

STANFORD

QUARTERLY

MARCH

25¢



3/33

ALGAR
T.H.P.

SPRING
NUMBER

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THE exclusive pipe shop of the peninsula. Sole agents for the Benaderet's famous pipe tobaccos. These mixtures are carefully selected and blended of the finest imported and domestic tobaccos. While they contain a very heavy tobacco body, they do not bite. To try them will convince you that they are the finest you ever smoked. When you want something that is decidedly different in pipe tobaccos, ask for Benaderet's Paramount Mixture, Benaderet's (my own blend), and Benaderet's English Mixture. We are also sole agents for the famous Comoy-made Pipes in prices ranging from 50c to \$7.50.

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San Francisco

THE WEIGHT OF ALL FLESH

I met her in the days of love and romance,
When youth ran hot —
When beauty paired with blushing innocence.
I dared to kiss her, in a virtuous passion,
Then trembled in a fear of consequence.

I wrote a sonnet on my lady's charms.
From head to toe
I praised her slender form, her raven hair,
Her hot-red lips, the whiteness of her arms—
There never breathed a Helen half so fair.

And now, years afterward (not more than three)
She seeks me out
To whisper of the love she bore for me.
But ah, sad fate, she's gained full ninety pounds,
And breathes like heavy waves on stormy sea.

Her brilliant, glossy hair has now turned red,
And when I speak,
She giggles out, "You little rascal, you!"
Oh, God of Verse, take you my sonnet back—
And with it you can take the lady, too.

—Humbug

Perfect Hostess—"Tell me, my dear, how do you manage to get your maid up so early in the morning?"
"It was rather clever of me; I introduced her to the milk-man."
—Exchange

WARNING

Mary had a little lamb,
A keg of beer, and ale,
Ice cream—a dozen crabs:
Her escort did turn pale.

It made the other co-eds grin
As Billy squirmed about;
But, Boy oh Boy, how Billy laughed
When they carried Mary out.—Exchange

"Sonny, don't say such bad words."
"Shakespeare uses them."
"Well, don't play with him."
—Frivol

Stop wondering why women take so long to get dressed.
Remember we have to slow down for curves. —Log

Policeman—How did the accident happen?
Motorist—My wife fell asleep on the back seat.—Log

"Extravagant," says Clauser as he is sentenced.
—Pottstown News
Now don't you worry about that. You just go ahead and have a good time. —Lyre

Bellhop (after guest has rung for 10 minutes): Did you ring, sir?
Guest: Hell no! I was tolling. I thought you were dead.
—Red Cat

The Hotel Mark Hopkins

announces the return of

ANSON WEEKS

and his

ORCHESTRA

Tuesday Evening

March 21

2 c—I hear you have a keg of beer in your room.
1 c—Yes, I keep it to gain strength.
2 c—Any results?
1 c—Marvelous! When I first got the thing a week ago I couldn't even move it and now I can roll it around the floor.
—Log

Nine green Freshmen—one had a date,
Here comes her husband, now there are eight.
Eight scared Freshmen, praying to heaven,
Then came probation slips, and now there are seven.
Seven little Freshmen, all from the sticks,
One went to Camden, then there were six.
Six poor Freshmen, one had to dive
Into the frog pond, then there were five.
Five bold Freshmen, smoking secretly,
Soon came some Sophomores, then there were three.
Three stupid Freshmen, struggling to get through,
Cribbed in the finals, then there were two.
Two weary Freshmen, one couldn't run,
Crossed Woodlawn Avenue, then there was one.
One lonely Freshman, full of rye and wine,
Looked in the mirror, then there were nine!
—Reserve Red Cat

"What is it that a man likes most about us old-fashioned girls?"
"The fact that you're gradually disappearing."—Log

NO PERSONALITY

Mental Specialist—And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about that.
Patient—Perhaps not; but I'm such a damn bore.
—Punch

Ex-mid.—Dad, do you remember the story you told me about how you were kicked out of college?
Dad—Sure, why?
Ex-mid.—Well, isn't it funny how history repeats itself?
—The Log

Rich man, poor man, fraternity brother, fraternity brother.
—Growler

Young George—Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie; I cut your sherry.
—Ohio Green Goat

OLD SONG—NEW TUNE

Why perplexed and mute, young sinner?
Why the blankly staring face?
Won't the lady let you win her?
Come, sit down and eat your dinner—
One thing is certain, getting thinner
Won't advance you any place.

What! What! She has gone and won you?
You senseless lingerie-struck loon!
A ghastly trick has fortune done you.
The awfulness of it must stun you.
Come, before all bachelors shun you,
We'll see my lawyer this afternoon.
—Froth

Outside the toy animal factory the storm raged furiously. Inside the machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?"

The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied, "I wouldn't turn out a dog on a night like this!"
—Green Goat

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Watches

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PALO ALTO

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Bride—Who is the man in the blue coat, darling?
Groom—That's the umpire, dear.
Bride—Why does he wear that funny wire thing over his face?
Groom—To keep from biting the ball players, Precious.
—Battalion

SHORT BUT SWEET

"Get the dope on this accident," said the editor of the college paper to the cub reporter. "And when you write the story, remember that brevity is the soul of the newspaper. Never use two words where one will do. Now get going." A few hours later the reporter handed in his copy. "Professor Stapleton struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank," the story read. "Age 55." —Show Me

TWO OF A KIND

Stable Sergeant—D'ja ever ride a horse before?
Rookie—No.
Sergeant—Ah! Here's just the animal for you. He has never been ridden. You can start out together.—Exchange

Lies buried here one Wm. Bold,
Departed from this life,
Because he went out in the cold,
Attired like his wife.
—Log

Prisoner (to mate)—I asked the warden for a radio in our cell tonight. Lucky Strike is broadcasting our stickup.
—Log

I think that I shall never see
A "D" as lovely as a "B."
A line against whose sides are pressed
Two little curves as though a breast.
A "B" that urges guys all day
And makes them throw their lives away.
A "B" that causes gals to wear
Scant dresses so the prof will care.
For whose attainment men have strained
And carved deep furrows in their brain.
"D's" are made by fools like me,
But only drag can make a "B." —Frivol

It was on top of a crowded bus in Chicago.
"Low bridge!" shouted the conductor to the passengers.
"Everyone keep his seat and face to the front."
A gay little flapper up forward turned around and smiled sweetly and said, "My dear, you know that can't be done."
—Log

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THE SEVEN AGES OF A STAG

(A story with a moral)

1. "It's a pleasure to meet you."
2. "You dance divinely."
3. "My, it's warm in here."
4. "Shall we sit this one out?"
5. "Isn't the moon marvelous?"
6. "Ohhh—I don't act like this with every man."
—Ski-U-Mah
7. "NO!"

MY CIGARETTE GIRL

I see you, dearest, in the dark,
Just like a cigarette.
You are too white and slenderized.
(I'm trying to forget.)

I see you, dearest, in the dark.
Your eyes are pits of flame.
Your pale cheeks glow quite steadily.
(I'm not so much to blame.)

I see you, dearest, in the dark.
Your eyes begin to smoulder.
You are so wildly flavored.
(I feel I'm growing older). —Puppet

In the arms of the Queen of Sheba,
In the spell of Helen of Troy,
The greatest men of the world
Were nothing but a toy.

A great English General
Was licked by Joan of Arc—
And remember this, girls,
That Cleo made her mark.
—Yellow Jacket

"Governess, did you kill all the germs in baby's milk?"
"Yes, mum, I put strychnine in it." —Exchange

"Shay, Bud—where dosh Adam Kringeline live?"
"Why you're Adam Kringeline, old fellow."
"Yes, but wherein'ell does he live?" —Exchange

"Ernie dear, don't go too far in the water."
"But look, daddy's out a long way."
"I know dear, but your father's insured." —Log

In darkest Africa two natives were watching a leopard chasing a large, fat man.
"Can you spot the winner?" asked one.
"The winner is spotted," replied the other.—Exchange

"Is your daughter in tonight?"
"No; and get out and stay out."
"But I'm the Sheriff."
"Oh, I'm sorry. Come in. I thought that was a Phi Kap pin."
—Wittenberg Witt

A colored student that was hung at Lexington, Virginia, is said to have been the originator of the Washington and Lee Swing.
—Green Goat

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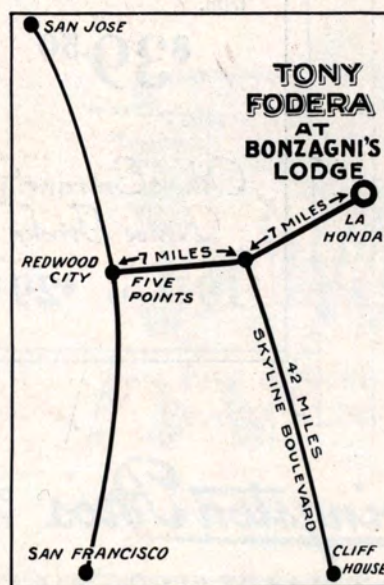
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It was necessary for taxation purposes to decide on which side of the Canadian-Maine border a farm which the old lady had just purchased lay. Surveyors finally announced that the farm was just on the American side. The old lady signed with, "I am really so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are terribly severe." —Log

She—The hussy forgot to put on her costume!
He—I was just admiring her originality. —Buccaneer

Why is it professors can wear purple ties,
Haphazard haircuts, and coats wrong size,
Trousers too short, and color schemes vile,
Yet bust me in English because of my style?
—Widow

You flatter yourself, you egoist,
You think you gave my heart a twist,
You think you were my only flame,
You think I'll never play again.
The point is mine, please raise my score,
My heart's been broken oft before.

I loved you? Sure, but then you see . . .
'Twas just for 'long as you loved me.
You tired of love, we drew apart,
You thought you'd broken sure my heart.
But child, you needn't worry more:
My heart's been broken oft before.

We had our fun, we had our fling,
We played the game . . . let MID VIC'S sing.
But worry not, I knew 'twould be
Just like this . . . you're a man you see.
So run along, don't be a bore:
My heart's been broken oft before. —Whirlwind

"I hear they're dressing the janitors in uniforms."
"Yeh, that's so they can tell them from the Math instructors." —Froth

There is a story out about a colored man who was about to enter the pearly gates of Heaven when Saint Peter asked him if there was anything he wanted before he entered. "Yezzah," he replied, "I'll take about ten thousand dollars in cash." His wish was granted, and the next in line was a Mr. Cohen. "What is your last request?" Saint Peter asked him. Mr. Cohen replied: "Just give me about ten dollars' worth of cheap jewelry and that last man's address." —Sun Dial

QUERY

These poems,
I wrote,
Are dedicated
In their present form
To lovers of poetry
Everywhere.

And then someone said
My poems were like the earth
In the book of Genesis—
'Without form and void.'

Now I wonder
If my art
Like the earth
Will undergo
Evolution? —Longhorn

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't get away with it if he did, he's a wise man. —Battalion

"Pardon me, it's my error," said Robin Hood, as he pulled it out of the Sheriff of Nottingham. —Dirge

"So you're working your way through school. How do you do it?"
"Well, don't tell my mother; she thinks I'm selling gin but I'm really editing the humor magazine." —Green Goat

"Listen, guy, I'm getting so tough that I can drink either gin, whiskey, wine, or corn."
"That's great, but for Gossakes lay off the ether." —Froth

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Von Stuyvesant
request the honor of your presence
at a dinner
in honor of
SIR HENRY RALPH GLUPSPOONIC,
K.P., Q.U.L.
to be held

Tuesday, November Twenty-third
Nineteen Hundred & 32
at 7:30

at
Sloppy Joe's Eating Place
Corner of 4 1/2 & B

Dinner two-bits Soup extra
—Lyre

The half-back has a girl friend,
The tackle sends her sweets.
The tackle's in the sick bay,
His face is full of cleats. —Pelican

FERVID POESY

Why must the poets write always of love?
Rhyming line two with the line up above?
Why must the poets pick always on June?
And who in the hell had invented the moon?

We want a poem pertaining to hate!
One where the hero would strangle his date!
One where the lightning would streak through the sky.
Where you'd be the flapper, the hero'd be—! —Dirge

Tramp—Would you take a fellow's last cent for a pack of cigarettes?
Merchant—Yes, sir! I have none to give away.
The tramp gently picked up the cigarettes and left his last penny on the counter. —Yellow Jacket

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PALO ALTO

HELEN

I gazed at you as one admiring a painted thing, Aloof, untouchable, yet something to desire, As to a lover some fair portraiture might bring The thought that through its light new love he might acquire.

Your every movement was so careful, studied, sure, It seemed put forth for my especial delectation. And to this day I can't believe your lure Is but the workings of an affectation.

Yet come what may, I'll worship only from afar Your dimpled cheek, your perfumed hair, your slumberous eye, And you, as unapproachable as any star, Might hear a voice, yet never know it's I.

I'd gladly tell you, Helen, but you see It's not your beauty—it's your mind that's stopping me. —Sun Dial



And even as she cursed him, And cried aloud in pain, Gushing tears slipped down her face, Like drops of silver rain. She thought, "What if he's left me— The better will I be At writing tragic stories, And soulful poetry!"



FREE VERSE

(Oh, very free) Sometimes In spring On days Like this I close My eyes And Hooooooooo-huuuuuuuum ZZZzzzzzz —Green Goat



It would be an ideal time for the saloon to come back now because all the good corner locations formerly occupied by banks are now available. —Green Goat



Through the darkness, through the blinding snow, she struggled on—each struggling footstep a heart-rending effort. Wild thoughts surged through her brain. Her father, her mother—were they still alive? Would they forgive and forget? Would they?

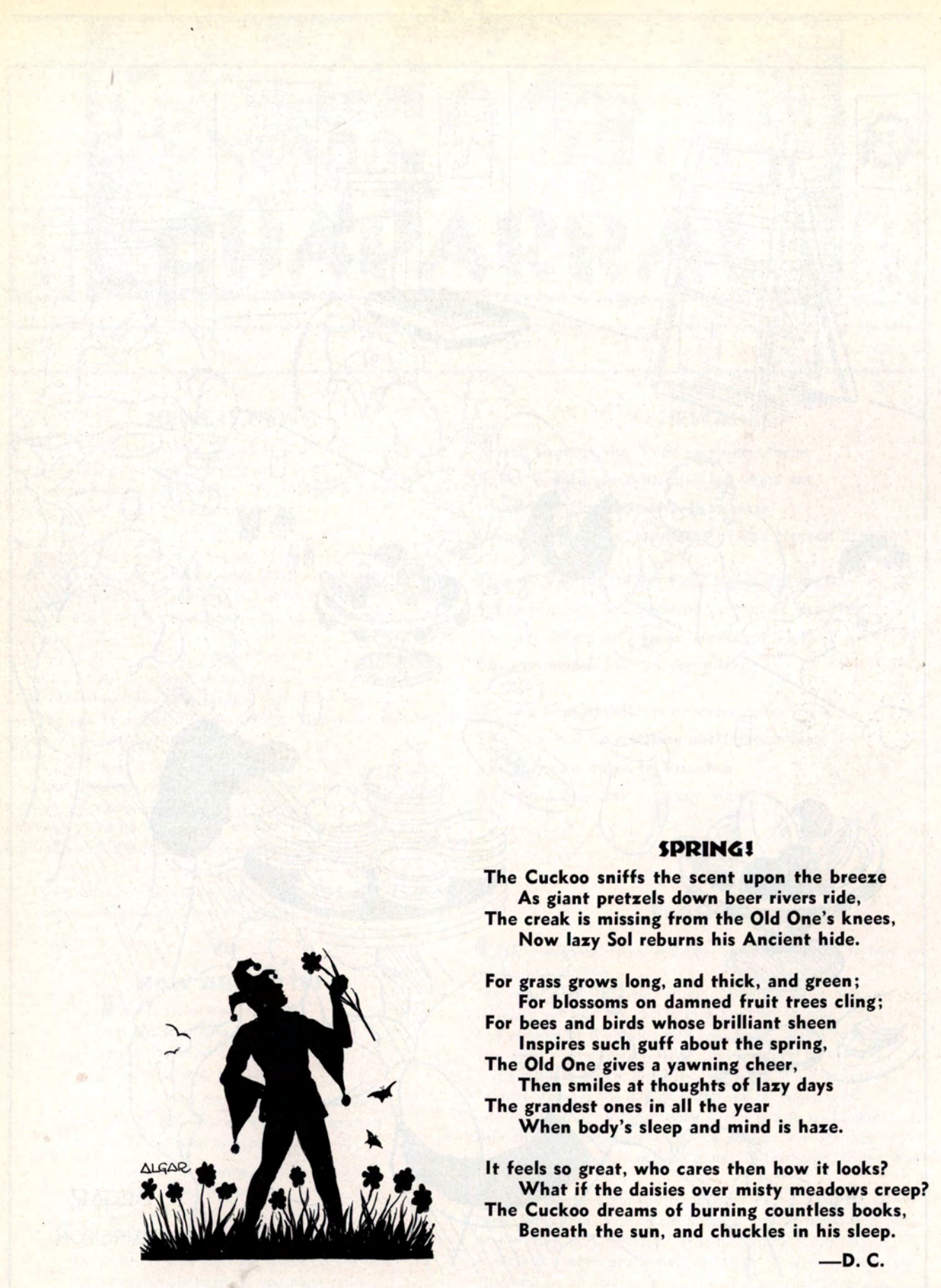
At last. The old home. The old door. She stumbled on—to collapse in a faint on the threshold. "My daughter!" sobbed her mother. "Mother!" murmured the girl. "Where—where is your child?" demanded her father. "Father," she stammered, "I—I have no child." "No child?" shrieked the old man. "Ain't yew got no respect for tradition?" And the old man booted her back into the cold, cold night. —Brown Jug



Panhandler—Say, buddy, could you spare a buck for coffee? Gent—A dollar for coffee? Preposterous!! Panhandler—Just tell me yes or no—but don't try to tell me how to run my business! —Puppet



Maid (who has just answered the 'phone for her mistress)—It is your fiance, madame, the one with the deep voice.—Tiger.



SPRING!

The Cuckoo sniffs the scent upon the breeze As giant pretzels down beer rivers ride, The creak is missing from the Old One's knees, Now lazy Sol returns his Ancient hide.

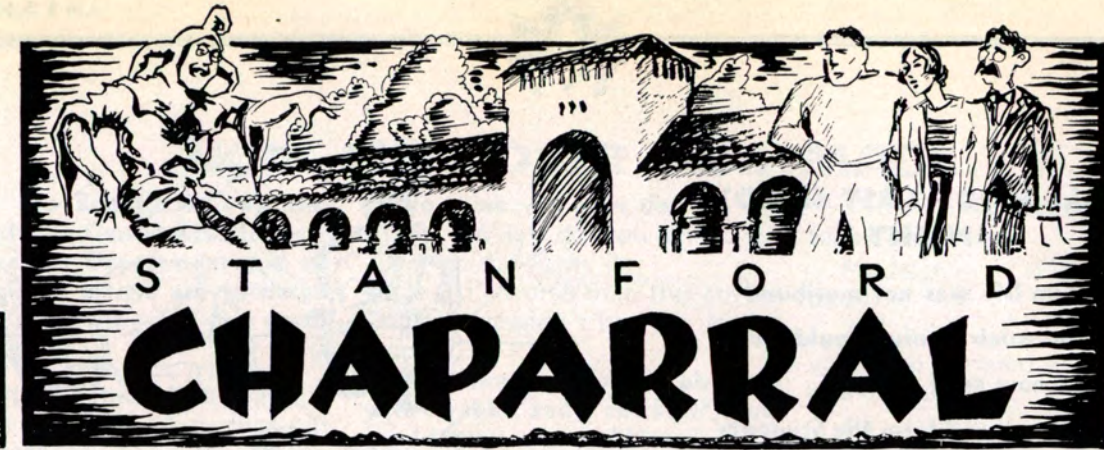
For grass grows long, and thick, and green; For blossoms on damned fruit trees cling; For bees and birds whose brilliant sheen Inspires such guff about the spring, The Old One gives a yawning cheer, Then smiles at thoughts of lazy days The grandest ones in all the year When body's sleep and mind is haze.

It feels so great, who cares then how it looks? What if the daisies over misty meadows creep? The Cuckoo dreams of burning countless books, Beneath the sun, and chuckles in his sleep.

—D. C.



FRATERNITY LIFE AT STANFORD. NO. 2: ZETA PSI



Volume 34

MARCH, 1933

Number 6

NEWS IS NEWS

DEPUTY Hitoshi Ashida, Japanese diplomat, recently expressed a desire that the War Minister forsake the notion that the Japanese Army is almighty. The Methodist Foreign Missionary Society ought to look into this.

The French deficit is piling up at the rate of \$45,000 an hour, but then the United States is running in the hole to the tune of \$200,000 an hour. All of which ought to demonstrate pretty clearly the superiority of American business methods.

We had been inclined to put the recent European Yo-Yo craze into the "New Low Dept.," but latest reports have it that the Greeks played with the things. This shows that there is nothing new about this low.

Japanese ethics require that when things in the country go radically wrong someone should voluntarily make himself the scapegoat. We have ideas like this in our country too, but we arbitrarily call the fellow The President.

David Sheldon Barry says that there are not many crooks in Congress. We are glad that this matter has been cleared up. —F. C.

HOW ABOUT IT?

I don't know how I failed,
That last love-note I mailed—
You've grown so strangely cold.
Was I, perhaps, too bold?

I love you, I love you, the words you read:
But when was a maiden e'er found so dead
To simple devotion so simply said?

If I was in the wrong,
I'll gladly drop my song
To any softer key
Might bring your love to me.

I love you, I love you, the sweet phrase fell,
And I my whole heart to you must tell—
Say, how would you like to go to hell?

—D. D.

SIESTA!

THE first of the Year in thirty-three
There was never a likelier lad than me.
I had ambition, the fire that rates
I was going to be president of the United States.

Toward the middle of Feb. I still did well.
I'd at least be a Governor . . . what the Hell!
The president dies from incessant jeers.
But governors live on for years.

On the first of March of even date
The sun and an evening settled me fate.
I'm going to move to Yucatan
And be a General . . . lazy man.

—von B.

FLASHES

GOOD evening, folks, and how are you? Well, I'm here to bring you news.

The latest dope Richfield can get. Tonite it came in slews.
It seems we find the dickie bird a-whistling now 'tis Spring.
The purpose of the dickie bird, you know, is just to sing.
The latest on the sparrow hawk, this is merely by the way,
Is it's ruthless, fierce, dishonest, and leads lady-bugs astray.
Ah here we have the newest—over special leased wire.
The former King of Bingtonbak is changed to an Esquire.
And from Mozambique in Africa we get the startling word
A tribe of pygmies, just now found, is feathered, frilled, and
"furred."

In China all the Communists (massed in the Yang-tse valley)
Have forced the local merchants to furnish bread and jelly.
And in the U.S.A. (phrase stands for Federal Guvment)
A dictator's been proclaimed—it seems they owe their rent.
That will be all tonite, folks, but when you buy your gas,
Remember only Richfield, the stuff will more than pass.

—von B.



BALLAD OF LAST SATIDY NIGHT

For him life was not moribund
 And such genius could never
 know grief
 Who borrowed from the Students'
 Fund
 To get into the Dance for Re-
 lief. —D. C.



"I'm not cold! I'm not cold! I'm not cold!"



CORRESPONDENCE

Now I am here, and you are far away;
 So I must write you news of here
 To brighten where you are, 'til you, some
 day
 Return to where I am. I fear
 I'll leave for distant points to sit and
 hope
 That you will write me news of where
 I'd like to be, though you, you dope
 On finding place reversed, present the
 air
 To me, and I in turn will mope
 O'er one whose heart is black and face
 is fair.
 So now I write and write to wisely
 prepare
 For the time when I'm away and you
 come here from there. —D. C.

CONVICTION

HE is the president
 of what is
 after a fashion
 a sorority.
 She made
 Phi Beta Kappa
 In her Junior Year.
 Nevertheless,
 After knowing her
 I know I
 shall never
 MARRY.



HOW THE COVER WAS MADE

(For the Benefit of You and You and You Gentle Reader.) (It is in the Art Department and all the Chappie artists are gathered around a drawing for the cover of Chaparral.)

Thomas: I like it, the way the damned rabbit's neck sweeps out to the left.

Pickford: It stinks!

Algar: I tell you, Frank, what you need is a chubby, sort of cute chicken. That thing is a freak of nature.

Cameron: I don't know, but I don't like it. It just doesn't seem to click deep down in my guts, that's all.

Algar: It looks like a horse.

Pi: It stinks!

Ch: Where is the female rabbit?

Ca: At this point I beg your pardon.

Th: I still like it, though I be-

gin to think you guys don't.

Ch: What do you think of "Dirt on the Farm"?

Ca: It's worse than this cover.

Al: It couldn't be, this is obscene.

Ca: How can you be obscene with a rabbit and a chicken? You need two or more rabbits.

Pi: It stinks!

Th: Why don't you perfume the ink, Cameron, you louse?

Ca: Why don't you draw rabbits instead of kangaroos?

Ch: This thing would look like hell in a frame.

Al: It looks like hell now, but Thomas is sincere.

Th: I'm not, I'm insane about rabbits. I raised them once, and they always looked that way to me.

Ca: Drinking yourself to death, eh? That is a white buffalo you've drawn.

Pi: It stinks!

Th: I think Pickford is a listerine salesman.

Pi: It stinks! (Pickford is laid away).

Th: Well, if you guys think you're so damned good let's see one of you try it.

All: I will! I will!

Ca: What I want is something attractive, sort of a soulful rabbit and a kinda, well, a kinda surprised chicken, because the gag isn't so good and it is all up to the artist.

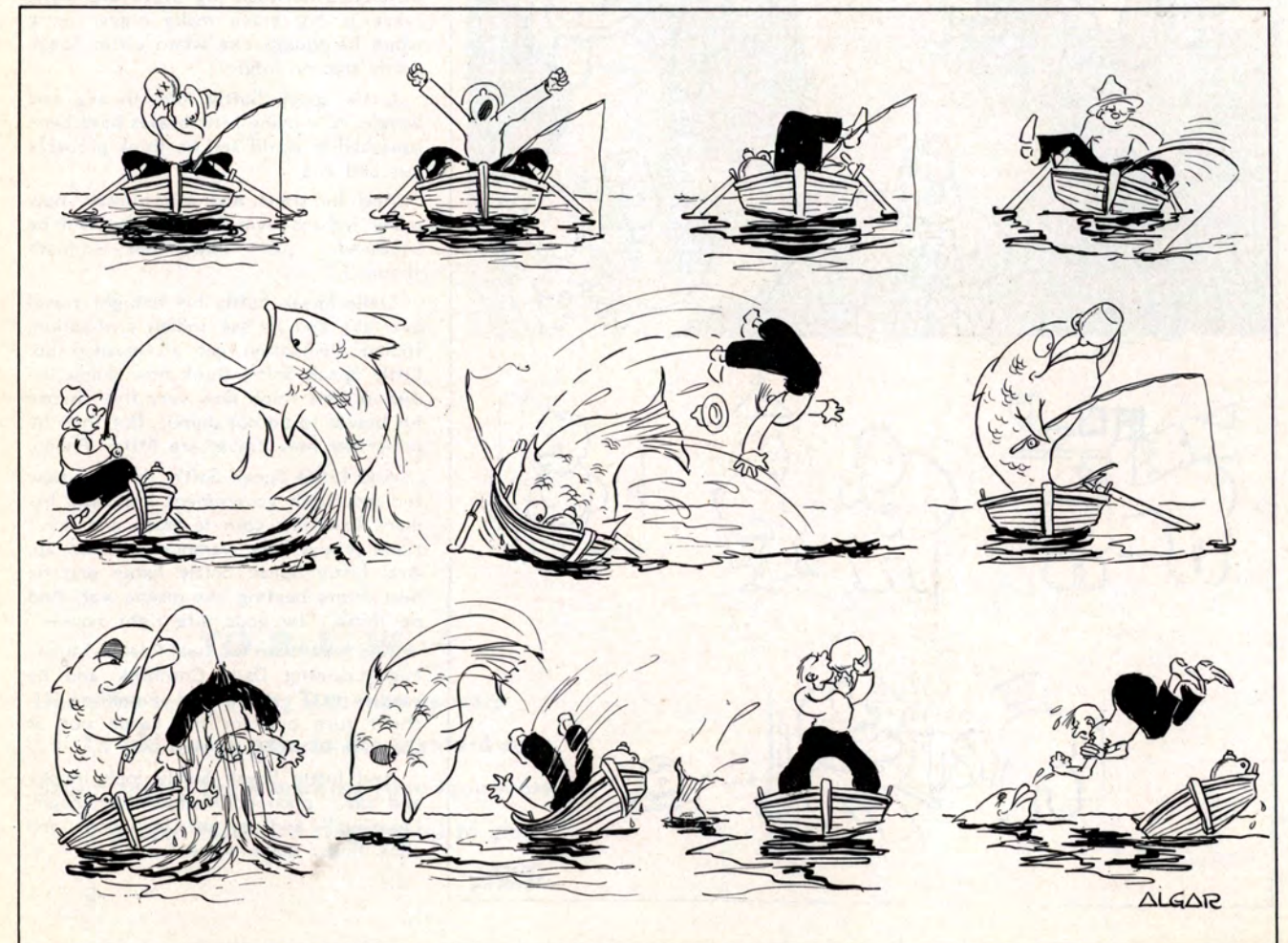
Al: Well, Don, Boy, I think I can do something pretty nice, Boy, and Boy, I'll sure work.

Ca: What do you think, Frank?

Th: O.K. But I still like the way it swings around the neck.

Ch: Yah, that strangulation stuff is damned good, hard on the rabbit but damned good.

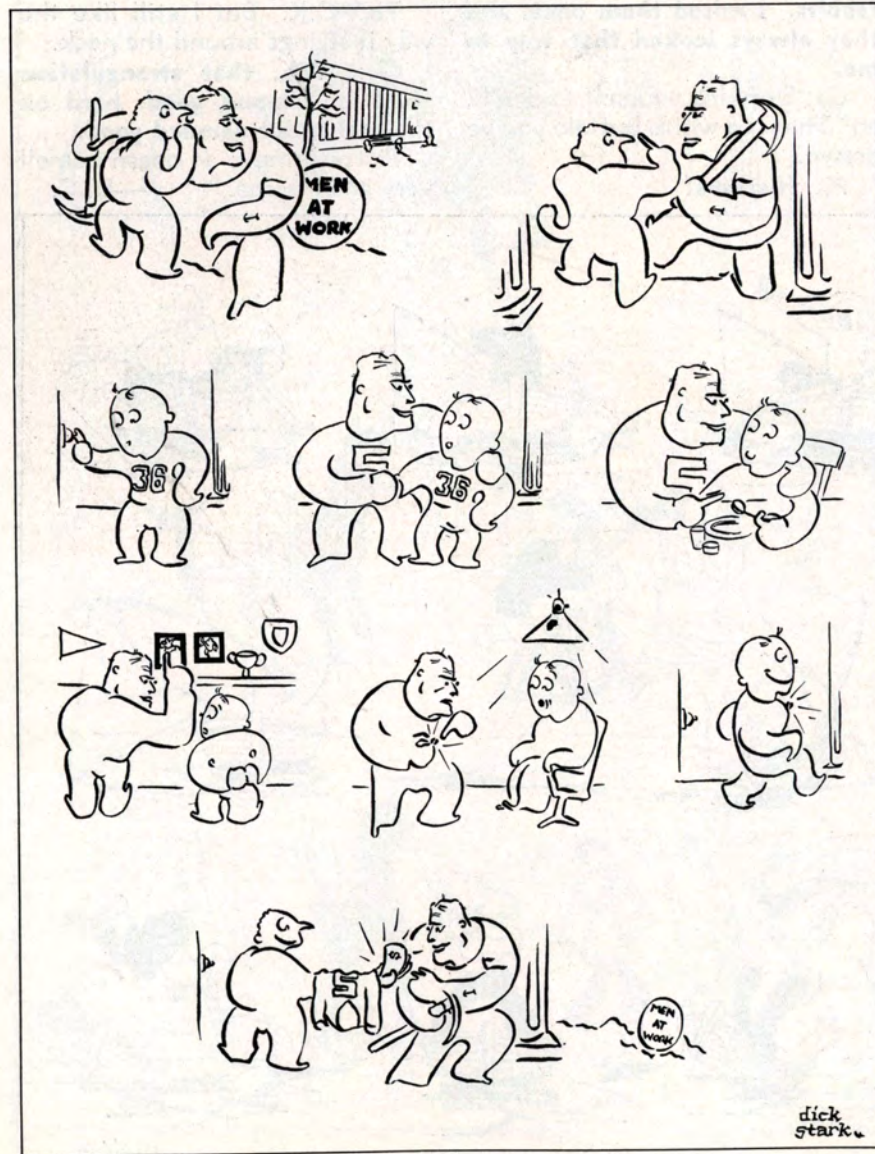
Pi (reviving): It doesn't smell very good to me. —D. C.





CONTEMPORARY EVIDENCE INDICATING THAT COLLEGE STUDENTS ARE NOT TRUSTWORTHY AMERICANS

The Students	The Authority	The Evidence
Fraternity men at Marquette Univ.	The local police	All fraternity men have their names, characteristics, and idiosyncrasies listed with the police department.
Fraternity House managers	Ohio State Univ. authorities	All fraternity finances are controlled by the university.
Students at Northwestern Univ.	Councilman Hollis Peck of Sioux Falls, S. Dakota	Quote: "They're a motley crew without the faintest notion of what honor is in respect to school work."
All university students	William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray	Quote: "The modern system of universities begets lawlessness."
Students at Missouri Univ.	The weekly "Missouri Student"	Quote: "A toast to drunken mobs in campus restaurants, howling, destroying property, insulting every creed of gentlemen."



LITTLE Speak Softly lie on back and gaze into blue sky and his thought run all over big expanse of sky like deer running with arrow shot in tail.

He think, my, how big sky is and, how earth too is big but earth is not as big as sky, by gods, and he think how sometime something maybe will come down out of big blue ceiling and squash all braves. Just like that—squash (boom!).

And then Little Speak Softly think how little braves are. Even big braves are little. Yes, he think, maybe only difference between big brave and little brave is big brave make bigger noise when he squash like when Little Speak Softly step on frog.

Little Speak Softly look in sky and wonder how many little braves have been squashed in world and he think probably lots and lots.

And he smile and ask himself how many Indians living know they will be squashed. Just like that—squash (boom!).

Little Speak Softly his thought travel over sky and he see Indian civilization. Indian civilization get all mashed up. Little Speak Softly think how dumb Indian is. He think how very fine chance for braves to be not dumb. But then he remember how braves are little. Phooo.

And Little Speak Softly think of how Indians butch government and how Indians have lots corn to trade and don't trade it and how wampum all tied up. And Little Speak Softly listen and he hear drums beating like maybe war. And he think, "by gods, life right now—"

And just then he see Pueblo-Much-High-Learning Daily Cornhusk and he read—"BUT WHY did Franklin Gilchrist turn over in the canoe out at Lagunita with Lillian Harris?"

And Little Speak Softly look in sky and say, "phoo on Pueblo-Much-High-Learning," and go off in woods and stick finger down throat.

—B. C.



TO R L W.

Upon the scene a long lean man appears

To add a new page to the Stanford story

Begun anew. From marking time four years

A guided farmyard staggers on to glory.

—D. C.

S T A N F O R D C H A P A R R A L



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 BOGOLISH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

NOW THAT track aggregation cheers the Venerable One immensely. Mr. Robert L. "Dink" Templeton, he of the leather lungs and the caustic tongue, has returned from his sick bed to present another super track team. Mr. Templeton has admitted as much, or will very shortly, for the once "Boy Coach" is no shrinking lily, especially when he has the goods, which he has in this case. El Trojan will be his usual annoying self, but it appears as if the Indian cinder grinders will grab off either the IC4A or the dual meet with U.S.C., or both. Brutus Hamilton, once a star at Kansas U., and then the coach of such potents as Jim Bausch and Glenn Cunningham, is expecting a tough year for his initial workout at California and will not be disappointed. (At this point the Old One says that this information is received from sources which he deems reliable but in no event is to be construed as representations by him.) Or, in other words, the Cuckoo didn't do so well with his basketball predictions and he is using every means at hand to protect himself from a repetition of his casaba debacle. California will always be the nation's leader in track, due, at least to a superficial observer, to the climate. Track on the coast is spring entertainment at its very best, and record-breaking performances are expected to the extent that the San Francisco CHRONICLE runs a headline following Saturday's meet with the Olympic Club which reads "Ben Eastman Fails to Break World's Record." That is dealing out the scarelines with the left hand. The smoothness with which Stanford track meets are run off deserves a big hand which goes to generations of track managers, one of the very best of whom is Anthony J. "Tony" Franich, incumbent.



Now that Hi-Jinks stuff is still good. With all due respect to the evident ability of some of our female thespians to scurry across the creaking boards of the Assembly Hall and yodel into the unfilled balconies of that decrepit horror, the Old One has wanted an all-male spring show for two months now, and nothing has been presented to change his mind. In the company of Mr. Mellinkoff a delving into the records of the last spring show has produced news of an astounding expense of fully ninety dollars and profits of around three hundred. These figures would not be the same for a show produced now, but they serve as a good indication of the financial position of spring musical merriment. With the spring week-ends full of sport entertainment, and the evenings full of moonlight or love or whatever, it is going to take a DIFFERENT form of dramatic entertainment to get people into the Assembly Hall and help the poor Dramatic Council to balance its staggering budget. Next comes a very strong ethical obligation to the many writers who have prepared manuscripts in the hope that their opi might be accepted and they would tread the path of local literary glory. The Ancient One thinks it would be the biggest butch of all if the Ex-Committee dings these writers and breaks the faith. They have been pounding typewriters two months now, only to find out, with deadline a week away, that ART is everything and ENTERTAINMENT the simple desire of the demented. This is the Old Boy's last spring on the Campus and so far things are pretty sad. With the Hi-Jinks he would be sure of at least one hundred good laughs, and he doesn't want to be cheated out of them.



NOW THAT is a very horrible squawk. The Ancient One refers to the DAILY'S recent contribution to campus literature: the "Dirt on the Farm" column. For some reason it does not appeal to the Old Boy's sense of the eternal fitness of columns, or to be brutally frank, it is a pain in the editorial neck. Brother Fritz Goodwin has a very strong point to make if he claims that the column possesses reader interest, and the Cuckoo would be the last to say that such a column is not read. But any number of verses about a certain King of England would undoubtedly possess reader interest, as would sixty-four limericks known mutually by the Old One and Brother Fritz. If the DAILY were a commercial publication needing a certain Call-Bulletin technique to put it over with its reading public then such a column would have a definite place, but as it is the circulation of the paper is fixed and no amount of mud-slinging would bring more shekels into the manager's greedy paws. There is a vulnerable spot in the Chappie attack which must be admitted at this point and that is that the Fables of the Farm page is a semi-gossip proposition. Granting the obvious superiority of the CHAPARRAL over the DAILY, a condition which has existed since 1899 (Chappie was founded in 1899) it is apparent the Fables are just some mildly amusing anecdotes written because of their narrative value and with no forced effort to dish out a sundae of fifteen or twenty names covered with vile printer's mud. The Old One opines that, because of this editorial, the Dirt on the Farm column will wend its unwashed way across the DAILY'S pages forever, since that publication's tycoons would never admit CHAPARRAL'S ability to judge even the time of day.

NOW THAT brings Ex-Old Boy, Ex-Funny Fellow, Ex-Venerable Cuckoo Nels Carter back to the mag dishing out copy for which the present Old One is grateful. Also a cheer is the work of Freshmen Dawson and Stark in the art department and the noble creation of sophomore Gilman Gist in modeling Wilbur out of clay.

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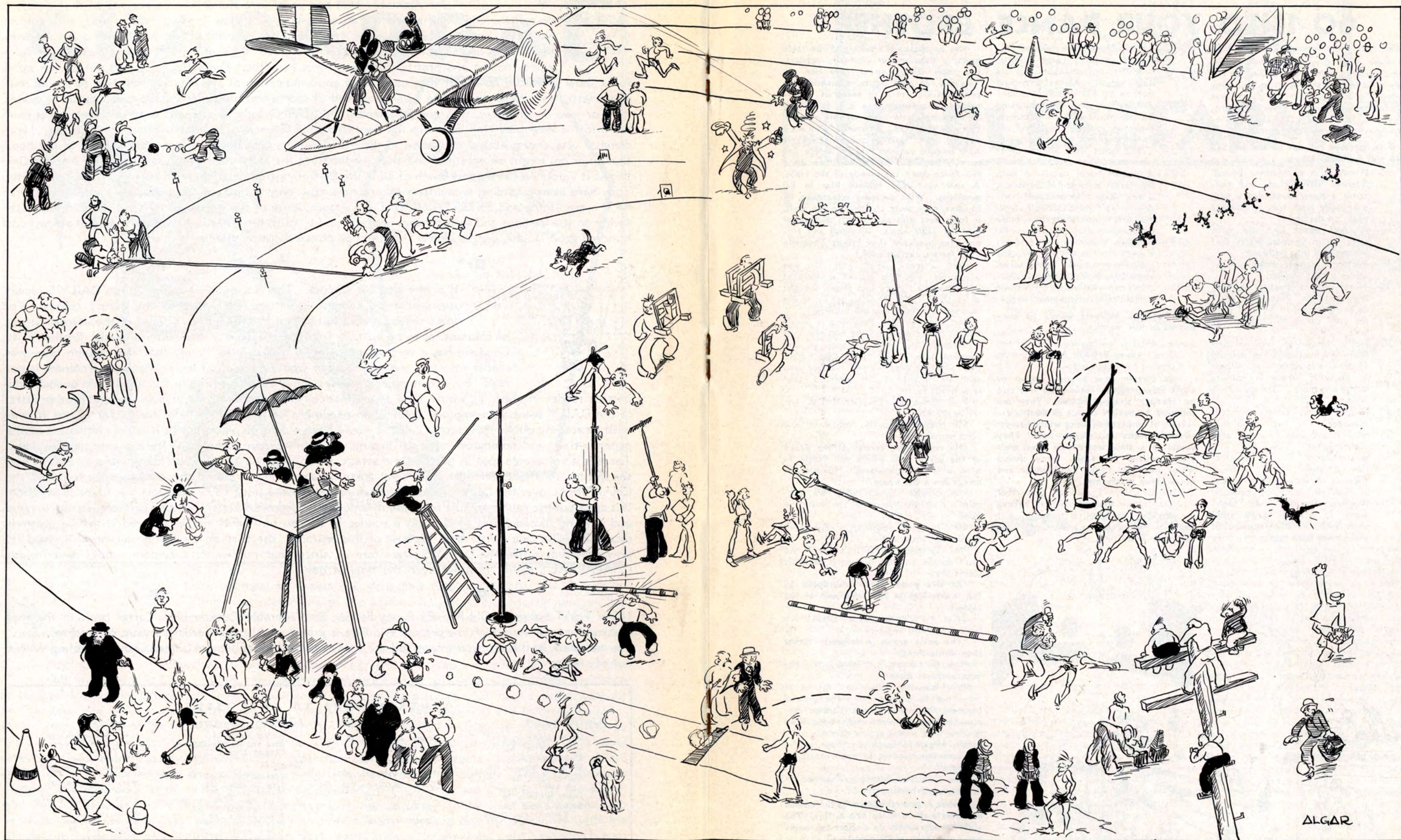
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ALGAR



GO INTO YOUR DANCE, BROTHER

News Item—Los Angeles Times:

(New York City) — Miss Ruth St. Denis declared today that dancing "is the only salvation for the world today." She stated she believed that the dance idea should be introduced to the President, governors, leaders of great business institutions, and even college prexies.

If so, perhaps the day of the average man will run like this . . .

- 7:30—Arises with a rhythmic bound. Silences alarm clock and executes a dying swan dance that eventually leads him to collapse again on the bed.
- 7:32—Aroused again by irate wife joins her in German Waltz that whisks him into bathroom.
- 7:40—Performs Harlem shake number under a cold shower.
- 7:45—Notes with satisfaction decreasing waist-line. Poses with grace as living model in front of mirror until called to breakfast by wife.
- 7:50—Hotly denounces ultra-modern Mary Wigman school of dancing as demonstrated by wife. Wants to know if "there is nothing sacred any more." Stamps out of house.
- 8:30—Enters office. Greets assistant manager. The two speed into an intricate adagio number with stenographer. Toss her into waste-basket. Private secretary demonstrates Mary Wigman theories of ultra-modern dance. It receives vociferous applause.
- 9-10—Practises reaching over backwards to pick up handkerchief with teeth. Finally succeeds but also strains back badly.



"I said pink elephants, and I'm going to get pink elephants!"

- 10:05—Visits chiropractor who recommends Egyptian ballet number and demonstrates some of its finer points. Makes a mental note to try it with wife.
- 11:16—Dictates letter while rehearsing balloon number with salesmen. Secretary joins in finale and exits on shoulders of the four men.
- 12:05—Group ballet work at the corner cafeteria.
- 2:07—European buyer comes in with the latest continental sensation, a new tango. Declares half-holiday to learn more difficult steps. Succeeds in mastering them. Hurries home to show off before wife.
- 5:43—Kisses wife mechanically and demands her attention. Proudly exhibits new step. Beams when she applauds. Takes encore. Ovation from wife insists upon three curtain calls. Is supremely happy.

