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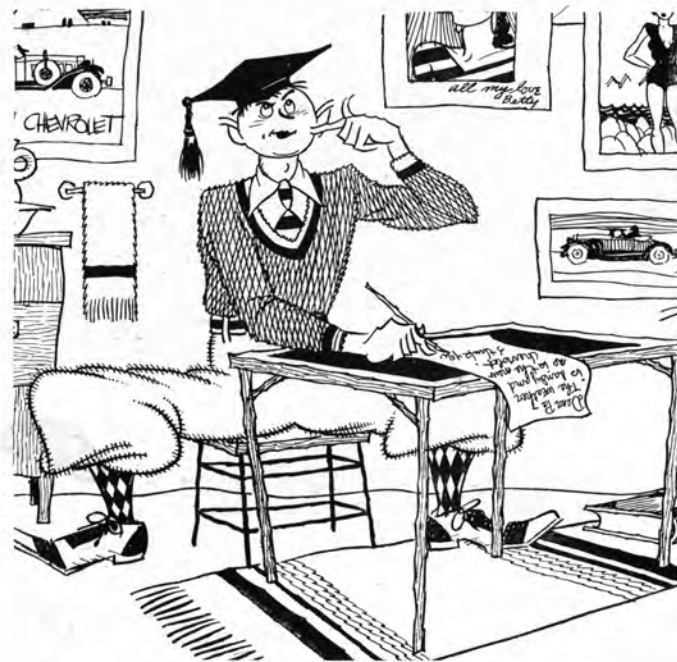
# CHAPARRAL'S Illustrated DAILY NEWS



MAY '34  
15c







THOUSANDS OF SENIORS . . . (well, several anyway) have asked us how to get a new *Chevrolet* for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word *Chevrolet* into all your letters home and write often. Suggest that too much walking is giving you a chronic Charley horse. Should this fail ask for a new *Chevrolet* point blank—This idea is practically infallible.

You are about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, suggest that they fulfill your fondest hopes.

Why not ask for a contest entry blank at the Peninsula Chevrolet Co. and win a 1934 *Chevrolet*. Drive the car five miles and write fifty words, following the instructions on the blank.

Knee-Action Wheels—the revolutionary new feature that changes the ride to a glide and gives you smooth riding comfort wherever you drive—is only one of the important improvements in the new *Chevrolet* for 1934.

**PENINSULA**

for Economical Transportation



**COMPANY**

514 Alma St.

Phone 6138

Director: "Wait a minute, I'm going to use you in the next scene."

Pompous Extra: "Oh, so at last you found out what I am."

Director: "Yes, get into the hind legs of that stage horse over there."

—Annapolis Log

Did you ever hear of the Scotchman who was so close he got slapped.

—Green Griffin

Break, Break, Break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea;  
But I bet you could break forty years,  
And not be as broke as me.

—V.P.I. Skipper

"Marry me, Richard! I'm only a garbage man's daughter, but—"

"That's all right, baby. You ain't to be sniffed at."

—Ranger

**FLOWERS**  
for  
**MOTHER'S DAY**



Properly  
Delivered  
Properly  
Selected  
Properly  
clustered  
Properly  
presented

**COTTAGE FLORAL CO.**

109 THE CIRCLE

Flowers by Wire

P. A. 4511

Open Evenings

May, 1934

STANFORD CHAPARRAL



Four Miles South of Stanford  
University

OFFERS —

**Dancing Nightly**

Johnnie Carst's Five Piece  
Orchestra  
No Cover Charge  
at Any Time  
Excellent Cuisine  
and Service

F. J. MILLER, Owner and Manager  
Dial 8203

"We're telling YOU about  
**PIPE TOBACCO**"



FINDING a pipe tobacco that's just right is about as easy as picking a perfect wife. We haven't found the wife yet—but our tobacco search is over.

"It wasn't easy. We ran the gamut first—tobaccos so strong they sent our heads spinning, tobaccos so mild you didn't even know you were smoking.

"And then we found it! Ah, what a tobacco! Edgeworth! Mild—but not flat and tasteless. Rather a rich, full-bodied, flavorful kind of mildness . . . Yes, we know our tobaccos. And we're telling YOU!"

Edgeworth, gentlemen, is made from the tenderest leaves of the Burley plant. And it's skilfully blended to bring out the rich, savory flavor that is found only in Edgeworth. Also, you will find Edgeworth lasts longer.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. In these airtight tins the tobacco retains its freshness in any climate. Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.

**EDGEWORTH**  
**SMOKING TOBACCO**

MADE FROM THE  
MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO  
THAT GROWS



Voice on Phone—"John Smith is sick and can't attend class today. He requested me to notify you."

Professor—"All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice—"This is my roommate."

—M.I.T. Voo Doo

Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall.  
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall.  
All the kings horses  
And all the king's men  
Laughed like hell.

—Carolina Buccaneer

If Cleopatra made Mark Anthony the mark he was, if Julius Caesar made Brutus the brute he was, who made Lydia Pinkham the pill she is?

—Buffalo Bison



WHEN IT'S AN...



Powerful 13-Plate Idex

Complete Electrical Service  
Genuine Parts - Delco - Remy  
Auto-Lite - Dyneto - Mallory  
Speedometer and Official Headlight  
Station No. 133

**AUTO ELECTRIC CO.**

101 HAMILTON AVE. PHONE 21821  
Cor. Alma

Baa! Baa! Black sheep! Have you any wool?  
Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Three bags full—  
One for my master, one for my dame,  
And one for all the college students to pull over  
the eyes of 37,473,683 professors.

—Penn. Punch Bowl

Guest: "My word but I am thirsty."  
Hostess: "Wait a moment and I'll get you some  
water."

Guest: "I said thirsty; not dirty."

—Annapolis Log

WHO SAID IT FIRST?

"Come up and see me sometime."—Cleopatra to  
Anthony.

"Be yourself."—Priscilla to John.

"You nasty man."—Caesar to Brutus.

"Step on it."—Walter Raleigh to Elizabeth.

"I hope you choke."—Jonah.

—Cornell Widow

FABLES OF THE FARM

It was past midnight, and the main lobby of the Stanford Union stood dark and deserted as a co-ed and her escort meandered past. Suddenly she stopped and peered inside. The radio was surely still going, for not only could faint music be heard, but also she could see the light cast forth from the illuminated dial. She rattled the doors; they were all locked.

There was nothing to do but tell Mrs. Dice, at the desk in the Union women's residence. Mrs. Dice said she didn't know what to do, but Miss Price, the Union director, probably would. Miss Price, when finally aroused from bed, told them that they would have to phone the firehouse.

So the firehouse was phoned and the difficulty explained. The firemen in turn called the Paly police, who broadcast, via short-wave radio, a call for the night-watchman.

