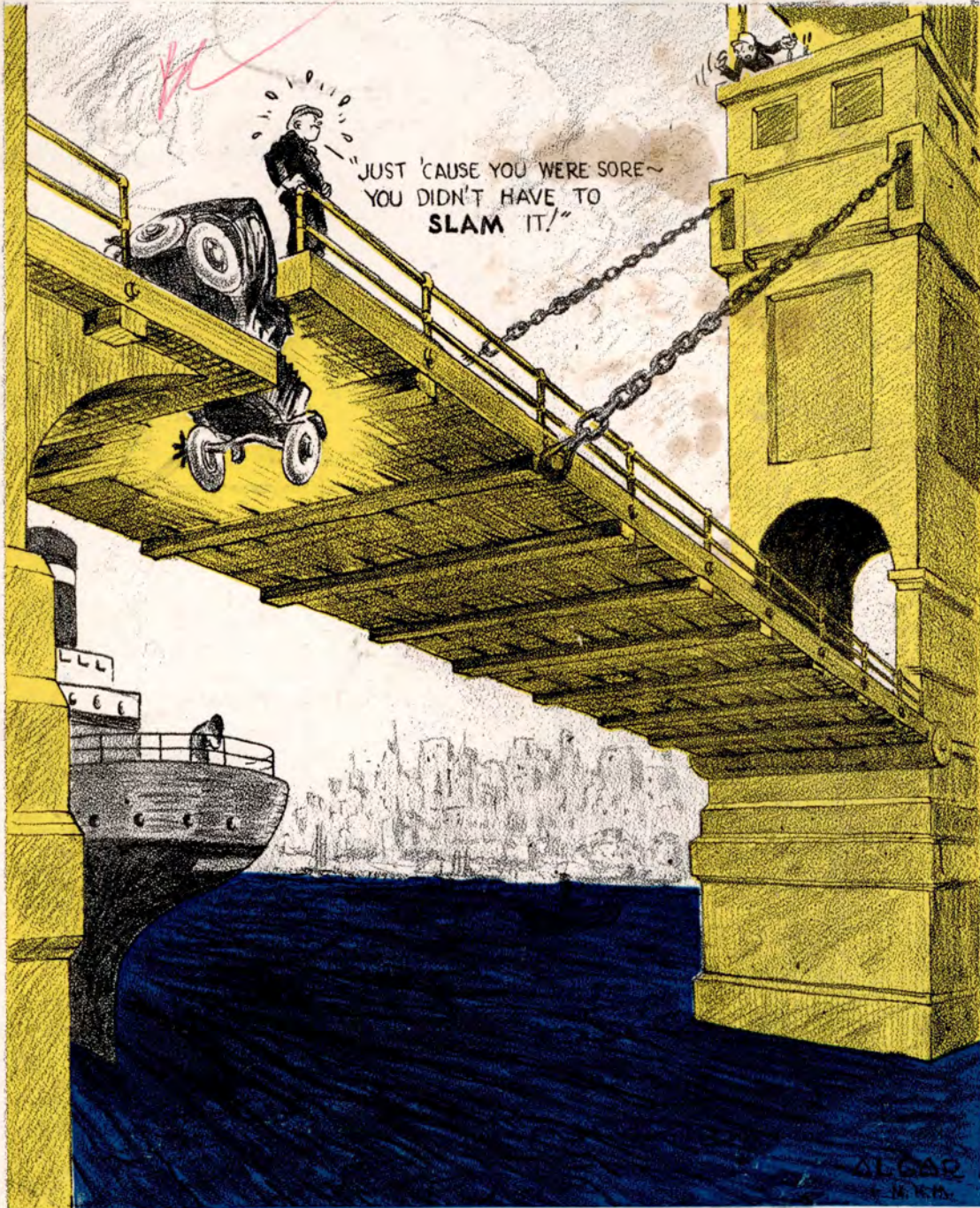


# STANFORD CHAPARRAL

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*2/27*



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"A GLASS OF 3.2 TO YOU"

1  
The Ski-U-Mah is lousy,  
And Chaparral is worse,  
The Puppet has some lousy cracks,  
And the Dodo putrid verse.

2  
That goofy Voodoo drives me nuts,  
And Awgwan's insane,  
The Longhorn's staff is all asleep,  
And Lord Jeff is a pain.

3  
Washington's Dirge is like its name  
I don't like Frivol's cover  
The Sundial's gags make you sick  
The Juggler's dead, God love 'er!

4  
I've looked through all these comics  
I've looked from beginning to end,  
But I'll be hanged if I can find  
Anything for the old Whirlwind.

—Oklahoma Whirlwind

Man (to newsboy)—"Give me a Sun."  
Newsboy—"Whaddya think I am, the stork?"  
—Amherst Lord Jeff

March, 1934

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

1st Author—Have you heard about my new book  
dealing with sex life of the Indian?  
2nd Author—No, what's it called?  
1st Author—The Lust of the Mohicans.

Lafayette Lyre

The softest job  
In this whole land:  
Wardrobe mistress  
To Sally Rand.

Exchange

He mumbled a few words in church  
And he was married.  
He mumbled a few words in his sleep  
And he was divorced.

—Orange Peel

"Talk about torture!"  
"Yes?"  
"Nothing is worse than sitting in a barber's chair  
with your mouth full of lather watching the boy  
trying to give another customer your Panama hat."

—Western Reserve Red Cat

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## WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MILDNESS?



PAUL: What's all this talk about mildness?

MAC: I say mildness is most important in a  
pipe tobacco.

STAN: And I say flavor counts most.

PAUL: You're both right. Why not settle the  
argument by smoking my brand—the  
one tobacco I've found that has both  
mildness and flavor.

MAC AND STAN: What is it? One of those  
expensive imported blends?

PAUL: Not at all. Just good old Edgeworth—a  
blend of only the tenderest leaves of the  
burley plant—mild, cool, rich. Here—  
try a pipeful on me.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice  
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spectator sports



## Roos Bros

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Fresno San Jose Berkeley  
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### SORORITY SONG OF HOPE

The vests are draped with so many nice pins,  
We should all be hopeful in spite of our sins.  
—Northwestern Purple Parrot

"My girl and I went down to the art gallery and  
necked in a big room filled with wall paintings."  
"I suppose that could come under inter-mural  
sports, wouldn't it?"  
—Red Cat

### TAKES NO CHANCES

His aunt, an old maid, went to have her picture  
taken, and the photographer noticed her tying a piece  
of string around the bottom of her skirt.  
"What's the idea of that?" he asked.  
"I can't take your picture that way."  
"You can't fool me, young man," said the old girl.  
"I know you can see me upside down in that camera."  
—N. Y. U. Medley

### VELLY SWELLY

A man was unlucky enough to upset a dish of  
gravy on his vest. As soon as he could, he sent the  
garment to a Chinese laundry. When he called sev-  
eral days later, Woong See handed him the vest and  
thirty cents. The explanation followed:  
"You leavy the vest. It has much gravy. We  
make soup. Soup worth sevent' cent. Vest worth  
fort' cent. You get change."  
—Penn Punch Bowl

Newlywed: "Did you make these biscuits with  
your own little hands?"  
Bride: "Why, yes, darling."  
Newlywed: "Well, who in hell helped you lift  
them out of the stove?"  
—Loc. Eng. Jou

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The drunken youth returned to his house, he stag-  
gered in as quiet's a mouse. "Aha," he whispered,  
"the coast is clear and I'll not disturb my family  
dear." He took off his shoes, crept up the stairs,  
avoiding all noise with the utmost care. But oh alas!  
as he reached the top, from out of the dark came  
the word "Stop." It was none other than his lov'd  
pere who said to him, "Sir, how do you dare!"

"Father," he said, "I've been with the boys, and  
we've been toasting our common joys. That's no  
great sin, and please don't you think your only son  
is given to drink."

"Young man," said father with flashing eye, "the  
time has come to say 'Good-bye.' Now out of my  
house, you drunken sot, and never cease to remem-  
ber that with your gin and whiskey, beer and wine,  
you surely are not a son of mine!"

Shamed, the lad turned to go, bowed his head—  
"I will keep your secret, sir," he said.

Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

And then there was the late John Doe, who  
walked up to the exchange editor and said, "Say, do  
you want to hear a joke?"  
—Exchange

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Math. Prof.—Now Mr. Zilchguard, if I lay three eggs here and five eggs here, how many eggs will I have?

Mr. Zilchguard (with a questioning glance)—I don't believe you can do it, sir.

—West Pointer

"Here comes the parade. Where's Aunty?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

—California Pelican

Hist. Prof.—Have you finished making up your map, Miss Smith?

Co-ed—No, sir; I can't find my compact.

—Arizona Kitty Kat

Finals, finals everywhere,  
With drops and drops of ink.  
And never a prof who'll leave the room  
And allow a guy to think.

—Phoenix, Univ of Chicago

QUALITY WORK POPULAR PRICES

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PALO ALTO, CALIF.

Resurrect Those Sport  
Clothes for  
Spring Wear

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Specialty

ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS

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

At last. The old home. The old door. She stumbled on—to collapse in a faint on the threshold.

"My daughter!" sobbed her mother.

"Mother!" murmured the girl.

"Where—where is your child?" demanded her father.

"Father," she stammered, "I—I have no child."

"No child?" shrieked the old man. "Aint yew got no respect for tradition?" And the old man booted her back into the cold, cold night.

—C.C.T. Green Griffin

"Good! They've got to be good!" said the chap-erone as she peered out on the dance floor.

—The Texas Ranger

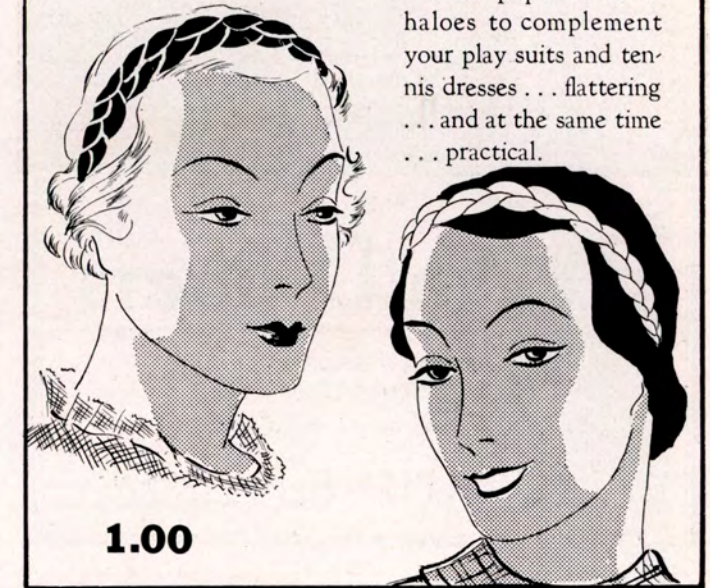
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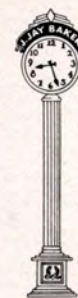
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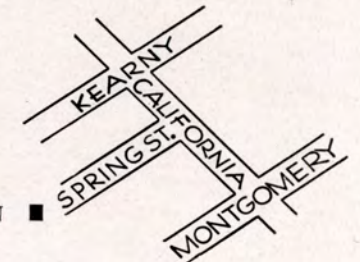
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Middlefield Road  
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**BERTRAND'S OAKWOOD INN**

Agnes—You've been a stenographer for about all  
the big guys in this building.  
Beth—Yes, I guess I'm on my last lap now.

Exchange

He took her head between his hands  
And pressed it to his breast,  
He gazed on it with rapt intent  
As if with soft caress.

He took her head between his hands  
And gazed there, lost in thought,  
And then, oh, dear, he sighed aloud!  
He'd clipped her neck too short.

—Cornell Widow

Her yielding lips were soft and clinging,  
Her figure so divine—  
What! Is that the alarm clock ringing?  
Damn! It's a quarter to nine.

—Temple Owl

**Tony Fodera's BONZAGNI'S LODGE**

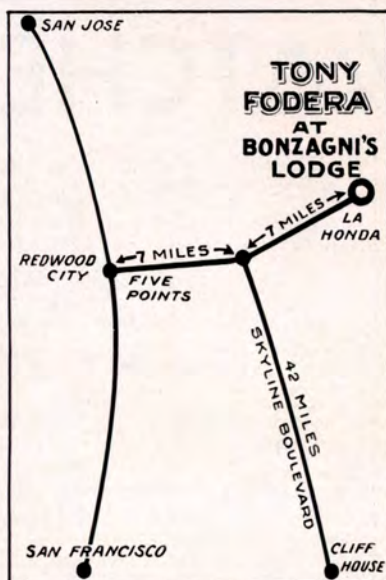
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The Airflow Chrysler is for the modern minded . . . the folk who want to travel fast in complete comfort and safety . . . who demand spacious roominess and the smartness of the newest penthouse apartment.

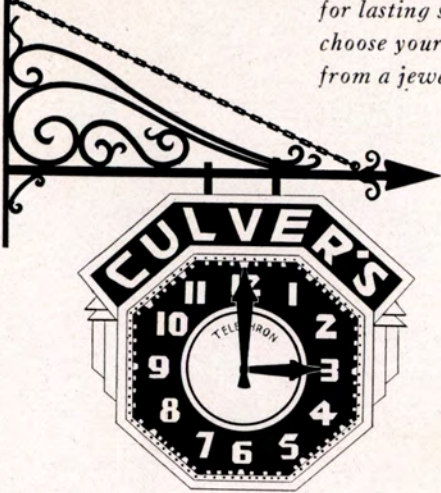
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"Do angels have wings, mother?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"Can they fly?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Then, when is the nurse going to fly? I heard  
Daddy call her an angel."  
"Tomorrow, dear."

*Exchange*

The golf course in local tradition, you know, is a  
place where they play a round in the day-time, and  
play around at night.

*Showme*

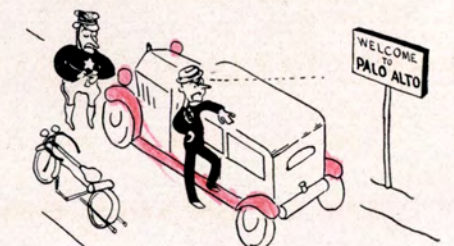
She was a good little girl as far as good little  
girls go, and as far as good little girls go, she went.

—Orange Peel

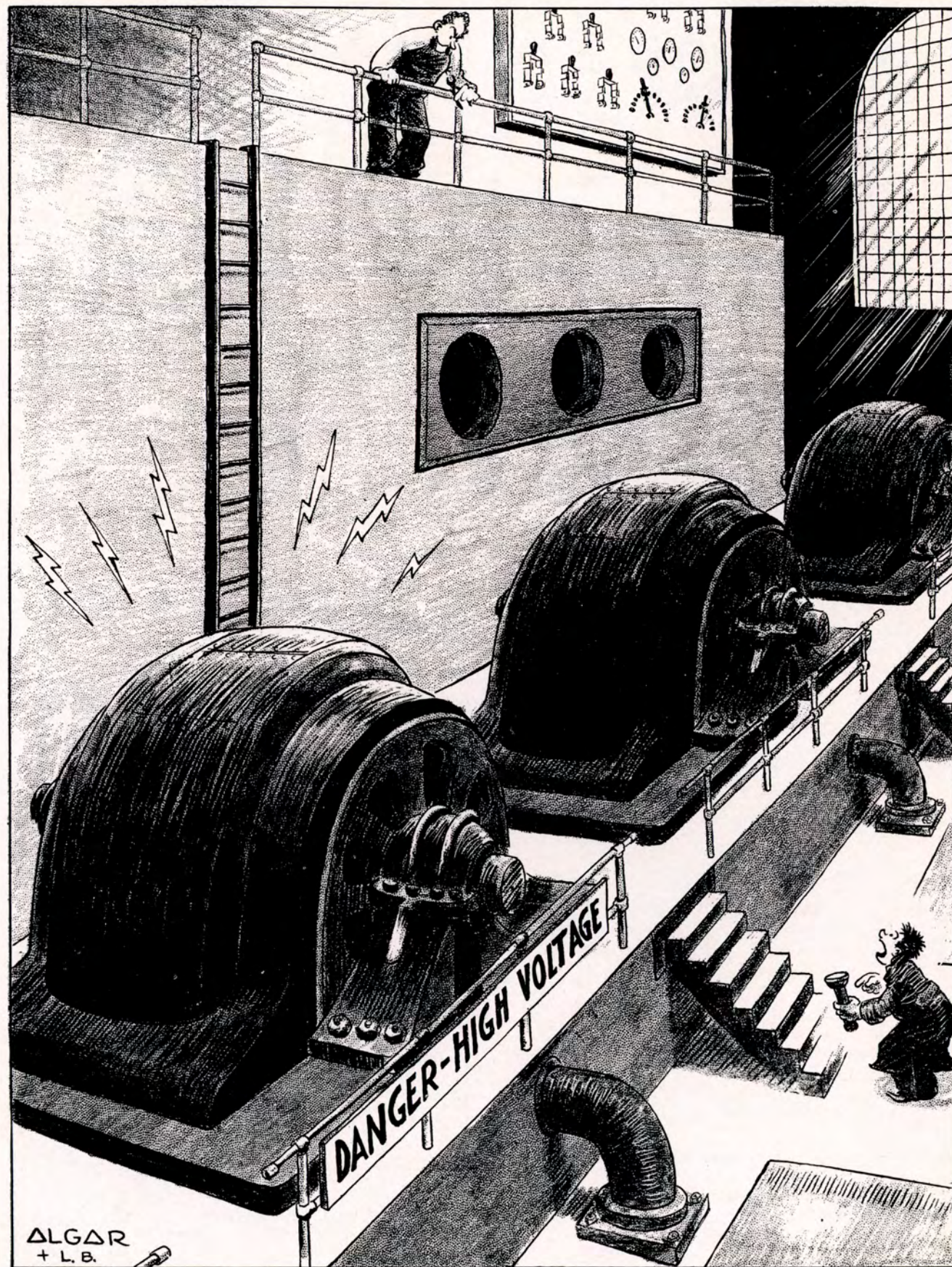
"Your hair needs cutting badly, sir," said the  
barber.

"No, it doesn't," replied the student. "It needs  
cutting nicely; you cut it badly last time."

—Green Griffin



*Jack Seatz*



"Hey, can you fix a flashlight?"



**HOW TO WRITE A TERM PAPER**

- (By one who has never graduated)
- F**IND subject of Prof's. Ph.D. thesis—then choose some other topic.
- Submit title in words of five or more syllables. Should be general enough to include anything you might happen to know. (From the length of a cat's tail to the Siamese method of gargling.)
  - Three days before the end of the quarter is plenty of time to begin work.
  - Then peruse (or look through) the Reader's Guide. Discover too much material—read encyclopedia and one (1) Literary Digest article. Copy other references for bibliography.
  - Buy one lb. of paper. (1/2 to be used for meditative designs and phone numbers, 1/4 for blank pages, 1/8 for title pages and bibliography, 1/8 for text.)
  - Set typewriter for 3-inch margins and triple spacing. (Makes it easier for Prof to read.)
  - Illustrate (whatever you can draw—caricatures of the Prof. are nice).
  - Add plenty of footnotes so the Prof. won't bother to check up on them.
  - Make a fancy cover—hoping it won't be opened.
  - Turn paper in week late. Excuse:
    - Difficulty in securing material.
    - Enrapture in subject.
  - Go home and start figuring probable number of grade points from other sources. —Steedman

The boy he went and found a skunk  
Beside a flowery bank  
And though the flowers sweetly stunk  
The skunk he only stank.

Robinson

**STERN**

Oh, hearken well to what I tell  
Of savants zoological,  
Who met one day to first survey  
A creature most illogical!

A startling freak of rare physique  
Defied their comprehension  
To such a degree all had to see  
Ma Nature's new invention.

From all parts came these men  
Of fame,  
The foremost living scholars;  
Men high esteemed whose faces  
Beamed  
Above their learned collars.

When all was said, then in was led  
The non-conforming pig,  
Who stood steadfast while eyed  
Aghast,  
Nor did he give a fig.

The owner sage leapt to the stage  
And, hoarse with deep emotion,  
"Oh, gents," cried he, "at last  
you see  
What caused all this commotion.

"The classic hog which set agog  
The scientific world;  
The only one in Christendom  
Whose tailpiece isn't curled!"

—Slattery

**THAT'S NEWS**

"FAN MAH BROW!"

(Adv. in the S. F. Chronicle)  
LA FANETTE, who originated in the notorious CAFE DE RAT MORT, PARIS, will appear in her Dance D'eventail, of which all other so-called FAN DANCES in Europe and America are but tawdry COPYCATS. There is but ONE LA FANETTE and she will be seen in the FLESH, ONLY. Owing to the sophisticated character of this Opus with its Appeal to Urban and Adult Mentalities the Attraction will not be offered in Los Angeles.

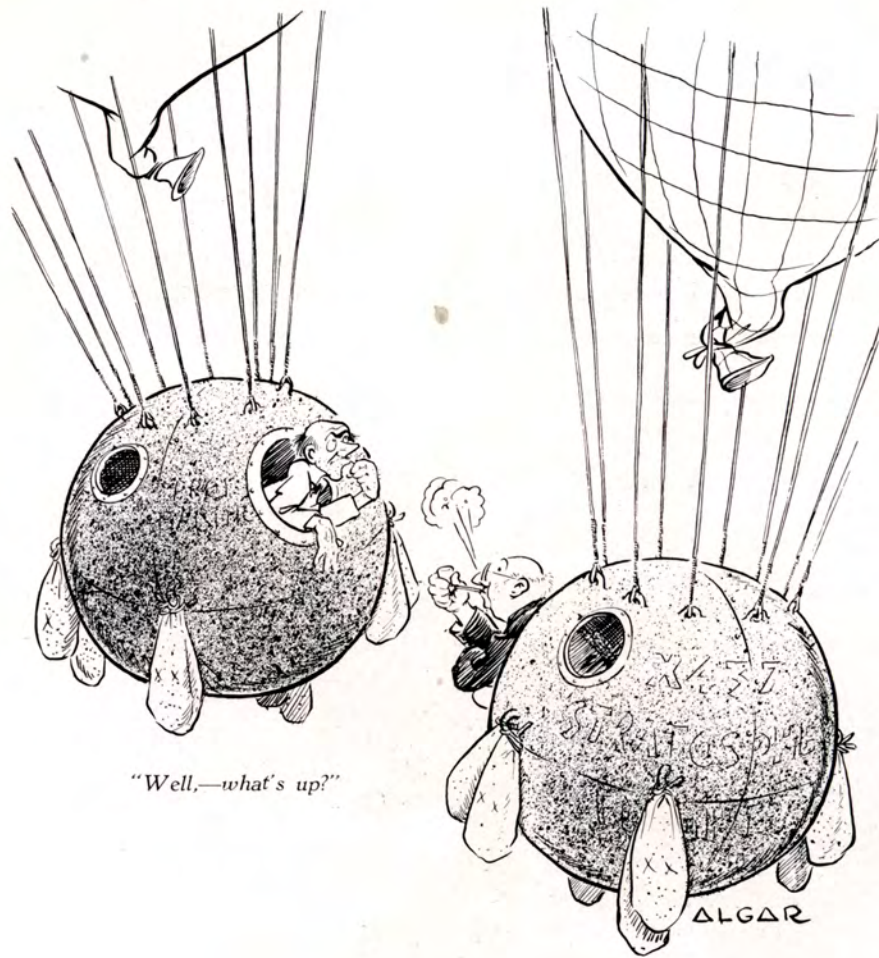
**MORAN TO GO EAST FOR MEET ON WILD LIFE**  
S. F. Chronicle  
Go West, Moran, Go West!

Three former Stanford players, Bill Ennamark, Jim Henderson, Parker Holt, "Curley" Revelle and Don Stevick, will play for Marysville. The Stanford lineup as announced by Captain Gordon, coach, will be Bill Ennamark, Jim Henderson, Frankie Burns and Kent Maer.—Palo Alto Times.

We'll stand for no partisanship, Ennamark and Henderson!



"Do you suppose one more piece would hurt me, God?"



"Well,—what's up?"



### TRIOLET

I offered no money,  
 She turned me down flat.  
 She thought it was funny  
 I offered no money.  
 Did she expect bunnies  
 From out of a hat?  
 I offered no money,  
 She turned me down flat.

Education is the learning of facts you can't understand, don't believe, and will never be able to use.

Pity the absent-minded shop-lifter who was trying to pick up a ring for his girl and got the bracelets.

"Why won't you marry me?" said the sculptor to the millionaire's daughter. "Because," she answered, coolly, "you're just another chiseler."

Then there was the ostrich which had such strict morals that he (or she) vowed never to be a Sally Rand fan.



**L**ITTLE Speak Softly huddle by fire in hogan and think about young love and the simple virtues and say to himself, "My life is grand."

Brother Indian say to him, "My, my, you have a big, shiny pony. Your pony carries many people and, goodness, but it is warm in your pony. And, gee, your pony carries a wireless set, too. Let's go to Big Village to find fire-water dance."

Little Speak Softly think m-m-m; yes, she-hogan girls are very nice, and so he say, "O.K."

So Little Speak Softly put oil on scalp and put on brand new blanket and pay man six wampum beads to feed pony and then all the little Indians ride like wind to big dance tepee.

Little Speak Softly say to high priest at door, "I would like that fine table by the window." And high priest say, "Oh, no you don't. You are from Pueblo-Much-High-Learning. You sit behind pillar." So Little Speak Softly say, "Oh!"

Little Speak Softly and friend order drinks, but girls say, "No, we couldn't; we drink from yours."

So they all drink very much and jump up and down to music with many, many other Indians, and Little Speak Softly think this must be fun, every one does it. And then they all have more drinks and he thinks by the gods this is fun, but then the maidens say, "Oh, we must hurry home to lockout, and anyway the music has stopped."

Little Speak Softly pay much wampum and other little Indian say he settle later, and they all climb on pony and ride again. Little Speak Softly and girl talk about Econ., but other two Indians don't talk.

And Indians go back to hogan and friend say, "My, it must be grand to have fine pony and be able to go to Big Village any time," and Little Speak Softly just say, "Phhtttt."

When a diplomat says "Yes,"  
 He means perhaps;  
 When he says "Perhaps,"  
 He means no;  
 And when he says "No,"  
 He is no diplomat.



"Canary Islands? NAW! Ya shoulda turned to the left four miles back."





**ANIMALS AS I HAVE SEEN THEM**

Elephant—Two tails—sack of potatoes placed on four blocking dummies.  
 Giraffe—Dappled barber pole stuck out the neck of a pair of Peter Arno's pajamas.  
 Ostrich—Generous length of garden hose protruding from a feather duster supported by a pair of wrinkled hockey sticks.  
 Camel—Animated section of the Rocky Mts.  
 Hippo—Steam shovel bucket sticking out of a Kate Smith torso, well greased with cold cream.  
 Rhino—Schnozzle Durante in a suit of armor.  
 Boar—The "before" of a beauty advertisement.

—Robinson

The onion got a tragic break;  
 It was burned at the steak.

"That nurse in the dentist's office is pretty to look at," says Sam with a grimace, "but there's not much to her—just a little dental floss."

LOST—Hulme's Middle Ages; lost last week. Stanford P.O. 2233; 212 Toyon. Reward.—Stanford Daily. Ah! lost youth!

**THIS PARTICULAR HEARTBREAK**

If Edna St. Vincent Millay had it,  
 Perching on my broken heart  
 Is found intact your every kiss,  
 Each a tiny, arrowed dart.  
 But, Love, you're not—now we're apart,  
 The first to make me feel like this.

Laugh, damn you,  
 and let your little emotions split and crumble.  
 But build your steel skyscrapers,  
 and laugh,  
 you bullies!

If Rupert Brooke had it,  
 Love or lust? Who thus could name  
 The throbbing heart, the scarlet flame?  
 The sunset's gold, night's tenderness  
 When first I knew your loveliness.

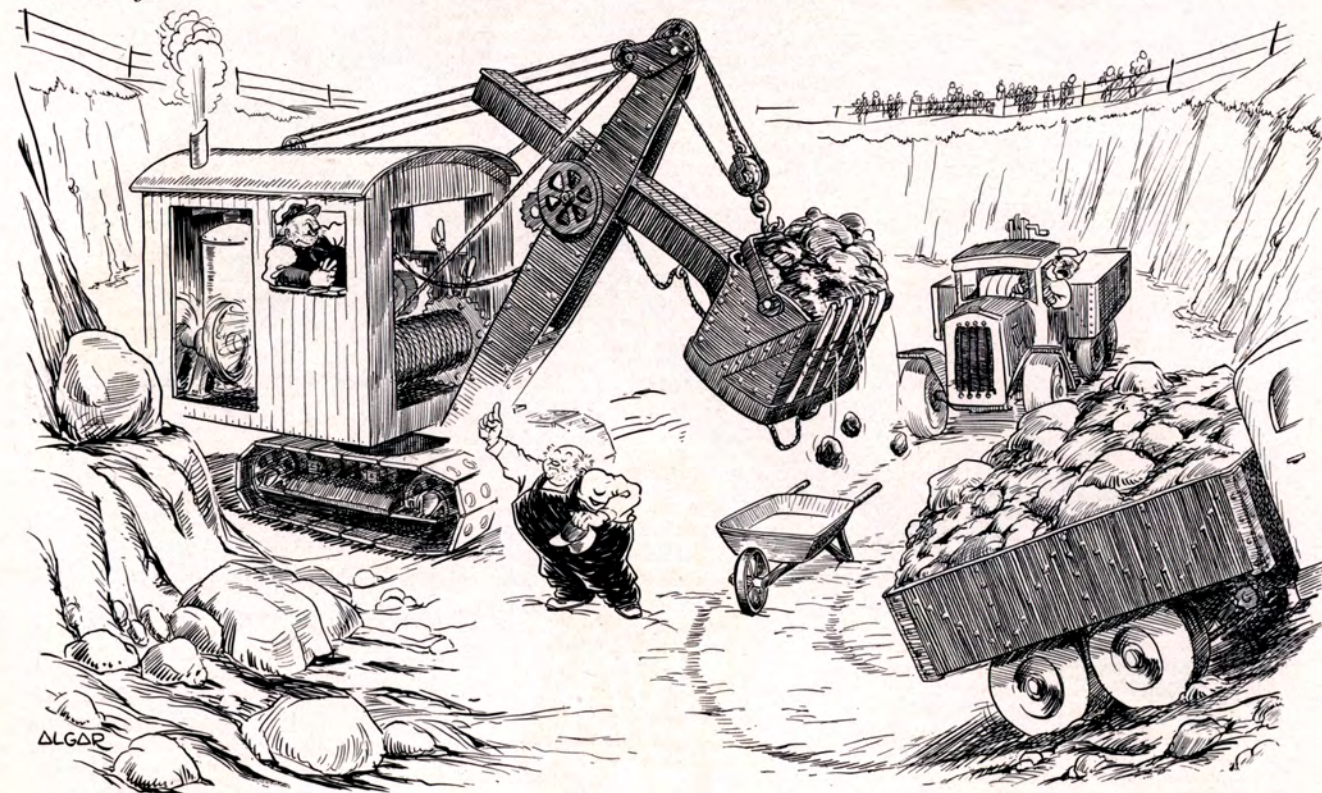
If Omar Khayyam had it,  
 Oh, Woman, who my hopeless Heart  
 did snare,  
 That sadly my poor Fortune might  
 impair—  
 Thy blackened Hand forget,—each time  
 I look  
 Into my wine, I find thy Image there!

If Amy Lowell had it,  
 Colour, more gold than colour, hums,  
 evanescent,  
 Gold in my nostrils,  
 Rose and blue in my eyes,  
 Grey  
 In my heart.

As it really is:  
 Oh, you'll come back some tardy day,  
 And smile at me the same sweet way,  
 You'll hold my hand and find my eyes,  
 And then perhaps apologize.

If Carl Sandburg had it,  
 Laugh, you bullies,  
 you iron men, you iron poets,  
 laugh!  
 Rack and ruin, and a thin silver moon  
 overhead.

You'll take me into your embrace  
 Where others long have held my place,  
 And swear your love is strong and true,  
 —But I'll be damned if I'll love you!  
 —Rouverol



"Just one shovelful, Patrick, my man."



LAST year the track team had three married members. Prospects were not so good for this year, it appears, until recently, when Hunt Kingsbury injured a leg and an ankle running the low hurdles. The next day the Oakland Tribune ran a story of the unfortunate affair, winding up with the statement, "Kingsbury was so seriously injured that he had to be married off the track."

THE Kappa house has been hit with the knitting craze, and one can find a sister almost any time at work with her needles, making a sweater for her "brother," or perhaps, even herself. We have heard of none of them taking their knitting to the City on dates yet, but expect a report to come almost any time. At a recent lecture in the Assembly Hall several Kappas took their knitting. To be inconspicuous, they sat in the balcony. They planted themselves in the front row and started to work with their needles and yarn. Inadvertently, one of them put her yarn on top of the rail in front of her. Before she knew it the ball of yarn had rolled off and was on the first floor. The unfortunate owner of the yarn was not a little embarrassed, and the story goes that the speaker lost the attention of the audience for a time while the young lady hauled in her yarn.

THE Quadrangle Club several years ago had as its chairman a well known Deke hurdler, captain of the track team. At one of the meetings he failed to appear at the appointed time. The meeting was delayed. Finally refreshments were served in hopes that the intuition which prompts some people to arrive just at meal time would bring back the absent chairman. Even this failed, however, and so the business of the meeting was taken up. When it was about half over who should appear but the cause of all the delay. His arrival created some commotion, but business continued as usual while he was shown to the kitchen by the hostess of the meeting. Some of the



THE recent A.S.S.U. election was unusual, in that someone who had no votes cast for him at all; in fact, someone who was not even running, profited. Campaign plans of one candidate called for a sandwich man to parade the Quad displaying signs. Much to the surprise of the candidate, a fraternity brother agreed to take over the rather unusual job for two hours for two dollars.

With iniquity characteristic of some college students, the "brother" went to Paly and in no time found one of the unemployed who was only too willing to pace the Quad from the English to the Engineering corner for twenty-five cents an hour plus transportation to and from Paly.

FURNITURE for the recent Pledge Prom was gathered from all over the campus. Three of the boys selected to help in the moving were to move sofas into the Dance Studio. They got them from the various houses and took them on a truck to the Women's Gym. They entered the Dance Studio, to find a class in natural dancing.

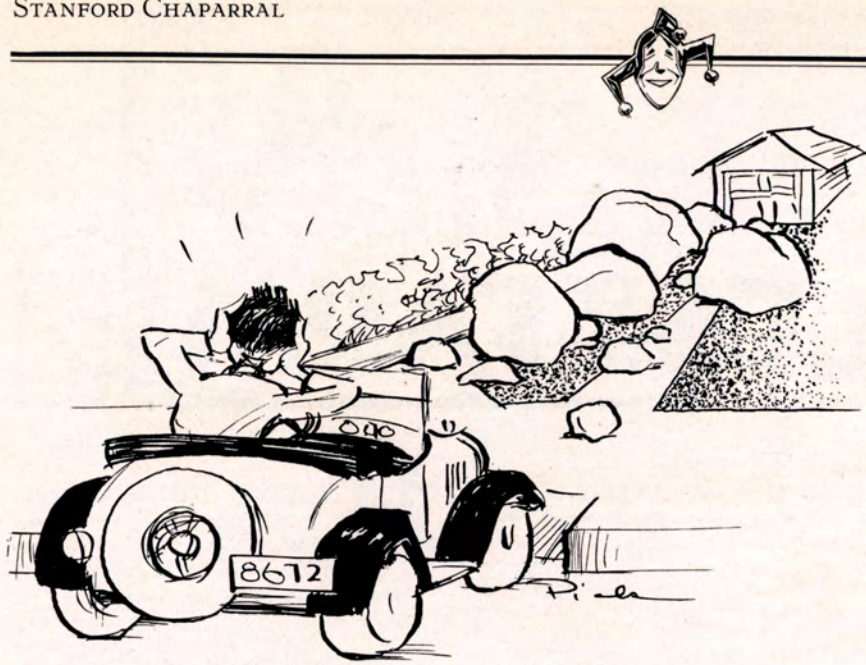
The instructor told the boys they were interrupting a class, and they would have to leave, furniture or no furniture. It was evident that argument would get them nowhere, so the trio of furniture movers left. Once outside they got together to find a way to get the furniture into the Dance Studio without delay.

The class, which had continued when they left, was soon interrupted again. This time the trio came in bare-footed, with their trousers rolled up to their knees, and shirt tails out, carrying furniture. They moved their furniture in and told the instructor that they were ready to start in with the class. She allowed the furniture to remain, but put the three barefooted roughs through a lesson in the dance with the rest of her gay nymphs.



refreshments had been saved in anticipation of his late arrival.

Except for apologies on being late, the chairman offered no other excuse until he was questioned point blank as to why he had arrived so late. He was a bit hesitant about telling the reason, but finally blushing admitted that he had been at Half Moon Bay, so absorbed in flying a kite, the meeting had almost completely slipped his mind.



"My God! I ordered GRAVEL!"

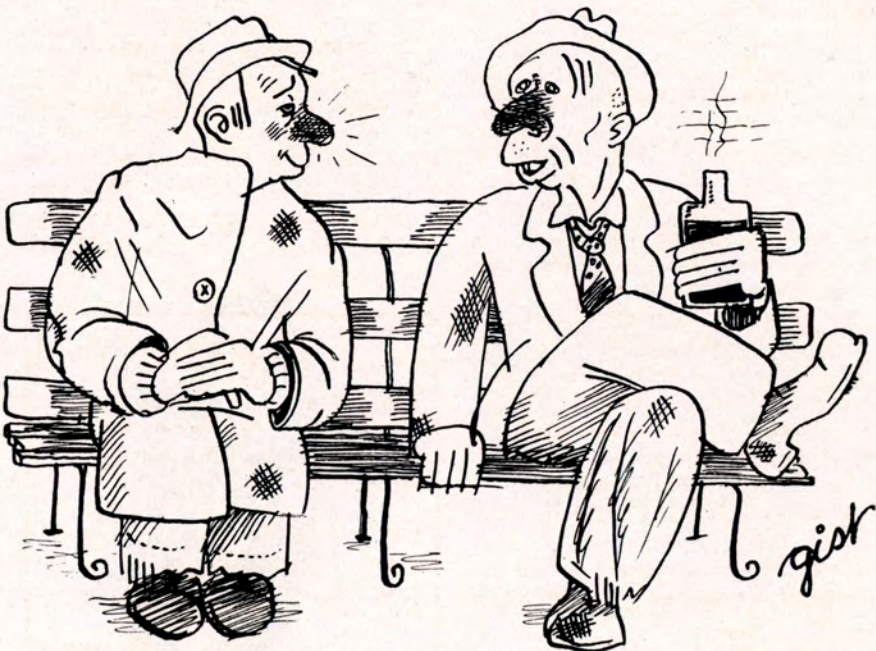
**CAMPUS LOVE, A FANTASY**

"May I have that little nip of yo' hair," Millicent is cooing as she walks hand-in-hand with Ed, the football captain, in the gathering dusk in back of Old Muggs Hall. A while earlier they had been gathering dandelions so that they will have plenty of vino come the night of the Senior Hop, but now they are gathering dusk like a couple of old maids in a chiropractor's office. Heigho for the campus, a jolly companion, and a qt. of Crab Orchard.

"Yuh do love me, hey baby?" cries Ed, but her answer is muffled by his turtle-neck sweater with its Block X of the 'varsity. The delirious pair will be married in the Spring, pending no notices from the Dean, when all Earth seems to be bursting into bloom and the downy, double-breasted nuthatch contributes his song and a bit of nuthatching.

In a little while, Ed will tell his nightly tale about how he won the Game—only to lose it. It seems that on one of those razzle-dazzle, wingback, double reverses, Ed was supposed to take the ball from the right halfback. Reaching back, he grabbed a leathery, spherical object and raced seventy-five yds. to the score. Unfortunately, old Ed had grabbed the fullback's head; and so, of course, the "touchdown" could not be allowed, although the incident caused high feeling. Which brings us back to the couple at Muggs Hall, who, having ceased their wanderings, are reclining on the velvety turf. "Remember that I'm a lady, sir," Millie is screaming; "don't you get turf with me."

de Roos



"I don't suppose you drink, do you?"

Just to see what made her tick  
Willie hacked Sis up with a stick;  
Mom said, stepping through the slime,  
"Willie has no sense of time."

Willie and an eskimaux  
Froze each other in the snaux,  
Ma said, as the sad bells tolled,  
"Willie's always catching cold."

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I have completed your course. Kindly  
send muscles.  
Yours truly,  
—Marvin Milquetoast

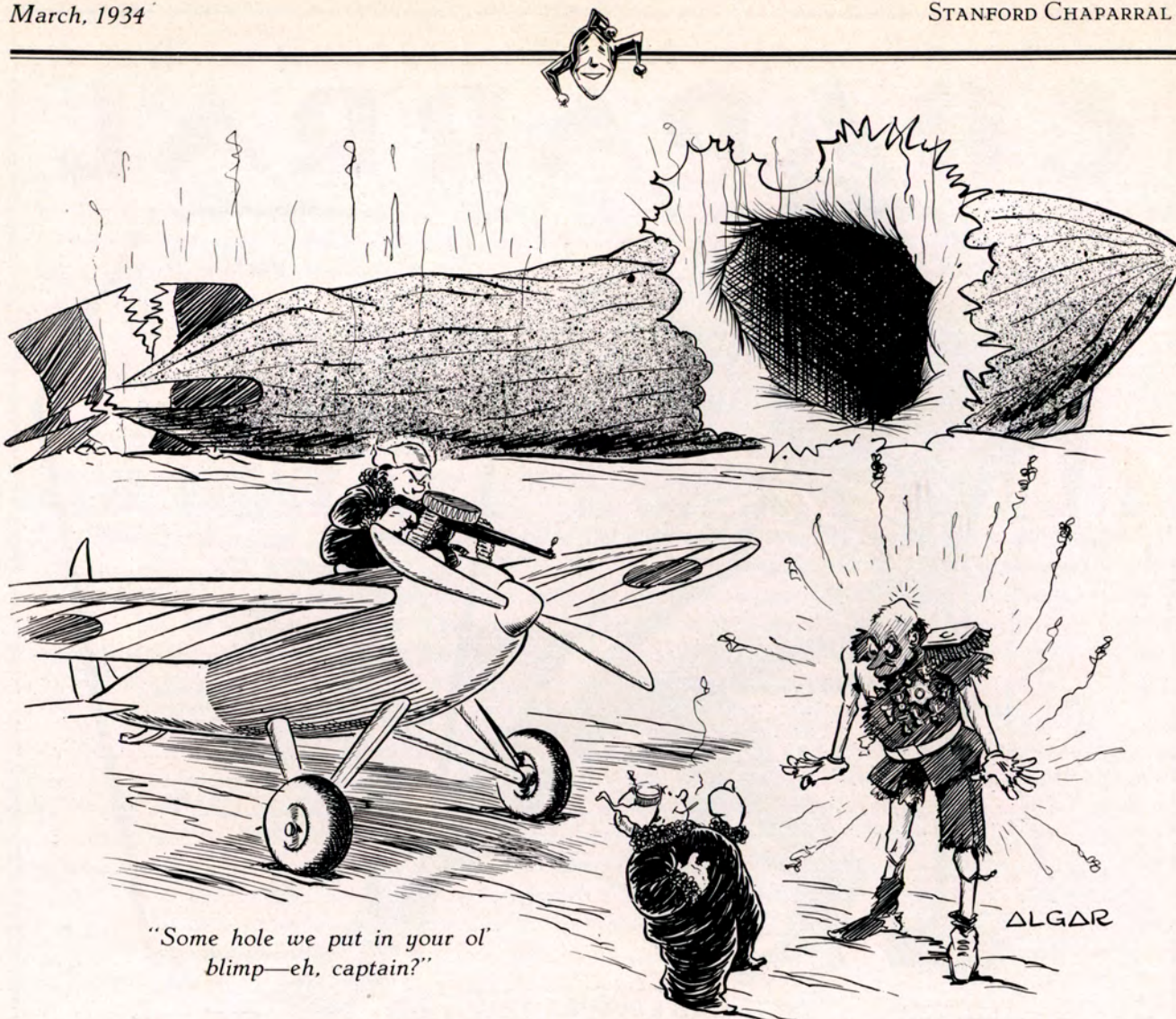
**To a Lady Rival**

Although you wear  
A jewel in your hair,  
And though you gloat  
Adorned in a coat  
That cost your dad  
Most all he had,—  
I still have a talent  
You never will gain;  
Money can't buy it,  
Nor practice attain.  
Please pardon my sneers—  
I can wiggle my ears!  
—Ritchie

For years the old Professor of Greek had been in the habit of calling on his students in alphabetical order for translation. Of course, the students were not slow in noticing his unique method, and consequently each student prepared that part of the day's lesson which he knew he would be required to translate in class. One day the absence of several members of the class so altered the order of recitation that most of the students were wholly unprepared, and the whole scheme became apparent to the duped old man. He was heartbroken.

"Since you are not to be trusted any more," he announced, "I will be forced to fool you. From now on, in calling on you for translation, I shall start at the other end of the alphabet!"

Customer: "Gimme a bowl of soup."  
Waiter: "How'll you have it—too hot or too cold?"



"Some hole we put in your ol' blimp—eh, captain?"

**FISH**

THE timid little man took one look at the fish the waiter had just set before him, then looked distractedly around the elegant dining room until he caught the waiter's eye.

"My good man," he said, "I can't eat this fish —"

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, taking up the dish. Before the little man could say another word, the waiter had sent it back to the kitchen and brought in another fish. The waiter did not know what was the matter, but whatever the cause for rejection, it must be rectified. He examined the second fish carefully and set it down before the patron, who hardly looked at the fish, but spoke to the quaking waiter.

"I can't eat this fish," said the little man nervously, "unless —"

Now thoroughly alarmed at the insecurity of his position, the poor waiter fetched his superior.

"My dear fellow," said the patron to

the head waiter, "how can you expect me to eat this fish, when —"

At once indignant with his subordinate, the head-waiter railed him for his impudence in bringing the gentleman this fish; sent the trembling man out to the kitchen with instructions to reprove the cook and to bring in an edible fish.

"My good man," spoke up the patron, "don't be too severe with the cook; after all, it isn't his fault —"

**LAMENT**

You took my love; I didn't mind.  
Gladly I gave my heart to you—  
Nevertheless you didn't need  
My sense of humor, too.

Just keep my love. You see it's quite  
The least of what I lack.  
Keep that, but oh, I pray you, send  
My sense of humor back.

—Rouverol

"My most humble apologies, sir," the head-waiter broke in. "I assure you I shall do my utmost to see that it doesn't happen again." A new fish was set before the little man, who had now lost his patience.

"Waiter," he said, slamming his napkin down on the table, "I can't eat this fish —"

"Pierre," said the head-waiter, "call the manager." The head-waiter himself took the fish out to the kitchen, returning with another just as the manager arrived. He sat it before the patron, who looked sadly at the fish.

"But I can't eat it —"

"I am very sorry, sir," said the manager, handing him a menu, "that you have been served so ill. If you will select another fish —"

"I don't want another fish!" the timid little man broke in. "I should be delighted to eat this—if only I had a fork!"

—Cotton



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

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RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

**NOW THAT** smoking on the Quad is getting to be rather a flagrantly offensive situation, the Old Boy sadly sees the tradition, which generations of Stanford men and women have observed, coming to be an empty thing. "No Smoking on the Quad" is one of the few remaining customs that genuine Stanford people would like to see kept. Almost daily, however, persons can be seen "lighting up" in class rooms on the Quad or even in the Inner Quadrangle itself. These must be either ignorant of Stanford's traditions or wilfully brazen and discourteous to take upon themselves the violation of a spirit that has endured for decades.

The Old Boy recalls the remark of a visiting West Point officer, who accompanied the Army football team to Stanford several years ago. When shown through the inner court of the Quad he complimented his hosts upon the cleanliness of the grounds, adding he was chiefly impressed by the absence of cigarette butts.

Students who smoke on the Quad can be pegged immediately as uninformed newcomers or impolite trespassers. A cigarette is a badge that cannot hide a person's ignorance or rudeness. Stanford's men for years were told that Mrs. Stanford had specifically requested there be no smoking on the Quad. As Stanford gentlemen, they complied.

For those young people who tend to pooh-pooh a tradition shaded with the sentimental, may the Old Gentleman point out two things: First, smoking in a class room is often distasteful to others in the room; secondly, unguarded waste baskets in class rooms are an easy mark for carelessly flung cigarette butts. Because the tradition has been what it is for so many years, few fire prevention measures have been provided in class rooms. Picture the Palo Alto fire department racing the long mile out Palm Drive to find our own equipment attempting to battle a midnight blaze that had spread through the entire Quad. Midnight's emblem could quickly become morning's embers.

**NOW THAT** the birds are singing and at least some water has found its way into Lagunita, the Old Boy wistfully recalls the joy of Spring Quarters of the past. He remembers the pleasure and interest in the student musical shows which formerly blossomed with the spring. And he wonders why not? "Why not," he plays on his zither, "revive a spring show—one by, for, and of the students." Certainly the old cry about no musical talent is bunk after the good tunes turned out for the last Gaieties. The chorus in that show and our new and winsome co-eds surely guarantee another good chorus. Cost? Bah! The Old Boy has always said that a show with lots of campus people will be approved by a campus interest that will pack 'em in.

It doesn't take the former fifty-dollar prize to encourage authors, and there are no royalties to pay, so money could be spent for orchestrations and costumes—if necessary. Students will attend a campus show in numbers large enough to belittle the cost. The Old Boy regrets the passing of student-written shows from Stanford. He grants the criticism that the last two were pretty feeble, but he believes this due more to poor choice than to any lack of student ability. The Palo Alto Community theater (which seems to be a Stanford community theater) received a large campus response to its request for an original musical show—accepting a manuscript from a Stanford student. The Old Boy believes the campus would like a student-written, student-acted, and student-attended show. A show which could be presented for student relief or for the theater fund. How about it?

**NOW THAT** colorful pen drawing by Dorman H. Smith on Page 13 particularly pleases Chappie. Smith is editorial cartoonist for the *San Francisco Examiner* and an artist with few equals. The Old Boy is genuinely thrilled that he should be a contributor. Thanks, Dorman. Also, this issue finds Rollin Pickford, '33, Hammer and Coffin artist, back in the book again. The Old Gentleman appreciates your helpful interest, Pick. Thank you. Furthermore, a glance at the contributors' box below gives the Old Boy a pleasant feeling, for there he sees the names of several new contributors. Good work, neophytes. May you and others continue to ring the bell. Anyone interested is invited to interview the Old Boy, to submit copy, to make a bid for fame. The Old Cuckoo honors any talent.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE			
<p><i>Hammer and Coffin</i></p> <p>Rollin Pickford, '33</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Art</i></p> <p>Dorman H. Smith Dick Stark, '36</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Literary</i></p> <p>Anne Ritchie, '36 Curtis Prendergast, '36 Tom Slatery, '36 Irvin Jorgensen, '36 Art Dahl, '34 Bob Elfving, '35 Jean Rouverol, '37 Bill Robinson John Cotton, '35 Martin H. Mosher, '35</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exchange Manager</i></p> <p>Janet Hartmanshen '35 <i>Advertising Assistants</i> Everett Claiborne '35 Julian Lesser '36</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Circulation Assistants</i></p> <p>Jim Cayton '36 Lyman Tondro '36</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Sales Girls</i></p> <p>Dale Adams '37 Mina Breaux '36 Irene Coulson '36 Elizabeth Ferry '37 Frances Ferry '37 Grace Freer '34 June Hermann '37 Ann King '36 Mary Livingston '36 Ruth Milburn '34 Betty Pearce '37 Jeanette Rosenfeld '35 Frances Steidel '37</p>



# NOW THAT SHOW -

WALTER HAMPDEN

**W**ALTER HAMPDEN, "America's First Actor," is playing his annual two-week engagement at the Columbia Theatre in San Francisco. This year's repertoire is composed of a well-balanced program of four world classics, the list being made up of "Richelieu," "The Servant in the House," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet." These plays have undoubtedly been chosen, not merely for their popularity, but also because they are one-star dramas and all are well suited to Hampden.

Hampden has opened his season with the drama in which every "foremost" has been featured since it was written many years ago by Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Arthur Goodrich has re-written and modernized much of the play, but it still retains the lines and plot structure which made it a famous, exciting "rip-snorter." The play might well have been entitled, "Richelieu, or You Can't Trust Your Own Brother," since it deals with a dastardly plot of King Louis VIII's brother to overthrow the monarch and his minister, the Cardinal. The play ends with the Cardinal still waving.

To those who have garnered their impression of the crafty statesman from "The Three Musketeers," Hampden's "Richelieu" is an interesting interpretation of the "Old Fox" (no, Willie, not Pop), Richelieu, being the whole show. Mr. Hampden has taken advantage of all the good lines to make the character a witty, wise, patriotic figure. One of the most impressive lines is the Cardinal's "Men call me cruel.—I am not, I am just."

(Continued on Page 23)



AUTUMN CROCUS

**A** WELCOME relief from abnormal sex and the social problem is found in C. L. Anthony's "Autumn Crocus." Romantic and whimsical, with a touch of sympathetic humor, the play provides an amusing two hours in its treatment of love and morality.

Francis Lederer, Czech peasant, charming "International Heartbreaker," is the free and disarming Tyrolian innkeeper. *Joi de Vive and an engaging accent.*

To Lederer's challet comes Julie Haydon, in the person of a native English school teacher—glasses and all. The innkeeper falls immediately in love with her quiet charm.

Problem: the innkeeper has a wife; the conventional young school teacher is . . . well . . . conventional.

(Continued on Page 23)

EVA LE GALLIENNE

**E**VA LE GALLIENNE is to be commended for organizing a Repertoire Theatre, for producing "good" plays for New York audiences at reasonable prices, and for bringing three of Ibsen's pieces to the coast.

But the Old Boy, who admires naturalness in the theatre, found little to commend in Miss Le Gallienne's stilted and be-gestured portrayals. Even the neurotic Hedda in "Hedda Gabler" was scarcely a character to be forever waving her arms about like an unbalanced windmill. Other characters on the stage are continually pointed at in the most ungodly manner. The slightest mention of death (which is indicated by a gesture somewhat resembling the Hitler salute) offers an opportunity for this dubious form of dramatic art.

With but one exception we found Miss Le Gallienne's supporting cast to be excellent. Paul Leyssac, who collaborated with Julie Le Gallienne in revising the translation for the repertoire, played the part of George Tesman for comic relief—giving a somewhat unusual interpretation of the naive bibliomaniac. We see George Tesman as a stupid, rather than a tragic character, and so gain some sympathy for the detestable Hedda.

Donald Cameron gives an intense and realistic interpretation of the erratic Elbert Lovborg; nervous hands with no place to put them.

(Continued on Page 23)

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## NOW THAT MUSIC

by Fred Coonrad

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**I**T was probably too much to hope that the Camel people would continue their swell Casa Loma hour without ringing in a couple of doubtful "funny men" to supposedly brighten up the spot. I guess that is asking too much. They have the best white dance band in the country working for them and a string of the best female vocalists on the air, and then they butcher the whole thing by breaking the show up with Stoopnagle and Bud, a pair of very, very ordinary gag men. Even if they were good gag men they would be out of place.

Whiteman's hour has gone the same way. Al Jolson, of all people, is doing his bit to help Mr. Whiteman over the rough spots. If black-face star Jolson would stick to singing it wouldn't be so bad, but he takes up about 20 minutes of each hour with tear-jerking melodramas that are filled with all sorts of "inspiration." It's getting so that we dread turning on the Metropolitan Opera for fear that some fellow has gotten the bright idea that Eddie Cantor or Jack Pearl could give the program some life. If things go on like this, Duke Ellington and Cecil and Sally are apt to be thrown together. What hope for America?

### Show Bands

It seems too bad, but it looks as if those who go dancing would rather watch a good show than listen to clever well-played dance music. The Bal Tabarin offers the best local example. Tom Gerun plays swell music, music that has swing as well as sweetness, and the outfit is remarkably well trained. It is about the only band on the Coast that can fake hot solos by the hour. Kay Kyser, who has temporarily replaced Gerun, makes no attempt at brilliant musicianship except for his pianist. He features glee club novelties, funny hats and a dead pan comedian. He plays long medleys that "tell stories." The whole band works for laughs. Kyser packs the crowds in. Gerun did an ordinary business. So it goes. Frank Trumbauer, probably the world's best saxophonist, had a band of his own for some time. He played grand music, hot music. He couldn't make it go and is now buried almost in Whiteman's enormous band. So it goes. Nichols is now playing tank towns in the Middle West.

### Recordings Recommended

Columbia records are almost impossible to get in Palo Alto, in case you don't know, but Columbia still puts them out. The best of their recent doings is a pair by Benny Goodman, clarinetist supreme, and his band which features Jack Teagarden (who is at present back in the Whiteman fold playing trombone and singing hot vocals) as well as several other very warmish musicians. The records—"Keep on Doin' What You're Doin'," backed by "Riffin' the Scotch" and "Love Me or Leave Me" and "Why Couldn't It Be Me."

### Victor Releases

Isham Jones—"Junk Man" and "There Goes My Heart." Eddie Stone vocal on "Junk Man" and a very good and warm treatment. Also "You're My Thrill" and "Alice in Wonderland." "Alice" is splendidly dolled up and the other is a good number.

Whiteman—"If I Love Again" and "Wagon Wheels," which is supposed to be another "Last Roundup." Mebbe so. Ellington—"Blue Feeling" and "Stompy Jones." The Duke is the Duke in spite of what anyone says.

Ray Noble—good as usual—"Song Without Words" and "My Song Goes Around the World."

Eddie Duchin—"I Was in the Mood" and "How Am I to Know." Duchin is very popular.

### Brunswick

Jack Hylton is recording again. "Yvonne" and "Old Fashioned Sweethearts." He can do much better.

Claude Hopkins—"Washington Squabble" and "Mystic Moan." Jig music and good jig music. Swell piano.

Freddie Martin—"Spin a Little Web of Dreams" and "When Tomorrow Comes." Good Martin stuff, a mixture of corn and good music. Usually very well liked. Also, "Moon About Town" and "Your Devastating." Very different sort of tunes.

Ozzie Nelson records for Vocalian. Has put out quite a bunch. York has them for 35 cents. Also, Richard Humber and a lot of others. Adrian Rollini, recording for Melotone, has a swell pressing of "Who Walks in When I Walk Out." Hage carries these.

(Continued on Page 24)

## NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from Page 20)

Hampden is a marvelous tragedian. He dominates every scene and makes use of his distinctive voice and resemblance of the Cardinal's pictures to make one forget Hampden and remember only the Cardinal. His every entrance is perfectly timed and pointed, especially his first dramatic, picturesque appearance, dressed in long robes and brilliant red cape. While many of the high spots are let down by poor support, the audience carried away at least one definite impression of Hampden's dramatic ability. The scene in which the Cardinal places the curse upon anyone who should dare touch his ward, the pretty Julie, is a gem of dramatic effect.

It has been implied that the supporting cast was poor. In speaking of them, it would be far kinder to say that they suffered from comparison with the star, rather than to flatly state their mediocrity. The exceptions proving the rule were John Seymour in the rash role of de Mauprat, and Hannam Clark as the monk. Joseph Ernest Rowan, playing the heavy, was a trifle too nasty and nasal and had trouble in the first scene in refraining from singing his lines. Always diplomatic with the ladies, we must say that Miss Erna Rowan played the young heroine in much the style of a high school sophomore.

NOTE: The settings were decidedly "more than adequate."

Here C. L. Anthony reveals considerable skill in pointing the sub-plots toward the central theme. In the inn are Miss Haydon's tight-lipped traveling companion, an elderly, minister; the minister's unmarried sister who finds dissipation in a glass of brandy; and two young Freudians carrying on a free-love experiment. These, and a middle-aged bourgeois German couple, ultimately compose of "jury" that solve the school-teacher's problem.

The sets were good, the costumes attractive. Lederer in gay, colorful braces. The lighting we found a little too bright; clashed in tinted spots during a balcony scene.

Virginia Weider charms the audience with her childish presentation of Goethe's "Roselein auf der Heiden." Atmosphere is distinctly German throughout.

### WALTER GIESEKING

Contrast between Gieseeking's exterior appearance and his inner self as revealed in his music is interesting in its sharpness. He is a ponderous hulk of a man, solid, substantial, typically German, and he bends over the keyboard as if it were a fragile, beloved plaything, to be handled with care. But as those capable fingers, which have a spread of a thirteenth, make music—music that is sometimes bold, confident, majestic; sometimes delicate, subtle, witty, always brilliant—he proves himself to be a poet and a thinker.

Naturally enough, Gieseeking most ably interpreted his own great countrymen,

Of Miss Le Gallienne's troupe, Chappy will remember Josephine Hutchinson. Her portrayal of Nora in "A Doll's House" is all that could be wished for. The role, which is difficult to sustain, demands a change in mood from the effervescent child in the first act, to the serious woman in the last. Miss Hutchinson does the transition with undeniable power and complete understanding of the part. Miss Le Gallienne admirably keeps in the background in this play without attempting to make anything of her small part (Mrs. Linde).

"The Master Builder" proved boring. The point of the play (so we are told) is to portray the never-ceasing struggle between old age and youth. Egon Brecher as old age (The Master Builder) mumbled most of the lines. Eva Le Gallienne, as youth (Hilda Wangel), is forever running up and down the stage in pants and a purple shirt. Very distracting.

Of the three plays, "A Doll's House" was undoubtedly the outstanding.

Bach and Beethoven. His perfect control and careful analysis brought out all of the masterful construction of the Bach Sinfonia.

Beethoven's Sonata in A major, opus 101, was a perfect example of contrasts, of sudden and complete changes from deeply resounding, dynamic chorus to lyric, softly flowing melody.

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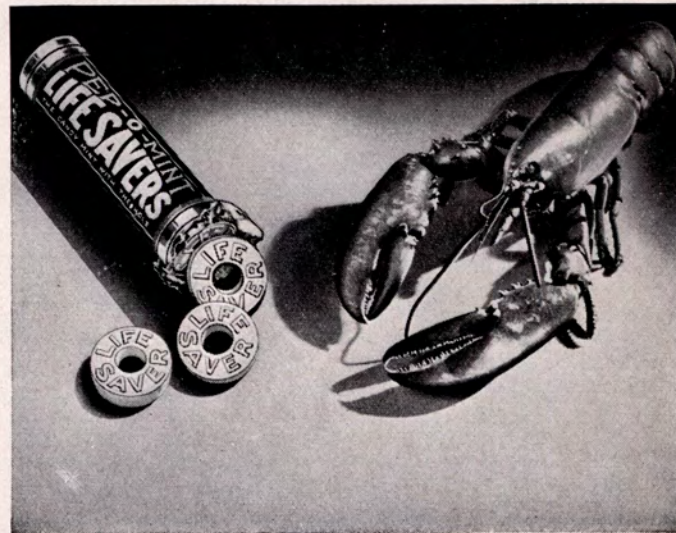
(Continued from Page 22)

*Apology*

Our constant reader (Aunt Minnie) was annoyed about certain of our remarks about Mr. Fiorito's piano playing, in the last issue. We didn't mean that Mr. Fiorito can't play well. We meant that he usually doesn't. Most of the time he sounds like a mechanical piano and insists on using octave trills and meaningless runs. His piano sounds like the band's flutes.

**LOBSTER . . .** "Did you ever see a bad dream walking? That's me."

**LIFE SAVER . . .** "Yea-a-ah? Watch two of us turn you into a lullaby!"



Amazing what a couple of Life Savers will do to ease digestion after a heavy meal. Ever try'em?

**A FAMOUS FLAVOR AT ITS BEST . . . PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS  
WISECRACK YOURSELF A FREE BOX  
OF LIFE SAVERS!**

Now your pet wisecracks can get you more than a grin. Here's a prize contest where your funny-bone can tickle your sweet tooth.

Send us in your best laugh-maker. An attractive cellophane wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors will be awarded for the best joke submitted each month by one of the students.

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

How about that wisecrack you like to pull! Win a sweet prize with it.



**Revelation Tooth Powder**

Is a Revelation

**The Last Word In Dentifrice**

It has enjoyed the support and recommendation of the dental profession for over twenty-five years. REVELATION is free from all harmful ingredients. A clean brush is essential to clean teeth. REVELATION leaves no residue on the bristles of the brush. Co-operate with your dentist and use REVELATION regularly. NO CHANGE IN FORMULA for a quarter of a century.

On sale in two sizes  
35c and the  
economy 50c size

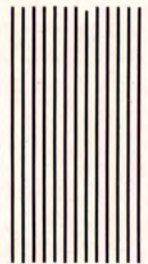


**AUGUST E. DRUCKER CO. ●**  
SAN FRANCISCO

***Don't Be a Sissy...***



Admit that you saw that ad. in the CHAPPIE. All of our best people read the thing and you might as well add a bit to that waning prestige. Tell the advertisers that CHAPARRAL shouts. Don't be a sissy!



**STANFORD  
CHAPARRAL**

Next hilarious number out April 12  
"SPRING NUMBER"

ARE YOU A  
**Phone  
 Booth  
 Artist?**



Those penciled scrawls  
 are a sign of jangled nerves

If you're the stolid, phlegmatic sort of person who doesn't feel things very deeply, you'll probably never have to worry about nerves. But if you're high-strung, alive, sensitive, watch out.

See whether you scribble things on bits of paper, bite your nails, jump at unex-

pected noises—they're signs of *jangled nerves*.

So be careful. Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation. And make Camels your cigarette.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves—no matter how steadily you smoke.

**COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!



*How are YOUR nerves?*  
 TRY THIS TEST

819472	809702
728196	778421
188632	664321
918243	821863
090628	987654

Here is a series of numbers. Two numbers in this series contain the same digits... but not in the same order. See how fast you can pick out these two. Average time is one minute.

*Frank J. Marshall (Camel smoker), chess champion, picked the two numbers in thirty seconds.*

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**CAMELS**

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT  
 ...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES