

STANFORD

# CHAPARRAL

FEBRUARY 15<sup>th</sup>



FACULTY • NUMBER

# JEWELRY . . .



Distinction is the keynote of jewelry at Baker's. We feature a complete line for all occasions.

Watches of the finest manufacture are on display for your approval.

You will find our accessories for evening wear in excellent taste.

## Stanford Watch Shop

J. JAY BAKER

571 RAMONA

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

# EAT LOVE NEST CANDY

## 5c

Made Fresh Every Hour

The Largest Selling Candy  
Bar in the World



The Euclid Candy Co. of Calif.  
San Francisco

# WATCH

for our opening  
at the new location  
**BIGGER AND BETTER**

ON THE CIRCLE

**WHOOPEE**  
SANDWICH SHOPPE

### "HER MASTER'S VOICE"

IT HAS BEEN a long time—a good long time in the opinion of this commentator—since a play has appeared in the Stanford Assembly Hall that did not deserve a good healthy scream in regard to at least one department of its production. There have been plays with poor directing; plays with poor leads; plays with poor casting; plays with poor sets; plays that were just simply poor. Chappie has tried to do its part in pointing out faults—sometimes with sufficient vitriol to convince an occasional reader that we didn't like anything.

This quarter's Dramatic Council production has been a different story. Chappie *did* like "Her Master's Voice," and prays that we may get another as good some day. Substitute Director William Murray Timmons has at last presented the campus with a good well-rounded campus production—a production excellent in every department.

Extraordinarily well cast, Clare Kummer's comedy featured the beautiful Katherine Comrie as Queena Farrar, Annelies Morgan as Queena's wistful mother, Bernard Wilson as the husband, and Mary Anne Cray as the officious Aunt Min.

For once in Stanford theatrical history the cast had their lines down cold. The five scenes ran off with unprecedented smoothness. Holding together a dully written first scene by sheer enthusiasm, the campus players worked up to the hilarious sleeping-porch scene with charm and finesse. Throughout there prevailed an effortless ease seldom seen in amateur productions.

The cast managed to cash in on almost every possible laugh line in the innocently risqué comedy. Good spots: Wilson scratching himself in his pajamas; Annelies Morgan in her new suit; Kay Comrie freezing in a negligee; Mary Anne Cray greeting her surprised lover in—on the porch!

Congratulations to Director Timmons for splendid directing and casting; and to George Andreini for two beautiful sets.

—R. R.

And then there was the freshman who thought that a CCC man was a Spanish movie director's assistant. —Wampus

# THEATRE

By ROBERT RANSOM

A play of strange tempo and stranger sequence, "Merrily We Roll Along," has proven a successful drawing card at the Curran Theatre. The show undoubtedly offers excellent entertainment—with **direction** winning the critic's bouquet, if we must be technical.

Opening with the last scene first, in point of time, the action goes backward in jumps from 1935 to 1918. Act I curtain reveals the home of Richard Niles, sophisticated writer of successful but in-artistic plays. A party is in progress—a party given by a group of superficial friends in honor of Richard's latest theatrical offering. Douglas Montgomery takes the part of Niles, and in the course of the action a series of affairs with his leading ladies are revealed—which prompts Mrs. Niles (Frieda Inescort) to disfigure the latest object of her husband's attentions by tossing a bottle of iodine in the girl's face. Not very pretty—but intensely dramatic and realistic.

As the play regresses, the gradual prostitution of Niles's genius is revealed. Each preceding year points to a stronger personality—until in the final scene (seventeen years before the initial action) we find Richard as the Baccalaureate speaker at his college commencement making an emotional and dramatic appeal for idealism.

The play, written by Kaufman and Moss Hart, impressed us as being clever and amusing, though certainly not significant in the history of the theatre. Produced by Curran and Bregstein, and staged by E. John Kennedy, a fine piece of directing is revealed—especially the group scenes in which scores of people appear on the stage. Risqué and suggestive lines are handled in an extremely subtle and ingenious manner. Erin O'Brien-Moore as Julia Glenn and Harry Ellerbe as Jonathan Crale—Richard's two disappointed idealistic friends—gave a spontaneous and charming performance. Irene Franklin, as the former Burlesque Show artist, was . . . well . . . well . . . well.

Your reviewer again bemoans the Editor's pilferage of the ducats to Harold Helvenston's show, "No More Ladies." (Ed. Note.—Must you take all of the only "gravy," Bob?)

The lights are turned on again at the Alcazar Theatre and Chappie distinctly recognized the green "Go" signal for the campus. The stars of the play shone brilliantly, although the play itself, "No More Ladies," resembled more a candle than an incandescent lamp. It glittered slowly in the first act before breaking into the full light of the plot in the second, and then tapered off to a slight glow at the end of the third.

Stanford's Harold Helvenston makes his initial local professional debut and, without college hindrances, has done an exceptionally fine job of directing. His two sets are even better than his praiseworthy ones here.

(Continued on page 3)

# "COME OUT, FIDO —FRED WON'T BITE YOU!"



FIDO'S no man's fool! He isn't afraid of Fred's teeth, but he IS leary of the heavy tear-gas that puffs out of Fred's never-cleaned briar.

They tell us Fred is a dog-lover, but they can't tell us he's a pipe-lover or he'd groom his briar now and then and switch to a pleasanter tobacco. Like Sir Walter Raleigh. This unusual blend of friendly Kentucky Burleys has trotted to the front rank in popularity because it really IS milder, cooler, delightfully fragrant. Try a tin . . . and hear your friends yelp for joy!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-52



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

*H. Lieber & Co.*

YOU'LL CHARM IN  
*Cherille*

These clever knit two piece frocks are so versatile that you must have one in your spring wardrobe. You'll find them in many styles and colors in the Sport Shop.

Model sketched  
12.75

*Grant Avenue  
San Francisco*

## The Clothes Closet carries on—

Fashions come and fashions go—but ideals of dependability, style-service, and campus-mindedness continue on the firm basis built and upheld by the Clothes Closet.

In the past the Clothes Closet has fulfilled the wardrobe needs of Palo Alto matron and Stanford coed.

Today the Clothes Closet carries on—with style ideas as invigorating as Spring . . . Visit the Sport Shop there, showing the latest in pastel boucles, knits, sweaters . . . The Dress Shop—displaying silk prints and fashion's newest-navy taffeta suits for street or dress. These are just a few of the exceptional dress values you will find at the Clothes Closet—"the little house where your dress problems become things of the past."



**THE CLOTHES CLOSET**  
510 WAVERLEY

## GLENN V. BONINE

Presents

The New Plymouth  
America's High Speed  
Safety Car

And  
Its beautiful  
running mate

The New Dodge

Sales and Service  
Channing at Alma,  
Palo Alto

**GLENN V. BONINE**

Authorized Dodge-Plymouth Dealer

Dial 22141

Send your Greetings

via

## Postal Telegraph

Speed

Accuracy

Economy

**SAVE 20% WITHIN THE STATE**

**DICK CREAMER**  
Campus Representative

One of our professors asked for the definition of life. After asking several students and not receiving a suitable definition he gave his own, which was: "One damn thing after another."

Later, after the class had settled down, he asked for a definition of love. Many tried but failed. When asked for his definition he said, "Love is two damn things after each other."

—Ohio Sundial



### FABLE

They were the first official but endearing words the prof spoke, at eight o'clock on a Monday morning, the first day of his first course in his first quarter at Stanford. Coming into the chilled classroom, he shivered, rubbed his hands, then looked about.

"What an ungodly hour to have a class," he said. "Give me a cigarette, somebody."



"What's worse than being a bachelor?"

"Being a bachelor's son."

—Annapolis Log

Copyright 1935

Represented nationally by the W. B. BRADBURY CO., INC.,  
Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City  
Member Major College Publications

Published nine times during the college year, monthly from October to June, inclusive, by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of The Hammer and Coffin Society.

Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford University, California.

Telephone: Palo Alto 6161, Local No. 134.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Palo Alto, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

## THEATRE

(Continued from page 1)

The plot of "No More Ladies" is woven with clever lines around the familiar matrimonial triangle. This time it is an unusual geometrical figure with six corners—the privilege of literary mathematical license. The wife, played by Marion Burns, schemes to awaken her unfaithful husband (Ray Clifford) by inviting his current love and the members of his last season's home-breaking act to a week-end house party. The result is obvious.

The second act is far above the average play in both acting and dialogue. There is a scene between Marcia and her husband, in which he confesses that he has been "unfaithful," which demands much of the actors. Highly emotional, Miss Burns and Mr. Clifford do not allow it to become melodramatic or simpering. The lines are clever, getting the most out of the situations. Special mention for Miss Georgia Caine for her characterization of the Edna-Wallace-Hopper-ish grandmother. She had plenty of good lines and did not fall down on any of them—so many grandmothers do fall down. Shelley Smith of the Stanford Kappas has several lines. Most of them were in French, which is beyond us, but she looks very nice, even carrying a Pekinese. Chappie recommends "No More Ladies," and hopes to see more in the future.



With the best argument yet presented for establishing a School of Music at Stanford shown by the excellent student concert, the Series tonight presents another program. Igor Stravinsky, pianist, and Samuel Dushkin, violinist, should prove of great interest and entertainment. One of the outstanding composers of modern music, Stravinsky will give even the most radical of the radical Stanford Reds a treat.

Ruth Slenczynski (spelled but not pronounced correctly), the nine-year-old prodigy, will be here on March 5. She needs no further recommendation than to recall that critics have said, "Not since Mozart."

## WIGHTMAN'S

366 University Avenue

For Smart Social Stationery  
in the newest colors, shapes,  
and sizes.

Picture Framing and Kodak  
Finishing

Get the latest books at the rental  
library, operated here by  
Katherine Keegan



# HE-MAN. QUALITY

## in FLORSHEIM SHOES

You don't have to look below the surface! You know what's there when you wear FLORSHEIMS. Forty years' experience of fine shoemaking gives you every reason to expect only the best. Our careful fitting by means of our X-Ray machine gives extra assurance of lasting comfort.

Most Styles \$8.75

*Florsheim*

174 University Avenue

EXPERT  
**BODY and FENDER**  
 work  
**DUCO PAINTING**  
 complete  
**WRECK REPAIRING**  
 16 Years' Experience  
 No job too large or too small

▼

**DALEY E. STROUD**  
 430 High St. Phone Palo Alto 7122

**FRATERNITIES and  
 SORORITIES**

- Make your next house letter distinctive and personal!
- Use any combination of hand-writing, typewriting, printing, line drawings, or photographs. . . .
- Photolith makes this possible at a reasonable cost.

**STANFORD  
 UNIVERSITY  
 PRESS**

**AND THEY CALL IT A GAMBLE**  
 Love is like a poker game. It takes a pair to open, she gets a flush, he shows diamonds, and it ends with a full house.  
 —Battalion

We can vouch for the authenticity of this incident because we were there when it happened. After one of our classes the other day a fellow went up to the prof and said, "I came into class about three minutes after roll was called yesterday, so I wonder if you would mark me present?" The prof looked at him queerly and then remarked, "That's funny, there was no class yesterday."  
 —Cornell Widow

Police Sergeant—A college student, eh?  
 Prisoner—Yes, sir.  
 Patrolman—It's a stall. I frisked him twice and there ain't a single magazine blank on him.  
 —Annapolis Log

His wife lay on her deathbed. She pleaded: "John, I want you to make me one promise." He thought he might as well give in; after all, she was dying. She continued: "Will you ride in the same car with Mother to my funeral?" He sighed: "O.K., I'll keep my promise, but it's going to spoil my whole day!"  
 —Lord Jeff

**SUNSET CAFETERIA  
 and Bakery . . . . . serving BREAKFAST**

Our cakes and pies are the finest on the Peninsula. Cakes decorated for special occasions

**LUNCH**  
 30c — 35c  
 (10% off to students)

**DINNER 50c**  
**Blue Plate Dinner—35c**

(Table service at very reasonable prices)

Table service for small groups if desired  
 ● We carry the trays for the ladies  
 ● BANQUET ROOM AVAILABLE  
 ● CATERING

**AMEN!**

Up to heaven on a mule  
 Comes a clever little fool,  
 And he tries to get inside the pearly gates.

With a look of purest peace,  
 And a manner smooth as grease,  
 His card sends in and outside calmly waits.

From the second assistant office boy  
 To the first assistant office toy  
 Travels tidings of the man who waits without.

To an angel next it gets  
 (She is one of St. Pete's pets  
 And she has the old boy living quite in doubt).

(There's a story of the Mrs.  
 And how she never misses,  
 But St. Pete must have his little pets.)

She refers it to a chairman  
 Of committees who compare 'em  
 And investigate their records (and their debts).

The report back from committee  
 Comes to Peter without pity,  
 And the Saint growls out from his retirements:

"Go back, you shameful sinner,  
 To the Hell whence you came in here,  
 You must fill your LOWER DIVISION  
 REQUIREMENTS."

—Davis & Jorgi

**I. MAGNIN & CO.**


*Formals...*

From Our  
**Ranleigh Shop**

Filmy chiffons . . . brilliant prints . . .  
 ruched nets . . . pastel satins . . . vivid  
 crepes . . . every formal dress fashion  
 of the new season is here...young, gay,  
 animated...priced for college budgets.

**19<sup>95</sup> to 29<sup>75</sup>**

*for lasting satisfaction  
 choose your gifts  
 from a jeweler*



GRUEN  
 GUILD  
 WATCHES

PERFECT  
 BLUEWHITE  
 DIAMONDS

*Guaranteed  
 Watch Repairing*

**PAUL D. CULVER**  
 PIONEER JEWELER  
 167 University Ave. P.A. 5331

Dine and Dance  
 at  
**NEW JUNCTION INN**

The Peninsula's Smartest  
 Rendezvous

▲

De Luxe Dinner  
 One Dollar

No Cover Charge

▲

Six Miles South of  
 Stanford

Phone Mountain View 876

## SHOES OF QUALITY



What's your  
heel base?

● no matter what  
your heel-base is,  
if it's a WALK-  
OVER it will hug  
your heel and the  
ankle without gap-  
ing.

ED  
**ZWIERLEIN'S**  
Walk-Over  
BOOT SHOP



The Style is  
Broadway  
**\$7.50**

A lady was entertaining the small son of her friend. "Are you sure you can cut your meat, Marvin?" she inquired after watching him a moment.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he replied without looking up from his plate. "We often have it as tough as this at home."

—Annapolis Log

"Did you hear how they kept those charity kettles boiling this Christmas?"

"No."

"They substituted chorus girls for the old gents, and they kept them plenty hot."

—Punch Bowl

The Interior Decorating services of the Allied Arts Guild are available for any requirement, from the designing and execution of complete interiors to the selection of individual rugs, lamps, drapes or decorative pieces, recovering and refinishing of customers' pieces. We should be glad to discuss your decorating problem with you, here in our Decorating Studio, or to bring you sketches and samples appropriate to your need.

ALLIED ARTS GUILD  
ARBOR ROAD AT CREEK DRIVE  
MENLO PARK-CALIFORNIA

"I hear the Sultan is introducing the Honor System in the harem."

"Yes, he caught the doctor cheating on his examinations."

—Lyre

Little Sis—Bill comes over often to see you, but you never seem to go places or do anything.

Big Sis—Yes, we seldom go places.

—Purple Parrot

Parents used to worry about daughter's matrimonial chances. Now they just send her to a co-ed school.

—Log

## REFRESHMENTS FOR PARTIES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Telephone 8813

Free ice with purchases

**Auten's**

1149 El Camino Real

Menlo Park

IMPORTED - BEVERAGES - DOMESTIC



FEBRUARY • 1935

STANFORD  
**CHAPARRAL**



FACULTY NUMBER

**QUESTION**

THIS is a question I often muse  
As I sit at home in my oldest shoes:  
Which is the prof who most annoys,  
Old Dry-As-Dust or One-of-the-Boys?

In adolescence I always heard  
That dull old buzzards deserve the bird.  
But after a course with a youthful fling  
Mere death has but a trifling sting.

Thro' Dry-As-Dust, you at least can snore  
For half an hour or maybe more,  
For all his words are gutta-percha,  
Which don't disturb your deep inertia.

You read his syllabus and the notes  
Illegibly scrawled by Brother Oates,  
And pass the final that was new  
In Father's day in nineteen-two.

But, alas, the young enthusiast  
Who shouts and screams from first to last,  
Interpolating jokes so sexy  
They almost give him apoplexy.

He's brave, he's modern—unafraid!  
He'll call a tuning fork a spade.  
He daringly yells "Damn" and "Hell"  
When all he means is "Well, well, well."

He shows us the learning-lamp—how to ignite it,  
The apple of knowledge—and just how to bite it.  
But give me the old absent-minded professor  
Whose teeth are at home on his bureau dresser.

—Ritchie

STANFORD CHAPARRAL





# CHAPPIE'S HALL OF HUMOR

In the hope that some day a School of Humor will be endowed at Stanford, the OLD BOY herein nominates to hold the professorial chairs in the department—



**ELMER FAGAN**

Because:

He is one of the few who have not written textbooks—and who should He is a fine pantomimist and can act the part of a trade barrier He is the faculty's best cartoonist



**WALTER THOMPSON**

Because:

He blushes with personal embarrassment when he tells a joke His lectures are full of jokes—mostly on himself His "pipe" courses are funny—until the final



**RAY LYMAN WILBUR**

Because:

Few realize or appreciate his dry (in more ways than one) wit Despite his stature, he often stoops to puns He once wrote Chappie a very funny letter



**ERNEST WHITNEY MARTIN**

Because:

He slings a mean piece of chalk His pompous and flowery style is as infectiously popular as his laugh He once blew the loudest E-flat cornet in the Band



**EDWARD MASLIN HULME**

Because:

He tells old jokes He repeats them every quarter He gets by with them



# STANFORD CHAPARRAL

FEBRUARY • 1935 • VOL. 36 • NO. 5

## EXTRY! EXTRY!

In the pre-season baseball deals, sports writers show remarkable ability for getting the "cold dope." If the same talent and honesty were applied to news of "higher education," Chappie would expect something like the following to come over the press wires:

### BUTCH COLLEGE GETS McDIZZLE FROM RUMPH U.

In the latest Rational League deal of the season, Associate Professor McDizzle of the Rumph Bookworms was swapped to the Butch Bullers. McDizzle, who has been hitting the books regularly since mid-quarters, is expected to strengthen the Butch preaching staff. The amount involved was not disclosed, but it is rumored that Rumph will receive two instructors and an old textbook.

Another trade sent Doc Wheepdeedle, Sucatash botanist, to Flitch College, where he will pick daisies in the outfield. Wheepdeedle has been slipping lately, forgetting his umbrella and pulling old jokes. Sucatash received two cents and three syllabus sheets—a record price—and will replace Doc with Mufdud's Minnotwit. Minnotwit was voted the "best-looker" in the league last year and will bolster Sucatash's sorority-faculty suppers.

In the Irrational League, Hogwallow J.C. reported that Professor D. Tremen, who has been batting regularly in their alcoholic experimentation department, was a "hold-out." He has refused to sign his contract and demands more assistants in and out of his lab.

—Steedman

### IF THE ADMINISTRATION RAN THE GOVERNMENT

Mr. F. D. Roosevelt  
The White House

Dear Sir:

For reasons of which you are probably aware (including several flirtations with inflation, some orgies in public works, flunking Graftic Art and Blue Iggle 7a, and one disgraceful street brawl in which you unmercifully beat a former Stanford student), we must inform you that your registration has been canceled.

—Jorgi

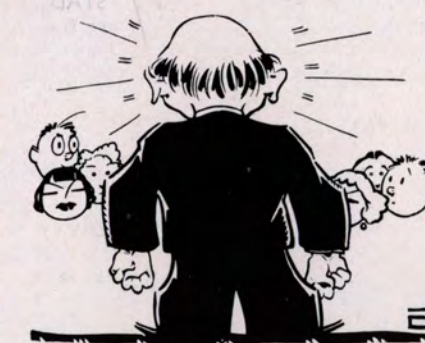
## CANDID THOUGHTS

of a Prof on Viewing His Class

Ye Gawds, the same dumb lot of faces  
To wrangle through the same old paces—

The race improves?  
Don't make me laugh—  
Well, then, it proves  
You don't know half.

Yes, there's the goggle-eyed galoot—  
Oh, Allah, please, please let me shoot!



That Garbo air,  
That Harlow curve,  
Prompt me to swear  
If I'd the nerve.

A Student Leader, too? Alas!  
If I've my way he'll never pass.  
Two witty guys?  
O Fates, you're mean.  
Let them crack wise,  
I'll vent my spleen.

The same old lot of guys and gals  
Who'd gladly cut my throat—my pals!

Too dumb by far  
They look, to pass;  
But here they are . . .  
Good morning, Class!

—John Coulthard

## DIARY OF A CUBAN STUDENT

**Mon.** Paraded for three hours today. Shot three policemen. Three hits out of five tries. Nice work. University opens today. Registered.

**Tue.** Fought dirty Capitalists this morning. Spinach for lunch again. Fought Communist strikers this afternoon. Nice blonde sits next to me in Physics.

**Wed.** Blonde has brains. Helped hatch plot to murder Mayor and shut off city water supply for two or three days. Spinach for lunch again today. Later—Physics prof sprung quiz; didn't have time to murder Mayor—dumped typhoid germs in water instead.

**Thur.** Shot at four dirty Capitalists this morning—missed three. Aim getting bad. That damned Physics professor is making me nervous. Spinach for lunch again. Shot cook. Got syllabus fee—\$10. Went to see accountant about it. Accountant got snooty. Beat up accountant. Went to see Prexy about syllabus fee. Said I had to pay it. Lousy day.

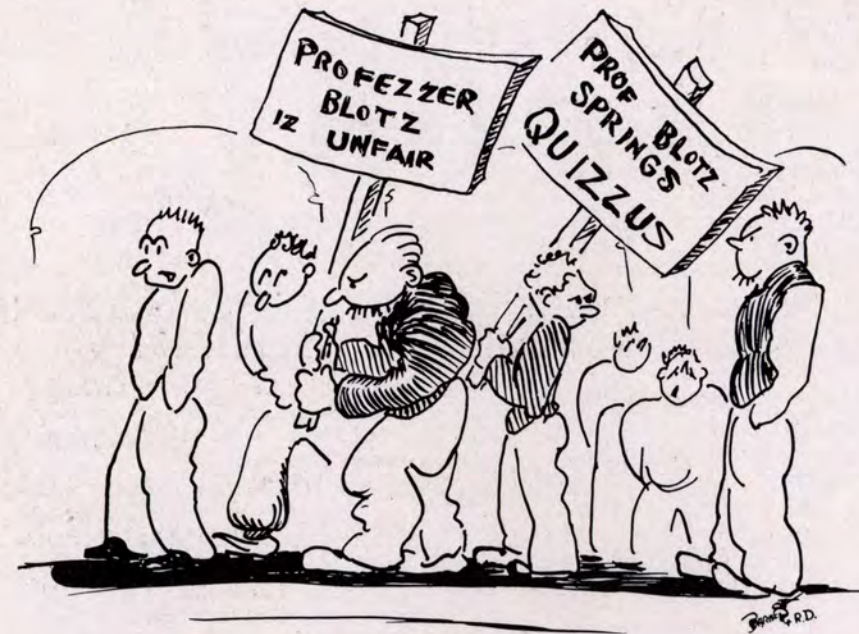
**Fri.** Wrote note to Board of Trustees warning them to hunt for new president of the University, as we are going to shoot this one. Saw Physics prof with blonde this afternoon.

**Sat.** Decided not to shoot President. Lynched him instead. Blonde and Physics prof had date last night. Blonde said she had to go or he'd flunk her. Later—Blonde drinking coffee with Physics prof in the Greasy Spoon. Later—Bombed Physics prof's house. Later—Physics prof not home yet.

**Sun.** Nothing to do . . . things pretty quiet. Went down and derailed three streetcars. Started riot. Shot Physics prof. Will teach class—and blonde—myself.

—Dink

I love the duck-billed platypus,  
But no one else will make a fuss.  
But who would want to make a fuss,  
About a duck-billed platypus?  
—Snoke



Communism Hits the Campus

### The TRUE STOREY of the FARMER's daughter

SOMERS or WINTERS, when WILBUR finished WORKING, he WOOD hasten to his SWEET VIOLETTE. As he sat HOLDEN her HAND, he SEID in a HUSKEY voice, "Why are you KRAUSE? Are you MADVIG me?"

"MALONEY!" she cried, for he was the MANCHEE loved more than any CHAPIN the world.

"I FAYLE like a NEWMAN," SEID WILBUR. "DUVENECK?"

"Don't try any FAST STAUF," she cautioned, "but ATWOOD be KEEN with me." Although WILBUR was a LANGNECKER, she at last WEIGLED from his embrace. "YOST one MOORE kiss," pleaded WILBUR, "I NEVERS saw HANZLIK thine."

Just then FAGAN, the viper, jumped from a near-by BUSH and shouted, "STAD-THERR! I have a GUNN. If you want to save this PURDY WRENN, I must have five hundred BUCKS for the mortgage."

"But that is more than the FARNSWORTH," protested VIOLETTE.

"I will not FAYLE you," SEID WILBUR, "for I am STRONG, and if you TAINTER, FAGAN, I will knock your BLOCH off."

But the CROOK hit YOUNG WILBUR on the HEAD with a STONE and knocked him SOKOL that he heard a BIRD singing.

"Come to me, my PURDY VIOLETTE," sneered FAGAN, "and don't be PEAVY, for I OWEN the farm."

"NEVERS, NEVERS! will I pay your PRICE," shouted SWEET VIOLETTE as she fainted. Then the COWDERY FAGAN carried her DOANE to the DOCK (you know, LA PIERRE) and tied her to a RAE. But a FISHER, a FRIEND of WILBUR, saw this and RODIN FAST to the shore. Hurrying over THORNHILL by the NORTHWAY he soon found WILBUR. When WILBUR awoke, his FRIEND was SAHYUN, "LISTON, FAGAN has VIOLETTE at the DOCK!"

This aroused WILBUR's ROTH, so that he BOYLED. When VIOLETTE awoke and collected HURWITZ about her, there was her TRUE love CUTTING her bonds. FAGAN had been hauled away to the BRIGGS, and VIOLETTE was soon married at the CHURCH, ANDERSON was named WILBUR, Jr.

—Hartmann

#### THE APPLE-POLISHER

- 1920: "Thanks, Smithy. It was nice of you to remember teacher with that nice apple."
  - 1924: "Why surely you can walk home with me, Smithy."
  - 1930: "Yes, Smith, I will loan you some extra books on the course."
  - 1934: "Yes, I would be glad to discuss the subject more deeply, Mr. Smith."
  - 1935: Mrs. and Mrs. R. W. Jones announce the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. John Smith. Mr. Smith is employed in the Jones Company store.
- Hood



## SPARKS FROM BRILLIANT MINDS

**Dean Hoover:** "When I was in college students walked to Palo Alto." Maybe that's why the Dean never picks anyone up in his Pierce Arrow—or maybe the brakes don't work.

**Professor Reynolds:** "I have a feeling that 11 million negroes is a lot of niggers."

That's right, professor.

**Dr. Swain:** "When you get out into the world it means something to be a Stanford graduate." Sure, \$5,000 in the red.

**Dr. Bailey:** "I hate Julius Caesar." What did he do to you, Marge?

**W. M. Timmons:** "Of course, we talk louder in the Assembly Hall, because it's a pretty big barn."

Don't shout, we can hear you.

**Professor Hulme:** "It is doubtful if Calvin would have consented to even partial refrigeration of Hell."

One of Hulme's hot ones.

**Edward Farmer:** "I have never been able to pronounce this name; I have never heard anyone who could pronounce it; and if I ever did learn how to pronounce it I'm sure I should forget it."

I didn't catch the name.

**Eliot Jones:** "Which shows that with the right equipment and enough tools you can make any fraternity pay."

Professor Jones is a Sigma Nu.

**Professor Whitaker:** "... and the Bulls had the Bears by ..."

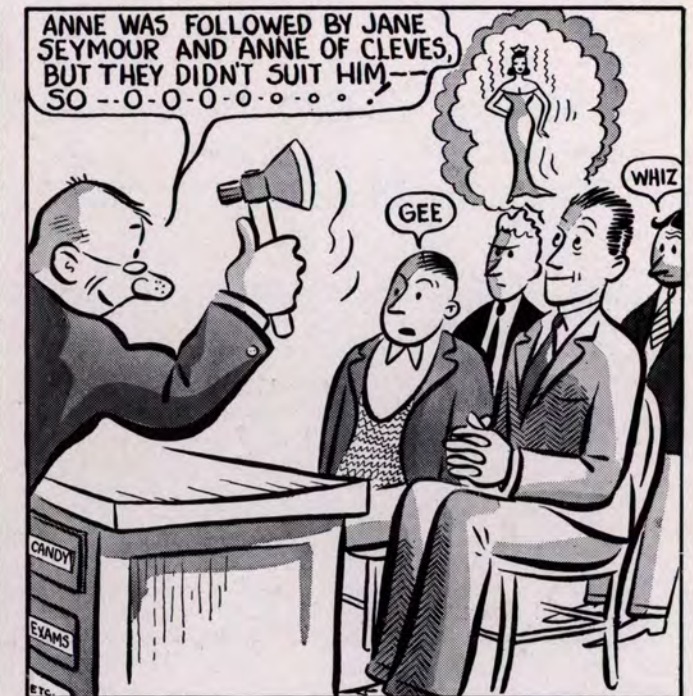
Censored.

—Collected by C. H., R. D., C. P., and G. S.

#### THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE

(but probably never shall)

1. Ray Lyman Wilbur — mixing C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>OH with the lower hydrocarbons.
  2. Thomas Bailey — meeting William Randolph Hearst.
  3. George Bliss Culver—managing his office without Miss Church.
  4. Mary Yost—getting a lockout.
  5. Thomas Barclay—carrying a banner in a Republican rally parade.
  6. Robert Eckles Swain—dressed for a masquerade as the New Year.
- Hood



Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, N. C.

### PRINCE ALBERT VOTED MOST POPULAR!

- BECAUSE P. A. IS SO MILD
- BECAUSE IT IS LONG-BURNING
- BECAUSE THERE'RE 2 OZ. IN EVERY TIN
- BECAUSE A SPECIAL PROCESS TAKES OUT THE "BITE"
- BECAUSE IT IS CRIMP-CUT
- BECAUSE OF ITS MELLOW, PLEASING FLAVOR



**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



### FAMOUS BOOKS BY STANFORD PROFS

**ELEMENTARY GREEK**, by Oscar Q. Fishcake. This fascinating little volume is only 600 pages long, with double columns, fine type, and notes in Latin, Sanskrit, and Egyptian hieroglyphics. Sales during the last thirty years have reached the total of three. The other Classical Lit student got a second-hand copy from his grandfather.

**THE BOY WONDER**, or *How I Won the Olympics in 1920 and Became the World's Greatest Track Coach*, by R. L. (Fink) Dimpleton. Written in words of two syllables so that those who might be interested can read it.

**PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS**, by Handlebars Whistlefinger. Prof. Whistlefinger writes a new textbook every quarter. His own books have been the required texts in all his courses for the past twenty-six years. The books cost \$5.75 apiece. Whistlefinger plans retiring next year to tour the world on his 200-foot steam yacht.

**MY LIFE AMONG THE ROCKS**, by Amos Twitchfwid. An autobiographical sketch by the eminent geologist. Dr. Twitchfwid describes his early dealings with diamonds (which he calls "rocks"), which led him to further study in rock composition at a federal institution. There are several charming descriptions of his associates. Price: 1 stone.

**BREEDING HABITS OF CARNIVOROUS COELENTERATES ON THE OREGON COAST**, by Rollo Wetbottom, instructor in biology. Rollo wrote this gem for his Ph.D. thesis way back in 1894, and since then the only one who ever bought a copy besides Rollo himself was his mother. Mr. Wetbottom is with us no longer, though, for one day when he was hustling about the anatomy lab a med. student mistook him for a cadaver.

—Prendergoose

### THE RUSHING CHAIRMAN BECOMES A FACULTY ADVISER

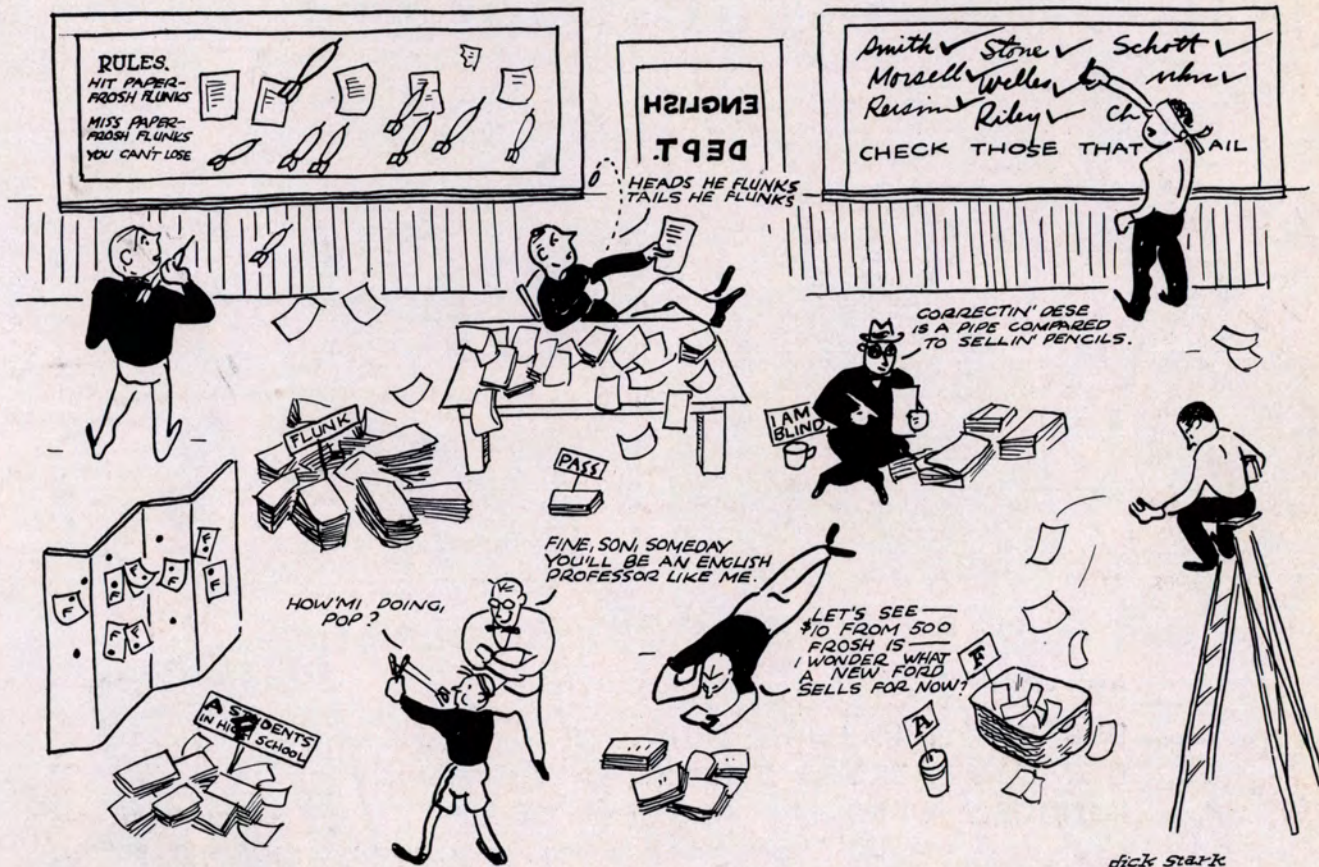
"Well, Mr. Smith, I've talked it over with the other fellas in the class. They all like you and they sure want you to take the course.

"We've got the best location on the Quad, and I'll bet you can't find a better bunch in school than in this class. Why, we've even got the whole football and track team, besides the first five men on the tennis team.

"No mid-quarters or term papers in this course. Only a fifteen-minute final. And we're not like some of the other courses on the campus—we don't soak you with any quizzes after you're in.

"You know, this course ranks the highest on the campus, especially with the sororities, and the fellas always date the best gals at Stanford. Why, we've even got the seating arrangement fixed so there's a honey sitting on both sides of you, and when it gets crowded—well, then we seat them on your lap."

—Prendergoose



The Truth about English A Exams

## The Duchess will be Pleased

TRIPPED breathlessly along the pebbled pathway, through the arches, and down the hall to my eight-o'clock class. Catlike, I squirmed through the keyhole and scuttled across the room to my seat. Just half an hour late. Oh, me!

The professor looked up from his shaving, which he usually brought to class for want of anything better. "Lo, Hiram"—he always called me that. "'Lo there, Hiram." I agreed with him.

"Humph! Now that one of the members of the class is present, and we have a quorum, begob, and that is unusual, begob, I shall begin my lecture," he mouthed dryly, casting devilish glances at a ragged orange wench who was leering through the window in the hopes of finding a few cash customers, begob.

"Logic," he began. "Logic, er . . . Logic . . . Logic . . ." he continued spasmodically, "Logic, er . . . Logic IS . . ." He paused momentarily to mop his brow with a Turkish towel which conveniently hung from the floor. I drew a picture of a canoe on the outer side of my binder.

"No, Class o' Mine, Logic is not a steamboat. Well, I don't . . . Fulton was a steamboat . . . er, that is, Fulton invented the steamboat . . . hrumph! . . . in 1892. Steamboat IS . . ."

"1803!" I corrected, brushing up on my history with a red, black, green, yellow, and tangerine Fuller Brush which had become entangled in my teeth during the night.

"Fulton . . ." The professor wrinkled his brow, as though thinking. "Fulton IS . . . I mean, Logic . . . Logic IS, is, IS, Logic, Logic . . ."

Suddenly, a panel at the top of the wall sprang open with a terrifying creak, disclosing the professor's wife, who was seated within knitting horrid, warm things for the poor. "Why don't you tell him about the time we went to Kalamazoo, George?" she mused.

"Miranda," he barked, much in the manner of a dog, "Miranda, a woman's place is in the home!"

His wife slammed shut the panel in disgust, with a few mumbled curses and grumbles about the throat and chest. And right at that point the nine-o'clock bell rang. I darted toward the door in a wild fit of ecstasy.

"Just a minute there, Hiram," said the professor, with a sinister gleam in his eye. "I haven't finished my lecture yet. Logic is the study of the general conditions of valid inference, or, as some have noticed, Logic is the study of thinking considered as a process of utilizing blah, blah, blah . . ."

It was only at lunchtime that I appreciated the true significance of the orange wench, who, blessed martyr, had remained at her post by the window.

—Jim Copp

### PAR NOBILE FRATRUM

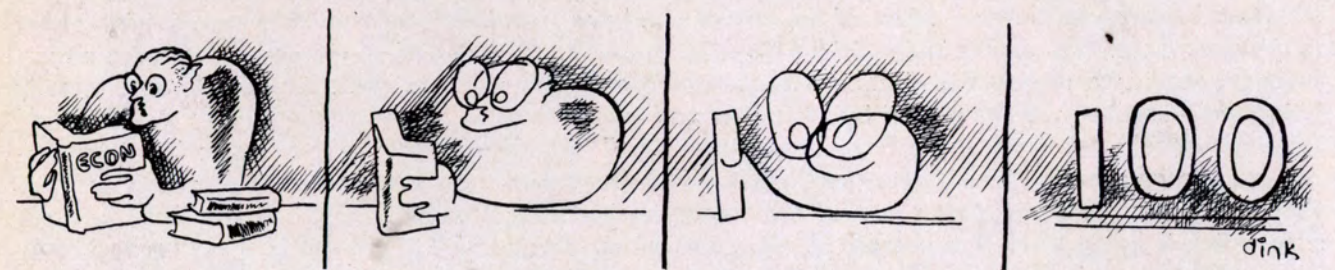
*The fates are very cruel to me—  
Each time I meet a mister  
Whom I could love devotedly,  
He treats me like a sister.*

*Men see right through my  
every wile  
With unconcern infernal.  
And when I flash a wicked  
smile  
They tell me it's maternal.*

*And when romance is in the  
air  
And my heart palpitating,  
They say some other maiden  
fair  
Is, oh, so fascinating.*

*Men suffer from stupidity  
I've diagnosed as chronic;  
But he will die who says to me,  
Once more, that word "Platonic!"*

—Rouverol



The Evolution of a Phi Beta

### UNAVOIDABLE GLOSSARIES

The newest parlor sport is choosing your favorite prof and calling him names. Practically out of nowhere, Chappie got the following at-random ideas.

- Bailey:** The process of removing water from a boat.
- Boggs:** Wooden or cardboard container.
- Bunn:** Type of bread.
- Bush:** Shove.
- Clark:** A timepiece. (You see, you get better as you go along.)
- Doane:** Negative of "do."
- Harriman:** Man with large growth of hair.
- Kindy:** A sweet. (Well, we all slip once in a while.)
- Luck:** A contrivance for holding a door shut.
- Ogg:** A breakfast food secured from hens.
- Potter:** A club used in golf.
- Kreps:** A game played with dice.
- Shafer:** An extremely small person.
- Weigle:** To move or shake in an erratic manner.
- Twiggs:** Between.

—Cady

To prove the above are not so horrible, Mr. Dawson adds his contribution of educational terms:

- Text:** To levy a duty. "The government does not text paupers."
- Smoke-up:** A demi-tasse. "A smoke-up of coffee."
- Lecture:** Allow. "Lecture conscience be your guide."
- Section:** A race of people. "The early settlers in England were sections."
- Library:** Freedom. "Give me library or gimme debt."
- Flunk:** To move through the air (part.). "The bird was flunk overhead."
- Grade:** To rasp. "That guy grades on my nerves."
- Quiz:** To stop. "At five o'clock he quiz working."
- Pipe:** Nuts, you ought to know this one.
- Major:** To gauge. "Major me out three fingers of that stuff."
- Course:** Liquid measure. "Leave two course of milk."





# 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

Gordon Steedman, '34 *Editor-in-chief*    Everett Horton Claiborne, '34 *Business Manager*  
Dick Dawson, '36    Jim Copp, '35 *Managing Editors*  
Gilman Gist, '35 *Art Editor*

ASSOCIATES

Robert Savage, '34    Winstead Weaver, '35  
Pete Peck, '35    Charles Ducommun, '35  
Hal Odell, '35    Tom Slattery, '35  
Dick Stark, '36    Robert Ransom, '35

HONORARY

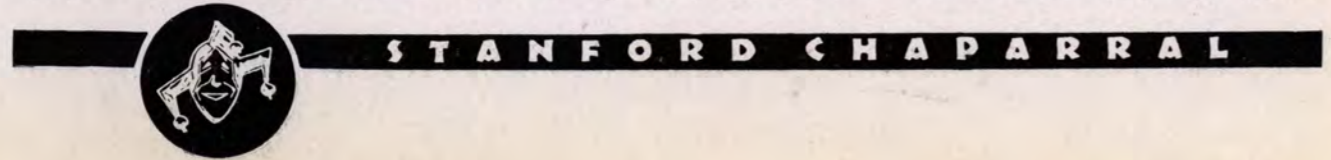
Mary Livingstone, '36 *Women's Manager*  
Anne Ritchie, '36  
Dorman H. Smith  
Kenneth Stewart  
Ned Hilton

RANDAL BOROUGH '04  
LINK MALMQUIST '29

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

**NOW THAT** original faculty, hand-picked by David Starr Jordan, was a truly outstanding group. But following Dr. Jordan's retirement, many believe, the quality of the faculty has been declining. The pioneers have retired and have been replaced in many instances by second-rate men. Many of the better men have been lured away to other universities where salaries are larger and academic conditions more pleasant. From the point of view of those doing undergraduate work, we realize this decline—we do not often come in close contact with Stanford's really "big men"—rather, we are guided by assistants and instructors.

Undoubtedly, money is at the root of the situation. The cost of paying full professors for giving undergraduate courses is high. A few departments have remedied the situation by having professors give the lectures and instructors take care of the classroom work. At least half a loaf is better than the mere slice which is being offered at present in many instances. The \$100,000 granted by the Board to cover independent study in the Lower Division through the past five years has materially helped to give more



to those students who are interested in getting more. Unfortunately that grant shortly expires, so we understand.

The remark has been made that a \$1,000 education cannot be put into a \$100 boy. Here the converse is just as true. The OLD BOY feels that Stanford is a school of \$1,000 students, decidedly worthy of their weight in education.

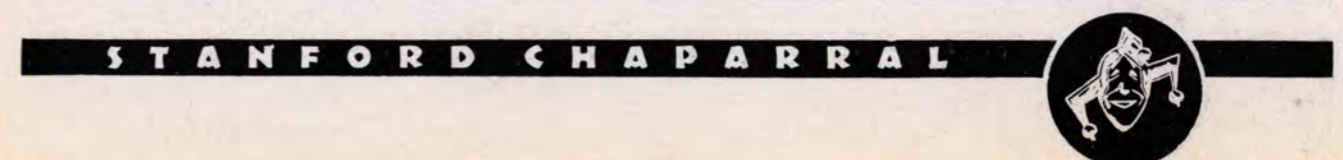
When the caliber of undergraduate training is mentioned, the graduate school is highly touted. "Money and outstanding instructors," we hear mostly by rumor, "are building up the graduate schools. Stanford may become wholly a graduate school." However, the report of the Committee on Graduate Instruction of the American Council on Education would seem to indicate that the much cited academic excellence of Stanford in the graduate field is more myth than fact. This report, published last year, was based on the first nation-wide survey ever made of the graduate schools which are known to be offering work for the Doctorate. A list of sixty-three schools was compiled by a special jury of outstanding educators as having the facilities and staffs satisfactory to prepare for graduate work in one or more fields. Besides rating the institutions as "qualified," the report lists some as "distinguished" in one or more special groups.

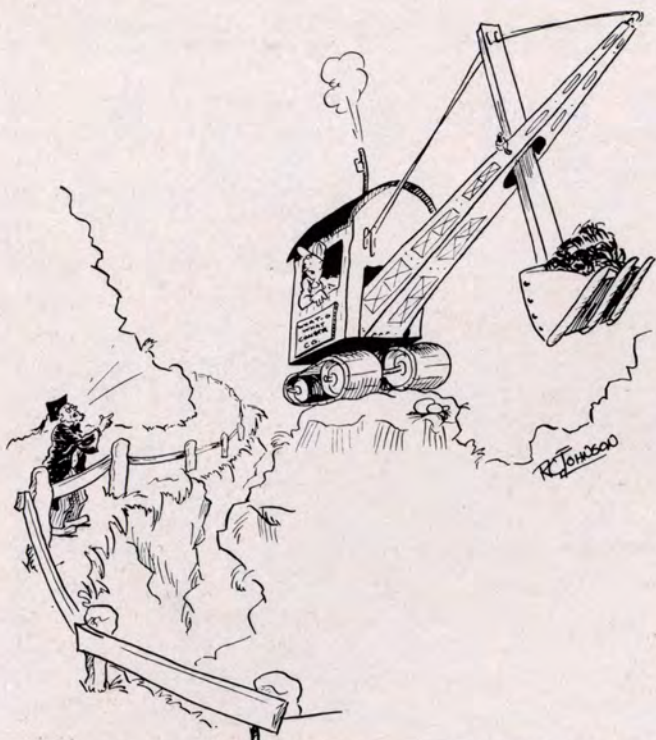
That, out of thirty-five fields, Stanford was given approval in twenty-three, but with distinction rating in only four, is a small compliment, indeed. Compared to the University of California, our plight is even more pitiful. California is approved for such work in thirty-one departments, with twenty-one of these rated "distinguished." In all fairness, it must be pointed out that this list does not include the medical, law, and business schools—departments in which Stanford excels (but which many alumni feel are being strengthened at the expense of other schools). Yet, is our position certain and stable in even those four "distinguished" departments? In Chemistry, Dr. Swain may help retain the position a while longer; Psychology, where Dr. Terman is outstanding, has lost Dr. Miles to Yale; in Education, Dean Cumberley has retired since the report was published; and of those who helped set the high standard for the Geology Department, Dr. Branner and Dr. Smith have died, and Dr. Bailey Willis is on the Emeritus list.

Certainly, this report should be of prime importance to everyone interested in Stanford. The true situation should be known and discussed—constructively and not destructively. Remedial measures should be adopted without too great delay if Stanford is to maintain her reputation—an enviable reputation which has made us all proud to say, "I'm a Stanford graduate."

**NOW THAT** note on page eight, expressing a wish for the establishment of a School of Humor, is not meant to be taken wholly as a jest. If not a Department of Humor, why not at least a course on the subject. True, humor is an undefinable thing, but then so are most of the other intangible cultural subjects already being offered. A course in humor would certainly be cultural as well as popular and it should be made a part of a general education, if college is to prepare the student for life. Without the ability to see the "funnier side," to know how to enjoy oneself in the midst of material cares, to find something to alleviate the tediousness of existence, a person is not really equipped for life's exigencies. So the OLD BOY suggests Chappie's motto "'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL" to the administration.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE			
<p><b>Art</b></p> <p>John Coulthard Rodell Johnson, '36 Curtis Barnes, '36</p>	<p>Bob Hartmann, '38 Jean Rouverol, '37 Richard Davis, '37 John Coulthard</p>	<p>Bill Schultz John Savage</p>	<p>Ann Stanford Pat Standish Jane Bauder Rosalynd Cohen Lynn Mills Peggy Place Margaret Johnson Betty Little Ruth Sawyer Cynthia Coonley Peggy Able Dorothy Ames</p>
<p><b>Literary</b></p> <p>C. W. Boyd, '38 Curtis Prendergast, '37 Barbara Snoke, '36 Irvin Jorgensen, '37 Frank Cady, '36 Hart Preston, '32 Charles Hood, '35</p>	<p><b>Advertising</b></p> <p>Dick Creamer George Leedy Bud Lesser</p>	<p><b>Collection Manager</b></p> <p>Pat Standish</p>	<p><b>Sales Girls</b></p> <p>Dot Newman Eleanor Hart Fran Pierson Gertrude Bauer Kay Bossinger Mary White</p>
<p><b>Circulation</b></p> <p>Harold Barnes Frank Van Schaick Herb Charters</p>			





"Don't make it look so easy! Use a little showmanship and hang out your engineering diploma."

### ALAS, ALAS, a la NASH

Forsooth there is none I seek to inveigle  
 Nor do I merely stick out my beegle;  
 But at this point I think it appropriate  
 To appeal to professors misanthropiate  
 And ask them, without committing heresy,  
 To show us students a bit more mercy  
 In regards to assigning lessons so gigantic  
 That every night we are thrown in a pantie  
 Over vowels and owls and ghastly ganglia  
 And grouches and pouches and Spanish fandanglia  
 And strange sorts of learning all manner grotesquia,  
 Now straight from the shoulder, is that fair, I eskia?  
 I appeal to the teachers who burden our souls  
 With masses of questions from cat-food to coals,  
 And assign us that homework so awfully colossal  
 That our brains are becoming a mere docile fossil.  
 So pity upon us, ye venerable sages,  
 Studying, unfortunately, is not yet contagious.

—Weaver

My roommate is an English major. So when he told me he was going to take surveying I informed him that I thought he was nuts. He said that maybe he was, but he knew what he was doing. He began to spend all afternoon out in the fields with a transit, one of those telescope affairs that surveyors are always waving into. He got so interested in the work that he would stay out so late that he had to bring the transit home and keep it in the room. Our room is right next door to a sorority house. A transit magnifies as well as any telescope. My roommate cannot repeat the surveying course, so next quarter I am going to take it.

### THEY'LL GETCHA IF YA DON' WATCH OUT

Dear Editor:  
 I just come out hear from the Kentucky mountains and am living heer in Encina. i like it 'cause it is just like home cept the cookin'. The reeson i'm riting this is to ask you abot sum mighty funny goin'ons around this place. Most of the boys is freshmen and swell guys, but there are abot a posse of gents spread hear and ther in the hall that have me plentee nervous. I never sawed none of them smile and when they speak to you they act as if you was sumpin' that smelt. But what gets me is the way they are allas sneeking up on a guy, aroun' corners an the like. The other night i throwed some water at a fella and one of these gents seen me an toll me to cum to a meiting the next night. i went. Gosh, they stood me at the end of a long table with these gents i've bin talking abot sittin' around, an one of 'em held his nose a lot higher than the rest and look like he'd et sum green apples. Then he dun sum deap thinkin' and says they are goin' ta give me six hours. Gosh, i was to scared to ask anything. i don' kno whether he made a mistake when he sed hours or not. i think he ain't just right and i kno my old man wouldn' want me livin' with tetched folks. So i am riting to ask you if you know'd abot them.

Yurs trolly, Lem Boyd

Dear Lem:  
 Those "gents" are the administration's chosen few. You are right—they are "tetched." They suffer from a disease called "over-important-itis" which is very serious and often fatal. Those afflicted misinterpret their duties and do things backward. Instead of helping you keep out of trouble, they wait until they catch you in it. They are the worst of the unavoidable trilogy—death, taxes, and sponsors.  
 Yours, "48-hours" Steedman

—C. P. & R. D. & G. S.

Bigamy shows that you can get into a lot of trouble by marrying two women . . . but many guys have found as much by marrying only one . . . and some by just barely promising to marry . . . and we've known others who were bothered plenty by just being found with another man's wife.



## FREEDUMB OF THE PRESS

WILL pay about \$4,000 a piece for homes for my daughter. What have you?  
 CASH. Box 5480, Chronicle.  
 —S.F. Chronicle

Have 4 homes completely furnished with a man in each.

GARLIC GROWERS ASK PROTECTION  
 —P.A. Times

What we want is protection from consumers!

PUNY MINDS PREFER EVEN PUNKEST PUNS

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 13 (AP)—Students who obtain high marks in college usually are not amused by puns, while students with lower ratings find them funny, Dr. Richard Niles Sears announced today in a thesis approved by the Harvard University Psychology Department.

Dr. Sears reported today that honor students confronted by "sure-fire puns" pretended they were not amused.  
 —S.F. Chronicle

But what a laugh when Dr. Richard Niles Sears one!

U.C. TO PUBLISH CROSS'S HISTORY OF LABOR MOVEMENT  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

A grumpy document it is, too!

NEW METHOD OF USING NICOTINE ON PESTS TOLD  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

What we need is a method to stop the pests from using our nicotine!

EXPLORER TO TALK ON FOOD FALLACIES

—U.C. Clip Sheet

Or thro' the alimentary canal with gun and camera.

EARWIG ENEMY HAS BEEN INTRODUCED IN BAY DISTRICT  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

And to the very best people!

SKUNK QUESTION BRINGS QUERIES TO L.A. BIOLOGIST  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

These skunks can think of more nasty things!

PICNIC AT DAVIS TO HAVE SOILS EXHIBIT  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

One feature will be the gravel in the ham sandwiches.

CO-OPERATIVE BULL PROGRAM SHOWING EXCELLENT RESULTS  
 —U.C. Clip Sheet

Some students even taking notes!

Shakespeare wrote the "MERCHANT OF VENUS" but we write the Merchants of Palo Alto  
 —Ad in P.A. News

Nothing like sex appeal in your advertising.

'NEVER TALKED WITH OKLAHOMA BAY,' SAYS TEMPLETON  
 —S.F. Chronicle

But "what are the wild waves saying?"



"I just dropped in to see you about that 'D' I got in the last ex."





## INDEPENDENT STOOGY

I am an insomniac. I cannot sleep at night at all. It never used to bother me because I was always able to catch up on my sleep during lectures. But then the guy in the bed next to mine on the porch started talking in his sleep. Having nothing better to do, I began holding conversations with him—you know how some people will answer you when you talk to them while they're asleep. He would answer very intelligently, and we had some very intimate chats. I must have talked to him too much, though, because I would become drowsy and when I fell asleep I went on talking in **my** sleep.

The two of us, sound asleep, carried on conversations all night. The rest of the fellows began to have trouble getting any rest, because we frequently argued and shouted at each other in our sleep. They finally separated us and put me in a room by myself. Then I kept waking up in the night talking to myself and not getting any answers, so I used to go to class sleepier than ever. The professors finally got used to it and didn't bother me. All would have been well, if it hadn't been for an embarrassing incident.

While sound asleep one morning, I started an argument with the prof who was lecturing on Modern Social Movements. I know nothing about the subject but they say I was getting along very well. Unfortunately, I awoke in the middle of the discussion, and forgot completely what I had been saying. The class folded with one hooting laugh and I turned a tomato red.

They put me on independent this quarter, and I am having a heck of a time. I am not very bright and if I stay on independent I'm sure to flunk out. I don't dare go back to lectures for fear of waking up to find myself arguing with the prof. They say you can get a fair amount of sleep with opium, but it makes a dope out of you.

—Dink

## MEMORIES OF A TOADSTOOL

The toadstool is a funny beast;  
His neck is long; his head is greased.  
He's worse than lobster, frog, or skink;  
He makes a man sit up and think  
With glossological clininck  
Pneumatosis scellerink  
Gangrenoccus greepachink  
Polyomelitisink  
Plexus streptobacchuso  
Pseudopoccus trepido  
Apholopa lepido  
Eeniemaenie mynie moe.  
Revenge is sweet and death is slow.  
I ate him once; I ought to know.

—Copp

## SPARKS FROM THE SILVER HAMMER

Student (in bookstore)—How much is this paper?

Clerk—Seventy-five cents a ream.

Student—It sure is!

Life would be ducky—if you had the right papa-gander.

You called me "horse" the other day,  
But I was not upsetted.  
It gives me pleasure, suh, to say,  
That horses **do** get petted.

"You're hungry, aren't you?"  
"How did you know?"  
"I've been hearing things to that effect."

Headline:

WIFE SUES GARTER MAGNET  
CHARGES NON-SUPPORT

She wasn't the upper-crust, but she had moved into the fringe, and she was being rather crusty with her ex-pals from the chorus.

"Society is interesting," she burred, "but I have to take such great care in preserving my reputation."

"Yeah," sneered one of the chorines, "you always was one to overemphasize trifles."

Then there was the guy who went out with the gal who was so cold that he caught double pneumonia.

Matsuo Seshu, Japanese contributor, presents this touching example of his native poetry:

Still pool of my thoughts,  
I plunge to bathe,  
But crack head on shallow bottom.

Many co-eds have been threatened with the question: "Do you know where bad little girls go?"

Chappie sagely remarks: "Most everywhere."

She was only a fisherman's daughter, but she sure could give out the line.

For the third time in the week, the detective reported no progress on the case.

"My God," screamed the chief, "I only got one guy working on this case—and he's doing it as badly as if I had the whole force."

Lovers, like armies, get along beautifully until engaged.

The old fellow, showing the tourists through the relics, stopped in front of the portrait of a horse.

"This," he said, "is the horse mentioned in Shakespeare's 'King Richard.'"

"I beg your pardon," corrected a precise voice from the audience, "but King Richard merely wished for a horse."

"Quite so, lady, quite so. This is the horse he wished for."

Age 6: Boy pulls girl's hair.

Age 10: Boy teases girl at recess.

Age 16: Boy leaves girl flat at high-school dance.

Professors have no sex-life.  
It's all confined to ex-life.

O teacher, O teacher, O where can you be.  
For here is my paper, due in at three.  
But that was last Wednesday, O where can you be.

God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree.

Cleopatra may not have been a Phi Bete, but she certainly got Marc's.

In a gaudy presentation of "Anthony and Cleopatra," the producers went hog-wild. In a burst of genius, they equipped Cleopatra with a mechanical asp that actually hissed. The whole thing was pretty bad. Various of the critics hedged the issue in lengthy critiques, but the most sincere and expressive of the bunch was done in seven words: "I am," wrote the critic, "of the same opinion as the asp."

The difference between the Assembly Hall and Hell is that Hell is where you pay for your pleasures, while in the Assembly Hall you just pay.

## LINES

### TO A SORROWING ROOMMATE

*Sobriety  
Will earn a B,  
While revelries  
Bring C's and D's,  
And drinking till drunk  
Begets a flunk,  
So they  
Say;  
But it will take  
Abnegation,  
Continnence,  
Concentration,  
Abstinence,  
To make one stay,  
No longer stray  
Away.  
L'envoi.  
The full life's not in  
Nephalism  
Or saying wassail nay;  
You might as well get drunk  
tonight,  
You'd flunk it anyway.*

—Dink

I spurn to use the filthy weed,  
My nerves are sound and steady.

My sinews are as iron-bound,  
My muscles rough and ready.

My reaction-time is good,  
My IQ high, 'tis said.

But why the hell can't I find  
My handkerchief in bed.  
—Hartmann

## FINALE

I met you during finals' week,  
The bloom was on the sage.  
I dreamed of love and daffodils,  
And never turned a page.

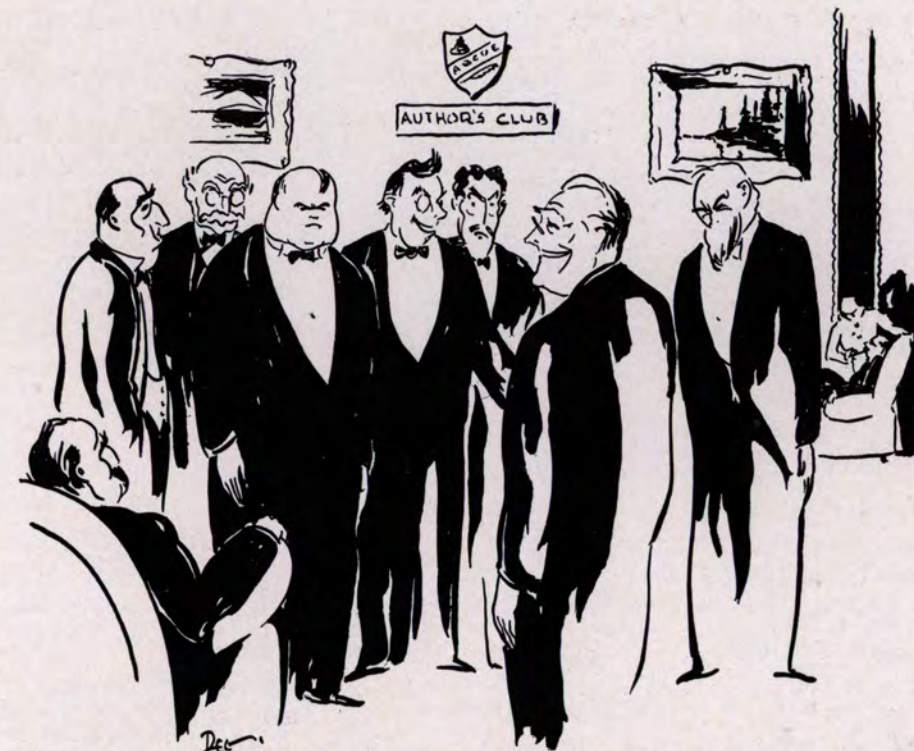
I did a lot of learning that  
Concerning love and life,  
But nothing of French history,  
Or why kings got the knife.

In learning romance languages  
My, how the time did vanish!  
I glibly rolled it off my tongue,  
Alas! But not in Spanish.

I plumbed your azure gaze to find  
The answer to life's Why?  
And didn't give a damn about  
The structure of the eye.

The quarter's gone, and so are you,  
You bad, black, ace of spades!  
I sit at home and contemplate  
My gawdam lousy grades.

—Ritchie



"This is Mr. Hoover, author of 'The Challenge to Liberty.' Mr. Roosevelt is our President, you know."  
—Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern

### DAILY ITINERARY OF A BUSY PROFESSOR

7:50—Automatically gets up asleep and goes to eight-o'clock and delivers lecture.

10:00—Wakes up in middle of class when student noisily enters. Rebukes student for tardiness.

11:30—Office Hours: Phone rings at home and fifteenth student complains of difficulty with assignment. Looks through notes and discovers he has assigned his phone number instead of chapters in text.

1:00—Thumbs through 1906 Chappies. Gets new jokes for lectures.

2:15—Calls in associate to show him a "hot" one. Both go into conference to decide meaning.

4:00—Twelve students come to call. Decides his course must be good since they all like it.

5:00—Starts to grade papers.

5:06—Gets hungry. Marks remaining papers C and goes home.

8:00—Nothing to do, so begins to write new textbook.

8:30—Finishes and goes to bed. Dreams of apple orchards and sheep jumping over fences.

—Steedman

## I DO, I DO, I DO

Possessing habits, hobbies screwy,  
Is to me by no means hooley.  
So there is one thing I do  
I'd like to write about.

Well, anyway, I save the pins of  
Laundered shirts. (I get the grins of  
All my friends and relatives,  
For doing such a thing.)

Religiously, I spend my pastime  
Vowing always it's the last time  
That I'll do it. (Every time  
I **think** it is, at least.)

But, getting back to where we started,  
I am always brokenhearted  
When my shirts contain no pins  
To stack away and keep.

Each day I add to my collection  
(Hoping there is no objection);  
One and one makes two, and two  
And two adds up to four.

You see, the number quickly soars up.  
When I'm old I'll pin my drawers up  
With my pins . . . a great idea!  
(I **think** it is, at least.)

—Jim Copp



THE Faculty Number, and, apropos, we present some so-called fables having to do with those who control. Thus, it is entirely fitting and proper that we should start at the top. It so happened that Dr. Wilbur ("You're the Top," Doctor—one need only look at the elevation of your hat) was seated next to Jimmie Walker at a banquet some few years back. This, of course, was during Mr. Hoover's tenure of the White House—both gentlemen having relieved themselves of their public capacities in the interim between then and now for reasons which we shan't go into—and the occasion was one of those curious get-togethers of assorted politicians and men in the offices of state (or are the terms synonymous?) which are often arranged for ceremonial purposes. Now anyone even slightly acquainted with New York's Jimmie and our Ray Lyman must know that, in addition to diametrically opposed temperaments, they possess greatly differentiated political affiliations—the one being a Tammany machine man and the other a circumspect Republican (machine man). But to get on with our tale—there they were. And right next each other, shoulder to shoulder. What to say? A few trivial remarks and the conversation palled. Then Walker happily happened to mention a recent operation of his (the nature of which needn't interest you, gentle reader), and Wilbur, as a medical man, immediately picked him up on the subject. Presto, the one topic on which the two men had a common ground was found and they made the most of it, enlarging this modest beginning into fluent speech for the remainder of the evening. If some of you, who have no more in common with Prexy than Jimmie Walker, should be hailed into the office, you may use this cue, which we retail gratis, "Have you heard about my operation, Doctor?"

EXPERIMENTS in chemistry seem to fascinate even the mature minds of the faculty. The best known faculty-chemical fable is Dr. Wilbur's sage announcements on the mixing of gasoline and alcohol. However, here is one which is not so well

known. A certain chem prof decided to impress his class with the remarkable combining power of oxygen and acetylene. Accordingly, he filled two milk bottles, one with oxygen and the other with acetylene. He then mixed them, and proceeded to hold them in an open flame, remarking that the class should note the rapid combustion. The class was duly impressed—and the learned Ph.D. was up and around again in a few weeks.

THIS has to do with an estimable professor, bald and senile, who was damned with the job of attempting to instill very dry facts into the phlegmatic minds of his students for the eleven weeks of a spring quarter. The first week he started out with all the fireworks he could muster, but no apparent interest was elicited nor reaction noted. Gradually he became wearied of his task as the weeks went by and the class came each day with blank expressions which seldom changed. By the end of the quarter, as the weather warmed and the students took to wearing dark glasses and dozing off, he was completely resigned. But one sultry June day during the last week he was slightly bewildered when, for a few moments, several of the students seemed to take an interest in him. His happy astonishment, when one heretofore negative young man raised his hand to speak, changed to surprise at the words: "Professor, there's a fly on your forehead."

YOU will find the heroine of this fable in the Bawlout—she, as the rest of her kind, has an excellent average. Taking full advantage of her sex and of the professor, she was doing a fine job of apple-polishing. The kindly old gentleman, famed for his wit and two-unit pipes, was giving her the full benefit of a rapt attention. With a final rub to the already well-shined apple, she stopped and awaited results.

"You can't polish a rotten apple, you know," the Doctor remarked with a knowing smile.

WE HAD HOPED to get through the Faculty Number completely without reference to the "absent-minded professor," but this one, an authentic one, is too good to pass by. Despite the fact that a certain head of a certain department is rated as having the highest IQ on the faculty (we haven't had much faith in such ratings since we learned of our own standing), he is famous for his—shall we say—preoccupation of mind. During one of his lectures recently, the professor noticed that the classroom door had been left open—probably by some absent-minded student. The doctor ambled down from the platform and went to close the door, meanwhile continuing his discussion. He reached the door, shut it, and then found himself outside the building. He reopened the door and went in with a sheepish look on his face and recommenced his lecture but, somehow, the class could no longer concentrate on the subject.

HAVE you noted in the Time Schedule the course, Psychology R, called "Techniques of Silent Reading"? It is offered three times a week by Mr. Danner, who gives no credit for it. Personally, outside of a slight mumbling sound, we never make much noise when we read, and our curiosity is aroused as to what the course may be. We intend to make some inquiries soon, but for the present must go on the theory that "Silent Reading" is for Chinese transfers.

And while on the subject of the Time Schedule, we might mention the frosh who signed up for Biblical History I with Mr. Vestry.

PARTING SHOT: Now that practically everyone else has issued his list of the best-dressed men and women of the year, may we nominate Claudette Colbert for the title of "best-dressed gal in a bathtub"?

JUST AS A SKI JUMPER NEEDS *Both* SKIS

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE *Both* MILDNESS AND FLAVOR

UNDERGRADUATES—here's a logic lesson that's a "pipe"! (No pun intended!) Your tobacco may be mild or it may be flavorful. In either case you say, "It's good!"

But if it had mildness AND flavor *both*, wouldn't you say, "It's *better!*"

Yes. And that's what you get in Edgeworth, the blandest, mel-lowest, tastiest blend of fine old Burley you've ever stoked in a pipe!

Try a 15¢ tin! You'll go for it! Not alone for its mildness AND flavor, but for its slow-burning economical quality as well. Pipe-smokers report to us that one pipeful has lasted them as long as *one hour and ten minutes!*

There's a record to shoot at, fellows! Light up today! Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., down in Richmond, Va., where they know good tobacco.



EDGEWORTH HAS *Both* MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR



"Thirty years' satisfactory service in Palo Alto and Stanford"

**JOB PRINTING**

❖ for all occasions ❖

Including Catalogues, Booklets, and Magazines

**STUART  
the PRINTER**

545 EMERSON STREET  
Phone 21551

Landlady—If you don't stop playing that saxophone you'll drive me crazy.

Sax Player—Ha, ha, you're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago!

—Red Cat

1/c—Say, Mister, what's the difference between a male and female worm?

4/c—A male worm puts out its hand when it turns.

—Annapolis Log



COBB & RAVEN INCORPORATED

ORIGINATORS OF  
THICK, CREAMY  
MILKSHAKES

Sandwiches  
Creamery  
Products

Open till 11:00 o'clock

Stanford's Downtown Rendezvous  
566 EMERSON  
Phone 3176

Hotel Proprietor—Do you want the porter to call you?  
Guest—No, thanks, I awaken every morning at seven.  
Proprietor—Then, please, would you mind calling the porter?

—Harvard Lampoon

She—I'm Suzette, the Oriental dancer.  
He—Shake.

—Nevada Desert Wolf

**\$3.15**

ASSURES YOU  
OF  
YOUR COPY  
OF THE

**1935 QUAD**

**PIPE DREAM**

I HAD a feeling from the very beginning that I shouldn't have taken the course. It was supposed to be a pipe, but I began to realize what we were up against when he told us, on the second day of classes, that we would have weekly quizzes, with a mid-quarter and a final. Then he began to pile on the work. I had to spend so much of my time on that one course that I neglected all of my other studies. At mid-terms I just squeezed through with a C. I got D's in all of my other stuff.

It got no better; the work became harder and harder as we went on. I was minus in the Bawlout. And after seeing all the other professors, I discovered that the only way I could go plus was to get a B in this one course. I saw the professor about it, and he mumbled that there was a possibility of it if I brought my average up in the final.

So from that time on I dropped everything else and worked on this one course. For two weeks before the final I didn't do a thing but study—on this one course. The two nights before the final I didn't get a wink of sleep. I sat in my room, reading my notes, memorizing the text. And when I stepped into the classroom the morning of the examination I knew that I could crack any ex on it wide open.

The professor was a little late getting around with the ex papers and blue books, but I was absolutely calm as I sat waiting. When the professor wheezed in, I smiled at him cordially and unlimbered my fountain pen. Then he spoke.

"I have a bit of a surprise for you," he said, and I noticed a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "I have decided that I have enough information from the weekly quizzes and the mid-quarter to grade you all. So there will be no final."

I was awfully tired then. But I got some sleep later. And though it took most of the quicklime in the Chem Building to do the job right, I'm betting twenty to one that they never find the body.

—Dink

*The New Books*

**GORDON  
STRAWBRIDGE**

*for sale or rent*

542 RAMONA ST.  
PALO ALTO 6613

Now is the time  
to blossom out in  
**PRINTS**

\$19.75 ...that's the price of these blithe Spring dresses ... and we have loads of others that are just as charming.

When shopping ask for our College Consultants  
Miss Pickstone — Miss Bostwick

*Livingston Bros.*  
Grant Avenue ★ Geary Street  
SAN FRANCISCO

**G. W. McMANUS**  
Fresh Fruit and  
Vegetables  
  
336-340 University  
Phone: P.A. 4197 or 4198

**Liddicoat Brothers**  
Best Quality Meats  
  
Fresh Fish  
Daily  
  
336-340 University  
Phone 4117

**LIDDICOAT MARKET**  
Palo Alto's Pioneer Market  
In the Service of Stanford  
**Delivery Service in All Departments**  
336-340 University Avenue

**L. LARSEN AND CO.**  
  
Groceries and  
Delicatessen  
  
336-340 University  
Phone P.A. 8512


**W. A. SIMONS**  
  
Liddicoat Bakery  
Delicious Bread,  
Pastries and Cakes  
  
336-340 University  
Phone P.A. 5981

**EAT  
RED CAP  
Candy Bar**

**5<sup>c</sup>**

Pure, Wholesome, Delicious  
made fresh every  
hour by

**The Euclid Candy Co. of Cal.**  
San Francisco  
*Buy Western Made Candy  
Build Western Pay Rolls*



**Our New Drug Store**

Features a lunch counter and soda fountain where you may enjoy the best of food and refreshments at the price you wish to pay. We are ready to supply your wants in the drug line. Our stock is a complete one.

We are especially proud of our prescription department which features the quality of Parke, Davis & Company.

We have pledged ourselves to the support of the campus and in turn solicit your support. Years of experience in the drug business assures you the best of service.

**PALO ALTO DRUG CO.**

Palo Alto Cor. University Ave. and Waverly St. Dial 8621

"Mr. Brown," cried Mr. Smith, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"  
"Yes, I have. I told him not to act like a fool."  
—West Point Pointer

**PARTY NOTE**

We understand that the Students' Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on houseparty dates. The title, probably, will be "What Every Young Girl Should No."  
—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

Prof.—How old is a person now who was born in 1900?  
Quickwit—Man or woman?  
—M.I.T. Voo Doo

A sweet young thing, whose parents were depriving themselves of things so she could get a college education, was telling of some of her inexperience.  
S.Y.T.—In the evenings we usually have dates and go to some lonely spot and neck. That ain't nice, but I like it.  
Dad—A whole year in college and you still say "ain't."  
—Lyre

Maid—I'm sorry, but she said to tell you that she is not home.  
Caller—Oh, that's all right, just tell her that I'm glad I didn't come.  
—Annapolis Log

"Do you want to sell that horse?"  
"Sure, I want to sell the horse," the farmer replied.  
"Can he run?"  
"Can he run? Look," thereupon slapping the part of the horse sometimes used for that purpose, and off trotted the horse at full speed, running just as prettily as could be. Suddenly the horse ran full speed into a tree.  
"Is he blind?" the young fellow hurriedly blurted.  
The farmer thought even quicker.  
"Hell, no," he drawled. "He just doesn't give a damn."  
—Tiger

He who puts off studying until tomorrow is going to have a helluva good time tonight.  
—Punch Bowl

**BERNARR McFADDEN: NOTICE!**

They tell a story about a tiny ant who gazed longingly but helplessly at the body of a dead horse. Just then a bootlegger's truck rattled by and a case of stuff fell over the endgate and crashed to the ground. A puddle formed and the ant took one sip. Then he seized the dead horse by the tail and shouted: "Come on, big boy, we're going home."  
—Ranger

Many a girl who spends all day splashing around in a swimming pool can put up an awful argument about spoiling her hands when asked to bathe the dishes.  
—Springfield Union

**TEXTBOOK EXCHANGE**

Get your Spring Quarter Texts  
by exchanging your old texts  
with me

**WANTED: Old Texts**      **Old Books**      **New Books**

*"If it's a book, I have it or I'll get it"*

*Ye Olde Book Shoppe*  
**Robert D. Collyer**  
317 University Ave.  
Phone: P.A. 22413

**HORABIN  
FEED AND FUEL CO.**

Wood, Coal, Kindling, Millblocks

**HORABIN  
OIL BURNER CO.**

Furnace Oils

**OIL HEAT IS CHEAPER THAN GAS**

Automatic Oil Burners  
Installed and Repaired

**24-HOUR BURNER SERVICE**

WE SUPPORT STUDENT ACTIVITIES AND  
SOLICIT YOUR SUPPORT

234 Hamilton Phone P.A. 3118

**Laundry  
Service**

"Where clothes snowy white  
reflect methods right"

5 GOOD LAUNDRIES

<b>CONSOLIDATED LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	90
<b>RED STAR LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	69
<b>FAMILY SERVICE LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Palo Alto	5164
<b>STANFORD LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Palo Alto	6108
<b>TEMPLE LAUNDRY</b>	Phone Ballard	129

*Land Sakes!*

I do believe I'll try one



*..for one thing*

Chesterfield is the cigarette that's Milder

*..for another thing*

Chesterfield is the cigarette that Tastes Better



JOHN L. KLINE  
BOX 2152  
CAMPUS