Slumped in a chair in the Union lobby listening to the offending radio, the night watchman sat. The phonograph-record music was rudely interrupted by the police announcement that the night-watchman was wanted at the firehouse. Dragging himself sleepily from the chair, he hiked over there.

"Yeah," the firemen told him, "Some woman rang up and said that there's a radio going in the Union lobby. They want you to go over and shut it off!"

Uncle: You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?

Nephew: Nope! And I bet you didn't either.

—Awgwan

Obadiah—Brown got kicked out of school this morning for cheating on an astronomy exam.

Joshua—What was he doing, copying from the fellow in front of him?

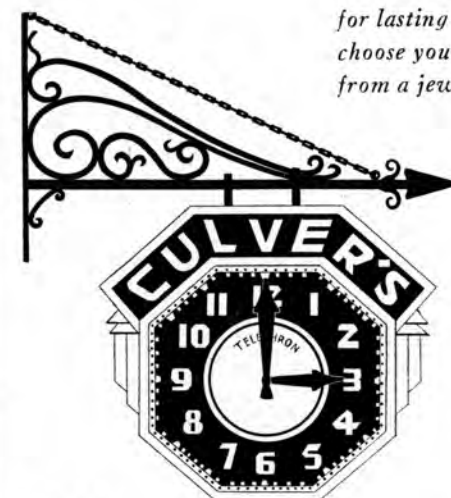
Obadiah—Naw, the professor caught him bumping his head against the wall.

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COLLEGE HUMOR

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P.A. 5331

"I wonder why my girl closes her eyes when I kiss her?"

"Look in the mirror."

—Annapolis Log

Doctor: Who was that lady I saw you with last night?

Student: That was no lady. I'm a Beta.

—Oklahoma Aggievator

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Spend your spare time in the Sunshine!

AND WEAR CLOTHES FROM THE LIVINGSTON PLAYTIME TOGS SHOP  
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SAN FRANCISCO



Bone up  
on your  
Golf in this Two-some!



Corduroy used to be the favorite fabric of painters and poets. But, happily, bankers, brokers and you seekers of Knowledge have seen the ribbed light of Corduroy.

Those of you who combine, with your readings of Aristotle, a yen for golf, will take to this Two-Some outfit like a Co-Ed takes to an open roadster.

It's the golfer's dream. Featuring a Corduroy sports weskit done in deep tones of brown, blue or gray — combined with Corduroy slacks in lightest tones of tan, blue or gray. Developed from Crompton Fairway Corduroy.

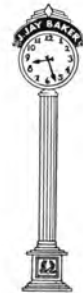
Ask your local retailer to show you this keen get-up. If he hasn't got it yet, give him a sad look and write to us. We'll see that you're taken care of!

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY-INC.  
1071 SIXTH AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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CORDUROYS

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Our repair department is second to none and prices reasonable

**Stanford Watch Shop**

J. JAY BAKER

571 RAMONA

PALO ALTO, CALIF.

## HOT STUFF

Press me closer, all mine own—  
My heart warms for thee alone;  
Each caress my longing fills,  
Every sense responsive thrills;  
'Neath thy touch I live—thy slave,  
Thou my happiness mayst save;  
Thou dost reign upon my breast  
With thine own fierce ardor blest;  
Closer still, for thou art mine;  
My heart burns, for I am thine!  
Thou the music, I the lyre,  
I the servant, thou the master—  
Thou the furnace, I the fire!  
Roaring,

Red hot,

Mustard

Plaster!

—Exchange

Little boy,  
Roller skates,  
Open sewer,  
Golden Gates.

—Washington Dirge

## AN APPEAL

A tale I sing of Arnie Duff  
The lad who hails from Highland Bluff—  
Of how he spends his time at noon  
From early fall till late in June  
Before an old piano which  
For years has never been in pitch!

Now Arnie is a star of sorts  
Who on the keys himself disports,  
His index finger picking tunes  
While through his teeth he weirdly croons;  
He keeps the time in halting beat  
By stamping hard with both his feet.

But every town has heard his kin,  
And listened to one fingered sin,  
Till now we ought to get support  
To take the matter into court,  
Or get the nation 'roused at last  
And have the next amendment passed!  
—Slattery

## PALO ALTO HARDWARE CO.

Hardware  
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and Heaters

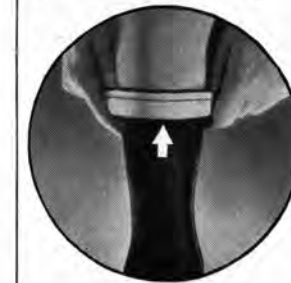
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Sporting Goods,  
etc.

University Ave. at Bryant St.  
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*Lastex tops hold them up*



At last, a sock that stays where it belongs. Phoenix Ev-R-Ups—with Lastex tops of woven-in covered rubber—fit snugly just below the calf. Try them! 50c, 75c, \$1.00 for silk or lisle of finest quality. If your dealer does not carry Ev-R-Ups, write us to learn where to buy them. Phoenix Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

**PHOENIX**  
THE ORIGINAL  
**EV-R-UP** SOCKS



## Fox Stanford and Varsity Theatres

Presenting for your entertainment the Pick of the Pictures from the major producers.

Watch for these coming attractions

Joe E. Brown  
"A VERY HONORABLE GUY"

Wallace Beery in  
"VIVA VILLA"

Joan Crawford in  
"SADIE MCKEE"

Spencer Tracy in  
"BOTTOMS UP"

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead."

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."  
—Lafayette Lyre

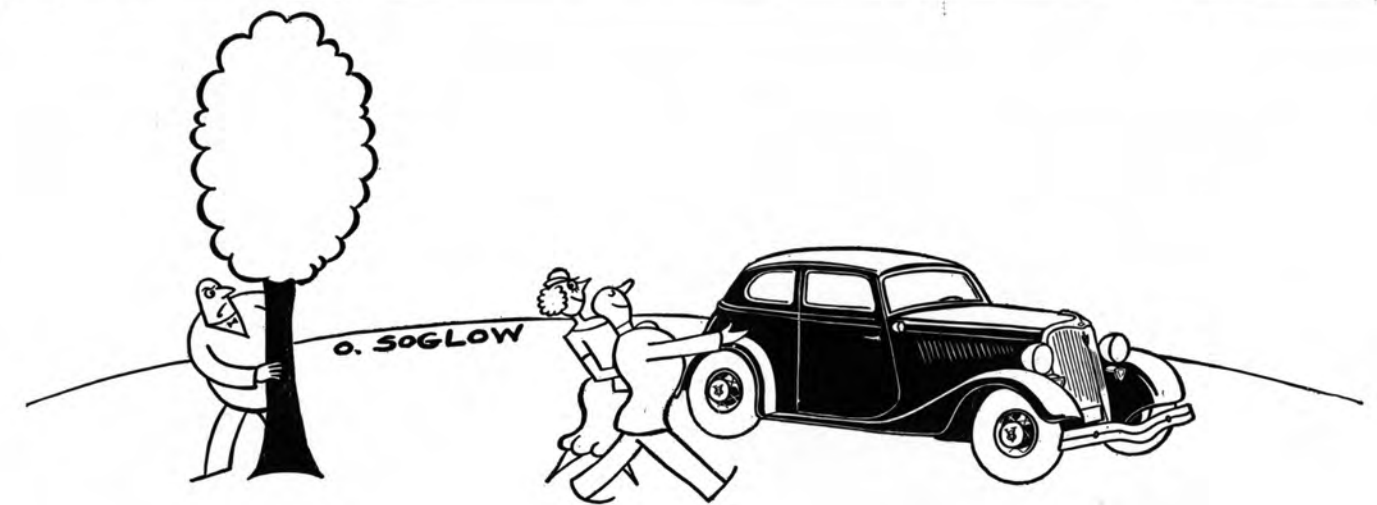
Ben—"Will you please explain to me the difference between shillings and pence?"

Her—"You can walk down the street without shillings."  
—Malteaser

An engineering student walked up to his professor the other day, and handed in a large bundle of assignments. Noticing a sheepish look on the face of the student, the professor asked somewhat suspiciously, "What's all this?"

"These are my Mae West problems," explained the student.

"Mae West?"  
"Yeah, I done 'em wrong."  
—Exchange



These humble quatrains are composed  
To tell a sprightly tale  
Of how a witty junior nosed  
A senior with a frail.

The tale, ye hearties, goes like this:  
It seems two lads were nuts  
About a certain little miss  
Whose name, we'll say, was Lutz.

The junior's Christian name was Tom;  
The senior's name was Bert.  
They both considered for the prom  
The same blond, blue-eyed skirt.

Now Bert had honors, letters; he  
Was quite the well-known lad.  
While two-bucks-ten and faith-in-me  
Were all that Tommy had.

When blond Miss Lutz declined to go  
With Bert, he wondered why.  
That Tommy should get all the show  
Was quite a blackened eye.

He learned the night the prom was thrown  
Why he had lost the date.  
For Tom had made the timely loan  
Of someone's Ford V-8!

## FORD V8's

Win All First 6 Places—Roaring  
250 Mile Stock Car  
Road Race

Oakland Speedway, May 6th  
Time: 78 Miles per hour

Ford V-8 also leads in all sales



# SHAW MOTOR CO., LTD.

Forest and High

Phone PA. 5161

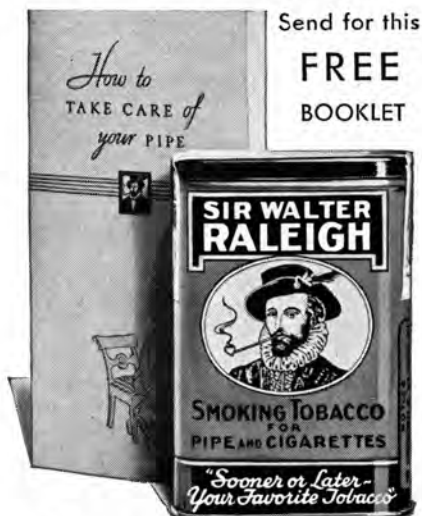
**"SIT WITH THE OTHER EXHAUST PIPE!"**



IT WAS always the rumble seat for Ralph and his powerful pipe. Why will a man try to save on a few pipe cleaners and load up with fummy tobacco?

Life can easily become happier for Ralph. By putting Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept pipe he can ride up front with the driver . . . . and even demonstrate that he can handle the wheel with his left hand. Sir Walter Raleigh is a mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys that burns coolly and slowly. And it has a fragrance that wins smokers . . . and fair companions. Try it. You should.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-45.



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

**NOW THAT MUSIC**

By Fred Coonradt

*King of Jazz*

Paul Whiteman notwithstanding, the real King of Jazz in the United States is that marvelous pianist, author, and band leader, Duke Ellington. His music is the most highly developed pure jazz in the world at the present time. Half of the music he plays is written by himself, most of it is orchestrated by himself and members of the band, and all of it bears the Ellington stamp.

His music is the mad, wild, irresistible rhythm that has always been the feature of negro music, raised to its highest present level. While he was making his tour of Europe at about this time last year the staid and conservative "London Times" made the following comment on his music: "Mr. Duke Ellington is exceptionally and remarkably efficient in his own line. And the excitement caused by the performances of his orchestra is the more disquieting by reason of his complete control and precision. It is not an orgy, but a scientific application of measured and dangerous stimuli."

*The Band*

Probably the most remarkable thing about Ellington's band is that he has never compromised with the public taste for watery popular songs, music with scenic effects, low comedy or flag drills. And he has grossed \$250,000 a year, which is below Vallee and Lombardo but not much. He is the only man in the business who has had any such success giving the public straight jazz.

Ellington hates to set his music down on paper. In his rehearsals he sits at the piano and runs over a theme that he has worked out. He then makes suggestions about how he thinks certain instruments should play. Perhaps, Freddy Jenkins, the screwy trumpet player, has an idea about how to play it. If it is good it is used. Other men make suggestions. So it goes, the whole band experimenting and working. In five hours or so a new number is evolved, orchestrated and memorized.

*Recordings Recommended*

Ray Noble cracks through again with one of the better of the recent pressings, "Who Walks In". It is done in Harlem style which sounds strange for an English band. Up to their old tricks, Victor has put "Play to Me Gypsy" on the other side. It is as good as it sounds, played by Jack Jackson. Phoo! Noble has also made "Spanish Eyes" and "That's What Life Is Made Of". The tango is dull and the other has a vocal that is too much like Eddie Cantor to be good.

We figure that this month's prize for vocal work goes to Ramona for her record of "Beat of My Heart" and "The House Is Haunted".

Isham Jones: "I Hate Myself" and "All Mine—Almost" We seem to say every month that Eyesham hasn't made a bad one yet. It's still true.

Our local favorite, Tom Coakley, has pressed Harry Barris' latest, "I'm Satisfied". Good. Ravazza on the vocal and singing in the lower register where he belongs. Backed by Noble's "The Moment I Saw You". Good.

Eddie Duchin has recorded "When a Woman Loves a Man" and "Easy Come, Easy Go" with a female trio which, strangely enough, is not at all bad. Brunswick.

Bing Crosby, is still turning them out for Brunswick. Recently he has made records of all the music in his latest movie, "We're Not Dressing".

Casa Loma: "The House Is Haunted" and "Champagne Waltz". Glenn Gray in his superlative sweet mood. Also "Infatuation" (a grand tune) and "Love Me". Jack Teagarden has also made a very good record of "Love Me", mostly vocal and trombone.

Johnny Green, author of "Body and Soul", has gone into the business on his own and has recorded "Easy Come, Easy Go", and "Repeat and Blues".

Hal Kemp: "Hold My Hand" and "Six Women".

**CHAPARRAL**

laughs at

The Illustrated Review

**N E W S**

The Stanford Daily

**HIC JACET**

Freedom of the Press  
Individual Enterprise  
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Sanctity of Opinion  
and  
A Sense of Humor

**DIED**

under  
An Avalanche of Stupidity,  
Smugness, and  
Intolerance  
at the hands  
of

The Administration  
and  
The Executive  
Committee

**REQUIESCAT  
IN PACE**









# THE STANFORD DILLY - DALLY

Owned by the Executive Committee; published by the student manager DAILY, except Saturday and Sunday, Registration Day, all Holidays but Founders' Day and a week preceding and during finals.

Described as second-class matter by the Students of Stanford University under an Act of God, January 1, 4004 B. C.

"T. R." (Bub) Litts  
Editor

Louie C. Rotteñheimer  
Business Manager



## EDITORIAL

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Addlestone, Arnold Beverly	San Francisco	LD 30+20	233 Encina
Zipf, Albert F.	San Mateo	Med. gr.	2180 Washington, SF-sf
Zucker, Charles	New York, N. Y.	LD 15+14	105 Encina
Zwieg, Walter Claus	San Francisco	LD 37	223 Encina

## BOARD

## GOSH SAKES!

Well, us fellas on the editorial board had a meeting the other day. Of course, we're kinda on the fence. Not exactly, you see. But, gosh sakes, it's kinda hard to tell just what's right and what's wrong sometimes. The DAILY is for the students everytime. Yessir, everytime. Gosh sakes this is the students' paper ain't it? That's what we always say. 'Course we may be wrong, but then you never know. If any of you students really want to help us out, we'd be glad to hear your opinions. Gosh sakes, The DAILY likes to hear from all the fellas. You bet. Let us know what we're supposed to do. Gosh. We wrote an editorial for the constitution. Then when we read it over, gosh, we didn't know just what to do. It ran, but, gee, next day we sorta thought different, so you can see what a tough spot the DAILY is in, can't you? Write us a campus opinion, maybe. Of course we don't promise to print it. You know, we haven't got space for everything. But if it's less than thirty-three words, we might. Let us know about things, fellas. Hasta Manana.

## WHY, IT'S NEWS!

By CRUMPET WHANGS Jr.

When a hen lays an egg, it's not news. When some egg lays a hen, that is news. Recently, there has been great to-do in certain newspapers about the menace of Japan. To realize that this is obviously absurd, people should read my article of two weeks back.

There the relation of the gold dollar to the controlled dollar is quite plainly, brilliantly explained. Obviously, F. R. prefers action to drifting. As a matter of fact we have very little room to talk, as the Dilly-Dally editor, darn him,

crams our little "colyum" down here in a corner when everybody agrees it ought to be on Pg. 1, Col. 1, like Brisbane's. That China is falling apart is not news—it's merely a tendency. To be really great, a dance-band, like the League of Nations, must have more than hi-de-ho and a genius for taking pains. I saw the whole thing coming months ago. It wasn't news then, of course—and I do know my news value, by God—and it still isn't news. But, it makes a column.

## GRUT SESSION

### TEST-TUBE BABIES

Science has reached its apex—we await the decision of humanity. An eastern doctor has succeeded in producing "Eugenic Babies" and civilization must accept her discovery or remain narrow and stagnant.

Booing at basketball games only reveals our evolutionary origins. Man descended from the Gorilla—although such monstrosities as the Scopes trial would seek to prove otherwise. And still the Japanese progress astounds the material world and "civilized" America trembles. We must face the actual facts—we are at the crossroads—will we accept another labor-saving discovery and have "Eugenic Babies"—or will we forever be a slave to the wash-board? Which way, "Civilization?"

## THE REVOLTER

### LITTLE REDWING

Foxus Nickleodeon

Little Redwing gives you everything—all of Hollywood's mammoth resources were brought together for this colossal epic. Tarzan and his Mate, the battle between elephant and tiger, smart drawing-room comedy, back-stage drama, vivid undersea photography, a million laughs—seldom have we ever seen such an absolutely callipygous spectacle. The scene in front of the tepee with the buckaroo on his knees will keep you awake at night—then when you go to sleep—oh boy!

Magnificent pornography, sensational dialogue, outstanding sex—all, ALL, in Little Redwing. You'll laugh! You'll cry! You'll gasp! You'll leave half-way through. —E. C.

## FOXUS NICKELODEON

Tonight, Tomorrow Night and Every Night!

A PULSING DRAMA of HUMAN EMOTIONS at FEVER HEAT!

Gripping, Panting, Throbbing!  
Tears the Heartstrings!

LITTLE REDWING  
Has Everything!

AN EPIC of HOLLYWOOD

Tarzan and His Mate!  
Smart Boudoir Comedy!  
Backstage Melodrama!  
They Lend Their Wives!

YOU'LL LAUGH!! YOU'LL CRY!  
YOU'LL GASP!!! YOU'LL RETCH!

## SIDELINE DANCE

### WOMEN STRIVE FOR NEW FORM

To arouse interest in the W. W. P. Decathlon championships to be held at Swills College in June, Dr. Rymat has put up a brass beer mug for the woman showing the greatest all-round development by the time of the meet. Competition will be held for points in the "Walk-home," strangle hold, face-slap, and "Goodnite." There have been many entries and those who can are doing roadwork and secret night practice.

### INTRAMURAL GAMES

The intramural Sorority-Hall game of brickbats which is now taking place has aroused considerable interest. The Hall gals, led by "Pekinese" Wildeband, are making a strong fight and the Tong sisters seem to find her Fast ones hard to handle. "Peky" has a lead at present for Anchor position on the all-star team.

Another contestant for honors is Hellan Pray, substitute Theta queen, who is trying hard to handle the hot numbers coming her way. We are glad to see all the girls joining the game in a spirit of true friendly sportsmanship. J. Millpod has been declared ineligible—she can't play for both sides.

New York City is located in New York State and is very large.

Dr. Wilbur would blush at the California Pelican.

## ROTH

the new theater to the campus. The Dilly-Dally points with pride to a mark of definite progress.

The need was first pointed out and a movement started several years ago by the Stanford Chaparral, but with no success outside of a paltry \$4,000 raised. The mighty Dilly-Dally recently stepped in to show what can be done and, while no money has been raised, the paper deserves much credit because "we are certain to have a new theater immediately, although it may be a long time, if at all."

## DR. FINK

He is author of several well-known text-books, used in his classes, among which are "Why?" and "I don't know."

"I am very pleased to be able to do my bit," said the eminent savant last night.

"And," he added, "revealing his sense of humor, 'I hope I don't talk too long.'"

Dr. Fink will speak tonight at 7:45 and there is a good program over Station KVB.

The Wilbur radio is reported to have been ordered disconnected. Furthermore, the Wilburs will spend the evening with the Hoovers, since the latter have no radio.

### ROYAL BRAWL

BERLIN (EP).—George V of England was shot to death today by one Wm. Thompson of U. S. Mr. Thompson was then stabbed by Adolph Hitler, an Austrian. Plot of Soviet Russia is feared and people are aroused over Mussolini's threatened intervention.

### JAP MENACES

FRISCO, Cal. (HP)—Trouble with Japan was forecast today when the Nippon government declared war on the U. S. and landed troops in Los Angeles, after bombarding the city. "We hope this may be settled quietly," stated Mayor Porter of L. A.

USE DILLY-DALLY WANT ADS

## SHOT



Andrew J. McSlotnick, Furdue man-mountain, about to heave the shot. "Grab it like a bowling ball," he says.

President Wilbur wears green pajamas and sleeps on his left side.

USE DILLY-DALLY WANT ADS

PALO ALTO MERCHANTS

ALL AGREE

There's Nothing Like Dilly-Dally Advertising . . .

Absolutely Nothing!

AND THEY OUGHT TO KNOW (Poor Devils!)

DILLY-DALLY Want Ads GET RESULTS!

Adolph K. Blotz ran this ad one day:

LOST:  
The Middle Ages, or  
How Do You Cure Falling Hair?

THREE WEEKS LATER

Blotz got a postcard from the Library informing him this book was overdue three weeks.

BADMAN TRAPPED WOOFF, Wo. (zp).—A man giving the name of John Dillinger was arrested here today for failure to stop at an arterial. Police say they will prosecute.

Chapparral is a clean humor magazine, although many college magazines are not.

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Stanford Indians Pow-wow at Homecoming

In the Spring the old Grad's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Spring. Dear old Spring.

## “Back to the Farm”

Those dear old Stanford traditions are still revered by the students (or anyway by some of them). Not a thing



“Tender vistas, ever new, through the arches meet the eyes . . .”

is changed from the days of '91 (of course, there are a few more women and such, and you can't flunk out any more, and the old-time Rough is dead and buried, but those are minor points).

They do say the University is going to hell, but after all—dear old alumni, dear old Quad; dear old Wilbur, dear old God.



Mosquito Court, new dormitory for women, fast nearing completion as carpenters tap-tap away.

JUST in time for all those dear old alumni who are soon to return for graduation to the dear old Farm, a real Stanford spring has come again to the campus. Dear old spring.

Life on the dear old campus goes on so dreamily, nothing ever happens. Outside, in the big, big world, just all sorts of things happen, but the campus is an idyllic refuge.

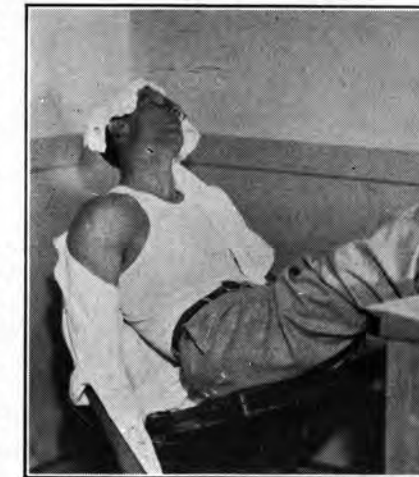
Although there has been some talk recently of a kidnaping, the poppies are still lifting their dainty heads along Governor's Lane. There do seem to be a lot of federal men and San Jose sheriffs around lately, but the dear old palm trees still bend and sway as though at a Masque Ball. Dear old Masque Ball—such happy faces, such innocent fun.

“The Boy Coach” gives you all the latest Malarkey about the “Cinder Path” as he calls it, tee hee.

## “Dink” talks on “Track”

WELL, for the gosh sakes, I guess it's about time to do a little of the old malarkey about the track team. It's a great gang, and I think we're going to win, but of course, it's hard to say, and we'll probably lose.

I remember, (boy, how I can remember—all sorts of things, most of which couldn't be printed in this lousy sheet), one great day back in God knows when. It was the annual “Big Meet” with “California.” It looked hopeless for our side; everybody but my brother Ricky-Ticki-Tavy had left the stadium. But one event was still undecided, the broad-jump. We had to have third place. I was kind of “excited,” you might say. Now the “Cal” man was leading with a leap of 22 “feet.”



“The Boy Coach”

I had never jump more than 15 same in all my born days, but the old “Cardinal” spirit was urging me on, that sunny afternoon. I pushed the officials out of the way, ran like all hell down the take-off, “gathered,” and shot into the “air,” my legs working like pistons night and day. When the cloud settled I found that I had jumped 22.6. I had won first place, but unfortunately Stanford lost the meet 81-51. Those were great days.

Yes, as I often tell Brick “Morse,” those were sure great days. Old Brick sure keeps me “busy,” thinking up quick get-backs to his sayings, some of which I must admit are quite “comical.”

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GIRLS!  
GIRLS!**

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“Way back in the hills”  
“NOTHING CHEAP ABOUT THIS JOINT”

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Absolute quiet for your boy  
We have the best in blackjacks, straightjackets and salt peter.  
Let him spend his vacation at  
**RANDOM**

**USE DILLY-DALLY WANT ADS**



# THE FEW



**GOOGLE-GOO!**  
Cooing Convalescent Home Tot Gets  
Masque Ball Cut

## THE FEW

PUBLISHED BY - R. B. (DICK) SOUSE

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Boss Mellowcough  
Bromide Spith  
Marion Pffffffberger  
A. Doll  
Truman Bobletts  
R. B. (Dick) Souse

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TIME

# OURSELVES

## Cream of the Crop

Far-sighted, clear-thinking, liberal-minded, sophisticated, cultured, intellectual groups of Republican-conscious Stanford saw need for great liberal magazine. Result: the FEW.

Alert, news conscious, keyhole conscious, subconscious, begrunted R. B. (Dick) Souse gathered about him Stanford's prize journalists, the men who knew what was really happening on the campus (such as: who won the king contest, who the president of the university is and other things the DAILY never knows).

The editors are the cream of the crop. Clever, witty, nose-y, unscrupulous they show the campus to itself in an amusing manner. An intellectual group; they represent all that is fine, liberal, and Steffens conscious. Ah! Liberal intellectuals, and intellectual liberals!

## Still Missing

While Slewfoot Robinowitz, acting prexy, Rally Committee, General Grant and party, Philo Vance and conscientious students continued in their frantic attempt to locate the perpetrators of the "Harris hoax," abductors were still absent. Reason: they fear publicity.

With excitement at fever pitch, the administration sent a hurry call to famed sleuth Gen. U. S. Grant. The Gen. fumed, frowned, fretted, organized a search party, combed hills. Armed with lanterns, axes, pitchforks, submachine guns and a good five cent cigar, the General searched to the bottom of Frenchman's cave. Said the General late yesterday: "I will keep it up on this line if it takes all summer. After all the University is paying me by the hour, aint it?"

Despite General's efforts, hoaxers are still missing.

Also missing:

One black and white fountain pen. Call 5522.

One cute little black sheep. Reward. Phone 4909.

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your ol' Duck, Sir  
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## MUSHMOUTH

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Lady's overnight bag with woman's underwear and my fraternity pin. Return to P. G., 552 Lasuen.

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# YOUSE

## Pre-Caucus Caucus Collapses

Politically-minded campus bosses thought to maneuver caucus nominations for student-body offices. Non-politically-minded campus thought otherwise. Result: flop of clever attempt at a coup d'etat.

Seeking to railroad Joe Whistletooter into secretaryship of class of '37, three men—Pete Bottomsup, Flip Phlop, and Joe Whistletooter—held a conclave in Museum's Room 213. Result: A plan to ask all their friends to vote for Joe for office.

Messrs. Bottomsup, Phlop, and Whistletooter proceeded to enlist classmates in support of their candidate, promising Beer and lucrative committee appointments.

In regular caucus, Candidate Whistletooter failed to receive nomination. Reason: No one could re-

## Buzz, Buzz

Sharp-beagled, buzzing, biting mosquitoes are breeding in Lake Lagunita. Four persons (1 student, 1 alumnus, 1 administrator and 1 faculty member) took it upon themselves to report the matter to the Dean of Women. Expected result: Cil on troubled waters to prevent sharp-beagled, buzzing, biting mosquitoes from breeding in Lake Lagunita.

## Girls Will Be Girls

Loyal, sisterly, intellectual, moral, and social Violet Ray, rallying to the defense of tong-life, will oppose communal, questioning, one-of-the-girls Firebrand in another Borem meeting tonite.

Specific question: Must sororities go?

Specific answer: What?

Specific comment: Hell.

Meanwhile life goes on, and broad-minded, Republican, I-couldn't-get-what-I-wanted-so-I-wouldn't-take-nuttin, and just plain depressing dormitory gals await, anxiously, jitteringly, for Lagunita Court to open next year.

Say they: "We have such fun at college."



## CINDERELLA GIRL

Who'll Buy Her Violets?

member his name. Joe Smith was nominated.



S T A N F O R D  
**CHAPARRAL**

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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Thomas H. Odell, '34 <i>Circulation Manager</i>	
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Ned Hilton	
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EDMUND BODRUGH '04  
LINA MALMQUIST '29

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

**NOW THAT** preceding few pages should make clear how the Old Cuckoo feels about his contemporary publications. All in a spirit of good fun, Chappie enjoys taking a few pot shots at his fellow journals. No doubt he has a patch or two on the seat of his own trousers that are good for a laugh. If his bombardments have hurt anyone's feelings, they have missed their mark. As someone once remarked with a telling wisdom: "Good jests should bite like lambs, not wound like dogs." As will be noted, Chappie took a crack at all other publications on the campus, except the *Stanford Quad*. And on purpose. He considered the *Quad* such an important humorous dish, he has reserved the entire next issue for a burlesque of that ancient and honorable tome. This year will mark the revival of the *Stanford Quid* after an absence of one year.

Eighteen pounds of leather-bound yearbook is a nice thing to own, but it costs the tidy sum of several shiny new dollars. For fifteen cents you can obtain the same material (and twice as funny) in the *Quid*. Chappie promises a droll takeoff of the dignified old lady of the press circle and consequently a whole bag full of new laughs in his next issue. Keep the home fires burning with the *Stanford Daily* until The Old Cuckoo can deliver you your *Stanford Quid*.

**NOW THAT** cartoon up front would seem to indicate that the newspapers present a distorted picture of Stanford. Often they do. But is it entirely their fault? If Stanford's administration were not so smugly aloof, would not the press be able to get its information from more accurate sources. If Stanford's "negative attitude" were modified, would not the relations with the newspapers be a little smoother? In short, if Dr. Wilbur and other administrative officials were willing to "play ball" with the press, would not the newspapers return fair play possibly more than they do.

The case of David Lamson, soon to come again before the public, is appropriately to the point. Utterly aside from the question of his guilt or innocence, the conviction of David Lamson was partially due, in the opinion of the Old Boy, to the fact that papers "laid for him" because he was a symbol of Stanford,—the high-brow, scandal-abhorring, lily-white, non-cooperating university. Lamson, the man, alone would hardly have attracted all the publicity he did. But as a person affiliated with the university, he represented the silk tophat that automatically attracts snowballs. "Well, fellas, here's our chance; let's lay it on." That seems to have been the attitude. Lamson as Stanford did not draw only the shafts of the press. The Old Gentleman feels that perhaps some of the members on that San Jose jury had personal reasons for "taking a whack" at this smug university.

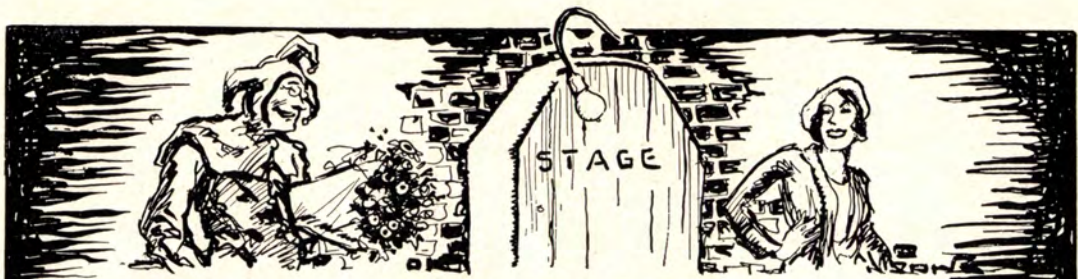
Stanford hates to face the ugly facts. The simple fact that 3500 young "intellectuals" are assembled here does not mean an automatic moral Utopia. Stanford is as liable to have its murders, scandals and waywardness as any small town of a similar population. But the Administration in its attitude toward unfavorable publicity seems reluctant to admit this.

When Stanford captures a peace prize, the University wants headlines. When Stanford defeats U.S.C., it glories in front page limelight. When an alumnus becomes president, it bursts with pride. But when somebody trips or gets off the path of righteousness, the University runs for cover, slamming the door in the faces of naturally curious reporters and the public. No wonder the press takes a fiendish glee in "getting the goods" on Stanford. You can't have your cake without eating your spinach.

**NOW THAT** Publications Council recently took another kick in the teeth from a sophomore Executive Committee. That venerable group of immature young sages decided unanimously to reverse a recommendation of the Council in regard to an additional publication on the campus. The nature of the recommendation is beside the point, except to say that the Executive Committee's action revealed the typical befuddled ignorance one expects to find among the uninformed. The Executive Committee's battlecry is "Centralization of Power!" The Executive Committee's weakness is "too much power for the calibre of brains present on the committee." Confidentially, Chappie believes that if brains were gasoline, some of the members couldn't back out of a garage.

**DON'T MISS "THE QUID!"**  
**NEXT MONTH**





# NOW THAT SHOW -

## GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

IF comparisons are odious they are also sometimes pretty obvious. Chappie couldn't avoid making one the other day when he reflected on a couple of productions he'd seen in the Eastbay while in his constant quest of the Good and the Beautiful in the Theater. (See review of *Little Men* in last issue).

Well, the University of California, once 'way 'way down in dramatics when Stanford was 'way up is rapidly rising while . . . but why go on? You know the answer. Anyhow, State U's Treble Clef Society, which put on a horrible performance of Victor Herbert's *Serenade* a few years back, has just finished doing the best job of *The Mikado* Chappie's ever seen, including the professional. It had more color, more sparkle, more clarity of diction, and more real joy than any Gilbert and Sullivan production we've seen since the English D'Oyley Carte company (guardians of the sacred flame) toured the country several seasons ago. Compared to the sickening travesty on a Gilbert and Sullivan production perpetrated recently by the Palo Alto "Light" Opera Company in doing this same *Mikado*, the Treble Clef performance was as perfume to ambergris, except that the local lump hadn't even the makings of a sweet smell. Whew!

Treble Clef played in the huge indoor bowl of Oakland's Scottish Rite Temple before packed houses two nights—probably 5000 paid admissions. Dramatic Council please copy. A splendid performance matched the splendid setting. Treble Clef actually put a combined student chorus of 150 on the huge stage and did it gracefully. The leads were not uniformly excellent, but the spirit of each performance combined to carry

## ALMAMANIA PREVIEW

THE *Old Boy*, curious as to what all the shouting was about, has looked in on early rehearsals of the burletta, *ALMAMANIA*, which got nasty frowns from Uncle Administration when originally projected as a semi-student, off-campus show. *AlmaMania*—is the work of two Hammer and Coffin men, Barney Gould and Fritz Goodwin, the former 30-31 editor of this venerable book, the latter Daily editor last spring.

*The Ancient Cuckoo* wants it known that the two *Local Boys* Have Made Good. It's a Wow! The plot, a joint concoction, uses all the ammunition at hand with telling, but tuneless effect. But the "questionable elements" are lacking. They simply ain't there, unless you want to consider healthy slapstick satire "questionable". The burletta's music is excellent; Gould's lyrics are perhaps the show's best individual feature. The cast looks expert.

All the *Old Boy* can say (prejudiced as he is in favor of *Individual Enterprise*, especially when an Ex Hammer-Swinger is fighting the good fight) is that he's going to be there at the Fox Stanford May 30, with his Hammer on one hand (in case he's been too hopeful) and his staff on the other.

How's for a gross of *Annie Oakleys*, gents?

all on a wave of enthusiasm.

Two more comparisons will serve to point a moral and adorn a tale. Berkeley's Light Opera Association just gave *Iolanthe*. Their chorus members were just as elderly and their settings just as

(Continued on Page 23, Col. 1)

## AH, WILDERNESS

IF you enjoy the antics and mannerisms of Will Rogers, go to the Curran Theatre, sit in your seat, keep your eye on the man, and forget the play. O'Neill was more at home in "Strange Interlude" and "Beyond the Horizon".

Henry Duffy's production of O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness" unmistakably drags. It almost stops. In reading the play one gains an impression of a quietly amusing comedy, but on the stage and as spoken by Director Russell Fillmore's cast, the lines are decidedly slow. The story is concerned with the meanderings, mental and physical, of an adolescent boy living in a small Connecticut town. The boy is at the self-conscious intellectual stage—present interests: Socialism and real love. It must be admitted that O'Neill has displayed a splendid memory for the phases of that uncomfortable age. O'Neill's lines, covering the reactions of the boy's family to his adolescent babblings, were true to life, very true. But they were not scintillating, nor powerful, or strong, or—anything. Just true.

This "Comedy of Recollection" centers its comic interest in Nat Miller (Will Rogers). Rogers is amusing, and he can carry the show—for a certain amount of time. Two or three minutes of clapping followed his initial entrance. In the first scene he managed to pull laughs out of lines that hardly suggested humor. His diffident and awkward manner was fetching.

Then it wore off. The audience began to notice the lines and not the mannerisms. In the dining-room set (Scene II),

(Continued on Page 23, Col. 2)



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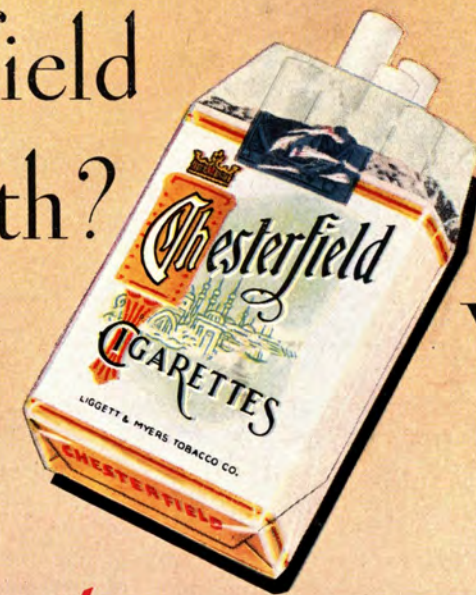
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Yes, thank you  
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THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS . . .

Freshman

Instead of sleeping every night,  
I study 'cause I'm not so bright.  
Worn to a shadow I may be,  
But let me pass this chemistry.

Sophomore

Now I lay me down to sleep  
With lots of textbooks at my feet.  
When I awoken in the morn,  
Please let some knowledge have been born.

Junior

Late at night when I retire,  
Keep off pro is my desire.  
Though I never cracked a book,  
Let me pass by hook or crook.

Senior

As I lull myself to sleep,  
When commencement comes about  
I count sheepskins but not sheep.  
Let me not be left without.

—N.Y.U. Medley

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Prison Visitor—"And what's your name, my good man?"  
Prisoner—"9742".  
Visitor—"Is that your real name?"  
Prisoner—"Naw, dat's just me pen name."  
—Exchange

I hear that girl's an artist's model.  
Oh, I didn't nude that.  
—Carolina Buccaneer

SHORT SHORT MORAL

Father: "Now, son, start saving your pennies and put them in this yellow box and when you get five pennies give them to me and I'll give you a nickel and you can put that in this blue box; then when you get five nickels, give them to me and I'll give you a quarter and you can put it in this red box."  
Seventeen years later the boy discovered the red box was the gas meter.  
—Drexlerd.

## NOW THAT SHOW

(Continued from Page 20, Col. 1)  
punk as Palo Alto's. But it took only a scene or two to make you forget that the fairies of this *Iolanthe* production were mostly respectable housewives—some over 40, we'll wager. Again it was the spirit of the performance which mattered. What is more they had the wit not to attempt a production till they had a few good leads. Bern deRochie was the best imaginable Lord Chancellor and he did to a turn that famous dream song which is a nightmare to memorize. Elizabeth Best was a stunning Queen of the Fairies with a deep contralto unusual in one so attractive. We're accustomed to Yum-Yum voices in Katisha frames.

And, oh yes, there was the recent Mask and Dagger show at California, comparable to the Ram's Head *Gaieties*, but badly burdened with a pointless title for a no-plot show: *No Mother to Guide Her or Through Darkest Africa With Gun and Camera*. State's original shows were once notoriously weak, when Junior Operas and *Gaieties* were strong. This Berkeley revue was far from weak and often had a sharpness of wit reminiscent of gayer days at Stanford when students ran the shows, and not into the ground, either.

Where was that adorning Moral? Oh yes. Something about reviving the clamor for a good comic opera production at Stanford, especially with all the new talent available with not enough shows to use it. And the Point? Oh, just something about the Pendulum's swinging down . . . . . and up again?

(Continued from Page 20, Col. 2)  
it became apparent that the cast was not working together. Lines became flat; cues were obviously anticipated. The actors became self-conscious—in unfortunate realization that a famous and self-possessed comedian was on the stage.

Ralph Remley, as Sid Davis, seemed to come nearest to co-operating with Rogers. Playing the drunkard, a part we've seen him do a dozen times in stock, Remley lurched with convincing ease.

Richard, the adolescent, is played by William Janney. Young and boyish, Janney displayed a feeling for the part and a good voice, but overacted a trifle in spots.

Rogers gave an excellent curtain talk.

TAKE A CHANCE

TAKE A CHANCE on Olsen and Johnson anytime! And in the SchurdeSylva show at the Columbia, they're a riot. The Old Boy pinched his fingers slipping these live lines into the press at deadline. He's got only room to say you'll enjoy the Dan'l Boone nonsense, and the N. Y. hit satirizing "Eadie Was a Lady" is not so bad either.

If you thought as we did, that "You're An Old Smoothie" was a kinda daisy song, you ought to hear Chic Johnson do it with Lil Miles, who also does "Eadie."

*Take A Chance* has a plot which doesn't matter. It has Chic and Ole who do.

BIOGRAPHY (S. M. Behrmen)  
A THOROUGHLY satisfying evening in the theater.

The chief reason was Alice Brady (in person—not a motion picture). We have all become so dunked in the sweet chocolate of Hollywood acting that the slightly more bitter brand dispensed by the Real people of the Theater is often foreign to our taste. Our palate is no longer accustomed to subtlety. In spite of enthusiastic applause we had a feeling that a good many Columbia patrons expected a sort of pseudo—May Boland characterization from Miss Brady, complete with lap-dog and giggles. Instead they got a straight, albeit very amusing and true, portrait of one Marion Froude, very free-lance artist who threw consternation into a few old flames by being tempted to write her Autobiography.

Huntly Gordon as the Congressman who left his young ideals behind, was excellent. Of ideals the young magazine editor (Hardie Albright) had plenty to spare. Here again Legit and Movie standards clash, for those who saw Albright as the weak swain in *Three-Cornered Moon* would never suspect the depth he displayed in *Biography*.

A thoroughly satisfying evening in the theater—as satisfying as a light meal and a sparkling wine.

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**CHAPARRAL**  
OCTOBER



Cover, Chaparral, October, 1931

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**LIFE SAVERS:** "Stepping out?"

**HIGH HAT:** "My good fellow, we're calling on the future Missus."

**LIFE SAVERS:** "Better take me along."

**HIGH HAT:** "And what will you do?"

**LIFE SAVERS:** "Take your breath away, ol' top."

FOR A NEW THRILL . . . SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS

Contributions will be judged by the editors of this publication and the right to publish any jokes is reserved. All Editors' decisions are final.

How about that wisecrack you like to pull! Win a sweet prize with it.

The winner last month: a Mr. Conlin. His gag: He wants a picture drawn of a man tattooed with rabbits on his chest. The caption: Hares on the chest. Haw.

**CALL OF THE WILD**

Oh, me I was never a girl-scoutish lass,  
Thinking that nature was dandy—  
And never was I one who sat on the grass  
When there was a davenport handy.

The cool sparkling thrill of a mountainish stream  
Was all very well in in its way.  
But nothing to me like the goldenish gleam  
Of a glass that could get me that gay.

Not music to me was the call of the bird  
Or the sigh of the wind in the trees.  
But just let a hot tune, a mean tune be heard—  
My ears would rise up and yell, "Please!"

But now that it's spring I sit here in the lab,  
Fumbling with test-tubes and beakers—  
And long to belong to the girls who can grab  
Up their lunch, and their stick, and their sneakers.

I long to stride out like an old pioneer  
And answer the call of the gypsy.  
And tho you may fear I'm a bit out of gear  
I am sure that I'm not a bit tipsy.

I look thru the window at trees and at sky  
—They beckon, beseech and implore—  
That nature was grand I could never see why  
Til spring labs from one until four.

—Ritchie

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
To disrobe for a swim she was stealing;  
Says the owl in the tree,  
"How'd you like to be me,  
When the belles of the village are peeling?"

Molly came home from her first visit to Sunday school carrying a small bag of chocolates.

"Why, Molly, where did you get the chocolates?" asked her mother.

Molly looked up in surprise.

"I bought them with the nickel you gave me," she said, "the minister met me at the door and got me in for nothing."

—California Pelican

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A  
KEY  
JUGGLER?



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## Watch out for the signs of jangled nerves

You've noticed other people's nervous habits—and wondered probably why such people didn't learn to control themselves.

But have you ever stopped to think that *you*, too, may have habits that are just as irritating to other people as those of the key juggler or coin jingler are to you?

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...THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES