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October  
1936



POLITICS AND SOCIOLOGY

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## Now That Date

### STAMPING GROUNDS

**The Mark:** Whenever the City has a deluge of rotten bands we can count on Griff Williams to turn out uniformly enjoyable dance-fodder. Not great, but good.

**The Frantic:** Way back in 1934 CHAPPIE said, "Watch Eddie Fitzpatrick." He's still good. Rumor hath it he is to be displaced by Goopy Garber and his Genial Garberage soon. Fiel

**The Palace:** October 8 found a new Rose Room Bowl and a new orchestra, Bernie Cummins from Edgewater Beach in Chicago.

**Sir Francis Drake:** The new Persian Room is gorgeous; the Band (Larry Kent, late of Honolulu) too small really to do justice to the excellent arrangements; their Kanaka repertoire a refreshing change.

**Club Deauville:** Ran Wilde, despite phoney-sounding name, turns out nice salon music with lots of sweet fiddle and a clever harp accompaniment. Not so good for dancing if dancing is what you really have in mind.

**Stanford's Gordy Heche,** at the Community Center, Palo Alto, every other Saturday night, furnishes top music and dance; 33 cents a head is the tax. Vocalist Dud Nix ("So Lovely and So Sweet") travels with the Band now.

### FOOTLIGHTS

**Curran:** George White's *Scandals*, with the Howards and Helen Morgan. But why say more? You'll go anyway.

**Palo Alto Community** promises us *Another Language* November 13, 14, and 15. If it is up to their standard it should make a worthwhile evening.

**Capitol:** Burleycue that is better than the usual offering, but still lousy. Don't go sober.

### HIGHBROW

**Standing Room** only is available for the San Francisco Opera season. But it's worth it. Even a rabid Benny Goodman fan like me wouldn't miss 'em.

**Right Here** on the campus we have the Concert Series. Rachmaninoff and Tibbett should interest you.

**Powerful Paintings** inspired by the 1934 waterfront strike are on view at the Artist's Co-operative in the City. Don't go if you've already decided to vote Republican.

### FLICKS

**Don't Miss:** *Swing Time*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Green Pastures*, *The General Died at Dawn*, *The Good Earth*, *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*, *Dodsworth*.

**Don't Bother:** *Wives Never Know*, *The Gorgeous Hussy*, *Hollywood Boulevard*, *His Brother's Wife*, *China Clipper*.

—Hartmann

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## SPEECH FORMULA FOR CAMPAIGNERS

My frans (lots of personality and silly smile) our honorable (trace of a sneer in the voice) opponents have said that this country is being run well (to the dogs). Four years ago (four long years ago if you want to put it in) we had umpty million billion dollars of debt in this fair land (any figure will do) while now we have blumpty billion million (run it up or down, it doesn't matter, no one is paying any attention by this time anyway) dollars. Four years ago (long years ago, if you still think it's good) there were blank, blank unemployed and now we have but (more than) blankity blank unemployed (count yourself, if you think they'll think it's funny). These figures show (pound the desk and take a swig of water) far more than empty words how we have succeeded (our opponents have failed) in these last four years (better leave out the long this time) in bringing this great (fortissimo) and magnificent (arms to the sky) land of ours out of the throes (or to new depths) (pathos) of the depression. And so (hint of conclusion) when you walk to the polls to cast (raise eyebrow slightly) your vote, I ask (start raising the voice gradually) that it be for none other than that paragon of American manhood (all you've got), Franklin (Alfred) Roosevelt (Landon). (Be sure you know who it is, because this is no place to stop to drink and think.)

—Hood & Presnell

**DEER GOVERNMENT:**  
Last year some of these here brain trusters come down and give Wally Higgins money to plow up some cotton, and then they give Jim Blake money to plow up an acre of wheat and two barrels of corn. Now I ain't been doing much farming since I got the lumbago, and my pigs fell in the well, including the one we never did get out, but I was wondering if maybe I couldn't sort of get in under this here plowin up deal. Bout the only thing I'm producin regular like is brats, but I figure if it is worth it all to you, I sure will start plowin under.

Yours truly,  
ED. FEATHERSTON  
—Hood (apologizing to  
Weennie Norman, '28)

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## advice to freshman women

Take a leaf from the book  
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### CATECHISM MODERNIZED

Teacher—What is the difference between the body and the soul?  
Johnny (vacantly)—The body is mortal and material; the soul—  
Teacher (impatiently)—Yes, and the soul?  
Johnny—The soul is immortal and immaterial.  
—George Santayana,  
from an 1884 Lampoon

Excuse me one moment, Professor, I'm Kendall in your psychology 21 class, seat number 39 . . . Professor, I'm in great need of your help; it's like this; I bought two gold fish and it's got me all mixed up, that is not the fish but their names. First I named them Take It and Leave It, but that wasn't so good, so I changed their names to Once and Twice; so when people would say: "Come here, little fish," I'd say, "You have to call him 'Twice,'" and the other one 'Once.' But now I can't call them both once because I realized that in naming them Once and Twice, I had named them both twice, once before. I realized that I couldn't name one Once Before and the other Twice Before because I've already named them once before and twice. Now neither comes when I call Twice and both when I call Once and . . . Oh Professor, hey!  
—Varieties

HARVARD GIVEN 35-FOOT BOOK  
—Boston American  
That'll be dandy in our Five-Foot Shelf.  
—Lampoon

"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.  
—Exchange

Mr. John Dogge, the noted magician, will be here Saturday night with the same program as last year.  
—Wiscasset Chronicle  
You can't teach an old Dogge new tricks.  
—Lampoon

STANFORD CHAPARRAL  
VOL. 38, No. 1      Copyright 1936      OCTOBER, 1936  
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, 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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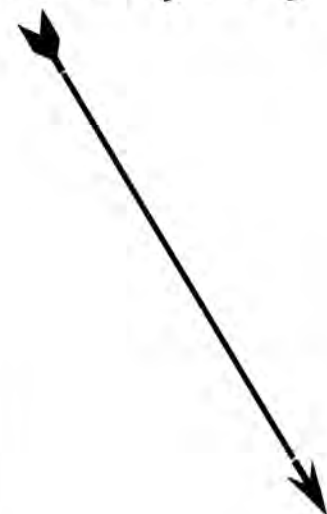
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### INTELLECTUAL LEADERS

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken, twisted by knaves . . ."—KIPLING.

#### Nominees for A.S.S.U. Jobs State Views

##### FOR WOMEN'S COUNCIL

REBECCA BUTTS: "If I am elected I will do my best to uphold Stanford traditions and at the same time give everyone a fair deal."

Come, come, Rebecca. You can't serve two masters!

VIRGINIA LOVELAND: "I believe in dealing with social regulations in a human yet honest way."

We don't like Fascism either, Miss L.

##### FOR MEN'S COUNCIL

BEN DEY: "I think the mud fight is good clean fun."

Referring to Men's Council, no doubt.

JEER HALABY: "I hope to be unbiased and unprejudiced if elected."

Jeeb, the Men's Council is no place to try to change yourself.

JOE HALLAWAY (S.A.E.): "I'm running for the honor of the house."

Damned white of you, Joe.

##### FOR SHORT-TERM GRADUATE MEMBER OF EX COMMITTEE

JOE BURRIS: "Abolish secret practice for intramural football."

There's a man with a purpose!

PERRY MOERDYKE: "I favor using student funds for dormitories rather than for projects that are less pressing, such as the Memorial Hall."

Did you ever try sleeping in the Assembly Hall, Mr. Moerdyke?

##### CAMPUS COMMENT ON MUD FIGHT

BARBARA DAY: "I didn't go to the mud fight last year. But I still think it's a fine thing."

Clairvoyant, heh?

JEANNE SICHEL (Roble): "I've been looking forward to seeing a mud fight. But being a pacifist I would hate to see anyone hurt, especially a star football player."

Telephone 5171, boys.

JEAN THOMPSON: "It's a Stanford tradition and for that reason alone should be continued."

There once was a tradition about

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dunking frosh in Encina bathtubs, Miss Thompson. Should we re-install the tubs and revive the tradition?

LEWIS JOST: "Traditions are dying all too fast as it is. We should hang on to this one."

And die with it.

CONNIE BOHOSKY (Roble): "We've heard of the mud fight for years and should continue to hear of it. The boys fight among themselves voluntarily, so why shouldn't they do it en masse and show the rest of the campus what they are really made of."

Say that again, Connie.

(Reprinted from *Stanford Daily*,  
October 14, 1936)

—G. A. G.

### ECHOES FROM WOODLAKE

#### HOW TO RAISE POULTRY WITH STRAIGHT BREST BONES

There is a saying—The world is so full of a number of things—and Saturday toward evening one of them happened. Into the *Echo* office walked a jolly man who wanted to place a want adv. in the paper. The adv. said Mrs. W. D. Bray of Lindsay wanted to sell a leaflet on "How to grow poultry with Straight Breast Bones." In the course of our conversation it developed that Mr. and Mrs. Bray had raised chickens for 16 years. Their product was so outstanding that everyone wanted to know how they obtained so much better chickens than other people, so Mrs. Bray has written the booklet at the request of friends. Incidentally Mr. W. D. Bray of Lindsay and Mr. Al Bray of Woodlake are brothers. So it goes every once in awhile we find someone who has learned something new and has had the need of telling others about it.

*Woodlake Echo*

Mrs. Edith I. Day and Ruth Elaine Kress returned on Saturday from a two weeks' vacation which was spent around Los Angeles. The younger lady reports having had the time of her life and having seen many things which were new to her.

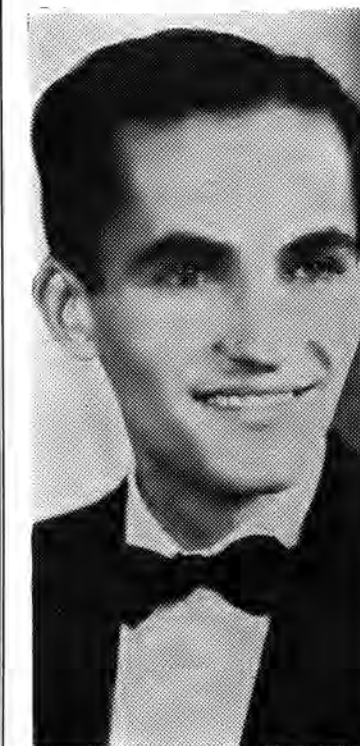
*Woodlake Echo*

Where did you put Mrs. Day, Ruth?

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WHERE REAL  
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EVERY  
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### OUR STATESMEN

"Do you prefer the sweet pure air of America or the foul stinking breath of Soviet Russia?"—Alfred E. Smith.

Your speech didn't help the air any, Al.

"The sole purpose of the Liberty League is to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States."—Jouett Shouse.

Thanks.

"There are those who assert that revolution has swept the United States. That is not true."—Herbert Hoover.

How nice and comforting.

"There is no occasion for me to consider leaving the party, for I will be the Presidential nominee myself."—Senator Borah.

Modesty overshadoweth all virtue.

"Roosevelt will be the Democratic candidate in 1936."—James A. Farley (1936).

The modern Prophet!

"Of course there was some graft in our organization, but no more than was to be expected."—Dr. Townsend.

Shall we say, about 99 per cent?

"You young men and women have the power to make or break war!"—Norman Thomas.

No, Norman, we only fight it.

"I like to fly in nice weather."—Anna Eleanor Roosevelt.

Tweet! Tweet!

"Everywhere I go in the United States I see Americans."—Landon.  
—Hartmann

FOR SALE: Send \$1.00 for New Copyrighted leaflet on "How to Grow Poultry with Straight Breast Bones." No extra feed to buy. It works. Mrs. W. D. Bray, Rt. 2, Box 923 Lindsay, Calif.

FOR SALE: Tables, chairs and beds. Call at Woodlake Restaurant. Buffet service only. No more breakfasts in bed.

LOST: Some place between the old Naranjo Store and the Clausen home a ladies hat. See Mrs. D. Fraser or the Echo office.

Woodlake Echo

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### RIVER OF FIERY GASOLINE RUNS DOWN STREET

More than 3,000 gallons of blazing gasoline from an overturned truck ran a river of fire through the main street of this town (Ottawa, Kan.) on July 26 destroying at least five houses and igniting 60 trees.

A truck swerved from the street struck a post and tipped over. The gasoline caught fire with a roar and poured down the gutters, shooting flames into the air. Trees, cars, and homes, some more than a block were destroyed when the flaming mass struck it. The loss was about \$60.00.  
Woodlake Echo

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Parsons are parents of a son born on July 18. He has been named John Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Tesman are parents of a son Herbert Warren which came on July 27. That it seems makes Elmer Brown of the Elderwood Packing House Company a grandfather.  
Woodlake Echo

But who are Messrs. Lee & Warren?

西  
廂  
記

## A TIP!

for those of you who like  
drama and poetry, and for  
those of you who like books  
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Go to the Bookstore and see  
a copy of THE WEST CHAM-  
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It is one of the finest examples  
of Chinese drama extant. The  
Translator's Introduction tells  
what you want to know about  
Chinese drama and theatre.

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### YELLOW PERIL

Oh hot air come now,  
Oh very pretty please.  
Oh think Nipponese system are bet-  
ter.

Boom Boom.

Advice to the BAC:  
Scalpers  
Ain't good halpers.

FEMALE LIMBS FOUND IN BAY  
HINT SLAYING

—Salt Lake Tribune

HINT, Hell!

### SERMON TODAY

Dr. Botchgallupy will speak on  
"What Have We Learned from the  
Depression?"

The Choir will sing "Search Me,  
O God."

Old Lady (to Old Tar)—Excuse  
me, do those tattoo marks wash off?  
Old Tar—I can't say, lady.

—Log

Pessimist—one who has lived with  
an optimist.  
—Varieties

A boy was walking down the  
street wheeling two bicycles, when  
he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?"  
asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a  
ride," said the boy, "and we stopped  
under a tree to rest. After a while I  
kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said.  
Then I put my arm around her waist  
and asked her how that was. She  
said it was great. So then I kissed  
her on the cheek and winked at her  
and she said, 'Oh boy, you can have  
anything I've got.' So I took her  
bicycle."  
—Exchange

### A FRESHMAN'S PRAYER

God bless mother and father. Bless  
my little sisters and brothers and  
friends. And goodbye, God, I'm  
going to College.  
—Exchange

Bob—Before we were married,  
you swore you would never look  
at another man.

Dot—Just another campaign prom-  
ise gone to hell.  
—Exchange

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# NOW THAT SUMMER STAGE



(1) Shaw's Caesar, Tom Seller, rebukes the capricious Cleo. (2) Sandoe splits a hair. (3) The nobility, Brauns. (4) Antony and Cleopatra exchange ideas. (5) This simple operation changed Onyet to a boy (Ptolemy). (6) Phyllis tries on a gilded oatmeal box. (7) Cleopatra rests. (8) Brauns wails before the power that is Snyder. (9) "Oh, it's a chorine in Rome, is it?" (10) Enobarbus: Gist in a black beard and yellow socks. (11) Margaret Storey, ichthyologist, sawbones' daughter, stage manager. (12) Ulrici, Corson, Seller, Doty, and Williman. (13) First Lady, Miss Bailey. (14) Sandoe, Costumer-Actress Baines, Corson, Green, Snyder. (15) Costume Director Helen Green fits Julius Caesar with a 7 1/4 bald head. (16) The council table: Caesar by Scales; Peterson's Lepidus; George Ferris as Canidius; Homer Huxtable as Mark Antony. (17) George Wood who played two major parts in each production.—Photo Montage by Tro Harper

## SHAKESPEARE AND SHAW

SHAW'S *Caesar and Cleopatra*, possibly anticipated as the lower half of the double bill presented this summer, walked off with top honors. Settings by Carroll Alexander and costumes by Helen Green (used for both productions) were uniformly good, and Jimmy Sandoe's direction was brilliant. The best possible compliment we can pay him is to say that at no time did one notice his directions; only when the show was over did we realize how skillful he had been in making the most of his cast and his play.

Our general impression was that Mr. Sandoe sandbagged Mr. Brauns from the standpoint of getting an experienced and type-perfect cast. Any doubts we may have had concerning Phyllis Corson's ability were scotched by her portrayal of Cleo. She [to page 9]

## THE SUMMER PLAYS

THE summer quarter course in Stage Classics Production moved constantly toward the intelligent presentation and appreciation of the two plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Twentieth-century students cannot act seventeenth-century plays without understanding the Elizabethan traditions. Nor can audiences of today, accustomed to the style of acting used by New York or Hollywood actors, fully enjoy the old plays without being aware of outmoded psychology, characterizations, and conventions of daily life.

To educate the audience was the purpose of a series of lectures, recitals, play readings, and exhibits. All of them, however, were given in the spirit of entertainment. Dr. Henry David Gray opened [to page 25]

## SHAKESPEARE AND SHAW

(Continued from page 8)

became the adolescent little savage that Shaw intended, and did a swell job of it. As for Cleo's running mate—Tom Seller's interpretation of a slightly different Caesar from what most histories present was delivered intelligently and with telling effect. James Broughton's Pothinus neatly captured both the hate and the sympathy of the audience. Onyet Watson's toe-wiggling as the youthful Ptolemy convulsed us. Jane Anderson used her voice and stage presence admirably in the role of the nurse Ftataetea, though we would have preferred a less heavy touch.

Edwin Williman gave us the priceless lines of Brittannus, whom we suspect to be Shaw's pet character of the play; it is to be only momentarily regretted that his obvious seniority in age threw a very slight damper on a student-cast play, but this is no criticism of Mr. Williman's excellent interpretation. We thought Homer Huxtable fine as Belzanor—as a matter of fact, much, much finer than as Antony, of which more anon. Brobury Ellis efficiently encompassed Bel Affris and Apollodorus. The one jarring note of the production was John Doty's Achilles. Physically not the type for an admittedly unimportant part, he made the least of it.

We seem to have forgotten something. Oh yes, George Wood. Leaving Mr. Wood out of this review would be like leaving a fifty-foot span out of the middle of the Bay Bridge. If he'd essayed no other part but the Persian in the opening sequence we'd have remembered him with relish. But his Rufio emerged as the prize performance of both productions. He stole both shows for our money. We'd have liked to see him take a crack at Antony in the Shakespeare opus, but not if such casting would have cost us his burly mercenary. If he hadn't been given equal top credit with Cleo and Julius in the over-elaborate pageantry of curtain call, we were prepared to begin premature dismantlement of the old barn by tearing up row upon row of those nightmares that pass for seats.

### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

We preface the following remarks with the profound observation that any Shakespeare play is extremely difficult to produce in any theatre (to

say nothing of our beloved Assembly Hall), and, of them all, few are worse nuts to crack than *Antony and Cleopatra*. So it is to the credit of Robert Brauns and his thespians that they delivered so estimable a performance as they did. We were particularly impressed by the lightning scene changes. Utilization of exit doors and stairs built up to the stage eliminated waits.

Alice Snyder was a Cleopatra possibly more vigorous than deft. Her performance was satisfactory, chiefly notable for the fact that it represented her first appearance on a stage in a dramatic capacity. No excuses need be offered for Gilman Gist's Enobarbus, also a "first appearance," at least in collegiate circles. What he lacked in stage technique he more than made up in enthusiasm and sturdiness, touching his highest points in the super banquet scene on Pompey's barge. Homer Huxtable's name sounds just like the way he played Antony. His strutting pomposity immediately cost him the audience's sympathy, without which Antony becomes ridiculous rather than heroic. Louis Scales delivered the most mature reading of the two productions; his Octavius was brilliant, and we're relieved to learn that he isn't that way in real life. George Wood dominated his few scenes as Pompey and doubled neatly as Proculeius. Brobury Ellis did his best acting to date in his death scene as Antony's faithful bond-servant. Amelia Baines deserved more than Charmian; she would have been interesting as Cleopatra. Tom Seller's spare haircut had a startling effect; we breathed a sigh of relief when his appearance in a bald wig for the Shaw play explained the phenome-

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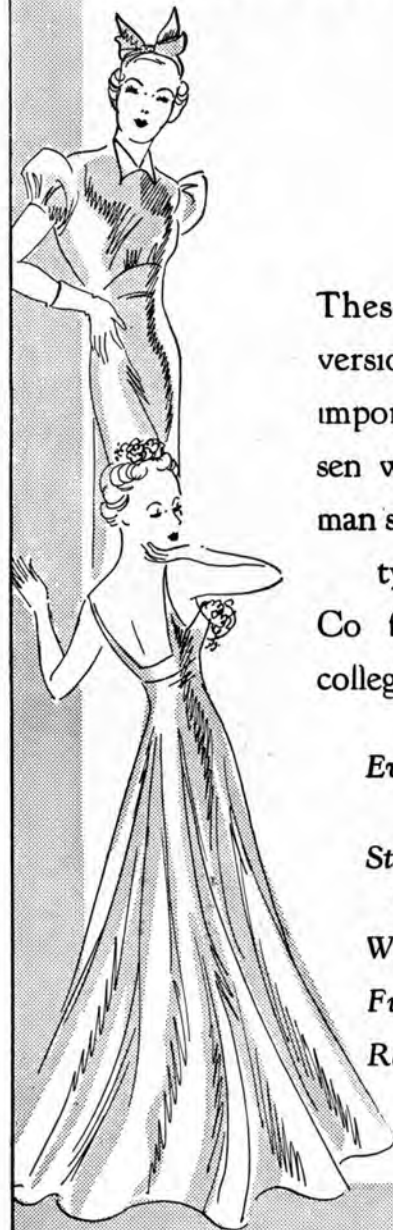
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non. Elise Werthman appeared briefly as Octavia.

The best scene by far was that on Pompey's barge (not enhanced by the tweedle-dee-dee music surrounding it), and an extra huzza is extended to Dante Lembi for the fireman's lift he administered to Peterson as drunken Lepidus.

### PALO ALTO COMMUNITY

September's presentation of *The Bishop Misbehaves* displayed possibly the best rounded-out cast of principals the Palo Alto Community Players have given us in quite a spell. Equal honors go to Ralph Kahn, Frances Burks, Joe Whitaker, Elise Werthman, Bill Pabst, Ralph Kellner, and Peggy Maclachlan. But a development occurred which made the play unique in the annals of this reviewer's theatregoing. We watched openmouthed while Joe Whitaker changed a comic Cockney barkeep into a sinister villain. And by interpreting a part in a manner entirely different from that desired by the author, Mr. Whitaker succeeded in materially strengthening and improving the play.

—Fred Clark

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS

The Royal Family is gone. Rosemary Benet packed her scrapbook and Dick Dawson and went East. Bob Garred took his heavy voice to radio, and is now on sustaining programs, interrupting good music. O'Neill the Great has accepted M-G-M.'s generous offer for his services as a writer, and Mac Gordon is now sitting home writing good tunes without interruption. Jean Albertson will reign no more either. She is sitting in her Hudson-near-Wilshire villa, contemplating Hollywood. Yes, they're all gone, that hated clique, those stage-struck monopolizers of Stanford Dramatics—all gone, save one. Fred Clark's still here. You remember him perhaps from some of the oft-cited fifteen readings, four major Stanford productions, two spring shows, a *Gaieties*, and three Community Playhouse leads in the space of a year and a half. This sets some sort of a record which he would be glad to tell you about anytime.

The two brightest stars couldn't resist adding one more gem to the Family crown, so Clark and Albert-

(Continued on page 28)

## Stanford CHAPARRAL



# REPUBLICAN CLUB



"Who threw in that red chip?"

## Fables of the Farm

STANFORD'S tangled thread of destiny has upon several occasions been interwoven with those of Presidents of the United States. Those versed in Farm mythology will remember how Mrs. Stanford submitted to the privations of a private Pullman car and journeyed to Washington to make a personal appeal to President Cleveland to prevent State lawmakers from dismembering the estate which her late husband had left "that the children of California shall be my children."



Another tale with which lovers of Stanford lore are familiar concerns Ex-President Benjamin Harrison, who for a time filled the chair of Professor of Constitutional Law, and filled it quite adequately, for he was rather a portly gentleman. Although quite an important character, his arrival was inauspicious, in line with the current concept of Stanford democracy. To quote the *Daily*, all the Stanford men, who dwelt in Encina at that time, "greeted him with a mighty Stanford yell."

With all his glory, the Ex-President had an almost plebeian passion for wine, and carried his stock with him wherever he went. Consequently, when he moved into Encina, the musty smell of a wine keg moved upstairs with him. The men of '93 were irked no end, not from moral scruples, but from sheer animal jealousy. At last they staged a minor riot in protest. Succeeding in hushing the affair up, the administration found themselves up the proverbial stream. Finally Harrison and his "grape juice" departed for greener

pastures, and the administration was relieved, albeit somewhat griped at losing the dollar per head they had been collecting from audits in his crowded lectures.



The first student to register in the new stone buildings set in the wilds of Santa Clara County was a young Quaker boy named Herbert Clark Hoover. Admitted by special permission of David Starr Jordan, he took to managing things and making money right away. He lived at Adelante Hall in Paly, a private prep school for young ladies, and earned room and board administering to the wants of a horse and a cow. He was the only one who could keep the books of the young A.S.S.U. He managed the football team and made a profit by getting good attendance. This was before the B.A.C. was born to appropriate his lucrative idea. It was Hoover, with two other roughs of independent nature, Hinsdale and Hicks, the "Three H's," as they were called, who started trouble for the Row. Stanford Greeks had set out to dominate campus politics after the fashion of their Eastern brethren. Hoover called their bluffs and proceeded to wrest power from the newly established Greek colony. Following a colorful career of mining, war relief, and running the new Department of Commerce with characteristic efficiency, came the year 1928, when Coolidge did not choose to run and Hoover did. This was a great day at Stanford. The Bookstore declared a rebate. Pop Warner had a football rally. John Philip Sousa led his visiting Band up San Juan Hill, followed by most of the students, faculty, and Paloaltans, for a great dry celebration. But down in

an obscure corner of the *Daily* was hidden a comment made on the eve of election by New York's Governor Franklin Roosevelt: "Well, it looks like a real horse race. I'll admit I haven't done so much figuring since I was in grammar school."

Dick Dawson, '36, wrote us from war-mad Europe the lyric tale of a group of the flower of American youth sojourning in Rome. Two of the more enterprising members uncovered a bevy of American girls also visiting the Eternal City, and secured dates with two of them forthwith. Upon hearing this, plus an enthusiastic description of the pulchritude of the entire female contingent, the three gentlemen who were as yet dateless asked their more fortunate brethren to fix up companions for them. Upon consulting their dates, these two extracted a promise of three more hand-picked honeys.

That evening the whole gang of them went around to the hotel where the girls were staying. Four of the



girls descended the stairs immediately, a picture of grace, charm, and beauty. The fellows were more than pleased, and planned to make a big evening of it. The fifth chap, waiting for his date to come down, confident that she would even surpass the rest, was already mapping out his campaign. But, alas, when she came within hailing distance he discovered that he had come half-way around the world for a blind date with a Stanford girl whom he wouldn't have taken even to a ping-pong tournament. [to page 31]





**MORE, THOMAS, YOU TOPIA!**

**CHAPT. ONE—PURPOSE**

**H**APPINESS is the goal of all men. All men seek HAPPINESS in one FORM or the other. By this I do not mean FORM as in FIGURE or SHAPE, but happiness in one FORM, sought by all men.

The goal of all men shall be the purpose of my perfect world, named "Little Amnesia," and thus HAPPINESS is herein inscribed as the goal or ultimate aim of my little world, thus being identical with the goal of all men, a perfect FORM,—er I mean HAPPINESS.

**CHAPT. TWO—WHO FOR?**

Every perfect FORM of government must have somebody or something which must be governed. Thus there is a second necessity in my LITTLE UTOPIA which must be met, and which I meet: NAMELY, a group of people living in one spot, willing to be governed; *id est*, humanity; e.g., persons existing side by side in a community or society.

Thus it follows that PEOPLE are necessary for a successful GOING social order, no matter what the FORM. By this I do not mean FORM as in FIGURE or SHAPE, but rather the FORM of the existing government or order.

**CHAPT. THREE—CONCLUSION: THE CONCRETE ORDER**

DEAR SIR:

Please send me four sacks of your best concrete. I am ready to build now, having finished the FORM of my house.

Sincerely,  
 THOMAS MORE, Esquire  
 (May edition, 1500)  
 —Winstead Weaver, '23



Sir Basil Zaharoff: "Think of what it will do for the birth-rate!"



"See here, Featherston, that's positively Unamerican of you!"



This gentleman says that the trouble with this country is that nobody knows the real fundamentals of Americanism.  
"All right, Mister, you tell us."



"Mr. Hearst just wired and said to get off the air."



A Communist, but grants style leadership to Esquire.

# The VOTERS



"This year our battle cry is 'REFORM.'"



"They say Mrs. Roosevelt doesn't brush her teeth."



This cabby hurried Landon to a Kansas train back in '34 and got no tip. He'll vote for F. R.



"My God, my son's a Democrat!"



"An' I sez that she an' her husband and the kids can come and live off my two hundred dollars a month!"



"If I vote Democrat I lose my job. If I vote Republican my wife won't live with me. Maybe I'd better vote Republican."



Just twenty-one. Figures he'll write in Beltramo's name.



She wants relief.



He wants a job.



The town Red-Baiter. She knows the names of all the members of the local Young Communist League and pesters the Constable with detailed reports on their activities.



"Touché."

### RUSSIAN REALISM

Patrony Ilovitch is born in a small village in the province of Mazxyric. His father works very hard but he makes no money, so he dies and Patrony's stepfather beats him, so he runs away to America. But there everyone takes one look at Patrony's beard and says, "If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" "But," Patrony explains, "I like your country. I'm just a little hungry, that's all." Then everyone reads the newspapers and shouts, "YAAA RED!" and Patrony doesn't understand. Then he meets Pussina, and behind the ears she smells like woman. So they go home and have a baby and they call him Patyavitch. But poor little Patyavitch gets the fever and dies and then Pussina dies and Patrony, who hasn't eaten since he came to America, suddenly realizes he is hungry and he dies of hunger right in front of a doughnut shop. Down with the Capitalistic swine!

—Hood



### BACCARNAL

HENRY slowly trudged up the stairs of the old brownstone house ... he was awfully tired ... he had stood in line all afternoon in the close, stuffy room, waiting to get his WPA check ... the crowded room had nearly nauseated him, but it was worth it ... he had received twenty dollars. He had worked for a week ... building a brick sewer ... right at 42nd and Broadway ... he'd worked awfully hard. There were so many people watching him work ... half the time he couldn't raise his arms ... the people were so crowded round him. He came home in the subway every evening ... at 5:00 p.m. ... the subway was so crowded ... once he opened his mouth in the subway ... when he closed it he found he'd bitten somebody's finger off ... the owner never did claim the finger. It took an hour to get home from work ... he had to walk through a pushcart street ... the peddlers were very thick ... one night he got home and found that the buttons on his overcoat had picked up two corsets and a string of half-cooked spaghetti. Every night this went on ... one night it was particularly crowded ... Henry came home mad because his nose had been squeezed between the subway doors ... it looked like a Swedish knäckebröd ... he trudged up the stairs of the brownstone house ... twenty-five children crushed around him and laughed at his nose ... this made Henry madder ... he stomped into his two-room flat. He looked fondly at his pet meat grinder in the corner ... he had been in the butcher business ... now he was a sewer bricklayer for the WPA. His wife came into the room ... she had been pretty ... now she was fifty, fat ... and frowzy. She smiled at Henry ... I have a surprise ... for supper, I mean. Henry said nothing ... he was trying to push his way through his seven weazened children ... I have a surprise ... she repeated ... I bought some nice sardines ... all packed in a can ... Henry suddenly went insane ... packed in a can, eh ... packed in a

subway ... a sewer ... sardines in a poorly sliced bread line ... WPA sardines ... he came back to his senses ... he looked down ... his wife was just coming out the other end of the meat grinder ... he was turning the crank ... he smiled ... how thin you are my dear ...

—John Scott

Bobby Grayson closes his career as a college debater tonight when he and Gerald Marcus uphold the possibility of another World War against San Jose State over KQW, San Jose, at eight o'clock.

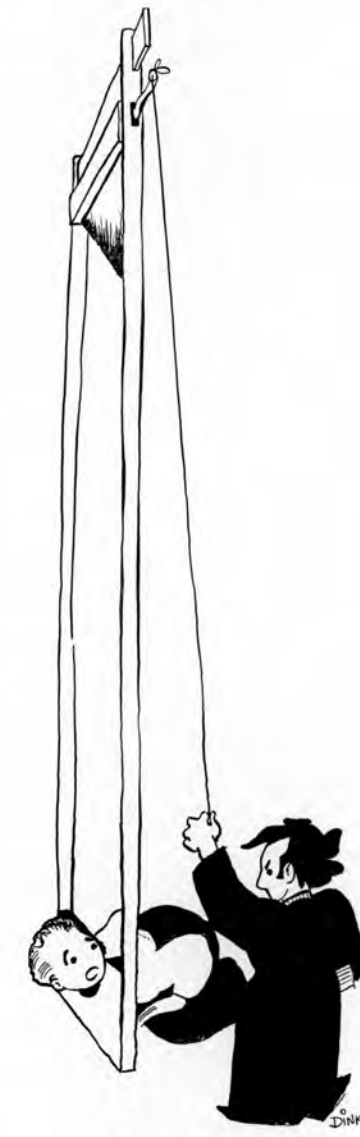
—Stanford Daily



IN little Pop Off's village come time of beeg fight about next Big White Father. All brave, and even squaw, go stand outside tepee and argue like all hell. Little Pop Off's father, Chief Hot-And-Cold-Running-Water, shout much about very good ABC and very bad XYZ, but little Pop Off know that it just cause big chief, his father, get nice piece paper every moon from Great White Father cause he "plow under" three stalk maize, and two jug fire water.

Then come many brave from big village many water hole away, and some say, Great White Father good, ugh! give away much wampum, but other brave say Big White Father very bad, cost too much wampum and all brave must make mark on paper for Little-Lamb-of-Kansas, Susannah in the Highest, he make less wampum cost for to run big tribe. Then some brave sing "Oh Much Happiness Come Again Last Few Moon," and other brave make cheer like fruit of raspberry bramble, and then everyone argue like all hell some more, and some brave put up big sign what say much work now if new White Father. Other brave come look at sign, and get sour face, like eat too much quince, and say, work for squaw, not for brave, we wantum dole. Poor Pop Off think whole thing funny like circus side show; hold sides, so much he laugh. But best of all think Pop Off is many free peace pipe, much free food, and lots loud noise, with no sense, till sound like great wind god passing through the pine trees on his way home late at night.

—Hood



Honest, I gotta go!

# My Day OR I'D RATHER BE RIGHT OR WRONG THAN PRESIDENT

Political Extravaganza by  
**HARTMANN**

## I

"Who is it?" I growled.  
The unctuous secretary mumbled, "I have bad news for you, sir."  
"I thought Congress had adjourned," I answered sullenly. "Don't you ever bring anything but bad news? You'd think at least when one's President—"

"But I like bad news," he interrupted, grimacing like a ghoul.  
"Oh, all right, go ahead," I replied wearily. The affairs of state were weighing heavily on my padded shoulders.

"Mr. President," he announced, drawing himself up to his full four-foot-six, "the other parties have declined to nominate anyone to oppose you!"

"What!" I shouted thunderstruck. "Then—then how can I be defeated for re-election?"

"If you want my advice," the secretary began in a confidential tone, "you will have to raise my salary. I have a wife and children, you know."

"No, I didn't know it," I answered. "Well, I do!" he muttered beligerently.

"Call my Postmaster-General before I kill you," I said calmly. He obeyed promptly.

Then I killed him.  
A President should keep his promises.

## II

"Call me, Chief?" inquired the genial Postmaster-General, leaping nimbly over the cadaver.

"You've heard, no doubt," I began. "Jim, I've been framed. Have you talked it over with the boys?"

"They're doing all they can to keep in the vote, boss, but some poor sap is sure to vote for you. Looks like you're re-elected," he concluded cheerily.

I pondered for several hours. "Wait!" I cried, waking him, "maybe there's a way out. I could resign. Then the Vice-President . . . has anybody seen him lately?"

"Yeah, he quit yesterday, boss. Said he figured you'd try and put the bee on him."

"He quit, did he?" I roared. "Why didn't he see me about it? I'm the President. I'm running this show . . ." "Don't be coy," snapped the Postmaster-General.

## III

I stuck my head through the shower curtain.

"Where in Hell," I exclaimed, "is my Cabinet?"

"The Cabinet?" queried Mary. (Rest your dirty minds, Mary is my wife.) "Oh yes, those men standing in the back yard. They seemed anxious to get in. I'll call them."

As she opened the door the Cabinet filed in, trampling her to death. Being gentlemen, they removed their hats.

"My friends, be seated," I began, my voice husky with emotion. "I have summoned you to request your opinions upon a question of grave national importance . . ."

"Not so fast," muttered the Sec. of War menacingly, "not until you approve our collective resignation."

"This nation is not ready for collectivism," I said politely.

"It won't do any good to stall," he growled. To make it more emphatic he levelled a peashooter at my heart.

"Oh well," I said with resignation, "I suppose I've signed worse papers. But don't think you forced me to. Don't think I'm afraid."

The Sec. of State steadied my hand as I affixed my name.

"No hard feelings, Chief," grinned the Ex-Sec. of War, pocketing his document and my watch, "We just



Illustrations by GISTOLO

didn't want to be left holding the bag, that's all."

"I must ask you to speak more respectfully of my late wife," I sighed.

## IV

That evening I took my motherless child to the near-by Orphanage, ninety-seven miles from the Capitol. It was a lovely night, so we walked.

"I'm tired, Daddy," he whined after the first fifty miles.

"Patience, my son," I retorted, "after a while you may carry Daddy." I patted him tenderly on the seat of the pants.

I addressed the lady whom I supposed to be the superintendent of the institution, because of a sign on her cap reading "Superintendent."

"Madam," I began, "this is my son whom I wish to entrust to your care. There is one favor I must ask. Never let him be President."

"Oh, no, sir!" she exclaimed, horrified at the very notion. "Our purpose is to raise all our charges to be useful and upright citizens."

"Thank you," I said simply and walked away into the night.

"Wait, sir!" she called after me. "We can't accept this child. He's not an orphan."

"Yes he is," I murmured, as my finger tightened ever so slightly on the trigger.

## CHALLENGE TO LIBERTY

The sex life of a President,  
Or any White House resident,  
Must be extremely hesitant  
I fear.

He can't amuse himself at all  
With any sort of folderol,  
And must abstain from alcohol  
And beer.

Inhibited by public pressure,  
In some fool legislative measure  
He finds his only sensuous pleasure  
And bliss.

Yet candid candidates ambitious,  
Declaring discontent propitious,  
Would sacrifice delights delicious  
For this?

To thus adjure the life exotic  
Demands a nature patriotic—  
Or just a trifle idiotic,  
I fear.

—Hartmann

# Jed Copp In the Ozarks

DEAR GILMAN:

My trip across the continent (4,200 miles in all) was rather eventful. I managed to run into a little difficulty in the place where the hillbillies (white-trash dept.) dwell in rustic simplicity. God knows, I don't want to hear anything more about it—I KNOW it's where the hillbillies (white-trash dept.) dwell in etc., etc., ETC. My traveling companion was Mac Gorton, a San Diego boy who says he knows you. We had gotten sidetracked on to a particularly horrible gravel road north of Springfield, Mo. It was late at night, and I was driving. The gravel in some places was at least twelve inches deep. (And I thought Sand Hill was a \$%DGRT\$%.) Although I was not driving over 35 (hardly seems conceivable, does it?) I met up with a bit of difficulty on one turn, and found myself (and the car) (and Mac) skidding all over hell. We ended up in a ditch, and were shocked to discover that the car, instead of maintaining a dignified position, was sadly on its side. We crawled out, examined the poor car, and then examined ourselves. Unfortunately, the car was hurt more than we were. I believe the only injury either of us received was no worse than the slightest scratch. The car, however, isn't very beautiful—you see, I haven't had it fixed up as yet. It all happened about 11:30 in the evening. (It was about 2:30 before the first car drove by. The driver, although I'm sure he was an American, had quite a time making out just what was the matter and would have driven off, I'm positive, had Mac not explained that automobiles, even ones with California licenses, don't make a practice of lying on their sides unless something is wrong.) But while we were reclining there by the road waiting for someone to turn up (hardly expecting our car to do the turning up itself) we discovered a farmhouse not far from the road. We approached the place, surrounded by bloodhounds with particularly annoying voices. I knocked on the door and a guttural "Heh?" greeted me. The owner of the horrible voice apparently was in bed. Upon being informed that his territory had become the scene of a rather serious automobile accident, he merely replied, in a not too astonished manner, "Oh." When we asked whether or not there were any telephones in the vicinity, the gentleman answered, "No," and then, undoubtedly wishing to stress upon our minds the fact that he really could talk, added, "There used ter be a telephone around here—but they tore it down." I think he must have fallen asleep again, for a very chilling silence ensued. Mac cut into it with a dull knife: "Don't any cars ever go by here?" he asked. "Wa'al (I think the "wa'al" must have lasted for at least a half-hour), "Wa'al, every now and then one goes by." (Much snoring.) As we were leaving the place he shouted out something about renting us a horse. That was very considerate of him, we figured. I think he must have been a very modest man, because he didn't once leave his bed while we were talking to him. Or perhaps those primitive folk don't sleep in beds. I wouldn't be surprised if they slept on the floor. I wouldn't be surprised if they kept the hogs in the beds. (Ed. note: We must excuse Mr. Copp's undemocratic attitude in this case, as we understand his feelings.) There really wasn't much else to do, so we resumed our post by the car and waited. I don't think I have ever waited before. After an hour or so our spirits took a decided upturn, for coming over the hill was a rather brilliant light. Mac suggested that it was a truck. Being of a pessimistic nature myself, I said it was the moon. I was right.

With best wishes for your success, and a sort of tear\* when I remember our good times on CHAPPIE last year.

Your friend,

JIM COPP

\* (Ed. note: Mr. Copp means a "teer" not a "tayre.")

# STANFORD CHAPARRAL



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

## THE CHAPPIES

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

RANDAL BODDIGH '04  
LILIC MALMQUIST '29

**NOW THAT** Memorial Hall looms out of rocks and sand accompanied by promises of the Administration that it will be completed by next spring quarter. The Old Boy sees in it a chance for the dreams to come true of many of his predecessors who have filled the CHAPPIE chair, of those who have been actively interested in Stanford's Dramatics, and of his contemporaries, Dr. Margery Bailey, Phil Brown, and other somewhat practical visionaries—the "Drama Idealists."

Last summer a most successful youngster in Stanford Dramatics had its second fling. *The Course in Stage Classics Production* (reviewed in this CHAPARRAL because the *Illustrated Review* preferred to ignore it almost completely) showed to its critics that it could be the makings of a summer festival of dra-

matic arts at Stanford. There is no strong cultural center at a Western university which presents a summer program comparable to what Stanford should be able to produce with its new theatre, its competent drama leaders, and its ideal summer environment. The stage work of last summer was limited by finances and theatre utilities. But there was no lack of enthusiastic visiting students, no lack of ingenuity and competency in the use of materials at hand. Good work done and the pleasure and profit that it brought to the people who took part and to those who saw the productions are ample reasons for the continuance and development of the course unless the Powers-That-Be would prefer that Stanford remain a group of test-tube, slide-rule, and teacher-training colleges.

The Old Boy shudders at an ugly suggestion. He

is informed that the Public Speaking Department, under which the stage work is generally done, would prefer to spend money from a new outside source which would otherwise go to the *Stage Classics Production Course* for next summer on a Public Speaking Teachers' Convention! The Ancient One can think of no other more effective means for the suicide of Stanford's summer art than that. He sighs hoarsely and fears that the Memorial Hall, the work of the past, the coming of the new and promising director, Mr. Lange, are all for naught. But then (oh happy thought) we could make some money on our Memorial Hall by running Wild West films and having bank nights.

**NOW THAT** sociology theme reminds CHAPPIE of the social situation on its own campus. Where is Stanford's traditional—almost legendary—democracy wandering when the owner of a snappy new Ford disdainfully refuses a shove to a less fortunate brother whose Model A stalled beside the P.O.?

As costs mount, the Administration hikes the tuition and opens wide the gates to a greater number of students by lowering the admission standards. Enter the ugly horde! Exit the spirit of Rough democracy. Enter an influx of post-depression snobs in *Esquire* fashion-plate attire. Exit the hail-fellow-well-met attitude. Enter 1100 décolleté misses who vaunt their parentage, allowance, and sorority membership. Exit, along with the "500," the tradition of the "500" and the tradition of normal, unrestrained social relationships anywhere anytime among Stanford people.

Ring out the old? Ring in the new?

The old Quad's there—mellowing in the Peninsula

sunshine. The Farm—having past the growing-pains stage—is still adding to its usefulness by mature and definite accretions. When will the voice of the student body lose its high squeak? When will Stanford men and women put on longies?

D. L.

**NOW THAT** first issue is finally on sale and out of the Old Boy's hands. The responsibility of it, however, he will carry to his grave. He settles back into his rickety old chair with its historic red cushion—so kind to a decade of Old Boys, so comforting, sympathetic, friendly. Out comes his shaving mirror. He looks into the magnifying side of it with an optimistic grin, hoping thus to convince himself that the first issue of CHAPPIE is really quite bully (whatever that may mean). Then he thinks of his associates who slaved to get out this number. There's indefatigable Bob Hartmann, man of any hour, who slept with his boots on to be ready at any moment to help with copy. The Old Boy thanks him and is pleased to announce his appointment as Literary Editor. Page Gilman, the radio boy, is the new Exchange Editor. He is assisted by Beth Allen, who is a Roble sponsor, and Jack Temple, the brother of the famous actress. Such a headliner crew of wit-ferrets. The Ancient One is impressed.

Welcomed as newcomers are writers Robert Presnell, Brobury Ellis, Marco Thorne; artists Jean Farmer (who did the *Colossal Exposé* of the Exercisers of Franchise), Jack Dixon (CHAPPIE's white hope of the Class of '40), Fred C. Grey (an extraordinary caricaturist who can't manage a pen); and photographer Tro Harper.

## Additional CONTRIBUTORS To This Issue

<b>Art</b>	<b>Exchange Assistants</b>	<b>Advertising Salesmen</b>	<b>Office Manager</b>
Rodell Johnson, '36 Fred C. Grey, '38 Jack Dixon, '40 Jean Farmer, '38	Beth Allen, '38 Jack Temple, '38	Powell Humphrey Bill Ward J. Craig Milligan Robert Harper Ben Henley Maury Ginn Allan Kittell	Beryl Randall
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Robert Presnell, '37 Fred Clark, '35 Brobury Ellis, '37			Barbara Niven Jayne Copp Eunice Emery Edith Jennings Marion Roller Beryl Randall Margaret Morris Betty Harold Georgie Strong Frances McCowen Helen McLaughlen
<b>Fables</b>	<b>Alumni</b>	<b>Circulation Assistants</b>	
Marco Thorne, '39	<b>Hammer and Coffin</b> Charles Hood, '35 Dick Dawson, '36	Gail Rathbun Ted Cornell Allan Kittell	
<b>Photography</b>	<b>Honorary</b>		
Tro Harper, '37	Anne Ritchie, '36		

# Voice of Experience

DEAR JOSIE,

Well, Josie, our positions are now reversed, and you are at Steanford, as we laughingly call it, and I am someplace else which is different.

Josie, no one knows better than Grenadine the value of a college education so all I can say, kiddo, is it sure was a wise move for you to fenagle the old man into mortgaging the farm back in Horse Falls and stalling along with the old horse for another winter. Nothing is more valuable than a education, which is nothing.

Josie, I will tell you about my experiences in the outside world, which will give you a rough idea of the outside world, which is plenty rough, take it from me.

First, I answered all the want-ads in the paper. The 1st one was for a "unusual position." Mr. Whee said, "Have you ever done any soliciting, girlie?" I said no, I went to Stanford where there is 3 men to 1 gal. He said, "This job is to sell pianos from door to door." It was a unusual position all right.

The next job was "To make telephone appointments for executives." This sounded okey-doke. I would have no objection to making telephone appointments for, or even with, executives. But you had to get said execs. to lease land around a oil-well which was due in any minute. According to the guy who was trying to sell the land.

Well, I tried a few others. The bosses always asked me what can you do, and I said, well, hot lips, I can't do very much, but I've went to Stanford, and am awful cultured and refined. He took my phone number, but I guess he didn't know how to dial nos. There was an ad for movie extras offering big pay for a gal about the size of Claudette Colbair. So I went over to Hollywood where the guy said I'd just fit for a publicity doubling job. I said I didn't come here to fold papers. He said, no girlie, all I want you to do is crack up a plane for us at the air races tomorrow. I got out of there fast.

Then I got a job as companion to a hag in Beverly Hills, but her old man was a Beverly Heel, and 1 nite she caught him being companionable. In fact feeling like he had know me for years on end.

Then I rested a couple of weeks to make contacts. I almost did. I went to a party in Hollywood, and a pauncho asked me out to his car for a drink. There were jugs all over the room, so I said no, I was never the athletic type nor one for unnecessary exercise. He said, "Lissen, baby, I ain't mercenary." What could he mean? I'm used to Stanford men.

Then I really cashed in on my education. As I took English A six times, I oughta know literature. For the Aug. sales, I sold kid's books. You know, *The River Boys and their Pole-Cats*, *Uncle Poopy-Doopy* and *the Bad Fairies*, and *The Little Colonel's First Big Drunk*.

This job nets me 12 bucks per wk., or the price of a poor meal in the Cellar.

So, Josie, make the most of your opportunities at Stanford when you get out into the world, they will knock you know not once, but many times.

Love,

GRENADINE, Career Woman

—Ritchie

Thumbnail sketches by PAGE GILMAN



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## THE SUMMER PLAYS

(Continued from page 8)

the extracurricular activities with an informative and humorous lecture designed to contrast Caesar as depicted by Shakespeare and Shaw. Meanwhile the Library exhibit cases were filled with books illustrating the Elizabethan theatre and important versions of both plays. Music and the dance, arts which meant much to the private life of a sixteenth-century family, were explained and presented in recital by Miss Eileen McCall and a group of Madrigal Singers from San Francisco State College, and by Mrs. Ruth Radir of Stanford. Following the lectures, the curious could examine old musical instruments or dance folk measures of Shakespeare's time.

Sword and Sandals came off its high horse to collaborate with the play-production course by presenting play readings illustrative of Greek, Roman, and Elizabethan life.

A small group of active individuals, as usual, did all the work. Names here are superfluous. Students and a few non-registered interested people worked in laboratories of acting, publicity, and costume and stage designing to put over the plays. For the rewards of their labors see the companion to this article.

The creaking floor of the Women's Clubhouse spoiled every lecture, for summer audiences are as late as ordinary ones. The Assembly Hall was a most inappropriate place for the Madrigal Singers, but we may reasonably hope that the barn will be gone with the March winds.

### WHY DID LINDBERGH GO TO GERMANY TO INTERVIEW HITLER?

Charles A. Lindbergh and his wife, Ann, have flown to Germany to have an interview with Hitler. We cannot but wonder what is up.

Woodlake Echo

### FINDS WASHINGTON WAS HUMAN

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Smartly dressed in coat of fur,  
Lounging against a cocktail bar,  
Baby, how I wish you were  
As naughty as you think you are.

—Lyre

Dumb—Are you yawning?

Dora—No, I'm giving a silent Indian war whoop.

—Aggrievator

A young lady was called out of bed one morning at 5:00 A.M. The following dialogue ensued:

Voice—Hello!

Lady—Hello.

Voice—How are you this morning?

Lady—All right.

Voice—Then I guess I must have the wrong number.

—Widow

Aunt Fannie—Aren't you going to say the blessing, dear?

Machine-Age Child—This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty.

—Bored Walk

A preacher walked into a saloon, ordered milk, and by mistake was served a milk punch. After drinking it, the holy man lifted his eyes to heaven and was heard to say: "O Lord, what a cow!"

—Ranger

Caller—Is your mother engaged?

Little Boy—I think she's married.

—Varieties

Pledge—Do you love me?

Gal—Uh-huh.

Him again—Then why doesn't your chest heave like in the movies.

—Green Gander



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"when she mops up the floor, mop up the floor  
with her."  
—Exchange

A PLAYLET IN ONE ACT

Place—Telephone booth.

Time—Up to you.

Act 1, Scene 1

Englishman—Hello.

Operator—Hello?

Englishman—Sesame 21231.

Operator—Sesame 21231?

E.—Hello!

O.—Hello?

E.—Hello?

O.—Hello!

E.—Well?

O.—Well!

Englishman (slamming receiver)—

Damn that echo!

—Exchange

There was a young lady of Trent  
Who said she knew what it meant  
When men asked her to dine;  
Gave her cocktails and wine;  
She knew what it meant—but she went.

—Exchange



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1st Drunk—Do you hear shom-shing?  
2d Ditto—No.  
1st Drunk—Thas funny. I'm talking to you. —Froth

Recently a newly rich man bought a Louis XIV bed, but it was too small, so he sent it back and got a Louis XVI. —Wall Street Journal

"There's a boy called John Simpson working here. May I see him? I'm his grandfather."  
"You're just too late. He's gone to your funeral." —Log

Son—Tomorrow is Dad's birthday; what shall we do for him?  
Daughter—We might let him have his car for a change. —Maroon Bee

I once did use m'bwain I was a car conductaw; But now I need no bwain I am a young instructaw. —Covered Wagon

### ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS

(Continued from page 10)

son stayed over last summer to do Van Druten's best, *There's Always Juliet*, at the Community Theatre. It turned out to be the finest performance in the stage careers of each of them. Perhaps Hall Martin's excellent direction caused it, for he did a fine job. The story was a slight variation of the Boy Meets Girl theme, in that the girl was English and the boy

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she asked sharply, "What is that?" Instantly a voice from the back row said, "Tails!" —Maroon Bee

"My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."  
"Well, personally, I don't enjoy a large audience either." —Puppet

# KNOCK--KNOCK--

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had been married, divorced, and disillusioned. After a little struggling over relatively unimportant things, the girl swallowed her Englishness, the boy relinquished his never-love-again attitude, and they told mother over the phone that they were to be married. The dialogue was that fast-moving, high-comedy type so suitable to the Clark-Albertson team.

And so with one last performance, *The Devil's Disciple*, at the Community Theatre—with this last gesture—Fred Clark, the very last of the Royal Family, is gone, and that, as someone once said, is that.

—Robert Presnell

(Ed. note: Whether or not this record proves the value of the Family as a social unit we don't know.)

### SAN MATEO

After seeing the successful opening in San Mateo on October 1 of the fall season of the Peninsula Little Theatre, we can well expect great things from this organization under its new director, Robert Brauns. Presenting Rose Franken's play *Another Language*, a bitter and humorous indictment of the hopelessly and complacently vulgar Hallam family, the group showed its capabilities in naturalistic acting of a high order. Director Brauns, with the true art that conceals art, skillfully juggled two tables, half a dozen chairs, a sofa, and eleven people on the tiny stage to provide an unforgettable picture of the Hallam family's weekly gathering, so convincing in all its un-

studied details that one forgot acting and technique in a complete illusion of reality. It was more than a creditable amateur performance that Mr. Brauns and his splendid cast gave us; it was a thoroughly enjoyable evening in the theatre.

—Brobury Ellis

"Where'd yawl git that Southern accent?"

"Honey-chile, I'se been drinkin' outen a Dixie Cup."

—Yellow Jacket

"You ain't no gentleman."

"You ain't no blonde."

—Exchange

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## Stompin' Around

Even the dead come to life on this revival day and Victor's Bix Beiderbecke album captures the last blastings of the Angel-Gabriel-of-Them. All currently residing up there in alcoholics' heaven. There are twelve sides: "Deep Down South" (Bix orch.), "Bessie Couldn't Help It" and "Barnacle Bill" (Hoagy Carmichael orch.), and a stack of Paul Whiteman's, from the great "San," "From Monday On," "Changes," and "Sugar" down to the lesser "Louisiana." Bing Crosby can be found on most of them.

Some of the masters used are different from the ones originally released—the idea being to get "something new by Bix"—which puts the album out leading with the chin for all kinds of comparisons. Eddie Nichols of the Penn State *Froth* says most of the masters picked for original release show a simpler and easier cornet, but that in items like "From Monday On," "Lonely Melody," and "Changes" there is an interesting livening up of the chorus which pretty near compensates.

For my own part, I cry over the inclusion of "Louisiana" (Whiteman's orch.) and the omission of "I'll Be a Friend" (Bix's orch., Victor 23008), which is now out of print and completely unobtainable. Maybe "Louisiana" has nice Crosby in place of doubtful sugar vocalizing on the other job, but the slight Beiderbecke work in "Louisiana" can never touch the muted horn in "I'll Be a Friend," which shows what a superior hot musician can do with mere accent and phrasing alone.

More revival. The assembling of the living remnant of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band on Victor with "Tiger Rag," "Bluin' the Blues," and "Clarinet Marmalade" is almost a shock. A whole orchestra of Paul Whiteman proportions seems to have been added, the old brassy quality is lost, and Larry Shields's clarinet coming off faintly reminiscent of Ted Lewis is a disappointment to those who broke an eardrum trying to catch those high-register flights of his on the old Dixieland acoustics of "Ostrich Walk" and "Jazz Me Blues." LaRocca's cornet in "Clarinet Marmalade" has all the guts in the world, but the best Dixie-

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land stuff of the present day still seems to be the Decca records by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, with Wingy Mannone as he never was before. For that matter, Bob Crosby's gang, who spend a great deal of their time going commercial with dignity, have done dates of "Muskrat Ramble" and "Come Back Sweet Papa" with a bright brass section, drummer Ray Bauduc and tenor sax extraordinaire Eddie Miller imparting a Dixieland feel that has, strangely enough, almost enough restraint for a Dean of Women's front parlor.

From the Dean's parlor to the Barrelhouse—such is life, I guess. Anyway, the Barrelhouse piano in the Bob Howard Deccas of "Sing Baby Sing" and "Bojangles" is Zinky Cohn, I've been told. The uncontrollably resilient and bouncy technique on the keyboard comes straight from the gents-25-cents-ladies-15-cents dance hall. As for Jimmy Dorsey, who toodles amicably behind Bing Crosby for Decca, his bunch isn't precisely Barrelhouse—more like a group of musicians diddling around at the Musicians' Union hall—but the whole Band's freedom and lack of self-consciousness in the greater part of "Stompin' at the Savoy," "It Ain't Right," and occasionally in "Sentimental Mood," make for swing that catches the essence of the brewery-district spirit.

After "I've Found a New Baby," who could cavil the Goodman Band, and after the trumpet (you don't catch me naming the boys here any more) in "St. Louis Blues," who could think of anything to say except: geezus, such music!

—Curtis Prendergast

### FABLES OF THE FARM

(Continued from page 13)

Gone from the Libe steps this year is the elderly gentleman who last year took on all comers on the advantages of the Townsend Revolving Old Age Pension Plan. He would accost almost anyone, but preferred Econ majors, with whom he would debate for hours, answering their erudite objections with a polite "But you're wrong. The Econ Department just doesn't understand me." He would then proceed to show them the light and truth. No authentic list

## LO—THE POOR INDIAN!



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of his converts is available, but it is certain he accomplished a thing some of our best professors have been unable to do—he caused some people to think. One undergraduate, brimming with Econ 55, undertook to squelch him by this tale:

"I understand that at the last Townsend convention the founder of the plan was given this splendid introduction: 'There have been in all history only three men who brought relief and hope to the common man. They were Jesus Christ, Abraham Lincoln, and Dr. Townsend.' Is that in order of increasing importance, sir?"

"Suit yourself," replied the prophet.

Last year the campus was honored by the presence of one of the University of Melbourne's most brilliant and popular students, who came to debate the local talent. In his honor, a trip was arranged to visit Mr. Hoover at his San Juan sanctuary. When the group arrived, the Ex-President greeted them cordially and the conversation drifted of course to national politics. Now the Australian was very unfamiliar with the technicalities of American government, although he had heard it was an outgrowth of the British Parliament-Cabinet system. So wishing to speak a few words with the great man who sat before him, an honor to tell his grandchildren about, he spake thus: "I'm very sorry to heah of youah defeat in the lawst election, Mr. Hoover. Tell me, did you keep youah seat?"

There is one otherwise normal son of Stanford whose particular pleasure it is to pick up riders at the Station in Paly, drive them at an incredible speed up Palm Drive, and, instead of turning at the end of the road, shoot down the hedge-lined path, just one-car wide, leading to the English corner. On one of these wild rides the headlights revealed a little student of Oriental extraction making his way homeward from a late seminar or something. In a flash the car was upon him. The driver, slightly worried as to the outcome, looked back through the rear window just in time to see the Oriental gentleman completing a perfect power dive into the top of a bush.

—Bob Hartmann

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