

DON CAMERON '33

S T A N F O R D  
**CHAPARRAL**

*deeg*

Jan 1930



OCTOBER  
25¢

**BACK TO THE FARM ?**

*Ted  
Hough  
+B.G.*

"I'm paid extra if my point gets eleven OK's—  
I pay a forfeit if it fails to earn them all"

# Every Duofold earns a Bonus or a Penalty

So our graduate pen makers grind  
all points as good as their best

We pay a bonus to our graduate pen grinders for every Duofold point. But first it must pass 11 hard-boiled inspections: For jewel-like smoothness, for lifelong strength, for firm uniform set, for comfortable tension, and for pressureless writing the instant the point touches paper. If it fails any test we reject it, and the pen grinder pays a forfeit.

No amount of money can buy the Duofold's equal. And machine-ground points, of course, cannot compare. Go and try this Bonus point. And see Parker Duofold's new convertible feature. Attaching the taper makes it a desk pen. Attaching the cap with clip transforms it to a pocket pen. Double-duty—like 2 Pens for the price of 1—at no extra charge.

Parker Duofold Pens are guaranteed for life—their Permanite barrels non-breakable, as proved when dropped from cloud-high airplanes. Yet Permanite has all the beauty of costly jade, lacquer, jet, pearl, and lapis lazuli. And Duofold Pens hold 17.4% more ink than average, size for size.

New streamlined balanced shapes now ready at all dealers—and all with Bonus pen points that write with Pressureless Touch. By all means see them, and the streamlined Pencils to match. Don't buy any pen without first trying the Parker Duofold Bonus point.

### 33% More Parkers Used in College Than Any Other Pen

In a nation-wide poll conducted among their readers by 13 leading vocational magazines, and audited by Arthur Andersen & Co., certified public accountants, Parker was voted the favorite pen in 9 out of 12 vocations, representing 94.72% of the total people in all vocations polled.

Among these was the American student body, and the vote taken represented a cross-section of 4,766,673 students. *College Humor's* census showed one-third more Parkers in use than the nearest rival. *Scholastic*, circulating among high school students, found 72% more Parkers than the next nearest.

This fall, if you want to get a flying start for learning, start with a Parker—apparently the official pen of America's undergraduates.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wis. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE  
**Parker**  
**Duofold**  
\$5 \$7 \$10



**Like 2 Pens  
for the Price of One**  
is this Convertible Duofold  
In Your Pocket—On Your Desk  
The Same Pen with the Same Point  
—always your favorite



old Stanford  
**RED**  
gets a break

Now at his doorstep, **RED** has  
**FORD model A economy**  
plus  
**SHAW service**

Imagine the convenience of complete Ford service, such as the metropolitan dealer offers, right at hand in Palo Alto. The Shaw Company is proud of its very adequately equipped organization; proud to offer Stanford students a convenience which eliminates irksome, "big-city" buying.

The Shaw Company wishes to make available to you the pleasure and economy characteristic of the new Ford. See the unusual beauty of this car; know its alert, capable performance and great riding and driving ease. Call or phone for a demonstration. The Ford service standard the world over prevailing at your local dealer.



◀ **SHAW MOTOR COMPANY, LTD** ▶

Emerson and Homer

# FOR CAMPUS AND CLASSROOM



### CHAPPIE'S POPULAR GAGS

*The Most Clipped Jokes of the past two years from Chaparral, demonstrating something or other about What the Public (and the clippings editor) Wants.*

Previous to October, 1929—

Professor—I'll not go on with this lecture till the room settles down.

Wise Stude—Better go home and sleep it off, old man.

Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway)—Do you ever speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove—Oh, no.

S. I.—Well, then shut up.

"Say, where did you get the baby? I didn't know you were married!"

"I'm not married, but I was taking a correspondence course in Marriage and Married Life, and I got the installments mixed."

"Tell me, why do they have jack-rabbit roundups in Nevada?"

"To remove superfluous hares."

Irate Theatergoer—"Usher, usher! Dammit, I can't find anything about the play in this program!"

Condescending Usher—"Sorry, sir, but we had to make room for two new ads."

Child—Father, what is an optimist?

Father—An optimist, my son, is one who expects to get a laugh out of my answer.

First—Did you enjoy yourself while you were a freshman at college?

Second—Did I! Why those were the happiest years of my life!

October to June, 1929-30—

First Endurance Aviator—Outa cigarettes! By golly, a smoke'd feel about right now.

Second Pylet—Yeh. I'd drop a mile for a Camel.

"Johnny, do you believe that there is really such a thing as a white lie?"

"Sure. Pa cleans the tub with it on Sunday morning."

### Stanford Chaparral

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THE GOTHAM SHOP  
520 Ramona Street  
Palo Alto

# FOOTBALL!

*Are you ready for each week's kick-off? The team's ready! The City of Paris is ready! Let's go!*

*The final whistle in football chic is the fur jacket costume. This one combines a tailored frock of wine red wool lace (\$19.50) with a caracul jacket! \$75.*

COLLEGE SHOP  
FUR SALON—THIRD FLOOR



*The rooting section won't see a more engaging costume than this brown flannel skirt, \$9.75; brown jersey jumper and brown, Gazelda jacket \$49.50*

DEAUVILLE SHOP  
THIRD FLOOR

*Team work . . . that's what it is . . . when a frock and beret get together as successfully as do these of rust knitted angora, \$35; coat \$69.50.*

DEAUVILLE SPORTS  
THIRD FLOOR

This Fall's fashions are grand for stadium wear! City of Paris presents three costumes that are bound to be knockouts . . . they're that new and smart! Whichever you choose, you'll be a winner, no matter how the scores stand . . . and you'll rate a few rousing cheers on your own! You'll find others still on the City of Paris Third Floor . . . make your line-up for the season's games right here!

# CITY of PARIS

**MIRAKEL**  
OPT. CO.  
DAYLUX  
BINOCULAR



## The NEW MIRAKEL

The Mirakel makers have placed in our hands for sale, this new type of sport glass, which far exceeds anything we have hitherto offered. The small sport model that can be used continuously without the slightest eye strain, gives the widest field ever attained, 320 yards at 1000 yards. In leather case at \$16.50. Other sizes, \$25.00, \$35.00, \$40.00. Particular attention is called to the \$35.00 model 8-power. Clear, yet very small and a wonder for hunting purposes.



### STANFORD WATCH SHOP

J. JAY BAKER

*The most complete line of dependable watches on Peninsula. Our repair department is second to none.*

571 Ramona Street

Palo Alto, Calif.

#### CHAPPIE'S POPULAR GAGS

Wife—You brute! I'm going right down and get a divorce.

Well-Oiled Husband—Get me one, too.



#### THE DIRTY JOKE

When told by the girl friend, it's "risque"; at a smoker, it's "funny"; in a modern farce, it's "life"; in a novel, it's "clever"; at a church social, it's "shocking"; and at a bridge tussle, it's "tame"; but everywhere appreciated. . . . and dirty.



Frantic Student—Migod! A doctor, quick! My appendix just broke!

Medical Department Clerk (coolly) Have you an appointment?



"I can spot a hand-made necktie every time."  
"Sloppy, why don't you use a napkin?"  
(Reprinted from 1924).



A Violinist entered a little music shop in London. "I want an E string, if you please," he observed to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box from behind the counter, the Cockney said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'es from the she's."  
(Reprinted from 1907).

"TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS' SATISFACTORY SERVICE IN PALO ALTO AND STANFORD"

## STUART the PRINTER

Commercial and Society  
Printing

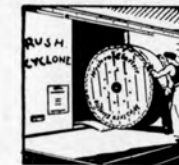
Dial 21551 545 Emerson St. Palo Alto



## It took something more than book learning to lick this cyclone

A cyclone twists its destructive way through the West . . . telephone lines go down . . .

communication must be restored . . . page Western Electric! ☐ There's a real "kick" in



Starting supplies on their way to the stricken area is but a matter of minutes

meeting and beating such emergencies. It calls for scientific manage-

ment, of course, the sort of knowledge you can get from books and

training. But over and above that comes the sudden demand for

resourcefulness, man-sized ability, sheer grit. ☐ To supply the telephone companies of

the Bell System with everything needed to give service, Western

Electric carries on a dependable, nation-wide system of distribution.



Like secondary defense Western Electric backs up the nation's line of communication

A vast undertaking—yet only one of this company's varied functions.

## Western Electric

Manufacturers . . . Purchasers . . . Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



# Important ..... As can be



EVERY varsity man will tell you that the shoes he'll wear in the game this Saturday mean everything . . . confidence! . . . endurance . . . zip! Naturally he'll wear only the best made.

It's important that you, too, wear shoes that will show you at your best . . . whether it be on the campus or in town.

You'll find these shoes designed by Walk-Over and other master makers priced very reasonably, if you'll drop around to . . .

**Ed. Z**wierlein's  
BOOT SHOP

218 University Avenue

## CHAPPIE'S POPULAR GAGS

Customs Officer—What have you got to declare?  
Plastered—I declare thish is the besht shtuff I ever tashted!

The Freudian's Song: "I'm a dreamer. . . ."

TULSA, OKLA.—College wisecracks are only 5 per cent funny, says Dr. John C. Almack, professor of education at Leland Stanford University.

Speaking at the University of Tulsa summer session, Dr. Almack said he had made a study of 12,000 jokes taken from college comic publications, and had sent 200 jokes which he considered best to noted humorists with requests for their opinions.

The humorists who responded agreed, said Dr. Almack, that only five per cent of college humor is funny, that fifty per cent is indifferent and the rest not funny at all.—*Life*

Them's fightin' words John!

### QUICK WORK, ELEANOR!

Mrs. Troy Lindenmeier, formerly Miss Eleanor Hewitt, a recent bride of the main office was the delighted recipient of a waffle iron and electric iron from her associates a few days after her sudden wedding.

—*Broadway (Dep't. Store) World*

### "PARTY GIRL" RETURNS

From the *Broadway World, Los Angeles*

Miss Katherine Kay, the "party girl", is back with us again, bubbling over with grand and glorious ideas for parties and teas and luncheons, and in her own words, "tickled to death to be on the job again." She had a lovely visit in San Francisco early in the Summer and then up and got double pneumonia and spent the rest of the season in bed at her parents' home in Salt Lake City. However, she's fit as a fiddle again, and may be found on the mezzanine floor.

"Let us off at the mezzanine, operator."

### MAN WANTED

From the *Broadway World*

Mr. McNaghten very happily suggested that "coming events DO cast their shadows before," and that those terse words, poignant with meaning, presaged what was in store for the man who left The Broadway's lace department to set up his own business.

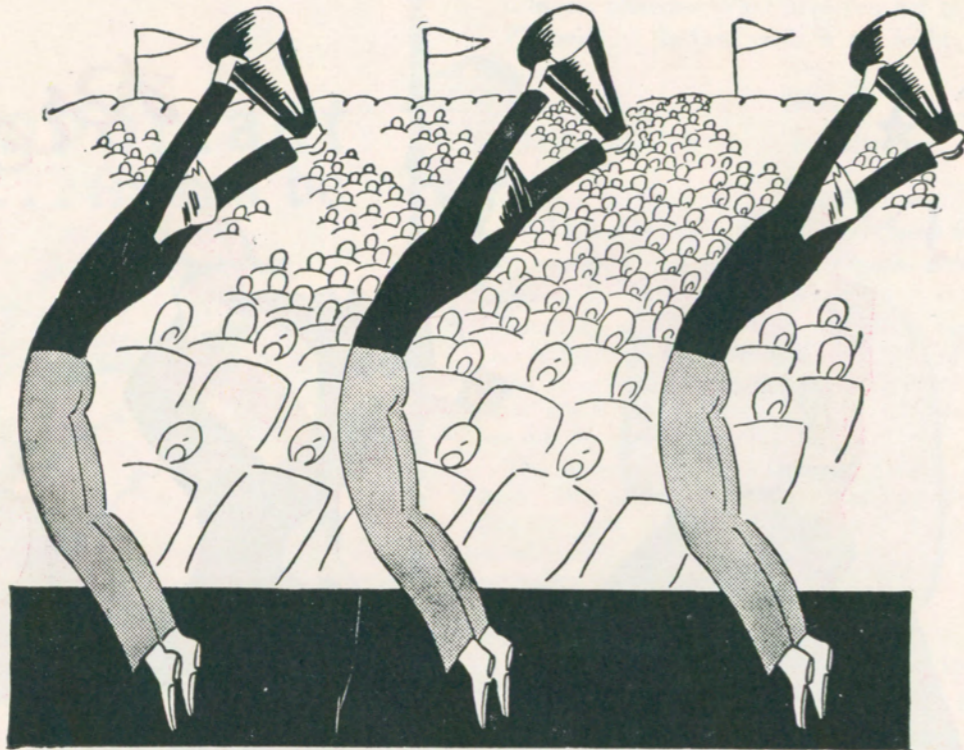
Miss Neale left last Friday, and tears filled her eyes as she bid good-bye to her scores of store friends. She was quite overcome when her marking and receiving room friends gathered and presented her with a handsome overnight bag. Mr. Simpson, in a presentation speech, declared: "I have handed out quite a few wedding presents in my time, but I don't know of anything I have enjoyed more than saying these few words to speed Miss Neale on her way to a well-earned rest".

