

STANFORD ★ JOURNAL ★ 2554

CHAPARRAL



"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?"

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

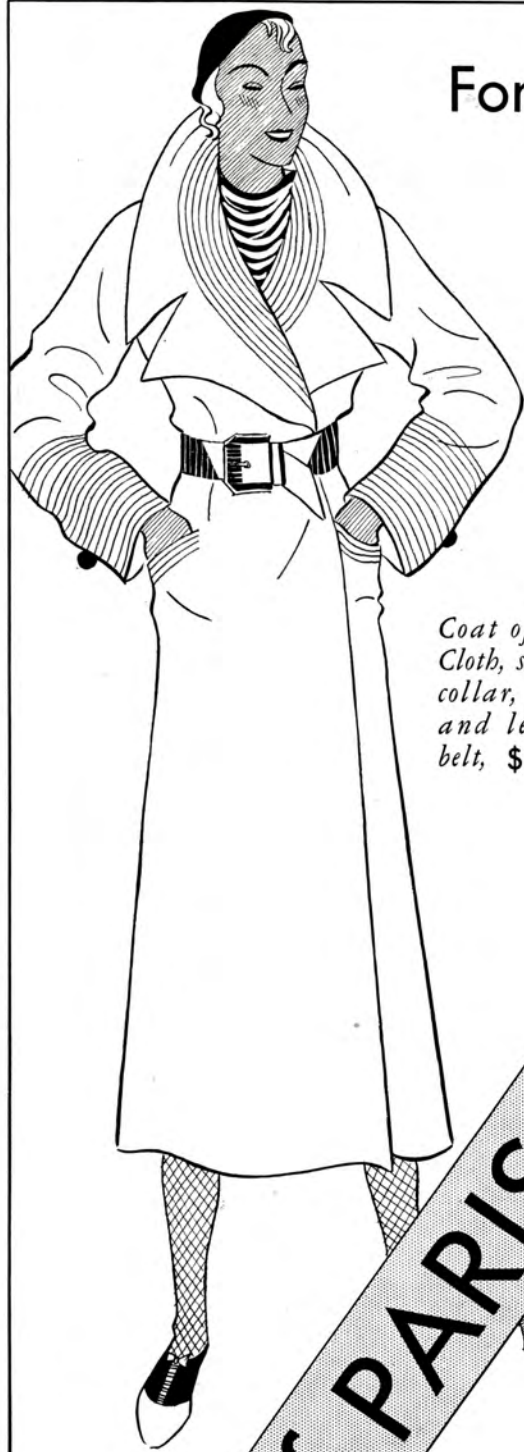
"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

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Old Times: "Is your married life one grand, sweet song?"

Newlywed: "Well, since our baby's been born it's been like an opera, full of grand marches with loud calls for the author every night."

—Penn State Froth

Eggs marks the spots where the hen last laid!

—Boston Beanpot

*My boy, beware of the baby stare,
Because if it's a bluff.*

*She knows too much—and if it's not
She doesn't know enough.*

—Penn Punch Bowl

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Now we know what happens to the little boys who get minus 14 in their English grammar examinations. They grow up and become song writers.

—Toronto Goblin

He: Hello.

She:

He: "Oh, well."

—Colgate Banter

"What's a censor?"

"A censor is a man who sees three meanings in a joke that has only two."

—Reserve Red Cat

Kind Old Lady: "And what is your name, little boy?"

Jockey's Son: "I'm Jerry Glutz, by Bill Glutz out of Sadie Schmidt."

—Penn State Froth

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Afternoon
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And
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"I wrote home for money for a new study lamp."

"Well, what of it?"

"They sent me a study lamp."

—Illinois Siren

Sing me a song of ire,

Sing me a song of wrath;

Dieu! Que le son du phone

Est hell quand vous est en bath.

—Penn Punch Bowl

She can tell by your face whether you love her, as you sit there in the twilight, as well as though you grabbed her as you would a sack of wheat and hung on like a dog to a root.

—The Lover's Budget

As what dog to what root?

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

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Unwary Sohp: "How?"

Frosh: "Pthththththth—"

—Penn State Froth

LITTLE QUESTION FOR TODAY

Have you ever seen a man who could look intelligent while he shaves his upper lip?

—Boston Beanpot

Toast overheard at a fraternity banquet:

"Here's to the land we love and vice versa." —STEVENS STONE MILL

Prints

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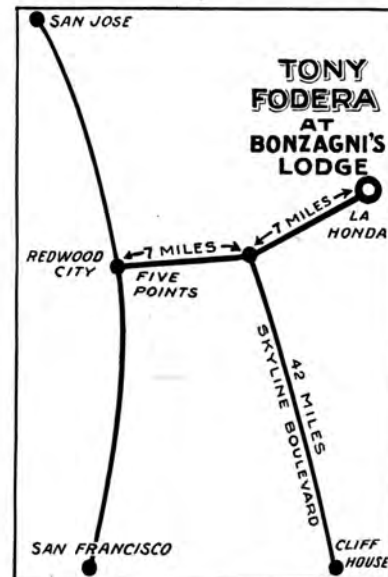
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STANFORD
CHAPARRAL



HASHERS
 NUMBER

BIRTHSTONES
 San Quentin Crushed
 Union Cellar Olive

CALENDRE

Golden Wedding An-
 niversary None. Gold
 Standard Not Secure

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

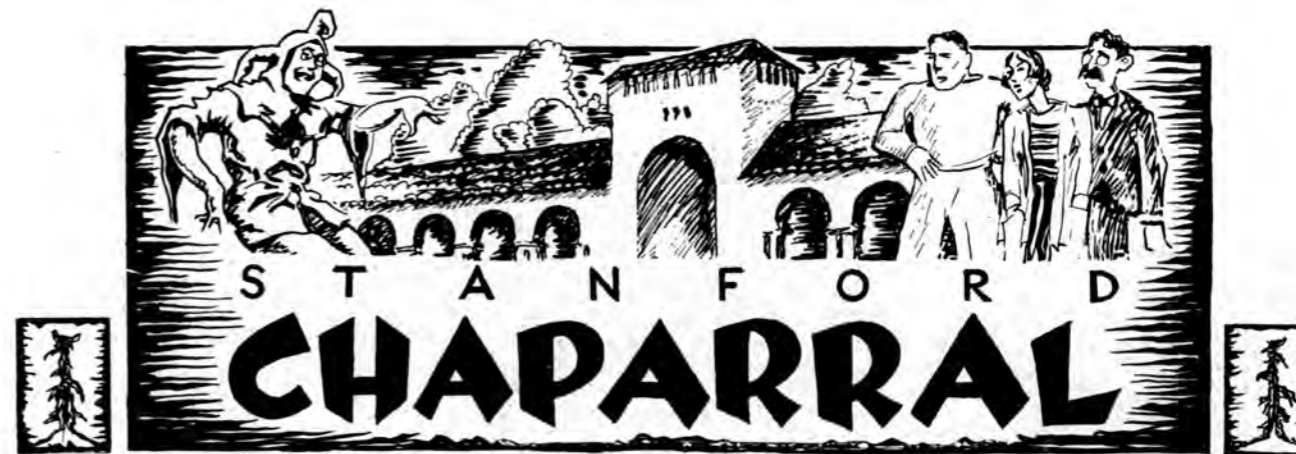
PHASES OF THE MOON		Rises	Moon	Sets	Rises	Sun	Sets
First Quarter.....	Green Ro.uefort	To occasion		Three spades	As usual		NNW
Th	14	Trustees	Begin	Rest	Cure	& Wh'spr	Ab't Lo. Div. 1932
F	15	Hard	W'ntr	Brightens	Prosp.	Lagunita	Ice Skating 1932
S	16	Thous'and	Chks.	Dated	Yr.	Before	Pre'nted Union 1912
♄	17	QUAD'S P'TURES HYSTERICAL RAZZ SECT. UNNECES'Y					1920
M	18	Brk'rs	Sneer	At	Psi U.	Charter.	Water Thrown 1908
T	19	R. R.	Transp.	Class	M'mbr	Dies at	Grade Cross'g 1930
W	20	Al Capone	Exclu've	Liqu'r	Agt.	Leav'wth	& Sing S. 1932
Th	21	Soro'ties	Come	Out	of	Ether;	Dis'co'vr Pldges 1932
F	22	Lenz	& Culb's'n	Don	Bullet	Proof	Vests & Snarl 1932
S	23	Hasher	Re'cvrs.	From	Shock;	Was	Yclept Waiter 1899
♄	24	D—STRING & D—D YEAD'R RUIN MANDOLIN CONCERTS					1903
M	25	Dr. Jordan	Hits	Homer,	Tears	Trou;	Fac.—Sen. Game 1897
T	26	Stud'nt	Proved	Insane;	Tried	to	Steal Mil. Horse 1917
W	27	Low	Bid	of	\$48,890,995.	Wins	by \$5 Bdr. Dam. Job 1931
Th	28	Univ. Cl'ns	Up	on	Late	Class	Changing Penalties 1891
S	29	2	Airdales	Stay	Awake	in	Usual Soc'l'gy Lec're 1915
F	30	Class	of '31	Jns.	Hot	Stove	& Crcker. Bbl. League 1932
♄	31	FRATERNITIES START HUNT FOR MISPLACED CANOES					1928
M	1	Metz	"Red	Devil"	Rdstr.	Fri'tens	Horses at Libe 1894
T	2	Frosh	Pour	Out	to	See	Moon; Pande'o'ium Reigns 1912
W	3	Wags	Lose	Sleep	Pl'ning	Cery	Comic Valentines 1921

THE HOROSCOPE

January-February: Characterized, like all other "r" months with the letter "r" and comes under the jurisdiction of Creepus, **THE CRAB**. Peas, beans and edible roots and berries should be bedded down in Simmons Beautysleep daybeds. During the next sixty days it will be no time at all until March (another of those informal "r" months) comes along and every brat on your block will crash his kite on your roof. This is followed by April and before you know it 1933 will be here.



"It is encouraging to observe that American business is being served by college-educated men."



SUCCESSFUL EATING AT THE CELLAR

(a) Enter Union at 7:45 a. m. and order breakfast. Leave immediately, and attend 8 and 9 o'clock classes.

(b) Return to Union at 10:05, just as waiter is serving snail and coffee. Consume these promptly and place order for lunch. Dash out to avoid possible lateness to 10 o'clock.

(c) Attend 11 o'clock, if any, and return to Union leisurely, to pick up lunch at 12:15. When finished, place order for afternoon tea.

(d) Attend laboratories, or waste time in some other way until 4 p. m. Then return to Union for tea.

(e) While waiting to be served, place your order for the evening meal. Then, if you have nothing else to do, just wait for your tea—it will probably come along with your dinner at 6:30.

(f) Waste no time eating if you want to get to Sticky's before they stop serving dinner. —W. S.

WHAT the Hasher thinks:

Pass that plate, you gourmand . . . is your arm broken? . . . and my dinner's getting cold in the kitchen . . . yes, and your BUTTER plate!

WHAT the Hasher says:

Pass that plate, you gourmand . . . is your arm broken? . . . and my dinner's getting cold in the kitchen . . . yes, and your BUTTER plate!

"Hasher Dad got any dough?"
"No, hashers?"

(The breakdown of the no-pun policy)

"Who was that ladle I seen you with?"
"That was no ladle, that was a desert spoon."

THE HASHER THRU THE AGES

Early Christian incurs enmity of Local Union by urging adoption of cafeteria system: "God helps those who help themselves."

Salome, first girl-hasher, serves up cold St. John's head and hot dance.

Oliver Twist publicly booed, banned by Hashers' Union on account of asking for "seconds."

Jonah goes about in sack cloth and hashers.

—P. L.

Dear Dad:

I received your last letter all right. Everything is fine. I would have answered before but this Econ major is keeping me pretty busy. Say hello to Mother and Sue for me.

I don't want to act like a quitter, Dad, but I don't like things nearly as well as I thought I would. The fellows are pretty snobbish. When I first came here I didn't think it would make any difference whether I worked my way through or not. I thought the fellows were pretty democratic. But they're not nearly as democratic as we thought.

I guess I can stick it out this year. But, Dad, don't you think that if I stayed out for a year I could manage to spend enough money so I could come back and hash my way through like the other fellows do?

Love,
Your son,
—DOLPH WINEBRENNER



Suggestion for revising the Spirit of Democracy

"Who's going to be head hash-er next year?"
"Hashered I know?"

Complete wreck of the no-pun policy)

HASHER SLIM

A LA KIPLING

THE uniform he wore
Was nothing much before
And rather less than half of that
behind.

For a piece of flour sack
Draped around and tied in back
Was the necessary outfit of his
Kind.

With the birds at break of day
He would fix the breakfast hay
Then from underneath the covers we
would crawl.

We would holler for our eggs
Stick our feet between his legs
And moan because he couldn't serve
us all.

It was "Slim! Slim! Slim!"
Oh, hasher, where in blazes
have you been?
You put some water in it
Come, fill up my glass this minute
Or I'll knock you for a loop, you
Hasher Slim!"

He would stack and carry more
Plates until the lunch was o'er
And he juggled all the crockery
without fear.

If we fumbled as we cut,
Dropped a knife or fork, the nut
Would bring a similar utensil from
the rear.

With his patient, cheerful grin
He would serve the soup, so thin,
And watch us till the signal to
retire.

For all his apron dark as night
Which had once been pure and white
He used to bring swell food right off
the fire.

It was "Slim! Slim! Slim!"
With a smile he gladly catered to
each whim.
When the helpings all ran out
You could hear the brothers shout
"Hi! Seconds and some java,
Hasher Slim!"

Though the parting of the ways
Ended all those happy days
And no longer am I asked to "pass
the cow."

In the future down below
Where we both, no doubt, will go
I am sure I'll find him handing
out the chow.

I will shed my winter longies
And I'll throw my coat away
As I tie asbestos napkins 'neath
my chin.

He'll be cooking on the coals
Ham and eggs for poor damned souls;
I'll be served in hell by none but
Hasher Slim.

Yes, Slim! Slim! Slim!
You long and lanky acrobatic
Slim.
Though I've birded" you and "played"
you
By the gravy—that you made—you
Are a better man than I am
Hasher Slim! —J. A.

[... "The report of the Secretary of the Interior . . . combined the approach of the scholar with the punch of the paragrapher. . . ."—News item.]

TODAY ON THE RESERVATION

By RAY "PUNCH LINE" WARBLER
Grace Deerskin pens in to tell us they've found a male equivalent for debutante. It's "debauchee," and it's a niftie.

Squaw-boss Leather-Breeches has a new name for those queens who disport down at the Bijou. He wants me to call 'em coy-rus girls. Would you? . . .

And have you heard that "Time" (the noseymagazine) is the terse of the country . . . and the Arrow people have us all by the throat!

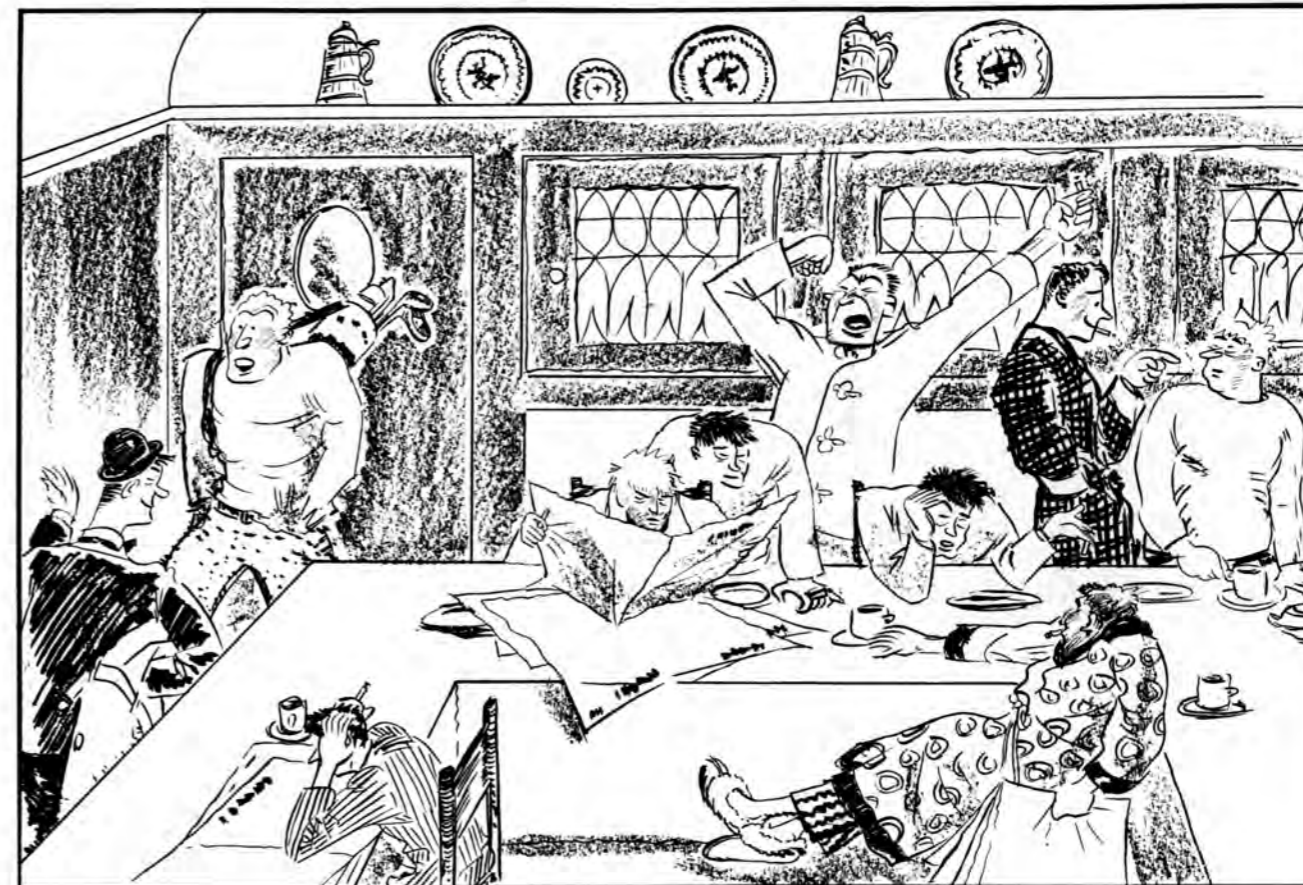
And the next time our colleague, Walter "Will-Tell" Winchell, gets a whack at the gong-man, we hope he croons "Chime on My Hands" . . . Hope we get to press before he gets wind of the gag. . . .

Another thing we didn't know 'til now was that the streets are full of brokers who push their carts and shout: "Rags, bottles, stocks, rags, bottles, stocks."

But what slew us was the story of the fella who went to see a man about a job and the tycoon asked the applicant for a dime to get a cup of coffee.

One more datum about the same crew is that they spend every spare second at the golf-course because that's the only place they can talk in over-par figures.

And the Medicine Men are still sending out invitations to Tribal Dances with the hospitable: "Come and bring your Frenzy." —P.L.



Sunday breakfast at any fraternity house

THE HASHER IS HIRED

Headman: "So you want that job hashing in the dining hall?"

Boy: "Yes, sir, I do want it."

Headman: "Have you ever had any previous experience?"

Boy: "Yes, I've done a lot of hashing in my day. I was the second butler and waited on table for Mr. Morgan van de Peyster for two years."

Headman: "Yes, and what of it? I asked for experience you've had. Come, come, my time is valuable. Come, come. You don't think that that's any indication, do you?"

Boy (Getting hot behind the ears): "Yes, I do. And I was a waiter at the Ritz Cafe and Sherry's in Paris for two years each."

Headman: "Yes, yes; come, come. My time is valuable."

Boy: "Well, about the only other thing I've ever done was to play the part of a waiter in Mack Sennett Comedies. I had to drop four plates of ice cream in the fat woman's lap, I slipped on a rug and smashed a custard pie in the guest of honor's face, and I fell on a door jamb five times and every time I fell I dropped and broke a tray full of dishes. Well, that's about all, I guess I'll be leaving now."

Headman: "Leaving! No! Your hired, and name your own salary." —N. B.

Our idea of service plus:

A woman ran out of gas right by our Vine street entrance recently, and rushed into the store seeking assistance. Two chivalrous Broadway-Hollywood males responded to the call, pushing the car down the street to the nearest station, where its gas tank was given a meal.

—Broadway Dep't. Store World
Nithe work, felloweth.



"Call me when the casserole is ready, Mrs. Vanderblatt."

THE men at the Omricon Omricon Omricon house came rollicking pell mell into the dining room—laughing, shouting, carefree youth. Some were waving long, silver hip flasks; some were brandishing gin bottles. Oh, it was a merry crew that scurried helter skelter to find seats around the long dining table.

The meal progressed as it had begun—jovial quips flying from mouth to mouth—good humored taunts thrown back and forth. But all of that was nothing to the moment when four immaculately attired hashers appeared with the desert. It was unbelievable. But no—it was true. A whole lemon cream pie for every man at the table. For a moment there was silence. The tall, handsome youth at the head of the table rose to his feet. He picked up the pie in front of him and let fly at an underclassman far down the table. Pandemonium reigned rampant. Pies hissed through the air. Pies landed with splattering thuds. Pies dripped from surprised faces.

Ah, gay, gay college boys—wild, care-free youth. But I shook myself. I was only one of many Stanford Theater patrons watching the super-super stupendous two-reel comedy of "Kollege Kut Ups." —R. C.



If Tuition Goes Any Higher

S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL

Stanford University founded 1891
Stanford Chaparral founded Oct. 5, 1899
by Bris'ow Adams
Published by Hammer and Coffin Society
Founded at Stanford University April 17, 1906

The Chappies

Berk Anthony '32 <i>Editor</i>	Reidar Winther '32 <i>Manager</i>
Thorington Putnam '32 <i>Art Editor</i>	Bob DeRoos '33 <i>Circulation</i>
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Marie Baker '52 *Women's Manager*
Ned Hilton
Louis Rogers
Gregor Duncan

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LUC MALKMQUIST '29

NOW THAT business of assembling a literary and artistic salute to The Hasher has been great fun. Fun because the Ancient One recognizes that the hasher has carved quite a permanent place for himself in the hall of Farm tradition. It can be said, safely enough, that hashing is an institution, typifying the Farm's democratic spirit at its best. The man who brings you the full dinner pail is a member of an unofficial fraternity whose escutcheon is the battered tray and the white coat; whose motto is "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow is another meal and I get all the seconds." Ever see a dull spirited hasher? Well, not many. Most of them are cheery fellows, laughing at what seems dull routine work to others. Every hasher secretly believes that he will amass a cool million after graduation, surely outgain the board-paying ninny whom he serves. The Ancient Fellow knows that the hasher acquires a proper sense of values, appreciates in full measure the occasional pittance that comes from the family exchequer. The Old Boy, in short, thinks The Hasher quite a great guy; long may he serve!

NOW THAT attempt to stimulate interest in the Theater Fund went not unheeded. The Ancient One finds that he is yelping up the right tree, thus: The chief agencies connected with Stanford Dramatics approve, unofficially and tentatively, *Chaparral's* proposal to stage a Spring Follies Revue—proceeds to go to the Theater Fund. The Administration, bless it, approves; the Director of Dramatics is willing providing his staff enjoys a full complement in Spring; Ram's Head Society says yes-yes. All of which listens good to the cause and which may lead to action. However, there are no signatures on the dotted line and Spring is, logically, in the scholastic distance. The Ancient One hopes for the best, meanwhile doddering about doing all that is possible for The Cause.

And while on topics dramatic, let the Old Boy suggest that Junior Opera scripts for this year will be called in by the Class of 1933 in the near procrastinating future. Hop to!

NOW THAT Lagunita has suddenly attained manhood overnight, let us rejoice. Also, let us cheer for what may prove to be an interesting basketball season. What with the two, class averages may drop to normal instead of shooting upward as is their wont during Winter Quarter. Library attendance may fall off—whee! The healthy interest in basketball is due largely to the presence of a Mr. John Bunn. Mr. Bunn is regarded a swell guy by his squad—both as a coach and as just plain John Bunn. The Old Boy thinks Mr. Bunn a worthy acquisition to the Farm.

And a word more about our backyard pond: lake attendants inform the Old Fellow that canoes may be found afloat as late as mid Spring, provided a little more rain blesses the acreage. Lagunita is up to the brim for the first time in two years and full at so early a date since the natives don't know when. Make the most of your Winter Moment.

NOW THAT has always been a pretty cheap trick. Meaning the dishonorable gesture of copying a written piece and handing it in as an original composition—really a filthy way to meet an assignment in any league. Certain Students periodically trip up in such practices and find themselves dropped from courses or find a judgment slapped on them by the Council. The Old Boy thinks burning at the stake a mild punitive for these warped creatures but the Council has not, as yet, gone on record as favoring methods of broiling. It has been, however, unsympathetic with these misfits which is as it should be. How odd it is that some fail to realize that grading here is on a competitive basis. This system should obliterate any bit of musty work yet our throats are cut occasionally by others' purloined papers. Circumstances peculiar to this institution have fashioned Honor first into a System and currently into a Code with appropriate placards in all lecture rooms. Rather an artificiality, but the thing works successfully somewhat to the envy of other institutions of higher learning. The Ancient One merely wants to write down in briefer terms that he will ever shout for Honor, pure and simple, but that also he will chime in with its more complex localized form—The Honor Code. Amen.

