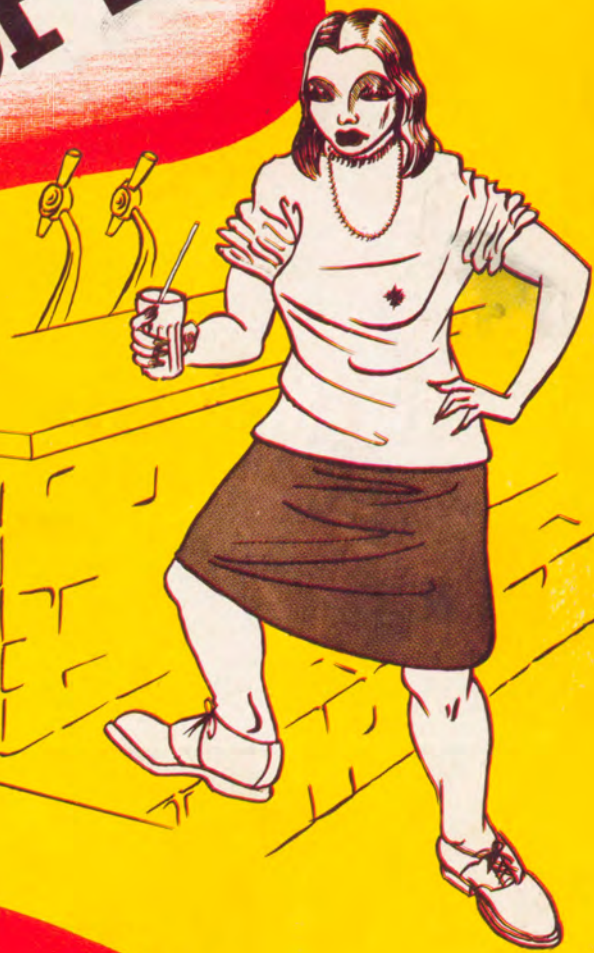




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**THE OLD BOY PRESENTS**

**The Cover**

A Bob Rieser drawing closes the year for Volume 42, and fittingly too, for as Art Editor he has proved to be one of CHAPPIE'S most valuable men.

**Stanford's Famous Firsts**

The cold dope on Stanford's beginnings. The result of months of intense investigation, this little spread, arranged by Jack Hurt, is our pride and joy.

**"When Roughs**

Were Roughs." An epic of a by-gone era whipped up by departing Associate Editor Ed Hutshing and designed by Barney McClure.

**"One Date" and the Witch**

A tale of a smooth boy and his friend from Heathsbrawgh Castle by Mac Myers, character de luxe.

**Typical Cartoons**

Of CHAPPIE'S long history. Some of the old deals will sour you, but remember you don't laugh at the same things your father considers humorous.

**A Flock**

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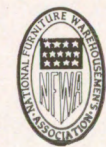
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Volume 42, 1940-41

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by Bristow Adams

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ESTABLISHED 1899  
B. B. ADAMS '00  
OCT 5 1899

ORGANIZED APRIL 17 1906

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

**REFLECTIONS**

R. N. WENZEL  
1940

## NOW THAT

is all.

In this manner has every outgoing editor started his final editorial for the past forty-one years. These four words have meant a great deal to forty-one Old Boys in the past. They mean a great deal to the forty-second Old Boy. For they mark the end of a period in his life that has been unequalled for fun and the enjoyment of the "good life."

A goodly amount of bull has been tossed around concerning extra-curricular activities, under which classification the CHAPPIE falls. There are those who claim that they are bad for the student because college is a place for scholarly attainment, not for playing like "out-in-the-world." Well, this Old Man has spent a large portion of his college time in outside affairs. Probably too much. He doesn't regret a moment of it.

Work on the CHAPPIE, as many people, including the

Daily staff, will be only too glad to tell you, is sporadic and a mite eerie. But that is the way of humor. You can't force yourself to be funny. You have to get it down when it hits you. So our work entails a lot of sitting around, a great deal of doing little, and some terrific sessions of solid labor.

Like everything else, the CHAPPIE is the people who work for it. Many think our staff is a pretty weird outfit, but that is natural. No one type of person is humorous. The Old One's good times in the past year have been mainly due to the CHAPPIE's varied people.

In conclusion, Old Boy No. 42 would like to say "good-by now" to his staff, doff his Cap and Bells, and climb into the shadow of the Coffin. As the lid comes down the Ancient One takes one fond look and lies back contented in the thought that this year's fun will be carried on by the Newest of Old Boys, Barney McClure.

## NOW THAT DATE

Now that the time has come to sing our swan song, we are not particularly happy about the whole thing. Although there have been times when we have roundly cursed this column, we feel that it has been a good thing for us, because of all the swell people we have met and all the Annie Oakleys who have come our way. To the many publicity men and women and all the maestros who have been patient with us, we would like to extend thanks. We have met one or two headwaiters who were not kind, but we are in an expansive mood and forgive them.

### HOTELS

**Mark**—Back in the Peacock Court, after a long absence, is the one and only Griff Williams. All you chilluns remember when Griff practically owned the Mark and shared the hearts of young SF with Paul Pendarvis. Well, toddle up to Nob Hill and take your gal for an evening that should bring back the good old days.

**Palace**—Ozzie Nelson stays on in the Rose Room Bowl until the twenty-fourth. As an added attraction, he has brought out Harriet Hilliard to do some chanting. This is a mighty hard combination to pass up, and the Bowl is closing for alterations after they leave, so drop in.

**St. Francis**—Enric Madriguera is in the Mural Room and is making a name for himself as a popular young maestro. Not only is his music gaining friends, but Enric, himself, is known for his hospitality. For reviews of his music, see "Smoothin' Around."

**Sir Francis Drake**—Neil Bondshu, if you must know, is still in the Persian Room. However, some inside information leads us to believe he will only be there for another month or so. If we haven't mentioned it before, the dinners at the Drake are really excellent and the service is the best in town. Still no cover charge and no minimum.

### NIGHT CLUBS

Ever since the heat has been on, the niteries of SF have been just too docile for words. Furthermore, we haven't been up past eleven o'clock since the curfew law was enforced, or at least since the ninth of May. If you want to find a night club, that's your own business, we're shot anyway.

### EATING AROUND

**Parkwood**—Just off the Nineteenth Avenue highway on the south side of Golden Gate Park is one of the trickier hideaways in SF. In back of the bar, which adjoins a rather good eating place, is a lounge with a square fireplace (open on four sides). Here, you are furnished with little cocktail sausages and other hors d'oeuvres, which you toast for yourself. We recommend it as one of the new-and-something-different places to go.

**Villa Chartier**—French and American cooking are featured at this roadside tavern on El Camino. If you can afford to spend a little more than you would for a dividend at the Cellar, this place is worth the investment.

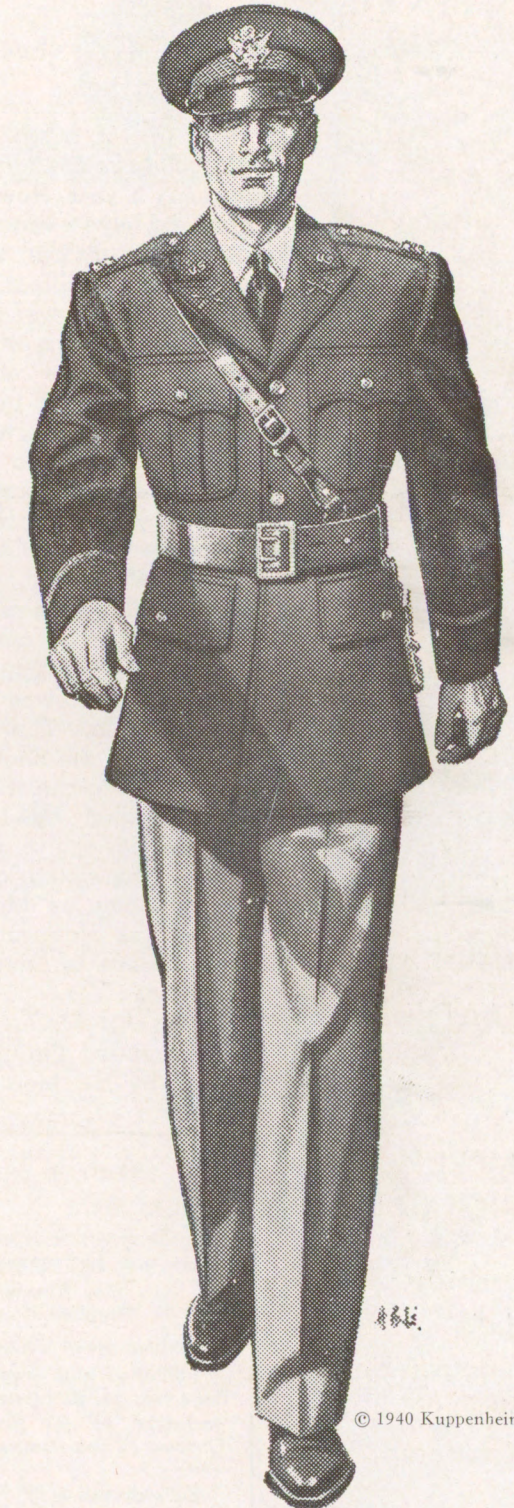
Well, it's just about time to write thirty at the bottom of a two-and-a-half-year quest for diversion. From now on someone else will be labeling the better places of amusement. G'bye.

—Hutshing

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### NOW THAT SHOW

Our personal nomination for Stanford's "own" Superman of the month goes to Bud Cady. Not only did he write and direct a bang-up Spring Show, but at the last minute he took over the role of "Toots" Grinelli when Charles Bulotti dropped out because of illness.

Sneezingly peppered with funny gags, full of snappy dialogue, and containing some of the liveliest music in many a year, **How's Your Circulation?** did have a vague plot—the election of Abner Grum as mayor on the platform of healthier, happier babies and a \$5,000 newspaper contest.

Bud Cady knew what he wanted in regards to "Toots" and it was one of the funniest parts in the show. His woeful little ditty about his being misunderstood was quite nice and was made even more so when he was joined by the Six Hits and a Dent. Composed of Bill Quinn, Elena Bruton, Art Wells, Bob Jones, Jack Shaw, John Crellin, and Sid Terry. They put life into every song they had and happily, they had many.

Asher Wilson was "our" candidate, Abner Grum. The funniest single sequence in the show was Ash in a girdle. The romantic leads were very ably handled by Hal Millen and Yvonne Hazlett, who had something to do besides sing love lyrics.

Ben Miller as McCorn and Gus Hebgen as Hornstot received their earned share of laughs at every appearance.

Again Art McCue and a smooth band handled the music neatly arranged by Hal Moreno. —Sprager

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VOL. 42, NO. 9 JUNE 1941

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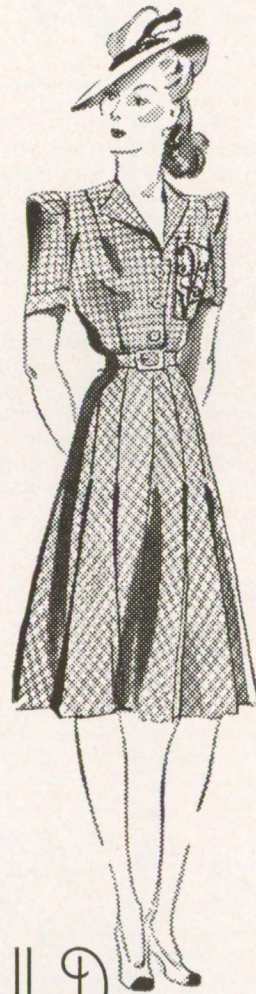
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High heels, according to Christopher Morley, were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.

—Log

Goebbels has demanded more babies for the Reich. Now that the Nazis have admitted insufficient production, the world tensely awaits the appearance of an ersatz product.

—Mercury

I doubt if there is a man alive  
Who was also alive in 1705.

—Old Maid

Jones was sitting with his wife behind a palm on a hotel veranda late one night when a young man and a girl came and sat down on a bench near them.

Hidden behind the palm, Mrs. Jones whispered to her husband: "Oh, John, he doesn't know we're here and he's going to propose. Whistle to warn him."

"What for?" said Jones, "Nobody whistled to warn me."

—Pup Tent

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## SMOOTHIN' AROUND

No matter what records are discussed in this last column, the theme song of this space will be "Auld Lang Syne." You get rather attached to a certain part of any periodical, if you read it long enough; and we never fail to read this column less than five times each month. Of course, we never disagree with the profound critic who handles the "sweet" records; and, besides that, his name is similar to our own. Seriously though, it is hard to say good-by, without shedding a tear or two. But you want to find out about records and not sentimental musings, so let's get on to the business at hand.

Realizing the ever salable commodity that Bing Crosby is, Decca has released an album of "Crosbyana." Here are all the old favorites that pushed Bing upstairs into a top disk favorite. "Soon," "Down by the River," "June in January," "Love Is Just Around the Corner," "I Wished on the Moon," "From the Top of Your Head," and "I Wish I Were Aladdin" are just a few of the titles from this album. Although Crosby has developed a smoother technique in the late years, the volume is satisfactory from the standpoint of showing how Bing could latch on to almost any old tune and make a success of it—even when rendered into pure corn. For those who want a record of Crosby through the ages, for those who like the old songs, and for those who collect albums that have good music all the way through, we give the seal of approval to "Crosbyana."

Believe it or not, Gene Krupa cracks "Smoothin'" this month! Long a disliker of the hide-beater, we must admit that he has done a fairly presentable job in "The Things I Love." Paced with a haunting saxophone introduction, the platter moves on to let Howard Du Lany take over the vocal in an average rendition. The brass gets a bit out of hand on the first half of the second chorus, but Du Lany comes back to take over the lyrics on the finale. Although this is not cut out for soft lights, Krupa has given a danceable rendition that never approaches the rug-cutting stage.

In keeping with the semiclassical title of "Intermezzo," Enric Madriguera does a violin solo of this juke-

(Continued on page 34)

## STOMPIN' AROUND

Now that curricular year 1940-41 draws near its end, and with its demise will die, too, many of those things which we have come to hold dear. Friends will become estranged, love may grow cold, and life itself, even, may be lost that England shall live. Solace for the troubled and strength for the weary are, however, to be found in good music, and to the end that this may come to pass, we exercise our function of criticism.

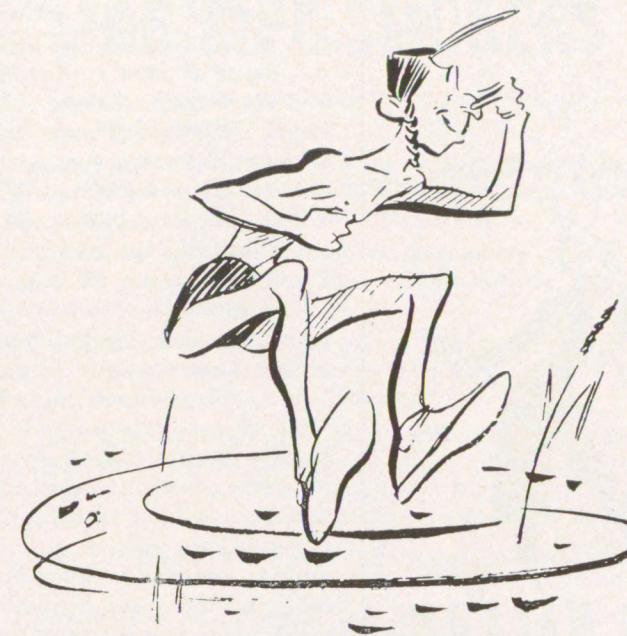
This month, as always, the palm goes to Benny Goodman, who has contributed six sides of superb swing. "My Sister and I" is a beautiful melody beautifully done. Eddie Sauter's arrangement is marvelously performed, Helen Forrest singing, by an inspired ensemble, broken only by Benny's heart-rending solo. More on the jump side is the reverse, an Edgar Sampson treatment of "I'm Not Complaining." It's in medium tempo, driving, and faintly reminiscent of "Don't Be That Way." Passed up in the flood of Goodman wax with which Columbia has sprinkled the market have been two of his finest sides, "The Memory of a Rose" and "Corn Silk." Just pop tunes, they have received treatment worthy of the best. Sauter arrangements, fine solo and ensemble treatment, and Forrest vocals add up to nothing short of sheer perfection.

It has been generally conceded that there are but two or three great trombonists, one, Jack Teagarden, white, the others colored. The King, though, seems to have discovered another, Lou McGarity by name. "Take It" is a medium-fast, novel tune that features piano, clarinet, and trombone. The indescribable power and savagery of the latter, however, stand out so that the side becomes a show-piece for the hitherto unrecognized talents of McGarity. Another Latin-American tune refurbished and re-titled "Yours" turns up on the other side. Again Miss Forrest sparkles, sharing honors with Benny's passionate and moving clarinet.

In pursuance of its policy of re-issuing those records in its files which have previously been released in England but not in this country, Decca has this month put out Volume II of "Gems of Jazz." These sides were, like those in Volume I, made back in 1936, but they are far more polished

(Continued on page 35)

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### NOW THAT THEATER

Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors* held the center spot last month when the Stanford Players, under the direction of Charles Vance, produced the gay farce of utter confusion.

It is the famous story of two sets of twins, separated at birth, and the subsequent situations arising when one set arrives at the home of the other.

The greatest surprise and the greatest delight of the evening were the Dromios — Asher Wilson and Dana Winters. Wilson, who in past performances has tended toward character roles, proved to be an excellent clown. He romped through the part with an ease which made it hard to believe he has played anything else. Winters' acrobatics were fun, and he matched Wilson laugh for laugh.

Pat Allen as the proud, strong-willed Adriana, resplendent in red laquered hair, was beautifully suited to her role. Her queenly bearing and voice were moulded to fit the role. Bette Howe as Luciana was outstanding.

Paul Hostetler and John Lawry as the Antipholus twins were properly confused at the mixed-up accusations, denials, charges, and countercharges. They were both sufficiently restrained so as to be beautiful foils to the comedy twins.

Jacques Poley turned in a fine bit as the Courtezan. Hal Millen's make-up for the role of Dr. Pinch was at once amazing and horrible. His costume added greatly to his height as he flitted and danced through his part.

The set, by Mr. Vance, was unusually lovely and was admirably set off by the lighting. The direction, however, was not consistent, and there was an endless lag in the second act. The whole point of that act was to build up a series of events arising out of the misidentification of the twins, but the comedy of the situation was lost as a result of the drag.

The costumes by Hazel Brain were especially outstanding with Pat Allen's taking top honors.

The same weekend as *Comedy of Errors*, three outstanding Farm actors, Adolfo Arias, Frank Burt, and Tony Cefaratti, appeared in the Palo Alto

(Continued on page 9)



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Harva Sprager  
Phyllis Sterling  
Elaine Stone  
Dolores Thornton

Judge—Your profession?  
Witness—Agricultural expert.  
Judge—What was your father?  
Witness—A farmer.  
Judge—And your grandfather?  
Witness—A peasant.

—Exchange

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### THEATER

(Continued from page 8)

Community Theater production of *Margin for Error*, the melodrama-comedy by Clare Boothe.

Tony Cefaratti was cast in the leading role of Moe Finkelstein, the Jewish cop who solves the riddle of the death of the Nazi consul who was stabbed, shot, and poisoned. It was definitely a comedy role and Tony played it for laughs. And he got them.

As the Nazi Baron who "finds himself," Adolfo Arias did a beautiful job. The restraint with which he played the part was exactly suited to the role. It was doubly difficult to play, for Miss Boothe was not consistent in her conception of the Baron, and there was a complete change of character in the middle of the play.

Frank Burt as Horst, the cowardly American Fuehrer, had a great time yelling, threatening, and heiling for two hours.

—Sprager

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She might later, though.  
—Jack-o'-Lantern  
How much later?  
—Lampoon  
This is getting good.  
—Tiger  
This is getting dirty.  
—Record  
This is getting boring.  
—Penn State Froth  
What a fine space filler this is now.  
—The Lyre

**Nuts!**

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.  
"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."  
"Lady, we have lots of them here, you'll have to be more specific."  
"Joe Smith."  
"Lotsa those too, you'll have to have more identification."  
"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he'd turn over in his grave."  
"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

—Pointer

I knew a girl named Passion  
I asked her out for a date.  
I took her to dinner.  
Gosh! How passionate.  
—Awwgan

Angry Pa—What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?  
Gay Blade—Had to be at work at 7.  
—Showme

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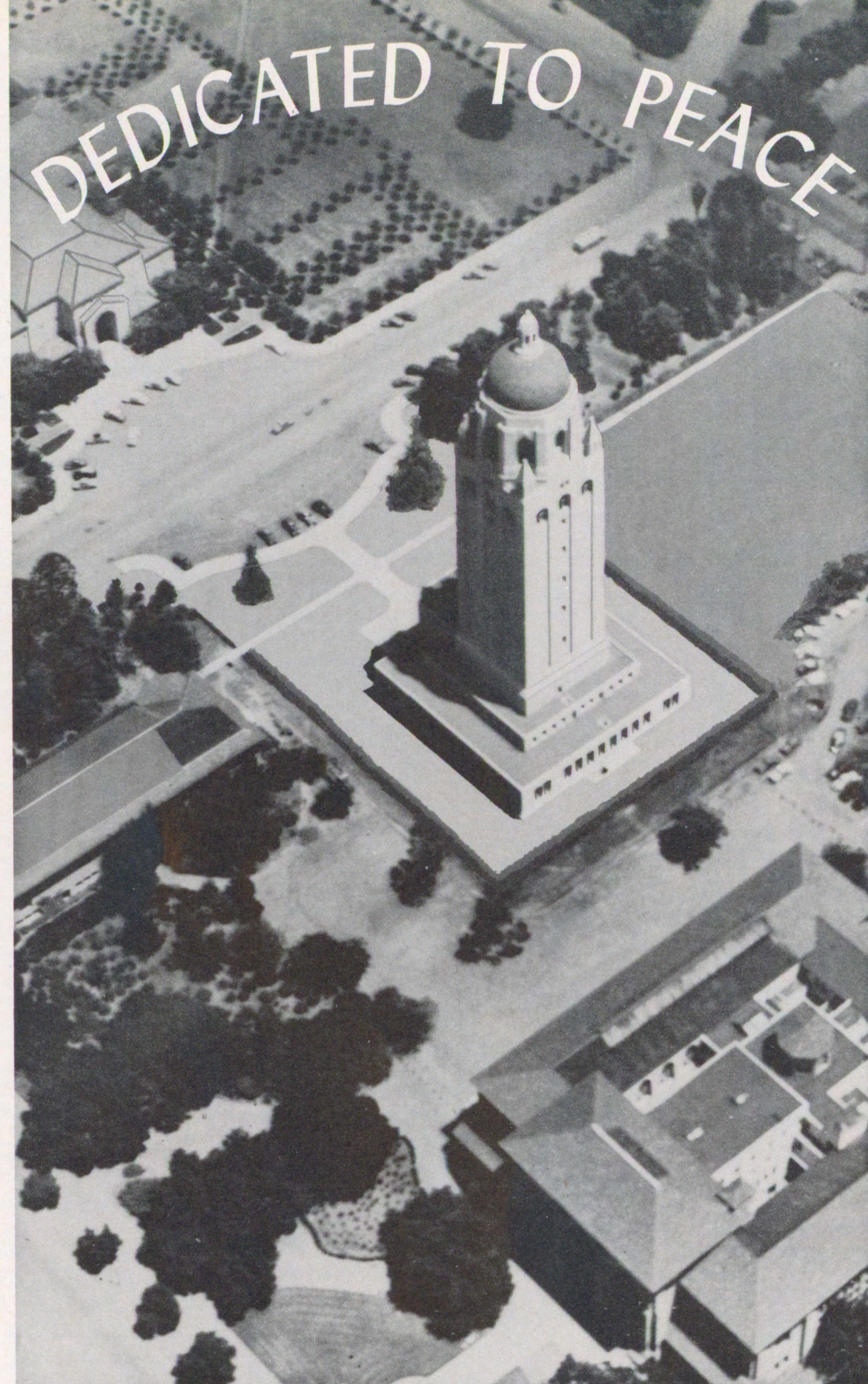
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NOW THAT TRAVEL

During the summer months, many Stanfords will be heading Carmel-way for a couple of week-ends of rest and recreation. Your worthy scribbler went searching for more interesting spots to see in and around the land of white beaches, cypress, and Monterey pines, and hereby reports his findings.

Tucked away in the pine-clustered hills just south of Carmel on the road to Big Sur is the **Peter Pan Lodge**, famed for its hospitality and elegant home-served dinners. A beautiful view of the rocky coast from the spacious dining room is an added attraction. At Carmel, take time off for tea and crumpets at the **Tuck Box** along about four o'clock any afternoon. If you're looking for a remembrance to send home, or if you've a charm in mind for the little lady, drop in and see the curios at the **Arts and Craft Shop**. Out-of-door diners eat on the boulevard at **De Loe's**—not a bad idea on a warm summer evening. A big juicy 'burger and a mellow shake at **Bill Blewett's Creamery** just about fills the bill for lunch. Bill tells me those shakes are made from Carmel's only homemade ice cream. You'll always find some of the boys at **Steve's Chop House** along about dinner time. Steve can give you a lot of data on the Near East situation, inasmuch as he hails from Turkey originally.

Let's turn our attention to **Rio Del Mar**, some miles north of Carmel. It's a first-rate spot to spend the week-end. Lowell Jones and orchestra furnish the music for the supper dance every Saturday evening. You can spend all day Sunday at Rio Del Mar shooting a few rounds of golf and sunning yourselves on the beach before you make the short trek back to the Farm.

—Swafford

The squad of recruits had been out to the rifle range for their first try at marksmanship. They knelt at 250 yards and fired. Not a hit. They moved up to 200 yards. Not a hit. They tried at 100 yards. Not a hit.

"Tenshun!" the sergeant drawled. "Fix bayonets! Charge! It's your only chance!"

—Pup Tent

King Arthur was talking to one of his knights who was being punished.

"Go forth into the world—and catch every bird and bring them back to me on a string. Either that, or you may marry my daughter. What is your choice?"

"You got any salt?"

—Pup Tent

She—I'm so glad you like it, dear. Mother says chicken salad and strawberry tarts are the only things I make correctly.

He—Which is this, darling?

—Exchange

**R**

HOW LONG SHOULD YOU LIVE?

According to insurance statistics, the longevity of parents and grandparents has a bearing on our own life expectancy. But if your ancestors lived to be a hundred, that's no indication that you will, if medical care and health rules are ignored.

If your parents were short-lived, the more reason to build and guard your health. Through medical science and public health average life expectancy has been increased by 20 years during the last century.

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Old Lady—Who is that under my bed?

Robber—I'm Sir Galahad, Knight of the Round Table, Prince of Peace, Order of the Three Fishes, Ruler of All I Survey, Knight Errant in Quest of my Fair Lady, an' you ain't it.

—Yellow Jacket

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**CHARM**  
 FOR THE LADY  
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**ARTS AND CRAFT SHOP**  
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Then there was the freshman who wrote home for fifty dollars for a saddle for the R.O.T.C.

So what?  
 So they sent him the saddle.

—Exchange

There once was a horrible prude,  
 Who thought it was terribly lewd  
 To go and set fire  
 To a lady's attire  
 And make her run around in the nude.

—Purple Cow

**ASK THE CARMELITES**

about the  
 Homey Atmosphere  
 and Delicious Dinners  
 at

**PETER PAN LODGE**  
 (Overlooking the Seacoast)

5 Miles South of Carmel-by-the-Sea



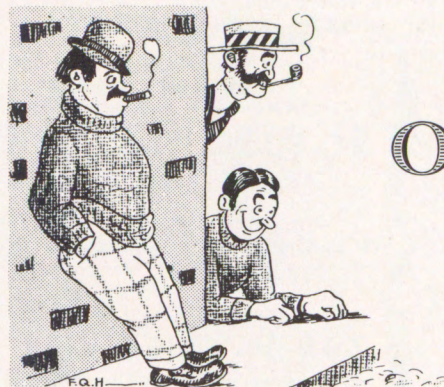
We have kidded your early days,  
 We have laughed at your old-time styles.  
 Your derby hats we think the cats;  
 And a Gibson girl brings smiles.

So we've taken our pens in hand  
 For a modern reader's mirth.  
 But you're wise lads, you ancient grads,  
 And you know what the jest is worth.

—Hutshing



# FABLES OF THE FARM



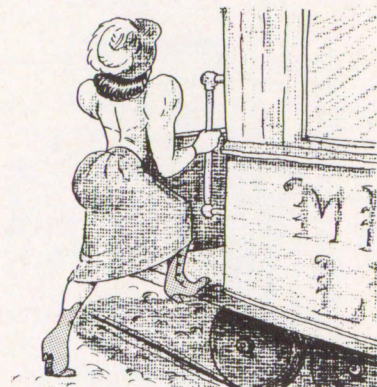
## 420 Miles

Some of the damndest things happen in and to the CHAPPIE office. One night a few weeks ago, for example, we received the weirdest phone call in our history. We don't know who was calling, haven't the slightest idea, but whoever it was has a sense of humor we could use on the staff. About nine-thirty the phone rang, much to our surprise because the exchange normally goes off about eight. We answered and a smooth voice said: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We are speaking to you from the top of the Hoover War Libe, just 420 miles from downtown Los Angeles." We kept the ball rolling after that one and were rewarded by some pretty clever jokes, in two parts. By that we mean the character who was phoning would ask us a riddle, or tell

us all but the last line of a story, then hang up. A few seconds later he would phone again and ask coyly if we would like to hear the finish. We always did. After the one about the white bear saying "Amapola" to the brown bear, the calls ceased. If you read this, brother, call again. We like you.

## S.R.O.

Something funny is almost bound to happen when a bunch of the boys go on a tear. We heard of a group of lads who went on a first-class, all-day-and-half-the-night binge a few weeks ago. Two of the imbibing gentlemen gave themselves over completely to the flowing mugs. During the course of the evening the group decided to take in a corny movie and raise general hell, not caring whether or not they were evicted by the management. They entered a small theater in Redwood City to find that there was standing room only. They found spaces against the wall and proceeded to boo and hiss and clap boisterously for quite a while, much

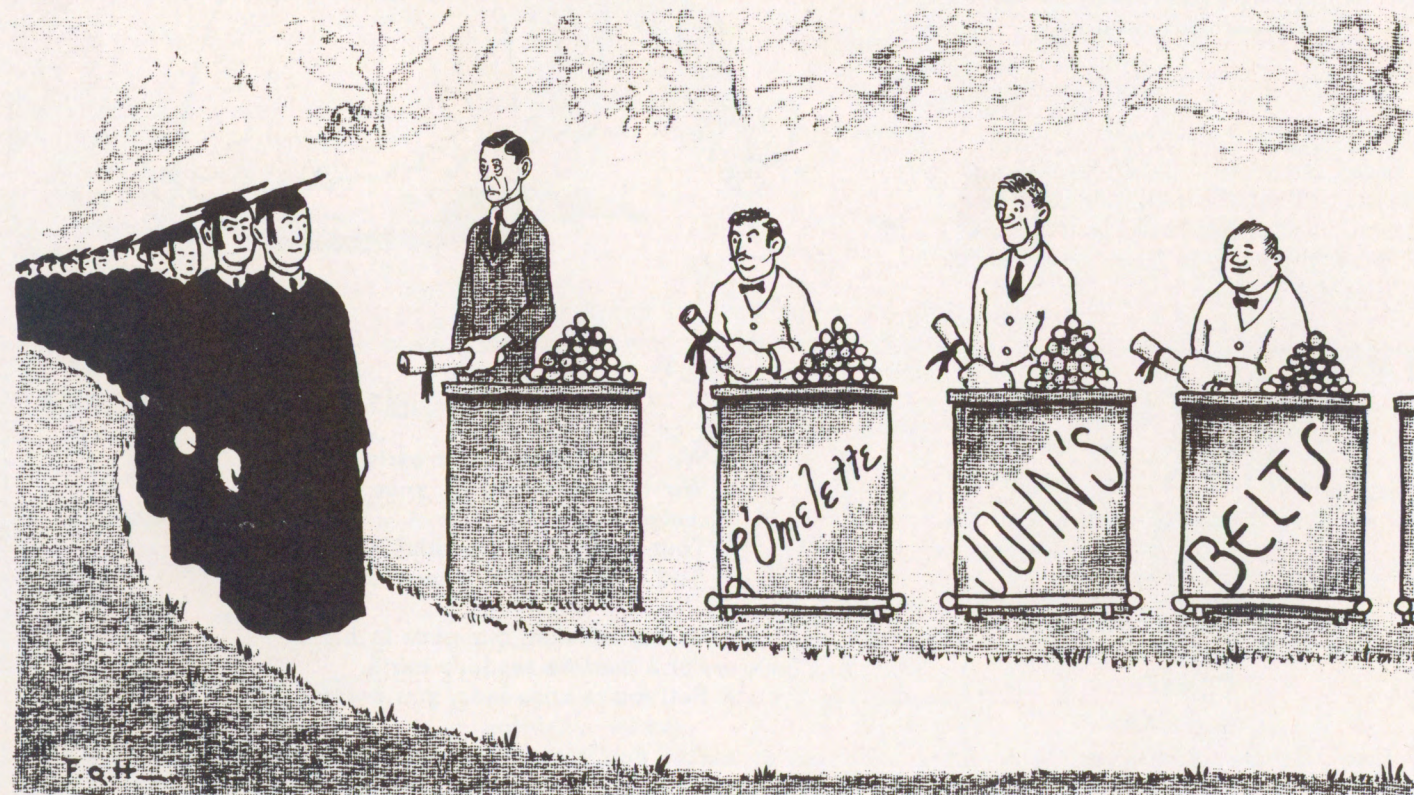


to the annoyance of a row full of Japanese people. The two especially tanked ones at length grew tired and rested simultaneously against what they thought was the wall. They were no little shocked to find themselves, a few seconds later, in the alley beside the theater. Their "wall" was a fire door.

## Regular

There is a character about the campus who has hit this page so often we have come to regard him as a walking fable. His latest exploit only bolsters our faith in him as a constant provider of mirth.

He was out in the hills with his little queen last month enjoying the verdure and the flowers. The bucolic tranquillity was shattered by the arrival, from behind a tree at the bottom of the hill on which our couple were



sitting, of a group of cows and a large, red bull.

Our heroine was fittingly frightened when the herd of heavy-hoofs started moving up the rise, but our hero remained undaunted, being, underneath it all, a damn fool. He quieted his lady with "Just sit still and they won't come near us." The words had scarce escaped his molars when the cows and their friend the bull broke into a lope—right toward the pair. Strictly from inspiration our confident friend stood up and began singing at the top of his rather raspy voice. The herd hurriedly halted, stared as only bovines can, turned and wag-bagged down the hill. Incidentally, beer-voice's vocal selection was "The Toreador Song" from *Carmen*.

## Sabotage Stuff

One of the staff gentlemen came quietly into the office the other day with the calm announcement that he knew a real, *bona fide* Fifth columnist. The news wasn't received so quietly and he was "forced" to explain. It seems that this Fifth columnist resides about three houses down the block from our comrade. The fellow has had several quarrels with his family, neighbors, and other assorted. He works in a beer plant, speaks with a heavy German accent, and insists that Der Fuehrer will soon rule the world. All this rather disturbs the little community in which he resides, but the Chappie boy has only one worry—will the only real Fifth columnist he has ever known be drafted?

## There Is Hope

There really is hope for the habitués of Dinah's. And if you do take a drink all is not lost.

There is a prim little boy in Encina who keeps himself in line by thinking of the terrible example of his father. The old boy was a drinker when he went to Stanford. He really drank. A week end started on Thursday afternoon for him and about Monday noon he started sobering up. Not only was he a drinker but he was a fighter when he got liquored . . . and he was tough, too.

As happens to all good men he finally got married, and, as eventually happens to all husbands, he promised his wife that he wouldn't take a drink for five years. He didn't.

The day five years was up, he went out and got drunk, stayed that way

for three days, fought and knocked the hell out of everyone he met, and since then he hasn't taken a drink. You see there's hope.

## Karo

Even someone at Roble professes to have a sense of humor. There's nothing like getting up at the cold gray crack of dawn, and it wasn't to type an English A paper—it was an emergency.

With her eyes still closed so she wouldn't quite wake up, she whipped down the hall and put her hand on the doorknob. Something was wrong. Everything was wrong. Everything was covered with Karo—that glucose, energy-packed, colorless corn syrup which is sticky as hell and smells to high heaven when it gets hot.

It was on the doorknob, the wash-basin, the hot and cold water spigots,

the radiators, the handles, in fact it was on everything—everything.

It was a sticky emergency.

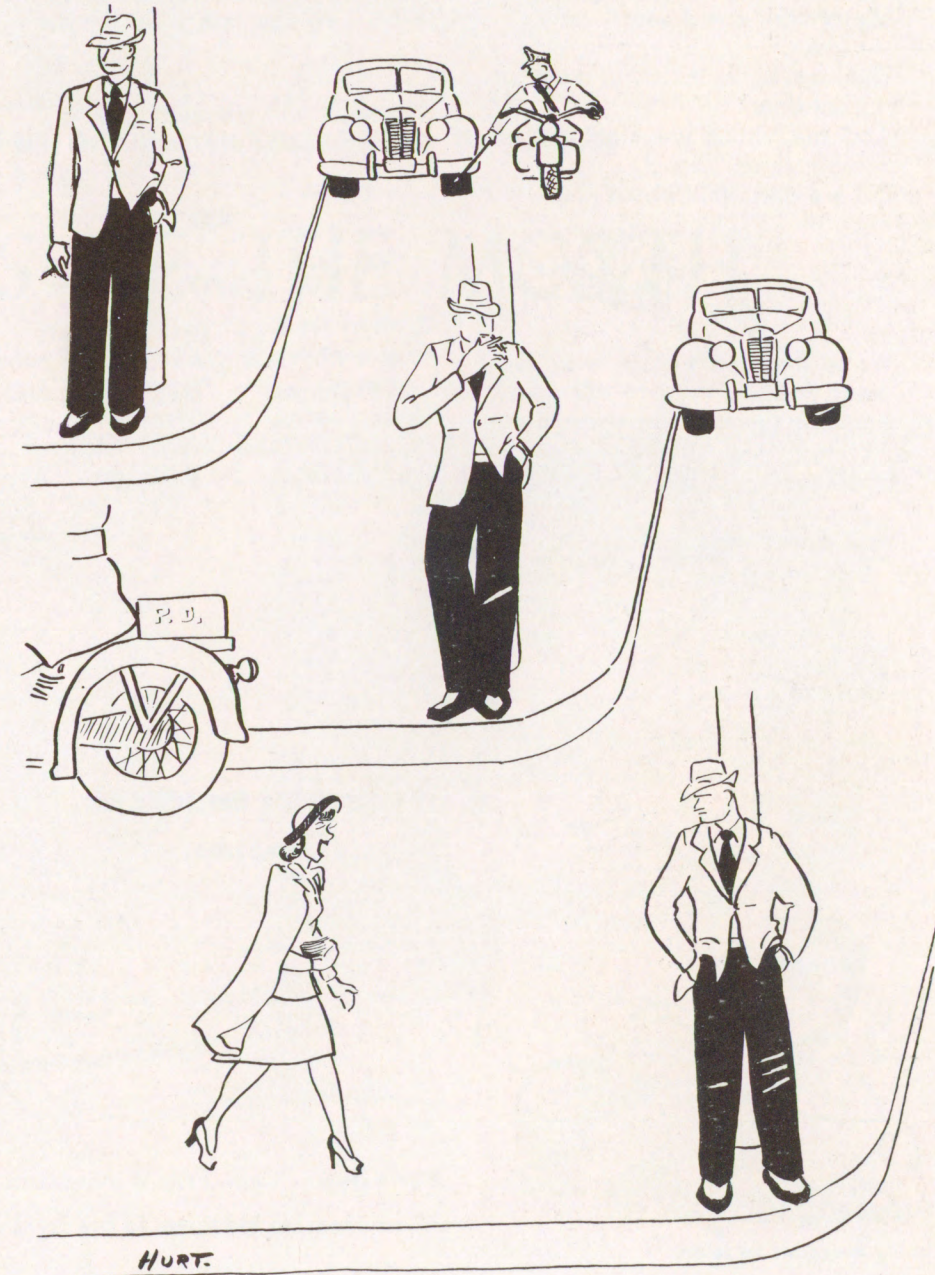
## Frye's Fiji

One of Clayton Frye's most enthusiastic spring boxers is a Fiji pledge. After a particularly hard week end, he struggled out for his road work a little late. The coach looked at his night-club tan which the Forbidden City et al. had fostered and stopped him before he started to jog around the field.

"Take three deep breaths," the coach said.

The Fiji touched his toes, raised his arms above his head, and expanded his chest in the perfect Atlas form. He then awaited for some more boxing wisdom from the coach.

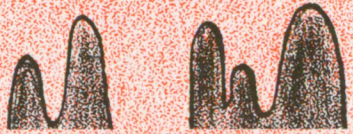
"That's fresh air, bud."



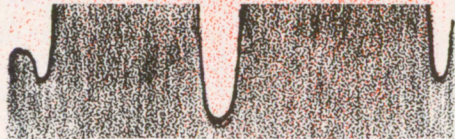
HURT.



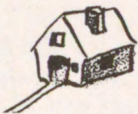
### We Don't Talk About That



My brother and I remember a still  
That pappy had on a Kaintuck hill,  
And the revenooers we had to drill.  
But we don't talk about that.

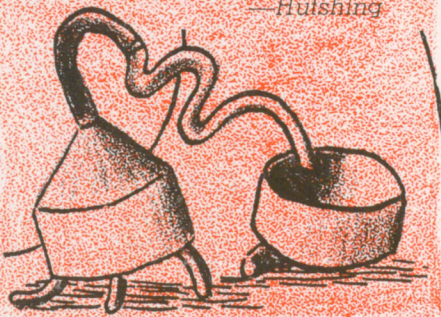


My brother and I recall once more  
The hogs a-playin' round the old front door,  
And the vittles we ate off the cabin floor.  
But we don't talk about that.



We're learning to use a knife and spoon,  
And napkins for gravy on the chin.  
Of course, we miss the mountain moon,  
And often we cry for pappy's gin.

My brother and I recall the day  
An alum paid our tuition and we went away.  
How Atherton found out we can not say.  
For we don't talk about that.



### LINK with the PAST

In the good old days of Stanford,  
When the mandolin was rife,  
And the mustache cup was rampant,  
And the tandem bike the life,  
You could get a ride to Menlo  
With another "rough" for beer.

But things have changed through decades;  
We're streamlined now, I fear.

Swing music sets the tempo  
For beardless boys to sing.  
Convertibles go racing  
Along Palm Drive in Spring.  
We've lost our horse and buggy,  
Yet we've one link with our dads.

We share the common feeling  
California men are cads!  
—Hutshing

### You Chyrr, Shyrr!

A chyrr with a bhyrr in his fhyrr  
Saw a phyrring cat bhyrrning some mhyrr  
He profhyrrred a "ghyrr,"  
Which sphyrred hhyrr to sthyrr,  
And she shot up a fhyrr sixty phyrr!  
—R.S.S.

### I USED TO BE—

I used to be an optimist. I was just a simple trusting boy who came to Stanford after seeing one of those Hollywood college movies . . . .

Oh, Stanford's like the movies, sure. It's sunny and green and full of '41 convertibles and women and just twice as many men in just twice as many convertibles.

I was an optimist and so I simply said the hell with the ratio. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not prejudiced. I have too gotten some dates—two of them. One fall quarter—one winter quarter.

But then I always figured that maybe the earthquake would pull a repeat and 2,971 of the 2,972 men would get caught beneath the Sermon on the Mount. I'm not selfish, but I just don't thrive on competition.

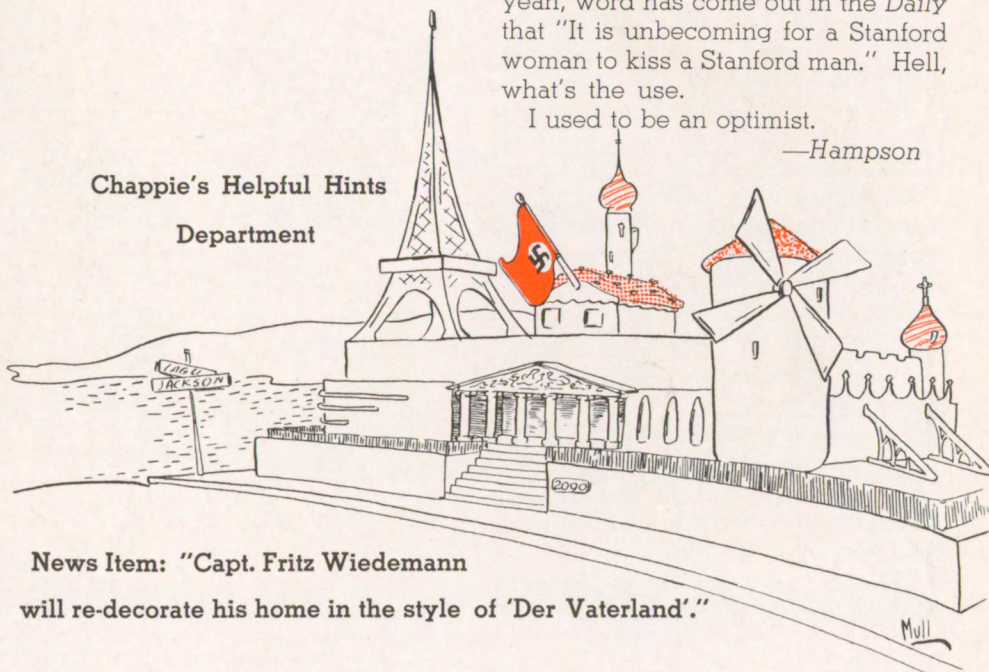
Well, up until the week of the Con Home drive I have always been able to get along here at Stanford—ratio, Kings, and all. Oh, I go to the movies and dream about UCLA and that college in Vermont or Idaho or some place where the ratio is 7 or 8 women to every man, but even at Stanford I had hopes—I was an optimist.

I used to go to the Library and lay plans how to pick me up a Stanford queen. Then I used to go to the Library and lay plans how I could pick me up a girl. Then I used to go to the Library.

Now what's the use. What if there weren't a ratio? What if I did get a date? There is no hope. There is no light. Word has filtered down from the top—down from the same place the "you-know-what-lists" originate—yeah, word has come out in the Daily that "It is unbecoming for a Stanford woman to kiss a Stanford man." Hell, what's the use.

I used to be an optimist.  
—Hampson

### Chappie's Helpful Hints Department



News Item: "Capt. Fritz Wiedemann will re-decorate his home in the style of 'Der Vaterland'."



Rosemary Brown, '42, Delta Delta Delta



Betty Nichols, '41, Pi Beta Phi

## QUEENS OF THE MONTH

Betty Jane Binney, '42, Gamma Phi Beta

Sophia Kent, '43, Alpha Phi





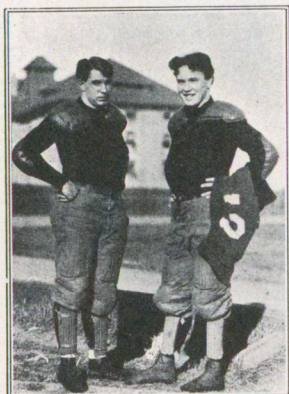


# WHEN WERE

# ROUGHS ROUGH

1

Oh they say and sing of a Stanford Spring  
Of some fifty years ago;  
And the lovely pins of the Mandolins. . . .  
(See the babe in the center front row).



2

It happened then that the football men  
Were made of flint and steel.  
They wore rough duds, those rugged buds,  
But they had their Achilles heel.



3

They walked the Quad and swore by God  
To die for the Mandolins. . . .  
To risk their necks for the fairer sex,  
Or at least they'd risk their shins.



4

Now the Mining lads were dirty cads,  
Who thought themselves quite slick  
At wreaking sins on Mandolins,  
Of whom they had their pick.

5

There finally came the first Big Game,  
And Stanford won by miles.  
But the Mandolins reserved their grins  
For the Mining Men's low wiles.



6

Oh this annoys the football boys,  
Who called the Engineers  
To come and fight, that selfsame night,  
With fists or drinking beers.

9

But something new in the way of crew  
Began with them to rate.  
And the best approach was the rowing coach,  
Shown dressed for (1) crew and (2) date.

—Hutshing

7

So these Engineers with dirty ears  
Fought long with the football "roughs."  
And many died on either side  
From low blows, kicks, and cuffs.

8

When the smoke had cleared, as all had feared,  
There was nobody left.  
And the Mandolins paid for their sins  
By being quite bereft.

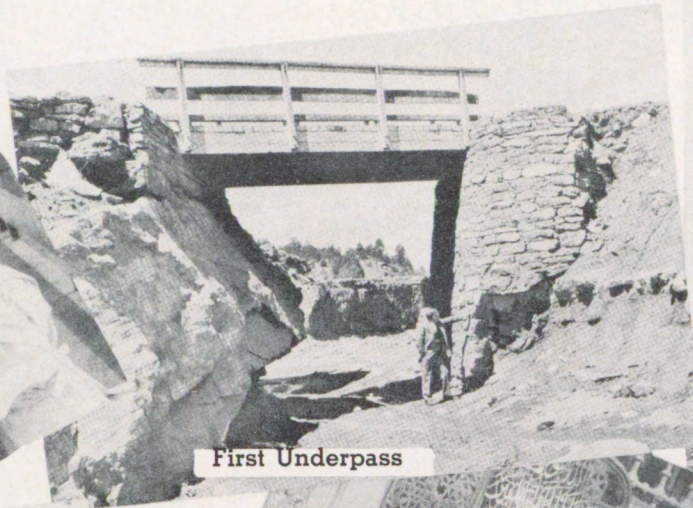




# STANFORD'S FAMOUS FIRSTS



First Eating Club



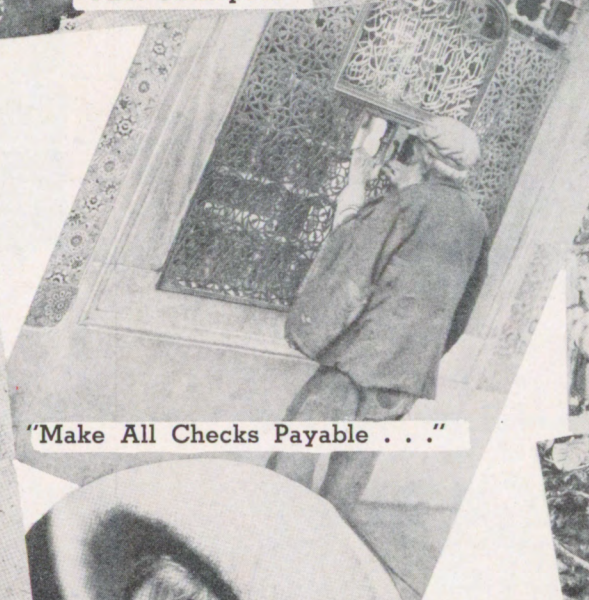
First Underpass



First Reg Day



First Zete



"Make All Checks Payable . . ."



First Canoe on Lagunita



First Student Manager



First Men's Council



First Dean of Men



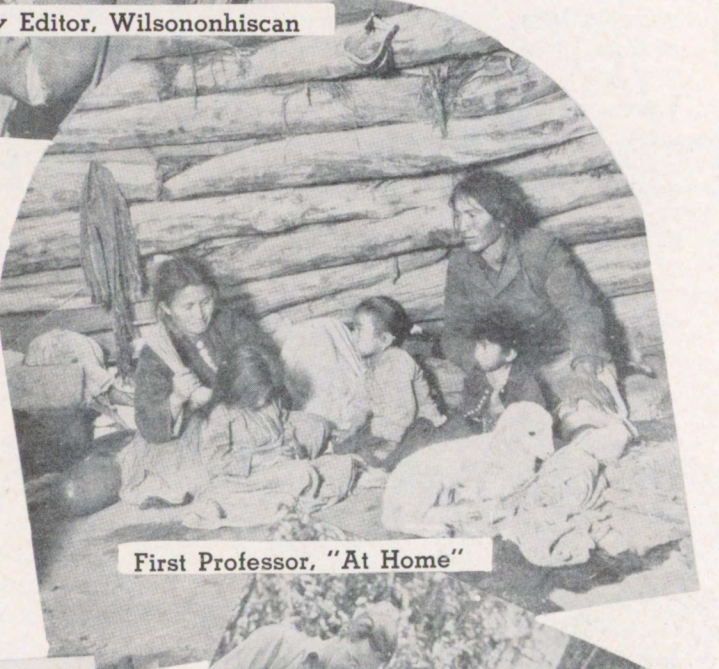
First Daily Editor, Wilsononhiscan



First Union Waitresses



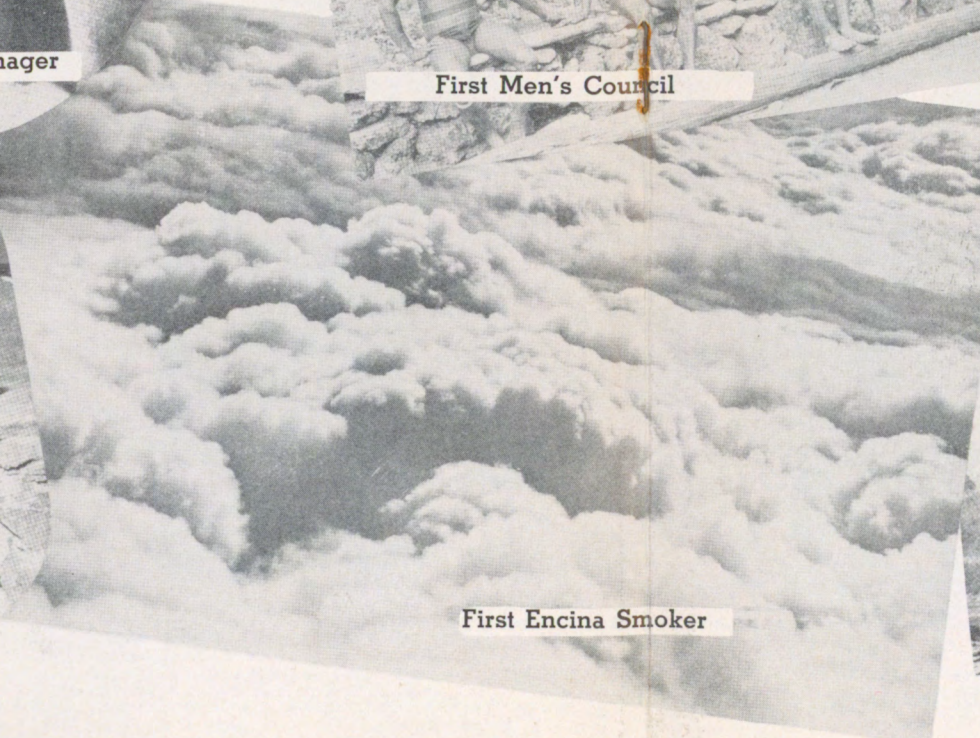
First Health Service Vaccination



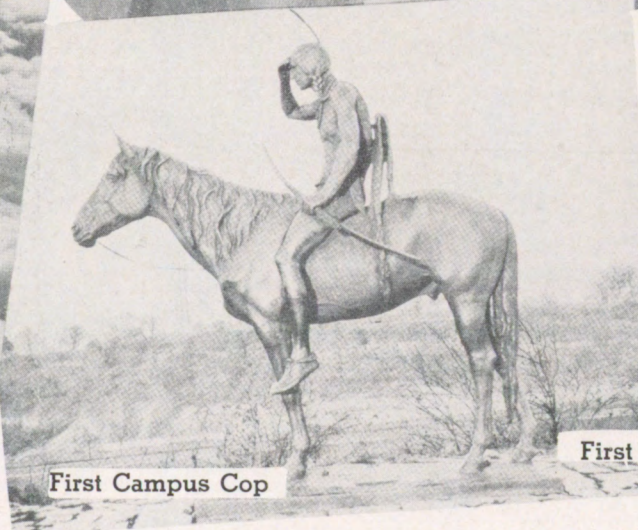
First Professor, "At Home"



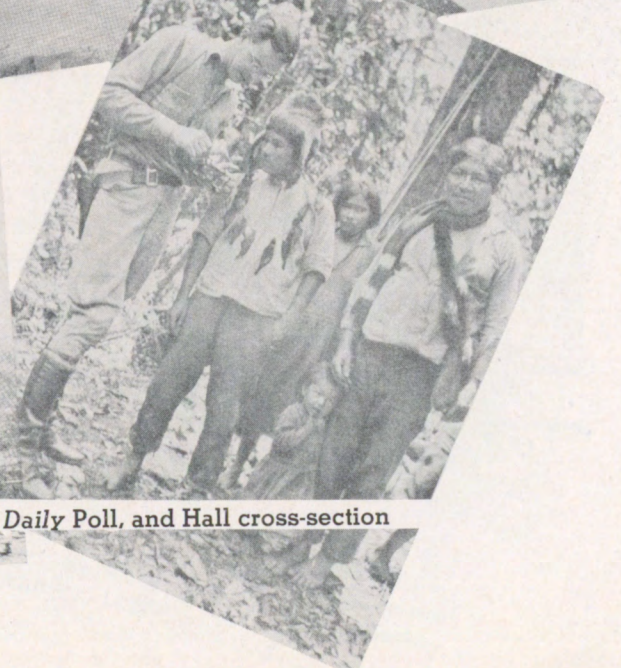
First Encina Kitchen



First Encina Smoker



First Campus Cop



First Daily Poll, and Hall cross-section



Angus McCubbin was a good guy. His only trouble was that he just wasn't smooth. He was good-looking and intelligent enough, but he just always seemed to say the wrong thing. There was the time he went over to a girl's house for his first date with her and said, "Your maid's buck teeth are pretty, but somehow they don't seem to fit in with the rest of her face."

And the girl had said, "Do you mean my mother?"

Then once he had been sitting in the back seat of a car with his date and he had said to her, "Let's switch places, I'm right-handed."

On one of the few occasions that he had had a chance to kiss a girl, he said when his lips were an inch from hers, "The Eskimos do it this way." And then he had rubbed noses with her.

It wasn't that he hadn't tried to be smooth. Why, he'd read every story of Bocaccio and Voltaire; he'd stayed up late nights studying Don Juan, Casanova, and *The Sex Life of Savages*. But no matter how hard he tried he just wasn't able to become smooth. The girls called him "one-date" McCubbin.

One night last quarter Angus phoned up five Roble girls in succession and all of them had dates already. I didn't want to go anyway, he thought, probably be lousy with that orchestra they've got. I'll go down the road, have a couple of beers, and get to bed early.

Angus stopped at a little place he had never seen before. It had a short bar around which stood two or three workingmen and their wives, all drinking beer. Angus got two beers and took them to a table in the dark corner of the room. He had only taken one swallow when a thin, dried-up old woman, who probably had a hand in the pyramids, sat down opposite him. Angus said, "Have a

## "ONE DATE" AND THE WITCH

beer?" The thin old woman called to the barkeeper in a voice that seemed to come from out of the centuries, "Three scotch and sodas, Mac."

Then, after finishing her first drink and rubbing her hands three times, she said, "You've been having a tough time of it, haven't you, Angus?"

"How did you know my name?"

"Have you never heard of Heaths-brawgh, the castle of your ancestors?"

"Why you must be the Silent Pink Ghost of Heaths-brawgh!"

"I have heard a great deal about you, Angus, and how you are known as 'One Date.' I think I can do something to help you. Meet me here Friday night and have your tuxedo on. I'm going to the dance with you. Don't look so frightened, you've never seen me when I have a little make-up on."

Angus said weakly, "All right."

He hardly finished speaking when the Silent Pink Ghost of Heaths-brawgh tapped three times on the table and was gone. Angus finished the Scotch and sodas.

On Friday he dressed slowly and thought many times of not going. But, basically, beauty is only relative, and this was to be a Stanford Dance, so perhaps it won't be so hard after all, he thought.

At the door of the little bar he thought again of turning back, but his thinking was cut short by the sight of a tall red-head who looked as cool, and light, and graceful as a glass of champagne. She said softly, "Hello, Angus, remember me?"

"What kind of lipstick do you use, it does a lot for you."

When they were inside the car the Silent Pink Ghost said, "I'm going to teach you a few things tonight. From now on no one will ever say that you're not smooth. Put your arm on the back of the seat, don't say a word, just look me straight in the eye, and don't stop looking until I move over." It was a strange night, full of new experiences. The Silent Pink Ghost taught Angus many things, and he learned well.

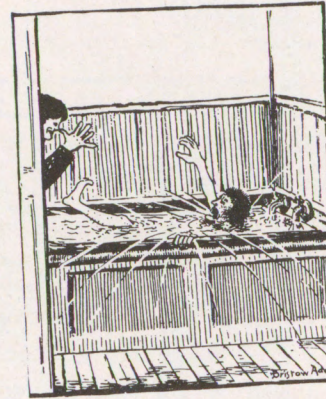
Just as the strains of the dance orchestra were dying out, she tapped Angus three times upon the shoulder and said, "Good luck, Angus." She was gone.

The next morning Angus phoned a girl he had hardly dared to speak to

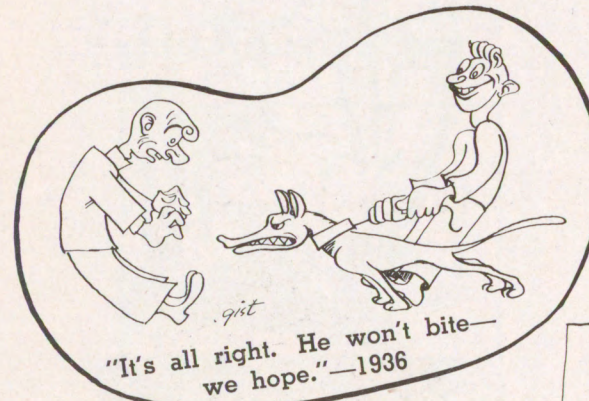
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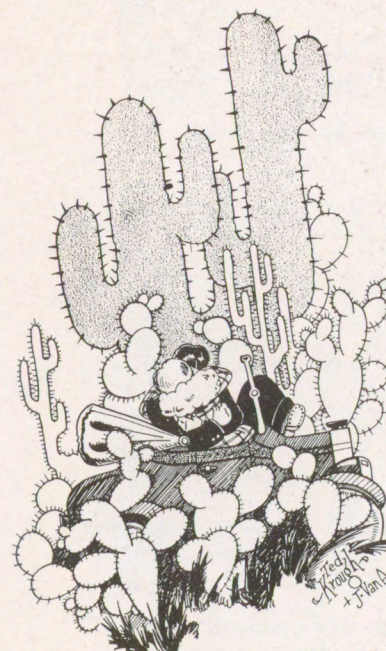
Eight days a week without a drink—  
We are all camels!—1908



"There was a roomer afloat in Encina  
last night."—1899  
The opening cartoon of Chaparral.  
Vol. I, No. 1.



"It's all right. He won't bite—  
we hope."—1936



Stanford University Press—1927



"Every one of those pins shows  
where one of our girls is tonight."—  
1936

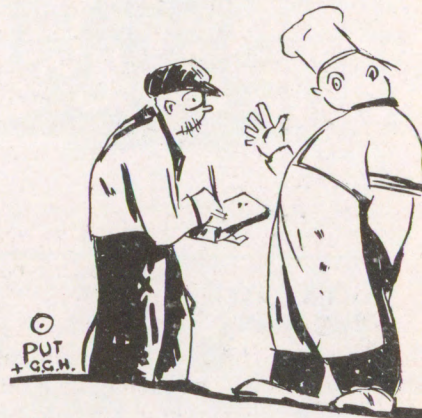


How I decorate for my dance  
The decorations are a great success  
1920

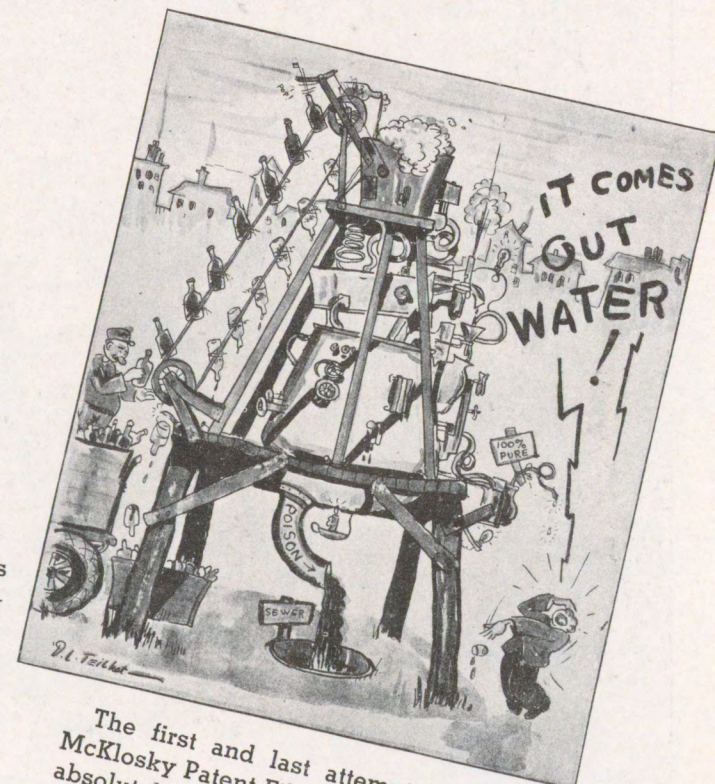


### STANFORD LAUGHS! 1899-1941

The oldest publication on the campus and the oldest humor magazine in the West, the CHAPARRAL deserves to take a place in Stanford's fifty-year celebration. The Old Boy has picked these cartoons as the best and most representative of their time from the pages of the CHAPPIE. The oldest of these may not seem funny to you, but the older generation doesn't split any buttons off laughing at a lot of the things we do today.

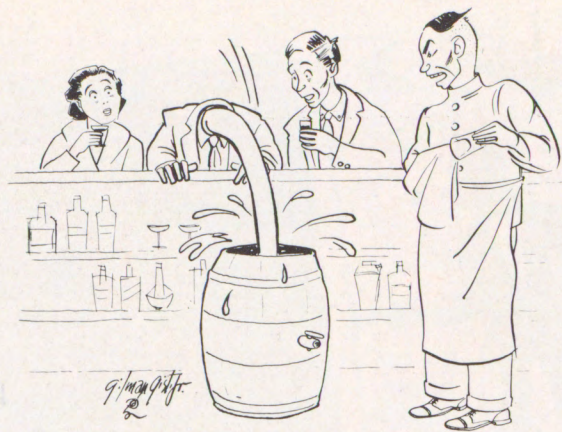


Garbage Man—"Any garbage today?"  
Encina Cook—"Yes, we'll take twelve cans, please."—1929

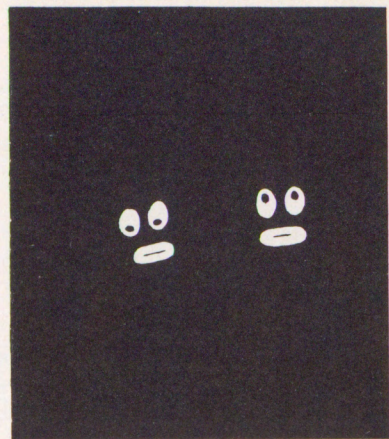


The first and last attempt of the  
McKlosky Patent Filtering Machine—  
absolutely guaranteed to remove every  
trace of poison from bootleg  
whisky.—1927

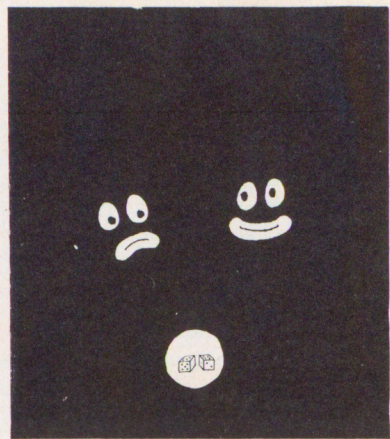




—1936



Let there be—

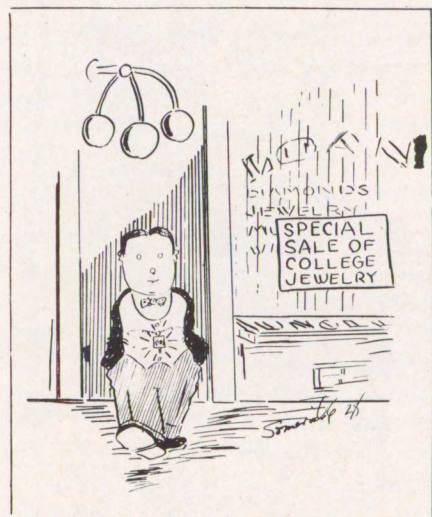


Light!

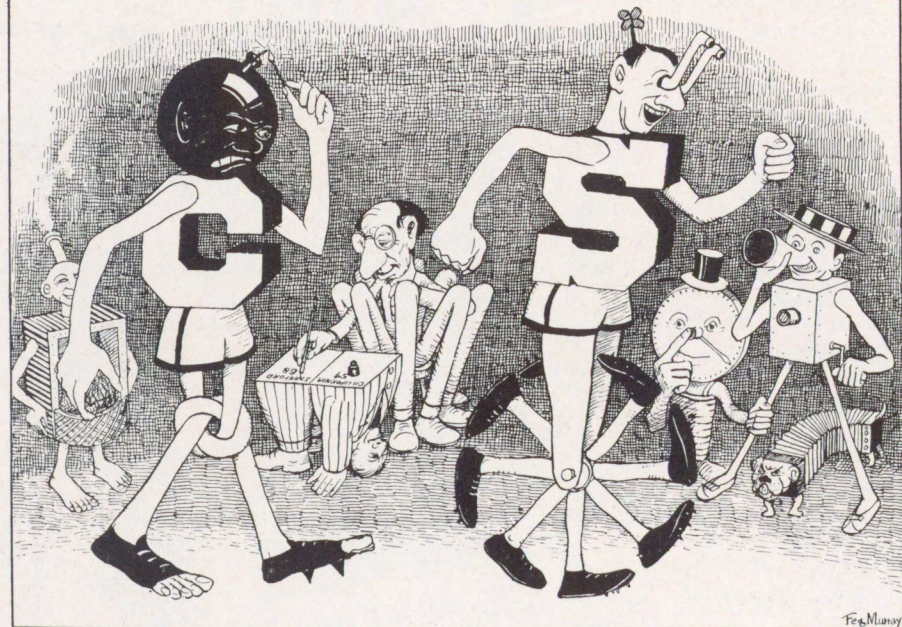
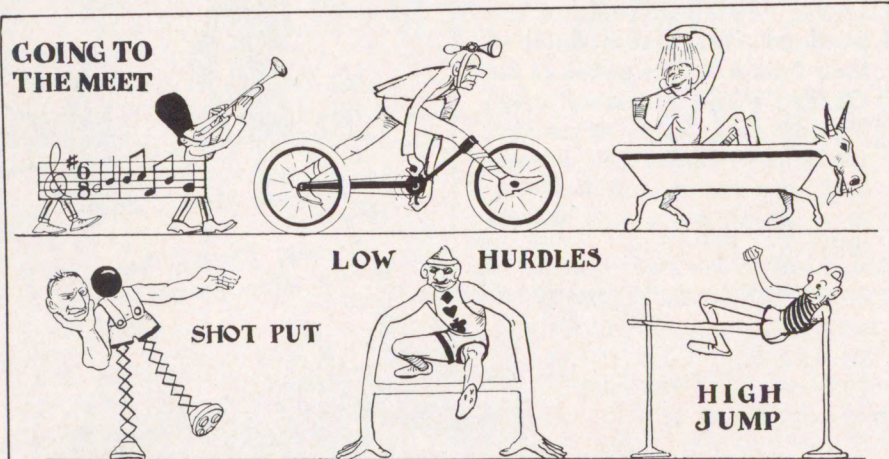
—1922



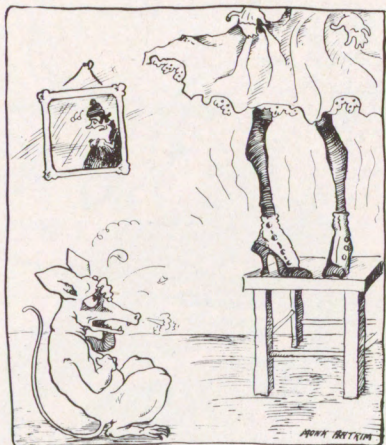
"Cheer up, Bill. A good dry under-shirt and you'll be patriotic again."  
1930



"What price glory?"—1925

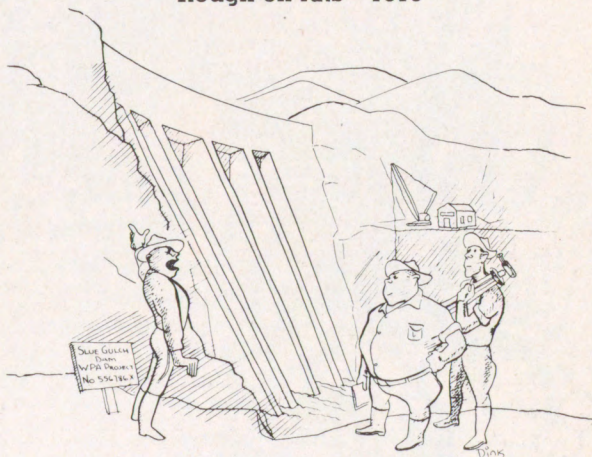


Feg Murray's track snoppyquops—  
1916

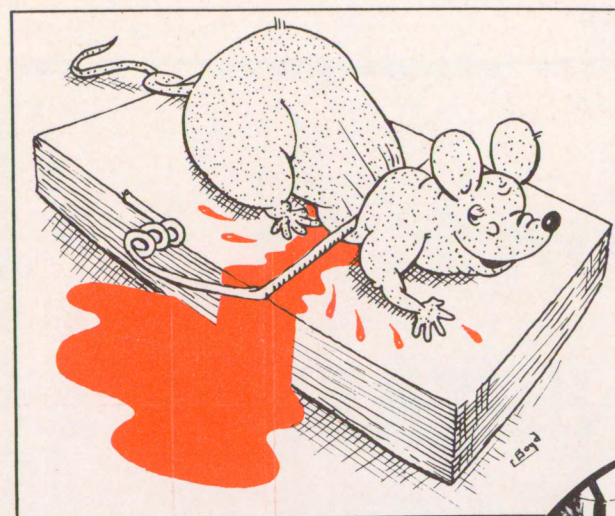


A pair of tights—1912

Rough on rats—1919



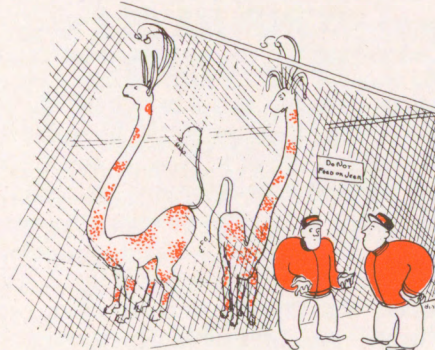
"Tear it down—its unconstitutional!"  
—1935



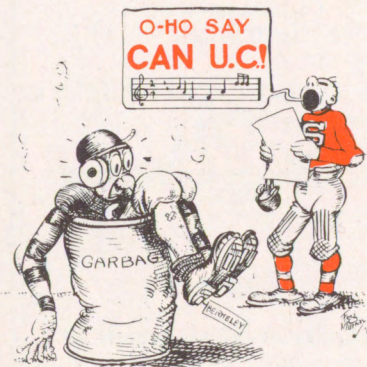
"Well, anyway I got their goddam cheese!"—1936



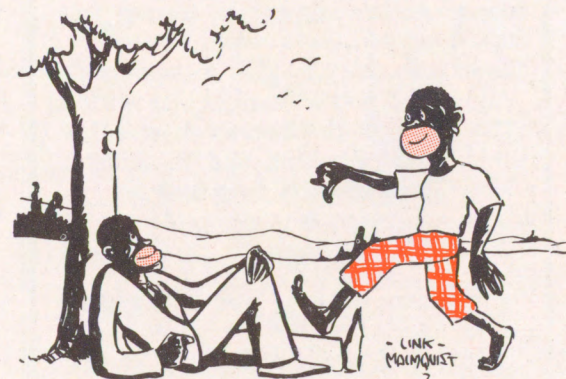
"Now, let's give six big ones . . ."  
1936



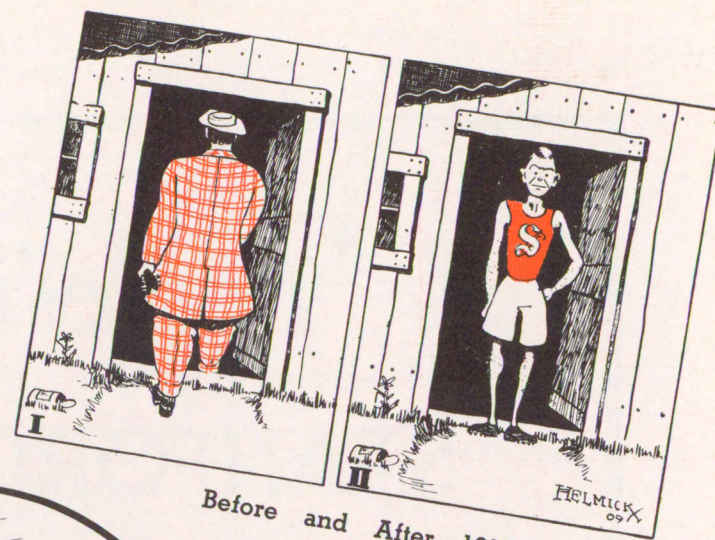
"The last pair in the world—and she's gone Platonic!"—1935



The national anthem as sung every  
November—1921



"Niggah, whah at you gwine wid-out no shoes on?"  
"Gwine huntin' possums. Dese heah are my stalkin' feet."—1928



Before and After—1907



Man over-bored—1903



"Jump!"—1935



Sitting Bull on a vacation—1924



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We'll miss the class  
of 'forty-one  
They can be proud of  
the work they've done  
We've served them after  
many a date  
And we'll serve others  
we're proud to state



### THE INDIAN DRIVE-IN

EL CAMINO PALO ALTO

### "ONE DATE"

(Continued from page 22)

before. She was about to refuse, when she noticed that there was something new and different in Angus' voice, so she decided to go, anyway she hadn't anything to do that evening. Angus kissed her before he said, "Hello." She didn't even know what had happened for fifteen seconds, and by then he was almost finished.

And that's how it went, Angus would kiss a girl, she wouldn't even feel it on her lips, only in her veins. After three months the thrill was gone; Angus sometimes longed for the good old days when he hadn't been smooth. One day in late April Angus had had enough of this world. The Castle of Heathsbrawgh was the only place for him, and the Silent Pink Ghost was the only girl.

—Myers

Instructor—Harry, give a definition of home.

Stude—Home is where part of the family waits until the others are through with the car.

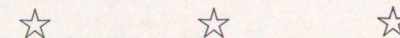
—Exchange

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Hamilton  
and  
Emerson

Little Jane walked into the corner drugstore and said her mother wanted tissue paper. The clerk wrapped up three rolls and handed them to her.

"Charge them, please," she said.  
"Certainly," said the clerk, "but who are they for?"

"All of uth," sighed the little girl as she walked out.

—Urchin

Visitor (at an asylum)—Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?

Attendant—Yes, sir. People here ain't as crazy as you think.

—Humbug

"Melvin! Melvin!"  
"What, Ma?"  
"Are you spitting in the fishbowl?"  
"No, Ma, but I'm comin' pretty close."

—Yellow Jacket

"Are you a good judge of horse-flesh?"

"No, I never ate any in my life!"  
—Exchange

## THANK YOU STANFORD

For the business you have given us during our business career which is now

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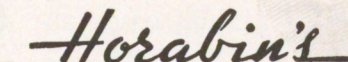
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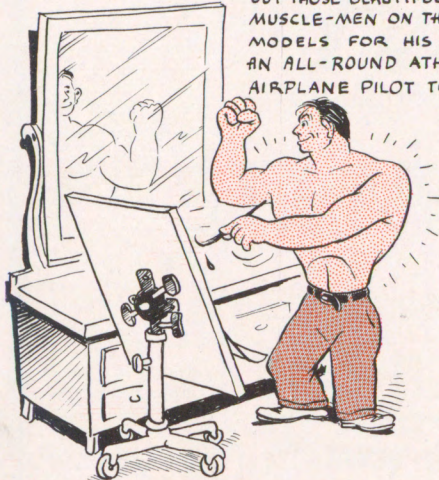
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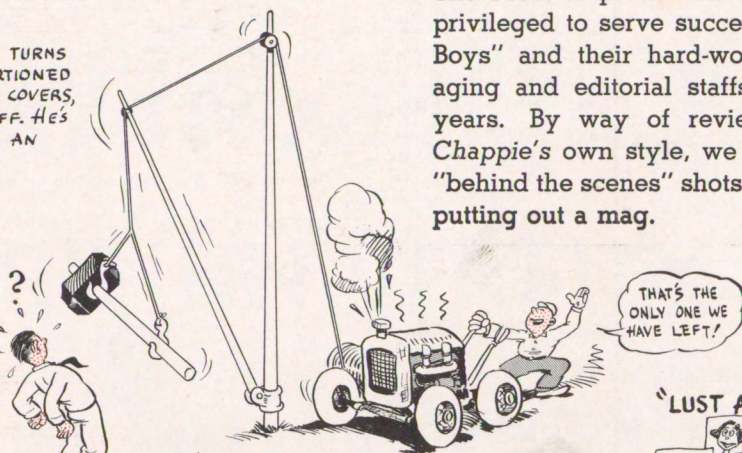


# NOW THAT Stanford Press Looks at the Chappies . . .

**BOB RIESER**, THE BOY WHO TURNS OUT THOSE BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED MUSCLE-MEN ON THE CHAPPIE COVERS, MODELS FOR HIS OWN STUFF. HE'S AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE AND AN AIRPLANE PILOT TO BOOT!



The Press is proud that it has been privileged to serve succeeding "Old Boys" and their hard-working managing and editorial staffs for many years. By way of review, and in Chappie's own style, we take a few "behind the scenes" shots at the boys putting out a mag.



**"BUSY BILL" LANE** WAS THE LAST GUY TO PICK UP HIS HAMMER FOR THE HAMMER AND COFFIN INITIATION AND WAS STUCK WITH A THIRTY-TWO-POUND SLEDGE, AND HAD TO PACK IT AROUND FOR A FULL WEEK.

**"LUST ANNEX"**



**BARNEY McCLURE'S LUST ANNEX** IS THE PRIDE OF THE CAMPUS—HAVING PICTURES OF QUEENS FROM ALMOST EVERY SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.



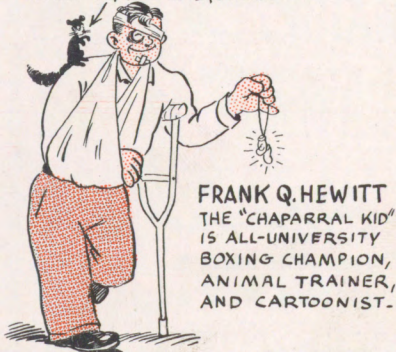
**HARVA SPRAGER**, THE FENCING EXPERT WHO ADDS A SERIOUS NOTE TO CHAPPIE BY WRITING THE DRAMATIC AND CLASSICAL RECORD REVIEWS.



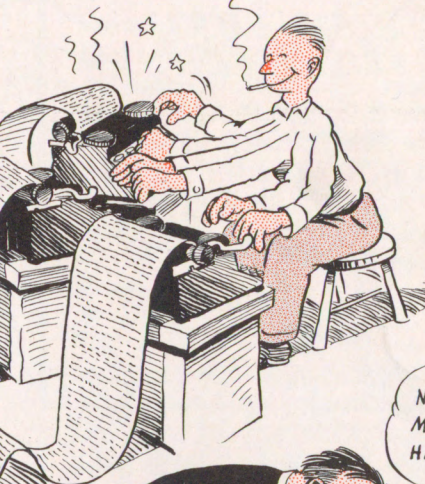
**JACK HURT**, ACE ARTIST AND NEXT YEAR'S MANAGING EDITOR, HAD TO MAKE A NEW DRAWING FOR THE MAY CHAPPIE'S CENTER SPREAD AT THE LAST MINUTE.

**ED (MAKE LIKE AN EAGLE) HUTSHING**, CHAPPIE'S TRIPLE-THREAT MAN WHO TURNS OUT COVER IDEAS, FABLES, HUMOROUS PROSE, SATIRICAL VERSE, AND ASSORTED REVIEWS, BOASTS HAVING BEEN STABBED BY MORE QUEENS THAN THE AVERAGE GUY MEETS AT THREE JOLLY-UPS—

"CHAMP" F.Q.H.'S PET SQUIRREL



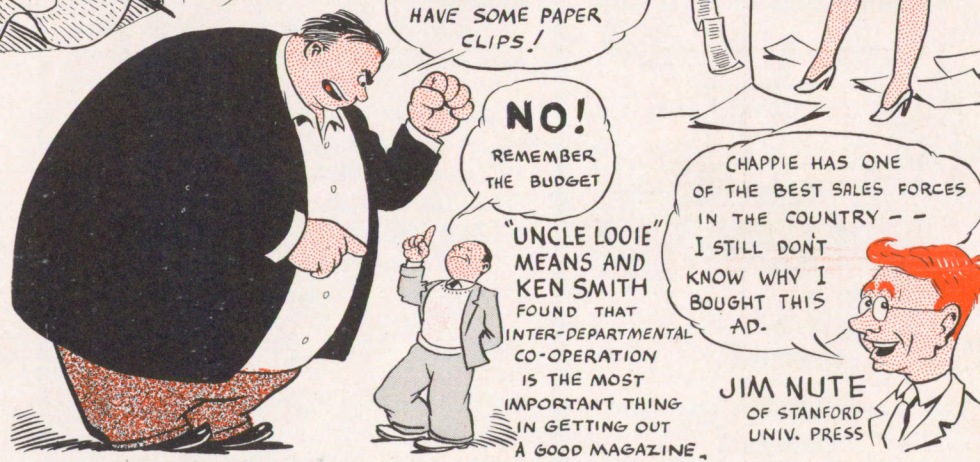
**FRANK Q. HEWITT** THE "CHAPARRAL KID" IS ALL-UNIVERSITY BOXING CHAMPION, ANIMAL TRAINER, AND CARTOONIST.



**JANET GOULD** IS THE MAD GENIUS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALMOST ALL OF THE EXCELLENT MAKE-UP AND VARIED LAYOUTS APPEARING IN CHAPPIE THIS YEAR.



NOW LOOKIT HERE MEANS - WE GOTTA HAVE SOME PAPER CLIPS!



**NO!** REMEMBER THE BUDGET

**"UNCLE LOOIE" MEANS AND KEN SMITH** FOUND THAT INTER-DEPARTMENTAL CO-OPERATION IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN GETTING OUT A GOOD MAGAZINE.

CHAPPIE HAS ONE OF THE BEST SALES FORCES IN THE COUNTRY -- I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY I BOUGHT THIS AD.

**JIM NUTE** OF STANFORD UNIV. PRESS

Best of luck to Barney McClure and Bill Lane, and our thanks to Old Boy Ken Smith and Manager Louis Means—from the Press Gang.



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**SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET**  
Means More!  
136 GEARY SAN FRANCISCO

Susy—What's the difference between a modern and an old-fashioned kiss?  
Sally—Oh, about five minutes.  
—Exchange

Police Sergeant—What, you back again?  
Drunk—Uh, huh—any mail?  
—Old Line

1st She—How do you keep the boys from peeking through the key-hole?  
2nd She—I keep the door open.  
—Froth

She—Penny for your thoughts.  
He (Man)—Aw, you wouldn't have time anyway.  
—Lyre

"If you love me like I love you; boy! do we need a chaperone!"  
—Pup Tent

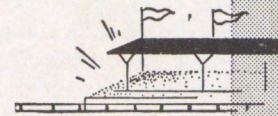
I hate the habits of the masses,  
Who always are on time for classes.  
—Yale Record

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\$4.98



HAPPY DAYS AHEAD--- VACATION!



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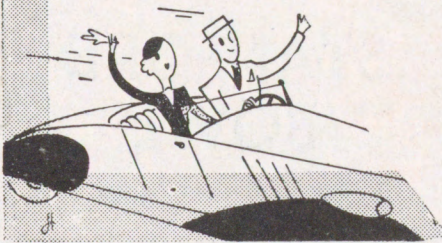
has enjoyed your patronage during 1940 and 1941

We look forward to helping you with your clothes for school next fall

We Promise---

TO maintain the high value quality and style of our merchandise and fulfill your needs for correct clothes

Right now our play deck is stocked full of SHORTS . . . SLACKS . . . SWIM SUITS . . . PLAY SUITS . . . AND VACATION CLOTHES TO FIT EACH BUDGET.





### NOW THAT GRADUATION GIFT

June is here and every Senior's mind is on Graduation—the last and most remembered event in his whole college career.

June is also the time of year when friends and students begin to think about the kind of a graduation gift to buy for the friend, brother, sister, or sweetheart. Shall it be expensive, moderately priced? Does he need a book, Stanford jewelry, fountain pen, camera, or wallet? Perhaps he has a sweet-tooth for a lovely box of candy.

In this section, CHAPARRAL shows a number of representative stores on the Stanford campus, in Palo Alto, and in San Francisco—each able to offer you a wide selection in their particular field.

Visit these stores and we are sure that your shopping problems for Graduation will be solved.

She was an attractive young widow. She entered the hotel lounge and seated herself next to a big and handsome brute. She coughed lightly, but the stranger ignored her presence. When their eyes finally met, she gave him a flirtatious glance that indicated plainly that she would be willing to make his acquaintance. Still he remained cool, gave no answering sign. At last her handkerchief fluttered to the floor distressingly near her attractive, silk-clad ankles.

"Oh," she murmured softly, "I've dropped my handkerchief."

He turned a calm eye to the lady and responded, "Madam; my weakness is beer."

—Log

"Nurse," said the lovelorn patient, "I'm in love with you—I don't want to get well."

"Cheer up," she said, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me too."

—Old Maid

It isn't the cough that carries you off. It's the coffin they carry you off in.

—Exchange

To Serve  
**STANFORD STUDENTS**



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O'Neil's  
**STANFORD BOWL**

Next to Stanford Theater

Hostess (to gentleman guest) — I shouldn't be offering you wine, should I? You are the head of the Temperance League.

He—Oh, no, I am the head of the Vice League.

She—Well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you.

—Exchange

Arriving at a strange hotel, a fussy woman thought she'd better know where the fire escape was. So she started exploring. During her tour, she opened a door and found herself in a bathroom occupied by an elderly gentleman.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she twittered. "I was looking for the fire escape."

Continuing her search, presently she heard the pat of bare feet behind her and a shout made her turn. It was the elderly man, clad in a bath towel.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. "Where's the fire?"

—Exchange

"Pa, may I have a quarter to go to the circus with?"

"What? A quarter to see the circus, and here only last week I let you go out at night to see the eclipse of the moon! Young man, do you want your life to be one perpetual round of gaiety?"

—Exchange

In a cheap little hotel where the thin partitions of a range of bedrooms, like the stalls of a stable, stopped half way to the ceiling, in the still watches of the night he lay awake and listened to the finest demonstration of plain and fancy snoring that it had ever been his fate to hear. It was full of sudden and awful variations. Sometimes strangulation seemed imminent; then in the middle of a fantasia, the agony stopped suddenly and there was silence. From a nearby stall he heard a voice exclaim wearily, "Thank God! He's dead!"

—Exchange

Her figure is harder to ignore than a ringing telephone.

—Dodo

Protect the birds. The dove brings peace and the stork brings tax exemptions.

—Exchange

Student to barber—Don't cut off very much, just about a month or two.

—Pup Tent

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**48**  
of Stanford's  
**50**  
years

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She stood naked before him with nary a murmur  
As he fitfully stared and gurgled with amour.  
Then he gently covered her up with the sheet,  
And finished dusting his statue's stone feet.

—Purple Cow

By all indications most college humor magazines should buy only one stock: U.S. Steal.

—Sundial

### WATCHES - DIAMONDS - JEWELRY Sterling Silver Gifts



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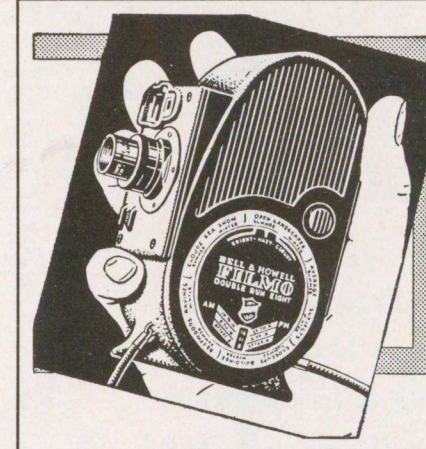
PHONE 4541

My date is the Sweater Queen of Somola  
State College for Problem Girls  
Little Moss-Head Millie they call her  
For her under-abundant curls . . . .  
Ah . . . . but send her back to Somola  
Or I'll threaten to do a bolt  
Of course I like girls to wear sweaters  
But I don't like them when they moult.

—Banter

A lipstick is something that merely adds a new flavor to an old pastime.

—Lampighter



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The absent-minded professor that we'd like to meet is the fellow that lectures to his steak and cuts his classes.

—Rammer-Jammer

A colored preacher at the close of a sermon discovered one of his Elders asleep. Slightly irked he asked, "Elder Lee, we will have a few moments of prayer. Will you lead?"

Elder Lee sleepily replied, "Like hell, I just dealt."

—Exchange





## Report at Once for a Summer Check-Up!

Pleasant driving days ahead — but will **YOUR** car be ready? Now is the time to make sure it will, by letting us condition it for Summer motoring. Drive in today!

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"Want to go for a spin?"  
 "No."  
 "Like to take a walk?"  
 "No."  
 "How about a movie?"  
 "No."  
 "Would you go for an ice cream soda?"  
 "No."  
 "How's for a little kiss?"  
 "No."  
 "H'm. Don't you like me?"  
 "No."  
 "Do you hate me?"  
 "No."  
 "H'm. I see. Are you allowed to say 'yes' to anything?"  
 "No."  
 "You wouldn't mind if I put my arm around you, would you?"  
 "No."  
 "I thought so. And you won't get mad if I kiss you, will you?"  
 "No."  
 "Swell. I can see where you aren't going to be any trouble at all, are you?"  
 "No."

—Varieties



Professor—What happens when the human body is immersed in water?

Co-ed—The telephone rings.

—Yellow Jacket



Girl—I want some real kissproof lipstick.

Clerk—Try this. It's a cross between an onion and bichloride of mercury.

—Log



Too much study  
 Makes me muddy  
 Too much smoke  
 Makes me choke  
 Too much petting  
 Makes me sweating,  
 Too much drinking  
 Makes me feel like the adjective which not only best describes my condition, but also rhymes, and "think" is not an adjective.

—Colorado Dodo



"That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

—The Rice Owl

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**STEVE'S  
CHOP HOUSE**

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

The story is told of the Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything.

The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?"

The Indian replied, "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought, "Ah, here's my chance." He came back to the earth and presented himself to the Indian. Raising his hand, he gave the tribal salutation, "How."

Quick as a wink the Indian replied, "Fried."

—Lyre

"So you've been to college, eh?"  
"Yeah."

"How high can you count?"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king."

—Exchange

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Secured**

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with Secretarial Training

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SECRETARIAL SCHOOL**

180 University P.A. 7702  
Palo Alto

**SMOOTHIN'**

(Continued from page 6)

box classic. We are not in a position to say if Enric is a great violinist, but we can tell you that the disk is just as well executed as Freddy Martin's more ballroomish version. There is no hint of the South American tempo that one would expect from Mr. M., and all who have heard him do this as a specialty at the Frantic will probably want to acquire this recording. The other side features a tango, "A Media Luz," that discovers Madriguera trying to do too many tricks with his violin.

As a novelty, we'd like to toss in a new Jerry Colonna waxing of "Remember Dad on Mother's Day" and "Lalita." The former is a typical Colonnaish gem with all of his vocal gyrations. The "Lalita" side is notable for the final breakdown into a straight satire of Will Bradley's style. The orchestra is not mentioned, but Colonna has to take a back seat for this novel lampooning.

Leo Reisman's version of "They Met Down in Rio" is a full orchestration of one of the newer tangos. For some reason, Reisman's band sounds as if it were composed of about twenty-five pieces and that he were using them all to full advantage. Sara Horn is the vocalist and she is up to the par of the orchestra. Best spot on the disk is the guitar and celeste introduction and conclusion. It is a new and clever combination.

Inasmuch as this is June, we would like to plug a record that came out sometime back. "Stars over the Campus" is made for these Spring evenings, and Johnny Long's band is typical of a great many college prom combinations all over the country. Helen Young is the vocalist and she sounds a bit Dorothy Lamourish. All in all, there is nothing unusual about the disk except that you are a college man and can appreciate "Stars over the Campus" and what they mean to so many of your ilk. Yes, we find it fitting to wind up this column, a collegiate career, and the fiscal year with "Stars over the Campus."

—Hutshing

"Gimme a kiss like a good girl."  
"All right, but if I give you one like a naughty girl you'll like it a lot better."

—Humbug

**STOMPIN'**

(Continued from page 7)

and better performed. Jess Stacey contributes two piano solos, while there are four sides each by Gene Krupa (featuring Benny Goodman) and Bunny Berigan, two by Pete Brown. This is tops in small-combo music.

Nearly every band extant has recorded "Perfidia." Far above the average is the Jimmy Dorsey styling of the tune, as alto and clarinet highlight a smoothly performed side. The remaining space on the disk is filled out with a rendition of "Contrasts," Jimmy's theme. "Green Eyes" has been styled in exactly the same manner as "Amapola," Helen O'Connell's hep vocal following Bob Eberly's smooth one. Another nice pop, "Maria Elena" is on the back side.

Claude Thornhill may be recalled, perhaps, as the leader of a pretty poor band which played at the Mark last fall. Since then it has improved immeasurably, as "Traumerei," "O Sole Mio," "Hungarian Dance No. 5," and "Stack of Barley," four classics, will demonstrate. Fazola's clarinet and an unknown but exceedingly lush and gutty tenor stand out. Woody Herman somewhat mars his record of "Chloe" with a vocal that is more crooned than sung, but the instrumental performance is excellent. The backing is a competent treatment of one of the better pops, "Let's Get Away from It All."

"Braggin'," by the Tony Pastor band, is hardly within our critical sphere, because it isn't jazz. All vocal, it's sung straight, and well too, by Tony himself, with the ensemble filling in nicely at the proper times. More up our alley is "Copley Square."

On the short line: The Duke's "Take the 'A' Train" is finally available, having been recorded from the transcription . . . . "Moonglow" is just as perfect, just as frozen as any other Artie Shaw disk . . . . Cab Calloway offers "Geechy Joe," simply "Minnie the Moocher" in blues tempo . . . . commercialism at its worst is disclosed in the title and music of Will Bradley's latest, "I Boogied When I Should Have Woogied" . . . . until fall (God and the United States Army willing) this department is hereby declared closed.

—McLaughlin

**Have DINNER  
"on the Boulevard"**

AT

**DE LOE'S**

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

If you love me as I love you  
We'll both be friendly and untrue.  
—Georgina

We took a field trip.  
We are studying geology.  
I looked for rocks.  
A rock bit me.  
I swear it did.  
Maybe it was a snake.  
People put antiseptics on me.  
I laughed. It was fun.  
I dated a girl.  
We discovered sedimentary rock.  
I got sedimentary over her.  
I'm a sedimentary fool.  
The Prof. said so, too.  
We found something metallic.  
It glinted.  
It was an old bean can.  
Beans make me think of Boston.  
Boston is a nice town. So is Sacramento.  
We dug granite out.  
Jake slipped in a hole.  
We dug Jake out.  
Our field trip was a success.  
Our Prof. is full of poison ivy.  
He itches.  
College is fun.

—Yellow Jacket

**ROLL ON INDIANS!**

to the

**WAGON WHEEL**

for

**CIDER**

TASTY SANDWICHES

1 Mile North of Menlo on El Camino



**MORTON  
DOWNEY**

Opening June 12

FOR DANCING  
**DON KAYE**

and

His Orchestra

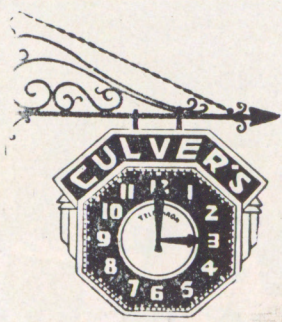
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it's Always  
Stanford Night

in the  
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WALTER HEINECKE, '31, Owner

Sorority Girl—I think it's positively disgusting the way those fellows in the fraternity house across the street give a show every night before they go to bed.

Roommate—But looking down from the window I didn't see anything.

Girl—I know, not from there. But put this chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left and tell me what you see.

—Battalion



You would definitely think that by this time readers would have quit reading this tripe but you see they don't.

—Purple Cow

*Villa Chartier*

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El Camino Real at 40th Avenue

"Now listen, son, I don't want you playing around with such a wild girl."

"Aw, mom, she's not wild. She lets everyone pet her."

—Exchange



I don't know exactly what goes on in those raid shelters during a blackout but I'm sure its not cricket.

—Mercury

"C'mon, let's go to a movie."  
"S'no use. I've seen all the Roosevelts before."

—Ranger



Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth—less 26 per cent for inheritance taxes.

—Yale Record

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and  
June Brides

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Three blocks south of University Ave.

Open evenings

He—Would you like to go out and sit in the car?

She—What do you want me to do? Meet the chauffeur? —Exchange



He—Say you love me! Say it! Say it! Say it!

She—You love me. —N. Y. Medley

As we see it, the main difference between a Freshman and a Senior is that the former hates to leave his family behind him, and the latter is worried about taking his home.

—Exchange



A preacher walked into a saloon, ordered milk, and by mistake was served a milk punch.

After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to heaven and was heard to say: "Oh Lord, what a cow!"

—Texas Ranger



"But you have only three or four buildings in this new town of yours," remarked the perplexed prospect.

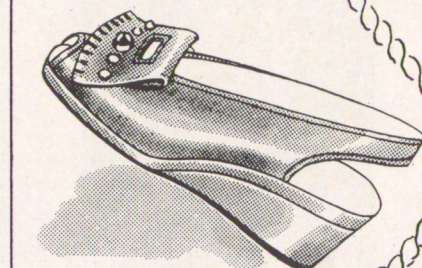
"I know," responded the enthusiastic real estate man, "but just look at our parking space."

—Exchange

"Because it has that SOMETHING"

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She—Do you know what they are saying about me?

He—What do you think I am here for? —Columns



Maybe a co-ed doesn't like a man's ways, but she can always stand his means. —Exchange

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314 University Ave.

Fred was worried. He had an exam in the morning, and he knew that no matter how much he crammed that night, he'd never really be prepared. What he needed was something to bolster up his spirits. He had heard how people worked and slaved to achieve success, but he knew he could get a fortune for a cent.

He went downstairs and dropped a penny in the scale. Out came a card: "You weigh 131 pounds. You're doomed to an immediate failure."

So even the scale thought he was going to flunk. He'd show them. He took off his coat, and climbed on the scale again. Out came the same card: "You weigh 131 pounds. You are doomed to an immediate failure."

Now Fred was angry. He grabbed off his jacket and shoes and hopped on the scale again. Once more he received the same card. It was getting late, and though he knew he was wasting time that he might have used studying, he was determined. He removed the rest of his clothes and, stripped naked, he climbed on the scale again. He dropped in his last penny. Out came the card:

"You still weigh 131 pounds. And you're still doomed to an immediate failure. You didn't think we were bulling you, did you?"

—Exchange

Last week we were invited to have dinner at the home of a couple who may definitely be classed as "nouveau riche." As is usually the case, the wife had more of an idea of what was going on than did the husband. As dinner was finished, she said to her husband, "Shall we have coffee in the Library?" To which he promptly replied, "It's too late, the library closes at 7:30."

—Cornell Widow

"Is your daughter in tonight?"  
"No, and get out and stay out."  
"But I'm the sheriff."  
"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in, I thought that was a Sigma Nu pin."  
—Purple Parrot

Country Girl—Paw's the best rifle shot in this country.

City Slicker—And what does that make me?

Country Girl—My fiance.  
—Punch Bowl

One little look,  
One little glance;  
One little sigh—  
And one big chance.

He heard the sigh,  
He caught the glance—  
He was no fool—  
He took the chance.  
—Record

The pitcher had nothing on the ball but a prayer, and the other team were atheists that day.

—Exchange

Wife—Did you see those men staring at that girl as she boarded that train?

Husband—What men?  
—Exchange

An old master whose name was Giotto

Held an artiste salon in a grotto;

On his spirits frumentii

Long-haired cognoscenti

Returned to their domiciles blotto.

—Lampoon

## CONGRATULATIONS, STANFORD

Your 50 years service to American youth inspires this shop, which is less than a year old, to pledge:

Our SWEATERS, SKIRTS, and SHIRTS—our DRESSES, COATS, and SUITS shall always be

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• The minimum in price

So that you, Miss America, may groom your body as beautifully as your mind.

### MARY ROY

"The shop with the waterfall"

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P.A. 9600



Three shop girls were enjoying a selection by the orchestra.

"Isn't it divine! Wonder what they're playing?" said Madge.

"It's the sextette from 'Lucia,'" announced Tillie positively.

"No, it's 'Tales from Hoffman,'" persisted Annabelle.

"I think that you are both wrong; but there is a card up there—I'll go and see for myself," announced Madge, suiting the action to the word. She came back triumphant.

"You're way off, girls! It's the 'Refrain from Spitting'."

—Urchin

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

—Log

Janny, when you get through with that cigarette please wipe the ashes off your teeth.

"Bill," the poet gasped to his friend, "I wrote a poem about my little boy and began the first verse with these words, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart—'"

"Yes, yes?"

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read," he blazed; "see what that compositor did to my opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son, my pig, my counterpart."

—Exchange

The best luck any man can have is never to have been born; but that seldom happens to anyone.

—Pelican

Bread is the staff of life. Bread is made from barley and yeast. Beer is made from barley and yeast. Therefore, beer is the staff of life.

—Log

Dora—I see where a young wife presented her 85-year-old hubby with a baby boy. What do you think of that?

Jack—The same as you.

—Urchin

As we were waiting for our change in a drugstore the other day, we overheard a salesgirl tell a buxom lady next to us that there was a special sale of sachet on that week.

"Sachet?" said the lady. "Just what is sachet?"

"Well," explained the girl, "it's a sort of little bag of perfume. You put it in your drawers to make them smell sweet."

"I understand what you mean," said the lady. "But isn't it awfully uncomfortable?"

—Octopus

There are, Tom, two kinds of guys And only two that I despise:

The first, I'd really like to slam—  
The one who copies my exam;

The other is the dirty skunk  
Who covers his and lets me flunk.

—Pup Tent

Father—Who broke that chair in the parlor last evening?

Daughter—It just collapsed, all of a sudden, Father, but neither one of us was hurt.

—Exchange

## Rare Dutch Treat on hot summer days

Our **Dutch lunches** include choice cuts of assorted cold meats, tasty potato salad, and Swiss cheese on rye. Add to this a creamy chocolate shake made with EASTON'S home-made ice cream.

You'll agree that no matter  
who foots the bill  
it's a

## Rare Dutch Treat

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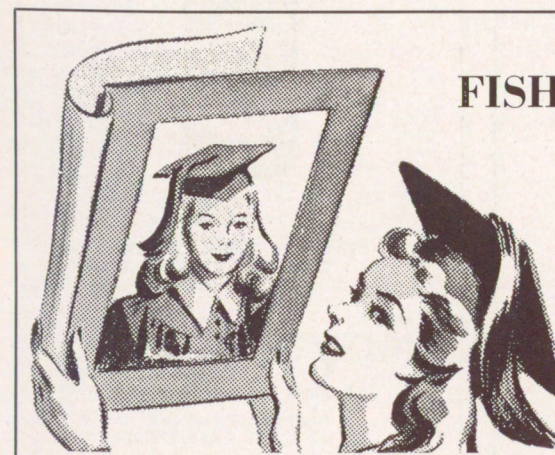
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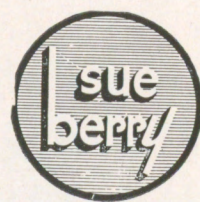
### If You Should Say "YES!"



If you should say "yes" the night of the senior ball, or any other night for that matter, you want to look your best for the occasion.

At Sue Berry's you will find just the clothes you need to win and hold "your man" forever!

WE NOW HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF SUMMER FORMALS, TRAVELING OUTFITS, AND PLAY CLOTHES



In the matter of love I'm a Boy Scout  
And my sweet is a Campfire Girl  
The Merit Badge Kids they call us  
And we're constantly lost in a whirl  
Of woodlore and Nature studies . . .  
My sweetheart and I are just buddies  
Who suffer from pangs of affection  
For birds' nests . . . and you should see  
The butterflies in our collection . . .  
We're as woodsy as we can be.  
Ah, poison ivy.

—Banter

"Waiter, what time is it?"  
"Sorry, sir, this isn't my table."  
—Exchange

#### UNUSUAL NAMES DEPT.

Virginia Cadoret, daughter of Mr. Aa-ieearstwlk,uP-s-ttemehs-d DSOO going treatment at Caverly Preventorium in Pittsford for a few months. Her mother spent the day with her recently.

—Bennington Banner

He kissed her in the garden—  
It was a moonlit night.  
She was a marble statue—  
He was a little tight.

—The Log

"How do you find yourself these cold mornings?"  
"Oh, I throw back my covers and there I am."

—Burr

RELES, CONFESSED SLAYER OF ELEVEN  
TESTIFIES HE WOULD NEVER  
KILL AGAIN NOR TELL A LIE  
—Headline in the Times  
Promise?

—Purple Cow

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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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