

**BIG GAME  
NUMBER**

*Red  
Honey*

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload



15¢

# POWER



Here's power — the fleet-footed power of the half-back. Away like a flash—drive that takes hills and pulls with sure-fire action. And General is always the same—it never varies. You always get that same motor-vigor, that

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H. A. BEEGER, '14, Distributor

# GENERAL GASOLINE & LUBRICANTS



# Fisherman Says He Never Gets a "Bite" From This Tobacco

However, it helps him get the kind of "bites" he wants

The sport of fishing seems to enlarge men's souls, despite all the fish stories we hear. Let a man find a hole where the fish are biting well, and nine times out of ten, if he is a true sportsman, he will let his friends in on the good news.

Evidently the same thing holds true of pipe-smokers. Take the case of Mr. Massey, for example. He has learned from a fellow fisherman how good Edgeworth is, and now wants to tell the world about it himself.

Larus & Bro. Co.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:  
Jasper, Tenn.,  
March 23, 1927

I have always wanted to smoke a pipe. After several attempts I gave my "taste" up, for with each trial I got a blistered tongue.

One evening, when looking over a certain outdoor magazine, I read that a certain fisherman could catch more fish when using "Edgeworth," so I decided I would try "his" tobacco—for I am no poor fisherman!

The next day I tried to secure Edgeworth. The local country storekeeper did not have it, so I sent by a friend to the city for my first Edgeworth. Two things have happened: I still smoke Edgeworth, and the local storekeeper always has a supply.

I catch fish and never get "a bite" from Edgeworth!

Yours for keeps,  
H. V. Massey



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, Dept. S, Richmond, Virginia.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Virginia—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.]

## HANCOCK BROS.

### TICKET PRINTERS

25 JESSIE STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO

print about 90% of the Football Tickets on this Coast.



Note the fine work on the Big Game Tickets

Eddie—I'm debating whether to kiss you or not.  
Co-Eddie—What are you waiting for? An audience decision?—*Wampus.*



#### IN THE FAMILY

Auto Tourist—I clearly had the right of way when this man ran into me, and yet you say I was to blame.

Local Cop—You certainly were.

Autoist—Why?

Local Cop—Because his father is mayor, his brother is chief of police, and I go with his sister.—*Bison.*



"What's that?" asked the customs officer, as he spied a bottle under the seat.

"Only wood alcohol," replied the returning passenger.

"Oh, is it?" said the customs officer, taking a long drink. It was.—*Lampoon.*



"Know why I fell for you?"

"Yes, John, me eyes."

"No. Your line was just low enough to trip me."  
—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*



He—That fellow you just danced with is in my class.

She—You flatter yourself.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



Co-ed (as they danced)—I believe in a girl having a mind of her own; I for one am not easily led.

He (between the dips)—So I perceive.—*Drexer.*

One-half mile north of Sunnyvale



Eight miles south of Palo Alto

ON THE HIGHWAY

## "Dance between courses of a Delicious Dinner"

### OUR SPECIALTIES

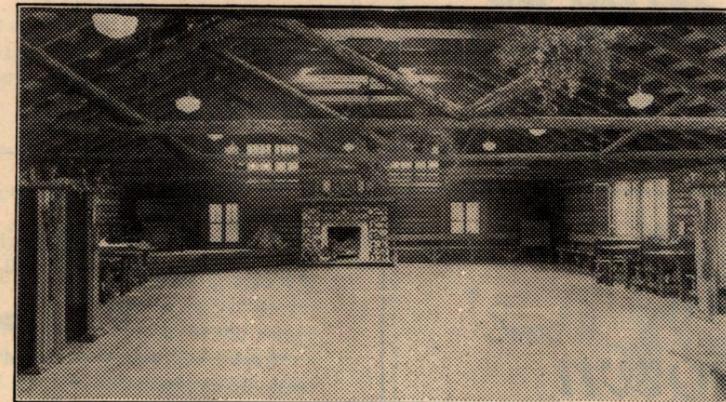
One-half Fried Spring Chicken - 50c

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J. A. DE VITA, Mgr.

Phone: Sunnyvale 50-J

While in college I have not flirted, had a date, met any of the boys, or yelled at the wrong time at a game. This is my first day at college.—*Georgia Cracker.*

He (after fumble)—They've lost the ball!  
She (excitedly)—Oh, no! There it is!—*Virginia Reel.*

Judge—What is the charge, officer?  
Officer—Driving while in a state of extreme infatuation.  
—*Princeton Tiger.*

Janitor (to caller)—Good morning! So you need five rooms and a bath?

Frosh—I vas looking for five rooms. Never mind vat else I need!—*Wet Hen.*

"My girl got her nose broken in three places."  
"That'll teach her to keep out of those places."  
—*Buffalo Bison.*

"I call my car Duofold."  
"Why?"  
"Because it's a Parker."—*Buffalo Bison.*

## Palo Alto Book Shop

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TRY US ONCE  
AND YOU WILL AGAIN

511 Emerson Street  
Bet. University and Hamilton

"Going around with women a lot keeps you young!"  
"How come?"  
"I started in going around with them four years ago when I was a freshman, and I'm still a freshman!"  
—Columbia Jester.

"Look here," loudly exclaimed the indignant customer, "these eggs are not fresh!"  
"But they must be," said the grocer. "The boy just brought them from the country this morning."  
The customer looked suspicious. "Which country?" he demanded.—Country Gentleman.

"That's one thing I like about my girl."  
"What's that?"  
"The guy she goes with."—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

## CELEBRATE

After the Game

November 19, 1927

SPECIAL DINNER  
served throughout the evening, \$5.00 per cover  
GUEST DANCING

Special entertainment by the CONTINENTAL FOLLIES  
and the NEAPOLITAN QUARTET

Souvenirs — Joy Makers — Surprises

## Gate Marquard

Geary at Mason  
Phone Prospect Six-One  
San Francisco

### THOUGHTS IN A COLLEGE LIBRARY

Damn hard book this. The criminal population of the United States is composed of heterogeneous, complex groups.—Nice girl, there, in the blue hat.—Police court statistics in regard to criminality—Hm, some nifty legs. Wonder if she minds my looking at her?—Damn it, I'll never get through at this rate.—The problem of the unadjusted girl in the blue hat—hell, no—the problem of the unadjusted girl is a serious one—She's looking at me. Boy but she's pretty.—Sexual promiscuity is caused by nifty legs—no, by social maladjustment.—But hats give rise to insanity.—Damn it, if she doesn't get outa this library I'll go nuts.—It is impossible to estimate the loss caused annually by sky-blue eyes—damn those legs, why doesn't she keep them under the table—blue hat, blue hat—uses a lot of lipstick—what legs—I wonder if she—Aw, hell, I'll do this tomorrow.  
—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

Angry Little Boy—Muscle Shoals!  
Kind Old Man—There, there, little fellow, why are you crying Muscle Shoals?  
Angry Little Boy—That's the biggest damn I knows of.  
—Mugwump.

### TOO LATE

An historic quip comes to us from the days of the American Revolution. It seems that one day General Greene says to Washington, "We'll have Burgoyne and Cornwallis against us in the next campaign." To which Martha's spouse quickly replies, "And Howe." Whereupon General Greene turned pink with envy.—Ski-U-Mah.

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## LAUNDRY SERVICE

"Where clothes snowy white reflect methods right"

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Hats and  
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Suits (imported woolens).....\$60 to \$ 90  
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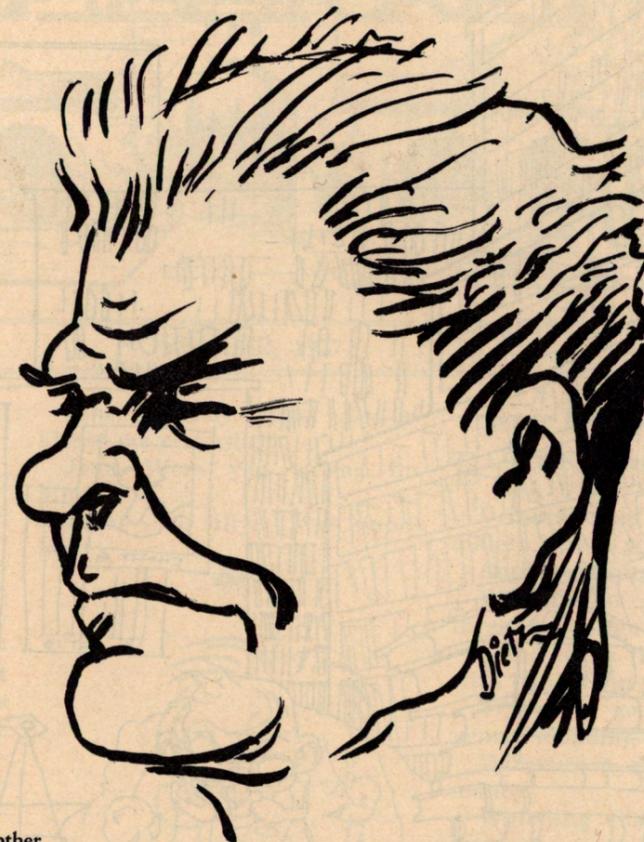
For Autumn —  
The Leather Coat's  
the Thing

# 49 50

in Cardinal - Green - Brown  
Blue

### I. MAGNIN & CO.

GRANT AVENUE at GEARY  
SAN FRANCISCO



As one Coach sees Another  
Sketch by "Lone Star" Diets

Glenn S. Warner

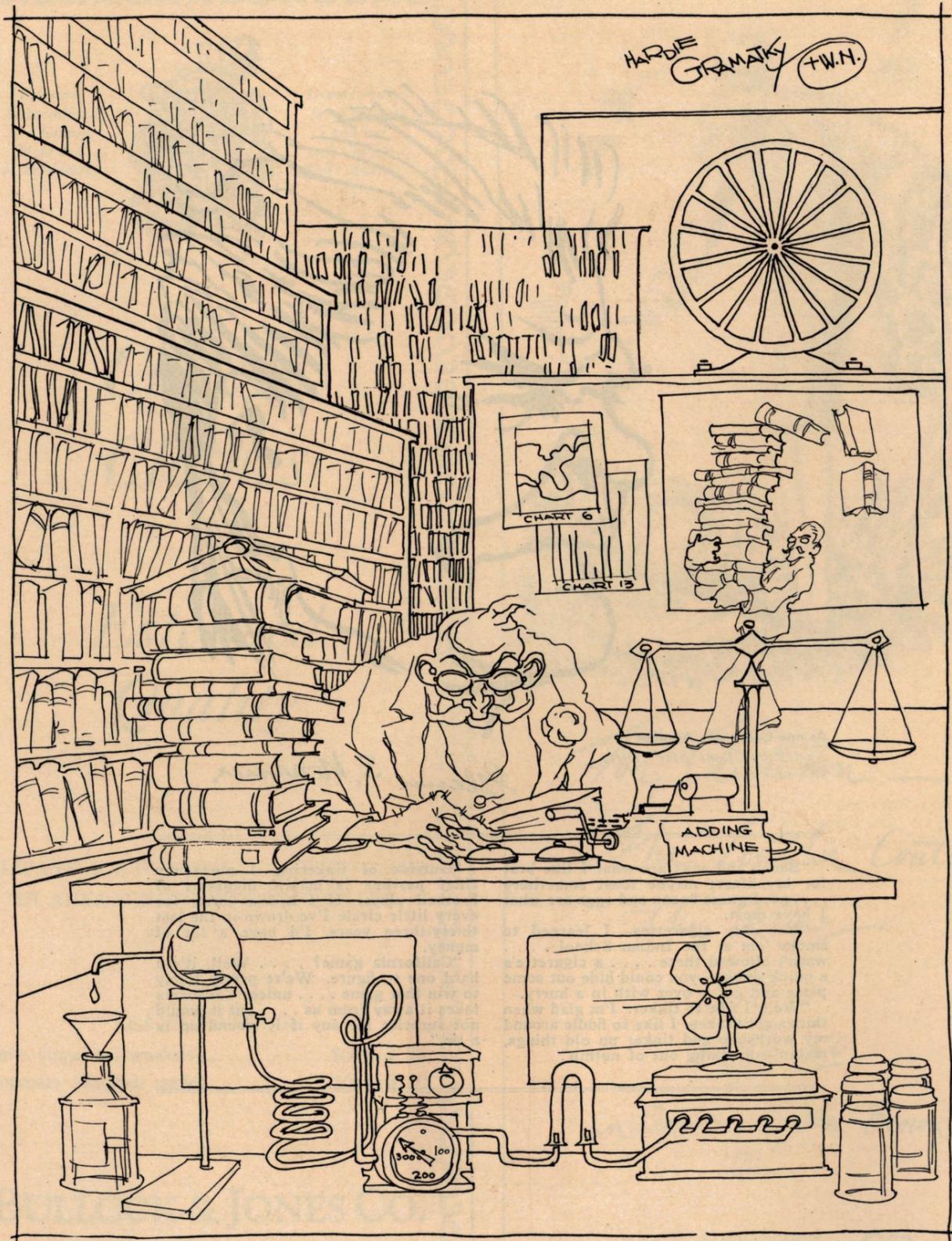
"Bacon and eggs are what I like best for breakfast; maybe toast sometimes . . . no, I guess bacon and eggs are what I have most.