—*Broadway (Dep't. Store) World*



Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, blended with expert care. You'll find them mellow, mild and smooth, with a full-bodied aroma that simply can't be copied. It's a simple statement of fact to say money can't buy a better cigarette.

WE HOLD certain truths to be self-evident in this matter of smoking — truths that need no garnishing of guff. A fellow smokes because he likes to; he smokes a certain brand because that brand gives him more pleasure than any other. Year in and year out more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette. We submit that the only legitimate reason is because they enjoy them better. If there's any bunk in that, we hope to swallow a senator.



## Mobilize the Cheering Section!! Braeburns are on the field

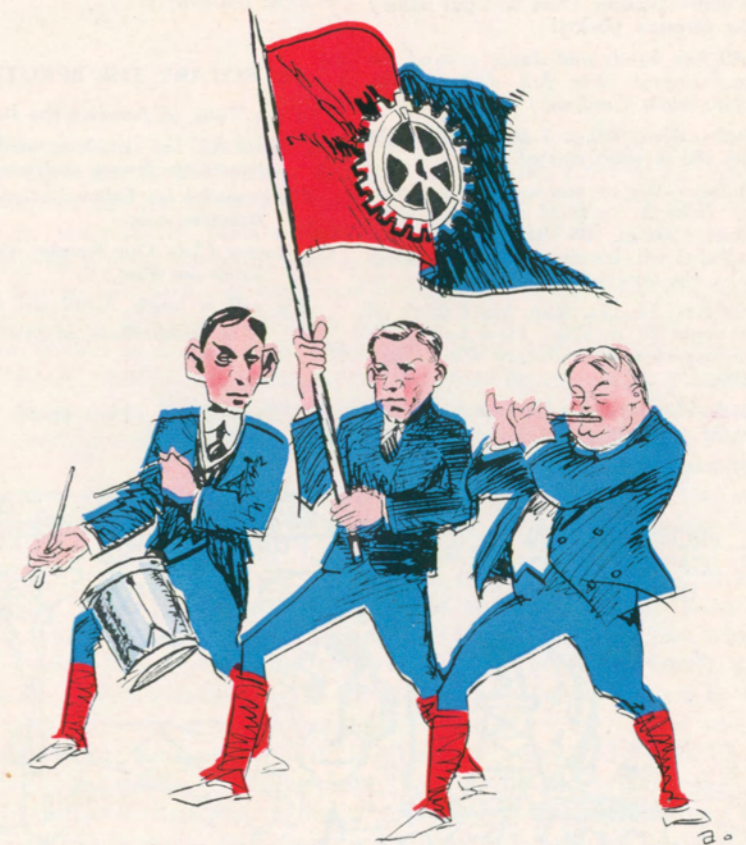
Lusty rahs are in order, and with much gusto, too, for the arrival of new fall Braeburns is always heralded as a major event. This years contingent are still smarter and more unusual in style, all exclusive fabrics, embracing a number of new color features.

The assortment is very comprehensive now. Thirty-five, forty and forty-five dollars,

# Wideman's

185 University Avenue, Palo Alto

STANFORD  
**CHAPARRAL**



The Mile-a-Minute Men

(See other side)



# "HERB" "AL" AND "RAY"

A Rotary Club Meeting in the White House

**HOOVER**—Well, Mister Roth—may I call you "Al" . . . ?

Roth—Sure, that's me, Herb, ol' kid, ol' kiddo!

Hoover—Well, Al, it seems that Secretary Wilbur is a little late for the meeting.

Roth—Ding him! I tell you, Herb, we'll give 'em th' check!

Hoover—Hot dog! That's an idea . . . No, wait . . . I have to pay all the bills here anyhow.

Roth—Aw, shoot!

Wilbur (enters)—Good morning, gentlemen!

Hoover—Good morning, Mr. Secretary.

Roth—Hey, none o' that stuff! Just nick-names in Rotary! No formality. Dedicated to Service and Better American Business . . .

Hoover—Prosperity is just around the corner!

Wilbur—Boulder Dam will put money in the farmer's pocket!

*(All join hands and dance around the room, waving little full dinner pails, painted bright Cardinal.)*

Roth—Well, fellas, I think we ought to get the meeting started.

Wilbur—We've got to have a President. Now in view of the great work Herbert Hoover, '95 has done in Belgian Relief which culminated in his selection by the voters to . . .

Hoover—Thanks, Ray, but I think Al here ought to preside. He's had much more experience at Rotary Club "get-togethers."

Roth—Aw, Herb, I'm not half the optimist you are!

Wilbur—Well, here we are—three

Sons of the Stanford Red—one President of the United States, one President of Rotary International, and—ahem—one President-by-mail of Stanford University, our Alma Mater.

*(Outside can be heard the President's band softly playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," with piccolo obligato of "Come Join the Band.")*

Roth—Well, I accept, but . . .

Hoover—Well, Mr. Roth . . .

Roth—Ah ha! Fined a dollar, Herb! And where's your button? Two dollars!

Wilbur—How do we start?

Hoover—Maybe we'd better start with a silent prayer for the Small Business Man.

Roth—Naw, let's eat! (A bunch of hashers flock in with the soup.)

Wilbur—Let's have a song!

Hoover—Sound your A! (They huddle in close harmony.)

## OH ROTARY THE BEAUTIFUL

*(To the Tune of America the Beautiful)*

Oh beautiful for spacious smiles, and handclaps strong and true;

Oh beautiful for Fellowship and Better Business, too;

Oh Rotary Club, Our Rotary, with Service as our Plan,

We will at lunch, fulfill our hunch—  
The Brotherhood of Man!

Wilbur—Baby! I've heard worse'n that! Hey, Herb?

Roth—Oh, I forgot, I've got a plan for the Proposed New Gateway to the University . . .

Hoover—Ah ha ha! Right back atcha! A dollar for talking "shop!"

Wilbur—Aw, shux, let's see it anyhow.

Roth—O' course it isn't very good, as it was done in the Graphic Arts Department.

Hoover—I don't take a very good pitcher.

A Page (entering)—Mr. Kelly to see you, Dr. Wilbur.

Wilbur—Tell him I've looked into his case and can't do a thing.

Roth—You know, Herb, a fella in Cleveland was telling me he didn't like the new high tariff . . . claims he's losing dough.

Hoover—Is that so? Hmm, how about a commission?

Roth—I generally get 15 per cent. Whah ha ha ha ha! Oh ho ho!

Wilbur—That's a hot one, Al!

Hoover—Let's have another song!

Roth—O. K. M. N. X.!

*They all sing lustily:*

Tune: 'Way Down on the River Pee Dee  
A destructive critic named Mencken

Said, "Hey, I object! Just a secon!"

The ol' Rotary Club

Didn't please this smart dub,

We think that he needs a good spenkin'!"

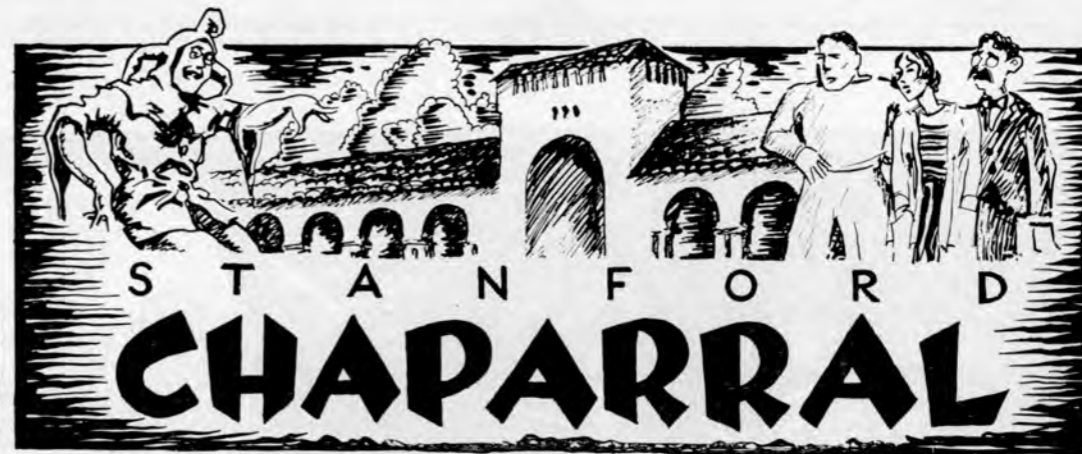
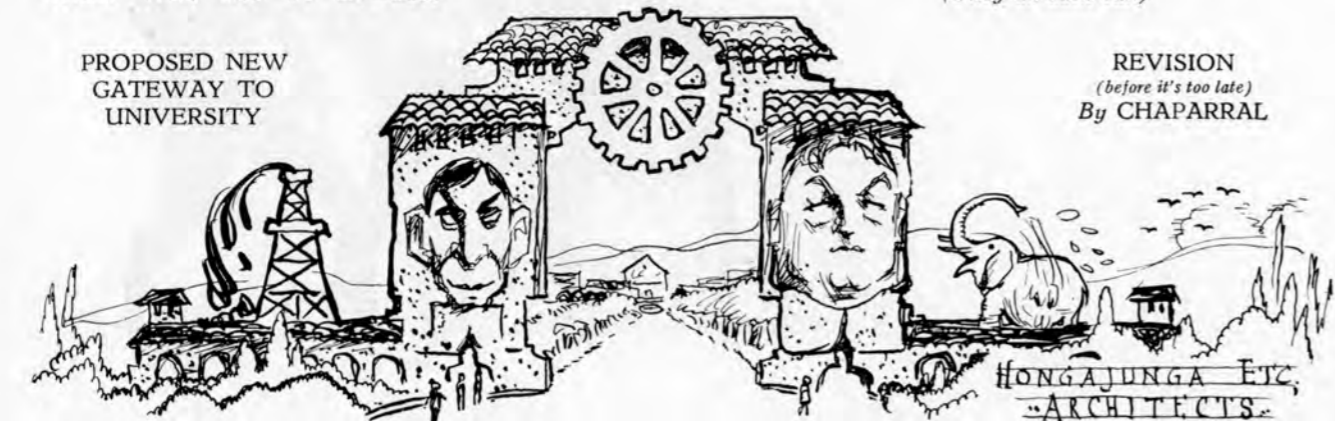
Roth—Meeting adjourned!

Wilbur—Last man out th' door's a nigger baby!

*(They all dash out.)*

REVISION  
*(before it's too late)*  
By CHAPARRAL

PROPOSED NEW  
GATEWAY TO  
UNIVERSITY



## QUO VADIS OR WHERE THE H-L ARE WE GOING?

Stanford University was established in 1891, improved in 1906, and became a subsidiary company of the Board of Athletic Control in 1922. The first date represents the cornerstone, the second the earthquake, and the third the building of the stadium. American football was established in 1920 and those early years when Mrs. Stanford pawned her jewels as the United States government brought suit on University revenue were made memories. On the other hand, the last donation Stanford University got was in 1897, when President Hoover returned and gave a desk which he had made valuable by carving his name on it. The Memorial Church is an example of what can be done on rainy afternoons if you have lots of little bits of colored glass and a dozen years with nothing to occupy you. Chaparral was founded in 1899, when laughing seemed a good thing to do, and has continued till this very day, through times when mirth was in the nature of cruelty to the infirm. Once there was a Student Affairs Committee, and Chaparral editors changed frequently. Now they leave Chappie alone and they have pretty near got a New Theater as a consequence. They will have, anyhow, when somebody cube roots Chappie's ante. In 1906, directly before the earthquake, Hammer and Coffin Society was established. Its merry members have always contended, proudly but guardedly, that they were responsible for the cataclysm. In 1908 the students had a riot when there was a little confusion about grog and parades, and in 1917 the whole nation had a parade and the whole world had a riot. If you are looking for more dates try Roble Hall. Stanford has always been famous for its scholars. Among them are Wallace and Will Irwin, who were bounced out for stealing chickens or being funny, or something. The Lower Division was established around 1922, thus automatically creating an Upper Division, and a Great Problem as well. It was Our Martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, who said in the words of the Good Book, that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Ergo, there must not be an Upper and Lower Division. One must be abandoned! "We cannot remain half slave and half free," President Wilbur said, and since elimination plans were halted for awhile, Upper Division requirements were added to Lower Division requirements, and Stanford became all slave. The engineers hang out at the End of the Quad, the lawyers are opposite the library, the medics are luckily over by themselves, and the artists and slapstick humorists are all huddled together in Custard's last stand. The girls

are all from Good Families and the men are all from Encina Hall, from where they divide. If they are Independents, they steal the Axe, if they are Fraternity Men they tell all about it in Rushing, and if they are Club Men they

wonder (Group 1) why they have been paying for \$500 buildings since 1918 or (Group 2) just why the h-l they have to get picked in the Women's Dining Hall System. Stanford is just one big happy family, which has branched out into various important fields, and the name of Herbert Hoover will positively not be mentioned here, since the writer is a Democrat who plays the stock market. The students are happy, too, and the faculty is practically purring. The alumni are temporarily soothed. It is only the nosy Old Boy of Chaparral who keeps rapping knuckles with his Silver-Girdled Hammer, and enquiring, mildly: (1) Just how are the "children of California" going to pay for their \$114 tuition if their parents don't? and (2) how is the University going to pay for the students unless some wealthy guy kicks through, or kicks off? Either will do. Make All Checks Payable to Stanford University. Small donations may be dropped in the Contribution Box in the Chaparral office. Quo Vadis or Whither are we Going? Personally, we have a hunch it will be to Menlo to get a glass of beer.



LAST STEP IN THE B. A. C.'s ATHLETIC PLANT  
A Miniature Golf Course in the Inner Quad

# IF THE FIGHT RACKET CONTINUES AS IS

(From the San Francisco Chronicle,  
October 1, 1932)

**"BONECRUSHER"** Burpz, the Bolero Butcher, last night k. o.'d "Nitro" Nate, Portrero pride, before a howling audience in Judge Fyzzi McPhyff's Inferior Court in one of the most spectacular suits of the season.

Round One—The "Bonecrusher" advanced cautiously, then lead with a plea for a change of venue. The blow told, but "Nitro" came back strong with a plea to demur. Burpz retaliated with a charge that the bout was "fixed," but Judge McPhyff ruled that "fixed" fights were neither contrary to California law or precedent. Both contestants argued cautiously, and were sparring as court adjourned.

Round Two—Both men rushed out at the bell, splitting hairs. Nate scored on three technicalities to the chin, but the Butcher returned with a motion to quash the indictment. Burpz, staggered, managed to slip over a writ of habeas corpus to the mid-section. The men were in a clinch with attorneys as the round ended.



"You can't strike my boy without a writ of habeas corpus!"

Round Three—The Bolero battler, coming out fresh, tore from his corner and smacked "Nitro" on the button with the grand jury. Limp and indicted, the Swede slumped to the floor, where he stayed until the referee had posed for pictures, and the State Boxing Commission had exonerated Nate, and fixed the blame on your Cousin Nellie's dark green kosher.

—LORTON

## MR. COOLIDGE SAYS--

Patriotic Americans will realize that the present existing conditions in the football world are only temporary. Contrary to the current report that Big Game tickets are not to be had, let it be said that there are several on the market selling for as low as two hundred dollars. Conditions in the rooting sections are fundamentally sound and we predict that by February, 1931, the football ticket flurry will have played itself out, the consequence being a return to normalcy.



# THE MENCKENS AT HOME

"Looka here, Charley Hoss, no li'l ole flapper need think she can get Ole Hot Shot goin' by spreadin' it all over th' jelly joint how he fell like a ton o' bricks for her by th' light of a cock-eyed moon . . . co'se any man is liable to slip up ev'ry once in awhile, 'specially with ev'rythin' all set for it . . ."—From *Reckless Blues*, by Sara Haardt (Mrs. H. L. Mencken, in *College Humor*).

**SCENE:** Dining room in the ex-bachelor apartment of Editor Mencken, of the *American Mercury*.

Mrs. Mencken—Lookey, Henny, hon, let Ole Hotsy Gel get yuh an ickle ole napkin.

Henry—No.

Mrs. Mencken—But dolly dolling, oo'l get nassy gravy on th' ole vest.

Mr. Mencken—Piffleschnitz!

Mrs. Mencken—Hot doggy! Looka that ole Mista Moon peepin' thru th' window.

Henry—I see nothing unusual about it. A typical, prop moon.

Mrs. Mencken—But Sonny Boy, don't you 'member . . . ?

Henry—Remember what?

Mrs. Mencken—Member when we ambled out in th' li'l ole Lizzy Girl, with th' darkness sorta smackin' down on us, and a scary ole hoot owl kept a goin' "To whoo . . . too whoo . . . ?"

Henry—Well . . . but . . .

Mrs. Mencken—An' you tucked back a li'l lock o' Hotsy Gel's hair, and whispered . . . sof' an' low an' sweet . . . "To who? Silly ole owl! T' YOU, o' course!"

Henry—Well, I admit that the ordinary male, unless he be on the Rev. Dr. Cannon's Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, will be influenced by sentimental guff which ordinarily . . .

Mrs. Mencken—Nopesey, nopesey! Ole Henry Hoss can't fool his Haardt-hearted Hannah! Oo likes it! Say uh-huh, Mr. Editor Mans!

Henry—Well, I admit I . . .

Mrs. Mencken—Henry! Didn't you change your shirt this morning?

Henry—Sterling example of wifely detail in the household of Henry Mencken . . .

Mrs. Mencken—And that nasty ole cynical bachelor Nathan! . . . Now Henny-penny, li'l Hotsy thought maybe Her Big Baby'd get rid of 'at palooka.

Henry—The M. Nathan, though afflicted with a bad case of theatrical *schnapps-mit-wurst*, is a very droll fellow after all, and . . .

Mrs. Mencken—Looka here, Charley Hoss, you is a-wearin' th' ball and chain now, and Slick Sara ain't a-goin' to let oo fergit it!

Henry—Only one ill with *imbecillus domesticus* could fail to recognize that.

Mrs. Mencken—Aw, Hot Shot, don't get sore at your Baby Mine, huh?

Henry—I'm going down to lodge!

Mrs. Mencken—How about some dough?

Henry—What did you do with the five bucks I gave you Wednesday?

Mrs. Mencken—Why Henry L. Mencken! You ole tight-waddy wad, you!

Henry—You ex-flappers think a man's made of money! I wish I was a single guy again!

Mrs. Mencken—Merkie! If you talks that-a-way I'll go straight home to mother!

Henry—You cuties don't appreciate a real bread-winner, that's all . . . Well, can't you hear the door bell ringin'?

Mrs. Mencken—I think you're oful mean! . . . It's a telegram!

Henry—No, sir, when a wife doesn't understand, well . . . Mrs. Mencken—Henny! Hot fudge sundae! The good ole Bummingham Rotary Club just elected you honorary member!

Henry—Well, that just shows you . . . It takes a bunch of strangers to appreciate a fella!

—GOULD

# DIARY OF COL. LINDBERGH

(As It Might Have Been Quite Recently)

**JUNE 22**—The baby arrived in good shape, reporters declared here today. They say it's a boy and I collected my bats from Old Man Morrow, but I don't think it looks much like anything . . . I'm sure glad the whole affair is over . . . They made me pose with the kid for pictures. All the captions will probably be "We." Uh!

**JUNE 23**—The brat is getting too much attention around here . . . couldn't get any breakfast this a. m. and Dwight and I had to hike down to Kelly's Barbecue for something to eat.

**JUNE 24**—The kid squealed all night and I couldn't get a damn bit of sleep. This kind of stuff has got to stop . . . What's more, if Cal Coolidge calls up anyone I'm going to disconnect the phone. "Luckv Lindy!" Bah!!!

**JUNE 25**—What's all this talk about a name for the kid? He wouldn't know the difference anyway . . . Herb Hoover suggested something like Eddie or Claudie, which he thought was pretty snappy, but I told him we weren't interested at all . . . I've got a good idea to send a few of his medals back . . .

**JUNE 28**—Threw out five boxes of baby spoons and gave fourteen baby carriages to the Salvation Army . . . If any more stuff comes I'm going to Mexico.

**JULY 1**—Had to walk the floor with the runt for the last two nights when I could have been out with the boys on a good old bust. Well, I've got to do something desperate!

**JULY 2**—You'd think that the kid was President. He gets more mail now than Rudy Vallee, and where do I come in? . . . I can't even get down to Jake's Pool Room on a Saturday night any more . . . well, this is final . . . Even that fellow Rogers is making wisecracks about me.

**JULY 3**—Socked two reporters who asked for the "Young Eagle" and cussed out three old ladies with baby shoes.

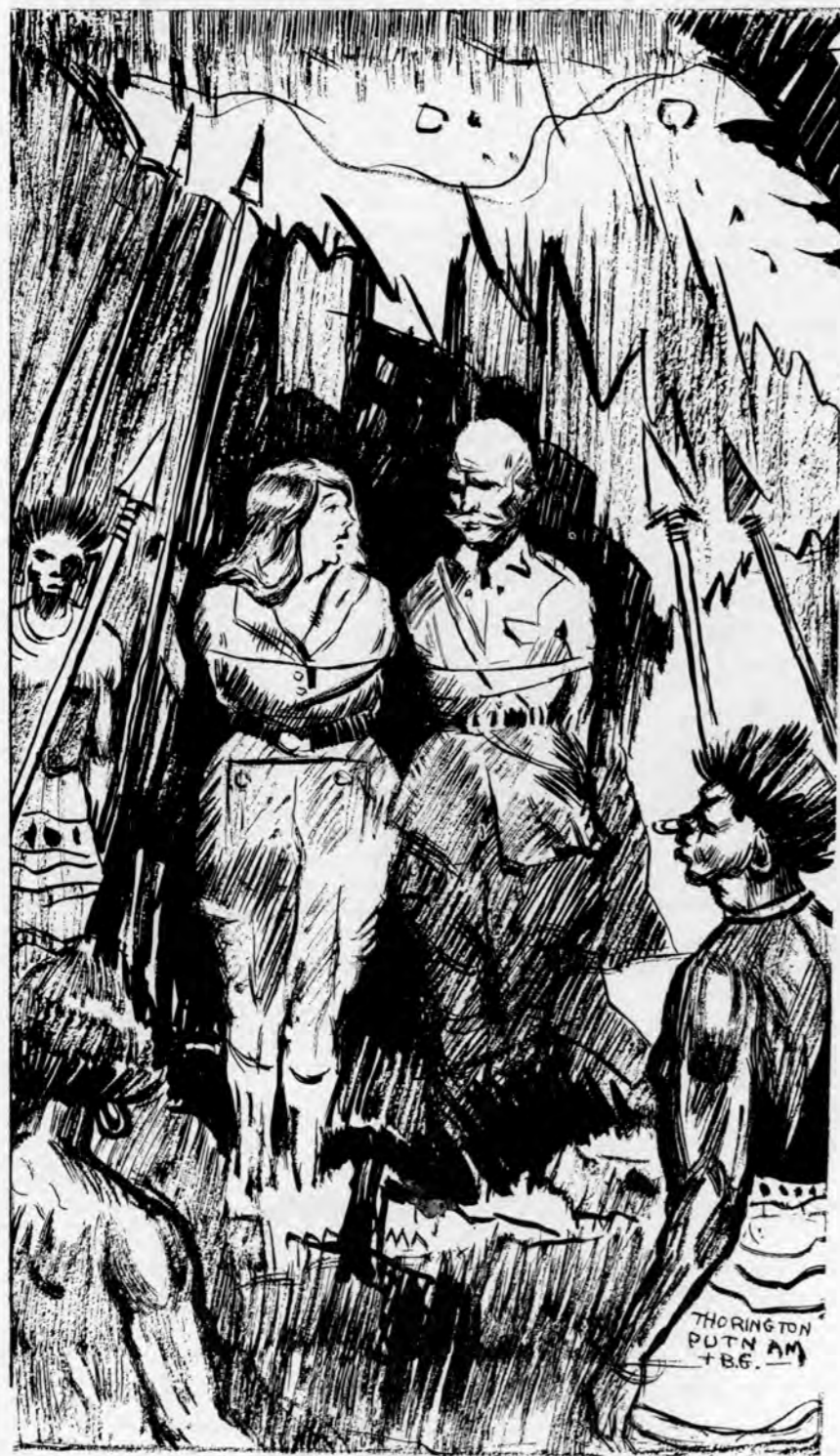
**JULY 4**—Poisoned Mrs. Gann, shot Nick Longworth and am off to Paris with Mayor Walker . . . Thank God for Independence Day!

—PERRY



"Frainch pos' cards, Meestaire?"





**IN THE JUNGLE**

"Really, George, I think you might ask them to brew us a cup of tea at least."  
 "Tea? Damn tea! I won't drink another drop of it till that blighter Lipton beats the blooming Yankees!"

**A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN**

Advance Proof on Screenshot's Defense of Miss Clara Bow

"It is all a terrible, terrible mistake!" Little Miss Clara Bow, demure titan of the silver screen, was the speaker.

A fig for my fears! As I had walked—crunchety, crunch—up the tiny gravel path which led to Miss Bow's cozy bungalow nestled among the Hollywood foothills, a nasty, nasty old thought had been running through my head.

"Does Clara really, honestly, indulge in games of chance?" I mean, does she gamble . . . or perhaps I should just ask, "Does Little Miss Bow shoot craps?" I had thought, unworthily.

Clara herself greeted me, attired neatly in a little blue apron, cut modestly above the knee, and in a moment I knew it was all a ghastly mistake.

"Did you play Cards for Gain at Cal-Neva," I queried, too boldly, I fear. Miss Bow blushed. (Now, see here, I'm telling this story!)

"It was just a quiet game of stud in the back room," murmured Clara. "I thought we were just playing for fun."

"Didn't you chicken on the dough you owed though, Miss Bow?"

"Check, and cancelled check," Clara replied wittily. In a "jiffy" we were pals. I suppose there is a sort of a "fraternity" among us Amos 'n' Andy fans.

"I thought that fellow Rogers was just darned mean, making all those 'wise-cracks,'" I said, sympathetically.

Clara's lip quivered. I could see the brave little woman did not care to discuss the "incident" further. And I did not blame her.

Just then a silent Japanese Butler slid into the tiny room.

"Missy Bow, Mist' Richman outside, please, rady," he ventured.

"Tell him I've gone to Texas," said Clara, with a rougish wink.

You told me yesterday that we were through,

There's little need for me to say I knew it.

I had a like report to make to you,

But damn it all, my dear, you beat me to it!

—AMYX



CAPTAIN RAY TANDY of the Varsity (rah! rah!) is a beeg strong fellar. Furthermore, he is no welterweight. But in his freshman days, alongside his roommates, Tandy looked like the modest little blue-eyed man in the corner. You see, Herb Fleishhacker was one roommate, and Corwin "Chang" Artman was the other.

Anyhow, it seems that the lads were trying to sleep one evening a couple of years ago when they were fellow members of the Class of '29 in Encina Hall. Or perhaps they were having a quiet philosophical chat.

All evening a phonograph had been playing incessantly below. Gruff yells and stampings on the floor had availed nothing. Finally Ray got sore.

Stripping his single bed of blankets and mattress, he hauled it to the window. Grabbing it by two legs (Herb and Chang idly watching), Ray swung it in a destructive arc directly against the window in the room below.

When he pulled it up again there was no further noise, other than that occasioned by the sweeping up of glass.

No wonder he was the blushing guide!

It was during the summer Hoover-Home-and-Chapel open season for tourists. One of our local boys was picking up a little easy money as guide to the Memorial Church and environs.

Backing up through the cool portals of the chapel as he loudly explained the history of the edifice to the sizeable group, this worthy continued to reverse down the church aisle.

Here comes the guide! The dulcet strains of a well known marital march filled the dim air.

"Now on your left is the famous mosaic of Adam and Eve. The snake can be seen . . ."

The music ceased. "The organist is practicing," explained the guide, easily.

"Practicing—hell!" came a fierce whisper. "There's a wedding going on, you dub!"

THAT path along the erstwhile Lagunita is pleasant on spring evenings, and a senior (who swears this happened) strolled there when the moon was low with a very pretty girl.

The night was warm, and they found seats on the edge of the bandstand, their feet hanging over the edge to where the water was, or should have been.

"Aren't the stars beautiful tonight?" was undoubtedly the opener.

A slightly awkward silence, perhaps even an expectant one, was disturbed by a slight scurrying sound.

The girl didn't hear. The man glanced around. My gosh!

Out of the little room on the band platform scampered a little black-striped animal. The man was rigid; the girl was still oblivious.

Within three feet of the happy couple the varmint ambled; and to the anguished glance of the by then perspiring gentleman, the skunk (for such it was) seemed to hesitate.

There was absolutely nothing to do. Well, what would you have done—what could any young man do?

An anxious second, and the little fellow disappeared down the steps.

A safe minute later Our Hero and The Girl sneaked away from That Plate. Needless to say, the evening was ruined.

One wonders at the consequences if the incident had not ended so happily.

AT last a real anecdote has come to us out of the dear dead days when Wallace and Will Irwin swiped chickens and were (the story has it) bounced therefore.

It seems that an irate chicken fancier near the Stanford Farm had missed members of his flock on successive evenings. Perhaps it was because Wally and Will were chicken fanciers, too.

At any rate, the Owner chanced to go out one very dark night, shotgun in hand.

He heard a rustle within the hen-house. Ah ha! "Who's there?!" the farmer shouted. "Come out, or I'll shoot!!!"

"Befo' de Lawd, boss," came the reply, "they ain't nobody here 'ceptin jus' us chickens!"

Well, that fills the column, even if it turns the page all rusty.

FIDEL LaBARBA, the well known exponent of the manly art of fisticuffs, was a Stanford freshman in Encina Hall for a full year. Fidel was small, and quite unobtrusive, but he packed a mean wallop, as various ambitious flyweights can testify.

One night it happened that an apple core was thrown rather briskly out of the window in LaBarba's room, As chance (or maybe it was aim) had it, the missile hit a sponsor.

They could hear his tread as he pounded up to the room. The door burst open.

"What the hell frosh threw that! I'll knock the daylight out of . . . Oh, hello, LaBarba, how're you making out? . . . Didn't see you as I came in. Boxing any these days? . . . Oh no, just caught me on the sleeve. Wasn't anything to mention . . . Drop up to the room sometime, LaBarba. Well, good night, fellows."

THE above is half brother to the short story of another sponsor who grimly marched up to the lighted room on the third floor from whence had abruptly issued a bottle, which shattered on the pavement, only to discover that his sponsor roommate was the guilty party.

IF every pedagogue were as downright frank as a certain professor in the Economics department, we knowledge-eager students would be saved many a weary hour.

The course was Accountancy and Investments, runs the yarn, and the subject matter very involved and, one fears, a trifle dull.

The professor went into an intricate explanation which had the class hanging on the edge of their chairs—ready to drop off in the aisle.

The climax was snappy. "You know, I don't think any of you have the slightest idea what I'm talking about . . . As a matter of fact, neither have I."

"Class dismissed."



# HOW TO "MAKE" THE CHAPARRAL

(To Mr. Gale "Windy" Wallace, Stanford Daily Editor, who was to give some sort of a speech about Stanford publications if he can think of anything to say.)

Dear Mister Wallace:

You ask how aspiring "freshmen" and "transfers" may "make" Stanford CHAPARRAL. And well you may ask. But you are not likely to get a very brief and accurate answer, and that is, I understand, what you "journalists" want first of all. Always brisk and breezy—that's the Stanford DAILY. All the news that fits the print. Yes, sir! A "lead" to a news story must tell Who, When, Why, How and What of it? And when a dog bites a man it is painful.

I wonder how many of your little listeners know the origin of the word NEWS? It seems a young reporter, or "cub", dropped into the office of the old New York Sun one day, through the skylight. Kindly, bluff Editor Charles Dana, trained to unusual happenings, thought nothing of it at the time, and that is where the "cub" drops out of our story. But the incident set Dana to thinking.

"If I should take 20 cakes of yeast, hops, a barrel of malt, some rice and sugar, and the four points of the compass and mix them, what would I get?"

"A headache," replied a "flip" copyboy, who did not recover. "North, East, West and South," mused Dana. "If you take the first letters together they make the word NEWS. Eureka! (I've found it—translator.)"

Dana called his staff about him. "Boys," he said. "Boys . . ." and his voice choked. "Boys, we have been calling our stories just plain 'accounts of local happenings and letters from our correspondents.' The old order has got to change. From now on all stories will be called NEWS!"

All gasped. It was Revolutionary, or Spanish-American, at least.

"It is mad . . . rash," murmured an old reporter.

"They called the steamboat rash," Dana replied, his clear gray eyes looking far beyond to where the Flatiron Building sliced, like a wedge, into the bleeding heart of old New York. "For that matter they called strawberry spots rash, and today they are Measles!"

Well, you may think all this has little to do with how to "make" the Stanford CHAPARRAL. And perhaps you are right. But if the "friendly folk" who are to hear you, Mr. Wallace, can write anything at all funny, or dun our eager advertisers for bills due in 1926 . . . well, their future is practically boundless. In fact, I suggest they go into the work commercially and cancel registration right now.

So long, Windy, and give my regards to Aunt Fanny. All the children are doing well except little Leffingwell, who choked on a pun.

Hoping you are not the same,

I remain, your "funny" friend,  
 BURNELL GOULD,  
 Editor Chaparral



"It's Cute!"

## TWO WITS DISCUSS THE AUSTIN

"Say, aren't they the darnedest little things, though? No bigger'n' a minute, no, sir."

"Yeah, sernally. They look like little bugs."

"Ain't that right? Why, you could take 'em to bed with you. Ha, ha!"

"Yeah, I was sayin' to my wife the other day, I seen one alongside a big car, and I says, 'Looks like the big feller had a baby!' Haw, haw, haw!"

"Yeah, I know a fat guy that has one. I guess he has to get into it with a shoe-horn! Hee, hee!"

"What would an old truck do to one? They'd have to pick it up with a whisk-broom! Whee!"

"An' next thing ya know, they'll be puttin' engines into Kiddie Kars! Ah ha ha!"

"Yeah, I'm goin' to get one and carry it along for a spare."

"Yah, ha ha! That's a good one!"  
 —THOMPSON

## MEETING AN AMOS 'N' ANDY FAN

"Hello there, brother, how is you?" as Andy would say. By the way, did you hear Amos 'n' Andy last night? . . . Say, it was sure funny . . . had the whole family laughing . . . You see it was this way . . . Madame Queen's brother-in-law owes Amos ten dollars, see? Well, Andy was going to get the Kingfish to hold a meeting of the lodge . . . get it? It was sure a riot . . . You see, Andy says "Wall, I'll jus' check an' double check dat." . . . Then Amos comes in, see? And he says, "Ah ainta goin' to do it . . . dat ain't right" . . . and then Andy comes back, "I'se regusted." Well say, you should have heard it . . . I bet about a million people all over the country just broke down and screamed . . . Then Andy says . . . He says, "Ah remits dat" . . . get it? . . . Meant to say admit, see? Well, the family laughed their heads off . . . And then Lightnin' comes in . . . Wait a minute, this is the funniest part of all . . . hey what are you doin' here . . . Hey! . . . voh—vo—glub—glub—ahhhh—h—h—h—h."

(A coroner's jury informed of the facts, voted unanimously that it was death from apoplexy brought on by over-eating. —Perry)



"Good Lord! I'll bet we've missed Amos 'n' Andy!"

# 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

Burnell Gould '31 <i>Editor</i>	Harold David '32 <i>Manager</i>
Berk Anthony '32 <i>Art Editor</i>	Ray Winther '32 <i>Circulation</i>

ASSOCIATES

Joe Thompson '31	Marsh Somerville '28
Bob Perry '31	Bob Paine '29
Don Cameron '31	Jim Tucker '29
Charles Hudson '31	Nelson Carter '30
Ed Coats '31	Bill Robinson '30
Steve Farrand '31	Frank Clough '32
Hugh Paddleford '31	Myron Tower '32
Francis Bates '32	Paul Lorton '32
Jean Carson '33	Thorington Putnam '32

HONORARY

Eileen Aldwell '31, <i>Women's Manager</i>	
Helen Halderman '31	
Jack McDowell '00	
Harold Helvenston	
Gregor Duncan	

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

RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

**NOW THAT** masthead represents the spirit of Chaparral for 1930. The Old Boy is still doing business at the Same Old Stand, but he reckons to make Stanford prouder than ever of his comic old-book.

Chappie is celebrating a 31st anniversary this month, and feels pretty blame spry and chipper, thank you. The Venerable Cuckoo, since October 5, 1899, has been close to the soil of the Stanford Farm. The Old Boy cares a lot for Stanford and his own tradition of Cardinal Life is sound. The Ancient One believes a hearty laugh from a sly dig is good for the Health of Stanford and Stanford Men.

Chaparral is the sixth oldest college humor magazine in the country, and the first in the West. Hammer and Coffin Society was founded at Stanford, and since 1906 has published Chappie with refreshing and trusted independence.

The Old Boy thinks you will like Chappie in 1930. He is bound for a comic future out of a comic past. Anyhow, you can't question the Old Boy's sincere desire to be funny, and his funny desire to be sincere.

The Old Gentleman think it's great to be back again. He hoists a stein to what looks like a Swell Year. The Varsity has the stuff, Old Friends are back, the Faculty is smiling, Red Tape somehow has lost its rough edges, and the Girls are prettier than ever. The Old Boy was never one to decry the 500. He thinks they're good, and they think they're good, and that makes it unanimous.

Chappie knows no better way to welcome you all back, and the Class of 1934 and all the new faces in, than with the words of his founder, Bristow Adams, '00: "—Here we are, back to the Quad once more."

—Our hearts beat fast, and a fervent sigh  
Come to our lips and a deep "Amen!"  
Sounds from our souls, and our minds comply,  
Because we are back at college again!

## "WHO WEARS THE PANTS?"--Browning



**R**OBERT BROWNING was a GREAT poet. Everybody knows that. FEW know he HIT the FEMINIST movement. Mrs. Browning, a GOOD poet herself, wanted to ghost-write ALL Browning's verse.

"WHO wears the pants in this house!" Browning shouted. That SETTLED it.

In this POWERFUL cartoon, Mr. Slopper has graphically drawn Miss Union Dining System LURING Mr. Average Stanford Consumer. She is showing him an ENTANGLING five cent cup of coffee.

Mr. Average Stanford Consumer DOES NOT SEE the GOLDBAG Miss Union has filled from OTHER operations. But Happy Hooligan '31, KNOWS. He has SEEN Petticoat rule for SEVERAL years. He remembers what George Washington said, and wants no FOREIGN matter in his food. He KNOWS that Maud, the MULE, is being saved for a RAINY DAY.

LOOK OUT, Mr. Average Stanford consumer! Five cent coffee is NOT ENOUGH. What Stanford NEEDS is a PAIR OF PANTS on every department COATHANGER!

**NOW THAT** distressing custom of Hammer and Coffin "elections" again forces the Old Boy to take cognizance of a quartet of rascally fellows, chiefly to prevent them from pestering him to death. Berk Anthony, Jack Cornell, Hugh Paddleford, and Don Cameron are the cognomens of these presumptuous lads. A pretty state of things!

**NOW THAT** new outfit the Old Boy is sporting this year calls for comment. Venerable as the Ancient One is, he likes to keep up with the times. The body type is Medieval 8 point, a new face used in few publications yet. Chappie is the only magazine using the German Neuland as a head-letter. Eve Heavy contrasting with it for sub-heads. Initials are in Greco Adornado. Considerable of the sans-serif Gothic, Kabel, along with other interesting and sound type faces, is in the advertising section. The masthead, opener, and department heads are hand-lettered in Chaparral Gothland, which the Old Boy has designed for himself, combining features of the Neuland, Eve, and modern Gothic series. This number is printed by the Mercury Press, San Francisco.

The Venerable Cuckoo believes the book speaks for itself, but he will say that he is pretty darn proud of his product.

### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

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### Ballade of All Not Well



The fire in my heart I've tried to quell,  
My weakness I've tried to scold.  
In grief and despair I send Her to hell—  
My failure is manifold.  
From my heart I'm unable to break  
the hold  
She's fastened relentlessly.  
Hopeless love makes my voice so  
bold—  
"I love her—she can't see me."

I'd like to describe where She doth excell.  
Her hair is like fine-spun gold.  
Her eyes are divine, her lips—ah, well—  
Mere words are far too cold.  
In my arms my sweetheart I yearn to  
enfold.  
To my happiness She has the key.  
But my fate in these tragic words is  
rolled—  
"I love her—she can't see me."

I've a long sad story I'd like to tell.  
It's a story that's often been told.  
It begins, of course, with the same "I  
fell."  
And She ends it the same way—cold.  
My reason, my peace to the devil I've  
sold—  
I'm driven to poetry!  
And I sing from the dawn till the day  
is old—  
"I love her—she can't see me."

l'envoi

Prince, when you come your future to  
mold  
Let all the women be.  
Else to singing this song be paroled—  
"I love her—she can't see me."  
—BEN BOLT

#### SOCIETY NOTE

The Collis P. Huntington family are installing a Frigidaire.

The local Bobbie Jones has won four major titles—Tom Thumb, Putt-Putt, Cardinal and Jaclen.



A PLEASANT bromide—It's Great to be Back . . . Give a hand to Captain Ray Tandy, a natural leader, and Pop Warner's 1930 Varsity . . . It looks like petty personal squabbles have graduated . . . Hail the few honeys of the Class of 1934 . . . guys and gals you never expected to see again are back . . . there's a Charm on the Farm (song cue) . . . the Union has five-cent coffee at last petticoats still rule . . . but the hand that dips the ladle is the hand that rules the world . . . The girls finally get a gym . . . also semi-civilized lock-out rules . . . the Daily fought for them, and the Janes got sore at the Daily . . . you never can tell about women . . . Smartness of the Daily body type, but that's all . . . same old headlines . . . and have you noticed Chappie's new outfit? . . . the remarkable sanity of the Stanford faculty . . . Hands off student publications and government . . . the loyal way Stanford men have kept that trust . . . the hopefully ever-green Hello custom . . . try it on a Kappa . . . President Wilbur's foresighted work as Secretary of the Interior . . . Good luck, Ray! . . . The Old Boy knows a good man when he sees one . . . he ought to . . . he has disagreed with some of the best . . . the quiet greatness of the old Chancellor, David Starr Jordan . . . the inviting wide acres of the Stanford Farm in autumn colors . . . a party of eighteen . . . 1934 doesn't look so bad . . . Not so hard to fill The Sugar Bowl after all . . .



### MY VACATION or What I Did This Summer

(As Offered for English 2-A)

SAY, we had an awful time deciding where to go this last summer vacation. My father got two weeks off from selling vacuum cleaners and he wanted to go to the seashore, but Ma wanted to go to the mountains. Isn't that just like it, though? Well, after much discussion we decided to go up to the Russian River. I didn't care where we went just so long as we went somewhere, because I knew I was going to have to take English "comp" and I had to have something to write about.

Well, we started on Saturday and, gosh! we had to wait a long time at the ferry to get across to Marin County. It was a three-day holiday, so lots and lots of people were going up to the Russian River and places up that way. Well, we got arrested and Ma got pretty mad and made Father give me the wheel (steering wheel), and then when I drove off onto the shoulder and the tire went flat, boy, that made things "double-worse." Anyway, we got to Guerneville about nine at night, and gosh! there was no place to stay.

We went to six auto camps and hotels and everything and finally had to go to Sebastopol and stay at the Elite Hotel. I don't know what we did the next day, and anyhow the trip was kind of a flop and I guess I never was meant to write themes and maybe I can slide through the course on a "C" and do better next quarter because there won't be any football games and you can always study better during the winter quarter because there is a lot less to do.

—THOMPSON

#### CONTEMPORARY QUOTATIONS

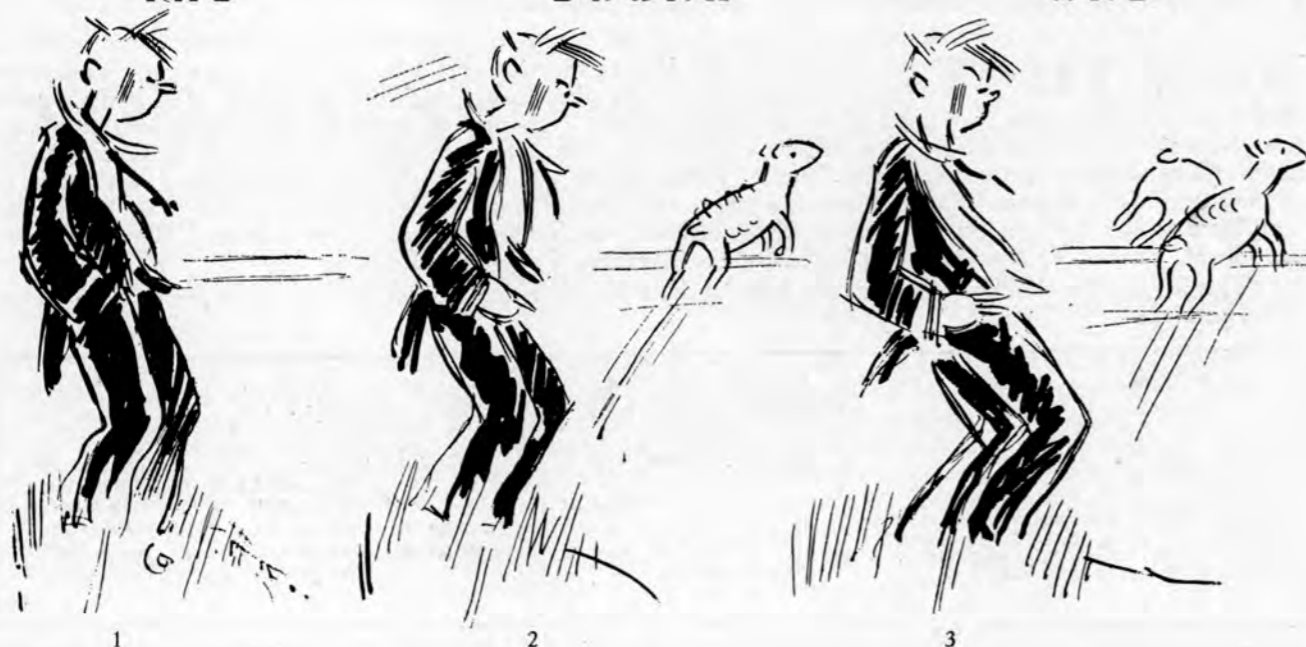
"But, Mr. Ziegfeld, I used to dance for Fanchon and Marco."  
"Prosperity is here to stay."  
"Why, if I did want a drink in San Francisco I wouldn't know where to get it."  
"But our coach at prep school told us to carry the ball this way."  
"I read your column every day, Mr. Coolidge."  
"Mr. Brisbane, your profound thought deserves immortality."  
"I was just about to leave France, anyway."  
—O'MEARA

#### Messrs. Lowe and McLaglen Make a French Talkie

"C'est ma femme."  
"Oui?"  
"Ou-ui!"  
"Oh ou-uu-ii?"  
"Ou-uu-ii-ii!"  
"Disez vous!"  
"Disez-moi!"  
"Oh ou-uu-ii?"  
"Ou-uu-ii-ii!"  
"Aw, shut up!"

—W

### THE DRUNK AND



### THE B. A. C. SHEEP





# CODE CLUE CAPTURED!

Announcing the Syllabic Key to the Encyclopedia Britannica

A TO AND  
 AND TO AUS  
 AUS TO BIS  
 BIS TO CAL  
 CAL TO CHA  
 CHA TO CON  
 CON TO DEM  
 DEM TO EDW  
 EDW TO EVA  
 EVA TO FRA  
 FRA TO GIB  
 GIB TO HAR  
 HAR TO HUR  
 HUS TO ITA  
 ITA TO KYS  
 L TO LOR  
 LOR TO MEC  
 MED TO MUM  
 MUN TO ODD  
 ODE TO PAY  
 PAY TO POL  
 POL TO REE  
 REF TO SAI  
 SAI TO SHU  
 SHU TO SUB  
 SUB TO TOM  
 TON TO VES  
 VET TO ZYM

A curious sort of chap, indeed yes,  
 Who first indexed encyclopedias  
 His first attempt went off as planned  
 The topics ran from A to AND  
 An orderly arrangement, sure,  
 And literarily secure.  
 But moving on, one feels at loss  
 To make sense out of AND to AUS.  
 And too, what sort of jungle, this,  
 Wherein one goes from AUS to BIS?  
 Is BIS somewhere in Senegal?  
 If so, why go from BIS to CAL?  
 From CAL to CHA and CHA to CON  
 Is one voyage we've not been on.  
 Now DEM to ED from CON to DEM—  
 Does one infer from hints in them  
 That EDWin got (with its ovation)  
 The Democratic nomination?  
 The candidate, in vict'ry fever,  
 Seems to have given aught to EVA.  
 One thinks one smells an *amour* here . . .  
 What did Ed give you, Eva, dear?  
 A cloistered wedding looms! Ah ha!  
 Sweet EVA quickly goes to FRA.  
 But then obscurities befall.  
 One cannot find a key at all.  
 The author next becomes, I wis,  
 Chaucerian! And ITA to KYS  
 Is somewhat overly pedantic,  
 But ITA, kissing, drives one frantic  
 To know just how and when and where!  
 The next two give no clue, I swear.  
 For surely not the deepest man  
 In all the dull phonetic clan  
 Can see, in L to LOR, a speck  
 Of light on what LOR is to MEC.  
 What surgical suspense has come  
 To cause this MED to be so MUM?  
 Now MUN to ODD is vague, but say—  
 Detect the pun in ODE to PAY!  
 This PAY to POL's a common fix  
 If POL is short for Politics!  
 The figure ends here, though, you see.  
 Who could interpret POL to REE?  
 Then REF to SAI (if qucerly spelled)  
 Will state what football rules have held.  
 The coach, though thwarted, stays quite calm—  
 Sends out a SUB to Captain TOM  
 SHU Wong, a Chinese halfback, who  
 Absorbs the coaches' SAI to SHU.  
 The Yell King starts a fine hubbub  
 "All right, a cheer, boys! SHU's to SUB!"  
 Soon TOM returns a word by him.  
 Back benchward, for a VET to ZYM.  
 A veteran's in . . . What? Oh, go hang!  
 ZYM must be some new sport page slang!

*l'envoi*

Who subdivides encyclopedias  
 Must be a pedant droll, indeed yes!

—PECK THE ELDER AND GOULD



The Old Boy Discusses the Mooney-Billings Case with Two Governors and Five Stanford Men

"HOWDY, Jimmy, my lad."  
 "How'd'ye do, sir."  
 "Well, what can I do for you, Old Boy? I can't stay long; I've got to parade with the South of Market boys in five minutes."  
 "All right, Jimmy . . . I just called in a few of you youngsters for a quiet little talk . . . Clem'll be here in a minute."  
 "Clem?"  
 "Yes, or Cal. . . C. C. Young, Jimmy. Confidentially, I'm glad you got it. It looks like a smile goes a long way, Jim."  
 "Thanks, Old Fellow."  
 "But I still wish there was a strong Democratic party in California, Jimmy."  
 "So do I, then I wouldn't have to run Republican."  
 "Well, well, here's C. C. now. And he brought the rest of the boys with him! . . . Howdy, Clem. You know Jim, don't you? And Jim, the rest of these fellows are all from Stanford . . . This is Charlie Fickert, '98, and here's Fred Berry, '99 . . . this is Louie Ferrari, '01, and Ed Cunha and Jim Brennan, '07."  
 "I think I know most of these boys from San Francisco er-r—politics, Chappie."  
 "Where's Tom and Warren, Clem?"  
 "Well, Chappie, they couldn't come; the Supreme Court wouldn't let 'em."  
 "Well, what's this all about, Mr. Chappie?"  
 "I'll be real frank right away, Charlie. You five boys are all Stanford men . . . Every blamed one of you has been trying hard to keep a couple of innocent men in prison . . . Now never mind . . . I don't want to hear any more arguments now . . . My Lord, I read enough court testimony during the summer to give me the Mooney-Billings blues for a year! Clem here had a chance to pardon Tom and Warren. But Clem is kinda conservative. He said he based his belief of guilt on John McDonald's old testimony, and darned if they didn't go and embarrass Clem by finding McDonald . . . But nothing's been done. That's why Jim's here. He'll be next Governor, and . . . well, I was just sort of hoping . . ."

(Continued at top of next page)



# "NOW LISTEN HERE, BOYS...!"

(Continued from previous page)

"Now listen, Chappie, I thought the *Chronicle* had cleared us guys of the prosecution?"  
 "Oh, yes, Charlie, but "Big" Fowler and "Squire" Behrens are Stanford men, too. Quite a line-up. It looks like the Big Red team had successfully defended the gates of San Quentin and Folsom."  
 "I don't like your tone, sir!"  
 "Sorry, Fred. As a Friend of the Court you weren't much of a friend of the convicted, were you?"  
 "May I go, Chappie? That parade's overdue . . ."  
 "They always are, Jimmy. You can leave, too, Clem, You're a California man, anyhow. What I've got to say to these fellows has sort of a Cardinal hue, you might say."  
 "So long, Old Boy. Maybe I . . . well, we'll see . . . !"  
 "So long, Jimmy . . . Now, men, I might as well confess I'm not very proud of you. I've been pretty jealous of Stanford's name since 1899, and it seems like you've sort of ganged up on a couple of fall guys. Maybe I'm wrong, but, dog-gone it, I've been right a lot of times in 31 years."  
 "Of course, on the Farm we're a little tired of hearing about Hoover and Wilbur. But just the same they've brightened Stanford's name, even if they are Republicans. Now it doesn't seem to me that *you have*, in this messy business, anyhow. Lucky more people don't know it was an all-Stanford prosecution team."  
 "Well, we won't argue it out. I just called you in to let you all know I'm just a little sorry it's turned out that way, that's all. You all remember what jails were like when you swiped watermelons, or painted Paly Red, or carted signs off to Encina Hall."  
 "Tom and Warren were and are pretty radical and you're all pretty conservative. That's a nice way to put it, anyway. That'll be all, boys. See you on Quad."



All Things Come to Him Who Waits



Herr, Kroft + Gould

# THE SPROCKETT-HOOVER CORRESPONDENCE

*Editor's Note—In response to increasing, and may we say pretty darn inquisitive demands for Inside Information on the private life of our sovereign, who was Hoover, '95, and a "Son of the Stanford Red," as we call him, Mr. Roderick Sprockett, ex-'94, with characteristic altruism, has submitted the following series of letters, in spite of their intimate nature:*

Dear Prexy Hoover:

I was very glad to hear that you had been elected President of the United States and would have written sooner, only my adenoids has been bothering me and Dr. Clotts has made me stay in bed. Well, I guess maybe I should have heard the "glad news" sooner, only things about "current events" don't get through very quick to where I am now. Well, anyway, I am competing by mail for a position on my old college maga-

zine, the *Stanford Chaparral*, which is a humorous publication, and I remembered that you used to get off some awful fast cracks, and I wondered if you knew any good gags you would send them to me?

Now I don't mean the kind you used to tell the fellows down at Vic Anzini's in Mayfield, because they are kind of straight laced around here, and while a joke's a joke, still you know what I mean. I saw your old friend, Minnie Kennedy, yesterday. She came to see me and asked to be remembered to you. She is not as young as she used to be.

Thanks very much, Herb, and don't forget the fellows aren't men of the world like we are.

Your college "roomie,"  
 RODERICK ("ROD") SPROCKETT, '96.

—Mel Jones and Staff



**CONTRAST**

Do you recall the day we wandered far  
To chase the wind-blown ripples o'er the hill  
Until they led us to the soonest star  
Of evening, hid in branches warm and still?

And how you asked, a-gazing on my face,  
"My dear, have any tried to reach the dark  
Slow swirls of beauty that have made their trace  
Deep in your eyes? What ecstasy could mark

"A harmony so far removed from ken  
Of ordinary knowers of delight?"  
You stopped to feel my quick glad smile, and then  
You gently kissed me, in the starlit night . . .

And now, while I seek sad sweet songs to fit you,  
You softly scratch where a mosquito bit you.  
—BOB HUME AND MOORE ANON.

Now that our favorite humorist, W. R. H., has been so cordially ushered from France, we may have the pleasure of co-operating with our local Hearst paper in showing the evils of:

- FRENCH fried potaoes.
- " dressing.
- " heels.
- " farces.
- " fliers.
- " leaves.

Gustave Flaubert, Voltaire, and Anatole France are very mediocre beside Louella Parsons, Dick Hyland, Annie Laurie and Arthur Brisbane.

Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte were darned lucky to have spanned the Atlantic, and that they took a big chance and are therefore gamblers and hence lawbreakers.

The Statue of Liberty should be dismantled and sent back to France.

The French had a good deal of nerve in selecting red, white and blue for their national colors, too.

Marion Davies' imitation of Maurice Chevalier is a great deal better than Chevalier himself. O'MEARA.



"Yeh, Mike, we turned down the Sidewalks of New York an' now we're in th' gutter."

**THE WORLD SERIES**

*(If it were Played in the Juvenile Stories Tradition)*

THE stands rang with cheers as Tom Bascom of the Cardinals strode to bat, for this was a crucial moment. The team that won the game would win the world series. It was the last half of the ninth with the score 1-1. And now the bases were full.

"Go it, Tom!" cried a fair blonde voice from the bleachers. Tom clenched his teeth. "Strike!" "Ball!" And then with two and three, the Athletics' pitcher hurled a fast one. Tom let it go by. "Take your base!" the umpire cried. Tom Bascom had won the series! Shouts rent the air.

But of that vast crowd only Honest Tom knew that the umpire had erred. Tom knew that a curved throw had cut the edge of the plate. The "ball" was a strike!

Tom did not hesitate. "Boys," he said, "that ball was a strike. The other team is the rightful winner!"

And to a man the Cardinals marched across the field and surrendered the championship. And as the word was broadcast, there came a cheer from every pool room in America. None cheered more heartily than the Cardinal fans, except those who had a few trifling bets on the game.

It was with happy hearts that the St. Louis boys slept that night. They had played fair.

—Winebrenner

**YOUR AD!**

Salesman Doeg (Ex'31) Writes Home

Dear Mum and Pop:

Say, this advertising racket certainly figures to net me plenty. Today an important client came in and asked me if I didn't think that second serve of Shields' in the third game had too much top on it. Then he asked me to show him how I hold my racquet. After I demonstrated a few of my best strokes, he signed a long contract. Three more big clients dropped in after lunch and we chatted about Tilden's stance when taking a hard volley. They all signed big contracts.

Then the boss came in and suggested that I go out to his club for a game of tennis. He says his back court work is weak somewhere. Claims he'll make me a partner in the firm if I smooth out his serve.

Am going out with him again tomorrow and play with the advertising manager of the Christian Science Monitor. I'm sure learning this salesman racket fast.

Your Son,

JOHN DOEG.  
—Lorton

Perhaps the prize local corn-fed specimen was the swacked gent who sidled up to the Loan Desk in the Library, pointed to the sign and whispered: "Howsh t' borrow a couple dollarsh?"

Complete Characterization: He's the kind of a guy who likes Amos n' Andy.

A Hollywood scenario writer, in Chicago for a visit, was held up by a brace of the underworld's toughest. After hog-tying their victim, one of the pair said, "Wot'll we use for a gag?"

"How about 'That's no lady, that's my wife?'" chirped the chump. When last seen he had gone for a ride.

**20,679 Physicians**  
*say* **LUCKIES** are  
*less irritating*

**I too prefer**  
**LUCKIES**  
*because . . .*

Toasting removes  
dangerous irritants  
that cause  
throat irritation  
and coughing



**"It's toasted"**

**Your Throat Protection—**

**against irritation—against cough.**



With a generous mixing of cinematic junk, some of the smartest of offerings from Hollywood are found within local and nearby palaces of the cinema. We mean such efforts as "Holiday" and "Manslaughter," as intelligently done as anything we can remember receiving from the flicker mills. "Animal Crackers," too, to which everyone returns for a second and third sousing in Marxian humor. And "The Big House," with effective grim reality.

But even with Ann Harding and Claudette Colbert in the business to stir the movie tycoons to some effort, there are hours and hours of second-rate tripe which unreels with tedious regularity in our theaters. With men like Sills and Chaney gone, we shudder when we see the screen turned over to Buddy Rogers, Stanley Smith, and others of the type. But we're just college smarties, scoffing and criticizing and trying to be sophisticated. The public will go to see "Good News," "Love in the Rough" and "For the Love of Lil" just the same, and probably like them.

—And "Greater Talkie Week!" What a laugh. The Hollywood mill went unchangingly onward, despite the renovation of the rubber stamp, the substitution of talkie for movie, and the reiteration of the timeworn hurrahs. Biggest of greater talkie hits were stage plays transplanted bodily to the screen.

*As for Hotsy Stuff*

With the southland boasting the stellar attractions in dance bands, San Francisco starts the glorious fall season with nothing new, startling or different. Laughner-Harris still pack them in at the popular Frantic, without, however, any more vocal assistance from Craig Leich, lost to the superlative Arnheim aggregation at the Cocoanut Grove of Los Angeles' Ambassador. Guess who's at the Mark? Mr. Weeks must be getting tired of the Peacock Court and the Frisco smart set. Jesse Stafford still ends his groups with "That's all this time" at the Palace, and gee! there's not a damn thing new to do up in the City That Knows How. The Eytalian district still has the same layout, even. Now, if we were down at the Cotton Club in Culver City or the Biltmore . . . oh, what the hell?

**GOOD NEWS!** Another hotsytotsy "college" movie is on tap! Whee! If you haven't seen enough of U. S. C. on the screen already, this will probably be right down your alley. Bessie Love is in it, and you know Bessie! Peppy as they make 'em and a typical co-ed if you ever saw one!

**FOLLOW THRU** is still another flicker transcript of a golfing musical comedy which had its day before the miniatures came in. Charles Rogers has dropped the "Buddy," but it isn't so much the name that we mind.

**WHOOPEE**, however, might be pretty darn good. We've missed Eddie Cantor on the screen since he made those unpretentious and droll silent pictures quite a while ago. "Kid Boots" and "Special Delivery." **WHOOPEE** was one of Ziegfeld's biggest hits, and Florenz himself is handling it again. It was taken from the hypochondriacal Owen Davis farce, **THE NERVOUS WRECK**.

**HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE** is the second Bert Wheeler-Robert Woolsey opus. The title gives you a faint idea of what to expect. But anyhow it can't possibly be worse than previous war comedies. A lot of people thought **THE CUCKOOS** was terribly amusing, which just shows you. Bert and Bob are billed as "the world's funniest comedians." Well, if you think so . . .

**ANIMAL CRACKERS** might as well get another blue ribbon right here. They have cut out all the ham musical comedy stuff and let the Four Marx Brothers run wild. **ANIMAL CRACKERS** is funny as a movie can possibly be. Why say more? But someone had better take Lillian Roth aside and have a nice frank little chat. She's a cute girl if you like her, but her attempts to be a bright comedienne are a bit pathetic.

**RAIN OR SHINE**, with Joe Cook, ought to be mentioned. A very odd sort of comedian, this Cook, whose wild goings-on are a panic to those who have become Cook fans. Funny as he is at once, Cook is an acquired taste. **RAIN OR SHINE** makes fun of the typical circus plot.

The Old Boy opines that young Mr. Harold Helvenston, enthusiastic local dramatic coach, is on the right track at last. It was inevitable, it seems now, that the late season would have rather a too strong dash of Yale in it; one fairly saw Professor George Pierce Baker hovering in the wings, whispering little Hints for Amateurs.

But that's all over now . . . at least, so the Old Boy strongly hopes. For the elderly gentleman is still pretty darned interested in seeing that Stanford gets a New Theater in a right smart hurry. His boys in Hammer and Coffin started the idea, and plan to carry on.

So, after vague, horrible nightmares about **Granite** ("you men of Lundy are all granite; we beat you and only break our hands") it was a relief this summer to see the fresh and brilliant melodrama, **Broadway**, shocking the visiting spinsters from Gooseberry Union High School. The Dunning-Abbott play, called by critics the best American melodrama, followed George Bernard Shaw's slightly dusty phonetic comedy, **Pygmalion**. In **Broadway** Bunnell Gould, character comedian, played straight-face for once as Roy Lane, the amazingly self-assured Small Time hooper. Babe Hall got a hand on a funny bit, and Catherine Cray was red-headed and vivid as Pearl, the vengeful chorine. In **Pygmalion** the often (and quite rightly) heralded Katharine Kehe gave a performance beyond the capabilities of 99 44/100 of campus actresses, though the veteran Dave Lamson, as typical Shaw cockney, nearly stole the show, at that. He can have it. George has written better; witness "**Candida**" and **Arms and the Man**. **Pygmalion** was 'way ahead of such tripe as **The Young Idea**, however, and did not give one diabetes, like "**The Ivory Door**." Nor did the players rant revoltingly (one excepts Miss Ruth Beede) as in "**The Mistress of the Inn**."

Now the newest choice, **Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh**, is no masterpiece. It is one of the more ancient twentieth century American comedies, about the type of **It Pays to Advertise**. One wonders just why a newer comedy, or a better one, was not chosen, or the rapid **Broadway** repeated.

Just the same, let's all get behind and push, fellas, and pray hard that a cliff doesn't loom suddenly.



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OVERHEARD IN THE DARK

*A He*—First of all, I want to know where you have been the last three hours.

*A She*—Why-er-a just dancing.

*He*—Like hell you were. I've been standing out in the middle of that floor for two hours at least.

*She*—Well, if you want to know, I did sit out a dance or two.

*He*—Dance or two? That doesn't account for three hours. Who were you with?

*She*—I-I-I-er don't know his name.

*He*—Don't know his name? Of all the nerve. Say, what in hell do you think I am anyway that you try to pull that kind of stuff? What do you think you're doing? Huh? Answer and hurry up about it.

*She*—Why er ahha I-I-don't know emmmmm oh oh boooooo boooooo ho and I thought Oh Oh booooo boooooo (desperate crying follows).

*He (after a few minutes)*—I'm sorry, dear. I guess I was a little hasty in speaking that way. Is it all right? I'm not angry any more. Really. Come on, honey, talk to me.

*She*—Well, I guess it's all right. I'm sorry I acted the—here comes Jack; please go.

*Jack*—Where the hell have you been? What do you think I asked you to this party for anyway . . . ad infinitum. —*Cornell Widow*

"So your father is getting too old for the heavier burdens of business?"

"Yes. We're going to have to get him a lighter stenographer."—*Syracuse Orange Peel*

"Pardon me, haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Well, maybe so; I'm a Chi Rho—"

"Oh, sure, a Chi Rho; at Cornell, wasn't it? Yes, I remember you well. What's that pin? Honor society?"

"No, that's my Chi Rho—"

"Of course, the Chi Rho pin! I didn't recognize it at first. Well, how've you been? Building up a fat average? Out for football again this semester? Or was it publications? Are you still rushing that blonde babe with the parentheses legs that I saw you with at the Chi Rho formal last year? And say, are you—"

"Shut up—will you! Damn it all, I've never been to college! I'm a *chiropractor*, and that pin is the badge of the Belligerent Band of Bone-Benders!"

—*California Pelican*

Rhodes Scholar: And poor Williams was killed by a revolving crane.

Englishwoman: Heavens! What fierce birds you have in America.—*Texas Ranger-Longhorn*

Gangster's Wife: You're an hour late to dinner. Where were you?

Gangster: I'm sorry, dear, but I was arrested.

Gangster's Wife: Say, do you expect me to believe that? —*Life*

The Chicago police, we learn, still hope to arrest the man who killed Lingle. Well, they probably will if he should happen to park his car five minutes too long in the wrong place.—*Judge*

Tom—"What do you think of Hoover's Pan-America policy?"

Jerry—"I thought the Pan-American policy was Mencken's."—*Lafayette Lyre*.



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"I want to trade this roadster for a coupe."  
"What's the matter with it?"  
"Nothing, only I quit chewing tobacco."  
—Wabash Caveman

1st Parrot: "I hear the President of Mexico has a headache."  
2nd Parrot: "Oh, another Mexican jumping bean."  
—Cornell Widow

#### Triolet

Darling, I am growing old;  
Try and guess the reason why  
Silver threads among the gold  
Darling, I am growing old  
Empty is the old bill fold  
Dating you comes too darn high;  
Darling, I am growing old;  
Try and guess the reason why.  
—Wisconsin Octopus

"Prisoner, if you didn't steal the \$3,000—where did you get it?"  
"Yer honor, I saved it from buying Listerine tooth paste."  
—Kansas Sour Owl

### LAST WEEK

Monday night I didn't have a date, so we went out and drank beer.

Tuesday night I had a date, so we went out and drank beer.

Wednesday night I had another date, so we went out and drank beer.

Thursday night I didn't have a date, so we went out and drank beer.

Friday and Saturday nights we went out and drank beer, but I don't know whether I had dates or not.

And I can't remember at all whether there was a Sunday night last week. If there was, we must have gone out and drank beer.  
—Wisconsin Octopus

Mother is the necessity of convention.  
—Princeton Tiger

Fond Mother—"Be quiet, dear, the sandman is coming."

Modern Child—"Okay, mom, a dollar and I won't tell pop."  
—Sewanee Mountain Goat

The golfer gazed at his caddie indignantly. "A driver for this hole—only 160 yards? Why, that's only a mashie and putt for me!"

Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand. "Swish!" The ball dribbled off the tee amid an eruption of clods. There was a moment of silence, broken by a remark from the caddie:

"And now for a helluva long putt!"  
—Tennessee Mugwump

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**CATOIR**  
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 [Pronounced "KAT-WAH"]  
 VESTINGS · FACINGS · LININGS

A motorist was held up by a traffic policeman.  
 "What's your name?" demanded the cop.  
 "Abraham O'Brien Goldberg," replied the motorist.  
 "What's the O'Brien for?" asked the officer.  
 "For protection," returned Abraham.  
 —*Notre Dame Juggler*

"Oh, Mr. Policeman—a man has been following me."  
 "Are you sure he was following you?"  
 "Yes, I went back two or three times to see if he was coming."  
 —*Annapolis Log*

"Did you hear the story of the three aspirin tablets?"  
 "Huh?"  
 "Did you hear the——"  
 "No!"  
 "Maybe I should have said the three Bayers."  
 —*Penn Punch Bowl*

"Showdown In Girl's Suit Demanded By Rudy Vallee."  
 Why, Rudy!  
 —*Chicago Tribune*  
 —*Harvard Lampoon*

Mother: "You don't seem to like the new Governess?"  
 Son: "No, Mom," replied the little son, "I hate her. I'd like to grab her and bite her on the neck like daddy does."  
 —*Alabama Rammer-Jammer*

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delectable dish all of the necessary food elements—and gives them in the most easily digested form. Plenty of bran too, for a clear system and an alert mind. Let a bowl of Shredded Wheat with plenty of good rich milk start you on a successful day—every day.

**SHREDDED  
 WHEAT**



A Scotchman was engaged in an argument with the conductor on a street car. It seems the Scotchman believed the fare was five cents and the conductor insisted on a dime. After a long drawn out argument, the conductor became disgusted, and, seizing the Scotchman's suit case, threw it off just as the car was passing over a bridge which crossed a small stream. The suit case landed with a loud splash. "Mon," screamed the Scotchman, "Isn't it enough you try to overcharge me without drowning my little boy?"—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*

"Diegel Shoots 69 To Get Into Select 32".  
 —*Chicago Tribune*  
 Fighting his way up into society.  
 —*Harvard Lampoon*

The car had come to a sudden standstill on a country road. The motorist descended, diagnosed the trouble, and then applied at a neighboring cottage for assistance. "Pardon me," he said to the old woman who answered his knock, "do you by chance possess any lubricating oil?" The old woman shook her head. "Any oil will do," said the motorist, hopefully—"castor oil if you have any." "I ain't got it," said the old woman, regretfully, "but I could fix you up with a dose of salts." —*Tid Bits*

"Oh, no, dear. I'm sure he's a kind man. I just heard him say he put his shirt on a horse which was scratched."  
 —*Worcester Herald*

Clifton S. Slonaker, '22

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Bill—"What's a matter. Gotta flat?"  
Pill—"Naw. Let the air out to get a  
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are men and women now . . . high ideals . . . so glad . . .  
threshold of careers . . . if need help in any way what-  
so-ever . . . so glad . . ."

Sits down amid applause.

No. 2.—"My dear college men and women . . . so glad  
. . . new beginning . . . threshold of career . . . if need  
help in any way . . . very happy . . ."

No. 3.—"My dear new ones . . . so glad . . . high  
ideals . . . threshold of careers . . . do credit to Ameri-  
can youth . . . if need help in any way . . . so glad . . ."

Sits down. —California Pelican

"What the dickens are you doing down there in the  
cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it is any of your damn business," replied the  
hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—Life

Rudy Vallee's voice is improving so he has to hold his  
nose now. —Wisconsin Octopus

Euripides had just passed the examination at the army  
recruiting station. He said to the examiner: "Boss, Ah'd  
like to ask one favor, now that youse goin' to put me in  
the army."

"And what is that?" patiently asked the examiner.  
"Don't put me in the cabalry, because when Ah's told  
to retreat, Ah don't want to be bothered wif no hoss."

—Princeton Tiger

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The bright ties of summer  
won't quite do for the fall. It's  
a different season . . . mellow,  
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You need some new Cheney  
Cravats!

They're at your shop now  
. . . in colors, designs, and  
weaves for daytime, sports  
and evening wear . . . for  
every conceivable occasion.

# CHEENEY CRAVATS

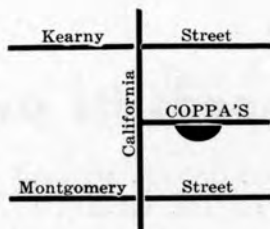
MADE OF CHEENEY SILKS  
Cheney Brothers • 181 Madison Ave. • New York

Thirty years of uninterrupted business

# COPPA'S

Italian Restuarant

A Bohemian Place



120 Spring Street San Francisco  
Davenport 4486-6398

More statues, declares a writer, should be placed in the middle of ornamental ponds. But very few ornamental ponds are really deep enough.

—London Humorist

Teacher: "And now, Willie, can you give us a sentence with 'heterodoxology' in it?"

Little Willie (aged 6): No. —Yale Record

Wife (finding cook in husband's lap)—"What are you doing with the cook?"

Quick witted husband—"For God's sake, lower your voice. We are conspiring against the government."

—New York Medley

The Film Fan Parson: We will now sing "Onward Christian Soldiers," which we are plugging as the theme song for this morning's service!

—London Bystander

Some people claim that Tom Thumb golf courses are difficult. On the contrary, we have found that most of them are pipes.

—Harvard Lampoon

## STANFORD PLUMBING SHOP . . .

PLUMBING and HEATING SPECIALISTS

'Always on Hand'

GEORGE MILLER, Prop.  
Dial 7517  
766 Emerson St. Palo Alto



**SHOES** play such an important part in appearances that no one who wants to be well dressed can afford to be careless.

Get good shoes — take care of them—is our plan for insuring your Footwear Smartness. It adds Satisfaction and Economy as well. Try our plan this Fall. A shoe like we illustrate made of dependable quality can be had at \$8.50.

### Thoit's

174 University Avenue  
Palo Alto

## Our Anniversary Sale is now in progress



**J. F. HINK & SON**  
Incorporated, of Palo Alto

"Oh, George, do you realize it's almost a year since our honeymoon, and that glorious day we spent on the sand? I wonder how we'll spend this one?"

"On the rocks."

First Sportsman: No, he came in eleventh.

Talking of coincidence. It was the eleventh of the month, I lived in number eleven, and I backed the eleventh horse on the card.

Second Sportsman: And your horse won?

Newly Wed—"We have period furniture in our house."

Visitor—"Indeed."

Newly Wed—"Yes . . . here a while, and then they take it away." —Illinois Siren

"Have you heard the Prince of Wales' new song?"

"No, not yet."

"Over the bounding mane."—Oklahoma Aggievator

Glee Club: And what voice do you sing, young man? Tenor?

Frosh: Shortstop.

Glee Club: Shortstop?

Frosh: Yes, between second and third base.

—Rice Owl

RED HOT HENRY STARR  
WHEELS IN HIS LOW DOWN  
PIANO FULL OF LOW DOWN  
RYTHMS AND UNPACKS HIS  
LOW DOWN VOICE FULL  
OF LOW DOWN CROON TUNES  
AND STARTS UNLOADING SKY  
HIGH ENTERTAINMENT

YES SIR—HENRY DOES THIS  
EVERY WEDNESDAY NITE—  
IN THE EMBASSY ROOM  
AT THE ST. FRANCIS AS HIS  
PART OF THE FEATURE NITE  
PROGRAM THAT IS ALWAYS  
SO REPLETE WITH UN-  
USUAL ENTERTAINMENT  
NUMBERS



EVERYONE'S TALKING—  
ABOUT LAUGHNER-HARRIS  
SENSATIONALLY DIFFER-  
ENT ORCHESTRA

FRIDAY NITE IS COLLEGE  
NITE AT THE "FRANTIC"  
SOME PARTY

## Palo Alto Hardware Co.

The Store of  
"SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY"

- Hardware
- Housewares
- Paints, Glass
- Stoves
- Sporting Goods
- General Electric Refrigerators
- Radios

University Ave. at Bryant St. Phone 4178

Reporter—I've got a perfect news story.  
City editor—The man bite the dog?  
Reporter—Naw, a bull threw a congressman.  
—Texas A. & M. Battalion

Straw berets are now worn in Paris. In London they are eaten with cream.  
—London Opinion

"I think he's the meanest creature I've ever met!"  
"Why?"  
"Well, I've made up my mind to refuse him, and I simply can't get him to propose."  
—Pearson's Weekly

Mary had a football man  
Who had a tricky toe.  
Everywhere that Mary went  
Her man was sure to go.

He followed her to class one day,  
Though not against the rule.  
It surely made them laugh to see  
A football man in school.  
—Syracuse Orange Peel

"What! A little runt like you a wild animal trainer?"  
"My small size is the secret of my success. The lions are waiting for me to grow a little bigger."  
—Pitt Panther

TRUNKS CHECKED  
DIRECT FROM CAMPUS  
RESIDENCE TO YOUR  
HOME RESIDENCE

Palo Alto

Transfer & Storage Co.

STORAGE - PACKING - SHIPPING  
Dial 7531

151 Homer Avenue Palo Alto

## CARDINAL HOTEL and COFFEE SHOP



Club Breakfasts . . . 35c and 50c  
Luncheon, 11:30-2:00 . . . 50c  
Dinner, 5:30-8:00 . . . 75c  
Sunday Dinner, 11:30-8:00 . . . \$1.00

### Afternoon Tea Specialties

PRIVATE DINING ROOMS FOR  
PARTIES AND BANQUETS

USE OUR CONVENIENT TEN PAY PLAN  
OFTEN THE "THIRD" HALF  
OF THE GAME IS HAPPIEST



especially if  
you wear a

**D'ARCY  
TUXEDO**  
\$35

Despite the low price, there's  
lots of collegiate sophistica-  
tion in these trim Tuxedos.....

Perfect style and fit here,  
whatever you get!

**SELIX**  
"Everything for Evening Wear"  
CORNER EDDY & MASON STS.  
SAN FRANCISCO

## There is no Substitute for Money in the Bank

CONSIDERING the safety, security,  
protection, convenience and fair in-  
terest allowed there is no substitute for  
a savings account in the bank.

Systematic saving, a small amount de-  
posited each week or month, will  
quickly build a cash reserve that may  
be drawn later as needed.

The important thing in saving is getting  
started. Open an account today.



Menlo Park Office Bank of Palo Alto Office  
**AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY**  
Since 1854

He: Why wait till we get home to tell me whether  
you'll marry me or not?

She: I'm scared, this is the very spot where my father  
proposed to mother.

He: What about it?

She: Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and  
father was killed.  
—Wabash Caveman

Night Watchman—Young man, are you going to kiss  
that girl?

Young Man (straightening up)—No, sir.

Night Watchman—Here, then, hold my lantern.  
—Washington Dirge

College is just like a washing machine; you get out of  
it just what you put in—but you'd never recognize it.

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern

Then there's the childless couple that ate lots of oat-  
meal because the advertisements said that cereals were  
good for growing children.

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

"Have you heard that Maybelle has a case of psitta-  
cosis?"

"Really—I do hope it is better than the cognac we  
had there last week."  
—Arizona Kitty Kat

# CHECKS CASHED

From 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

## Union Barber Shop

OLD UNION



JIM

# EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO



"nothing tells the truth about tobacco like a pipe"

LARUS & BRO. CO.

Since 1877

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

**SAD THING**

The little wind that murmurs in the dusk,  
The smell of wood smoke in October fair,  
Stirring the little, lost, forgotten loves,  
Are not more poignant than your sad,  
sad voice

When you say, "Gee, it's late, kid—take  
the air."

—RAY LAW, '24.

**MUTINY, BE GOB!**

Chronicle Bureau, Los Angeles, Sept.  
30.—While a crowd of shivering cus-  
tomers looked on, the Hollywood Stars  
tonight walloped Oakland, 10-2.

What! Treason in the Southern reaty  
ranks!

Motto of the Bachelors' Club:  
"Let's celibate."

Cop—Hey, whassa idea of blockin'  
traffic.

Gridster—Oh, I'm just stopping a full  
second between shifts.

Prison Parson (to prisoner in electric  
chair)—Have you any last request?

Convict—Yeh. I wish you'd put in a  
call to me pal what squealed on me an'  
reverse the charges.



## REVELATION TOOTH POWDER

*Never in Paste Form*

The primary cause of receding, bleeding, and sensitive gums is GLYCERINE and for that reason alone REVELATION is never in paste form. GLYCERINE saps the moisture from the gum tissue. This moisture in the cellular tissue is as essential to the membrane, that covers the roots of the teeth, as the capillaries that supply the blood. REVELATION is an absolute cleanser and corrects these gum ailments.

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

**AUGUST E. DRUCKER**

2226 Bush Street

San Francisco



**departing**  
... from the commonplace

Very pertinent is the problem of achieving distinction in matters of dress—and especially now, when discretion in choice of wearables for fall will count so much.

You can obtain the true smartness you seek only through authentic style—in cut, and in fabric as well . . . style which departs from the commonplace.

Our fall showing interprets the new thought for one group exclusively—the discriminating men of Stanford . . .

*Suits and Top Coats*  
*Custom Tailored, or Ready for Wearing*  
*as you prefer*

**\$39.50** and more



**phelps + terkel**

538 Ramona Street  
Palo Alto

... at the helm it's  
**HANDLING!**



MILD, yes . . . and  
yet **THEY SATISFY**

... in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

SPARKLING, spicy, fresh!—the familiar pleasure of Chesterfield smokers—taken for granted, as a good cigarette should be, because it is unfailingly *there!*

Better tobaccos do it. Such mildness *with* solid flavor requires the costliest leaf—and one thing more: Chesterfield's blend. The partnership is matchless; the result—what every smoker wants—a cigarette that is

Milder, and of Better Taste!

**Chesterfield**  
SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED