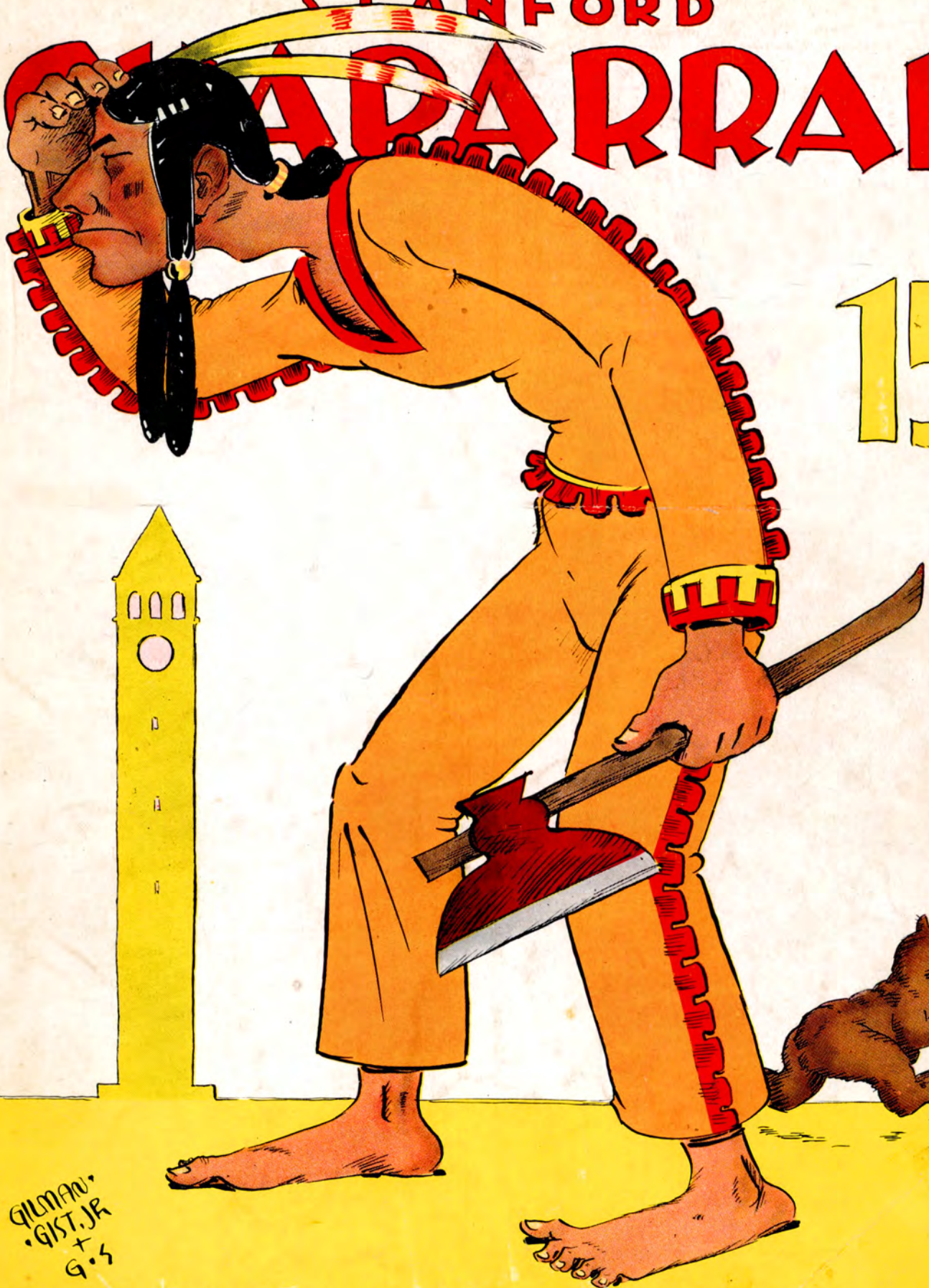


STANFORD

ADARRAL

15^c



GILMAN
GIST, JR.
+
9.5

BIG GAME NUMBER
NOVEMBER 1934

GAME'S OVER!

—Now for some
sun—sun—sun!



You'll look slim and elegant in this graceful tunic frock. It's lovely colonial blue in color. **\$16.75**

A wicked frock—this one! Black crepe with a silvery metallic top and an unusually interesting back.

\$35

Livingston Bros

Grant Avenue ★ Geary Street
San Francisco

In a certain town the local weatherman was so often wrong that his predictions became a standing joke. At last he was forced to ask headquarters for a shift to another station.

"Why," asked headquarters, "do you wish to be transferred?"

"Because," the forecaster snapped back, "the climate doesn't agree with me."

—Sundial



At a neighborhood showing of one of those all-canine pictures, "The Barkies," a friend of ours, as the drama grew tense and a frantic dog general heckled his men to do their best for their country, wisecracked, "I wonder when he will send them to their posts!"

—Sundial



First Kangaroo—Annabelle, where's the baby?

Second Kangaroo—My goodness, I've had my pocket picked!

—Orange Peel



Prof—Now, Johnny, tell us just what you know about the river.

Stude—You mean the one that stayed away from my door or the old gentleman?

—Exchange



A man in the insane asylum sat fishing over a flower bed. A visitor approached, and wishing to be affable remarked: "How many have you caught?" "You're the ninth," was the reply.

—Log



SALES and SERVICE

in

Palo Alto



10 Complete Departments



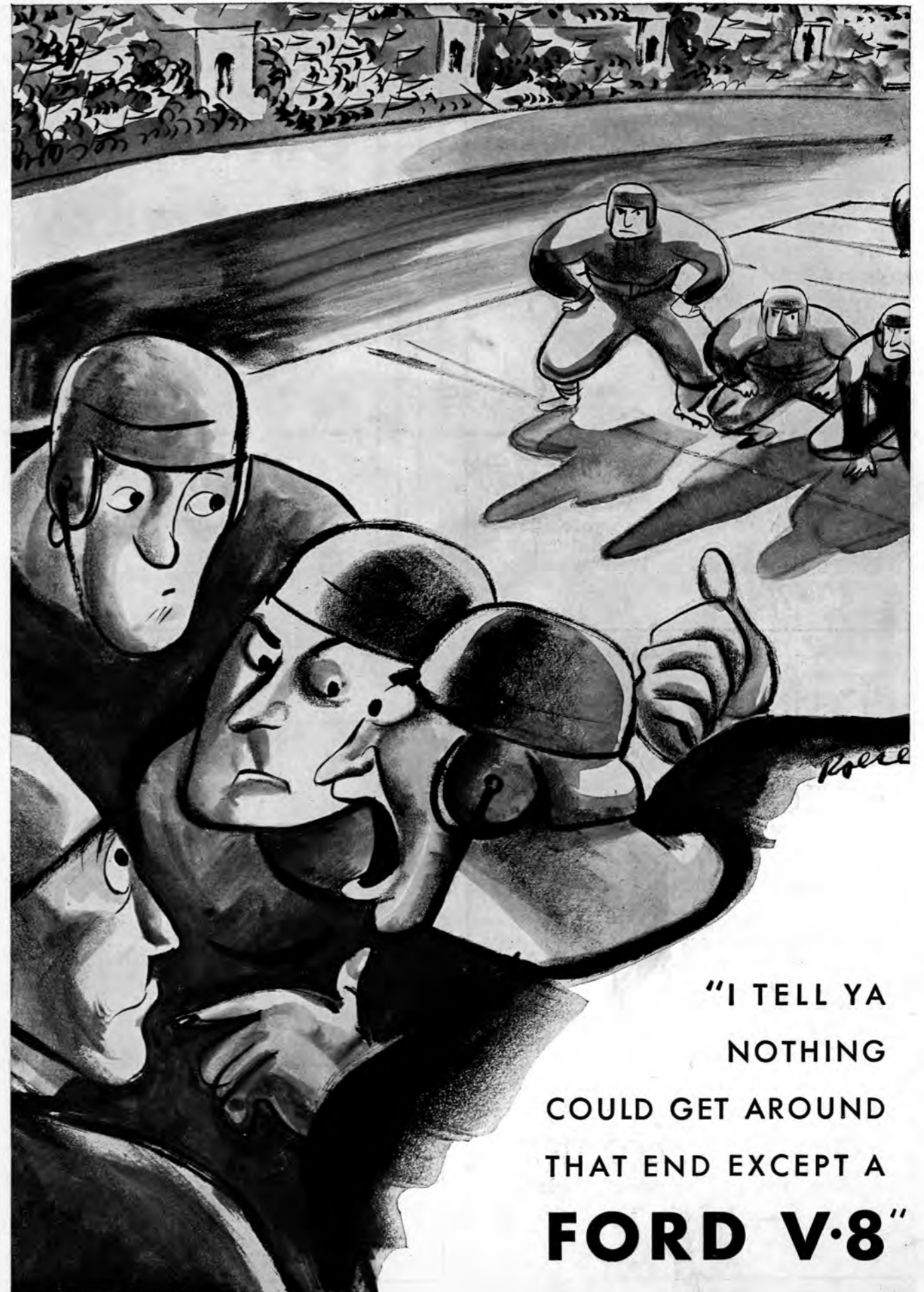
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Shaw Motor Co., Ltd.

Forest and High Sts.

Phone 5161



"I TELL YA
NOTHING
COULD GET AROUND
THAT END EXCEPT A
FORD V-8"

THURLOW'S COFFEE AND PIPE SHOP

We have just received a new line of Comoy pipes and smokers' articles direct from London. These pipes are priced from \$1.00 to \$7.00, and when you say Comoy, you say all there is to be said about a pipe.

THEY ARE LIKE THE STANFORD FOOTBALL TEAM—IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES—BOTH OF THEM ARE CHAMPIONS.

Don't forget Comoy's Grand-Slam pipe. Just a thought—why not take one home for Dad for Christmas? After one smoke of a Grand Slam he will increase your allowance. These pipes are sold only at THURLOW'S—next to the Stanford Theatre in Palo Alto.

THREE KINGS REIGN

FOOTBALL
DODGE AND PLYMOUTH

The dominating note of the trio is powerful sustained PERFORMANCE

King Football is available at the Stadium

Dodge and Plymouth may be seen at the showrooms of

GLENN V. BONINE

Authorized Dodge-Plymouth Dealer

Channing and Alma

Palo Alto

Phone 22141

University Pharmacy

Nearest the Campus

at

134 UNIVERSITY AVE.

Dial 5194

R. W. ROBINSON, *Manager*

Football
BREAKING IT GENTLY
 Football Coach (to player stretched out on the ground)—
 Are you a contortionist?
 Player—No.
 Coach—Well, then, you have a broken arm. —Exchange

Exercise
 "Can you stand on your head?"
 "Nope. It's too high." —Widow

kers
 "I've quit drinking for my health."
 "What are you drinking for, now?" —Temple Owl

"I'm sweet sixteen and never been kissed," she said, "decently." —Buccaneer

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

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

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

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

The LIFE SAVERS gag contest was won last month by Will B. Johnstone, Jr. He will receive a free carton of Life Savers. His gag follows:

He—Gee, but I'm big-hearted.
 She—Why so?
 He—I married two girls, wasn't that bigamy?

AT THE END OF A PERFECT SMOKE



When you lay down your cigarette, pop a Life Saver on your tongue. These cooling rings of mint take away the burn and leave only the yearn . . . for another cigarette.

THRILL YOUR TASTE WITH SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS...THEY'RE NEW



A Clothes Closet knit
 Made a hit at the game
 A Clothes Closet frock
 Made men flock to her flame
 A Clothes Closet gown
 Knocked 'em down at the dance—

(You fill in this line—we wont take a chance)

The Clothes Closet

510 WAVERLEY STREET
PALO ALTO

COMPLETE WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS



The Spirit of Friendship Still Lives

Friends still remember friends and find joy in expressing their friendship with

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

As usual, our variety of Christmas Cards is complete. The early buyer gets the best selection. It will be a pleasure to show you



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GREETING CARD DEPARTMENT

DINE and DANCE every night at
NEW JUNCTION INN, the Penin-
sula's most gorgeous
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Beautiful new cocktail room. Italian cuisine
par excellence. Atmosphere unique. Finest
of beverages served with dinners.
Thoughtful attention.

Music by Jackie Volkers and his
Rhythm Boys

De Luxe dinner \$1.00 every night including
Saturday and Sunday. No cover charge.

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MOUNTAIN VIEW

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Mountain View 876

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Chiropodist


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EAT LOVE NEST CANDY 5c

Made Fresh Every Hour

The Largest Selling Candy
Bar in the World


The Euclid Candy Co. of Calif.
San Francisco

WHAT? NO CREAM?

Editor—Did you cut down that farm story to a thousand
words?
Writer—Yes, indeed. Even the cow gives condensed milk
in it.

—Widow

“What is love?”
“Love is when two people use the same piece of gum.”
—Buccaneer

We found it just as hard to believe as you probably will.
It seems that a very fresh freshman co-ed (Pi Phi???) had just
been introduced to one of our older but better profs.

“Shall I call you Doctor or Professor?” she asked.

“Oh, just as you wish. As a matter of fact, some people
call me an old idiot,” said the instructor humorously.

“Oh,” she said coyly, “I don’t know you quite that well
yet.”

—Sundial

“Am I the first girl you ever loved?”
“No, baby, but I’m harder to please than I used to be.”
—Rice Owl

She—Say something soft and sweet to me, dearest.
He—Custard pie.

—Buccaneer

WAYS IN WHICH TO GRADUATE

1. Stay away from class and read the textbook.
2. Go to every lecture and don't read the textbook.
3. Room with a Phi Beta and take all his courses.
4. Shoot the Phi Beta and assume his name just before finals.
5. Take a correspondence course outside of school.
6. Take a professor outside of school and
 - a. Invite him to your sorority tea.
 - b. Show him that you know more about his course than he does.
 - c. Drown him.
7. Become so valuable an asset to the University that they will never want to flunk you.
8. Sit next to someone who is reported to have brains, but who much more probably is sitting on a textbook.
9. Study.

—Pelican

Girls who rcsit
Don't know what they've missed.

—Rammer Jammer

hotel

Irate Guest (phone down)—Say, Night Clerk!
Clerk—What's on your mind now?
Guest—Mind, hell; they're all over the bed.

—Burr

girls

If they look young, they're old.
If they look old, they're young.
If they look back—for heaven's sake follow 'em!

—Punch Bowl

WHEN IT'S AN



Powerful 13-Plate Idex
Battery \$5.55 Exchange

Complete Electrical Service
Genuine Parts - Delco - Remy
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O'CONNOR, MOFFATT'S



Stepping out
after the game?

Then pour yourself into
a satin-striped "honey"
like THIS... and you'll be
an absolute sensation!
College Shop Third Floor

\$19.75

*H. Liebes
& Co.*

Dear Marge:-



The DEB SHOP at Liebes' has scored again! You MUST see the BIG GAME wardrobe I found

for myself; a DARLING black and silver dinner dress for Friday nite, and a tailored black VELVETEEN suit with a PLAID top and scarf for the GAME. The formal I chose for Saturday nite has me in ECS.



TASY just thinking about it. It's turquoise blue with a beaded top that just SHOUTS sophistication.



Now I'm going to bag MY BIG game just like Mr. FRANK BUCK, only I'll use my DEB SHOP clothes as MY ammunition!
Joan

*Grant Avenue
in
San Francisco*

Ten-twenty

She—"You're Blase," "You're Gonna Lose Your Gal."
He—"My Darling," "Shame on You."
She—"It's the Talk of the Town."
He—"Don't Blame Me."
She—"It Must Be True."
He—"Weep No More, My Baby," "Everything I Have Is Yours."
She—"Heaven Only Knows," "You're Such a Comfort to Me."
He—"Thanks."
She—"Ah, But Is It Love?"
He—"What Is This Thing Called Love?"
She—"Love Is the Sweetest Thing."
He—"Let's Fall in Love."
She—"Should I?"
He—"What Have You Got to Lose?" "Let's Go Places and Do Things."
She—"Dinner at Eight?" "Tea for Two?"
He—"Anything Your Little Heart Desires."

Noon

He—"Hello, Beautiful."
She—"Who?"
He—"Don't You Remember Me?" "A Utah Man Am I."
She—"Yeah Man."
He—"Who's Your Little Whosis?"
She—"I Ain't Got Nobody."

IT MAY BE SO

See those two birds whizzing by
Sprawled in a big Pierce Arrow,
Note their bored and blase air—
Their glances cold and narrow.

Watch them flick their cigarettes
Outside the speeding wagon;
They smile at tired pedestrians
Whose weary dogs are dragging.

You'll think their dad's a millionaire
Who keeps the dough acoming;
You lose; they're only college boys
Who've had good luck at bumming.
—Colgate Banter

LINES OF A LOVELORN WAITER

My love trods softly
Through the din
Of crashing dishes,
And I grin
To think that love
Should cast its noose
While I am serving
Beef au jus.
—Pelican

My mother told me not to pet—
"It's safe to be a prude."
I'll grant that may be so, but yet
A girlie can't be rude . . .
—Wampus

He—"Well, Well, Well," "She's No-body's Sweetheart Now."
She—"Am I Blue?"
He—"Let Me Call You Sweetheart."
She—"Puleese, Mr. Hemmingway!"
He—"Ain't Ya Glad?"
She—"Maybe I Love You Too Much."
He—"Say It Isn't So."
She—"Stay Out of My Dreams," "Sonny Boy."
He—"This Is No Dream."
She—"You're Telling Me!"
He—"I'm Playing with Fire."
She—"Don't Do Anything I Wouldn't Do."

Night Club

She—"How Do I Look?"
He—"More Beautiful than Ever."
She—"Isn't This a Night for Love?"
He—"Isn't It Romantic?"
She—"You're My Past, Present, and Future."
He—"I'll Be Faithful."
She—"Hold Me."
He—"Kiss Me Again."
She—"Ooh, That Kiss!"
He—"I Want You, I Need You."
She—"Hold My Hand."
He—"Thank Heaven for You."
She—"One Minute to One," "Gotta Go."
He—"Goodnight, Sweetheart," "I'll See You in My Dreams."
—Humbug

bathtub
JUSTICE

Ring around the bathtub
Fourteen inches high.
Four and twenty boarders
All as sore as I.
When the door is opened,
The bird that leaves a ring
Is going to be as sad a sight
As the guy who used to sing.
—Harvard Lampoon

"Darling, I love you."
"And I you, dearest."
"Will you always love me?"
"Ever."
(And so on for about ten minutes.)
"But I must be going now."
"Haven't you forgotten something?"
"I don't believe so. What?"
"You didn't leave me any ice."
—Exchange

NOTHING AT ALL

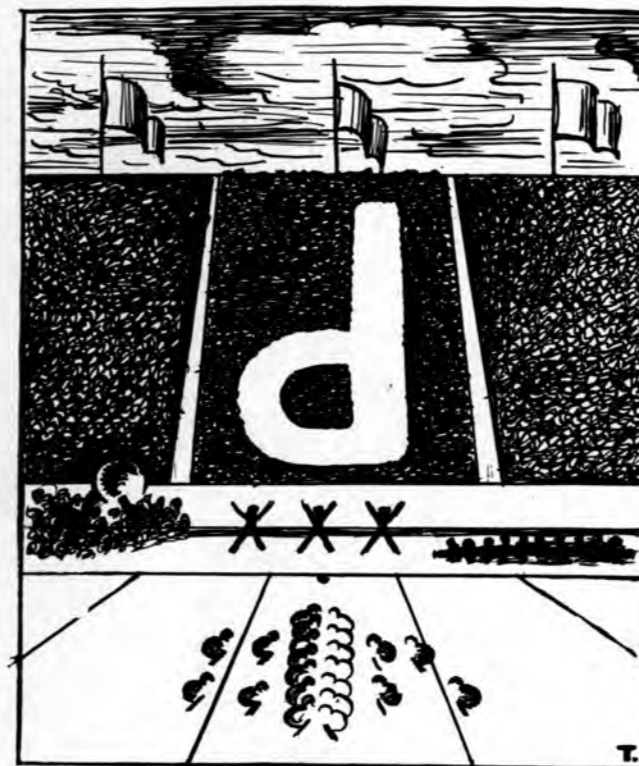
A balky mule has four-wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers.
The firefly is a bright spotlight,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers.
Camels have balloon-tire feet,
And carry spares of what they eat;
But still I think that nothing beats
The Kangaroos with rumble seats.
—Orange Peel

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CLEANERS & DYERS

Ladies' and Men's Coats
Relined
Hats Cleaned and
Blocked
Alterations and
Repairing

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451 Emerson Street
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The yell-leader's nightmare

Count the Chevrolets
at the Game

As the football coach values smooth sure power in his team so the CHEVROLET owner appreciates smooth reliant power in his car.

Servicing and all repair work is as dependable as CHEVROLET itself at Ray Atwater's

for Economical Transportation

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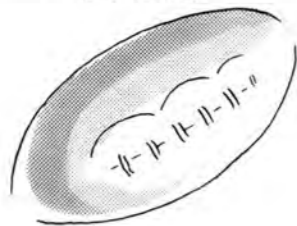
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STANFORD
CHAPARRAL

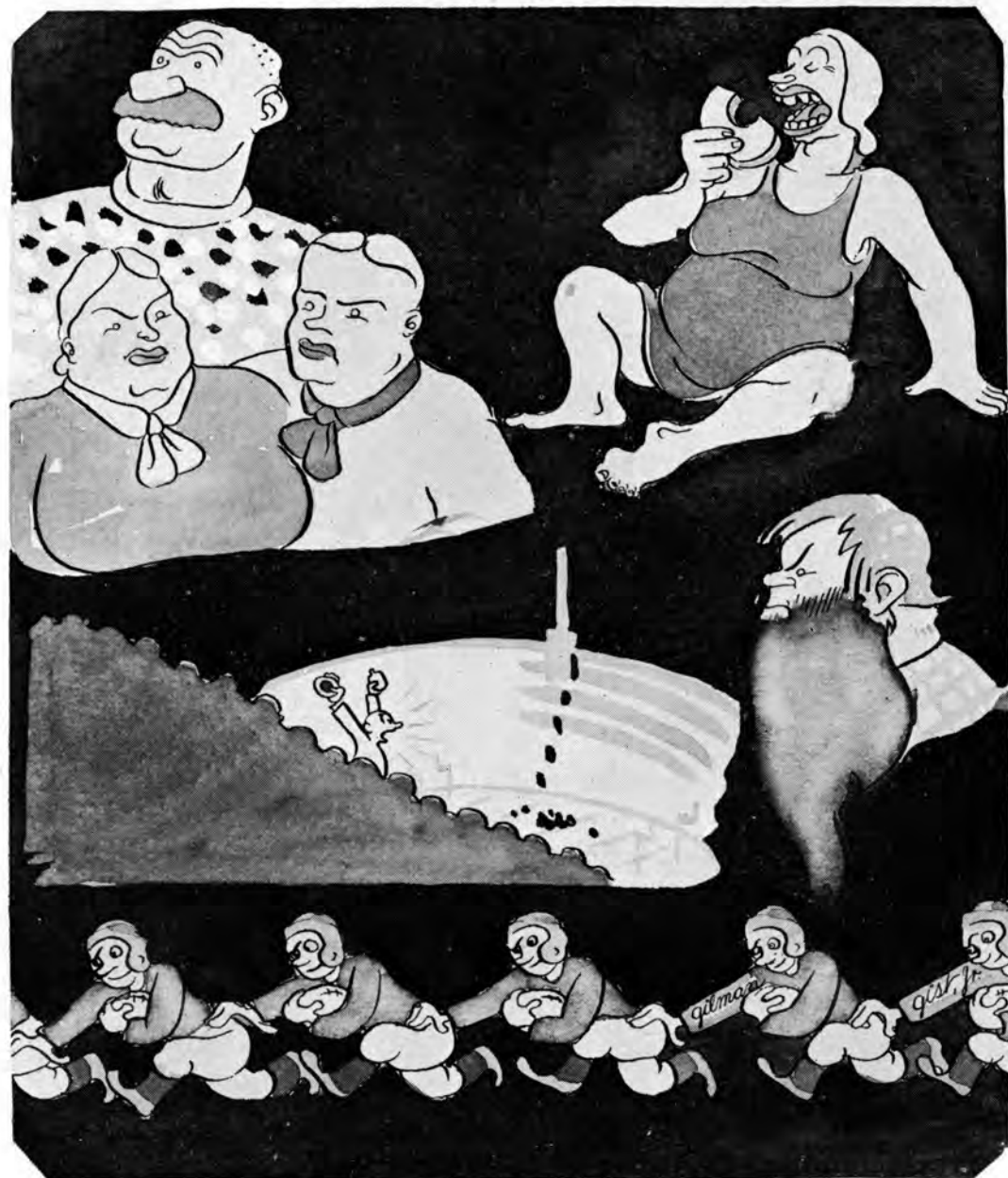


BIG GAME NUMBER





FOOTBALL IN RUSSIA



DICTATOR OF RUSSIAN SPORTS, Pushnix, decides outcome of each game so no one need attend (upper left). Below him are Alexi and Anna, assistants on Russian Five Year Plan for sport. They expect to produce a great deal of football material in the next five years. A VOLGA BEACH scene. Anna Pushovski, all USSR fullback training on a machine-made sandwich. Miss Pushovski put on the bathing suit for this picture (upper right). Center left, an American Grandstand with dissatisfied spectator. This is eliminated under the new regime. If a Comrade does not like the game he may go down on the field and join in the play. Center right shows ex-comrade, Spinachov, eliminated from competition for hiding the ball in his beard. Bottom row, Utopia of socialized sport. Each player may be a halfback.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL

NOVEMBER • 1934 • VOL. 36 • NO. 2

FUMDUDDLE STATEMENT SERVICE

For Perplexed Coaches
Offices in All Shower Rooms
"Win or Lose—Any Statement You
Choose"

Dear Coach:

"What can I tell the alumni?" "What shall I say to them reporters?" "How can I act modest-like when I win?" "What the hell can I say if I lose?" Do these questions haunt you and place an unbearable strain on your mind and vocabulary? Then let the Oscar Fumduddle Statement Service supply the answers.

We provide a form letter for disgruntled alumni which answers all standard questions and includes an alibi for every possible situation from "lack of material" to "loyalty, co-operation, and support." All you have to do is check the excuse desired. Worth the price of the Service itself, it saves time, effort, and thought.

For post-game statements, the company, which originated the "Greatest line on the Coast" and "Most dangerous team" gags, has a unique service. We supply you with a blanket-form statement that can be used either way—win or lose. As sample, we submit the following from our patrons Ingram and Spaulding, following the Cal-U.C.L.A. game:

Ingram: It was no disgrace to fail to score on that ball club. They are one of the finest outfits we have ever met and they will give anybody trouble.

Spaulding: It was no disgrace to lose to the Bears. They are the most dangerous team we will have to face all season and I can truthfully say they will bring agony to more than one of their future opponents.

As a special inducement, the Fumduddle Co. offers a complete injury list, with advice as to the proper time to use. This special line of disabilities, certified by competent physicians, is accompanied by a set of masks and false faces, depicting varying degrees of agony and gloom, to be worn at luncheons and press interviews.

We wish you success, but security comes from

FUMDUDDLE STATEMENT SERVICE

Oscar Fumduddle, President

—Steedman

CAL CRISIS

*THE boys have got to give their all,
At last they're up against a wall,
A wall of wimmen who are wild,
Plenty griped and plenty riled,
They yell, "Come through or we will
stall."*

*The gals at Cal are on a strike,
Emotionally behind a dike.
Unless the team of Ingram, Bill,
Can take the Injuns in a kill,
In solitude the males must hike.*

*There'll be no love, no neck, no
kissing;
The lipstick is entirely missing;
Even fingernails are long
As more and more join in the throng.*

*All Berkeley hears the wimmen
scream
And sees the writhings of the team.
The path to fame the boys must
carve,
Or else for love-life simply starve.*

*What Stanford says is "Wal, wal,
wal!
All we can think is poor, poor Cal!"*
—Ritchie

LITTLE MAN—SO WHAT?

*Little man, don't tear your hair,
Don't cry so hard, for you'll get
there,
Just go up on Tightwad Hill
And you'll get your biggest thrill.*

*When we go to Cal to play
You don't ever have to pay.
Things are so well situated
With ease you see Cubs inebriated.*
—Weber

WHAT TO DO ON BIG GAME NIGHT

1. Don't do it; it isn't nice.
2. Stay in Berkeley and figure out where you parked your car.
3. Or, you can go to the Big City and mix gasoline and alcohol.
4. You can struggle in one of the hotel dancing spots and get spotted.
5. Or, you can get the same effect by spreading out your picnic lunch in the middle of the Bayshore.
6. Or, you can participate in the fire sale in Fink's bargain basement.
7. Or, you can try pounding your fingers with a hammer.
8. Or, you can stay at home and read a good book.
9. Or, you can do your Christmas shopping early.
10. And then, you can always join the Salvation Army.

—Jorgi

ONES TOO OFTEN

After one has been to one's first BIG GAME and has yelled one's throat hoarse at one's team having won, one decides that one must have one's first Big Game night.

So one calls up one's only and plans one date. One's one wears one's one orchid along with other things; and sliding into one's draughty roadster which only ones on three cylinders, one and one's one go off on one highway or another to one big city.

At Big City one's individuality is submerged in one hell of a large crowd. But one gets one's pint down one's esophagus and communes with oblivion in submissive conventional manner of being unconventional. And then when one gets started on one short rode to home one either crushes one's orchid or gets it back and burns end of it and sticks it in one's washbowl. Then in the morning one wakes up and sadly reflects that once a year is enough.

—Gist



FREEDUMB OF THE PRESS

NOTE ON BUSINESS RECOVERY

"We are starting a cat ranch in Ningpo with 100,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year. The cat skins will sell for 30 cents each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats a day. We figure a daily net profit of more than \$10,000.

"The question now arises, what shall we feed the cats?"

"We will start a rat farm next door with 1,000,000 rats. The rats will breed 12 times faster than the cats, so we'll have rats each day to feed the cats. Now what shall we feed the rats? We will feed the rats the carcasses of the cats after they have been skinned.

"Now get this. We feed the rats to the cats and the cats to the rats and get the skins for nothing. Shares are selling at five cents each, but the price will go up soon. Invest while opportunity knocks at your door."

—From a Shanghai Paper

Clever, these Chinese!

BEACH MURDER VICTIM IDENTIFIED AS TWO DIFFERENT MEN

—S.F. Chronicle

Must have been a couple other guys!

KAHN KAPTURES KUTE KIDDER

Scandal has once more reared its ugly head amongst our student body. Pauline (yes, that little homebody we have all thought was meek and mild) has evaded (correction—invaded) the secret precincts of the Stanford Student Body and is now being escorted by the great Kahn, S.B. President.

—P.A. High School Campanile

Another baby-kissing politician?

Sign on a Paly theatre:

I. DUNNE
JOHN BOLES

Don't shout! He'll pay you.

NEEDS POLO MANAGER

All juniors enrolled in the R.O.T.C. who are interested in the position of polo manager are requested to report to Fred Bold at the stables this afternoon or Friday.

—Stanford Daily

Do you mean the Theta Delt House?

BERKELEY CAMPUS HAS CHAPTER OF U.C. 4-H CLUB

—Cal Clip Sheet

Hate, Hate, Hate, Hate Stanford!

Future jolly-ups, says Miss Livingstone, will be held in the Women's Gymnasium. This, it is hoped, will provide ample room for whatever one does at jolly-ups.

—Stanford Daily

That's something we've been trying to find out for years!

CURSING BANDITS ROB BANK OF \$5,600

KEARNEY, Neb., Oct. 3 (AP).—Three robbers, cursing and threatening, held up the Fort Kearney State Bank here just before closing time today and escaped with \$5,600 in currency, about half as much as was taken by a larger band in a holdup last January.

—S.F. Chronicle

Cut out vulgarity and double your income.



"Well, anyway—I betcha my Pop can lick your Pop!"



THAUMATURGIC!

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago—in fact, so long ago I can hardly remember it—now understand, it was a very long time ago and my memory may possibly have failed me, but I am pretty certain about it because my memory is usually fairly good, and this was so unexpected and gave me such a sudden jolt that it took me quite a long time to get over it. In fact, many's the time when my mother, as she bounced me on her knee, has related the incident over and over until my little heart has swelled to capacity and I have burst forth in gleeful cachinnation. Now, understand, I would not be quoted for the world, for there is always the chance that I may have been mistaken. However, no doubts can ever influence me to deny that once upon a time, long, long ago—in fact, so long ago I can hardly remember it—I heard a radio announcer who could actually pronounce five words out of ten CORRECTLY!

—Jim Copp

IT WAS at the Santa Clara game. Came half-time and Yell-king Triolo began giving instructions for the card stunts—those horrible nightmares of artistic creation. Hoping to cheer the rooting section up—even a mite—the campus clown announced that "women for the first time will hold rooters' cards and participate in the demonstration." Whereupon, one of last vestiges of the famous "Stanford Rough" turned around disdainfully and shouted, "AMAZONS!"

STRAWBERRIES AND COLD CREAM

Something was wrong. His face had a pink rash all over it, so he went to the B.A.C. to have the Doc look at it. After giving him the ah-p and down, the M.D. announced that it was nothing but the strawberry rash. The cure: simply stop eating strawberries. "But, Doc," the poor guy insisted, "I don't eat strawberries because they give me the rash." The doctor thought a minute, then smiled.

"What flavor lipstick does your girl use?" (He hadn't worked in the B.A.C. for nothing.) The fellow, after blushing violently, thought for a moment. "Gosh! Strawberry."

So on the way over to his girl's house he stopped at the drugstore and bought an assortment of lipsticks—peach, raspberry, sherry—no strawberry, and when he explained to his woman, and asked her to do something about it, she gave him the raspberry.

—Dink



"Brother Beagle used to wink the Indian's eye in all the card stunts!"

IT MAY COME TO THIS

News Item.—Bette Davis, screen star, offers a kiss to each member of the football team of Cushing Academy making a touchdown.

Scene. Locker room before game. Coach Frail is giving pep-talk to his Succatash College team.

Frail: And remember, fellows—keep in mind throughout the game what comes after every touchdown. Concentrate on those luscious lips, those soft arms, those . . .

Tackle (dreamily): For you, my divine inspiration, I will run with every fumbled ball.

End: No Rules—all's fair in love and war. Frail: And don't forget the fundamentals I've taught you men! All week through practice you have been tackling that dummy too low. What will Bean Barlow think of you? Don't forget—around the neck!

Team: Jeez, are we having Barlow again? Guard: I haven't collected from the last time we had her; I wish we could get Blara Cow.

Frail: I tried to, but it seems the Navy is playing a game today and Miss Cow was not available. She said she felt she belonged to them. And don't forget, there's a two-hug penalty for holding. (Enter a scout.)

Scout (excitedly): Say, Frail, I just learned that the other team is putting lipstick on their goal posts to encourage their men.

Frail: Is that so? Up to their old tricks, eh? Last year they brought Wae Vest

THE BIG GAME

A ROAR, and they were off. The game of the season was on! What a thrill, what excitement on both sides, as the grand play-off of the year began between two unequalled champions, A and B.

Both had unequalled reputations for skill and power. Both had won easy victories in every preliminary match; now at last they were here face to face. The question would be, who had the best line? B seemed irresistible, but then A appeared invincible.

B got off to a fast start, and began with a forward pass. It was smooth and well-timed, but A deftly intercepted it. But the next pass was completed, and A seemed a cinch for a push-over.

It was third down and a kick by B seemed indicated, but the position wasn't right.

B attempted to gain from scrimmage, but was held for no gain. After a penalty on A for holding, B tried another pass, but fumbled, and A made a quick recovery. Then B decided to try a wide end run, but the interference was too strong, and no maid was gained, I mean, gain was made. No hits (Lucky B), no runs (unlucky B), no errors (Lucky A). (Or maybe I'm thinking of another game.)

By this time, both sides were exhausted, so they called it a tie.

But it was a moral victory. The honors were A's.

—Ritchie

along to ruin our morale. All she did was call "Yoo hoo, boys," and that was the last we saw of our team.

Team: Well, what can we do? Frail: Don't worry, I've fixed everything.

I promised Wuffengrut, their halfback, a necking party with Gloria Glamorous if he throws the game.

Fullback: Say, why don't you get her for us again, this Barlow's stuff is getting cold. Look at the way Pete ran wild last Saturday for Glamorous.

Frail: Yeah, he sure did come through. Where is he now, anyway?

End: We haven't seen him. (Enter water-boy.)

W.B.: Jeez, Coach, have you heard the news?

Frail: What news?

W.B.: Why, Pete went out last night with Gloria Glamorous to get paid for all those touchdowns he made last game and—gee, gosh, Coach, THEY ELOPED!

—G. S. & C. P.





"Geez! What've I done now? Da coach looks awful sore!"

THE BIG GAME

As seen by—

Milady: "Oh, I saw the most stunning ensemble at the game! It was black with . . ."

The Cynic: "A relic of post-war hysteria! 90,000 people going wild over a mere game. A pointless display of brute force . . ."

The Advertiser: "A potential market of 90,000. Make them aware of my product at any cost."

Movie Producer: "90,000 spectators. Sophomore star. Beautiful co-eds. Sophomore replaces senior rival. Wins game. Colossal!"

The Alumnus: "Doesn't seem to be the same old spirit. Kids too young and sophisticated. Remember when we used to . . ."

Proud Father: "That's my son down there, third from the end. No, on the bench. You see the coach is saving him for next year."

Song Writer: "Betty Co-ed" — "All-American Girl" — "You've Got to Be a Football Hero" — (Ed. Note.—Ugh, ugh, and grrr!)

The B.A.C.: "A sellout! Total receipts minus Cal's share, minus expenses leaves a nice profit of . . ."

The Substitute: "Wish the coach would stop walking in front of me—can't see a thing. . . Hey! Get that water wagon out of the way. . . Why doesn't he warm up some place else—what the hell! This is my last game for Stanford, I'm going up in the rooting section where I can see the game."

The Losing Rooters: "Gulp! Whoopee."

The Winning Rooters: "Gulp! Whoopee."

RHYMES OF THE TIMES

Publicity Note.—Grid Star's pulled tendon
Tho't to be mendin'.

The Winds of Freedom are Blowing,
But they blow without our knowing.

During periods of rushing
House bills need hushing.

To blonde stenogs with streamline hip
The boss won't say, "None of your lip."

Alumni who gripe at coaches
Remind us of well-known roaches.

Women walking in a hustle
Seem, somehow, to wear a bustle.

Love is a delusion and a snare;
Love is illusion and a pair.

Co-eds who sit in football stands
Are more entertaining than the bands.

Program covers cause us perturbation,
We need a guide to their interpretation.

According to latest reports from U.S.C., the football players will no longer be known as "substitutes," but as "extras."

DID SOMEBODY TELL THIS LIE TO YOU ?

HAVE you heard some one say, "Edgeworth for your pipe is *strong*—what you want is a *mild* tobacco"?

To say that Edgeworth fails in mildness is a favorite device of those who are not able to understand how a pipe tobacco can be so delightfully satisfying in rich tobacco flavor and at the same time be genuinely mild. A statement from the publisher of a well known western college magazine hits this nail squarely on the head. We quote from his letter of September 4, 1934, as follows:

"Edgeworth seems to have one line of sales resistance which is hard to explain, and that is that when you inquire about different brands the fellows are using, some of them tell you that Edgeworth is strong. However, this remark always seems to come from someone who admits that he has never used it. Another thing that seems to be outstanding about Edgeworth is the fact that those fellows who are using it think

it's great, and will hardly listen to anyone's plea to try another kind."

We thank this publisher (name cheerfully supplied on request) for permission to bring this matter out in the open. The truth could not be stated more convincingly than he reports it as a result of his personal investigation.

Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. And Edgeworth has rich tobacco flavor. Mildness and Flavor *together* give it a character and quality pipe smokers love.

You can smoke Edgeworth all day and (at least) half the night and never get anything from it but pleasure and satisfaction.

Don't let anybody tell you that Edgeworth is not mild. It *is* mild—and, with its mildness, it has a delicious flavor.

Why wait until you are nearly ready to graduate before you make Edgeworth your pipe tobacco? Give it a trial *now* and test its mildness and flavor for yourself.

MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., and is sold in all sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Several sizes are put up in vacuum packed tins in which factory flavor and freshness are retained in any climate.





SPIRITS

Mick Force

*A Great Horse
Tea Trader Great Nag
Bears will win in '35*

In the winter of '97—that was a long time ago—there was a boy at Cal by the name of Mick Force. He played football. Then there was Tea Trader, who was also a great horse. It was practically an unbeatable combination. And when old Navy Bill would want a score, he would signal from the bench for that famous off-tackle, short-side, multiple-spinner pass, "Tea Trader to Horse, I mean Force."

Stanford won the Big Game yesterday. Aside from the fact that Stanford got all the touchdowns, they really played a great game, you have to give them credit. I can't understand how they got past those All-American California tackles. Now in the days when I went to college they had an unbeatable combination there called "Tea Trader to Horse, I mean Force." However, it looks as if the Bears still have the best team in the country, when they get started. But it is nothing compared to the team they had a couple of years ago. I never will forget that fiery little kid, Force, and the way they worked that unbeatable combination, "Tea Trader to Force, I mean Horse."

Saturday's game just about practically, almost proves that Bill Ingram is the best coach in America. I once said that about Nibs Price, too. And look where he is. By the way, where is he, anyhow? My prize-winning dog is lost, also.

THE ROAD TO MENLO

*By the old wash basin's faucets
Right between the "H" and "C,"
There's a rusty razor waiting,
And I know it waits for me.*

*For the sun is on the Law Steps,
And the tower chimes, they say,
Come you back, you ugly mug, you,
Come you back and shave today.*

*Oh, ship me somewhere east of
Menlo
Where the scraped are like the
sheared,
Where there ain't no barber-parlors,
And a MAN can raise a beard.
—Douglass*

OBITUARY

*Now on Monday, off his horse,
Leaped the valiant Brickly Morse,
From his column, this predic.,
"Friends, the Bears are due to
click!"*

*But on Wednesday, on his bed,
Lay Bill Ingram, nursing head.
"Friends, the Golden Bears seem
dead!"*

This is what Bill Ingram said.

*"I'm still preaching fundamentals,
And I gnash and grind my dentals,
But despite my raves and rantings,
My boys have lead in pant-ings."*

*Skipping Thursday, we have Friday,
Things to Bill now seem all right;
Into practice roars Bertoli,
And the linemen open holey.*

*From the end of football breadlines,
Ingram steps forth into headlines:*

*"BARRING SLIPS AND OTHER
SORROW,
BEARS ARE DUE TO WIN
TOMORROW!"*

*Comes the morrow, Big Game Day,
Bears and Cards leap into fray;
Grayson, Moscrip, and Van Dellen,
Out of Bears they beat the hell-en.*

*As a present from the Navy,
Berkeley boys have dug a gravey;
Wednesday comes, and 'neath a hill
Of sand and rock lies Navy Bill.*

*But the column is undaunted,
As before, these words are flaunted,
Says Brick Morse with mighty grin,
"The Bears will go from here on in!"
—Frank Cady*

SEVEN TO TEN

Women sit in the Library,
Keep their eyes on pages.
They sit and stare at printing there,
And don't look up for ages.

Men, however, take time out
For rest and relaxation.
They pause to stare at maidens fair,
Which wrecks their concentration.
—Dink



INFORMATION, please! What happened to the promised improvement on telephone service? If there has been any, it is certainly not noticeable. Separate facilities for the women of the Union are still absent—try 3121 and enjoy an intelligent conversation with yourself when plugged into a dead line—probably better than many "lines," but rather annoying. There are many beautiful co-eds in beautiful Lagunita, if you can reach them—22151 is evidence of the decline of the "hello" tradition. . . . Strike two! The OLD BOY would like to hammer something into and out of the Sons of the Stanford Dean—those self-important, misinformed sponsors, obsessed with a delusion of personal omnipotence and suffering from a wrong impression of their duties. Mr. Sponsor, your job is to help the freshmen, advise them, keep them from trouble, aid them in orienting themselves—not to be undercover sleuths, eagerly lying in wait to catch the wayward lads when they do go wrong. . . . The Silver Hammer could well be used to smash that public address system and the weak sales-resistance of the Ex-Committee. Around \$700 dished out for something which looks like an icebox and which has proven a frozen asset! At dances you can stand and hear the orchestra from either of two spots—we say "stand," because once you start dancing you are out of range and left to your musical imagination. The Hammer is overworked, but the sugar bowl overflows.

This month's first prize of 114 lumps of sugar goes to Masquers, women's honorary dramatic society. Their sponsoring and encouraging of student literary talent in the field of drama initiates what the OLD BOY hopes will be a revival of a defunct tradition. Stanford needs a new interest in student writing—Masquers offers encouragement and display of talent. . . . 98 pieces of sugar to Winston Norman and Berk Anthony, author and illustrator of the funniest book of the year—"I think I am slowly Recovering." Two of the finest and most talented of Hammer and Coffin's OLD BOYS—the present ANCIENT ONE wishes them success. . . . The sugar bowl runs over. . . . To the A.S.S.U. for the All-University dances. Financially, they help the student body and personal exchequers—good orchestras—excellent music. . . . Enough sugar to make even Union coffee palatable.



"TINY"



22

27



23



11



24

CHAPPIE'S ALL-AMERICAN SELECTIONS

Fullback, No. 22, Grayson Stanford
 Half, No. 27, Van Dellen, Stanford // End, No. 23, Moscrip, Stanford
 Tackle, No. 11, Callaway, Stanford // Guard, No. 5, Rouble, Stanford // Half, No. 26, Hamilton, Stanford
 Center, No. 33, Muller, Stanford // Guard, No. 10, Adams, Stanford // Tackle, No. 15, Reynolds, Stanford
 End, No. 49, Topping, Stanford // Quarter, No. 24, Alustiza, Stanford
 All-American Coach, Claude E. Thornhill, Stanford



5



49



15



10



33

26

Ollie Johnston '34



SPARKS FROM THE SILVER HAMMER

And then there was the high-powered hosiery salesman who was out of gear.

"There is one type of girl I don't want anything to do with."
"Huh! That's a good one!"

"Curses!" muttered the gay young filly. "Foaled again."

She was the landlord's daughter, but I left her flat.

Announcer—Grayson hits right guard for three yards.

Referee—The right guard hits Grayson for 15.

My roommate has the swellest ties. My roommate is the nicest man. He lets me borrow them sometimes, 'Cause they were mine when we began. —Jorgi

A member of the Cal faculty has been having marked success in bringing dead dogs back to life. If only he could work on the football team.

Judge—Fine day, isn't it?
Pinched for Speeding—Don't pun, Judge, please.

"Isn't this antique furniture gorgeous? I wonder where Mrs. Jones got that huge settee?"
"Well, they tell me her old lady was the same way."

The following sign was posted by a Toyon man to keep away the annoying Monday night solicitors:
"We shoot every tenth agent. Nine have called tonight. We're broke anyhow."

"How are yuh?"
"Oh, I'll be right in the pink, till I get back my blue book and then I'll be in the red."

"Faith and begorra, me laddies, and it will be a fine thing, I'm telling you, when us honest ditch-diggers can start from the bottom and dig up—so's to be in the shade all day long."

Notes on Abnormal Psych.: Agnews is a steam-heated building, comfortably furnished, and every room with bat.

"I'm an English major."
"Oh, I just adore military men."

Enthusiastic Agent—Now here is a house without a flaw.
Prospect—What do you walk on?

A raving cutie is the yak. He has a hump upon his back, At least I think it is the yak. Who has a hump upon his back. —Snoke

Recent reports inform us of a Scot who gave up drinking and moved to the shores of Loch Ness.

A body celestial Makes me bestial.

One more strike and San Francisco is out.

"Are you going to take Chemistry or Biology?"
"What are they all about?"
"Biology is a survey of living forms, and Chem. . . ."
"I'll take Biology."

Alternating currents are those little red berries, like gooseberries, that grow on bushes and make good w-n- and jelly. They are called alternating 'cause they swing back and forth in the wind on stems.

THE DUCHESS WILL BE PLEASED

"Giddy bie boe bum. Giddy bie boe bum!" said Susie, as a score of slickery gentlemen, garbed in dinner jacquettes, dashed out on to the field. The game is on! On what? On time. Why? Shut up.

After about two minutes of zigzagging around and about, the gentlemen flopped upon the turf for a moment of relaxation. Bedtime? No! No! This is a football game, stupid. Anything can happen here. Which was quite a prophecy. Oh, look at the little red wagon go wagonning around out there! The game is on! On what? On fire! But that is impossible; so we'll just skip it.

Presently, Jones made a touchdown, and the lady behind us in her excitement arose from her seat and socked Pa over the head with a teakettle, killing him. "I do hate conventional things, don't you?" she said, smiling her prettiest. But the crowd was not to let such a thing pass by unheeded, and that man said this rule went that way and this man said that rule went this way, and very soon there reigned a regular pandemonium of shouting and raucous blasphemy. I suggested a contest, with apple pie for the winner; but no one seemed to pay any attention to me. This went on for some time.

Look at the snowflakes. Those are snowflakes, silly. We put on our snowshoes for protection from the cold. The man to our left rear, annoyed because sister Susie's chattering teeth drowned out the band, lent her his "B.V.D.'s." She scowled, and then blew him a big kiss, which landed on his schnozz, smashing it. "Hawk!" said Susie. "Spit!" said the man. "Hawk! Spit!" said Susie and the man in unison. This was quite comforting.

Somewhat later, one old fatty got up and curtsied and announced that it was way past eight. And sure enough! . . . the players had all gone home, and the field was deserted. So we climbed aboard our velocipedes, and paddled our way out of the Stadium, feeling quite sorry that we didn't know what the score was, nor who had been playing, nor why, nor what, nor anything at all for that matter.

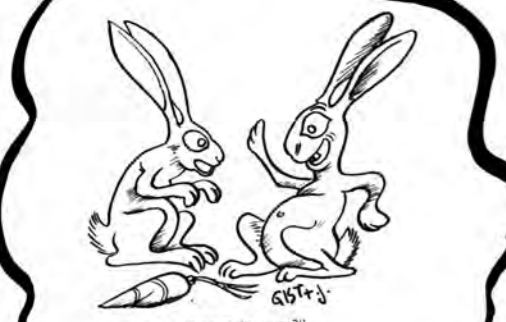
"I hope we have fricasseed frog for dinner," said Susie.
"My," said Ma.
"My," said Pa, who was dead.
"Oh, dear me," said Susie, grimacing like a duck.

—Jim Copp

U.S.C. Alumnus (after Stanford game)
"Maybe we should lower our entrance requirements."



Hello, In' mashun? Say, In' mashun, where am I?



"Are you going to the game?"
"You bet. I'm a rabid fan!"



I don't care if he is your brother! He's gotta pay!



Page



Ball or no ball—lay off the guy in the striped shirt!



ANGELS BY GIST, PASTING BY DAWSON





WHAT with another Big Red Machine already off the assembly line, fueled up for Cal and the air tingling with that peculiar tension which only a Big Game provides, we become faintly reminiscent and our mind wanders back to another of those great battles and another fine Stanford football squad. Cal—and Benny Lom—had been trounced and the boys were breaking training (not much, you understand) before starting serious workouts for the Army game. Bill Clark had invited Captain-elect Ray Tandy to join him in a few toasts at the Phi Delt House. Now Little Bill's room was on the second floor, front, commanding a view of the row. Came the time when Big Ray, well toasted, felt Tarzan-like and desirous of giving expression to this great force. Finding no trees at close hand in which to perform, he looked about him and was inspired by the sight of Bill's wardrobe trunk. From inspiration to expression was but a step. Pushing Little Bill aside, he seized the trunk, rocked it in his arms like a new-born babe, strode to the window and let fly. Next morning, the dawn, and there on the Phi Delt lawn lay Bill's trunk with the window casing adorning its brow like a misplaced halo. What? You bet they beat Army.

THE recent passing of the Alpha Sig mascot brings to mind a faintly ironical occurrence involving said dog a couple of seasons back. The Alpha Sigs were in the midst of the final drive of their rushing campaign and were having their most impressive dinner for the most eligible members of the frosh class. What with the mortgage and the pledges of the year before to conjure with, they racked their brains for some means of convincing the frosh that they should take the pins, and decided to bring Mush Muller, former Varsity football captain, down as the final pièce de résistance. Muller arrived and was introduced to the rushees as captain of such and such a great old team, good old Alpha Sig, swell old . . . etc., etc. Into the room bounced good old Sig, the mascot; he sniffed the air, looked around him, saw good old Mush Muller, captain, etc., etc., rushed across the room to him. In no fraternal spirit did Siggie affectionately lick Mush's hand while the frosh looked on. Rather, with canine indiscretion, he bit him on the leg!

One of our more casual acquaintances has a very understandable predilection against shaving himself. As a matter of fact, he would like to grow a beard, but it is hinted that a lady friend (we hope it's a lady friend) objects. Anyhow, having this tendency toward heavy underbrush on his face (although the hair on his chest wouldn't make a toothbrush), he finds it necessary, from time to time, to have it removed, and, being too thrifty for the barber, he hit upon the idea of taking up the offers of local merchants to demonstrate their electric dry shavers. According to best information, there are at least a dozen purveyors of electric shavers around about Paly, Menlo, Mayfield, and environs; so our friend has worked out a regular route for himself, and sometimes goes even as far as Redwood City. He says the Palo Alto Hardware gives the best shaves.

ALTHOUGH the Chappies, like most humorists (sic), are a most serious bunch of chaps, something funny does happen at least once with every visit of Halley's Comet. It is the duty of the Exchange Editor to inspect the humor of other collegiates and to delete all risible material. This is then divided into two groups, the first being printed in Chaparral's columns and the other, in deference to the administration and dotting aunts, being pasted on what is called a "smut board" in the editor's office. It so happened that everyone was in a great dither as a certain of last year's issues went to press, and in the mad rush the "smut board" material was printed and the sapolized stuff was pasted on the wall. That issue was the only one of the year to attain a complete sell-out. We wonder if that had anything to do with an unidentified student's placing a subscription with the Circulation Manager for his grandmother, for her birthday.

It was several years ago; prohibition was the law; drinking was the vogue; and mystery thrillers were cinematic taste. A local theatre had booked "Frankenstein," the well-known horror picture featuring the demon physiognomy of Boris Karloff, charming English cricket player. Wishing to give the flicker a novel and strong exploitation, the Paly exhibitor hired a girl to telephone subscribers chosen at random from the phone book, announce the advent of the coming show, and hang up—evidently believing such a brief and eerie statement would create curiosity and be in the right mood. He was right. At about this time, an Italian bootlegger, who shall remain nameless, wishing to transact some business away from home, left the works in charge of his wife. Not long after his departure, the phone rang. Mrs. M—ezzi answered it, a voice said, "Frankenstein is coming," and the receiver clicked. The foreign woman was puzzled, then alarmed; she knew something was amiss, so she acted with dispatch. When her husband returned he found she had poured out twenty gallons of good red wine.

Whilst we listened to the rooting section sing "Come Join the Band" at the Washington game, we were struck by the energy they put into it and the fact that they took the line "sing this refrain with might and main" at its face value. **Might and main** was right; the hell with the melody. But we are a bit downcast when we notice the apathetic manner in which the rooters sing the Stanford Hymn. Just for our own amusement we questioned a few students representing an average cross section of the University as to a knowledge of the words and name. Not more than one in ten knew the lyrics and only about half knew the name. Just in case . . . it's "Hail, Stanford, Hail!"



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**AFTER EVERY CLASS
IT RINGS THE BELL!**

PIPE SMOKERS! Here is a fact to bear in mind about Prince Albert. *Prince Albert is blended by a special process which removes every hint of "bite" or harshness from the tobaccos.* So try this mild, mellow tobacco. Discover for yourself why Prince Albert is known among men everywhere as "The National Joy Smoke."

PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*





S T A N F O R D
CHAPARRAL



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

THE CHAPPIES

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RANDAL BOROUGH '04
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'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LIVED AND LAUGHED THAN NEVER TO HAVE LIVED AT ALL

NOW THAT football season is at its height and Stanford is in an enviable position with an outstanding team, the OLD BOY feels freer to speak of a delicate subject. He joins the ranks of "radical student editors" and writes of subsidy. The OLD GENTLEMAN is just cynical enough to know that what he is going to say will, if read, shock the righteous and sensational "gentlemen" of the press, unless they can understand his spirit and his purpose.

Why not recognize that many athletes—as well as many other students—need financial aid in going through college? Why not admit the value of athletics to a college, both publicity and income value? Why not acknowledge the fact that athletes at the present time do receive aid in some form or another? These are facts—facts which must be recognized when dealing with subsidy and which, when recognized, demand a re-examination of the whole fields of amateurism and professionalism in the light of realities.

It has been suggested that athletes be granted non-competitive scholarships and nothing else. In



T H E A T R E

THE SEASON

BY ROBERT RANSOM

TO your harassed and overworked reviewer, who usually finds his free ducats placed eighteenth row side, the inauguration of his own pussunal column is a stupendous event. We've been racking our brains for a new page title to succeed "Now That Show." Something snooty. The best our friends had to offer was "In the Free Seats" or "Back Drop." We'd decided to offer a new Chevrolet for the best title, but maybe the lucky winnah would like to accompany the reviewer to a free show in the City, if there's no objection to pounding the Bayshore in a '29 Oldsmobile. This is a serious proposition, so drop us a postal. Who's to sneer at a free ticket in these times? We were going to use "The Theatre" as a title for this issue, but thought it ostentatious, what with George Jean Nathan and all, so we cut it down to "Theatre."

Things have been looking so bright and shiny in Bayshore Dramatics during the last couple of weeks that your reviewer spends sleepless nights wondering when the Editor will drop in with that gag about the dead line. There's always a show coming off on the following night that should get under the wire. This time it's the English Opera Players (Columbia Theatre) in "The Farmer" (Shield 1787), and "Love in a Village" (Arne). But the axe fell about an hour ago—and here we sit at one in the morning with nothing but theatre programs and a dilapidated typewriter for company. Curse the Ed-ditah.

We've run across several Stanford men playing in San Francisco legitimates. Most prominent is William Thornton, who brings a troupe representing the Shakespeare Guild of America to the Columbia Theatre. According to Miss Church (Dean of Men's Office), who never forgets a name or number, Thornton attended Stanford intermittently between 1923 and 1926, where he received his Shakespearean inspiration from Dr. Margery Bailey. Your reviewer buttonholed Thornton after one of his six performances (three of which we managed to see), and found him to be charming, cordial, and long-haired. A slight, aesthetic figure and a gaunt, ascetic face. George C. Warren, commenting on Thornton's youth, received the reply that one had to be young to play Hamlet, Petruchio, Shylock, Romeo, Lear, and Richard III all in the same week.

"The Merchant of Venice," we'll ad-

mit, was a very distinct disappointment. According to murmurs backstage, the cast was worn out because of long rehearsals. Tsk, tsk—with orchestra seats at two dollars. Detailed criticism is useless. The performance was high-schoolish in almost every respect. A third of the cast forgot their lines—stuttering and stammering on the pick-up. Your reviewer planned a comparison with George Arliss, Otis Skinner, and Walter Hampden, but Thornton's Shylock stamped around the stage in such an ineffectual manner that we kept our eyes glued on the chandelier, and prayed for a seat behind a post. Frances Slanina, former Stanford woman, portrayed Nerissa.

In contrast, Thornton's Hamlet was decidedly a work of genius. A quiet, powerful interpretation, with an infinite variety of subtle gestures. Strong voice. The soliloquies, usually a little unreal to a modern audience, became living and vivid when spoken by Thornton. The lines were thought out alone by the actor, not bleated into the wings like a child reciting Milton's "Sonnet on His Blindness." We noted a new interpretation in the famous "to be or not to be" speech. Part of the lines were read from a book carried by Hamlet. Thornton claims to have found a justification for this innovation in an old non-Shakespearean manuscript.

We heard from various sources that Thornton's company is entirely too young to carry many of the Shakespearean parts. Except in a few instances, your reviewer feels that the youth of the cast (most all of whom are under thirty years) was a decided advantage. After seeing the youth of Venice played by men of forty or forty-five in other Shakespearean companies, it was a relief to view the Masque without the attendant creaking of joints. As a matter of fact, the only really annoying member of the Thornton cast—Edwin Beckley, who played Polonius in "Hamlet" and the Lord Mayor in "Richard III"—was the eldest of the lot. A rasping voice combined with a wrinkled face. The criticism, if there is to be any, lies more in the effeminacy of certain of the actors, rather than in their youth. This was especially true in the casting of Horatio. Horatio has always seemed, to this naive commentator, to be the archetype of manliness and virility. Charles Hurtgen, who took the part, reminded us strangely of lace shorts. Albeit, Hurtgen did a more than creditable piece of work as Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice." Elena Moore, as Hamlet's Ophelia, bagged and ran away with the feminine

(Continued on page 32)

SHOW NOTES

THE night before the Big Game, November 23, brings the opportunity to see student talent at its best. The Ram's Head "Gaieties," with skits, songs, and girls, promises this year to surpass its usual high standard for entertainment.

NOW THAT new theatre will be a decided asset to the University and student body, if and when it comes. For years, "Chappie," the "Daily," and interested groups of students and alumni have worked for something to replace the antiquated Assembly Hall, and now, when realization of their aims and dreams seems imminent, a student apathy clouds the movement. Perhaps the students have been hoping and waiting for so long that, with the theatre almost a reality, they cannot believe it is true. Perhaps some of the newer students have not yet become calloused to the torture chairs of the present theatre. What can explain the general indifference to the New Theatre movement?

Suggestions have been solicited. The response has been pathetic. The New Theatre is to be a student body undertaking—for the students and largely financed by them. Plans have been shown—they reveal a theatre which should arouse wide-spread enthusiasm—yet the committee realizes they are not perfect and asks for suggestions for improvement. Few are forthcoming.

The need for a new theatre is recognized and has been for years. A great deal of the criticism of recent dramatic productions can be laid to the inadequate facilities of the present Assembly Hall—with a new theatre it is hoped that more perfect productions will be possible. Provision for the development of a School of Music and Drama is made. Certainly, these factors alone should demand a more enthusiastic interest in the project on the part of the students.

If these do not command personal interest, the very fact that the students themselves will pay a substantial part of the cost (two dollars from each tuition) should make the student character of the new theatre obvious.

The second generation of Stanford is now on the Farm. If the third generation are not to show the results of the local environment upon their parents in inherited twisted necks and inability to sit down, action must come now. A theatre is ours for the asking and promoting—but we must have interest immediately.



THEATRE

(Continued from page 31)

honors. The insane scene is played with such finesse and quiet pathos that several of the city reviewers forgot themselves for the moment and clapped.

In "Richard III" Thornton, as the villainous King, far outdistanced his troupe. Although the fourth and fifth acts fell somewhat apart, owing to an impotent supporting cast, Thornton managed to carry the feeling of impending disaster throughout the play. A dramatic contrast was well brought out between the fiery words of the King and his crippled walk. Here, again, Thornton is to be congratulated for his perfect treatment of soliloquies. Richard has more than the normal amount of plotting to do alone on the stage; Thornton made the King's ravings appear quite plausible.

Bobby Brauns is the other outstanding Stanford man in this Shakespearean company. Your reviewer, sneaking backstage, watched him tear in and out of five parts in "Richard III." Not much of an opportunity for brilliant acting, but a good workout for the aspiring young professional. All the actors' memoirs seem to point to their "stock" days as the secret of early success.

Skipping back to the campus, we have a word to say for Sword and Sandals reading of Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya." Robert Balzer nosed out the dope for the column on this one. Despite the remarks of the "Daily," the first reading of the season proved a success. The members of the reviewing press, the cast, and the Sword and Sandals' director went into a clash and jumble to emerge with the Russian opus (shades of Elizabeth Chapin in that last word). Unfortunately, "Uncle Vanya" was just a little too heavy to entice very many of the hundreds of new students to the Little Theatre. The cast did well in sustaining the interest of the audience through a long and somewhat overemotional play. True it is that Russians cultivate emotional expression as an art, but the director of the reading went the Russians one better: at the climax a gun was fired twice. This reduced the nervous strain of the audience to laughter. But through the work of Zoe Rutherford and Jacqueline Johnson the play was closed smoothly and calmly. David Hughes, as Uncle Vanya, was youthfully inadequate. James Broughton, in the director's chair, obviously tried to keep the play on the plane of a character study; in this the cast only partially succeeded. Neal Berry did outstanding work in the characterization of the eccentric professor. The others of creditable note were Mary Ann Crary, Marjorie Melczer, and Roger Pryor.

The Editor seems to have chiseled the Concert Series review tickets for the rest

of the season (Ed. Note.—Heh! Heh!) Here are his ideas on the Don Cossacks—word for word:

"Although billed as a chorus and appearing visually as such, musically the Don Cossacks gave the impression of some delicate rare instrument. Presented as the first of the Concert Series and under the direction of the interesting Serge Jaroff, the finest male chorus in the world justified their title.

"No 'five-year plan' could ever have developed the sense of harmony, the resonance, the control of voice that these exiled Russian cavalry officers exhibited. Singing the songs of their homeland, the Don Cossacks revealed unity that even Communist Russia must envy for her co-operative plan. Although they wore no beards, the Russians were extremely colorful—thirty-six interesting personalities, from the rotund pale basso, to the eager tall tenor who sang the parts written for a female voice.

"We can only say that if the rest of the artists on the Concert Series even approach the Don Cossacks the season will be an 'artistic and financial success.'"

On November 2, we joined a small audience to review William Murray Timmons' debut as a director of Stanford Dramatics. James Hagan's "One Sunday Afternoon" was the choice of plays. A slow but amusing performance. A very creditable piece of directing by Timmons, but a tough play to maintain a high tempo throughout six scenes, a prologue, and an epilogue. Unfortunately for the play as a whole, the high point was reached in the first scene of the first act. On curtain rise Harriette Hall Kilby, as the shy and diffident Amy Lind, is discovered with Kay Arthur, as Virginia Brush. Enter Paul Crary as the rough and bragging Biff Grimes, accompanied by his natty friend Hugo Barnstead (played by Frank O'Neill). Here Timmons' directing showed a fine appreciation of pantomime. The four characters mentioned held the play together throughout. Each gave a good, solid, and competent performance. Each was particularly well cast. We should like to see the four of them together again in a play with a little more power.

We were feeling pretty good the other night, and consequently found ourselves enthusiastic no end over the Lyric Opera Comique's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." Colorful scenery, pleasant voices, an amusing script—you don't need a reviewer to tell you that. Allan Rogers, as Nanki-Poo, supplied Dorothy Whitmore, as Yum-Yum, with the love interest, while she offered a pretty and animated face. The two, in their duet, "Were You Not to Ko-Ko Plighted," gave the audience an exhibition of audible kissing. What the cast lacked in out-



standing voices was made up in enthusiasm for the parts. The manager announces a production of "Iolantha" for the week beginning November 19. The place: Curran Theatre, San Francisco.

The Community Playhouse has come through with two new productions—Lula Vollmer's "Sun-Up," and Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Found the former to be pretty poor melodrama. Kathleen Norris did an effective bit as the Widow Cagle. Sidney Head carried off honors in the juvenile division. Tom Ashlock made a fine tobacco-spitting preacher. But there wasn't a situation in the whole play that called for a cubic centimeter of dramatic art. It seems a pity to waste any sort of talent on such guff.

Curtis Prendergast looked in for us on Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea." Three dollars is not a lot of money, but when it comes to executing four dazzling sets all for that trifling sum—well, we've got to hand the biggest bouquet of all to Dick Dawson and Walter Newcomb. And another to Robert Metcalf for a fine lighting job. With such sets to give it an almost professional air, this distinctly ambitious undertaking of Ibsen's eerie play tripped through its five short acts with conviction.

Sandoe has been in New York for some time now, but his successor, Actor-Director Jimmy Benet, managed his all-Stanford cast in a fashion that would certainly do credit to the absent maestro. Mary Liles, despite an Italian-Balm-First-Nighter accent, was indeed excellent as Ellida (the Lady from the Sea), the wife hypnotized by the spell of a former lover. The Old Guard trio, Benet, Broughton, and Bob Balzer (as the consumptive), cracked through with three fine portrayals; Waldo Salt did a choice bit of character; and Annalies Morgan and Florine Robinson even looked like sisters.

Robert Mackenzie, unfortunately, was almost ludicrous as Ellida's mesmeric lover returned from the sea. He carefully chewed every word with senatorial pomposity, and seemed quite self-conscious about it all. We'd be, too, if we had to wear a beard like that.

The best news we have to offer at present is the appearance of Cornelia Otis Skinner in "The Loves of Charles II," "The Wives of Henry VIII," and "The Empress Eugenie." All three will be played at the Columbia Theatre—week beginning November 12. We've a feeling it will all be over before this issue goes into the mails. We also call your attention to Ronald Telfer's activities. Superb directing in children's dramatics. Watch the papers.

Emily Post says that lightly tinted nails are in good taste. Personally, we don't chew ours.

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but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
mild ripe tobacco...
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Down where tobacco
is grown folks say . . .

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A girl can be very sweet when she wants.

—Malteaser



She was only a photographer's daughter—she sits in a dark
room and awaits developments.

—Buccaneer



She—Honey, what are the 'ittle waves saying?
He—Oh, slish-slosh 'n gurgle-gurgle.

—Exchange



He (phoning)—Is my wife home?
Maid—No. Who shall I say called?

—Yowl



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

She—How old do you think I am?
He—Oh, about twenty-one.
She—How did you guess?
He—I didn't; I just counted the rings under your eyes.

—Caboon



Babe—Where were you last night?
Sheik—With you, baby.
Babe—Thanks, I wasn't sure. Then you're the fellow dad's
looking for.

—Punch Bowl

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Lawyer—You want to divorce this woman? Can you name
any correspondents?

King Solomon—Not offhand, of course, but I strongly sus-
pect the 97th Regiment of the Royal Light Infantry.

—Exchange

Missus—Don't bring me any more of that milk. It's posi-
tively blue.

Farmer—It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long dull eve-
nings as makes the cows depressed.

—Cornell Widow

SAME EVERYWHERE

"Don't you think the frosh are lousy this year?"

"Yeah, we didn't get many pledges either."

—Lyre

WELL, DO YOU?

Co-eds are divided into two species: those who shut their
eyes when kissing and those who look to see if you do.

—Blue Bucket

A kiss is a peculiar proposition. Of no use to one, yet ab-
solute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young
man has to lie for it, and the old man has to buy it; the baby's
right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a
young girl, faith; to a married woman, hope; and to an old maid,
charity.

—Rice Owl

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"Uh huh."

"Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies?"

—Frivol



She—Aren't my kisses like something electric?

He—Yeah—a Frigidaire.

—Malteaser



Mabel—I prefer a man with a future; I hate men with a past!

Elsie—I'd rather have mine with a present!

—Exchange



A Very, Very Kindly Old Lady—You don't smoke, do you little boy?

Little Boy—No, ma'am, but I sure get damn hot at times.

—Penn State Froth

date



Soph—Come on, take a bath and get cleaned up; I'll get you a date.

Frosh—Yeah, and then suppose you don't get me the date.

—Brown Jug



To be college bred means a four-year loaf requiring a great deal of dough, as well as plenty of crust.

—Reserve Red Cat

"What are you doing?"

"Whittlin'."

"Why?"

"Gettin' paid by the Government to find out how many damn fools have nothin' to do but ask questions. You make fifty-one."

—Penn Punch Bowl



FOUR YEARS IN COLLEGE

Freshman—She has a lively family.

Sophomore—She can get their car.

Junior—She likes beer.

Senior—She has an apartment.

—Rammer Jammer



"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't fool yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

—Pelican



"But, Bob," said the coed-to-be to her brother, "how can I tell which class is which?"

"Easy. If the boy just stares, he is a Frosh; if he glances at you and goes on, he's a Soph; if he tries to pick you up, he is a Junior; and if he picks you up, then you know you have met a Senior."

—Penn Punch Bowl



They call 'em virgin pines, because they've never been axed.

—Carolinian



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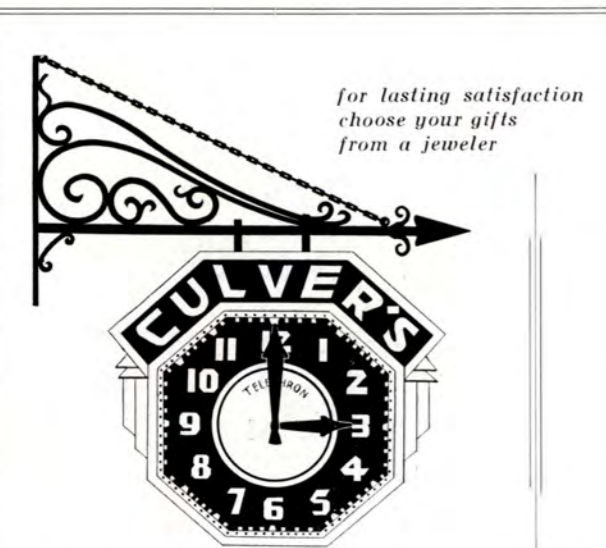
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"Talk about torture!"
 "Yes?"
 "Nothing worse than sitting in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather watching the boy trying to give another customer your Panama hat."
 —Reserve Red Cat

Key A youth the other day, applying for CWA work, was filling out the application. He managed to get his name written properly in the first blank; also age 23; and color white was simple. But the next blank said sex . . . after considerable deliberation, befuddlement, and embarrassment he finally scrawled, "occasionally."
 —Carolinian

"Are the meals at the house expensive?"
 "No. You can eat dirt cheap."
 —Penn State Froth

Women **SUMMARY**
 God first created the universe and rested; God then created man and rested; he finally created Woman, and since then neither God nor man has rested.
 —Yale Record

Judge—Young man, you know it is against the law to hitch-hike in this state. I'm going to fine you \$10.
 Hiker—Ha, thumb tax, eh?
 —Witt

There are girls who want to be kissed, and girls who kiss to be wanted.
 —Malteaser

SOMETHING NEW



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He—This dance hall is surely crowded.
 She—I'll say so. Half an hour ago I fainted and had to dance around four times before I could fall.
 —M.I.T. Voo Doo

Willy, feeling rather silly,
 Placed a long bet on a filly.
 Did he win money on his filly?
 No, not quite, but Willy nilly.
 —Cherub

Tramp Housewife—How did you fall so low as to go across the country, begging?
 Tramp—It's a long story, mum, and it's now in the hands of my publishers. I'm on my way to New York to correct the proofs.
 —Arizona Kitty Kat

If a canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom (Plainfield, N.J., Courier News).
 Or let the little fellow keep his pants on.
 —Lyre

The drawing for the club tournament was about to take place to locate the players in their various brackets. The names of all the members were written on small slips of paper and placed in a hat. A small boy was called in from outside to make the draw.
 He drew out a slip and astonished the anxious listeners by saying, "Seven and one-eighth."
 —M.I.T. Voo Doo

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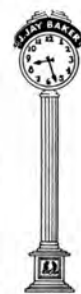
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Radio stations should start off the morning broadcast with: "Who the hell left the radio on all night?"

—Reserve Red Cat

The golfer gazed at his caddy indignantly. "A driver for this hole? Only 160 yards? Why, it's just a mashie and a putt for me!"

Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand. "Chug!" the ball dubbed off the tee amid an eruption of clouds. There was an instant's silence, broken by the murmur of the caddy.

"Now for a heckuva long putt!" —Columbia Jester

Old Lady (in bookstore)—What's that large book over there?

Clerk—That, madam, is "Songs the Fraternities Sing."

Old Lady—And what is that little volume beside it?

Clerk—That's the expurgated edition.

—Purple Parrot

What the world needs most is a paper napkin not afflicted with wanderlust.

—Buffalo Evening News

A noted chef, asked the recipe for his equally famous corn beef hash, replied: "There is no recipe, the stuff simply accumulates."

—Lehigh Burr

I used to snore so loud I'd wake up; but I cured myself, I sleep in the next room now.

—West Point Pointer

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Sweet Young Thing—I think the way college men discuss necking is terrible.

Soph (very anxious to please)—So do I.

S. Y. T.—It's unhygienic.

Soph—It certainly is.

S. Y. T.—And vulgar.

Soph—Absolutely.

S. Y. T. (after gazing at him expectantly for a few moments)—Well, we might as well go in and dance.

—Growler

Making love is like making pie. All you need is crust and a lot of apple sauce.

—Reserve Red Cat

Shorty says gentlemen may prefer blondes, but he thinks the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

—Annapolis Log

A survey gathered data to show that 50,000 girls have recently returned to cotton-top hose. When at its height, this investigation must have been interesting.

—Green Griffin

Instructor—What is the feminine of bachelor?

Student—Er-er—lady-in-waiting.

—Siren

"Boy, oh boy! That was some blonde you had with you last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened my billfold and there she was."

—Penn Punch Bowl

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"Do the people in this town believe in prohibition?"
"Well," said the native, "a little way back they turned off
the water supply for a week and nobody knew it till the town
hall caught on fire."
—Princeton Tiger

The drunk got in a cab. "Where to?" asked the cabby.
"What streets you got?" was the reply.
"Plenty," smiled the humoring cabby.
"Gimme them all."
After several hours driving, the drunk asked how much he
owed.
"Seven-fifty," he was told.
"Turn around and drive back to thirty-five cents," he
mumbled.
—V.P.I. Skipper

MUST HAVE TOLD HIM
"I wonder who this telegram is from."
"Western Union. I recognize the handwriting."

Preacher—Young man, don't you know you will ruin your
stomach by drinking?
Inebriate—Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat
on.
—Yellow Jacket

Statistics show that Yale graduates have 1.3 children.
While Vassar graduates have 1.7 children.
Which proves that women have more children than men.
—Diamond Dust

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you'll take it for two years.
Him—I'll take it for fifteen.
—V.P.I. Skipper

She—Are these field glasses high-powered?
Clerk—Say! When you look at something less than ten
miles away it looks like it's behind you.
—Exchange

Jake Jingelberry—Tell me, Sebastian, why has your brother
Mortimer gone crazy?
Oscar Shnicklefritz—You see, he worked in a roundhouse
and he went crazy trying to find a corner to spit his chew into.
—Exchange

Stown **PRETTY CLOSE**
"Ow near do you think that lightning was, 'Arry?"
"Dunno, kid—but this fag wasn't lit a second ago."
—London Opinion

Joe—Thar's a revenooer.
Mike—Yeah, see if ye kain't get that rabbit with the same
shot.
—Log

GAME
Es—Got something in your eye?
Vern—No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb.
—Sage Hen

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STAGES DOORS JOHNNY

King Solomon once attended the opening night of a musical comedy and enjoyed himself immensely. The producer hurried up to him after the show and asked, "What did you think of the chorus, Your Majesty?"

"Great!" replied the potentate. "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening."
—Jack-o'-Lantern

"And are you secretly married to her?"

"No, she knows it."

—S.C. Wampus

She laughed when I sat down to play.
How did I know she was ticklish?

—Washington U. Dirge

First Hunter—Hey Bill.
Second Hunter—Yeah.
First Hunter—Are you all right?
Second Hunter—Yeah.
First Hunter—Then I've shot a bear.

—Pointer

Love is like an onion—
You taste it with delight
And when it's gone you wonder
What ever made you bite.

—Washington Columns

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