"No, only cigarettes. I learned to smoke 'em at the Indian School . . . wasn't allowed there . . . a cigarette's a quick smoke—you could hide out some place and get it over with in a hurry.

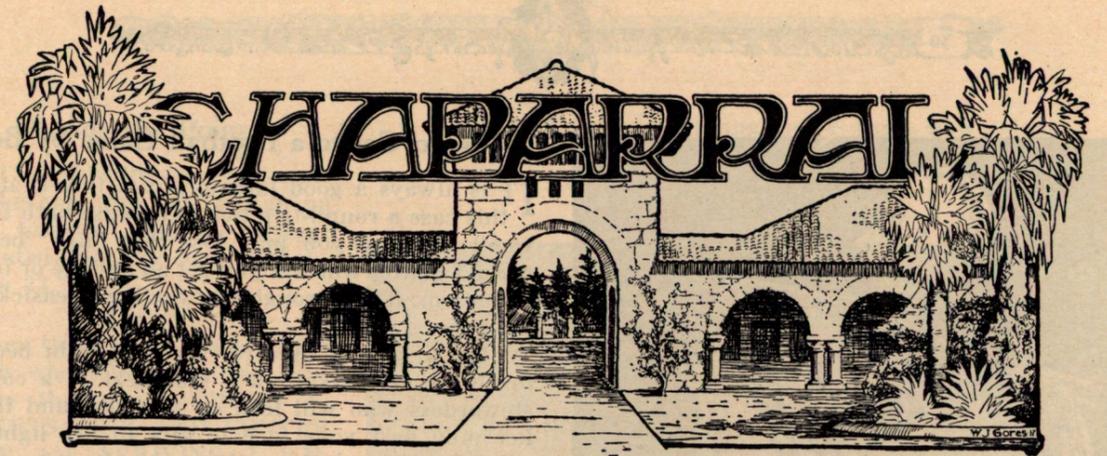
"Well, I like to tinker. I'm glad when things get broken. I like to fiddle around my workshop and tinker up old things, makin' something out of nothin'.

"Outside of tinkering, I guess my chief pastime is makin' diagrams of football plays. If I had a dollar for every little circle I've drawn in the last thirty-three years, I'd have a lot of money.

"California game? . . . Well, it's a hard one to figure. We're pretty likely to win that game . . . unless California takes it away from us . . . but it would not surprise me any if it wound up in a tie."



The Inventor of the Football Ticket Application Blank



**The Referee According to the Rival Rooting Sections**

HE is decidedly prejudiced and open-minded, one who is paid to throw the game and whose integrity is beyond question. He is deaf, dumb, and blind and his penalties are carefully and sagely observed. He is an ignorant moron and an experienced student of the game whose decisions are inexcusable and are based on the policy of fair play. He is a robber and a worthy official who ought to be shot and congratulated.

N. C.

Janet — That artist Cowles kissed me yesterday.

Jane—Were you sitting for him?

Janet—No, silly, I was standing.

**Some Examples of Futility**

**B**LOWING smoke rings in the dark.

Drinking a fifth of gin immediately before going to bed.

Apple-polishing.

Waiting for a street car at three in the morning.

Going to an Italian restaurant with two bits in your pockets.

Trying to get gum out of a penny weighing machine.

Marrying a rich girl for her money.

Watching Clara Bow in the movies to see how to acquire "It."

Trying to borrow money from a student.

J. T.

**THE SEVEN CARDINAL SINS**

1. Imports
2. The Arts Balls
3. Sloppy Socks
4. Strongly Reinforced Cords
5. Parties of Five
6. The Cactus Gardens
7. This Number on a Cube.

F. K. M.

**Confession**

YOU think that I'm untrue to you,

And care for but your dough?

You think that I'm untrue to you?

What makes you think it's so?

You think that I'm untrue to you,

And do not give a damn?

You think that I'm untrue to you?

You bet your life I am.

E. L. S.



A Party of Six

**As It Was**

Student—I wonder if we can beat Hoozis this year?

Manager—I sure hope so—it'll mean the league championship.

**As It Is Now**

Student—I wonder if we can beat Hoozis this year?

Manager—I sure hope so—it'll mean another cool hundred-thousand in gate receipts.

"Why is everybody asking so many questions about Hazel lately?"

"Oh, she always keeps her boy friends in the dark."



The Player Who Won the Heinz Pickle Corporation Scholarship

HARRY'S friend had lain awake all night thinking of his girl. He was violently in love with her, she with him, but her parents wouldn't let him marry her. Wouldn't even let him see her. So Harry had taken him out to breakfast to try to cheer him up. Joe, however, remained unapproachable. Harry decided to order.

"Cantaloupe, Joe?" he inquired.

"Hell no," replied Joe. "Her old man's got her locked up in her room. I can't even see her."

"Life's just too sweet," remarked the lady with diabetes.

### How to Get to a Football Game by Boat

IT is always a good idea to buy a ticket, and in this case a round-trip ticket, because both teams won't win and you may lose that "fish" bet. It doesn't matter whether you get an outside or inside stateroom; if it's a rough trip you'll get seasick just the same.

Try to get on time for the boat-train because tardiness may result in a seat next to a colored stewardess who will lean on your lap and thrust her mug past your face to talk to her light tan gentleman friends from the cook's department.

On arrival at the boat get your keys and go hunting for your luggage. Two hours can be spent very enjoyably in this manner. Next try and find your room. Open all the doors on your side of the ship and immediately say, "I beg your pardon; I guess I'm in the wrong room." Don't be too obvious in this, because women *will* get hysterical and the captain isn't one of these sissies who just adore college boys.

Don't borrow your roommate's clothes; he may misunderstand you, especially if he never went to college. Go down and eat all you can, but give the others at your table a chance; and remember they have never had the tremendous advantage of an Encina Commons training. Don't ask the waiter how he hit that Poli. Sci. ex.; he might hit *you*.

They have a dance after dinner. Get to the dance floor early and play with the instruments. This is great sport and you will become very well acquainted with the musicians, who will laugh heartily when you break the reed in a saxophone or crack the head of the banjo.

You now have a choice of two things, viz.: Go to bed and get a good sleep to prepare you for an attack of *mal de mer* in the morning, or get roaring drunk and make a night of it. The latter is recommended because you won't know in the morning whether you are seasick or have a hangover.

Get up in the morning and do your two hours of applied practical indigestion and leave the boat as soon as able.

The bus will probably get you within ten miles of the stadium about the last quarter of the game, but you will probably tell your friends it was a great game and you had a wonderful trip, because the Honor System does not apply to ordinary conversation.

—DONALD CAMERON

"So you have been in Germany. What do you think of Danzig?"

"I like it a lot, but I won't dance with anybody who has a cold as bad as yours."

### Beside the Point

THE world's greatest optimist: The guy who puts a sign on the bulletin board saying: "Wanted—Six Big Game tickets. Room 23."

Then there is the Uncle in the South who telegraphs two days before the game: "HOLD 17 TICKETS SIDE AND CENTER STOP AM ARRIVING 7 P.M. WITH ORGANIZED PARTY."

Even a football game has its pathos. Think of the old man who spends forty-five minutes climbing the stairs up the outside of the stadium, only to find that his seat is in the bottom row on the inside.

Then there's the pest who knows all the players by their first names and has been on parties with all of them.

Ain't it funny how the biggest football game of the season pales into insignificance when a couple of kids start a fist-fight over in Section XX?

Our idea of a poor fish—The guy who pays twenty-five dollars for a ticket and then passes out in the middle of the first quarter.

—PHILIPPI

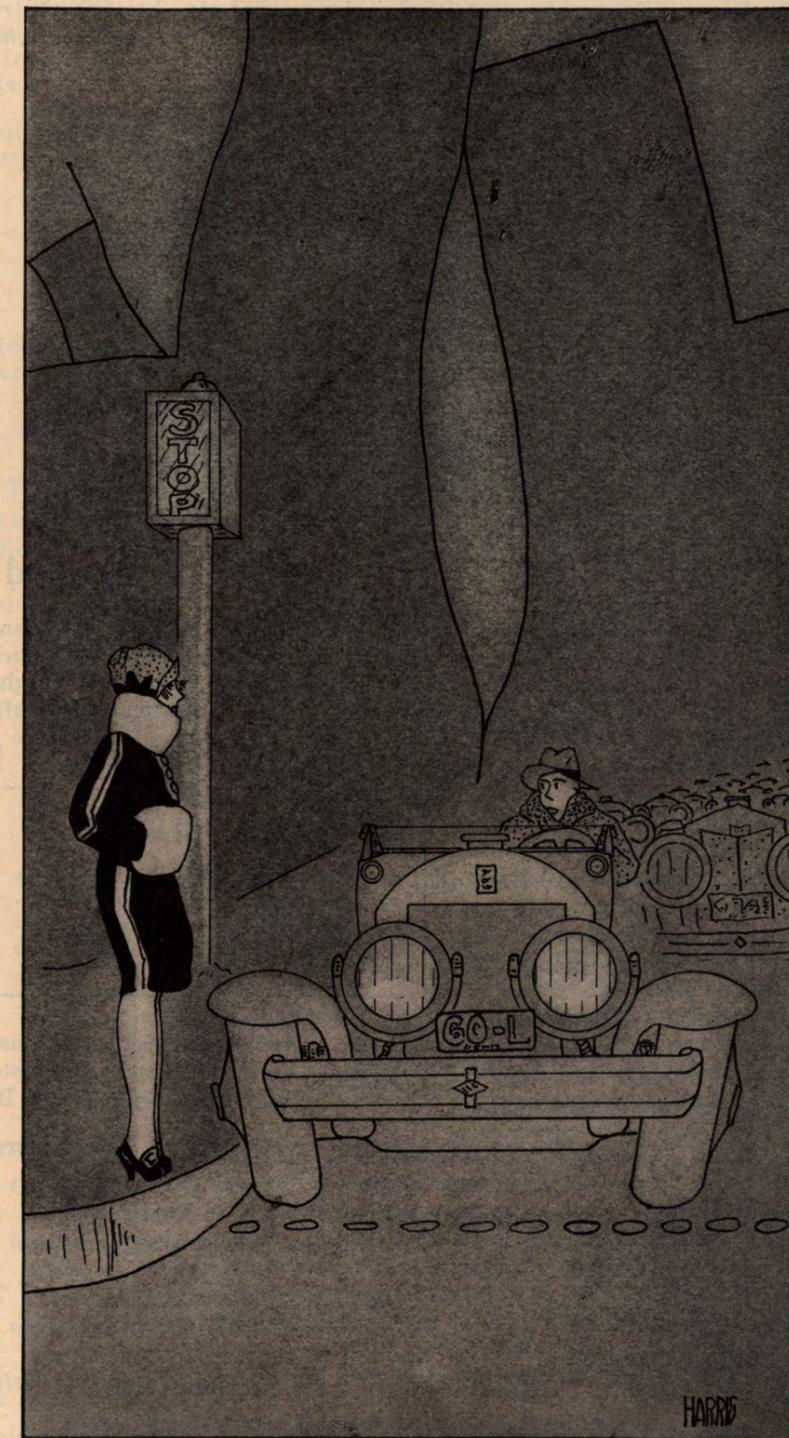
### A Modest Proposal

I'M poor, but if you'll marry me I'll give you what I can afford, And always love you faithfully. I'm poor, but if you'll marry me I'll build a cottage by the sea. We'll drive no limousine abroad: I'm poor. But if you'll marry me I'll give you what I can—a Ford.

H. S.

"What'll you name it?"  
"Guess we'll call her Clara Bow, after her legs."

MANY girls are getting men's wages now-a-days—but then, they always have.

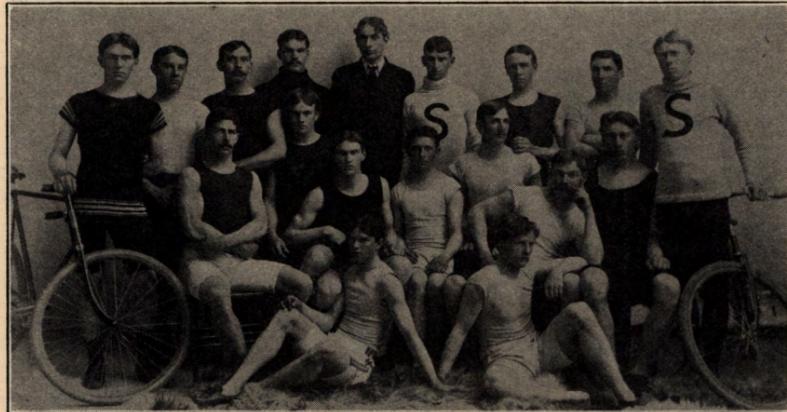


AUTO-SUGGESTION

## THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Being nothing less than a play-by-play account of the Epochal Gridiron Struggle between the mighty HAMMER AND COFFIN eleven, and the baker's dozen of scrawny athletes sponsored by the STANFORD DAILY. To avoid professional jealousy, and also because the reporter missed the game entirely due to a previous engagement, fictitious names will be used throughout.

(See the pretty picture).



To our left we see the undefeated Hammer and Coffin eleven or so, awaiting the word to don nose-guards and thingamajigs for the Battle of the Century. Readers will, of course, recognize Leonardo da Vinci, who was elected to membership on the strength of his art work, though never actually a contributor to *Chaparral*. Needless to say, Lon Chaney, the Hunchless Hunchback is also in the picture, disguised this time as a Harley-Davidson bicycle. The photographer does not appear, as the flash went off before he could get around in front. He was madder than all get-out.

### How It All Happened

**FIRST QUARTER:** Hammer and Coffin threw a seven and chose to defend both goals. Da Vinci kicked to Quixote who mistook the ball for a seagull and was dreadfully embarrassed. It was anybody's ball on the Mason-Dixon line. Referee wet his whistle. Mephistopheles crashed through center for God's sake, and center crashed into him for a broken nose. Time out on general principles. Munchausen ripped off ten yards around both ends and his suspenders. The ball was recovered and both sides penalized for roughing the turf. Quixote wandered off absent-mindedly in search of a windmill. Boccaccio laughed salaciously as the gun went off accidentally.

snapped back, snapped up, and deflated. Friar Tuck tore off his garters through right tackle. Khayyam crashed through Chaucer, who blushed furiously. Both sides penalized for playing to the gallery. The two teams were preparing to compose a bigger and better *Rubaiyat* as the timekeeper's gun jammed at the end of the third quarter.

#### Card of Thanks

Hammer and Coffin wishes to express its gratitude to those thoughtless individuals who so kindly furnished artificial flowers for its fallen gladiators.

**Full Moon:** The ball was in play in mid-field and not enjoying things any too much. Goethe took the ball by mistake and was carried off in sections. The situation grew

tenser and tenser! The field was covered with tense! Mephistopheles passed to Da Vinci who passed to John Baptist, who passed out completely.

#### The Players, In Order of Disappearance

**SECOND QUARTER:** Ball was given to *Stanford Daily* by person or persons unknown. Khayyam mistook ball for a jug of wine and began to babble incoherently. Don Juan took the ball, made out a receipt for it, and dashed off indiscriminately. He was called back and the field judge boxed his ears. De Maupassant fell on a dog instead of the ball and was severely bitten on the fifteen-yard line. The coach shot himself and the half was over.

**LAST QUARTER:** The whistle rang. The gun kicked. Aristotle blew his nose. The ball was

HAMMER AND COFFIN	LER	STANFORD DAILY
Sam Pepys	LER	Pug Rabelais
Ormy Ormiston	LTR	Simon Legree
Mike Angelo	LGR	Plastered Paris
Jeff Chaucer	C	Arsenic Aristotle
Spike Boccaccio	RGL	Biff Cervantes
Fritz Goethe	RTL	Buck Balzac
Johnny the Baptist	REL	Dick de Maupassant
Leo Da Vinci	Q	Don Quixote
Baron Munchausen	RHL	Homer Khayyam
Mephistopheles	LHR	Friar Tuck
Lord Byron	F	Don Juan

## Orchids

SOFTLY I gaze at them,  
Nature's fairest, delicate and perfect.  
In them I scent the coolness of the trees,  
The joyful splashing of waterfalls,  
The flutterings, beautiful and fresh,  
Of the woodland wings of birds.

And o'er them bends the gleaming form  
Of one so fair she seems not of the earth.  
Herself an almost-flower,  
She murmurs gently, low:  
"How beautiful, how pure!"

Well, blast it all,  
She'd better murmur it.  
They socked me twenty-four dollars a dozen!  
—ROBERT A. HUME

### This Is Awful Funny

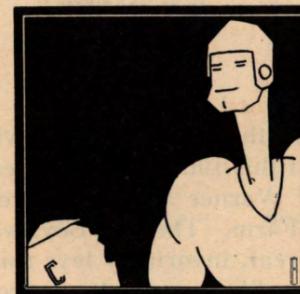
**Geology Professor**—Mr. Rankins, how does it happen that you have hill No. 20 over here where valley No. 13 is supposed to be?

**Rankins**—Merely a topographical error, sir.

### A Total Blank

HE held the gun to his head, a look of anxiety, eagerness, and fear crossing his face. He grew tense, and gradually, gradually applied pressure to the trigger. At last a deafening detonation, a resounding crash, and the timekeeper sat down to watch the Big Game kick-off.

R. C.



**Varsity Man No. 60** — WHY DON'T I GET INTO ANY OF THE GAMES?

**Coach**—I'M SAVING YOU FOR THE JUNIOR PROM.

### Epitaph

DECK her in purest white,  
Virginal, fair,  
Fasten a blossom wreath  
'Round her bright hair.

She is so beautiful,  
Think not of death:  
Parted her lips are,  
As to draw breath.

Gaze on that lovely form  
Long as you will:  
She is unheeding,  
Lifeless and still.

On her cold bosom  
There is a sign:  
"This dress was eighty-five,  
Now forty-nine."

H. S.

### Justifiable Herpicide

"This is all over my head!"  
"What?"  
"Dandruff."

### Deduction

IT was Sidney's first year at college—and for that matter his first experience away from home. Consequently, he was listening with much interest to the cynical remarks of a few sophomore friends of his roommate, who had just dropped in for a short bull session. (Anything that breaks up before eleven P.M. being a short bull session.)

As the talk wandered from professors to football and from football to personal experiences, his wonder grew. But when one fellow began enthusiastically to describe a heavy date, outraged innocence triumphed and Sidney blurted forth:

"But I say, fellows, don't you know it isn't gentlemanly to talk about a lady?"

To which the sophomore wearily replied: "That's all right, sonny, run on back to bed. Nobody said anything about being out with a lady." L. H. K.



"WELL, DEAR, EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T GET TO PLAY, YOUR SUIT LOOKS ADORABLE ON YOU."

# The Stanford Chaparral

VOL. XXIX NOVEMBER, 1927 No. 2

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ESTABLISHED 1899 ORGANIZED 1906  
 'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL.  
 REFLECTIONS

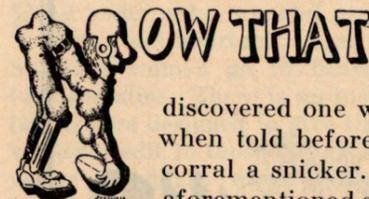
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## NOW THAT

LEAVES only Ursus, the Berkeley Bear, who has an appointment this 19th inst. with Head Taxidermist "Pop" Warner and his apprentices. Bear skins, well tanned, are fine fixtures for a Farm. The Old Boy, who finds it difficult to be serious at other seasons of the year, invariably lays aside his sense of humor at about this time, swings the Silver Sledge and shouts from any handy pulpit that we have but one mission on this earth—to whip California. The Foolish One insists that, now as always, the Big Game is the One Event of the year. So be it! Let us, therefore, keenly whet our larynx, that no man may be able to speak above a whisper when the day of days is done. If such there breathe, let him be shot! And the louder may we shout for that our Frosh have

tacked up a fine yearling Bear pelt, demonstrating, with vigor to spare, that the much-touted Cal Frosh were a bit too touted. One down, and another to go! Let there be huzzahs for that the Stanford Varsity have, like good crap-shooters, built up big from doubtful beginnings with a few well-aimed passes. Let there be a cheer for Captain Hal McCreery; a wide salute to Mr. "Spud" Harder, who values his bones so lightly and his Alma Mater so highly; and thanksgiving for the privilege of living on the Farm! And here and now the Old Boy sets forth his editorial policy for November: He has wagered everything, except the Silver Sledge and one pair of clean socks, on the wearers of the Cardinal. Go thou and do likewise.



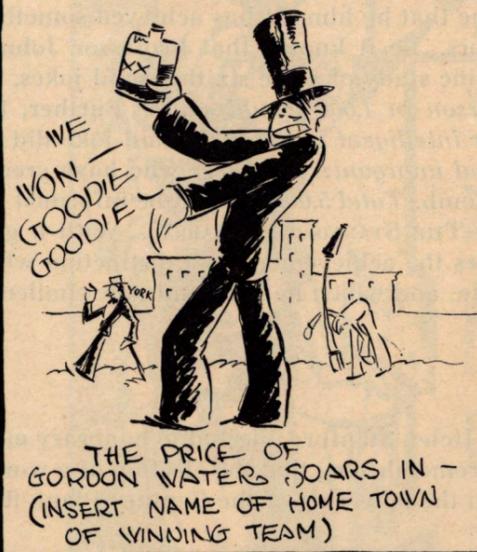
NOW THAT REMINDS the Foolish One that he himself has achieved something akin to Conference Honors. Be it known that Professor John C. Almack, in making scientific study of some six thousand jokes, has discovered one wheeze at which *not one person in 1,000 would smile*. Further, that when told before a gathering of *1,500 other intelligent individuals*, said joke did not corral a snicker. Add to this *2,500 additional unorganized readers* who have greeted aforementioned sally with the silence of the tomb. *Total 5,000*. Lastly, be informed that the now-famous joke made its debut upon the pages of THE STANFORD CHAPARRAL. With a good bit of pardonable pride, the Venerable Cuckoo announces the achievement of a distinction which he has been endeavoring for twenty-eight years to attain, and which he here and now challenges any other publication in the world to equal.

NOW THAT MASTHEAD contains the name of Miss Helen Stanford, elected to honorary membership in Hammer and Coffin Society. The Foolish One, remembering that the election of a woman to honorary membership is scarcely less infrequent than the flowering of the Century Plant, finds himself most mightily pleased.

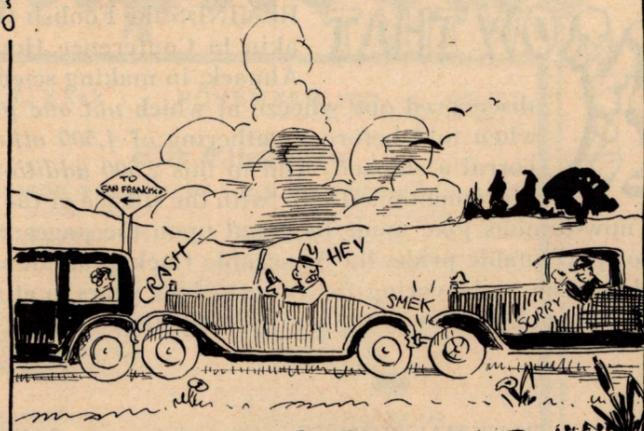
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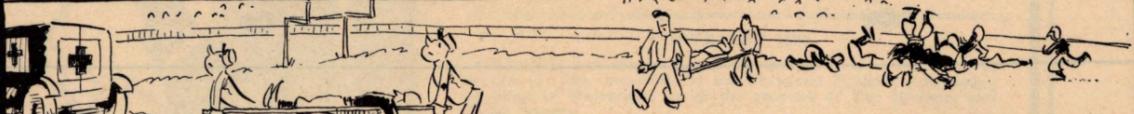
# ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF A BIG GAME



THE PRICE OF GORDON WATER SOARS IN - (INSERT NAME OF HOME TOWN OF WINNING TEAM)



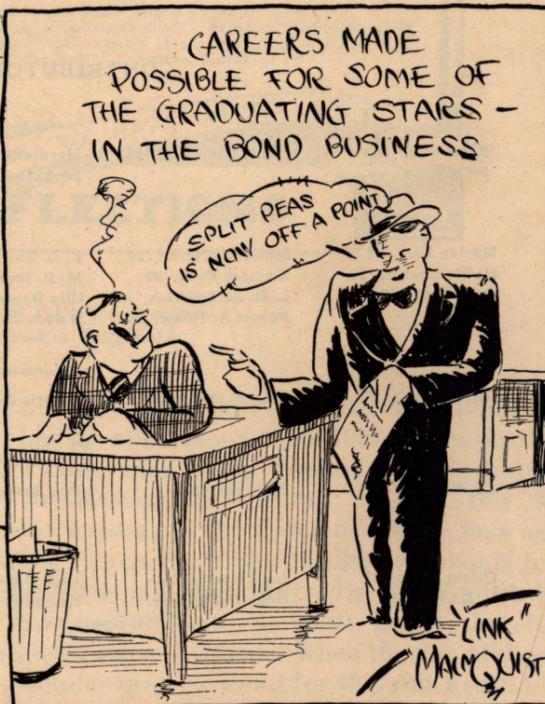
FENDER REPAIR SHOPS - DO A BUSHING BUSINESS



HOSPITALS ARE FLOODED



ALUMNI "COMING BACK" FOR THE GAME ARE TOUCHED AT THEIR RETURN



CAREERS MADE POSSIBLE FOR SOME OF THE GRADUATING STARS - IN THE BOND BUSINESS

LINK MACQUIST

# FABLES of the FARM

**Things are Looking Up**

FOR some unknown and probably unimportant reason, Stanford women go in heavily for dramatics. There is an institution here designed to give University credit to those struggling young Thespians whose talents lead behind the stage rather than upon it.



A fair young thing in the toils of this pernicious system approached its Head Inquisitor, who was at the time messily engaged in tipping over buckets of kalsomine, and the following conversation took place:

"Is there something I can do to pile up more hours?"

"Aw—go play in the rafters!"

"Will I get credit for it?"

"Yeah!"

An explanatory footnote is necessary at this point. This summer the Assembly Hall underwent extensive repairs, and at the time, the beams and joists of the ceiling were exposed to the elements. The alterations were made in a valiant attempt to manufacture a silk purse from a sow's ear. But we digress!

The fair young thing mounted from the balcony to the ceiling, and at this dizzy height wandered coolly for half an hour across the skeleton of timbers, while the men below stopped work and averted their eyes in horror.

HIGHER education has its bad points as well as its good ones. Everything has its bad points as well as its good ones. The conclusion is lost in the fog, but it provides a graceful way of

introducing the case of the two adventurous Stanford women who this summer took passage upon a ship to the Hawaiian Islands.

They went in quest of local color, impelled, probably, by the example of certain members of our faculty who have at one time or another toured the world on freighters and cattleships.

They found local color in such abundance that their funds gave out and they are still there—one piloting a street car and the other a pineapple plantation.

## The Encina Nimblewit

A CERTAIN STUDENT residing in Encina Hall was plagued by a visit from his parents. Down the hall they paraded—Mother, Father, Little Willie, and his sister.

Round the corner came another student, fresh from the shower. As he strode along, he swung a towel from side to side and whistled "How Dry I Am" in a strident key.

The family shrieked. The unclothed individual stopped, aghast. With rare presence of mind, he wrapped the towel about his face and dashed for cover.

## Monkey Business

PICTURE two exceedingly happy and expansive Stanford men at a performance, in San Francisco, of *The Gorilla*, a mystery play in which a rather realistic anthropoid took the leading part.

During a change in scenery, the monster came down into the audience and began clumsily to fight his way through the masses of fainting and screaming wom-

en. The more expansive of the students, seated on the aisle, playfully tripped the gorilla, who fell to an accompaniment of appreciative laughter from the audience.

The manager, instinctively sensing the presence of college men, arrived upon the scene. "Don't you know that's a dangerous thing to do?" he demanded. "You might kill the man!"

The student replied, "Oh! I thought it was a gorilla."

## He Rose to the Occasion

THEN there is the case of the poor young man who fell madly in love with the campus actress whom he had never met—and probably never will.

With the reticence and bashfulness so characteristic of the Stanford man, he could not summon sufficient courage to arrange an introduction, but contented himself with attending all rehearsals and feasting his eyes upon the object of his infatuation; to wit, the girl.



For the opening night, he scraped together \$25.87 and purchased a tremendous bouquet of American Beauty roses. Then, on the night of the show, he entered the hall, alone and unsung, just in time to see his gift presented to—the wrong girl.

Law majors interested in this case may find it by knocking three times on the enclosed door and asking, in guarded tones, for "Jake."

H. R.

Outstanding Events of the College Year



No. 1—ONE OF THE BROTHERS DISCOVERS A SPOON WHICH belongs TO THE HOUSE.

Ichthyologue

THE bibulous bivalve was bingeing below  
 With an opulent oyster whose nose was aglow,  
 And a morbid young mollusc whose sole avocation  
 Was a flighty she-fish with a flair for flirtation,  
 When a harassed green herring with sad news to  
 impart  
 Swam into the lobby and gave them a start.  
 A libidinous limpet had made a decree,  
 No liquor was legal, not even at sea.  
 Now the morbid young mollusc's turned sensual  
 cynic.  
 And the oyster's obese; he resides at a clinic.  
 While the bibulous bivalve is bootlegging booze  
 To a corpulent carp, immersed in the ooze.  
 —CLIP BOUTELL

One Good Turn

BABA, cook of the cannibals,  
 Was preparing the evening meal.  
 He turned a Baptist on the spit,  
 And inserted a fork in his heel.  
 "I left him on too long," quoth he,  
 "And now the dinner's spoiled!"  
 Sarah, the queen, gently demurred—  
 "I like men a little hard-boiled!"  
 —H. KEATING

Employer—Have you had a college education?  
 Nigger—Ah sure has, suh; Ah's been a Pullman porter fo' twenty years!

"Papa, does the moon affect the tide?"  
 "No, my son, only the untied."

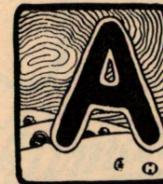
Lines to an Ass

THE ass, alas, won't go to class,  
 But chews up, calmly, all the grass;  
 I would that I could munch on grass,  
 Or even something far more crass,  
 Than be an ass who goes to class.  
 R. T. P.

A Wise-Cracker

NOW that President Coolidge has given up track for 1928, we wish to propose as a possible successor for his spikes and sweat shirt, our good friend Art T. Ficial (no relation to O. Ficial), whose Herculean feat of attaining a Big Game ticket the day before the game marks him as a man of superhuman qualities. Art, who by the way is a safe-blower in his spare moments, heard that the ticket was being rushed north to some alumnus under an armed guard. Attracted by the tantalizing prize, Art threw all caution to the wind by holding up the train, shooting the guard and a peanut-vender, and after breaking an iron chest open, found the ticket secreted between the bread-slices of a ham sandwich.  
 —CARLSON

A Horrible Example



AND THERE was to be a big family reunion. That's what Sally's mother called it. Her father secretly told a few of his closest that he looked upon it as a celebration. Anyway, there was to be a big family reunion, with the usual catty remarks, and head-patting of children big enough to knock the head-patter out of the county, if not restrained by filial devotion, or inhibitions against killing members of their own family.

Willard's family were up in the air. Willard was far from a lily. In fact, at the age of three he had hanged his nurse with his mother's brand-new clothes line—a thing that provoked his mother greatly, for there was an old clothes line hanging on the same peg. And at the table—Well, Willard ate as if he had already been through a year in a Freshman dining-hall. Oh, how would Willard act at the table? Would he disgrace the Thims family?

Then one day Willard's mother got an idea. Such things do occur. "Willard," she said, "you watch your cousin Percy. If you

do just what he does and say just what he says, and not speak once except when spoken to while at the table, I will give you twenty-five cents (25c)."

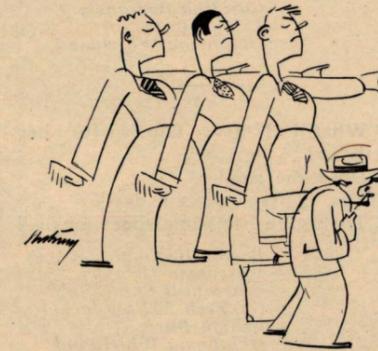
"And if you don't," said Willard's father, "I'll skin you alive," and he began to sharpen his razor.

The meal began very well. For once in his life Willard did as he had been told to do. He watched Cousin Percy like a hawk. In his heart he planned knocking him into the mud, and walking on that sweet white suit, but he gave no hint of his evil designs.

He even said nothing about the ants on his salad.

But long ago Burns said some—  
 (Continued on Page 79)

Crime Does NOT Pay!



HE STOLE HIS ROOMMATE'S GIN

The Football Announcer Broadcasts the Chamber of Commerce Dinner

RADIO Super Station KWAF broadcasting through the courtesy of Weinstein Brothers, makers of *Delecto Succotash*, the big Chamber of Commerce dinner. It's a great event, folks, and a colorful crowd. Excitement, cheers, a typical football—pardon me, business men's gathering.

Here the speakers come! The stands go crazy. They are ready to start. The chairman is getting up . . . he is getting up . . . he is UP! He is going to let the main speaker of the evening take it. They are off. The speaker is up . . . a mighty scrappy little fighter. He is making a gallant drive for charity funds.

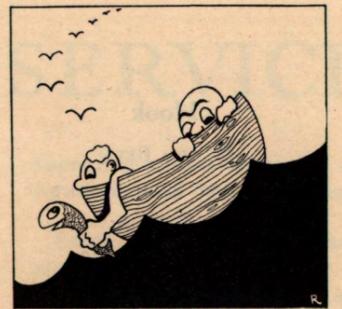
There he goes . . . he stumbles . . . he is not down yet . . . he is gaining confidence . . . they can't stop him . . . he has them bewildered . . .

he is hitting them and *hitting them HARD!* They are giving him everything that they've got in a futile effort to stop him, but it's not enough. Spectators are shouting for him to put it over . . . he is off again . . . he is nearly there . . . now he is down but he has made it . . . he has put over the final drive for the \$10,000 Community Chest Fund!

The stands give him a tremendous ovation as he leaves the hall. . . . It's all over now, folks—and what an event it was!

Don't forget that this is *Radio Super Station KWAF*, and the next time you go to the corner cafeteria demand *DELECTO SUCCOTASH*.

And now we will say good night, folks. Good night, folks.  
 —NELSON CARTER



One—POOR OTTO, THE POET, KILLED HIMSELF.

Two—HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

Many—HE DASHED OFF WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS BLANK VERSE, BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE LOADED.

Triolet

I WILL be true to Mary Jane  
 Because I love her still,  
 Though she is old and rather plain  
 I will be true to Mary Jane.  
 Don't think that I am quite insane:  
 Her pa makes whisky up the hill.  
 I will be true to Mary Jane  
 Because I love her still.  
 H. S.

Flapper — That new fellah looks just like Red Grange.

Slapper—Tha's all right. He don't cut no ice with me.



Jokes For One and All

Hook

HENRY BERN  
80 EAST 11TH STREET  
NEW YORK  
Stuyvesant 6570

September 10, 1927

Editor  
The Chaparral  
Stanford University  
Stanford, Calif.

MY DEAR SIR:

From time to time, I've come across copies of the *Chaparral* and I've enjoyed them. If I may say so, there's a dash and vigor about college magazines which I don't find in many professional comics; and I see a good deal that is genuinely refreshing in your magazine particularly.

I don't know how readily you welcome suggestions, but I've had an idea buzzing around that you may care to play with. No doubt you've seen a flock of advertisements put out by various tobacco firms trumpeting the value of this or that cigarette as an aid to your speaking voice, your shouting voice, or your singing voice. In fact, there seems to be a movement abroad to regard cigarettes as a medicine instead of a pleasure, or as a lubricant instead of a smoke.

You know what it is to drag yourself out of a lecture room with a sigh of relief and bum a butt, and if anybody tried to tell you that you were doing it so you could sing tenor on the Glee Club you'd laugh in his face.

Don't you think it's about time to give this "smoke-cigarettes-because-they're-good-for-your-voice" talk the needle? I've fooled around a bit with the idea and I've jotted down some suggestions for pictures I thought you might care to see. Well, here they are; they're just tentative and if you want to change them or use others of your own, go as far as you like.

Sincerely,  
HENRY BERN

Line

*Modern mother, opening a cigarette case:* "Well, it's time for baby's cigarette."

*Father:* "What do you mean, letting our child smoke cigarettes?"

*Mother:* "Why, dear, since I've let him smoke, he's gained an octave in this past week."

- Harvard Lampoon
- Wisconsin Octopus
- Cincinnati Cynic
- Boston Beanpot
- Occidental Tawney Kat
- Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket
- Carolina Buccaneer
- Bucknell Belle Hop

"What's become of all the whiskey tenors since prohibition?"

"Oh, they're all cigarette sopranos now."

- Wisconsin Octopus
- Occidental Tawney Kat
- Boston Beanpot
- Cincinnati Cynic
- Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket
- Carolina Buccaneer
- Lehigh Burr
- Oklahoma Whirlwind

"What'll I give Gloria for her birthday?"

"Does she smoke?"

"Yes. Three packs a day."

"Then give her some sheet music."

- Boston Beanpot
- Wisconsin Octopus
- Cincinnati Cynic
- Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket
- Lehigh Burr
- Oklahoma Whirlwind
- Oklahoma Aggievator

*First Chorus Girl:* "My, what a rough voice you have this morning!"

*Second Chorus:* "I haven't had my daily cigarette yet."

- Boston Beanpot
- Cincinnati Cynic
- Wisconsin Octopus
- Carolina Buccaneer

*Wife:* "What's the idea of dropping that carton of cigarettes out of the window?"

*Husband:* "If those cats outside would only smoke them, they would not keep us up every night till two in the morning."

- Cincinnati Cynic
- Wisconsin Octopus
- Occidental Tawney Kat

Sinker

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIF.  
16 November, 1927

Henry Bern, Esq.  
80 East 11th Street  
New York City

DEAR MR. BERN:

We tried awfully hard to picture you as a benevolent old gentleman who, midst the hubbub of East Eleventh Street, New York, reads college comics for their dash and vigor, and contributes to them for the sheer, childish glee of the thing; we tried, Mr. Bern, but somehow we just couldn't.

We are truly sorry that we did not print the jokes which you submitted; for it seems to be all the rage. However, allow us to make amends by printing them now in the column to the left, duly accredited. We trust it was due to an oversight by your stenographer that your nice personal letter, with jokes attached, went also to so many of our contemporaries.

You cannot imagine how it delights us to know that, after all, we can be of some use to the tired business man. To speak truth, we had always supposed ourselves next door to useless.

Writing round-robin jokes must be infectious; we have discovered that it is heaps of fun, and herewith present one which we think is a scream, and which it is hoped you will pass along to your many friends:

*Paul Whiteman*—I was dreadfully embarrassed last night when I flatted G-sharp on my Sousaphone.

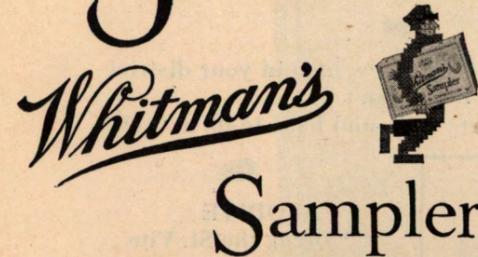
*Queen Marie* (opening her cigarette case)—You should smoke Swift's Premium Hams, and avoid such trifling incongruities.

We are almost mad at you, Mr. Bern. We had expected, this year, to fill a large portion of each issue with cigarette jokes, and now you have gone and spoiled everything. Which makes it necessary for us to set forth a new policy, to wit:

We do not chose to run, in 1928, any further cigarette jokes.

Skeptically,  
THE CHAPARRAL STAFF

# The SAMPLER and the SYMBOL of SERVICE



Good sweets—a happy thought—a graceful compliment! The Sampler combines an unusual idea with chocolates and confections that are exceptional.

Our authorized agencies, one in nearly every neighborhood in the land, help maintain Whitman reputation by giving careful service. They are selected for their care in

dispensing candies of the first quality over the counter or by mail to distant points.

Every Sampler is doubly guaranteed—by our agent and by us. Anyone buying any box of Whitman's in any way unsatisfactory will confer a great favor by reporting it promptly.

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.



## Whitman's famous candies are sold by

- Royal Pharmacy, 700 Sutter St., San Francisco
- Post-Jones Pharmacy, 1201 Sutter St., San Francisco
- Lloyd Drug Co., 1764 Hyde St., San Francisco
- Conradi's Pharmacy, 1398 California St., San Francisco
- No Percentage Drug Store, Mission and 18th Sts., San Francisco
- Lewin Drug Co., 100 Eddy St., San Francisco
- West Portal Pharmacy, 31 West Portal, San Francisco
- Park Pharmacy, 2100 Hayes St., San Francisco
- Lewin's Park-Presidio Pharmacy, 8th and Clement, San Francisco
- Wentz Pharmacy, Gilroy, California
- Palo Alto Dairy, 314 University Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.



THE neighbors used to say that Anne had nothing to her, but that was before short skirts became popular.

Junior—Hey, freshman, you can't queen on the campus!  
Homely Freshman—Thanks for the compliment.

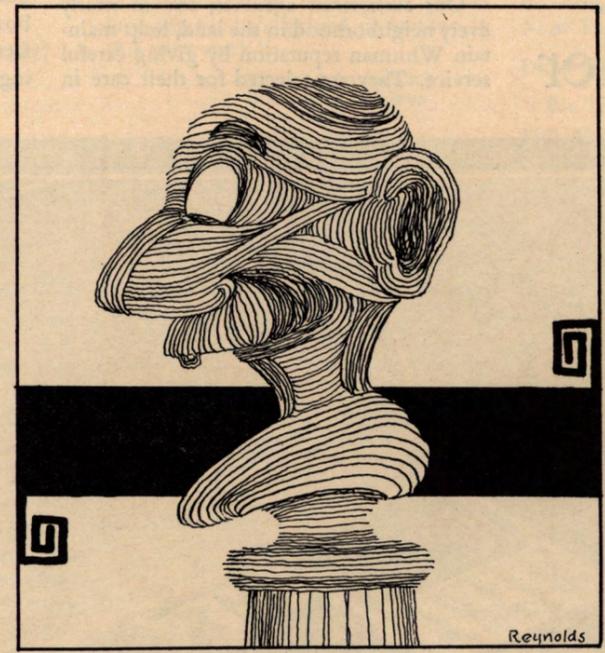
Coach (to substitute who is about to go into the game)—Don't say a word before play is resumed.  
Substitute—What word?

First Salesman—That new man in your district seems to be well-to-do, doesn't he?  
Second Salesman—Yeh, and hard-to-do as well.

"I have seen that horsey-faced girl in every cabaret I've been to in the last week."  
"Sort of a night mare, eh?"

Saxophone—Can you play "Just Like a Butterfly?"  
Cornet—I do not know. How does a butterfly play?

Famous last words: Have you heard the record of the Two Black Crows? Have a seat and I'll play it for you.



An Awful Bust

APHRODITE  
Doing the St. Vite  
Without a nite.  
Turn on the lite—  
Goshalmit  
Such a site!

"Too many cooks  
spoil the soup."  
"Yes, far too many."

"What's the hardest  
thing in riding?"  
"The ground."

OUR idea of a lodestone is a three-carat diamond.

date  
football

Ethyl—Agnes doesn't like the looks of her date tonight, does she?  
Methyl—How do you know?  
Ethyl—Why didn't you see her putting adhesive tape on her heels before she left?

Sayings—Not Yet Famous  
SHE has a line like the Stanford Varsity.  
"I'll make a long tail short," said the farmer's wife as she started for the blind mouse.

"That'll be enough out of you," said the full-back as he squeezed the sponge once more.

"Well, I'm certainly glad that's over," said the drop-kicker.

F. C.

THE END



# The one cigarette in a million

THE instant a Camel is lighted, you sense that here is the distinctly better cigarette. And how this superior quality grows with the smoking! Choice tobaccos tell their fragrant story. Patient, careful blending rewards the smoker with added pleasure. Camel is the one cigarette in a million for mildness and mellowness. Its decided goodness wins world popularity for Camel.

Modern smokers demand superiority. They find it fulfilled in Camels, and place them overwhelmingly first.

You should know the tastes and fragrances that choice tobaccos really give. Camels will reveal an entirely new pleasure. And the more of them you light, the more enjoyable.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.  
© 1927



A couple of flappers poo'ed their spending money to buy a book advertised in the newspaper as "What a Young Lady Should Know Before Marriage."

The book arrived—"100 Cooking Recipes."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

THE WORLD OVER

"Justice! I demand justice!" cried the defendant.

The Judge—Hush. Don't forget that you are in a Court of Law!

—*Der Knueppel* (Berlin).

He—I haven't known you for long, but in the two short hours we've been sitting here under this glorious moon I have been absolutely conquered by your beautiful eyes, your marvelous figure, and your engaging personality. I wonder if I might kiss you?

She—Are you beginning to wonder, too?

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*.

Traveling Salesman (accompanied by wife)—I'd like a room and a bath for two.

Hotel Clerk—Sorry, sir, we only have single baths.—*Widow*.

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."  
"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

—*Satyr*.

Cinderella—Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?

The Good Fairy—You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing.

—*Purple Cow*.

Betty—You embarrassed me at the Prom. Your handkerchief hung out under your tux coat all evening.

Bill—That didn't need to embarrass you. It wasn't my handkerchief—it was my shirt.—*Sun Dial*.

Examiner—How old was your father when he died and what did he die of?

College man (applying for insurance)—92. He fell off a polo pony.

Examiner—And your mother?

College man—90. She died of childbirth.—*Widow*.

Gay—I think that Tom's girl is as pretty as a picture.

Lord—Yes, but what a frame.—*Panther*.

"I hear your mother-in-law is dead."

"Yes, I accidentally shot her."

"How's that?"

"I thought it was my wife with another man."—*Outlaw*.

"Sir, you're trying to kiss me!"

"Exactly. Now that you know, suppose we quit assaulting one another and cooperate a bit."—*Puppet*.

Soup—When a pedestrian and a motorist meet squarely at a crossroads, which has the right of way?

Nuts—Oh, it's generally a toss-up for the pedestrian.—*Widow*.



An Elizabethan Ruff  
—*Chaparral*, 1921

auto



The All-American

by

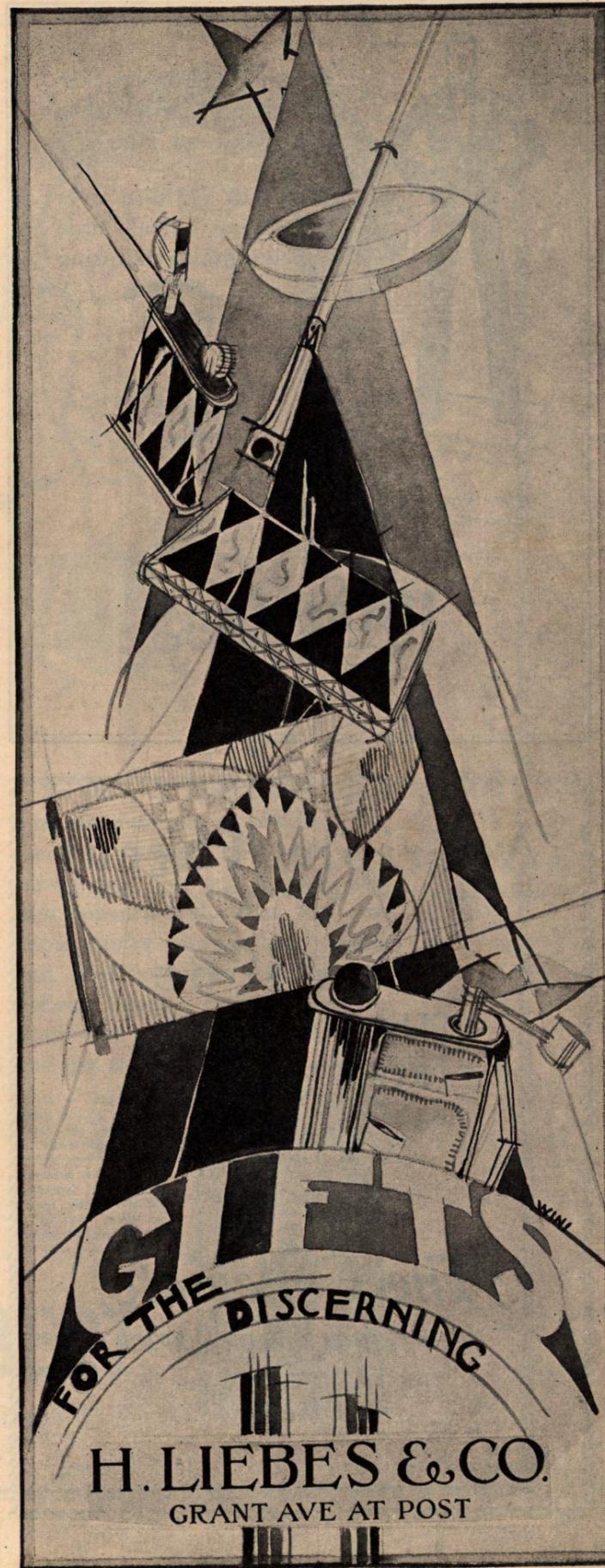
HICKEY-FREEMAN

Designed and tailored especially for McCauley-Woolsey

\$50 and Up

McCauley-Woolsey

OAKLAND



Remember WILSON'S for your Candy Gifts this Christmas

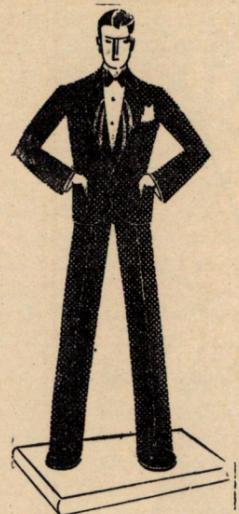


PALO ALTO  
SAN FRANCISCO (333 GEARY-708 CLEMENT)  
FRESNO-SAN JOSE-STOCKTON  
SACRAMENTO-SAN DIEGO

Where the Food is so Good

THE CANDY WITH A COLLEGE EDUCATION





Start the Formal Season off right with a Society Brand Tux.

You will enthuse over the "Very Ultra" style and inimitable tailoring



Society Brand Tuxedo \$50

# Wideman's

PALO ALTO

## COAL and WOOD

[ Hay, Grain, and Poultry Supplies ]

### Palo Alto Feed and Fuel Co.

122 Hamilton Ave.

Palo Alto

Telephone P.A. 35

#### WHERE'S MY TIE?

"Early to bed and early to rise and you wear what belongs to the other guys."—*The Cougar's Paw.*



#### FROM THE BACK SEAT

The driver of a Ford sedan, who was plainly out of his element in city traffic, attempted to turn around in the middle of a block, and was side-swiped and upset by a hook and ladder fire truck on its way to answer a call.

Striding over to the overturned vehicle, a traffic officer poked his head through the broken window and demanded, "What do you mean by blockin' traffic like this? C'mon outta there; you're pinched!"

"You let him alone," said a female voice from the back seat. "How did we know them drunken painters was going to run into us?"—*Toronto Goblin.*



#### REVENGE

Sophomore—What is your greatest ambition, Frosh?  
Freshman—To die a year sooner than you.  
Sophomore—What is the reason for that?  
Freshman—So I will be a sophomore in Hell when you get there, sir.—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

Art—I'd like you to paint a portrait of my late uncle.  
Artist—Bring him in.  
Art—I said my late uncle.  
Artist—Bring him in when he gets here, then.  
—*Washington Dirge.*

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# Familiarity breeds CONTENT

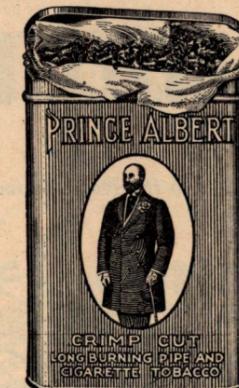


THE longer you smoke Prince Albert, the more convinced you become that it is the most satisfying tobacco that ever nestled in the bowl of a jimmy-pipe. You get a brand-new thrill every time you open the tidy red tin and breathe that wonderful aroma.

And when you tuck a load into the business-end of your pipe, light up, and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as a letter from home, telling you to cut down your expenses. Sweet as an unexpected check in the next mail. Sweet and mild and long-burning.

So mild, in fact, that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how swift your pipe-pace. Yet it has that full, rich tobacco-body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you are. Try Prince Albert, Fellows, and get the joy that's due you! Buy a tin today and get started!

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### A GOOD DEED

It was our pleasure to meet with the Boy Scout spirit, fully matured, aboard a Long Island train recently. At one of the stations the gentleman seated in front of us accidentally dropped a glove out the window just as the train started to move out. Without a moment's hesitation he tossed the other one after it. Moved by curiosity, we dropped all reserve to ask him why he had done so. He courteously explained that the one glove that remained would have done him no good; nor would the lost glove have done the finder any good. This being the case, he had tossed out the other, so that the finder might have a complete set.—*New Yorker*.

### WHO WAS THAT LADY?

Flashing lights, swirling figures, syncopated rhythm. . . . She looked up into his face as he held her close.  
"So you really have Professor Woodstuff in Biology 30?"  
"I do," was the reply; "and of all the mentally-crippled flat tires, he is the unrivaled hat man."  
"Do you know who I am?" she spluttered.  
"No," he countered. "Tell me or I shall guess."  
"I, sir, am Mary Woodstuff, the professor's only daughter."  
"Do you know who I am?"  
"No, but—"  
"Thank Gawd!"—*Yale Record*.

Editor of Tabloid—Have you got the story on that chorus girl who threatened to reveal all?  
Reporter—Sure thing, chief, and what's more, I've got a photograph of her that does.—*Life*.

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Prof.—I believe you missed my class yesterday.  
Student—Why, no, I didn't, old man, not in the least.  
—*Bobcat*.

Teacher—What in the world makes you think that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?  
Pupil—The history book says that after his exile he lived in abasement.—*Bison*.

Chicago Mother—And now, my dear, go in and shoot father good night.—*Virginia Reel*.

*Lightwood*  
"Did you deliver that nickel's worth of liver to Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, but she told me to take it back and say the cat had caught a mouse."—*Goblin*.

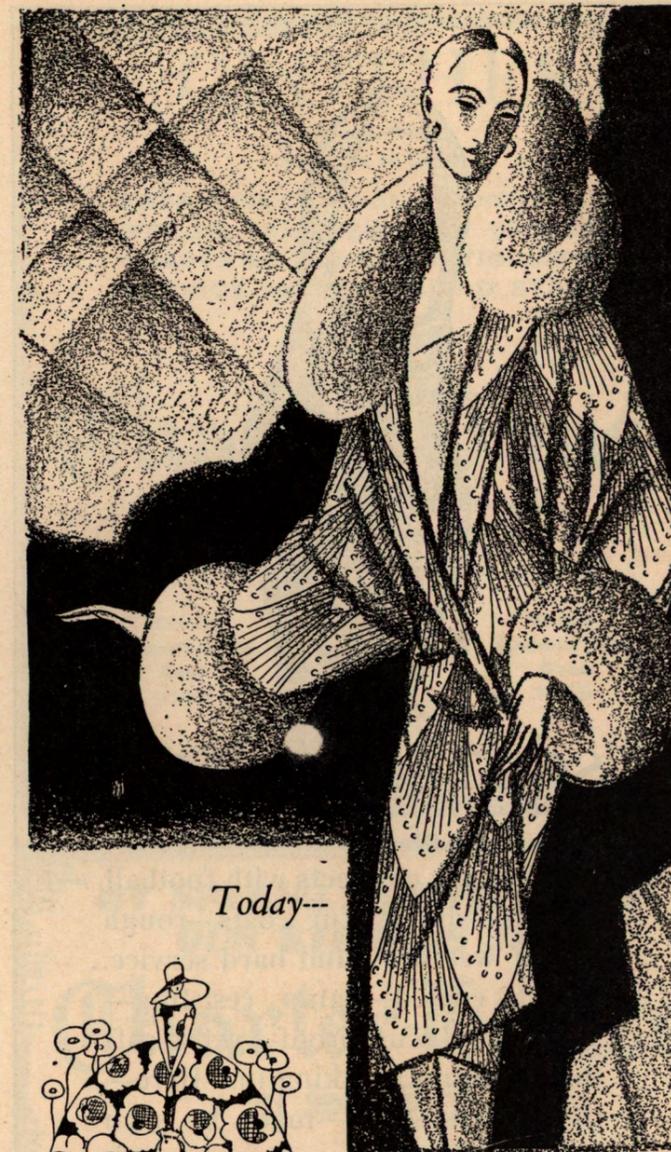
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FEATURING  
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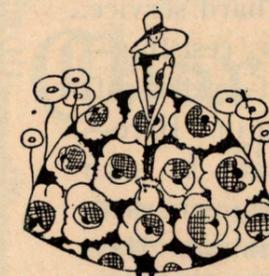
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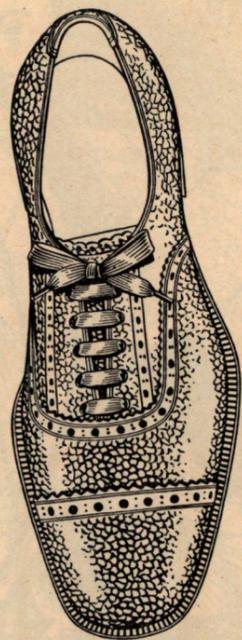
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STANFORD UNION

Actor—My kingdom, my kingdom for a horse.  
Voice from the Gallery—Will a jackass do?  
Actor—Sure, come right down.—*Lafayette Lyre.*



STAR

Twinkle, twinkle lissle star,  
How I wunnersh what you are?  
Way up on that p'liceman's vest.  
Ohmigawd! I'm under arrest!  
—*U.S.C. Cougar's Paw.*



NEXT WEEK, MAYBE

Speakeasy Lookout—Say, there's a guy at the door that looks to me like a dry agent.  
Proprietor—Well, we don't need anything today.—*Judge.*



SUSPICIOUS

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Fargo, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?  
Witness—Yes, sir.  
Lawyer—Is there a female living at present with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Fargo?  
Witness—Yes, sir.  
Lawyer—State on your oath sir: do you maintain her?  
Witness—Yes, sir.  
Lawyer—Have you ever been married to her?  
Witness—No, sir. (Here several jurors scowled gloomily at the witness.)  
Lawyer—That is all, Mr. Fargo; you may go down.  
Opposite Lawyer—One minute, Mr. Fargo. Is the lady in question your grandmother?  
Witness—Yes, sir.—*Goblin.*

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Studios in All Cities in California

First Student—Did you read Sherwood Anderson's *Notebook*?

Second Student—No, but I passed anyway.

—*Black & Blue Jay.*

Customer—What are your prices on atomizers?

Drug Clerk—Two-fifty and up.

Customer—I didn't want to pay more than fifty cents.

Drug Clerk—Atta miser!—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

Boring Young Man (holding forth to pretty girl)—You know, I'm funny like that—always throw myself into anything undertake.

Pretty Girl (sweetly)—How splendid! Why don't you dig a well?—*Outlaw.*

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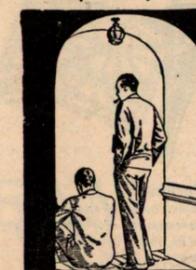
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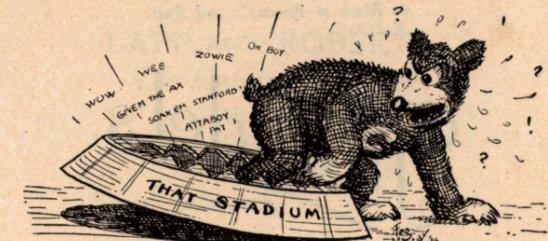
# Charter House

of Stanford

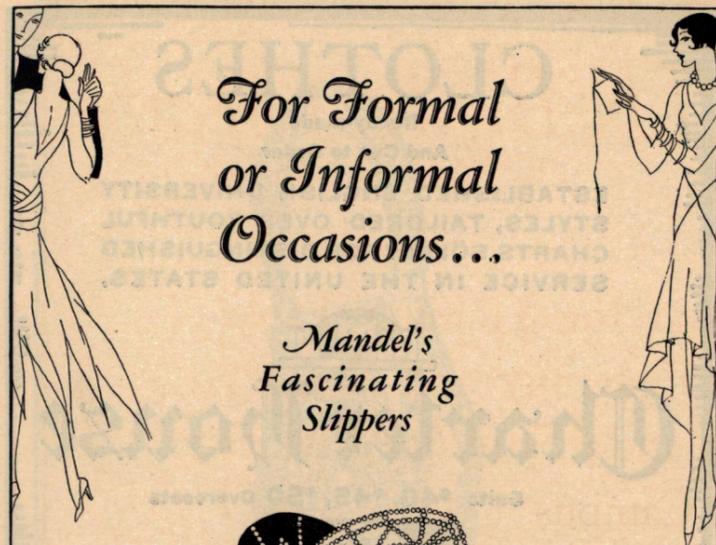
The character of the suits and  
overcoats tailored by Charter House  
will earn your most sincere liking.

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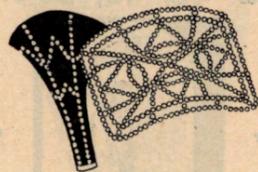


THE BEAR TRAP

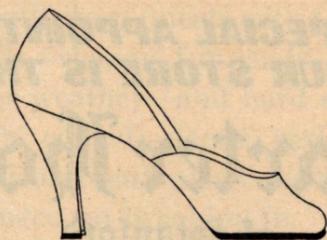


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Cut Steel Buckles of amazingly delicate designs very effective for the D'Orsay pump \$2.50  
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WHAT THE ABSENT-MINDED STENOGRAPHER TYPED FOR THE BOSS

Dear Sir, Harry, Billie, Jack, Edward:

In answer to yours of recent date with Freddie at the musical comedy last night, will say that it is impossible just now is the time for every good man to come to the aid of the party, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, now is the time for every good man, will say that the invoice is a beautiful tenor. Please advise us if the order of chicken a la kind, tomato salad with dressing, and custard with vanilla ice cream. If it is too late to ship the order now is the time for every good man to come to the aid of the party, please ship at an early date with Archie at the movies.

Yours very truly and truly, dear, of course I love you,  
JONES, SMYTHE & JONES  
—Lhigh Burr.

“How much do you pay a week for your room?”  
“Well, some expressmen charge me a dollar, others seventy-five cents.”—Red Cat.

“Does your watch keep good time?”  
“Does my watch keep good time? Why, you notice the days getting longer, don't you?”  
“Yes.”

“Well, that's just the sun trying to get back to schedule with my watch.”—Jack-o'-Lantern.

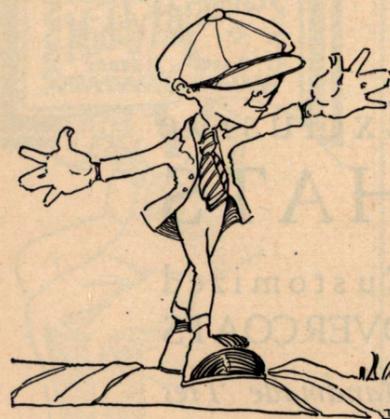
First Actress—Yes, when I came out the audience simply sat there open-mouthed.

Second Actress—Oh, nonsense. They never yawn all at once.  
—Sun Dial.

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the Best Entertainment

STANFORD THEATRE  
VARSITY THEATRE

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Houses; and at Student Activities  
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Oakland, 600

30 days hath September, April, June, and November,  
All the rest are thirsty too, unless you make your own home brew.—Flamingo.

“What makes the grass grow green, Uncle Tom?”  
“That question is futile, Liza, futile.”—Awwgan.

The lady visitor was walking down fraternity row, when from one of the houses came the cry:

“Assume the angle!”  
“From what I hear,” remarked the lady visitor coyly, “your boys seem immensely interested in geometry.”

The dean, with a smile, retorted.  
“Well, the freshmen are not overly interested in the subject, but when they become sophomores they usually have a change of heart.”—Columns.

PLURAL

It may have been a by-product of college entrance examinations. We overheard the following fragment in an elevator: “He asked me who wrote ‘The Virginian’ and I said, ‘Owen Wister’; then he asked me who wrote ‘The Virginians’ and I said, ‘Owen Wisters’.”—New Yorker.

Wife—Look at that adorable hat in the window, John. Let's go buy it.

John—Certainly, dear. Right by it.—Flamingo.

“You act rather varnished, Doris.”

“Well—you see, I'm just out of a finishing school.”—Pelican.

Imported Scotch

Woolens

Half Sox

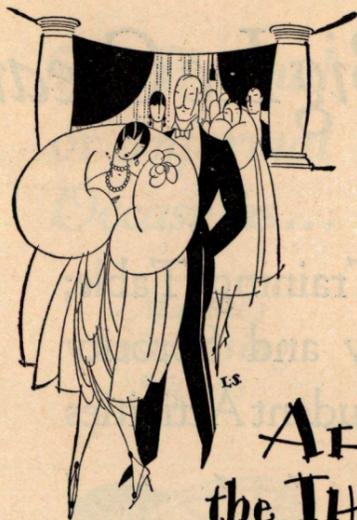
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### AFTER the THEATRE

Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively not improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.

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*mean*

"The meanest man we know of is the warden who put a tack in the electric chair."—Kittycat.

#### A LANDSLIDE

"So Slushe has been elected to the Senate?"  
"Yes, by a \$600,000 majority."—Life.



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### A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE (Continued from Page 63)

thing to the effect that the best made plans of mice and men will oft-times go flooey, and this was no exception.

"Percy," said Sally's mother, grinning like the proverbial fox, "would you like some more ice cream?"

"No, Aunt, thank you, I've dined bountifully now," replied the perfect Percy.

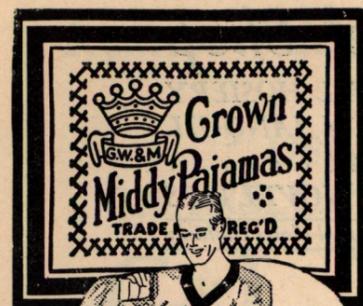
"That can't be right," thought Willard. "If I said anything like that at home, even when there was no company, I'd get it. . . . Well, Maw told me to say what he said, so here goes. . . ."

"Willard, dear—how about you?"

"No ants, thank you. I've downed a belly-full now."

And that is why Willard ate from the mantel for a week and showed such an interest in just when he was going to see Cousin Percy again.

—RALPH MCCALL



What a Garnish is  
to a Salad / / / /

So are Buttons on  
Pajamas / / / /

Extra bother and  
means nothing / /

You will find *Middy*  
*Pajamas* are com-  
fortable, as well as  
Practical / / / /

\$2.50

and Up

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171 University Avenue, Palo Alto

"What's an operetta?"  
"Don't be dumb—it's a girl who works for the telephone company."—Texas Ranger.

"Did you hear about the joke on that movie actress?"

"No, what was it?"  
"Her secretary didn't keep the records straight and now she finds she has had two more divorces than she's had weddings."

—Toronto Goblin.

Virgil—How much are your rooms?  
Landlady—Eight dollars up to twelve.  
Virg—Oh, I suppose reduced rates after midnight.—Ohio Sun Dial.

There is a tale about a Roman who used to swim across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

Why didn't he make it four times and get back on the side his clothes were on?

—N. H. Golden Bull.

*photograph*  
"This is a picture of my mother. It is so realistic."

"Yes. It looks as if she's alive."  
"She is. She's upstairs now."

—Oklahoma Whirlwind.



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FOR THE

## BIG GAME

We are now showing  
the new models for  
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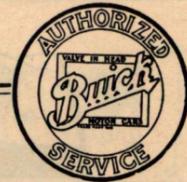
Rich colorings com-  
bined with Stetson  
quality make the ideal  
hat for men who pre-  
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Popular Song as it sounds over the Radio:

Oney arose I geea view  
Onias ong dine a way  
Onias mile two keeping mummery  
Lentil weem eat in other day.—Purple Parrot.

"What is limburger cheese made out of?"  
"Out of doors."—Red Cat.

Junior—Did you hear that they are going to fight the battle  
of Bunker Hill over again?  
Rook—No. How's that?  
Junior—Because it wasn't fought on the level.—Orange Owl.

"McGregor over there knows some good stories, but he won't  
tell them."  
"Why won't he?"  
"He's saving them."—Purple Parrot.

"Come hither, thou weak-kneed hieroglyphic."  
"Avast. Call me not such a character."—Buccaneer.

ANY SUNDAY MORNING IN SCOTLAND  
Scotchman—Give me change for a dime, please.  
Storekeeper—Sure, and I hope you enjoy the sermon.  
—Punch Bowl.



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Phone P. A. 2978  
417 Alma St. Palo Alto

## Accurate Mike Sez

USE  
CHANSLOR & LYON  
**C & L Tires**  
and Super-Service Batteries



"Did you hear about poor Bill?"  
"No."

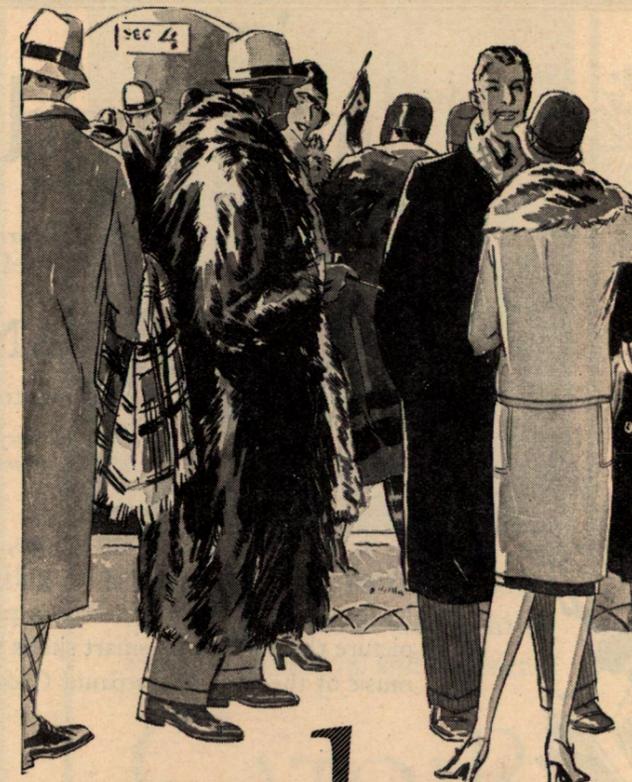
"Well, he put mirrors all over his room, so he could see himself from all sides. One night the electric light went off, and so he lit a match. But when he tried to light a candle, he looked by mistake at a mirror, and put the match in his ear. He put out his hand to take the candle, which he had finally lit, but he held it the wrong way, and it dropped on the bed, setting it afire. When he started to put it out, he threw the water in the wrong direction. Getting scared, he started for the door, but he saw so many reflections he got lost. And so he was burned to death."—Washington Columns.

Hopeful—I wonder if it is true that the length of a boy's arm is equal to the circumference of a girl's waist?  
Hopeless—Let's get a string and measure it!—Purple Parrot.

"How was the drinking water in France?"  
"Don't be absurd."—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Excited Passenger—The ship is sinking.  
Sailor—I should worry; it don't belong to me.—Sun Dial.

He who reads the Bible—Why was business so bad in the days of Daniel?  
He who does not—I'll bite, why?  
H. W. R. T. B.—Because the lions ate up all the prophets.  
—Buccaneer.



# 1 something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

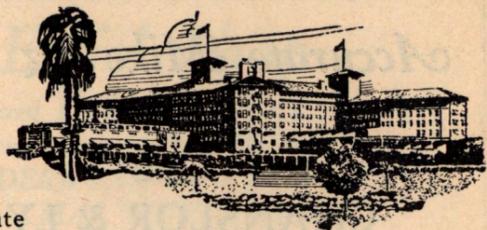
Scott Fitzgerald's article on Princeton, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

# College Humor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month



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Plan to enjoy Southern California's glorious climate this year at this world-famous hotel.

## CARL VAN VECHTEN

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WRITE for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information.  
BEN L. FRANK, Manager



Stanley—Where are you bound on your skates, Arthur?  
Arthur—Around the ankles, Stanley, around the ankles.  
—Siren.

The only thing in the way of automobiles nowadays seems to be the pedestrian.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

*servant*  
"What became of your valet?"  
"I fired him for removing a spot from my dress suit."  
"That was part of his duty."  
"Yes, but this was a five-spot!"—*Goblin.*

First Fraternity Brother—Did you see the hat I lent you yesterday?  
Second Fraternity Brother—I lent it to Bill.  
First Fraternity Brother—You fool! Didn't I tell you it was his hat?—*Washington Columns.*

Hotel Clerk in Small Town—I see you are just in from Chicago, Mr. Smith.  
Mr. Smith—No; that's just a moth hole in my coat.  
—*Purple Parrot.*

Fair Buyer (in department store)—Really, I haven't seen a decent thing, except that dress over there.  
Clerk—Pardon, but that's no dress. It's a lamp shade.  
—*Purple Parrot.*

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No Consideration

133 Powell St., bet. Ellis and O'Farrell

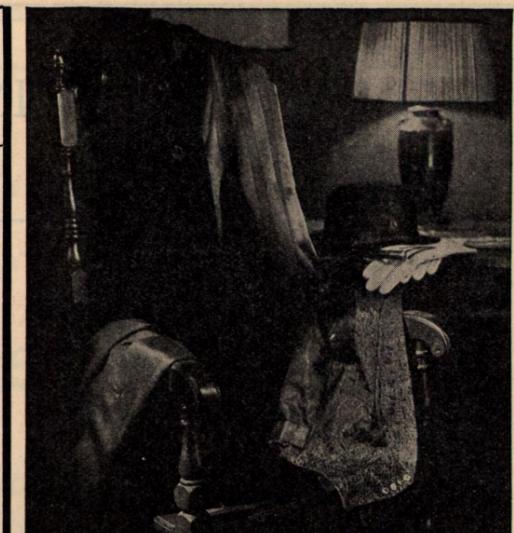
"Papa, look at the pretty girls in men's clothes!"  
"Those aren't girls, Johnny; those are chorus men."—*Cynic.*

*lump*

A beggar called on Mrs. Newrich and said in a pleading voice:  
"Unless you give me aid, I'm afraid I'll have to resort to something which I greatly dislike to do."  
Mrs. Newrich handed him a dollar and asked compassionately:  
"What is it, poor man, that I have saved you from?"  
"Work," was the mournful answer.—*Cynic.*

*restaurant*

Steward—We are having some very tasty dishes this year.  
Joseph—Yes. I'd suggest a new dishwasher.—*Purple Parrot.*



Tuxedo vestings by Catoir now include smart Black-and-White effects—exclusive and correct.

# CATOIR

VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS

"Why is it that most Americans are poor drinkers?"  
"Their constitution won't allow it."—*Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Boys, I've quit the hold-up game, I'll hang around joints no more.  
So with a sigh  
And a little faint cry,  
The garter stretched out on the floor.—*Beanpot.*

"Why does Mrs. Sogood so dislike poor old Mrs. Habat?"  
"Mrs. Habat's nearsightedness. Saw a Fuller brush hanging on the wall and said, 'Charming! a silhouette of your dear father, no doubt?'"—*Lampoon.*

## "CLEAN-UP-WEEK"

Fall is here and those clothes of yours need CLEANING and PRESSING

Perhaps you intend to let us make you a NEW FALL SUIT

## VARSAITY TAILORS

CLEANERS and DYERS

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Stanford University

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HACKEL and DAPP  
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It's the Steaks and the Coffee Too

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On the Circle

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Palo Alto

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Popular as a headquarters for University people, the Benj. Franklin has become a Stanford institution—

Its flawless service offers commodious yet homelike accommodation for friends or relatives of undergrads.

We suggest that you make your reservation in advance of any big occasion.



"What are you doing?"  
"Writing to my girl."  
"Why, you can't write!"  
"That's all right—she can't read!"—*Puppet.*



"He's so dumb he doesn't know what President is on Lincoln pennies."  
"Everybody should be able to recognize Washington."  
—*Beaver College.*



Jane—I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me.  
Clerk—That is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?—*Purple Parrot.*

Remember  
**YOU CAN'T WEAR  
THE FIXTURES**

47  
5

**C**  
**O**  
**R**  
**D**  
**S**  
Yours truly,  
**Jim Delkin**  
Stanford, '20

# SUNSET CAFETERIAS

301 University Ave., Palo Alto

40 O'Farrell St. San Francisco 25 Mason St.

### SOME LUCK HERE

A Boston man, in speaking of the conservatism of the Maine backwoodsman, tells a story of two of them who were walking through the woods one day and came upon the body of a man lying on the bank of a stream. They looked at it carefully and decided that it was the body of their friend, Bill Morse. They went to his house and knocked at the door. Bill himself opened it.

"Hello, Bill," said one. "Say, we come on the dead body of a man over there we kind o' thought was you."  
"Is that so?" asked Bill. "What did he look like?"  
"He was about your build."  
"Have on a blue flannel shirt?"  
"Yes."  
"Boots?"  
"Yes."  
"Was they knee boots or hip boots?"  
"Let's see. Which was they, Henry—knee boots or hip boots? Oh, yes! They was hip boots."  
"No," said Bill. "'Twa'n't me."—*Bison.*

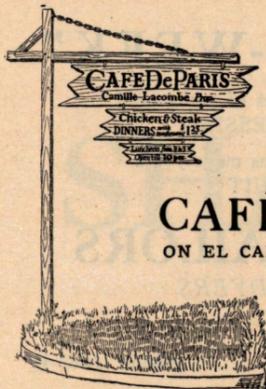


### VENICE

Cool silver moonlight . . . .  
Casting a sleek sheen . . . .  
On smooth, slimy . . . .  
Water . . . .  
Deep, dusky quiet . . . .  
Broken only  
By the noise at intervals  
Of Venetian housewives . . . .  
Emptying the evening garbage  
Into the canal . . . . —*Gargoyle.*

Regular French Dinner \$1.25

LUNCHEON 11 TO 3  
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*Other Features:* Fudge Cake  
Chicken Dinner Every Night  
New Management

AND THE PRICES ARE  
Luncheon - - 50c Dinner - - 85c

Joe—How did you make out in that instrumental endurance test?  
Gish—Oh, I played *Annie Laurie* for eighteen hours and got second. The winner played the *Stars and Stripes Forever*.  
—*Puppet.*



One of the trainmen on the well-known Long Island Railroad yearns with a great yearning. He wants to be an artist. "Yes," he said to a landscape painter returning with the product of a day's sketching at the shore, "I am gifted with drawing, too. And lettering. I am particular good at capital letters. Would there be a job, d'ya think, for a capital letterer?"—*New Yorker.*

### FOILED AGAIN

"Well, I've just had sweet revenge," said the shoe dealer to the student who had just come into the shop.  
"Revenge! What do you mean?"  
"That young lady who just walked out of this shop is a telephone operator, and I gave her the wrong number."  
—*Punch Bowl.*



Returning Tourist—But I don't see why I have to pay to bring this baggage in.  
Federal Agent—Oh, it's just a custom.—*Cracker.*



# REVELATION TOOTH POWDER

Never in Paste Form

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

# AUGUST E. DRUCKER

2226 Bush Street

San Francisco



If So  
a  
"Sure Cure"  
will  
be  
yours  
by  
unfolding  
your  
napkin  
at  
the  
Cardinal  
Hotel

PHONE YOUR RESERVATIONS

"Where is Bill?"  
"A. W. O. L."  
"Whaddayah mean?"  
"After women or liquor."—*Ohio Sun Dial.*

"Tuff luck," said the egg in the monastery.  
"Out of the frying pan into the friar."  
—*Arizona Kitty Kat.*

A traveling salesman in a strange town was handed a message from his wife, which read as follows:

"Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."  
—*Toronto Goblin.*

An authority on women writes: "Mere man means nothing to a modern girl."

But what a whale of a difference a few cents makes.—*California Pelican.*

We always thought something could be done with this.

Clerk—What'll you have?

Jones—An "asylum" Hershey bar.

Clerk—What th' Sam Hill?

Jones—You know—one with nuts in it.

—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

A STUDENT PRAYER

Anoint me with wisdom, Oh Lord, when I go to crack my quizzes.

Seat me between two Phi Betes, for when it is written, the Lord will help those who help themselves.

Guide me through the maze of questions, over the rough places, on to the right answers, for the Lord's sake.

Grant me success in my ceaseless search for honor points, Oh Jehovah.

Lend me aid when I seek pipe courses.

And when my quizzes are corrected, temper my instructors' findings with mercy.

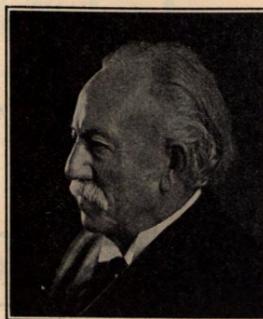
Give me a "C" in English.

Please, God.—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah.*

"What dirty football," expostulated the Harvard quarterback, reproachfully eyeing the battered pigskin.—*Pitt Panther.*

The English department reports that freshmen themes were, on the whole, very original this year—most of the words not being taken even from the dictionary.—*Exchange.*

"Why the gloom, Osmond? Girl not coming?"  
"Oh! She's coming all right; but she can't even send a telegram without saying 'stop' after every sentence."—*Froth.*



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Work done by

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PALO ALTO  
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100 University Ave.



FACIAL stimulation and facial massage will revivify your skin and make it glow with health and beauty.

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Now you may delight your guests by holding Dancing, Bridge, or Birthday parties, and Dinners in this delightful atmosphere.

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UNINTERRUPTED  
BUSINESS ]

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Betw. Kearny and Montgomery  
SAN FRANCISCO

Telephone: Davenport 4486

A valuable football player was up for oral examination in mathematics and philosophy.

Prof.—How many sides has a circle?

F. P.—Two.

Prof.—What are they?

F. P.—Inside and outside.

Prof.—Very good. Now, does an effect ever go before a cause?

F. P.—Yes, sir.

Prof.—Give an example.

F. P.—A man wheeling a barrow.

Prof.—Very good. You have passed in mathematics and philosophy.—*Cincinnati Cynic.*

Simon Legree—And I might add that I intends to blow my brains out.

Topsy—Well, you might go out in the kitchen where the linoleum is.—*California Pelican.*

"What busted the show, Bill?"

"Well, we're opening in Troy and we gotta show that oughtta go big anywhere and we got our lines perfect and our business better and in the second act where the heavy cries 'Egad I am undone—'"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Well, the manager yells for curtain and rushes out with a blanket."—*Boston Beanpot.*

First Movie Fan—What did that sub-title say?

Second Movie Fan—I don't know, I didn't hear.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



What Price Popularity?

Just a few inspired invitations to a place the "date" really wants to go!

And on Saturday nights that's a Sainte Claire supper dance!

*Brooks-Worthington  
Stanford Orchestra*

Supper and Dancing  
\$1.50  
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"THE MADCAP"

Matchless cast and chorus of dancing youth

LURIE

Beginning, Monday, November 21

LILLIAN ALBERTSON presents in association  
with VINCENT YOUMANS

The "HALLELUJAH" Show

HIT THE DECK

A NAUTICAL  
MUSICAL  
COMEDY  
CO. OF 70

Music by Vincent Youmans  
Composer of "No, No, Nanette"

AXE US ANOTHER

Rastus—Say, Sambo, wuz George Washington as honest as  
dey sez he wuz?

Sambo—Boy, I repeats dat George Washington wuz the hon-  
estest man wot eber lived.

Rastus—Den how is it dat they close de banks on his birth-  
day?—*Ghost.*

Arrow Collar—I'm awfully tight.  
Tuxedo Trousers—So am I. Let's split out this dance.—*Froth.*

"Grandpa's a hundred and three years old today, doctor."  
"Isn't that splendid! And does he read or do anything?"  
"No, 'e don't seem to 'ave no ambition for nothin'."

—*Pearsons Weekly.*

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Most Famous Tamales and Enchiladas

Orders taken for Lodges, Banquets, and Parties

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is  
College Night

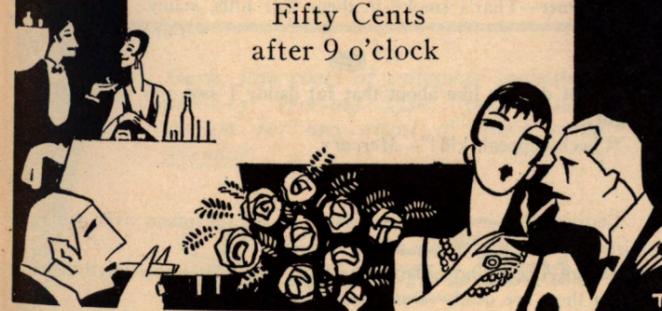
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fastidious man he can get  
garments ready to wear that  
contain the finest fabrics,  
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We announce with pleasure the limited engagement of EDWARD LANDRY and his Orchestra opening at the Roof Garden Nov. 24th. For reservations, either Jungle Town or the Roof Garden call Davenport 776 or 2756.

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SAN MATEO

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LUNCHES ~ DINNERS  
SPECIAL PARTIES  
Phone San Mateo 879

### A RAILWAY QUARREL

It happened on a back country train.  
"Conductor!" shouted an irate passenger, "that was my station; why didn't you stop?"  
"We don't stop there any longer," explained the conductor. "You see, the engineer is mad at the station agent!"—*Mercury.*

Chief Servant—What, ho, bring the royal litter for the queen.  
Least Servant—Beg pardon, sir, but they've all gone to bed except Prince Charles and he's out.—*Virginia Reel.*

"Did you read the book?"  
"Yes."  
"Did you read the criticism?"  
"No."  
"Then how can you say the book is no good?"—*Widow.*

Visitor—Sweet girls you have here in the mountains.  
Oldtimer—Thar's smoke in them thar hills, sonny.  
—*Purple Cow.*

"What do you like about that fat daddy I saw you with last night?"  
"Checks appeal, kid!"—*Mercury.*

George—These young widows have an advantage over you girls, because they know all about men.  
Marge—Yes; and because the only men that know anything about them are dead.—*Outlaw.*



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Sleek, slim coats of collegiate sophistication—of sporting type, yet versatile enough for any event of one's social calendar.

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## Do college men set styles

*(you bet they do)*

## for other men's clothing?

If you think they don't,  
just ask Roos Bros....we  
know a good deal about  
men's styles....and college  
men know that we know....  
that's why most of them  
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