

STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

MAY



**LOVE
NUMBER**

15¢

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show you—

WHAT TO WEAR IN THE SUN

You'll be needing lots of colorful and sportive play-time togs right away—and we have a dashing collection to choose from.



A striking striped pull-over and a pair of navy twill slacks makes a grand outfit.
The Pull-Over, **1.95**
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Bright yellow and plaid sun-suit that has a matching frock, besides. The outfit complete... **\$8.95**



There's an ocean of white whales a-float on this navy and red swim suit. **8.95**

Livingston Bros.
INCORPORATED

Grant Avenue at Geary Street
San Francisco

Two students were working for the Student Aid under the federal appropriation. They were assigned to the same job—one, experienced in this work, as the boss; and the other, new on the job, as his assistant. They had a job cutting pipe for plumbing.

"Say," said the assistant, "do I get paid by time?"

"Sure, you dumb cluck!" was the reply.

"But I haven't done anything."

The old hand surveyed his companion, looked at him with contempt, and then slowly lit a cigarette.

"You are supposed to help me, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then," he said, holding out the match, "if you have to be so damn conscientious, blow this out."

—Penn Punch Bowl

A newly created papa received the glad tidings in a telegram: "Hazel gave birth to a little girl this morning; both doing well."

On the message was a sticker reading: "When you want a boy call Western Union."

—Kansas City Star

Recently a European was trying to bring out that very often Americans did things the wrong way. "You know," he said, "in concocting a highball they pour in a little whiskey to make it strong, and a little water to make it weak; then, they put in a little lemon, to make it sour, and a little sugar to make it sweet; a little gin to make it hot, and ice to make it cold; and then they say, 'Here's to you' and drink it themselves."

—White Mule

Old Lady—Little boy, why aren't you in school instead of going to this movie?

Little Boy—Hell, lady, I got the measles. —Medley

SLACKS in the new Spring patterns and shades, ranging in price from \$2.95 to \$5.95

Complete your Spring ensemble with a sport coat or jacket in a matching or contrasting color.

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STAGE LIGHTS

"As Thousands Cheer," the honest-to-goodness smash-hit of the last New York season, came to town in most of its glory the other night and left us a bit disappointed in ourselves. We say "ourselves" for the reason that the show obviously wasn't on trial. It was what made the Big Street laugh. To be sure, Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, and Helen Broderick of the original cast were absent, but the rest of the production was there—Hassard Short's grand lighting,

DATE-BOOK

First on the Old Boy's recommended list is a new one. Ex-Chap-pie Editor Barney Gould opened the Emperor Norton Variety Hall at 960 Bush Street, San Francisco, on May 3. Offering "royal but balmy entertainment," the first production was "The Front Page." Drop in any Friday, Saturday, or Sunday night to see a swell show at REASONABLE prices. Barney himself is reason enough not to overlook these shows.

Coming! Tomorrow night in the OLD Assembly Hall, "Yellow Jack." A play with a fine reputation—good drama—a good cast. We recommend this one.

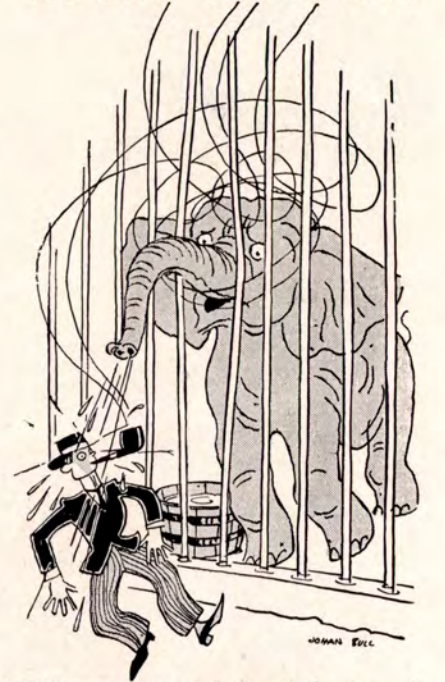
Next attraction at the Curran Theatre is "Tobacco Road," starring Henry Hull, the original New York star. If we can judge by the Eastern reviewers (Chappie's rivals), we had better not miss this one.

Another "must." "Both Your Houses," Maxwell Anderson's great play. At the Community Theatre on May 23, 24, and 25.

Albert Johnson's lovely settings, most of the original choruses and ensembles, Dorothy Stone who sings nicely, and Ethel Waters who sings. "Cheer," when presented over a year ago, was something entirely different in musicals—a topical revue, with sketches suggested by the newspaper stories of the preceding months, which consciously omitted those mainstays of the usual type of musical show—nudes, noisy choruses, blue black-outs, and loudly plugged hit tunes. Today, it is still new and different for the West in spite of the fact that some of the topicality is naturally gone. We find ourselves slow in adjusting to the change, hence the slight disappointment.

Nevertheless, the show is very much worth seeing, whether you are cosmopolite or not. Judged on the entire score, (Continued on page 24)

THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGOT!



TEN YEARS AGO the elephant caught a whiff of that old pipe, and his trunk was sore for weeks. Today the first sniff brought it all back and turned a peace-loving zoo-pet into a vengeful rogue.

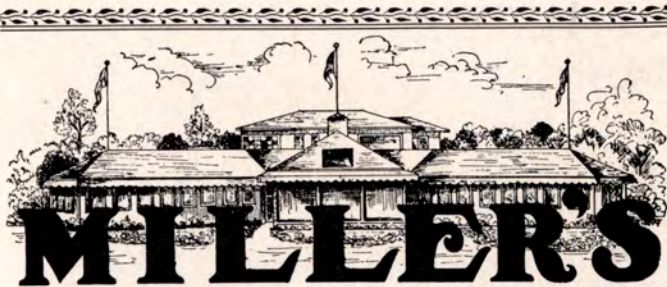
Two easy steps will make buddies out of this pair. First—a thorough pipe cleaning. Second—a tin of mild, fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. This friendly blend of Kentucky Burleys is a pal to every living creature. Smokers and non-smokers like its aroma. Well-aged and cool-burning, Sir Walter has raised pipe-smoking to the nth degree of joy. Try a tin.

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your pipe taste
better, sweeter,
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Made Fresh Every Hour

The Largest Selling Candy
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San Francisco

Professor—How is it, Brown, I don't have your examination paper?
Brown—Well, it's this way. I wrote it all right, but neglected to fill my fountain pen. —Widow

First Stude—What year is this for you?
Second Stude—Fifth.
First Stude—Taking your Masters?
Second Stude—Naw, just takin' my time. —Iowa State Green Gander

I don't see really what the Ten Commandments are for. They don't tell you what to do; only put ideas into your head. —Temple Owl

As one Japanese admiral said to another, "I sank you very much." —Washington Columns

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WOLVERTON'S SERVICE

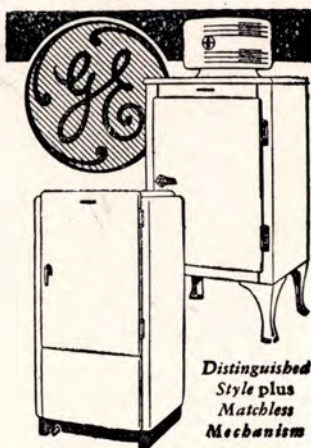
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HOW TO READ RAPIDLY AND WELL

A Manual of Silent Reading

By C. Gilbert Wrenn and Luella Cole

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STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

A dentist we know tells a story about a very cocky lad from Iowa State. When he graduated, by some ill chance of fate he landed a job with the "New York Times." Of course this made him all the more cocky. In due time he began to bother all the men around the office. Finally one day the editor sent him to get a statement from Irvin S. Cobb.

Busting into the privacy of Mr. Cobb's suite, he began with his customary ego: "Mr. Cobb, I'm Hicks from Iowa State. I've accepted a position with the 'Times' and thought I'd drop over and see if you had a statement for the press."

The humorist was in a bad mood, so he growled back, "Do you know what we do with hicks in New York?"

"Mr. Cobb!" replied this conceited lad, "I don't give a damn what you do with Hicks in New York but I do know what we do with Cobbs in Iowa!" —Ohio Sundial

Said a monk as she hung by her tail
To her offspring both female and male—
"From you children, my dears,
In a few million years
May evolve a professor at Yale."

—Black and Blue Jay

"Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

"It's a great scheme. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other." —Temple Owl

Many a maiden comes in late
Because she argued with her date.

—M.I.T. Voo Doo

H. Liebes & Co.



Come on in - the selection's fine!

Every type of beach and play apparel is to be found in our Sport Shop..... Playsuit sketched 6.95

Grant Avenue at Post

FACING THE MUSIC

The outlook for dancers up and down the Coast is particularly bright just at this moment, for at last the West is beginning to draw some of the Eastern headliners. Eddie Duchin, Ozzie Nelson, Freddie Martin, Don Bestor, and others are all booked at the Coconut Grove. This means that before going East each of these bands will probably take a trip up the Coast. At least, they are reasonably certain to get as far as San Francisco. Paul Pendarvis, originally a U.C.L.A. campus maestro, returns to the Coast early in May, starting an engagement at the Palace Hotel; and it is rumored that Don Bestor has already been booked at the Mark.

Many people have inquired as to which dance band is considered the best in the country, and we have always made the weak reply that it all depends on personal opinion. Since a critic has as much right to express an opinion as anyone else, we submit that there is no "best band" in the country; but that there are several which are head and shoulders above the rest — which should be regarded as superior. Of these, we name Jimmie Lunceford, whose band comes closer to technical perfection than any other outfit in the country; Glen Gray, because of his well-groomed precision; Benny Goodman, the best clarinetist in the business, backed by top-notch musicians; and Duke Ellington, the pacesetter of modern effects and styles. In the same classification we place Isham Jones, the Dorsey Brothers, Ray Noble, and Ozzie Nelson. Other bands have their good points, and many of them approach very near to these leaders; but this list, as far as we are concerned, represents the best talent available.

—Pete Knecht

PERPETUAL MOTION

Bright spot for this month is the appearance of Benny Goodman, clarinetist unexcelled, on Victor, with two swing recordings of "Hunkadola" and "The Dixieland Band." Goodman had to buy a pair of long pants for his first job; now, still under thirty, he blows the fullest, richest, and — Jimmy Dorsey notwithstanding — hottest clarinet in jazzdom. If you're interested in hearing more of him, listen to his "Bugle Call Rag" on Columbia, or his work with Adrian Rolini and his Orchestra on Decca.

AVALON—Cab Calloway and Orchestra. This classic is easily the melodical equal of "Stardust"; and a very subdued Calloway does it in superb fashion, with the melody more than usually discernible. One of the two best Brunswicks of the month.

(Continued on page 27)

CAL CAMPUS defines "THE BRIDGE"



Well, after all, the Bridge is HIGH!

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE

CAL frequently stumbles when asked to define ship-board terms. But he didn't stumble in choosing the magnificent American liner Washington for his trip to Europe! He had many reasons.

The Washington and her sister Manhattan are the world's fastest cabin liners. Their great popularity has made them the sensations of the sea. They are the only liners in the service providing the supreme travel luxury: air-conditioned dining salons. They are thoroughly modern — and offer every modern facility — vast decks, tiled swimming pool, mammoth cabins, all with real beds! Many other features! To top it off — amazingly low fares! Cabin Class \$176 one way; \$326 round trip. Tourist class \$119 one way; \$215 round trip.

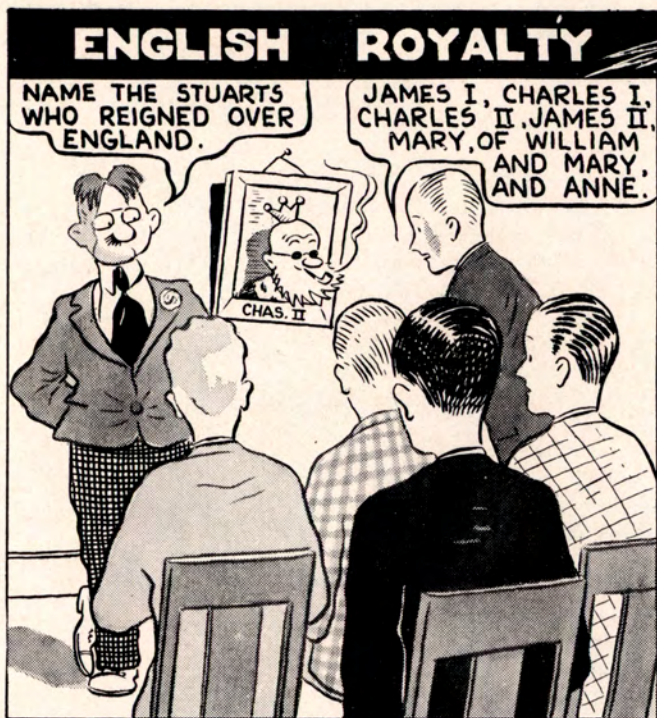
Or travel Cabin Class — highest on the ship — on the popular Pres. Harding or Pres. Roosevelt. Ease, comfort, informality, the finest accommodations — yet fares are only \$133 one way; \$247 round trip!

Weekly sailings to Cobb, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.



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MILDNESS!

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STANFORD CHAPARRAL

LOVE NUMBER



LOVE

THE verse of most the balmy bards
 With Love is always laden.
 It simply teems with tender themes
 Indited to a Maiden.

To Genevieves and Gwendolines,
 To Dorises and Kittys,
 They twang their lutes—the giddy brutes—
 And warble soulful ditties.

They sing of Love in Leafy Bowers,
 Of Love that Meets Adverses;
 On Burning Love and Yearning Love
 They reel off yards of verses.

So, if I never sing of Love
 Don't think I'm misanthropic.
 'T would be a crime to waste my time
 On such a worn-out topic!

—John Coulthard





OO-NOW BLOW RINGS!



STANFORD CHAPARRAL

MAY • 1935 • VOL. 36 • NO. 8

FOR WOMEN ONLY

COLLEGE women use up too much energy in thinking up excuses for dates, and the excuses they most commonly use are such obvious lies that they don't fool anybody anyway. So why not use this better way to get out of a date which you don't want? Don't think up phoney excuses—kill all his desire for a date instead with one of the following:

1. We had fried onions for dinner.
2. I got a cold sore right on my lip.
3. Let's go to the City instead of a show in Paly.
4. I've been having trouble with my false teeth.
5. Or, if that doesn't stop him, tell him your wooden leg has developed a nasty habit of falling off at the most unexpected moments.
6. My roommate just came down with leprosy. I haven't shown any symptoms myself YET

—Prendergoose

SUPPLEMENT TO ANNOUNCEMENT OF COURSES

School of Love

1. **Botany.**—Study of cactus gardens, dense bushes, and secluded trees. Practical demonstrations. Labs: 9-12 P.M. No home work.
2. **Marine Adaptation.**—Field trips around Lagunita to observe unusual night phenomena. Class limited to insure best results for undisturbed observation.
3. **Chemistry.**—Laboratory technique demonstrating application and removal of cosmetic stains from cloth and skin.
4. **Romantic Languages.**—Instruction in art of making amorous advances in seven languages. Expression, whispering, intonations, double ententes, and speaking with mouth full of hair.
5. **Automotive Mechanics.**—Elementary course in running out of gas, turning off ignition switch, no-hand gear shifting, and opening rumble seats.

—Scott + G. S.



"Now where's that damn bee?"

FOR MEN ONLY

INASMUCH as the Lovely Ladies of the Campus are being portrayed in this issue, it has been suggested that a contest be held to determine the ugliest female on the "Farm." As there would be ample contestants for this crown, the list of candidates and the individual ballyhoo might read as follows:

STUPENDOUS CONTEST STAGED ON CAMPUS !!!

The event of the season will take place tomorrow to determine the Least Lovely of the 1,000. A cat fight is being waged among the following:

1. Susie Snigglefritz. Has spent four years at Stanford and heretofore was regarded as tops in her class. Her main point is her all-round frowziness in features and dress, which may be noticed with little difficulty at a great distance, particularly when the wind is in the right direction.
2. Ursula Slobb. A newcomer to our circle and a worthy candidate for queenly honors. Although she's been here but a short time it seems as though she's everywhere, owing to her stupendous proportions. She is the spitting image of a non-rigid blimp wabbling along on piano legs. Her contest apparel was designed by Omi the tentmaker, and has an aerial view of the Campus on the back.
3. Pamela Pish. A third candidate is this coy young thing. Her angular features strongly resemble an emaciated Gargoyle, and her chassis has about as much streamline as a 1908 Buick.
4. Rebecca Glumpf. Last but not least is this stellar candidate. Her complexion and shape are decidedly akin to a disgusted tomato, and her "Best" friend not only won't tell her, but on many occasions won't even come near her.

N.B.—Contestants and votes may be deposited in the Reserve Book Room.

—Jack Scott

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

PONDER on Romance,
Its meanings are many.
It comes with sweet song,
Or again—with sweet penny.
But if you're like me
Then you're not having any.

For some it's a workout
In Swedish massage.
For some it's a gal
Who is in the right lodge.
But if you're like me
Then it's something you dodge.

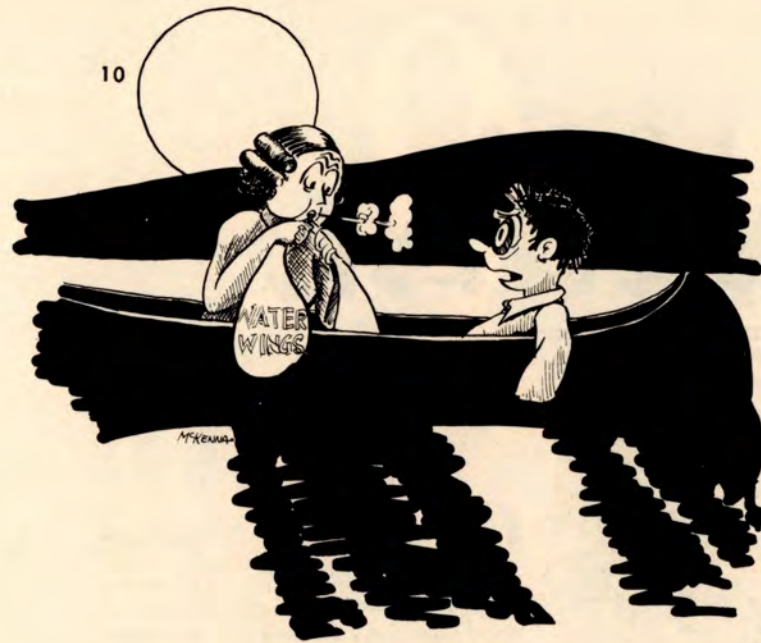
For some it is music
And moonlight and sky.
For some it is just that
Old smoke-in-the-eye.
But if you're like me
You don't give it a try.

For some it means dating
Of dames, by the dozen,
Or else just a blind-date
With somebody's cousin.
But if you're like me
Then your head's never buzzin'.

For some it's a chance
To brag, "Lord, how she fell,
son!"

For others a chance
To play parlor half nelson.
But if you're like me—
Brother, you're a liar, too!
—Ritchie





Lagunita Love

HOW TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A STANFORD WOMAN

IF YOU would fall in love with a Stanford woman, you must start your preparations at an early age. It is wise to select rich parents—you will need sufficient funds.

Next you should carefully cultivate a P.M.A. (Proper Mental Attitude). This will include a firm belief in the value and virtue of womankind, as well as intellectual comradeship and platonic friendship.

Another important point is never to look at, date, or—worst of all—fall in love with a girl in your home town.

When you reach Stanford it will be best to study industriously for the first two quarters, and never go out at all. Then the Spring will approach, reviving the dead spark of romance, leading you to desire female companionship—even that of a Stanford woman.

Look carefully about you in your classes. Perchance one of the few attractive women the Campus boasts may be in one of them. Sit by her. Talk to her before and after lectures. Now you have a common ground—and that an intellectual one.

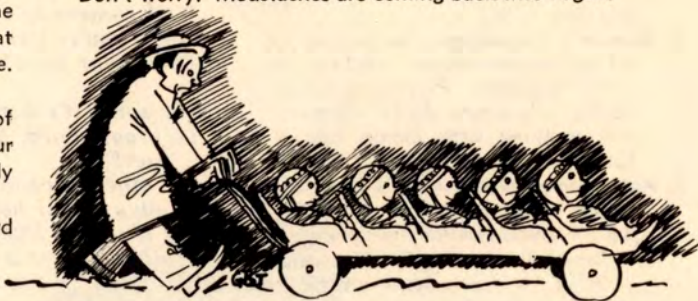
The next move is to wait a few weeks. This allows you to muster courage for the fatal plunge, and gives her time to realize you are not vicious and won't bite her.

Then you phone and ask for a date. If she accepts, you'd better crawl out, because she's certain to be a failure. If she is dated up for several weeks in advance, don't give up. That means you may have hold of something that is worth while. Keep trying!

When you finally get a date, your procedure is a matter of personal preference. You will need patience. It is here your P.M.A. will stand you in good stead. If you are thus mentally prepared, it won't be so bad.

WHAT! You don't want to fall in love with a Stanford woman!

—John L. Kline



FOR ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN ASK THE COPP

Dear Uncle Copp: The house is on fire! What shall I do? Jump out the window and ruin my new party dress or sit here and toast? Please answer, as it is most distressing.

All-of-a-Dither

Dear, dear All-of-a-Dither: If I were in your position I would call the fire department. That is, of course, if you have a phone. If you have none, please write me and I'll come over and rescue you, dear.

Dear Jim: Whoosh! I'm a bad man.

Philo Phingernail

Dear, dear Philo Phingernail: Whooshie, whooshie!! You'd better watch out.

Dear Uncle Jymes: I have a piece of pie in the cupboard. I have been debating whether to eat it myself or send it to the starving Armenians. What would you do?

Mrs. Table

Dear, dear Mrs. Table: Yes!

Dear Uncle Crazy: For fifty years I have been working on my autobiography, expecting any moment to die. Pretty soon I shall run out of paper. I am 106 years old and have no teeth; but, boy! can I dance!

Hattie House

Dear, dear Hattie House: Try some Paris Green.

Dear Uncle Knowitall: There's a strange young spider in my bed each night. I know he's there because every five minutes he bites me. Tell me what to do, as I am just covered with spider bites!

Sally Slipper

Dear, dear Sally Slipper: You have not given me enough information as yet. Perhaps we can arrange for an examination.

Dear Uncle: Come up'n see me sometime.

Mae

Dear, dear Mae: I did.

Dear James the Third: What an unhappy creature am I! I have a hairlip.

Lydia

Dear, dear Lydia: Don't worry. Moustaches are coming back into vogue.



"Can I help it if all da gals fall for me? It's me poisonality!"

APPROVED ACTION FOR ONE CO-ED'S DATE!

If he talks about his other ladyloves, you're expected to muffle that SCREAM LIKE AN EAGLE; but if he makes a slighting remark about your new hat, go ahead and SNARL LIKE A RHINOCEROS. When he enthusiastically mentions your arch-enemy, it's perfectly all right to MEOW LIKE A KITTY-KAT; but if he asks about your other boy-friends, be DUMB LIKE AN OX. If he makes a reference to your EATING LIKE A HORSE, you're absolutely entitled to LAUGH LIKE A HYENA; but when he suggests you're SIZED LIKE AN ELEPHANT, take the hint and CHANGE YOUR SPOTS LIKE A LEOPARD. GROWL LIKE A GRIZZLY when he suggests NECKING LIKE A GIRAFFE, but only BOW-WOW LIKE A PUPPY DOG if he mentions that diamond bracelet. And remember, what never fails wowing him when he won't give you your own way is merely CRYING LIKE A BABY; guess that'll FIX HIM LIKE A (you fill in the appropriate blank!).

—Jane Shields

THE IDEAL STANFORD WOMAN:

Has lost her ideas of the value of Platonic friendship. Never refuses a ride. Would rather go to a Paly show than to the City. Smokes gracefully and drinks convivially. Is good looking and dresses snappily, but not flashily. Always picks up Roughts at the bumming station. Has no romantic illusions. Never fails to take along the \$5 as recommended by the Dean. Doesn't mind being late for a two-thirty. Never makes catty remarks. Can make her conversation light or serious as needs be. Will probably register about 1965.

—Kline

The car was silhouetted against the moon-kissed heights of the Skyline. The night was warm and balmy. Far below, the friendly lights of the Peninsula towns winked in cheery welcome. His arm was around her. Her head rested on his shoulder. Almost as if afraid to break the sweet silence, he whispered a cautious suggestion in her ear. Her features suddenly became taut, as she raised her head with the injured dignity of a princess, and broke the silence with her stern reply: "You know damn well I can't eat hamburger on Friday night."

—Hood

"Have you ever seen such poise and grace!"
"And such gorgeous auburn hair!"
"So perfectly groomed!"
"What a perfect form—what heavenly legs!"
"And let me tell you, she's plenty fast!"
"She sure looks like a hot number to me."
"O.K. Let's bet on her. What are the odds?"





FUMDUDDLE DIARY SERVICE

"Glamorous Diaries for Unglamorous Women"

Dear Miss _____:

Are you a wallflower? Do you long to be a Harlow or a Hepburn? Do you lack that necessary zip and—well, those essentials of personality? In other words, do you lack the glitter and glamour which men find so attractive in women? If so, let the Oscar Fumduddle Diary Service aid you in developing your allure and magnetism.

For women whose lives are dull, unimaginative, and uninteresting, Fumduddle supplies a weekly bulletin of exciting misadventures and thrilling escapades (written in convincingly alluring style) which you may write into your diary.

We provide a select list of attractive masculine names, super-coined terms of endearment, and passionate descriptions of the men you would like to know.

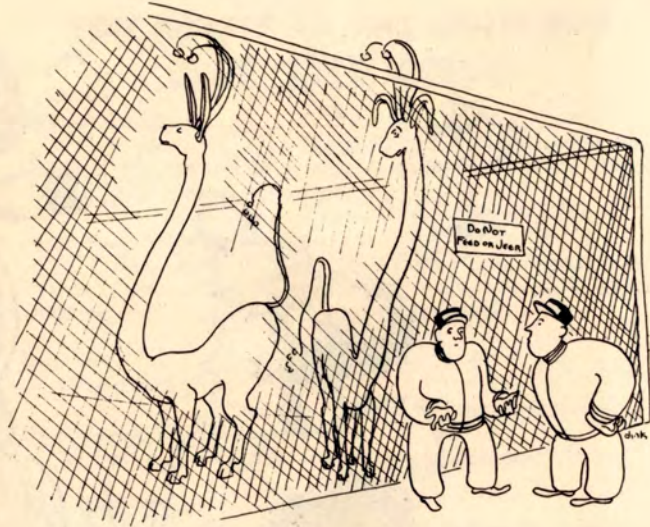
For those so inclined, Fumduddle offers the services of a great literary heart specialist. Prose and verse concerning heart throbs, broken hearts, passionately pulsing hearts, and open hearts, written by this artist, are offered at no additional price. Crushed flowers to press in your diaries are available at reduced rates.

Unglamorous women—become attractive to men! Let Fumduddle write your diary—leave the diary lying around open where men can see it—and your reputation is made!

Become Sparkling, Scintillating, by Subscribing to

FUMDUDDLE DIARY SERVICE
Oscar Fumduddle, President

—Steedman



"The last pair in the world—and she's gone Platonic!"

PASSION--AN ALLEGORY

"I love you, dearest," I breathed. Then I kicked her in the teeth.

She kicked me in the teeth.
"I love you too, sweetheart," she sighed.
I deposited another kick.
"This is true love, darling, not mere passion—we must make it last."

"Yes, beloved, we must."
She returned my gesture, with a slight amount of interest.
We continued this affectionate exchange until I suddenly saw that she had no more teeth. I still had three.

"What," I said, removing my foot from her mouth. "No more teeth? How sad. How sad that this should turn out to be no more than a mere infatuation."

—Dir:k

EGG-CENTRIC LOVE

He had admired her all evening from afar. She was one of those divine creatures to whom all men look for a nobler, deeper kind of love. She had on a willowy sort of creation that clung like the Dippy to its fifteen cents. And yet there was that air about her of aloofness, of a vastly superior indifference. She looked slowly around the room, merely glancing, until her eye struck his. Immediately the air seemed electrified with her personality. He had attracted her! More, she was coming over to him! What was this strange power he now felt in his hand? She murmured something about the balcony, and almost swooning from the exhilaration, he escorted her to the moonlight outside. She drew nearer, murmuring some soft words. He asked her what she said. She repeated: "You had eggs for breakfast this morning, didn't you?"

—Page Gilman



"Why, John! You aren't yourself tonight!"

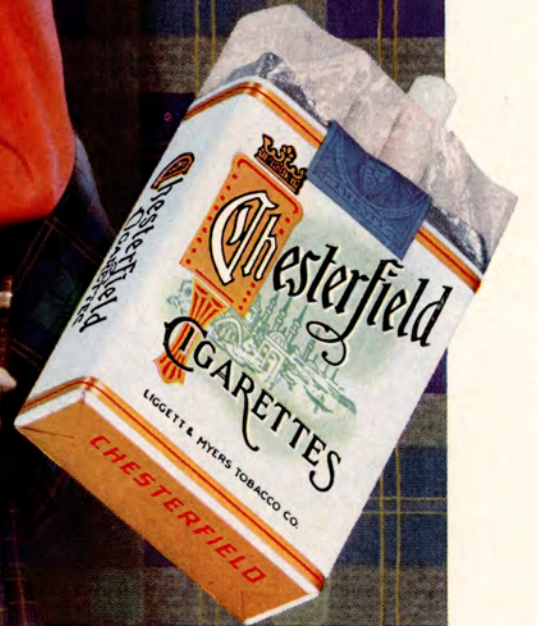


STANFORD CHAPARRAL



It's a bonnie
cigarette Lassie

—aye Lassie, one
that's Milder and
Tastes Better





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 CHAPIES

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NOW THAT Spring Musical Show promises to be one of the biggest boosts that Stanford dramatics have received in a long time. Chappie feels that here are student theatrics as they should be, and his hat is off to President Wilbur and Dean Yost for their sanction of the venture. The show will be of the revue type, the whole to be produced by students—writing, directing, and staging—a new departure that is to be commended.

The Musical promises to be a source of pleasure to both actors and audience. Student-written sketches of the same type as those written by George Kauffman and Dorothy Parker will be featured, backed by works of both of these authors. The best music from previous campus shows will be combined with some new original tunes to give the score. One of the more significant features will be the student direction and technical work; this will be the first time that this work has been carried out independent of faculty direction.

It will be an opportunity to see a lot of Stanford dramatic talent that has never before appeared on



the Stanford stage. As a matter of record, three-quarters of the most polished actors on the Campus have not appeared in any campus production this year. They have all been drawn to the Palo Alto Community Playhouse, principally because there have been an insufficient number of Dramatic Council productions to give them all an opportunity to work. This situation is fair to neither actors nor audiences, and with the facilities provided by the new Theatre it should be remedied. It should be possible to produce at least four shows a quarter, at least one of which will be of the same type as the Musical—written, directed, and staged by students.

The first step in the establishment of an adequate School of the Theatre has been taken by the Dramatic Council in its recommendation to President Wilbur that dramatics be made a function of the University. The President's favorable consideration of the recommendation was a move nearer the goal. And the Chappies feel that this Spring Musical Show will be the third significant step in the revival of Stanford dramatics. They feel that it is the forerunner of the time when all students working on a show will receive University credits for their work—a contrast to the present system that makes dramatics almost entirely an extracurricular activity, and the most poorly rewarded one at that.

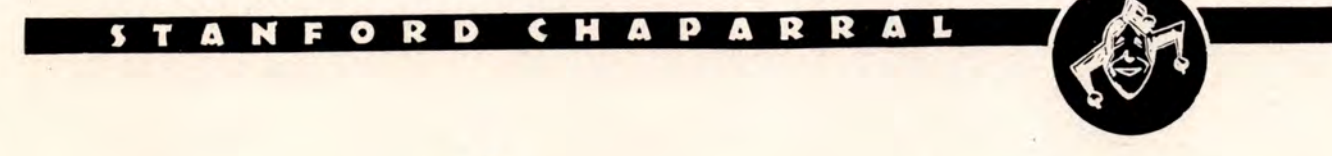
—Dick Dawson

NOW THAT the "Daily" has become a humorous contemporary, it would be impolite for the OLD BOY not to laugh at the efforts of his fellow-funnymen. Of the many strange antics of the "Daily," Chappie most appreciated the humor of the "brilliant-as-usual" editorial in which the Editor added his "original" contribution to the controversy which the ANCIENT ONE started over campus traffic fines. The humor lay, not so much in criticizing the OLD BOY for things he did **not** say (he is rather touchy about that), but in the suggestion of a change of policy which the "Daily" offered. This constructive suggestion was EXACTLY the one Chappie himself had made—in fact, it was the whole point of the OLD GENTLEMAN's editorial. Funny Mr. Daily is **so** original!

Once more—the last time for this tedious business, it is hoped—let the OLD BOY repeat. The NOW THAT did not criticize the Men's Council nor accuse it of "abuse of power." Chappie objected, and still does, to a rigid scale of fines—payable only in cash. To put equality in Stanford justice, Chappie again suggests a change of policy: To allow the substitution of labor in lieu of cash payment of fines in cases where an individual's financial circumstances warrant such an arrangement.

NOW THAT scarehead thrown up about graduates holding student-body offices is all nonsense. What we want is the best student government possible, and to get that we must select the best qualified students as representatives. We need to choose those who have "gone through the mill," who are experienced, and who know the students' problems. No one can deny the fact that one who has spent four years at Stanford and participated in student activities is more cognizant of the needs of student government—and therefore better qualified to serve in an executive capacity—than one who has been here less time and had less experience. The problem is the selection of the most capable, and four years' experience should not disqualify anyone for a student office.

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ONE spring night a couple of Stanford not-so-roughs looked down the barrel of too many beer steins and grew restive. The moon was full; so they decided to meander out Sand Hill way and see who was wooing. Apparently, however, Stanford's hormones had not been aroused, for they flashed their spotlight here and there along the road without seeing even so much as a parked car with a couple in it. Until, pretty far out, they came across a lone coupe, with two figures inside locked in warm embrace. This was what they were looking for. They turned around and drove back past the parked car. Yes, no doubt about it. And it seemed that it would be very funny to creep up on the love-locked duet and give them a bit of a scare. So they parked their car and stealthily crept back to the coupe. Scarcely making a sound, they approached it, nearer and nearer, with the caution of raiding federal agents. Then, with a final mad rush, screaming violently, they pounced upon the car and jerked open the doors. There, huddled in one corner, sat a little fellow with glasses, arms tenderly wrapped around a bagpipe.

Of course, you may doubt the authenticity of this one—but it does make a good fable.

DEAN YOST may well be proud of a certain Stanford woman. A D.G., she was gazing idly out her window one Sunday evening about dinner time not long ago (you'll remember the occasion) and chanced to notice that an upstairs room in the Phi Delt House was on fire. Thinking the boys were probably at dinner, she hiked across to tell them about it. But on the way she remembered that a Stanford woman does not go unaccompanied into a fraternity house. Frantically trying to find someone to go in with her and break the news, she wasted precious minutes. Finally a man came along who started to enter the Phi Delt House. So, with great composure and in a manner befitting the best traditions of Stanford womanhood, she requested him to tell the boys that their house was on fire. He did.

IN THE midst of all our disillusionment over the pseudo-sophistication of the "1000," we find relief in the thought that times have been worse. The prize of naïve nausea goes to a frosh woman in the days of the inexperienced "500."

It seems that this Roble miss had inveigled a friend into getting her a blind date with the man of her dreams—a football star. The evening was drawing to its close and the little gal had gotten nowhere. The dream-man hardly knew she was alive—typical blind-date blindness. As their auto rounded the gate into Palm Drive, the vexed Robleite felt strong measures must be utilized. Snuggling against his shoulder she cooed:

"I've so tired, and I've so weary."

Pick I up, 'n tiss I, dearie."

That year the abolishment of the "500" was announced.

YOU will pardon us for using fictitious names for the females in this fable (we won't use any at all for the males), but the story itself is an honest-to-badness fact. His Best Friend had introduced him to her one week-end, and the next time he saw her on the Quad he stopped her and succeeded in getting a date for the coming Saturday night.

That night came. He took himself to Roble, asked the desk to ring for Miss Barbara Wilson, and sat down. Twenty minutes passed, but no Miss Wilson appeared. Again he asked that his prospective evening's companion be notified and sat down to wait another ten minutes with exactly the same results—no Wilson. In desperation (you've no idea!) he told the desk clerk about his trouble. This resulted in a search through the late-leave files and the discovery (amazing) that Miss Barbara Wilson had taken a week-end leave for Woodside. So he decided to drive down to Paly and drown his sorrows in a cup—of coffee. He took his time, read all the evening papers thoroughly (including the "Call-Bulletin"—he could take it), and started home. On his way back to the Campus he spied his Best Friend, who had introduced him

to the girl who stood him up. After thinking more than once about picking such a friend up, he stopped and gave him a lift.

"That was sure a swell babe you introduced me to the other night, that Barbara Wilson. Had a date with her for tonight and she liked the idea so much that she took a week-end leave for Woodside," he accused.

"Yeah? That was tough," his Friend agreed; then the light dawned on him. "Who did you say you called for? Her name was Williams, not Wilson!"

In frantic haste he rushed back to Roble. Miss Barbara Williams had been dressed and waiting (hard to believe, but true) for well over an hour.

DOWN on Bryant Street there is a young ladies' finishing school called Castilleja. Since the young ladies are carefully secluded on their little campus, they find the only compensation in surreptitiously passing notes with the only men they see, sons of the Stanford Red who hash there. This is, of course, a dangerous procedure, for detection means loss of privileges for the miss and loss of a good meal job for the man.

One of our spies tells this story. A hasher had become so attached to one of the girls that he often folded notes into her napkin as well as displayed that other mark of great affection—slyly serving her coffee instead of the postum which the others drink. But another young lady, jealous and resentful of the first's luck, wrote her fellow Castillejan a passionate note and signed the hasher's name. This was discovered by one of the teachers; our hasher was called to the office, where the superintendent sat with a piece of paper ominously displayed upon her desk. He was asked, "Have you corresponded with Miss So-and-So?" Thinking all was discovered, he admitted he had. Of course it was too late to do him any good when he examined the note and found that it was a forgery. One of our spies is looking for a good hashing job.

◆ ◆ ◆ LOVE LINES ◆ ◆ ◆

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

*Old-fashioned and demure is she,
Believing still in chivalry;*

*She wouldn't think of being bad,
She's waiting for a Galahad.*

*What could be more futile than
Her searching for a gentleman?*

*I wish she would, for just one night,
Forget that Mother's always right;*

*Go some places, try some things,
For even angels see their wings.*

FILLE EN HAUT-CHAPEAU

*You're beautiful, poised, and no
doubt*

*You'll never deign to notice me;
Yet every moment spent without
You's malpoetic misery.*

*Each day I count increased return
Of pain and sadness in my time,
Each day you pass me by, and turn
Aside—Yet be warned from this
rhyme,*

*Lest meeting should preceded be
By stale familiarity.*

NEW DEAL

I've a redhead at Roble,
A blonde on the Row;
And a Union brunette
Calls me her beau.
There's a grad down at Madroño
I quite often see,
While Salvatierra
Is like home to me.

Eight hundred women!
And right from the start
Of Stanford's New Deal
I've been doing "my part."

—Anne Other

SAGA OF COLLEGE LOVE

My love, I'd swim the sea for you
Or crawl on my knees for a mile.
I'd do these feats for you alone.
(Or the blonde across the aisle.)

I'll worship you forever, dear,
My angel and my heart.
(Unless I rate that streamline dame;
Then, of course, we'd part.)

—Ritchie

LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Would that some genius might discover
A brand new language for the lover.

For though you try with all your might
What can you say that isn't trite?

All of the songs that daily bore us
Were probably sung by some Greek
chorus.

The tender words that you are using
Helen of Troy found most amusing.

And when at last you stumble through it
Shakespeare probably beat you to it.

—Hartmann



"It's too bad you didn't see our new seven-story hotel, Dearie, before you got so far along with this 'un!"





Lovely Ladies

Page



Fritz Kolster
Alpha Phi



Glenora Fritcher
Lagunita



Marie Howell
Chi Omega



Virginia Parker
Delta Gamma



Annette Hoffman
Delta Delta Delta



Ann Bacon
Gamma Phi Beta



Caroline Houseman
Kappa Kappa Gamma



Lovely Ladies



Kay Comrie
Lagunita



Louise Bacigalupi
Union Unit

Photos by Fisher Studios



Becky Butts
Roble



Betty McQuaid
Roble



Beverly Parr
Kappa Alpha Theta



Dorothy Gaff
Union Unit



Mildred Hartsuck
Alpha Omicron Pi



Juliette Proctor
Pi Beta Phi





"I tell you, you're the only one I can see, dear!"

WHAT TO SAY WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR LOVE:

1. Hey, you can't do this to me!
2. Just think what we've meant to each other!
3. Turned **me** down, huh! I'm turning **you** down!
4. Oh, well, it was only an infatuation.
5. I'll be seeing you.
6. So glad to have met you!
7. Well, I'm really too good for her anyhow.
8. Ho, hum.
9. Thank God!
10. Have it your own way, but remember it's twenty miles to the nearest street-car.
11. 5171.

—Dink + P.

LOGICALLY SPEAKING

"Love makes the world a merry-go-round"; no one will dare deny this. "All the world loves a lover"; everyone knows this is true. "All's fair in love and war"; any fool believes this statement. "Love me, love my dog"; this is a necessary requisite in love. "Love is stronger than Death"; this is a proven fact. "I love to dance with you"; a well-known phrase. "Love is a bowl of cherries"; a popular conception.

How strange: All merry-go-rounds love a person who loves a dog and has no sense of moral values, a person who enjoys dancing with this dog and actually thinks that a bowl of cherries can take Death in a 10-round fight to the finish.

—Weaver

LOVE - A QUESTIONNAIRE

A. Types of Love.

Which do you prefer? (Check as few as possible)

1. Platonic (phooey)
2. Free (send name on enclosed card)
3. On the level
4. Common or garden variety
5. Anything goes
6. Self

2. Adam and Eve

3. Bluebirds and lilies

4. Stork

Do you enjoy dating?

. . . . No Sometimes

. . . . Never remember

C. Display of affection.

Best to show feelings:

1. Sentimental songs
2. Passes
3. Kick in teeth

E. Engagements.

Engagements are:

1. A good excuse
2. Fatal
3. Lots of fun
4. The last stand

B. Popular Fallacies concerning Love.

Do you believe in any of the following?

1. Chastity
2. Love at first sight
3. True love
4. Disillusionment
5. No

Terms of endearment. Which do you use?

1. Lambyboo
2. Toots
3. Hey!
4. Only One (not recommended, leads to future complications)
5. Pig-face

F. Sex.

Sex is:

1. A myth
2. Fun
3. Not much when it's clean
4. Subject of 99 44/100% male conversation
5. Always darkest before dawn
6. A vastly overrated commodity

—Dink

If the answer is yes to any of the above, check which of the following you were brought up on:

1. Bees and flowers

D. Dating.

Do you date?

. . . . Yes No
. . . . Inhibited



"Nice eyes on that girl!"

ETERNAL FEMINE

*If you chance to see me
With a puckered brow,
Remember not your cruelty
Nor your broken vow.*

*If you chance to notice
Tears that glaze my eyes,
Let not stricken conscience
Contrite within you rise.*

*Never claim those teardrops—
They aren't meant for you.
Why should I be mournful
If you could not be true?*

*I am not a lover
To wait the past in vain—
I'm lonesome now for someone
To break my heart again!*

—Jean Rouverol

BRAINS OVER BRAWN

From the first moment I looked at Margaret I knew that she was the only woman I should ever love. It was an idyllic romance from the first; our love steadily grew as we studied together, in the library, in the open fields in the spring. We went Phi Beta together, and pledged an eternal love as we exchanged our keys.

And then Gus, the fullback on the football team, started making passes at her. Fascinated by him, she began to grow cold toward me. I was horrified. My friends were solicitous. They advised me not to worry.

"Let her go with him all she wants," they said. "It won't be long before she'll realize what a dumb-ox he is; and then see how soon she comes back to you."

I realized the truth of what they said. Margaret was the most intelligent woman in school. She would soon grow tired of this stupid Gus fellow. She was merely attracted by his athletic prowess. His obvious lack of brains would soon bring her back to me.

Margaret married Gus the first day of summer vacation.

—Dink

I could go swimming, or over to the Gym. Then again I could call up Helen and go for a ride, if I could borrow a car. A glass of beer would taste swell, so would a coke or a milk shake. A picnic would be fun, or then I could take a sun bath, or just sit around and smoke and think. Oh, why the hell do I always get afternoon labs in the spring!

—Hood

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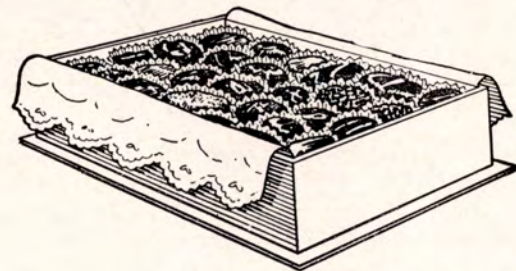
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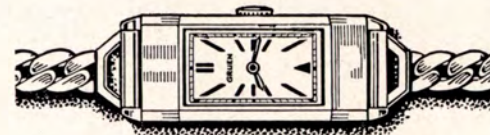


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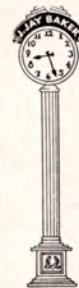
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STAGE LIGHTS

(Continued from page 1)

Irving Berlin has done probably his best work to date. Moss Hart's satires are pungent and telling; the travesties on the Hoovers, Noel Coward, Gandhi, Sister Aimee, are "tops"; and a sketch called "Our Wedding Day" is the best six-word black-out we've ever seen. Miss Waters, whose delivery is topped only by that other Ethel—Merman, was in excellent voice and a standout every time she sang. Though not a bettor by nature, we're willing to bet something of small importance (say a subscription to all the Hearst newspapers) that her lyrical narrative concerning the woman who "started a heat wave by making her seat wave" will make the trip to the City well worth the trouble involved. —H. P.

Every month, the Palo Alto Community Theatre comes through with a full-length play that is successful artistically and financially. Once every three months, Stanford has a play that is sometimes successful artistically, almost never financially. Whatever the reason for the difference, it certainly is not lack of Stanford talent, because the Community Players are largely recruited from Stanford.

"The Torchbearers," the Theatre's latest, was no exception—financially, artistically, or Stanfordly. The play by George Kelly is a hilarious lampoon of amateur theatrical groups—the traditional amateurs who occupy the place at the other end of the scale from the Community Players themselves. The story concerns a gathering of would-be Thespians and their pompous director, who rehearse and present a benefit performance for the Seaman's Institute. The result of their efforts is summed up by the suffering husband of the leading lady after the production: "Heaven help the sailors on a night like this!"

For anyone who has ever been connected with an amateur production, "The Torchbearers" will recall the unconscious humor of forgotten cues, backstage memorizing, the general con-

fusion, and the subsequent round of congratulations from friends. Those acquainted with the personalities of such productions will admit that the characters of "The Torchbearers" are only slightly exaggerated. The second act—backstage during the performance of the play—was one of the best pieces of comic confusion we have seen. Everything goes wrong, mustaches fall off, properties are missing, cues and lines are forgotten—but then "the audience probably never noticed it!"

First honors to Augusta Corey Harrold as the director with the dramatic instinct; to Annelies Morgan, Stanford, for her characterization of the inane "leading lady"; and to Frank O'Neil, Stanford, in the role of Huxley Hossefrosse, the male lead. In a small role, Bob Balzer took a large share of the laughs as the "indispensable Mr. Spindler." A Cole Porter bow to Ralph Welles for a "swell" production.

Why must we gush over these Community Plays? Well, they are good—they are inexpensive—they are entertaining—they don't have a Dramatic Council. —Steedman

We have long been of the suspicion that beer was the lubricant mainly responsible for the success of melodrama revivals. "The Roaring Monster," however, managed to divorce the two and stage the most appreciated show the Palo Alto Community Playhouse has seen for some time. A howling, laughing audience cheered the show on to a second performance the next day.

Whether Author-Villain John S. Lancaster meant "The Roaring Monster" to refer to the villain or the train that thundered across the stage with Fanny tied to the tracks, we don't know. One thing we do know is that if it hadn't been for Joe Lawry's portrayal to perfection of Fenton Fordyce—a credit not only to his family, but to his country as well—the performance would have lost much of its spirit. From his entrance in a shower of corn-flake snow to his triumphal reunion with his family as governor of the state, Lawry's embarrassed scraping of his boot

(Continued on page 26)

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on the floor when discussing women and his mock-sincere recitations of the moral motives for his actions put fire into a show that sometimes dragged miserably from overdoing of the burlesque. Villain Lancaster's extravagantly rolled r's and unnecessary slinking, muttering, and moustache-pulling could have been left out to great advantage. Bernice Walters as Fanny Fordyce drew several laughs, most of them because of the inevitable puns on the first name of the character she portrayed.

For straight amusement value, though, honors seem to have been divided between the MacLachlan Sisters, three hundred pounds of femininity, who entertained between the acts, and the remarkable stage properties. We have already mentioned the train. It was startling, all right, but it didn't compare with the sawmill with its whirling, murderous blade. And even the sawmill couldn't compare with the nifty device that closed the last

act. Mother, Father, and Son were standing in happy reunion, all admiring Son for being elected governor, when Father, in a patriotic burst, turns around and points his finger at the ceiling. And at that moment, into the space at his fingertip, drops an American flag, with pictures of Washington and Lincoln on each side—the whole business bouncing on the end of a string—as the orchestra strikes up "Stars and Stripes Forever." It was great!

—Prendergast

"Everybody is ignorant, only in different subjects."
—Will Rogers

There's the one about the business man who hired a secretary, because he saw better times.

—Penn Punch Bowl

YE OLD BOOK SHOP

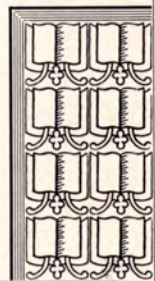
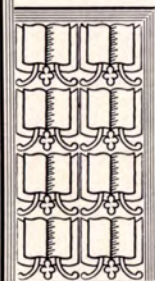
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FACING THE MUSIC

(Continued from page 5)

LOVE DROPPED IN TO TEA—Rudy Vallee and Yanks. Even if you like Vallee, you'll have to admit he doesn't do much with this fair tune whose popularity will hardly last until this column is printed. (Victor.)

ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE—Ruby Newman and Orchestra. Too bad that this band labors under such a funny name; it's really a smooth, clean organization doing a swell number, with an unknown virtuoso hiding away on the lower reeds. (Victor.)

RAIN and BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU—Jimmie Lunceford and his very swell Orchestra. Our choice for the No. 2 Negro band in the country showing off their trio and ace vocalist, Henry Wells, on two sweet melodies. Come on youse, shell out for this one. (Decca.)

SOLILOQUY and SWAMP FIRE—Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. The other best Brunswick of the month. SOLILOQUY is the most famous (and justly so) composition of the young Jewish composer, Rube Bloom, and Nelson's spirited recording is second only to the one Whiteman did years ago. You never realize what a crack band this gang is until you hear them get away on these.

SELECTIONS FROM "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"—Victor Herbert melodies at their very best, these recordings by Nelson Eddy of "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," "I'm Falling in Love with Someone," and others. Also a beautiful rendition by Jeanette MacDonald of "Italian Street Song" that equals any of Grace Moore's popular recordings. (Victor.)

I WAS TAKEN BY STORM—Hal Kemp and Orchestra. The song itself can't miss being a hit, but Kemp works himself into such a stew at the beginning, getting himself into his "style," that he never quite gets out of it (Brunswick). Orville Knapp's
(Continued on page 28)

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YOUR FORTUNE

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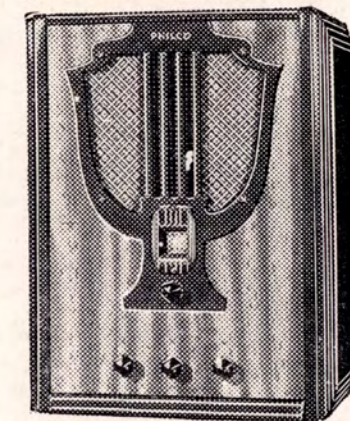
... If your feet are geared in White
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pressing of the same number for Decca is much better. We hardly recognize Knapp without the usual electric guitars running hog-wild.

TINA—Xavier Cugat and Tango Orchestra. A brand-new tango done in excellent style by the country's most-publicized tango orchestra, but hardly another "Isle of Capri" — even though the same guy wrote it. (Victor.)

MY MELANCHOLY BABY and BASIN STREET BLUES—Al Bowlly with Ray Noble. Bowlly at last finds his voice—in his nose. If you cherish any illusions about Bowlly, proceed with caution on these. (Victor.)

EVERYTHING'S BEEN DONE BEFORE—Al Bowlly with Ray Noble. We rescind our previous statement. Bowlly completely restored to favor with some fine work on a fast comer-upper of a tune. (Victor.)

LET'S ADD UP THE SCORE and IMAGINATION—Rudy Newman and Orchestra. Into an era of "lookylookyherecomes-cookie" lyrics and music come some Harvard boys with some really intelligent song writing that is probably not banal or hackneyed enough to be tremendously popular. But must everything be mob-appeal stuff? (Victor.)

SWANEE RIVER—Bing Crosby on Decca. The Master's greatest work since his recording of "Please." Accompanied by a grand full-negro choir, Bing spoils the pressing in only a couple of spots with his crooner's quaver. Just in passing, though, we noticed that the lyrics for this number were by Lorenz Hart, and music by Richard Rogers. Stephen Foster must be turning over in his grave like an airplane propeller. —C. P.

Remember it's the idle rumor that don't do right by the landlady's daughter. —Buccaneer

One formerly walked a mile for a Camel, but now they give you a lift. (Not an Adv.) —Amherst Lord Jeff

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Why is it that your damn switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and pant and grate and grind and puff and bump and chug and hoot and toot and whistle and wheeze and howl and clang and growl and thump and clash and boom and jolt and screech and snarl and snort and slam and throb and roar and rattle and hiss and yell and smoke and smell and shriek like hell all night long when I come home from a hard day at the boiler works and have to keep the dog quiet and the baby quiet so my wife can squawk at me about how I snore.

Yours,
Oswald Schmergeldurgle
—Panther

R.F.C.

Artist—This is my latest picture. It is called "Builders at Work."

Friend—But they're not working.
Artist—Yes, that's where the realism comes in.
—Siren

He—What nationality are you?
She—Pole.
He—My gawd, run! Here comes a dog. —Exchange

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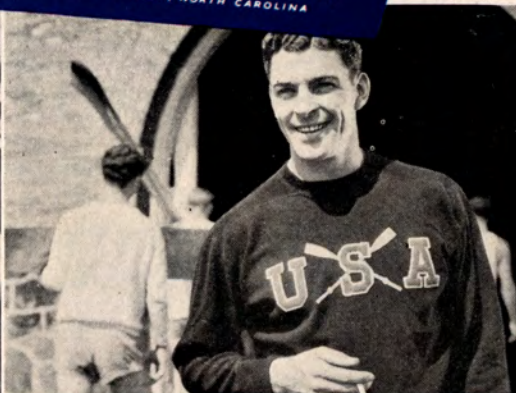
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FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"

ENERGY! Helen Hicks, famous woman golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

VALUE! An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



HEALTHY NERVES! HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.