TODAY, being January 14 (the presses willing), is the day that the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Jr. University meet to consider, in part, the fate of Stanford as an undergraduate school. What will the verdict be? Let us sentimentalists pray, let us pray.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE			
<p style="text-align: center;">Hammer & Coffin</p> <p>Paul Lorton</p> <p style="text-align: center;">☛</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Art</p> <p>James Algar Gilman Gist Oliver Johnson Waldo Salt Franklin Thomas</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Literary</p> <p>James Algar North Baker Waldo Salt Gordon Steedman Crawford Sullivan Winstead Weaver Ray Wilbur Jr. Darrell Amyx</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Acknowledgement</p> <p>Prof. E. M. Hulme Mr. A. E. Roth</p> <p style="text-align: center;">☛</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Circulation Assistants</p> <p>Robert Anderson '34 Arthur Dahl '34 Robert Lo Forti '34 Maurice Rapf '35 Hall Martin '34</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Advertising Managers</p> <p>Crestor Brinck '33 Bob-Savage '34 Frank Clock '33 Larry Hill '33</p> <p style="text-align: center;">☛</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Office Assistants</p> <p>Marion Jones '33 Mildred West '33 Lorine Anderson '34 Jane Shortall '34</p>

HASHER BE ALRIGHT

By W. W.

On dark night as I sat in my little brown study writing a story, I heard the wind whistling gaily through the trees. It whistled gaily and then it whistled nightly. Suddenly came a knock at the window—

"Come in," shouted I, locking the door and drawing my Brownie. A strange shape entered, smoking a fish, and whispered inaudibly:

"Are you Dr. Alfred Greep, manufacturer of Pajamas With Hands And Feet In Them—"

Always modest, I replied, "Yes, I am that world famous, renowned character," and at this sudden show of hostility he drew his revolver and fired two quick shots between my eyes. Staggered by the blow, I reeled, and when I had reeled in some twenty yards, he stopped me, and once more we were fighting back to back with the thirty-four legged purple eyed wire haired wombats for Princess Snikk of Glork (at this point the curtain rises, showing weird black monsters swaying to the melodious notes of "No one notes Susie like I do").

The battle over, the Stranger (a one time student at St. Anford) turned to me and the following conversation ensued:

After this conversation I drew a dagger and jabbed it to the hilt in his back.

"See hilt!" he cried, "what are you doing?"

"Hilt'll be alright," I answered, combing my moustache with a smile and then using a comb, and with baited breath on tender hooks I listened to the story of the dying man. Standing on his hands with his eyes crossed he told me the secret of waiting on tables: always carry a table with you so you can wait on a table for street cars, trains, or even for the 1932 Bonfire to be built, which has nothing to do with this story.

Suddenly we were all transported back



to Egg Yipe (sometimes spelled Egypt) and we were listening to the dreamy monosyllabus low tones of Tarzan as he chanted the life story of Julius Squeezer, and as he chanted he chanted to divert from his story to his new book, "How Hashers came to be called Hashers." Well, it seems that there was an Italian vegetable ped-

dler who would drive his cart up and down and when people would lean forth and yell, "What have you today?" he would say, "I hasher tomatoes, potatoes, and spagates," and pretty soon everyone began calling him I. Hasher Tomatoes. Well, my children, it wasn't long before the Italian got a job as a waiter and all those who knew him would drop in and when they ran out of tomatoes it was only natural to call him I. Hasher, and in an accident he lost one eye, so of course they cut the I. out of his name and he was called Hasher, and now we know what it is like to be a waiter at the Seller. Anyone who doubts my story can have proof of its velocity by meeting me at the 1932 Big Game. I will have on a white shirt and a rooters hat and will be eating a hot dog between the halves—of a bun.

Critic's note: Is this a true narrative?

Author's note: Hell, yes.

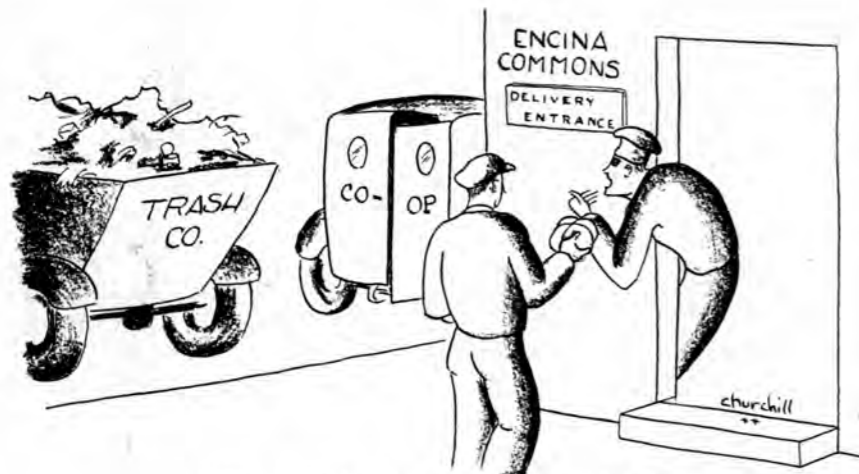
Critic's note: I don't believe it.

Author's note: Now listen, Mr. Editor, if you don't—

Wife's note: Soups on!!



"Has anybody seen the football?"



"M'God! We've been cooking the wrong stuff"

IT'S A LIE

Who's the lad in the spotless white?
Who politely waits on you each night;
And never casts the smallest slight?

THE HASHER

Who daintily brushes the table cloth?
Who answers the bell and brings the broth,
And works like hell, but never gets wroth?

THE HASHER

Who runs at ev'ry strident call?
Who bumps his tray against the wall,
But smiling, never bawls at all?
If you say THE HASHER you're inutterably mistaken.

—R.C.

The other day
We had
A lecture demonstration
In physics class
And it fell to me
To hold a watch
And call time
Every thirty seconds
And after
Class was out
One of my classmates
Said to me
Didn't that
Interesting experiment
Hold your attention
And I said
Gosh no
I kept looking
At my watch
Every half minute.

—F. C.

TOTALLY unaware of any malignant presence, Mrs. Gottlots was presiding at a dinner party given for some of the city's snootier. Two gleaming pairs of eyes peered from a crack in the door which separated the dining room from the darkened pantry. Small, scheming eyes they were as they surveyed the Sterling silverware—the expensive service—the massive candlesticks that adorned the table. The guests arose and repaired to another part of the house.

There was a movement in the pantry. "Oke, kid," a burly figure whispered.

The two men slunk swiftly and silently into the dazzling dining room. Again the whispered voice: "Youse get de stuff at dat end. I'll woik here."

Within two minutes the table was stripped of most of its valuables. The burly figure looked around and whispered: "Let's beat it. We kin get de rest later." The two butlers hurried into the kitchen, stuffed napkins in their shirt fronts, and sat down to dinner.

—R.C.

AT last the opportunity came. The attention and interest of the others were focused elsewhere for the moment. It was as if they too were all alone in the world. It was the psychological moment to broach the question, postponement might mean that he would be too late. If he did not ask now the chance might never come again, for there were others. But did he dare risk the disappointment of refusal? "Faint heart" the old saying was running through his mind. Suddenly, he impulsively turned to the hasher and whispered, "Any seconds on dessert?"

—G.S.



"When you finish that batch of Sweethearts mix up a mess of Light Loves"



OUR own Professor Hulme boasts of his hashing days back when board was a mere fifteen dollars a month and boarding houses were the thing. There was Sam Collins Eating House in Paly where Hoover ate; later Mariposa Hall, better known as "Butterfly Home," and the final resting place of the Sigma Kappas, secured his services; still later came the lady from Boston to open an eating house par excellence pro tem where now stands the SAE and here it was that Prof. Hulme combined with Prof. Everett Smith to sling the hash.

Old Man Tradition and the Green-Eyed Goddess sat back in astonishment when prices were raised to twenty dollars a month. But well they might for here turkey was served three times a week instead of but twice and there was ice cream on Sundays and Wednesdays. "Wong," the well-fed cook, was lord of his domain and resented any interference. On occasion, the lady from Boston would enter the kitchen with some question on her lips only to be repulsed by this line of chatter from "Wong" who had learned his English in a San Francisco Sunday School:

"Kitchen no place for Boston lady. No piano in kitchen. Piano in parlor. Parlor place for Boston lady."

And if this failed there was always a final recourse; the Boston lady was constantly worried for fear there would not be ample hot water to supply the bath rooms on the second floor, and there wasn't when it was allowed to run too long in the kitchen. So "Wong," forced to it by the prolonged investigation, would go to the sink, turn on both hot water faucets full force, and would stand dangling his hands in the water and gazing at the ceiling while he sang in characteristic Oriental twang, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb."

IT seems that when all the boys lived at Encina they didn't like the food any better than the freshmen of today. Consequently, the first attempt to establish a dining room there failed and the eating business was a wide open venture on the campus.

The "Stanford Inn" came into existence soon after the break of the new century but it was six or seven years later that the Shelton brothers took it over with student hashers and served grub at the rate of fifteen per. It was a modest frame building and stood on the present Library site. It was more than a hash house. Here was a true inn where

fellows held their ball sessions over the cups of coffee. Here was the birthplace of the famous "Whisky Rebellion."

When the new Libe was started, the Stanford Inn was moved to that barren waste across from the Engineering Corner which is today cluttered with Fords, Chevies, and other makes. Here Count Togawa held forth behind the shining metal steam-table of a cafeteria. Ah, Count Togawa—but that is a story in itself.

The last Plug-Ugly, year 1910 AD, saw a battered band of Juniors try to gain the Law Steps, and fail. It also saw, laid out in neat rows of a given number, some thirty-three men with battered heads and bruised bodies awaiting medical care on the floor of the "Inn."

But, alas and alack, the Union replaced the old "Inn" and in 1923 it was moved down near the stables to serve as a military barracks. And there it stands today, a part of Stanford tradition, the most-moved building on the campus, wherein Stanford men once served their inner man.

JUST to prick a well-known legendary bubble:

Legend has it that Herbert Hoover, now President of these United States, during his student days on the Farm, hashed at the Kappa House, campus home of Lou Henry (today's Mrs. Hoover).

Legend also has it the girls in the house brought pressure to bear, to have Lou either refuse to date further with Herb or to turn in her pin. Legend says that she turned in the pin in favor of her hasher.

Legend further whispers in our ear that the Kappas were recently refused the privileges of Mrs. Hoover's home for a rushing tea as a result of the pin incident.

Which would all be very fine for Old Dame Scandal if it were not that Legend must have been out to Menlo over a beer when he heard that story, for Research, good old Research, has found that President Herbert Hoover was never a hasher while within these sacred Stanford walls. Too bad.

IN the days when Stanford men were Roughts and ready for plug-uglies and such, there were public initiations on the steps of Uncle Sam's P. O. One morning the Dippy carried a screaming front-page story of the theft of Charley Meyer's table tops. A word of explanation here: Charley's table tops were things of beauty, having been adorned with all manner and sort of plain and fancy carving, in sobriety and out. The campus was agog. Who would steal such objects of priceless worth?

Just at noon, up Palm Drive and past the Quad, rattled a complaining buckboard, drawn by two spirited steeds and driven by a rough in disguise. Following him was the City Constable from Palo Alto on a bicycle. The arrest was made at the P. O. corner and the thief was committed to "trial on the spot." Lawyers, judge, and jurymen were drawn from the assembling students and the trial proceeded in due form.

The whole case lay in the identification of the tops and on the failure of the witness for the prosecution to recognize the tables depended the defense. Finally a prominent student was called from the audience and asked if these were Charley Meyer's tables. He replied, "Just a minute until I crawl underneath." After which the case was proven and the fugitive given a sentence.

[The following data was dispatched to Chappie from Washington, D. C., by R. L. Wilbur, Jr., whose source of information was Ray senior:]

THE first Encina Dining Hall of the years 1892-96 was the present Encina Lobby where some 26 fellows ate, "waited on" (hashers as such were unknown as yet) by lusty footballers. John Tait, of "Tait's at the Beach" fame, was the caterer who served up the food in the basement. Just at the end of each month, when boarders had reached a low ebb, Chef Tait would serve a fine dinner of pheasants, ducks, or geese in order to build up the table again for the coming month.

Prominent among the "waiters" was one Forrest Fisher, star halfback on the varsity, coached then by Walter Camp. Fisher was in the habit of sneaking one of the milk pitchers, en route to the dining room, and, at odd moments, or in one gulp, he would drain its contents. Manager, chef, boarders, and confreres protested but to no avail.

Came the day of the Big Game, as they would say in Hollywood, and Fisher was the only man who had the stuff to stop California's plays. Thereafter he openly drank a full pitcher of milk whenever and however he pleased.



**BATHROOM BALLADS
AND DRESSING ROOM
DITTIES**

*It seems but such a little while
Since I was young and you were new,
Since you produced my winning smile—
But now at last it seems we're through.*

*For ever such is life's decree,
That e'en the best of friends must part.
And gone the charm that raptured me
When first we met within the mart.*

*And so at last I say goodbye
To bristles soft and shot to hell,
And out you go as low I sigh
Farewell, old toothbrush, farewell.
—D.D.*



*The Perennial
Bus Box*

[Hoover is planning to sell us out to Germany.]—Congressman McFadden, in recent speech.]

SELLING AMERICA SHORT

Scene: White House. Telephone rings.
Hoover: Hello.
Voice: Say, I hear you got it a little proposition on the country, so what?
Hoover: That's right. We're running at a loss. Make me an offer.
Voice: Well, times is bad.
Hoover: Yeah, but this is good stuff. Now take California. . . .
Voice: Hmmm, that iss a place. How much you esking?
Hoover: How about a barrel of pre-war souterne?
Voice: Hey! Are you forgetting they got it Los Arigeles in California? Dese is bringing the price down, yes?
Hoover: Aw. . . . But don't forget Hollywood. Some babes. . . . Mmmm . . .
Voice: I'll geev an offer. Make it half a barrel and we don't say nothing about Los Angeles.
Hoover: O. K. Now, how about the Solid South?
Voice: Vell. . . .
Hoover: You can have that for \$20. . . . to cover the mailing costs.
Voice: Does that include Amos and Andy?
Hoover: Say! This is a business proposition. But say, what'd you charge to take those two mugs off a fellow's hands?

Voice: Nix. I'm buyin' countries, not schlemeils. Besides we got it Hitler over here.
Hoover: Boy! Here's a bargain. The Middle-West is going for a song!
Voice: Yah-yah. I know . . . a psalm. You can't load that bible-belt off onto us.
Hoover: Lookit! I'm throwin' in Notre Dame.
Voice: Schnapps! Only three All-Americans last season.
Hoover: Tell you what. I'll give you the Middle West, Al Capone, the American Legion and Greta Garbo for an old Fireman's hat and a handful of pretzels.
Voice: Now you're talkin'. What'll you give me to take New York off your hands?
Hoover: Say, there's a buy. Now Wall Street. . . .
Voice: Whaddya think I am? A rags, bottles, sacks, man?
Hoover: . . . and New York has 50,000 speak-easies. . . .
Voice: An' 5,000,000 loud-speakers. Don't forget, New York is where all them international bankers hang out.
Hoover (wearily): All right. Make me an offer.
Voice: Send Marlene Dietrich back here where she belongs and I'll take New York off your hands.
Hoover: Thanks. . . Say, you couldn't use a Newspaper Publisher and a coupla dozen presidential candidates, could you?
Voice: Click!
the end. —P. L.

STANFORD FIVE YEAR PLAN

Stanford University Notice of Disqualification

M.....

I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT, UNDER THE REGULATIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY, THE DEFICIENCIES IN YOUR SCHOLARSHIP RECORD ARE SO SERIOUS AS TO DISQUALIFY YOU FOR FURTHER REGISTRATION IN THE UNIVERSITY.

Approved

.....
President of the University

.....
Chairman Committee on Scholarship

HOMER McCABE, construction engineer - superintendent, stood watching the building of the new skyscraper as aloofly as he had watched his underlings work when he was a newly-promoted head hasher at his university. In fact, he thought the work not altogether dissimilar.

The laborers were hoisting huge ten-ton steel weights into position, and abruptly one of the massive pieces broke loose, dropped, and landed with a crushing impact on a stranger who had been watching the work. It covered his body completely, leaving only his head free.

Idly, Homer McCabe saw the man, walked over to him, and asked with the utmost consideration:

"Have you been weighted on?"
—D.W.

TO ONE WHO BEARS GIFTS

*You quench my hot fires, all my eager desires,
And bring me your own priceless gift.
You, day after day, though I never repay,
Remain in my gloom the bright rift.
And always your arms bring ever-fresh charms
As you work on your good angel shift.*

*I trust you, I do; I know you're no dupe;
I'll only say this—LOOK OUT WITH THAT SOUP!
—D.W.*

AN ANALYSIS OF "HASHER"

The name "Hasher" is one full of glory and aged in the ancient traditions of the Farm, but few of us have ever stopped to realize just who he is or where his name came from. Webster has failed to define this time-honored calling, we have here attempted to analyze the name and reveal the true meaning its most subtle aspect, thus:

HA! (sher) you thought that the name was derived from that HASH (er) that the Encina gobblers really believe comes from the (h) ASH (er) can. Imagine that at all other times a HASHER is a real, rough (has) HE (er)—man and HAS (her) a honey and he believes that (ha) SHE (r) is so swell that he wants to take (has) HER to the formal unless he gets ditched for one of those non-HASHING (h) AS (her) ses.
—G.S.

The first dietitian was the snake that suggested an apple on the Garden of Eden's menu.



"One more crack about that succotash and I'll put you on a diet of hardtack"



"Eat Your Spinach, Anita"

USES FOR OLD HASHER'S COATS

1. Uniforms. If you are a student in Poly Sci and expect to enter the Foreign Service, save that coat for formal wear on some tropical isle. Soup spots can be disguised by sewing colored ribbons above the stain giving the pendant medal effect.
4. At the Beach. Vacation days are just around the corner. Picture yourself in white. For a slight charge we will remodel your hashers' coat for summer wear. She can't tell at a distance, especially if she has that "far-away look in her eyes".
6. We Predict for the Future. With the return of prosperity, opening date of return engagement unknown as yet, the Bartender Jacket will again be with us. Here's looking at you in your hash coat, trimmed to the demands of 1933.
7. Never Say Die! Pieces of badly worn coats may be clipped into dainty bits. Larger pieces may be starched stiffly and used as menu cards. Items on the bill-of-fare should be printed opposite each sample, especially the soups.

—B.B.

CULBERTSON SNEER BRINGS VICTORY

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, (A.P.)—Heavy bidding in sarcastic remarks and some excellent handling of insults gave Ely Culbertson and his wife another large lead over Sidney Lenz and his partner today in the twenty-fifth session of their contest. Mrs. Culbertson, who continually finessed by calling Lenz a liar, was high scorer of the evening.

Only the clever defensive play of Lenz and Jacoby in averting a hard slap to the jaw and two kicks on the shin prevented the pair from going set heavily. Jacoby's only score of the session came when he outbid Mrs. Culbertson in French swear words and bid an old fashioned southern epithet to take game on a hand worth only three sneers.

The play:

Lenz bid five dirty remarks and made game. Mrs. Culbertson, bidding five clubs, led a hot retort and lost three tricks when Lenz doubled and returned four kicks to Mrs. Culbertson's leg.

Culbertson threatened to throw a chair at Jacoby but the latter doubled and Culbertson went down under the table. Mrs. Culbertson, bidding five meanies, contracted for a conspiracy to confuse her husband but lost a finesse when the play revealed Lenz was only forcing Culbertson into a rage.

The play ended when Lenz bid an unprintable word and went down under Culbertson's closed hand.

—D.W.

BY far the most famous of all modern hashers was John Whitcombe Bryant, who has been immortalized by Stanford University, his name being placed on the last page of all the the registration books. John was hashing at a large alumni dinner with President Wilbur presiding. Suddenly an alumnus stood up and said in a stentorian voice, "President Wilbur, we demand to know just what you propose to do with the lower division!"

A deep silence pervaded. The president appearing ill at ease arose and cleared his throat. Just then young Bryant sprained his ankle, emitted a terrifying whoop, and let a tray of soup land in the center of the table. The banquet broke up, and he was taken to the hospital and later given a scholarship.

—C.S.



"Come and Get It"

USES FOR DISCARDED HASHER TRAYS

1. Fraternal ash tray. Place in center of room, equidistant from all desks. Few ashes or butts will reach the tray but it will be fun to have a big target.
2. Picture Gallery. Don't try to use thumbtacks—glue is the sticker here. Start with girls in the home sorority so the poor old tray will feel at ease.
3. Fire Gong. Throw two or three out the third story window onto the sidewalk. Noise will attract someone's attention and there is bound to be some sort of action.
4. Gaming Board. Mark into squares for checkers or chess. Mount on room-mates pen point as roulette wheel. Use instead of platter in well-known kissing game. (Noise will cover confusion of contestants.)
5. Emergency Man-hole covers. If someone steals the lids from your block, cover the holes with trays to keep the babies from falling in.
6. Motion Pictures in the home. Carefully placed trays will add that professional element of good lighting from reflectors.
7. Whoops! Take one home for the kid brother to roll instead of a hoop. Very tricky.
8. Discus. Men who work out with a tray will find that, once they have perfected the art of flinging this out some hundred feet or better, discus throwing will seem to be a cinch.
9. Wheels. Replace the baby-carriage wheels with discarded trays. There's nothing like these ovals for the raising of "a bouncing baby".
10. Fancy Buttons. Aluminum trays when trimmed down a bit make excellent substitutes for silver buttons on any old uniform.
11. For Artists. Punch a hole for the thumb, dab on some oil paints, and use as a palette.
12. In Wartime. Then we may have need for trench mirrors again. Of course you can't see well enough to shave in a scarred tray—but can you in a trench mirror?
13. Dance Favors. Bits of a tray, engraved with clever little sayings like "a pal for your palate" bring back fond memories.
14. Serving Food. Discarded trays with a romantic background are much in demand at all fraternities and sororities.

—B.B.



"I didn't know that you hashed."

NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION New York

Dr. R. E. Swain
Acting-President
Stanford University
My dear Dr. Swain:

In reply to your query as to how recent Stanford graduates are fulfilling the positions in which we have placed them, I will say that the report is quite satisfactory. While our survey shows that Harvard has perhaps a higher rating for dishwashers, I can say definitely that your general hashers and also bus boys are well above average.

The percentage of Stanford graduates employed compares well with the classes of other universities for the past two years, probably because of the excellent manner in which they are filling the windshield wiping positions for Stanford Oil, Inc. I decidedly approve of your suggestion to introduce a course in *Elements of Windshield Wiping*. Yale has put in a course, *Introduction to Fuller Brushmanship*, which has proved highly successful.

Owing to the new vogue for automat eating places in New York, we are warning all B.A.'s and M.A.'s to stay away from the East. A similar situation has taken place in Los Angeles, where many graduates of the leading universities there are unable to find work because of the great increase in the use of Frigidaire. Laundry agencies and saleswork for Silk Hose continues well, with switchboard duty strong in the face of the increasing dial phone system.

Very truly yours,

National Employment Association

—D.W.



"And to think that I bet five to one that it wouldn't be pineapple, etc."



A "BIRD IN HAND" is worth two in the CHAPARRAL, says an old copy book, but what it is worth on the stage we are to see when Harold Helvenston presents us John Drinkwater's lively and amusing comedy on the 29th of the current phase of yon moon.

John Greenleaf, the old innkeeper, can still remember when grandmama went buggy riding and he has his suspicions, unnecessarily of course, when the squire's son takes his daughter Joan for a drive in a perfectly modern Rolls-Royce. It rains, they seek shelter, hell boils over when the youngsters finally return. At the inn are a kindly old K. C., a philosophical cockney who "travels in sardines", and a brash young man who sits as a pajama-clad court to hear the family trial. The incident is amusing, the action is lively, the dialogue is intelligent and witty. Give Harold a worthy cast and we expect to see a worthy show. —B.B.

AFTER a short period of dark theatres in the City it remained for the Columbia to open the new year with the enduring tunes and scenes from Yushny's "Blue Bird Revue". Close on the tail of this feathered symbol of happiness comes another European organization to give us a double handful, less one, of Shakespeare's comedy, tragedy, and history. The Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company opened last Monday with "A Winter's Tale" and will continue for three weeks with the repertoire as listed elsewhere in this issue. See all of the presentations if you can—prices are as low as fifty cents in the balcony—but, if you must choose; beg, borrow, or steal the price of two production: "King Lear", the most difficult yet most profound of the tragedies, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Roy Byford in his matchless impersonation of the rotund Falstaff.

During the latter fortnight of February, the Columbia is bringing William Gillette in his farewell tour with "Sherlock Holmes". This is the best of some dozen plays by the actor-author and is a rare opportunity to see this veteran of 76 years in the character which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created. Walter Hampden as the poet-duelist, "Cyrano de Bergerac", will give us two weeks beginning on March 21. And after that, Columbia tells us to expect "Green Pastures", O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" by the New York Theatre Guild, the D'Oyle Carte (Gilbert and

**BLUE BIRD REVUE
Columbia**

SORRY that you sons and daughters of the sun-drenched subdivisions south of the Tehachapi had to miss this bit of Russian humour, color, and music. Whether your knowledge of Slavic is limited to a course in Russian Realism or a week-end on the Russian River you would have appreciated this glimpse into what we are led to believe was Russia before the inception of the now famous Five Year Plan.

Yascha Yushny, director and master of ceremonies, or conferecier as he would have it, is not the moon-faced Bailief of Chauve-Souris fame, but he is an ambitious showman, and an entertainer who leads his audience into becoming a part of the show, even to singing in Russian. His command of English is sufficient and his idiomatic usages are timely. His home has been alternately Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and now America.

The pictures, for they all were portraits set to music, ranged from the roistering laughter of "The Bottle Stoppers" and "Gossip Around the Samovar" through the pathetic humor of "The Hurdy-Gurdy" and the spirited action of the "Dance of the Boyars" to the tragic beauty of Tchaikowsky's "Pique Dame", "St. Petersburg—1825", "The Volga Boatman", and "The Evening Bells" were old masters of color and song.

A real Russian orchestra of twenty-five pieces interpreted the selections from Tchaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Rimsky-Korsakow, and Moussorgsky which served as musical setting for these human portraits. M. Gogotsky conducted the ensemble, wrote the incidental music, and arranged the masters.

Sullivan) Opera Company from England, and Maud (Peter Pan) Adams and Otis Skinner in "The Merchant of Venice". We will attempt to keep you informed as to exact dates.

Not to be outdone by the round of activity on O'Farrell Street, the management of the Curran Theater up on Geary announces that they will present Richard Bennett in Rostland's masterpieces, "Cyrano de Bergerac" on the 25th of January. "Grand Hotel", that three-layer slice of Life from the Continental pen of Vicki Baum, is playing in Los Angeles at the time we go to press and the Curran fully expects to dish it up for us when it has worn out its welcome in the South. Watch the papers if you don't believe us!

DRAW a red circle around February third on your calendar, set your alarm for eight that evening, and plan to meet Senor Jose Iturbi, the master Spanish pianist, who will make his campus debut while touring the Pacific Coast for the first time.

Senor Iturbi is a perfectly groomed musician of engaging vivacity who, aside from his music, loves nothing better than to put on the gloves with someone, to work out on the gymnasium apparatus, or to drive a sportive motor car at top speed while smoking a big Havana cigar. If a beggar appeals to him the reward is a crisp new five dollar bill. Stanford roughs are requested not to crowd the stage door.

On one occasion Senor Iturbi found himself en route to a concert in the same compartment with an attractive young lady who was bemoaning the fact that she could not get a ticket to hear "the great Iturbi" play. He made a bet that he could get her in. During the intermission the young lady saw the pianist and was so flustered that she could not speak. She kissed him instead. Did we say roughs stay away from that stage door? Beware the 500!

Just seven days, one week on this campus, after Senor Iturbi has thrilled you with his music and charmed you with his personality, the Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus will invade the Farm under the leadership of the diminutive Serge Jaroff.

Here are 36 men without a country, for each of them was an officer in the White Army of Russia during the bloody Revolution. They come in dark-blue uniform with high riding-boots and sing for us some of the religious songs, songs of the barracks, and folk-songs with that rare plaintive note and barbarous tang which is still Russia, despite the Soviet. —B.B.

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NEW YEAR with a
SAVINGS ACCOUNT**

*Add to it regularly and
watch it grow*

**AMERICAN TRUST
COMPANY**

Bank of Palo Alto
Office

Menlo Park
Office

No, Josephine, I can't tell you the name of the quarterback, but I am a personal friend of the man who made the best paper airplane at the Cornell game.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

Oh, for those good old days, when a guy could worry like this over his income tax.

—Boston Beanpot

DID YOU KNOW THAT

contrary to most persons' belief, the slime in the ice compartment of your refrigerator does not come from the ice? It is a safety signal—a sign that your refrigerator is performing one of its many important functions. It is an accumulation of odors and impurities passed off by your foods—these are deposited on the melting ice and flow off down the drain pipe.

*Only Ice Refrigeration gives
your foods this protection.*

Palo Alto Ice Delivery

136 Hamilton Avenue
Phone 3141

Shasta Water

Ginger Ales

Stolen kisses may be the best, but I like a little whole-hearted cooperation.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

FLIRTATIONS

*A cautious look around he stole,
His bag of chink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.*
N. Y. U. Medley



Pies,—fluffy, tender pies are always popular as dessert with

WILSON'S
Famous
75¢ DINNER
50¢ LUNCH

Good Things to Eat
and Drink at Meal Time
and Between Times



Wilson's
THE CANDY WITH A COLLEGE EDUCATION

333 Geary St. : 708 Clement St. : Bellevue Hotel
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Breakfast at Wilson's is delightfully served every morning, and is much in favor with

FOLKS IN A HURRY

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL COMPANY
Columbia Theater

<p>FIRST WEEK Monday, January 11 A WINTER'S TALE Tuesday, January 12 KING LEAR Wednesday Matinee, January 13 AS YOU LIKE IT Wednesday Evening, January 13 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW Thursday, January 14 KING HENRY THE FOURTH (Part One) Friday, January 15 THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR Saturday Matinee, January 16 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Saturday Evening, January 16 TWELFTH NIGHT</p>	<p>SECOND WEEK Monday, January 18 MEASURE FOR MEASURE Tuesday, January 19 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW Wednesday Matinee, January 20 A WINTER'S TALE Wednesday Evening, January 20 AS YOU LIKE IT Thursday, January 21 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Friday, January 22 TWELFTH NIGHT Saturday Matinee, January 23 KING HENRY THE FOURTH (Part One) Saturday Evening, January 23 KING LEAR</p>	<p>THIRD WEEK Monday, January 25 AS YOU LIKE IT Tuesday, January 26 MEASURE FOR MEASURE Wednesday Matinee, January 27 THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR Wednesday Evening, January 27 A WINTER'S TALE Thursday, January 28 KING LEAR Friday, January 29 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW Saturday Matinee, January 30 TWELFTH NIGHT Saturday Evening, January 30 A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM</p>
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COMING ATTRACTIONS

<p><i>Columbia Theatre</i> Shakespeare repertoire February 15th to 29th "Sherlock Holmes" with William Gillette <i>Curran Theatre</i> January 25th "Cyrano de Bergerac" with Richard Bennett</p>	<p><i>Stanford Assembly Hall</i> January 29th John Drinkwater's "Bird in Hand" <i>Civic Auditorium</i> January 9th to 16th Automobile Show with Maurice Chevalier</p>	<p><i>Concert Series</i> February 3rd Jose Iturbi—Pianist February 10th Don Cossack Chorus</p>
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Hostess: "I'm so glad you came, Bishop. I was going to send you an invitation, but then I thought 'Oh, what the hell'."
—New Yorker

"Sir, your daughter has consented to become the mother of her children."
—Princeton Tiger

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war."
"Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"
—Annapolis Log

You've been wrong about Garbo . . . she has a sense of humor!
—Motion Picture Magazine

Well, anyway, we were right about Marion Davies.
—Dartmouth Jack-o-lantern



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**"have
you
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"Wonderful! I wanted to enter, but last summer was so hectic—"

"I know. That's just what happened to me. By the way, the rules have been changed, too. The new ones are in the current issue. Let's run around the corner and get a copy and look 'em over."

"Oke . . . I feel this way about it—if Betty White and Cleo Lucas can do it, we can do it!"

**College Humor's
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INTERVIEWING THE STARS

Question: What do you think of Einstein's theory?
ANSWERS
Fifi D'Orsay: "I theenk eet ees ver' fine, eef ya can get the purnt."
Greta Garbo: "I luff it."
George Arliss: "Superb, quite."
Clara Bow: "Swell!"
Harpo Marx: "Honk, honk."
Marie Dressler: "Get out of here, you insulting young pup!"
Bill Haines: "I think it's great. Ya gotta hand it to Albert. The kid's there!"
Grocho Marx: "Now here you got a theory. On one hand there is relativity. On the other hand there's a wart. Now my Uncle David once told me that a wart on the hand is worth two on the under side of an African gnu, etc., etc. . . ."
Eddie Cantor: "Hello, folks. I was just talking to Flo Ziegfeld, and Flo says that the theory would make a swell tableau. Anyway, with my five daughters, I know all about relativity."
Marlene Dietrich: (Note: Miss Dietrich, being incapacitated by virtue of a sliver in her leg from the arm of a chair, was unable to reply.)
Zeppo Marx:
Carl Laemmle: "Stupendous! Magnificent! Greater than the Covered Wagon! Mightier than Ben Hurr. Don't fail to read the Einstein Theory. It will come to your library soon."
—Notre Dame Juggler


Wanted—Car for Stanford weekend. See Grace, Deke house.
—The Dartmouth
!!!!!!?????

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A piercing shriek echoed from the bathroom and sent chills up and down everyone's spine. They rushed in and found poor Ella on the floor in a huddled heap. They lifted her onto the bed, and, in a few minutes, haggard, with a terrified look in her eyes, she came to.

"Ella," cried her mother, "what happened?"

"Oh, mother! It was awful. I stepped into the bathroom and there I saw—"

"Yes?" Everyone strained forward, white as sheets. "You saw—?"

"Pink tooth brush," she hissed in a horrified whisper, and fell back in a faint.
—Penn Punch Bowl

SOUR GRAPES
If there's any guy I could hit with a mallet and enjoy it, it's that pie-faced fraternity man, the school's idol, etc., the one dancing over there with the blonde. She would ask him to this sorority dance!

There they go, the two of them dancing with their heads close together, their bodies barely moving to the music. Two crazy things!



Gee, that drives me wild—I asked that goop to go with me—and he refused . . . !
—e. h. d. in Boston Beanpot

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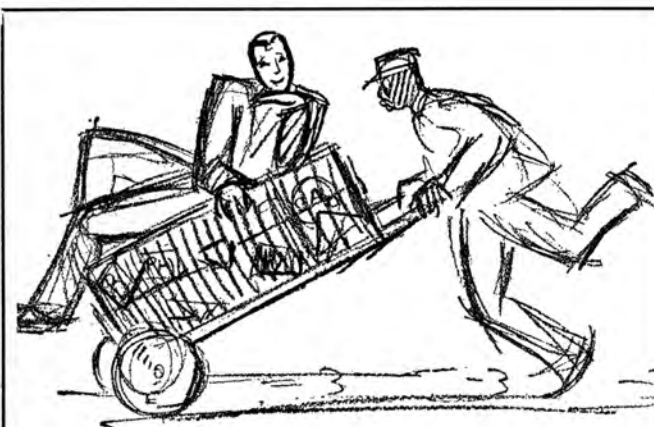
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TWO PREVIEW WRITERS GET TOGETHER

"Hello, Joe, you creator of flaming words which strike straight to the heart of flesh-and-blood people who are yet but pawns on the mad chess-board of life."

"Ah, Tom!—the same dynamic character, more intriguing than ever, eh? Why, a startling story has recently been laid bare to me—a soul-stirring epic of a dread disease called tonsillitis gradually sapping your magnificence."

"What! Is there nothing but cruelty flowing through the veins of this godless age? Joe, the withering breath of scandal has finally scorched me, the man who laughed at the world and thought he was immune. If you only believe me! Tell me, Joe old all star,—nothing else matters!"

"Certainly, Tom—it might happen to me and me and me. I laugh with your joy and weep with your sorrow. The stark truth tugs at my heartstrings one moment and tickles my ribs the next. Well, I'm lashed to the twentieth century juggernaut of fabulous ideals and must push along."

"Yep, we are all slaves to a modern, whirlwind, money-mad civilization in a super-drama of men and women. But we can't afford to miss it. See you later, Joe."

—Notre Dame Juggler

If a lady should ever tell you she's an alumnae of Dartmouth in good standing, don't be too quick to look for a double meaning.

—Jack o'Lantern

Be quicker to correct her Latin grammar.

—Dartmouth Jack-o-lantern

Broadway Producer's Note

"It's not the ludicrous that people want; it's the lewd-iculous."

Dear Miss Dix:

Is it a sign that a boy loves you because he kisses you?

—Ethel

Answer: Goodness, no. Boys will kiss anything. It is only a sign that the girl isn't very particular.

—Dorothy Dix.

—N. Y. Evening Post

Don't believe that old nasty, Ethel.

—Columbia Jester



Gleeful College Boy: "Goody, goody! He called me 'sophomoric' and I'm only a Freshman !!!"

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah



Captain (to belated passenger who has suddenly appeared on the deck of the abandoned ship): "Jump, man! Jump, quick! Don't you see she's going down?"

Passenger: "Is my wife saved?"

Captain: "Yes."

Passenger: "Well, goodbye. I can't spend the rest of my life explaining why I let her take this steamer."

—The Outspan

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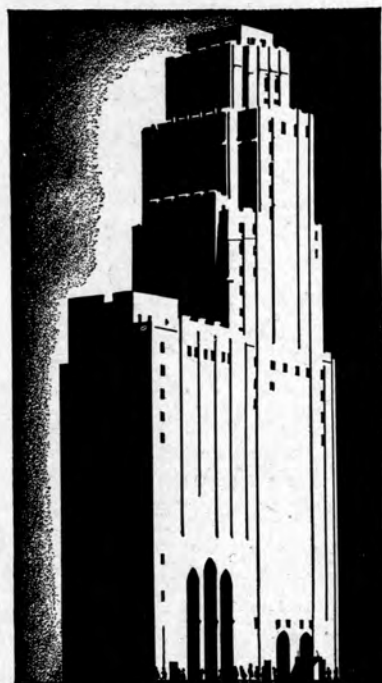
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"Are you a good sport?"

"Yes."

"Then let me lean against you."

—Penn Punch Bowl

MR. EDGERTON'S SON GOES
EAST WITH U. S. C. TEAM

Not much wonder Mr. Edgerton, credit manager, looked so gleeful the day of the U. S. C.-Notre Dame game! He could almost hear his son Bailey yelling his head off! While Bailey, who is yell leader at U. S. C., didn't have his customary crowd to make "yell whoopee," he tried to make up in vim and vigor for those who were missing. Young Bailey, who is studying dentistry at U. S. C., was the only one who made the trip outside the team, an honor given him for recognition of work well done earlier in the season. It was his first trip East, too! Incidentally, Bailey's famous smile is seen all over the place in movies made of the returning victors.

—Broadway Dep't. Store World

Great to get back home, eh Bailey?

"Shall I set it for 7:30?"

"No, we gotta start getting up early."

Make it 7:29."

"She claims old French ancestry?"

"Yes, she's so Frank that she calls a spade a pique."

The more optimistic freshman says that Encina maybe isn't so bad because after all every farm must have its barn.

FABLE

One upon a time two tourists found that they had a mutual acquaintance in Oshkosh and neither of them said, "Well, well, it's a small world after all."

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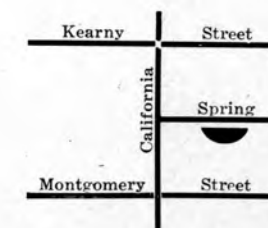
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Something *New* and *Exciting*



Shortly after Mr. Machamer finished sketching this scene, four men actually fell out of the window! But as they landed on the well-cushioned seat, nobody was hurt. Thank heaven, no bloodshed stained this historic occasion—the first appearance of the new Chevrolet Six on the streets of dear old Whatsis.

And, by the way, have *you* seen the car that's causing all this furore? But that's a foolish question. Everybody has who gets around at all. It's the sensation of the season—beyond question the most stunning automobile you'll see this year. The performance is just as exciting—exceptional speed delivered with amazing smoothness and quietness. Yet prices remain as low as a gigolo's I. Q.

If you have the price, you'll buy the new Chevrolet Six on sight. If you haven't—well, we aren't worried about that. Once you've seen this car, you'll find a way to own one.

The new Chevrolet Six, just announced, offers driving thrills you have never had in any low-priced car. Its new features include: the famous silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission—simplified Free Wheeling—60 horsepower—65 to 70 miles an hour speed—smart new Fisher bodies—even greater six-cylinder smoothness and quietness, and even faster pick-up. It is available in 20 distinctive models, priced as low as \$475, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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Dorothy Mackaill

Dorothy Mackaill is the same fascinating, rollicking personality in real life as the parts she plays. Watch for Dorothy in her next **First National Picture**, "**Safe in Hell.**" There is never a dull moment in any of **First National's** pictures starring that Mackaill girl.

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*** Is Miss Mackaill's
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You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Mackaill to make the above statement. Miss Mackaill has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 6 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to First National, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.