

STANFORD

CHAPARRAL

MAY

1936



R. Johnson
450

THE CHAPPIE CRITICS

NOW THAT SHOW

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

The genius of Kaufman and Lardner has produced in *Once in a Lifetime* a never-ending succession of laughs at the expense of the business characterized as being "all in the hands of the incompetents"—the movie. To this sparkling satire, Dawson, the director of its *Sword and Sandals* reading, brought a fine sense of comedy and timing: he handled the large cast very competently. The dressing of the readers in white linen jackets instead of the traditional tuxedo was an effective change.

Bob Garred as George, the dumb ex-vaudevillian, turned in one of his finest performances to date; and May, as read by Rosemary Benet, could not have been improved upon. The rest of the cast—Clark, Cray, Gordon, Campbell, Mary Ann Wheeler—gave excellent, well-balanced performances that left nothing to be desired, with the exception of the dialects. They were the poorest parts of the show, which actually suffered because of them. Until someone shows up capable of doing dialects well it would be better to read the parts straight.

The fact that there were 192 laughs by actual count is ample evidence that the full house enjoyed every minute of the show.

—Gordon Williams

RICHELIEU

As the anniversary reading of *Sword and Sandals*, *Richelieu* was an unfortunate selection. To bring culture to the Stanford campus is a good thing—to have art for art's sake is all right—but when an audience has to sit with folded hands through an hour and three-quarters of a play which drags terrifically, rustling programs and shuffling feet are bound to be the result. It was like going to a melodrama where everyone wanted to hiss the villain and applaud the hero—except that to have done so would have made the person conspicuous in the eyes of others; to be conspicuous is to be bad, so no one hissed the villain.

The acting wasn't at fault. Head was very good as [to page 31]

SHOW NOTES

Enthusiasm displayed already by the students indicates a more outstanding success for "Three Sheets to the Wind" than was enjoyed even by last year's "Follies Bourgeois."

Combining the talents of Frank O'Neill and Mac Gordon, writers of the show, the Barnstormers have worked as a group for many months, with the goal of presenting to the campus a faultless show.

After visiting several of the rehearsals at this early date, the Old Boy believes their goal will be achieved.

PERPETUAL MOTION

Choo Berry, unctuous, upsetting tenor sax with Fletcher Henderson, has pulled a Reginald Foresythe on the country in writing "Christopher Columbus"—meaning that Berry's "Christopher" is one of those affairs that a lot of local hotel bands are going to commit mayhem on in the name of swing. But in view of what Goodman and Fats Waller have done with it for Victor, its treatment on wax has been anything but a manhandling.

Last month we made some hasty miscalls when we were throwing left-handed compliments at Waller. His singing may still be an afternoon at the circus, or better, an evening at the burlesque, but the line about his long treble flourishes hardly sums him up. Rather, Fats should go down in the book for his tremendous drive. Put your ear to his "Christopher Columbus" and try to miss his overwhelming attack—just try. Good god, what power!

As for the Benny Goodman job on the same number, the treatment is perhaps heavier than Goodman's recent stuff leaning toward the soufflé has been. Cornetist Roy Eldridge from Fletcher Henderson's band tosses the meat into "Christopher." When we first [to page 6]

THEN THAT MUSIC

With James Dorsey and Company coming to the Junior Prom, there should be absolutely no doubt in anyone's mind that swing music is about ready for a real demonstration on the campus. Having been impressed forcibly on the public mind, the term "swing" has become a household word with everyone who is the slightest bit music-minded. And like all household words, it has undergone a great deal of misuse and abuse. The great amount of publicity that magazines, newspapers, and radio programs have recently been giving to the term has created the belief that swing is something new and different in the world of jazz; but actually it is part and parcel of jazz, and has been ever since the earliest Dixie Land bands. For years it has been used by musicians in its proper and rather narrow sense, but only since the publicity men and ballyhoo artists got hold of it has it been widely used by the general public. And, as is usually the case when a technical term is passed on to the layman, the word "swing" has come to be used in a loose and sadly inaccurate sense.

To many people "swing music" is anything fast, loud, or boisterous. The outrageous corn dished up by Clyde McCoy, the stupid ump-cha of the Anson Weeks school, and even the pitiful ramblings of B. A. Rolfe have actually been called swing by some of the well-meaning ballyhooers. What a terrific insult to Goodman, Hines, Dorsey, and the rest of the genuine swingers!

There's another group of people who think that anything you can beat your foot to that sounds kinda sweet and pretty is swing. The awful goulash of Lombardo and Garber can be included in this class, but it is positively sacrilegious to call it anything but slop. Fortunately this group of sugar lollypop bands is fast passing out of the picture. Why? Maybe because our old friend Mr. John Public is becoming "educated" by the publicity artists. Maybe because the depression is over. Maybe [to page 4]



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The new interne had just reported to the state insane asylum. The superintendent told him to walk around and he would meet him later. The interne entered a room where one of the inmates was supervising the cutting out of paper dolls. The interne walked up to him and said, "I am Dr. Watson, the new interne." The inmate replied: "They'll soon knock that out of you, I was George Washington when I first came here."

—Lyre

"See here," said the Indian inspector, "it is a violation of the law now to have more than one wife, and the law must be obeyed. When you get back home you tell all of your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

"You tell 'em," suggested the Indian after a moment's reflection.

—Dodo

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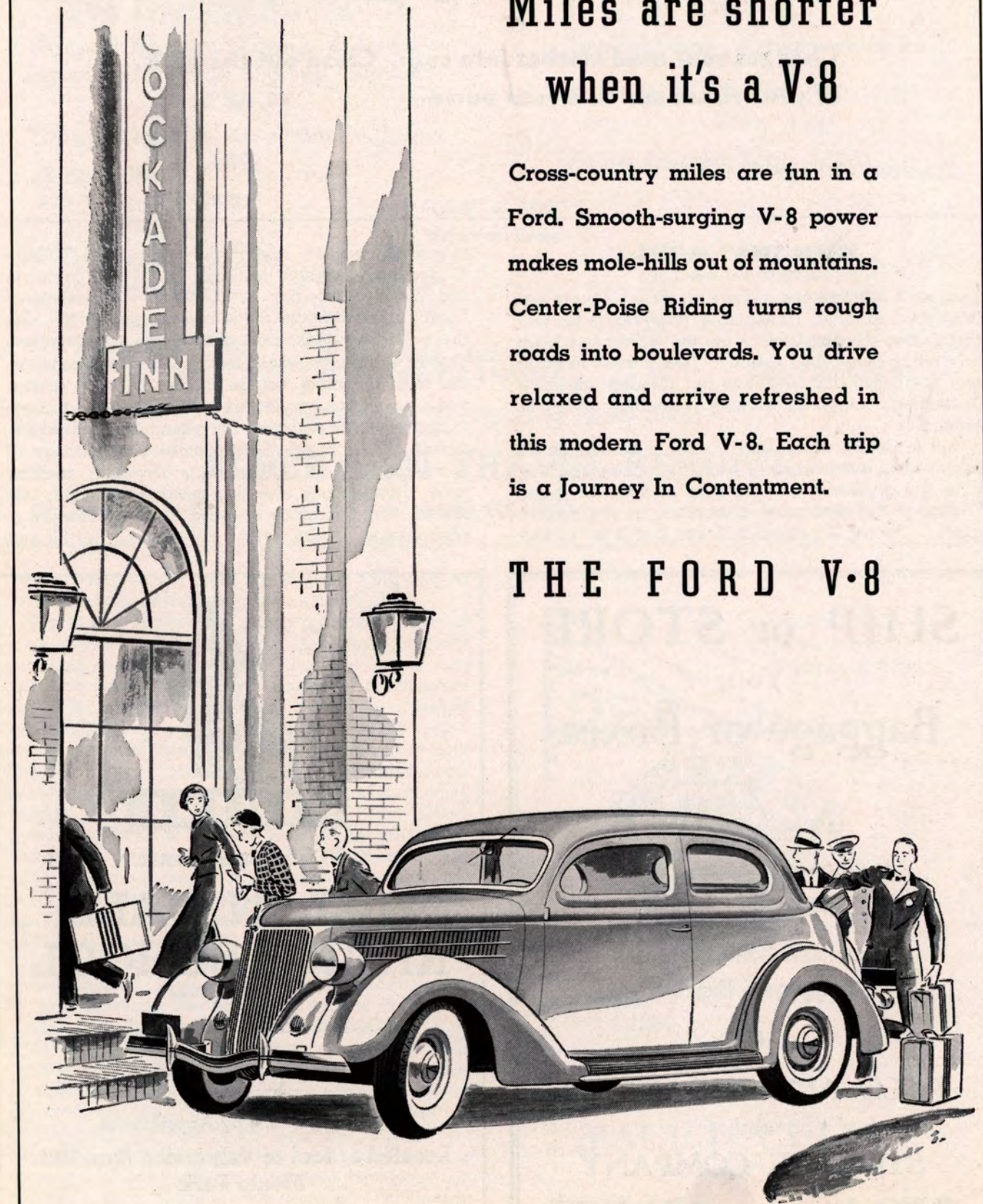
Palo Alto

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THEN THAT MUSIC

(Continued from page 1)

because a rolling stone gathers no moss. Your guess is as good as mine. Undeniable, however, is the fact that during the last year or so, the accent has been on rhythm rather than melody. Take a good listen to any Lombardo disk and note the complete absence of anything that even vaguely resembles a rhythm section.

But to define what swing is not is getting us no nearer an understanding of what it is. Coleman Hawkins, the greatest tenor sax man of them all, says, "Swing is the rhythmical elaboration on the current mode." Benny Goodman believes that it is "collec-

tive improvisation, rhythmically integrated." Gene Krupa, Benny's great drummer, says, "It's complete and inspired freedom of rhythmic interpretation." From these definitions of the masters, we get the idea that swing depends, most of all, upon improvisation. That is, to be completely buoyant, and spontaneous, the musician must not be limited by any written notes, but be free to let his own feelings and imagination rule his playing. For example, in Hawkins' record of "Chicago" (Decca) there is a passage of about sixteen bars where he is obviously reading notes. Immediately after this passage he begins taking off. The difference between the two passages is phenomenal. In the written passage, all the lilt and

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"lift" of the music is gone, while in the following ad lib passage all of Hawkins' genius pours forth.

But to say that written music precludes swing is obviously wrong. The essential difference between arranged and extemporaneous music is one of control. In a large band there is a need for organization and order, otherwise there would be a great deal of conflict and confusion between the various instruments. The old Dixie Land bands, consisting of from four to six men all jamming around a given harmonic pattern, could get away with it because of their small number, but bands like Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Ray Noble et al. must have some kind of organization. Just as in completely ad lib music the result is the expression of the men themselves, in purely arranged music, the result is the expression of the arranger. Most of the arrangements of the bigger bands nowadays are a curious combination of these two extremes. There are ad lib solos as well as ensemble work. And an arranger can swing as well as an individual. The only difference is that an arranger must have ten or twelve men to help him.

How far the popular conception of the word "swing" has wandered from this rather limited meaning! And perhaps it can't be helped. The consistently tin ear of Mr. John Public can hardly be expected to discriminate between pure technical agility and meaningless acrobatics on one hand, and the spontaneous buoyancy of true emotional expression on the other hand. The immense popularity of the gum drop bands is an eminent example of the failure of Democracy.
—Peter Knecht



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SECOND FLOOR

PERPETUAL MOTION

(Continued from page 1)

heard Eldridge's orgies on "Mutiny in the Parlor" (Gene Krupa's Swing Band, Victor) we wondered about him as we wondered about Armstrong; that is, whether he knew where he was going or whether he just flattened his lips and let fly with any note that happened to pop out the other end of the horn. Goodman evidently reined him in a bit on "Christopher," but the undeniable effect of his terrific swipes now brings us completely into camp with him.

It takes time to cultivate a taste for Eldridge, we admit, but you can take a shortcut by grabbing a load of him some night when you can't go to bed right off because when you close your eyes the room starts spinning. Once you do get his idea, then Krupa's "Hope Gabriel Likes My Music" and "Swing Is Here" will be an item, although Goodman's solid clarinet, Berry's tenor, and Krupa's pyrotechnics should be impressive, no matter how you feel about Eldridge. Hear the last half of "Swing Is Here," with Eldridge barely managing to hold himself down in front of the driving rhythm of Krupa's drums and the bass slapping of the newly discovered negro youngster, Israel Crosby, then recall the last half of Ray Noble's "St. Louis Blues" and the difference between the true jazz spirit and the pretty parlor arrangements that are passed off as the real McCoy (not Clyde) will be apparent. Ourselves, we like Eldridge best with the Delta Four doing "Farewell Blues" and "Swingin' on the Famous Door" (Decca). Eldridge is still uncensored but there's more point to what he's playing, and the effortless Dixie Land style of the whole gang (Joe Marsala, clarinet; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass; and Eldridge, cornet) should point out to Louis Prima where he's trying to go. Four more perfectly matched musicians could hardly be found, and if you're inclined to doubt it, notice the way their work is put together. What results is no less than a masterpiece of its kind.

Victor's resurrection of the Jean Goldkette "Clementine" and "My Pretty Girl" (originally recorded around 1927) needs more than passing mention. Hugues [to page 9]

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Little Steve, six, was a blasphemy addict, which caused his mother anguish no end.

One day Steve got an invite to a playmate's birthday party. As he left the house, his mother's final caution was "Stephen, I've asked Mrs. Wilson to send you straight home the minute you use one bad word."

Twenty minutes later Steve was back home. His mother burned. Steve was sent to bed. His attempts at explanation were ignored. A little later, however, his mother softened and went upstairs to see how Steve was taking it. Sitting at his bedside, she inquired: "Tell me truthfully, Steve, just why Mrs. Wilson sent you home? What did you do?"

Little Steve, humiliated but still wrathful, replied: "Do? Do hell! I didn't do nothing. That goddam party ain't till tomorrow."
—Red Cat

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital, where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse, being out at the time, was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father.

"Don't you know better than to come in here in germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her for a moment and then said, "Lady, are you telling me?"

—Rammer Jammer

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AN EXTREMIST

A certain young mother had two sons of extremely opposite types. One was a decided optimist, while the other was an avouched pessimist. No matter what the situation was, one was always certain to look on the bright side of the affair while the other absolutely refused to take things lightly.

Finally, the exasperated young mother decided that the opportune time to cure them would be Christmas Day. So, on Christmas Eve, she filled the little pessimist's stocking with all sorts of things which she thought would delight a young boy's heart. She filled the young optimist's stocking with fertilizer.

Early the next morning she rushed to the pessimist and asked in an eager voice, "Well, son, what did Old Santa bring you?"

"Aw, he brought me a drum with a hole in it, 'n' a bicycle that'll probably break when I try to ride it, 'n'—aw, heck, he didn't bring me anything worth while."

Disappointedly she turned to her little optimist, "What did Santa bring you, my boy?"

The child turned quickly to his mother and, in an excited voice, said, "Oh, Mother, he brought me a horse, but he got away." —Bear Skin

When not facing the microphone, Patti Chapin, songstress, can always be found on a pair of skis.

—New York American

She must have a hell of a time taking a bath.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

PERPETUAL MOTION

(Continued from page 6)

Panassie, the great French jazz critic, considers the orchestra the finest white band ever assembled, but the true flavor of the organization, he thinks, was only once captured on wax—on "My Pretty Girl." The "Clementine" side displays Joe Venuti's violin, Eddie Lang's guitar, and Trumbauer's sax in more recognizable form, but what calls for the repressing of the record is the Beiderbecke cornet solo near the end.

As for discussing Bix, we're just plain incompetent, and so, after swiping several of Eddie Nichols' ideas we might as well come out in the open and quote him from the Penn State Froth concerning two Vocalion revivals of the old Beiderbecke-Trumbauer OKeh series: "The tunes are 'Way Down Yonder in New Orleans' and 'Jazz Me Blues.' The point is this: Bix Beiderbecke (dead 1931), the greatest white musician in jazz—and name a better colored one—is on both of these sides. Now I know these have been revived largely for the musician trade, yet I can't help thinking that lots of other people would get Bix. His ensemble playing, especially as below the clarinet in the first half of 'Jazz Me,' proves the complete musician that is Bix. He dominates without robbing the jam of its unity. From his tumbling cascade of notes in 'Jazz Me' to the slower and more pervasive phrasing in 'Way Down Yonder,' the jazz solo is out of mortal hands."

And there is precious little of Bix that the line about "out of mortal hands" can't be applied to.

—Curtis Prendergast

Coming upon a football which the farmer's son had brought back from school, the rooster promptly called the hens around him. "Now, ladies," he said diplomatically, "I don't want to appear ungrateful, or raise any unnecessary fuss, but I do want you to see what's being done in other yards."

—Wampus

Women frequently are piqued
At men who have unkindly spiqued.

—Pelican

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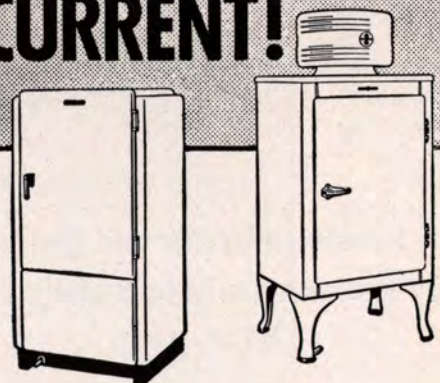
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The sentry challenged the uniformed figure that had entered the camp.

"Major Jones," came the reply.

"Sorry, sir," said the sentry, "Fraid I can't let you proceed without the password."

"Drat it, man, I've forgotten it," snapped the other, "but you know me well enough."

"Can't help it, sir," persisted the sentry. "Must have the password."

"Don't stand there arguing all night, Bill," came a voice from the guard tent. "Shoot 'im."

—Pointer

NONCHALANCE

Lids off to the lad out on the golf course who struck a new high in sang-froid recently. He was teeing off at the first hole, and about three foursomes were waiting for him. At the first stroke, which had a world of power behind it, he missed the ball completely. The waiting crowd shifted on its feet. Once more he missed the teed ball. This happened four times. The crowd was embarrassed, but not so the chap with the club. With an engaging smile, he turned on them all. "Tough course," he remarked.

—Gargoyle

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dance about them. "I'll bet you never saw any dancing like that back in the 'nineties, eh, uncle?" "Once—but the place was raided."

—Pup

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AT LEAST IT'S TRUE

Little Mary was a good girl, but she had a terrific habit of putting things in her mouth which didn't belong there—pencils, moth balls, safety pins, coins, and what not. Now, on a certain morning Mary came tripping downstairs, and as she reached the bottom step she suddenly perceived a bright, shiny ten cent piece on the hall table. Through force of habit, she stepped over to the table and popped the coin into her mouth—then skipped out the door and headed straight for the candy store. In her haste, however, she stumbled, and the coin slid down her throat. Her mother heard the howls and rushed out on to the sidewalk.

As was usually the case in such a situation, Mary was in the throes of a gurgling—bluckeling spasm. "I've—bluck, gluck—swallowed—glug, wlug—a dime!"

A man driving by chanced to notice their distress, and stopped to ask if he could be of any assistance. When the mother had told him of Mary's misfortune, he promptly picked the child up, whacked her on the back a couple of times, and the dime spewed out and rolled about on the pavement.

Mary's mother thanked the gentleman profusely, and then asked, "Would you give me your name and address so that my husband may thank you in person?"

"Certainly, madam; my name is P. Dunk; I live at 234 Fifth Street. I'm an Internal Revenue Collector."

—Jack Scott

SCOTTICISM

*I wish I were your cigarette
All toasted to a turn;
I'd fit so snug between your lips,
And, golly, would I burn!*

—Jack Scott

A professor at Coe College came home to his wife in the wee small hours and proceeded to disrobe. "Dear," said his wife, "you haven't got your underwear on. You were wearing it when you left this morning. I'm perfectly sure." Her spouse glanced down for a moment, puzzled and guilty. Then, like a flash, came the inspiration. "Good God," he said, "I've been robbed."

—Rammer Jammer

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Then there were the two Jews who went into partnership and had as a clause of their agreement: "In case of bankruptcy, the profits shall be divided equally."

—Green Griffin

Marine—You remember when you cured my rheumatism Doc, a couple of years ago and you told me to avoid dampness?

M.D.—Yes, that's right.

Marine—Well, I've come to ask you, can I take a bath?

—Shipmate

Richard R. Ely, 81-year-old economist, and his wife are awaiting the birth of their third child. . . .

Richard, are you sure there aren't wheels within wheels?

—Lyre

The golfer had lost his ball and, not unnaturally was inclined to be annoyed with his caddy.

"Why the deuce didn't you watch where it went?" he asked angrily.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "it don't usually go anywhere and so it took me unprepared like."

—Pup


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EXPECT P. A. TO HIT THE JOY NOTE!

Men, don't put off trying Prince Albert. It is mild and mellow—wonderful in flavor—too good to miss! Smoke 20 pipefuls at our risk. Whiff its fragrance. Note how cool and long-burning each pipeful is. Enjoy steady pipe smoking that does not bite the tongue. So join up today with the world's biggest group of contented pipe smokers—the Prince Albert fans! You risk nothing. P. A. has to please you. Special note for "makin's" smokers—P. A. makes grand roll-your-own cigarettes.

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS
"You must be pleased"

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

PRINCE ALBERT



CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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Your clothes and possessions handled
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Phone P.A. 7302

STANFORD
CHAPARRAL



Photograph by Maxine Kellogg

Barbara Reinhardt

Selected by the men students as
the most beautiful woman attending Stanford

JK
Dean George B. Culver
Administration Building
Leland Stanford University

Dear Sir:

I am a janitor at Leland Stanford,
and though being a menial, I would like
to better myself, and hence have made
plans to attend Stanford next year.

Inasmuch as I am older than the
ordinary lower division student, I
would like to be permitted to live out-
side of Encina, since I sweep there and
know what it is like.

Sincerely,

Joseph Kersowsky
Joseph Kersowsky

Wednesday



George

May 15, 1936

Mr. Joseph Kersowsky
Suite 94
Janitors' Quarters
Campus

Dear Mr. Kersowsky:

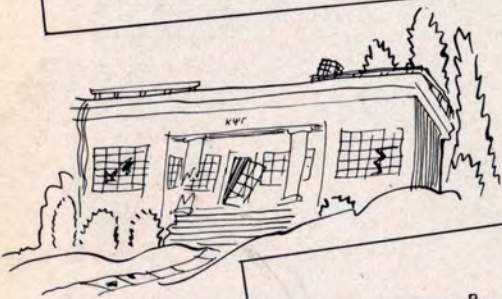
Your request has been given our considera-
tion and is granted, with the provision
that you arrange for living accommodations
in some campus group suitable to this
office.

Yours very truly,

George B. Culver

George B. Culver
Dean of Men

gbc/VC



JK

Dean George B. Culver
Administration Building
Leland Stanford University

Dear Sir:

I have gone through the halls and
most of the fraternities. I regret to
say that while I may be of the down-
trodden, exploited class, I will not
bow my head to the extent of living
where you suggested. I am a janitor,
and I expect to live like a janitor,
not like a dog.

I regret the withdrawal of my
application.

Sincerely,

Joseph Kersowsky
Joseph Kersowsky

—Charles Hood

Tuesday



Fables of the Farm



The best thing about being a tin soldier in the R.O.T.C. is that you get to go to summer camp on a salary. From what we've heard, most salaries barely cover the warrior's grog bills. At one camp some of the boys decided to get a certain very studious cadet drunk. They'd seen one such novice drowned in the idea that he was an alligator, and who insisted on swimming into the board-floored tent on his stomach, so they were particularly eager to see what would happen in the case they were contemplating.

They tramped down to his tent and started haranguing him, arguing that since he'd never tasted a drop in his life, a good healthy drunk would serve as a much-needed relaxation. He consented to go out with them. Grace was said.

What they poured down the lad's throat was, well, everything they could find, with the possible exception of shellac and shoe polish. They brought him home retching and yorking and doubling and re-doubling like a jackknife. They plopped him on the bed and started to undress him. For a second they turned their backs, and when they turned around he was gone.

They looked up at the top of the tent. The suddenly-come-to-life dead drunk had shinnied up the tent-pole and, with his hand shading his eyes, was scanning the horizon.



Yea and verily. And there was amazement in the land and the walls of the tent did flap. And it came to pass that there was more amazement in the land.

"No submarines in sight, sir," he cried. "Prepare to submerge!" And

with that, he grabbed hold of his nose and slid down the pole.

We've always wondered what it was like to be a Phi Bete.

Miss X, Berkeley poor girl attending the University of California, tells us about the summer when her finances had floundered to a new all-time low. She scrambled around for a job and finally found one in the psychology department of the university. The job was serving as assistant to a research professor who was taking rats and making measurements of their development under various foods. He planned to feed them on fine hearts of artichokes. Miss X fed the rats.



At the end of the summer's experiments, the professor wrote a long thesis on the new discoveries concerning rats that had been fed on hearts of artichokes.

Miss X is now writing a paper contradicting his theory on the grounds that she ate the artichoke hearts herself.

The California Hotel in Fresno is a dignified, dull place and you can be sure that none of the guests in THAT dining room eat with their elbows on the table. This particular evening, when three young upstarts from Leland Stanford—male, female, and male, in that order—ate there, the room was moderately full and as usual the air was hushed and heavy.

The three from Stanford decided that what the place needed was life. And so it was that they struck up a bargain. They each agreed to do whatever the others told him, or her, to do—there were to be three tasks, one for each.

The first male's job was fairly easy. He had a sprained ankle and was on crutches. He was required to mount the few stairs that led out of the dining room up into the lobby, tap dancing all the time and whistling his own accompaniment of "Anything Goes." A pair of old maids sitting in a corner started protesting, but the show went on.

Next turn was the girl's. She had to skip across the room with a box of matches, singing, "God Save the King." She did this fairly easily, but became a bit embarrassed during the second half of her assigned duty, which was to light a match under the nose of each member of a family sitting at the other side of the room. With each match, she had to speak a piece, a very cheerful little piece: "Eat your dinner, Neddy!" And she did.

By this time everybody either was watching with great glee or was yelling for the head waiter to stop



this outrageous performance. Little groups of chattering townfolks had gathered at the head of the steps. The organ music in the lobby had been discontinued. The head waiter was the good guy sort, though, and all he did to stop the show was to remind the third member of the party that it was his turn.

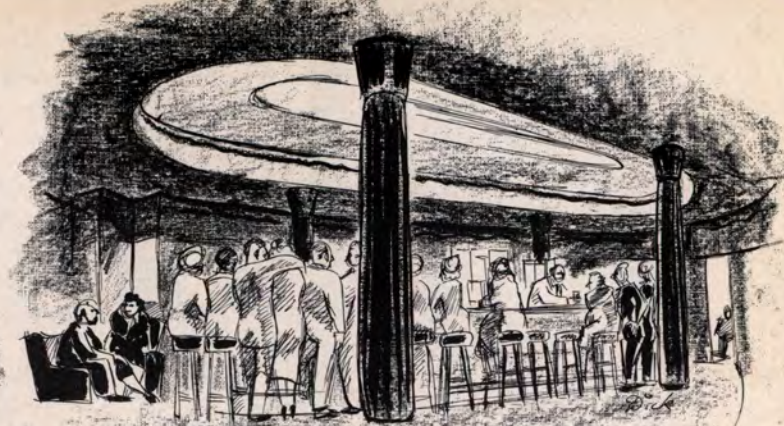
And what a turn! He had to get up, take off his coat, his vest, tie, shirt, and undershirt. When he finally emerged bare to [to page 30]



"We dread the day when the thing grows up!"

GILMANGIST, JR.

\$115 Per Quarter



DEAUVILLE

You've got to hurdle a songbird or an accordionist every time you want a drink . . . but who wants one of their drinks? . . . Added attraction at odd hours: Punch & Judy à la Whiz Bang.



BELTRAMO'S

How Jack the bartender keeps his good nature with such a howling mob of one-glass drunks is one of the major local mysteries . . . Sound most often heard: Geez, didya see how close that came to the dollar hole?



IZZY'S

Better drink your beer from the bottle . . . and as for the other drinks . . . you'd be safer just looking at them . . . Izzy may or may not sleep in his underwear . . . but it's a cinch he goes to bed with his hat on.

MARK HOPKINS

Keystone on the cash register . . . it's shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in one generation for old pappy if sonny spends his week ends here.

MILLER'S

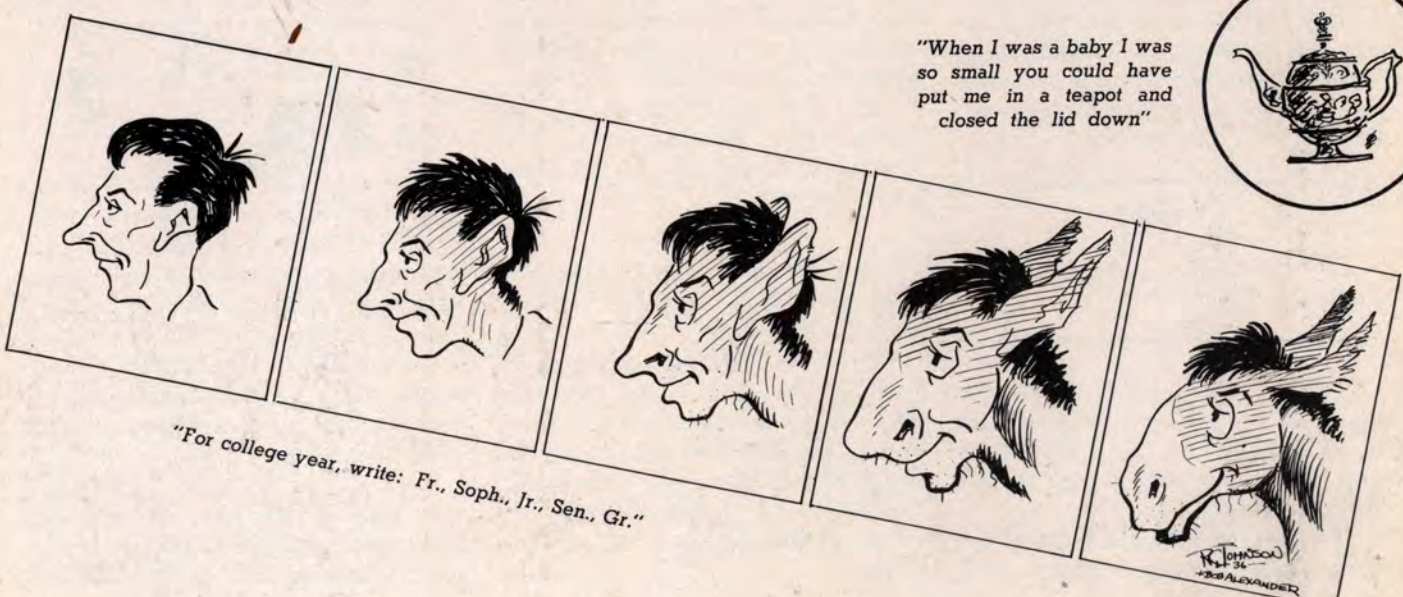
Saturday night here is so much like the inside of a loaded cattle car on a summer day that even the cows would feel at home.



Sketches by Dawson Conclusions by Prendergast



Dick



"When I was a baby I was so small you could have put me in a teapot and closed the lid down"



"For college year, write: Fr., Soph., Jr., Sen., Gr."

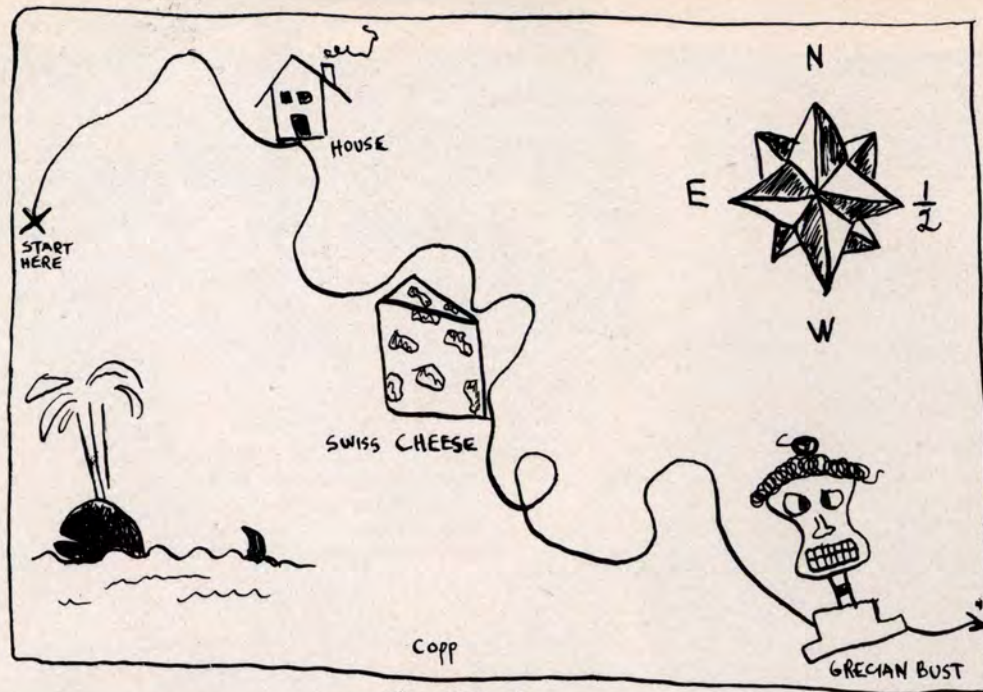


FIGURE 3

HOW TO DRIVE A CAR



Once upon a time I ran over a cat. "Now, this is neither sensational nor interesting," you will say; "thousands of people run over thousands of cats each year and no one is the worse for it; unless, possibly, the cats." But the fact is that this little act of mine made me strangely apprehensive of careless drivers, myself included, and I at once resolved to offer to my readers a free lesson in driving a car.

The first problem which confronts you as a new driver is getting into your car. Unfortunately, this comes under the bumped head department and is too technical for you so early in the game. I might add that as soon as you have seated yourself within you will become aware of a delightful odor. That's because your car is new! New typewriters smell the same way.

The fundamentals! First of all, you must press your foot down on the

starter pedal. It will go "whoosh!" But don't be frightened, it's only natural. The thing to be frightened about is a starter pedal that goes "whish!" Here is a real problem.

After releasing your foot from the starter pedal, you must immediately press down on another pedal. This second pedal, according to those "in the know," is the "clutch." Remember to hold your foot down on it long enough for a vacuum to be formed, which will create a suction for the valves, thus releasing energy

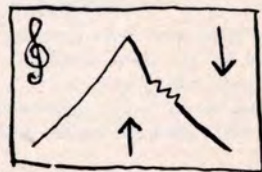


FIGURE 1

into the conrad shift-shaft and the spiral schizomicetes. However, let sex be out of this.

The next thing you do is reach for the black stick-affair over at your right, unless you are sitting upside down, in which case it would be at your left. This is known in garage circles and among those of the horsey set as the "gearshift lever," and it is important (oh, how can I stress this!) that you operate it in a precise manner. Therefore, you will pull it backwards.

In order to obtain adequate knowledge of the "gearshift lever," I suggest that you crawl down into the engine and take a peek around. (For

plutocrats, special excursion trolley cars leave at noon each day.) Care must be taken, however, not to get your feet tangled up in the counter-rod-rod, since you may cause a considerable amount of damage by doing so. While there, observe the sprackles. These ingenious devices are what might be termed the "soul" of your car. Not only do they furnish the combustion for the brakes, but, odd to relate, they dance, sing, and hold prayer meetings each Wednesday night.

As soon as you are reasonably certain that the "gearshift lever" is backwards far enough, suddenly, as though startled by a bird, you should remove your foot from the "clutch" (thus releasing the vacuum and the suction, and killing off the shift-shafts and the schizomicetes to boot).

You are off! Notice the sound of whirring machinery and gadgets flying about inside. This is truly a remarkable mechanism. After you have traveled about thirty feet, you will find it necessary to shift from low to second [Fig. 1], once again operating the black stick-affair. Needless to say, after this has been performed, you will shift from second to high [Fig. 1]. High is a cross between macaroni and roast duck.

"Well," you will say, "by this time I ought to be getting along

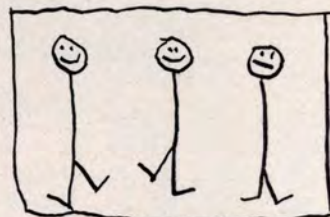


FIGURE 2

famously!" And you will be correct—at least, partly correct. The only trouble is that you seem to have missed one thing completely: You

forgot to turn on the ignition when you started out, all of which will necessitate your going back and starting out all over again!

At this point, several Swedish Anna Hannahs, dressed in the garb of anteaters, come waltzing out to the strains of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." [Fig. 2.]

As you travel along the road, you will become aware of a series of bumps. Better be careful there; those are pedestrians. And this naturally leads us to the matter of brakes. They are good things to know about and I recommend them unreservedly.

In Figure 3 you will see a diagram. I drew it myself, and it is a map showing the route you will traverse on your first lone venture on to the big highway. Let us scan it momentarily.

That house—that's where Granny lives. If you know how to stop the car, you might drop in and pay her a visit. She'll be glad to see you, and may have baked you a pie. As for the Swiss cheese, I put it there in case you run out of gas on a lonely road and get hungry. For three cents extra I'll substitute mush. It's a mystery to me how that Grecian bust got into the picture; it just sort of arrived. I guess the rest explains itself.

Well, that's about all there is to say. I don't have time to answer such questions as: How should I stop my car? or: How do I drive my car? But I wager you'll find out soon enough. And then, if you follow my instructions very carefully, some day, some lovely day, you will arrive!

Just where you will arrive, I really couldn't say.

—Jim Copp

PLAINT OF A PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR

By habit pure, my nature gentle,
Practical and mildly mental—
Men have always been my pals;
They make love to other gals.
Evenings spent in talk didactic
Prove I need a change of tactic.
I must ascertain the fashion
To evoke the tender passion.

—Jean Rouverol



ITEM

A recent song informs us that "Love Is Like a Cigarette." How are these for advertisements?

"Less acid than any other love."
"America's best 15c love."
"Love—it's toasted."

"Our guarantee: the smoothest love on the market or your money refunded."

Senior Class President Whippy Glurp today announces the appointment of the following to the Class of 1936 Committee for the Elimination of Superfluous Committees of the Class of 1936: Joseph Van Teeter Tauter, Susan Zoozin.

Chairman Van Teeter Tauter announces that at the first meeting tomorrow the committee will probably vote to eliminate itself.



The Worm's Turn

I am a rover, and so always can be
 Found wandering 'round: one by land, two by sea.
 I master the mountains
 And roam through the hills
 And bask in the sun beside rivers and rills,
 And sail tourist-third with my good Mother Sills.
 But wherever I go—desert island or city—
 Some sap will appear to say, "Isn't it pretty?"

I stand on a mountain ridge;
 Tendrils of clouds
 Are blurring the valleys,
 Concealing the crowds
 Of irrelevant people who scurry below,
 In the tides of the earth's insignificant flow.
 And I touch eagle's splendor, though dirt-stained and gritty,
 'Til a Girl Scout appears and says, "My, but it's pretty!"

Despite Dr. Johnson's most stern reprimand,
 "Who loves life on the sea is not fit for the land!"
 I firmly take passport and suitcase in hand,
 And stand in the bow, stirring deep to the motion
 And thundering beauty of restless old Ocean.
 Her turbulent grandeur dwarfs passion and pity,
 And a fat tourist frau simpers, "Ach! but dot's preety!"

I stroll through the midlands in constant content,
 The sensuous hills curving fecund, and blent
 With the sweet haze of twilight, enchanting the corn
 To a welter of doubloons; and plenty's full horn
 Fills my heart. And then, "Gerty!
 Jest see that there corn, now. Say, ain't it right purty?"

From a high pent-house terrace I look at the night.
 The town is a tiger of Blake's, burning bright
 With a beautiful ruthlessness, terrible might,
 A tragic black sonnet with words limned in light.
 And though nobody mentions Blake's superfine ditty,
 A Hahvudish lad nasals, "What? rathuh pretty."

So this is my warning; this my last word,
 Though I've been a tolerant, broad-minded bird,
 Who next shall give tongue to this phrase I detest,
 Will find himself bound for the Isles of the Blest.
 I shall beat him and carve him and tear him in two,
 Though heretofore placid—yes, that's what I'll do.
 And as I'm dragged off to a cage for the nitty,
 I'll point to my work and yell, "Now aren't YOU pretty!"

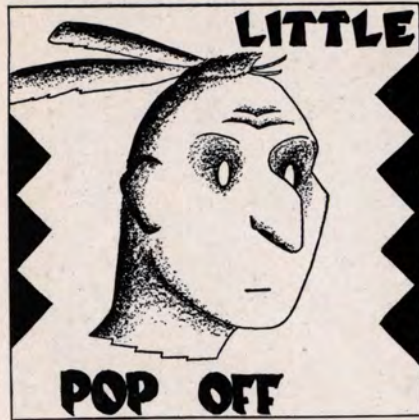
—Anne Ritchie



*Chesterfield writes
 its own advertising*

*They
 Satisfy*





Come time of mid-quarter pow-wow with big chiefs at Pueblo Much High Learning, but no one seem to give a damn, so Pop Off he no give a damn either, but instead, he go and pick wild radish, and send it many water holes away to very fine squaw lady, his mother, on account of what fine day of rest for squaw mothers come around and Pop Off think very nice, and then all braves grow very excited, and run around and have meetings, and hold something that sound like cactus and is just as sticky, and shout and tell Pop Off to put X after name of little Brave-Who-Never-Wash-His-Face, and then more brave come around and say no, and tell Pop Off to put his mark after big Brave-Run-Like-All-Hell, and all braves that no come back to Pueblo come next harvest go around and look wise and try to act like chiefs, and promise to give much wampum to Pueblo when they get to be big chiefs, and talk much nonsense about fine old Pueblo, and fine ball, and spend much wampum, and then everyone go on picnics, and go for ride on ponies with manes clipped in moonlight with squaws, and Pop Off begin to think spring time just about best time he ever see, and so he go out and pick himself fine big husky squaw, that look like good worker, and go out on nice new pony that he borrow, and then he talk silly, and big husky squaw say UGH! and kick poor little Pop Off off pony and ride home by herself, and then poor Pop Off—well, he not very happy.

—Charles Hood

The Pessimist Sings of Love

Love is tyrannical,
Love is a fake,
Love is satanical,
Horrid mistake.

Love is invidious,
Petty, unfair,
Venomous, hideous,
Causing despair.

Love is depravity,
Passionate pain,
Lacking in gravity,
Stupid, inane.

Love is delirious,
Creature of sin,
Priggish, imperious,
Idol of tin.

Fallacy treacherous,
Confidence sunk,
Sickening, lecherous,
Love ... is ... the ... bunk!

—Frank O'Neill

THE NAME, PLEASE?

So help me Hannah, this story is true—in fact, so true that I find it necessary to employ fictitious names in telling it.

Mrs. Gulch was patiently awaiting the day when she would become the mother of a little Gulch. Her husband, William, also was waiting patiently, although he usually had to be reminded of the fact. You see, he was a bit forgetful of such matters. I might add, quite forgetful of such matters.

For his sake, I hasten to explain that he was forgetful of all matters.

Now, these Gulches had an agreement, and it was this: As soon as the anticipated event had taken place, Mrs. Gulch was to phone her husband at the office, explaining to him that he had become the father of a child. Of course Mr. Gulch, upon hearing the glad tidings, would immediately recall that such an event had been expected for sev-



Chappie's Bit

His mother was frightened by a revolving door

eral months, and would rush to his wife's side.

So one morning, after her husband had gone to the office, Mrs. Gulch trotted down to the hospital and had a baby, as prettily as you please. As soon as she was able, she phoned her husband.

He was busy counting the number of books on a shelf opposite his desk when the phone rang.

"Lo, whoozis speakin'?" he mumbled.

"It's me, Willie dear, we have a little baby—a beautiful baby girl!"

There was a slight pause at the other end of the line. And then, summoning forth all the absent-mindedness within him, he replied, "—Uh— who is this speaking, please?"

I imagine this made Mrs. Gulch rather unhappy.

—Jack Scott

WHIM

Let your love be as an apple
To nibble on, and then no more;
Nor gulp in vulgar haste,
For then you'll surely taste
That inevitable bitterness, the core.

RASSLERS AND RUSSLERS



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



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

THE CHAPPIES

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

RANDAL BODDIGH '34
LINK MALMQUIST '29

NOW THAT year of 1906 brought to this Peninsula a great earthquake, called San Francisco, and on the eve of that earthquake was born a society, called Hammer and Coffin.

During the past month the CHAPPIE lads have been celebrating the thirtieth birthday of Hammer and Coffin.

In these thirty years Hammer and Coffin has published CHAPARRAL without aid from the University; it has expanded into a strong national society; the members have maintained all the while a lively spirit of good fellowship and an element of co-operation which made it possible for each of them to become a part of Hammer and Coffin. The Old Boy considers himself justified in feeling rather proud of his brood.

At the same time, the Old Boy hopes—yea, prays—that the next big earthquake will bring with it another useful honor society.

NOW THAT cornerstone for the new theater, according to reports, will be laid some time around the first of June. Happy, happy, happy are the CHAPPIE boys of the last ten years. Hard they worked, saving pennies from drives and shows to give the Administration tangible proof of a strong campus interest in improved dramatics. With the promoting ability of recent Daily men and the advent of University expansion comes the realization of CHAPPIE's original plan. Stanford now has

potential power to create a school of the theater unrivaled by any of the nation's best. The CHAPPIE boys nod a warm approval, and feel that Hammer and Coffin's thirtieth birthday is well fêted.

—Gilman Gist

NOW THAT little gem in Nature's crown known as Palo Alto has been sponsoring a rather drastic campaign against reckless driving. And it has been going on for a period of about two or three years.

First to fall beneath the axe were the speeders. Anyone found traveling along the thoroughfares of Palo Alto (Spanish for "tall tree") at a rate exceeding two or three miles per hour was promptly apprehended by one of the policemen, who comprise roughly three-fourths of the population, and dealt with accordingly.

Very nice—speeding was eliminated, the number of accidents was reduced to a much smaller figure (from two a year to one a year, an obvious decrease of fifty per cent) and everything was rosy.

However (and this is the point at which the Old Boy waxeth hot) the Palo Alto moguls of law and order were not yet content; there were new worlds to conquer, and find them they would. And so it came to pass that several weeks ago the list of regulations was supplemented by several new ones. The moguls started out by announcing that if any speeder, after perceiving a policeman hot on his trail, happened to slow down, he would receive a ticket. In other words, if you are driving at a speed of six miles per hour in a five-mile zone, and you suddenly become aware of a policeman hot in pursuit, and you slow down—you get a ticket. Gosh!

Next and latest in this year's crop of don't-you-do-it-you-nasty-things makes it imperative for you to park your car precisely in line with all other parked cars. That is to say, if the wheels of your car are found to protrude so much as an inch or two beyond the parallel white lines, you receive—guess—a ticket!

Now the Old Boy is serious when he says that he considers strict enforcement a good thing, but he can have little sympathy with any regulations when he recalls that a most unpardonable breach of traffic conduct goes on every day; in short, the march of the snails.

You know them—those of the Palo Alto specie who bring their lunch baskets and loll about the middle of the street in their cars. You know them—apparently deaf, apparently dead. Rumor has it that they are a band of communists who have come to destroy the morale of the citizenry. Sad to relate, they seem to have failed, for life still goes on in Palo Alto (Spanish for "tall tree") and the snails still crawl along in traditional snail fashion, to annoy you, to exasperate you.

Gentlemen of the police department, the Old Boy salutes you! (Spanish for "NUTS!")

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTORS

TO THIS ISSUE

Art

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Literary

Frank O'Neill, Gr.	Peter Knecht, '37
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ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

A newspaper has a certain definite duty to perform for the community it endeavors to serve. In addition to reflecting the local news, it should be the yardstick by which the community is measured by other commonwealths.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

There has been talk of the financial value of the winter sports to the valley. It is said the people passing buy gas, food, oil, etc.

We have not checked up with our to find out the truth or lack of it in local eating places and gas stations this statement so will let it at that until we know more about it:

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

The Woodlake baseball team played two games with Visalia this week. The first, with the Visalia Juniors, who are coached by Constable Bob Abbot was a slaughter of

the home boys and we won't tell you the score.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Now, go on! you mean things!

Mrs. Edith Steinman was given the award for the most comical garb. It was a contraption consisting of big shoes, queer skirt, a gunny sack for a blouse which was stuffed to make it large and a paper sack over the head with only eyes and nose showing. She squalled out all evening did a good many other odd maneuvers.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was born in the backyard of the republic.

He was born on the dirt. . . . in a floorless cabin. He was born in the dark. . . . the cabin had but one window and was covered with greased butcher's paper. His cradle was a dugout log.

His parents were so poor they could send him to school but three months in his lifetime. He learned to read out of the Bible. He walked miles to borrow a book, devoured it, and then walked miles again to return it. The green hills and flowing streams were his geography. The stars at night were his astronomy. The woods was his gymnasium. The neighbors were his psychology.

His were the days of hog and of hominy.

Young Abe never followed the sun around his cabin and let the government support him out of tax money the while he grunted: "All the opportunities are used up." He got an old flatboat, loaded it with merchandise and steered it down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. He saw a slave girl sold from an auction block. . . . and found a purpose in life.

When he was a young surveyor, times were hard and his horse, saddle and theodolite were sold by

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the sheriff for debt. It didn't sour him. He did not turn red.

He wore a wart on his face, which was bigger than the heads of some of the quitters today!

Lincoln showed the way.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Donald Clark is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Oberholtzer this week. He came with his parents from Fresno Sunday and says he thinks Woodlake is lots of fun.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

We think so too.

SOCIETY

A miscellaneous "house keeping" party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brewer, Woodlake on Wednesday afternoon and night honoring Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Rhodes who are planning to start house keeping soon.

Gifts ranged all the way from the small necessities for the kitchen to a cow (left in the pasture), the latter given the young people by Mr. Rhodes, father of the young husband and a bed room set (also not brot for obvious reasons from Mr. Rhodes.

After the young bride had looked over all her gifts some one called her attention to another gift which began to make noises when the box was being opened proved to be a bantam chicken.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

One of the beauty spots of this valley can be found at the home of Mrs. Curtis. She has at present a large number of flowering peach trees in full bloom, their lacy deep pink blossoms making a glow of color for miles around. She has in her front yard a fish.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

What is it—salmon, trout, or barracuda? Come, come, be more explicit!

He states they were married June 27 1934 and after the wedding she became dissatisfied. She once laid in bed and forced his eight year old daughter Betty to mop the floor.

—Woodlake (Calif.) Echo

Maybe she was tired.

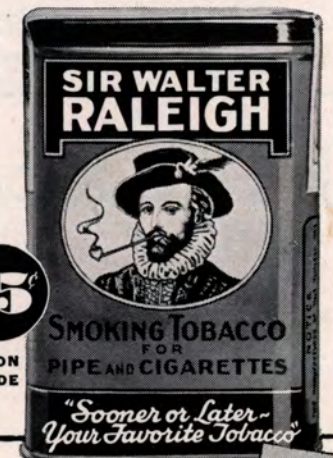


END OF THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE



HE fell from the bar with the greatest of ease when the fumes from that gooey briar got him. Won't some usher please rush out for a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh's peaceful blend—and let the show go on? Sir Walter burns slower, cooler. The air stays cleaner, your tongue stays calmer, and its delightful aroma wins applause from any crowd. Sales go up and up as smoker after smoker finds Sir Walter Raleigh the answer to a pipe-lover's prayer for mildness and fragrance. Sold everywhere. Ever tried it?

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FABLES OF THE FARM

(Continued from page 15)

the waist, the old maids politely turned their heads and shut their mouths (and may be that way now, for all we know). Then he took each dish, each knife and fork, and washed them, one by one, in the finger bowl.

No sooner had he finished the last dish than they all—by common instinct for self-preservation—grabbed their hats, coats, undershirts, and such and ran like hell for the door.

At the University of Colorado there was an amateur Casanova who had intentions of taking his female

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for the evening with him to an all-night hotel in town. Having arrived at that stage which is known as "foxy drunk," he felt that he ought not sign his real name, Robert S. Brown, to the register. He fooled them, all right. He wrote very craftily: Robert J. Brown.

In case you think these fables haven't been very funny, just remember we don't think they are very funny either. But if you drop around some day, we can tell you some that are.

—Curtis Prendergast

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NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from page 1)

Baradas; O'Neill created a sympathetic Richelieu; Clark, wonder of wonders, didn't have much to say as De Beringhen, but was good, anyway. Watson as Julie was well cast and did a good piece of work. The rest of the cast—Drew, Rockwell, Wood, Williams, Gordon, Pryor, Barnes, Dougherty, Scoggins, and Ellington—were capable support, and did very well considering the tendency to be lulled to sleep during the performance. Paul Crary's direction showed effort, too.

We have no fault to find with the presentation; rather, it's just the play itself. *Richelieu* should be reserved for an English course in nineteenth-century drama—should definitely not have been given as a reading.

CRAIG'S WIFE

It's quite a jump from the Graustarkian pleasantries of *The Swan* to the bitter domestic problems of *Craig's Wife*, April production at the Community Theater, but the gap was successfully bridged.

To sum up our glee and gripes in one sentence, the two leads played brilliantly, but with few exceptions were surrounded by a thoroughly uninspired supporting cast.

Rosemary Hay in the title role succeeded in making herself so thoroughly and completely despicable that it took us a week to get over our mad with her; it was a pip of a characterization. One feeble objection we might raise—Mrs. Hay, realizing what a swell voice she has, was inclined to over-dramatize with it. But after all, with a set of pipes like that, why shouldn't they be given full diapason?

To us the surprise of the evening was William Owens as Mr. Craig. The last time we saw Mr. Owens he was doing a neat job of Ol' Nasty Rakovski in *Judgment Day*, and we were flabbergasted at his sympathetic portrayal here. For us he built up his part to a point where we didn't realize how much less Mr. Craig has to do than Mrs. Craig.

Geraldine Schreiber as Ethel was pleasing and restful to the eyes; it's too bad she didn't have more to do. Geraldine Spinelli's Mazie was well drawn and got many laughs. So did the housekeeper, but Zita Narramore worked so hard to develop



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her comic character that the final result must be termed good entertainment but not good theater. Clara Baldwin and Mabel Clark were nice people and that's about all. We'd like to be able to say as much about Leland Poole and Harry Edwards. But we thought Bill Youngs's detective a nice bit of character work, unless he was just playing Bill Youngs.

Direction by Ralph Welles was fine, particularly the build-up to the second-act curtain. And we like Carroll's set—we usually do.

—Fred Clark

LA MATERNELLE

The Clay Theater, featuring the best of the foreign movies, continues to demonstrate that, for all its tech-

nical perfection, the American movie has little genuine thought behind it. Foreign movies may move slowly, some of the effects may be obvious, but their motivation is sincere. They have guts, rather than luster.

There were at least fifty of the dirtiest little rats we've ever seen in *La Maternelle*. They were so natural that frankly, having seen the picture, we were glad we didn't have to clean up after them. There wasn't a Shirley Temple in the lot, and we were glad. Furthermore, the caretakers of the crèche were not villainous—they were very pleasant, harried to distraction by the juvenile infantry.

—Richard Dawson

Marian Seimas

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You remember how the old saying goes: "George Washington—first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Just think, his record would have been perfect if he hadn't married a widow.

—Old Maid

Taken from a freshman placement test paper: A morality play is a play in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters.

—Wataugan

MODERN TIMES

"Well," said the dying business man who was making his will, "you'd best put in a clause about my employees. To each man who has worked for me for twenty years I give and bequeath \$1,000."

"But," protested the lawyer, "you haven't been in business twenty years."

"I know, but it's good advertising." —Mercury

"A widow is the most fortunate woman in the world. She knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead."

—Sour Owl

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Then there's the indignant young lady who exclaimed, "I'll give you just 45 minutes to get your hand off my knee."

—Sour Mash

OUT OF ORDER

Absent-minded professor walking along with one foot in the gutter and the other on the curb was met by a friend who asked:

"How do you feel this morning, Professor?"

"I felt fine when I left home, but I've been bumping for the last ten minutes."

—Log

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—Sign in Bryn Mawr dormitories.

It's a damned outrage, that's what it is!

—Tiger

Two local political candidates were discussing the coming local election.

"What did the audience say when you told them you had never paid a dollar for a vote?" queried one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose interest," returned the other.

—Punch Bowl

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EXPENSE

Two Scots were mountaineering in Switzerland when one of them slipped and fell into a crevasse. The other, peering over the edge, saw his companion holding on almost by his fingernails.

"Are yo a'right, Macpherson?" shouted the man in safety.

"Not exactly that," said the other, "but if ye run down to the village an' get a rope I'll try to hang on here till ye come back. Hurry, for heaven's sake!"

His companion disappeared and was gone nearly an hour. Suddenly his face appeared above, over the edge of the cliff.

"Are you still there, Macpherson?" he called down.

"Aye," in a low, weary tone. "Have ye got the rope?"

"No, indeed. The dirty dogs in the village wanted two pounds for it!"

—Whirlwind

Sweet Young Thing—How far is it to the ground, pilot?

Pilot—Only a stone's throw, Miss.

—Log

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION GUILD
OF CHURCH OF ST. MARY
HOLDS FATHERS' NIGHT
—Portland Oregonian

And the sermon for the evening was probably entitled "Credit Where Credit Is Due."

—Pelican

LIFE'S BIG MOMENTS

A tourist traveling through the Texas panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station.

"Looks as though we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Well, I hope so," replied the native, "Not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."

—Pointer

Some day we hope to see a waiter with enough of what it takes to lay the check face up on the table.

—Pelican

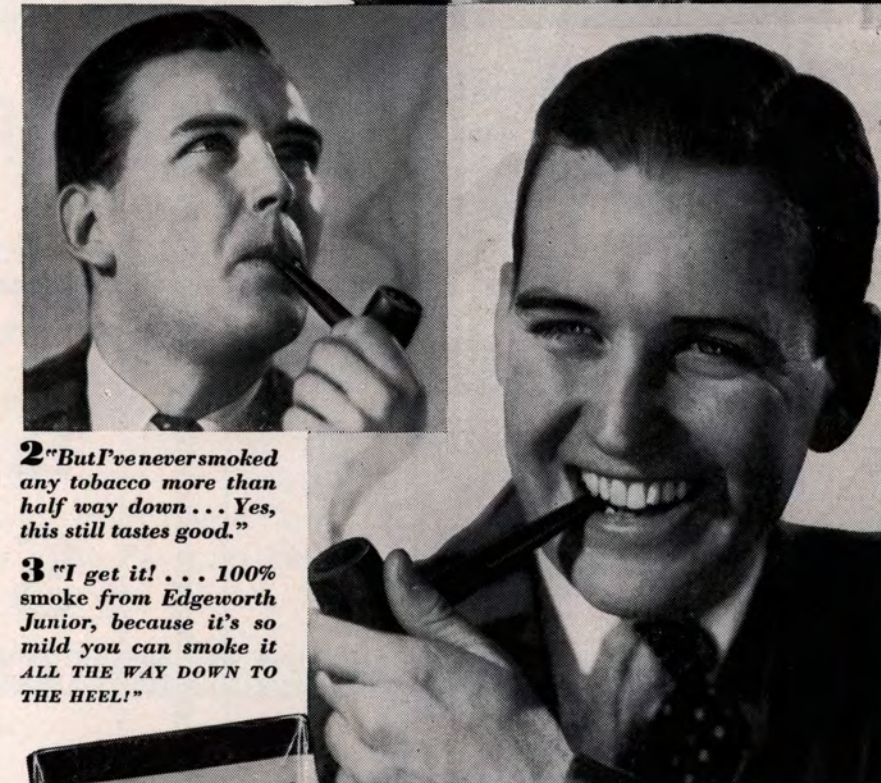
As careful as a nudist climbing a barbed-wire fence.

—Pointer

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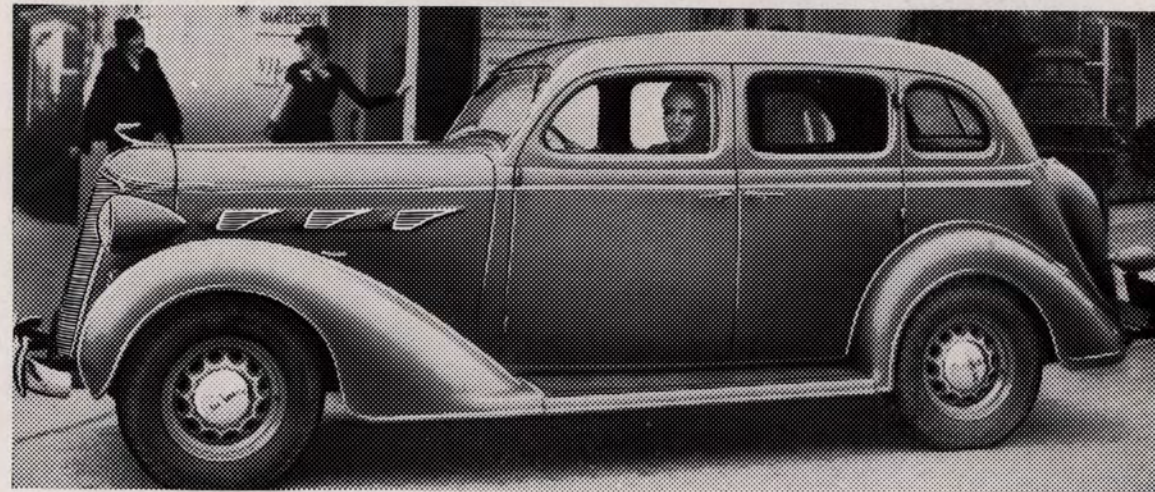
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