

STANFORD
CHAPARRAL
JANUARY 25^o '33



Ray

**SCIENTIFIC
NUMBER**

Thomas + Gist

PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED

Virginia, you are the motive and my
Response creates the condition
That is known to science and rightly named
Erotic inhibition.

The memories of you are the stimuli
Leading my hormones astray,
And they make me surge with an amorous urge
That wipes my reason away.

I cannot think with a sober mien,
Because your eidetic image
Stands at my side and callously eggs
My instincts into scrimmage.

Virginia, won't you ameliorate
My ailing endocrines,
And yield but a smile to appease the wrath
Of anxious hordes of genes?

For only a word and a wisp of hope,
Or permanent prohibition,
Can purge this organism of
Erotic inhibition!

—Cornell Widow



She: I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.
He: Shake.

—Yowl



'32: Stand at attention!
'35: I am, sir. It's the uniform that is at ease, sir.

—V. P. I. Skipper



Some people's idea of a great country is a land overflowing
with milk-maids and honeys.

—Alabama Rammer Jammer



"Hey, what's the idea of wearing my raincoat?"
"Well, you wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would
you?"

—Cornell Widow



"So you didn't marry that sweet young thing because of the
way her father drank?"

"Yes, he was too drunk to hold the shot-gun."
—Brown Jug



A cultured woman is one who can pull up a shoulder strap
without going through the motions of a small boy scooping his
new hat up out of the mud.

—Longhorn



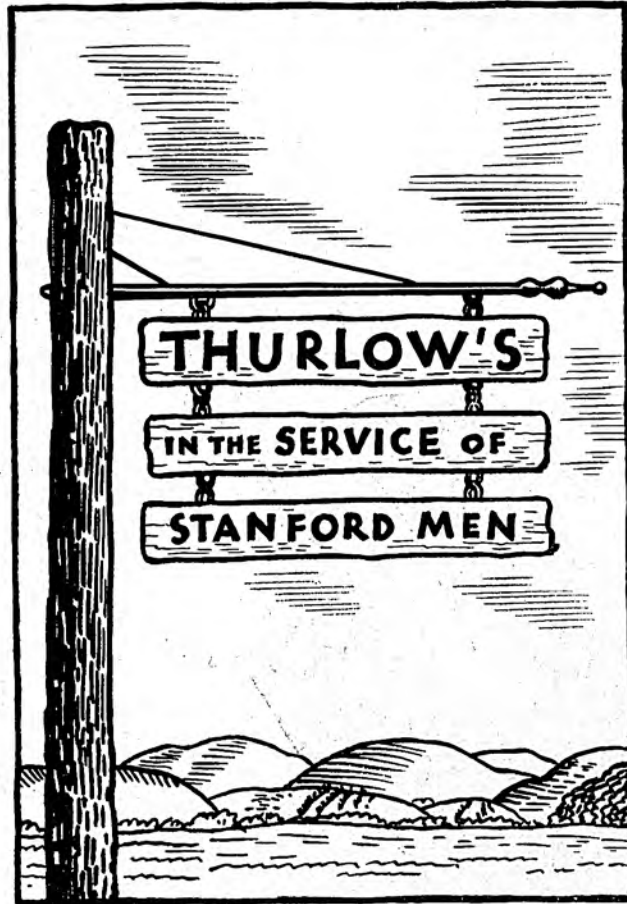
"Yes, we shot a good many rapids while we were in the
North woods."
"Did you find them good eating?"

—Siren



Proud Papa: Don't you think it's about time the baby
learned to say papa?
Mama: Oh no, I hadn't intended telling him until he be-
comes a little stronger.

—Kitty Kat



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Suavely
I walked down the carpeted stair,
Proudly
Tilting my head of freshly-waved hair.

The average American is too honest to steal, too proud to
beg, too lazy to work, and too poor to pay cash. That's why
we have to give him credit. —Red Cat



Regal
I was, in velvet, wine-red;
Exquisitely
Groomed, and exquisitely bred.

"... now I want a see ya' go out there 'n show 'em ya
got stomachs." —Pointer



Graciously
Extending my hands to my love,
Unsmiling
For—there was a hole in my glove!
—Owl

"Did you ever hear of a wooden wedding?"
"That's when two Poles get married." —Owl



THE ARMY CHILD'S PRIMER

- Q. Is that the Tactical Officer?
- A. Yes, that is the Tactical Officer.
- Q. What is a Tactical Officer?
- A. The Tactical Officer is a sort of superior policeman.
- Q. Why is he superior?
- A. Nobody knows. It just seems that way.
- Q. Why is he a policeman?
- A. Mustn't ask psychological questions.
- Q. Can I be a Tactical Officer when I grow up?
- A. No.
- Q. Why not?
- A. Because papa is going to take you out and hit you over
the head with a hammer. —Pointer

Curious Old Lady—Why, you've lost your leg, haven't you?
Cripple—Well, damned if I haven't. —Kitty-Kat



Sonny—Mother, Poppa wouldn't murder anybody, would
he?

Mommer—Why, certainly not, child. What makes you
think that?

Sonny—Well, I just heard him down in the cellar saying,
"let's kill the other two, George."
—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl



A big game hunter went out one morning without a gun
or camera. On the trail he met a lioness. She made a jump
at his head and he ducked. She jumped again and missed.
Three times she overjumped. The last time she disappeared
over a little knoll. He thought this rather queer, so he peeked
over the knoll, and there was the lioness practicing shorter
jumps. —Columns

He—My heart is on fire with love for you; my very soul
is aflame.

She—Never mind, father will put you out.
—Brown Jug



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THE WATSON STUDIO

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Lady—I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please.
Polite Clerk—Yes, madam, white kid?
Lady—Sir! —Princeton Tiger

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the negro when leaving the house. —Log

A fullback punts and grunts:
A pig is dis-grunted and punted.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY (NO. 1)

Editor of "Ballyhoo"

Five P.M.—Pushes stenographer from lap, puts on hat and coat and leaves office . . . stops for a few minutes to chat with men in manhole . . . peeps in window of dwelling at woman taking bath . . . makes mental note of street cleaner pushing brush in street . . . arrives home . . . chases iceman out of kitchen . . . sits on chair and reads cigarette ads in evening paper . . . turns on balanced radio and listens to jumble of announcements, static, and advertising . . . plays bridge with wife, butler, and Fuller Brush man . . . shoots wife after argument over bridge hand . . . retires in twin bed. —Green Coat

LINES TO A LIVELY LADY

May each birthday as it goes
Leave you gay and hearty;
Always right up on your toes
Ready for a party.

May you dash with vim and pep
Night clubs patronizing;
Making for yourself a rep
Simply paralyzing.

But my wish is vain, I fear,
Time's a trickster dirty—
You will look like hell, my dear,
Long before you're thirty! —Purple Cow

Two financiers (big business tycoons to you) discovered that an office boy in their employ had been tampering with the petty cash.

One of them was so much enraged that he desired to send for the police, but the other was a Calm and Just man. He took a more moderate and humane view of the situation. "No, no," he said; "let us always remember that we began in a small way ourselves." —Brown Jug

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The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.
As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.
"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said. —Long Horn

I chanced on a queer-looking Man
Who was standing inside a Pan.
He'd just banged his Hip
And the hooch, which did Drip,
He was trying to catch as it Ran. —Brown Jug

Remember when you set out to buy your winter underwear that it isn't the original cost—it's the upcreep. —Longhorn

"But mister, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in North Carolina."
"That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes." —Buccaneer

ROISTERER

Professor—I shall not start the lecture until the room settles down.
Voice from rear—Go home and sleep it off, old man. —Black and Blue Jay

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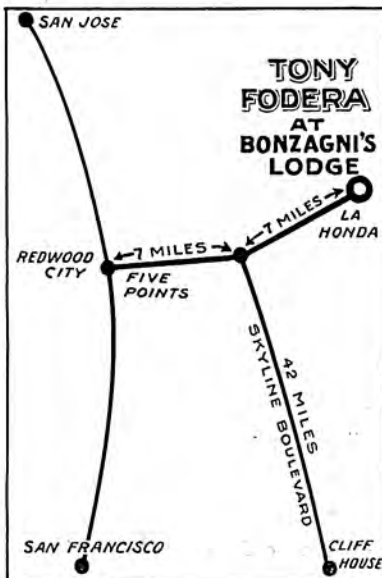
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They danced . . . she suggested air. They strolled across the lawn to an apple tree that had graced the green for many years. He offered her a cigarette . . . she was only human . . . she accepted . . . Inside, the music continued . . . he felt safe and rather snug out here alone with the neatness in satin . . . he asked a couple of abstract questions . . . she answered without a sign of realizing the preliminary aspect of the conversation . . . He felt as if he had known her forever . . . he told her that . . . she sort of mmed instead of answering. He bent over her head . . . she raised her lips to his . . . oblivion. He stared at her with a seeming craziness . . . she just gazed at him . . . Then he said it: "Gawd, I wish I had asked you for this week-end instead of Jack." —Froth

Bill—I had a great night. However, I landed in jail.
Jake—You're damned lucky. I found my way home. —Froth

PROFESSORS WE HAVE KNOWN

The Regular Fellow

He wears golf trousers and ribbed stockings
When he meets William and Joseph
He says, "Hullo, Bill and Joe!"
And swears occasionally
To show them he is one of them.
He doesn't want respect.
(And he doesn't get it.)
When you go to see him,
You find him with his
Mental feet on the table!

The Young Professor

He stoops a little as he walks,
Feeling the weight of his key.
He hides his youth behind double lenses
And a scientific magazine.
He is very cold and smooth.
A specimen preserved in acid.
There are little worry wrinkles between his eyes
He is afraid that some day someone will
Think he is a student.
(He only graduated three years ago.)
Because he teaches evolution
Some people do not think he is religious,
But every night he prays:
"Oh, Lord! Help me to remember
The dignity of my position!"

The Radical

He spent one winter in Russia
And came back a radical.
He sings a long, long hymn of hate.
He hates his class (the size of it).
He hates his salary (the lack of it).
He hates the accepted order of things:
He hates faculty meetings and faculty teas,
He hates the present system of government,
He hates other professors who aren't radical,
He hates everything—
Except himself.

The Wiry Professor

He is very thin,
And carries raisins in his pockets.
His posture is excellent.
He wears ground-grippers,
And rubbers when it rains.
He enunciates distinctly
And clips off his words: snip, snip,
With invisible shears.
He has built a wooden fence around his house
And a barbed-wire fence
Around his mind.

—Brown Jug

"Is Charlie drunk again?"
"Oh, no, he's just syncopated."
"Syncopated?"
"Yeah, moving unevenly from bar to bar."
—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah

Alice had a little swing;
A swing without a back,
And every eve a different beau
Would help supply the lack.
—Brown Jug

Then there's the one about Isaac Don Rabinowitz. He kept his nose to the grindstone for so long that when he was a senior he was elected to the presidency of the Y.M.C.A.
—Owl

Little Bo-Peep
Is losing sleep,
Running around to dances.
Let her alone,
And she'll come home,
A victim of circumstances.
—Sun Dial

A girl stood in the bleachers
Whence all but she had fled;
The quarterback had long since passed,
And even the ball was dead.
The guards had left the playing field,
The halfbacks gone away,
The tackles, fullback, center, too
Had left without delay.
She'd noticed all these players
The Gym-ward steps ascend,
And there, where shadows darkened,
The gal awaited her end.
—Orange Peel

Wanted: Two tutors—tutor-tutored tutors, tutored to tutor two tutors to tutor two too-tutored tutees. —Lampoon

CATS AND KINGS

A cat may look upon a king
Or for that matter, anything;
A king's prerogative at that
Permits him to observe the cat;
But I most surely certain am
That neither of them gives a damn.
—Owl

Sam (to wife at show)—Mandy, tell dat Niggah to take his ahm away from 'round yo' waist.
Mandy—Tell him yo'self. He's a puffect stranger t' me.
—Brown Jug

"Maybe you don't notice any change in little Effie, Abner, but dang her little soul, she just swallowed a nickel."
—Orange Peel

"Wunst I almost went to Yale."
"And why not?"
"The old man paid my fine."
—Pointer



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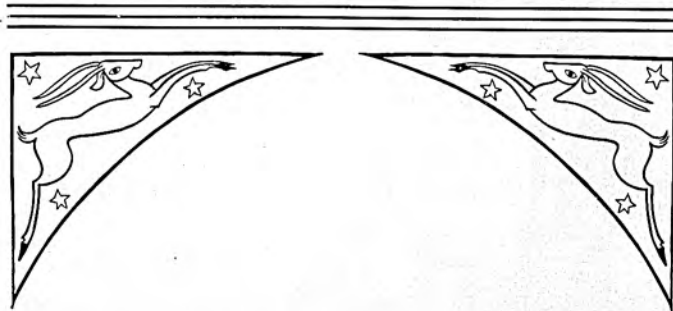
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under your hat, too

DIRTY GUY

In every single football game
The referees are all the same.
He'll penalize away each gain,
For he's the referee.

There he goes; he has the ball;
The chalk-lines fast behind him fall.
Can no one stop him? He's so small!
Dog-gone the referee.

The referee has made more yards
Than fullbacks plunging through the guards,
Of California and the Cards.
Oh, darn the referee.

—Pelican



EXCHANGE EDITOR'S LAMENT

Oh pity the poor Exchange Editor,
The man with the scissors and paste.
Oh think of the man who must read all the jokes,
And think of the hours he wastes.

He sits at his desk until midnight,
How worried and pallid he looks
As he scans through the college comics
And reads all the funny books.

This joke he can't clip—it's too dirty.
This story's no good—it's too clean.
This woman won't do—she's too shapely.
This chorus girl's out—it's obscene.

The jokes are the same, full of co-eds,
And guys who get drunk on their dates,
Bathtubs, sewers, and freshmen,
And stories of unlawful mates.

Jokes about profs and their readers,
Jokes about overdue bills,
Jokes about girls in their boudoirs,
And each is as old as the hills.

Jokes about brides buying twin beds,
Jokes about unwanted kids,
Jokes about Scotchmen and Frenchmen,
Jokes about Irish and Yids.

The clips must be clean for the mothers,
The clips must have sex for the boys,
The clips must be packed full of humor
Or the editor raises a noise.

The cracks must have fire and sparkle,
Sprinkled with damn, louse, and hell,
The blurbs must be pure—and yet filthy
Or the manager swears it won't sell.

O pity the man with the clipper,
He's only a pawn and a tool.
In trying to keep his jokes dirty and clean
He's usually kicked out of school.

—Pelican



Then there was the street cleaner who spent his vacation
in a fraternity bull session. —Ohio Green Goat



Pastor: Why don't you come to services any more, my
young man?
Stude: Oh, the choir is terrible.
Pastor: What the hell do you expect for a dime—a Russian
ballet? —Lehigh Burr

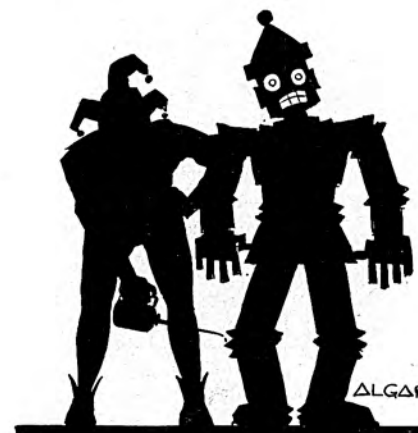
SCIENCE!

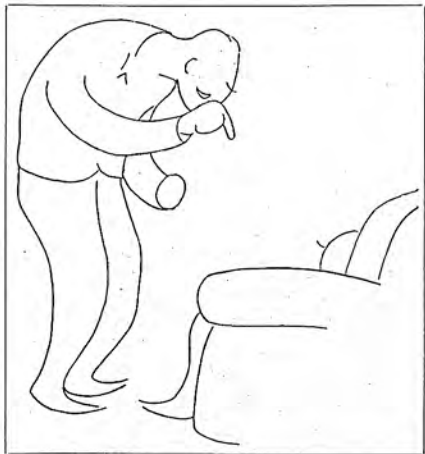
The Old One loudly sneers at Technocrats,
And dishes out some grand guffaws
At theses on the temperature of rats
Whose stomachs show nutrition flaws.

What matter if some molecules have tails?
And years in cold gray labs are spent
To wander slyly over atomic scales
To make an alkaline repeat?

The Old One laughed when science failed to save
A robot from our modern strife;
A few quick ones, and then a flivver's grave
When gin extinguished metal life.

—D. C.

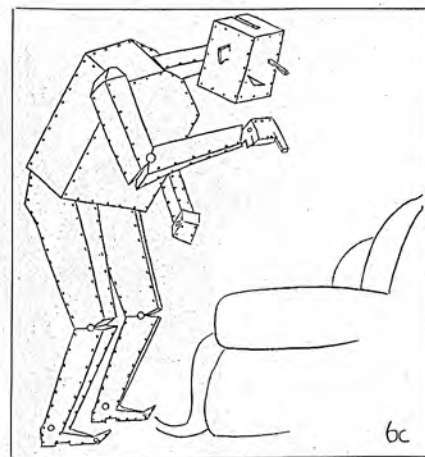




THE EVOLUTION



OF THE



RUSHING CHAIRMAN



Volume 34

JANUARY, 1933

Number 4

EX UNO PLURES

NE'ER lowered he his microscopic eyes
 Nor blushed nor paled nor ever turned aside,
 To see the gentle hydra, solemn-wise
 Embrace with hydrous tentacles his bride.
 No such romance his solemn mind would trace;
 He thought of individuality
 As but genetic fodder to the race,
 In terms of guided prolificity.
 Unversed, he recked not of his student's beauty—
 He thought her low on the philetic scale—
 He reckoned not, nor knew the primal duty
 That held him both the primate and the male.
 But She and Time did teach him finally
 The metaphysics of biology.

—hVbanDh
 or
 Hawkins & von B.

DRE-SCIENCE: rules governing looking into her eyes and seeing

Con-science: that system of generalized moral knowledge tending to force inhibitory responses to what may be actually the more desirable course of action and to be counteracted only by

Real-science: that system of quick analysis and apt action employed by the more skillful and predatory members of both sexes.

CLASSIFIED

HOW different the introvert
 From all the birds that fly.
 He maketh but his Phi Bete key
 Nor seeth yet the sky.
 No simple song doth charm his heart
 Nor note of bliss beat there.
 He looketh not on women. Nay.
 All hath he lost save care.

Who'd be a simple introvert
 Need only lose his sleep.
 How do I know why introverts?
 I'm one. That's why I weep.

RUSHING SIMPLIFIED

FOUR hundred fifty subjects; two hundred old world monkeys, greasus medium; two hundred New World monkeys, hallum ordinaria; and fifty-six-and a fraction of the higher primate types; i.e., Big Nugget, pure gold, boy, pure gold, were employed in this series of preliminary experiments. The new and complex Maze Method, just worked out by the Experimentation Council, seemed to work out well, the subjects being even more amazed, confused, and startled than even the best minds had expected.

A long Lasuen with an Alvarado and a Salvatierra to the one side and a small Hooverhome Hill (used so successfully in the late visiting Smith investigation. You get it, huh huh?) was set up. Dimensions in general were often 50 X macadam + straight-line capacity 3. This was on the average, however. To the right and left and in the long run were placed unpainted bait boxes, old bay windows, three or four horsebarns, and, unless we err, a horsecart (this, however, was provisional). Care was taken to put these on central corners, odd dump heaps, baffle-bars, and whatever old traffic buttons were available. Each bait box door was provided with letters in the original Greek (vintage of '92). This was to encourage the subject. Subjects were now carded, indexed, and after a thorough dusting, set free for a conventional (ah ha ha) two-hour period. That was stage one. We will continue with operations on stage two.

Subjects averaging point one or higher on these first trials were now re-carded and held for shipment while subjects making a score under point one were taken in hand by the committee; each received a thorough drubbing down, was revolved three times, and given a stiff shot of codliver. This seemed to pull them out of it, except in cases where strings had been provided. The majority did a rapid reverse, faded toward the center, and went rapidly smoker, some developing odd l'mgonagetcha attitudes while others took up chess.

In a typical case (note: Sergt. Grischa) the subject after stumbling sought entrance into Bait No. 19 where observer R. C. to the ninth power quickly cornered him under a pool table. The subject came out in a pocket, reversed cues, and was observed to have been laid on the table. A retrial at No. 23 was, however, successful. The subject after a short dilemma followed by three quick ones, an upstairs compartment, and three roommates went rapidly through an IDodo-doldo to rally from under with eighteen Thatsswellfella-gee-whizthasgreatboys, & a handy combination shoeblacker, porcelainprivyseal, and paperweight which observer I. L. happily phrased the button. Class one, other things being equal, closely correlated with the case of Subject X, Group One, as cited.

—von B.



Course Hops — 2B

STANFORD UNIVERSITY—PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

Exercise No. 3.2

Report on **Experimental Work — Effect of Yeast on Malt or how to make money at home**

by **Gordon "Blue Ribbon" Steedman**, assisted by **Bob "Who, me?" de Roos**

Date of Experimental Work **Rainy afternoons of Jan. 2 — Jan. 16.**

OBJECT OF THIS EXERCISE

The object of this experiment is: a) to prove it can be done b) to show food value of 3.2% beer c) to keep the younger generation at home d) determine effects of yeast on sluggish systems (adv.).

LIST OF APPARATUS

Name and Description	Laboratory No.
2 crocks or bathtubs	
49 bottles (unwashed)	
6 lbs. of sugar (4 lbs. to be spilt on floor)	
2 cans malt syrup	
3 cakes yeast (per day)	
4 gals. water (malarial)	

PROCEDURE OR HOW WE DONE IT

Boil water, H₂O, to a crisp. While waiting for water play three rounds of something. Remove crisp from pan, insert more water. Repeat, as above under 1. If not watched carefully this can go on indefinitely—we gotta get through sometime. Mix malt with water and boil until it forms soft ball in cold water. To insure success, it would be wise to toss the damn mess down the sink and go to Tony's for beer. Insert sugar, 4 lbs. To save time now put in remaining ingredients, saving only enough for breakfast (a), or lunch (a, too). At this point sample product, and repeat under 2. More rounds of something. Now somebody has to wash the bottles, unless the bottles are left unwashed. Allow to cool. Add 3 quarts alky. Sample, after removing foreign matter (stuff not in ingredients) from the top. Sample. I thin' needs lot more al-li-al-ly—no, lot more sugar. Sample, tastes sorta funny, don't it, put in a bitta funny little bit of lem, lem, lime rickey, and then some more alky and then, an then,



LITTLE Speak Softly, he at Pueblo-Much-High-Learning whole quarter and some more now and he begin to see lots sides of school life. He see studying very, very fine thing, indeed.

He sit in cold public meeting place and hear Chief way far away and Little Speak Softly listen and listen and Chief say, ". . . that is what Citizenship is for, my friends. You, YOU, are to make use of the scientific method."

He squat in dirt and Chief LaPiere, which is most funny name for Indian Chief but which will have to do, he say, ". . . in study of subject must approach from scientific viewpoint. Must think, THINK."

And Little Speak Softly walk out of room when sun high over head and he almost hurt he think so hard and he go to Chem lab, and he stand and look at experiments and he get so mad he want to take war hatchet and cut book into little pieces.

Little Speak Softly see everything now, by gods. For many suns he work experiments just like Chief say and he don't think at all. He don't THINK. Little Speak Softly mad like hops.

And he say to himself he must use scientific method and he chuck book out hole in wall.

And he begin to think. And Little Speak Softly go get very fine chemicals and three very very nice test tubes and couple beakers and he say "I approach with scientific attitude, oh my oh my oh my."

So he do very pretty experiment and he mix lots of very nice chemicals which much fun he think and then he put things in test tube and put test tube over Bunsen burner and everything berl over fast and Little Speak Softly think my, how fine things are going.

And then something happen quick and Little Speak Softly go to hogan for sick Indians and lie on blanket with bandages on face and he think what funny look on face of Chief when he see all little pieces of glass and two tables broken and big hole in wall and Little Speak Softly smile and think maybe Chief never use scientific method, oh my. —B. C.

CONTEMPORARY PROOFS OF PREVIOUS SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES

The Discoverer	The Discovery	The Contemporary Proof
Sir Isaac Newton	The law of falling bodies	John Skinner, 16, of Rosemead, Cal., sustained a fractured skull when hit on the head by an apple dropped from a third-story window.
Adam Smith	The law of diminishing returns.	Joseph A. Schwartz of Boulder Creek, Cal., put in five pounds of sugar instead of the usual three and the batch was bad.
Pavlov	Conditioned reflex	Big Game night, 1932, 1,634 Stanford students returned home safely.
William Shakespeare	"Music soothes the savage breast."	When "Buddy" Rogers attended an Alpha Phi jolly-up (autumn 1931) there was no violence displayed.
Abraham Lincoln	"You can fool some of the people some of the time . . . etc."	Arthur Brisbane in his daily column: "The country is not in good condition." —F. C. & von B.

THE FORMULA

AH, a wondrous thing it be That still the Omnipresent Three In scientific enterprise Presents itself to reverent eyes—

In marriage's delinquency A Sin, a Sinner, and a She; Triune support for Dogs and Cats In parties of the Third part, Rats.

That Plots and Plays and Bridges are Of fabric quite Triangular; That even Planet, Moon, and Star Must go in Threes Orbicular.

Love, Marriage, and Divorce, The Cart, the Driver, and the Horse; The Flea, his Back, and Lesser Flea, Space, Time, and Entropy.

Now search we for the Hub Sublime (Its path a Trinity of Time), The Universal Lubricant Of motion so mellifluent:

We seek the Axis of the Wheel; What mystic fluid will reveal? The Riddle solved, our quest is done— Lo! 'Tis blessed 3-in-1. —D. H.

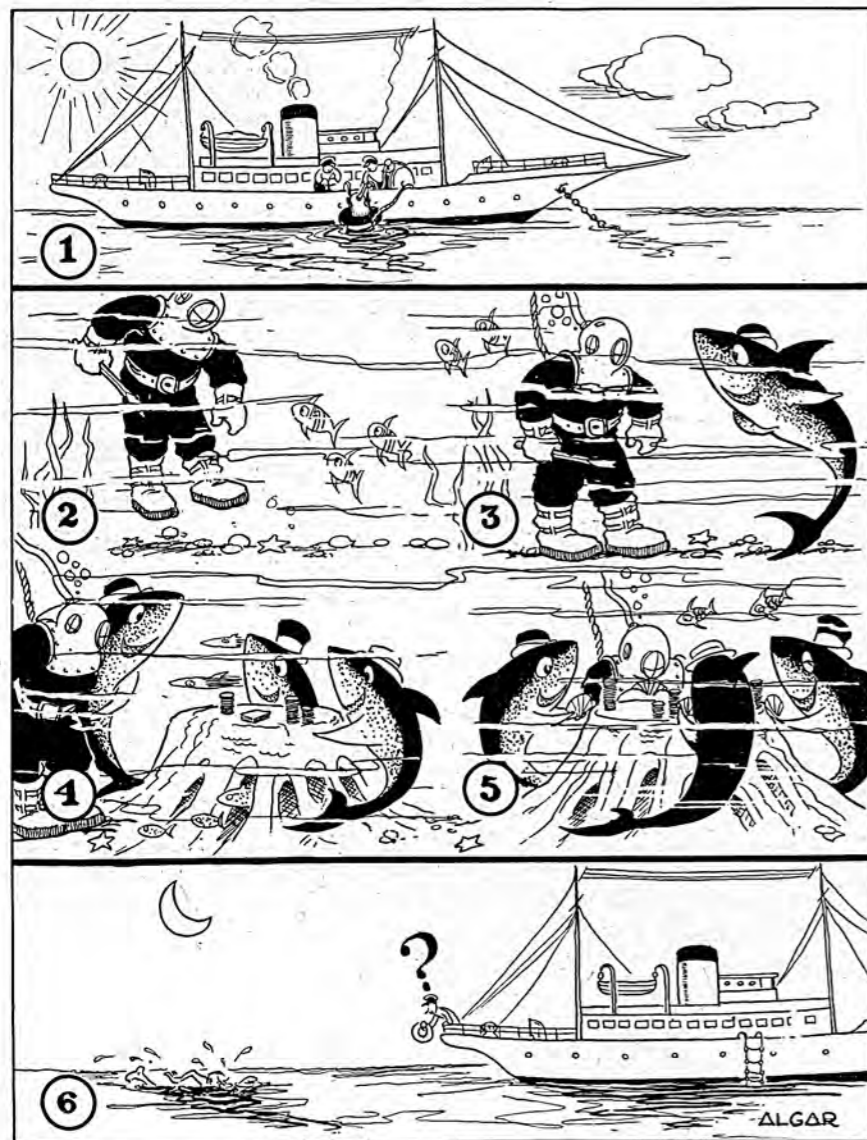


"You say that Jim Reynolds and the Zetes threw a party here only last week?"



SING SOFTLY WHILE PLAYING THE FLUTE

THE chipper little chinkapin was blinking thru a chink:
I caught a fleeting glimpse when he was winking at a mink,
And casually wondered, was he prinking, do you think,
Against a chance encounter with a shrinking bobolink?
Alas! What boots it that I view phenomena like this?
The opposite of transport! O the opposite of bliss!
Choriambic conversations smite the unattending ear,
Dithyrambic dissertations dawn upon the atmosphere,
As minor poets roam the wold dispensing joy and cheer,
Pronouncing perispomenons to all who care to hear.
I detect a bud that burgeons on the jaborandi trees,
But my yearnings are nostalgic, and my heart is not in these—
For they're celebrating Christmas in the far Antipodes.
Tho there's julep in my jorum and I sometimes go on sprees
And participate extensively in vernal jamborees—
How I miss my Christmas wassail in the far Antipodes!
So I vent my irritation in a psychopathic sigh,
While from out my sorrow-laden soul there comes a weary cry
That interrupts the cooing of the duck-billed platypi:
"I wish the birds were all defunct: I wish the flowers would die!
Why can't I, like the senseless hordes of bumptious buzzing bees,
Be gently wafted southward on a salutary breeze
And spend a merry Christmas in the far Antipodes?" —H.S.



SCIENTIFICTION

THE crowd milled around the strange looking interplanetary rocket ship, the Bookstore9kQ. Not since the Insect Rebellion of 5000 A.T. (after Technocracy) had the interest of the common people been so stirred up. I, the inventor of the Greep Mono-Submarplane, was in my glory.

"Who's there?" cried X134BCZ8Q, my valet who always carried my X-ray overcoat. The bushes moved again. "My God!" I sang out in my loudest thought wave; "It's Lew Flapp and his cronies!" At this moment Mr. Dameron came up and said, "Tom Swift, I agree to pay half of your expenses on your trip to the moon." Thereupon the people gave a big cheery thought wave for us and with wavings of synthetic arms, technocratic flags, and radioactive tears we were off in a cloud of rockets!

I now turn to my journal:
May 11, 5933: Today we dropped into the Sun. It was discovered that our stowaway, Lew Flapp and his cronies, had put poison ivy in the uranium steel alloy of the cromium printhian steering apparatus. However, we all whipped out our fire-proof space suits and explored the Sun. We found that the natives could fry eggs in the streets.

July 4th, 5933: Today half the crew died of Dirty-Shirt-itus-a-um.

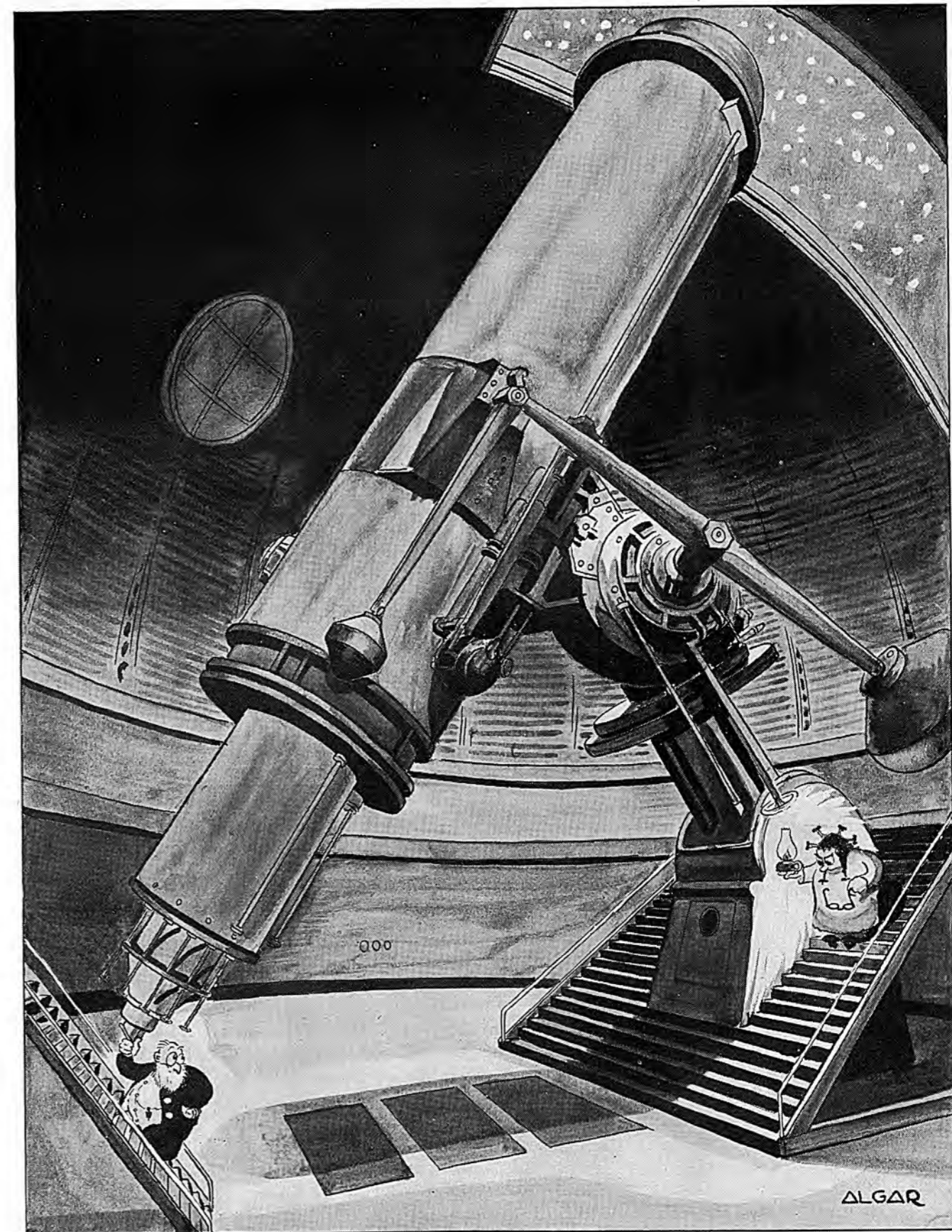
Jan. 1st: We found the bodies of Lew Flapp and his cronies today, all dead from Dirtyshirtitus.

Jan. 5: Everyone on the rocket ship Bookstore is a corpse from Dirtyshirtitus-a-um but myself. I have only one clean shirt left—then I will have to wear one of the shirts of 2ZY85R\$Q¾, the first mate. Even my faithful mascot, Daphne the Dinosaur, passed away today while taking a radioactive helium shower.

Oct. 5th: I have turned back, defeated. It was a lot of work having funerals for all my men and Daphne the Dinosaur. I put on one of the shirts of Lew Flapp and his cronies yesterday. As I write my neck grows weary. I send thought waves to Juniper for aid. It is no use—the King of Juniperis away having a duel with the King of Mars with ray guns at one light year. I grow weak—my head whirls—I have visions of horrible shapes and forms—gruesome—I can write no more—it is the end.

June 9: I died last night and had my funeral today. Now the rocket ship flies earthward alone—if only the world might know of the supply of green cheese on the moon.

NOTE:
This manuscript, signed by Jonathan Greep, was found in the synchronized space messenger which fell among the lofty suburbs of Albakikque, New Mexico. Where is the Bookstore now? What is it doing? Is it still flying in ether? Does it go in circles? Is it progressing? Who knows—who cares—or gives a damn. —W. W.



"Horace! You've forgotten your glasses again!"

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



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

The Chappies

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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BODDUGH '04
LILAC MALMQUIST '29



NOW THAT

student managing of sports is a funny racket. The Old One realizes that the first batch of frosh are out for the football jobs and that next fall others will turn out as sophomores for basketball, baseball, track and so on because they want to work, or because the house wants them to, or because they are just plain dumb or perhaps for more obscure reasons such as a desire to learn to take it on the chin. The present system of sport managing is all wrong in its tryout phases with the poor heelers working for two years and then having nothing to show for it unless they happen to crash through with a senior managership which hardly compensates for the two years' labor. The Old Boy says that it should be changed completely and that unless a change of some sort takes place managing is due to die out in the next few years. The Ancient One thinks the basic fault is the tryout period and suggests that it be shortened to one year, the sophomore year. At the end of that time a single junior manager will be picked who will assist the senior manager and automatically succeed to the head position his senior year. Chappie regrets that any fellow should be forced in his efforts to get on the boat to waste two full years chasing a job which if he fails to win, will mean just so much lost time. Give them a year to try, and if they lose they still have time to go out after something else their last half in school, or at least have a good time.



NOW THAT

very worthwhile activity of the Theatre Fund Committee in carrying on the work for a successor to the decrepit Assembly Hall, the initial efforts in this direction being those of Chappie under Old Boy Shoup's regime as wielder of the silver sledge, is to be commended but with certain reservations. The Committee brooded over two items: The Junior Opera was a financial failure and the campus was not drama conscious. The next step to glory for the committee is to handle a financially successful substitute for the J. Opera and make the campus horribly drama conscious. The Old Fellow thinks the Committee has success almost thrown in its face, but that it's afraid to go ahead because the change is too sudden. The Venerable Cuckoo is in favor of an all male show (or ratrace) with a very punk plot, possibly worse dancing, and if none better were available, impossible music and lyrics, plus the backing of all the publicity mediums on the campus, to be a NATURAL in rousing Mr. Average Stanford Man from his obliviousness to things dramatic, and to make MONEY. This Stanford stage needs a bigger turnover in campus actors, something Director Helvenston has done with Holiday, his latest show, and an All Male Musical Maelstrom would present countless new faces, cost less than anything else to produce, and bring in the money at the gate. The Old One has been around the Stanford Stage a long time now, and just as in a previous editorial he staked his sport judgment on several wild assumptions, concerning basketball, he now shoots the works in saying that the Theatre Fund Committee is lucky to have such a chance and that it can't turn it down. The faculty objection to an all male show could be easily overruled for such an excellent purpose as that which motivates the committee. Men, men, money, money, money.

NOW THAT contributors' spot shows the name of Helen Stanford, '28, a member of Hammer and Coffin and one of the best poets, masculine or feminine, ever to grace this campus, and the Old One thanks her for the nifty verse. The Venerable Cuckoo also thanks Thor Putnam, member of the Grand Society, for his art contributions from the southland. He is even more interested in the new talent and would like to see more from the pens and typewriters of the members of '35 and '36.



NOW THAT

presents the casaba tossing aggregation for 1933. Tutored by a capable coach, and seasoned by a strenuous exposure to midwestern cage technique, the varsity has been quite a bit tardy in showing anything but occasional flashes of a real outfit. Yet the Ancient Feller figures that the payoff is not yet. The Old Dodderer expects to see every one of the eight remaining conference games, and of that number he insists Bunn's muscle men will gather in four contests. John Bunn has been here three years now, with each year giving him the worst material in the conference, and even so he has not lost his genial manner, nor did he shoot anyone on the team following the last Cal game, although how he has remained unsoured is a mystery to the Old Boy. For John is a Big Time coach in any league, and a Big Time personality at any egg-nog party, and this team of 1933 is one outfit that should help him feel the change from Kansas was worthwhile. The Ancient One admits that there are only six players of really top rank at Bunn's disposal, but that group is capable of high class basketball, as evidenced by its showing against U.S.C. Since John Bunn came to the Farm interest in basketball has tripled, and Stanford has always been represented with a scrapping five that might have been outclassed in sheer polish but was not outfought. This year things are a bit different because the team possesses more basketball class than any previous Bunn-coached teams and, despite some early setbacks, that class is going to carry them on to a satisfactory closing season. The Old One sticks his nose out a mile to bet on the redshirts, and says again that payoff time is not yet.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Literary and Art

Helen Stanford, '28
(Hammer and Coffin)
Thor Putnam, '32
(Hammer and Coffin)
James Willson, '34
Carl Reinemund, '34
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Dave Hawkins, '33
Dick Dawson, '36

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Gordon Williams, '36
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Charles Hood, '35

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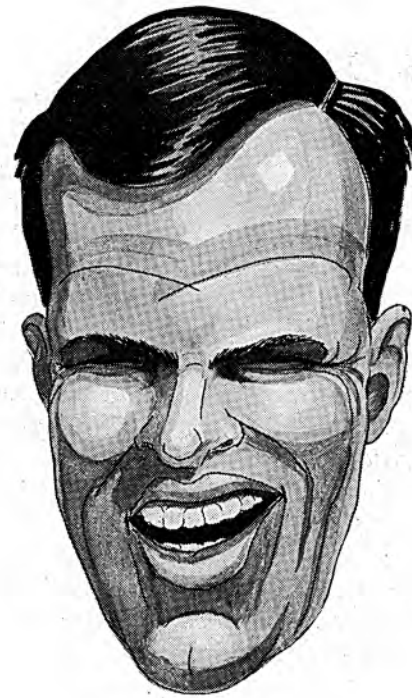
Mabel Ponder, '33
Grace Freer, '34
Frances Grimwood, '34
June Birchard, '35
Iris Forsyth, '35
Mickie Howell, '35
Anna King, '35
Wilma Conn, '36
Florence Le Cron, '36
Mary Livingston, '36
Dorothy Lyman, '36
Helen Zimmerman, '36

**BILL CORBUS**

A steel bear-trap that still holds a potted plant. Some strong davenport with the habit of grabbing at things. The pipes in the Church organ doing an Indian Club routine.

IKE LIVERMORE

Mountain Mallet compound locomotive with an ear-breaking whistle. An upstanding pine tree with a soulful loud-speaking attachment. The shiny oil-well derrick on a high spot in a rich field.

**BEN EASTMAN**

600 tons of nitro-glycerin with an unobtrusive label. Gar Wood's Miss America cruising at midnight without lights. An attractive Hispano-Suiza less a cut-out.

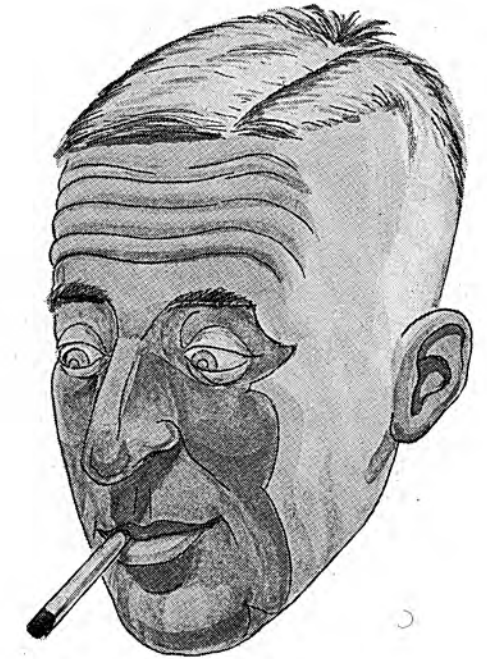
Conclusions by Cameron

**BOB CHURCHILL**

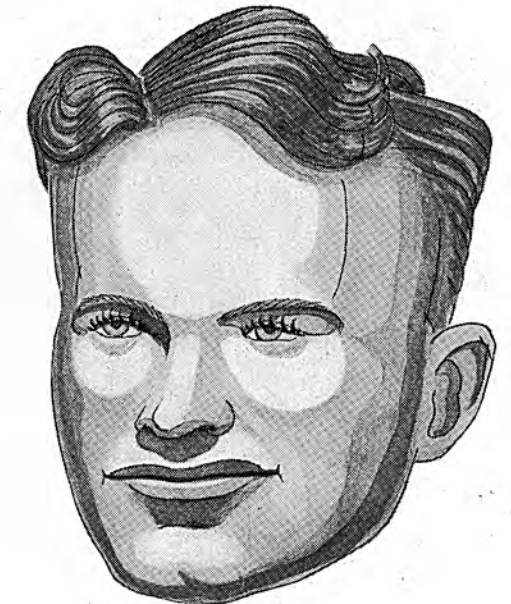
A vibrating reducing machine with a squeak that chuckles. Beer throwing on the second German offensive at Mons. An Adam's apple that can do card tricks.

**TOM CORDRY**

Official American League Baseball on the highway with no shocks and an 8 to 1 head. Any earthquake on a sunny day. A revolving door gone wild.

**STEW CRAWFORD**

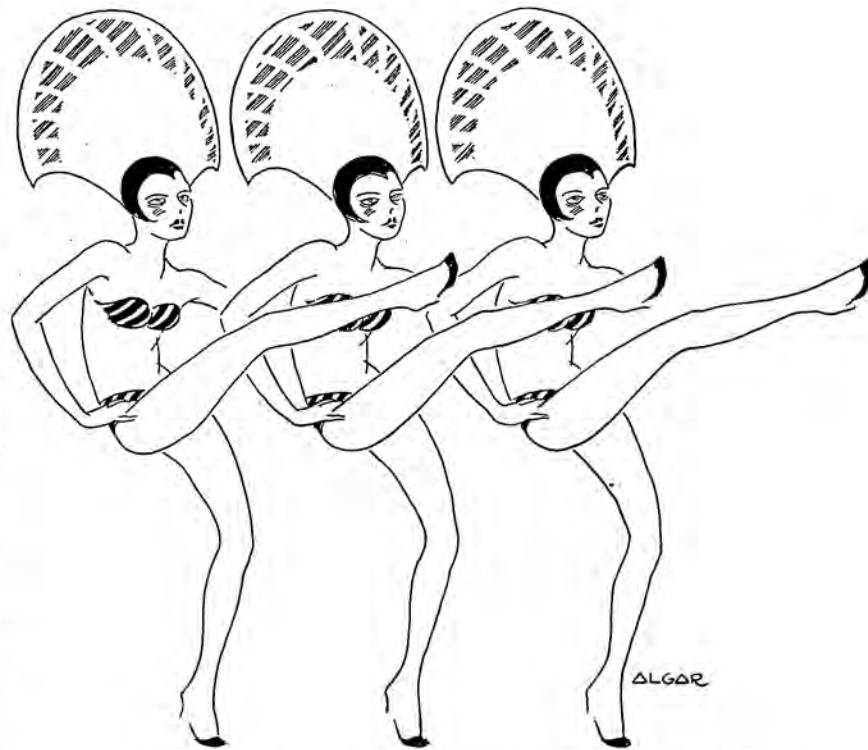
Reynard in the form of a duck paddling over stormy lagoons and quacking at the oysters. An Underwood with a straight left. A forest ranger's binoculars on a hazy morning.



Sketches by Algar

LOOKING TECHNOCRATIC

IT WAS the Spring of 1944. Those last ten years, 1933-43, had brought the downfall of capitalism as the technocrats had predicted. The people, after untold suffering, had risen in revolt; the underfed government forces, fed on bond issues alone, had broken before the outraged technotariat sustained with healthy grass rations by Bureau Minus One Square, the Technocrat revolutionary supply force. Now factories were in full swing, production was soaring, and the fourth Six Months Plan was well ahead of schedule. I had just finished my four hours of graph-making and was free for the week. I pushed the buzzer and was got up to leave. The doors swung open. I lowered my voice and the carpet rolled out the door with me, I stepped into an auto-cylindric and punched 32. In a twinkling I was home. Alice, my wife, met me as the cylindric placed me on the front porch. "John," she said—I could see she was most excited—"John," she said, and her voice trembled—joyously, I thought. "Unit 2990 just called. They said they'd just put through the new batch and they'd have a baby for us in half an hour."
—von B.



"Technocracy may be pretty, but it ain't life, Mamie."



ITEM

SOME of the boys went serenading last Friday after women's pledging. At the Pi Phi House all seemed going well, then the guitar string broke. Someone who plays golf leaned over the porch-wall (blessed damsel attitude) and shouted, "Who's blowing the whistle?" It was a shock. We say no more.



DESIRE

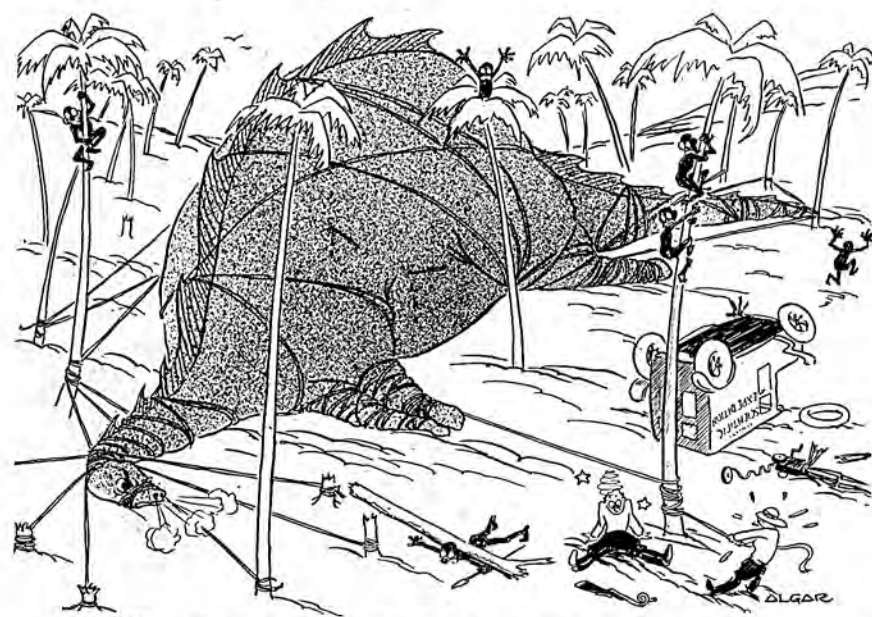
COULD Science but construct for me
Trousers thermostatic'ly—
That when the weather turns to warm
Won't cling unto my dripping form—
That when we have this foggy cold
Would keep my heat contained—'twere gold.
—von B.



IN THE BOND

IN SONG, story, and syllabus
The tale's been told before.
How Stanford went up to the Mark
After the pledging war,
How Indians less tomahawks
With pins and dates at ease
Walked carefully upon their heels
Nor swayed they in the breeze.
God rest the lads we left behind,
The boys upon the floor.
Aye bring them back.
Please bring them back
Lest we must pledge some more.

—von B.



"Now that we've got it, how are we going to get it home?"



FABLES OF THE FARM

USUALLY freshman women hold upperclassmen in awe to a greater or less degree but the prize goes to an incident at a Roble dance recently. B—E— was one of the guests and about the middle of the evening he was introduced to one of the new girls. When she heard his name she gasped and amid much confusion exclaimed, "Oooh! this is like meeting God!"

IF anyone says to you, "Good God, isn't rushing hell?" the answer is, "Well, if you think this is terrible you ought to see a Cal. season."

Cal.'s "grab 'em off the train" rushing season is just exactly that and starts of course as soon as a house finds a likely freshman. But to get to our story—

One summer there were three Stanford fellows, one hall man and a couple of row men, hanging around campus here loafing during summer school. They had nothing in particular to do (they weren't in school), so when Cal opened, along in the middle of August, they decided to go up to Berkeley and look the place over. The three got up to Berkeley a little before noon a few days before registration, ate lunch, and started wandering around. Not going anywhere in particular they started sauntering up Channing Way. They hadn't gone far when some fellows in a big car drove up and engaged them in a conversation. The three let on that they were new around the place and the fellows in the car took them to be freshmen. "You fellows haven't anything to do. Why not come up to the house?" one of the Cal. men said. Right away all three saw possibilities in the proposition and accepted. They got into the car and drove up to what turned out to be the Kappa Sig house. They sat around the house that afternoon bulling with the brothers, then had dinner and sat around some more. Finally, after a fight talk, all three agreed to pledge Kappa Sig and took pins. They moved such clothes as they had with them into the house saying that their trunks were coming later.

The next morning one of the three fellows walked out of the house and didn't come back. The other two stuck around though and enjoyed themselves. They drank the Kappa Sig's liquor, ate their food, and let the brothers enter-

tain them royally. When registration day came around the two that were left figured discretion the better part of valor and sneaked off to the Stanford campus. They still didn't know what had become of the third fellow, but they figured he could take care of himself.

A couple of days later the missing man showed up back at Stanford campus.

"What happened to you?" the others asked him.

He laughed and answered, "Oh, I didn't like the Kappa Sigs very well, so I went over and pledged Chi Psi."

THIS isn't exactly a fable, and so probably shouldn't come in this department. Anyway it happened, and we laughed when we heard about it and we pass it on to you for what it's worth.

It happened in some sort of a class, a lecture probably. You know how lectures are, note taking and all that. A girl in the class, apropos of something, turned to the fellow next to her and asked, "How do you spell Somerset Maugham's name?"

The fellow looked up blankly, then answered, "I don't know, but I've got a 'Bawl Out' here. I'll look him up for you."

EVERYONE knows all about the Student Health Service, a grand institution. A big chunk of our tuition goes to maintain that nice bunch of white offices down in the B.A.C. building.

There was once a fellow who found that he had a case of "Athlete's Foot" on one of his hands. He did the obvious thing and went down to the B.A.C. building to have it doctored. He went into one of those side offices and saw the nurse. She looked at his hands. She examined them closely and felt the tiny water blisters with her fingers. Then she washed her hands carefully and called a doctor. He looked at the hands and called a taxi. The next thing the poor victim of "Athlete's Foot" knew he was on his way to the "Pest House," the old isolation hospital used before the new hospital was built. For two days they kept him bottled up out there in that dismal, brown, God forsaken, shambly house hidden among the tall trees back

of campus somewhere under the pretense that he had smallpox. At last they released him with a bottle of poison oak lotion to use on his hands.

A couple of days later he got a bill for six dollars. He decided that that was the last straw. He had taken his sentence in the pest house and even the poison oak remedy, but he wouldn't take it and pay too. He went down to the doctor's office and swore a good deal and told the doctor where he could put his bill, and how.

The next day he received a polite note saying that the bill had been cancelled.

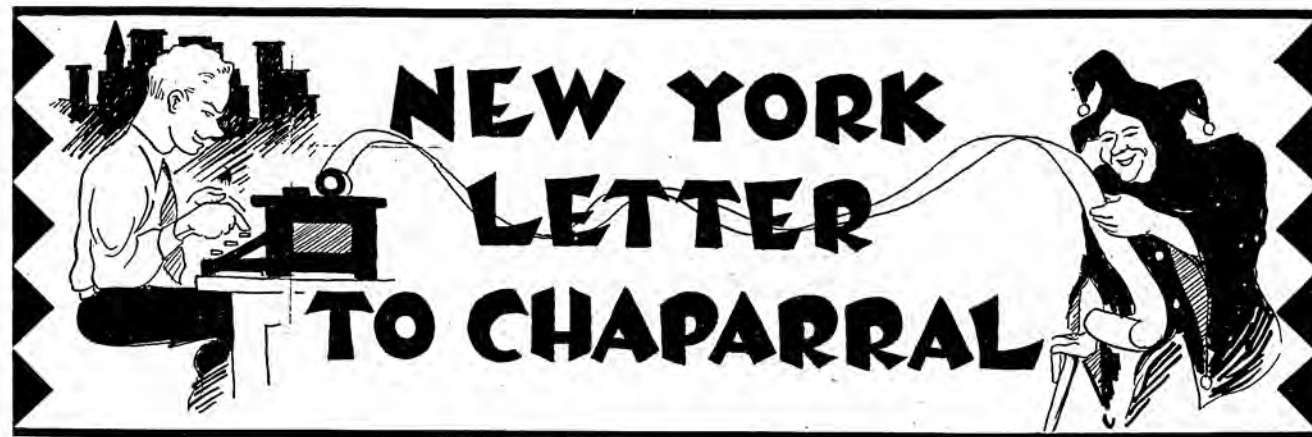
DURING last Christmas vacation when you and you and you all went home for the holidays the basketball squad went on a barnstorming trip through the Rocky Mountain States and the Middle West. We understand that they all had a swell time.

Christmas day was spent on the train. The day before Christmas John Bunn suggested that it would be a good idea to draw names out of a hat and exchange presents on Christmas day (nothing over two-bits). Everybody agreed, and not much more was said. One fellow, whom we shall call Al, was impressed though and gave the matter some serious thought.

That night, Christmas Eve, the team played a game, with Utah we believe. The team had gone directly from the train to the gym to play the game. The game was about the most exciting one of the trip. The score see-sawed back and forth, and the crowd was on its feet most of the time. As the game drew on toward the end, Utah was leading by two points. Suddenly Cordry had the ball free somewhere in the region of the foul line. He poised to try to shoot the tying basket. A momentary hush of excitement spread through the crowd. Just then the fellow, Al, who was sitting on the players' bench a couple of seats away from Bunn, half stood up and leaned over and tapped the coach on the shoulder.

"Say, John," Al said in a troubled tone, "how are we going to buy those Christmas presents? All the stores will be closed."

None of the fellows who were on the bench can remember whether Cordry's shot went in or not.



WELL, a lot of college citizens have converged to the Big City for a gay holiday vacation. The turgid sea of Manhattan stood ready to swallow them up, thrash them about for two violent weeks, and cast them back on the campus shore, exhausted, sunken-eyed, and pulsing with memories. Where, indeed, could youth find so damn much to do. Ah, the big wicked city! * * *

And what awaited this vacation visitor? Cocktails and egg-nogs. Symphonies and opera. Shows and speaks and beer joints. Hockey games at the Garden. Ice skating in Central Park.

Perhaps he'll go and revel in the brimming Jerome Kern score of MUSIC IN THE AIR, our nomination for the top dog on the Rialto. Or in the adroit hoofing of likeable Fred Astaire in GAY DIVORCE, abetted by the deft tunes of Cole Porter's doing.

Perhaps he'll dance a bit with Russ Columbo, newly installed as the Central Park Casino maestro, or with Whiteman at the Biltmore, Anson Weeks at the St. Regis.

Perhaps he'll visit aboard the magnificent CONTE DE SAVOIA, newest of Atlantic floatels to pay its first call on the world's greatest port. Or be lucky enough to have a coveted ducat to the holiday's biggest blast, the opening of the Radio City Music Hall, introductory salvo of Rockefeller Center's immense development. Sparkling with celebs of stage, screen, and radio, mingled with Manhattan's highest aristocracy, it ushers in Roxy's new Music Hall Varieties performance, running the proverbial gamut of stage entertainment, opera to jazz. A mere ballet of 108, singing chorus of 105 and orchestra of 100 will give you the idea of its meagre dimensions. The hall seats over 6100. Each show runs four weeks. Robert Edmond Jones of Harvard supervises the settings, and Stanley McCandless of Yale the lighting. A large order. * * *

Then again, it may be the simpler pleasures we seek. That sterling nickel's worth, for instance, the Second Avenue elevated ride, that plunges you into the Bowery and Ghetto slums, past fetid sweatshops and above pushcart markets, high above Chatham Square's squalor and suddenly into the marbled splendour of Wall Street's mighty palaces. Thence, for another five centimes, onto a Staten Island ferry for a flash at the magnificent skylines, the noisy harbor craft, the mighty liners, and the good old Statue of Liberty close to.

* * * Right smack on the Great White Way, the Paramount Theatre tore off a new low in hokum in Jesse Crawford's rendition of JUST A LITTLE HOME FOR THE OLD FOLKS, with a tear-jerker drammer of poor old ma and pa on the stage . . . and then had the courage to run it a second week. The advertising business is buzzing about the shift in the fat walk-a-mile ciggie account from a big agency to a tiny. Clara Bow hit town, and what press interviews! Seems as though everyone with a little free time has turned shoe-shiner. Unfortunate vagrants are found in the subterranean wastes of the new unopened subways these cold nights.

Some of the folks from outa town comin' home fer Christmas are Jack Oakie, Freddie March, Charlie Ruggles, and Jimmy Cagney.

TAKE A CHANCE, new musical revue, rated the plaudits of the show-going crowd. Shop windows are blazing. Never a dull moment. * * * Add this nifty to the Kaufmann saga: From Hollywood came a telegram to George S. Kaufmann, "Paramount offers you and Miss Ferber \$30,000 for the rights to DINNER AT EIGHT." Whereupon the redoubtable playwright flashes back, "Miss Ferber and I offer you \$30,000 for Paramount." Reverse laughs if they accepted.

And until 1933's second month, uh-thank you.

. . . JOE THOMPSON



IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT

YEAH, Joe, everything's all right. Sure, it's all right, Joe! It's all right. Yeah, Joe, the ceiling's all right, and I'm all right, and you'll be all right in just a little while, Joe. Geez, that was a fine Game, Joe. A fine game and I thought I would fall right outa the bleachers when Campbell scored around left end, Joe. Yeah, he's a fine player. He's all right, Joe. And I'm all Joe, I mean I'm right too, Joe. Say I can say Inky Dinky Dinky Doodledum and it sufficeth that it surpasseth and anyone who can say that is all right, Joe. Perfectly all right. . . . And the ceiling is all right too, Joe. . . . Yeah, it's the rug that keeps spinning.

—von B.

REFRAIN FROM! REFRAIN!

WHEN I'm coastin' round the corner
After a high old time,
I could love her, could adorn her
With roses, gold, or thyme.

When I'm walkin' strong and sober,
When I know what it's about,
Then I'm certain I don't love her—
Just a good gal to take out.

Then the question's—if I love her
When I'm not walking straight
And I don't when I am sober—
Just where we correlate? —von B.



"Belated bicuspid, hell! It's dirt, that's all!"

WHAT OF IT?

LIFE is short and Science long
And some term Life an art.
Each claims it solves,
Yet the world revolves
Whoever's astride the cart.
Art would interpret, not describe
Would choose things for their beauty.
And yet we find
Artists so blind
They have a sense of duty.
Science doth make a mighty claim
Of method universal
'Twill generalize—
In mild surprise
'Twill make complete reversal.
Who would disdain the science-mind
Would find himself in trouble
Indefinite
The simple-twit
Would find his life a bubble.
But to steer away from the port of art
Is far from this suggestion
'Twill make one vague (too)
Give the ague
And ruin the digestion.
The dilemma then above outlined
Is not without solution
Below is found
One to astound,
Yet reasoned substitution.
'Twere better then (how good we feel
To preach to thee, disciples)
To get a wife
And lead a life
Of mixed test-tubes and apples.—von B.

THE COLD DOPE

Science Bright posters
Heat To strike a blow
Quotients Warnings
Thermo A refusal by a lispng child
Engine Native American
Motor Maternal parent
Fuel One lacking mental ability
Formula For a mule
Survey A carriage drawn by a horse
Arc A noise made when choking
Freeze Without cost
—C. S.



"Where's that draft coming from?"



ANIMALUS TRIPLE STELLATED HENNESYUS

(As compiled, from intensive research, by the International Association of Would-Be Teetotalers, in collaboration with the Author, Chairman of the Committee on Investigation of Pink Elephants.—Ed.'s note)

Classes (in order of vision).

I. Not So Horriblus (but pretty bad).

A. Birds.

1. Cuckoos.

- Habitat—seen after 5 drinks hovering across table screaming like eagles.
- Appearance—color varies from brown to orange striped with green—cellophane bills.

2. Seagulls.

- Habitat—between 7-10 drinks—walk on floor, perch on shoulder, and dive into glasses from the ceiling after goldfish.
- Appearance—color undeterminable but resembling China hog in red clay—bray like burros.

3. Buzzards.

- Habitat—during middle of evening perched on hostess.
- Appearance—iridescent lime-rickey green and sing like baritone crooners minus 1 tonsil.

B. Gorillas.

1. Hairy.

- Habitat—about 12 midnight sitting in corners and following butlers.
- Appearance—height about 7-9 feet—hair like angora goat and same odor—color, peach, mauve, blending to cardinal—resemble Old Man of Mountains.

2. Americanus (prosperus).

- Habitat—same as above, but prefer sitting caressingly on one's lap.
- Appearance—hairless except for U-shape on head—look like once prosperous business men with red faces, dirty dress suits, hideous tenor voices, generally appear in pairs.

C. Tarantulas, Beetles, Octupi.

- Habitat—along deserted streets, driving and riding in cabs, in pockets and hair.
- Appearance—larger than common conception—paired—colors touching on lighter pastels—look like cats, have long claws, and chew cigarets—hard to distinguish.

D. Treatment—glass of tomato juice, 2 Seidlitz powders, pint of ice water, ice compresses and sleep. No cream or strawberry jam recommended.

II. Horriblus.

A. Alligators.

- Lavender—seen in bed, crawling in kitchens and halls in bedroom slippers—more or less vicious grunts like whales.

- Spotted—a vicious chap who is reputed to eat his mother while quite young—has adhesive like skin with red dots, polka-dot style, hence the name—stay in dark corners—appear in twos as do all remaining animals—has 2 ft. tongue with Burning of Rome depicted thereon.

B. Elephants.

- Pink—probably the best known of the animalus—skin color that of pink lemonade—has benign face of Ourante—lives on the ceilings and swings by tail—is reputed to thrive on vitamins A, B, and X.
- Brown and Purple—one of the more curious creatures of the class and of extreme interest to the investigators—soft like a pussycat with Shredded Wheat hair—smokes only certified Cremos and is extremely amiable—are beautifully colored, as name suggests—comforting but quick like a flash.

C. Snakes.

- Green—a creature to strike terror in the hearts of the brave—has false teeth and spits Pepsodent Tooth Paste from fangs—very spiteful and insists upon sucking eggs—a solid moss green hue.
- Orange striped—appearance like a barber's pole and stand on end in corners—red neon flame emitted from nostrils—has jackrabbit ears that stand up when angered—recites Shakespeare fluently and eats binomial theorems—has a moustache similar to Mexican general—has gas on stomach as evidenced by fat tummy.

D. Treatment—more care must be taken in these cases. A raw egg and a glass of milk are recommended, while a finger down the thyroat is extremely effective. As last resort use bicarbonate of soda, sock on the jaw, and a prayer.

III. Horriblus Cold Sweat.

A. Dhinosaurogawdawfulus.

- Nature and habitat—the only known member of this class and the horriblus de horriblus a la Poe. Not much known because of lack of living witnesses. Lives at foot of bed, gradually growing to occupy it and entire room. Then everything goes Blotto.
- Appearance—supposedly caught in rat trap in pantry—body similar to blimp with 6 fish head, 8 centipede legs, and matted straw hair—the eyes stand out a foot from the heads and are retractable—squeals like an earthworm—eats kodak film and Montgomery Ward catalogs—color undeterminable—very disconcerting.

- Treatment—no complete one, but straight jacket, chains, and a state institution help. Victim rarely recovers and then only to resign from amalgamated friends of beer guzzling. It is not advisable to see these animals for more than one hour. —C. R.



CONCERT SERIES

WE had thoroughly counted on the deadline to save us from the trying ordeal of attempting to do Signor Molinari justice in these humble columns, but the Old Boy caught the gleam in our eye, set the deadline ahead to include our copy, and here we are without superlatives with which to fashion a review.

Well do we remember Molinari's American Debut in the Hollywood Bowl some years past. It was one of those musical events which will stand out no matter how many operas we see, how many symphonies we enjoy, how many sopranos we endure. With that masterful conducting in mind and a program such as that chosen for us to hear on the Concert Series we really had our mouth made up for a most tasty evening of real artistry.

Unfortunately for us—rather encouraging for the Series—the crowd at the door was not to be penetrated in time for us to gain our seats before the first two movements of the opening number—the symphony on the program. That disappointment at missing the two best movements was increased to a sense of utter failure when the French horn chose another key from that written in the score during the fourth movement. It was terrible—"lamentoso" the program put it.

There was a predominance of the scraping of bows and of individual instruments from where we sat, especially during the Rimsky-Korsakov number, and we found ourselves envying those in the rear balcony. There's a hint for the Series in assigning reviewers seats hereafter. But despite all this we still feel that Bernardino Molinari is the master of them all and we applauded furiously, were even tempted to shout, "Bravo! Brava! Bravissimo!" at the conclusion of Wagner's "Overture to 'Tannhauser.'" —B. B.



A PLAIN MAN'S WIFE

Curran

THE entire action of the play takes place in the combination living and dining room of the Kalness home, "in Indiana, which should tell you a good deal about the new show up at the Curran, which stars Louise Dresser as the epitome of

(Continued on page 24)

SHOW NOTES

HENRY DUFFY presents Lilyan Tashman, she of the chic apparel, in Erno Vajda's "Grounds for Divorce." It's at the Alcazar.

Philip Barry's "Holiday" is our idea of a top notch play. It should be yours too. Marian Jones finds herself in the role on the Stanford stage which Hope Williams filled in New York, Ann Harding in Hollywood. February 3rd is the date.

Rose Franken's light comedy of family relations, as they often are in America, is at the Geary. "Another Language" is one of those New York hits which even the depression has failed to conquer.

"Of Thee I Sing," that merry poke at the politics of Washington, D.C., by Messrs. Kaufmann, Gershwin, et al., will arrive in San Francisco during the month of March. The Curran is the fortunate theatre.

—B. B.

COLUMBIA

TOO True To Be Good is the title of Shaw's latest and too true to be good is a succinct and all-inclusive criticism of the debatable work. G. B. S. has set himself up as the critic and supreme satirist, not only of man, but of God Himself so, right back at you, George Bernard, there's your own criticism of yourself!

Our first reaction was that of horror at such blasphemous behavior on the part of one who is reputed to know. Perhaps it was that we saw this disturbing fantasy on a particular afternoon when we had been reading a deal of theology. Perhaps it was that we had other ideas as to the eternal question, "Whither mankind?" Perhaps it was that we were really looking for something clever in the manner of shows rather than a series of sermons on pessimism. At any rate we rather wish that we had taken the advice of the microbe at the end of Act I, using some of those exits which were "in such good order."

As for the acting, we really can't say because there was no standard which we could use by which to judge it. All the actors would have been enjoyable without

COLUMBIA

SYMPATHY and satire may be as East and West in the world of dramaturgy yet the elements of both are contained in Robert Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband." Its original intention, as written by Sherwood and played in New York, was to present a caricature of Queen Marie of Rumania. The more pleasing interpretation is credited to Barry Jones and Maurice Colbourne by the author.

The title character, King Eric VIII, is made by Barry Jones to be an irresistibly likeable man, fond of stuffed penguins, and who, though unable to win from the footman in the checker games played on the royal desk, outwits the leader of parliament in preventing a coup d'état during the queen's absence. Unkingly though it may be, his conduct in forestalling the marriage of his daughter to a cordially detested prince and in aiding her elopement with her commoner sweetheart is human and fatherly. It adds the finishing touch to a delightful characterization, a touch none the less effective for the fact that the curtain falls, leaving the kingly reaction to the ire of the queen mother a matter for conjecture.

Maurice Colbourne, playing the relatively unimportant part of Prince William of Greck, ill-fated bridegroom-elect, uses effectively his short appearance to portray the ultimate in conceit and effeminacy through facial expression, voice tone, and body carriage.

Grace Lane is sternly competent as Queen Martha while the part of Princess Anne is played by Maisie Darrel in a commendable though somewhat conventional manner.

The pantomime of Lambert Larking as the checker-playing footman must be mentioned, and his servant characterization is done in the manner upon which the English seem to have the copyright.

—B. B., Jr.

those sermons to be preached into our unwilling ears.

In short, if you looked for a clever comedy by the author of "The Apple Cart," acted by the cast which did Sherwood's "The Queen's Husband" so well, you must have been disappointed. We were depressed!

—B. B.

NOW THAT SHOW

A PLAIN MAN'S WIFE

(Continued from page 23)

suffering motherhood. The play, dealing with the trials of a family dominated and humiliated by a "plain man" and the final farcical solution of their problems, is an adaptation of a Saturday Evening Post story by Sophie Kerr and is directed by Frank Craven, so-called master of the domestic-difficulty plays.

Overlooking the usual first-night lack of finish, the cast worked smoothly and achieved the maximum effect from the lines. Outstanding particularly was Charles Dow Clark as the self-made, boastful, tyrannical father and Elaine Baker in the rôle of Amy Lawrence. Louise Dresser was excellent but was somewhat handicapped by a hoarseness which spoiled some of the lines. She moved swiftly from deep feeling to low comedy with equal ease and ability. The high points of the production were the two dinners given in the Kalness home, both adequately flavored with raucous farce. This is the play to which you might take your maiden Aunt Agatha; she would enjoy the wholesome family banter, which, so far, she has likely missed. —R. deR.



BRIDAL WISE—Alcazar

JUVENILE actors, as a rule, are uninteresting phenomena, but in Alcazar's BRIDAL WISE, which advertises Lois Wilson, Tom Moore, and Matt Moore, two small wretches completely steal (and probably eat) the flowers. Jay Ward, once chosen the typical American boy (Godhelpus) and Hambone Johnson, late of Our Gang Comedies, saved the second act from slow death by the simple expedient of emitting horrible noises at odd intervals, thereby keeping the audience awake for the lively third act. BRIDAL WISE begins as a wholesome, horsey show and ends hilariously in a well occupied bedroom scene, somewhat to the surprise of the Duffy trained audience. The orchids, previously thrown at the children, will now be dusted and deftly re-thrown at the principals. Lois Wilson played the horse-hating Joyce Burroughs with finely controlled fire and in a work-

GEARY

NATURALNESS is infrequently an attribute of the moving picture industry. "Maedchen in Uniform" made that rare attribute a reality and brought to us the highest type of acting, a performance in which the actors actually live their rôles. It was as if Herr Froelich had concealed himself artfully with a camera within the stern, grey walls of a girls' school at Potsdam, there to record the suppressed emotions of these lively young inmates.

It is unfortunate that linguistic differences, a lack of cast names on the program, and limitation of space for review prevent a complete comment and congratulation for each member of the German company. Hertha Thiele is admirably suited to the part of Manuela. Her eloquent face transcends all linguistic boundaries and speaks an international language of desire for love, sympathy, and understanding. Dorothea Wieck is a remarkably beautiful woman and it is little wonder that Paramount recognized her beauty and ability even in such a severe rôle as that of Fraulein von Bernburg. Her stiff manner and harsh attire could not suppress the inherent love for the pupils who looked to her in their every loneliness.

The English text by Donald Freeman is ample but even without it the acting truly speaks for itself. Here is a picture that calls for a new descriptive word or phrase. We can't tell you about it, you must see it! —B. B.

manlike style; Tom Moore, her husband, displayed an engaging naturalness which found great favor with the audience. Matt Moore, playing the rôle of the dud second husband, came out beautifully in the third act after a poor start. Miss Blyth Daly, who should never be allowed to wear riding-breeches, played the predatory Babe Harrington as she did in the New York production. The supporting cast, including Marian Shockley, Wampus Star, was exceptionally capable. The evening's success was aided and considerably abetted by the fine settings of Ernest Glover and direction of Russell Filmore. —R. deR.

CURRAN

HIDDLLE DIDDLE, *The Cat and the Fiddle* was back in town for a two weeks stand—and that on top of a nine weeks, record breaking run during the past summer. We were curious to see just what particular attraction this show held for San Francisco audiences. Jerome Kern has given the "musical love story" some of his most hummable tunes which, thanks to Guy Lombardo's whining saxophones, we had been humming for months in 1932. Belasco and Curran put some very capable characters in colorful costume and picturesque setting. But what of Otto Harbach to whose lot fell the "love story"? We had a feeling somehow that Mr. Harbach missed completely and that the show was a success in spite of his efforts. The plot and continuity of action was just about as coherent as the bit of nursery rhyme which includes the title.

And to our mind Sam Ash, in the rôle of Street-Singer Pompeau, was easily the star of the show, not Helen Gahagan. Miss Gay-gan was most attractive but her voice is much better adapted to operatic arias than to torch songs. Her speaking voice, with its whiskey huskiness, might well be compared to that of Ethel Barrymore. Paul Gregory looked his part but had little to say for himself and his singing was obviously strained. Inez Courtney added fire to the rôle of Angie Sheridan but we'll pass by her passive partner. Olga Baclanova was a stunning Odette and rose well to her one big scene with Victor. Armand Kaliz slipped smoothly along in the rôle of Clement Daudet aided, in contrast, by the blundering Major Chatterly as interpreted by Cyril Chadwick.

Of course you know the tunes: "The Night Was Made for Love," "Try to Forget," and "She Didn't Say 'Yes.'" And you won't forget Max Gordon's peacock feather tree in the satinesque setting for the episode from Victor's "Passionate Pilgrim." But all in all we feel much the same as Mr. Robert Benchley, "that you have more than had your money's worth. It is just that you think you're being bored, I guess." —B. B.

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if I should smoke...

...but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

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Herbert Hoover

"If I said 26, it might be the wing-back formation and maybe it won't. However, under certain conditions we could get the same result by using the 32, 45, 68 formation. To me it makes no difference . . . I like both plays."

H. L. Mencken

"The inadequacy of last week's number 34 play has led me to believe that the technical point of view should always be adhered to. Unquestionably, such athletic addenda will be of aid to you. Bah!"

Harpo Marx

Albert Einstein

"Signals! 78 to the log cosine 43 minus the square root of the variable 1,987,000 subtracted from its mathematical antecedent. Shift!"

"What's the idea feeding your cattle liquor?"
"Oh, we're simply preparing a shipment of corned beef."

"I've a rheumatic joint."
"Why don't you move downstairs?"

An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork.

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POPULAR METHODS OF TAKING THE GATE

Dramatically—I'm going! I've done what I could to please you, and failed. All my efforts and all father's dough have gone for nought—shot to hell. And You! You go to a forty-cent show with Mike and enjoy it. Gratitude, that is, gratitude. All right, take Mike. I don't envy his luck. I go! (Sweep out with great dignity, trying not to stumble over steps and furniture.)

Patronizingly—I think I'll be popping along. Sorry you don't feel well and congenial. But if that's the way you feel, I can sympathize; I've felt that same way a good many times. If I should ever get a spare minute, I'll try to drop in on you. Say "Ta-ta" to Mike for me, will you. Au revoir, as they say on the continent. (Withdraw nonchalantly, flicking cigarette ashes on the rug as you leave.)

Broken-heartedly—Well, I suppose I may as well get out of your way. You can't help it if you don't like me, I guess. Well, just give me a ring if you ever need me; I'll be waiting. Guess I'll clear the place now for Mike. He's a lucky cuss, all right. I hope I'll see you again sometime. Good night. (Place the chin on the breastbone and keep a set expression on your face until out of sight.)

Viciously—Don't want to kiss me, eh? Sick of me maybe, huh? Want a fresh head for your collection, I suppose. Well Mike ought to satisfy you, anyway; his is thick enough so it will last. You can gimme my pin now too. I'm sick of dallying around with you babes. Hope you can catch a lot more fish and I'll see you in hell! (Slam out fast.)

Normally—Nope, sorry, but I won't be able to stay and meet Mike. If I did I'll miss my other appointment. Got that old pin around handy? Mislaid it, eh? Never mind, mail. I've got a couple more out somewhere anyway. Me sore? I should say not! Just damned glad you didn't make a sucker out of me! Give my regards to Mike. I'll see you later. (Scram home and do some work before you get sucked in again. Be very thankful if you still have enough for a meal ticket.)

The boy who's never kissed a girl
Can scarcely breast the social whirl.
For chivalry demands of him
He answer woman's slightest whim.

A woman's whim is ever this—
To snare a man's reluctant kiss,
And snaring it, to make him pant
For things that nice girls never grant.

"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once."

1st Maggot: What happened to the delegation from the Medical college?
2d Maggot: Oh, they all got sore and went home in a body.

DIME A DANCE

Said she: "It's true, and that's no line Mister, your dancing is divine. With you I feel complete content, But that's the end; the dance is spent. Ticket please."

She squeezed my hand and closer drew,
And whispered things that I wished true.
The music faltered and went dead;
She quickly drew away and said:
"Ticket please."

I'd like the woman who could speel
This dancer's line, and make me feel
So opulent, so hale and fit,
And joy were mine if she'd omit:
"Ticket please." —Widow

He—I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?
She—The key is under the mat but please don't come in. —Cornell Widow

A fine of sixpence is imposed at the University of Edinburgh for cutting classes. The revenue from this is used to buy a Christmas present for the president of the school. Last year's present was a cigar.—Stanford Daily.
What this country needs . . .

"Doctor, after my broken finger heals will I be able to play the piano?"
"Certainly, certainly."
"S'funny—I couldn't play it before."—Alabama "Rammer Jammer"

"Mother, I advertised under an assumed name that I would like to make the acquaintance of a refined young gentleman with an eye for romance."
"Marjorie! How awful! Did you get any answers?"
"Only one, from father." —Annapolis Log

Madam (to Chinese man-servant)—
After this when you enter my bedroom please knock—I might be dressing.
Chinaman—Me no need to knock. Me allays look in kleyhole first.—Washington Dirge

Co-ed (shopping)—Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?
Floor Walker—Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department, Miss. —Cornell Widow

First Gob—Gimme six more mouse traps to put in the galley.
Second Gob—G'wan, I gave you a dozen traps three days ago.
First Gob—I know that but there's a mouse in every one. —Annapolis Log



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"My country is full of romance," he responded. "Just like, . . ." and he searched for a simile, "that magazine . . . I think you call it . . . 'True Story.'" —Owl

Dames are Weird.
If they love you they try their damndest to be ever so nice, do anything to please you, won't let you spend your hard earned dough on them, and let you get away with murder. While, if they don't love you they slip you kisses for a come on and then take you for the well-known ride, tell you about the smooth fellows they date and sort of go for, insinuate that you're not so hot, then slip over fast ones and make you like it. Still, it's the heart-free biddy that gets all the attention and keeps the suckers coming back for more. Dames ARE weird.

—Red Cat

Liberal Students Union—Prof. Bennett Weaver, of the Department of Life in Literature." Unitarian church, English, will speak on "The Lure of 7:30 p.m. Refreshments.

—Daily Official Bulletin.

Ah, there, Professor Weaver.

—Cornell Widow

The excursion train jerked to a stop, The brakeman suppressed a laugh; "There's serious trouble up front," he said, "The cowcatcher has a calf."

—Blue Gator

And by the way, have you ever heard of the saying that goes like this—It's an ill wind that passes a fish cannery.

—Yellow Jacket

FRESHMAN GREEK

Alpha: One of two equal parts.
Beta: of or pertaining to the sale of merchandise; e.g. "I beta quarter for it."
Gamma: instrument used to take pictures.
Delta: pertaining to card playing.
Zeta: oral communication to, e.g. "And I zeta you young people gathered here tonight—"
Eta: sentiment opposed to love, e.g. "I eta go to school."
Kappa: used to maintain, as—"I kappa diary oncet."
Tau: when used singly, means excessive, as: "This is tau much." Doubled, it means bye-bye in collegiate baby love talk.
Upsilon: being awake for such a length of time in rush week.
Phi: for what reason? (Hebr.)
Chi: slang, odious male person, as "That chi's crazy."
Psi: the name of the farmer's daughter's father in all tales of traveling salesmen.
Omega: form of prayerful exhortation, as "Omega be good to me."
—Awwgan

CREEPY

This is a true (so help us) story about a lady who went to look at an apartment with an eye to renting same. It was one of those snooty Fifth Avenue apartments and, when the superintendent had finished showing her through, the lady seemed so highly pleased that, as she herself put it, had the lease been available, she would have signed it "right then and there." But all of a sudden she realized that there was something that she'd forgotten. "Are there any roaches in this house?" she inquired in a tone of voice that indicated that this was a question of more than casual import.

The superintendent was horrified but recovered sufficiently to explain, in an injured way, that as far as this apartment was concerned, cockroaches were as extinct as mountain lions in Times Square. "Are you absolutely sure?" persisted the lady who meanwhile was making a minute inspection of the woodwork and mouldings. He assured her that he was and went on to say something about an exterminator in almost constant attendance just in case the impossible should happen.

"Well, that certainly is too bad," sighed the lady as she made for the door, "but I guess you can't have everything. You see, my pet turtles thrive on nothing but cockroaches."

—Columbia Jester

CHEMISTRY

Bunsen flames are burning high
Acid smelling to the sky,
H₂S and SO₄
Round the lab and out the door.

Bubbling beakers full of ions
Fighting each like jungle lions,
Sweaty chemists standing by
Wishing for a swig of rye.

Lab is full of dank and smoke
Water gurgling like a brook,
Day is swiftly drawing close
Fading like a winter rose.

Still the chemist stands and stares
With his mind not on his wares.
Love, with lovely legs, runs on
Signifying joy and fun.

Love and joy have now gone by,
God, but for a swig of rye.
Test tubes nodding in their racks,
Weary chemists turn their backs.

Night, the cool and freshing drink,
Moistens lips, and makes him think.
Night for love, forget the sorrow
For more chemistry tomorrow.

—Wampus

Head Clerk—I am very sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place.
Manager—Very much, if you can get the undertaker to arrange it.

—Yellow Jacket

Drunk: I'm going to murder Aimee Semple Macpherson, F. D. Roosevelt, and Rudy Vallee.

Why?

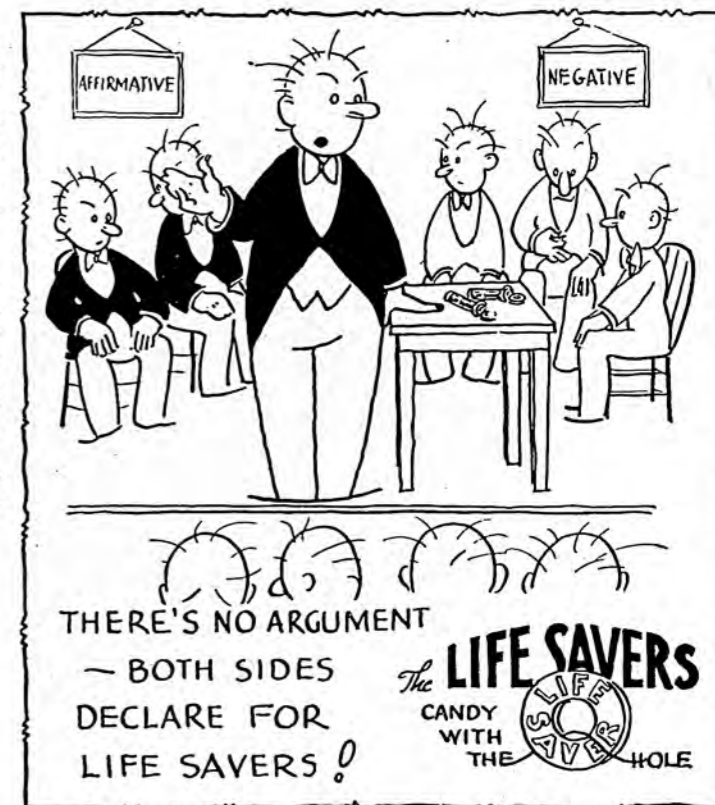
Drunk: For God, for country, and for Yale.

—Lampoon

Counsel: Now, answer yes or no. Were you or were you not bitten on the premises?

Witness: Anatomy isn't my strong point, but I can tell you that I didn't sit down for a week.

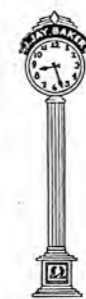
—Log



He: Only a mother could love a face like that.
She: I'm about to inherit a fortune.
He: I'm about to become a mother.

—Beanpot

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"So that Doctor is a lady killer?"
"Yes."
"I wonder what he would charge to operate on my grand-
mother."
—Cajoler

L'AMOUR!

Now listen dame, I'm not so hot.
With dainty language—well, I'm not.
My hands are big, my feet don't mate
But with me kid you sure do rate.

Shakespeare'd say, "—of golden hue"
I sorta guess he's right, don't you?
Shelley'd quote, "—of azure blue,"
(Well, he's got the idea partly too).

Byron'd pipe "—shaped as a queen."
(I rather think that's pretty keen)
Held would blat "Say she's hot."
I guess he's right, like as not.

Now understand when I say this—
(Please understand, now fair your miss)
With trembling hands and feet like boats
I mutter out—"On you I dotes."
—Exchange

She walked out into the cool splendor of the autumn night.
She drank in the glorious night, the stray gust of wind, the
silent black shadows. She crossed a field and reached a high-
way. Autos rushed past in both directions, their gleaming eyes
creating a clear shimmer of night. Oh, the exalted freedom of
it all, she thought.

An auto halted near her; a lone occupant beckoned. She
reflected upon the grotesque irony of the situation, this philis-
tinism midst the platonic beauty. How awful that such things
should be! Then, smiling, she slipped into the seat and rode
away. —Red Cat

Many a shaft at random sent
Finds marks the archer little meant.
And many a smile from a lassie kind,
Is not for you, but the gent behind.

—The Skipper

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.

—Punch Bowl

Fond Mother: Willie, you've been a naughty boy. Go to
the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking. —Wampus

THOUGHT

The curse of man is thought, some say,
Because it brings regret.
I know a girl who's lucky, for
She's never thought as yet.

Her eyes are large and vacuous,
Her heart is gold and hard.
I owe to her a mighty debt;
She's put me on my guard.

I once was prey for any girl,
But I no longer fall;
'Tis better to have loved and thought
Than never thought at all. —Jester

Boy, she was so fat that I never knew what wrinkle she
was going to open to talk. —Log

He: We are coming to a tunnel. Are you afraid?
She: Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth.
—Lehigh Burr

"Pretty barbed wire dress you have on, Mary."
Mary—What do you mean, barbed wire?
He—Oh, it protects the property but does not obstruct the
view. —Yellow Jacket

"I don't mean to disparage you, Martha, but I saw in this
morning's paper where a woman in South America had sex-
tletlets the other day."
—Exchange

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Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked in her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrating and my body shuddering I held her to me.

The moral of this is: "Never kiss them in a flivver with the engine running."
—Utah Humbug



Tourist: What's in here?

Guide (leading the way into a morgue): Remains to be seen, sir.
—Skipper

Man Dies in Sandwich.

—Herald

Lettuce prey?

—Lampoon



"Number, plee-uz?"

"Univershty fifty sixsh hunnert and oh-oh."

"That's the number you are calling from, sir."

"Yeah. Wanna give myself a fight talk."

—Lampoon



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