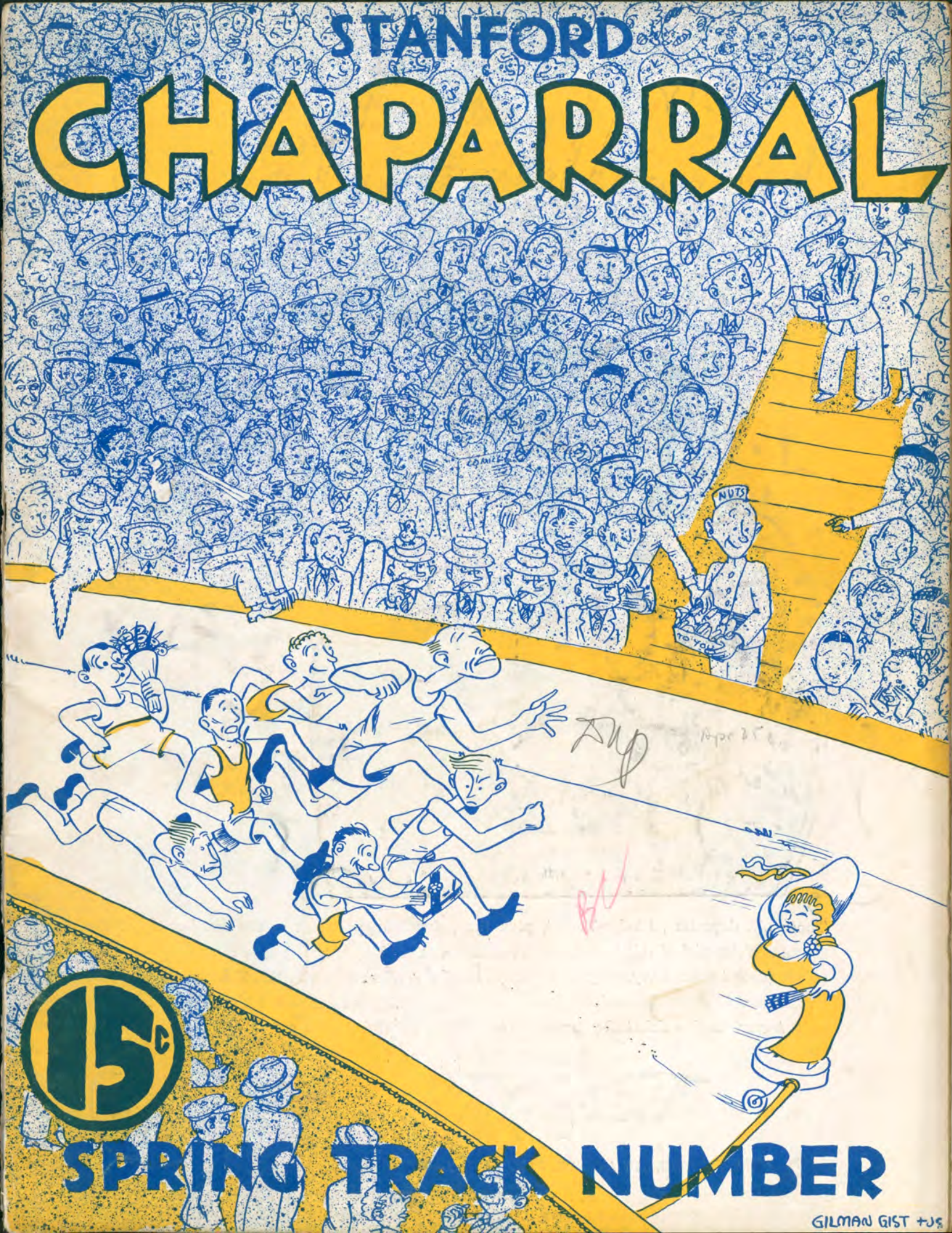


STANFORD

CHAPARRAL



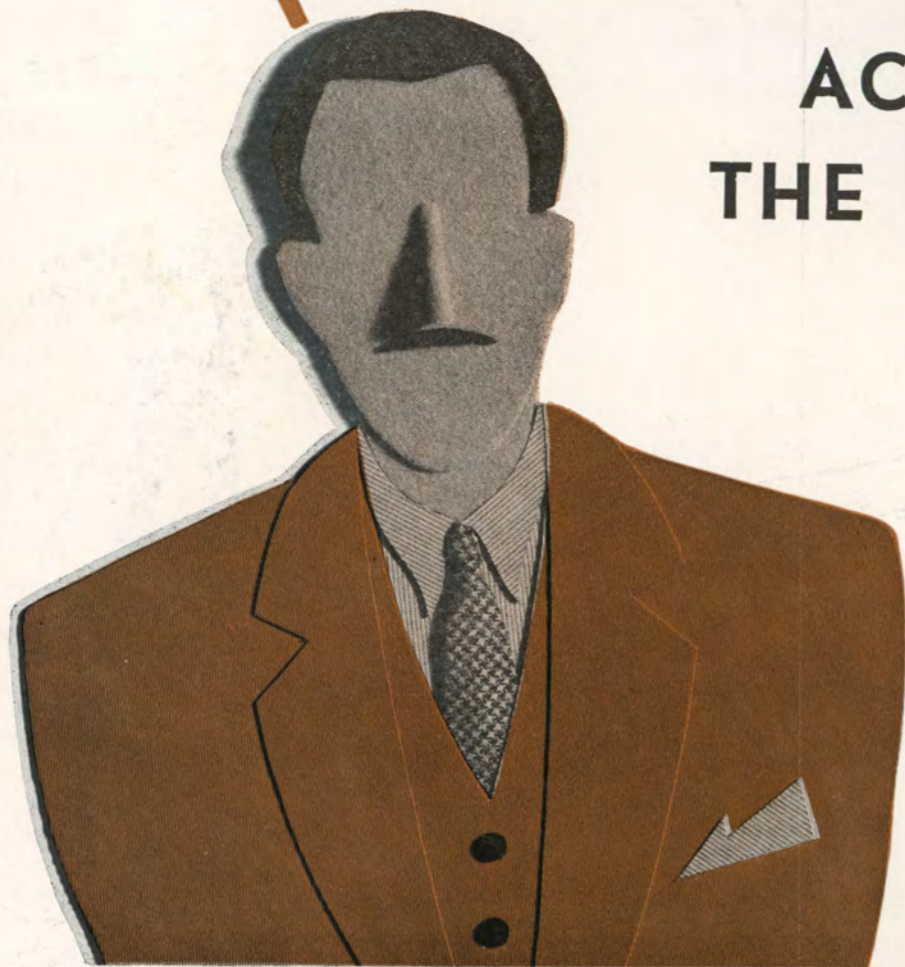
SPRING TRACK NUMBER

GILMAN GIST + J.S.

PLAY

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Those old dopesters, Phelps-Terkel, pick the gabardine sport suit as the one hot tip of the season. We've picked this famous cloth because it's cool, long-wearing, slow to wrinkle—and the colors (deep brown, navy, grey, and green) blend with all new sportswear. ¶ Pick yourself a sure winner now in a broadshouldered lounge suit with a puckered back—not too extreme for business. A combination ticket (3-piece suit) for \$35. ¶ A \$10 ticket wins a pair of gabardine slacks.

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\$35

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BOYS, IT'S A
FALSE ALARM!"



RIGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. There's a tin kept fresh for you in heavy gold foil at your dealer's. Try it—and Sir Walter will have another friend!

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(And We Hope It Jokes Them)

- SOUP
- Gold Bouillon Consomme Sometime
- Ivory Soup
- HORS D'OEUVRE
- Trade Onions Olive Me-alone
- Low Celery
- VEGETABLE
- Ifyou Peas Has Beans
- Drum Beets
- ENTREE
- Loose Livers High Steaks
- Gift Chops
- DESSERT
- Shot Pudding Jello-ve-me
- I'll Pie
- BEVERAGE
- Coffee noir—or later Wine Not
- Tea Woiks
- Dinner 50 scents

—Steedman

WRITING A POPULAR SONG

Song writer hears friend say, "That's the way of the world, I guess."

Song writer thinks: "Swell title for song." Makes note of it.

Attends concert. Listens to Bach. Hears passage with same rhythm as "That's the way of the world."

Thinks: "Swell melody for song." Makes note.

Goes home. Peruses Gilbert and Sullivan, all previous popular songs to date. Mixes up melodic phrases and verses in hat. Draws them out, lays them out end to end, adds double negatives, colloquialisms, and finds self with thing on hands called "It's the Way of the World, I Love You."

Takes it to publisher. It is sung by Crosby, Lombardo, Vallee. An overnight hit. Movie made by Crosby retitled, "It's the Way of the World."

Song writers get idea. One hundred songs appear, titled variously, "It's the Way of Broadway," "It's the Way of Forty-second Street," "It's the Way of Night and Day," "It's the Way of All Flesh," "She's the Way of the Campus."

—Dink

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? Silver bells, and cockleshells, but the Johnson grass is raising hell with my lilies.

—Rice Owl

The dear vicar's wife had just died, and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for the week-end, so he sent the following message to his bishop:

"I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you could send me a substitute for the week-end."

—Michigan Gargoyle

She—You're the kind of a man a woman can trust.

He—Say, haven't we met before? Your faith is familiar.

—Penn Punch Bowl

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(Sketched above)
This sheer novelty organdy floats into the evening picture. It's white and has a be-ruffled skirt and sleeves. **\$16.75**

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A demure and airy frock in mousseline de soie. Delectable robin's egg blue with a slim pink sash. **\$19.75**

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Phone 5161

CALL NEXT WEEK

She—How was your party last night?
Voice on Wire—Oh, we're having a shwell time. —Punch Bowl

◀

"A hick town," remarked the farmer's daughter, "is one where there is no place to go that one shouldn't." —Log

▶

X is the Roman notation for ten,
X is the mark of illiterate men,
X is a ruler removed from his throne,
X is a quantity wholly unknown,
X may mean Xenum, a furious gas,
X is a ray of similar class,
X mas is Christmas, a season of bliss,
X in a letter is good for a kiss,
X is for Xerxes, the monarch renowned,
X marks the spot where the body was found!
—Green Gander

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Panel 1: A man in a suit is dancing on a stage. A woman in the foreground says, "HIYA, TWIST!"

Panel 2: Two women are talking. One says, "THAT'S THE BOY FRIEND"

Panel 3: The woman says, "WHAT AN UGLY MUG!"

Panel 4: The woman says, "YEAH, HE EATS WITH HIS KNIFE—"

Panel 5: The woman says, "AND HE DANCES LIKE A TEN-TON TRUCK—"

Panel 6: The woman says, "BUT HE DRIVES A FORD V-8!"

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You needn't change your brand. Just follow every cigarette with a minty, mouth-cooling Life Saver and you'll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

JOIN THE "GAG OF THE MONTH" CLUB WIN A FREE BOX OF LIFE SAVERS

Get in on this prize contest and let your pet "grin snatcher" win you more than just a laugh. "Ye eds" of the Chaparral want to know who are really the wits of the campus this year.

Each month a snappy cellophaned box of assorted LIFE SAVERS (eleven different flavors, count 'em) will be awarded for the best grin-getter submitted by a student. All pet jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. Their decision will be regarded as final. Also the right to publish any joke is reserved.

Don't waste that good joke on your roommate, send it in and tickle your sweet-tooth with your funny bone.

This month's laurels go to A. James Copp III. Here is a sample of his excruciating wit:

Peter Peter Pumpkin Eater had a wife and couldn't . . .

LOGIC

Father—If my boy at college makes good, it's due to heredity. If he runs wild, it's because of his environment. I believe in looking at every question from both sides.

—Cornell Widow

ADVICE TO CO-EDS

Why worry? It will probably never happen.

—Whirlwind

Heard at a formal, 1904: Stop! I'll call the chaperon.

Heard at a formal, 1935: Stop! Wait'll the chaperon passes.

—Ranger

A Lay to Spring and Florsheim Shoes

NOW Spring is here
And Summer's near,
It's pair-of-new-shoes time.
To get a pair
That wear and wear,
You'll have to buy

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Florsheim

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AND WASHES EASILY

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SAN FRANCISCO

Then there was the girl who became popular by changing her brand of cigarette. She used to walk a mile, but now she satisfies. —M.I.T. Voo Doo

Kappa—They tell me that I have a pagan body, but a puritan mind.
Beta—Are you ever absent-minded? —Purple Parrot

Girls who talk less
Have to walk less. —Punch Bowl

"Who's the beautiful blonde?"
"That's Mrs. Wright."
"Boy, I'd rather be Wright than president." —Puppet

"Was I fast? Lissen, guy, when I played for the Giants, every time I hit one of my home runs I reached first base before the spectators could hear the crack of the bat. Then when I rounded second, the second baseman usually said something that made me sore, so I slapped the third baseman in the catcher's mouth. Not bad, eh?" —Battalion

George Washington—Yes, father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut your sherry. —Temple Owl

"What's your name?"
"Tom Swift."
"You can't fool me. Where's your electric rifle?" —Cornell Widow

One thing about "rushing"—the back-slapping doesn't stop after the boys are pledged. It just moves farther down. —Texas Ranger

She—See that guy there? He's going through college by caring for a baby.
Sat—He's lucky. I got kicked out for the same thing. —Army Pointer

Now why-for should I study
And toil like holy hell
When shinin' up the apple
Will do it just as well? —Green Gander

Huey Long almost makes us regret the Louisiana Purchase. —C.C.N.Y. Mercury

The sex life of the amoeba is such
It may satisfy him, but it seems to lack much
Of that fascinating personal touch.
Yet it never gets any amoeba in Dutch. —Exchange

CAL CAMPUS defines "BELOW and AFT"



Below the missus—aft-er the blonde!

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE

CAL'S nautical definitions appear rather silly. But we must hand him an orchid for the super-intelligence he displayed when selecting a ship to Europe. Maybe he just followed in the trail that smart American travelers everywhere have been blazing to our piers. At any rate, he chose the *Washington*—and he's mighty glad!

The new *Washington*, you know, and her famous twin, *Manhattan*, are America's sensations of the sea! World's fastest cabin liners, they offer wonderful value with their astonishingly large cabins—all with *real beds*, air-conditioned dining salons (*exclusive* in the service), indoor tiled swimming pools, spacious decks and many other features. And the costs are so small! Cabin Class \$167 one way; \$309 round trip. Tourist Class \$113 one way; \$204 round trip. If you prefer informality and quiet comfort—choose the popular *Pres. Harding* or *Pres. Roosevelt*. In Cabin Class you enjoy the very finest the ship offers—and that's plenty! The fares? Only \$126 one way; \$234 round trip.

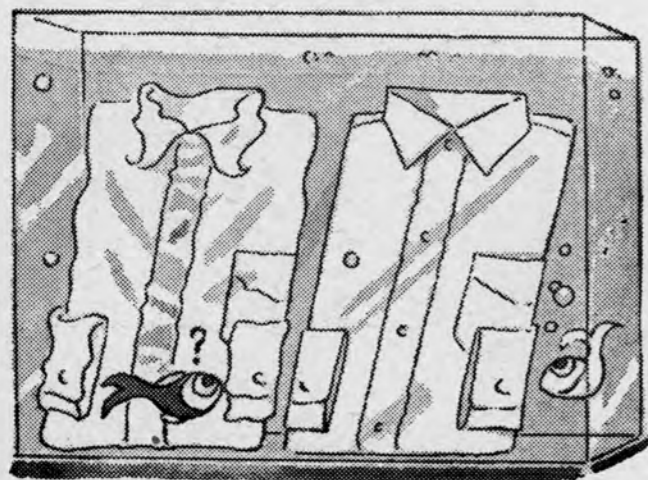
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125 University Ave.

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Special Potted Plants

Easter Lilies

For your remembrance to the folks at home Easter flowers may be telegraphed.

Distinctive decorations for House and Hall parties.

For the Spring social season we offer corsages in excellent taste at the price you wish to pay.

Dorothy Le Suer Longmire, '18

109 THE CIRCLE PALO ALTO
Dial 4322

"Do you have this waltz?"
"No, sir!"
"Good! Hold my cigar while I dance it."
—The Caveman

"Here's one Luther Burbank didn't try," said the girl as she crossed her legs.
—Yale Record

'NUF REASON

Some girls flirt for power,
Some girls flirt for fame;
Some girls keep on flirting
Because they like the game.
Some girls flirt for love's sake,
Some flirt to make their hit—
Most girls flirt because they'd
Starve if they should quit.
—Punch Bowl

A drunk was swaying back and forth on the sidewalk when the cop stepped up and asked him what he was doing and where he lived.

"Right there," he said, pointing to a house, "but I rang the bell and nobody answered."

"How long ago was that?" asked the cop.

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"Well, why don't you try again?"

"Aw, hell with 'em—let 'em wait."
—Exchange

After terrific struggles, the freshman finally finished his examination paper, and then, at the end, wrote:

"Dear Professor, if you sell any of my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty."
—Daz-al

The teacher suggested that the children should draw on a piece of paper what each of them should like to be when they grew up. At the end of the period little Gargantua, age nine, handed in a blank sheet of paper. "Why, Gargy, isn't there something you'd like to be when you grow up?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, teacher, I'd like to get married, but I don't know how to draw it," was the astute answer.

—Arizona Kitty-Kat

God first created the universe and rested; God then created man and rested; he finally created woman and since then, neither God nor man has rested.
—Record

Young Man—Pardon me, this must be the wrong berth.
Old Maid (sighing)—How you boys do jump at conclusions.
—Alabama Rammer-Jammer

Then there was the absent-minded prof who sent his wife to the bank and kissed his money good-bye. On second thought maybe he wasn't so absent-minded.
—Punch Bowl

Rich man, poor man, fraternity brother, fraternity brother.
—Jester

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of Crompton
Tropical Corduroy

NO college education is complete without one of these grand Corduroy sports jackets. With one of these jackets in your wardrobe you have the basis of a dozen ensembles. There are single and double breasted models with keen sports backs—shirred or pleated.

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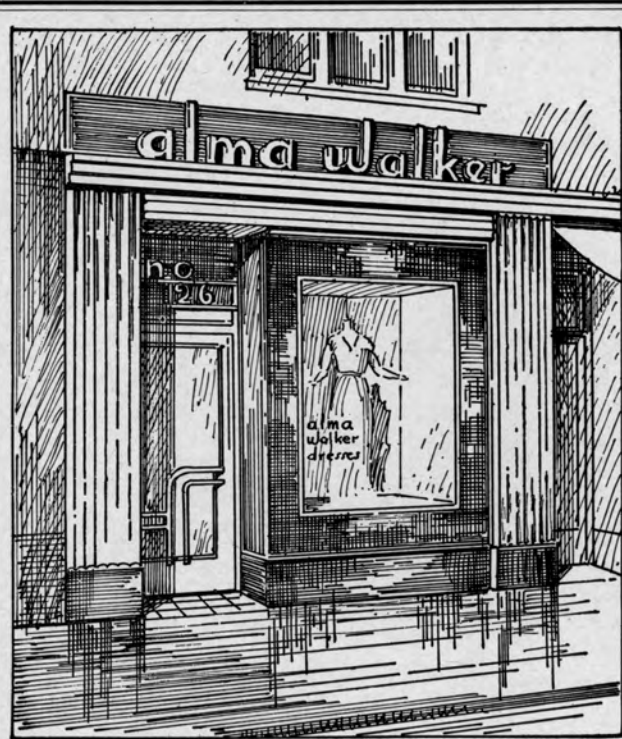
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As colorful as the peasant costumes of Kitzbühel, the little Tyrolian town from which the originals come . . . a new group of oxfords with high flaring tongues and sturdy high stitched welting . . . exclusive with

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Smart campus clothes to greet the new Season and complete your Easter ensemble

Featuring colorful silks and cottons for Quad smartness and

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Expert alterations included in the price of every garment.

Alma Walker

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LOVE NEST
CANDY**
5c

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The Largest Selling Candy
Bar in the World



The Euclid Candy Co. of Calif.
San Francisco

Of all the customers who patronized Jakey, the corner news-boy, none was as regular as old Mr. Astorocks. Every day, at precisely four o'clock, Mr. Astorocks' big Rolls slid up to the curb. Jakey would hand the paper through the window and Mr. Astorocks would give Jakey a nickel and wait for his two cents in change.

On Christmas day, a year after Mr. Astorocks started buying his papers from Jakey, the big Rolls pulled up in front of the news stand. Mr. Astorocks took the paper, handed out a nickel, and waited for his change. "Most of my customers are giving presents today," Jakey ventured, hoping for a tip.

Mr. Astorocks frowned, and then a kindly smile came to his usually grim face. "It is Christmas, isn't it, my lad," he said. "You've given mighty good service this last year and I want to do something for you." Mr. Astorocks meditated a moment, while traffic roared by, and then said, "Jakey, I'll match you for those two pennies." —Sun Dial

A Pre-Medic had a date with a campus charmer one night, and was doing his best to do some good. He asked if he might put his arm around her waist, and she consented. He proceeded to encircle her in his own fashion.

"Say," she protested, "if that's where you think my waist is, damned if I'd ever go to you to have my appendix removed." —Whirlwind

"What th' hell—a red dress shirt?"
"Yeah, my date's only four-eleven, and, boy, does she dance close." —Penn Punch Bowl

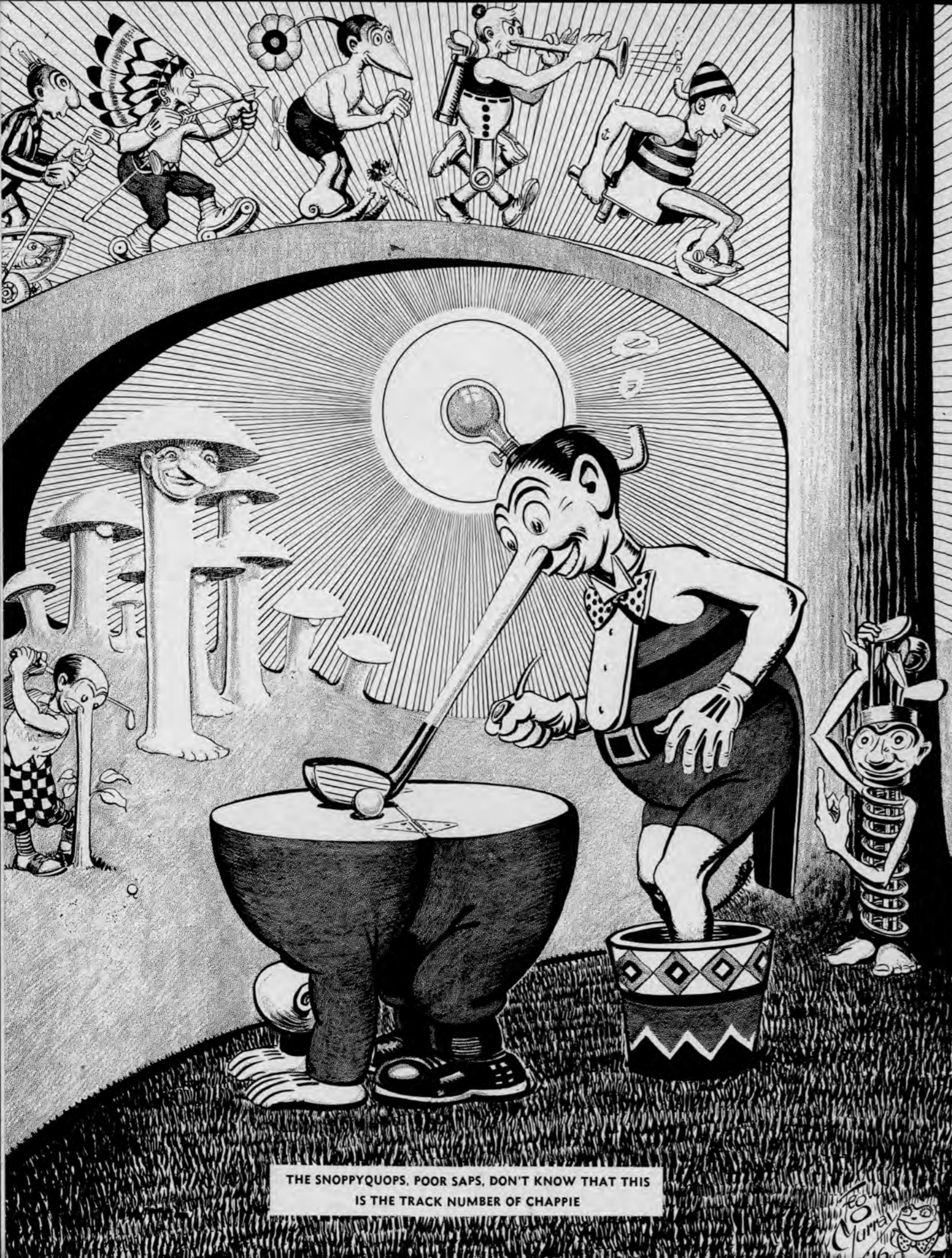
"Papa, what's a grudge?"
"It's what you keep automobiles in." —Puppet



STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

SPRING TRACK
NUMBER





THE SNOPPYQUOPS, POOR SAPS, DON'T KNOW THAT THIS IS THE TRACK NUMBER OF CHAPPIE



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

APRIL • 1935 • VOL. 36 • NO. 7

UNRECOGNIZED TRACK RECORDS

If you ever read any history (all we know is what we read on the syllabi sheets), you have realized that there have been some track performances which, though unrecorded, must have been world records. Chappie lists a few for recognition:

Broadjump: Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak over a large mud puddle for Queen Elizabeth. Since the Queen was quite the gal, she jumped at the chance.

The face of Helen of Troy is said to have launched 1,000 ships. No woman since has ever made so many sailors take such a long jump.

Pole Vault: In the 1932 Democratic-Republican championships, one Herbert Hoover, of the G.O.P.'s, attempted a record vault over a high political fence. He failed to get over, however, and was left straddling the fence as the Democrats won the meet.

Distance Run: According to the "Iliad" (English translation), during the siege of Troy, Achilles, Greek, ran second to Hector, nonorg, for three laps around the walls of Troy. Hector failed to finish when he was felled by Achilles' javelin. Officials ruled out the latter's application for the javelin record, claiming that Achilles had overrun the foul line.

Decathlon: Honors for all-round performances have recently been awarded to F. Delano Roosevelt, who holds the three-letter record in many fields. He has only run once.

THE ANSWER IS "TRACK"

- Q: What does a train run on?
- A: Steam.
- Q: What does the moving-picture (cinema to you) "D.A." tell his detective to keep on "his man"?
- A: His eye.
- Q: What does a bloodhound do?
- A: Smells.
- Q: What does a runner run around?
- A: Stadium.
- Q: What does a man in a rush make?
- A: Puleeze!
- Q: What does a real-estate office deal in?
- A: Land.

—Hood

MEMORY GEM

THE first time I ever saw Eddy he was sitting off in a corner of the Administration Building, a Registration Book in his lap, a hunted look in his eye.

"Trouble?" I asked.

"Yeah," he sighed wearily, "I've forgotten my name again. I hate to go around bothering people about it. They'll begin to think I'm queer."

After about ten minutes of discreet inquiry I found out what his name was, and told him. He thanked me, and finished filling out the book.

I got to know him better later. He was a good guy, except that he was always forgetting things. He brought a cow into Encina one night, and then forgot where he put it. They found it later, swimming in the soup down in the Commons.

When people talked to him, what they said used to go in one ear and out the other so fast it made an awful echo.

He forgot the name of the House he wanted to go on pledge day. I happened to be around, and suggested he might want to join ours. So he did.

I got him a blind date one night. He came to me four times during the evening asking me what her name was. He kept forgetting it. He forgot himself on the way home—and got his face slapped.

He wanted to play the bass drum in the Band, but he had to give it up after he had misplaced three drums.

I never really minded his poor memory until the time he borrowed my car. He drove up to the City for the week-end. Sunday night he came back to the House. He was in a taxi.

"Where is the car?" I asked.

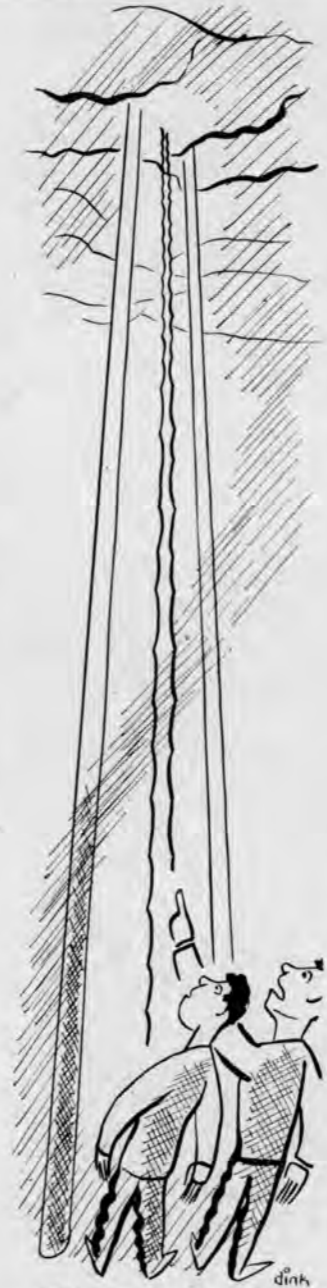
"I'm sorry, but I don't know. I got up to the City and parked it some place, but I can't remember where."

It was too much. I had stood all that I could. I had only had the car a week. It was new. I thought a lot of it. I began to tremble, and suddenly everything went whoosh.

"My God, Eddy," I screamed, "can't you remember anything? Lord, I bet you'd forget your head if it weren't glued on."

The next morning he came down to breakfast without his head.

—Dink



"Pole vault or no pole vault, if he isn't down soon, I'm going to send someone up to find out what's wrong"





"Look at that runner!"

IT'S THE WOMAN WHO PAYS!

The University of California coeds decided something had to be done about the dating problem on the campus, so they organized Leap Week, from April 1 to 7. The girls will do the dating, buy their own corsages, and pay all the bills.

—News Note

Scene.—Fraternity house on the U.C. campus. Four brothers are engaged in what used to be called a Bull Session.

Gus: God, what a cheap skate she was. After we had this date for three weeks, what does she do? Takes me to a movie, with a hamburger at Louie's. And then after that, she tried to —. What the hell did she expect for six-bits, anyway?

Eddie: That's nothing. Last week that Kappa Phi who's been trailing me all over the campus asked me to her sorority formal. She got stinko drunk; she just sat there and tore her hair and screamed, "I can't think—I can't think!" So I had to ask one of the girls to take me home.

Moe: Yeah, I know that woman. She pulled a dumb one on me one night. Asked me up to the City and then said she had forgotten her money. She was so embarrassed to have the waiter see me passing her the money. On the way

home she started making a pass at me. I was so disgusted I simply said, "Baby, not if you were Greta Garbo." Even that didn't stop her, because when we parked in front of the house she broke my collar button and an underwear strap before I could beat her off. She said she just wanted to feel my muscles.

Herm: Say, did you hear about that Delta Alph the other night? He went out with one of those smooth Phi Phis. She got him drunk—put something in his drink I guess. When he woke up he was in the pledge room down in the basement of her sorority.

Gus: Hey, any of you fellows seen that Alpha Pi that's been hanging around Austin? I'm pretty worried about it. She's taken him out every night this week. I know a couple of things about her. She's got a lot of dough and that shack out in back of the campus . . .

Eddie: I understand she wants him to marry her.

Gus: Austin's not going to marry her unless he has to—not if I have anything to say about it.

But it is evident that Gussie hasn't anything to say about it, because at this point Austin enters, knitting—and they're not doll clothes either.

—By the Jones boys

HONORABLE CONDUCT

In Academic Work Is the Spirit of Conduct in This University

IN OUR abode the Honor Code Is graven on the wall.

Each morn we rise we turn our eyes—

Thrill to its rousing call.

We feel the pulse of Honor bright A-beating through our being.

With all our might we pledge to right

This fine and splendid feeling.

An ideal, swell (we feel) as hell, We'll live to uphold Honor.

And when we lay us down to sleep, We'll sleep secure in Honor.

It shall not vex to flunk an Ex, We'll live to roll in Honor.

Good old Honor, good old Ex. We'll live to die in Honor.

We'll hold its precepts practical, Actual and plausible.

We'll live and die—

In alternate seats where possible.

—Hal von Breton

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD IS SET

It was the day of the big meet and victory for dear old State College depended upon the outcome of the shot-put. A young lad, Joeseeph, the sophomore star of State, had one remaining try. All afternoon he had been surpassing his previous records, but he could not best the throws of his opponent. One more chance remained—Joeseeph HAD to win.

A group of his teammates took Joeseeph aside. "It is up to you," they said. "You must break the world's record."

"But I am so tired," said Joeseeph. One of the boys produced a bottle.

"Here," he said, "take a little of this and it will fix you up."

"But," sighed young Joeseeph, "I never drink—it makes me sick."

"This is good stuff—just one little shot of it and you can win the meet!"

"All right," said Joeseeph, "anything for dear old State." Amidst the cheering of his mates, Joeseeph took a long drink.

"Jhush one lil' shot—fix me right up," murmured Joeseeph as he stumbled into the pit. "Jush one lil' shot!" he repeated as he picked up one of the heavy balls, feeling a queer sensation inside himself. "Jush one lil' shot," he thought as he suddenly heaved the shot for a new world's record. But in spite of Joeseeph's valiant effort, State lost the meet.

THE ROVER BOYS ON THE CINDER TRACK

OR

How I Hate You, Harrington Ingham!

GRACIOUS, Tom," said Dick Rover, as he strained his eyes to pick out the various participants in the track meet being held on Devill Field. "Gracious sakes, Tom; it looks bad for dear old Thtanferd today."

Tom sighed diffidently. He was a stalwart youth of nearly fifteen, fun-loving and fearless. He and his brothers had enrolled at Thtanferd College after a hectic summer season of digging sandpiles and wading in the everglades of Florida.

"I hope we win," said Sam, as he scanned the horizon with the binoculars his Aunt Paist had given him the Christmas before last. "I hope we win *anyway*; indeed I do!"

But even this could not keep the invading team from piling up point after point. Of course the visitors went wild at each score. They waved their colors, swung their rattles, and tooted their horns, while the silence among the Thtanferd contingent was so thick it could be "cut with a knife," as Dick later put it. It was indeed a sorry day.

Suddenly, Tom Rover clambered upon his seat, a rather awkward thing to do, and stood before the crowd. "Boys and girls," he shouted, "this has got to be stopped! And I intend to do it myself. I am going down there and run the 440 race myself."

Now, Sam and Dick Rover thought this a very foolhardy thing for their brother, Tom Rover, to do, as his leg which he had broken in a near-by haunted house had scarcely healed as yet.

The Coach of the track team was very glad to have Tom take such an active interest, and presently he had equipped him with a pair of sneakers and a running-suit.

"Go to it, my boy. Win if you are able. You're my last hope, lad." It was the Coach speaking. He was a man of great build himself, and Tom felt very inspired by his kind words.

Bang! went the gun.

"They're off! They're off!" shouted the audience, as they fairly went mad with utter glee. The girls in the Hope Seminary carryall (on the sidelines) were very enthused, as they all knew Tom.

"Hurrah for you, Tom; we know you have it in you!" they hollered.

Round the bend whizzed the fun-loving Rover, going like a veritable flying-machine. One, two, three of his opponents he passed by. Such grit. Twenty-nine more yards to go.

Could he make it? The group in the grandstand was teeming with anticipation.

Suddenly, he felt a light tickle at the chest, and this was an indication that he had broken the tape, or, in other words, had won the race.

"Hurrah for Tom Rover! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" said the crowd, fairly screaming with joy. "The score is now 17 to 81! We have only sixty-four points in which to catch up with Pornell!" (That was the team they were playing that day.)

Tom sat on the bench and smiled gallantly up at his two brothers, Dick and Sam Rover. Dick was a stalwart youth of high ideals, and he felt very proud of his brother Tom, who had won the race that day.

The next event was the pole vault. Tom knew he could win that too, although a broken hip, which he had received, was paining him not a little. And win it he did! Then came the hammer throw and the broad jump, and then the hop, skip, and jump, and the javelin toss and the wheelbarrow race, all of which the brave Tom won with utter ease! But best of all, he came in first, second, and third in the 2-meter free-style, a feat rather uncommon in those days.

Needless to say, Thtanferd won the meet.

"Great swift, what a meet!" said "Toughy" Sloan, the burly tackle of last season's football team. "And, aha! what an athlete young Tom Rover is!"

"Athlete indeed!" said Coach Simpleton, bristling all over. "That boy is a MARVEL!" And he was right.

Everyone agreed, and so Tom was at once gathered up and carried along on the shoulders of his companions to the Thtanferd locker-room, where he was deposited. Just as he was about to climb into the bath tub, who should dash up but Coach Simpleton very excited, as he was wont to be usually.

"Tom, great news! You broke the record in the hammer throw, having tossed the hammer five thousand feet—almost a mile! A new world's record, lad! We shall have to have a bonfire for you tomorrow."

You can imagine how happy young Tom was that evening. Besides winning the meet for dear old Thtanferd, he had (surprise! surprise!) gotten even with his arch-rival, "Tad" Gutter, of whom you may read in my latest, "The Rover Boys at Vassar."

—Jim Copp



"Yeah, I want to 'take' a sun bath"

SOME INFORMAL TRACK STARS

Shot-Put: J. Z. McQuince. Unsurpassed performance in putting the waste-paper ball from here to the basket.

440: Wilbur Quince. Unsurpassed performance making eight-o'clocks on time.

High Jump: Joe O'Quince. Unsurpassed performance in escaping from irate fathers over high fences.

Discus: Jack Quince. Unsurpassed performance in the disposal of latest phonograph records.

Mile Walk: Ima Quince. Unsurpassed performance in failure to secure rides to Paly.

Relay: Beezy, Buzzy, Bozzy, and Bazzy Quince. Unsurpassed performance for teamwork in passing examinations.

Hurdles (posthumous mention): Button-Button Quince. Excellent performance hedge-jumping in flight from irate fathers; the "bang" he heard was not a starter's gun.

—Duke



Sign in a Cuban dance hall:

NO DANCING WITHOUT MOVING
THE FEET



M. H. Aylesworth, president of NBC, is quoted as saying in an address at Los Angeles that the chief virtue of radio is its cleanliness. Quite an admission from a radio executive, we'd say, and something of an indictment of the stuff pumped over the air waves. We'll add the corollary that radio's chief vice is its utter mediocrity.



PROFERTS

Law—so deeply in you I'm engrossed,
Omnipotence my brain has crossed,
Jurisprudence, corporations,
All the kinds of litigations,
Declarations, depositions,
How they come, and their positions.

Evidence irrelevant,
Facts that are incompetent,
Quizzing and interrogations,
Evidence of demonstrations,
What is proper kind of pleading,
When a question is not leading,
When an issue can be reached,
How a witness is impeached.

I have found without contention
That I know not one dimension.
Yet, it's great and I am thinking
All the knowledge I am drinking
Leads me to my life-sought journey—
Sedgwick County's apt attorney.

**SPARKS
FROM THE
SILVER HAMMER**

A miss used to be as good as a mile; but in these days of rapid locomotion, cases are on record of a miss being good for as long as three or four miles.



Life soils more blondes than brunettes Every day;
For the brunettes were none too clean Anyway.

—And there are more blondes.



A word to the wise is officious.



There is a shocking tale of a freshman who fell asleep during a lecture. He tumbled over the balcony railing and woke up the entire downstairs.



Maidens with morals
Often have quarrels.



You may have heard about the popular barber; he spends all of his time scraping up acquaintances.



She was only a track coach's daughter, but she certainly gave the boys the run-around.



"Hello, is this the morgue?"
"Yeh. Watcha want?"
"My uncle has disappeared. Have you got him down there?"
"We got lotsa uncles down here. What's he look like?"
"Well, he was large and fat and well-dressed."
"Nah! What I mean is did he have any peculiarities?"
"Oh, yes. He had one outstanding peculiarity."
"You could recognize him from it at once?"
"Yeh. He was stone deaf."



A LULLABY OF BROADWAY

By passion moved, he overstepped,
Scoffed at her firmest warning;
She acquiesced; then parting said,
"I'll sue you in the morning."



TAKE IT EASY, BABY

Scene.—Parked in front of her sorority, 12:00 midnight.

He: Goodnight, honey. I've got to get to bed early tonight and get a lot of sleep—there's the big track meet tomorrow, you know.

She: Oh, John dear, that's right. I'll be there in the stands tomorrow watching you win for Stanford . . . By the way, John, you never told me just what you do on the team. Do you shot-put? Do they call you "iron man"?

He: No, not exactly.

She: I just adore runners. Are you one, sweetums?

He: Well, not quite.

She: Aren't pole vaulters simply too graceful for words? I'll bet you're a pole vaulter.

(Silence.)

She: Oh, I know what you are, snook-ums, you can't fool me. You're one of those javelin throwers with all the big muscles—and you're just too modest to admit it.

(Silence.)

She: What do you do, John dear? Won't you tell me?

He: Well, all right, then—you asked for it. I'm a sophomore manager. I have charge of the towels and sweat-socks.

—Prendergoose + Dawson



L'ENVOI

I ain't got no beef wit de faculty,
I don't think bad thoughts of the profs,
But, of course, I can finish a plateful of spinach
And can gulp any pill for my coughs.

I'm a strong silent son of the soil.
(Now don't throw no dirt on my birth.)
I can stand smells and stinks, or what anyone thinks.
I'm not scared of a thing on the earth.

So I ain't got no beef wit de faculty,
I don't think bad thoughts of dem guys.
It is true they have flunked me and miserably skunked me,
But, of course, I ain't any TOO wise.

But there are one little, two little guys
That give me a great, shooting pain.
I know I'm no prize, but it's the ones too damn wise
Who raise Averages time and again.
—Jorgi



*So a pipe tobacco needs
BOTH
mildness and flavor*

there is one pipe tobacco that has **BOTH** mildness AND flavor.

How do we do it?

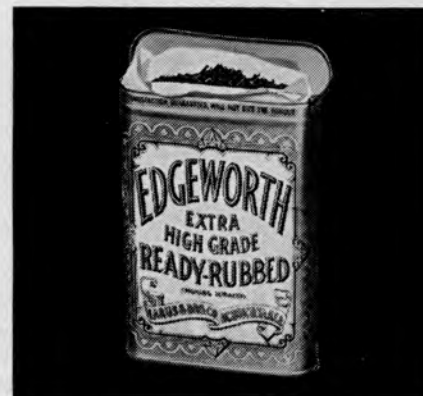
This way: *First*, we use the best

pipe tobacco that's grown. That gives the rich tobacco flavor that every pipe smoker loves. *Second*, we use only the tender leaves. That gives mildness.



Edgeworth is made for pipes—and pipes alone. That is why it is a better pipe tobacco—and why many smokers say that Edgeworth's long-burning qualities make it cost less than cheap tobacco. They get more smoking hours per tin.

Buy Edgeworth today and enjoy mildness *plus* flavor *plus* economy! It is made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



THERE are a lot of one-armed pipe tobaccos on the market. One gives you the tobacco flavor you want—but it's *strong*. Another gives you mildness that lets you smoke as much as you want—but it's *tasteless*.

Buy a can of Edgeworth today and *find out for yourself* that

EDGEWORTH HAS BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR





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

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

THE CHAPPIES

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Dorman H. Smith
Kenneth Stewart
Ned Hilton

RANDAL BOGLOUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

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

NOW THAT

rigid scale of fines for traffic violations imposed by the Student Councils and the manner of administration lack the temper of true JUSTICE. A flat penalty of one dollar for illegal parking and a MINIMUM fine of two and a half for speeding is inflicted entirely without consideration of the varying severity with which they fall upon the different bearers. The student pays it—in cash—and likes it—or, at least, he pays it. There is no alternative to cash settlement under any circumstance—and appeal is useless.

The much-maligned Palo Alto Police Court has, at least, a more sympathetic conception of justice in the levying of punishment. There, if the convicted one is pressed to make a cash settlement of his fine, he is given a chance to work it out. The effect of penalty is the same whether the obligation is settled with cash or labor.

Stanford justice is dollar justice, with penalties based upon the assumption that in finances "all Stanford men are constituted equal." The real essence of justice should be equity. Is it equitable to



hold to a fixed monetary scale of fines which for the same offense will penalize some heavily and others lightly? A fine of a fixed amount to one student may be nominal, whereas to another it may mean an almost unbearable burden and sacrifice—but there is no alternative to cash settlement. In all fairness, should not the Comptroller's Office make allowances for the "financially pressed" student, consider the individual's means, and, where circumstances justify such action, grant the privilege of substituting labor for cash payment in settling such obligations?

NOW THAT California State Legislature is going a bit too far. The state solons may indorse the Townsend Plan, and they may impose heavy taxes, and the OLD BOY will only sit back and smile ironically. However, when that august body threatens the most sanctimonious axiom of the Stanford Farm, the OLD GENTLEMAN is stirred to violent protest. On January 26, 1935, a bill was introduced which bears evidence of a dastardly conspiracy. To quote the title of the bill:

A.B. 2091 (Donihue).—To prohibit the sale of gasoline unless the gasoline is mixed with alcohol, and to provide penalties for the violation of the provisions of this act, and to provide that this act shall take effect immediately.

Ever since we have been students in this University—yea, even since childhood—we have been nurtured on the sage axiom of the administration that "gasoline and alcohol simply will not mix at all." Are we, as students of this University and seekers after TRUTH, to sit back and allow our idealism to be sacrificed to the nefarious purpose of this legislation? No! No! 115 times No! All must organize under Chappie's leadership and defeat this bill which threatens the very foundation of our culture and welfare. Buy a Chappie and support the great lobby against this bill.

NOW THAT peculiar organization, known as the Dramatic Council, has finally emerged from a pea-soup fog to realize that its services (?) are no longer needed by the University. Student administration of dramatics has proven inefficient because of several definite reasons. The present Dramatic Manager, for example, apparently possesses no outstanding executive ability and little desire to co-operate; he can override the decisions of the Council merely by stressing the financial angle. Thus, the Council has little actual power, as has the Director himself. The Wooden Trinity, a certain well-known political faction, has rendered it virtually impossible for the remaining members of the body to work harmoniously.

Taking into consideration the study of other universities made by Mr. Virgil Anderson, possibly the best plan for the future would be to place the entire management into the hands of the administration. Each year, the University would allot a certain sum to the Public Speaking Department, to cover all production costs as well as the Director's salary. The student Dramatic Manager would function under the supervision of the Director, receiving grade units, rather than pay, for his work.

The Council has recognized the fact that students are unqualified for a job which even professionals find difficulty in handling successfully. And so, with this in mind, it has graciously offered to commit suicide.

—Jim Copp

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• • • FREEDUMB OF THE PRESS • • •

SLEEPER AWAKES TO FIND BAG GONE
—S.F. Examiner

Did she take his dough?

The first fraternity house was built in 1852 at a cost of \$50 by the Lambda Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon at Kenyon College, Ohio.—Stanford Daily

Later moved West to Stanford, where it is still "as good as new."

FLIES DO NOT LIKE LIGHT GREEN; THEY MUCH PREFER ORANGE
—Cal. Clip Sheet

That's why there are no flies on some of you guys!

ROBLE HALL SLIPS
—Ad in P.A. Times
Even the best of them do occasionally!

WOMEN WILL FOIL AT MILLS
—Stanford Daily
Knowing some Mills gals, that's "carrying coals to Newcastle."

Sign on a Paly theatre:
GENTLEMEN ARE BORN WITH FRANCHOT TONE

11 MEN AND WOMEN DELIBERATE 8 HOURS—THEN RETIRE
—S.F. Chronicle
Wonder if they drew straws.

The Yale News tomorrow will say that the Yale Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi has formally voted to terminate its 98-year period of existence on the campus. Alpha Delta Phi was started on the campus in 1936, two years before Psi Upsilon, now the fence club, and eight years before Delta Kappa Epsilon.
—Stanford Daily

Time marches on!

MOTORIST BURNED WHEN CAR UPSETS
—P.A. Times

We'd be burned, too.

WHAT MEMORIES PICNICS LEAVE!
—I.G.A. Ad
If that were only all they left!



"You artist guys are all alike, always paintin' your souls or your stomachs!"

COACH COPP'S SCHOOL OF THE SPRINT

SEVERAL of my admirers, appreciating the soundness of my advice, have written in asking me to outline a simple course in running. It is with the greatest of pleasure that I undertake this difficult task, although I realize that I too am little more than a layman as concerns such matters.

The first requirement for being a good runner is to have a pair of feet. Secondly, you must possess a pair of legs (preferably hitched to the feet, although this is optional). Next, my dears, you must have a flat surface on which to run. You say, "Oh, I get it—a lake!" "No," I say, "indeed not! What you want is a hard, flat surface, stretching parallel to the sky but going around in a circle, with small pebbles, cinders, or such, and flat." "Oh," you say, growing melancholy like a fish.

Well, getting around to the actual running, you first lift your right foot into the air, balance it there for a split second (for definition of latter see "Webster"; I picked on him because he's dead), and then drop your foot slightly ahead of where it should go—or was going to go if you hadn't read my article. After this has been carried out, take your left foot up and plant it slightly in advance of where your right foot now is. (See above.) However, the rub comes in here: your right foot is no longer where you placed it a jiffy ago. Aha! You thought it was "here," but in reality it was "there" all the time, that is, until just lately. By this, I mean it is "there" now, but it wasn't "there" a moment ago because it was "here" at that time. Now, isn't that a joke on you? This is a little difficult to figure out at first.

After this has been completed you merely run. That is to

say, you keep repeating over and over these simple fundamentals until you have finished, or have dropped dead from exhaustion.

To prevent the latter you should have some sort of stopping place fixed up, such as a cement wall or a whale. Whales, permit me, are a trifle more squashy than cement walls, and are therefore pleasanter things to encounter, especially if you are a fast runner. I heartily recommend them.

Well, now, you have your feet; you have your legs (all hitched together, sort of); and you have your flat surface and your rules for running and stopping. Just one other small item: it's imperative that you do not keep your right foot (right or left, it doesn't matter) on the ground over three-fourths of a second.

This point is more important than it seems, as every now and then there's an absent-minded runner (e.g., Abie the Finn in the 1896 Olympics at Watts, Calif.) who forgets all about his foot after once planting it upon the ground, and runs off without it. This usually proves rather humiliating, although the runner can sometimes act with the greatest finesse by grabbing his foot up again on the second lap around, at the same time shouting to the crowd in the bleachers, "Just look at all the nasty sea gulls!" thus diverting their attention, you see.

My, it's quite a problem. I suggest that you take this little article with you to the athletic field (snip it out; the Editor won't care) and refer to it frequently. It will be a great help. And then some day, some bright and shining day, you will win your first race! Although I doubt it very much.

—Jim Copp

I SMELL A RAT

Once there was a Stanford Mouse. Oh! A wee, wee lil' mouse. He lived all alone in a classroom, and abided by the Honor Code. Now this was an econ-by-sign-language classroom, and every day the lil' mouse used to watch the instructor lead yells. The lil' mouse didn't know that the instructor was really imitating trade barriers, and so he said, "Hmmm." Just like that, "Hmmm." Now one dark day a hungry cat stalked in and began to contemplate with cat-like eyes the diminishing utility of said lil' mouse, who had no children. "Wow!" said the cat. "What a mouse." And he began to stalk, stalk, stalk, stalk. The cute, little, honor-bright, trustful, happy-go-lucky mouse was meanwhile watching the instructor, who at that moment, by standing on his left ear and wiggling his nose three times, had proven that, "with increased demand and small supply, prices then will upward fly." Of course he did not suspect the hungry cat who was still going stalk, stalk, stalk, stalk. At exactly that critical moment when the cat was supposed to be hissed and the cute, little, innocent, etc., & etc. mouse should have been warned to "LOOK OUT," why the hungry cat received his last Friday's test paper and keeled over stiff dead. His grade was three points above class average.

—Bud Desenberg



The results of the shot-put!

Someone wrote us asking for an investigation on the subject of "why professors' clothes never fit." At first we were inclined to rise to the defense of the professors, but a brief examination convinced us that there was a good deal of point to the words of our questioning friend. In the days of the Stanford Rough, the faculty members seemed to be "smoothies"; now the students have become "smoothies" and the professors "roughs."

ELIGIBILITY

Official: See here, you can't enter this man in the meet. Don't try to tell me he goes to Stanford; why, he is at least seventy-five years old.

Manager: He may be seventy-five all right, but, honestly, he's just a sophomore. You see, when he was a freshman in Encina he threw a bucket of water in on a sponsors' meeting, and he's just finished working off his hours at the Convalescent Home.

—Prendergoose

He felt sort of silly walking up to the soda fountain with two bags of peanuts in his hand. The two girls sitting at the counter smiled at him in an amused fashion.

"Want some peanuts?" he ventured, holding out one of the packages. The brunette shook her head.

"Sure," said the blonde, "I'm nuts about them."

So he and the blonde sat next to each other and ate peanuts. They ate and ate; finally they had finished one bag of them.

"Want some more?" he asked, pointing to the full sack lying on the counter.

"No, thank you," she replied, "I couldn't eat another one. I'm full."

So he took the bag full of peanuts and went home and went to bed.

SUPER-SALESMAN

YOU say Mr. Bludgeon is in, madam? Thanks. Ah, good day, sir, I represent the . . . You don't care what I represent? Well, I'll just step in and . . . I won't step in? Well, sir, in that case I'll just stand here and . . . hey!

"Easy on the way you push that door against my foot, sir, it's very tender. Very. Speaking of tender feet . . . You say you weren't speaking of tender feet at all? Well, my purpose in coming here, sir, is to interest you in . . . You wouldn't be interested, you know?"

"Well, sir, just let me show you some of these extraordinary products turned out by the Consolidated Corn and Bunion Eradicator Company, which, by the way, is one of the greatest . . . You don't care? Well, now, sir . . . Eh? What was that?"

"You know a better company? Well, that's all very well, sir, but I . . . This company you speak of puts my company out of the picture? Well . . . Oh, you OWN the other company. Well . . ."

Have I ever heard of what? Have I ever heard of Zippo Corn Remover? Well, sir, I can't say that I have. However . . . "Eh? Come in? Well, yes, I will. Well, now, sir . . . Sit down? Well, all right, but . . . Take off my shoes? Right HERE, sir? Well, O.K. Ow! Easy, sir. This is the Zippo, eh? Well, it may be O.K., but . . . hey! That's cold . . . Eh? Yes, I see the corn is gone, but . . . Well, sir, I didn't exactly come here to . . ."

"Well, how much IS a package? Oh, that much? Well . . . well . . . well, I don't know. Perhaps . . . You'll try it on another, eh? Say, that's pretty good, isn't it? Yes it is . . . Eh? Well, a dozen packages is a lot of Zippo, isn't it? Well, maybe . . . well, yes I will. Here you are, sir, ten, twenty, thirty . . ."

"Well, good day, sir, and thanks very much. Yes, I'll be back. By the way, you wouldn't be interested in . . . No? . . . Well . . ."

—Frank Cady



"No, sir! I ain't bringin' my team out until it speaks!"

A VERY DAIRYING TALE

O. Leo Margarine—a villain and impostor, and yellow clear through
 Buttercup Brown—a simple milkmaid, with a beautiful peaches-and-cream complexion
 Bud Dermilk—a fine young bucket; can lick his weight in wildcats

Leo: Where are you cowing, my pretty milkmaid?

Butter: Oh, sir, I have lost my whey. Curd you be so kind as to direct me to Farmer Brown's?

Leo: From one look at your pannikin tell you're Brown's daughter, aren't you? Well, I've come to collect the mortgage from your old man. If he doesn't pail take the farm away.

Butter: But fodder can't pay.

Leo: Then you'll heifer marry me.

Butter: Ah, sir, you are herd on me.

Leo: Ah, my pet, be mine and we shall have a cottage all our own. Let the vision float pasturize.

(Bud enters, and he's milk-can lots of noise)

Bud: Unhand that gal, you cud. You can't take away the cottage cheese always lived in.

Leo: Take an udder guess; I own the mortgage on the old homestead.

Bud: Buttercup, leave us for a moment. I want to milk this gent a proposition. Now, sir, will you stop this villainous skimming?

Leo: Never.

(They bottle, but Bud is the butter man, and soon Leo is creaming for mercy)

Bud: I think cattle be a lesson to you; now go, you separator be the last time you get off so easy.

(Leo cowers before him and then goats)

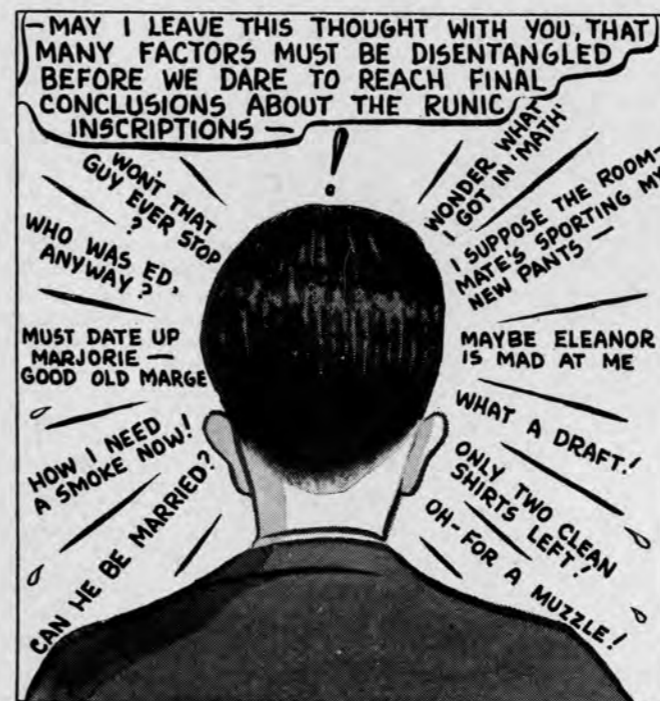
Butter: Oh, Bud, did Jersey the way he sneered at you?

Bud: I don't think he'll butter us again though. It was a grade A for us, my love.

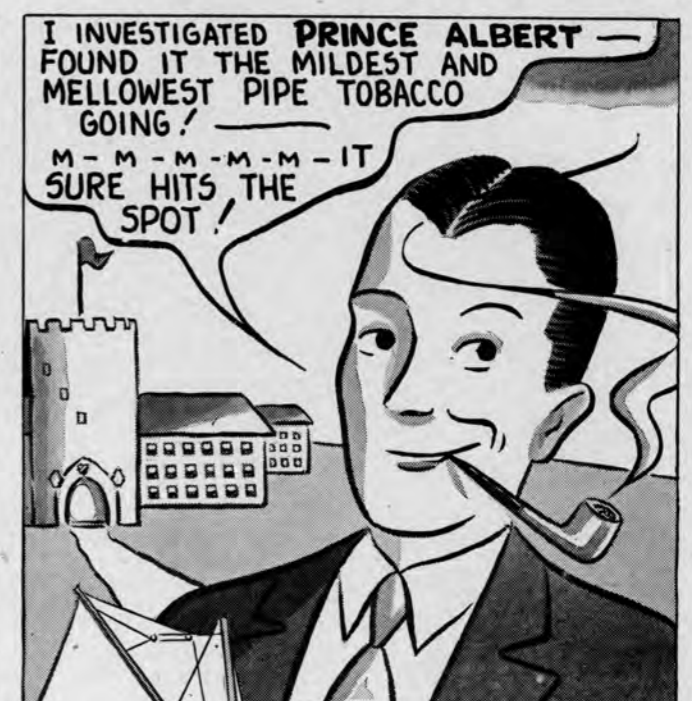
(And while they stand there Holstein each other's hands somebody bulls the curtain)

—Dink

In these parlous times college graduates are returning to their Alma Maters for further study. They realize that half a loaf is better than no loaf at all.



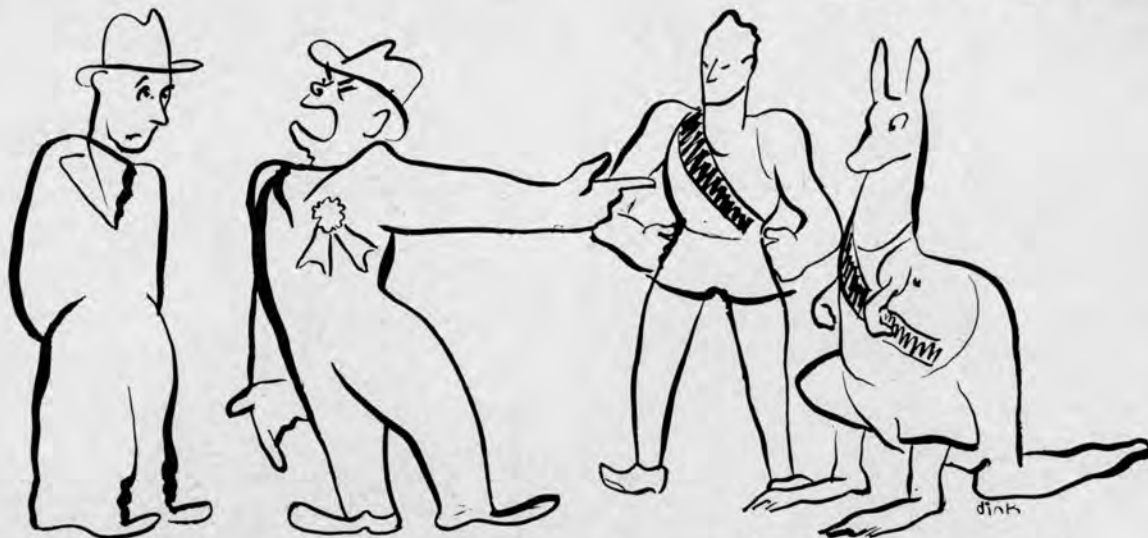
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 CRIMP CUT
 SPECIAL PROCESS REMOVES ALL "BITE"
 AMERICA'S FAVORITE PIPE TOBACCO!

2 OUNCES



"I don't care if he is in the Biology Department. You can't enter him in the broad jump!"

Colossal Correspondence Service
Hollywood, California

Gents:

I come upon your ad in the "Gazette" and must admit that for some time I have been burning to express myself. However, as I am a young man with a wife and six brats, you can see that I don't have much time for outside creative work. But last nite after my wife had gone to the bowling alley and the kids had tired themselves out fighting, I got an idea for a moovee seenario which I am sending, hoping, gents, you won't be too hard on it.

Yours,

P. Dinger
Cross Roads, Iowa

Seenario for

RED HOT WIRES CROSSED ON MAIN STREET

(Main Street has nothing to do with my storie because both streets in Hookerville, the scene of the storie, are named after presidents, but lots of ignorunt folks will think the moovee is from Upton Sinclair's book and will cum fer that.)

ACTION: It is afternoon in Hookerville, and Sylvia Wrench, our heroine, who works in the fone office, is jest laid off for the day. She goes to the five-and-ten and buys two bottles of nail polish, orchid and vermillion. (This shows her passionate nature.) Out she cums from the store, her body weighted down and arms full with the polish. (She bot the ten-cent size.) She starts down the street, but to her dismay, she realizes that her nose is beginning to run. With her hands full she can only stand and dribble. She is mortified. What to do?

Ah, but Slicker Smith, a man traveling in ladies' corsets (he's a salesman), is leaning idly against a near-by lamp post and comprehends the situation, rushes into the drug store, buys a handkerchief and a jar of Vix Vaporub, and comes to her rescue just in time. He says, "Hi-yah, baby. How about a nice little strawberry double nut sundae with me?" just off-hand like. Sylvia says, "Why not?" (It is easy to see that she is impressed with his easy ways, debonaire air, savwar-fairy smoothness, and pin-stripe suit.) She invites him to dinner at Mrs. Schmalzt's boarding house and Slicker says, "Okay, Toots." (Just like that.)

That nite he makes a great hit at dinner by giving three cigars to Old Man Schmalzt, saying sweet little nuthings to Mrs. Schmalzt, and delivering the following jokes to the guests:

"It's a wise cork that knows its own pop."

"Just because you see its tracks is no sign a train has just passed."

These are given off lightly during the soup course, and they have the guests spewing soup all over the table. But when the beer is brot on and he proposes the toast,

"Drink her down for Professor Snort—
He corked the glass and drank the quart."

they can no longer contain themselves and all die laughing. That is, all but Sylvia, Old Man Schmalzt (who drinks the beer which is left), and Mrs. Schmalzt, who goes to call the coroner. That gives Slicker his chance, and he suggests they go up to Sylvia's room and look at his samples. But Mrs. Schmalzt comes back and says, "Nothing doing; I'm a good Baptist and you must do your sampling in the parlor." So Slicker says, "What the hell; let's take a walk in the park." And so Sylvia says, "What the hell." And they go fer a walk in the park—Loma Park. Slicker tells Sylvia that he loves her. She doesn't believe him, but she doesn't give a dam. Again and again he tells her he loves her—she still doesn't give a dam. He tells her he will cum back in a month and marry her. (She hopes he's right.)

A month goes by and Sylvia does not hear from him. But she thinks he might cum back, so she turns down an offer of marriage from the local station agent and three other offers from the telegraph operator and two icemen. Still she doesn't hear from him. Six months after the nite in the park she is blessed-vented. She is heartbroken. She realizes that is what cums of being a fast woman. She loses her job and goes from bad to worse. The drug store offers her ten dollars a week for her baby for a display window baby powder ad, but she refuses as she is a Republican and doesn't believe in production fer use. She feels very low. She tries to get her job back with the fone company, but they won't take back a wronged number.

Finally she goes to Angus McAngle, president of the Mc-Angle Mangle Manufacturing Company, and appeals to him. He is very much taken with her and pretty soon they fall in love. Angus already has a wife and seven children, but it is a liberal community, so he rents a cozy little apartment for her across the tracks from his big home and comes to see her often. She is very grateful to him—for this is the first noble, true love she has ever known, and so they live happily ever after.

—Pres

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE SPORTS STORY

WE HAVE always been intrigued by the sports stories of record-breaking meets—since we never saw one. We missed a certain meet where, according to report, six world records were broken, so we decided to investigate. Everybody thought that since it rained that day the meet would be postponed, but they held it anyway. There weren't many there; in fact like, the perennial slightly-used-old-clothes salesman, from whom we got the real story, says that he remembers only one man in the stands—he would have given him \$3.75 for his suit any day.

The athletes pranced out all smiling; but when they saw the audience, they produced press clippings about their pulled tendons and refused to run. The coach had just got some new clothes like he saw in "Esquire," so he didn't care whether they did hold the meet—but the reporters had to have a story for the papers—so did the coach.

The milers started walking around the track, easy like, but in the backstretch they got tired, and by the time they finished the first lap four minutes had elapsed, so they called it a new record and let it go at that. The high jumpers didn't show up, so they just made up heights for them; they got it mixed up with the pole vault though, because some guy took first with 12 feet. The shot-putters took to pegging rocks at each other. One guy was knocked out for 60 minutes, so they changed that to feet and called it a record.

Came time for the high hurdles. The hurdlers couldn't see why they should stretch themselves all out of shape, so they put in lows instead. The boys had to stop just before the tape—they didn't want too many new records for that afternoon. The papers have to have stories every day.

The sprints were really run off correctly. However, the timers had been playing with the stop watch and one registered 1 hour 10 seconds for the 100. The other watch was back to zero, so they added the ages of the runners and figured out the sales tax to get the time.

By the time they got around to the relay some of the boys had been up to Menlo—a mile and a half instead of two miles, though they set no record for time. Therefore they decided to pass the bottle instead of the baton.

Next day, the papers printed some corking pictures of the boys giving their all for the Alma Mater. It is said the pictures were from their morgues—though we don't know how they ever got them. We are not usually gullible, but the sports stories do sound a bit stretched, and like is such a reliable fellow.

—C. P. + G. S.

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—S.F. Chronicle
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"Congratulations! You've just bagged a field judge!"

PLUS-MINUS AND VICE-VERSA

IT WAS during the late demented finals week. The professor was explaining the examination.

"The whole final, you will note," he intoned, "is in the question-and-answer form. All you have to do is fill out the blanks with a plus or a zero."

"It is so very simple, in fact," continued the professor, "that you could probably finish it in half an hour. Because of this I shall grade it very severely. If your answer is incorrect, I shall detract two points. If I find there has been an erasure and alteration of your first answer, I shall detract one point. If you fail to make any answer at all, I shall have to take off three points."

There was a long, long pause—then a sweating palm was slowly lifted.

"How much," growled the strained voice below the hand, "how much do you take off if we answer the question right?" —Dink

Tony was peddling his fruit without a license. So the cop tried to take his fruit cart from him. The Italian didn't know anything about peddlers' licenses, but he did know what to do when somebody tried to steal his fruit. So he swung at the cop. After a snappy bout the policeman succeeded in getting the bracelets on him and tossing him in the cooler.

His trial finally came up. They led the bewildered peddler into the crowded court room, and up to the witness stand. He looked about him.

"Say, Judge," he said, pointing at the jury, "who's dose fallers?"

"That's the jury, Tony. Those are the people you will have to talk to about your peddler's wagon."

Tony sagged in his chair. He wailed "Holy Maria. One guy he'sa take my fruita stand. Do I got to fight all dese guys to get heem back?" —Dink

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. DUCHESS WILL B. PLEASED

Once upon a time there lived a lady named Alice B. Duchess Will B. Pleased.

I know

I'm Alice B. Duchess Will B. Pleased.

My friends all think I am a duck.

But I am not, because I am Alice B. Duchess Will B. Pleased.

Years ago, when I was a tot in short dresses, my grandmother used to take me on her knee and bounce me up and down, repeating, "You are a duck. You are a duck."

My mother would only let me go to school on rainy days.

And when I did go the children would all get out their rifles and shoot at me; they thought I was a duck too.

My father fed me grain and corn three times daily except on Thanksgiving, when he gave me a juicy, slithery garden worm.

At the age of eight, wearying of this humdrum existence, I enlisted in the Spanish-American War.

But I was promptly apprehended by a group of sneering Spaniards and mounted on the Alhambra as a weather vane.

This was quite a shock to my pride. So I ran away and took up light housekeeping in a dismal Paris duplex.

From then on my morals began to disintegrate, and shortly I had drifted from worse to worse.

Which was about the equivalent to standing still.

But the crowning humiliation came of a bright and shining morning when I gave birth to a whole brood of canvasbacks.

Having become partially resigned to my horrible fate, I soon moved to the country with my flock, and took up abode in a comfortable duck-house on an old-fashioned farm.

My ducklings now spend much of their time inquiring as to who their father might be.

I always tell them that I don't know.

Which I don't.

The other day I went down and consulted a psychoanalyst, who said that my being a duck was only a state of mind.

I asked him whose mind.

He said everybody's mind.

I told him I didn't mind that.

He said it sounded like a pun to him.

I assured him that it was not.

—Jim Copp



THE visit of Gertrude Stein to the campus puts us in mind of a happening involving a friend of ours — caused indirectly by the famous "pigeons-on-the-grass-alas" lady. Said friend was recuperating from a severe nervous breakdown in an out-of-the-way sanitarium — with instructions to read nothing and say little. But one day the nurse brought in a package which had come for him. He opened it and saw that it was a book, entitled "Four Saints in Three Acts," by an author of whom he had never heard — one Gertrude Stein. Although he knew it was against orders, he picked it up and began reading as soon as his nurse left. The first page made no sense, but he read on, hoping to become oriented. After the second and third pages he became terribly alarmed. He threw the book down, rose up in bed, and screamed, "My God, I've gone crazy!" then sank back half unconscious on the pillow. When his nurse returned, he feebly grasped the book, handed it to her, and told her to read — the while he waited in breathless anticipation. The nurse examined a few pages and said, "This is utterly silly; it doesn't make sense." A smile of infinite satisfaction passed over our friend's face. "Thank God, I'm not crazy," he murmured.

AFTER one of Stanford's track invasions of the East a few years ago, the B.A.C. was presented with a medical bill for several hundred dollars — the cost of repairing the smashed foot of a Farm sensation.

Inquiry into the matter revealed the story that on the return journey a couple of the boys, who had been investigating the effects of Prohibition and had sampled the wares of some of the East's best bath tubs, were rudely awakened as the train suddenly came to a halt at a town steeped in the lore of the first American Revolution. About the station they noticed some cannon and several symmetrical pyramids of cannon balls. Stimulated by some innate souvenir-collecting instinct, they staggered out of the train and into the station yard, de-

termined to get one of the cannon balls. While one of the boys stumbled over to the pile of balls, the other stalwart delved into his pocket, found a paper bag, fished it out, and with all his energy held it steady, ready to receive the instrument of warfare. Said instrument was almost too heavy for athlete number one to lift, but he finally got it up to his shoulder and lined it up over the paper bag. He let go. It hit the bag squarely, and the experiment was a great success. The only difficulty was that athlete number two had held the bag over his foot.

The B.A.C. paid the bill — itemized it as "training expenses."

TWO Stanford graduates, evicted from their rooms for nonpayment of rent, found it necessary to acquire a new lodging. Inquiry among their friends informed them that just around the corner from where they had been living was an ideal spot — with, however, one stipulation. The persons living in the house must be married. The two fellows, unfortunately, were not married, did not intend to get married — even, indeed, looked upon the married state decidedly askance.

Being thinking men, and a bit desperate, they thought. Inspiration came. They borrowed a wife from a pal of theirs who happened to have one at the time. She agreed to pose as the wife of one of them, and, to add the final domestic touch, she brought along a little cousin of hers whom they introduced as their nephew. The landlady was delighted at the sweet young couple, coyly remarked that it would not be long before they'd be having one of their own, and gave them the lease to the place.

Realizing that the landlady might return at any time, the two fellows had to create the presence of the nonexistent wife. So, from another woman pal of theirs they borrowed a couple of dresses, which they hung in the closet, and borrowed some shoes and threw them in. For further effect they got another pal to knit a sweater, which, partially done, they placed on the mantle. But the

master touch was added by the girl who had played wife. In the dressing room, on the bureau, she placed a round box of face powder, removed the top, carelessly spilled some of the powder, and dropped the powder puff in a dusty heap by the box. The final mark of the feminine, or, "just like a woman!"

WORD of one of the best rackets in years comes from an Eastern institution. The president one day received a letter from some unknown friend of the university, offering to give a scholarship of two hundred dollars to some needy student. There was but one string: the donor wanted to make his own selection by means of an examination and so asked for a list of the scholarship applicants. This seemed fair enough to the officials, who at once sent him the list, numbering some three hundred students. The would-be donor then mailed to each student a form stating that said student was being considered by him for a scholarship, which would be awarded to the person making the highest score in answering the enclosed questions. There was one stipulation — a grading fee of two dollars must be remitted with the answers.

Some two hundred students took him up on it and sent in their examinations with the two-dollar grading fee. Just how he did the grading no one knows, but a successful candidate was chosen and presented with the two-hundred-dollar scholarship. However, it takes no great mathematical ability to discover that two hundred dollars from the four hundred received still left two hundred — not a bad fee even if he graded the papers very carefully. Fraud? Well, hardly by law; he carried out his obligations as stated in the bargain.

PARTING SHOT: Since Eddie Cantor shortened his radio program from an hour to thirty minutes, he's twice as good. If he cut it to fifteen minutes, he'd only be half-bad.





THE CHAPPIE CRITICS

FACING THE MUSIC

A GOOD jazz orchestra, we feel, should have, first of all, technique—not just musicianship enough to avoid sounding as if all the musicians are wondering how long it is until quitting time, but precision and dexterity as well, so that they can take a tune and **swing it**. Next, a good jazz orchestra should have originality, and if they can't stay away from using the same old corny breaks all the time, they should at least refrain from hijacking Ray Noble's arrangements note for note. And, finally, the orchestra ought to have that undefinable something called spontaneity—the ability to fake (provide variations on the As-Written lyrics) and to get off at the ends of the musical lines—so that it all seems to have come on the spur of the moment.

So, with practically every office building on Post, Geary, and Sutter streets in San Francisco now housing a night club, with a bar in the back room and at least three musicians out in the front room, we recommend going to a hotel for your music. If you used to like Anson Weeks in the old days, you can go to the Mark Hopkins and dance to Stanford's own Griff Williams, who, with Jimmy Walsh, is beginning to sound more like Anson than Anson himself. Since the originator of the "Weeks Rhythm" has been in the East, his one-time piano player has built up a following that refuses to go back to the old, and in this writer's opinion, fast-declining maestro. Williams-Walsh have thrown much of Weeks's corn out the window, while Anson himself is still dishing it up cob and all.

Tom Coakley at the Palace seems to be making the strongest bid of all for the big programs. It is a far cry from the old Oakland Athens Club Band to his present popular Victor-recording orchestra, and since Tom quit beating the hides in favor of waving the baton—and since Vocalist Carl Ravazza forgot about the sax—the Band has improved at a spanking rate. Armand Camgross, who astonished the City last year with his ad lib solos on the tenor sax, now concentrates on the fiddle. Bud Gregg, of the fancy octave licks, and Glen Hurlburt, the remarkable blind pianist-arranger, make a swell piano team; and Vocalist Dudley Nix has published his bit, "So Lovely and So Sweet."

Al Rushton, late of Stanford, has started on the upswing. With George McKee and Bud Berhardt, Howdie Smith, and Trumpeter Charlie Bubb—all of Stanford—the Band has just finished at the Venetian Room of the Fairmont. Incidentally, speaking of Bubb, we might mention that Charlie plays over the air the earlier part of his evenings alongside the best Symphony men in the City, before going down to fill the first chair in Rushton's brass section. Rushton leaves this month for the Islands for a three months' stay; we hope he comes back with his style of music a little more out of the embryonic stage.

Happy Felton out at the Bal Tabarin boasts a trombonist who is supposed to have the highest range of any in the country; right here and now let us all heartily ignore Happy himself.

—P.+ Nitch + D.

PERPETUAL MOTION

LONDON ON A RAINY NIGHT and I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH, MADAM—Ambrose, his orchestra, and typical British élan make this one, over which women have been known to faint (Decca).

NIGHT WIND and I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES—Fats Waller, the shady side of rhythm, solos on a pipe organ with a warmth and originality that would bring envious blushes to the cheeks of the divine Cecilia (Victor).

(Continued on page 28)

SPOTLIGHT ON THE STAGE

HAVING heard Irish brogues very seldom, and under such helter-skelter circumstances as the St. Patrick's Day festivals of New York City and the wrath of an Irish cook, we cannot feel ourselves qualified to judge the authenticity of the Irish Abbey Players. However, they seemed to us to represent accurately and with humor the simple Irish peasant types.

The one-act play "Spring" was to us chiefly outstanding for the characters of Jude, as played by May Craig, and Andreesh, portrayed by Michael Dolan. The former was the unifying force of the entire play and handled changes of emotion and sustained tragedy extremely well. The part of the old father was also played with sympathy and understanding, as well as with an obvious insight into the peasant character.

"The Playboy of the Western World," a three-act comedy, was also done with the restraint and simplicity that characterize these players. The one exception to the really sincere playing was the drunken scene of one of the farmers. It was so obviously burlesqued that it lacked any degree of reality. This was perhaps more noticeable because it was necessarily contrasted with the scene played by Barry Fitzgerald, who is to our mind the most subtle and polished player of the group. We cannot mention the play without remembering the really fine characterization of the amorous Widow Quinn, played by Maureen Delaney, whose black eyes were a sparkling feature of the performance.

Minor touches, such as the fact that all the village girls were dressed in red cloth which obviously came from the same bolt, were testimonials to the careful realism of the performances, and the simplicity with which they are portrayed.

To commemorate its forty-second anniversary, Sword and Sandals, men's honorary dramatic society, presented "The Insect Comedy," by Josef and Karel Capek. The sweeping satire of this powerful drama portrays human weaknesses in all their forms, from the frivolity of the wastrel to the murder lust of the warrior. Insect forms typify the various human motives. Over thirty-five characters appear in the five disconnected incidents; only the Vagrant, strongly characterized by Paul Crary, occurs in all of them. Nevertheless, the timing, characterization, and general quality of all of the scenes were good with a remarkable consistency, a tribute to the excellent direction of Frank O'Neill.

The many characterizations were too brief to give anything but a single succinct effect. Among those that seemed outstanding were Charles Denny's Ichneumon Fly, Jean Albertson's Iris, James Benet as Felix, and Mary Anne Crary as Mrs. Beetle. An encomium to Tom Seller for his excellent characterization of the First Engineer.

The cast for this production was the largest that has ever taken part in any of the readings given within the memory of this critic. It also was the first reading in which the entire membership of Sword and Sandals has appeared. White and black supplied a striking color motif, masks being worn by the actors to intensify the formality of the dramatic drape arrangement done by Walter Newcomb.

As the most ambitious production the Palo Alto Community Players have undertaken, "Street Scene" justified its production. Rice's story of the dwellers in a cheap New York apartment house is undoubtedly familiar. Its riotous drama, its large

(Continued on page 31)

"If I'm the first girl you ever kissed, how is it you kiss so well?"

"If I'm the first fellow you ever kissed, how do you know I kiss well?" —Navy Log

"Hey, turn off that radio down in the hall in your room."

"Why? Wanna study?" —Penn Punch Bowl

"I love to see a man smoke a pipe."—Helen Keller.

"I love to see a man."—Mae West.

"I love to see."—The Watch and Ward Society.

"I love."—Aimee McPherson.

"I."—Huey Long. —Carolina Finjan

"That's the last straw," said the farmer, "and there wasn't a dad-gummed needle in the haystack."

—Washington Dirge

Mother—Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?
Son—Shooting craps, Mother.

Mother—That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you have. —Red Cat

AT THE DANCE

She—Darling, you aren't sick, are you?

He—Not exactly, but I would hate to yawn.

—The Bear Skin

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FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 26)

RIVERBOAT SHUFFLE and SUGAR—Adrian Rollini, a group of flawless musicians, two swell oldies, and more swing than a double lynching. We shall personally attend to any of you who dislike this (Decca).

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE—Two full sides of supreme technique showing all that's best in the Dorsey Brothers congeries (Decca).

DON'T 'LOW NO SWINGING IN HERE—The Ink Spots, a relatively new atramentous outfit, does some clever lyrics, and there is some terrifically paced guitar work (Victor).

SHE'S A LATIN FROM MANHATTAN—Enric Madriguera, who ordinarily records in the Spanish, drops the accent to do this spirited fox trot with some very clever lyrics. The other side is unobjectionable but saccharine (Victor).

WHAT'S THE REASON, PARDON MY LOVE—Joy-boy Waller does Tomlin's tune much better than Pinky, and the other side is a natural no matter who does it. Waller is fast becoming head-man vocalist with us. Also listen to his WHOSE HONEY ARE YOU? (Victor).

ALLAH'S HOLIDAY, EL RELICARIO—Ray Noble dusts off these old superlatives. And dust off the old superlatives for this Victor recording!

SOLITUDE—Ellington wrote it, and he plays it. Worth six-bits of any man's money (Victor and Brunswick). Jimmie Lunceford does it equally well for Decca, adding Henry Wells, the smoothest colored voice on wax. STRATOSPHERE, Lunceford's own, backs it. Modern music personified. Don't miss the part where the Band "takes off into space."

DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE—Father Earl Hines picks away at the keys, there is a fuliginous tenor sax solo, and this disk gives real Harlem music (Decca).

GARDEN OF WEEDS—Reginald Foresythe once more; weird melody combined with weird instrumentation indicate an originality that makes the activities of this gentleman of color worth watching (Columbia).

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book, but more about them later

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the bookstore. Send one home! It's only 50c.

ALONG, SQUARE DANCE—Thrown together into one soggy lump because no matter who plays them they still smell.

IT'S MATING TIME—Which makes it obvious that spring is really here—and even more obvious that something ought to be done about song writers who rhyme "noddin'" with "garden."

SITTIN' BULL and CURBSTONE CUTIE—Pinky Tomlin has something, and he ought to see a doctor about it. We thought the first record hit rock bottom with "I'll be your Sittin' Bull if you'll be my Minnehaha"—but when we came to the second, we could hardly believe our nose. Briefly, they're grut, no less.

—C. P. + D. D. + P. K. + W. J.

1/c—Mister, what is a maneuver?

4/c—Something you put on the grass to make it green, sir.
—Exchange

There was once a man who was out gunning in the Alps. Sighting an eagle, he took aim and brought the bird down. As he was retrieving his game, a second man rode up on a horse.

"My good man," said the man on the horse to the hunter, "you should have saved your shot. The fall alone would have killed the eagle."
—Gargoyle

"Say, who invented films?"

"I donno, I guess they just developed."

—Yellow Jacket

Chorus Girl—Thanks very much for that string of beads you gave me, but I really shouldn't accept any gifts from you.

Stage Manager—Gift, nothing. That's the costume you're wearing for tonight's performance.
—Voo Doo

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A fraternity had sent their curtains to the cleaners. It was the second day that the house had stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority house across the avenue:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for windows. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left shaving to read the note answered: "Dear Girls: The course is optional."

—Ski-U-Mah

Movie Actress—I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than \$50,000.

Cigarette Magnate—I'll see you inhale first.

—Temple Owl

MOTHER OF INVENTION?

The big prize goes to the Fourthclassman who, dashing madly into ranks at the last minute, was confronted with the question: "Have you any garters on, Mr. DuWillie?"

"No, sir; I don't need them, sir."

"Why not?"

"I haven't any socks on, sir."

—Pointer

Her lips quivered as they approached mine. My whole frame trembled as I looked in her eyes. Her body shook with intensity as our lips met, and my chin vibrated and my body shuddered as I held her to me.

The moral of this is: "Never kiss them in a flivver with the engine running."

—Utah Humbug

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE STAGE

(Continued from page 26)

slices of humanity in the raw, make it a show that depends for its strength on a dozen characterizations rather than on a single good performance. It takes more than sixty people and a noisy mob scene to put it over. For this reason it is dangerous to toss any bouquets to individuals; but hang on to your hat, because we have to fill out this review **some** way.

Tom Seller, Stanford, '35, did a fine job as the sensitive, intense Sam Kaplan; only in a lack of enlargement in his most emotional scenes did he fall short of full realization of his part. Doris Church, aided by Queeny, gave reality to her part as Emma Jones with the best sustained characterization of the evening. Betty Watkins played Rose Maurant spottily; at times she merely talked, but in her scenes with Seller she achieved sincerity. We turn the garden hose on Ernest Dunbar for his inexcusably awkward embrace of the young lady.

Without exception, the numerous accents were questionable; their lack of authenticity spoiled several good performances. Frank Dorsey as Filippo Fiorentino had occasional lingual trouble, but the lively warmth of his characterization overshadowed it. Jack Whitling used no accent, but gave a hilariously realistic rendition of a drunk.

The pace was slow in spots; and a couple of moments in the mob scene were not sufficiently spontaneous to be fully convincing; but the correlation of action and the tenor of the whole were convincing. A bow to Ralph Welles for an unusual job of direction.

The complicated set needed some more paint and more architectural detail to make it a plausible bit of realism; and the reality was not enhanced by having the people walk from the Maurant's apartment through the solid wall that usually separates rooms into the vacant apartment next door. This is quibbling though, because it was a good set.

In spite of the spitballs we've been throwing at various details in the production, we have to admit that, with the large cast, the difficult set, and the complicated action of the play, Mr. Welles made it a well co-ordinated piece of good entertainment.

—Dink

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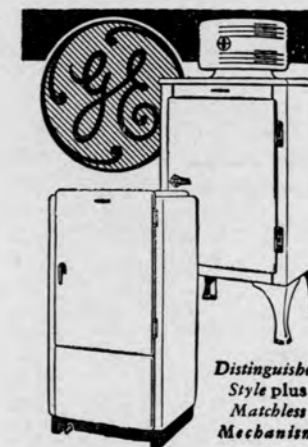
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And as one firefly said to another: "You glow your way
and I'll glow mine." —Battalion

Dean—Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got
kicked out of college. —Showme

It has been rumored around campus that Kappa is not a
sorority at all, it is just an attitude. —Purple Parrot

His life's work was in ruins. He had been a progressive
young civil engineer, but this would ruin him. His latest project,
a million-dollar bridge, almost completed, had collapsed and lay
in a hopeless tangle of steel in the river. There he stood, gazing
at his broken bubble of hope, his crumbled dream castle. "Damn,"
said he, "I thought that decimal point was a fly-speck." —Yellow Jacket

Poor old Hiram. He went up to New York determined to
make his living pulling some skin games on innocent strangers.
However, the first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge to
turned out to be the owner of the darned thing, and if Hiram
hadn't paid ten dollars to keep him quiet, the man would have
had him arrested. —Brown Jug

Girls who blush at jokes risque
Know the meanings, anyway.
Girls who offer no resistance
Lead an awfully nice existence.

—Judge

DEWEY SPEAKS

It was a warm summer day in Washington. A number of
military and naval men are closeted in a room, discussing plans
for the war with Spain, which they feel is inevitable.

The men are bragging about the conquests they are going
to make, basing their claims upon the territories to which they
think they will be assignees.

First one man, then another, tells of the battles he'll win,
the lands he'll conquer. Roosevelt says that he'll take San Juan;
his friends cheer him mightily. Hobson says that he'll take
Santiago; his remarks are met with cheers.

Finally some one notices that Admiral George Dewey is sitting
over in the corner and not saying anything.

"What will you take, George?" asked one of the men.

"Well," said Dewey, "I'll take Manila." —Exchange

Three's a crowd, and there were three,
He, the lamp, and lovely she.
Two is company, and no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.

—Skipper

"My sweetie is deaf, and I'm in trouble."
"Well?"

"I had to yell so loud when I proposed to her that the woman
next door has sued me for breach of promise." —Wampus

Northerner—What's that white fluffy stuff you're picking?
Darky—That, suh, will be wool when 'yo' wear it next
winter in the No'th. —Lob

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