

The Theatre

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

This is the last week, according to present plans, of *Once in a Lifetime*; I hope, however, those plans will be changed, for it is the funniest, cleverest, cleanest, and most intelligent bit of satirical comedy to hit the vicinity of Clark and Randolph in a long, long time. This burlesque on the oddities of Hollywood life by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman is being currently presented by Sam Harris at the Selwyn Theatre, after about a year at the Music Box Theatre in New York, where it was the outstanding comedy hit of the season.

The curtain rises on a room in New York at a time when the talkies were new, where a trio of vaudeville actors, out of work, and trying to break into the "big time", are discussing their shrinking bankroll. One of them sells the act and persuades the others to head for Hollywood. The balance of the story is concerned with the fantastic methods, ridiculous affectations and sometimes the colossal ignorance of "big shots" in the film capital. The trio's first enterprise is a voice culture school, conducted for the Glogauer studios, to correct the raucous and ungrammatical diction of the haughty queens of the silent screen. This fails, and they are to be fired, but the dumbbell of the act, who never thinks of anything himself, repeats to Herman Glogauer's face the exact words of a disgusted playwright, ending by accusing him of having rejected the Vitaphone when the invention was offered him, and saying that the business is in the hands of incompetents; after this audacity, Glogauer answers, "You're right!", and makes him a supervisor. In case you don't know what that is, Benny Rubin of *Girl Crazy*, who ought to know, said recently that a movie supervisor is one who knows what he wants, but can't spell it. With each dumb move and ignorant mistake "Dr." Lewis establishes himself more strongly in the heart of Hollywood. He climaxes these bits of bone-head supervision with the filming of the wrong scenario, one which he found in the waste-basket. On release, the critics hail the picture as a new departure, and every obvious fault is acclaimed as an innovation of the "great new supervisor, 'Dr.' Lewis".

Most of this was probably founded on facts, as in the case of the playwright to whom they had offered a huge salary, and had begged to come to Hollywood; arriving, he was given an office with his name on the door, and a pile of writing paper, but he received no instructions, and was completely ignored. After tiring of this he began a vain attempt to see the greatest of the great, Glogauer, who could be seen only thru appointment with Weiskopf, who had to be approached by way of Meterstein. Kaufman's satire is at its best when two screen beauties want to know what the legitimate stage is, of which they've heard so much lately, and refuse to believe the rumor that John Barrymore at one time acted on it. Also when the "priest", about to perform a film wedding, sends out for the Racing Form.

All in all, *Once in a Lifetime* is the wittiest thing in town, and it's your fault if you miss it. Last chance, Chicago!

While on the subject, you may be interested to know that a new play ridiculing the foibles of filmdom is

Stresses and Strains Rehearses Every Wed.

Stresses and Strains, Armour's social orchestra, held a rehearsal at five o'clock last Wednesday, November 4 at the usual time.

At present the organization consists of the following instruments: two trombones, two trumpets, two violins, four saxophones, a piano and a banjo.

They are looking for a drummer and a bass player. Players of either instrument will be welcomed at the next rehearsal.

Popular dance music is played and in the past the boys have contributed a cheerful note to the Alumni and A. T. A. A. banquets.

The average Stanford University student receives approximately \$1,250 in checks from home annually, according to estimates of Palo Alto bankers.

the comedy hit of Broadway this season as was *Once in a Lifetime* last year; it is *Wonder Boy*, produced by Jed Harris, and including in its cast Gregory Ratoff, producer of *Girl Crazy*, and seen here last year in *Three Little Girls*.

As *Blossom Time* came to the Grand Opera House as recently as Sunday night, I haven't had time to see the present production. Nevertheless, I do not hesitate to recommend it to you, as I have seen it before, and have not tired of the lovely music during nearly ten years of constant radio repetition. The score, which is sometimes credited as the work of Sigmund Romberg, has been adapted by him from the melodious work of Franz Schubert, who is also the central figure of the story. The action takes place in the Vienna of 1826, and tells of Schubert's hopeless love for one of his pupils, who is said to have inspired his famous "Unfinished Symphony", the theme of which can be recognized in the

"Song of Love". Other well known selections include the "Serenade", "Springtime", "Three Little Maids", and "Lonely Hearts."

This operetta has been seen in Chicago so many times that I have lost count of them, but an old program, excavated from the bottom of a desk drawer, states that it was presented by the Shuberts at the Great Northern April 22, 1923; it seems to me it had previously played in the old Apollo (now changed, but hardly improved by its transformation into the gaudy United Artists).

Its popularity, I think, is due to being "different". It hasn't, like most operettas, a smashing male chorus, a hero, a villain and a happy-ending-clinch. The music, which is genuinely worthwhile, and the "book", which is founded on fact, have combined to make *Blossom Time* one of the most popular musical plays since *The Merry Widow*.

—Robert B. Tague.

Professor Bibb Will Return Next Monday

After his recent operation, Professor Bibb has recovered so rapidly that he will be able to resume his teaching soon. The reporter for the News interviewed the genial professor shortly after he had been told by the physician that he would be ready for action in another week.

Professor Bibb actually promised to be back on "Monday Week", which, translated from the Tennessee dialect, means next Monday. Since he seemed so anxious to get back, his classes may expect quite a display of mathematical enthusiasm on his return.

The statement of a Canadian Railway official that students in the lower third of their classes make the best success in business give new hope to many.

Senior Civils Again Lose Their Dignity

That irrepressible, irresponsible, irremediable group, the senior civils are loose again. Their conduct, irreconcilable, irregular, and irrelevant to all irrefutable ideas of senior solemnity has once more exceeded the bonds of dignity.

They have long endeavored to revive the good old customs of their grammar school days. A short time ago they presented an apple to one of their instructors. Last week Professor Tupes was signally honored.

The civils in a body chorused the "Good morning Song" from the operetta "We Love Our Teacher." As their sweet young voices fell upon his ears, Professor Tupes paused and smiled. For he knew that few other or shall we say no other Armour professors receive such a greeting.

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