Or perhaps business would be conducted in this manner . . .

Scene—Interior conference rooms of the "Gem" Horse-Blanket Manufacturing Corporation. Deserted.

(As curtain riss a pony chorus of eight stenographers enter from left and go through snappy routine. They are followed by beauty chorus of twelve directors of corporation, long white beards, summer frocks and picture hats. They complete a slow waltz and take their places around the table. Pony chorus whips out note-books and pencils and takes notes in rhythm.)

Pres. Grogslay: Gentlemen, after that very satisfactory opening number I believe we can call the meeting to order. Let me see. We're all here—except Vice-President Thwartle.

(As he speaks the center of the table parts, a huge oyster gradually appears, the shell slowly opens, and we see Thwartle, in pink tights, crouched as a pearl therein. It is as much of a surprise to the directors as it is to us and they respond with a thunderous ovation. The bewhiskered Thwartle slowly awakes, looks quickly around, discovers with feigned surprise that he is free and spritely hops out of the shell to do a toe dance down the middle of the table. A soft spot-light follows him in his gyrations. With seeming reluctance he finishes, once more crouches in the shell, it folds over him and quietly disappears into the table again. Blackout and tremendous applause that brings Thwartle back for six curtain calls.)

Pres. Grogslay: Well, well, that was a surprise. I'm sure you all appreciated Mr. Thwartle's grace and lovely thought as much as I did. Now to get on to old business. Is there any old business?

Mr. Higgins: Mr. President, I would like to report again on the business that I presented last week, in such an unfinished state. I beg to say that I have been working over my veil number and, with all modesty, I can safely say that it is much better.

Pres. Grogslay: Excellent. Try, try, try again, eh?

Mr. Higgins: Exactly. Now with your kind permission—

(He renders his version of the dance of the seven veils which still seems to need a lot of rehearsing. However, it brings down the house.)

Pres. Grogslay: Much better, Mr. Higgins. Your foot-work is ten times as good.

Mr. Higgins (puffing): Er—uh—thanks Mr. President—

Pres. Grogslay: Now let's see if we can't decide on that Bulgarian deal. It seems that—

(At this point he is interrupted by low mutterings at the other end of the table.)

Quiet, my friends, please! Quiet! We have important matters—

(The noise grows in intensity rather than diminishing.)

Now, gentlemen, just what is the discussion down there?

Mr. Malowitz: Why—er—far be it from me to detract from the general business, but—er—at the Yankee Stadium today—the—er—well, Babe Ruth is presenting a new spring dance!

Mr. Higgins (quickly): Boys, we've got just ten minutes to make it! Let's get goin'!

Pres. Grogslay: Meeting adjourned indefinitely. Where's my hat?

(There is general bedlam as the twelve directors make a hasty exit in line. The eight stenographers do a short tap number and follow, smiling as

CURTAIN)



SHANGHAI

THAT certain Pi Phi who plays golf and drives a big Packard roadster spent last summer in China. From all accounts she seems to have left just as big a flurry in her wake as she has always left around here. Of course you know that we are referring to the elder Hewlett, God bless her, who has not earned the name, "Speedball," for no reason. Any account of her doings that we should write would be second hand and mediocre; so we quote to you part of a story that appeared on the front page of the "Shanghai Express" of July 27, 1932.

"And the tourists, God bless 'em, may they always be with us to upset the cut and dried routine of life in Shanghai in the midsummer time. Referring especially to a fair Yankee university student who has been 'doing' our beloved metropolis.

"If you see a young amazon gliding blithely down the main drag, sporting a pith helmet like to the manor born, that's one of them. She has all the ricksha fraternity ga-ga, when she would, forsooth, have a man-powered carriage trot her up hill and down dale. She marshals every rickshaw in sight, inspects the vehicles and operators until she finds transportation to suit her. Then away she goes, with the ricksha fraternity convulsed with amazement.

"A public rickshaman had his inning the other day when she attempted to take off in one of the private and more swanky variety. He set up a hullabaloo which attracted the attention of a zinhuh. But before he could arrive she had changed rickshas.

"She is making a collection of various brands of cigarettes from the Rat brand to Rugby Queens, stopping at every tobacconist's shop to pick up a new variety. She is at once the terror and delight of a Shanghai girl friend with whom she pals around when the latter can keep up with her.

"But the prize goes to the time she hustled off to Hangchow on her own with a vanity case as her only luggage. She wanted to get close to the proletariat; so she bought a third class ticket, stretched herself out on one of the long wooden benches which run the length of the car and dozed. When she opened her eyes it was to see a coolie on the bench opposite. He woke when she did and both had to laugh. And then, you must believe it, she sang a Japanese song

for the benefit of all in the compartment. The passengers roared approval. All she wants now is to learn a Chinese song to add to her repertoire. Whattagal, wottagal!"

We have heard more about this train trip, too. It seems that after the song, the crowd in the compartment became pretty friendly and boisterous. So what did our dynamic friend do but organize a regular old-fashioned football rally.

Honest to God our hat is off to Hewlett. We would have given anything to have been in on the fun.

TIA JUANA

The "Midnight Follies Bar" to almost anyone who has been in Tia Juana has a significance. To those who haven't been there, the name ought to indicate pretty well just what kind of a place it is, in short, a pretty low dive.



Last Christmas vacation three fellows from school were down in Tia Juana (how strange!). They got pretty stiff and ended up at this "Midnight Follies Bar." They had a few more beers. In the meantime, the floor show was going on. One of the chorus girls looked pretty good to them, and, being ready for anything by this time, they asked the head hostess if this dancer could come over to their table.

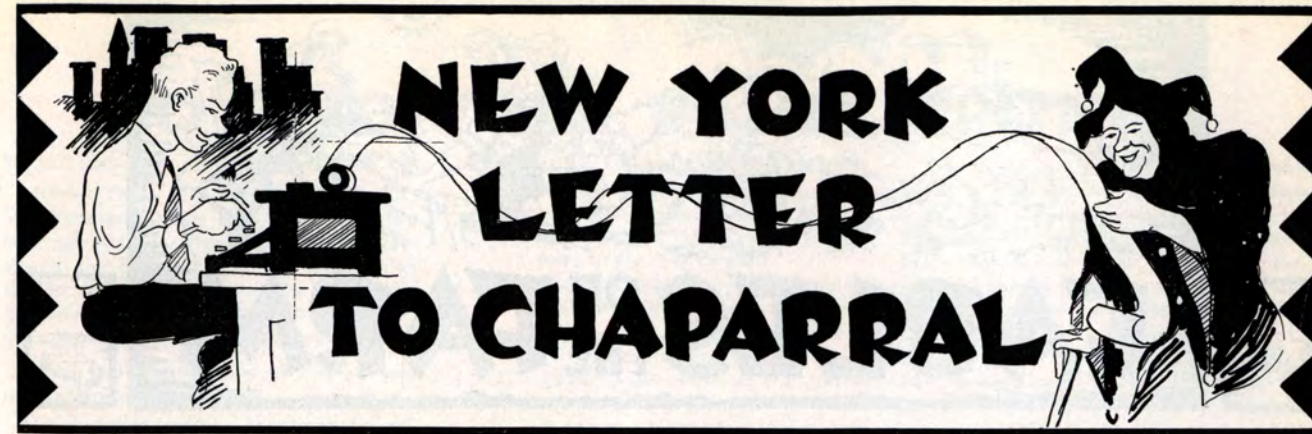
Now these three fellows lived in San Diego, and what is more they had good social positions (whatever that is) to uphold. As soon as the dancer started to

POETRY

One of the English profs here has earned quite a name for himself as a poet. Quite naturally he teaches several courses in poetry in the department. A student in one of his poetry classes once got hold of several old magazines in which there was a poem written by this certain prof. The magazines were from several years back, and the poetry was written during the college days of the man who is now a professor. The student figured that inasmuch as this prof has written so much poetry he probably wouldn't remember this particular one written so long before. At least he decided to try the prof out. So he copied the poem, a short one, and submitted it. He had to wait about a week for results, and then the poem came back with the criticism. The prof hadn't recognized it. The poem, very short, covered only a small part of the sheet, but the rest of the sheet was filled with the prof's criticism. He upbraided the poem at great length and literally tore it to pieces. The metre, the thought and the imagery all suffered at the hands of the prof. The grade was D—. The fellow never told the prof about it.

come over to the table two of them became panic-stricken. The third guy was too stiff to care. When the woman got to the table she was treated by all three with the utmost of formality. At last the dancer excused herself in order to change clothes for her next dance. Immediately the two more sober fellows collected the third conscienceless one and fled from the compromising situation.

This story is continued about a month later in San Francisco. These same three fellows were invited to a literary tea given in honor of a promising young novelist who had just published her first book. The tea was being held in a Nob Hill apartment. The three fellows arrived and entered the elevator. There before them stood the Tia Juana dancer. They all started inwardly, but said nothing. They got off at the seventh floor; so did the dancer. They went to the apartment where the tea was to be held; so did the dancer. As they all entered, the hostess said, "Oh, have you boys met our guest of honor, Miss B—? She has just returned from Mexico where she has been getting local color for her next novel."



TIS murmured about that a great flow of money is veering Manhattanward due to the bank situation, this being the ultimate safe spot for stored-up currency. And the local bankers are none-too-pleased with the unwanted surplus. What times! * * * **New York, with it all, puts forth a continuing show-window of wealth. Fat limousines still crowd the theatre area at curtain times, speakeasies flourish in the fabulous Fifties, many cruiseships sail away booked to capacity.** In contrast we might visit the shuffling line of unfortunates that forms nightly along the dark sides of the old Hippodrome Theatre on 43d Street. An icy crosstown wind whips at their ankles and faces. Somewhere along the line a man stands with a sign. It appeals to passers-by to contribute \$1 to feed twenty men. It explains that meals have been subscribed for to that point in the line. When another dollar is proffered, the sign moves back twenty men. Then, they are herded across to the McFadden beanery. There, for a penny, they can have a bowl of soup, for two more, some stew. Good food. It is said the restaurant makes money. After that, the men roam the streets again . . . a place to sleep . . . some downtown mission . . . or perhaps they can bum a dime for a flophouse . . . or find some empty building, some jungle down by the docks or a subway dungeon where the guards don't find them. It's better to have a little money when you visit our city. * * * **The mag MANHATTAN, tabloid-sized smartsheet of local doings, found the going rough and bowed out recently with its fifth issue. Its Editor Anthony and Publisher Delacorte (the BALLYHOO duo) had to smile at the appearance of a weak imitation currently with the final MANHATTAN.** * * * There is no truth in the Curtis outfit renaming their weekly SATURDAY EVENING POST AND SENSE. * * * Broad-

way's fickle attention is now centered on ALIEN CORN, the magnificent Katharine Cornell play . . . and STRIKE ME PINK, musical revue with Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez. One of the year's best theatrical bits is Beatrice Lillie's burlesque of the Clifton Webb-Tamara Geva dance from FLYING COLORS. Lillie does it with Bobbie Clark in her current vehicle, WALK A LITTLE FASTER. She is slated for a FOURTH LITTLE SHOW next winter, we hear. * * * **Whiteman going on tour; Harold Stern taking his Biltmore spot; Leon Belasco taking Stern's Hotel St. Moritz spot; we don't know who is taking Belasco's Ambassador spot. The Park Central has a new band every month; this time it's Freddie Martin. Anson Weeks, NEW YORK'S LATEST BAND SUCCESS, entrains for his San Francisco stronghold after a nice run at the St. Regis.** Eyesham Jones is slated for a tour of the campuses in spring before landing at Atlantic City for the summer session. Don't miss Whiteman's disc of NIGHT AND DAY! Nor the new Brunswick BLACKBIRDS album! * * * Nor the wonderful mag, SPORTSMAN'S PILOT, which is too seldom seen on smart tables. Likewise, that peerless collection of aerial photography, BEAUTY OF FLIGHT. * * * **Theatre-goers during intermissions are besieged by sidewalk racketeers of great variety. There is the sad-faced, uniformed Nell with her tin can; the pathetic newsboy who whines "Buy a papuh, mistuh, buy a papuh" and tugs at your coat; and Rosy, the confection seller, who shouts invectives at any competitor; and the troupe of colored boys hoofing to handclap accompaniment, and darting away through the crowd like minnows at the sight of a blue-coat.** * * * New York limps on; see you next month, we hope.

. . . JOE THOMPSON

EXCEPTION

I like
Cigarettes
Fragrance
Of blue smoke
Shiny doodads
Like
Ashtrays
And
Lighters
And
Cellophane
But I wish
They'd get
Ri dof those
Lousy pictures of
De Witt Clinton
On the government
Tax stamps

B. C.



SPRIG FEVER..

THE alarm sounded long and sluggish, a long way away. I spent a few minutes leisurely raising my arm to shut the thing off and within an hour I had climbed out of bed and was on my drowsy way to the shower. Time went on, and the walls and floor slowly passed me, although I was standing still. At last in the shower, my hand turned the water on, and I waited and waited and waited, and sweated and fretted. I looked up—yes, the water was coming down slowly—why, it wasn't water, but real thick molasses. I don't like molasses to eat, but the idea of a bath in it gave me a dreamy thrill of pleasure. At last the foremost drops softly settled down on my forehead. It was a pleasant bath indeed, to wash in the nice sticky molasses. Time flew on and it was high noon before the shower room moved away from me and my room came along, stopping with me in front of the mirror. I meditated on combing my hair, but all the teeth in my comb had disappeared but one, so I inertly proceeded to comb my locks with the one tooth. My hair arranged, the floor moved along and I stood above my clothes. When I came to tediously button my vest, I found the buttons would unbutton themselves, as fast as I went along buttoning them. Another confusing problem presented itself in that when I tied my shoes, I would look down and watch the laces slowly untie themselves, like sluggish slithy snakes. By sundown I was ready for breakfast, and the floor moved along. I stood still above the stairs wondering what to do next, when the house began to go slowly up in the air and I was going down. A long dilatory trip and I was at the dinner table. The hashers had only gotten half way down the table with the soup when the president announced "Dinner's over" and everyone floated out, commenting on the fine food. Several fellows drawled that they wanted me to go to the show with them, so we started. Once outside the house they all turned around and went slowly, all unanimously declaring that the picture was a dull one. The phone rang and someone dreamily called my name, and the phone appeared out of a black cloud. I took it and gradually said hello. A voice, painfully slow, said: "You look tired—why don't you go to bed and get some sleep?"; so I did.—W. W.



The Writer of "Dirt on the Farm" Leaves for Work



THERE'S A REASON

EACH morning she eats a whole yeast cake
Just as her doctors advise.
She walks a mile for a cigarette,
Has a healthy glow in her eyes.

She has no trouble with athlete's foot,
She avoids the danger line.
Her hands never have that dishpan look
Though they're busy all the time.

She never has a pink tooth brush,
She fascinates and allures.
Daily she uses two cold creams
Recommended by connoisseurs.

She looks like the girl on the cover
That trousseau habit she'll keep,
Her husband is always her lover,
She's a beauty awake or asleep.

She was the most popular debutante,
The most beautiful bride of the year.
She's the loveliest mother in forty-eight states,
And a charming hostess, my dear.

She serves the champagne of ginger ales
And coffee that's good to the very last drop.
She varies her meals with twenty-one soups
And her dinners are never a flop.

She keeps that school girl complexion
And her hair in a permanent curl.
She is nonchalant when embarrassed,
She is the American Advertised Girl!

—S. A. R.



"OF THEE I SING"
Curran

EVERYONE has had his own pet idea as to how this grand and glorious government of ours should be run. Howard Scott and Eddie Cantor have given us funny material for years to come on that score. But the funniest material of all comes, not from how it should be run, but from how it is run. The Kaufman-Ryskind-Gershwin satire and burlesque, "Of Thee I Sing," is so true that it might hurt if the jibe were serious. Nothing in our government is serious or sacred to them and therein lies the good fun and humorous outlook of this musical epic which took unto itself the Pulitzer Prize of 1931-32. A year on Broadway was not sufficient. It played into the second year, then started another cast in Chicago, paralleling the New York production for some weeks, and finally we found it here amongst us on the Pacific Coast.

You must know the story: The presidential candidate bases his campaign on a beauty contest rather than a debt or bank moratorium. "Put love in the White House" is his campaign slogan. Public business becomes a mere barrier to be hurdled in order that domestic affairs may be given more time. There is that threatened war with France over the thwarted love of "an illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate son of an illegitimate nephew of Napoleon." Crooning takes the place of obstructing and log-rolling in the Senate. The Vice President finds himself denied the use of the public library in Washington because he can't find two people who know him well enough to endorse his card.

Sam Harris is responsible for the production and stage success. Oscar Shaw fills the role of Mr. J. P. Wintergreen, presidential candidate. Donald Meek is the timid, almost anonymous Vice President Throttlebottom. Miss Harriette Lake easily convinced us that with such a First Lady of these United States no President could miss and that the national anthem would readily be changed to "Of Thee I Sing, Baby."

You can't let finals interfere with seeing this show. If you do—well, you must be without that sense of humor which is all we have left now that the banks are so shaky.

—B. B.

SHOW NOTES

BELASCO and Curran are casting Edna Ferber's and George Kaufman's latest in Los Angeles. "Dinner at Eight" gives you a glimpse at all the guests before eight o'clock arrives. You will remember "The Royal Family of Broadway" from the same pair of quills.

THE Alcazar is starring Otto Kruger of the New York production in Elmer Rice's "Counsellor - at - Law." If you liked "Street Scene" you might like this—we won't promise.

THE prime actor of all America, Walter Hampden, is booked for the Columbia on April 3rd. Plan to spend registration night at his one-week stand of "Caponacci." The part was written for Hampden alone. You can't miss here!!

HAROLD promises us another comedy comparable to "Holiday" for the first spring production. See you there!

—B. B.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"
Geary

WHEN ladies meet it's a foregone conclusion that someone's character is bound to suffer. If one of those ladies is his wife and the other his lover, chances are that the man's future will be none too secure. Rachel Crothers made the most of this opportunity to further her defense of monogamy in her latest hit of New York and San Francisco, "When Ladies Meet." Belasco and Curran gave it a good cast, nothing to rave about, and the Coast was given another opportunity to see a current show from Broadway.

It was a show of situations and dramatic coincidence from curtain to curtain. Tom Douglas, playing the role of Jimmie Lee who really loved the girl, seemingly blundered in at just the right moment to save a nasty situation. His "blundering in" was so well done that we were really convinced of his naive manner. And even a sophisticated young authoress like Mary Howard (Kay John-

(Continued on page 24)

"AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE"

DUE no doubt to the Daily's helpful ballyhoo and the bank holiday, there was a meager audience to greet Harold Helvenston's latest drama offering, "An Enemy of the People" by Henrik Ibsen. At least we hope that those are the reasons, because if "An Enemy of the People" was too highbrow for campus audiences it would be a pretty sorry commentary on the intellectual level of the student body. Whatever the reason, it was unfortunate because the play is one of the theater's masterpieces and the production was remarkably well done, casting, directing, acting, and setting.

For us the high point of the production was reached in the fourth act. It was the most difficult act and was superbly directed. It was a crowd scene in which Dr. Stockmann, James Sandoe, made a speech denouncing the stupidity and narrowness of the city officials and the people. The scene was a violent one that ended in a riot, and was extremely realistic and powerful.

The laurels for acting naturally fall to Jimmie Sandoe who played Dr. Stockmann, a scientifically minded man who saw what was wrong with his town and wanted to fix it.

In commenting about the rest of the cast one immediately runs into deep water. The whole cast (about fifty) deserves a personal hand, and space does not permit.

Dr. Stockmann's wife and daughter, Mary Anne Crary and Fritzi-Beth Bowman, were both well played, especially Miss Bowman's interpretation of the liberal-minded daughter.

Hovstad, editor of the "People's Messenger," the man who bowed down to public opinion, was played very well by Paul Crary. Billing, his assistant, played by Henry Brill, was equally good.

A. Grove Day, the mayor and Stockmann's chief antagonist, shared some of Sandoe's curtain calls. Robert Balzer, who played the part of a cantankerous, miserly old man, truly earned the hand he got on his exit, a splendid characterization.

You see how we get going once we get started. It was very good, Stover's sets too. The campus audience (the one that didn't come) should be criticized, not the play, the directing, or the acting.

—F. C.

HAMLET, 1933 EDITION

Act III, Scene I ENTER HAMLET

Ham—Aw hell! This lousy life! There ain't no use at all,
There ain't. I've had it in my mind of late
That I should grab a gun and straightway blow my brains,
Ere I am driven ga-ga by recent happenings round this royal dump.
Night, nurtured on crime and anguish, has grown to lengths
Inordinate, and with his sable robe would hide the gleaming
Orb of Day. Stars run wildly through the heavens,
And gorgons spring full-grown from healthy wombs.
Murder, Incest, Arson—Hell's foulest fiends
Run rampant in this cursed land, and monsters born of Vice
Slink through the halls that once my godly father trod.
Ah me! Ah my! Ah me! My Uncle Claudius—the spawn of slime,
The hound of hell—likes the crown and kills my pop—
So say the Shades. And then the Mater hooks him up
And spends the country's hard-earned gold
For the scoundrel's board and keep. I'd like
To punch his nose a time or two, I would.
Dad's ghost says I should fill the rotter full of holes,
His leathery hide so full of vents that the draft about his lungs
Would give his remotest progeny the flu.
But how can I believe a ghost, when men of flesh and blood deceive?
You can't take no one's word nowadays, you can't.
So why not bump myself and end it all?
The grave would bring me peace and rest. Or would it though?
Could I by simple trick dispatch my soul to that good bourne
From whence it came, and thereby make my flesh
To pains and joys forever more insensate? Aye, there's the
Question. Though skeptics all deny it, men of god
Say suicide's a sin, that he who helps himself away
Must suffer poignant pains through all of time.
This thought is bad; it likes me not—in fact,
It makes me sick.
But maybe mortal life is all, and death means dark oblivion.
Or possibly there is no crime in self-dispatch,
And my soul unburdened of mortal clay
Would take its course direct to that house not built with hands.
Methinks that I should like that not.
Choral cacophonies, atrocious harping, mental lightweights
Disporting wings and halos, damp clouds,
Psalm-singing hypocrites God forbid!
Make suicide a blackest sin, that I may send myself to hell.
But my land and lawsa me! What say I here?
I must be off my nut to talk like this when
Hark! hold! what ho! I hears me a noise.
It is the gal! I'll slink around the shack
And shake her off my trail.

—Humbug

NOW THAT SHOW

"WHEN LADIES MEET"

(Continued from page 22)

son) was convinced. So much so that she revealed her all, in the role of a character from her book, to the man's wife. Needless to say, Rogers Woodruff, the publisher (Stuart Casey), was through even before he put in his appearance.

Miss Johnson was most charming, an attractive sort of person who breathes enthusiasm for life and love. Catherine Doucet bubbled inopportunistly and continuously from entrance to exit and even her gigolo lover had to remain silent. What could he do but take love flip-pantly? Stuart Casey was a most accomplished philandering husband and Catherine Willard showed him to be just that in her bitter story of misplaced love and devotion. It was a play with a moral, as are most of Miss Crothers' writings, yet not too moral to be good entertainment.

—B. B.

"LOUDER PLEASE"

ABOUT all we could discover in this was an incessant riot of words and some pretty glaring imperfections in directing. After the Theater League's beautiful and sophisticated comedy "Brief Moment" we had a right to expect in "Louder Please" something funnier, and a little more subtle too. Charles Levison and Ralph Freud, head and shoulders above a poor supporting cast, had a difficult time in keeping this weak farce from going completely ridiculous.

The story (a la George Warren) is laid in the publicity department of the Criterion Movie Studios. Stunned on the curtain rise by a multitude of ringing telephones, bleating secretaries, and slamming doors, wonderment turns to annoyance before the act is half over. Charles Levison, who takes the part of the erratic press agent, tries hard to put some finish on the performance, but maids and office assistants are too busy smiling at the audience.

Most of the action is concerned with a fancy publicity stunt purposed to promote the movie company's latest picture. The public is hoaxed into believing that the star of the picture has been lost at sea, but when the plans go astray there are the police to deal with. Dulcy Cooper does a bad bit as Polly Madison, the movie star; Miss Cooper's entrance is so poorly built that her opening lines completely fall through.

Ralph Freud, the hit of "Brief Moment," partly saves the day by his portrayal of the police inspector. Freud has always proved worth seeing.

A reviewer of shows always lives in hopes. This was one of those blasted hopes which make us cautious until we again see a really good show.

—R. R.

"CRIMINAL AT LARGE"

Alcazar

EDGAR WALLACE, contemporary blood curdler, recently arrived from parts British, has once more delved into his literary black chamber and reappeared with a thriller fit only for those whose actions are controlled principally by the viscera. So successfully did he construct the first act that it was evident that not even the actors were quite sure what the next startling development would be. We objected strongly to his conceit of a detective's lecture in order to arrange the plot in its proper place. The dead first act did not horrify or amuse; it was very bewildering but had the effect of making the audience return for the second act in order to find the reason for what had gone before. Once started, however, the plot unravelled with the greatest of ease and several people were restrained from emitting horrific screams only by the watchful attendants of the well trained Duffy staff (adv.). Palms were wet. Hair was bristling. It was really pretty exciting.

The plot was redundant with periodic killings (offstage); secret panels; sudden

darknesses and clutching hands accompanied by loud yells. Love (we mean young love) interest was almost nonexistent but love of family and splendid old traditions flourished mightily and cast the requisite sinister shade over the performance.

Pauline Frederick, whose name was in lights, did not have an opportunity to show her really excellent talent; her part could have been taken by any actress who looks well in black. She did, however, make the most of the shoddy lines offered her by the author and turned in the highly commendable performance expected of her; looking predatory at the proper times and causing the young man in N 12 to remark to his escort (N 14) that she was the "one who killed 'um." She didn't really though, thereby causing the young man mentioned no little embarrassment at the final curtain. Crane Wilbur (Inspector Tanner) and Dwight Frye (Lord Lebanon) got together in the last act to turn in the best scene of the evening, the denouement, which could easily have been overplayed. Incidentally, young Mr. Frye was outstanding in a fairly good cast, reading his lines very capably and playing with the exact feeling necessary for his role. Donald Stuart (Sergeant Trotty) supplied the mirth of the production with a nicely turned, workmanlike portrayal. The cast must be congratulated for working well on a not very good play and making the most of what promised to be a very dull evening.

R deR.

TASTYKAKE

"The Cake That Made Mother Stop Baking."
—On Tastykake Box
She's probably cooking Angel Food now.
—Lyre

Winchell: And are you secretly married to her?

Gotplenty: No—she knows it.
—Wampus

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EXAMINATIONS

Ever since the Evolution final, which included the rather too personal and disturbing question of "Where are your gills?"—we have always maintained that examinations can be amusing. But not half so amusing, we have learned, as some of the freak answers college students have written.

The prize of the lot is that turned in by a University of Pittsburgh man after carefully considering the philosophic question of "Precisely what have you learned from the study of this course?" His answer was "Absolutely nothing." The professor, a hard but just man, awarded full credit for the question.

A more hard-working Yale man, after fully answering a difficult History final, scribbled a typically Yale remark at the bottom of his paper. "This," he observed, "is the damndest set of questions I've ever seen." The examination came back neatly and fairly graded, with the marginal comment of "Every man is entitled to his own opinion." —Jack-o'-Lantern

LETTA BARGO

I know now why you swept your hair
Into an undulating flare,
And drooped your lips in red,
And arched your brows with lead,
And why your soulful stare was so profound,
As though passion bent you down,
And why your accent seemed so queer,
And why you said I was a dear.
I knew not then, but now I know:
You had just seen a picture show.—Long Horn

AD LIBIDO

When I saw her first
She was quenching her thirst
With a bottle of Cola-Chi;
She was at the wheel
Of a Dusenobile
When next I caught her eye.
Then after a while
She cast me a smile
Through the smoke of her Tarrington-Hub,
But it ended the game
When we suddenly came
Face to face as she bathed in her tub.

So I made for seclusion
And reached a conclusion
Which precisely says what it means:
Ah, they need, it is true,
A model that's new,
In the ads in the magazines. —Ski-U-Mah

Harvard men of old American stock are growing taller and more slender and are surpassed in average height only by the Sara, a tribe of Central Africa. —Boston Herald
The tribe is now extinct.

In the ship's strong box are two handsome cops won by the American lads who literally licked our Southern neighbors. —New York Daily News

They'll make nice drinking mugs. —Jack-o'-Lantern

"I just swallowed a great big worm."
"Hadn't you better take something for it?"
"Hell, no—I'll let the damn thing starve." —Ski-U-Mah

Verse (part one):

McCloskey and McCleary
Sat in a boozing den
And mournful was McCloskey,
For his heart it smote him when
He thought how he had fallen
To this drear haunt of men,
For McCloskey had a weakness
(Ruinous, time and time again);
He was always whacking ladies,
And never whacking men!
One mustn't whack ladies;
They're much, oh, much too frail!
Besides, it gets the coppers
Hot upon one's trail.
But McCloskey would whack ladies!
He thought of it and sighed,
And turning to McCleary,
Bitterly he cried:

Verse (part two):

Oh, McCleary, dear McCleary, you
may wander far and wide,
Drifting, shifting ever, with Life's
ever-changing tide,
Or mayhap be moored safely, to a
blushing bride,
But there's one thing I'd like to say
to you and that's
FIGHT the dread temptation to kick
ladies in the slats!

Chorus:

Never kick a lady in the slats!
If you must, use sturdy baseball bats.
Throw stones at your grandmother
Or boil your baby brother,
But never, never, never
Kick a lady in the slats! —Octopus

"Dynamite Gus" continued: "In Des Moines, Ia., not long ago I was forced to wrestle with five boils on my leg."
—Item in Philadelphia Record
What! Five against one? —Lyre

"Dearest, sweetheart, always mine,"
Thus ran my loved one's opening line.
I closed my eyes and in my bliss
I thought again of that sweet kiss
With which I left her New Year's Eve,
A kiss which you can scarce conceive.

Now 'cross the hall there lives a guy
Who knew that girl and felt that I
On New Year's Eve had muscled in
And taken what had rightly been
His love, his girl, his sweet romance
In one short encore of a dance.

In gloating glee I quickly ran
Across the hall to gaily fan
The jealous smoldering of the heart
Of one who felt cute Cupid's dart,
But could not joyously, like me,
Enjoy true love's sweet ecstasy.
He read the proffered words with care
And started like a frightened hare.
Then smiling with a gleeful grin
He snatched his coat and reaching in
Pulled out a note whose opening line
was

"Dearest, sweetheart, always mine." —Record

Wanted—Burly beauty-proof individual
to read meters in sorority houses. We
haven't made a nickel in two years.—The
Gas Co. —Yowl

He (telling joke): Do you see the point?
She: If it is what I think it is, I don't
and you are not a gentleman.—Battalion

He: Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live
here?
Landlady: Well, Mr. Crawford lives here,
but I thought he was a night watchman.
—Dirge

"Gosh, you're dumb. I bet you don't
even know how to tell a horse's age."
"Well, how?"
"By the teeth, of course."
"Aw, who wants to go around biting
horses!" —Kitty Kat

DELUSION

How often have I plunked the strings
Of life and only heard discord.
How often have I dreamt of Stutz
And woke up shivering in a Ford.
How often have I reached for wine
And smelt the foaming malts of beer.
How often have I longed for girls
And found them all so dear—too dear.
And now that I'm in love with you,
I'm almost scared to wake and look
For fear I'll find you only are
An old white shirt draped on a hook.
—Record

TECHNOCRATIC

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The lily white, but not so hot;
The measure of my love for you
Is just a perfect kilowatt.

If I can't win your frigid heart,
Let all the technic muses
Blast me with their ergs apart
And blow out all my fuses. —Record

The other day we noticed an unusual ad
in the Easton Express—it read, "Ride with
Ethyl and feel the difference."—Lyre

Maid: I'm sorry, but she said to tell you
that she is not at home.
Gish: Oh, that's all right, just tell her
that I'm glad I didn't come.
—Annapolis Log

CLASSIC

She is went
She is gone
She is left
I alone.
I no canny go to she
She no canny come to me
Don't it awful? —The Frivol

Heirloom or not—
give it the Air!



WHEN she told him to throw that
reeking relic in the rubbish can, he
was offended. Sensitive? Pooh! Not as sen-
sitive as grandma's nose. Let's be brutally
outspoken. Why should a man keep on smok-
ing a pipe through sentiment, when it's full
of sediment?

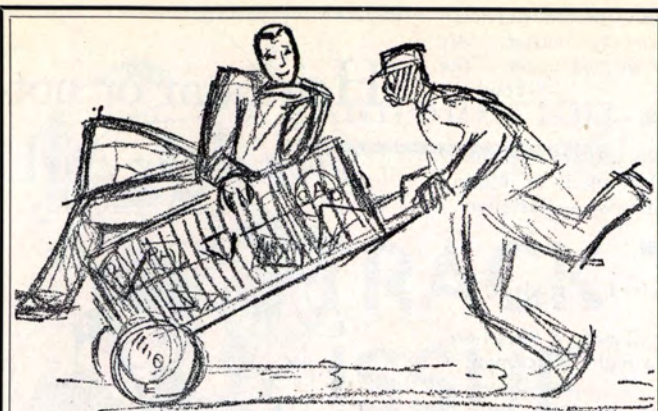
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It was a wise freshman, and when forced to apply at the
Wilshire police station for lodging, he gave his name as Smith.
"Give us your real name," ordered the sergeant.
"Well," said the frosh, "put me down as William Shake-
speare."
"That's better," said Sarge, "you can't bluff me with that
Smith stuff." —Puppet

LIKE A CENSOR

Dear Emmy was so sweet, so pure,
Her goodness made one restive.
Her eyes suggested innocence,
So Emmy was suggestive. —Red Cat

I
My dear, when I was a girl your age,
I thoroughly knew what cooking means,
And great was the praise that my cooking got—
(By the way, will you open a tin of beans?)

II
My child, in the matter of cleaning house
I swoon at the things you girls don't know.
(One moment, dear—will you move that lamp
A little aside, so the dust won't show?)

III
My love, in speaking of needle work,
The sewing today is a frightful sin,
Such slovenly work I never saw—
(Will you kindly hand me a safety pin?)

IV
My lamb, you girls think more of men
Than e'er young ladies did before.
(Ah me, is my henna rinse still in?
For old Mr. Smith is at the door!) —Log

"Open this damn door. I left my wife here last Wednes-
day night." —Exchange

Bore—Yes, I don't know how it is, but I feel thoroughly
wound up tonight.
Hostess—How strange! And yet you don't seem to go. —Brown Jug

Dentist—Which tooth is it that troubles you?
Pullman Porter—Lower five, suh. —Exchange

VERY LUCKY

1 c—How's your new girl?
Ditto—Not so very good.
1 c—You always were lucky. —Log

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

The Yell Leader—Lay off that stuff, men! Don't let me
hear a man of you call that \$% (!) &+ referee a robber again. —Pelican

A bulletin board outside a church announced Sunday
services:
"DO YOU KNOW WHAT HELL IS?"
Underneath was printed in smaller letters:
"Come and Hear Our Organist" —Log

It was a very fashionable wedding. The child prodigy of
the city had been asked to play the organ. He could not get
to the dress rehearsal the evening before, but on the night of
the wedding they told him to play some lively music as the
bride and groom hurried out after the ceremony was over.
So he played the wedding march, and the soft wedding
music during the ritual. Then for the exit of the couple he
struck up "What Shall the Harvest Be?" —Buccaneer

On mules we find two legs behind
And two we find before.
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for. —Juggler

"How long did you work at your last job?"
"Ten years."
"Doing what?"
"Ten years." —Buccaneer

Bootblack—Shine your shoes, mister?
Bank President—No.
B.B.—Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em.
B.P.—No.
B.B.—Coward. —Chicago Phoenix

D—REX—L
1 C—Ya gotta cigarette?
4 C—Sure.
1 C—Ya gotta match?
4 C—Great scott! Ya didn't bring along anything but
the habit, did you? —The Log

ON EATING

When Adam first made love to Eve
She used an apple for her bait.
Her charms caused Adam to deceive
The Lord, and sin because he ate.
Today a woman still can harm
And to evade her is a feat.
But things are changed, she now will charm
To see that she herself shall eat. —Exchange

DISCOURSE ON LOVE

WHEREAS . . . the divorce rate is increasing at a rate des-
tined to eliminate married couples within ten years, and
WHEREAS . . . mothers now prefer bridge, jig-saw puzzles,
and what-my-baby-said contests to diapering and lullabies,
and
WHEREAS . . . a guy may have a bankroll, a car, an Adonis
pan, and a "perfect personality" before he rates with a
gal, and
WHEREAS . . . the blase attitude of the modern sophisticates
is eliminating all element of thrill from what was once
riotous flirtation, and
WHEREAS . . . the game of Post Office is no longer popular,
and
WHEREAS . . . true Romance exited with the advent of plumb-
ing, and
WHEREAS . . . even the love "of a dog for a man" must
now be subsidized,
THEREFORE . . . we, in all sincerity, resolve to condense the
connotation of the word Love to the meaning given it in
certain games: Nothing. —Dirge



"I hear the Sultan is introducing the honor system in
the harem."
"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations." —Virginia Reel

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HINTS TO COEDS ON DATE

Don't ask him what he thinks of your roommate. He probably has his own ideas on that subject and doesn't want to defame a girl's character anyhow.

Don't tell him that the girls at the house don't understand you. He doesn't either, and doesn't care.

Don't tell him about the helluva good time that he missed by not going to the Tappa Keg brawl. He had a better time somewhere else.

Don't make cracks about his driving. Remember, he isn't driving because he wants to.

If and when he parks, take off your hat. It will facilitate matters.

Don't plaster up with lip-stick before the fight. No matter how kiss-proof it may be, it will still come off on his shirt. The shirt probably isn't his anyhow.

If he takes a shot, don't go into a long-winded discussion about what it did to a friend of yours. He probably needs it if he's out with you.

Don't make him do all of the work. A little encouragement will go a long way toward another date.

And, above all, DON'T —Exchange



LINES LEFT BY A SUICIDE

Off,
After I
Have drunk the potent draught,
You will, I hope,
Sit listlessly quiet and alone,
Needlessly guarding that
Which you would not
Give to me
And which
You have
Yet.

And
You, whose
Cool insinuating logic
First awakened in my brain
The selfsame spark which lighted Lady Eve without
And killed within my breast my second love—
Of my last faint glimmer of belief
I ask that I of all the impish band
May welcome into the
Glowing
Pit. —Exchange



She (cooly)—You bad boy. Don't you kiss me again.
He—I won't. I'm trying to find out who has the gin in
this party. —The Log



Men in session after dinner.
1st M—And I tell you, I've kissed the girls at Vassar,
kissed the ladies of Bryn Mawr, kissed the university beauty
queen, but I've yet to get greater enjoyment than when I
kiss my own wife.

2nd M (enthusiastically)—By George, you're right!
Painful silence. —Exchange



Patty, an inveterate drunkard, went to the priest and
asked him what to do about it. The priest said, "I'm afraid
I'll have to put you on the pledge, but, mind you, if you
break the pledge, I'll turn ye into a RAT!"

It wasn't long, however, before Patty surrendered to the
Demon Rum and arrived home drunk. He sat in dazed silence
for a while, then he turned to his wife and said, "Maggie, if
you see me gettin' smaller 'n' smaller—fer Gawd's sake keep
yer eye on the cat!" —Log

Plumber—I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen—
Son—Mama, here's the doctor to see the cook.—Yowl



1—Did you turn Pete's portrait to the wall?
2—Yes, has it spoiled the paper?

—Frivol



SOMEDAY

I've often thought
Of things I might say
If you should call
For a date someday.

Little things that would
Hurt you a lot
And pay you back
For the jolt I got.

And then I've thought
Of the kisses we'd had
And the times I knew
It was sin to be glad.

So I don't know now
Just what I should say
If you called and asked
For a date someday.

—Frivol



CORRECTION

Through an oversight on the part of two editors, a business
manager, a circulation manager, seven copyreaders, and a lino-
type operator, it was erroneously stated in Tuesday's issue of
the News that the subject of a talk by Dr. Raschen at the
last meeting of the German Club was "Goethe: the Artist and
the Man." Dr. Raschen did not speak on that subject. He
spoke on "Goethe." —Panther



Soph—How far can a dog run into the woods?
Frosh—As far as he wants to, I suppose.
Soph—Not on your life; after he passes the middle he is
running out. —Yellow Jacket



Newly Poor—I hang my head in shame every time I see
the family wash in the back yard.
She—Oh, do they? —Brown Jug



TO A CARNIVAL DATE

You thought that I invited you
Because you are so fair,
Because I like those eyes of blue,
The softness of your hair.

You thought you'd set my heart awhirl,
A captive to your kiss,
Forgetting any other girl
Can do as much as this.

You've always thought that I was yours
But now you're sure it's true,
That you were asked up here because
I'm deep in love with you.

If I told you the facts, my dear,
What would that pride become?
The only reason that you're here
'S 'cause Mary couldn't come.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

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the PRINTER

545 EMERSON STREET

Phone 21551

EDGEWORTH

SMOKING TOBACCO



"Perfect Pipe Satisfaction"

SINCE 1877

LARUS & BRO. CO.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Blind Man—Young man, give me a paper.
 Passerby—But, my good man, if you are blind you cannot read the paper.
 Blind Man—I know, but I can look at the pictures, can't I?
 —Exchange

POST-GRADUATE

Alpha—Did you mail those letters?
 Beta—Yeah, but I noticed that the three-cent stamp was on the foreign one and the five cent on the local. But I fixed it. I just changed the addresses.
 —Panther

Gad, how I'd like to get away from all this! I'd like to go so far that the February College Humor wouldn't reach me till February first!
 —Belle Hop

He's got four children and I've got three, and that'll give us a head start.
 —Dirge



Revelation Tooth Powder

REVELATION TOOTH POWDER for the TEETH and GUMS WILL POSITIVELY remove FILM and prevent formation of TAR-TAR without injury to teeth surfaces or to gum tissues. No scratchy grit, no harmful drugs.

One trial of REVELATION TOOTH POWDER instantly proves its merit—a good brisk brushing of teeth and gums—and the cleanliness of your mouth and teeth will delightfully surprise you!

Try REVELATION—let it prove its merit to you at once.

AUGUST E. DRUCKER COMPANY

San Francisco

35c and 50c sizes.
 Buy large size for economy.

2226 Bush St.

Our Advertisers---

Are establishments conducted on the basis of service and dependability. Every advertisement represents an investment on the part of one of these establishments for the purpose of securing campus trade.

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REMEMBER

It is because of the support which the campus publications receive from their advertisers that they are able to exist.

CAMPUS ADVERTISERS ARE CAMPUS BOOSTERS



HIND LASSER
 RUD. LEISSER
 BOX 1514
 CAMPUR

ILLUSION:

This very old illusion was invented by Indian fakirs. Robert-Houdin used it in claiming that ether could make people light as air. He caused his subject to rise into the air, passing a hoop around the body to prove there were no wires or supports.

EXPLANATION:

One version: The girl wears a concealed harness, which ends in a socket between shoulder blades. This is attached to invisible mirror-covered piston. Piston is pushed up from below, raises girl in air. Hoop is cut in one place to pull apart when passing piston.

SOURCE: "Modern Magic" by Professor Hoffmann . . . George Routledge & Sons

**IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED
 ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW**

Another "magic show" is the illusion that cigarettes can be made miraculously "MILD" through manufacturing methods.

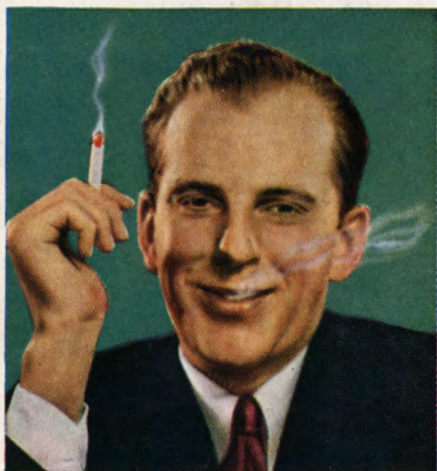
EXPLANATION: All popular cigarettes are made with modern machinery. *All are heat treated*—some more intensively than others, because inferior, raw tobacco

require more intensive treatment than choice, ripe tobaccos. But these processes do not explain or achieve mildness.

Cigarettes differ in the costliness of the tobacco used. The better the tobacco, the milder it is.

It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

This is why Camels are so mild. It's the secret of Camels' rich "bouquet" . . . their cool flavor . . . their non-irritating mildness. They are kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



Copyright, 1933, R. J. Keyholes Tobacco Company

Your CAMELS are always kept fresh in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.



No Tricks — just Costlier Tobaccos
 IN A MATCHLESS BLEND