

# Students' 'Pet Peeves' Reveal Annoying Habits of Both Sexes



COLLEGE boys and girls get along all right, but if each could read the secret and critical thoughts of the other, their dates would be much happier.

If Sally knew how it got on John's nerves when she sang off-key while they danced, she would stop this practice. And if John realized that it set Sally's teeth on edge when he called her "Babe," he would adopt another pet name.

Unfortunately, such criticisms are seldom aired. Co-eds sit up half the night telling each other what is wrong with the boy friend's technique and manners, while in fraternity houses similar masculine "bull sessions" are raking the faults of the girls over the coals.

It remained for a smart staff member of the Stanford Daily to realize that there was a definite social need for both sexes to come out in the open with their "gripes." So he asked for contributions of criticisms from the students. The result was amazing! Almost every student had his or her own idea of what was wrong with the social conduct of the opposite sex.

HERE are the leading reasons college men get "griped" at the co-eds:

Because they daub lipstick in the middle of their lips and leave the corners unpainted.



Fireworks popped at Stanford University when the Stanford Daily printed a list of "pet peeves" its men and women students held against each other. Bob Jones of Oakland, Cal., left, edits the paper, and with Jane Dodge of Los Angeles, extreme right, conceived the notion of the survey to help students get along more amicably on dates. Second from left is Virginia Parker of Pasadena, who has no dating problems herself (naturally), but contributed some suggestions, anyway. Center is Wallace Brooke of Helena, Mont., student body president, another contributor. Next is Sue Clarke, prominent socially and a women's leader, who thinks the survey may help out the critical situation.

## Survey Made at Stanford University Lists Some of the Reasons Why College Men Get "Griped" at Co-eds, and Vice-Versa. Discussion of Intimate and Critical Thoughts of Both Sexes Reveals Many Common Faults

Because they invariably yell, "O-o-oh, I can't ride in the rumble seat. I'll get my hair all mussed."

Because they giggle when they're not supposed to and remain blank-faced when we tell a good joke.

Because they're always fishing for compliments.

Because they never have a definite answer.

Because they try to affect an Eastern accent or a Southern drawl, and consequently sound like a backwoodsman.

Because they always manage to get immovable lipstick on our Palm Beach suits.

Because they pretend to be so helpless when everyone knows they're hollering for equal rights.

Because they delight in running with other fellows.

THE co-eds were none the less frank in telling what they thought of the boys. Here's why they're "griped":

Because they can't hold their liquor.

Because they can't take a hint not to call any more.

Because they expect us to stay at home while they go out with other girls.

Because they pay more attention to the other girl on a double date (collegiate for a party of two couples).

Because they insist upon calling us "babes," "skirts," etc.

Because they have such a trite line of chatter.

Because they delight in being deliberately tactless.

Because they think they've rented us for the evening when they take us out.

Because they take too much for granted.

Because their gasoline supply, unlike their "line," is insufficient to get home on.

Because they call up for dates on a half-hour notice and are disgruntled when we're unable to go out.

Because they're always talking about their ex-girls or about that time they REALLY got drunk.

And the crowning insult made by the co-eds, in view of the rivalry between Stanford and the University of California, was:

Because they don't dance as well as the boys from U. C.

# "Consider the Philosophy of Prospector," Is Famous Reno Preacher's Advice Happy Because He Looks For "Big Strike" Instead of Worrying About Things He Hasn't

Brewster Adams, for 25 years the spiritual leader of Reno, Nevada, knows people—their faults, good points, weaknesses and strength. Out of the storehouse of his memory, he writes these human, interesting stories, replete with anecdotes, for readers of this magazine. Make reading Brewster Adams' articles in Five Star Weekly a regular habit.—Editor.

By BREWSTER ADAMS  
For 25 Years Reno's Baptist Preacher

TO LIVE happily, a man needs two things—a good friend and a cheerful way of looking at life.

This West of ours developed a man who is unique—the likes of whom, for friendship and homely philosophy, the world has never seen.



Brewster Adams

It is the Prospector—the old fellow who goes wandering over the hill looking for treasure. It will cost you something to know him, for he will lure you with his dreams, but you would be poor indeed if you had not shared them.

He is different from other borrowers. He doesn't "take you in"; he "lets you in." That's different. One is creating an obligation, the other is sharing an opportunity.

His risks haven't even the element of chance that a good risk ought to have. It's like one of our gamblers who objected to the licensing of his machine as a game of chance. "There ain't no chance to it."

His friendship goes down to bedrock. Whenever he locates a claim he writes your name on a little piece of paper, puts it into a tobacco can and places it in the little cairn of rocks which marks his monument of discovery. Fifty-fifty, it is. A million against a few beans. Only he gets the beans.

You just can't turn him away. The other day my wife took him into the kitchen and gave him half a pie which I thought to salvage for our next dinner.

"Lady! That's a good pie," complimented old Joe. "That's the best pie I've ate since I left loway

forty years ago. That's the way I like 'em—plenty of filling between the foot and the hanging walls."

FRIENDSHIP? Can you find a purer proof than old Bill Webster trying to "do politics" for me down in southern Nevada. He was terribly handicapped, as I was a preacher running for the U. S. Senate. The only influence in that camp was to buy drinks.

Bill realized that it did not look just right to

imbibe for a parson so he solved it by calling them up and saying, "Boys! I'm buying the drinks, hoping you'll remember my friend the Reverend. I'm taking root beer. What's yours?"

It became a joke in the old camp. I got a good vote for the word went around: "The Reverend must be a hell of a good preacher when he can get old Bill to take a soft drink."

Bill, however, hoped I would never run again.

"Doc! I ain't got the water out of my system yet." Greater friendship hath no man!

BUT it is his philosophy which intrigues me. He has a way of looking at things which gives him the most unruffled, unworried and unanxious disposition I have ever met.

Shepherders go crazy. Our asylum is filled with them. They live alone is the explanation given. Then why not the prospectors? His life is even more solitary. No camp-tender visits him. No dogs surround him. His only accompaniment is the bray of the burro, which ought to drive him crazy.

The trouble with the shepherd is that he is all the time counting his sheep. I think that is the affliction a lot of other folks suffer which makes life a constant distraction. The hospitals are filled with cases of "nerves." I haven't a good name like psychopathist, so I can't charge a fee, but I do call on a lot of them.

Down deep I am sure that most of their troubles are due to just counting sheep. They worry about what they have and what they have not; about what they have lost and what is scattered, what has wandered away, and how many they will have tomorrow, what might happen to what remains and where are the strayed, the lost and the stolen. All of which means worry, anxiety and fear.

THE prospector never worries about losses. He is too intent on developing possibilities. Those little veins and stringers are so filled with promise that he scarce minds the hard rock. Some philosophy for life—that!

We have one prospector who is blind and yet still successfully works his claims. A blow of his pick set off an unexploded stick of dynamite and blasted his sight. He would not quit. So his friends ran twine for him from his cabin to his workings.

His fingers follow the outcrop with uncanny touch. And he is happier, though blind, than most of us who have eyes, but cannot find the treasures of life.

So the prospector believes that life is a game and therefore, something that never loses its fascination. The Almighty planted the gold and it is his job to locate it.

## ★★★★★ And the Camera Caught It! ★★★★★ One of a Series of the World's Most Unusual News Photographs



Off to the hospital goes the vanquished combatant in a duel fought several years ago in France—and an alert cameraman scores a "beat." Members of party shown carrying off wounded man.