

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL



## THE QUID

IN PEACOCK COURT

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GEO. D. SMITH  
Gen. Mgr.

Bull Prof.—"I'll give you a day to turn in that theme."  
Stude—"O. K., how about the Fourth of July?"  
—Princeton Tiger

Never throw a kiss,  
For then a kiss is wasted;  
A kiss is not a kiss  
Unless a kiss is tasted.  
—Log

This little piggy went to market.  
Chop—chop—Pork Chops!  
—Exchange

TO A MORON

("Ninety percent of the morons in this world are occupied cheerfully in the world's work." Meninger)  
What is this thing that calls itself a man  
With vacant stare and dull contracted brow  
And puffy lips that imitate a cow?  
Is he undone or has the years' quick span  
Left him still standing where the race began?  
Has the Creator thus forgotten how  
In countless aeons past He took the vow  
To shape a mortal to His divine plan?

Pity him not, for he is not forlorn.  
The city teems with millions like himself  
Pledged to the simple task of making money.  
Say not that such as he should not be born,  
For that would be to envy him his pelf,  
His good digestion, and, at night, his honey.  
—Chicago Phoenix

J. Gish—I'll give you a wallop!  
4-c—Don't bother — I wouldn't know how to eat it."  
—Annapolis Log

He—"I'm getting a new siren for my car."  
She—"Oh, darling, does that mean it's all over?"  
—Annapolis Log

"What do you do with your garbage?"  
"Oh, kick it around till it disappears."  
—Lampoon

Mary had a little lamb,  
Some salad and dessert.  
And then she gave the wrong address,  
The dirty little flirt.  
—Orange Peel

"Why is a horse that can't hold its neck up like next Monday?"  
"I'll bite."  
"Because its next week, silly."  
—Michigan Gargoyle

An Engineer Friend of ours, who was in the class, vouches for the truth of this story: The students in a mechanics class at a Virginia university were watching their professor outline a problem on the board. He had just headed a column "Excess stresses on the bridge," when the class suddenly came to life. First a snicker, then a laugh, and soon the whole class was rocking ecstatically in its seats. The professor, confused, searched the board for a cause of this unseemly merriment, and discovered, to his dismay, that he had omitted the "g" in "bridge."  
—Cornell Widow

Gambler (flipping coin in the air): "Call it!"  
Stooge: "Yoo, hoo!"  
—Ohioan

First—And what did Mae West say when you kissed her?  
Second—She told me to call on Friday, that's amateur night.  
—Old Line

MODERN MATHEMATICS

Given the proposition: I love you. I am to prove: You love me. All right here's the proof:  
1. I love you.  
2. I am a lover therefore.  
3. All the world loves a lover.  
4. You are all the world to me.  
5. Therefore you love me.  
—Exchange



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### A DRAMA IN FIVE SCENES

#### Scene 1

Locale—A restaurant.  
Zilch—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Waiter—Only one? Must be that new code they signed.

#### Scene 2

Locale—A restaurant.  
Zilch—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Waiter—Whaddya expect for a dime—humming birds?

#### Scene 3

Locale—A restaurant.  
Zilch—Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Waiter—Keep your eye on it—maybe a trout'll come to the surface.

#### Scene 4

Locale—A restaurant.  
Zilch (he's getting used to it by now) — Hey, waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Waiter—That's all right—we don't charge extra for it.

#### Scene 5

Locale—A restaurant.  
Zilch—Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.  
Waiter—I'm sorry, sir—I'll bring you another order immediately.  
(Zilch drops dead).

Curtain  
—Columbia Jester

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to things girls have been thinking about all winter.  
—Princeton Tiger

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### HOW TO PLAY PING PONG

With the new interest in ping pong springing up throughout the country and especially in the colleges, a set of rules should certainly be compiled. The following are a list of the more fundamental rules of the game and hints on how to play it.

Never play ping pong immediately after a Prom week-end. The rapid motion of the ball has been known to overcome more than one staid and sober bystander. So, if you have that certain "what is to become of us" feeling, you had better refrain.

After missing a shot, always be sure to say that your foot slipped or that you don't really want to win the game. This will show your opponent that you are not playing your best game and will give him an inferiority complex.

Never chase the ball. Let your opponent do it. It will tire him out.

Ask your opponent the score after every point. It shows you are interested in the game.

If your opponent misses the ball completely, ask him if he has a hole in his racket. Also tell him the object of the game is to hit the ball. This tends to produce good feeling.

Always ask your opponent whose serve it is. This may get him so mixed up that he will allow you to serve out of turn. Of course if you have a weak serve and don't want it, the hell with this hint.

The object of the serve is to bounce the ball on your own side of the net and then across to your opponent. You probably won't be able to do it the first time but don't be discouraged. We all make mistakes.

Between each shot, start a conversation with your opponent. Even if you can't get his mind off the game, it will show him you are socially inclined.

If he hits a shot that glances off the edge of the table, look deeply injured and insulted. He will feel badly about it and miss the next shot.

If you happen to be on the short end of the score, hit every shot as hard as possible. If you can't make the points, you can at least break the ball and stop the game. (If it is necessary, even step on the ball as if by accident.)

If you can't win a ping pong game with these instructions, then to hell with you—play your own game.  
—Lafayette Lyre

"He's a deceiver."  
"How do you know?"  
"He said he wouldn't touch me, and he didn't."  
—Penn State Froth

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ODE TO A GAL

Brightly shining are her i i i i  
Manners sweet with gentle e e e e  
Soul so pure and wondrous y y y y  
Busy as the bumble b b b b  
I recognize these urging q q q q  
Her in my arms once more to c c c c  
And lips divine again to u u u u  
And breathe in rapture: Holy g g g g  
—Northwestern Purple Parrot



"My love have flew  
He done me dirt  
I did not knew  
He were a flirt.

To you who am schooled  
Oh let me bid  
Don't be fooled  
As I was did—"  
—Annapolis Log



"Calling car 57! Calling car 57! Casey, ditch the blonde! Your wife's looking for you!"  
—Arizona Kitty Kat



"Up-ss-daisy," said the old lady upon seeing a little girl fall down.  
"Up-ss-daisy, hell," said the little girl, "I'm hurt."  
—Old Line



"Where'd ya get that black eye?"  
"At a dance the other night."  
"What kind of a dance was it?"  
"A costume ball, and I went up to somebody dressed up like a fat woman of a circus and—"  
"Well, what about the black eye?"  
"I remarked that he looked comical wearing a bustle and with a pillow in his shirt."  
"What's wrong with that?"  
"Well, he wasn't wearing a bustle and he didn't have a pillow in his shirt—and he was a she."  
—Battallon

LIFE OF A JOKE

Birth: A freshman thinks it up and chuckles with glee, waking up two fraternity men in the back row.  
Age 5 minutes: Freshman tells it to senior, who answers: "Yeah, it's funny, but I've heard it before."  
Age 1 day: Senior turns it in to the campus humor rag as his own.  
Age 2 days: Editor thinks it's terrible.  
Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, prints joke.  
Age 1 month: Thirteen College Comics reprint joke.  
Age 3 years: Annapolis Log reprints joke as original.  
Age 3 years, one month: College Humor reprints joke, crediting it to Log.  
Age 10 years: 76 radio comedians discover joke simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the boys in the orchestra. (\$5 a howl.)  
Age 20 years: Joke is printed in Literary Digest.  
Age 100 years: Professors start telling joke in class.  
—Arizona Kitty Kat



BLESSED EVENT

First Negro—What for dat doctah comin' outa youah house?  
Second Negro—Ah dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inkling.  
—Mercury

"I just swallowed a great big worm."  
"Hadn't you better take something for it?"  
"Hell, no—I'll let the damn thing starve."  
—Ski-U-Mah



1st Veteran—"Did you ever eat any horsemeat?"  
2nd ditto—"No, I always remember the fate of poor Dugan when he was in the war. He was eating some horse meat in France when someone said 'Whoa!'—and he choked to death."  
—Exchange

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL OCTOBER



Cover, Chaparral, October, 1931

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"Mrs. George Earl, who gave birth to a nine-year-old daughter, is reported to be getting along fine. A. J. Dill, of Farley, who suffered a broken leg in the same accident, is recovering."

—*Waycross (Ga.) Journal-Herald*

From the shock?

—*Washington Dirge*



A young sailor was cast away on a desert island. After he had been there for nine years he espied a figure on a neighboring island. Braving the sharks, he swam there to find a sweet young woman awaiting him. Approaching her, he said:

"How long have you been here?"

"Why, I've been here six years," she said.

"Six years! Why, I've been on my island nine long years."

"Why, you poor man, all alone for nine years! Well, I'm going to give you something you've been wanting for a long time."

Said the sailor: "Lady, you don't mean to tell me you've got beer on ice!"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*



"Abie, vot are you doing?"

"I'm drunk, papa."

"Vot?"

"Yeh, I'm drunk pictures on the wall."

—*Cornell Window*



He married Helen,  
Hell ensued;

He left Helen,  
Helen sued.

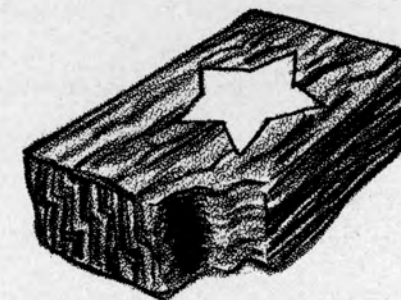
—*Exchange*



I used to love my garden,  
But now my love is dead;  
For I found a bachelor button  
In black-eyed Susan's bed.

—*Carolinian*

# THE STANFORD QUID



VOLUME FORTY-ONE, 1934

## F O R E W O R D

• ANOTHER GROUP OF STANFORD MEN AND WOMEN SLIP THROUGH THE ARCHES TO LEAD THROUGH ARCHES OF ENDEAVOR, ARCHES OF PROMISE, STRIDING ON TO ARCHES OF GLORY ON ACHING FEET.

• THROUGH ARCHES OF ETERNITY THE CAMPUS HAS BEEN SEEN, NEVER ENDING. IT IS FROM THESE SAME ARCHES THAT THIS QUID HAS TAKEN ITS NOVEL THEME.

• THAT NO STRANGER TO ITS ARCHES MAY BE FOUND HEREIN, THAT THE GRADUATE MAY FORGET THESE ARCHES NEVER, THAT THE CAMPUS MAY BECOME ARCH-CONSCIOUS—THIS IS OUR DESIRE. ARCH YA GLAD?

ALL R. SADDER.

**T**HE INNER QUAD, CENTER OF THE CAMPUS, VIEWED THROUGH  
ONE OF ITS MANY ARCHES

**T**HE CHAPEL, MECCA OF STANFORD'S VISITORS, SEEN THROUGH  
AN ARCH OF THE INNER QUAD

**O**NE OF THE TWO GREAT ARCHES WHICH MARK THE ENDS  
OF THE INNER QUAD

**A**RCHES, TYPICAL OF ALL THAT IS STANFORD, REVEAL A PORTION  
OF THE QUAD

**P**ALMS AND ARCHES FOUND EVERYWHERE ON STANFORD'S  
QUADRANGLE

**T**OURISTS, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCHES. WHAT MAKES THEM  
LOOK SO FUNNY?

FALLEN ARCHES!

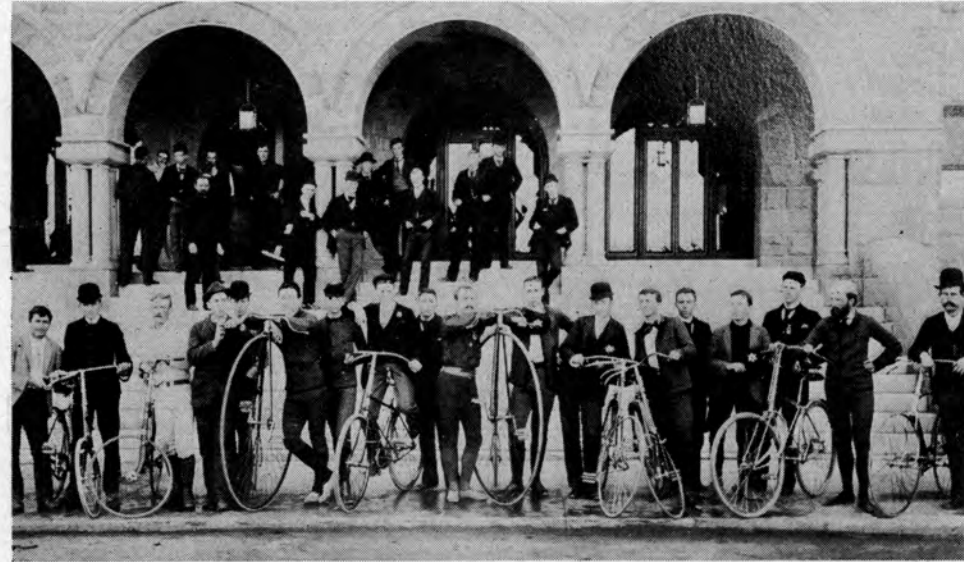


A D M I N I S T R A T I O N

## A CHANGING STANFORD

**Y**EARS AGO, DURING THE YOUTH OF OUR "ILLUSTRIOUS ALUMNUS," HERBERT CLARK HOOVER, AN INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING WAS FOUNDED IN THE PEACEFUL VALLEY OF SANTA CLARA. • AWAY FROM alcohol and other metropolitan temptations—those eternal corrupters of youth—the institution was to be a haven of the free and individualistic thinking which produces wealthy alumni and popular American executives.

• "Stanford, the poor man's college," it was properly called in those dear happy days. • The Stanford of yesterday may only be excused by the fact that it was necessary—but disagreeable—step to



RAZZLEMETAZZLE BICYCLE CLUB, 1895

the Stanford of today. • Men roamed the campus in rough-and-ready garb, observed traditions, fraternized with the faculty to an alarming degree, and even went so far as to hold "Plug-uglies" and other brawls.

• But all this is, fortunately, past. • The "Stanford of The Future" gleams brightly upon the horizon. • After a period of dark years, during which it became evident that the university was not producing the desired type of alumni and executives, a New Stanford is being born.

• The individual known as "The Rough" has disappeared and in his place has arisen the "Stanford Smoothie," a neat, well-mannered gentleman of the new school. • That this is a manifestation of advance is acclaimed by our popular Dean of Women. • Soon the broad accent of eastern schools will find its resting place at Stanford.

• The faculty welcome their new status with the students. • They now spend their valuable time in research and radio advertising.

• Traditions will soon be a thing of the past with old time brawls between classes supplanted by delightful "jolly-ups," "at-homes" and teas. • In the "Stanford of the Future," string ensembles and President's Receptions will fill the student's social life.

• The feminine touch which has been added to Stanford is typical of the change which is taking place. • The board of trustees, seeing the need for more gentility, have been enrolling the sub-debs of the 400 in the "university." • In fact, the trustees are considering modelling the school after Smith or Vassar. • "The Wellesley of the West," that MAY be the "Stanford of Tomorrow."

JACK MCGROWELL *'noty-not.*



GASOLINE

AND ALCOHOL

WON'T MIX

## STANFORD SAVANTS UP A CREEK

**T**HE OUTSTANDING FACULTY ACHIEVEMENT OF THE 1933-34 YEAR WAS THE RESEARCH EXPEDITION TO FIND OUT "WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT." • BELOW IS AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTO OF THE PARTY UNDER THE guidance of Dr. Mellfinch O. Fink, director of wealth research. • Three of the savants are shown earnestly scanning the horizon in search of a loophole in the founding grant which will allow feeble-minded children of wealthy parents (as distinguished from present students) to enter the university. • The serious expressions on their faces reveal their concern over the whole matter. • Professor Grutch (rear left) is pensively recalling the days when he was a student—he might have been there yet if the "no-flunk-out" ruling had been in effect.



'HEY, WHAT'S DOING?'



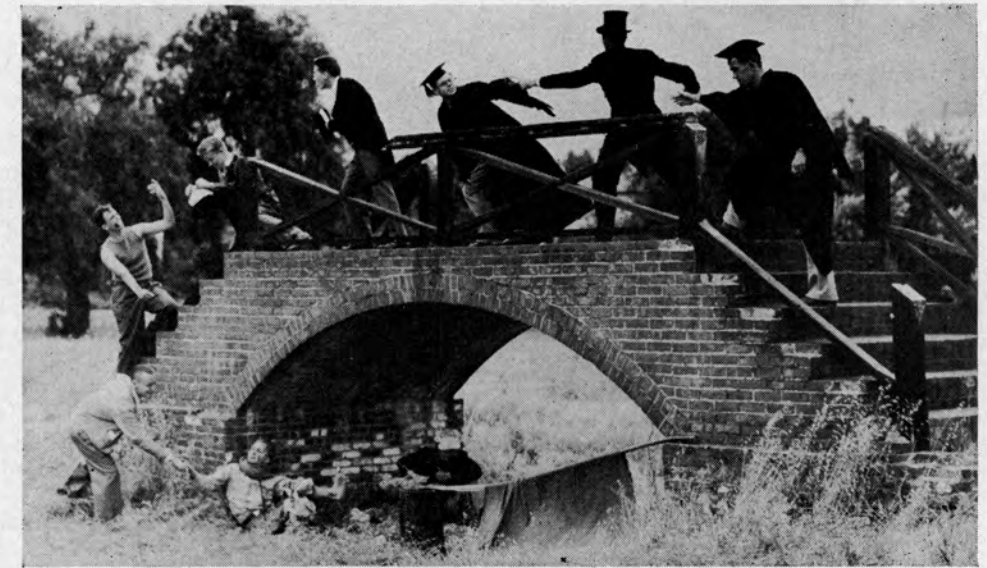
• ACCIDENT, J. LITTLE—Women's Rest Home, *Book-thumbing*, Home Town. • BRUMP, WUMP P.—Alpha Falpha, *Diddling*, Horners Corners. • FRUMPY, FANNY—Palo Alto Pound, *Commuting*, Across the Tracks. • GRISSLETWIP, HOMEWOOD—Doghouse, *Sponsoring*, Anyplace.



• IPSY III, SPITMIRE—Libe Stacks, *Bugs*, Nertz. • JUKES, HORACE GRUNT—B. A. C., *Griping*, Chambersville. • KUTIE, MOMASPOY—Nextdoor, *Hotstuffing*, Los Angeles. • LUKE, ———, no further information available.



• MUFFCRUD, No. 43698—Sing Sing, *Penmanship*, Sing Sing. • PHITZBRITCHES, Q. X. R.—Fink's Delikatesen, *Salesmanship*, Ph. 3121. • QUIFSLITCH, OSCAR ASACAR—Kappa, *Snuzzle-guzzling*, Vassar. • ZZZZ, PPPPP—Palywoods, *Window-peeking*, Gobi Desert.



GRADUATION • OR THE BUMS' RUSH



## THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

**A** GOOD MANY POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS WERE MADE WHICH GAVE THE EX. COMMITTEE JUST OODLES OF POWER AND LOTS OF FUN. • THE COMMITTEE SPENT MOST OFF THEIR TIME MESSING AROUND IN THINGS they didn't know anything about (on the assumption that this is a place of learning). • When the meetings got dull, they would decide to appoint a new Daily editor. • This was a fine game. • They would hold open contests to find loopholes in the constitution and the one who found the most was awarded the editorship until the next contest (usually held on Tuesdays). • When this became tiresome they would spend some money for something or else talk about a new constitution—so they could have more games.

## THE PRESIDENT

**E**ACH Stanford year has its own peculiar quality. This has been one of the lousiest I ever see, man and boy. • Lately this joint has been as bad as Washington. • I never see such grut stuff going on. • Think of it! A "kidnapping" right in our own back yard! • Tsk, tsk!

## DEAN OF WOMEN

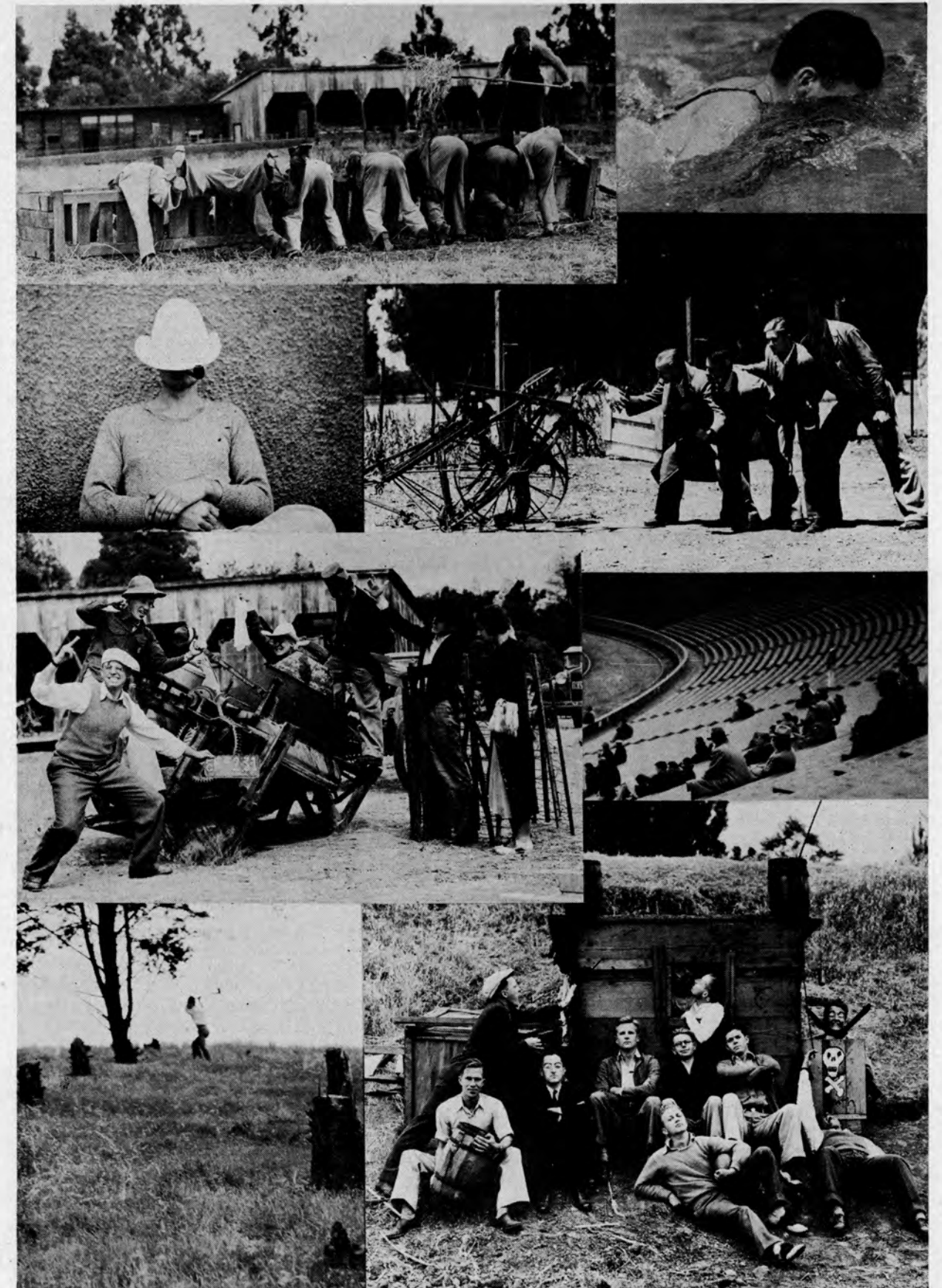
**J**UST as if I didn't have enough to do already, advising and "protecting" 500 "darlings," they open up this year and let in a slue more. • All it means is that I have to spend more time teaching the little minxes all I know about s-x and m-n and b-b--s, and such. • Oh dear!

## DEAN OF MEN

**D**O NOT be overeager to make a life-time dividend in one's life arriving as well as depression from intellectual freedom in a great universe up and down, left and right, both ways from the jack, first turn to the left as you go up the hill.

## COMPROLLER

**A**S A RESULT of the way the University's coin has been handled lately—high, wide and handsome—we took a pretty bad beating financially this year. • To meet this situation, instead of cutting down on the whoopla and junketeering, we sliced professors' salaries in half (which left them owing us dough) and took in every man, woman, or child with \$114.00, a note from parents or pastor, and \$114.00.



Full counter at Union cellar during lunch hour. Former student drowning sorrow after learning of administration's "no-flunk-out" ruling. Fire Chief Wheelzletick asleep at high noon, so he will be awake enough to combat haystack fires at night. Happy, naive freshmen get first taste of campus social life at President's reception and receive thrill of meeting Prexy. Educators dedicate mortar-board machine. Football fans go wild at annual Rose Bowl game as mighty "Red Machine" shows need of new piston rings. Stanford takes steps to preserve world-famous aboretum. Brothers of Pi Belt "frat" proudly exhibit newly reconditioned chapter house to campus—gift of wealthy alumni.

# 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  
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## THE CHAPPIES

James Nelson Algar, '33 Editor-in-chief  
Robert William de Roos, '33 Business Manager  
Thomas H. Odell, '34 Circulation Manager  
Gilman Gist, '35 Art Editor  
Don Douglass, '34 Managing Editor  
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Dave Hawkins, '34  
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James Swinnerton  
Louis Rogers  
Ned Hilton  
Dorman H. Smith

RONDAL BOGOLSH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

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

**NOW THAT** is a pretty kettle of fish! Time was when a man could be proud to call himself a member of Hammer and Coffin Society; but with the recent influx of punch drunk punsters and puerile pencil pushers, the grand old group is certainly allowing itself to hit a new low. Tsk. Tsk.

Just look at that motley crew! There's Jim Copp who wrote enough one-word-to-a-line poetry to paper a barn. Maybe that's what we should have done with it. Squirrelly, that's all. All the time talking about frogs and hogs and dogs and fogs. Phooie! Paper your barn, mister?

And then there's that fella, John Cotton, who concocted something that had a strange bad-tomato smell and then dropped it on the Old Gentleman's vest while he was asleep in his cozy den. The latter's rude awakening might have been funny for some people, but he had to hang out his clothes for a week.

And that grinning versifier, Tom Slattery, must have crawled into the Coffin through a knothole, except that when a knothole gets enlarged enough to admit the broad shoulders of such a one as Slattery, we call it a garage entrance! Who would have thought the poetic Muse could find lodging and cheer in such a pugilistic carcass. Here, here, Mr. Slattery, take away them threatening dukes o' yours. None of your poetic licenses, sir!

Ho, ho! And look at those artist fellers! Where there's hope there's "still life". or something, eh? Looks more like a flock of turnips, rutabaga and carrot trimmings. This Dick Stark draws good cartoons and bad checks—or vice versa. And that tow-headed incorrigible, Dick Dawson, learned how to draw while quite young by throwing ink bottles into electric fans.

Shades of Winther and de Roos! They say this Lyman Tondro was made circulation manager and this Everett Claiborne was shoved into the business manager's chair. Well, as the Old Cuckoo might say if he had nothing better to do, "I suppose two good Alpha Sigs deserve two more." And Mina Breaux, they say was made women's manager to replace Grace Freer, who was elected to honorary membership in the society.

And shades of Helen Stanford! This Anne Ritchie so deluged the office with ream after ream of copy, the Old Boy had to do something in self defense. He gave her an honorary membership just to pacify her. You're the first woman to achieve the coveted coffin pin on the strength of editorial contributions in a good many years, Miss Ritchie. Congrats.

Well, the Old Gentleman feels a little cheered over the last two names on the list. Dorman H. Smith and Kenneth N. Stewart, elected to honorary membership, really are a couple of additions to chortle over.

**NOW THAT** is the end and the Old Boy sits before his typewriter pensively ticking out his farewell editorial. He gazes through the window to see a gentle rain refreshing the quiet old farm. (Perhaps that was a raindrop that blew into his eye.) It is hard for him to realize the final issue of Volume 35 has been proof-read and put to bed.

The official-sounding telegrams to other editors, the sessions at his drawing board, the joy of wet page proofs, the merriment of Hammer and Coffin's festive board are now things of the past. Strangely enough the Old Gentleman has forgotten already the unpleasant things—the vexations of late copy, the desperate hours void of ideas and the routine of proof reading. How quickly they fade.

If Chappie ever seemed in his editorial columns to be chagrined with the way things were run around here, these disappointments vanish in favor of pleasant memories of one of the most naturally beautiful spots on earth. He remembers the sunsets seen from the window of the Chappie office. The stroll in the half-light of early morning on a fog-drenched Quad after an all-night stint on a cover. The charm of a quick rain on the inner Quad and the refreshing zest of hayfields in the Spring. May Chappie in closing here point one question? Will these be strong enough attractions, wonderful as they are, when Stanford's prestige, achievements, standards and the quality of faculty have sunk, as they now appear to be sinking?

The Old Boy consigns the Silver Sledge to his faithful helper, Gordon Steedman, assured that it will be in tireless hands. And he is glad to see Everett Claiborne, another worker, take on his shoulders the duties of business manager. And "Bud" Tondro takes a thankless job from Hal Odell, circulation manager. Good luck, Bud, and to you, Hal, the Old Boy extends his personal thanks.

To Bob de Roos, retiring business manager, the Old Boy hoists a hearty toast. "Gee, I wish I could be Editor!" Well, Robert, at times you were. To a degree, at least, greater than any business manager in the present Old Cuckoo's memory. It was supreme fun being in the harness with you.

And to all the stalwart Hammer and Coffin men who so loyally supported the grand old book, the Old Boy extends a hand. He offers his thanks to his art editor, Gilman Gist, and looks for big things from him next year. He will remember always the helpful suggestions and efforts of Don Douglass, than whom there is no droller wit, Ollie Johnston, Fred Coonradt, "Duke" Ducommun, Jimmie Willson and Bob Ransom.

Goodbye and good luck.

## NEWLY-ELECTED MEMBERS OF HAMMER AND COFFIN

Literary	Art	Honorary
Jim Copp, '35	Dick Stark, '36	Anne Ritchie, '36
John Cotton, '35	Dick Dawson, '36	Dorman H. Smith
Tom Slattery, '36		Kenneth N. Stewart



## NOW THAT MUSIC

By Fred Coonrad

S probably everyone knows by this time, Harry Barris, ex-Rhythm Boy, song writer, arranger, and general orchestra cut-up, has opened a spot of his own in the City called The Music Box which is, if nothing else, something different in the line of dancing places from the ultra-conservative and quiet hotels. Barris, of course, has stamped his screwy personality on the whole outfit. He and his antics are most of the show. He really directs the band (by shouting and arm waving), sings (mostly scat stuff), does the arranging and writes a lot of the music. It's mostly a good show. Anyway, we like it. Barris' wife, Loyce Whiteman, does a big part of the vocal work and seems to be back in the old 'Grove' form. Dead voice Clarence Hays also sings and is much better than we can remember him when he sang for N.B.C.'s cornfed studio band.

Slightly noticeable is the fact that the band has not been playing together very long. Barris's arrangements call for a bit of improvising and some of it lacks a certain smoothness. In general the boys are good, but have not, I believe, reached that top notch performance which comes only after some time of playing together.

### Watch Him

Our nomination for the band to watch for the next year or so is Eddie Fitzpatrick. He has finally joined the union and moved from his Del Monte spot, where he was somewhat buried as far as any wide reputation was concerned, and has gone to Santa Monica. Eddie, himself, is a swell trumpet player a la Nichols and is supported by a very clever bunch of musicians and vocalists. Some of his work (though he has a tendency to imitate Weems, Gerun, Nichols, and Casa Loma) is really brilliant. We'd rather listen to him than any band in the City at present.

### Nominations

Our dear friend, The Daily, in its radio column is forever talking about "the first ten bands in the country" and "the first five bands in the country" and all that sort of thing. We think all that is pretty silly because there is no real yardstick to measure bands by, but in this last of all music columns for this writer we are going to run hog wild and do a little picking and choosing. This choice will be different from any other ever made because Lombardo will not even come close, and as far as we know there has never been a listing that did not include him. In support of this stand we would like to quote one of Lombardo's own men who was being birded by a bunch of musicians. Finally in exasperation he pleaded, "Aw, cut it out. I know we're lousy and corn and all that. We know it, but we can make money playing that way so we do it."

Duke Ellington is our nomination for the best dance band in the country because, for precision of musicianship and sheer technique his orchestra has no equal . . . because his six brasses fairly shimmer with brilliancy . . . because Barney Bigard is the fastest alto saxophonist in the business . . . because even in his hottest moments Ellington is seldom offensively raucous . . . because Sonny Greer can handle his battery of drums like no one in the world . . . because as a composer The Duke has been given serious consideration by reputable music critics . . . because no other band could possibly sound like Ellington.

For number two we pick Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra because it is the best trained white band in the game . . . because Kenny Sargent singing "For You" is sweetest vocal work ever done . . . because Gene Gifford, the guitarist, has composed some of the wildest stomps ever written and makes fine arrangements . . . because they do not put on shows but stick to playing swell music . . . because of Pee Wee Hunt . . . because Glen Gray plays the sax instead of waving a useless baton . . . because they tastefully mix sweet and hot music . . . because in 1929 they landed in New York without a job and have since become one of the country's biggest money makers.

For third we pick Isham Jones because for full band work he can't be beaten by anyone . . . because he is about the oldest and richest band leader in the game and yet is right up to the minute . . . because Eddie Stone is a swell vocalist and has one of the most unusual voices ever . . . because he has a very large band and yet never gets B. A. Rolphish . . . because he has played some of the hottest arrangements of the classics ever heard . . . because he once quit a sponsored air program because the alleged guest artists were taking up too much time . . . because he never plays maudlin numbers or features such atrocities as "What's Good for the Goose" . . . because his own compositions are high points . . . because he has never made a lousy recording.

For fourth we pick Paul Whiteman because he has the biggest collection of individual stars of any band . . . Jack Teagarden, trombonist and hot vocalist . . . Ramona . . . Jack Fulton . . . Frank Trumbauer, best saxophonist in the country . . . Johnny Mercer . . . Roy Bargy . . . Peggy Healey . . . etc., and he really uses them . . . because he, more than anyone else, is the man responsible for symphonic jazz.

For fifth we pick Earl Hines, because his piano work cannot be beat . . . because he is the nearest thing to Ellington . . . because Walter Fuller is a refined Louis Armstrong . . . because his jazz compositions are second only to Ellington.

For sixth we'd like to pick Ray Noble, but there is no such thing. His band is just a bunch of men who get together in London and make records of his arrangements. We leave him here nevertheless.

From this point on we fail to see how they can be listed. We even suspect we have gone too far as it is.

### Recordings

The biggest steal of the century is a number from the movie "Murder at the Vanities" called "Ebony Rhapsody" lifted bodily from Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody". The funny part is that the lyrics give credit to Liszt. Ellington has pressed it and done a good job. Backed by "I've Met My Waterloo". Also by Ellington, "Cocktails for Two".

Whiteman has made a sort of sequel to his "Fare-thee-well to Harlem" out of "Xmas Night in Harlem" with Teagarden and Mercer on the vocal. Swell.

Casa Loma—a couple of wild arrangements of "I've Got Rhythm" and "Old Man River". Very splendid. Also in a quieter mood, "Ridin' Around in the Rain" and "Moon Country".

### THREE-CORNERED MOON

MEMBERS of a weary Dramatic Council have been tearing their beards for some time (ever since that tender bit, *Arms and the Man*)—trying to get a play that would appeal to a finicky Stanford campus. "Rebound" (refused in favor of "Hawk Island" in last year's Ex-Committee-Dramatic Council rumpus) seemed a likely choice, but Dean Mary didn't think the play quite nice. Gertrude Tcnkonogy's farce "Three-Cornered Moon" got the vote.

The play was well advertised—including more than the usual number of head lines in the Dippy. Strange to relate, it turned out none too well financially, (budget over five hundred; intake under four sixty).

This opus (we've been reading Elizabeth Chapin's stuff) was nothing to get up and shout about, but it provided a thoroughly amusing evening. A hard working cast handled the farcical lines with a great deal of gusto; the few dramatic lines were well done.

Shelley Smith took the show with some splendid emoting. Reaching a high point while denouncing her aesthetic lover at the end of act two, an emotional, hysterical situation demanding talent and a "feeling" for the part.

For once Jimmy Benet was well cast. Promoted from the sophisticated class, he did a creditable piece of work as the young and naive Kenneth. A riot in the never-ending telephone conversations; more than convincing as the nervous bar candidate.

We thought Jean Albertson too good looking for Mrs. Rimplegar. The part was definitely overacted and unreal. Too fidgety.

Neal Berry was thoroughly at home as Douglas. Joe Chamberlin was as wide-eyed and naive as most collich men.

Pete Peck we found a bit stiff (theatrically speaking) but he made an awkward part pleasant.

We regret that so little was seen of Harriett Hall, who purred excellently as the childish and coy "Kitty".

Bob Balzer took the male laurels, with his arty expression and mincing step. A good voice, with sincerity in every line read.

Kay Arthur's "Honk-honk" brought down the house.

### SHOW NOTES

CONGRATULATIONS to Jimmy Sandoe for professional direction and the same type of performance in "Faustus" at the Community Theatre. Better than most of the work we have been running up to San Francisco to see in the last six months. Bob Dwan as the Devil's right-hand man: a restrained and splendid piece of acting.

Jane Cowl, heading Keith Winter's comedy, "The Shining Hour" (now playing the Booth Theatre, New York) is scheduled for the coast in a very short time. Will appear at the Curran. Henry Duffy again in command.

Following "The Shining Hour", Conrad Nagel and Violet Hemming are coming in "There's Always Juliet". A small cast in this one; so you will see a lot of movie people if you like them. The play's background: a year in London plus a year in New York.

Also coming up—how soon we do not know—is Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland". Will be the first time this play has been seen out of New York. Curran announces an arrangement for the script from the Theatre Guild, but no mention of the cast as yet.

### THE DRUNKARD

MOST campus shows have moments of farcical melodramatic action, which if intentional and consistent, would prove highly amusing. "The Drunkard; or The Fallen Saved" (Palace Hotel) is consistently and intentionally in this vein and the result is the most entertaining production to appear in S.F. in many a moon. An old time temperance piece, recently re-discovered, it has been playing with unusual success in Los Angeles, New York and many points east.

One of the most creditable features of the play is the spirit in which the acting is done—a spirit in which the whole audience joins—booing and hissing the dastardly villain (why go to basketball games?), applauding "Honest William" and the philanthropist with his Temperance lectures—but why go on? One could rave until we had a decent local play and still not do justice to this show or to those playing in it.

(Continued on Page 22)

### SHE LOVES ME NOT

THIS latest presentation to the San Francisco play-goer (Curran Theatre) is as mad and hilarious as the Hatter's tea party. With a variety of action, taking place in from one to six rooms upon a double-decked stage, we were unable to concentrate our critical faculties throughout the performance.

Starting with a shooting in a night club, we were switched to a Princeton dormitory, where Curley Flagg, a witness to the fracas, takes refuge from the police. Paul Lawton, one of the students, takes the girl in, cuts her hair, and provides her with male clothing. The other boys in the dorm are let in on the secret. The story continues with an attack from one of the shooting gangsters, the arrival of a movie man who succeeds in capitalizing on the girl's publicity chances, and finally the appearance of the Dean of Men.

One of the students is the typical campus communist, and a parade is staged in his support.

After a series of amusing and highly improbable situations, the boys are successively expelled and re-instated (per Stanford). The girl gets a job in the movies, and one of her benefactors marries the Dean's daughter.

Dorothy Lee takes the part of the girl. Fast banter, wide eyes, and some mean hips produce a wonderful effect. She laughs her way on and off the stage, and, though dramatic situations were entirely lacking, the Old Boy enjoyed her antics immensely.

Philip Faversham plays Paul Lawton, in whose room the girl is hidden. Though even most Paly High students are not so naive, the play was farcical enough to excuse a little overacting.

John Arledge takes the part of Lawton's chum, Buzz Jones. Playing the part straight, Arledge was the most convincing of the lot.

Stanley Norvell is Phillip Laval, the communist, who refuses his father's capitalistic money, and explains that his allowance comes from his mother. June Clyde is the good-looking daughter of the Dean, and Patricia Havens-Mont-eagle (!) Paul Lawton's haughty bride-to-be.

Mugg Schnitzel, played by Paul Fix, is the tough and amusing gangster, who ties up the wrong girl, and finally marries her.

An insane hodge-podge, but if you are tired of the good and the pure in the theatre, you'll laugh at "She Loves Me Not."

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Give the graduates gifts which will be lasting mementoes of Stanford. Keep their memory of "The Farm" alive with useful and attractive gifts. We have a large assortment.

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Hon. Oyster is a queerie beast  
 He me doth sorely vex  
 Because, tho he be west or east,  
 He'll often change his sex.  
 And tho we find, as everywhere,  
 Hon. Oystie has a mother,  
 What seems most strange, if not unfair,  
 She also is his brother!

—California Pelican

⊗ Young Mother Hubbard  
 Went to the cupboard  
 To find her bathing suit there.  
 Though she looked like a peach,  
 She was pinched at the beach,  
 Because her cupboard was bare.  
 —Annapolis Log

SEND THE LIGHT

The captain realized that there was no hope for the sinking boat, and said, "Is there any one among us who can pray?"

A meek man stepped forward: "Yes, sir; I can pray."

"Good," said the captain, "you start praying while the rest of us get life-belts. We're one short."

—Annapolis Log

A SHORT DRAMA  
 (No Scenery Required)

He: Who's our iceman?  
 She: We don't have an iceman; we have a Frigid-  
 aire.  
 He: How about the Fuller brush man?  
 She: They don't have any out here.  
 He: Are you pestered much by salesmen?  
 She: I haven't seen any in this community.  
 He (trembling): My God! Then I'm a father!  
 Three shots and a curtain.  
 —Siren

A customer sat down at a table at a smart restaurant and tied his napkin around his neck. The manager, scandalized, called a boy and said to him, "Try to make him understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done."

Boy (seriously to customer)—"Shave or haircut, sir?"  
 —Exchange

Mrs. Floyd Moffett expects to go to Morro Bay, Pismo Beach and assorted coastal places looking for a cool place to leave her grandmother.  
 —Woodlake Echo, Woodlake, California.

WHY NOT TRY THE ICEBOX?

N. B.—Has to do with squeezing four people in a rumble seat.

—Yale Record

"What you need is an electric bath."  
 "Nothing doing, doc—I had an uncle drown that way up at Sing Sing."  
 —Annapolis Log



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PALO ALTO

WORD OF WARNING

Four long years he worked and sweated,  
 Labored conscientiously,  
 Crammed for tests and wrote his papers.  
 Then he won his Phi Bete key.  
 Now he's working at a counter,  
 And while waiting to make sales  
 Reaches for the gold insignia,  
 And calmly cleans his fingernails.  
 —U.S.C. Wampus

The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped in the air, knocked down a lamp-post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone fence, and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck.

"Darling," she exclaimed, "That's what I call a kiss!"  
 —Pointer

"Waiter, has that lady paid her bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I will give her the glad eye."  
 —Exchange

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EARL CARROLL'S  
 "MURDER AT THE VANITIES"

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA"

with  
 CLARK GABLE WM. POWELL  
 MYRNA LOY

*I'm "that way" about  
Chesterfields, too—*



the cigarette that's **MILDER**  
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**