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—Red Cat

marriage

HOPKINS, STEP AND JUMP

Helen—So your bridesmaid has been married oftener than you, honey?

Ruth—Yes, she's still two chumps ahead of me.

—Presidio

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"You silly fool . . ."

"Thanks, I shall."

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THE OLD NEW THEATER

No, I haven't gone off the road, this isn't a ploughed field. Brace yourself; we are now on the road to our old new theater. It was a new theater when we built this road, but time has taken its toll . . . Well the reason it is still a new theater is because it hasn't been finished yet. Last year it was nearly finished, but the first floor deteriorated and we had to rebuild it. We haven't put in any lights yet, because they would be out of date by the time it will be completed. Those bushes around the base are century plants and oak trees which will offer shade for the men who put on the last coat of paint. This theater makes the pyramids of Egypt look like an overnight job . . . You say you are going to play the overture to the first performance? Say! Who are you? . . . What? *The Angel Gabriel?*

—Tom Fleming

"Where yo' goin', niggah?"

"Ah's bein' rushed by Tri Kappa."

"What yo' all mean, Tri Kappa?"

"K.K.K., niggah!"

—Exchange

Youngster—Is this a picture of your O.A.O.?

First Class—Yes, sir.

Youngster—She must be rich.

—Exchange

BAWLOUT BLUES

His day is dark, and cold, and dreary.

He never smiles, his heart is weary.

He'll bear his cross through Eternity,

The straight A stude who got a B.

—A. L.

STANFORD CHAPARRAL
 VOL. 38, No. 8 MAY, 1937

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Represented nationally by the
 W. B. BRADBURY CO., INC.,
 One Atlantic Street, Stamford, Connecticut
 Member American Association of College Comics

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Published nine times during the college year, monthly from October to June, inclusive, by the Chaparral Publishing Company of Stanford University, under the auspices of The Hammer and Coffin Society.

Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 15 cents.

Address all communications to Box 3013, Stanford University, California.
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By THE SAME

Shall I compare you to a rose? Ah, no!
That were to wrong your steadfast gentleness,
For roses bear, beneath their treacherous show,
Sharp, pricking thorns, laden with quick distress.

Then to a lily? No! Be it not said
That such a sickly light your beauty gives.
The white and silent flower of the dead
Could match but ill one who intensely lives.

Nor lily, then, nor rose may I forsooth
Liken to you—and yet one flower may well
(Without the greatest violence to truth)
Be labeled your botanic parallel.

It is the sunflower! Aye, for when, this morning,
I greeted you, I noticed with some shock
Straight to the sun your nose you were upturning—
The hour, too, was almost twelve o'clock!

—Ranger

DANCE OF THE SKUNKS

Out of the wilderness, brothers!
The hours of the foe are spent.
The moon is tied to the tallest fir—
So, dance to your heart's content!
With a leap and a bow and a merry meow!
(Nobody's after us now!)

Scorn those cousins, who, fawning,
Snore on a carpeted stair.
These are our friends—the turf and the wood,
Let the rest of the world beware!
But never be slow when the lanterns glow,
For nobody likes us—NO!

We skunks, swinging on yonder weeds,
Hark to your father's song!
If you never beg for a doorstep dish,
You'll dance the moonlight long.
With a leap and a bow and a merry meow.
(Nobody's after us now.)

—Mad Hatter



TAN

In a new sunny shade

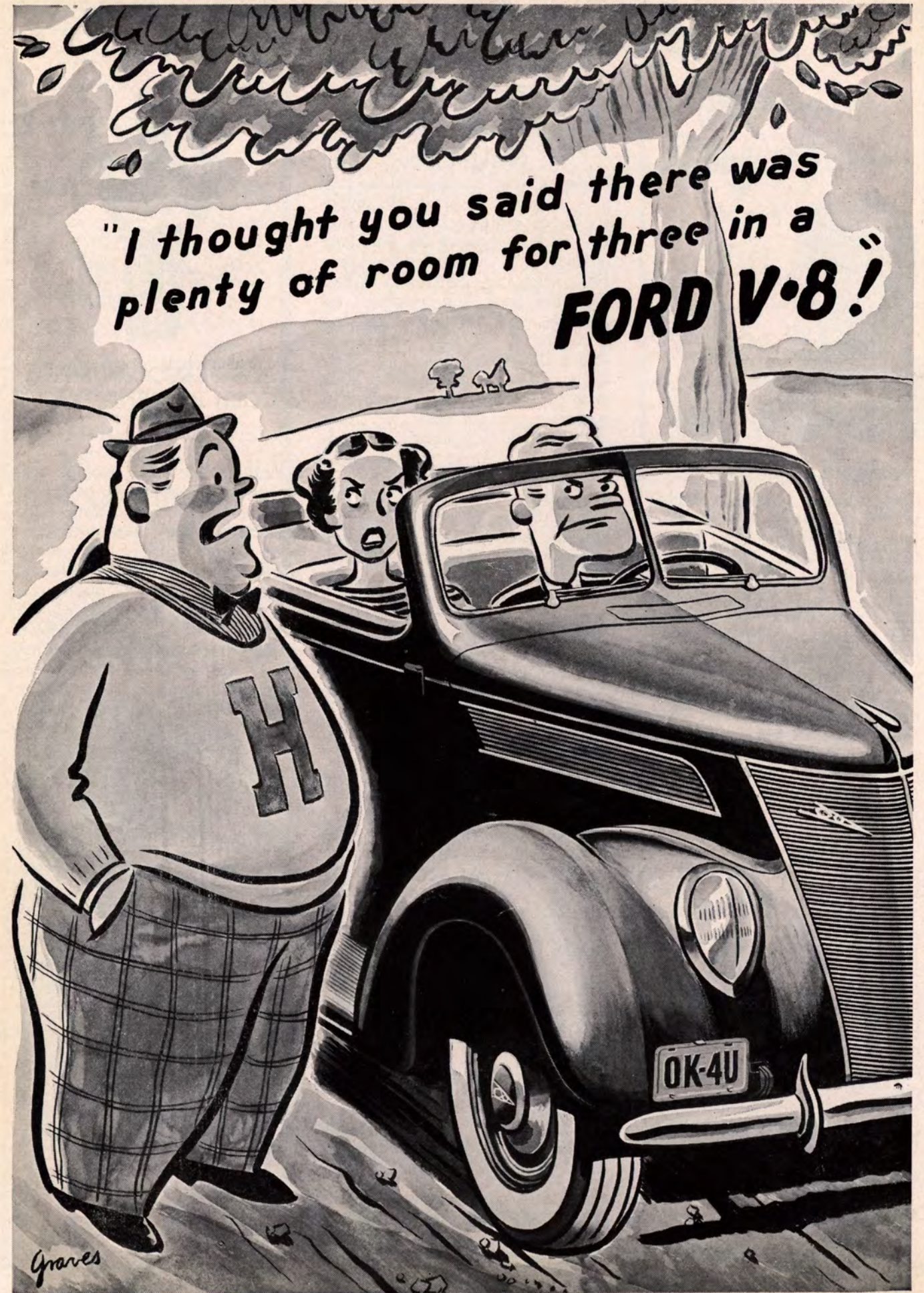
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DRAMA PROFILE

By KERTH BAINES



Autographed Gist caricature from life

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

By ROGER PIERCY

Three disconcerting factors might have spoiled Lawrence Tibbett's program for those who made up their minds that they were not going to like it: (1) huge gilt letters on the piano informing us it was of the immortals; (2) Tibbett's little black book in his hands; and (3) his formal, mechanical, and almost phonographic presentation. For the rest of us, the first two soon became unnoticeable, and he lost the last. He obviously enjoyed himself. Owing to his cold, his voice sounded restrained, yet superbly beautiful in quality, making one wish that he could continue to listen indefinitely.

Tibbett's program was very diverse, the sentimental, yet spiritualistic songs of Mendelssohn and Schubert suiting his voice as well as the comedy of "Shortnin' Bread" and the operatic touch of the Prologue to *Pagliacci*. Many felt that his first encore, Handel's lovely "Where'er You Walk," was the most beautifully sung, while the incomparable harmonies and melodious crescendos of Rachmaninoff's "In the Silent Night" ran this a close second.

Edward Harris, Tibbett's able accompanist, could have made contrast to the vocalist's force with a bit

(Continued on page 7)

... Perhaps Eugene O'Neill sensed it when he selected the Bay area in which to write his much-spoken-of eight-cycle drama, embracing the whole of the American landscape. . . . Perhaps the Lunts felt it when they decided to let San Francisco pass first judgment on their new play *Amphitryon* to be presented with their belated *Idiot's Delight* in June. . . . Certainly both the cast and the audience to *Tovarich* were aware of a magnetic give-and-take . . . for undeniably San Francisco's individual artistic stirrings are becoming part of a great swirl of creative interest, which will bring her into full cultural bloom, of which intensified dramatic activity has always been indicative. . . . In every historical instance the drama has come as the crowning glory to a culture, for it is not only the embodiment of the combined arts in which the significant spirit and poetry of an age are most accurately reflected, but it is the most communal and co-operative of the arts. . . . This movement is apparent throughout the country, and the twentieth century will not pass away without the birth of an American art that has long been maturing in the national bosom. . . . And it will be the vitality and vision of the West, centered around San Francisco, that will provide the kindling spark. . . . Two groups in San Francisco whose work is on an exceptionally high level are the Ralph Chesse Marionettes under the Federal Theater, and the Wayfarers, directed by Jack Thomas in their hand-decorated theater on Clay Street. . . . The highest compliment to be paid to Chesse's flawless presentation of *Emperor Jones* is to say it was an emotional experience, in which the empathic response to the Emperor's agony of fear was not reduced by the fact that he was

(Continued on page 7)



LADY PRECOCIOUS HOT & COLD RUNNING WATER

By PRES ELLINGTON

And on this side, smoking with stooges and dragons, we have *Lady Precious Stream*, the supersuper production that was—almost—to have been withheld from us lucky people due to the nasty attitude of someone or other who did not want it produced. But it was produced. Oh, my yes! And fully several people, in typical Stanford fashion, turned out to see the presentation. What they were expecting to see was an attempt to satirize the grand manner of the Chinese theater; what they saw was a burlesque which inverted itself into a satire of Oriental misunderstanding of the Occidental conception of humor. Two points of criticism—and very basic ones to us—are (1) that, although an interesting play in the original Chinese with the sing-song chant of the lines and the meaningful gestures, in translation, *Lady Precious Stream*, because of a very obvious Occidental unaccustomed-to-this-as-we-are presentation, failed almost completely to produce the effect it strove for; and (2) that, perhaps, if given by Chinese more accustomed to the mannerisms of their stage, delicacy, even of this broad type of humor, might have replaced the unfortunate crudity of certain pie-throwing, back-kicking scenes (scene of the jostling

(Continued on page 8)

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Stompin' Around

By CURTIS PRENDERGAST

Through a fog: The second Ray Scott quintet disk, "Toy Trumpet" and "Powerhouse" (Master) tend to make the functional faults of the outfit organic. Still less does a good tenor (Dave Harris) get a chance to express his ideas and the clarinet is already falling into a Prima-cliché—like scoring snatches of *Bugle Call* in lieu of improvisation. There used to be the Six Brown Brothers and seventeen saxophones, Red McKenzie used to play a comb, and White-man used to ring in a fife-and-drum battalion in the middle of "After You've Gone." Only Duke Ellington keeps going.

Josephine Tumminia singing "Blue Danube" and "The Wren" over and above an unorthodox Jimmy Dorsey orchestral backing (Decca) impresses partly because of its successful irreverence but mostly because of the tremendous range of Tumminia's voice going through un-scored cadenzas in duet with Dorsey's clarinet obbligato.

Jam Session at Victor (Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller, Bunny Berigan, Dick McDonough, and George Wettling doing "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Blues") is bewildering. I keep thinking of studio jam session less in terms of studies like this and more in terms of such things as the marvelously drunken gutter version of "Echo in the Valley" the Dorseys and Joe Venuti did on white-label, naturally never commercially issued. "Honeysuckle Rose" is a conglomeration of styles; allowing Fats Waller and Tommy Dorsey to solo on the same record was a mistake, even though there is no clash between them in the dixieland introduction. "Blues" is mood stuff beautifully carried through, as well as being technically the best-recorded job I can remember.

Four sides of Art Tatum and his Swingsters ("Body and Soul," "Love to Keep Me Warm," etc., Decca) show the seventh wonder of the keyboard overwhelming a nondescript organization with the usual excursions up and down the keys. Contrast the long series of Mary Lou Williams' Decca piano solos; not a trace of femininity; clean work with a desirable minimum of notes. The

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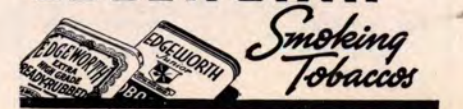
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Jimmy Dorsey influence now extends to the Casa Loma orchestra as well as Andy Kirk ("Puddin' Head Serenade," Decca). Panassie may never turn handsprings over the present-day Armstrong, but when he sings some Hawaiian with Andy Iona's Islanders (Decca) he stands out as the only one of the whole falsetto crew the sharks haven't been getting at.

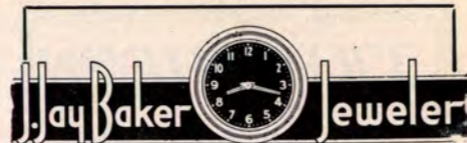
There were a couple of coin-phonograph operators playing hillbilly samples loud as hell in the next room to me at the Brunswick distributor's, so about all I got off the Variety records were the labels. Two small combines out of Ellington: Cootie William gang, "Down-town Uproar" and "Blue Reverie" with good Johnny Hodges alto; and Barney Bigard's setup, "Frolic Sam" and "Clouds in My Heart," the latter opening with a clarinet (or could it be a soprano?) that has all the fullness of an alto. Also Midge Williams' (who sounds like Helen Ward) "Old Apple Tree" and "Walkin' the Dog" with more fine alto, and Choo Berry's Stevedores swishing popular swill around to little effect.

FLY AWAY HOME

Fly Away Home, at the Palo Alto Community Theatre, was a cheerful bit of fluff about four uninhibited children who brought their separated parents together again. Skillfully directed, the players kept the pace throughout.

Janet Dole of Stanford and a pair of high-school youngsters, Patsy Jay and John Lawry, were outstanding for their natural and inspired acting. Other Stanford students who gave very good accounts of themselves were Barbara Wear, Melba Toombs, Jack Dawson, J. P. Cahn, and Pres Ellington. Hansen Currier and Clarence Brooks, the estranged couple, and Joseph Lawry, ex-Stanford, as the psychological theorist, were quite amusing.

The setting by Carroll Alexander, a New England seashore cottage, was alone almost worth the price of admission. But the actors' make-up was a disappointment. Director Ralph Welles, because of the small auditorium, uses little make-up, yet with the locale supposed to be a summer resort, the players appeared remarkably pale. —Art Levinson



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DRAMA PROFILE

(Continued from page 4)

a string-controlled doll. . . . Gorky's *Lower Depths* was presented with such straightforward realism by the Wayfarers as to hold an audience tense in its repulsion. It too was an experience due largely to sensitive direction. The actors succeeded first in creating a mood against which they could more clearly outline their characterizations. It therefore lacked the tutti-frutti flavor of most amateur groups. . . . Former campus star Paul Speegle did a nice piece of work as Vaska Pepel. . . . Stanford's "Peg" Randall Converse recently opened on Broadway in Peggy Wood's comedy hit, *Miss Quiz*, by Ward Morehouse. As the leading Stanford actress of the late 'twenties, she played Ophelia and Juliet, and won local fame as the heroine in San Francisco's *The Drunkard*, later playing in West Coast productions of *Within the Gates* and the *Taming of the Shrew*. . . . Stanford's third venture into the Oriental—*Lady Precious Stream*—was preceded by *Yellow Jacket* and a Chinese vaudeville, *Loong Fat*, in 1922. . . . The role of the nostalgic youth in *Ah! Wilderness*, the Community Players' May major, is played by Garrett Starmer, a member of the Broadway cast of *Aurania* (Ellerbe) Rouverol's *Growing Pains* and the Brian of the local production. Professor E. P. Lesley is directing with Cliff Giffin, Mrs. E. P. Lesley, Kerth Baines, and Ilin Devlin in leading parts. . . . Shirley Temple's brother Jack plays in the May workshop, *Embers at Haworth*, a new play about the Brontë sisters with Ann Wayland as Charlotte Brontë. . . . Kay Arthur's *Uncrossed Boundary* will be included in group of one-acts for the June workshop. . . . Kay's play will also be read over KQW in San Jose along with Herb Diamond's *In Shaft 7* and other originals in a series of programs arranged by Professor E. L. Buckingham to provide radio experience for drama students. . . . Which brings back with a wince the fact that Stanford ended up on the bottom of the pile in the northern California Drama Association contest. . . . An isolated example of everything that is theatrically bad (Johansen's sets excluded) was the animal endeavor *Mrs. Noah*. . . . the prime evil was

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

(Continued from page 4)

of course the play, a minor illustration of Dramatic Council's recent adventure into costume-made plays, which would pass as classically worth while on the grounds that classical plays are costume plays. . . . Coming—A Spanish Department play, *Peer Gynt* at San Jose State, and of course the last show in the old Assembly Hall, *Down the Hatch*, with new stage personalities in Pi Phi Jerry Reed and Camera Snoop and Bull-Sessioner Tro Harper in a stupendous cast, including favorites Shirley Jones, Owen Clark, and Crary, Cady, Randall, and Beaty. . . . The boards of the Memorial Theater will be initiated by the Bard's *Twelfth Night*. . . . It appears that the race for dramatic honors begun by Shakespeare and Maxwell Anderson on Broadway this season will go on apace at Stanford's Summer Festival of the Drama.

of quiet Chopin or Beethoven, because Debussy's approach to cacophony is always so invigorating. His own novel composition, "The Gallant Music Box," was extremely descriptive.

Tossing formality to the winds, Tibbett remarked that the song, "De Hallelujah Rhythm," was to have been in his last picture, but he found himself to be the voice on the cutting-room floor. We, with Tibbett, question the judgment of the producers. Encores, such as "De Glory Road" and "On the Road to Mandalay," proved more popular than many of the program numbers, and so they will remain encores. Those of you who want criticism of his singing must look elsewhere—I enjoyed it too much to find anything wrong.

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LADY PRECOCIOUS

(Continued from page 4)

suitors and the throwing of the knitted ball). Humor, to us, is not to be found in grotesque contortions of the human body, but more in subtle incongruity, subtle exaggeration of incident. And, with all your Chinese gestures, your masks and beards, you *could* have had a farce more delicate, less laughing at its own cleverness.

What an ordeal it must have been for Corner, Lakin, Ellis, Schreiber, Peters, Gillis, Meherin, and others! As the great Chinese philosopher once remarked, "To act behind masks and a thick coat of grease paint is not to act at all." To support this statement we say that acting in this play, with few exceptions, was entirely subordinate to the dull nothingness of the play itself. What stood out among the actors? Lakin's exact voice, Cady's excellent interpretation of doddering senility, Schreiber's over-the-footlights personality, Farmer's magnificent carriage, and the fact that Corner was heavily and nicely miscast. Well, then what? Perhaps it is good to give your actors a dry bone and tell them to squeeze interpretation out of it. Perhaps it is good to experiment along idealistic lines with a play too weak to carry the burden of the idea.



Tobacco Road sure packs 'em all in—I mean, those whose skins aren't too thin.

But take my advice,
Till you've seen it twice
You're a beginner at muck, dirt, and sin.



Winterset gave a new thrill.
On Broadway they talk of it still;
But it's sugar and spice
And everything nice
When it gets through the Hollywood mill.



There's one good old standby, Camille,
Which still gives us all a sad feel.
We sniffle and weep
And lose a night's sleep
When Taylor turns out such a heel.

—Ellis

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Now That Classic

RELEASED in time to serve as a preview of the transcontinental tour of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under its new conductors was Victor's new recording of Tchaikowsky's *Symphony Pathétique*, the Sixth in B Minor. The inspired gloom of this profoundly pessimistic work has given it too firm a place in the roster of favorite classics to require apology for recording it again. The theory is that there can't be too much of a good thing. And this new release is truly superb in every way. The tone is extremely clear and true, and Conductor Eugene Ormandy offers a splendid reading of the score, especially brilliant in the more rapid second and third movements.

Another recent Victor release is Richard Strauss's popular tone poem, *Don Juan*, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Fritz Busch. Composer Strauss has been more fortunate than most musical innovators, for he has lived to see his colorful harmonies and orchestrations established in the standard repertoire. Whether his work is immortal or not need not concern us, for we are living while his popularity is at its height and we can enjoy him in spite of the verdict of posterity. *Don Juan* is one of the most interesting and colorful compositions of the contemporary Strauss. The possibilities of the score are ably exploited in this imported recording.

—Brobury Ellis



A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.
"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

—Puppet



Customer—Are you sure this parrot can talk?

Dealer—Can he talk? Why, a woman's club sold him to me because all the members were jealous of him!

—Log

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PROGRESS

"And this, Dad, is the new theater —one of the greatest college theaters in the country. Drama takes a huge step forward at Stanford!"

"Uh-huh. How much did it cost?"
"Gee, I dunno. I guess maybe a million bucks or so."

"Who were the contractors? It looks a little lopsided to me. I think they tried to do the job too quickly."

"Too quickly! Dad, that's a hot one. It took too long. That's what everybody was kicking about. Said it took too long."

"Well, I don't see what their hurry was. You know, Maxwell, it takes time to accomplish great things."

"Aw, baloney. You're old-fashioned. Anyway, this is it. Stanford is certainly the Yale of the West now."

"I thought it was supposed to be the Harvard of the West."

"Yeah, but they changed it since they got the new theater. Yale's famous for dramatics, you know. Very famous for plays and dramatics."

"I see. Too bad 'Harvard of the West' was thrown off. Doesn't Stanford have its business or law schools any more?"

"Sure, Dad. Why?"

"But drama's more important, eh?"

"Well, anyway, you have to admit that this theater is a milestone in the progress of collegiate drama —a great achievement for Stanford!"

"All right. Let's go see the Hoover home."

—Bud Arnold

"Mama, that man's working on the theater again!"

law

Judge (after giving prisoner a 99-year sentence)—Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—All I know is you are damn liberal with other people's time.

—Exchange

"Ah," said the customs officer, finding a bottle of White Horse, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in that trunk."

"Aye, that's ma night cap."
—Urchin

Stanford CHAPARRAL

*It's time to get drunk, on the behalf,
of the the drinking part of the Senior staff.
Every guy and gal and their very best pal
are getting drunk at the Chaparral.*

*The Frosh take a bath, when they drink after math,
with the staff that drinks 'til there's no aftermath.*

*The Sophs drink some more when the beer starts to pour
And they drink some more 'til they fall on the floor*

*The Juniors drink more beer, as they dream of next year
But for now their just passed out on they're rear.*

Because....

*It's time to get drunk, on the behalf,
of the the Senior part of the drinking staff.
Every guy and gal and their very best pal
are getting drunk at the Chaparral.*





Fables of

WHEN Leslie Howard's *Hamlet* made its one-night assault on San Jose, a rather florid middle-aged lady happened to follow us up the aisle after the performance, and she was talking in such a loud and rather blatant voice we couldn't help over-hearing her say, "Dawgonnit, I might have known it would end sad. All his things do."

One of the first musical comedies to appear in the old Assembly Hall was a Broadway hit of the period, the scene of which was laid in a Sultan's palace.

Now this was during the strict early regime, when any display of the contours of the feminine leg was strictly forbidden, by the Lord, decency, morals, society, and Mrs. Stanford. However, the script, as might be expected, called for an abundance of enchanting ladies of the harem.

One enterprising young costume designer hit upon the idea of clothing these damsels in long, lacy pantaloons on the order of those now made famous in *Esquire*. The design was presented to Mrs. Stanford for approval, which was granted upon assurance that the material would not be too transparent for modesty.

On the night of the show everything went along famously until the chorus of houris made their first entrance. At that point, the rough in charge of the lighting pulled the wrong switch, and instead of the

(Opposite)
First excavation for Memorial Hall
Water color by Edward M. Farmer
Department of Graphic Art

the Farm



footlights, a bank of lights in back of the bevy was turned on in full brilliance, rendering the filmy coverings of the ladies' limbs practically invisible to the audience.

The roughs stood up and cheered, the whole house applauded. Mrs. Stanford rose and walked resolutely up the aisle. The show was never finished.

And the next day the inevitable notice regarding the expulsion of *A Certain Student* appeared in front of the Ad Building, for no one would ever listen to the frantic protests of the unfortunate switchboard operator who swore that the whole thing was purely an accident.

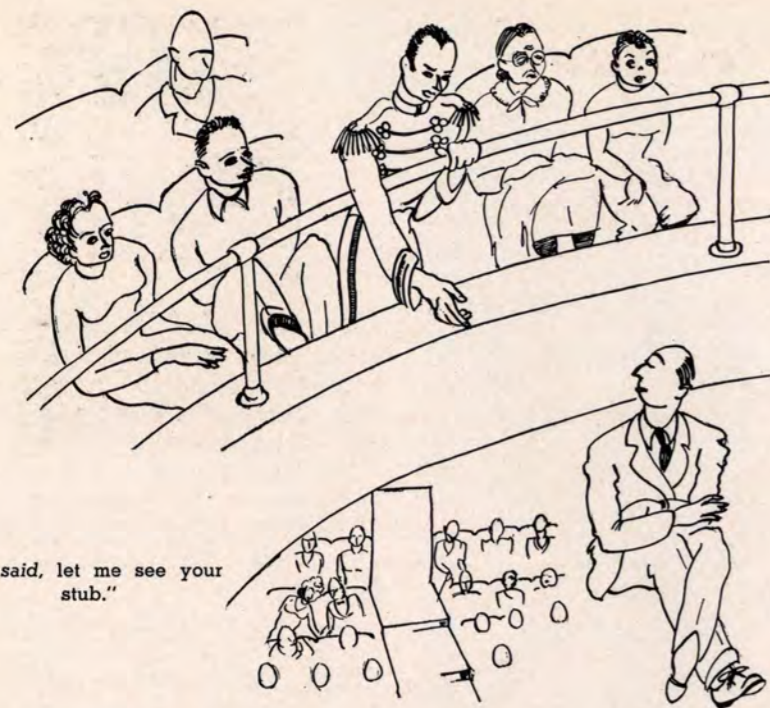
As first patroness of the Stanford theater, Mrs. Stanford had her gayer moments also. At one early performance of a typical Gay 'Nineties melodrama, replete with hero, heroine, villain and all, a group of roughs entered with a basket of flowers and took their places, amid guffaws, in the rough section right above the stage. Concealed beneath the fragrant blossoms were some two dozen most unfragrant eggs. These were destined to decorate the black frock coat of the villain.

Their elaborate plans were suddenly shattered, however, when Mrs. Stanford came marching down the aisle, bedecked in her inevitable bird's nest hat with its purple plume, and took her seat almost immediately below them.

The eggs stayed in the basket until the intermission, when one of the fellows went down to talk to the matriarch. "Mrs. Stanford," he began sheepishly, "we were planning to toss a few eggs at the villain to sort of 'liven things up a bit, but since you came—"

Page Gilman illustrations

(Continued on page 33)



To Stanford in a Machine-Thing

THE nasty rumor still persisting that the New Theater was going to open, we left our sheep, to attend.

We had a Chandler. This Chandler, while an infernal combustion engine, came out in the days of the covered wagon, and gave them plenty of competition. If there were any covered wagons around today, I'll bet it would still give them just plenty stiff competition.

We'd covered 50 of the 700 miles when our Bendix spring went. For you who don't know what a Bendix spring is, it's a sort of, well, anybody knows what a Bendix spring is. We decided to ignore the Bendix, and just push until we could start on compression, or something.

Twenty miles farther we ran out of gas.

We held a close conference, lasting for three hours. The best thing to do, we finally decided, was to get some more gas. One of the boys had playfully put his elbow through the window, earlier in the day, so one of us had to stay in the car.

We flipped a coin. The other fellow and I then took the gas can, and, at the eerie hour

after midnight, started out along the roads of old Nevada. At first we felt quite buoyant, because we were making better time than the old Chandler, but our buoyancy lagged with the miles. Every time we would see a signpost looming up in the semidarkness, we would eagerly dash over to see how many miles to the next town. But the best we could get out of these signs would be "Buy Blotz Tires," or "Next Time, Try the Train."

With tears in my eyes, and pebbles in my shoes, I turned to my companion.

"Let's go back and flip two out of three."

But he was made of sterner stuff, and his soles weren't so thin.

"No," he said, "let us forge on to the next town."

"Wouldn't it be easier," I remarked, "if we just sat down here, and let the town grow out to us?"

He pondered only a moment, then nodded moodily. We sat down on our gas cans to wait.

An hour later we heard sounds of a boiler factory, and the Chandler

(Continued on page 34)

"IF THINE EYE OFFEND"

"For five years I've stayed away from you, forgetting your allure and charm, you vile creature. You've avoided me too up to now, but now I have you, and this time I'm going to fix you so you won't harm anyone again. You've driven my best friend insane, and others who came in contact with you, despairing of forgetting you, have killed themselves. You made a mental and physical wreck out of me, but I've survived and now you're going to get your just desserts.

"I have your pretty little neck in my hands, and I'm going to fix you. How do you like that, eh? Do you see that wall over there? Well that's where you're going to land, all bashed in, with your beauty and appeal ruined beyond any earthly help."

So saying, he feverishly tore the ornaments from her neck, tightened his hands around the slender, smooth surface which separated head from body, and tossed the helpless form with all his maddened strength against the wall, which it hit with a terrific impact.

Panting for breath, and with a cold sweat pouring from his brow he leaned weakly against a table and gasped in a trembling yet triumphant voice, "There now, how do you like that, eh?"

"Gurgle, gurgle," said the bottle.
—Jack Scott

LEGIT LIMERICKS

Strange Interlude's a remarkable play.

It goes on for a night and a day,
While they stalk and they think
And they eat and they drink,
An' dat ol' devil sex has his way.

Hamlet's an old faithful friend
To which most any actor will bend.
He'll struggle and fight,
To make things come right.
But we know they're all dead in the end.

—Ellis

Strained Interlude

By SISTER MCGONIGLE

SCENE: Family breakfast table of a fine, but very usual type family. Included in the group is a Lovely Young Thing in a pair of badly faded "Downstairs Store Special" pajamas—one of our own "Farm Girls" home for the weekend. She speaks (most of them do).

Lovely Young Thing: Did you hear the good news? I got a part in the Spring Show! And who do you think was—

Mother (to L.Y.T.): Pardon me, dear, just a moment. (To Baby Brother): I've been watching you, young man, stop shoveling that mush out on the floor, or I'll spank you. (To L.Y.T.): All right, dear, what were you saying?

L.Y.T. I said, do you know who—

Mother (to the old man): What are you feeding that child? Stop it this minute! Go on with your story now. What is the new Spring Show about?

L.Y.T.: It's a smooth vehicle—different this time too. A musical comedy about college life—something special for the New Theater. Do you know who got the lead? (Loud noise in bedroom breaks into the conversation.)

Mother: My God, the baby again! Well, go on, dear, we're listening.

L.Y.T.: All I was going to say was—

Mother: Henry, before you go, leave me the keys to the car. It's raining and I may want to see some of the "girls" today. Yes, you were saying—

L.Y.T.: You know Aunt Jos—

Mother (jumping up so that at least half the contents of the table are upset—or at least half the people): Oh, dear—look at the time—you'll have to tell me the rest of this story later. I have to take baby downtown now to see Uncle Harry's New Crime Club Headquarters.

[Thus go several days. Finally our disillusioned lovely young thing returns to the Promised Land—with \$114.00 tuition (the one dollar theater tax is now gone—rumor has it that Guggenheim is going to build a "Memorial Wind Tunnel" soon, however). Shortly after her return, a letter from home arrives, as follows]:

DEAR DAUGHTER:

Well, you're a fine one! I certainly have a bone to pick with you. Why didn't you tell me that Cousin Jean has the lead in the Spring Show? I met Aunt Josie down town, and as soon as I saw that "cat-that-swallowed-the-mouse" look on her face, I knew I had to compliment her on something—but, thanks to you, I didn't know what. Instead of spending all week-end prattling about your part and the plot, why didn't—?

Love,
MOTHER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Her body is lying in state in the Memorial Theater Lobby all during the first run of *The Murder on Governor's Lane* and *The Fall of the House of Miller's*.]

In Rain is a gal who's no lady.
Pago Pago knew her as "Sadie."
Her phonograph's noise
Drags in all the boys
Where the weather and morals are
shady.

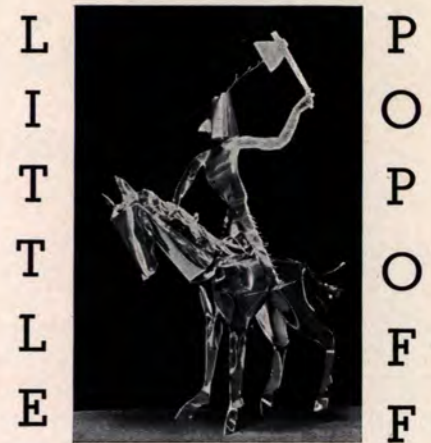
—Ellis

"The new road in front of the Memorial Hall is an adventure in colloidal chemistry."

—Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur

A rather hazardous adventure;
we'd say, sir.

—Charles Hood



COME flower time, and Little Pop Off get down to much work for learning relays. Come one night very warm, and very fine moon and Pop Off put bundle of sign language under arm and head to hogan for dry ball to pound birch bark. Pop Off most there when big shiny pony go wheee and stop and brave holler out Pop Off and Pop Off say Ugh and How and brave say come with me to b—r hogan but Pop Off say NO and brave say Pop Off squaw man, so Pop Off say ONE and brave say one and Pop Off climb on pony. One b—r taste pretty good, and nother taste pretty better and then brave make joke to Pop Off and Pop Off laugh and make joke to brave and brave laugh and have nother b—r, and make more joke. Then brave say oh by great Sun Father, must go to try out, and then look at Pop Off and get gleam in eye, and say come and Pop Off close one eye and look through other eye, and try hit door and go to Woodpecker Lodge. Lot of indian there, and all funny and Pop Off laugh and make joke and get weary all of sudden so go to wigwam and get shut-eye, and next morning someone shake Pop Off and say good, and Pop Off open eye, and feel head, and gulp water and say why, and brave say you got em and Pop Off say yea, I getem nice bad head, and other say no, you getem part, and Pop Off say what part, and brave say big part in Spring Show, and Pop Off sit down and put head in hand, and think of all work to do, and poor Pop Off not happy.

STAGE HANDS

In the opinion of physicists, Lee Emerson Bassett has rhythm. Recordings of his reading of Milton give him remarkable ups-and-downs on graph paper: "The perfect vocalization," Professor Lanz says in his book *The Physical Basis of Rime*.

Mr. Bassett rhymes only for scientific purposes, however. The rest of the time he is grounding Stanfordites in the business of how to talk. Head of the Department of Public Speaking, he will also be leader of the faculty contingent when the plaster dries a week after the seniors leave next month.

Though retiring next year, aged 65, Mr. Bassett will hope to start the theater end of his school doing original plays with strong character delineations.

He once directed and staged the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the most finished play at Stanford. Behind him are thirty-seven years, the time he has been "on Quad."



A very serious young man who wrote a successful play nineteen years ago is named Gordon Lange. The play was staged in a barn. It was costumed by Mother Lange.

Since then Mr. Lange, now 29, with a family and a reputation, has eaten and slept stage through two colleges, an M.A., and three successful Stanford productions. After panicking his high-school principal as Nathan Hale, he played the lead in *David Garrick* in prep school, and during his sophomore year at Colgate, the lead in *Journey's End*.

The Journey had only begun. He haggled his way into George Pearce Baker's Yale Drama School set on acting, was sidetracked into playwrighting, finally returned to finish his education at Colgate, where he became a fellow, received his M.A. in lit "so he could teach," and became assistant director of the Drama Department. Experience at other universities brings him to Stanford, and the best college theater in the West. He wants it to train students, to be a center of drama for the community, and for the encouragement of talented playwrights.



There was no fooling about Waldemar Johansen. He has done nothing dramatic in or behind a barn. Instead he was apprenticed to his stage-designing father at the Berlin Stage Opera House, aged 14, and has been working at his craft on and off for 19 years.

Then he studied art in Dresden, Munich, and Berlin, and became stage designer in the Osnabruck Civic Theater. He arrived in the United States in 1925, where he became an advertising artist in New York and other cities. From 1927 to 1930 he was stage designer for the Chicago Civic Opera.

Then he came to California to rest, couldn't return. He is not resting. Instead he is building sets out of nothing and the Assembly Hall stage, which makes him a miracle-worker now, a probable phenomenon in the elbow-room of the Memorial Hall.



Phil Brown likes colors for more reasons than his own red hair. Colored light, he believes, is the paint of the new scenic artist. It will be moved to the canvas of the Memorial Hall sets from electric palettes designed by Brown on a stage largely Brown-designed. Not yet graduated, he has taught classes in stage design, with Waldemar Johansen was given \$20,000 to spend on lighting equipment by canny Al Roth, is called "California's wonder boy" by Lee Simonson, New York stage master. Last year he was technical director for Stanford plays. Next year he will teach a class in stage design. His red shock sparking about the Assembly Hall is a trade-mark for most campus productions.

—Eisenbach

Curtain Call

A HISTORY OF STANFORD DRAMATICS

By KERTH BAINES

AND he said to me: "The last show in the gym, Bill, and the last show for us. I wonder if they will have half as good times in the Assembly Hall?" And I said: "They can't possibly, Dick. Sure, they can't."

"With that, as unexpectedly as you please, we both began to blubber like coeds . . . The old gymnasium stage, had it held any moisture in its seasoned boards, would have cried too. It was a parting all around."

Thirty-seven years of "good times" have been held in the Assembly Hall since Will Irwin and his classmate bade an affectionate farewell to the old gym, and now it too must retire in favor of the Memorial Hall, toward the completion of which the Stanford student body looks with eager impatience. For since 1929, when Hammer and Coffin members

started the theater-fund movement on its way to a \$350,000 goal, the Assembly Hall has been considered as material for "next year's bonfire," to be borne with patience or contempt. And yet, although the Assembly Hall is an unsentimental relic to the present dramatic generation, it has known glorious, glamorous days.

The spirit and roots of Stanford dramatics go even farther back than the Assembly Hall, however. From the very beginning Stanford students found it necessary to be self-sufficient in the utopian atmosphere of the Farm. Unable to dash down to a movie in Paly, they shortly became adept in the art of entertainment, both musical and dramatic. As the modern drama had its remote origin in the medieval church,

so too did Stanford dramatics begin in the old chapel with a muslin slide as the sole property. Almost immediately, however, the old gym became the home of drama, requiring a complete theatrical transformation for each performance. The importance of dramatics in those days is indicated by the fact that *Sword and Sandals* was the second honorary society to be established. Student-written shows were produced by classes or by the language departments with campus leaders as actors. The first performance of a comic opera—*Pinafore*—by a co-educational university was given successfully. In 1900 the Assembly Hall was initiated, and in 1904 the first decade of Stanford dramatics was completed with this record: two old English comedies, a French comedy, a Latin comedy, an original

(Continued on page 19)

Old Boys on the Boards:

(1) "The lion is a pleasant beast, That is, when he is tame, at least." Dave Lamson, Chappie Editor, 1924-25, in *Androcles and the Lion*, 1923 (top). (2) Barney Gould (seated), Editor 1930-31, as Mr. Zero in *The Adding Machine*, 1929, looking over the final sanctum of all Old Boys. (3) The present editor as Enobarbus (beardless) in *Antony and Cleopatra*, summer, 1936, ribs Antony because he knows "'tis better to have lived and laughed" than never to have lived with Cleopatra. (4) Jim Copp, Editor, 1935-36, at the Barnstormer's piano in *Three Sheets to the Wind*, 1936, trips on an omelette and falls two octaves.



Old Boys
on the Boards

Curtain Call

(Continued from page 17)

student-written Spanish comedy, the first successful production of a Greek tragedy in the original—*Antigone*—west of the Mississippi, and numerous student plays and extravaganzas, among which Chappie founder Bristow Adams' *Seven Dobbles Down* is rated highly. In 1904 Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, directed by L. E. Bassett under the auspices of English Club, set an unexcelled example for many years.

After the earthquake in 1906 all University activity was resumed with new energy. Sword and Sandals branched into the field of independent production with a presentation of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, their original objective being Shakespearean plays. Masquers, women's honorary society, was formed in 1908 and brought the contemporary drama to the campus in 1909 with their first endeavor, Booth Tarkington's *Road to Yesterday*. It was also during this period that traditions of the following twenty years were established. Annual shows were given by English Club, Sword and Sandals, and Masquers, supplemented by the Senior farce, the Junior Opera (always original except for *Iolanthe* in 1911), and the Sophomore minstrel or play. Other programs which were later abandoned were the Shubert Club show, and the Junior Plug-Ugly, staged on the evening the juniors annually plugged the Sophomores with their "Uglies"—tall gray felt hats. All productions at this time were financially launched by the society sponsoring them, and directors were students, faculty members, or professionals from San Francisco. Ram's Head was organized in 1911, the peak year of pre-war dramatics during which the "students kept themselves consistently bankrupt buying tickets." The first so-called Football Show came off in 1909 as a student body activity. Originally the pro-

(Continued on page 30)



(1) Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1904) was the "divine" comedy of early Farm dramatics. (2) Capek's *R.U.R.* in 1924 was one of Stanford's few grim dramas. Others were *Justice* and *Granite*. (3) "Gloria, you are forgetting yourself" — Masquers' presentation of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* (1909), directed by D. H. Gray, proponent of the drama contemporary. (4) *The First Born* (1918) of Stanford's Oriental ventures contrasts sharply with Johansen's unit setting of *Lady Precious Stream*.



(5) Junior Operas such as the *Uvernian Princess* (1911) used to pack the house with egg-throwers. (6) A faculty man, Bill Owens, succumbs to *The Only Way* (1914) in a *Sword and Sandals* production. (7) Lloyd Nolan thrilled the "500" as the Rajah in *The Green Goddess* (1927). (8) In an eerie mood Leslie Kiler designed this witch scene for *Macbeth* (1925). (9) The epitome of drawing-room comedy sparkle: Harold Helvenston's direction and Frederic Stover's sets for *Barry's Holiday* (1933).



(10) Andreyev's *He Who Gets Slapped* (1923), directed by Richard Bentinck, with circus settings by Edward Farmer. (11) Actor-director Gordon Davis as the incarnation of the title-role of Sherwood's *The Shadow of the Leaf* (1918). (12) Lester (Seib) Vail played *Hamlet* (1926) in golf togs. (Alas, poor Yorick!) (13) William Thornton as the gloomy Moor in the first Stage Classics' play *Othello* (1335), set by William Goldner and costumed by Helen Green. (14) This pretty bit of garbage is "Peg" Converse being sorted by Alonzo Cass in the 1926 Ram's Head *Gaieties*.



Margery Bailey

I first saw the good doctor sailing down Encina walk with six long young men in tow on the way to the opening concert of the fall series. Vigorous, handsome, commanding, queenly, in a cape as black and flowing as a bat's wing, she came against a stiff nor'wester with the tall young men whirling in the wake. I, a freshman, decided, "She looks as if she could answer a young man's problems."

The next day I stopped her in the hall of the English building. "Pardon me, Miss Bailey," I said, "do you suppose it would be all right for me to drop Bible History and take your Shakespeare course?" She smiled the world's sweetest smile and answered, "I don't think it would really hurt you."

Dr. Bailey entered Stanford as a freshman in 1910 at the age of nineteen. Stop counting on your fingers, kids. She was forty-six May Twelfth. (Happy birthday, Miss Bailey.) *Chaparral* hailed her as a wit and an artist, and made her honorary editor of the all co-ed issue of December 1913. Her drawings and poems brightened the Old Boy's pages for a six-year span. Amazing thing was her particular talent for drawing expressed in her undergraduate days. She hasn't said so, but if she hadn't become a member of the English Department in 1915 "when the lack of good men occasioned by wars made the opening possible" she

might have turned out to be an artist, and a very damn good one too.

Besides her activity as a *Chappie* contributor, Miss Bailey was a Masquer, art editor of the 1914 *Quad*, a president of Cap and Gown, and member of Phi Beta Kappa.

She got her M.A. here in 1916.

In 1920 she left for graduate work at Yale, returning two years later with a Doctor's degree.

Perhaps the thing Dr. Bailey hates most is to be called Marge. Probably she has the strongest likes and dislikes of anyone you'll ever meet. Moreover she always says what she thinks. What she most looks forward to is her death, and her chief satisfaction is a safe middle age. She states that her only heir is the University; the only saint she ever met, Harry Maloney; and that the only reason for her existence is an accident.

She brands as her bad habits: whistling on the *Quad*, her refusal to learn to smoke, and the irrepresible urge to break the two Scriptural injunctions—"Suffer fools gladly" and "Let the women keep silence in all subjection." And Dr. Bailey does not keep silence. Constantly at odds with the factions who would make of this a university of technical achievements at the expense of the cultural, she has spent her summers here, without pay, at work on the Stage Classics. The Rockefeller grant and the increase

in the Anderson prize are indicative of her success. Criticised by her faculty contemporaries for not spending more time "writing books" (the academic way to gain reputation for the University), let it be known that she has published two children's romances; two scholarly volumes of Boswell—four years of labor; and she works at present on a concordance of Edward Young's poetry.

This woman has fire. Take a course from her and you sit within mortal range of a powder charge, a mental machine gun, a volcano. Look out. Hurt her feelings, cross her ungracefully and she'll never forget it (nor will you). Treat her with due respect as a lady, a real teacher, and an artist, and you've nothing to fear.

Dr. Bailey is an old friend of *Chaparral*. Both are henchmen of high art in the Stanford theater. Now that she's beginning to realize some success *Chappie* hopes her ideals will not be sacrificed on the altar of box-office.

(5) One of her first *Chappie* contributions, 1911. (6) One Prof said to her, "You have a Messiah complex; all your ideas are right in your opinion." (7) Dr. Bailey looking over a best seller written by one of her pupils, Archie Binns, '22. (8) "Bad habit, digging at my eyes." (9) Another Prof: "When you go to the Eastern meetings try to make a good personal impression; try to look your best." (10) A third Prof: "You do not very often hear 'the still sad music of humanity,' do you?" (11) Up go the hopes of America's verse playwrights. (12) Glamorous as Princess Maria Dominica in Molnar's *The Swan*, 1927. Dr. Bailey played the same role again at Palo Alto Community Playhouse in 1935 with Kathleen Norris as Princess Beatrice. (13) "A sail! A sail!" The Rabelaisian nurse to Romeo's Juliet, 1932. (14) Pre-war model. Lona Hessel of the *Pillars of Society*, 1916. [Candid studies by Eisenbach; Lower right photo by Baker; Biographer, Gist.]



(1) Three years before this picture of her was taken Margery Bailey was born in Santa Cruz. (2) Her mother, at three, a descendant of the Grenville-Temple family, producers of three distinguished book collectors in the eighteenth century. (3) At Stanford, 1918. (4) In Florence, Italy, 1927.



PORTRAIT OF A STANFORD WOMAN



BACHELOR OF ARTS.

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



Volume 38, 1936-37

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

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

RANDAL BOROUGH '04
LINK MALMQUIST '29

NOW THAT the Memorial Hall is within six months or a year of completion (the Old Boy is far too wise to believe the promises of "June 20") the Chaparral bunch sits down for a bull session, gets up and paces the floor, and then turns out this special theater number. The Ancient One is extremely proud to have engineered the first New Theater Fund but he does not ignore in his egotistical mumblings that there were many others who contributed time, money, and work toward gaining for Stanford a theater second to none in any other university. Most of all he is downright tears-of-joy happy for it all. Then he digs in his toes for another campaign. This

time it's his blood or the foe's. We've a new fine dramatic plant. Isn't it time to quit producing Broadway hits of the light, drawing-room comedy type? Isn't it time to consider Stanford's School of the Theater a place for the training and development of artists and for experiment in powerful modern drama? There's a place for the good fun and slapstick of the showmen—in the *Gaieties* and the other student-written shows. Outside of those events Stanford should produce only those plays and pageants which are of importance as modern experiment or as good literature and high dramatic art. The box office be hanged! Certainly the Stanford students and the customers from the Bay area will beat a path

to the Memorial Hall doors once Stanford gains the reputation of serious, profound dramatic production.

NOW THAT latest messiah and fighting chair-sprawler, John L. Lewis, is causing the business men of the nation no end of indigestion and worry as to just what to expect next from their "happy families" of employees, who were "perfectly loyal and content until those damn foreigners started to exploit them with their sit-downs and other Communist tactics." His ferocious, bejeweled countenance becomes more and more of a bogey to employers as day by day new labor groups attach themselves to his machine and join his game of "Squeeze the Boss." The cost of living is shooting up like a rocket, and the workers, who know nothing and care less about Garver and Hansen and cyclical lag, are just as determined to enjoy the fruits of increased prosperity as are the employers and capitalists.

All of which seems to have created a sad state of affairs. Even the staid, monastic isolation of the Farm is ruffled by it. The perennial and magnificent unconcern of students is abruptly shaken when Papa writes that things look rather black. The workers in his pants factory want more money. What they'll do with it he knows very well. They'll buy a lot of things they don't need and can't afford. They'll carouse and get drunk and come back and ask for more. Lewis and his gang are racketeers duping the poor laborers who are too dumb to know when they're well off. The government won't co-operate with the men who make industry move; indeed, they encourage loafing and provide charity. Things have come to a pretty pass.

Now the Old Boy doesn't know who's right and who's wrong about strikers' wage rights. But he does know that the business of how to spend one's income has become a problem too big for the average man.

The creed of Ben Franklin and the frontier was to be frugal and thrifty. That standard is all shot to Gehenna. The schools don't teach the child how to live within an income. They placidly expect him to learn "when he knocks up against a few things." But the world is too fast and complex for most of America's pink cherubs. All they have to guide them are economic habits. Who's the teacher? *You, Mr. Manufacturer, are the teacher.* Your required texts are the billboard, the magazine, the cinema. You must sell your stuff; so you advertise. Adver-

tising is nothing more than propoganda to make people live beyond their means. Because it is appealing and flattering, it is amazingly successful. You get your profits and your sit-downs.

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Then he says sullenly, "Twenty-five a week isn't enough for me to live on. I need more." Along comes Mr. John L. Lewis and helps him get it and how does he spend it? Probably as foolishly as ever and you kick and everybody kicks and what was once a very happy family is now a hot pot brewing revolutions.

Nope, Mr. Manufacturer, you can't win. It's a vicious circle and it's all against you, for your buying public is your working classes and you tell them to live like aristocracy and then you scream and wriggle when they try to live like aristocrats. But—comes the Revolution and we'll all go to Hell. You'll wish (after it's too late) that you'd been less selfish and short-sighted, for while the workers scream and fight forever you'll realize that you, superiorly endowed with brains and power, left your charges to run wild, and abdicated for a few extra pieces-of-eight.

R. T. H. + G. A. G.

NOW THAT this Chappie has gone to bed, the Old Boy makes his acknowledgments. To Edward Farmer, many thanks for the use of his excellent painting of the Memorial Hall excavations. It is regretted that it was impossible to reproduce its original coloring. Thanks to Daniel Mendelowitz for his brilliant cover. To Kerth Baines the Ancient One is very grateful. Her fine history of Stanford's stage, her many good suggestions and criticisms have made this number important to Stanford dramatics.

And to Professor Lee Emerson Bassett and Dr. Margery Bailey the Old Boy is especially indebted. Without their generous co-operation the effectiveness of this issue would not have been possible.



CHAOS IN LIMBO

A Play in One Act

By ROBERT T. HARTMANN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Thalia, Muse of Drama, and Mistress of Limbo
 William Shakespeare, a playwright
 Euripides, a playwright
 Hendrik Ibsen, a playwright
 Ben Jonson, a playwright
 Aristophanes, a playwright
 Maxwell Anderson, a playwright
 Clifford Odets, a discredited prophet
 David Garrick, who once played *Hamlet*
 Edwin Booth, who once played *Hamlet*
 John Barrymore, who once played *Hamlet*
 John Gielgud and Leslie Howard, who tried
 Sarah Bernhardt, an actress
 Katherine Cornell, an actress
 Nazimova, an actress
 Katherine Hepburn, a Bryn Mawr graduate
 Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner, song writers
 Greta Garbo, a Swede
 Rudy Valentino, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin,
 Simone Simon, Shirley Temple, Laurel and Hardy,
 Robert Taylor, Mae West, and Rin-Tin-Tin, part of
 that "movie crowd"
 Mickey Mouse, a mouse
 Thespis, the first director and producer
 Flo Ziegfeld, Billy Rose, Stanislausky, D. W. Griffith,
 Max Reinhardt, Cecil B. DeMille, and Gordon C.
 Lange, directors
 Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, actor and actress
 Gypsy Rose Lee, a phenomenon
 Noel Coward and Fred Clark, newcomers

TIME: About 1977, A.D.

PLACE: Limbo, a special section, neither heaven nor hell, reserved for the shades of those who have, in mortal coil, wooed the muse of drama. The membership is very select, like an eating club.

(As the play opens, a group of denizens of Limbo are sitting around talking things over and reading notices from old scrapbooks. To the stage left we see Sidney Howard, hard at work on a dramatic adaptation of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Laurel and Hardy, in the stage rear, are throwing pies at each other. Nobody pays any attention to them.)

Shakespeare: Words, words, words!
 Ibsen: Come, you troll, don't be such a grouch.
 Maxwell Anderson: Yes, Bill, quit acting so high and mighty. You're no better than any of the rest of us, don't forget.
 Shakespeare: Oh no? Go down to Earth and see what they tell you!
 Anderson: Ha! With all the propaganda you get I shouldn't wonder that they think your stuff is good. Why even in grammar school—
 Shakespeare: (Sadly) Well, I do wish they hadn't cut some of my best passages out.
 Ibsen: They always do. They are small and afraid. Some day they will have strength and stature.
 Euripides: When? They haven't improved much in 2,500 years.



Aristophanes: Truly spoken, son of Helos. Yet perhaps their ability to laugh will save them. Only yesterday I overheard a professor chortle at one of my lines.

Shakespeare: Was it because the line was funny or was it dirty?

Aristophanes: It was both. Thou, of all people, knowest that can be done, O Bard.

Ibsen: Speaking of dirty lines, has anyone seen Eugene O'Neill lately?

Ben Jonson: Last I heard he was hard a-work on his new play, "Desire under the Arms."

Ibsen: What sort of perverts is it about this time?

Anderson: Same old stuff. It seems there is a father, who has a daughter, who—shh—here comes the kid!
 (Enter Shirley Temple)

Shirley: Hello everybody! You know what? My brother goes to Stanford!

Nazimova: Yes, dear, you've told us that eleven times already today.

Sarah Bernhardt: Run along, child, and play.
 (Exit Shirley dutifully.)

All: Isn't she a darling.
 (Enter Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Alfred is chasing Lynn.)

Alfred: Give me a kiss, love.

Lynn: No. You had one yesterday.

(Exit Lunt and Fontanne.)

Ben Jonson: Where is this "Stanford" that Shirley mentioned?

Gypsy Rose Lee: Somewhere in California. I've gotten lots of fan mail from there.

Ben Jonson: I thought you were one dancer who had no fans, kiddo.

Shakespeare: Methinks thy wit is slipping, Ben.

Ben Jonson: Well, does nobody know where Stanford is?

Gordon C. Lange: I don't like to intrude, but I happen to be familiar with the place.

Ibsen (aside to Aristophanes): How did that fellow get in here?

Aristophanes (aside to Ibsen): Many have asked the same.

Ben Jonson (impatiently): Well, tell us of the place.

Gordon C. Lange: Well, it's not very well known as yet, but as soon as the New Theater is finished, it will be second to Yale as a center of dramatic arts.

Shakespeare: When will that be?

Gordon C. Lange: Alas, I cannot say.

Euripides: Someone knocks at the gate.

Ibsen: Maybe it's Shaw!

Anderson: I'll see. (Goes and opens gate.) Hello there. What do you want?

(Enter Noel Coward and Fred Clark.)

Clark: I'm Fred Clark. No doubt you've heard of my swell baby-killing act, haven't you?

All: No.

Clark: Well, are Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, and Jane Withers here?

Ibsen: Yes, they're over yonder, playing box-office.

Clark: Excuse me, I have some important business to attend to. (Exit Fred Clark, grimacing.)



Anderson (to Coward): What are you doing here?

Coward: I'm Noel Coward; that's my name.

All: Well, so what?

Coward: Why, I'm a genius.

Shakespeare: How interesting. So am I.

Coward: Oh, you're Shakespeare, aren't you? Congratulations, old bean. You were a great English dramatist too.

Shakespeare: Thanks.

Coward: What is this place, anyway?

Ben Jonson: This is Limbo, stranger. It's neither Heaven nor Hell, and better than both. We've all gotten mixed up in the drama somehow. We couldn't get in Hell because we hadn't really sinned excessively, but they wouldn't let us in Heaven because, in our profession, we've all gone through the forms of sin, and the Board of Directors up there claim that form is what counts. So here we are. Have some nectar and lotus?

Coward: Thank you, yes.

Ibsen: Tell us some news from the Earth. When is Shaw going to die?

Coward (munching lotus proudly): Oh, any day now, even the most pessimistic agree.

All: Good.

Coward: Tell me, have you seen those ingenious American chaps, Cecil B. DeMille and Billy Rose?

Kay Cornell (savagely): Not since they tried to make me appear in a bathtub singing "Ave Maria."



Coward: I say, what are those fellows over there getting so beastly excited about?

Shakespeare: That's the Hamlet Club. They argue all the time. Hearken.

David Garrick (shouting): "To be or not to be, that is the question."

Edwin Booth: The accent is meant to be on the first "be."

John Barrymore: I speak from authority. I say that the accent is definitely on "that."

Booth: What authority?

Barrymore: My own. Has the Barrymore family ever erred?

Booth: My family, too, is illustrious. Who shot Lincoln?

John Gielgud: Whatever Howard says is wrong.

Howard: Whatever Gielgud says is wrong.

Garrick: You're all wrong. "To be or not to be, that—"

Shakespeare (sadly): I'd as lief the town crier spoke my lines.

Anderson: There you go, Bill, always capitalizing on your old lines. Can't you ever say anything new?

Shakespeare: I've already said everything as well as it can be said.

(Enter Mercury with newspapers.)

(Continued on page 28)





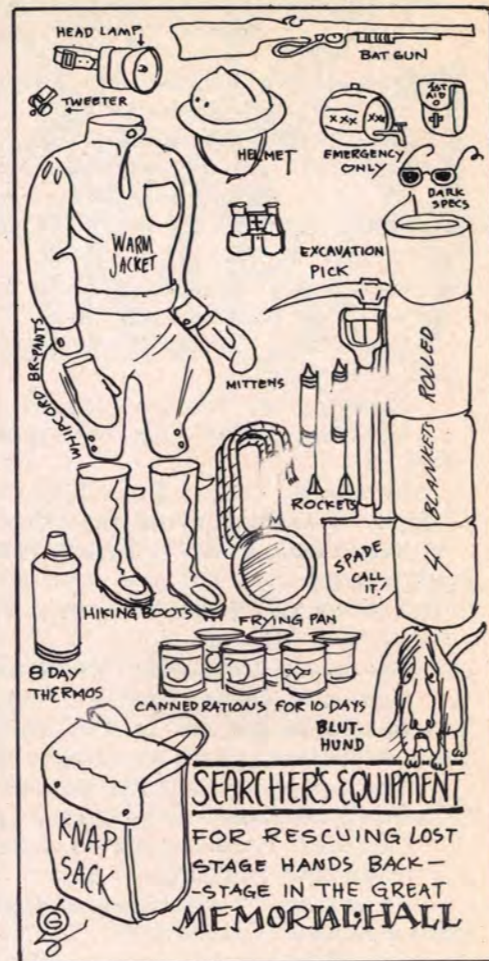
"Ma, Daddy's in the orchestra pit again."



"Here we're ready to raise the curtain and you swallow Phil Brown."



"Guess I should 'a' worn a tie."



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CHAOS IN LIMBO

(Continued from page 25)

Mercury: Hey! Examiner?

Ibsen: Let's have one.

Coward: What's this? A Hearst paper?

Shakespeare: Sure. Jehovah is a pretty broad-minded guy, and He always likes to find out what the other side is thinking.

Ibsen: It says here that the new Stanford theater is finally opening tonight.

Nazimova: What show are they doing?

Ibsen: It says here "chosen by Dramatic Council as the most profitable and therefore the greatest play ever written, tonight's premiere will be *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Considerable difficulty was found in having it approved by the Public Exercises Committee of the university, because of the open inference to the class war which the drama contains. A sell-out is expected, as attendance is compulsory."

Anderson: What do you say we all go!

All (except Shakespeare): Good! A capital ideal

Shakespeare: *Uncle Tom's Cabin!* Bah!

Katherine Hepburn: We'll miss the torture.

All: What torture?

Hepburn: Oh, they caught a couple of critics, Botchford and Dreary, in here yesterday. They're going to torture them tonight, as is customary.

Ben Jonson: Insignificant fellows.

(Enter Thalia, Muse of Drama, and Mistress of Limbo)

Thalia: Hail, subjects! What's up?

All: We go to see the premiere at Stanford, most worthy Muse!

(A mighty procession begins to form, led by Thespis. Following him are Verdi and Wagner, arms extended.)

Verdi: Vive il Duce!

Wagner: Heil Hitler!

Clifford Odets (a small voice, lost in the throng): Swine!

(The pageant files out the gate. All the great figures of the stage are seen in the throng. At its end come Rin-Tin-Tin and Mickey Mouse.)

Rin-Tin-Tin: Woof woof!

Mickey Mouse: Squeak, squeak!

(Only Thalia and William Shakespeare remain in deserted Limbo.)

Thalia: Well, what do you think of it all, Bill?

Shakespeare: Words, words, words.

[Curtain]



"Mr. Jeeby, you're crabbin' my ack."

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THE BLUNGER SPINS A YARN

"Spin us a yarn," said the Squinch.

"Yes, do," said the elderly Ule.

"But make it short!" added some "smart aleck" for a laugh.

"Yes, do!" they all chorused, and made the honest Blunger crimson with confusion.

"Well, what will it be this time, boys?" asked the Blunger, twitching his fins in a characteristic mannerism.

They all thought.

"Shall I tell you about 'Marmaduke and the Protozoa,' or how about 'The Querulous Malmsey,' or wait, better yet—the story of 'The Glossy Swab'?"

"I've heard that one," said the "smart aleck," who certainly needn't have stayed.

"Well, then, 'The Glossy Swab' I guess it is!" beamed the Blunger (you could tell it was one of his favorites) and, adjusting his neck-piece, began.

"The Glossy Swab, so called because of his temperament, had a scattered education. But his father was a clever dog and his mother full of whimsey." The Blunger winked. "He got along."

"Why not?" roared the "smart aleck" idiotically.

The Blunger continued. His voice grew solemn.

"It was in his twenty-third cycle that something came over the Glossy Swab."

"Something — something serious?" intervened the Ule, who before this had been silent.

"Well," said the Blunger, "yes, and no. No, I should say, yes."

"Oh," said the Ule sepulchrally, and a deep gloom settled over the company.

"Was it quite untoward?" asked the Squinch.

"Well, yes, and no, yes and no," answered the Blunger.

"Come, come, don't stall!" said the "smart aleck," making a lewd motion.

"Perhaps an overdose of angomedia?" reasoned the Ule.

"No, no, no, not an overdose of angomedia," said the Blunger.

"Well, then, what was it?" they all demanded, eager to get on with the story.

(Continued on page 36)



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Curtain Call

(Continued from page 19)

ducers of a winter burlesque, Ram's Head did not receive prior rights to the *Gaieties* until 1926. During the war, dramatic activity was greatly handicapped, but a number of excellent productions were managed. Among them were *Justice* presented by Masquers and English Club, and *Pillars of Society* with Margery Bailey. Some of the most successful of early shows were directed by D. H. Gray, Frank L. Mathieu, and Glenn A. Hughes.

The year 1920 was one of crisis. Sword and Sandals once more found it necessary to prove itself, but production was almost impossible without guaranteed recompense. Under the leadership of the Administration, a Dramatic Council was organized June 8, 1920, and invested with dramatic precedence over its member organizations. It consisted of representatives from the four dramatic societies, and the three upper classes, a business manager selected from a group of try-outees, and of course the first University-appointed director, Gordon Davis, '18. During the brief interlude of Richard Bentinck in 1922 as director, this plan was abolished in favor of a Dramatic Committee, of which the student manager of the A.S.S.U. was made a member in an effort to eliminate friction between the dramatic coach and his business manager, whose appointment was thereafter approved by the A.S.S.U. This financial dependence of the director upon a dramatic committee has been one of the most consistent evils of the past seventeen years. A revolving fund was also established and a complete

budget of expenses was required from the dramatic manager.

The accomplishment of the next nine years stands as a tribute to the artistic wizardry of Gordon Davis, who brought a dramatic Renaissance to Stanford. Activity was continuous and inspired, with audiences filling the Assembly Hall for an average of nine widely varied productions a year, the peak year being 1929, when playwrights included Sherwood, Pirandello, Euripides, Bar-



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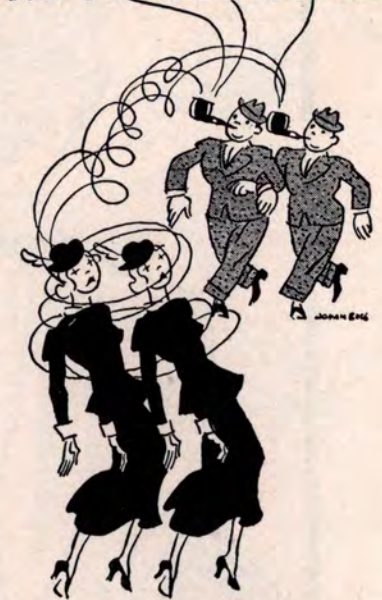
rie, and Ibsen, in addition to the customary student shows and the benefit Theater Fund shows—the Stanford movie, *The Fast Male* and the Theater Vaudeville. A perpetual New Theater Fund was also started in that year with the appointment of a special committee with Jack Shoup, a Chaparral editor, as its manager. Honorary societies and living groups followed Hammer and Coffin's initial move, and the proceeds from the 1929 Masque Ball were contributed to the Fund. Although the various yearly programs continued to bear the name of their original producer throughout the 'twenties, it was purely nominal, for financially they were dependent upon the Dramatic Committee, and artistically they reflected the magnetism of their director, Gordon Davis, the dominating influence of the decade.

In 1930 Harold Helvenston, technical director under Davis, was appointed head of dramatics. Incompatibility between director and Dramatic Council became more marked owing largely to lack of finances and the belief that a "Broadway success" was the only attraction that could lure the disdainful rough into the uncomfortable auditorium. The consequent deficits indicate that this plan did not meet with success. Play production was reduced to one major show per quarter by the Council, the Senior Farce disappearing in 1930, the Sophomore Play in 1931, and the Junior Opera in 1933. Harold Helvenston resigned in 1934, and the directors of the succeeding two years, William Murray Timmons and John E. Uhler, did likewise. The present Dramatic Council as revised in 1933 includes representatives from Sword and Sandals, Masquers, Ram's Head, Chaparral, the *Daily*, business manager, student manager of the A.S.S.U., Dramatic Director, another faculty member, and a member-at-large.

A *Chappie* editor once remarked in criticism of the Assembly Hall that the Davis shows were "diamonds in a tin setting." Stanford now has a platinum setting, but where, alas, are the jewels?

Extra-curricular dramatics must soon become an intrinsic part of the educational as well as the social life of Stanford, a transition which dra-

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matics in their present chaotic state are little prepared to make.

Since 1930 Sword and Sandals activity has largely been confined to readings, which have dwindled during the past year. Masquers sponsors an annual playwriting contest and has recently ventured into the production of one-act plays. Ram's Head produces the *Gaieties*, and Barnstormers, organized in 1935, dedicate themselves to the literary-technical aspect of original spring musicals. The foreign drama is rather neglected at Stanford except for the German presentations by Dr. Kurt Reinhardt, which have included *Ein Tottentanz* and *Jedermann*. True Dramatic Council plays under the direction of Gordon C. Lange have displayed a smoothness of production in spite of bad play selection, and audiences have been lured back into the Assembly Hall through skillful advertising. The only dramatic undertaking worthy of the new Memorial Hall, however, is the Summer Stage Classics work, launched in 1935 by Dr. Margery Bailey under the auspices of the English Club, with the objective of returning classic drama to its proper cultural place in university life—the stage. *Othello* of 1935, with William Thornton directing, and the comparative studies made of Shakespeare's and Shaw's *Cleopatras* of 1936 were supplemented by background lectures, readings, recitals, and library and gallery exhibits. The Maxwell Anderson award, established in 1936, is the nucleus of a plan to make Stanford a summer center of creative writing. Dr. Bailey's visionary project will continue this summer as a Drama Festival under the Department of Public Speaking, with Hubert Heffner of Northwestern University directing, and supported by the \$7,500 annual settlement awarded Stanford dramatics by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Music reference (from Grove's *Dictionary of Music*):

An eighth note is a quaver,
A sixteenth is a semi-quaver,
A thirty-second is a demi-semi-quaver,
A sixty-fourth is a hemi-demi-semi-quaver.

That leaves us quavering.



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FABLES OF THE FARM

(Continued from page 13)

"Young man," she interposed sternly, "go right back up there and sit down. I came here to be entertained."

He did. In the last act, when the villain pulled off the most dastardly of his exasperating villainies, a shower of ripe hen-fruit descended upon the luckless thespian. Pandemonium reigned.

A smile appeared on Mrs. Stanford's face. A girl, sitting in front of her, got up to leave, obviously annoyed. Mrs. Stanford tapped her on the shoulder.

"Young lady," she commanded, "you sit right down. A little fun in the eyes of the Lord never hurt anybody!"

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At last reports, business was thumping good.

—Hartmann

The moon was white
The road was dark,
A perfect place
To stop and park.
I gave a sigh
I gave a moan
I cursed the fates
I was alone.

—Exchange

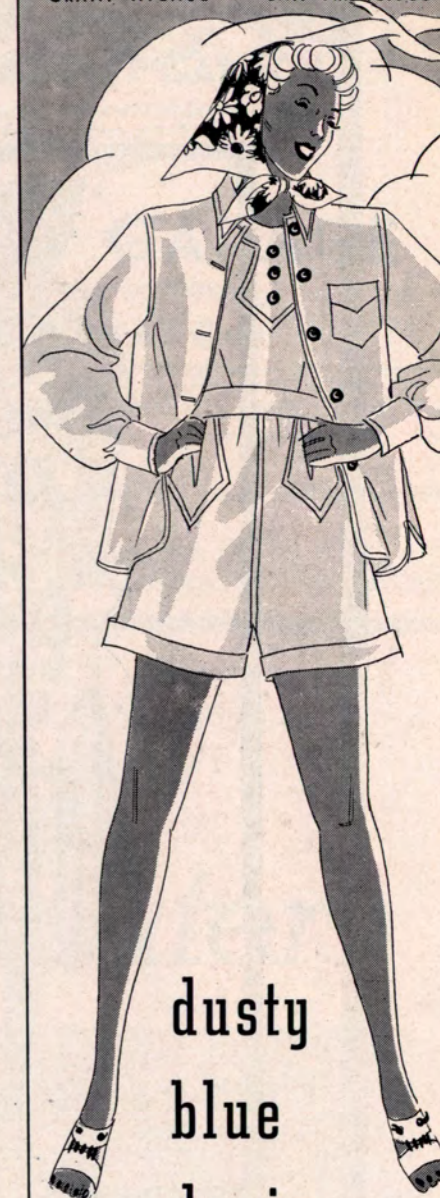
Reporter—I've got a perfect news story.

Editor—How come? Man bite dog?

Reporter—No, a bull threw a professor.

—Aggievator

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TO STANFORD

(Continued from page 14)

appeared behind us. The third member had been able to procure gas from a passing truck by blocking the road with our luggage.

We made nearly five miles before a loud slurp in the tank indicated no more fuel.

A mile and a half away we found a Model T Ford in the desert dawn and a ditch. We roused two fellows in the back seat, who, after agreeing to sell us one gallon for double the normal price, went back to sleep. Filled with brotherly love, we siphoned all their remaining fuel, and made the town that morning. We could not totally ignore the Chandler and still ride in it, so, to show it who had the upper hand, we poured some water in with the gas.

The next place we stopped was Dad Lee's, a dirty little spot on the desert with a service station, moth-eaten tepees, and relics of Indian wars. Rather than struggle with the Chandler through the heat of the day, we decided to have a few beers with Dad Lee, and discuss the Indian wars. We had saved enough money not buying oil to pay for any number of beers. The car made a little more noise, but this was hardly distinguishable amid the general din.

A desert-hardened woman came out and shot a well-aimed quid under one of the tires.

"We have come to talk over the Indian Wars with Dad Lee," we said simply, but in a husky voice. "Where is he?"

She shifted the remaining quid and swallowed before answering.

"He's out in back," she said, "but you'll have to dig for him—he's dead."

We had to buy gas, but we gave her a plenty dirty look when we left. They had no spare water, so we couldn't put any more water in the gas tank. This also upset us.

The next few days were fairly uneventful. The horn went dead, but the Chandler made so much noise, we didn't miss it for two days. The rear vision mirror fell off, but this wasn't much loss. There was no use looking to see what was behind, because it would soon pass us anyway. To break the dull monotony we put more water in with the gas.

We were certainly showing the car.

The day we arrived in Palo Alto, we were so overcome with emotion that we pushed the accelerator right to the floor, and the Chandler, shuddering a bit, gained top speed.

Without warning a siren sounded, and we were forced to the curb by the police.

"Wherzafire?" said the policeman, leering slightly.

"Were we speeding?" we asked, incredulously.

"Making 16 miles in a 15-mile zone, is all," he growled.

He could not understand our boyish laughter and light heart, as we drove away with the ticket. The old Chandler had plenty of stuff after all.

We could hardly wait until we got to the next service station.

We only put a pint of water in with the gas. —Paul Thomas

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He—Woman's greatest attraction is her hair.

He—I say it's her eyes.

He—It is unquestionably her teeth.

Another—What's the use of sitting here lying to each other?

—Pell Mell

I felt for my watch—it was gone. I felt for my pants—they were gone.

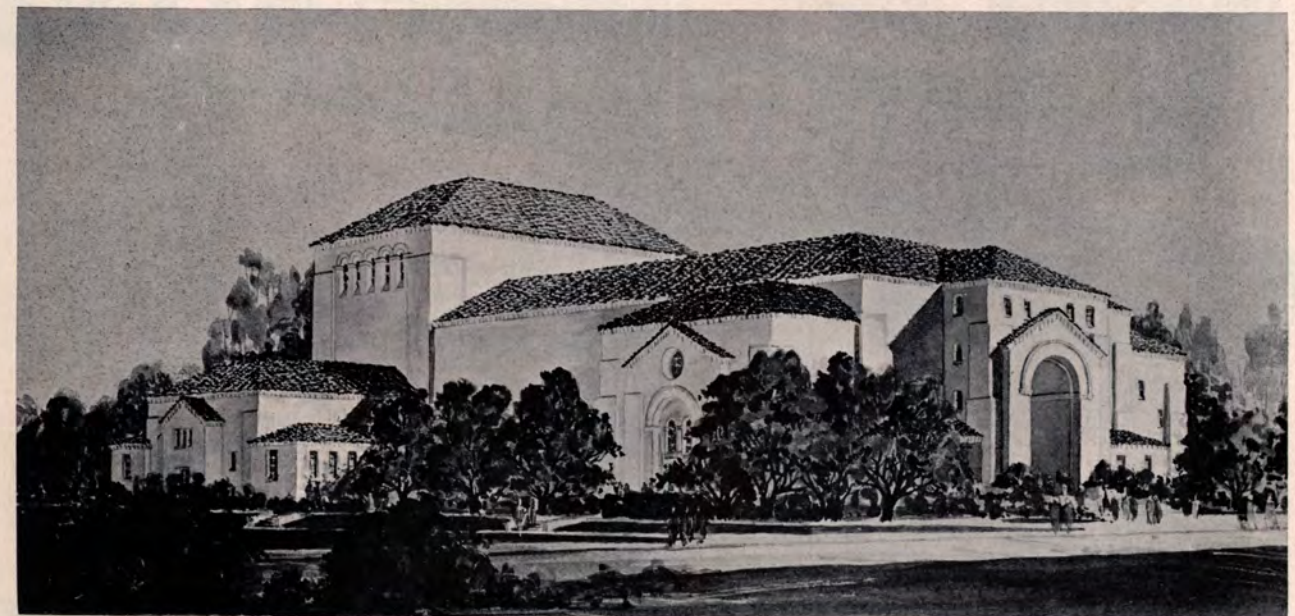
I felt for my shoes—they were gone.

Where was I?

I was in bed.

—Sour Owl

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THE BLUNGER

(Continued from page 29)

"It was—it was," said the Blunger, "a feminine spinney."

"Oh," said the Squinch.

"Oh," said the elderly Ule.

"Light or dark?" asked the Squinch.

"Pale," said the Blunger, "pale."

They shook their heads collectively.

It was quiet.

"Hold on!" said the Ule, a logician. "Would she have him?"

"Yes," they all said, "THAT'S the POINT; would she have him?" But they KNEW the reply.

"No," said the Blunger meditatively, "his soul was too small."

Whereupon they were all very thoughtful until the "smart aleck" said in a foreign tongue, "Que vous êtes amusants!" And he laughed coarsely.

—Helen Warson

dentist

Dentist (to patient)—I told you not to swallow—that's my last pair of pliers.

—Yellow Jacket



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The bright young pupil looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year." Then his brow cleared and he wrote:

"1492—none." —Humbug

maroon

Judge—On what grounds do you ask for a divorce?

Wife—Insanity, Your Honor. I put crackers in his bed and he ate them all.

Judge—Is that all?

Wife—No, Your Honor. After he had eaten the crackers, he wanted to know who stole his soup.

—Maroon Bee

"Do you turn left here?"

"Right."

"Right?"

"Right."

"Right."

"You turned right."

"You said right."

"I said left."

"I said right when you said right."

"No, I said right when you said left."

"Yes, but I said right when you said right when I said left."

"I know, but I said right—hell, move over and let me drive!"

—Red Cat

Bowie Rose

Sat on a pin.

Bowie Rose.

—Maroon Bee

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