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# Chaparral

• CELEBRITY NUMBER

MARCH

36

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## ARTICLES

- RONALD COLMAN
- RAY LYMAN WILBUR
- FREDRIC MARCH
- ARNOLD GINGRICH
- HARRY CARR
- JOE THOMPSON
- EDDIE CANTOR

## FICTION

- ADRIENNE AMES
- MALVINA T. SCHEIDER

## SATIRE

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# THE CHAPPIE CRITICS



## NOW THAT SHOW

### THE ROYAL FAMILY

Usually the easiest way out of writing a dramatic review is to swipe the favorite trick of sports writers and talk mainly on the exploits of the flashiest performer. Thus in doing a criticism of the Sword and Sandals reading of *The Royal Family* we could spend all our space recounting the glories of the pictorially perfect Phyllis Corson. As Julie Cavendish she was resplendent, theatrical-to-the-core, and altogether as engaging a creature as we have ever seen.

Enough has been said of Fred Clark's acting on previous occasions so that he won't feel slighted—we hope—if we merely say that he was tremendous as the lusty whirlwind Tony Cavendish.

As Fanny Cavendish, Rosemary Benét was straightforward and penetrating, and lent substantiality and foundation to all the [to page 8]

Above is a reproduction of John Howard's "Embarcadero and Clay Streets," winner of the Anne Bremer Memorial First Prize in the current San Francisco exhibit.

## ART EXHIBIT

San Francisco's War Memorial Gallery at Van Ness and McAllister streets exhibits a constant flow of local, national, and international drawings, prints, paintings, sculptures, and even costumes. Currently displayed has been the work of Matisse and Eilshemius, and the San Francisco Art Association's annual prize show.

The Association exhibit is an encouraging view of very active fine arts in California. But [to page 7]

## THEN THAT MUSIC

By JOE THOMPSON

Reviewer for Life

Well, kids, it's no secret that swing music is sort of getting out of the class of the cosmic ray and such obscure stuff, and is finally achieving something of a recognition. Gosh, when Benny Goodman can click in that Congress Hotel, there is hope.

Not that swing music is anything that just came out of 52d Street last winter. They've been cutting hot records ever since Bix wandered into the Gennett plant some fifteen years ago, and plenty a lick that is considered hot stuff now can be traced to an old Okeh platter.

But, thank God, more and more, young people and even a few of the older are wising up to the fact that Wayne King dishes out some awful syrup and that Guy Lombardo has slathered out the gooey [to page 2]



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### THEN THAT MUSIC

(Continued from page 1)

warm marshmallow long enough. The vein of fortitude that is finding its way into our current music is indeed gratifying.

So, let's take a fast gander at the situation, as such. Bands? We'll take Benny G. any day. Such 100 per cent swing can't miss. And what's more amazing, Benny has mighty few of the men he had last summer in New York . . . none of the individual stars except Drummer Krupa . . . but the punch of his music hasn't been lost one bit. Jimmy Dorsey gets the number two spot with the fine stuff he hands out for Bing's hour and for the Palomar blasts. Ellington, darn it all, you never hear any more, but he was plenty good a few years back. Such as Venuti and Armstrong depend on their individual talent more than the band. Noble has some crack [to page 4]

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### THEN THAT MUSIC

(Continued from page 2)

men and some crack arrangements. Glen Gray somehow, has lost his old smacko . . . maybe Arranger Gifford is the smacko. Lunceford, Hines, and Henderson top the Harlem list. Kemp and Ambrose have their somewhat commercial niche. Whiteman still has Tram and Mr. T. plus some good ideas and arrangements. On the phooey list, we hasten to place Lombardo, Wayne King, Garber, Fio Rito . . . and, oh boy, Clyde McCoy.

Radio bands . . . Waring is showmanship plus, too much so for my dough. Kostelanetz is brilliant, too much so sometimes. Ray Paige does a beautiful job on Hollywood Hotel. Hayton, Black, Warnow, Rich, and Al Goodman all do all right. I like the "America Sings" medley stunt of Meredith Willson. I would. For the stinkeroos, let's mention B. A. Rolphe and Horace Heidt.

Then of course there are the New Orleans gut-bucket boys . . . Prima, Mannone, Rollini, and Norvo combos, whose membership intermingle and change for recordings, and turn out some of the dirtiest of our pure swing. Reilly-Farley started at the fount of all these mobs . . . Manhattan's Onyx . . . but they got catapulted out of the bonds by this 'round and 'round business.

Individuals? Goodman and Venuti by all means. James and Thomas Dorsey. Trumbauer and Teagarden. Krupa, the master drummer. Teddy Wilson on piano, and Earl Hines, father of them all. Hawk on tenor sax, followed closely by Choo Berry of Fletcher Henderson's band, Davis of Gray's, Mansfield of Isham's, and that guy with Lunceford. Lacey's lazy trombone . . . Jack Jenney on the same. Armstrong, of course, and maybe Red Allen on trumpet. No one can take Bix's place, although Berigan occasionally approaches it; Manny Klein blows all right. Hutchenrider of Gray's band plays some creditable clarinet, and the clarinetist with Noble that sounds like Goodman is Johnny Mince (Muenzenberger). Norvo for his xylophoning. Guitarists McDonough, Kress, and Van Epps. For the phooeys, we call to mind Ted Lewis, Henry Busse, Little Jack Little, Duchin, and maybe even Rubinoff.

Vocalists? Ella Logan and Frances Langford, respectively, and of course Bing, Jack Teagarden, and

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Kennie Sargent. Mildred Bailey still can sing . . . on those new Vocalions. Bob Lawrence gets the turnip.

Records? We haven't got space. But you should have the Dorsey's "Fidgety" and Isham Jones's "Georgia Jubilee," both with a terrific arrangement of "Blue Room" on the reverse. Norvo's "The Night Is Blue." Goodman's "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "King Porter." Of the recent crop, give me that trombone solo on Vocalion's "Slipping Through My Fingers"; the tenor sax on Lunceford's "Charmaine" and Hawkin's "Chicago," both Decca; Noble's "Bugle Call Rag"; Goodman's "Goodbye"; and many more.

Well, everyone to his own taste, I say, and which guy is right, I wonder. Thanks for the space, Old Boy.



The A.&M. Cadet Corps was on a thirty-mile hike to Houston.

After walking for three hours the major halted a farmer and asked him:

"How far is it to Houston?"

"Oh, about ten miles," replied the rustic.

After walking another hour the major asked another farmer the same question.

"I should say about ten miles," was the reply.

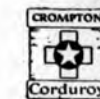
The body continued on its weary way for two hours, and then they came to a constable.

"How far to Houston?" again asked the major.

"About ten miles."

"Thank God," cried the major, "we're holding our own."

—Ranger



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# Walster's

Palo Alto

A hunter was returning home from the field without a thing in his bag and feeling very dejected, when he suddenly spied a flock of ducks swimming in a little pond, with an old Scotch farmer watching them.

"How much do you want to let me take a pot shot at those ducks?" the hunter asked the old man.

"Hauf a sov'rin," was the immediate reply, and the hunter let fly with both barrels, killing ten or twelve ducks.

"Well," he said, smiling, as he paid the farmer, "I guess I got the best of that bargain."

"Ah, I dinna ken," replied the Scotchman. "They're no ma ducks."

—Exchange

It was an exciting race and the winning horse and jockey were over to one side. The woman society editor approached the jockey and inquired, "What is your name?" The jockey answered, "Strap—and is my face red!"

—Tiger

"And so when I returned to my room in the hotel after I had gone to the show, I found a beautiful woman asleep in my bed," said one frosh to a group of bystanders. "So I quietly went to the lobby and slept on the divan. Now what would you have done?"

Another Frosh—"The same thing you did, only I wouldn't have lied about it."

—Exchange

### ART EXHIBIT

(Continued from page 1)

discouraging is the number of second-hand ideas and the paucity of real power and competence. See this exhibit if you have time before wandering into the Matisse rooms. The comparison of the lesser works of inexperienced and muddled artists, weak and strong, with the extensive presentation of the famed Matisse stimulates a ready appreciation of the latter's genius; whereas a premature and inexperienced round with the Frenchman is apt to leave the browser in a near state of confusion. The immediate contrast with other works exhibited in other parts of the gallery will shock even the most reluctant into a willing appreciation.

Eilshemius, erratic old man who still writes letters to the editor in protest of a sad lack of recognition, was on exhibit during February. Definitely a man of the last century, his paintings are extensive, involved, lyrical, and given to intricacies in detail. He deals mostly with landscape, and his color perspective ranks close in convincing power to that of Cézanne. Unfortunately, for a man now widely exhibited, his subject matter is not of particularly contemporary interest. His pictures are often considered more historically important than emotionally stimulating. If you grew up with a baroque piano, bric-a-brac, and whatnots, you'll like him, but not so if you are fond of shiny automobiles and streamlined efficiency.

—Gilman Gist

The difference between a freshman and a sophomore is about minus fifteen hundred dollars.

How to find a thumbtack you've dropped on the rug: Just take off your shoes. You'll find it on the first step you take—in any direction.

A trip to Miller's and a glance at the wall lights would give one Cleopatra a feeling of great envy and deep chagrin.

God made some people good, some people bad, some people intelligent, some people stupid; and then there are others, like humorists, whom he just made.

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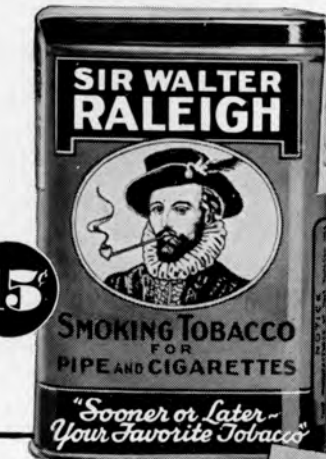
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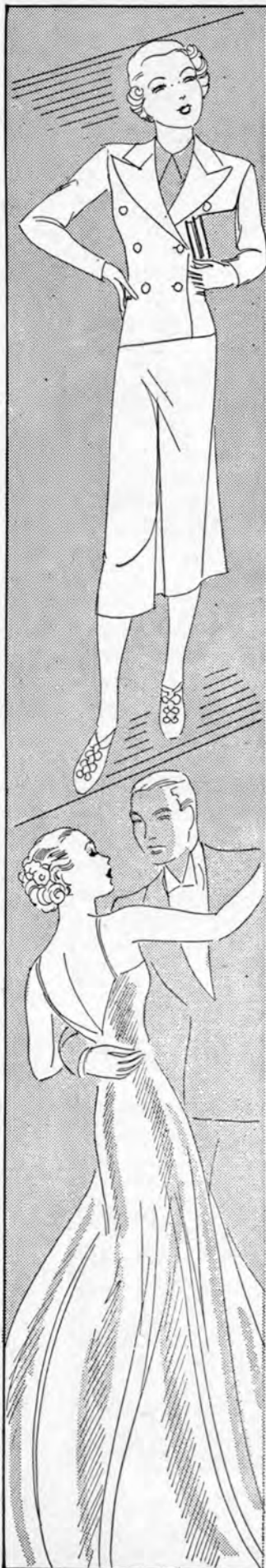
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### NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

action. Hers was a part which all too easily might have been misinterpreted. To Bob Garred, as the faded actor trying to burn with the fire of his youth, she was the grand old girl who understood him through all his dyed hair. To Fritzie Kolster, in the rôle of the stage-struck granddaughter, she was tender and sincerely affectionate.

Thanks to Dick Dawson for producing a show that was, above all, entertaining—which is all that really matters.

—Curtis Prendergast

### THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Be it good or bad, every effort put forth at the recent Assembly Hall production of *The Doctor's Wife* was applauded. The cast was well known; the performance was held for charity; and Edward Liston, the author, is a resident of Palo Alto.

Save for a few sequences, *The Doctor's Wife* is a good play, and a great number of the lines are really funny. However, we suggest that when Mr. Liston feels the urge to write again, he devote less time to such absurdities as horse racing and the discovery of valuable old gold-mine bonds.

Unfortunately, the acting was not inspiring. Jo Morgan, as Mrs. Harker, the doctor's wife, gave natural spontaneity and vigor to the part—so much indeed that it often bubbled over the footlights during her direct addresses to the audience; this was enhanced by stereotyped gestures. Rosemary Benét and Malcolm McDuffie, the love interest of the play, now and then let their youthful exuberance carry them away; and George Head, in the rôle of Jimmy, the adolescent, was unnecessarily adolescent. Katherine Comrie, Stanley Pierce, and Chester Barker were all satisfactory. Strangely enough, the much publicized duo of Mac Gordon and John Mottram were remarkably silent as internes.

Frank O'Neill's direction of *The Dark Tower*—was splendid. . . .

—Prestridge Ellington

### TRUDI SCHOOP

Trudi Schoop's Comic Ballet met a packed Pavilion and an appreciative audience with a [to page 10]

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Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

This month's bucket of roses and carton of Life Savers go to vivacious Miss Nancy Scoggins, who bashfully submits the following:

**Newlywed Wife:** Nothing matters now, does it, darling?

**N. Husband:** (Grimly) No, dear.

**N. W.:** And we can blissfully drift through life together, can't we, sweetheart?

**N. H. (Between clenched teeth)** Yes, dear.

**N. W.:** And we'll sit (censor's bit) back and forget all about the rest of the world, forever, won't we precious?

**N. H.:** (Bomb fashion) YES! GOOD GOD, YES! But if you think I married you to relax, you're CRAZY!

## OH BOY! WILD CHERRY!



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### NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from page 8)

delightful though not highly artistic program. The first half, entitled "Want Ads," caught a few of Life's Little Maladjustments, fretting about and finally appealing through the press for correction or substitution. After an intermission in the biting air which sent shivering smokers back to their seats, "Fridolin" was presented, a parallel of Till Eulenspiegel's pranks, in saga form.

We thought Schoop's Swiss-German boys and girls strained a bit on "Want Ads" in an attempt to produce a more American than Continental satire. "Fridolin" was more successful, we imagine, because

of its traditional humorous theme, centuries deep in the Germanic spirit. Both poked fun at universal human occupations and predicaments, including love, marriage, in-laws, widows, the clergy, business, and society in their more obvious aspects, with heartily received, though commonplace, humor. Trudi's was a nimble wit, supported by a willing and agile company. As fine ballet, we say Schoop's troop droops. As top-notch vaudeville, it's monopoly.

—Gilman Gist

### JUDGMENT DAY

Judgment Day, Elmer Rice's thesis melodrama, dedicated to the contention that Adolf Hitler is a dirty

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skunk, was given a straight and generally stiff performance at the Community Theatre. As in all propaganda plays, the good characters were represented as people of sterling virtues, and the bad characters as people of unspeakable vices. Falling in with the author's views, the actors, planting themselves squarely under spotlights, declaimed every word with the fervor and hollow sincerity of a Gay Nineties stock company staging *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model*. Make no mistake, they did the right thing. Consider these refreshing little items: a man and woman "framed" in a crime, facing condemnation from a "fixed" tribunal; a hero who is brutally beaten and several times dragged screaming from the courtroom; a heroine who is tortured physically by starvation and mentally by watching her own child grilled on the stand, and who swallows a written note to outwit her persecutors; a villain who carries a whip, à la Simon Legree; a dictator who fakes his own assassination as an excuse to stamp out political opposition; an unscrupulous prosecutor who falsifies evidence; etc. Well, the audience hissed and cheered with undisguised enthusiasm. So did the reviewer. Barnum had the right idea.

—Frank O'Neill

"Did Clarice enjoy her date with Ware last night?"

"She was never so humiliated in her life. When he started to eat his soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

—Exchange

Landlady—If you don't stop playing that saxophone you'll drive me crazy.

Sax Player—Ha, ha, you're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago!

—Red Cat

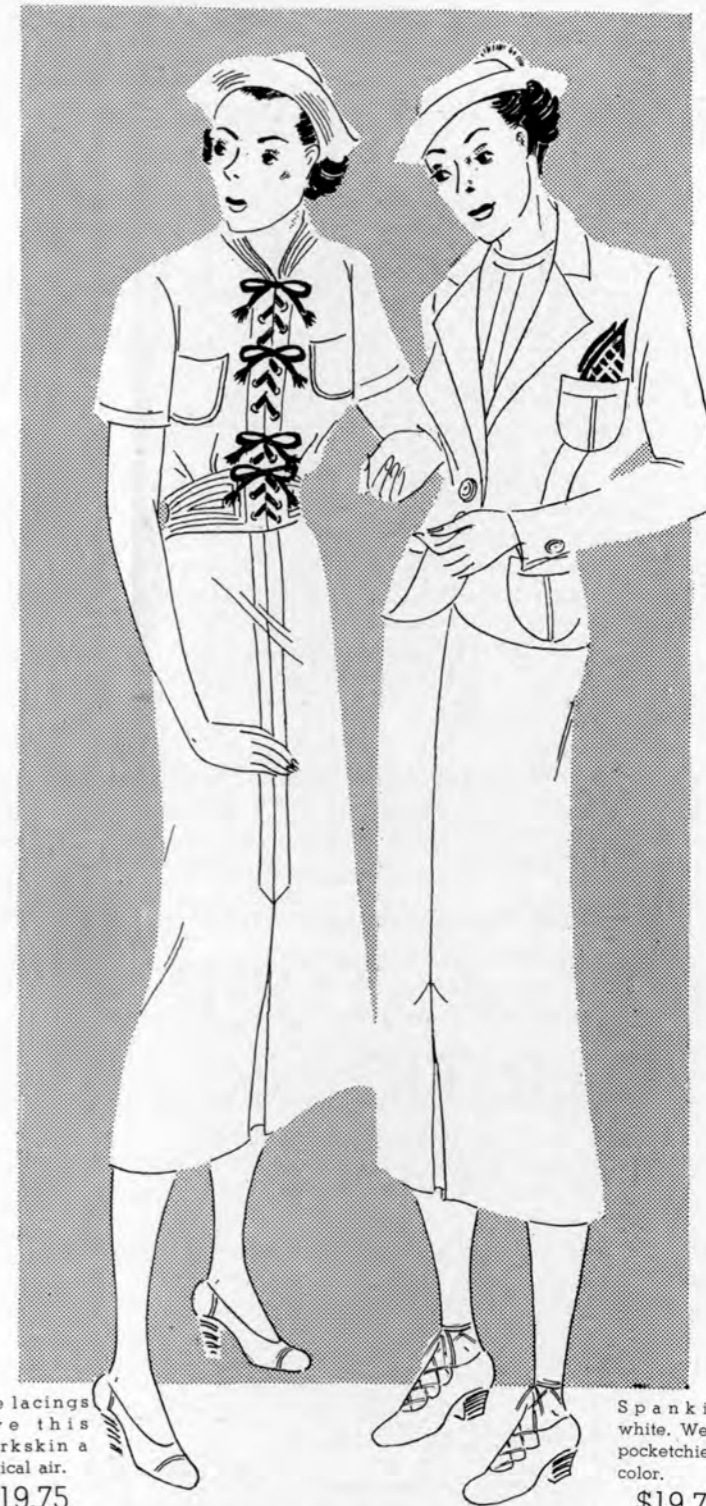
Judge—On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife—Insanity, Your Honor. I put crackers in his bed and he ate them.

Judge—Is that all?

Wife—No, Your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.

—Ow!



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"Does she give lots of milk?"  
"No; I can't say as she gives lots of milk, but I can tell you this: She's a kind, gentle, good-natured old cow, and if she's got any milk she'll give it to you."  
—Stoic

Maw and Paw had an awful time getting married. Maw wouldn't marry Paw when he was drunk and Paw wouldn't marry Maw when he was sober.  
—Sagehen

"What were you doing outside the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday?"  
"I live there."  
"Where?"  
"Outside the Waldorf-Astoria."  
—Ranger

"Wot's the matter with old Jack there?"  
"E's got a bloomin' splinter in his hand."  
"Why don't 'e pull it out?"  
"Wot! In the lunch hour? Not much!"  
—Tiger

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### APOSTROPHE

Sleep, sweet sleep,  
Seal my eyes with thy tender fingers;  
Sooth my brow with thy full warm lips;  
Wash from my brain the aching cares of the day;  
Ease my heart with thy whispers of comfort;  
Soften my resting place with thy silky tresses;  
And cram a fistful of paper into the ranting mug of the lug on the lecture platform.

—Columns

During the recent war maneuvers on the campus, a regular army officer went up to one of the R.O.T.C. cadets, who was on guard at a strategic position, and began quizzing him.

"What would you do if a battleship came cruising across Mirror Lake?" the officer asked.

"I'd sink it with a submarine, sir."

"Where would you get a submarine?"

"The same damned place you got the battleship, sir."

Score one for the R.O.T.C.

—Sundial



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Carl (Sticky) Wilson, '31

229 Hamilton Ave.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

HOW THE JUDGE LOST HIS FIRST PIPE...AND FOUND IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION! I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST A KID THEN — ONE DAY I LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S LUCKY YOU HEARD ME YELL FOR HELP!



HEARD YOU? SAY, NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN' IN ALL THIS UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER HAD SEEN MY PIPE COME FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER — THAT'S WHEN HE FIRST FIGGERED I WAS IN TROUBLE —



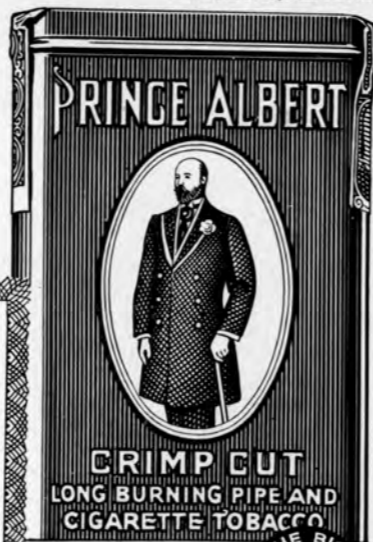
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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# PRINCE ALBERT

 THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL



*My Celebrity*

*Of all the Palo Alto girls  
I keep upon my string,  
You are the one who thrills me most—  
I love you, Lady Spring.*



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON  
January 4, 1936

My dear Mr. Copp:

Mrs. Roosevelt is very sorry that she cannot write an article for your magazine. She receives many requests for contributions to various magazines and papers and she would like to comply with them very much indeed. However, she is so extremely busy at the present time it is not possible for her to do so.

I am assuring you of her regret,

I am

Very sincerely yours,

Melvin J. Scheider  
Malvine T. Scheider,  
Secretary to  
Mrs. Roosevelt.



ADRIAN AMES

Dear Bob Jones:

Please forgive me for not answering sooner but I have been terribly busy and ill also.

I would love to help you out any way I could. I am very flattered that you asked me.

However I wish you would tell me just what you want me to write, or ask any question I would be glad to answer them if I could.  
Sincerely yours  
Adrian Ames  
Friday -

# Chappie's Letterbox



EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dear Malvina T. Scheider — please refer Mrs. Roosevelt and her good husband to page 24 of this issue.

ROBERT BENCHLEY  
44 WEST 44TH STREET  
NEW YORK CITY

January 19, 1936

Dear Mr. Prendergast:

The only way that I know of for a "humorist to spike a rumor" is to say that, as far as I remember, the Pelican never asked me for a piece, but that, if they did, I certainly never wrote it. This more or less eliminates the rumor of the bill.

The only way that I know to turn down such a request is to say that, if we newspaper writers did something for every college paper that asks us, we would never get time to earn a penny. I never could quite see just what gives college editors the idea that people will write for them. When I was a college editor we had to get out our own paper. We couldn't even get our own graduates to help us out. When I do start writing again for college papers, I will begin with the "Lampoon", because my son is an editor, but first I have got to do about three months' back work for my syndicate if he is going to stay in college at all.

I trust that this clears me of the charge of intercollegiate commercialism.

Sincerely  
Robert Benchley

P.S.—Anyway, I was rooting for you boys over the radio on New Year's Day. Congratulations.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Thank you very much for your contribution, Mr. Benchley!



EDITOR'S NOTE.—We promptly asked Miss Ames to write on the New Deal. Unfortunately, Miss Ames did not reply.



# Goofy---You Say?



By  
ARNOLD GINGRICH  
Editor of Esquire

In our January, 1934, issue we said that *Esquire* "hates to fall into the old ruts that have been worn so deep by the formula-type stories that comprise the bulk of the fiction in the so-called slick-paper magazines. This is a man's magazine. It isn't edited for the junior miss. It isn't dedicated to the dissemination of sweetness and light. It is addressed to an adult male audience, and feels that its stories ought, therefore, to be allowed to depart from the beaten track."

Well, okay, says you, but how about the goofy endings? We're coming to that. There are various levels of magazine fiction. The lowest is the straight formula stuff or Type I, meaning for the most part re-writes of the story of Cinderella. The general pattern runs like this: a) bring 'em together; b) tear 'em apart; c) bring 'em together again.



A cut above this level is the manufactured or synthetic story, with stock characters put through the paces of routine plot situations. This is Type II. The pattern, in this case, is: a) the narrative hook, meaning a beginning in the middle of things, usually with the characters in an odd, surprising, or awkward situation; b) the exposition, which goes back to the beginning and explains how the characters got into the situation in which you met them; c) the "sock-spot," being the climactic portion of the opus, where the author (or chef or manufacturer, as you prefer) puts in the element of suspense, or the aphrodisiac, or other plot complication; d) the trick end-

ing, running directly counter to the expectations raised, or implications given, by part c.



Now, above these two levels of machine-made formula fiction lies the field of Type III, the character-integrated story; in other words the story whose plot, or lack of plot, is an integral and inevitable outgrowth of the honest depiction of individual character. This is the best story, in that this is the type that appeals to the mature and cultivated taste. But this is the kind of story, alas, whose ending is as inconclusive as that of life itself, which ends, much more often than not, with little accomplished and nothing proved.

If *Esquire* were a literary magazine, it would run nothing but Type III. If it were a women's magazine, it would run almost nothing but Type I. But being what it is, a magazine for the literate but not necessarily the literary, for the intelligent



but not necessarily the intellectual, it must try to provide, every month, a balanced bill of fictional fare made up of the best available selections from Types II and III. And inevitably, in a magazine for intelligent adults, the selections from Type III must predominate.

The foregoing paragraphs really should have been in quotes. They're

borrowed stuff and we cheated a bit in using them here. They were first printed as an editorial in *Esquire*, at the beginning of its second year as a monthly. Now *Esquire* is on the threshold of its third year. But all this is still true—"a magazine for the literate if not the literary, for the intelligent if not the intellectual."

"Yes, but the cartoons certainly pander to the low-brows!" Well, you may be right. We've heard it so often we're almost ready to believe it ourselves.

But the point permits argument. There are low-brows and low-brows. And one kind of low-brow is a high-brow relaxing.



Is the attendance at musical comedies confined to teamsters? Are detective stories read only by gangsters? Are risqué anecdotes passed around only among bus boys and shipping clerks?

Here, listen to this:  
*I sat next to the Duchess at tea;  
It was just as I feared it would be:  
Her rumblings abdominal  
Were simply phenomenal  
And everyone thought it was me!*

Pretty vulgar, eh? Some ignorant low-brow, loafing on the job, amused himself making that up, wouldn't you say? But still, notice those big words "abdominal" and "phenomenal." Doesn't that presuppose a certain degree of culture, indicating that the lapsed grammar in the last line is conscious and purposive?

That's right. The author was Woodrow Wilson.

Is it vulgar? Sure. Is it funny? Yes, above a certain [to page 35]



# On Skiing

An Interview with Mickey Mouse



"The skiing craze is quite a craze,"  
Said Mickey Mouse to me,  
"But just what makes it such a craze  
Is more than I can see."

"I bought a pair of skis one day,"  
He said with quite a sigh,  
"I guess I'm just a boy at heart!"  
"I guess you are," said I.

"But anyway," said Mickey Mouse  
"I bought a pair of skis  
And climbed atop a great big hill,  
All icy, if you please.



"I counted ten, then gave a shove  
And sailed into the air . . . .  
But all at once, alas, I found,  
My feet were everywhere!

"The ground was up, the sky was down,  
The trees flew past my head;  
I looped the loop, clawed at a bush,  
But grabbed a cloud instead.

"I thought of all the things I'd done—  
Like laying snares for cats,  
And buying milk from Katherine Kow,  
Consoling orphaned rats;

"Of tendering advice to pigs,  
Of shooping wolves from doors,  
Of rescuing poor Donald Duck,  
And all my daily chores.

"But suddenly there came an end—  
I fell to earth, kerplop!"  
"That must have hurt," said I to him.  
"You slay me, Mr. Copp!

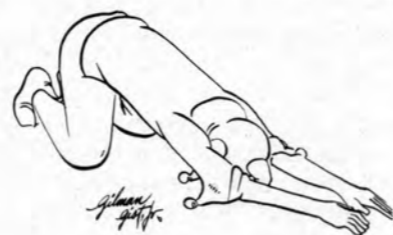


"And all the neighbors crowded 'round  
To clap their hands and whoop,  
As faithful Minnie poured me out  
A bowl of steaming soup."

"I think," he said, "I think that I  
Have had my fill of that!  
I'll stick to motion-picture work—  
I'm not an acrobat!"

"But all the same," he said with pride,  
"I guess that there are few  
Who know that Mickey Mouse was once  
A winter sportsman too!"

—Jim Copp



© W.D.P.

WALT DISNEY



# Detail: Rummage Sale

By  
KATHLEEN NORRIS

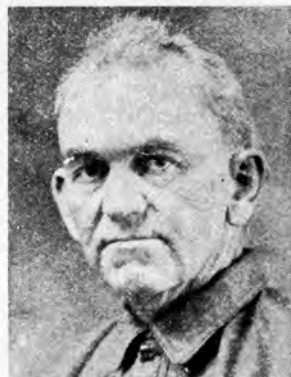
"Ruffled . . . ? I am ruffled, Ethyl. I loathe these charity things. I suppose I'm tired, marking all these damnable things all day yesterday—Grace brought a lot of cocktails, and we all got simply exhausted! And then Margaret marked that crib sixty cents! A perfectly good little wooden crib, we've had it in the family for years—I mean simply years, and I had it marked two dollars, and little enough! That wretched woman wanted it—oh, she wanted it, all right! She was snoop-

ing about asking how much it was and asking how much it was until I thought I'd go mad! Finally Margaret Venable marked it a dollar. A dollar for a perfectly good little white crib that originally—well, my mother bought it for my brother Joe, and you know Mother never did anything cheap. And still this miserable woman, she looked as if she ought to be home in bed, she was the tireddest-looking thing I ever saw, kept hanging around and hanging around and asking if I thought it would be marked down, later in the day. I said 'No, of course it won't. I brought that crib myself and I know that it's worth ten times that!'—Give me a cigarette, Ethyl darling. And then, late in the afternoon—the woman had a child with her, and she's going to have another, obviously, and you'd think she'd have gone home—then, if she doesn't

sneak up to Margaret Venable—I'd gone out for five minutes with Helen, she was buying this adorable puppy and she wanted advice, a male, and registered and pedigreed and everything, for two hundred!—and when I came back Margaret says, with that smirk of hers, 'I sold the crib for sixty cents!' A perfectly good crib, that we'd had in the family since my brother Joe was born. Well, I had this satisfaction. I followed the woman to the door, her husband was carrying both the child and the crib, and I told her I considered it dishonest. I did, Ethyl. I said 'I consider what you did distinctly dishonest.' She can take that or leave it! Come along, darling, let's beat it. I'm dead. It's nearly four, and Jenkins has been waiting with the car since two. Let's sneak over to my house and get something to drink . . ."

## NOTE

In his search for well-known contributors, the Old Boy recently wrote Tom Mooney, care of San Quentin Prison, requesting a contribution for



this issue of CHAPARRAL. Mr. Mooney immediately sent in a manuscript to swell the heart of any editor: roughly, about 5,000 pages long. Owing to the excessive length of Mr. Mooney's essay, needless to say, it has been cut considerably.

We suggest that some day in your leisure moments you turn to page 22 of this issue and read "My Case."



"Now, don't argue with me, Murgatroyd, I tell you it takes a dozen eggs for a really GOOD angel food cake!"

# Portrait of a "Ham" Talking to Himself

By  
EDDIE CANTOR

That guy Curtis Prendergast sure has his nerve with him . . . Where does he get off asking me to write a piece for the STANFORD CHAPARRAL . . . Says there's nothing in it for me except a free copy of the magazine . . . He's plain nuts . . . Doesn't he know that I get a dollar a word for my stuff . . . Doesn't he realize that I'm doing a new picture in Hollywood . . . What about getting out my regular weekly radio program . . . Answering the fan mail . . . Finishing that article for Red Book . . . And that piece for Pictorial Review . . . At a dollar a word, too . . . That bird is plain scar-rew-ey . . . Still, I ask people to do things for me . . .

I suppose he wants me to be funny, too . . . Lots of gags . . . Say, if I had a couple of good gags my radio programs would be set for the season . . . What a dope that Prendergast fellow must be . . . I guess he imagines that I'm sitting in some park . . . With nothing else to do but write for college boys . . . I know just how I'll get rid of him . . . On the set, between shots, I'll keep rambling along like this . . . They're still lighting the scene . . . I'll just stick in a load of these periods . . . Rest a while . . . Put in some more of these . . . Rest periods, I call 'em . . . And before the director is ready for me I'll be finished with Prendergast . . .

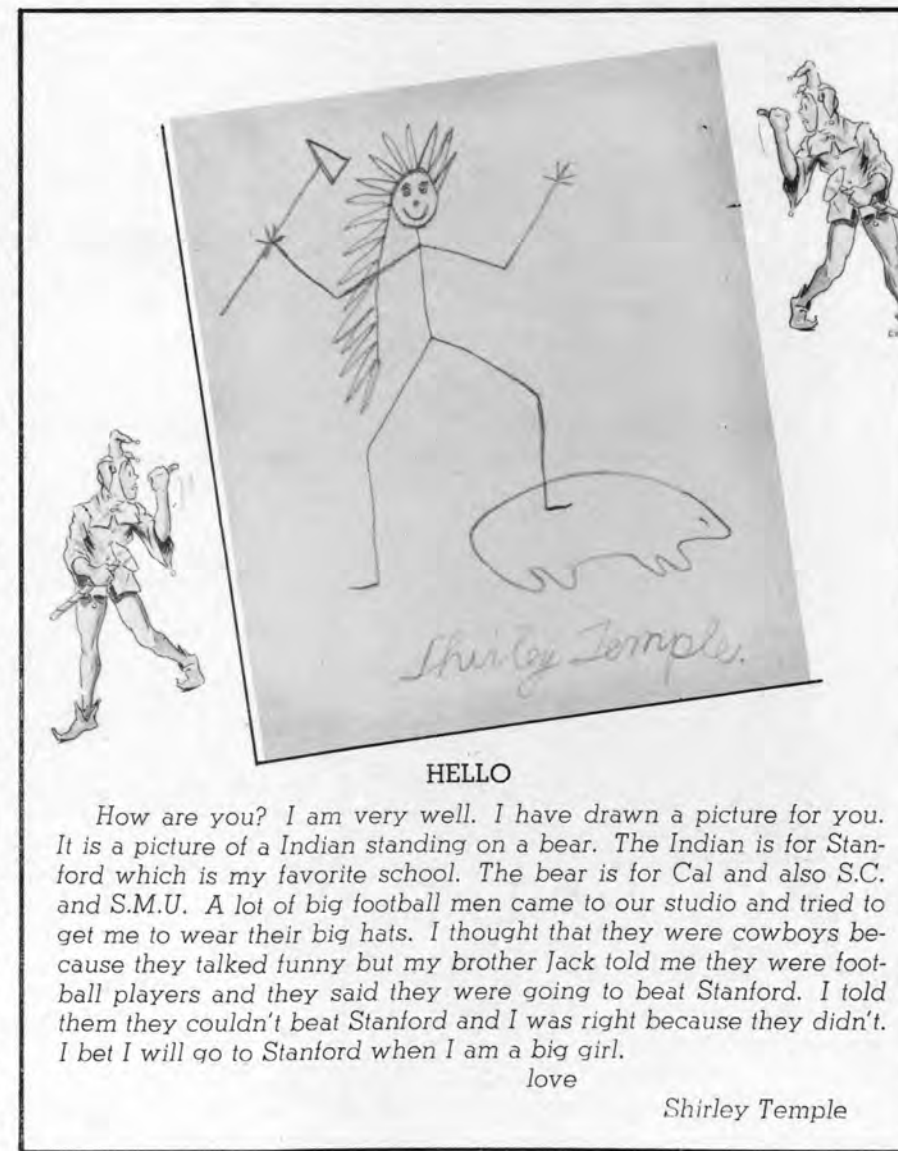
Funny how I sit here on the set and can't think of anything or anybody but Will Rogers . . . It seems like yesterday that we first met . . . But it's quarter of a century ago . . . Marking the beginning of a friendship that is one of the most cherished memories of my life . . . Met him while playing the two-a-day . . . When it was vaudeville . . . He never opened his mouth on stage . . . Hardly ever talked offstage . . . Did a spectacular lassoing act . . . His equipment consisted mostly of anchor rope . . . We could hardly lift

it . . . He whirled it with ease . . . He employed a man and a horse . . . Got \$350 a week for the act . . . After paying assistant's salary and transportation, Bill saw to it that the horse got most of what was left . . .

He was a true horseman of the prairie . . . Seemed out of place, this lonely cowboy, struggling along among a bunch of hoofers, acrobats, singers, and wiseacres . . . But he seemed to find some consolation, chumming with us Gus Edwards'

kids . . . We idolized him from the start . . . He must have been fond of us, too . . . For he introduced us to the outdoors . . . Became the captain of our baseball team . . . Bought all our gloves and bats . . . The years brought vast changes in Bill's position . . . He himself never changed . . . He was the most charitable actor in all show business . . .

STANFORD, I GIVE YOU THE GREAT AMERICAN—  
WILL ROGERS



HELLO

How are you? I am very well. I have drawn a picture for you. It is a picture of a Indian standing on a bear. The Indian is for Stanford which is my favorite school. The bear is for Cal and also S.C. and S.M.U. A lot of big football men came to our studio and tried to get me to wear their big hats. I thought that they were cowboys because they talked funny but my brother Jack told me they were football players and they said they were going to beat Stanford. I told them they couldn't beat Stanford and I was right because they didn't. I bet I will go to Stanford when I am a big girl.

love

Shirley Temple



# As You Were Saying

BY THE LATE HARRY CARR

The subject of our sketch is Dr. Harry Chandler, LL.D., publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*.

As a little boy in New Hampshire, the young Chandler was of an investigating turn of mind—one of the urchins who wouldn't believe that "Wet Paint" meant the paint was wet unless you stuck your finger into it. As a college freshman, he wondered what it would feel like to take a swim in the middle of winter. He found

out. It was cold. Also it sent him to California in search of health. He didn't feel so bad about leaving New Hampshire anyhow. Somebody had already subdivided the place.

As he grew older and gradually overcame the handicaps of an impractical college education, the Chandler boy decided to be a journalist. He ran the press and sold the papers. It was, at the time, an old press in an old building on the

corner of Temple and Main streets. The press ran by water power. Every once in a while the press stopped running because the water pipes got full of fish. Before Chandler could start a fish market, Gen. Otis, who was from Ohio and hadn't any ideas of New England thrift, bought a new press.

In due time he was married and had a lot of children . . . and lived up in a house on the top of Fort Hill. With the pride of a new householder, he turned one day to wave good-bye to his proud wife. She suddenly saw him disappear. She had been doing a little improving herself in the way of a cavern in which she expected to plant a tree. He went down kersouse; and all of him in sight was the top of his umbrella.

Transportation always interested him. He started with a bicycle but forgot where the brake was located on the darn thing and terrified the early populace by the only bicycle runaway in the history of the pueblo.

Then he tried automobiles. He couldn't remember how to stop the first one and yelled "Whoa" at it; but he learned. He finally emerged with a Franklin, and drove the car around until an outraged family hid it and bought him a new one. Those who rode around with Chandler would hear a crack and a pop and some of the machinery would bounce out of the middle of the floor. "Wonder what that was?" he would say mildly. "Well, seems to go all right without it."

Chandler had early learned about bees. On one of his early investigations, a whole hive turned out to repulse him. He climbed into a tree and hid his head; but a broad field of endeavor remained in plain sight for the bees—who also knew exactly what to do. [to page 33]



DEBUNKING HISTORY

## MY CASE

BY TOM MOONEY

I am not guilty.



— and Chesterfields  
are usually there

.. they're mild  
and yet  
*They Satisfy*



# I Am a Fisherman

By HERBERT HOOVER

I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure to the human soul into refreshment.

Its blessings include not only Edgar Guest's "wash of the soul" with pure air, but they also now include discipline in the equality of men, meekness and inspiration before the works of nature, charity and patience toward tackle-makers and the fish, a mockery of profits and conceits, a quieting of hate and a hushing to ambition, a rejoicing and gladness that you do not have to decide a blanked thing until next week.

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of

Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which obviously includes the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes.

The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These co-ordinate forces of inalienable right, the automobile and the call of the fishing hole, propel the man and boy to a search of all the water within a radius of 150 miles at week-ends alone. He extends it to a radius of 500 miles on his summer holidays. These radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of which has overworked the fishing

holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

It is generally realized and accepted that prayer is the most personal of all relationships and that on such occasions as that men are entitled to be alone and undisturbed. Next to prayer, fishing is the most personal relationship of man.

Everyone concedes that fish will not bite in the presence of the representatives of the press. Fishing is thus the sole avenue now left to a public man that he may escape to his own thoughts, may live in his own imaginings, may find relief from the pneumatic hammer of constant personal contacts, may find refreshment of soul in the babble of rippling water, with the satisfaction that the fish will not be influenced either by the headline or the text.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.

## DEAR CHAPPIE

By BING CROSBY

December 10, 1935

Before the Rose Bowl game was won by Alabama, I introduced a song on the radio, "Stars Fell on Alabama," commenting this would be what Stanford would do.

It cost me twenty-five ping pong tables, many cartons of cigarettes, and hundreds of other sundry articles.

Now the Mustang supporters are after me with many challenges on the game this year.

Should I dare sing, "The Last Roundup," with appropriate comment?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Dear Bing: We suggest that you sing something more up to the minute—"Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," for example.



"Junior's teething"

## THE VINEGAR CRUET

By FREDRIC MARCH

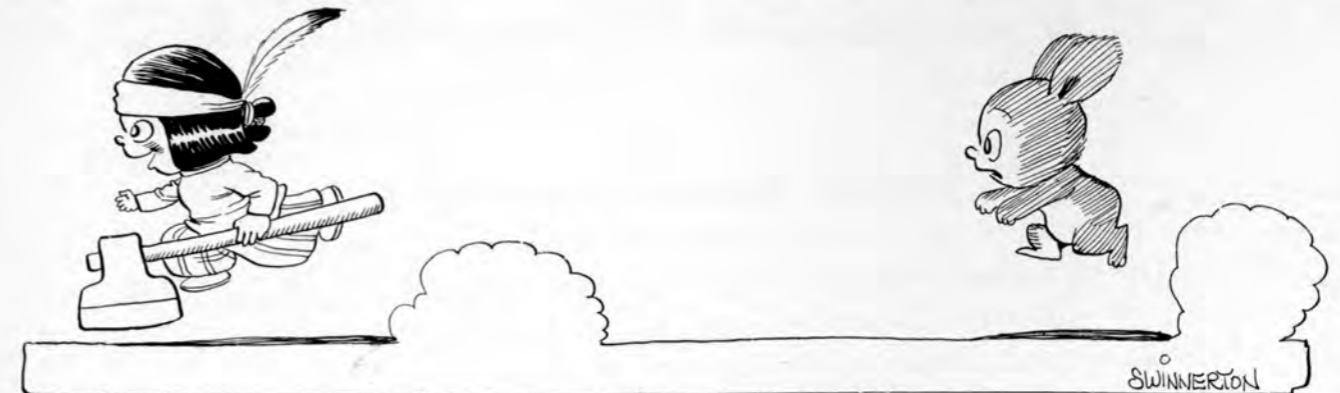


As a general rule I am reluctant to pass warnings along to others, but I feel that I can do a lot of good by advising collegians to think twice before hurrying to Hollywood. The streets of this little city are filled with college boys and girls who have discovered that realities are made of sterner stuff than dreams.

There is great need in Hollywood for college-trained actors and actresses, but these youngsters must have something more than a degree. You can't become a good mining engineer without serving years of apprenticeship at small pay; nor can you become a star without considerable experience and hardship.

It is well to remember that Hollywood is a concentration of highly competitive spirits. The one who succeeds is the one with ability backed by experience. These two must be combined. Therefore I suggest that the would-be actors and actresses think twice, and, if they still think the same, I recommend that they make every effort to gain experience in stock companies and semi-amateur stage activities.

This advice won't do much good, but at least I can hope that it will.



## CAPRICE

It isn't as though I were a gullible sort, but the other day I was walking down University Avenue and all of a sudden a man came up to me, a perfectly strange individual, and he said, say there, young fellow, did you ever hear a bird bark? I said no, I didn't think I'd ever had that opportunity. Well, he said, go up on to Frenchman's Hill, any night, and—why, you haven't lived, man, he said, until you've heard a bird bark!—go up on Frenchman's Hill some night, and I guarantee you'll hear a bird bark, any night, it doesn't make any difference, he said.

So one night, I don't know, guess I'm just over-curious, but anyway I went up on Frenchman's Hill. It was a beautiful night—there was a sort of mist surrounding everything, and it was so still and quiet like that it made me think of home and the nice things. Suddenly, I heard a funny noise, not like a dog or a seal or any of those barkers, but a sort of warbling woof—woof—and I knew at once that I had heard a bird bark.

It was several days before I saw my friend again. He was standing in the same place on University Avenue chewing on the same cigar, for all I knew, and he came up to me. Well, he said, well, did you hear a bird bark yet? I was kind of sheepish like and said yes, I had. He looked at me a minute, looked me up and down, and then he said, why man, he said, you're just plain BATS! Anyone knows that birds don't bark, he said.

You know, it's funny—I could have sworn I heard a bird bark.

—Jim Copp

## THE SUGAR BOWL

By RONALD COLMAN



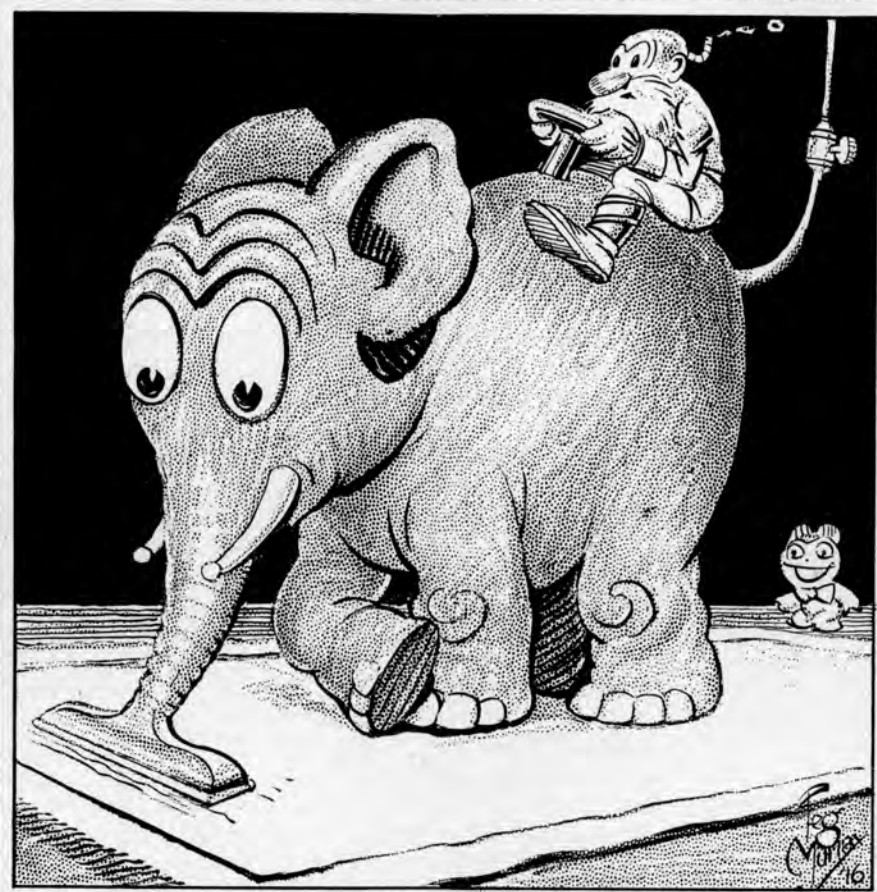
Journalism is a realm that has escaped me for more years than I care to remember. Long ago, I was captivated by its promise of romance, romance conjured up through the mere setting down of words, carefully chosen and laid down like glowing mosaics. But I was never destined to be a writer, to create rugged adventures and articulate those subtleties of situation which everyone of us thinks of too late to be of use.

Instead I became an actor, which, I suppose, is the next best thing when one feels frustrated. The trouble with acting, it seems to me, is the fact that it offers less opportunity for original creation than writing. An actor interprets the thoughts and actions of others in the light of his understanding and talent. His ability to inject personality into his business is his chief claim to importance.

Too, an actor writes his career on sand. The years go by and he is forgotten. People with the ego actors must have don't like this ephemerality of effort. I am an actor, and must accept things as they are. But I can still wish—



# SNOPPYQVOPS



this iz

## THE ELEPHANT VACUUM CLEANER

and it iz good cuz it iz useful see that woman up there with the parrot in her-huh-and that gentleman sawing his foot off-huh-they know its usefulness they do and no one can deny tra la that it iz a very useful thing to have around (hey hey)

# Old Man River

By  
RAY LYMAN WILBUR

College traditions are always antiques when discovered by or uncovered to the freshmen, although they may be but recent hopeful emanations from exuberant sophomores or aspiring seniors who wish to leave evidence of their ripe erudition behind them as they take reluctant flight from the college portals. "With today's successful exercise we have established a new college tradition" runs the editorial, and the editor really believes it. But college traditions come and go, and few stay on forever. Those that do, have to have vitality and a kernel as sound as a hickory nut to live through years of neglect, carelessness, sentimentality, and even opposition. The hammer of CHAPPIE has knocked some traditions over, and has knocked on obstinate doors to let new ones in.

With our interesting and stimulating campus life, we cannot be diverted as was the little New England boy who, when he asked to go to the circus on Saturday, was told, "No, but if you are a good little boy all week I'll take you out on Sunday to see Grandpa's grave." . . . For the most part we want to look forward, and yet Grandpa may have had a few things right. Sound traditions do dodge the undertaker, but they have some close escapes.

Here at Stanford we have a few fine survivors and they are worth a jolt of hormones once in a while to keep them lively and effective. Honor between Stanford men and women, a welcoming membership into the Stanford family to all comers with a cheerful greeting, and the avoidance of "coffin nails" inside all parts of the Quad have managed to make the grade most of the time.

Evening song on the front porch of Encina, "plug-uglies" (that went out with the supply of Grandfather-hats left over from the Harrison presidential campaign), freshman "dinks,"

and a host of other traditions have been dropped off the edge of the campus.

A university needs some good if somewhat irritating traditions — just

as a dog is said to need a few *ctenocephalus canis* — to avoid undue ease or excessive turbulence. Let's keep our few — and make them sprightly.

## 'Dear Editor'

By WINSTON NORMAN

Hon. Editor  
STANFORD CHAPARRAL

Dear Mr. Editor:

YOURS of the such-and-such received, in which you state that you want something funny from me.

Well, you are not going to get it, because as far as I am concerned the rent is due, I have a wife, my last year's suit has developed a suspicion of moth holes, and what in the h— is funny any more, anyhow?

You may think it is just Dyspepsia that makes me feel this way. But you are wrong, Mr. Editor, because Dyspepsia is something you get from what you ate, and I do not recall having eaten anything recently.



—S.F. Examiner

YOU ask me to contribute to CHAPARRAL as an Alumnus, and right now I wish to inform you that I am *not* an Alumnus, I am still in school.

If you do not believe it, just tap on the Comptroller's door some day and ask him to show you my account.

My education has not ended, it is just beginning, and your Comptroller, bless him, is my Professor of Mathematics.

Every now and then he sends me a Correspondence Lesson, but the answer always comes out to 0.

He and I have been very chummy for years, I suppose it must be the Hello Spirit.

I was just like a Movie Star in my days at Stanford, I would autograph anything for my fans, including a Tuition Note. Dean Culver was one of my leading fans.

SO AGAIN I repeat, Mr. Editor, just what do you think is funny any more? As for me, I have developed Premature Senility, a wife, and several other incompatible ailments. I have just drunk 3 dry martinis on an Empty Stomach, and I feel that the Government should take steps to suppress all the funny magazines in the United States, and also CHAPARRAL.

Yours in the Stanford Red,  
W. Norman, '28 or '29



# 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

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RANDAL BOGUSH '34  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

**NOW THAT** task of scribbling off an editorial for this issue leaves the Old Boy in a state of bewilderment. As he enthusiastically scans the list of famous individuals who suddenly have become contributors to CHAPARRAL, he realizes that there is little he can say. Little enough, except to thank them all for their generosity in making this the most ambitious CHAPPIE yet published—indeed, he might venture, an issue with contributions from more varied people, more famous people, than have graced the pages of any publication ever before, anywhere, any time, so help him! But to deal in odious comparisons is not his object; let the reader indulge in the superlatives and the Old Boy will be content.

Once again he thanks those who have given their time and talent to CHAPARRAL. Beyond all words, he is grateful.

**NOW THAT** freedom which is supposed to blow about the campus has been shut out of the offices of the *Stanford Daily*. During the last few years CHAPARRAL has seen the *Daily* gradually shelve its frank discussions of local fact.

Time was when Union coffee was ten cents per cup. CHAPPIE crusaded for a nickel charge; the *Daily* took up the cry; the five-centers won. Discussion by students of student-supported campus utilities was fair and open. There were investigations of our "co-operative" Bookstore to find out where the profits went. The commercial policies of the B.A.C. were criticized and defended in the old, vital "Campus Opinion." Column gripes and huzzas were aired without stint. There was less about banner-waving, football, and school spirit, for then real spirit existed because all sides were encouraged to speak.

Now the *Daily* made an advertising contract with the Union at the beginning of this school year. At the time this agreement was made, the Union declared that if the *Daily* should print criticism of any kind concerning the Union service, food, prices, policies, and management the advertising contract would definitely be jeopardized.

Despite the fact that two days ago the *Daily* ran a series of comments attacking Union food and prices, it remains that the *Daily* smugly entrenched itself behind a wall of financial greed for five months until news of this editorial reached the business manager indirectly.

It is most shocking to discover that the *Stanford Daily*, instead of serving the students, is no more than a tool in the hands of those who wield the economic hammer.

**NOW THAT** list of contributors would have been very much smaller had it not been for several people who aided tremendously in contacting the celebrities. For this the Old Boy thanks James Algar, Ben Allen, Nelson Carter, Jud Crary, C. P. Creamer, Dick Dawson, Ruth Goodan, Bob Hartmann, Robert B. Jones, Joan Macgowan, Kenneth Macgowan, Curt Prendergast, Jack Scott, and Jack Temple.

#### THE CELEBRITIES

- ADRIENNE AMES—*Motion Picture Star*  
ROBERT BENCHLEY—*Newspaper Syndicate Writer; Member of "New Yorker" Staff*  
EDDIE CANTOR—*Motion Picture, Stage, and Radio Star*  
HARRY CARR—*Noted Author and Columnist for the "Los Angeles Times" until His Recent Death*  
RONALD COLMAN—*Motion Picture Star*  
BING CROSBY—*Motion Picture and Radio Star*  
WALT DISNEY—*Creator of Mickey Mouse*  
ARNOLD GINGRICH—*Editor of "Esquire, the Magazine for Men"*  
NED HILTON—*Artist for "Life"*  
HERBERT HOOVER, '95—*Former President of the United States*  
FREDRIC MARCH—*Motion Picture Star*  
TOM MOONEY—*Notorious Inmate of San Quentin Prison*  
FEG MURRAY, '16—*Newspaper Syndicate Cartoonist*  
WINSTON NORMAN, '28—*Author of "I Am Slowly Recovering"; Columnist for Hearst Papers; Magazine Writer*  
KATHLEEN NORRIS—*Novelist; Newspaper and Magazine Writer*  
MALVINA T. SCHEIDER—*Secretary to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt*  
DORMAN H. SMITH—*Cartoonist for Hearst Papers*  
JAMES SWINNERTON—*Creator of "Little Jimmy" in the Comic Sheets*  
SHIRLEY TEMPLE—*Motion Picture Star*  
JOE THOMPSON, '31—*Music Reviewer for "Life"; NBC Official*  
RAY LYMAN WILBUR—*President of Stanford University; Former Secretary of the Interior*

#### ADDITIONAL

### CONTRIBUTORS

#### TO THIS ISSUE

#### Cover

Clay Model by Gilman Gist, Jr.  
Photography by Maxine Kellogg

#### Art

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#### Literary

Frank O'Neill, Gr.      Prestridge Ellington, '38  
Robert Hartmann, '38

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Guy Knupp, Jr., '35      Joan Macgowan, '36

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#### Office Manager

Catherine Jennings

#### Circulation Assistants

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Brian Harvey Powell Humphrey	Herbert Charters John H. Slusser

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Jayne Copp	Alberta Carden
Frances McCowen	Nancy Pollock
Mary Tiffany	Martha Hall
Katherine Bain	Eunice Emry
Catherine Jennings	Beryl Randall
Betty Herold	Corena Crase
Betty Boone	Gretchen Ahlswede
Edith Jennings	Helen McLaughlin

#### Office Staff

Frances McCowen	Corena Crase
Beryl Randall	Georgiana Strong
Alice Hind	Barbara Niven
Jayne Copp	Geraldine Schreiber



# J. Jay Baker Jeweler

Watches—Diamonds—Silverware  
Gruen and Longine Agency

Watch Repairing

Gifts for all occasions

New arrivals in  
Costume Jewelry

Exclusive Representation for Lucien Lelong  
Perfume

571 Ramona



### AUDREY AGAIN

Little Audrey and her boy friend were sitting on a sofa, when the boy friend remarked that it was so dark that he couldn't see his hand in front of his face. And little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she knew all the time that his hand wasn't in front of his face.

—Kitty Kat

We must include at least one Scotch joke. It seems that we know of a Scotchman who is putting off buying a world atlas until world affairs look a little more settled.

—Yellow Jacket



510 Waverley St.  
Palo Alto

The quaint old house around the corner

This charming and exclusive place to shop for women's apparel possesses a

### Sports Shop with Atmosphere

Its high oak-paneled walls, its huge fireplace, lend charm to the selection of a sweater, shirt, knitted suit, smart tailleur or top coat.

### The Cotton Corner

offers at a modest price the cleverest of play suits, shorts, sports dresses, smocks and culots.

The Summer Formals  
are ready for your approval

—The Clothes Closet Invites You—

She lay  
A still white form  
Beside others that had gone before  
Suddenly the air was rent by a shriek  
Twice repeated  
I will lay another egg tomorrow said the hen.  
—Green Gander

CAPONE GANG USED  
'BIG BUSINESS' PLAN  
—N.Y. Times

When the Man bites the Dog . . . .  
—Record

# RAY ATWATER'S

PENINSULA



COMPANY

525 Alma St.

## ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

MANY HOLLYWOOD STARS  
DROP DEAD

Sudden death of Roxy Rothafel, Mae West and other stars of the movies the last few days, most of them young, is worthy of notice.

The bright lights and fast living cut off the days as well as the morals.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Huh?

Miss Margaret Reichers arrived in Woodlake on last Friday to attend a meeting of the faculty only to find the school had been postponed for a week. Miss Reichers turned around and went home again.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Very decent of the woman.

Enrique C. Atkinson, 28, husband and father of two small sons passed away on Saturday afternoon.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

My, the versatility of this modern age!

### 'NUF SED DEPARTMENT

WE DESIRE!

We wish the Times-Delta would stop calling us a "small community." We are not as small as that and it is discourteous.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

MR. AND MRS. ED HENN ACCEPT  
JOB IN MEAT SHOP

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

STEAM FOLLOWING RAIN CALLS  
FIRE WAGON TO WATERS HOME

About noon on Monday morning the shrill call of the fire siren called the people to the Ben Waters home. Arriving, what looked like smoke was on the roof. Mrs. Waters, on seeing the fire wagon, much puzzled came to the door, a baby in her arms to ask where her home was on fire. Men with chemical apparatus went to the roof only to find that the smoky appearance was caused by the drying of the water on the roof following the rain.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

# Get all the Smoke you pay for!

1 "I hear Edgeworth Junior is great stuff . . . We'll see . . . First few puffs certainly taste fine."



2 "Half-way and still good. I used to unload here. Maybe it's good for another drag or two."

3 "Say! . . . I'm sticking to Edgeworth Junior. It's so mild you can smoke it ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL!"

"CELLOPHANE"  
WRAPPED

15¢

A TIN



THE new, mild, free-burning pipe and cigarette tobacco. So mild that even the heel smokes good. No tobacco wasted.

LARUS & BRO. CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA  
TOBACCONISTS SINCE 1877

CORN COB PIPE CLUB OF VIRGINIA . . . Cross-roads fun, frolic and music. Wednesday evenings at 9:00 (E.S.T.) over NBC Blue Network, direct from Richmond, Va. (Pacific Coast stations—KFI, KPO, KOMO, KGW, KHQ.)

GOOD ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE HEEL



# Dance Programs Fraternity Jewelry

•  
AUTHORIZED JEWELERS  
TO EVERY MAJOR  
COLLEGE FRATERNITY

•  
**L.G. BALFOUR CO.**

233 Post St.  
San Francisco

Bridegroom—I thee endow with all my worldly goods.

His Father—There goes his bicycle.  
—Exchange

Our idea of a man with strength of mind is one who can eat one salted peanut.

—Exchange

MRS. VANDERBILT WANTS CHILD

—Pennsylvanian

Line forms to right.

—Punch Bowl

# Eat LOVE NEST CANDY

5c

Made Fresh Every Hour

The Largest Selling Candy  
Bar in the World

•  
The Euclid Candy Co. of Calif.  
San Francisco

He—I loved you more than you know.  
She—How dare you take advantage of me while I was drunk!

—Lord Jeff

ALL LIT UP  
Psi—This match won't light!  
Up—Thash funny. It lit all right a few minutes ago.  
—Siren

The laziest man in the world is the one who married a widow with six children.

—Buccaneer

# Slonaker's Printing House

The Home of Thoughtful Printing

225 HAMILTON AVE., PALO ALTO

BIDS — PROGRAMS  
HOUSE LETTERS  
POSTERS  
STATIONERY

Recognized Leader in  
Quality Printing for Stanford

# FOX STANFORD THEATER

•  
Presents the  
pick of the pictures  
from the major  
producers

•  
Fox — 20th Century  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

United Artists

Paramount

RKO Radio

Warner Bros.

First National

Universal

## As You Were Saying

(Continued from page 22)

The Constitution of the United States got a little dusty in the public mind; so H. C. pulled it out and devised the Oratorical Contest which started 12,000,000 high-school boys orating. He created so many Fourth of July orators that now there are not enough Fourth of Julys.

Now that he has brushed off the first few seventy years, H. C. is ready to spit on his hands and cinch in his belt and really make the fur fly.

Goodness knows what idea is buzzing around in that fertile, imaginative (impractical! Huh!) brain of his.

But he is still wearing that peculiar look in his eyes . . . .

He is like Peter Pan . . . . a heart of perpetual youth . . . . the eager dawn, the restless wind in the trees . . . . years that brush off unheeded . . . .

It was a dark, foggy night in Edinburgh.

There was one man in the street. He was developing pictures.

—Pointer

Diner—Waiter, I came in yesterday for a steak.

Waiter—Yes, sir; will you have the same today?

Diner—Well, I might as well, if no one else is using it.

—Log

He—I hear the church you go to is very small.

She—Yes, every time the preacher says "Dearly beloved" I feel like it's a proposal.

—Pointer

"I'll have you know I act like a gentleman when I'm full of liquor."

"Then hurry up and get drunk."

—Shampain

"Open this door."

"Can't. Key's lost."

"Good Gosh. What would you do if there is a fire?"

"I won't go."

—Ranger

2 Big Nationally Advertised  
Lines Exclusive with

# Virginia Lee

233 University Avenue  
Palo Alto, California

Slip into a

Handcrafted by  
**BRADLEY**



Out-of-doors or indoors you will find they are the last word. We have them in all the new colors.

Lest you forget our new Spring frocks, styled by Hubrite, are arriving daily. You will be glad to make your selections early when you see their dominating smartness.





# Patronize the Union Barber Shop

"Always Convenient"

▲  
The more haircuts we give  
the larger the checks we  
can cash

▲  
**JIM the BARBER**

## FLASH!

# UNION INSTALLS DINING-ROOM

Eating facilities for 108 additional students will be available tomorrow morning when the large dining-room of the new Stanford Union is to be opened to the public. This room will take care of . . . . .

—♦♦♦♦—  
**T**his might have made news in April, 1922. (Our only clue is that it was in the *Daily*, so we're not sure.) In 1936, however, the Union dining-room has become a tradition because of 14 years of uninterrupted, excellent service and reasonable prices.

### SNAP COURSE

- "Watcha studying?"
- "Soc'olygy."
- "Hard?"
- "N'very."
- "How many cuts y' 'lowed?"
- "Never calls za roll."
- "Outside readin' and writin'?"
- "Nope."
- "Called on often?"
- "Once a week."
- "Thought there was a string to it."

—Widow

### ACT NONCHALANT

What to say when you cut in on the wrong girl at a dance:

1. "I beg your pardon, I thought you were Joan Crawford—she's at this dance, you know."
2. "I'm sorry, I'm looking for a girl named Mary Smith. I was told she was the most beautiful girl here and I thought it must be you."
3. "Pardon the intrusion, but do you know if there's a doctor in the house?"
4. "Don't get excited, lady, but the house is on fire."
5. "Don't say a word; I've got you covered."

—Buccaneer

One-quarter mile north  
of University Avenue on  
Bayshore Highway

26 ounces for ten cents —  
large banquet room down-  
stairs for private parties

# MORAS

## GOOFY—YOU SAY?

(Continued from page 17)

social and intellectual level. It wouldn't be very funny to a truck driver. A prize fighter might possibly think it was funny, after it was translated. But it presupposes a certain familiarity with the amenities to get the humor that is in it.

*Esquire* presupposes, for enjoyment, a certain intelligence, a certain cultural background. In this respect, *Esquire* is all of a piece. Lusty as some of its printed and pictorial contents may be, their point is lost on people who are below a certain level of intelligence.

For want of a better word, we define this intelligence only as adult; and when asked about policy, we simply say that *Esquire* stands for anything that will afford amusement to men of intelligence. We don't mean "gentlemen," as such, or "intellectuals," as such. Nor, when we say men of intelligence, are we thinking of men above one particular level as far as educational background is concerned. We mean, simply, any and all men who have adult minds. We have known woodsmen who possessed this intelligence, and Ph.D.'s who lacked it.

That is why we are inclined to be mildly disgusted when we meet the unthinking criticism that *Esquire* is contradictory in its make-up, that its text is high-brow and its pictures low-brow. Like a monthly stag party of professional men, *Esquire* presupposes the possession of a certain intelligence for attendance in the first place—and the right to relax, once inside.

## IDEA DEPARTMENT\*



Just sit down a minute while we rough out an idea that will change your program, poster, or publication from an ordinary job of printing to an interesting layout, carefully planned and executed. You will be surprised at the improvement the "artistic touch" will make.

**STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

\* Our art department will gladly furnish a rough sketch to help you visualize the planning of your printing.

# ROOS gets gabby about GABARDINE SUITS




New Sports-back  
models are here  
\$35

# Roos Bros



Hamilton, Elgin,  
Gruen, and  
Waltham watches



GUARANTEED  
WATCH REPAIRS

FRATERNITY  
JEWELRY

E. W. WRIGHT, Opt.D.  
OPTOMETRIST

**PAUL D. CULVER**  
PIONEER JEWELER

167 University Ave. P.A. 5331

# Laundry Service

"Where clothes snowy white  
reflect methods right"

5 GOOD LAUNDRIES

<b>CONSOLIDATED LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	90
<b>RED STAR LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	69
<b>FAMILY SERVICE LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Palo Alto	5164
<b>STANFORD LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Palo Alto	6108
<b>TEMPLE LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	129

Hank and Martha had married under none too happy circumstances, and their married life had not been anything to brag about either. But when, after they had lived together for thirty-five years, Hank went to the local judge to ask for an annulment, the whole of Middleton gasped with amazement.

A date for the hearing was set, however, and when the time came, the judge demanded to know the grounds on which Hank based his demand for an annulment. "It's this, your honor," answered Hank. "I've just learned that Martha's father never had a license to carry a gun."

—Varieties

There was an old woman who lived  
in a shoe,  
She had so many children, she didn't  
know what to do.

—Mother Goose

There was another old woman who  
lived in a shoe,  
She didn't have any children—She  
knew what to do!

—Mother Goose Revised

—Varieties

four and one-half miles south of the campus

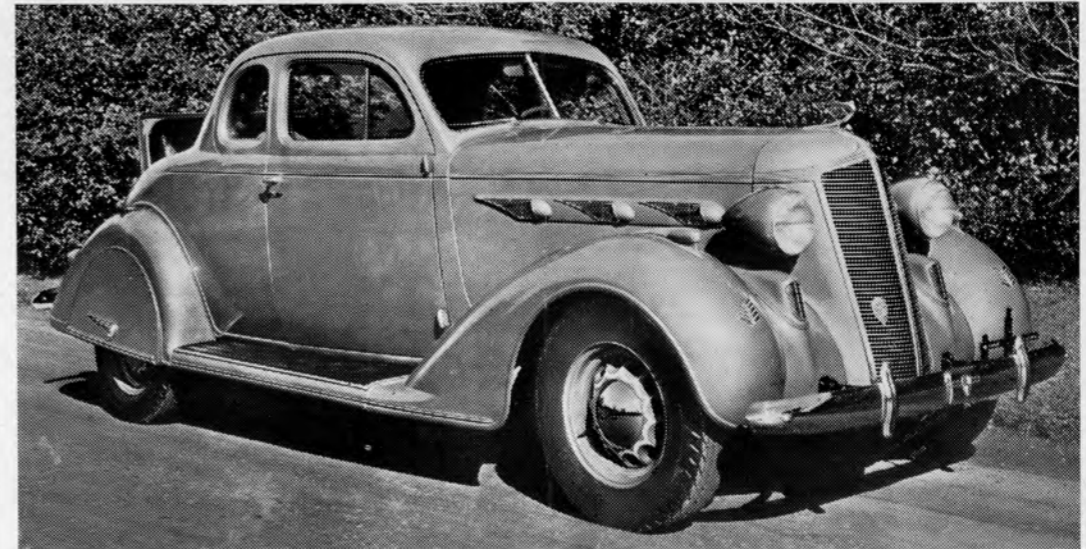
good food  
open fireplaces  
friendly atmosphere

telephone mt. view 2382 for reservations

# L' OMELETTE

beverage prices reduced in the afternoon and evening

# De Soto Is Smart-- --In Every Detail!



De Soto Custom Airstream Rumble Seat Coupe . . . .

GRADUATE TO A  
**DE SOTO**

Priced as Low as

# \$695

F.O.B. Factory

Special  
Equipment  
Extra

Distinctively styled . . . custom designed . . . rich colors . . . and an abundance of power, plus another crowning achievement—the Gas Saver Transmission! That's De Soto for 1936! See it, ride in it, and drive it! Here's a truly marvelous car, and it costs so little. Liberal trade-in allowance for your present car—and easy terms.

PLYMOUTH!—America's Safest Low Priced Car

# M. P. Davison

623 Alma St., Palo Alto

Phone Palo Alto 3173



# "Camels

NEVER GET  
ON YOUR NERVES!"

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

"I CAPTURED 22 WILD ELEPHANTS," SAYS FRANK BUCK, "IN ORDER TO GET THE ONE I WANTED. FIRST, WE BUILT AN 8-ACRE KRAAL—"

THAT SHOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM

THE ONE I WANT IS IN THAT HERD

I GO GET BEATERS

"AT A SIGNAL THE ELEPHANTS ARE STAMPEDED TOWARD THE TRAP"

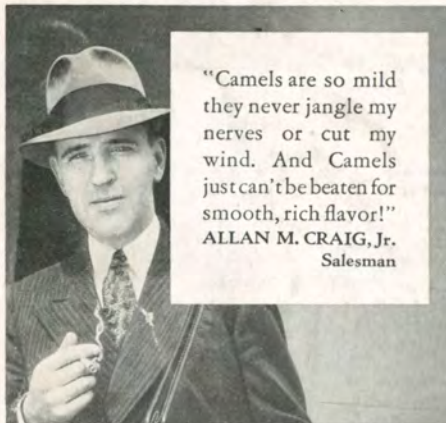
"THE ENRAGED HERD, MADDENED BY THE NOISE, THUNDERS BLINDLY INTO THE KRAAL —"

WHEW! THAT WAS A JOB — HERE'S WHERE I SMOKE A CAMEL

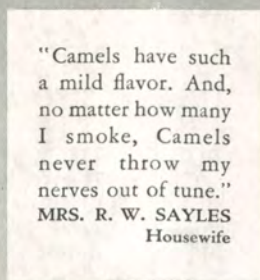
"SMOKE? YOU BET-CAMELS! THEY ARE SO MILD THEY NEVER GET MY WIND OR UPSET MY NERVES—AND WHAT A SWELL TASTE!"

*Frank Buck*

## YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!



"Camels are so mild they never jangle my nerves or cut my wind. And Camels just can't be beaten for smooth, rich flavor!"  
ALLAN M. CRAIG, Jr.  
Salesman



"Camels have such a mild flavor. And, no matter how many I smoke, Camels never throw my nerves out of tune."  
MRS. R. W. SAYLES  
Housewife



**TUNE IN!** CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE • DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING • GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p. m. M. S. T., and 8:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

*Costlier Tobaccos!*

• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.