

Apr. 1935

CHAPARRAL

15¢

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MENDELWITZ

OLD TIMERS NUMBER

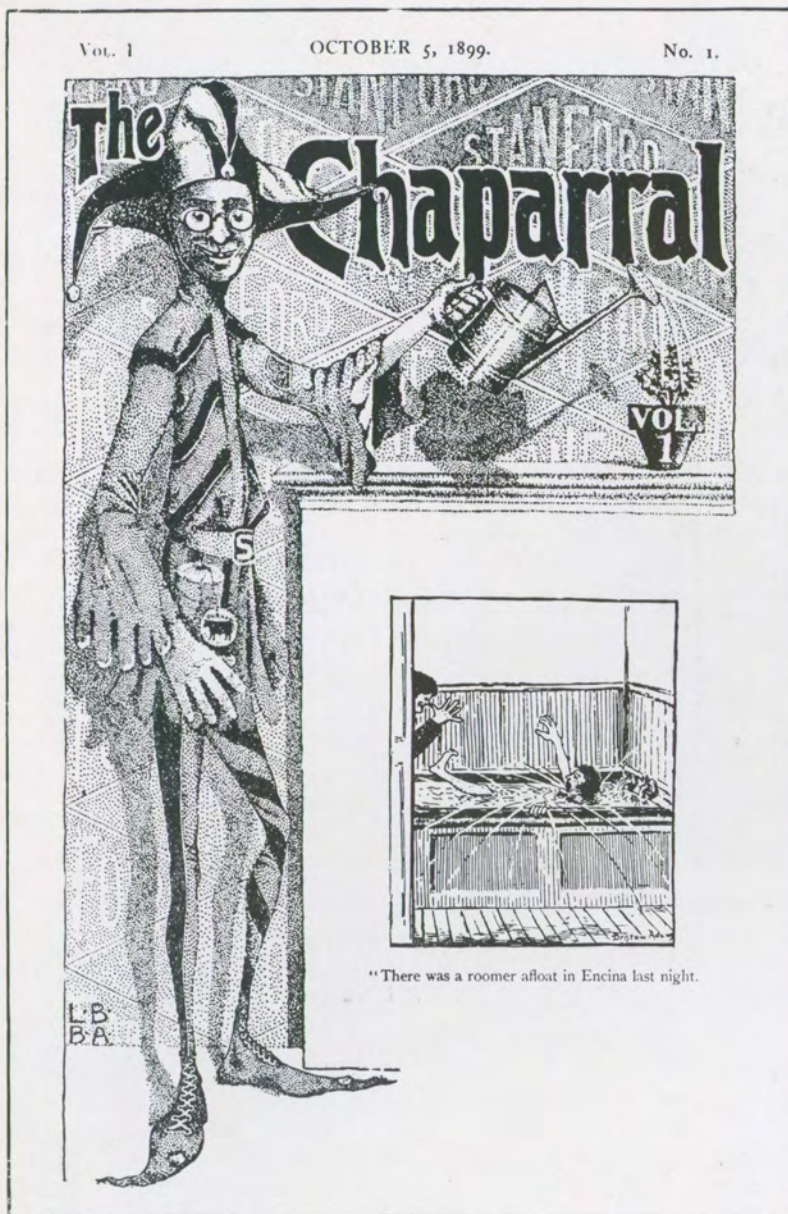


Announcing

. . . the adoption of the above as the official ring of Stanford University. This ring is designed with the Memorial Church showing through an arch deeply etched on one side and the University seal on the other. The class numeral and degree appear on either side and it is set with a square cut ruby spinel.

We are pleased to show the ring at any time

THE STANFORD BOOKSTORE



"There was a roomer afloat in Encina last night."

HAMMER AND COFFIN OLD-TIMERS

Art	Literary
Dorman H. Smith (honorary)	Wallace Irwin, '00
Dan Mendelowitz, '26	Herbert Walter, '00
Frank Clough, '28	Milt Hagen, '20
Link Malmquist, '30	Art Harzfeld, '21
Berk Anthony, '32	Bill Robinson, '31
Rollin Pickford, '33	Burnell Gould, '31
Ollie Johnston, '35	Bob Letts, '34
	Don Douglass, '34

NOW THAT was the cover of Chappie's first—a ten-page book. There have been many Chaparrals, Old Boys, and changes during the years from 1899 to 1935. The size has changed, the typography has changed—certainly the art and style of humor is different. The face and appearance of the magazine has changed as radically as the University itself. Many "Old-Timers" resent the changing spirit of the school, but all take pride in the knowledge that the spirit of the Chaparral is—and always will be—the same as it was in the days of Larrey Bowman, Bristow Adams, Chris Bradley, and Herb Walter. An editorial in that first issue clearly proposed that spirit: "Chappie" . . . wants to be the exponent of college fun—Stanford fun—which is always pure fun without questionableness and without malice." Volume 36 has the same purpose, and the belief that the spirit of real humor never changes.

The year 1906 saw the founding of the Hammer & Coffin Society and their establishment as publishers of the Chaparral. The spirit of that grand society is the spirit of the magazine—and of this issue particularly. The present OLD BOY feels as a child among youths as he offers this "Old-Timers" Number as proof of the contention that the wits of the Chappies never grow old or dull. Grand fellows, all—these Hammer & Coffin men. The young OLD BOY is proud of them and only regrets that he is unable to give more of them the opportunity to display their talents. To all the Hammer & Coffin-ers—Old-Timers and Present-Timers—the OLD GENTLEMAN joins you in filling up the bumpers and singing:

"Oh, we're the Chaparral bunch,
We're every damn man on the boat."



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Jan. 18-19 "HERE IS MY HEART"

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Katherine Hepburn in
Jan. 20-21-22 "LITTLE MINISTER"
also "LA CUCARACHA"

Wed.-Thurs. "HELLDORADO" and
Jan. 23-24 "ENTER MADAM"

Fri.-Sat. "HAPPINESS AHEAD" and
Jan. 25-26 "SECRET OF THE
CHATEAU"

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Joan Crawford, Clark Gable,
Jan. 27-28-29 Bob Montgomery in
"FORSAKING ALL
OTHERS"

Fashion magazines remind us
Ladies' pockets are the bunk,
So that dates and dances find us
Loaded down with all their junk.
—Navy Log

The children always know when there is company down-
stairs—they hear mother laughing at father's jokes.
—Exchange

"Did you make the debating team?"
"N-n-no. They s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-t-tall enough."
—Widow

"What's the book?"
"One Thousand Things for Boys to Make."
"Ah, the Bryn Mawr directory."
—Owl

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Judge (to prisoner)—Say, when were you born? (No reply.)
"I say, when was your birthday?"
Prisoner (sullenly)—Wot do you care? You ain't gonner
give me nothin'.
—Drexer

Fashion Note (Paris)—There will be little change in men's
pockets this year.
—Yale Record

INTERVIEW OF A STUDENT TRAVELER

"I sure got a thrill when I flew over the Alps."
"How were the women in Paris?"
"Heidelberg was most impressive."
"How were the women in Paris?"
"The money flows fast at Monte Carlo."
"How were the women in Paris?"
"Isn't the Rock of Gibraltar impressive?"
"How were the women in Paris?"
"Yes."

Manager—I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs.
Electrician—Yeah. It was one of those quick-change scenes
with the stage all dark. She asked for her tights and I thought
she said lights.

A—Bill calls his girl Spearmint.
B—Why, because she's Wrigley?
A—No, because she's after meals.



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"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?"
"Why, boat-building."

—Harvard Lampoon

Professor—And are you sure that this story is original?

Student—Certainly it is.

Professor—Great heavens! To think that I would ever live to see the day when I would meet Rudyard Kipling.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

If it's funny enough to tell, it's been told; if it hasn't been told, it's too clean; and if it's dirty enough to interest a frosh, the editor gets kicked out of school.

—Kitty Kat

First Fraternity Man—Say, Jim, I wonder if I could borrow that blue necktie of yours?

Second Loafer—What's the matter? Couldn't you find it?
—Ski-U-Mah

"Is he crooked?"

"Is he! Say, that guy can't even take his whiskey straight."
—Texas Ranger

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Ask for Dolly Burke or Mary Wright on the Third or Fourth Floors

It wasn't my fault. I wouldn't have taken the date, but Harry's girl liked her and wanted to see her get around. I didn't have any excuse and they bought my ticket to the Frolic.

When she came down the stairs I shuddered. I grabbed Harry. She was dressed in lavender or something, her slip showed decidedly, her dress was low in the back, and I could see her skinny, bare shoulder blades. Her hair was corn color, and she wore horn-rimmed glasses.

She liked me, of course, and made passionate love all the way down. When we danced, I held her away as much as possible but I couldn't prevent her knees from knocking mine.

On the way home she said she liked my car better than hers. I asked her what kind of a car she had and she said it was a Packard. I wondered what business her father was in and she said he was president of a big bank in Omaha. In June we were married.

—Awwgan

"Sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"All applicants must submit sealed bids on or before the tenth of next month."

—Sundial

Customer—Bring me a beer mug.

Waiter—Okay, guy, but don't get tough about it!

—Ohioan

ANNOUNCING

The expansion of your favorite rendezvous. We have leased the building which was formerly the "College Inn." We will remodel it and will be prepared to serve meals and short orders to our many friends. Here you may dance and dine in the Canfield atmosphere. Watch for the opening date in February. Our present site will be reserved for college students and their friends.


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552 Emerson

As we see it, the main difference between a Freshman and a Senior is that the former hates to leave his family behind him, and the latter is worried about taking his home.

—Burr

Elderly Gentleman (bewildered at an elaborate wedding) —
Are you the bridegroom, young man?
Young Man—No, sir, I am not. I was eliminated in the semifinals.

—N.Y.U. Medley

"What would happen if a night-club dancer were discovered hiding out in the men's dormitory of your college? In this hilarious comedy, the Princeton boys are caught holding the bag."

—Collegiate Digest

Husband—I should think you'd be ashamed to show your face in that costume.

Wife—Don't worry, darling; nobody will be looking at my face.

—Reserve Red Cat

Drunkard—Aw, lemme alone. Nobody cares if I drink myself to death.

Host—I do; you're using my liquor.

—Penn Punch Bowl

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

—Navy Log

ECONOMICS

"When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

"The price."

—Ohio Sun Dial

BUSINESS

"We have an office boy that whistles when he works."

"You're lucky. Ours just whistles."

—Ohio Sun Dial

He—We're going to have a swell time tonight. I've got three seats for the theatre.

She—Why do we need three seats?

He—They're for your father, mother, and kid brother.

—Cornell Widow

"Waiter, there's a cherry in my beer."

"Waddaya want me to do—charge you for an Old Fashioned?"

—M.I.T. Voo Doo

The newly-weds on their honeymoon had the drawing room. The groom gave the negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers snickered and pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on the train we were just married?"

"No, sir," said the dusky porter, "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

—Atlantic Seal

"The last issue of the humor magazine must have been good."

"How do you know? I thought you never read it."

"I don't, but the editor's been kicked out of school."

—Texas Ranger

He—Say, Mabel, may I come over tonight?

She—Sure, John, come on over.

He—Why, this is not John.

She—This isn't Mabel either.

—Michigan Gargoyle

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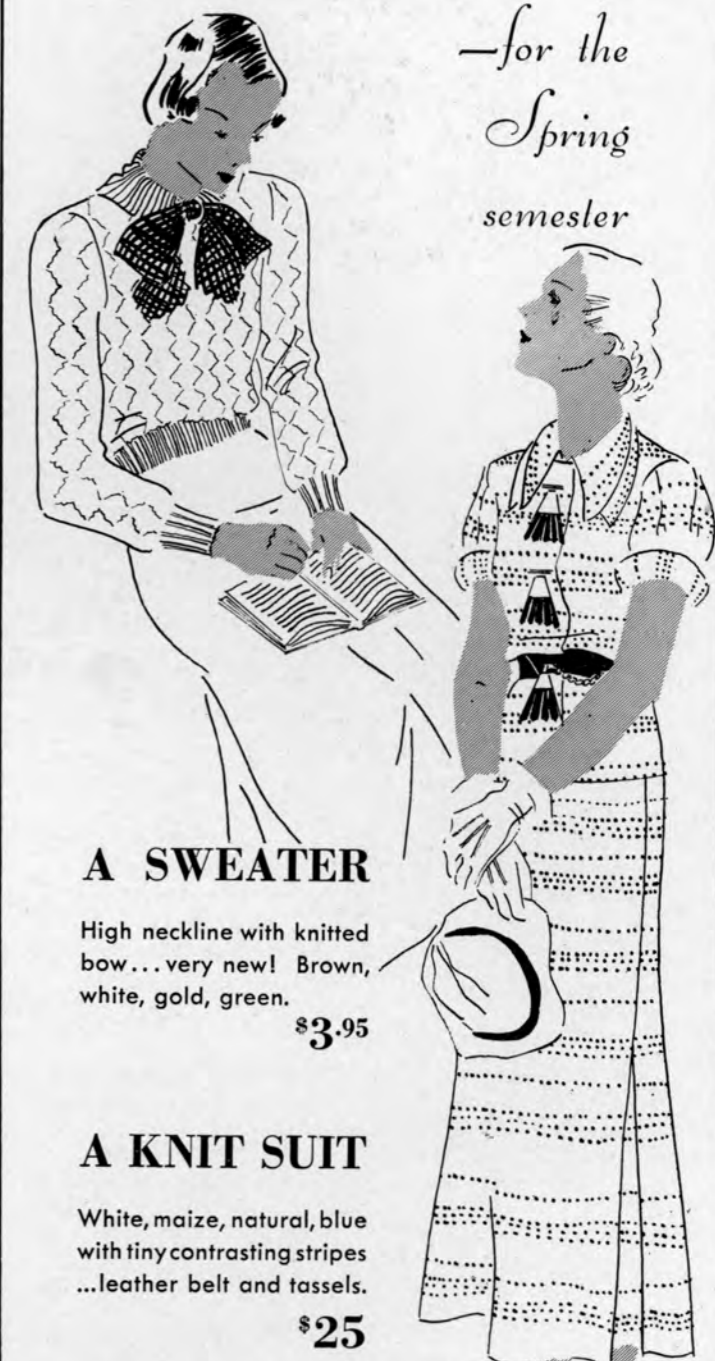
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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

"OLD-TIMERS" NUMBER

BUSINESS 102

IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, WE MUST STUDY CLOSELY MARKETING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING AND MANY OTHER THINGS.



NOW, A COMPANY'S MARKETING SITUATION IS NATURALLY SUBJECT TO CONTINUAL CHANGE SO IT MUST KEEP IN TOUCH WITH A POTENTIAL MARKET FACTOR..

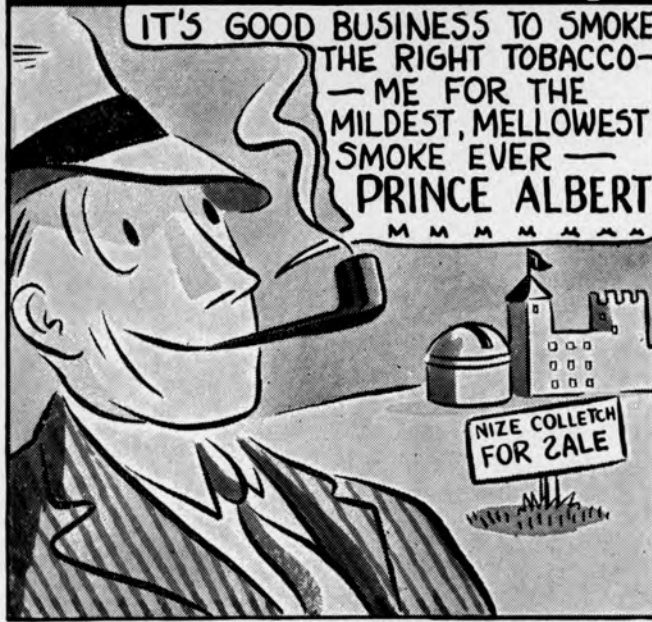


THE COMPANY MUST ALSO KEEP IN CONTINUAL TOUCH WITH THE PRICE FACTOR AND THE STYLE FACTOR AND THE CHANGING CONSUMER — IN FACT, IT IS KEPT VERY, VERY BUSY, NO END. TSK, TSK, TSK!



PLEASURE PDD

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YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKING TOBACCO THAT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE. MAN, WHAT A SMOKE — AND 2 FULL OZ. IN EVERY TIN. NO WONDER "P. A." IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!



PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



TO DAN EVANS

YOU gave to us your laughter,
As it rang down through the Quad.
And the memory of your gladsome song
Is dear to Stanford sod.

With echoes of your kindly voice
The Freedom's Winds resound.
And the measure of your footsteps
Makes hallowed Stanford ground.

So now that your Almighty God
Saw fit to set you free,
Your loving Spirit still will ride
Winds of Eternity.

Then once again Old Chappie
Drinks a toast to you—Our Dan,
A Friend—a Gentleman—a King—
A Chappie—and a Man!

Art Harzfeld, '21
Milt Hagen, '20





STANFORD CHAPARRAL

JANUARY • 1935 • VOL. 36 • NO. 4

THE OLD EDITOR WRITES HIS SUCCESSOR

Dear Mike:

Just received the first copy of the old mag, and I must say it looks damned swell.

Got some swell gags in there, and that one under the title-page might send you to jail for slaying all your readers. It was a "dinger," as we used to say.

Bumped into some of the old H. & C. boys down here the other night and we celebrated the arrival of the first copy by lifting our elbows until—well, I don't remember just when.

Well, kid, you're off to a swell start. Keep up the good work, and the old mag will be another "wow."

Yours, Joe

AND WHAT HE THOUGHT AS HE WROTE

Dear Mike:

Just as I expected, the first copy of your horrible work arrived two weeks late. The printing was lousy. It looked like a drunkard's nightmare.

The jokes are enough to gag one, and that thing under the title-page picture was totally unimaginable.

I happened to see some of the H. & C. brethren just after the first issue arrived, and we all had to drown our sorrows when we realized how the dear old mag had gone to the dogs.

\$%###@ it! Get off the dime or you'll have the worst record of all the mag's editors.

Love, Joe
—Bob Letts, '34

The Man-About-Town finally settled down and got married. Looking back at his wild career of love and loving, his unattached freedom, his vicariousness, he still was content with the joys of wedded life. Whereupon he decided to adopt a theme song. None of the popular song titles seemed quite appropriate, so he revised one. Now he gayly whistles, "Mr. and Mrs. Is the Same!"

ACHIEVEMENT

ALL arms to cut, behind doors shut,
Great diplomats forgathered;
By ardor fanned from every land
They came and loudly blathered.

Ere they adjourned and homeward turned
They had defined offensive;
And what is more they roundly swore
That wars are quite expensive.

—Thomas Slattery

REFLECTIONS AFTER CHRISTMAS

THE tie of my dreams is the smoothest
.tie
Of all the ties I know.
The perfect knot and the ends correct,
Suave in the dash-light's glow.
Oh, the way that it fits and the shape
that it holds
Are a blend of artifice;
And my woman beams on the tie of my
dreams—
It's the tie I'll never see.

—Don Douglass, '34



"Then hold it till opponent says 'Uncle'"



'Only four dollars a month for three years and the magnificent twenty-volume set of Beautiful Homes and Gardens' is yours.'





"It may not be proper, but damn it, it's fun."

paper was drunk, smirked the society editor. Maybe our linotype was drunk, smirked the society editor. **FREEDOM OF THE PRESS** Maybe our linotype was drunk, smirked the society editor.

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 31 (AP)—Jimmy Smith Jr., captain and end on the 1920 University of Southern California football team, was carried here today to Miss Jane Delancey, Beverly Hills, formerly of Omaha, Neb.

—S.F. Chronicle

When these Trojans fall, they fall hard!

FREEDOM for you in the tropics. Young people and students of nature and higher life who believe in true brotherhood, and are interested in forming a colony of peace, security, and happiness in the tropics, write: Equitavian Pioneers, Dept. D, Route 2, Canoga Park, California.

—Stanford Daily

Where the "Winds of Freedom Are Blowing."

HONOLULU, Dec. 27 (AP)—As though the list of injured on the University of California's football squad was not big enough, Raymond Jack, hefty linesman, had to cut himself last night and may be unable to play against the University of Hawaii New Year's day.

Jack was attacking a big pile of sugar cane in a hotel room when the knife slipped and speared his leg. A doctor took several stitches.

—S.F. Chronicle

Emily Post will join the U.C. coaching staff.

WE SPECIALIZE in Wh. Leg. Baby Chicks hatched from eggs produced on own ranch, from 2, 3 and 4 year old hens mated to cockerels from 3 yr. old hens for low hen mortality. Blood tested for B. W. D. by stained antigen method. Chicks 10c.

—P.A. Times

Buyers must present references, family tree, and 6 cents.



THE RISE AND DECLINE OF G. WASHBURN SIDEBURN

By MILT HAGEN, '20 and ART HARZFELD, '21, Former Editors-in-Chief of Chappie

G. WASHBURN SIDEBURN, head of the brokerage offices of Sideburn, Burns & Burnside, scratched the only tufted spot of his pate, as he paced the polished floor of his sumptuous quarters.

"What to do; what to be done!" he muttered. "Or should I have said, 'Whatever shall I do!'" In his hand he held a scrap of ticker tape. Cryptically, it told the story that the stock he had agreed to float at 30—namely, Amalgamated Consolidated, Incorporated—was off twenty-eight and seven-eighths points.

He was well aware that the stock was not 99 44/100% pure and therefore would not float. Dismally, he threw a glance at the sheaf of unpaid bills on his mahogany table: accounts for his wife's handsome doctor, her pretty male hairdresser, the Adonis-like chiropodist; tuition for his daughter Gorgonzella at Mills; board for Rabelais and Aristophanes, the two Scotch terriers at the kennels; expenses for Fitz-Horace and Bashford, his two sons at Miss Silber's School for Boys; a new percolator for the Rolls-Royce.

It was disheartening. Never in all the long years since he had been graduated from Stanford with the Class of '00.008765 had he found himself in such a desperate situation.

"There must be a way out!" he exclaimed thickly, and threw a glance at the fire escape. "There is a way out!" He yanked open a drawer and produced a gleaming revolver. Slowly, he lifted it to his head and gazed as one fascinated by a cobra into its barrel. His finger crooked toward the trigger.

Suddenly his eye strayed toward the table and fastened itself to a strange-looking document. Quickly he unfastened it. The pistol clattered to the floor. He picked up the paper. It was a sample copy of the Stanford Daily evidently sent him by an ambitious circulation manager. Its headlines fairly screamed at G. Washburn Sideburn:

COLLEGE STUDENTS EARN \$96857462564 YEARLY
Undergraduate Millionaires No Longer Rarities at Universities

"The voice of fate!" exclaimed Sideburn. He buzzed a presser—nay, he pressed a buzzer. His efficient secretary popped into the room.

"Miss Hamptwompht!" he barked. "Phone my wife that I have suddenly been called to China to finance the campaign of Far Flung Flit and shan't be home for dinner!"

II

"Doc," demanded G. Washburn Sideburn, as he sat in the luxurious offices of Z. Perrivale O'Pheefendorfer, M.D., famed plastic surgeon, "have you a few minutes?"

"Yes, indeed!" boomed the noted medic in his mezzo-soprano. "Have a few yourself!"

"Well, then tell me. Can you fix me up so I'll look like twenty?"

"Cents or years?"

"This is no time for repartee!" growled G. Washburn, glancing at the clock.

"Well, then it's as good as done. Twenty she is!"

"And your fee?"

"Let's see," ruminated the surgeon. "What did I lose on Amalgamated Consolidated, Incorporated? Oh, make it \$2377.68, not counting skipped dividends."

"Second the motion. But it'll take a few months."

"In that case, add on \$98765.47 for carrying charges!"

In less time than a barber takes to tell you all the news you've already read in the morning paper, Z. Perrivale had neatly whittled G. Washburn to a handsome youth of twenty. A bit of neat hemstitching and embroidering behind the ears and under the chin had transformed him completely. His own mother would never have recognized him—even if she'd known him!

G. Washburn Sideburn murmured the words of a gay popular song of the moment as he caught a fast plane for Placentia, California. We, who chanced to be his fellow-passengers, heard him sing: "Fit as a fiddle and ready for love!" Actually, it was viol.

Arriving at Placentia, Gumbo—for that, in truth, was G. Washburn Sideburn's concealed first name—hastened to the home of his old Stanford classmate, Thistleberry Coxcomb Almondpeel, now head of Placentia Junior College.

"Thistleberry, old bun!" and he shot out a cordial hand. "You're a sight for sore eyes!" But Dr. Almondpeel only glared at him.

"Listen, young squirt," he finally managed to thunder. "Back to Grade 13B—and no more disrespect to your elders!"

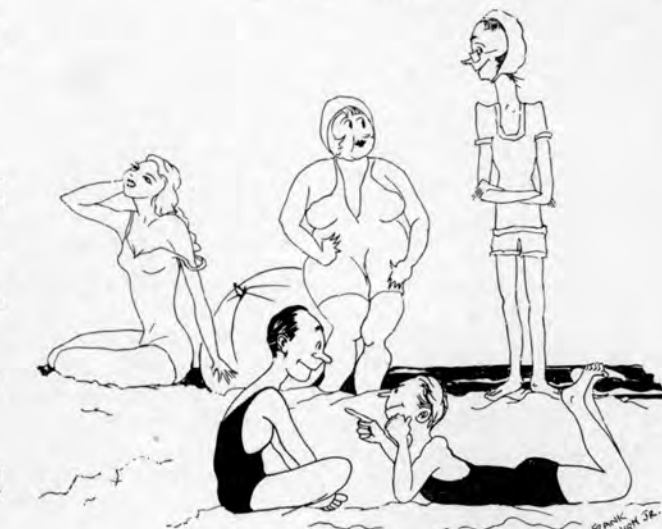
Gumbo laughed as heartily as his stitches permitted. Then he took Thistleberry to one side, showed him a copy of the Stanford Daily and a few credentials establishing his real identity, and soon whispered his plan. Thistleberry agreed to aid him.

Thus it came to pass that G. Sideburn Washburn, who with devilish ingenuity had changed his name from G. Washburn Sideburn to complete his disguise, enrolled at Stanford as a transfer from Placentia.

III

Gumbo lost no time in executing his plans. Having already in other years taken all the courses for which he was now registered, his studies took very little of his time. Inspired by the sample copy of the Stanford Daily, he set about earning a living—nay, accumulating wealth!

In the wee hours of the early morn he drove the campus
(Continued on page 22)



"Now take women f'rinstance—they're all alike."





1899

THE Library was dedicated with impressive ceremonies. To an innocent bystander it appeared that the donor, Thomas Welton Stanford, got lost in the shuffle.

The exercises were participated in by two university presidents, two eminent divines, and others. The total length was 1 hour, 50 minutes, and 43 seconds, divided as follows: Dr. Jordan's introductions, 4 min. 6 sec.; prayer, 6 min. 42 sec.; Mr. Nash's address, 12 min. flat; Dr. Howard's address, 77 min. 6 sec.; President Wheeler's address, 11 min.; Dr. Stebbins' address, 10 min. 24 sec.; benediction, 18 sec. Dr. Howard is supposed to have exceeded the limit.

Thomas Welton Stanford, to whom we are indebted for the Library, has a large and elegant beard. One item on the engraver's bill reads: "For 'tooling' beard—\$15.00." "It comes high, but we must have it."

1927

STANFORD'S famous Cactus Gardens, as even casual acquaintances of this institution know, owe a major share of their notoriety not so much to botanical pursuits as to astronomy and related night phenomena.

We are reminded of the individual who terrorized these romantic vistas for several evenings, to such effect that attendance fell off alarmingly.

He would approach one parked car after another, stick his head within it, frightening amorous couples out of their wits, and inquire, "Have you your Student Body Card?"

Invariably made cowards by conscience, the males of the species would fumble for their credentials; or, failing to find the same, offer a garbled explanation of their presence in the Cactus Gardens. The stranger would accept Student Card or explanation with grave mien

(Continued in column 3)

Because of the circumstances which inspired the writing of this verse, it is only appropriate that it be placed among the Fables of the Farm.

1902

GRADUATES BY REQUEST

By Wallace Irwin, ex-'00

This is no rhyme of Commencement time
When the faculty makes decree
That the pure in heart shall be set apart
By the mystical sign A.B.
I sing tonight of a common wight
On the campus of the West
Who makes things snort for an era short
And graduates by request.

The freshmen go in the green of the leaf,
The sophomores in their gall,
The juniors skip by the pink-strip slip
And tarry not for the fall—
Where are the seniors, too blithe to last,
The dearest, the beerest, the best?
They were caught in time, ere their sinful prime,
And are graduates by request.

They go not out with a gladsome shout,
But they go by ones and twos,
And they go in pride, for they've qualified
In their major subject—Booze.
They have felt the heel of the faculty spiel,
They have been the Committee's guest,
And they hit the ties in the merry guise
Of graduates by request.

So the freshman leaveth his field of grass,
And the sophomore leaveth his beer,
And the junior goeth where no man knoweth
At any old time of the year.
And the senior doth wait at the campus gate
With a sob in his throbbing chest,
As he joins the innumerable host
Of the graduates by request.

and, bidding a polite farewell, depart as mysteriously as he appeared. Naturally, however, the evening had been spoiled.

And then one time a startled swain, more curious and courageous than his fellow-victims, took occasion to quiz the inquisitor. Producing his Card with one hand while endeavoring to extricate a button on his sleeve from the hair of his gentle companion, "Whh-what the devil do you want to see my S-student Body Card for?" he managed to articulate.

"Because," said the stranger, as he returned the aforementioned card and tipped his hat in farewell, "this is a student activity, isn't it?"

1931

PERHAPS the Moral of this tale is that Providence smooths over the Administration's broodies, or The Flunk Man'll get you ef you don't watch out.

It seems that A Certain Student rolled out last year. His grades told the sad but true tale. But he received no notice of his flunking, and so, when he was on the campus the following fall quarter, he walked up and asked for a registration book, just to see what'd happen.

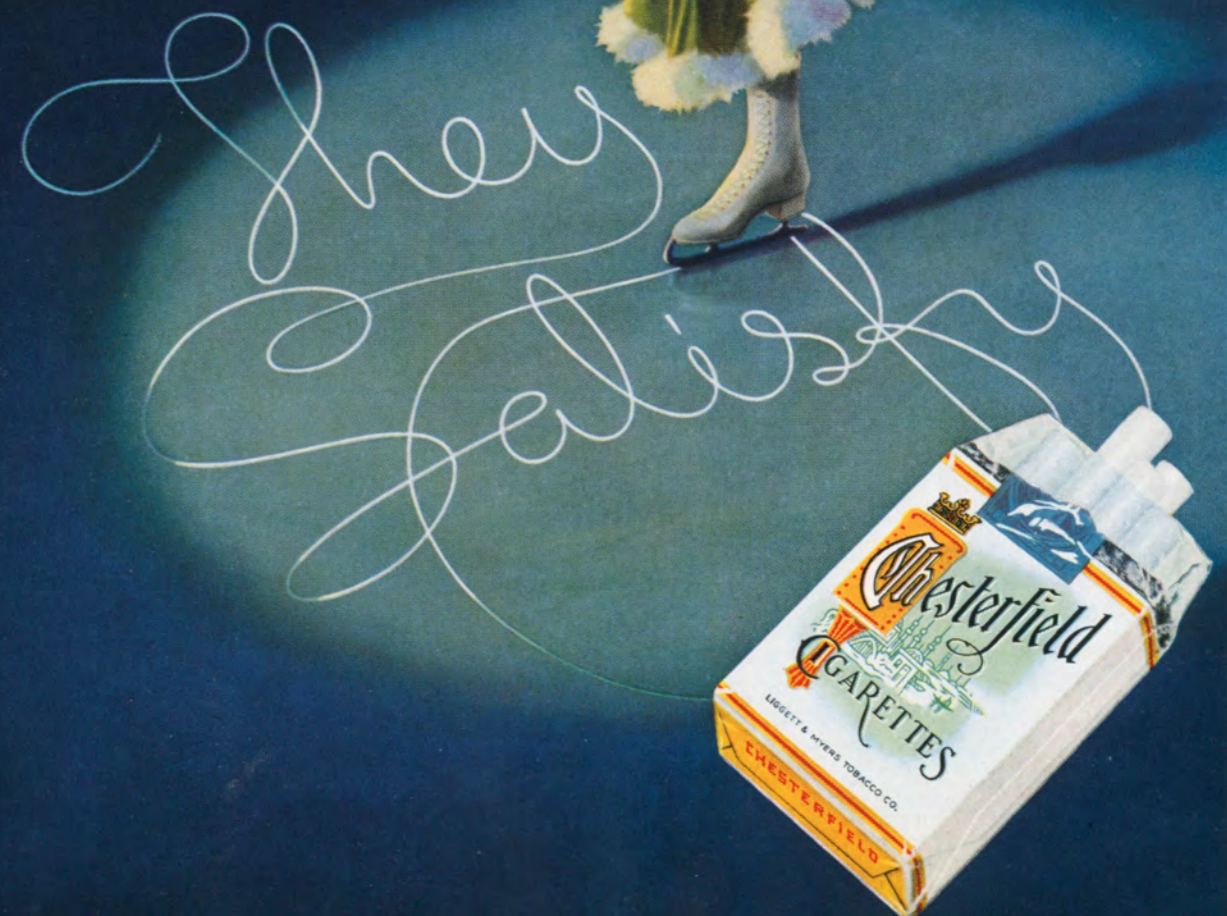
And he got it. So this amused egg proceeded to enroll for the quarter. No one ever knew the difference. They wouldn't know it yet, had he not flunked out again at the end of the winter term.

This time the clerk sent the notice.

WHY "CHAPARRAL"


Excerpts from the first "NOW THAT"
"NOW THAT the name 'Chaparral' has been decided on it may be of interest . . . to know just why 'Chaparral' . . . A vegetarian name was finally fixed on to follow the illustrious example [of the other campus publications]. The name 'Poison Oak' was discarded for the reason that some people won't take it and are proud of the fact, while others will not take it if they can avoid it."

Here's the way I write
Chesterfield —





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



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

THE CHAPPIES

Gordon Steedman, '34 Editor-in-chief
Everett Horton Claiborne, '34 Business Manager
Dick Dawson, '36 Managing Editors
Jim Copp, '35
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Mary Livingstone, '36 Women's Manager
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Dorman H. Smith
Kenneth Stewart
Ned Hilton

RANDAL BOGGLUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

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

NOW THAT subject of the new theatre is timely for the OLD-TIMERS Number. In 1919, Chappie men, now numbered among the OLD-TIMERS, first advocated that the War Memorial be combined with and take the form of a new theatre building. The ball started rolling, with Chappie pushing hard. It rolled and rolled, and for a long time gathered no more moss than the Chaparral Theatre Fund and many editorials. For 1935, at least a start on construction is certain.

The problem of financing is paramount. Students are to pay a dollar per quarter toward the theatre, with perhaps an equal amount from their tuition being diverted from the Pavilion payments. But—but—that alone will not be sufficient to finance a theatre costing some \$500,000. If construction starts in June, by June of 1936 the interest on the money it will be necessary to borrow will be some \$15,000. The only way out is offered by the Union. It would be unwise to take away the Union dollar entirely and divert it to the Theatre Fund, since the amount is insufficient and it would merely be [to page 24]

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

By BERK ANTHONY, '32, with embellishments by a fellow named Anthony

SEVERAL years ago, probably about twenty, it was commonly thought that Stanford University was nothing but a big vineyard down the road and that the proprietors were running a fermenting plant from which a lot of citizens in the state were getting lousy drunk. Owing to a favorable balance of trade, a lot of people out of state were getting pretty "tight" too. Now all this was quite true, except that Mr. Stanford had a whale of a lot bigger vineyard up in Inyo County, and Stanford University boasted only a combined stables and running track for stake and plate horses. Of course, the remarks were true to the extent that a lot of people were getting quite "stiff"

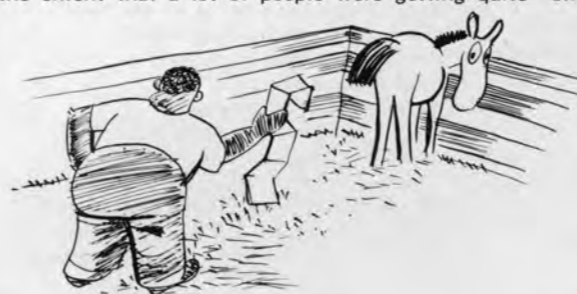


pounds)? Anybody can explode that belief. Where do all these preposterous stories originate?

Sutter's Mill was another historical spot on the Farm in the early '13's. Sutter, himself, it was said, was working his way through the mill, or Stanford, at the time. When Marshall discovered gold up at Searsville, Sutter chucked the whole business and went to Alaska. Nobody believes this one.

Seal Rocks got a lot of publicity in Leslie's Illustrated Weekly in 1852. Seal Rocks is not at Stanford, but if you want to see Seals rocking, go up and look over the edge at the Cliff House some day.

I shall conclude with the blasting of just one more popular fallacious notion. Berk Anthony was not married in the Stanford Chapel. Neither was Winston Norman—the big bachelor!



or "tight" at that time. This has happened in every stage of civilization, regardless of Stanford University.

Many people think that motion pictures were invented at the Stanford "Farm" or "Glue Works." This could scarcely be true when you consider the progress made in the talking-picture industry today. What they did at Stanford was to set up a lot of cameras on the ground and then run a horse in front of them, snapping pictures of himself as he "racked" by. The pictures were then put together by Joe Thompson, a jockey, and waved in front of the horse, who was told that this gave the impression of "motion." This not only failed to fool the horse, but caused him to run off to a far corner of the pasture. This was, anyway, a good start for the gag, "Kodak as you go."

It is also unethical to say that golf originated at Stanford University. I only graduated three years ago and I saw the course being built, and played on it when the greens were still soft like Thursday's boiled potatoes. This was probably the fault of my putter, at that. But golf didn't originate at Stanford.

A lot of saps think the Press Building was first shipped around the Horn in the good clipper ship "TWENTY GRAND." All I can say is that TWENTY GRAND is a good horse and all that sort of thing, but I do know that his largest impost was 129 pounds, so how could he pack the Press Building (131



SENTIMENTALIST

Oft have I quaffed from the sweet flowing bowl,
Kegs to the dregs on the sly,
Just to refresh the inner man's soul
When we were nation'ly dry.

Now that somehow we've attained our Repeal—
Why, even I cannot say—
Gone is the ardor, gone is the zeal
Mine in a slight drier day!

Grog and eggnog I view with disdain,
Gin is a sin to my tum,
Wine no longer's a buddy of mine,
Rum is the chum of a bum!

Beer tastes most queer and brandy does, too,
Whisky seems risky and bad,
Gone is the longing for cordials I knew,
Gone is the craving I had.

Booze (it's no news) its glamour has lost,
Sold to the fold by the law,
Heedless of high or even low cost,
Drink has no charm for my maw.

Oh sir! the grocer now sells you a quart!
Bootleggers, bootmakers ape!
Plumbers and barbers vend cognac and port!
(Rumrunners meanwhile wear crepe.)

Oh, just to know the speak-easy again!
Flat with a vat or a sink!
Passwords and winks, a mysterious den!
Memories sear—like their drink!

—Hammer & Coffin, '06



OLD-TIMER'S LAMENT OR WHILE PALO ALTO BURNS

An Old-Timer at this University,
Admitted by error in '24,
I've gone through ten years of adversity—
I'll be here, no doubt, forty more.
Yes, I'm still a student at college,
It's sad to have to report,
Here to accumulate knowledge,
And it must be a crime (or a tort)!
But I make this heartfelt submission:
My task I intend to see through.
(Though frankness compels the admission—
I can't do a thing if I do.)

Sometime in the late '20's my class was graduated,
But still I plugged along, just a student, unabated.
For several years the question was, if I'm not mistaken,
What was the right procedure when the courses were all taken?
The Registrar thought that the precedents were small;
The Dean said he didn't know a precedent at all.
The President believed that the only thing to do
Was start the Time Schedule over, and go right through.
In the meantime, though, there were several subjects added,
And thus my "years in residence" again were somewhat pad-
ded—
For I knew that the faculty wouldn't think it very nice
If I should take a course less than a minimum of twice.

Many things have happened, too numerous to mention,
But everything that's happened took all of my attention:
There was, for instance, "Cit," Bonehead English, and Biology;
And after that came "Lit," Bugs and Bites, and then Psychology.
The "500" Rule was lifted, and the Ax was caught and pol-
ished;
The Carnegie Report was sifted, and Traditions were abolished.
Even Union Coffee was raised from five to ten—
Yes, many things have happened in the time from now to then.
Most of my contemporaries were in a Dean's Inquest,
And got extemporary orders to graduate by request.
They said it didn't matter, as they grew morose and blue,
Watching Alma Mammy slowly change from old to new.
So being nice young men, they left, as they were told—
Leaving me to watch while Stanford changed to new from old.

An Old-Timer at this University,
Admitted by error in '24,
I've gone through ten years of adversity—
I'll be here, no doubt, forty more.
Yes, I'm still a student at college,
It's sad to have to report,
Here to accumulate knowledge,
And it must be a crime (or a tort)!
But I make this heartfelt submission:
My task I intend to see through.
(Though frankness compels the admission—
I can't do a thing if I do.)

—Bill Robinson, '31

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT

1899

She—Isn't he just too eloquent! He speaks in golden sentences.
He—I'd give more for a silver ten cents than a golden sentence.

1900

Guest—Waiter, there's a pebble in this bread.
Waiter—It's only some gravel in the sand-wich you have.

1905

"He was shot in a gambling den."
"Yes. That was his last resort."

1911

"The manager has too many designs on me," said the cloak model as she jumped her job.

1916

Shrew—What would you have been if it weren't for my money?
Shrewd—A bachelor.

1920

"What was the ambition of your boyhood days?"
"I wanted to be a millionaire, but I found that it cost too much."

1922

"I shall carry this with me to the grave," said the pallbearer, as he raised the coffin.

(Continued on page 23)



"Roughage or no roughage, it's rabbit food and I won't eat it!"

CLAIBORNE

AMBITION

WHEN I was but a little chap,
I'd often heard it said
That devils had long horns and tails,
Complexions nice and red—
A color that I always liked.
So in my childish glee,
I said: "When I grow up,
A devil I am going to be."

And then when I had grown some years
And ran with girls a bit,
I took note of the sort of chap
Who made a female hit.
The lad who always seemed to get
The pleasant things in life;
Who kissed the prettiest girls,
And loved the other fellow's wife;
The one for whom the ladies
Always seemed to fall, in fine.
And as I watched, I said:
"Ah! Hah! The demon life for mine!"

And still as older I became,
Ambition was my goal,
And great success in worldly things
I sought with all my soul.
Were it finance or politics,
No matter how one leaned,
Were you successful, people said:
"That man's a regular fiend."

Until at last when life is o'er,
I stand at Heaven's gate,
And Peter says: "Come in, old man,
You really needn't wait."
I'll say: "Why, Pete, I know I'm good.
But strictly on the level,
I'd rather shovel coal downstairs,
I want to be a DEVIL."
—Herbert D. Walter, '00
(Tod Sloan)



Illustrations by Dan Mendelowitz, '26



NO GOTTA CIGARETTE!

117. Cigarette Bumming (Advanced).—A consideration of the general problems of self-protection, pest avoidance, and parasitical pals. No "Yes-men" admitted. Prerequisite: Cigarette Bumming 116 (Introductory Methods).—Professor Buttsin Gutter.

MTWThFSaSun; at all hours (Fee: 1 tobacco plug)

SYLLABUS

Cigarette Bumming 117 (Immunization to Bumming)

A. Historical Background

1. In 1890 there was a report of an invincible man who resisted all attempts at bumming.
 - a) Report unsubstantiated.
2. Vice-President Fairbanks remarks, "What this country needs is a good 5c cigar."
 - a) With coming of 5c cigars, people take to bumming cigarettes.

B. Modern Development

1. Statistics:
 - a) Annual number bumed: 2 less than number of packages purchased.
 - b) Estimated saving if immune to bumming: No case on record yet to judge by.
 - c) Probability of becoming bum-proof: 1,675,538,726,859 to 1½

C. Aids to Minimization of Susceptibility

1. Deafness—for double security, add blindness; for triple security, lose both arms, etc.
2. Carry steel safe.
 - a) Don't blow up.
 - b) Lose combination.
3. Standard answers to requests:
 - a) "Fresh out" (carry an empty package).
 - b) "Don't smoke" (not convincing).
 - c) "I bumed this one" (you probably did).
 - d) "NO!" (ineffective in most cases).
 - e) "Be a woman" (sometimes difficult, but also ineffective).
4. Safest method.
 - a) Never buy—always bum—cigarettes.

D. Training

1. Take up track—run whenever **anyone** approaches.
2. Become a hermit—not safe, because after awhile you begin to bum from yourself.
3. Become a nudist—shave head so that it is obvious you have no cigarettes.

E. Examinations

1. Quizzes:
 - a) Police officials frisk you in attempt to find cigarette in your possession.
 - b) Refuse: Girl friend, her old man, the guy you want to borrow 5 bucks from.
2. Final examination: Keep Professor Buttsin Gutter from bumming a cigarette from you when you go to see him about your grade.

—Steedman

JANUARY • 1935



ANYTHING GOES

By Burnell Gould, '31

A new parlor game, which Chappie trusts will not reach the proportions of the ping-pong which has turned the Stanford campus into a veritable fairyland, has been introduced by Walter Winchell in his syndicated column. It consists of making parodies on the Cole Porter song hit, "You're the Top," from "Anything Goes."

You're the Top! You're the Coit Memorial,
You're the Top! You're the Lights Auroreal,
You're a win from Cal, the Chaparral, the Bay,
You're the Golden Gate, a good Blind Date, SERA,
You're the Top! You're a Pie of Mother's,
You're the Top! You're the Four Marx Brothers,
I'm the O.G.U.P., A Nazi, too, a GOP,
But if, Baby, I'm the Bottom, You're the Top!

Or turning one's attention to what used to be "The Farm" (I suppose it's "The Patio" or "The Promenade," now), here's another version:

You're a Flop! You're a Phi Bete scholar,
You're a Flop! You're a Herb Hoover's collar,
You're a Frosh Undated, The Illustrated Review,
You're the Senior Ball, the Assembly Hall, You're You!
You're a Flop! You're the Ex Committee,
You're a Flop! You're this humble ditty,
I'm no knockout, an early lockout, a Campus Cop,
But though, Babe, I'm no Bargain, You're a Flop!

You see, the possibilities are unlimited, if you have a rhyming dictionary and some time (which "ye author" didn't have), and a number of targets—which the author has in abundance.



IN PIPE TOBACCO, mere mildness alone offers very little reason for smoking. A man smokes to enjoy the taste of good tobacco. Take that away and why smoke at all?

The trick is to combine the rich, full-bodied flavor of good tobacco with genuine mildness so that you can smoke your favorite tobacco all day long with perfect comfort and satisfaction.

That's Edgeworth. Try a 15-cent tin and get a kick out of the perfect combination of flavor and mildness. It's economical too. Pipe smokers report fifty minutes to an hour a pipeful with Edgeworth. Can you beat that for economy? Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH HAS Both MILDNESS and FLAVOR



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

Oh, Boy! The Follies! OLD BOY, "What Follies" For the first time in several years "Ziegfeld's Follies" are in San Francisco—playing at the Curran—and for the first time in many moons local theatregoers have a chance to be really "glorified." A fast-moving fast show with plenty of **spice**, the "Follies" ought to prove the OLD BOY'S contention that real entertainment will succeed anywhere.

Numbers by H. I. Phillips, Fred Allen, David Freeman, and others carry a timely flavor of politics, radio, screen, and stage. Tunes by Billy Hill ("The Last Round-Up"), Harburg & Duke ("I Like the Likes of You," "Suddenly," "What Is There to Say"), and Billy Rose are presented in the usual Ziegfeld extravaganza style.

And then the cast! Not all of the original cast, but give us Fannie Brice and Willie and Eugene Howard and you can have the rest. Miss Brice is 90 per cent of the show—but this is a 180-proof show. She continues to make a fool of herself—and we still like it—and pay for it. Her fan-dance, her singing "Soul Saving Sadie" and others, her "Baby Snooks" number, are enough to get laughs out of the sourest pusses. The Howard Brothers still show a tendency toward vaudeville but come through nobly with some gags NOT stolen from Chappie files.

One of the best, if not the best, dance teams in the country, Harrison and Fisher, contribute to the variety with several numbers done in a way that removes all the OLD BOY'S prejudices concerning dance teams. My, my, the Ancient Cynic is actually becoming enthusiastic. However, he recommends putting this down on your can't-afford-(even-at-prevailing-prices)-to-miss list—it's the best of its kind likely to appear in San Francisco for some time.

G. WASHBURN SIDEBURN

(Continued from page 13)

milk wagon. At noon he hashed at the Keepa House. In the afternoon—that is until the football season—he cut grass for and broke bread with Professor Wimbledon Chutney-Putney, coached six students in soft courses and hard liquor, taught an economics instructor some of the rudiments of finance, and always won at poker.

At night he earned fabulous sums writing gossip columns for the Daily, drawing cartoons for Chappie, and acting as paid city escort for the Campus Women's Sowah-Puss Club. When football season finally arrived he tried out for left end—or whatever end was missing—and made it. And then his income actually commenced. He wrote testimonials at five dollars per word for the Swineskin Mfg. Co., the Lambkin Jersey Works, the Hobdale Shoe Corporation, and various other manufacturers of football togs. As a star player, his name was in great demand.

He wrote sports articles for the San Francisco Shoe Findings Gazette, the San Francisco McGonigle, the Brewers' Clarion, and the Expurgated Press. Now at the end of each month, he sent a life-sized check to his attorneys to be delivered to his wife as a part of the loot from his so-called Chinese enterprise.

IV

Gumbo continued to prosper. His personal debts and those of his firm were now fully liquidated. He spent very little time in classrooms. Five of his fellow-students he paid twenty-five cents per lecture to answer "Present" for him. A youthful-appearing grad in dire circumstances received five dollars per for taking Gumbo's final examinations. Our hero's bank accounts grew by leaps and grands.

Soon he became the most popular figure on the campus. His magnificent dinners at Gomez' were the last words in luxury and the talk of the town. He was the idol of the younger co-eds, who didn't know that his countenance was deftly but-



toned up the back. In a word—or two—he was a collegiate Midas. Everything he touched was hoarded by Uncle Lemuel's or the Mint, after paying Gumbo thirty-five dollars an ounce.

Now, you must needs recall that G. Washburn was a financier of deep cunning. He knew all the tricks of his evil trade.

"Why not," quoth he to his image in the mirror whilst deftly removing lather from his razor on a century note, "why not amalgamate every available job and income-source on the campus and control them?" The mirror heartily agreed. Gumbo took necessary steps.

It was not long before he became the alcapone of the campus. Women paid him 15% commission for jobs, men 20%. He took offices in the Administration Building with branches at the Women's Gym and Board of Athletic Control. He soon found himself called into the inner councils of the Board of Trustees. The name of Gumbo Sideburn Washburn was one to reckon with a solid-gold pen. Those sturdy souls who dared to cross his path were mysteriously manhandled or taken bye-bye by underworld ruffians from Mayfield and Menlo.

Now, Gumbo's constant companion was the beauteous Lisbeth Silver-Fizz, star of the Junior Operas for the past ten years and a member of the famous Jhin-Fizz family of Belmont. Lisbeth aided Gumbo in his administration of women's affairs, but saw to it that his was limited to one. Also, she whispered plans of even greater success for him.

And so now G. Sideburn Washburn began to envision himself czar of all college-campus jobs everywhere. He saw himself head of a vast university empire extending from Vancouver to Halifax, from Tia Juana to Tallahassee. He stroked the concealed seams of his synthetic visage fondly, speculatively.

V

Came the greatest social event of the year, the Junior Prom. It was a gala occasion. The Pavilion was tastefully adorned with magnificent, yea brilliant, odds and ends, this and that. Gumbo and the glamorous Lisbeth Silver-Fizz presided. No king and queen, no lilies of the field, were more gloriously arrayed than they.

Soon the dulcet strains of saxophone and lute, of bassoon and lyre, of basinet and harp, were heard in the newest Warumba. Gumbo and Lisbeth were the cynosure of all eyes as they gracefully tripped the measure. Suddenly, Sideburn dropped his fair partner to the floor. He gazed at the door in horror. For, entering at that moment, he saw none other than Mrs. G. Washburn Sideburn accompanied by five assorted Sideburns in graduated order.

His face fell. (Obviously the plastic surgeon hadn't done a good job.) Immediately his family recognized him.

"Daddy!" shouted young Terwilliger Sideburn, aged thirty-seven.

"Daddy!" chorused four other Sideburns in perfect quartet harmony. The crowd stood aghast. Gumbo had been out-guessed.

"You brute!" stormed his strife. "Come home at once! I was wise to your shenanigans all the time. You neglected to pay Perrivale for your change of countenance and he tipped me off for spite!"

"The Palsy!" murmured Gumbo.

"But I said nothing until I heard you had taken unto yourself this brazen huzzy!" And she indicated the beauteous blonde Lisbeth.

"Not brazen!" cried Gumbo. "Golden!" And he split his face open with laughter. The stitches dangled. Seizing them, Mrs. Sideburn yanked him out of the room.

And so came to an end a modern dream of empire. And as the Italians so aptly put it, "Fiume torbo guadagno de pescatori." Or as the French would say, "Cherchez la femme." Which in the words of our modern vulgarians is the quaint equivalent of **Aw Gnutz!**

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT

(Continued from page 18)

1922

"Could you cite me to a magazine which would illustrate a well-rounded form in an abbreviated style?"

"Why, yes. Do you read the Police Gazette?"

1923

"May I have this dance?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't feel flattered. I'm asking them all tonight."

Customer—I want a couple of pillow-cases.

Clerk—What size?

Customer—I don't know, but I wear a size seven hat.

1926

"Will you marry me in spite of my trouble?"

"What is it?"

"Falling hair."

"You darling boy! To how much?"

1927

"They've been married for five years—and haven't a child."

"True. I wonder if that habit is hereditary in her family or his."

1931

"Do you know Eddie Jones?"

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

BARFLY'S DICTIONARY

Fizz—type of hat worn by Asiatics.

Bar—large, hairy animal.

Swizzle—type of chair.

Absinth—cutting class.

Gin—physical education.

Whiskey—a facial growth.

Drunk—the main part of a tree.

Goblet—a young sailor.

Stein—a mark left by a glass on the table.

Hennessey—the state where Memphis is located.

Mix—Irishmen.

Bottle—a combat.

Tokay—affirmative expression, as, "tokay by me."

Rum—singular of what a house is divided into.

Rye—extremely sour taste.

Sherry—what Washington chopped down.

Kummel—large animal with humps.

Set-ups—morning exercises.

Bacardi—rear part of yard on which house is built.

—Ohio Sun Dial

"And what was the cause of his social downfall?"

"Oh, he went riding with a girl who had a Cadillac, and when it stalled he looked under the front seat for the gas tank."

—Iowa Frivol

CAMBRIDGE PROFILE

Meet Todd Van Podd
A product of
The Hahvuhd Yahd
By Gahd.

Whence did he come?
Wheah is he from?

Iowa, or some such place—
(Deoun't mention it before his face;
It's always best
To carelessly say, "The Middle West")

When Todd Van Podd
(Dunster, by Gahd)

Came East

He changed his "Jeest"
For "Jove."

He hove
In sight,

(This Midwest wight)

Of Hawvuhd Squah

And the Rivuh Chawls

Not knowing thet

The alphabet

Runs "Q, S, T,

U, V," you see.

But now Van Podd

(Of the jawly Yahd)

Knows bettuh.

(Who said "wettuh"?)

In Freshman yeah

He luhned to feah

His comrades' scohn,

And were he bohn

In Bahston, Mass.,

You couldn't ask

(Beg podden, ask!)

Foah moah. A tosk,

Indeed, to tell Van Podd

From othaws of the Hawvuhd Yawd.

'Twere easieh, faw,

B'Gahd, B'Gaw,

To single out one prairie flowah

From the hundreds that spring up

every houah.

—Yale Record

Heard in Bio—My next lecture may prove embarrassing to you young men and women. Any who wish to, may stay away.

Class Rat—May I invite some friends?

—Reserve Red Cat

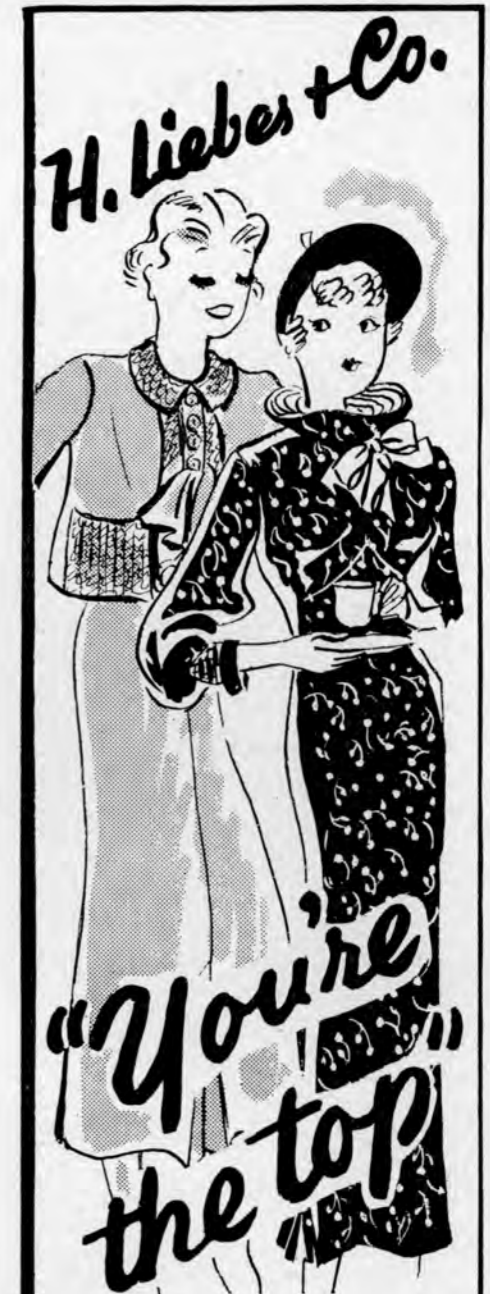
They were rushing a prosperous-looking prospect last fall. Wondering at his prosperity, they asked him what the rest of his family did.

"My brother," he chirped, "went to counterfeiting school in Germany last year."

"My," quoth brother Jack, "and how did he make out?"

"Oh, he made very good marks," floored the frosh.

—Exchange



....in a dress by H. Liebes and Company. You're bound to create a stir in any one of the new prints or pastels that have arrived just in time to start the semester off right. The Deb Shop has them in all sizes, and at a price that is unique for the value.....

Grant Avenue
San Francisco



AERIAL VIEW MAP

Stanford Campus

■ Send a copy home — it will serve as a graphic description to supplement your letters.

■ This Map, suitable for framing, shows all fraternities, sororities, halls, buildings, and familiar landmarks of the campus. And it costs only fifty cents.

■ Get your copy at the Bookstore.

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NOW THAT

(Continued from page 16)

"robbing Peter to pay Paul," as the Union is also an A.S.S.U. undertaking. Far better is the plan worked out by President Kahn and accepted by the Union Governors. This calls for a pro-rated division of profits between the Union and the student body.

During the past thirteen years, the Union has paid \$140,000 for improvements from its profits. The future financial success promises even more. Under the new plan, profits will be divided for the first two years on the basis of 60 and 40 per cent, the students getting the larger share. Beginning with the third year the division is to be fifty-fifty, until the Union has accumulated a \$30,000 surplus (needed for improvements and emergencies). Then 75 and 25 per cent, until the reserve has reached \$50,000, at which time the student body receives all the profits.

Figures, figures—but simplified, the point is this: by accepting this plan, more than enough (based on conservative estimates of Union profits) will be secured to pay the interest charges on the money necessary to build the theatre—and certainly more than if the Union dollar were taken. The OLD BOY is not much of a mathematician, but because a new theatre seemed so close at hand, the ANCIENT ONE and the rest of the Chappies eagerly took off their shoes and gloves and counted this thing out.



Dean—So you're back in school. I thought that I expelled you last week.

Student—You did, but don't do it again because my dad was plenty sore.

—U.S.C. Wampus

If all the traveling salesmen's jokes were true, there would be a lot less college students.

—Punch Bowl



"What's the best exercise for reducing?"

"Just move the head slowly from right to left when offered a second helping."

—Arizona Kitty Kat



"Can anyone distinguish unanimous from anonymous?" asked the English prof.

"Sure," answered somebody. "Just ask your fraternity brothers who borrowed five bucks from you. He's anonymous. But just try asking to whom it is you owe five bucks."

—M.I.T. Voo Doo



IF—(with apologies to Kipling)

If you can do your math when all about you
Are raising hell and tempting all the fates—
If you can write a theme while classmates flout you
And never think of liquor, or of dates—
If you can plug and grind and work and study,
And thereby make the Dean's almighty list,
Then you'll know more than almost anybody—
But, dammit, think of all the fun you've missed.
—M.I.T. Voo Doo



Librarian—Young man, we are about to close the desk. Is there anything you would like to take out?

Frosh—Why, yes. How about the tall one in the tan dress?
—Northwestern Purple Parrot

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The following correction appeared in a provincial paper: "Our paper stated last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective on the police farce."

—Burr

Mrs. Delight—I've heard a great deal about you.
Politician—Possibly, but you can't prove it.

—Ottawa Citizen

The modern girl isn't nearly so much concerned with what a man stands for as what he'll fall for.

"I say, Joe, your girl looked quite tempting in that sort of Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean, Biblical gown?"

"Oh, you know. Sort of Lo and Behold!"

—Wittenberg Witt

Wise Guy (boarding a streetcar)—Well, is the ark full?
Conductor—Nope, we need one more jackass. Come on in.

—Navy Log

She—Do you know what good clean fun is?

He—I'll bite—what good is it?

—Sagehen

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NOTICE

Something new — something different — and something surprisingly good is offered as the next number of the Concert Series. Here is an opportunity: first, for the campus musicians to show the quality of Stanford music, and, second, for the students to boost Stanford music. A well-balanced program with a variety of music by the Band (which really can do more than blat), the Symphony, and the Glee Club. The date is January 30.

Country Girl—Mr. Dribble, I'd like you to meet Midshipman Gish.

Country Postmaster—Pleased to meet you, Mr. Gish. You certainly write a mean love letter.

—Navy Log

Little fishes in the brook,
Papa catch him on his hook.
Mama fry him in the pan;
Baby eat him like a man.
Hey, hey! Who cares?
Burma Shave!

—Colorado Dodo

Sign on theatre: "Mae West in 'It Ain't No Sin'."

Sign on tabernacle across the street: "'Tis too."

—Navy Log

REASON

We wonder why the iceman smiles so
When his glance happens to meet
The sign, "Please drive slow,
The child in the street
May be yours, you know."

—Sniper

"We have a goat over at our house that has no nose."
Silence. . . .
Continued silence. . . .
In exasperation—"Well, why don't you ask me how he smells?"

"I know how he smells; I've been over to your house."

—Log

What is home without parents?
Home without parents is what is commonly known as a good place to have a cheap date.

—Yellow Jacket

Rastus—Liza, will you go ridin' in mah Ford?
Liza—I won't do nothin' else.
Rastus—Then you can't ride in mah Ford.

—Sour Owl

An article in the "Journal of Commerce" says that a good poker player can successfully run any business. But what does a good poker player want with a business?

—Sundial

A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.

—Red Cat

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Marriage is a wonderful institution if you find the right mate. The best advice I can give you is to compare your girl to your mother, with whom I have been so ideally happy for the past thirty years. If she can even approximate your dear mother's home-making, housekeeping, and always even temper, you are a lucky young man, and I give you my blessing and advise you to grab her at once.

Your loving Father

P.S.—Your mother just left the room. Don't be a damn' fool. Stay single.

—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern

There once was a sculptor named Phidias,
Whose tastes were extremely invidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie,
Which shocked the ultra fastidious.

—Exchange

Pocahontas—Yeah, girls, and then he tried to pull a fast one—told me his name was John Smith.

—Alabama Rammer Jammer

He is a gentleman farmer—the only thing he raises is his hat.

—Old Line

Postman—Mail's very crowded today.

Stude—What's the excitement?

Postman—The Correspondence School is having a rally and they're mailing a bonfire to each student.

—Exchange

My parents told me not to smoke;

—I don't.

Nor listen to a dirty joke;

—I don't.

They made it clear I mustn't wink

At pretty girls, or even think

Of an intoxicating drink;

—I don't.

To flirt or dance is very wrong;

—I don't.

Wild youth chases wine, women, and song.

I kiss no girls, not even one.

I do not know how it is done.

You wouldn't think I have much fun;

—I DON'T!

—Lord Jeff

Teacher—Spell "straight."

Stoog—S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T.

Teacher—Correct. What does it mean?

S.—Without ginger ale.

—Colorado Dodo

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