



# S T A N F O R D CHAPARRAL



JANUARY  
**25¢**

ROUGH'S  
NUMBER  
with  
A NOD  
at the  
'500'

HEB  
CYD 333

THORINGTON  
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+ GOULD

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL -

# A Shop for UNIVERSITY MEN



OUR service to better dressed University Men, in or out of college, demands that the wearables we offer be only the most authentic originations obtainable. Many distinctive Scotch and English importations are included.

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### SOX APPEAL

Is the tone struck every hour by our famous "Cam-Clocks," and there's price appeal as well.

3 pairs for \$1.00



YOU CAN'T PLAY  
POLO IN A POLO COAT  
But that's about the only  
occasion these camel hair  
beauties aren't up to . . .  
\$45 to \$65

Suits Custom Tailored,  
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our famous "Own Design"  
collar.

\$2.50 and up

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Street

**PHELPS  
TERKEL**

Palo Alto,  
Calif.



# "But they needn't cost a fortune, Father!

*... I'll buy them at the City of Paris Deauville Shop!"*

... so cried Penelope, while she was home for the Christmas holidays. And so another battle became ancient history, and Penelope, whom nobody ever noticed last term, returned to school one of the smartest girls on the campus! And all because she Got Wise and told Dad about how easy the City of Paris Deauville Shop really is on tender pocket-books!

## CITY of PARIS

Geary, Stockton & O'Farrell

Telephone DOUGLAS 4500



Her camels' hair topcoat is a perfect love. Warm and snugly... with full raglan sleeves and dapper leather buttons, it takes Penelope to class, to town, to polo games... everywhere... with equal aplomb! And she admits that it only cost her \$39.50!

Deauville Sports... Third Floor



One of the most exciting things about her new wardrobe is this knitted suit... bright red... with the most amusing striped gilet. It is the biggest knock-out ever. Penelope says that's because it comes from Deauville... and says it only cost \$29.50!

Deauville Sports... Third Floor



Of course, being wise to The Way Things Are by this time, Penelope also included a chamois jacket in her wardrobe. It's cut with deep pockets, just the thing to slip on over her wool frocks when she scrambles for her early morning class. And it was only \$16.75!

Deauville Sports... Third Floor.

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Chiffon  
or Service Weight  
Full Fashioned  
Silk Hose

**\$1.00** per  
pair

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Incorporated, of Palo Alto

Queen Mary of England, outside of inhabiting large hats, is a meticulous grammarian. At one time, visiting a military hospital during the late war, she had occasion to talk to a wounded Tommy, who was describing the manoeuvres at Ypres.

"There we was," he said, "at Wipers . . ."

"Eeper", corrected the Queen.

The soldier hesitated, then continued, "When the attack began, they yanked us out of the town, but we soon marched back to Wipers . . ."

"Eeper", said the Queen, again.

The soldier went on. "And it was right there at Wipers . . ."

"Eeper", repeated the Queen.

After several minutes, the Queen left. One of the doctors asked the soldier, "Well, what did you think of the Queen?"

"Oh, she's a fine lady," he said. "But it's a pity she has the hiccup so bad."

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern

## Stanford Chaparral

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Paul Revere (shouting at window): "Husband at home?"  
 Lady: "Yes."  
 P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."  
 P. R. (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"  
 Lady: "Yes."  
 P. R.: "Tell him the British are coming."  
 P. R. (shouting at another window): "Husband at home?"  
 Lady: "No."  
 P. R. (dismounting): "To hell with the British."  
 —Virginia M. I. Sniper



Of course, lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place—it doesn't have to.  
 —Arizona Kitty-Kat



Did you hear that they arrested Rudy Vallee the other day for trying to go in the men's room?  
 —Massachusetts Tech Voo Doo



A pretty schoolteacher who prided herself on knowing the parents of all her pupils thought she saw one of them on the street-car one day and said: "How are you, Mr. Smith?" Then perceiving he was a total stranger, she apologized: "I beg your pardon, I thought you were the father of one of my children."  
 —Annapolis Log

# Service

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**Quick - Intelligent  
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Mechanical and electrical work of all kinds—body building, fender straightening, storage and washing. Large stock of parts and accessories.

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**Anson Weeks**  
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 Every Night and on  
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**TUESDAY--**  
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 entertainment  
**WEDNESDAY--**  
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 unusual menus  
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**SATURDAY--**  
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 An Informal Dinner for  
 \$1.50  
 in quiet surroundings  
 You will always find a col-  
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Peyton Kane

# Have Yourself Fitted Out For the Winter Quarter With New

Ties  
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you are  
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win in  
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SAN FRANCISCO

Hell hath no fury like the woman so popular that everybody thought it was no use to invite her.

—*Randolph-Macon Old Maid*



"Today there was a story of a college boy . . . Good heavens! she had known him . . . She had sat out in his car exchanging caresses with him . . . It had meant little to her, but he had been very emotional about it."

—*Cosmopolitan Magazine*

You don't know your college men, sister. You mean *methodical*.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



Peggy: "Harry was held up last night by two men."

Joyce: "Where?"

Peggy: "All the way home."

—*Stevens Stone Mill*



Professor: "What is Norway's most valuable contribution to the World?"

Student: "Knute Rockne."

—*Colgate Banter*

The other day when I came home, Grandpa seemed exceedingly excited. He was jumping over sofas and turning cartwheels, and, as Gramp is going on eighty-three, that would seem to indicate that he was under no small emotional stress. "What's the matter, Gramp?" I asked, concernedly. "Matter," he shouted back, "Boy, this is the greatest day of my life. *College Humor* just published one of the jokes I wrote for the *Record* while I was in college."

—*Yale Record*



A young lady who had missed her train was stranded in a small country station. "Where can I spend the night?" she asked an old man nearby. "I dunno," he said, "I guess you'll hafter sleep with the station agent." "Sir," exclaimed the girl, "I'll have you know I'm a lady." "That's all right," said the old timer, "So is the station agent."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



"How'd you like it at the Villa Vallee?"

"Oh, it's a gorgeous place, but there was some young fellow there who got up on a platform and kept mumbling to himself with his eyes closed."

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

# College Girls Wear Sweaters as Blouses



NOVELTY  
SLIP-ONS  
IN A  
VARIETY  
of  
COLORS

*The most popular  
Women's Shoe on  
the Stanford Cam-  
pus, the Spalding  
Sport Shoe, may be*

✦ *secured at* ✦

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This is your opportunity to secure America's smartest quality shoes at a reduced price . . . .

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*It is usually profitable to follow a leader.*

Now concentrating on Spring prints, Sunday night dresses and formals.

"Up to the Minute in Style—  
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COATS :: SUITS :: DRESSES

Dresses—\$9.75 and \$15.00—Exclusively

Coats \$9.75 and up

Phone Ballard 597

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SAN JOSE, CALIF.

He: "Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?"

She: "Yes. Why?"

He: "I just wondered who in hell lifted them off the stove for you." —Williams Purple Cow

Enthusiastic Agent: "There is a house without a flaw."

Bored Prospect: "What do the people walk on?" —Stevens Stone Mill

They say that bread contains alcohol, so let's drink a little toast. —West Point Pointer

"It's a dirty shame the way they pay athletes in this school."

"Aren't you right? I'm not getting half of what I'm worth." —Brown Jug

"No, I never drink coffee in the morning—it keeps me awake all day."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



Two Chicago men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home," said one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met the next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the advisor.

"Rottenly," replied the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them up neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was the elevated station."

—*Buffalo Bison*



Employment Manager: "I want you to find a new stenographer for my boss."

Employment Agent: "What size lap, please?"

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*



"Do you mean to tell me that Jack and Mary have been married?"

"Of course."

"Why, I thought Mary was one of those modern girls who didn't believe in marriage."

"Well, that's what Jack thought, too!"

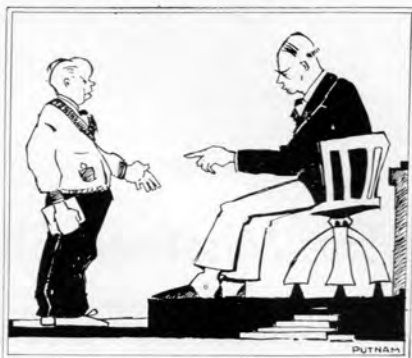
—*Lehigh Burr*



Baby Stork: "Mama, where did I come from?"

—*Wisconsin Octopus*

## One Way to an "A" in economics



While this is not a correspondence course, and while "riches" are not guaranteed after one lesson, here is an "easy way to save money in your spare time!" Requisites are a J. C. Penney store nearby and a small allowance! All enrolled students receive generous savings with every purchase.

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TO START THE  
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Famous Little Studio  
of Young Styles  
—Third Floor

## "WE GOT RHYTHM" And This Young Frock Says How

LIKE a symphonic poem by Ravel . . . this vibrant bolero . . . tailor flared, accenting the glowing vest of cream moire, drawn tightly as a matador slips his sash. Exciting crescendo of its petulant skirt . . . slender hip-line swinging into superb flare . . . sisters, you'll croon it! Wherever you go, you'll want to wear its feeling of tenuous slimness. Of quality wool crepe in Red Bandanna, Saxon Blue, Kelly Green, and the deep Black of the castanet.

\$19<sup>75</sup>

### The Missteen Shop

O'Connor, Moffatt's collection of gowns, frocks, and casual suits . . . for the clothes-critical little co-ed who wears sizes 11 to 15. Beautifully needled garments that the most demure budget can "rush," conscience-free!

# O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & CO.

STOCKTON AT O'FARRELL STREET + SUTTER 1800

STANFORD  
**CHAPARRAL**

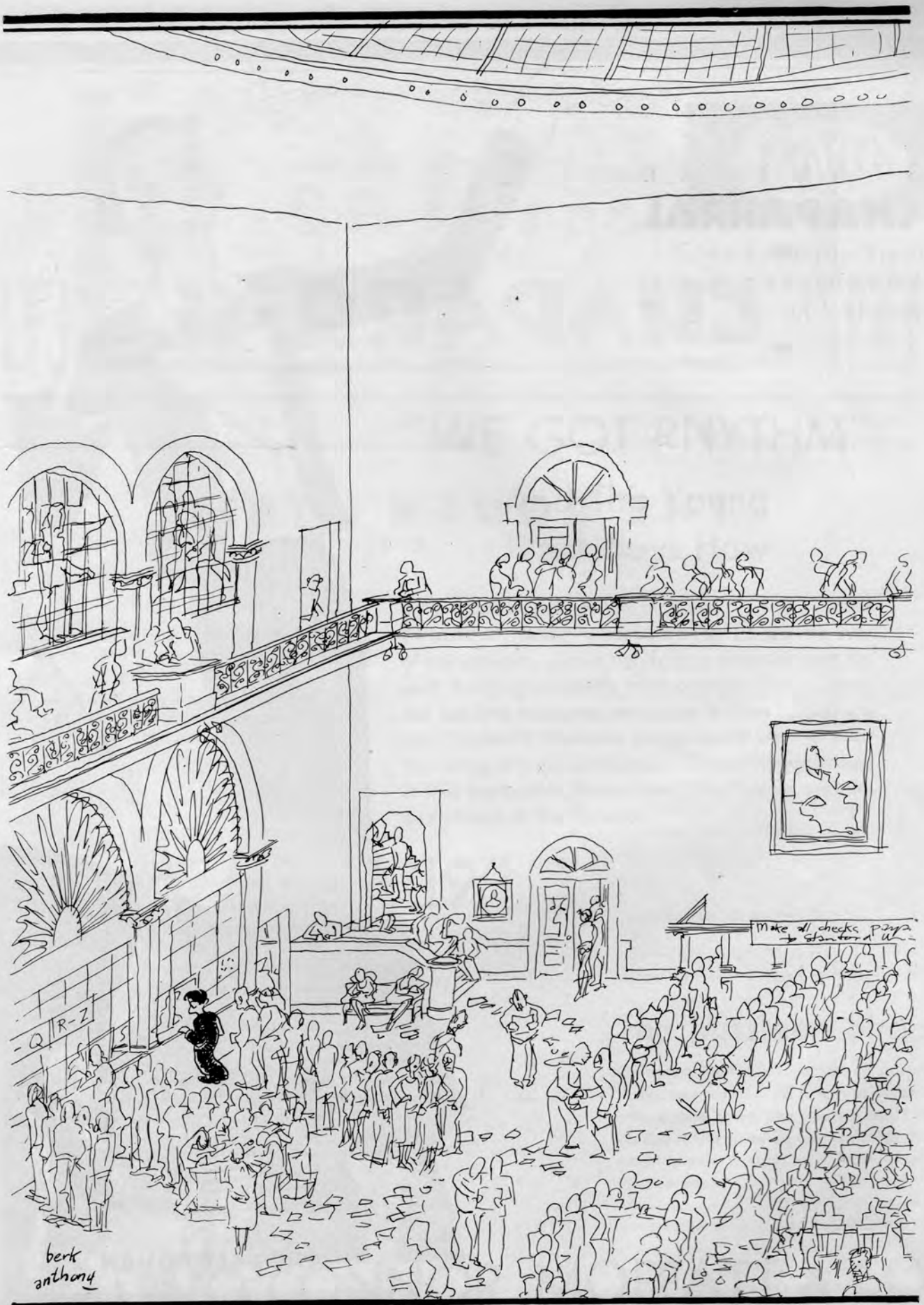
Roughs and Gurls  
NUMBER

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**THE LAST ROUGH**



*"Did you get Mama's letter? She said I could come to Stanford."*



# THE ROUGH'S TEST

## WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?



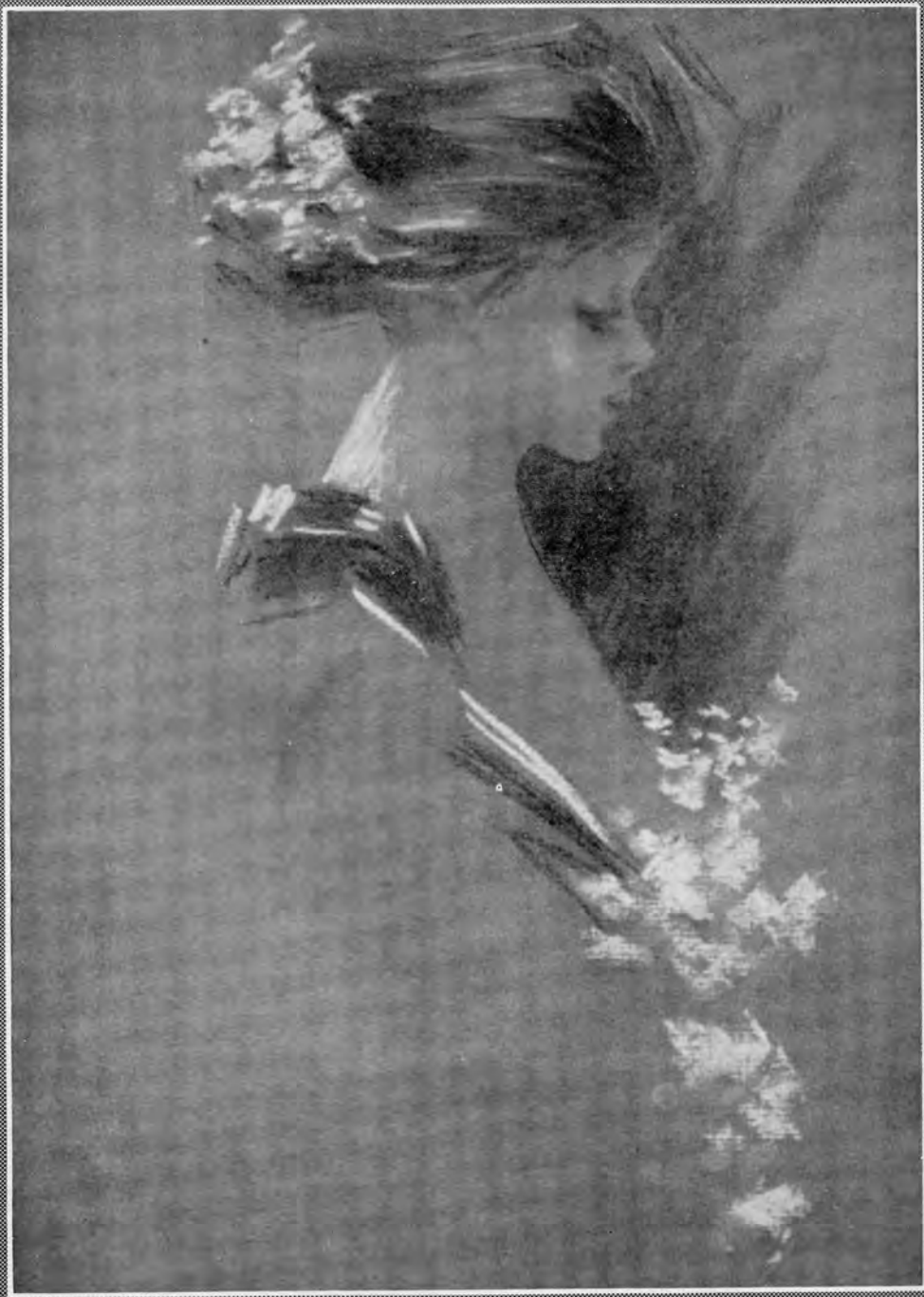
Here is the Detwiler-Zilcher Rough's test for wayward Stanford students, offered for the first time (a big scoop on the psych department) by the Stanford CHAPARRAL. Everyone get out a pencil and figure out his score, and then, oh what fun, dashing from fraternity to hall to Sequoia to see what your friends got.

Just rate yourself according to your answer. The best you can do is about plus 540, the score of a complete reprobate and the perfect Rough. The 100% dryball will go at least minus 1440, but anyone calling himself a true Stanford man should go plus several hundred. Anyway, here it is. Take it or leave it.

Question	Yes	No	Your Score	Question	Yes	No	Your Score
Have you ever been in the art gallery?.....	-40	+10	10	Are you in the band?.....	-50	+5	5
Do you know where the Arboretum is?.....	-30	+30	30	Do you know where the Hoover home is?....	-5	+60	5
Do you admire Graham McNamee?.....	-45	+15	15	Have you ever tried out for dramatics?.....	-10	+10	10
Have you ever been in the Cit reading room? .....	-50	+5	5	Do you know where the law library is?.....	-5	+20	20
Have you ever been above the 2nd floor of the library? .....	-10	+15	15	Have you ever gone to chapel?.....	-30	+5	5
Have you ever been in the Palm Gardens? .....	+20	-5	5	Have you ever been thrown out of the Mark Hopkins? .....	+30	-10	10
Have you ever roughed a campus dance?....	+5	-40	40	Have you ever gone to a Castilleja dance? .....	-30	+15	15
Have you ever been to the Aladdin?.....	+25	-5	5	Have you ever sailed paper aeroplanes in the Assembly Hall?.....	+10	-10	10
Does Maybelle mean anything to you?.....	+30	-10	10	Do you like Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear?....	-40	+20	20
Have you ever attended a Stanford baseball game? .....	-20	+10	10	Have you ever attended one of the student Concert Series? .....	-10	+10	10
Have you ever given the bird to referee Hollander? .....	+10	-30	30	Have you ever attended a Fellowship Tea? .....	-50	+10	10
Do you ever read the Cabbages column?.....	-20	+15	15	Did you ever hear of the Sigma Kappas?....	+40	-5	40
Do you know where the B.A.C. corporation yards are? .....	+5	+5	5	Do you know what the Euphronia Society is? .....	-30	+10	10
Do you know who Ernie Nevers is?.....	+20	-0	20	Have you ever sent a "minute letter"?.....	-30	+15	15
Do you like U.S.C.?.....	-50	+15	15	Have you ever been in the libe except the night just before an important ex?.....	+30	-30	30
Have you ever attend a good-will assembly? .....	-30	+30	30	Have you ever been to a Gamma Phi "at home"? .....	-40	+10	10
Do you like Rudy Vallee?.....	-150	+3	3	Have you ever been on a party of six?.....	-30	+10	10
Have you ever done any hours at the Convalescent Home? .....	+10	-40	40	Is "Buddy" Rogers your ideal?.....	-310	+5	5
Do you understand the new gradepoint system? .....	-40	+2	2	Have you ever been to the Green Street Theatre? .....	-30	-30	30
Are you enrolled in military?.....	-30	+5	5	Do you think this thing is any good?.....	-6000	+1	1

(This doesn't count in the score).  
150

—JOE THOMPSON



*Drawn by Virgil Bellows '08*

AN ARGUMENT FOR CO-EDUCATION





Oh my, yes!  
We rougns just crashed  
right into the Roble formal!

### THE ROUGH'S ALL-AMERICAN

ENDS—McCocklin of Mu Kitty Mu and Fester of Toyon Basement. Both are adepts at intercepting pass-out checks and breaking up furniture. They were closely pressed in this selection, however, by the San Francisco police.

TACKLES—Singlebrain of Beta Sig and Crunch of Ma-zono. If you have ever seen either of these boys work on a hotel doorman, you can see that they just can't be kept out of this list. Or out of anything else, for that matter.

GUARDS—Beckett of California and Taylor of Stanford. This IS a Rough's team.

CENTER—Grouse of Branner, third floor. He has made only one bad pass in his entire career, that one being at a Tri Delt from California. Live and learn, you know.

QUARTERBACK—Kropp of Sequoia, key man of Sequoia's "immortal" Twenty-One—'member? Who is this guy Carideo, anyway?

HALFBACKS—De Trop of the Union and Moscovitz of Encina, third floor. De Trop is by far the most elusive man, on the campus, as half a dozen bill-collectors will testify. Last Big Game Night he weaved through a broken field at the Mark to the door without a hand being laid on him. Moscovitz is a sponsor, and the best buck-passer in captivity. His work in that respect has been dramatized in that great play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Buck."

FULLBACK—Lavoris of Alpha Alpha Alpha, and so on. His work in crashing through three B. A. C. policemen, the pride of "Smiling Jim" Tucker's force, was the highlight of the 1930 season.

—FRIENDLICH

### PREDICTION

The Lineup In Any News Reel For 1931

(Fill In The Blanks Yourself)

Professor Einstein saying "Wast ist?" to reception committee at .....

Big dock fire in ..... during record cold spell.

House of David Basketball team playing Finkelberg's ribbon counter five, at .....

Herbert Hoover being sucked in as first American to subscribe to fund for Emaciated Oafs of .....

The Eel ice hockey squad trouncing the Canadian All-Stars at the Crystal Palace rink in .....

Ted Tiptop balancing on one ear on the cornice of the Chrysler building, the funny fellow.

The Notre Dame Ramblers trouncing ..... in ..... Stadium.

The "First Lady of the Land" being appointed honorary gimbel of the Girl Squirrels of America.

The Empire State building nearing completion, as nonchalant steel-workers trip to and fro, remarking the while on the perils of pedestrianism.

Fred Sternblatt, senator from Ohio, prophesying prosperity for all good Republicans.

Mr. Courage and Mr. Fear in their "Good Times are Coming" act.

—LORTON

"Whoowie!" shouted the ice-hockey fan. "We've got the ol' game on ice." He was an ice sight when they got through with him. Look out, before ice-hockey you, you mug. Heigh Ho!

UGH!

"You're a German, aren't you?"  
"Oh yes, indeed. I'm a Hessian at Roble."

### FRANKNESS AT LAST

(From the Kansas Sour Owl)

... attention H-d J-s and L.A.C.C. ....

#### GOOD WORK

Many students who watch the K. U. football machine in action do not appreciate the thought, time, and effort put forth by the athletic department in getting athletes for the school, and keeping them eligible. A constant campaign is being carried on by the coaches, the athletic director, and others interested in athletics, in producing teams at Kansas which will produce good will and victories for the University.

This year an unusually large number of athletes are eligible for varsity competition, thanks to the efforts of the athletic department and its friends. Don't forget these silent cogs in the machine when you watch our athletes battle for the red and blue.

Amen!





THE ROAD TO OLD L. A.

=1=

By the old Pagoda Roadhouse lookin' lazy at the sea  
 There's a Sennett girl a-settin', and I hope she thinks o' me.  
 For the wind moans 'round the oil wells, and the Real Estators say:  
 "Come you back, you Kansas tourist, come you back to old L. A."  
 "Come you back to old L. A."

Chorus:

Come you back to old L. A., where the sun shines every day,  
 And they've moved the city limits back to Clinton, I-o-way.  
 On the road to old L. A., where the wild mosquitos play,  
 When the dawn comes up you wonder if your heap will run all day.

=2=

Oh, her one-piece suit was yaller, and her bathin' cap was green,  
 And her garb had not been christened, that was plainly to be seen.  
 And I saw her first a-smokin' of a tailored cigaroot  
 Waitin' for a young Director to prepare a scene to shoot.  
 To prepare a scene to shoot.

Chorus:

Come you back to old L. A., where the sun shines every day,  
 And they've moved the city limits back to Clinton, I-o-way.  
 On the road to old L. A., where the wild mosquitos play,  
 When the dawn comes up you wonder if your heap will run all day.

=3=

Ship me somewheres west o' Yuma, where the best is like the worst,  
 Where it's close to Tia Juana, and a man can drown his thirst.  
 For the wind is in the prune trees, and the Real Estators say:  
 "Come and see the sub-divisions that we're putting on today."  
 "That we're putting on today."

Chorus:

Come you back to old L. A where the custard tossers play,  
 Where she grows so fast they have to take the census every day.  
 On the road to old L. A., where the flivvers boil all day,  
 And they shed their hoods and fenders and their tops along the way.

—"DOC" HOAG, '27  
 (thanks, Kipling)



"Yes, Papa got the garbage contract. His hogs'll git fat now!"

THE OLD BOY  
 TALKS IT OVER

with



THE  
 STANFORD GIRL

"Ah, good afternoon, young lady, please come in."  
 "Thank you, Mr. Old Boy."  
 "Just call me Chappie. When you get to be as old as I am, you like to be addressed familiarly by a pretty girl."  
 "Now I'm afraid the subject of which I speak is a delicate one."  
 "Oh! Perhaps I should ask the Dean if . . ."  
 "Now, there you go! I called you in, since you're a Representative Stanford Woman, to sort of talk things over."  
 "And already you start leaning on the Dean. That's the first trouble with you girls. You have your minds made up for you down in her cosy little office, and you never quite get away from it."  
 "You have your courses arranged for you. You have to come in shortly after curfew. Your freshman girls can't be in dramatics. You can't go to a place off the Dean's White List and still Be Respectable, according to the Stanford Double Standard."  
 "Well, it's bound to have an effect. I wouldn't be surprised if that's why you've got the reputation of being snooty. You're all probably too pre-occupied thinking what you're going to say to the Lockout Committee."  
 "But, Chappie, you can't blame the restrictions on us."  
 "No, but you don't have to submit so passively. Why not raise Hell about it? I beg your pardon."  
 "We can't do much."  
 "Perhaps not. But don't be so gosh-awful Conventional about everything. And be loyal to your own members. For instance, what was the idea of Pan-Hellenic Picking on Kappa Alpha Theta?"  
 "Why, I . . ."  
 "You know that wasn't a fair penalty, taking away their rushing privileges. They pulled a bad Brodie, but, Lordy, they did it in front of everybody."  
 "We can't discriminate in rushing."  
 "Exactly. . . . Y'know, rushing is a lot of hoocy but you all love it. Your rules about Simplicity don't bother you a bit. You just have a grand splurge."  
 "Ah well, I'm an old codger. Don't mind me. . . . But don't forget that the Old Boy is All For the Stanford Girl. And it's just because he thinks she's Swell that he wants her to be a little less—well, you know—so that others will think so, too."

Kappa Alpha Theta announces the pledging of Veva Jane Haehl, '33.





5 0 1

### BUTTERMILK AND YEAST

**"Y**OU waitin' for tickets too, huh? Yeah, this here waitin' gets me down. You look kinda pale. Ever try drinkin' buttermilk? Makes you sick, hey? Lotta folks can't handle it, but me, I lap it up. Drink one, two quarts a day. Fine stuff. Yeast cakes, too. Like 'em? Yeah, sorta like sawdust, but fine for ya health. Sometimes I knock off three or four a day. Wash 'em down with buttermilk. Y' like buttermilk? Some folks is that way about it, but me, I'm crazy for it like a kid. Say, y' ever eat any yeast cakes. . . .? Aw, we're movin' up at last. Sittin' in the balcony? The orchestra? Oh, yeah, thass downstairs. Boy! What I'd give right now for a nice big glass of buttermilk and a juicy yeast cake. Well, see y' some more, Chief."

—LORTON

### BEST BY TEST

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!" said brother Horace '00 as he and two others of his class sat around the festive board with three of the bros. of '33.

"We never shaved, we never washed, we worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. Those were the days!"

So the six had a round on that.

*(Rough Brother McSlush '00 passed out after this round.)*

"We beat up the frosh, we beat up the cops, we had the faculty licked from the start and all the beer-joint-bouncers were afraid of us!"

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the five had a round on that.

*(Rough Brother Mugg '00 passed out after this round.)*

"We never went to concerts, we never smoked imported cigarettes, and never brushed our teeth!"

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the four had a round on that.

*(Rough Brother Guff '00 passed out after this round.)*

"Ah, they were MEN in those days!"

So the three surviving smooth, re-fined, and delicate brothers of '33 had twenty-five more rounds on that.

—DON CAMERON

Call-Bulletin banner:

TELL HOW CLARA SPENT  
\$350,000

Nothing doing. We're going to keep  
our mouth shut.

### REMARKABLE PHYSIOLOGICAL OBSERVATION IN THE STANFORD DAILY

" . . . there is no essential difference between the basic metabolism of Hall and Row women."

"There goes the dog-catcher."  
"Yeah, the old muzzle-man."



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



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

## The Chappies

Burnell Gould '31 Editor  
Berk Anthony '32 Art Editor  
Harold David '32 Manager  
Reidar Winther '32 Circulation  
Managing Editors  
Paul Lorton '31 Don Cameron '32  
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Francis Bates '32 Frank Clough '32  
Jack Cornell '32

### HONORARY

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

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE

LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER

TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

**NOW THAT** Stanford has fallen upon dull days, and the Democratic spirit of the Farm has gone Republican, the Old Boy sadly notes the vanishing of a Great Race—the Stanford Roughs. Time was when any Stanford man who wore knickers was a daisy, and no two ways about it, either. The Rough was King. He feared not man nor beast. Beer was the standard beverage, and cords the standard pants. Sweaters served as shirts, and Roughs served at table. Stanford was the Farm, and anybody who got fancy just wasn't the sort of guy they wanted around.

Thirty years the Old Boy has been the Rough's friend. He knows the Rough is slightly mythical, somewhat sentimentalized. He knows the fabled Old Days are always shrouded in a mauve haze. But the Venerable Cuckoo thinks that the Rough represents something carefree and natural that was Stanford, and he toasts him in this number, while there are left enough of his race to respond with a song.

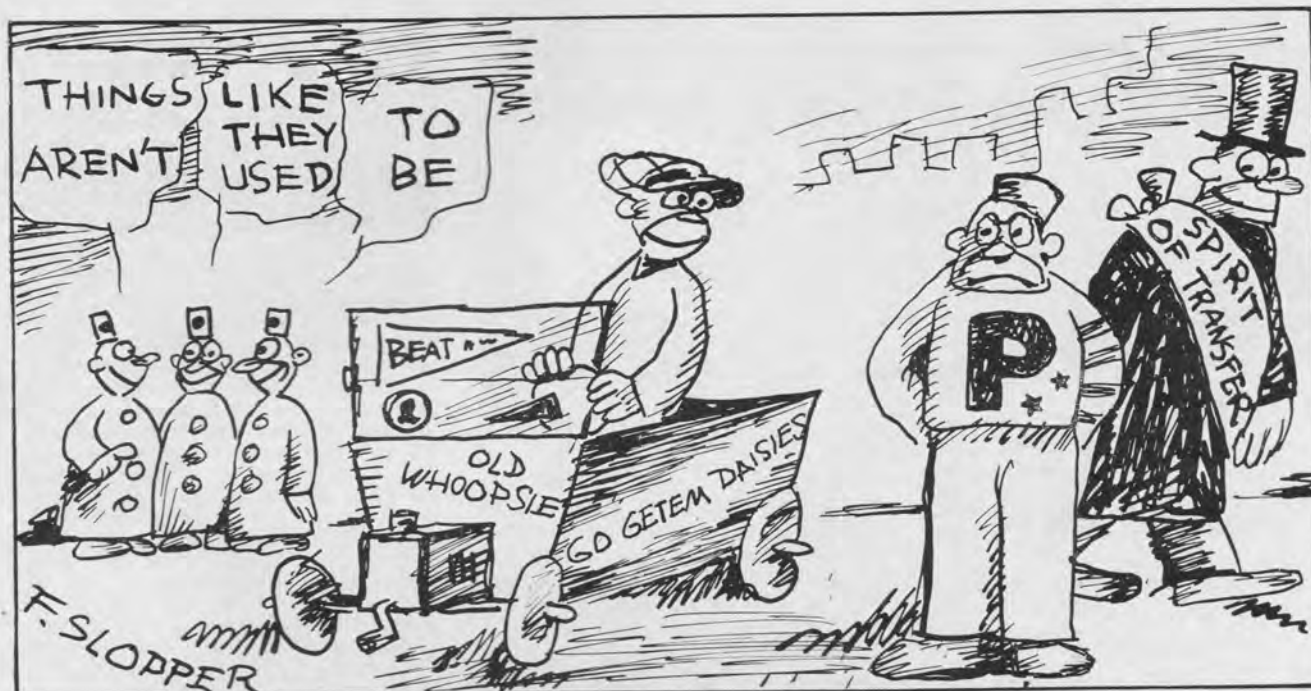
The Ancient One also nods affably at the famous "500" in these pages. Stanford's women, Chappie opines, don't deserve the crepe that has been hung on them. The Old Gent has always had a weakness for a pretty face and a trim figure. He finds plenty of 'em here, all opinions to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is true that he sympathizes with the Rough who scorns queening or, weakening, calls Redwood or San Jose or Palo Alto. He is treated better by the imported product, but the Old Boy is bound to say that his choice is often fierce. He could have done far better on the campus. Still, the Stanford woman is an acquired taste. She is terribly conventional, for people might talk. She is chary with her smiles, and careless of favors done her. She has not felt Want; she has not had to work her way. But, though Hard to Know, she often proves charming.

So the Old Boy hoists a stein to the Stanford Girl, too, and hopes she won't disapprove of his form of salute.

The "500" is the syrup on a pancake of Roughs. Say, chef, isn't the batter getting kinda thin?

## TOO MANY LABELS



**UNCLE SAM** is pretty **STRICT** about letting **UNDESIRABLE** citizens into the **UNITED STATES**. He is a **SMART** Uncle. He **DISCOURAGES** immigrants who cannot transplant themselves. **MAYBE** Uncle Administration is **SMART**, too. But if he **INSISTS** on admitting to the **FARM** a lot of die-hard transfers he should **FORCE** them to **CHECK** their **LABELS**. The Farm is **OVER-RUN** with newcomers who wear athletic emblems won at the Sarah M. Garfinkle Memorial Junior College and who drive cars with **GO GET 'EM, WEASELS** pasted all over the windshield. Mr. Slopper shows this **PETTY** situation in this **POWERFUL** cartoon. It is not very **IMPORTANT**, but it is very **ANNOYING**. Too many **LABELS**.

**NOW THAT** cartoon above has, for three issues, been disrespectfully dedicated to the Union Dining System. Know that the Old Boy is as strongly opposed as ever to the Theory of Monopoly and the Fact of Petticoat Rule. Still, things are unquestionably better than they were, and being a great believer in variety, Chappie turns to other subjects. He is still curious, however, as to just what brand of liquid salve they give the name of butter and spread on snails at the Cellar. Applied externally, it might be a cure for something. And most cellars with which the Old Boy is familiar have been gratefully cool, not thick with stale heat.

**NOW THAT** this, the fourth *Chaparral* of Volume 32, is in your hands, the Ancient One wants to announce that he would welcome enough art and literary contributions to make his office a veritable shambles. Five issues remain, with elections to that grand and glorious Society of Hammer and Coffin taking place in the spring. The Old Boy is a sucker for visitors; he'll talk over your little art and literary problems with you by the hour. Drop around.

The Old Boy in this number presents a little drypoint sketch by Louis Rogers, Art Director of *Sunset Magazine*, and takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Rogers for his always helpful hand. Credit is due Harold Helvenston for a drawing in the last issue done on short notice. Gregor Duncan, young artist of the *Call-Bulletin*, has been a consistent and willing contributor. Chappie is proud that he can call upon such talented friends.

### CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

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# A GIRL IN EVERY SPORT



LINK  
MALMQUIST  
+ GOULD

# THE SUGAR BOWL



A LITTLE pleasant weather for a spell . . . the unfailing courtesy of stanford post office employees . . . ditto for the university phone exchange lassies . . . but a ding for the piddling and inadequate hall phone system . . . the swell guys the old boy has on his staff . . . wit and willingness of the inner half dozen . . . a cheer for the pretty and pleasant girls who sell on quad . . . the university press coming along better every year . . . the 1931 quad will be printed there . . . good luck, boys . . . chappie likes the san Francisco climate, though . . . a hand for the english club, for once . . . they presented an interesting revival of "the cabinet of dr. caligari" . . . what a relief to see a silent movie for a change . . . hoping for a hot intramural basketball season . . . intramural competition a darn good institution . . . when some time is given to managing the tourneys . . . the illustrated review reprints from chaparral link malmquist's swell drawing of pop warner . . . a hand for the band, before it's too late . . . the cord system . . . and other plain togs . . . may formality never gain favor on the farm . . . the hashing tradition . . . dignity of the workingman . . . a democratic spirit peculiar to stanford . . . the fellowship teas not a bad idea . . . but it's tough to break the daisy chain . . . or divorce tea from tee-hee . . .



"Gimme a sentence with Vampire."  
"Say, another one of those cracks an I'll Dracula over the place."



## LAMENT OF THE BARELY ABLE

What'll we use for money, boys,  
When the syllabus fees come due?  
Oh, where'll we get the dough, boys,  
When the syllabus fees are due?

We'll drink that Union coffee,  
And we'll eat those Union snails;  
We'll hock our Tux (for seven bucks),  
And give up 'spensive frails.

We'll all be needin' haircuts,  
There'll be hunger on our maps;  
We'll bum our smokes, and cut the cokes,  
And lay off shootin' craps.

That's how we'll get the money, boys,  
That's why we look so blue—  
Oh, that's how we get the money, boys,  
When the syllabus fees come due.

—DOUGLASS



# THE VINEGAR CRUET

## TALES FROM NEVER-NEVER LAND

(Our old key-hole peeper Gotch-Ear Lorten, dashed off this stuff. What we mean is, they'll never, never happen.)

### In The Big City

WHEN are we going to get that new gateway? . . . or are they revising the plans to fit chappie's hoover-wilbur suggestion . . . presented in the october number . . . a prize of hip boots to the guy who can get from toyon to the quad in wet weather . . . without growing three inches taller by the accumulation of mud under his shoes . . . the thetas can't rush for awhile . . . too severe a sock for a stupid but entirely open blunder . . . hope they are half as severe on the illegal rushing of fraternities . . . started 'way last summer . . . fat chance . . . what kind of saddle will the university find, now that the three independent clubs have paid off their building indebtedness? . . . the tiresome efforts of everybody and his brother to chisel gold off the b. a. c. . . . the women were finally given ample for a good gym . . . and then wanted more . . . the b. a. c. built branner . . . supported the band . . . laid out a fine golf course . . . constructed one of the finest college athletic plants anywhere . . . administration not satisfied . . . the hypocrisy of checking the life-blood of successful stanford sports . . . barring young men with speed and strength and skill . . . and yet supporting half a dozen administration projects with gate receipts . . . projects which should be carried on through regular university funds . . . but there ain't no funds . . .

"So you want a table, huh? Got a reservation? Oh, so you telephoned last week. Talked to a guy named Nate, eh? Sorry, can't do anything for ya. C'mon, beat it. We can't have you guys standin' around here cloggin' up the entrance. G'wan, scram. Jussa minute. What's that? You're from Stanford? Well, why'n't yuh say so in the first place? Arnst! The best table in the place for this young gentleman. Right this way, sir, please, sir, right this way. . . . ."

### Getting a Date

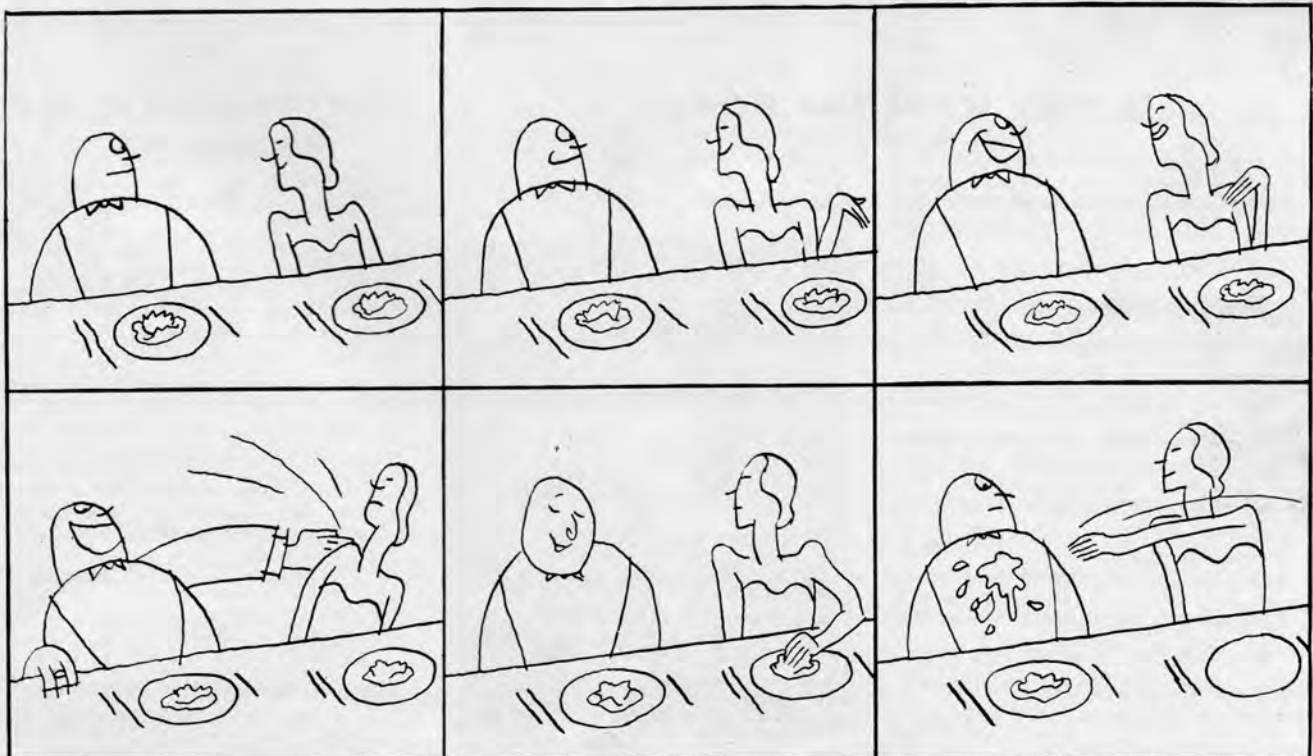
"Gappa House! Yes, this is Wanda Gimmee. Oh, yes, Jimmy. No, I'm not doing anything Saturday night. Why, yes, I'd be glad to go to the movies with you. And the Elite Creamery afterwards? Oh, that would be lovely, Jimmy. Your car isn't running anymore? Well, that's too bad, but it's only a mile to town, we can walk that, Jimmy. Meet you in the lobby? Silly boy, of course I will. . . . ."

### At the Union

"Good day, sir. Beautiful day out isn't it? Yes, we're giving coffee away today. Absolutely free. And snails, very nearly fresh. I don't see why you eat in the Union when your father fought for the Confederacy. Ah, ha, ha. That's us in the Union, always joking, always taking life with a smile. Yes Sir! Cash a check? You bet we will, any amount you say. Do come in again some time. Make this just a rendezvous. . . . ."

### 10:31 At Roble

"Well, well, Miss Fortlephloggen. Late again! You're a caution Sadie, honest you are. This is the third time this week, you bad little girl. I'm going to give you a talking-to some time. Sometime when you're not around. Ah, ha ha. That's good, eh? Well run along upstairs now, while I let in some more of the girls. The little imps, I'll make them think they're going to get a lock-out. Wheeee!



Drawn by Master Anthony, Aged 9 if he's a day



## CAMPUS GLOSSARY

*The Absent Minded Professor* is the lad you read about in the college comics and see in the movies; on the campus he's the guy who forgets to give you "A" in

*History*, a study of how the Big Shots in Former Times got by on practically

*Nothing*, the main content of the minds of most Stanford

*Roughs*, bewhiskered, dirty-pantsed fellas, fast disappearing along with the Senior Sombrero and the Hello

*Traditions*, moss-bound customs that you read about in Old Quads, and hear about from

*Old Grads*, musty doaks of another generation who come back to all the games but leave nary a nickel when they

*Kick Off*, what any one of the "500" would do if a Stanford man propositioned them for a

*Date*, the result of a weak moment when luck was against you, and you got your

*Party*, the police name for brawl, at which nine-tenths of the assemblage proceed to get

*Sozzled*, the condition we were in when we were enticed to turn out this drivel.

(X) GOTCH EAR LORTON, his mark.



❧

*Ah! Sweetest perfume of delight  
To stir imagination's flight  
To higher realms of poesy!  
Ah! Languor of a Southern night,  
Thy flame of beauty burning bright  
To bring such dreams of joy to me!  
Ah! Charm of all our yesterdays  
Combined into one perfect grace  
With you here study would be sin.  
Ah! Ravishment of form and face!  
Fair ornament to this fair place  
But gosh, they just won't let you in!*

—DARRELL AMYX



## A DAY WITH THE ROUGH (THE FUNNY FELLA)

- 7:45—Gets up off the floor, washes out mouth with Lysol, vaults into corduroy pants standing by selves in corner.
- 7:55—Makes breakfast on broken glass, old razor blades, and bits of slide rule.
- 8:00—Starts across campus, knocks all the books off the window ledges.
- 8:11—Clumps into class, divides time between giving prof the bird and carving "Sequoia" into his pants.
- 9:01—Starts back to hall, snarls at little freshman girl.
- 9:15—Spends next three hours throwing billiard balls at passers-by, pouring water in room-mate's bed, and hunting down bed-bugs.
- 12:00—Munches Old Mule cut plug, washes it down with a tot of grog.
- 1:00—Spends two or three hours in front of mirror practicing dirty looks.
- 4:00—Decides to do good deed, goes down and busts radio to pieces with axe.
- 7:00—Goes to show, bares teeth at box-office girl, stuffs usher into ticket-machine.
- 8:03—Engrossed in great aerial epic: "Foom Over the Ol' Channel", hisses Germans, guffaws at touching love scene.
- 9:01—When hero forced to shoot pal to save U. S. army and the Flag, he breaks down and weeps.

—GOTCH-EAR LORTON

## OVERHEARD IN A PARKED CAR

*Kappa*—Well now, really, must you be childish.

*Pi Phi*—You aren't so bad for a youngster.

*D. G.*—Now let's be a bit sensible....

*Sigma Kappa*—Well of course I don't usually go in for this, but . . .

*Tri Delt*—Now our girls over at Cal.

*Alpha Phi*—Isn't it great to be such friends.

*Alpha O*—Mammy!

*Theta*—It is nice out, but let's go in.

*Chi O*—Of course four Phi Betes in the house sort of keeps us working, but we must have our relaxation.

*Gamma Phi*—Here's how!

—TOWER



"Do you know Eddie Jones?"

"Naw, but his brother Davy has the locker right next to mine."



# FABLES OF THE FARM



IT happened last spring, when Mei Lan Fang, the distinguished Chinese actor, was giving his one-man show in San Francisco at an \$11 top. One of the Daily's reviewing staff, wandering through the city, saw the actor's name in bright electric lights in front of a playhouse, and decided that what the Daily needed was a red-hot review of this unusual presentation.

Accordingly, he bought a ticket, paying seventy-five cents, a circumstance which he did not pause to ponder, and sat through the show, without, of course, understanding much about it. Nevertheless he wrote the review, lavishing much praise on Mei Lan Fang.

Everything would have been eggs in the coffee had not several members of the Chinese Club on the campus seen the production before the review appeared. They decided that the writer was all wet, and protested to the editor. Investigation followed and the horrible truth was revealed.

It seems that, since Mei Lan Fang is a national Chinese figure, the Chinese theatres of San Francisco were advertising the fact that he was appearing at a certain legit playhouse in the city. It was such an advertisement that the Daily lad saw, but the show he reviewed was nothing more than one of those Chinese affairs which run all night long, all year round in the Mandarin Theatre on Grant Avenue.

It took considerable finesse on the part of the editor to avert a small-sized repetition of the Boxer Rebellion.

STARTING two years ago, when at the Hoover nomination rally the Hymn was broadcast nationally as "one of Stanford's famous fighting songs", famous Cardinal tunes have been used for a variety of purposes.

The humorous climax was reached when "Come Join the Band" was played while Sing-Sing prisoners marched in, but a really painful exploitation is the latest.

It was a Canine "Barkie" Comedy, with a rooting section full of dogs. A chord. Ta ta! And came forth the measured strains of "Where the rolling foothills rise . . .!"

But at least we've escaped Rudy.

## FABLES WANTED

THOSE who have made Stanford history, as well as those who have seen it made, are earnestly requested to contribute to posterity and CHAPARRAL by recording their experiences in Fable form for use on this page. Chappie knows that there are countless tales of the campus that equal Nebuchadnezzar's most fantastic stories, and it is the aim of the Old Boy to get them down on paper.

No holds are barred, but keep it clean.

THE *Stanford Daily* once had a sidewall liberally pasted up with "naturals" clipped from newspapers.

Women's rushing season reminds us of the only printable one we can recall now—an *Examiner* headline:

### SORORITIES BARE PLEDGES

But come up to the Chappie office some time, and we'll whisper to you the excruciating mistakes concerning (1) Nevers and wife and (2) "Frosty" Peters.



ONE of the guardians of the Hoover War Library was rudely disturbed one afternoon by the insistent jangling of the telephone.

Upon answering, he found Hollywood was calling long distance and after the final connection was made, a seven minute (or \$15.10, depending on the point of view) conversation brought out that:

A certain Hollywood studio was very anxious to secure a copy of a diary of a British War Ace in which intimate personal experiences were thrown around and left out to die of exposure. Unfortunately they did not know the author's name or the title of the precious volume.

The guardian went back into the stacks and uncovered some 32 diaries of British War Aces. Upon making known this fact (they were holding the line \$23.75) he received the following reply: "Well, the author dies in the last chapter."

The guardian thereupon returned again to the stacks and found dying in the last chapter was a habit with British War Aces. He asked for more identification. After a long pause for consultation the last straw was wafted over the wires from 500 miles away:

"The author's picture is the frontispiece!"

Incidentally, the volume was never uncovered, and another "True War Story" was turned out by a Hollywood gag man.

MANY tid-bits of news faithfully sleuthed hither and yon by Daily reporters find their way to the What The Hell Department of that sheet, and, eventually, to the waste-paper basket. One bit of unconscious humor, however, has been saved for posterity by fearless journalism on the part of Chappie, whose staff swooped in a body on the luckless morsel here presented:

Dudley DeGroot, former Stanford Athlete and now athletic director at Menlo junior college, spoke on bird life off the islands of Lower California before the Audubon Society yesterday at the Ferry Building in San Francisco.

Maybe this doesn't strike you as funny now, but gosh! you should have been there when it was handed in.



## SUBSIDIZING THE "500"

How About It, Mr. Registrar?

**W**HY not go into this subsidy thing, and go into it *right!* What with an anywhere *near* decent halfback getting as much as \$80 or maybe \$85 per month and the peanut concession at basketball games, it certainly looks like the Registrar's Office could take a cue from the methods successfully practiced by leading football universities. Not here, of course, but almost every place else.

We refer to the deplorable indifference concerning the pulchritude of Stanford's "500." Let us look at the facts in the clear white light of reason:

The Entrance Committee examines credits but never gets a look at the girls at all.

On Registration Day the connoisseur of feminine beauty



REGISTRAR'S SCOUT: "C'mon, girls, board and room and a non-competitive scholarship!"

may expect the worst. It just seems as though the Registrar didn't care.

Whatever charmers *do* get in are certainly not to be credited to the Administration, but merely to the Law of Averages (amended to less than  $\frac{1}{2}$  of 1%). And so what is the situation today? Why, Stanford women are popularly supposed to be Homely but Bright. This is surely all wrong. There are quite a few who are not bright.

Now we might as well come right out and admit that what Stanford needs is Pretty Girls! Yes sir! We may have 'em now, but try and convince anybody in the Great Big World outside our college gates.

We seem to have got a little off the track of our subsidy business, and will have to make it pretty snappy or we'll never make it up to Mills on time.

Briefly, our plan is to have a Registrar's Scout (well armed with orchids, rare perfumes, blank checks and other dainties dear to feminine hearts) travel all around the State in a big racy red automobile. Luring the prettiest local lassies by kidding them into thinking he was Earl Carroll, the Scout would make subtle offers of subsidy (in a nice way, of course) if the beauties would come to Stanford. Board and room would have to be given (I am sure some of us would be glad to "double up"), with a promise of a good sorority pin, plenty, of dates with prominent queeners, and a lucrative part-time job

## TRUTH

*A man is sober when he's tight . . . . .  
For, like a dog that bays the moon,  
He speaks his soul, and speaks it right!*

*Discretion soars like any kite,  
He sings his heart's own willful tune;  
A man is sober when he's tight.*

*Politeness is forgotten quite,  
He's never slow to ask a boon—  
He speaks his soul, and speaks it right!*

*The caveman always seeks to fight,  
Or drown his foes in some lagoon;  
A man is sober when he's tight.*

*An author's passion may indite  
A billet doux or sharp lampoon—  
He speaks his soul, and speaks it right!*

*By dark or dawn, by day or night  
Though seeming crazy as a loon—  
A man is sober when he's tight,  
He speaks his soul, and speaks it right!*

—WILLIAM WRIGHT '25

## IF THIS MOVIE PROPAGANDA KEEPS UP

**M**R. FEAR: Are you crazy, supporting President Hoover after this depression?

MR. COURAGE: Now see here, young man. It's people like you that give the President a bad name.

MR. FEAR: Well, I almost believe you.

MR. COURAGE: Take it from me. Go home and talk it over with the wife and decide to praise the President five more words a day for four weeks. Talk now and bring Hoover back in 1932.

MR. FEAR: Yes sir, you certainly have convinced me. I'll never look at a Democrat again.

*Or perhaps the pair will help out the Hollywood Tripe industry itself:*

MR. FEAR: Why should I go to the movies? They're rotten.

MR. COURAGE: Just a minute! Do you realize the motion pictures employ the best brains and legs for your entertainment? That only in a movie theatre can you see The Greatest Picture Ever Filmed every week of the year, with News Reels and Selected Short Subjects?

MR. FEAR: Well, maybe they aren't so bad.

MR. COURAGE: And furthermore since the motion pictures defeated Daylight Saving Time and so saved you from carrying three watches and a sun dial, it is your duty to see every picture made.

MR. FEAR: By Golly, I wonder what's playing at the Variety?

—WINEBRENNER

like, say, doing a little chaperoned modelling or selling apples or Chaparrals on the Quad.

As the poet hath it "Beauty is its own excuse for being—snooty," and certainly no Stanford man would care a "fig" about that attitude if it had a good, sound basis in Pulchritude.

It is not too late to have cut deep into the stone portals of the proposed new entrance to the University: "The Most Beautiful Girls in the World Pass Through This Gateway."

Not too late if we offer a few "scholarships" where they will do the most good. How about it, Mr. Registrar?

—Committee of Roughts





**NOBLE EXPERIMENTS**  
NO. 1

**T**HE New Year's resolution to swear off smoking. The confident refusal of proffered cigarettes. The continued refusals and the longing looks. The ache in the throat. The wondering if you can stop at just one. The convincing yourself that gradual cure is the best. The realization that that is a rationalization. The whatthehell attitude and the taking of just one. The confident knowledge that you can swear off gradually and the subconscious realization that you can't. The damntill attitude and the thrusting of the topic from your mind until the next "Have a cigarette?"  
—WINEBRENNER



**AND NO WONDER**

(From the Broadway Dept. Store *World*)  
Among our ten-year folks is Mrs. Ella M. Trenham of corsets who is too modest to let us use her picture.  
*Good for you, Mrs. Trenham!*



"Hear about the man with C average?"  
"Naw."  
"He was non-plused."



**TRIOLET**

(Do you know any Aviatix?)  
*Your suit looks darling on you, sweet—  
Oh, don't you ever leave the ground?  
The whole ensemble's quite complete.  
Your suit looks darling on you, sweet.  
But keep your dainty little feet  
On terra firma, now you've found  
Your suit looks darling on you. Sweet.  
Oh, don't you ever leave the ground!*  
—AMYX

**AT THE BASKETBALL GAME**

**"S**EE those women over there? . . . Yeah, right next to the aisle. . . well, they're the campus big shots. . . I'll say they are! . . . Sure, I know 'em all. . . Introduce you some time. . . Sure.  
"That one in the middle there, that's Katie Smilch, the dramatic wow. Nice girl. Big feet, but a heart of gold. Snooty? Naw, that's just her way of bein' nice. And that blonde on her left, she's a big shot in the publications. . . writes the humor column in the Dippy. . . boy! she's a caution. And there's Mabel Woggins. Big hips, but four billion in her own right. Yeah, me too. That one with the gotch-ears is the jolly-up queen. Dances with anybody. See that babe with the sturdy shoulders? The Rally Committee is her racket.  
"Do I know 'em all? . . . Why sure, I'll introduce you some time. . . Now? . . . Oh, they're coming back here? . . . Oh . . . S'long. . ."  
"Hey! C'mon back. I thought you were going to introduce me. . . Hey, c'mon back. . . . Hey! . . ."  
—GOTCH



Hey, wurzel, give a sentence with the word *vendetta*. "A spenking you'll get *vendetta* gets home." Ah ha ha ha!!!

**PROVE "STANFORD IS NO 'HIC' UNIVERSITY"!**

**JOIN THE STUDENT SOBRIETY SOCIETY!**

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The following is reprinted verbatim from *The Student American*, edited by Master William Plymat '34 ("Americanism cannot be preserved in alcohol": Plymat). We offer it to show those cheap cynics who sneer at the effort of college students to keep sober that Stanford is, after all, no "hic" University" (Plymat). *The Student American* is published by the Student Sobriety Society of which, oddly enough,

a Wm. N. Plymat is national president. We regret CHAPARRAL has not the space to print the issue's leading article, which carries a streamer "Call to Action to American Youth, Issued by Plymat." The appeal is date lined "Stanford University." Master Plymat is another one of those who are helping to make the name of Stanford well and favorably known in intellectual circles.

**PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE**

Dear Members and Friends:

We are finally settled at Palo Alto and I am in the midst of heaps of work at Stanford. I might say that I have not met a single student who admits that he drinks liquor here, and that at a reception given students at the beginning of school there was not a single student on which I could smell liquor or observe it.

Stanford has its own prohibition law which is far more strict\* than the 18th amendment, for it forbids the students to use liquor, either on or off campus.

I wish to ask all supporters of our club to see that our page three of this edition gets either on their church or school bulletin board this time. Anyone writing me here will receive some membership applications to leave for students either with their high school principals or with some member of the church.

Please aid us in getting members in this way. It is the greatest service that you can perform for us, for those of us directing the work do not have time to go into many High Schools due to our attendance at school.

We're counting on you, and would be glad to hear from you to the effect that you have page 3 of your paper on either your high school bulletin board or church bulletin board. And we should be glad to publish your letter according to our space.

We need your help. Please give it to us.

Sincerely yours,

Wm. N. Plymat, President.

**S. S. S. OFFICIALS WORKING TOGETHER, SAYS PLYMAT**

That Student Sobriety Society officials are working together though living in three widely separated states with a large degree of cooperation and success, was the opinion of Wm. N. Plymat, president of the organization, after a two month's trial of this system.

President Plymat is attending Leland Stanford University in California, while Walter Affolter, who has charge of the circulation of the Student American, probably one of the most important jobs, is in Mankato, Minn. The Vice President, Wm. Eastman, Jr., is in Indianapolis, and Sanford Henke, treasurer, is in Mankato, with Raymond Palmby, secretary in Garden City, Minnesota.

Commenting on conditions Plymat said: "Walter Affolter has been the most efficient worker in my opinion in the last three-month period. He has circulated the paper without a flaw and cooperated with my needs at Palo Alto promptly and efficiently. I have not had time to get in touch for effective work in Indiana. Sanford Henke is going to college and is also very busy, and though I have not heard from him as promptly as I should have liked, he seems to be doing his work satisfactorily. Palmby has always been ready for work, and is always a good worker."

"By the middle of October I intend to get things underway for an extensive membership drive centralizing in three states," commented Plymat.



# NOW THAT SHOW—

## Lightnin'

**N**OBODY who has ever seen Frank Bacon (later, Percy Pollock) play Lightnin' Bill Jones on the stage will think much of this picture. It isn't so much that Will Rogers isn't good. He is, in spite of some pretty flat ad libbing. But the rather touching court-room scene isn't nearly as effective as it was in the play, and outdoor talkie scenes still sound like a phonograph synchronized with a silent scenic. Come to think of it, though, it's 'way above the average run at that.

### Follow The Leader

This is the World's Silliest Comedian's first talkie, and suffice it to say that Ed Wynn is a lot better on the stage. Still, there are a lot of pretty funny gags (you can't help but be amused at Wynn's speech about his brother who was the Mayor—"Well, maybe not exactly the Mayor. . .") Stanley Smith is in it, and this almost scared us away, but Ginger Rogers made it all right again.

### War Nurse

Probably WAR NURSE is the worst bit of Hollywood bad taste slobbered in front of an indulgent public to date. June Collyer and Robert Montgomery (a William Haines type—ugh!) are terrible, but it isn't all their fault. WAR NURSE is a cheap attempt to capitalize on the alleged Sex Side of a War in which (according to the picture) all the Nurses were pretty, and pretty Loose at Night.

### Goin' Wild

Maybe this isn't the right title, but anyhow it was the latest of the Joe Brown series. Those who think that a huge mouth make a man funny think Joe is great. With a thousand mechanical gags in a picture, some of them are bound to be amusing, and a couple are here. Brown is likeable enough, but not a comedian of first rank (on the screen, at least).

### The Blue Angel

Here is a German-made talker, introducing the gorgeous Marlene Deitrich and an articulate Emil Jannings. Its drawbacks are long silent stretches, the sameness of the degeneration theme, so common to Jannings vehicles, and the German idea of a hot tune for Marlene to sing, at which she is not too good. To counteract these, there are excellent scenes both from the point of photography and pantomime, intelligent directing and good performances.

### Oh, Sailor Behave

The Ole Olson-Chic Johnson movie debut finally got around to Palo Alto and proved that these nuts are funny on screen as well as stage, though not nearly as wild. Why Elmer Rice's SEE NAPLES AND DIE was chosen as the vehicle, with such a fierce change of title is a question known only to the Master Minds of Hollywood.

With bum photography and poor recording and ham musical comedy interludes, this picture is lifted from the second rate class (if at all) by the furious clowning of Ole and Chic. Their gags are somewhat broad, but very funny. Three pretty girls help, and Charlie King is as bad as ever.

## WINGS OVER EUROPE

**T**HE next Stanford dramatic presentation (and they're getting scarcer every year) is a play called WINGS OVER EUROPE. It is a highly interesting treatise—really not a play at all—which toys with the imaginative conception of a young scientist who holds unlimited power in his hand by discovering the secret of the disintegration of the atom (or something like that, anyhow).

*This all sounds very moving, but as a matter of fact, WINGS OVER EUROPE talks itself to death, and lacks action enough, we feel, to make it a popular play with the audience Stanford plays should be getting (and are not).*

*It has an all-male cast, and certainly not a distinguished one, with an untried juvenile in the very exacting role of Lightfoot. The experienced Irving Rosenblatt plays another Prime Minister and Evelyn Arthur is played by Vallejo Gantner, who will be remembered unfavorably in THE MISTRESS OF THE INN and favorably for MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH.*

*WINGS OVER EUROPE is the Theater Guild type of thing, and of course Harold Helvenston has been sure that it has not been done West of someplace or other, perhaps New York. Helvenston has a passion for doing plays for the first time North of the Tehachapi or East of Halfmoon Bay, or as the First Amateur Performance. Usually, if a play is a few years old and hasn't been played on the road or in stock, well—there's a reason, as the cornflake ads say.*

### CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

*The Stanford Rough (whom we are defending elsewhere in this issue) gave this old picture the bird in its revival last week by the English Club. A bird for you, Stanford Rough! THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI remains one of the greatest, certainly the most weirdly imaginative screen play of all time.*

*It is a fascinating story for those interested in psychiatry, but the worthies who laughed at the picture probably wouldn't know what that was, anyhow.*

## Lost Sheep

**S**LY Mr. Harris, the village realtor, has scarcely finished renting a one-time pay-as-you-enter brothel to the highly respectable Reverend William Wampus and family before customers in the person of The Hon. Arthur Topham—impersonated by Leon "Folding Legs" Errol—and Eric Bailey—(Reg. Sheffield)—begin to pour in. Of course "Toppie" and Eric are half-seas over—and insist upon mistaking the clergyman's daughter Rhoda for one of the, ah, "ladies-in-waiting".

With that situation for a starter, Leon and his knees-with-the-tendency-to-fold-like-a-deck-chair go staggering through three hectic acts. Eric falls in love with Rhoda, and swears to "take her away from all this." That might have been all right if only Leon hadn't insisted upon mistaking Mrs. Wampus for the proprietress, and calling her "Duchess".

One of the big scenes comes when Eric's father, the town vicar, heads the local vice squad in a raid upon what he believes to be a bawdy house, only to find to his dismay that the Rev. Wampus is a visitor there, and in fact, claims it as his home!

"Lost Sheep" ends happily.

### The Shyster

Harry Green carries this play along on his broad shoulders and Jewish dialect. At that, it doesn't get very far. The "play" was evidently written for Green and what few laughs there were owed their very existence to him. An unknown "blotto" earned a few giggles in the second act, but THE SHYSTER is meagre fare in any company. The courtroom scene was true to tradition, save for the fact that Harry did not turn out to be the mother of the jury foreman.

### The Torch Song

Kenyon Nicholson, author of the sensational Barker, wrote this play, which had a recent New York showing and a moderate success. Henry Duffy (may his tribe increase!) rather surprises by offering TORCH SONG. It is not at all the sort of clean, domestic comedy that made the Duffy houses a place to take the family. TORCH SONG is the melodramatic story of a Salvation Army Lassie, and Mayo Methot has been imported to play her original New York role.

We don't happen to have seen the production, but think it's a good bet.

### Peter Pan

Written in a day when fairies had nothing to do with Hollywood juveniles, (if you'll pardon our saying so), James Barrie's delightful comedy of childhood has charmed grown-ups for years. Maude Adams made the name role famous. Marion Clayton is playing it in San Francisco, and very well, too, they say.

Go ahead and see it. As for us, we had a recurrence of our old diabetic trouble after reading a couple of the reviews. Oh well, sweets to the sweet.

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We heard of a girl who was so dumb that when she went to New York she thought Central Park was where the telephone girls spent their off hours.  
—*Wisconsin Octopus*



Advice to Freshmen—Send your clothes to the Student Laundry and get to know the names of the fellows in your class.  
—*Kansas Sour Owl*



"I'm getting married."  
"How careless of you."  
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*



"I call my girl Spearmint."  
"Why Spearmint?"  
"She's after every meal."  
—*Illinois Siren*



Housewife: "Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It's positively blue."  
Milkman: "It ain't our fault lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."  
—*Missouri Outlaw*



"How'd you like an ice cream soda?"  
"Fine! I haven't had one in a month of sundaes."  
—*Southern California Wampus*

History Prof.: "Mr. Jones, what's a Grecian urn?"

Student: "About twenty-five cents a week unless he owns the restaurant."  
—*Tennessee Mugwump*



Bus Driver: "Madam, that child will have to pay full fare. He is five years of age."  
Madam: "But he can't be. I have only been married four years."

Bus Driver: "Never mind the true confessions, let's have the money."  
—*Wabash Caveman*



I will now render that well known little ditty, "Our Windows Used to Be Stained Glass, But Mother Has Washed Them Now."  
—*Randolph-Macon Old Maid*



"What's the idea of all the crowd at church?"  
"There's a traveling salesman down there confessing his sins."  
—*Texas Ranger*



Indignant Young Woman: "Oh, you beast, if I were in your condition I'd shoot myself."  
Well-Oiled: "Lady, if you wash in my condishun you'd mish yershelf."  
—*Lehigh Burr*



"You are the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said Jim College, as he shifted gears with his foot.  
—*Pitt Panther*



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### AGAIN:

Getting out a magazine is no picnic.  
 If we print jokes, readers say we are silly.  
 If we don't, they complain we are too serious.  
 If we run good jokes the faculty kicks.  
 If we run poor ones the students moan.  
 If we write all our own stuff, they say we lack variety.  
 If we clip from other papers, we are too lazy to write.  
 If we stick to the desk, we ought to be out digging up news.  
 If we are out digging up news, we are letting things go hang in our office.  
 If we don't print contributions, we aren't showing proper appreciation.  
 If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.  
 Like as not, some one will say we swiped this from another magazine.  
 We did.

—The Bulletin



### OLD FASHIONED DICTIONARY

Drunk—having imbibed.  
 Frail—delicate.  
 Still—constrained.  
 Gin—machine for removing seeds from cotton.  
 Bun—biscuit.  
 Neck—part of animal connecting head and trunk.  
 Leg—supports of a table or chair.  
 Calf—young cattle.  
 Knee—a joint.  
 Breast—encounter, buffet.  
 Rye—a cereal.  
 Pet—a cherished creature.  
 Mug—a drinking cup.  
 Damn—a barrier.  
 Hell—a word used by sinners of the lowest order.

—Brown Jug



Little girl do you remember  
 Kisses, soft and sweet?  
 Secrets whispered gently,  
 When we chanced to meet?  
 Eternal love we plighted,  
 As all true lovers should.  
 Little girl do you remember?  
 Damn it, I knew you would!

—California Pelican



"Are you a traveling salesman?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And are all traveling salesmen as bad as every-one says?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And are you as bad as the rest of them?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Why do you sit there so stupidly and just answer yes to all my questions?"

—Columbia Jester



Heeza: "I got a Dunhill lighter."  
 Jeeza: "Ain't science wonderful. Always finding some use for waste products."

—Carnegie Tech. Puppet



The new Chevrolet Sport Roadster photographed on the Harvard campus near Johnson Gate with Massachusetts Hall in the background

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Mike: "Watchagotnapackidge?"

Ike: "Sabook."

Mike: "Wassanaimuvitt?"

Ika: "Sadickshuney, faullinaims. Wife' gonna getaaplecedog anagottanaimferim."

—Iowa Frivol



The new edition of "What Every Girl Should Know" has been renamed, we understand, "What Every Young Girl Knows By This Time."

—Princeton Tiger



Mexico has two kinds of citizens. The quick and the dead.

—Lion



Gardener: "Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

Clerk: "Well, he's very busy now, sir. What was it you wanted to see him about, sir?"

Gardener: "About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

—Denison Flamingo



The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

—Bucknell Belle Hop



There are three classes of women—the intellectual, the beautiful, and the majority.

—Michigan Gargoyle

“Where are you going, daughter?”  
 “Downstairs to get some water.”  
 “In your nightgown?”  
 “No, in this pitcher.”

—West Pointer

People who live in glass houses might as well answer the doorbell.

—Southern California Wampus

First Chorus Girl: “And what did he say when he found out you was a lady?”

Second Chorus Girl—“Him? Oh, he apologized all right. You see he thought I was one of them co-eds.”

—Nevada Desert Wolf

Cop: “No parking; you can’t loaf along this road.”

Voice Within Car: “Who’s loafing?”

—Kansas Sour Owl

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what is Boston noted for?  
 Johnny—Boots and shoes.

Teacher—Correct. And Chicago?

Johnny—Shoots and booze. —Iowa Frivol



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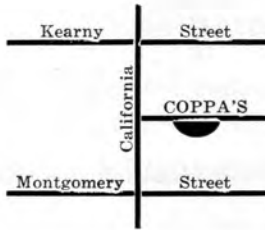
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"You're not living at the Phi Delt house any more?"  
"No, I stayed five weeks and then found out they have no bath tub."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot



Women are like candy bars, you can't judge the filler by the wrapper.

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah



Motorist: "Would you mind getting out of that gutter? I'd like to park my car."

Gutterite: "Fooled you. I'm leaning against a fire-plug."

—Pitt Panther



Scientists report that fleas can go without food for two weeks. But they won't.

—Grinnell Malteaser



Judge: "You say she whistled to him, then turned and walked up an alley. What followed?"

"He did, your honor."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay



Mrs. Noah: "I do wish you wouldn't eat so fast."  
Noah: "Well, you know, I gotta make a boat."

—Judge



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He was always sleeping in class. There he sat, in the front row, with his eyes closed and his mouth open, from one end of the hour to the other. At last the professor could stand it no longer. One day, when the discussion had been particularly intricate, he stopped in the middle of his lecture and said:

"Gentlemen, we have been working on the hardest problems in this course and there sits the man who needs it most, asleep!"

The student gently opened one eye and whispered so that all might hear, "I wish to God I were."

—*Harvard Lampoon*



Professor (in physics class): "Give me an example of heat causing expansion and cold causing contraction."

Nitwit Nell: "The days in summer are longer than those in winter."

—*Michigan Gargoyle*



Macbeth: "Woman, come hither!"

Old Hag: "I'll bewitch ye in a minute."

—*Alabama Rammer Jammer*



In a packing case it's excelsior,  
In a mattress it's hair,  
In a garden it's weeds,  
In a butcher-shop it's sawdust,  
In a stable it's manure,  
In a field it's alfalfa —  
But in a cigarette it's tobacco.

—*Nevada Desert Wolf*



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An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office at Chicago and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not!" she replied, "by train, if you please."  
—Drexel Drexerd

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband): "What does the clock say?"

Semi-plastered Husband: "It shays 'tick-tock,' and doggies shay 'bow-wow,' and cows shay 'moo-moo,' and little pussy cats shay 'meow-meow'. Now ya shatisfied?"  
—Denison Flamingo

"What do you do when you wake up in the middle of the night?"

"Oh, I just lie and listen to the burglars bump their shins against the furniture."  
—Cornell College Ollapod

Jane: "I think necking is positively repulsive."

Mary: "I don't like it either."

Jane: "Shake, sister, we're both liars."  
—Georgia Tech Yellow Jacket

"I'm a professor's assistant now."

"What do you do, correct papers?"

"No, make up jokes."  
—Cornell College Ollapod

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"How do you like my new evening dress?"

"I can't tell till you get up from the table."

—Minnesota Ski-U-Mah



Angry guide: "Why didn't you shoot at the tiger."

The Timid Hunter: "He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."

—Penn Punch Bowl



Mack: "You say that Nelly is suing you for breach of promise?"

Charlie: "Yes, and so is Kate."

Mack: "Then you have two suits on your hands?"

Charlie: "No, just a pair of breaches."

—Virginia M. I. Skipper



"Who is that man over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

—Columbia Jester



Drunk (over the phone): "Is this the meat market?"

Owner: "Yes."

Drunk: "Then meet my wife at four o'clock for me, will you?"

—Rice Owl



The world's meanest man: He was deaf and never told his barber.

—Denison Flamingo

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Pupils: "Quarters."

Teacher: "And if I divide it into eight?"

Pupil: "Eighths."

Teacher: "And if I divide it into 8,000 parts?"

Pupil: "Confetti, sir."

—Michigan Gargoyle

No, Willie, a neckerchief isn't the head of a sorority.

—Washington Dirge

Dean: "So you are back in school. I thought I expelled you last week."

Upstart: "You did, but don't do it again because my dad was pretty sore."

—Southern California Wampus

Jenks: "He cleaned up a big fortune in crooked dough."

Jinks: "Counterfeiter?"

Jenks: "No—pretzel manufacturer."

—Iowa Frivol



## REVELATION TOOTH POWDER

*Never in Paste Form*

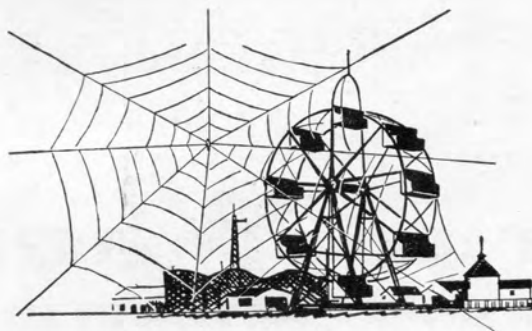
The primary cause of receding, bleeding, and sensitive gums is GLYCERINE and for that reason alone REVELATION is never in paste form. GLYCERINE saps the moisture from the gum tissue. This moisture in the cellular tissue is as essential to the membrane, that covers the roots of the teeth, as the capillaries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

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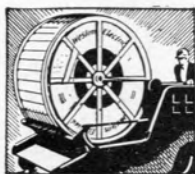
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where roller coasters  
once roared...*

Several years ago a group of Western Electric men set out to find the best location for a vast new telephone manufacturing plant.

☐ To assure availability of labor the site must be near a large city, yet land prices must not be prohibitive. Transportation facilities were of utmost importance. Local civic policies must be favorable to the growth of industry. ☐ Months of fascinating investigation revealed an ideal site—a once famous playground near Baltimore, which no longer paid its way. ☐ Here was an interesting problem, and an indication of the diversity of work that all comes under the heading of "Backing up the Bell System."



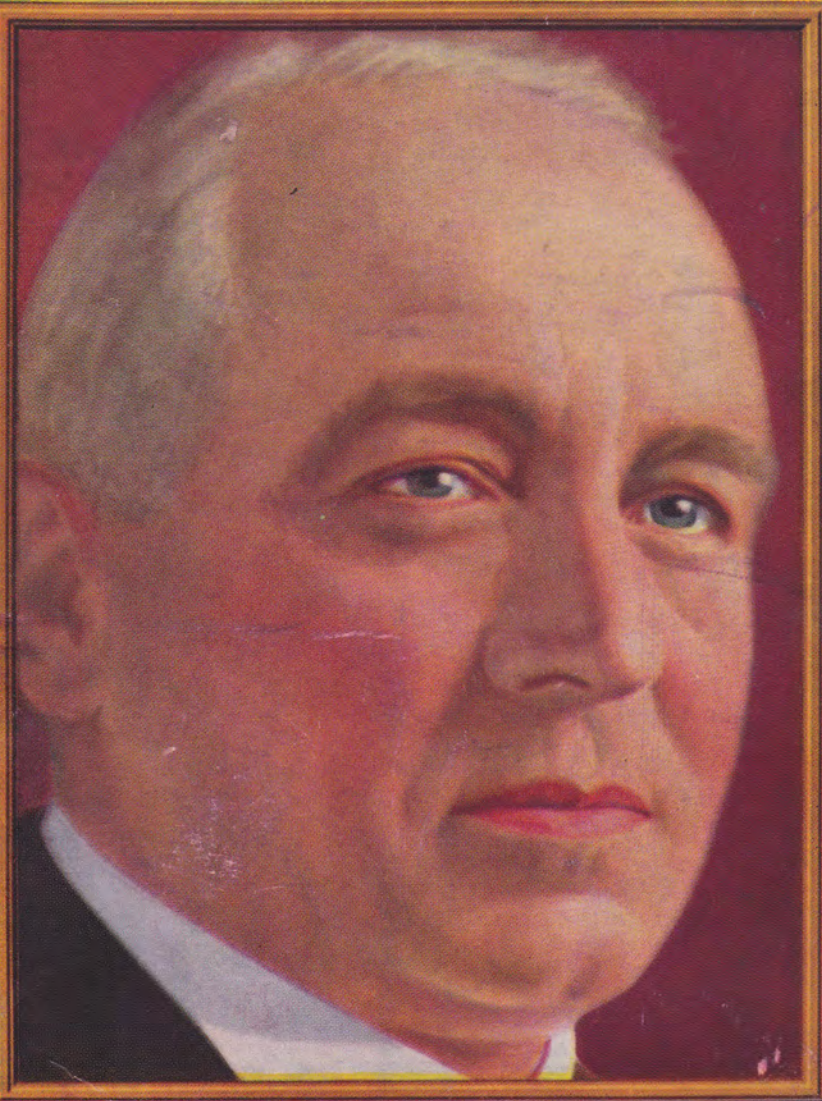
*Handy shipping facilities—a prime reason for choosing Baltimore*

# Western Electric

Manufacturers... Purchasers... Distributors

SINCE 1882 FOR  THE BELL SYSTEM

# "CLEAR EVIDENCE"



Says

**L. J. HOROWITZ**

Chairman of the Board  
Thompson-Starrett Co., Inc.

Builders of the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the Woolworth Building, the Paramount Building, the Equitable Building, New York; the General Motors Building in Detroit; the Palmer House in Chicago.

*"When modern enterprise joins hands with sure-footed experience, success becomes a certainty. The fusion of these two important factors has given Thompson-Starrett over a billion dollars worth of activity in thirty years. It is interesting to note the application of this same principle in your business. Its clear evidence is your use of the Ultra Violet Ray in the 'Toasting' of the LUCKY STRIKE tobaccos."*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "L. J. Horowitz". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned above the image of the cigarette pack.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows — that's why **TOASTING** includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. **LUCKY STRIKE** — the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop — **THEN — "IT'S TOASTED."** Everyone knows that heat purifies and so **TOASTING** removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing. No wonder **20,679** physicians have stated **LUCKIES** to be less irritating!

## "It's toasted"

**Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough**



Consistent with its policy of laying the facts before the public, The American Tobacco Company has invited Mr. L. J. Horowitz to review the reports of the distinguished men who have witnessed LUCKY STRIKE'S famous Toasting Process. The statement of Mr. Horowitz appears on this page.