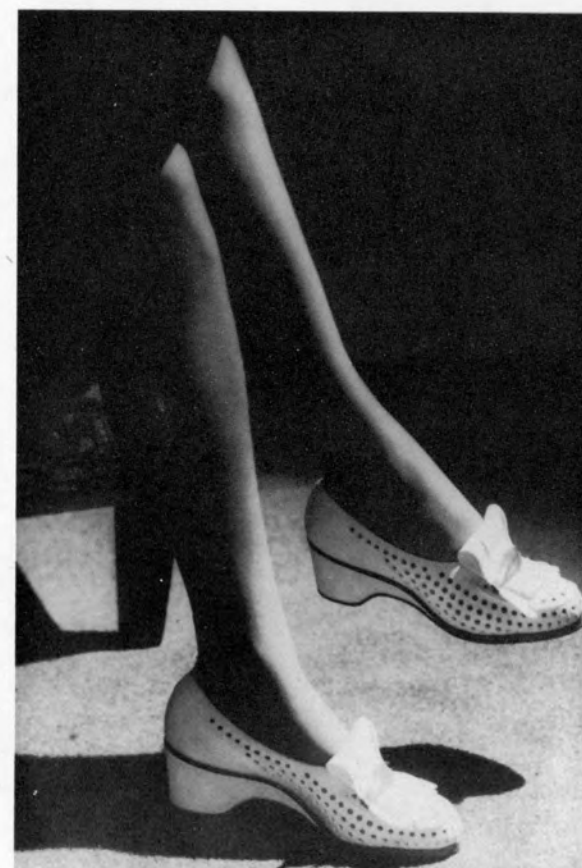
Jane Weber, Madrono, will breeze along in this classic model two-piece sports dress of natural-colored crash. Powder blue knit hat for contrast. Both from **Nelly Gaffney's**. Dress, \$15.00; hat, \$3.95.



Rave notices will be given Mary McClerkin, Casa Ventura, when she appears in this three-toned gold silk jersey formal from **Davis Schonwasser**. The skirt is very full, with three draped panels in the back. Price, \$19.95.



Addendum to Gamma Phi Sally Burbank's spring suit will be these French Room pumps shown at left. Tops for town trotting at \$4.98. For her kick in campus life, Barbara Clausen, AOPi, chooses this white sports oxford, right, for \$2.98. Both from **Chandler's** new shoe salon.



Winter does a fade-out and it's off with rubber boots and on with these soft, pliable "Wings" of white buck for Jeanne Chambers, Alpha Phi. Available in several other colors for \$8.95 at **Frank Werner**.

Off for the open spaces or pause for tea at Mary Roy's (every afternoon, 2:30 to 4:30)—this is the question Joyce Wallace, AOPi, ponders over in her double-breasted navy gabardine slack suit. It's \$7.95 at **Mary Roy's**.



No slip—no pinch in these Joyce Coolees of white linen with blue bandana trim and with matching bag from **Thoits**, worn here by Widney Watson, Lagunita. Shoes, \$3.95; bag, \$2.95. Also in other colors.



Mary Leighton Taylor, Tri Delt pledge, waits for the Roble lunch gong to ring in a twin sweater set of beige imported shetland wool and beige and blue plaid skirt from **Sue Berry**. Pull-over, \$3.95; cardigan, \$4.95; skirt, \$8.95.



Virginia Finch, Theta, is bound for hotel dinner dancing in a black fox coat from **Frank Louda, Jr.** Large sleeves and fitted wrists add to that "pedigreed" look. It's \$250.00.



Whether flying home for vacation or "flying" around campus, all men are grounded at the sight of lovely Peti Smith, wearing a smartly tailored beige gabardine suit from **Joseph Magnin**. Navy blue cape, gold emblem'd, may be on or off duty. For addenda, beige pillbox hat. Suit, \$29.95; cape, \$25.00; hat, \$5.95.





For "That Event," Roble queen Sally Bowerman chooses this white silk jersey formal, highlighted with patriotic bands of red and blue. Formal, with jacket, \$19.95; red, white, and blue bracelets of brilliants, around \$6.00 each. All from **Livingston Bros.**

For on or off campus wear, Mary Morse, Kappa, chooses this "subtle" plaid lightweight wool suit with its torso-length jacket and four patch pockets, from **City of Paris.** The skirt is multi-pleated. Suit, \$25.00; hat, \$7.95.



"It spreads thirteen different diseases and sounds just like an All-Clear signal."

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR?

My stout heart quails within me
To look at Stanford's walls.
My goddess is enshrined there,
Within the sacred halls.

I offer my poor verses,
And pray that she, by chance,
Will smile upon me sweetly,
Or give me one fond glance.

For love I cannot ask her;
But hope she will impart
Some sign of condescension
To warm my foolish heart.

I guess I ask too much, though.
She's cut in Grecian mold.
And, like a piece of marble,
She's pure but very cold.

Oh, would I were Pygmalion,
Who made his statue live.
If mine would warmly breathe, just
once,
My soul to Hell I'd give.

But this, I guess, can never be;
She lacks the vital flame.
And so, I guess I'll have to find
Myself another dame.

—Hutshing

O SILENT RAIN

O silent rain, whose blessings on this earth are fall'n,
Filling the air with a just existent sound,
And slaking the dusty clods upon the ground—
Do you who visits all the earth,
Who makes each leaf bob listlessly with parting drop,
Know where my fair Elsbeth sleeps tonight?
For if you do, don't beat upon her shoulders bare,
Nor straggle her hair down o'er her face, O rain,
Because Elsbeth is a good dog.

—Parker

The world is so full
Of a number of fellows
And two out of five
Hundred thousand play chellows.

—Fellow



The world is so full
Of a number of evil persons
I wish we were all
Aimee Semple MacPhersons

—Fellow

Ode to Remorse

One night I could have held the Moon,
But as it drifted by
I reached in vain, and then I knew
The Moon was up too high.
Confusing sadly wrong from right,
I made another try.
The Moon was very low last night—
But I was far too high.

—Barrister

Love in the Rough

Here's to the days of the Stanford Rough
That are seemingly gone forever.
Here's to the man of yesteryear
Who carried a trunk like a feather.
That man of those days who is now extinct
Wouldn't go for gals and that stough,
For he was the man of a manly man—
The glamorous Stanford Rough.
He hated the clothes of a well-dressed man,
He hated a cowardly blough,
For he was a man of the worldly world—
The unbeatable Stanford Rough.

He never could dance or jitter or jag,
A party was even enough
To cause him to rant and rage for days—
The uncatchable Stanford Rough.

He could go for months on tobacco and wine
And come home so utterly groug
That children would run as fast as they could
From the terrible Stanford Rough.

So here's to the days of yesteryear—
Farewell to those Stanford Roughs,
For now we content our longing hearts
With bespeckled powder poughs!!!!

—Bradley

As a matter of tact
I'd say she's a honey.
As a matter of fact
I'd say it's her money.

—Stanley



"No! Not the coffins! The little boxes for pieces!"

THRU THE TIME SCHEDULE



"Nobody knows just what the course is about, but he sure puts on a great show!"

"I guess most of you didn't realize that this Philosophy of Life course was going to be practical."

"Is it O.K., Doctor Stone, if those friends of mine stand in the corner during the ex?"

"On behalf of the Criminology class, Mr. McBrowski, I wish to thank you for talking to us this morning."

McElline

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

by an old friend of Aesop's

CHAPTER I

Frank Van Swank, Stanford '20, has retired from business, and doesn't want to get in a rut, so he hunts lions as a hobby. His son, Androcles, Stanford '43, was giving him a hand in the African jungles this Christmas vacation. Of course, Frank did all the actual shooting and trapping; all Androcles had to do was set up the tent, take it down, prepare the game for eating, cook the meals, and trail the elephants, calling his father down from the tree when he found one.

One day Androcles was hot on the trail of a huge, fierce elephant, whom the natives lovingly called "Shlangii-wurpifnak." It was a hot, sticky day, and the sun beat through the woody tangle upon our hero's head. Suddenly he heard a scream. It was a woman's scream! Androcles' heart beat very fast. He hadn't seen a woman since he had waved goodbye to the Ketas, who had all driven him to the airport. And that was all of a week ago! Androcles stealthily made his way in the direction from which he had heard the scream. He had not taken more than two steps when he heard a terrifying roar. He stopped. Then he heard another scream. He plunged on through the dense foliage. Another groan, and then . . .

CHAPTER II

In a clearing a lion was crouching, ready to spring! Standing shivering against a tree was a girl, pointing a revolver at the lion. "Save me!" cried the girl, chewing her gum frantically. "No, save me," pleaded the lion. Androcles was a little surprised; he had never heard a lion talk before. In fact, he did not know lions could talk. In fact, he had never seen a lion before. Androcles asked the lion why he wanted to be saved. "She wants to take me to her sorority to be a mascot, and she says all the girls in the house look just like herself. My God, look at the woman!" And then Androcles looked. She had on a sickening yellow, baggy sweater, buttoned down the back, purple beads, a green and orange plaid skirt, and shiny black boots. Her greasy dirty-blonde

hair hung in straight, stringy strands about her face and neck. One strand touched her shoulder. Her eyes were bloodshot and small, her nose was running, and when she opened her mouth to spit, he could see that her teeth were a delicate, pale green.

"Androcles!" she croaked. "I stowed away in the plane to be with you! Please help me trap this lion so that we Ketas can have him for a mascot. If you do, my sisters will be very grateful to you, and if you don't, the nasty lion will eat me." The lion interrupted. "Wait a minute, Babe, I said *kill*, not *eat*." Then he turned to Androcles. "Think clearly now, old boy. What will your friends think if they hear you saved this woman's life so she could come back to make their lives miserable again?" Androcles wiped the perspiration from his brow. It was a desperate decision. He whipped out his gun, shot the Keta, pulled the thorn out of the lion's paw (I forgot to tell you, the lion had a thorn in his paw), and dug a hole in which he buried the girl. The lion said a prayer over her grave. Androcles said, "Amen."

"Thank you for saving my life and pulling the thorn out of my paw," the lion said to Androcles. "I shall be your faithful friend from now on. I will even be mascot for your fraternity, providing you don't live too near the Ketas." "Aw, it was really nothing," said Androcles, blushing modestly.

CHAPTER III

So the lion took Androcles and Frank to his den to live with him for the rest of their vacation so they wouldn't have to keep putting the tent up and taking it down. Androcles nursed the lion until his paw was all better. Then he helped Frank Van Swank and Androcles to catch "Shlangii-wurpifnak," the huge, fierce elephant. The Trans-Pacific Airlines Company would only permit one of the animals, so "Shlangi," the elephant, remained there. He is now anxiously awaiting spring vacation, when the Van Swanks, the lion, and the Zeke house will have a house party in the jungle.

TASKET CASKET

A-tisket, a-tasket
A-tisket, a-tasket
I've found a great big casket.
Got drafted into the army corps
To slosh around in blood and gore.
Went march-march-marchin' all around
Then I spied it on the ground.
I found it. I found it.
My cute brown oaken casket.

Was it large? Oh, no, no, no.
Was it small? Oh, no, no, no.
Was it wide? Oh, no, no, no.
Just a perfect fitted casket.
And if you ever find me there
You'll prob'ly find me dead.
—Myers

COMMENT

Dese dames wit funny garbage pails
Dey wear on top their head
Make me stop 'n look 'n wish
Dat I was just plain dead.
Dey can't learn me nuttin'
About "da latest tinks"
On account da stuff dey wear
What I mean—it stinks.
Yet, just the same
I'm quite a rogue,
Because I like the
Things in Vogue!
—Claire

WHO

Shakespeare would say:
Who is the wench
Upon the bench
Who beauty's wrist doth wrench;
With raucous tone
And fag-smoke blown
And clumsy, fat-bathed bone?

Who is the fool
Upon the stool
Who listens to her drool;
With words profane,
Remarks insane
And penny-dreadful gestures vain?

Who are they both?
His blue-jeaned sloth
Shows he's Life-Buoy-loathe.
Her greasy locks—
Her candy pox
Enough to retch a good strong ox!

A Stanford man would say:
"Oh, they're just a couple of kids
I know at school."
—Parker

—Blum

When your stomach's empty
and your throat is dry
Pull up your jallopy and give
us a try
We'll guarantee that our food
is fine
From years of service we know
our line



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RATIO MAN?

Do you go to the Library ostensibly to study, but secretly to ogle the feminine pulchritude(?) which wafts intermittently up and down the aisles in maddening sweaters? (And I don't mean color.)

Do you make a pretense of working at the *Daily* shack when you are really furtively eyeing the swarm of femininity at the copy desk or diddling with the coke machine? (Lucky machine!)

Are you one of the many who make the frequent daily treks to the Post Office (to get letters that have never been written), but actually to drool over the beauteous(?) numbers in sleek convertibles and gnash your molars in frustrated passion? (Gasp, gasp! pant, pant!)

You don't go to the Union to slurp cokes and listen to the drone of the juke box. NO! You go to sneak a look at the latest *Esquire*. (Aren't you glad Petty is back?)

You don't go over to the Boathouse to bathe your scraggly torso in the sun. You go—to look—AT THEM! (Not bad, either.)

Men! when you experience this deplorable state of affairs, you are a bona fide, 18 carat RATIO MAN! (Nasty term, isn't it?) By this term is meant that you are an Elmo Pussfoot who secretly tears the fuzz on his chest in anguish when thinking about that terrible two-to-one ratio. When this is the case, as it too frequently is, you may take one of two alternatives:

1. You must encase your tootsies in moccasins and sweat sox, gird your withered loins in jeans, cords, or moleskins (preferably doity), thrust out your pigeon-breasted chest in an "oh so revealing" T shirt and sack sweater, top it off with one of those "deevine" bucket hats, and metamorphose into a genuine Stanford "rough." OR—

2. (I even hate to mention this) put on your best Socrates act, and instead of poisoned hemlock substitute a cup of—Union coffee (shudder, shudder). Or as a lesser of two evils, one where you at least have a fighting chance, grit your teeth, put your boots on (if ya gotta die—do it right!), and wade into (I can't bring myself to think about it) the "Libe lot bog."

That ought to put an end to anybody's troubles, believe me, brother!

—Kresge

BAGS

Stanford girls are friendly critters.

They'll talk to you provided you are their mother or father or brother or sister or if (horrid thought) you marry one.

—Myers

What this country needs I think,
I know you will agree,
Is just a good substantial law
Forbidding grades like D.

—Stanley

RUDE AWAKENING

Fairest damsel of the night,
O beauty 'neath the stars,
Thy radiance in pale moonlight
Dims Jupiter and Mars.

Then tell me, witching one, I pray
Just why I get a shock,
When I see you by light of day
In class at eight o'clock.

—Hutshing

NEATEST-TRICK-EVER DEPARTMENT

"Dr. Stetson . . . has participated
in five solar eclipses."

—Stanford Daily

IT

I read about it in Western Civ.
I hear about it in British Humor.
I talk about it in Biology I.
But when I submit it to the editor, all I get is:
"It's too doity!"

—Myers

PRAYER

I've studied hard, I know the stuff;
I've studied long, I'm sure enough.
Um, let's see, it's just now one—
Six hours till I see the sun.
My eyelids droop, I'm near asleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my ex to take.

—Stanley

DATE

(Continued from page 3)

Sir Francis Drake—Neal Bondshu has taken a chattel mortgage on the Persian Room. He's as omnipresent as the house detective, but certainly more enjoyable. And just in case any of you lads have your eyes on his vocalist, she has a life-long contract with the maestro—under the name of Mrs. Bondshu.

St. Francis—Richard Humber maintains the status quo of the Mural Room's offerings in music. Eighteen instruments is a lot of orchestra, and they give you your money's worth. If you doubt it, just tune an ear in on some of those sweet-swing arrangements that have you gliding one minute and hopping the next. Our choice is for those seemingly endless rhumbas and his "Parade of the Bands."

RESTAURANTS

Remember when we said we had steak houses on the brain? Well, we found four of them, and they aren't inexpensive to find either. Of course, the little woman probably doesn't appreciate the fine qualities of beef and beer, so you won't have her hanging on your neck when you and your cronies want to tear some cow flesh apart—and that cuts down on the overhead considerably. Grison's, John's Rendezvous, Bay City Grill, and Vanessi's are the heavenly quattrain that baste a wicked beast. As we said before, they aren't cheap, but they have steaks in various shapes and sizes that will have you living a gourmet's dream of ecstasy. Ergo, when you have stuffed your penny bank well over a dollar's worth, break it open and hie yourself to any one of these eateries for the best morsel you've had in many a day.

—Hutshing

"So you're a golfer! What's your favorite course?"
"Soup."

—Old Maid

The President of today is the postage stamp of tomorrow.

—State Lion



On How to Arrange Flars So They Look Good

By LAFCADIO MURPHY

(Internationally known authority on many, many things)

When a chunk of plaster hit me on the head the other morning I woke up. I looked out of the window and was happy to notice that the Bar-Tailed Godwit was back with us again after his winter migrations. This mud-colored little fowl, called by many the Pirtwee because he sings like that, is what I mean a Harbinger of Spring. His arrival always precedes by exactly two weeks the Vernal Equinoxes, which do not have any song at all.

"So Spring is really here?" I thought. And then, in a flash, I thought again (I'm like that), "What does Spring Mean to Stanford?" Answer: Flar arrangement (I'm like that, too). So then I sat down and had my brimstone and treacle, and began to think about the Flora of Stanford and what to do about it. Then, after I thought about Flora, I thought about Fauna, and after that about Mabel, who is even more Fauna than Flora.

But all kidding aside, there are piles of different things growing around the Campus, some of which lend themselves to very pleasing effects, when arrangements are made properly. As I write, the jonquils are jerking their jolly little yellow heads in the warm breeze, and near by the mustard plants are romping in the

orchard. What a pleasant sight they make arranged so as to stick out of a rusty-colored metal cylinder! All blooming and smelling fit to bust! Mushrooms too will be found in generous profusion in the hills back of school, and cute little toadstools that look just like them. A very nice arrangement of these flars can be had by floating them, together with the heads of peach blossoms, in the lid of a wheat cracker can (you know, the crunchy kind). Set this on your dining-room table; it will really do a great deal for the old chow-bin. But you must put a little sign on them to tell folks not to eat these flars. A skull and crossbones will do.

And now marigolds! I have an especially fine idea for you about these flars. You want to know what you can do with your marigolds? Well, you can pick them first, gently so they don't bruise. And then get some quaint old flagon and just pop them in it, together with a few sprigs of mint. Later, if you like, you can remove the marigolds and have a julep party!

And don't pay any mind to the sign on the flagon that says "Federal Law prohibits reuse of this"—just do it any way. Live dangerously! I often do, myself (I'm like that).

—Fellow

A college professor declares that, contrary to scientific opinion, the interior of the earth is not so hot. In our unscientific opinion, the same thing is true of the exterior.

—Profile

He had a fortune of \$60,000. He amassed this large sum through courage, enterprise, initiative, military efficiency, the careful investment of saving, and the death of an uncle who left him \$59,999.50.

—Pup Tent

I begged and begged
But she said no.
I begged again
But still no go.
I finally asked
Why she wouldn't
Do it even if
She shouldn't.
She replied
A silly whim:
"The water's much
Too cold to swim."

—Duchess

Prof—What do you find the hardest thing to deal with?
Soph—An old deck of cards.

—Log

"Could I see General Black?"
"No, General Black is sick."
"What made him sick?"
"Oh, things in General."

—Old Maid



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SMOOTHIN'

(Continued from page 5)

lover of Porter's songs will want this set, and he will not find Miss Martin anything but satisfying.

Last summer, Tommy Dorsey conducted a nation-wide contest for amateur song writers. When the smoke of the battle died down, Mr. D. found himself with two songs on his hands, so he decided to record both of them. This pleasing duo from the hands of the simon pures happens to be just striking the juke boxes, and we predict a quick rise in popularity for both of them. "Oh, Look at Me Now" is a catchy bit of rhythm that is remarkable for its new style of lyrics. Connie Haines, Frank Sinatra, and the Pied Pipers do most of the work through this and the other side, which is "You Might Have Belonged to Another." The latter is an attempt at sophisticated lyrics that falls a little short. Our only adverse criticism is that Dorsey has crowded too many voices in, thus giving a hazy effect to the whole tone of the record.

Woody Herman has turned out a meritorious bit in "The Stars Remain," backed by "I Should Have Known You Years Ago." The first ditty is from "Meet the People" and, in our estimation, was one of the high points of the show. Saxes carry half of the first chorus and Woody comes in with his rather pleasing low-pitched tenor. The second side is a rolling, slow fox-trot that has Woody on the first chorus and a saxophone and clarinet follow-up which tends to become swingy at the end.

For a novelty in the way of disks, we would like to suggest Richard Himber's "Whose Theme Song?" It covers both sides and has been wowing the Frantic dancers, so here's a chance to get it on one record. There are eight theme songs and the orchestras to which they belong are—well, you listen and find out.

Shure an' now that we are a'fther havin' St. Patrick's Day jist around the carner, ye'll be wantin' to hear Judy Garland singin' "It's a Great Day for the Irish." It's no blarney to be tellin' ya that the old fire lights up in yer breast and yer Hibernian blood starts lookin' fer a fight a'fther ya hear this marchin' tune. Judy is me own favorite colleen, so don't ya be disagreein' with me on this touch of the ould sod.

Hastily making like an eagle to reassure our patriotic readers that we haven't deserted them for the Sinn Feiners, we rove onwards toward a sea of finals, remembering that a rec-

ord is still no better than the needle that plays it. So all of you run out and buy yourselves some new cactus needles, before the blue-book blues hits you. And after you've flunked an exam, you can return to your room and put on "It All Comes Back to Me Now."

—Hutshing

A man was sitting beside the death-bed of his partner. The partner knew he was doomed and said with a sigh of repentance:

"I've a confession to make, partner. I robbed the firm of \$50,000, and sold the blueprints of the secret formula for \$250,000. I stole the letters from your desk that got your wife a divorce, and um—"

Partner: "Oh, don't worry, old chap. I poisoned you."

—Old Maid

"Haven't I met you before, my charming young lady?"

"Well, your phrase seems familiar."

—Exchange

Just in case someone asks you, the main difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid is that a bachelor girl has never been married, while an old maid has never been married—or anything.

—Exchange



Men, in case you need a complete new wardrobe, just when you are short of cash, here's what to do. (This formula has been tested and approved, by the country's foremost screwballs.) Starting from scratch you go to a dairy farm to obtain the Jersey. The complimentary trunks you can get from a pair of elephants. Pants are readily produced by running up and down stairs twenty-nine times. (This is particularly effective if you happen to live in a penthouse.) By sassing a truck driver you may procure a couple of socks and a good belt. Shoes you can pick from a shoe-tree, and a vest from a vestry. If you are unable to quickly acquire a coat of tan, you should be able to at least have your tongue coated. For a cravat, just select a nice railroad tie. For the head, a bottle cap is not difficult to find. Everything is now in your possession, but a shirt and thereby hangs the tale.

—Froth

Professor—I'm going to pass around a piece of paper for the roll. Kindly put your names on it, not your signatures.

—Wampus

Then there's the joke about the traveling salesman who married the farmer's daughter because he was in love with her.

—Medley



Father (peeping timidly into fraternity house living room)—Does Johnny Smith live here?

Voice from inside—Yes, bring him in.

—Scripts 'n Pranks

"This dress is rather long for me. Do you have anything shorter?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't," replied the saleswoman. "May I suggest that you try the collar department."

—Old Maid

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Why do you pass me by?"

"I'm on my way to gymnaphic thschool," she lisped as she heaved a thigh.

—Exchange

The magician walked down to the footlights and asked a young lady to step up on the stage.

"Now, as a climax to my act, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am going to saw this young lady in two, right before your eyes."

The crowd cheered and stamped its feet.

"As is customary before doing this trick," he continued, "I'd like first to make sure that you all want to see . . ."

A thundering "Sure!"

"And that there are no objections to my performing . . ."

A "No" that rocked the house.

"The girl's sorority sisters—do they object?"

"Not at all, to be sure."

"How about you," he asked turning to the girl. "Do you mind being sawed in two?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, then," the magician said.

And he sawed the young lady in two.

We all thought it was funny as hell, but the police made quite a fuss about it.

—Green Gander

"Of course I slapped him. How was I to know what platonic meant?"

—Green Gander

Up to sixteen a lad is a boy scout—after sixteen he becomes a girl scout.

—Pup Tent

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George—You ought to take chloroform.

Bart—Who teaches it?
—Purple Parrot

My girl has small knees. Small knees are wee-knees. A weenie is a hot dog. You ought to see my girl.
—Medley

STOMPIN'

(Continued from page 4)

Glen Miller has murdered "Song of the Volga Boatmen"—requiescat in pace.

Musings: The dearth of really good wax this month set us to thinking, and our thoughts turned, somehow, to the old Benny Goodman band. Do you remember those torrid Helen Ward vocalizations of "It's Been So Long," "The Glory of Love," and "These Foolish Things"—those saxes on "Sometimes I'm Happy," the best sixteen bars ever recorded—the bounce of the brass section on "Minnie the Mocher's Wedding Day"—that tinkling piano behind the vocal of "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea"—the trio and quartet with Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and Lionel Hampton, all three since gone, playing "China Boy," "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy," "Where or When," and "Who"—and the driving force of the whole band playing "King Porter," "Jam Session," "Sugarfoot Stomp," "Camel Hop," and "When Buddha Smiles"??? We do!
—McLaughlin

If you're looking for an innocent way to "pop the question," you might learn something from the subtle proposition we heard one bright boy get off the other night.

He and his girl were just finishing their rounds of the night spots when he asked her somewhat casually: "Will you have breakfast with me this morning?"

"Sure," said the frail, always looking for a free meal.

"Fine," exclaimed the guy. "Shall I call for you, or just nudge you?"
—Lyre

A college freshman was being severely criticized by his professor.

"Your last paper was very difficult to read," said the professor. "Your work should be so written that even the most ignorant will be able to understand."

"Why, what didn't you get?"
—Pup

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STRONG

Only a week after he'd started on his new job, the lucky youth announced he was quitting. "Tain't the wages," he explained to the foreman, "it's just that I can't help having a guilty conscience all the time I'm working."

"At what?" asked the amazed foreman.

"I'm all the time worrying about how I'm cheating some big strong mule out of a job."

—Awgwan

"Open the door."
"Can't. Key's lost."
"Gosh! What if there was a fire?"
"Wouldn't go."
—Ranger

"When Eve ate the apple," said Jute As he gazed at his daughter's chic suit.

"Her modesty rose,
She began to wear clothes.
Mother, pass daughter the fruit."
—Tiger

Old Lady—Here's a penny, my poor man. How did you become so destitute?

Beggar—I was like you, mum—giving away vast sums to the poor and needy.

—Old Maid

THEATER

(Continued from page 6)

point he is trying to make are summed up in the bit about the canonization of Joan, and in leaving it out, the meaning of the play was altered.

Rain from Heaven by S. N. Behrman was the Little Theater production which played to sellout houses all four nights.

It would be unfair to say that the play, written only six years ago, is outdated, but the fact remains that a lot which was significant then no longer carries any weight, while some things which seemed trivial then are very serious today. The play is about the plight of political refugees, past and present, Russian and German.

Five years ago, an audience would have laughed at Asher Wilson who played the part of a pro-Fascist American in England trying to enlist the services of a titled owner of a London newspaper in the establishment of a pro-Fascist youth group. He would have been a pompous pessimist then, but now the situation is too real and close to us to be funny. Wilson, as usual, gave a finished, understanding performance.

Ted Marcuse gave a moving characterization of the German refugee, who was put into a concentration camp because of one Jewish great-grandmother. His accounts of his disappointments in the attitude of mind of those he had admired were intensely and sincerely done.

Mizi Hinds was a beautiful Lady Wyngate. She was every moment a grand, generous, liberal member of the English nobility. Her calm manner, which bordered on underacting, was the stabilizing force of the play.

Rapidly becoming the leading man of the campus, Hal Millen added another success to his already large list. In a role patterned after the modest Lindbergh type of hero, he was completely at ease and natural, and the aura of naïveté which he created about himself was the basis of the characterization.

—Sprager

Premier Homme—Qui etait cette jeune fille avec laquelle je vous ai vu hier soir?

Le Deuxieme—Ce n'était pas jeune fille, c'était ma femme!

—Old Maid

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I don't see really what the Ten Commandments are for. They don't tell you what to do. They only put ideas into your head.

—Pelican

"You'll have to hand it to Venus de Milo when it comes to eating."

"Why?"

"How else could she eat?"

—Exchange



Dick mumbles, "Sweet as honeydew!"
Janet sighs and quavers.
Dick says, "No—I don't mean you, I mean these swell Life Savers!"



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

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What is the best joke that you heard on campus this week? Send it in to the CHAPARRAL editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free box of Life Savers! This month's winner: John N. Stewart, Business School student, for the following line: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts that women have been thinking all winter."

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—Stanford Daily

A young mother came to the door of the nursery and saw her husband standing over the baby's crib. Silently she watched him as he stood looking down at the sleeping infant. In his face she read rapture, doubt, admiration, ecstasy, incredulity, wonder. Deeply touched and with her eyes glistening, she tip-toed, slipped her arms around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said tenderly.

Startled into consciousness, he blurted: "For the life of me I don't see how anybody can make a crib like that for \$3.49."

—Pointer

The Scotch cure for seasickness: Holding a six-pence between your teeth.

—Log

The main trouble with some colleges is that too many professors have diarrhea of words and constipation of ideas.

—Lyre

A drunk came staggering down the street, one foot on the sidewalk and the other one in the gutter; suddenly, he was confronted by a policeman who exclaimed, "Man, you're drunk." "Gosh," said the drunk, "thanks for telling me, I thought I was crippled for life."

—Log

We won't go to war
With feudin' and a-fittin';
We will merely lend
Our army to Great Britain.

—Lampoon

Where there's a will there's relatives.

—Old Maid

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