

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

FIRST COLLEGE COMIC IN THE WEST

Jan 34



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ANIMAL NUMBER

Jeanne Melton

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“Give this little girl a great big hand,” said the cannibal’s
small daughter as he was serving dinner.
—California Pelican.

And when one begins to seriously consider the question,
“Why can’t a man marry his widow’s sister?” one has proof
one should never have started the darned course.
—Maryland Old Line

“Does little Johnny look like his father?”
“Oh, no. My husband would be furious.”
—Penn State Froth.

Mind is superior to matter when there is nothing the matter.
—Maryland Old Line

“Men,” he cried, “there is an announcement I want to make.
Last night my wife presented me with a son.”

The men broke ranks, cheered, threw their hats in the air,
and general pandemonium reigned for nearly five minutes.
When order had been restored, the Colonel, pleased with the
enthusiastic reception of his announcement and the congratu-
lations, indicated that he had another announcement:

“Men and officers,” he cleared his throat, “I thank you.”
—Indiana Bored Walk

It was a lonely country road on a balmy moonlit night.
Suddenly without any warning the car came to a dead stop.

She: Now if you’re going to pull that one about the gas—

He: Nothing of the kind. We are not out of gas. The
motor is not missing. We do not have a flat tire. We—

She: So you have an original excuse.

He: There isn’t any excuse. The only reason I stopped is
because I want to neck.

She: Oh! That is different. Why didn’t you—
—North Carolina Buccaneer.

Lecturer: “I speak the language of wild animals.”
Voice in rear: “Next time you meet a skunk, ask him what’s
the big idea.”
—Western Reserve Red Cat.

ATTACHMENT

“We must always be together, dear.”
“Yes, darling, nothing can come between us.”
“Where you goest, so do I.”
“There is a strong bond between us.”
“Then, thank goodness, you will never leave my side.”
“Until death do us part, darling!”
And the Siamese twins clasped hands.

—Ohio State Sun-Dial

THE FOG
(Apologies to Carl Sandberg)

The tackle comes
On big flat feet.
He sits, looking over the situation
On silent haunches,
Then plops the halfback’s face in the mud,
Leaving him in a complete fog;
And then moves on.

—Penn Punch Bowl

SOMETHING NEW

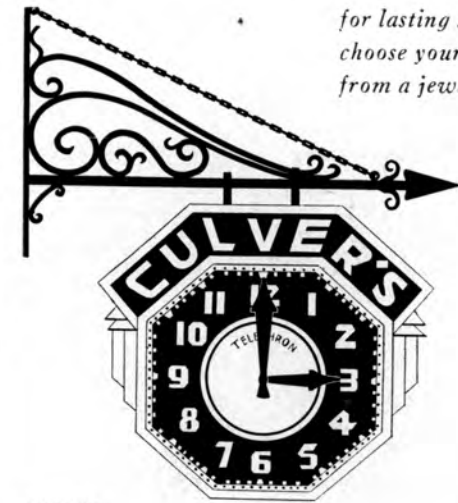


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Second Ditto—Well, what about her?
First Athlete—Well, she's fresh from the country and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong.
Second Ditto—O. K., pal, you teach her what's right.
—*Zip 'n Tang.*

MAL DE MER

She was standing by the rail
And looking deathly pale;
Did she see a whale?
Not at all.
She was papa's only daughter,
Throwing bread upon the water
In a way she hadn't oughter—
That was all.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her with cider
And now she's the forest's prime evil.
—*Penn Punch Bowl.*

All work and no play
Is the only way to get an A.
—*Orange Peel.*

He: "You've a faculty for making love."
She: "Oh—no—only a student body."
—*The Satyr.*

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Conductor: Can't you see that sign, "No Smoking?"
Sailor: Sure, mate, that's plain enough, but there are so many dippy signs here. One says, "Wear Nemo Corsets." So I ain't paying attention to any of them.—*Annapolis Log.*

"I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."
"That's the way I feel about pigeons."
—*Penn Punch Bowl*

Judge: Why did you shoot this man?
Defendant: He was breaking up my home.
Judge: There's no excuse for shooting a man for compromising your wife.
Defendant: I know, Judge, but I came home and caught him kissing the maid.
Judge: Case dismissed.
—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

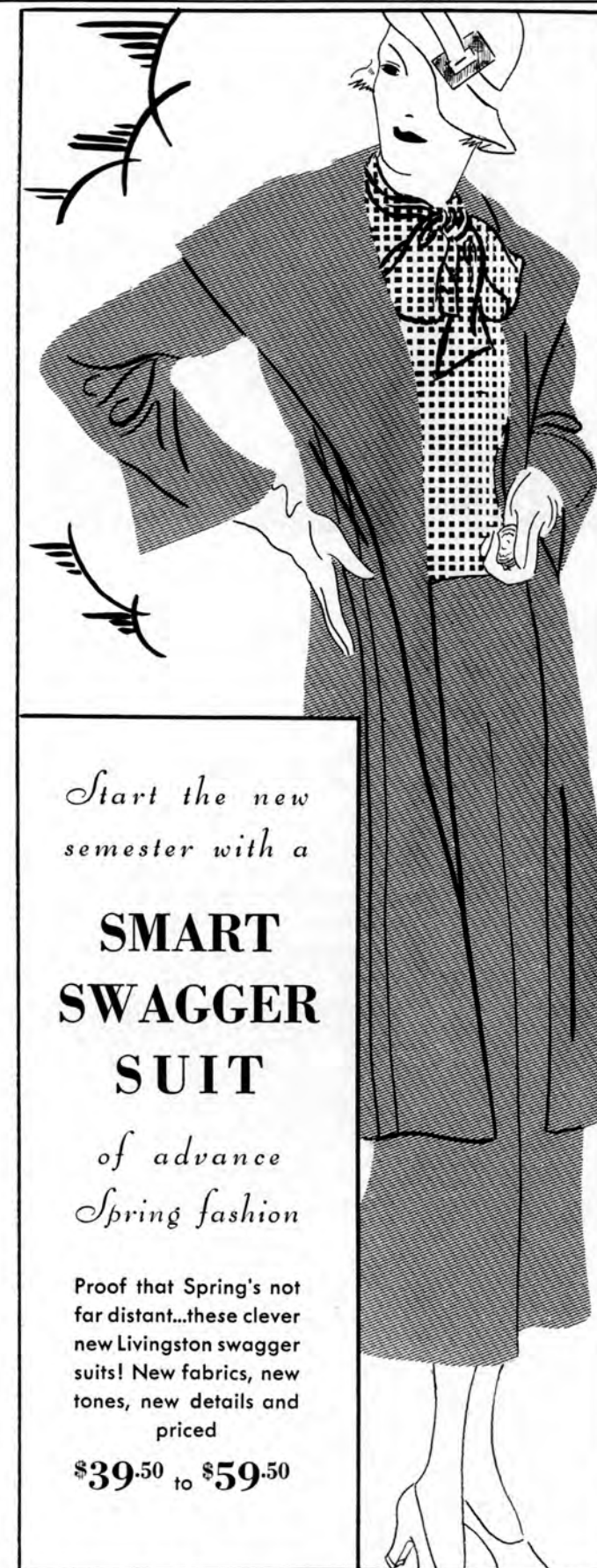
Then there was the guy who had a dirty joke tattooed on his forehead—and was his face read!
—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

Painter: It takes me months and months to paint a picture.
Observer: With models like those it's a wonder that you ever find time to paint.
—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

Gull: "Father is so pleased to hear that you are a poet."
Buoy: "Is he? That makes me divinely happy."
Gull: "Yes, you see he tried to throw out my last boy friend and he was a wrestler."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*

Some time ago a dinner was given by the student Y.M.C.A. When the time for starting the meal arrived, the toastmaster discovered that no faculty members were present, although several had been invited. So he turned to a student who always had trouble making his grades and asked him to say grace.

The student rose, and with deep emotion said: "There being no faculty members present—let us thank God."
—*Kansas Sour Owl*



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Father: "Why do you have dates with that girl?"
Son: "Because I want to."
Father (suspiciously): "Want to what?"
—Oklahoma Aggievator

The cat drowns on the hearth rug; the knitting needles were in their place by the old rocking chair; the grandfather clock struck eight.

Grandma: "Now, where in the hell is that gigolo?"
—Indiana Bored Walk

WHOOOPS

Oh, the violets were vying
And the sycophants were sying
And the diagrams were dying
On the vine.
And the icicles were eyeing
And the bicycles were buying
And the tricycles were trying
To keep time.
Oh, the Christmas trees were chissing
And the mistletoe was missing
And the kibitzers were kissing
Clementine.
Oh, the cigarettes were sinking
While thermometers were thinking
So I knew that I'd been drinking
Too much wine.

—Ritchie.

Frosh: "I was out with a nurse last night."
Co-ed: "Cheer up. Maybe your mother will let you go out without one sometime."
—Annapolis Log

Joe College (during final exam): "Are you sure question six is in the text?"

Professor: "Certainly!"
Joe: "Well, I can't find it."
—Battalion

LOVE IN THE ORCHESTRA

"Viola, I love you. I want you tuba mine. I lay my harp at your feet."

"Aw, quit stringing me along. You don't get to first bass with me."

"Say not this: I'm tired of playing second fiddle! You've got too many guys bowing you around."

"Oh, what a violin situation! What brass! Why did you piccolo thing like that to say to me? I ought give you a baton the head!"

"Yeah? Gee, I'm trebling all over!"

"You'd better tremelo-ver what you said. I'm liable to drum you yet."

"Oh, but suite, let's give this a rest."

"Oh! Trying to snare me in double quick time, eh? Well, quit horning in. Gwan! Blow!"

"Well, fife not been a chump! After all the do I've spent a music you! That's a scaley trick!"

"Say, I'm tired of listening to your chorus language. You're not so sharp. I'm leaving you flat!"

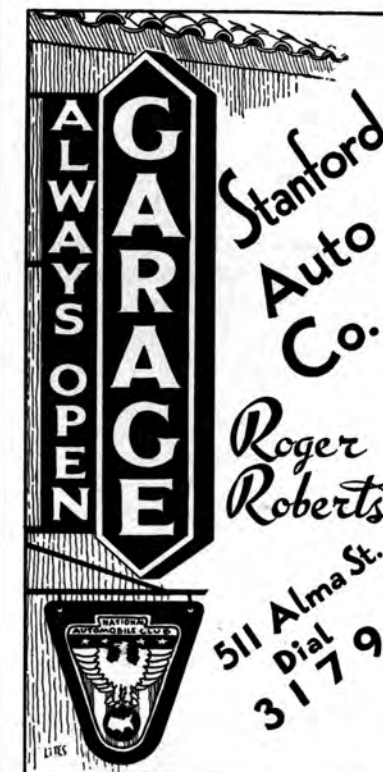
"Well, I'll be—!" (What, B b?)"

—Colorado Dodo

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PALO ALTO, CALIF.



A sign noticed recently in a neighborhood tailor shop advertises: "Suits Ready to Wear Out." —*Cornell Widow.*



"A penny for your thoughts."
"Sorry, it would ruin my amateur standing."
—*Harvard Lampoon*



Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me thru childhood. Gad! I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. Yes, sir; one of that seething mass called youth. And what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes! Mom, don't cry! We men gotta stick together. I won't be long—just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

—*Penn Punch Bowl*



DEAD BEAT

I thought you said you was going to send us a chicken for dinner Sunday?

So I was, but it got better.
—*California Pelican.*



"This must be the zero hour," murmured MacHall Murgatroyd. "I didn't hear the clock strike."

—*Penn State Froth.*



Artist—Any suggestions?
Nude Model—Why, yes. You've been painting for the last half hour without any paint on your brush.

—*Yale Record.*



A woman's past is either scandalously indecent or shamefully uninteresting.

—*Colby White Mule.*



"And what foreign language is that Pitt full-back studying in college?"
"English."
—*Penn State Froth.*

—*Penn State Froth.*



"Are you a good student?"
"Yes and no."
"What do you mean?"
"Yes, I am no good."
—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot.*



"Why doesn't your policeman friend take you dancing?"
"He can't dance when he's off his beat."
—*Penn State Froth.*

—*Penn State Froth.*



EPITAPH

Here Lies An Atheist
All Dressed Up and No Place To Go.
—*Lafayette Lyre.*

—*Lafayette Lyre.*



A TOAST

Heres to you . . .
May God bless and keep you.
I wish I could afford to.
—*Texas Longhorn.*

—*Texas Longhorn.*



This little piggy went to market,
This little piggy stayed home;
This little piggy said, "Oui, oui!"
And that's why she never stays home.
—*Buffalo Bison.*

—*Buffalo Bison.*



A wondrous beast is the amoeba:
One great divide and he's a sheba.
—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



Ryan—I'm forgetting women.
Ross—So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible.
—*California Pelican.*

—*California Pelican.*



If mildness is all you want

try
ticker tape
in your pipe

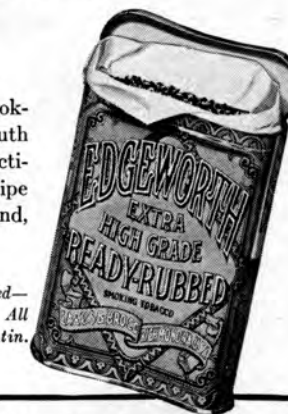


MILDNESS is important. But is mildness the *only* virtue in a pipe tobacco? Then try ticker tape sometime. You'll find it very mild, very cheap. But if you really enjoy a pipe, mildness alone is *not* enough. You want flavor—the rich, full-bodied flavor of the finest tobacco. Edgeworth is made from the tenderest leaves of the burley plant—the "mildest pipe tobacco that grows." In the blend and treatment of these leaves lies the secret of Edgeworth flavor. It is the result of more than half a century of experience.

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Husband—When I die, please see that I'm cremated, and then throw my ashes in my wife's face.

Lawyer—Good heavens, man. Why should I do that?

Husband—Because she said today that I was nothing to sneeze about.

—Kansas Sour Owl

Co-ed—You simply have to hand it to Alfred.

Ditto—Why?

Co-ed—Oh, he's so shy and backward.

—U.S.C. Wampus

Landlady—Do you like that crazy quilt?

Boarder—No, nor the damn mattress, either.

—Western Reserve Red Cat

Ballyhooring "S.O.S. Iceberg," Carl Laemmle gets excited and says, "The Impossible Comes to the Screen?" Tut tut, papa, it has been there off and on for years.

—Cornell Widow.



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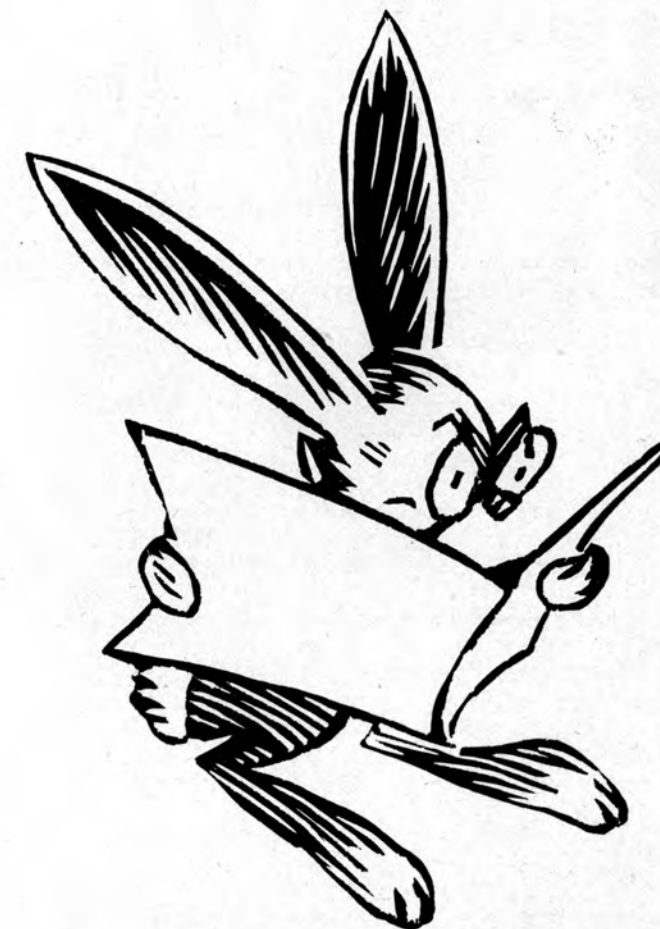
New and Used Books

A Student's Textbook Exchange

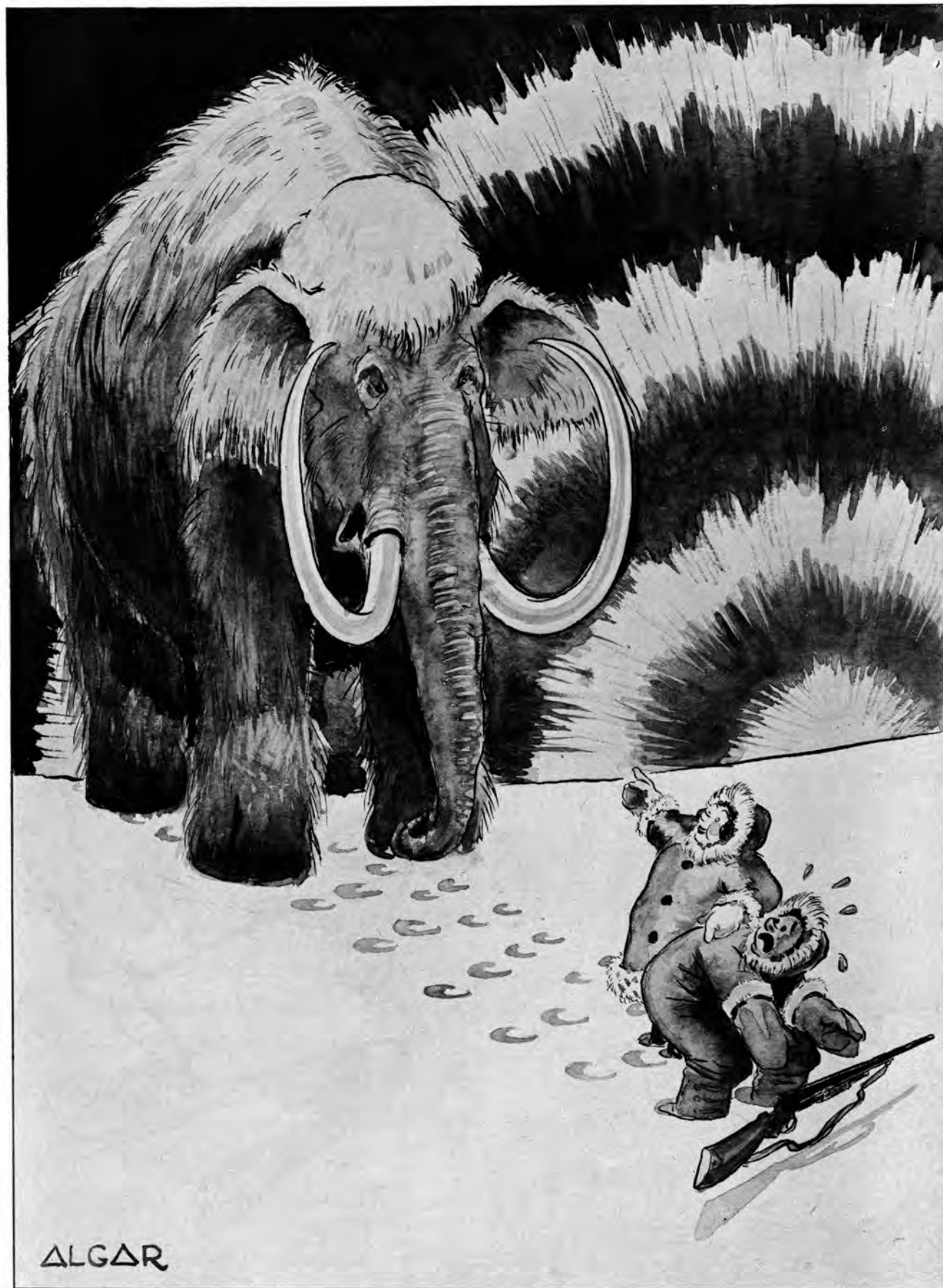
Gordon Strawbridge

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

ANIMAL NUMBER



"What's the government know about production?"



ALGAR

"Henry—Is That What We're Looking For?"



VOLUME 35

JANUARY, 1934

NUMBER 4

A's for Assembly Hall, widely disproved,
Like ailing Appendix, it should be removed.
B is for Bawlout, the Bookstore, a Grade
That everyone wants (if a spade is a spade.)
C is for Cit Class, the Chapel, a Check
For one-fourteen seizures of pain in the neck.
D is the DON'TS of the 800's Dean—
You'd think the poor darlings had never been weaned.
E is for Econ. and Evil temptations
Besetting our pathway (so say our relations.)
F is for Flattery, Female and Fool
Master the sequence and why go to school?
G is for Greek and the Glory that Glitters,
For Gold, and Gravy, and Gin that embitters.
H is for Hangover, Hoover and Horse,
For Hell-week and Husbands who want a divorce.
I's for Intemperance, Idleness, Ice . . .
But who wants a colorless life without vice?
J is for Jobs we'll accept after June;
You hold the tin cup, while I blow my bassoon.
K is for Kappa—both Gamma and Theta.
If you haven't the cash, you don't need further data.
L is for Liquor you "shouldn't imbibe,"
For Listerine, Life-buoy, Love in the Libe.
M is for Mellinkoff, Measles and Mange,
Also for Mother back home on the range.

N is for nicotine, No funds and Nuts
Numbers of Nitwits with Noses in ruts.
O is for Oil, of which all need a share—
Can be burned for professors, or worn in the hair.
P is for Purity, Paly and Pills
That doctors Prescribe for our Pains and our ills.
Q is for Questions you're floored by in Quizzes
For Quad and for Queeners and Queer-looking whizzes.
R is for Roble, for Row, and for Rough.
Also for Room-mate,—and one is enough.
S means Sorority, Sister and Saint.
Some swallow Santy Claus, some say he ain't.
T is for Traffic fines, "Trees," and Tuition.
To avoid one and all is a hopeless ambition.
U is for Union, the Women's Retreat.
Where Rough used to roister, he now can just eat.
V is for Velvet the Varsity rates
Because they are lucky at getting the gates.
W's for Women, for Wilbur, the prexy,
For Winds and for Wit that should "never be sexy"
X is for numerous interesting things—
Signatures, kisses and what a prof. slings.
Y is for Yonkers—or some other town,
From which You have traveled to capture renown.
Z is for zomething, just what I can't zay.
But it's the last letter, so let's run and play.
—Ritchie.



MOTHER GOOSE'S NEWSPAPER

Scandal Headliner:

"HE'S PUMPKIN PIE-EYED," SAYS WIFE, SEEKING DIVORCE

Mrs. Peter, wife of the well-known Pumpkin-eater, today filed suit for divorce, charging her husband with non-support and cruelty. The popular club-woman said that her spouse could not keep her and so confined her within a pumpkin shell.

Farm Note:

NEW HIGH IN WOOL MARKET SEEN

Mr. Black Sheep today forecast a rise both in the production and market price of wool. When asked if he had any wool, he replied, "Yes, sir, Yes, sir, three bags full!"

Advertising:

TRY THE NEW VITAMIN ABC CEREAL

Everybody likes "Pease-porridge!" Some like it hot, some like it cold!

Economical! Even good after 9 days in the pot! Give your family a treat. Serve "Pease-porridge," the new cereal sensation, today!

Lost and Found:

LOST: Three pairs of mittens, almost new; **REWARD** one pie. Return to **THREE KITTENS.**

Believe It Or Not:

In Hey Diddle Diddle County, South Africa, a Cow jumped over the Moon! The feat was witnessed in 1857 by A. Dog, Mr. Cat'n Fiddle, and a Mr. Dish who ran away with Miss Spoon.

Sob Story:

COMMUNITY CHEST WORKER VISITS POOR

A pitiful little three-year-old girl in a patched dress greeted us with a wistful smile. She is only three but she tries to do her share in this large family. My heart ached to see so many children living in one old, battered shoe—trying so hard to be happy.

Picture a poor old woman with so many little ones living in a **SHOE!** And not knowing what to do. **GIVE, GIVE.**

—Steedman

Sport Section:

WORLD HIGH JUMP MARK BROKEN

A new world's record in the high jump event was the outstanding feat of today's Olympic trials.

Jack B. Nimble, of Beequick College, made a remarkable jump over the candle-stick, clearing it completely.



"Oh, Pap! Zeke's teasin' the hogs agin."



CASPAR THE CANARY



ALGAR



FABLES OF THE FARM

WHILE hashing at fraternity houses is not often as delicate a job as it might be, hashing at a sorority house is something different. Last quarter at the Chi Omega house a situation arose which proved the nonchalance of a hasher and demonstrated what is sometimes demanded of the "perfect hostess."

The Dean of Women was being entertained at luncheon and all of the girls were on their best behavior. Things went well until the main course was being cleared away. As a butter plate was removed the butter knife which had been carelessly placed on it slid from the plate. The poor hasher was at loss as to what to do when he saw the knife with a good bit of butter still on it disappear down the back of the nearest girl. His reputation and much embarrassment to everyone was saved by the noble hostess, however, who despite the undoubtedly uncomfortable feeling of a buttered butter knife down her back carried on as though nothing had happened at all. A girl like that can rise to any occasion.

SOME six years ago one of the Farm's Greek Letter Men found himself stuck in the city at three o'clock in the morning without a way to get home. This fellow was so drunk he was almost paralyzed, and yet he was still doing things to a bottle that he cuddled under his left arm between drinks.

With the wind dead ahead he tacked his way back and forth across the street headed for—well, he didn't much care. Then all of a sudden, he came up smack bang against one of those big red street cars that was sticking its nose out of the car barn. What could be better! Here was excellent transportation with no need to bother about steering. So he climbed aboard, with a little difficulty to be sure, and careened into the motorman's compartment.

By simply pushing and pulling all the levers in turn he finally got the old thing going, and breezed across town at forty miles an hour—making no stops all the way. En route, he collected a fender off a new Buick, and left more than one gray-haired pedestrian behind him.

At San Bruno he got kind of lonesome, so he pushed all the gadgets until his chariot stopped, and then climbed

down to look for company. As an afterthought he took the control lever along for a souvenir.

By sitting down in the middle of the highway, he successfully managed to get a passing motorist to stop and give him a lift the rest of the way home. He spent the whole time trying to convince his benefactor that Lindberg had used that very same control lever to guide his plane across the ocean, and had come out here specially to present it to the most outstanding man at Stanford (himself).

The next morning the Market Street Railway Co. found that somebody had lifted one of their best street cars, and they began to squawk. The papers got the story and spread it all over the front page. They soon found the missing conveyance, but they were still mad and thirsted after the blood of the sneak thief. All of the farm acted dumb, and nobody found out the truth.

THIS fall the Union was partly given over to the housing of the new women students. Previous to this, messenger boys used to take telegrams right up to the rooms in the hopes of collecting a few tips (optimistic devils). At the beginning of fall quarter a messenger boy was delivering a telegram marked "Union, Room—." He walked in the door and as usual proceeded right to the room marked on the telegram. He knocked lightly and waited. There was a pattering of footsteps and the door was swung wide to reveal a sweet young thing clad only in flimsy bits of this and that. She immediately let out a shriek and the messenger dropped the telegram and lit out for the open spaces.

THERE is a make of radio phonograph combination which includes a microphone among its many accessories. This may be connected to an outlet in the back of the radio and with certain adjustments be used as an amplifying public address system. This affords much amusement to budding Crosbys and Vallees of a certain house which happens to own this make of radio combination. Almost any dull afternoon you can find one of the "brothers" crouched behind

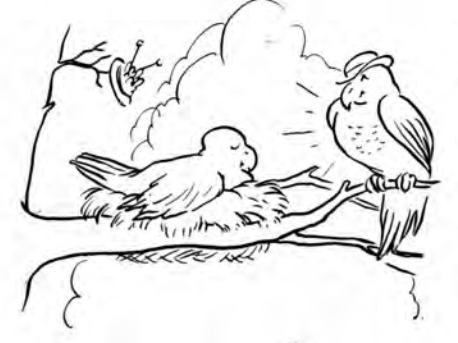
the radio, microphone in hand crooning "I Surrender Dear" or "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" and imagining radio millions going into raptures over his notes.

Thanksgiving vacation presented a dull evening for two of the brothers each of whom sought to relieve the monotony in a different manner. One partook of liquid refreshments and before long was in a condition which might be called a wee bit tipsy. Now it seems that this fellow is rather alarmable, and the other "brother," knowing this, decided to take advantage of his slightly inebriated condition. Out came the attachable microphone.

As the other "brother" came a bit unsteadily down the stairs he heard issuing from the loudspeaker, "Calling all cars, calling all cars. At . . . (the address of the house) a drunk creating a disturbance." This was repeated two or three times and then came the usual "That is all, boys."

When the tipsy one regained enough composure to speak it was quite evident that the trick had worked. "How did they find out? They haven't anything on me" and many similar outbursts came from his nervous lips before he was assured that it was not a genuine police call and that the officers were not coming to get him.

OCASIONALLY there are evidences of the fact that all of the knowledge gathered in classes does not count so much in an emergency. Not long ago two smart young students outwitted Uncle Sam's Post Office department. Here is how it was done. They desired to send a letter to another campus resident. They wrote it just as any other letter and sealed it up. The next step was the addressing which was done in the orthodox fashion. The letter was not stamped, however, instead in the upper left hand corner they put, as the return address, the same one that they put below. The letter was mailed without the customary three cents postage. It was of course put in the box indicated by the return address, marked "Returned for postage." The person to whom it was returned realized that she had not sent the letter and so opened it. This was all there was to it and no one was the wiser.



BLACK MOONLIGHT

The night wind sang; the tide ran free
The young spring moon transformed
dark sea—
Ebony tumult to silver surge—
Black cypress murmured a soft sea-dirge.

Deep in the magic of splendid night,
Under the ageless, earthen spell,
Enchanted lovers stand rapt—and then:
"Aw, jeez', kid! Ain't it swell?"
—Ritchie.



"Gee—I'll bet they're proud of himself."

THE LITTLE RED HEAD

There once was a little girl. She lived in a big barn called Roble. She had red hair. Her name was Little Red Head.

One day the Little Red Head found a rush card. It was rush week. So she got dressed for lunch at a house.

"Who will wear this little green hat?" said the Little Red Head.

"Not I," said the Theta Legacy.

"Not I," said the girl who wanted to go Alpha O.

"Then I will," said the Little Red Head. And she did. When she was almost dressed she said, "Who will wear these nice warm gloves and these woolen stockings?"

"Not I," said the girl who wanted to go D. G.

"Not I," said the girl who wanted to go Chi O.

"Then I will wear them myself," said the Little Red Head. And she wore her gloves and woolen stockings.

"Who will wear these shell-rimmed glasses?" said the Little Red Head.

"Not I," said the Theta Legacy.

"Not I," said the girl who wanted to go Gamma Phi.

"Then I will wear them," said the Little Red Head. And she did.

go Gamma Phi.

"Then I will wear them," said the Little Red Head. And she did.

So they all went to the houses to be rushed. Just as they left, the Little Red Head put fifty thousand dollars in currency in her back pocket.

"I might need this," she said. AND SHE DID.

Next day there was silence. All the girls were trying to decide where to go.

"Who will pledge the Kappa house," said the Little Red Head.

"I will," said the Theta Legacy.

"I will," said the girl who wanted to go Tri Delta.

"I will," said the girl who wanted to go D. G.

"I will," said the girl who wanted to go Alpha Phi.

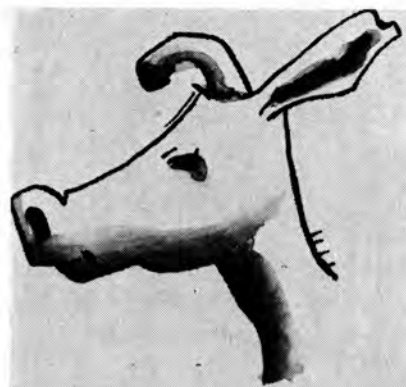
"I will," said the girl who wanted to go Pi Phi.

"No," said the Little Red Head with her fifty thousand bucks. "I will go Kappa."

And she did.

—de Roos.





Evolution of a Stanford Co-ed.

Pastoral

If a frog
In a fog
With a dog
And a hog
On a spree
Couldn't see
That a tree . . .
Then, the three:
Froggie doggie hoggie,
Crash!
Froggie doggie hoggie
Mash;
Froggie doggie hoggie—
Hash.
What a pity.

—Copp

PLEASANT GAMES FOR TINY TOTS

Drop the Handkerchief—Most often played in front of corner drug-stores, etc. A ankles by; B leers; A then drops handkerchief or other intimate apparel. From now on it's up to B—if he knows the rules he won't play; if he doesn't know the rules, he'll learn 'em.

Duck on a Rock—For picnics at the beach. The player who thought up the idea of the picnic—A—is securely fastened to a rock which is out of water at low tide. Other players then wait for high tide.

The Musical Chairs—Players seek certain chairs labelled Class Vice-Pres., Ex Comm. member, etc., walking around and around chairs. When music stops, they dash for chairs; some sit and some don't. In this game nobody loses: those who grab off the chairs win the glory and the rest win their own self-respect.

Post Office—Not a very elevating game; not recommended for night. Care must be taken that the kiddies do not set up branch post-offices all over the damn place and then don't want to go home.

MAN'S FRIENDS?

The dog is man's best friend. That means that he is rather more apt than not to bite you in the back. Scientists all agree that the wolf is the closest relative of the dog. Having man's best friend tied up so closely with the b. b. wolf has always made us feel leery, but then science is science.

The horse is man's second best friend. He is used in equestrian statues, to pull milk wagons, and also for what has been called, "riding purposes." Horseback riding is an art, a business, a pleasure, or a pain in the uh . . . well a pain, depending on the point of view. Riding a horse is really simple. You just climb on the animal and kick him in the side. The steering is the same as in an outboard motor boat.

The cat is man's third best friend. This third rate stuff doesn't interest us much. Phooey on cats.—Coonrad.



Little Speak Softly sit huddled in hogan over buffalo chip fire. Big Chief of hogan come and throw fine, big oak logs on fire and Small Chief get new mud to put in chinks in wall. Other Indian hide mangy bear rug and borrow new one. "My, my," say Little Speak Softly. "This is fine."

"This is rushing," say Big Chief. Little Speak Softly understand and go out and shine big pony and get new blanket to wrap himself in.

Other braves of hogan put on block war letters and soon many, many papooses come to great hogan.

Many braves sit around papoose Run-Like-Hell and say to him, "My, you are a fine brave Indian. All of the boys like you a lot. We think you would fit in with us. Won't you take one of our turquoise buttons?"

Run-Like-Hell very dumb and say, "Huh!"

Braves all say same thing again and Run-Like-Hell say, "Maybe", and go home.

Little Speak Softly sit and talk to papoose Little Rabbit until Little Rabbit go home when Indian hits war drum.

After papooses go, braves have big palaver. Big Chief say, "We must give turquoise button to Run-Like-Hell. He is not a fine Indian but he has a big wampum bag and he has a block war number."

Little Speak Softly say, "Little Rabbit is a nice papoose and he has a fine family."

Big Chief throw buffalo chip at Little Speak Softly, and all Indians say, "You can't live with his family."



"De-partridge from my grouse and never piarmigan!"



AMONG THE ANIMALS WITH JUNIOR GIST, AGED 11, IF HE'S A DAY



This doggie's looking for a pole
But not for vulgar reason;
He's needful of a steady soul
To rub off all his fleas on.



The dapper skunk is sadly hated
His ostracism's overrated
For he makes a nifty tabby
When his scent has been abated.



An ostrich swallowed an hour glass
But it stuck as it got near her chest
"Three cheers," she said when her voice
could get past,
"I've a silhouette like Mae West."



There's nothing could be much more fun
Than soaring like an eagle,
And seeing little rabbits run
When you stick out your beagle.



This is a bull frog in his 'teens
His blushing's quite insistent—
He finds he blushes when he queens
With basso inconsistent.



NOW THAT Criteria is all right for the literary-minded folk, et al, but the Old Boy is beginning to hanker for a sight of Sigma Delta Chi's annual Razz Sheet. Between these two "extra-curricular" uses of the Stanford Daily, the latter probably has a more beneficial effect. Stanford has a motto that expresses one outlook and a reputation that directly contradicts it. The "Winds of Freedom" may blow on the Stanford seal, but they rarely rustle the staid, conservative aspect of life on the Farm. It would take a miniature Vesuvius to jolt the smug Stanford superiority. Practiced by the administration, this attitude seeps down among the students, except that undergraduates are prone to call it sophistication. Sadly enough the Razz Sheet, appearing only once a year, can hardly have the healthful, tonic effect a more frequent "expose of sins" might have. Despite the fact that Razz Sheets are traditionally frowned on, toned down or even suppressed by college administrations, the Old Boy maintains that a good kick in the slats delivered, not with malice—but with purpose, is a bracing experience for all concerned. Something to jolt the liver is commendable. With various student political pots coming to a boil, with the mid-year elections near at hand, with a revision of the student constitution approaching, the Old Gentleman beams at the opportunities afforded the members of Sigma Delta Chi. Keeping tongue in cheek and ear to the ground, you should do well by the sheet, gentlemen. Chappie awaits with interest your efforts in the Spring.

NOW THAT turning point, the New Year, has brought many things besides woolen underwear and this-time-sure-enough Resolutions. (Whoever kept a this-time-sure-enough Resolution? For that matter, whoever wore woolen underwear?) Nevertheless, for having decorated themselves with editorial ink in the line of duty and for service to-God-and-Country, several members of the grand old Hammer and Coffin Society are in line for "promotion." Having re-registered in this Poor Man's School after a hard winter, Gilman Gist becomes with this issue: "Ot Edituh." In short he will edit practically nothing and may continue his game of tiddledy-winks undisturbed. Gordon Steedman has an official-looking card signifying that he, too, clinked one hundred and fourteen dollars through that bank-window booth in the Ad building. Hence he is hereby presented with the chair of Managing Editor, which is rather rickety and squeaks from having been continually tipped back on the rear legs. Go right ahead with your daisy chain, Gordie. Since he has slept in the back row of all the leading S. F. theaters—and on press passes at that, Robert Ransom might just as well take charge of that glamorous little world called, "The Theater." Wake up, Bob, the curtain's down and the janitor is sweeping out. Furthermore, the Old Cuckoo suggests that for you, whose secret ambition would be to swallow the slide trombone in a one-man band, Fred Coonrad's column, Now That Music, is the thing. Look over his summary of the latest popular releases—radio and record. This is the fourth issue in Volume 35, with five remaining. To freshmen, new students—anyone feeling even the slightest surge of talent: The Old Boy would welcome literary or art contributions. Remember, elections to Hammer and Coffin Society come in the spring, membership depending on talent displayed.

NOW THAT drawing on Page 12 by Dorman H. Smith fills the Old Boy with a great pride. He feels honored that the editorial cartoonist of the *San Francisco Examiner* should favor him with such splendid art work and is pleased that Cartoonist Smith may be included in a long list of talented friends upon whom it has been Chappie's privilege to call.

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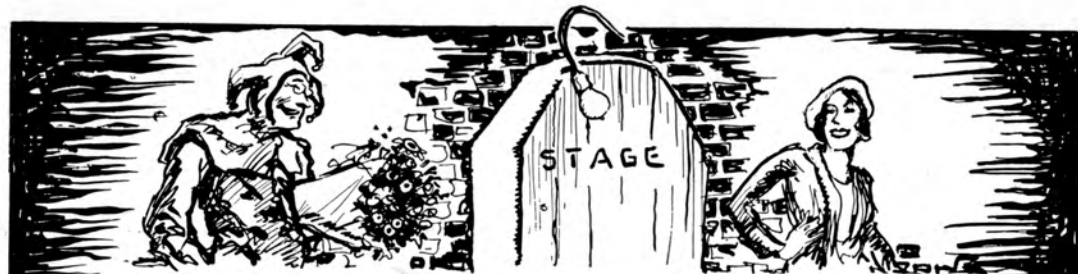
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NOW THAT Animals are the topic of the day, the Old Boy muses to himself and wonders if the "civilized progressions" of modern humanity place the two-legged tribe that wears clothes much above the monkeys that steal bananas in the jungle. Certainly the former can be just as funny and inconsistent in their antics. The subject of monkeys calls up the story of the scientist who wished to observe the behavior of a monkey. He placed the animal alone in a room, choosing to watch proceedings through the keyhole. When he placed his eye at the keyhole, he faced only darkness. Then he realized this was caused by the ape, who was on the opposite side of the door peering through at him. And man "rose" from the lower animals!

The animal kingdom—like all Gaul—is divided into three divisions: wild beasts, that are obliged to hustle for themselves; laboring and producing animals, for which man provides because they are useful to him—and dogs! Of all created things on our globe, the canine race has the softest snap, leading the famous "dog's life." We neglect such wild things as we do not slaughter, and exact toil from domesticated animals in return for their keep. Dogs alone, shirking all cares and labor, live in idle comfort at man's expense. Only a dog could dig up the front yard, hide the carpet slippers, chew up the evening paper and still remain Man's Best Friend!

But we tolerate the mutts. And we laugh at the monkey. And we symbolize the lion. And exploit the cow. Why not? We tolerate gunmen. And laugh at bewildered preachers. And exploit dumb laborers. Funny place—this world and its animals!



NOW THAT SHOW—

KATHERINE CORNELL

THERE is no reason for Katherine Cornell to fear the ghosts of Juliets who have gone before. These spectral fancies are not wont to consort with such human, living, flesh and blood characters as was Miss Cornell's interpretation. Her Juliet was as vivid, as warm in color as the wine red gown which graced her figure. Here was no posing poesy for ear alone but rather a breathing, moving, loving Juliet whose counterpart may yet be found, despite the age, deep down within the heart of every maid. And you may rest assured that the Old Boy is not easily stirred to such flights of poetic praise, even if the soul of a Romeo does beat beneath his disguise of the Cap and Bells.

The first serious barrier between us and Katherine Cornell's interpretation of Juliet was removed some lines before her modest entrance. We still carried that charming picture of Peg Randall Converse as Shakespeare's Juliet who, according to the script,—"hath not seen the change of fourteen years". Four years were added to this line and Miss Cornell became more mature, less child-like in her all-consuming passion for the youth of the house of Montague. It was a minor point, and yet important in the matter of approach for one who might be a student of the Bard of Avon.

Every scene was important to Miss Cornell yet there were those which became graven on our memory as outstanding.

These incidents were far from incidental:—The innocent playing with a pretty bauble whilst her mother and nurse talked on her age—the downstretched fingertips while leaning from the balcony to touch the fingertips of Romeo, stretching upward on tip-toe, as fervent a caress as a kiss—the careful timing of the "good night—sweet sorrow"—speech to make it seem original with Katherine Cornell, not mere spoken verse—the growing sense of fear in the "potion scene" which reached its climax in a frightened cry of, "Nurse!" then to subside until through her veins had run "a cold and drowsy humour".

It is to Miss Cornell's credit, and not a little of that credit belongs to her husband, Guthrie McClintic, that the supporting cast is strong. The easy way out would be to play Miss Cornell up, the others down. Basil Rathbone, he of the handsome profile and romantic figure, was quite ample as the impetuous, impassioned lover of that romantic era in Verona's history when blood and passion boiled quickly.

SHOW NOTES

CONGRATULATIONS to *Sword and Sandals* for a successful reading of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." Another exceptional cast including talent drawn from both the faculty and students.

Harold Helvenston's dramatic production of the quarter—*Distant Drums*—is getting into rehearsal. Dan Tothoroh, California playwright, relates the tribulations of western-bound pioneers in this play. The scenes are laid on the prairies—six covered wagons occupying the stage. We note a camp-fire scene, which should prove effective.

Kay Arthur, Jimmy Benet, Sherman McFedries, and Shelley Smith occupy the leading roles. Miss Smith is making her first campus appearance. Judging from a sneaked visit to a rehearsal, the *Old Boy* prophesies a very successful debut. February 3rd is the date.

The 28th of this month brings two carloads of scenery and a cast of sixty-four to the Columbia Theatre. "La Vie Paree" is the title to lure the Stanford rough up to the Bay City.

We are looking for Walter Hampden to arrive in San Francisco some time next month. "Macbeth," "Richelieu," "The Servant in the House," and "Hamlet" are rumored to be included in Mr. Hampden's repertoire.

Of the others in the cast Orson Welles as the gay, witty Mercutio rose to great heights in his light discourses on Queen Mab, the fairies' midwife; Francis Moran was most Mephistopelian in his cat-like interpretation of Tybalt, of the Capulet menage.

Guthrie McClintic is to be congratulated upon his ambitious sets and facility of changes. Not a scene is left out and yet there were no waits. Especially effective was the final, deep-vaulted tomb of the Capulets.

And with such winning personalities as Miss Gertrude Macy and Mr. Allan Attwater to carry on behind scenes for Miss Cornell and her producer-husband no show could fail to win its audience.

"Candida" tonight; "Romeo and Juliet" tomorrow night and Saturday matinee at the Columbia Theatre in case you have missed thus far.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

TONIGHT's concert in the Basketball Pavilion brings to mind a fable about the artist.

It seems that John Charles Thomas was vacationing in sunny Italy,—Venice, to be exact. Singer Thomas was thoroughly enjoying himself on the Grand Canal. Now when Signor Thomas enjoys himself to the fullest, it is with song and with singers. So here they were, the singing fare and the singing gondoliers. He was learning Italian folk songs, they were learning snatches of the classic arias.

Shift the scene to an American broadcasting station. Mr. Thomas is lending his talents—at a pretty sum—to a leading coffee concern. "Tonight's program," he informally announces, "is being sung and dedicated to my gondolier friends in Venice who are listening in across the seas. I shall sing for them, and for my own pleasure, the songs we sang together that night on the Grand Canal."

TERESINA

IT was a distinct pleasure to witness some real Spanish dancing for a change, for the genuine article is as different from the heel-toe—and away we go—variety continually presented in vaudeville and on the glorified silver screen as the proverbial black contrasts with white.

The art of the dance in Spain was originated and developed almost entirely by the peasants, particularly the peasant women, who handed it down from generation to generation. As a result it chiefly expresses fundamental human emotions, love, hate, jealousy, and the like, in contrast with some of the more modern intellectual schools, which are attempting to portray abstract ideas.

Teresina caught this elemental spirit of her people with remarkable sensitiveness. Her dancing had verve, fire, gaiety and frequently wild abandon.

Particularly effective were the folk dances, in which Teresina's perfect control of the intricate steps and the abrupt yet graceful movements of her arms and hands were thrilling as well as beautiful to watch.

Carlos Montoya, guitarist, revealed a virtuosity which hitherto had seemed impossible on an instrument apparently fated to reproduce nothing but simple popular tunes. Javier Alfonso's accompaniment was properly vigorous and rhythmic, but the civilized, sophisticated piano seemed a little out of place on a program so steeped in folk lore and music.

Chesterfield -
I enjoy them a lot

...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER
They Satisfy

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NOW THAT MUSIC

by Fred Coonradt

OUR nomination for the prize phony of the year goes to Guy Lombardo and his fake violin. As leader of the band, Guy stands up on the platform with a violin bow in one hand and a violin in the other. He keeps them both in continuous motion, but the rest of the band never looks at him. They all know that arrangement that they have been playing for the last five years. No one has ever seen the Guy play his fiddle, and to make things worse there are only two strings on it.

Lombardo and his orchestra come to the Frantic after two weeks at the Grove. Even the usual Lombardo lovers admit that an entire evening of his music is pretty monotonous, so don't say we didn't warn you.

The New Bands

Probably in an attempt to get back a little of its lost prestige the Mark has let Anson Weeks take himself on a nice long tour of movie houses in the Northwest. Herbie Kay, from Chicago, who has stepped into the spot is certainly an oh so happy change. His music is definitely an Eastern style and his Duchin-like saxophones are new stuff for this end of Mr. Roosevelt's country. We have always liked the Mark and now that there is a good band there it really makes us feel quite pleased to be able to go back. Now the only thing wrong with the place is that head waiter with the "I Am God" attitude.

Will King has opened a place "in the heart of San Francisco's theatrical district" (wherever that is), and has a band under the direction of Hermie King. The outfit is really just a pick-up bunch of local talent. They play stock arrangements for the most part and feature dead-voice Clarence Hays and Jimmie Davis (whom Gerun fired a year or so ago). The whole set-up isn't quite first rate. Phooey, is our reaction.

Radio Spots

Though it isn't music and probably shouldn't come in this department, nevertheless we would say a word or two about the "March of Time," KFRC, Friday at 5:30. It is a dramatization of the world news done to near perfection with clever impersonations of all the big names in the news. The program is really thrilling.

There is no doubt that the present-day radio programs are reaching a new all-time high in just about all respects. The talent on the national hook-ups reads like an American honor roll of music, stage, screen, literary, humorous, scientific and even social big names. Radio executives are realizing that there is little reason why the radio can't give almost any form of education or amusement.

Some of the good programs:—Rudy Vallee, 5:00 Thurs. (Always a few bits of terrible humor but really good. Vallee does little singing.) . . . Paul Whiteman, 7:00 Thurs. (Deems Taylor with Ramona, Jack Fulton, Rhythm Boys and everything else that Whiteman has.) . . . Glen Gray (for both jazz and the straight stuff as good as can be found), Tues. and Thurs., 7:00 . . . Chesterfield's symphony, 6:00 every day . . . the Standard symphony, Thurs., 8:15 . . . Mildred Bailey, Sat at 3:00 . . . Wayne King, Sun. at noon . . . We could go on for pages.

Record Notes

In the latest releases of all the recording outfits there is a distinct tendency toward ultra conservatism. In the dance music field there is no good jazz, and nothing very startling about any arrangements or numbers. Possible exceptions to this are "Temptation," a Crosby record pressed by Brunswick (the piece doesn't come up to "Body and Soul" or "Night and Day" but is the closest thing to them), and also the latest Ray Noble release, "Love Locked Out" and "On the Other Side of Lover's Lane." These two are not first-rate tunes, but as usual Noble supplies the touch that makes them splendid.

Some others, good but not exceptional: Eddie Duchin—"I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby" and "One Hundred Years From Today," played in the usual Duchin manner with Lew Sherwood singing his usual vocal.

Henry King—"April In Paris" and "Tu Sais," the second is a very smooth bit for tango lovers.

Isham Jones—"Sittin' On a Log" and "Got the Jitters," the closest thing on the late list to a swing record. You can always count on Isham.

Freddy Martin—"Count Your Blessings," "April In Paris" and "Rooftop Serenade," "You Alone," Duchin-like and not bad.

And then one day she turned and saw that he was smiling at her! She smiled back at him! No—he didn't turn away, he didn't disappear—he looked at her more intently than before!

"Smile like that again," he said.
She blushed and dimpled. And he laughed and laughed.
"Just as I thought," he said, "you look like a chipmunk."
—Penn State Froth

Chinese civilization may be older than the Western hemisphere. But its language has felt a distinct Western influence. Chinese word for virgin is "Tuyungtu."
Pronounced, Tu-yung-tu.
—Vanderbilt Masquerader

Actor: "I don't think the audience likes me."
His Wife: "Why, Alfred, what ever made you think that?"
Actor: "A little bird told me."
—Columbia Jester

She stepped from the bath tub,
All wet and bare and bold,
A fact which didn't impress me;
She was only two years old.
—Cornell Widow

Child: "God gives us our daily bread, doesn't He, Mamma?"
Mother: "Yes, dear."
Child: "And Santa Claus brings the presents?"
Mother: "Yes, dear."
Child: "And the stork brings the babies?"
Mother: "Yes, dear."
Child: "Then, tell me, mama, just what is the use of having papa hang around?"
—Arizona Kitty Kat

As the story goes, a man was being examined for Soviet citizenship.

"If you had a thousand acres of land," asked the official, "would you give half of it to the state?"
"Yes," said the applicant.
"And if you had a million dollars, would you give half of that to the state?"
"Sure," pipes the Slav.
"And if you had two pairs of pants, would you share them?"
"No."
"And why not?"
"I've got two pairs of pants."
—Chicago Phoenix

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WHY I NEVER JOINED A SORORITY

1. I wanted to think for myself and not be led around by a bunch of sisters.
2. I never went in for women's organizations at home.
3. My fingers have grown so much I couldn't get my class ring off and people thought I was taken.
4. I didn't want a lot of fraternity boys looking in at me o'nights.
5. I didn't look the part of the usual sister.
6. I had never danced with a man in my life and I didn't want to begin now.
7. Too many men were in the habit of slapping me on the back and poking me in the stomach for the comfort of the sisters.
8. I hated dormitory and having to crawl over a lot of sisters to get to bed.
9. I don't look well in sleeveless low-cut gowns.
10. I was born male anyway. —Orange Peel

His girl was named Virginia . . .
 And he called her "Virgin" for short . . .
 But not for long . . .
 —Vanderbilt Masquerader

She: So you're going to France. Do you know how to speak the language? Suppose you want to say "egg", what do you say?
 He: You just say "oof."
 She: But suppose you want two eggs?
 He: You say "twa oof" and the silly old maid gives you three, and you give her one back. Man, it's an awfully easy language.
 —V.P.I. Skipper

Dear Father: I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact, I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Dear Son: "I'll break your neck if you flunk in anything."
 —Kansas Sour Owl

Ashes to ashes
 Dust to dust
 If you don't like my figure
 Keep your hands off my—shoulder.
 —Iowa Frivol

He: "I just heard of a girl who takes a shower and dresses in three minutes."
 She: "Why, that isn't so wonderful!"
 He: "I'd like to see you do it."
 Grinnell Malteaser

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.
 —Kansas Sour Owl


Railroad Agent: "Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows."
 Official: "One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?"
 Agent: "No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk his cows as they go by."
 —Annapolis Log

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